

Taming Tess

Chapter 5

There are certain 'tells' when a woman is sexually attracted to you. The classical, of course, is them playing with their hair, twirling it around a finger. Others include suggestive smiling, them being unusually prone to giggles, their stance and body posture being seductive or inviting.

For Lara - or *Doll*, as she was right now - the 'tells' were far less subtle.

Her eyes roamed by body, lingering between my legs. She bit her lower lips, looked up at me with hungry eyes. The girl's suggestibility was amazing. If only my daughter was the same.

"Thank you for helping me, Mr Anders," Lara said, voice tinged with soft arousal. "If there's any way I can repay you..."

Again, her gaze lowered to my crotch. She looked back up at my face, a sly smile curving her lips.

"Please," I began, mind racing. "Call me John."

"John," Lara said, the word coming out as an indulgent purr.

My heart skipped a beat at the sound, my cock stiffening at the sight of my daughter's friend. I could have her if I wanted. There and then, I could have fucked Lara if I wanted.

And I did want to. I wanted it so much, the temptation was almost too much to resist.

"Well then," I managed. "We've made a lot of progress this session. I look forward to continuing it next week."

Lara pouted, accepted her dismissal in silence. She walked out of my office, swaying her hips and looking over her shoulder with a flirtatious smile.

Once Lara was gone, out of sight, I sprawled out on my office chair. Thoughts and ideas rushed through my mind all at once. A endless stream of possibilities.

If creating a new persona for Lara had worked, then it could be done on Tess too. All I needed to do was implant the idea in a way that my daughter wouldn't reject. I needed for her to *want* to be someone else - anyone else.

But how?

Over the next two days, I probed the minds of both boys - Tess' boyfriend and the boy she was cheating on him with. I asked them a barrage of questions, searched for any information about my daughter.

I found out that Tess was a master cocksucker, and that she was afraid of heights. I learned she, of all four members of the little gang, was the one who wanted to get drunk most. It was her who pushed the idea of them all getting high together, and that she was the one who encouraged them all to get shitfaced.

That was important. I could feel it. How and why, I hadn't worked out quite yet. But the fact that Tess was the one pushing them all towards drinking - that she was the one fuelling their collective self-destruction - was relevant somehow.

I searched through Tess' chat logs, browsed through every random picture I'd copied from her phone onto my computer.

Somewhere in the mess of files was an answer, some hint to help me. There had to be.

I had to make Tess want to be someone else. Or hell, even making her want to be no-one at all might work. But it had to be her that wanted it. Tess had to be the one with the desire. I might be able to trick her mind into cooperating with me, but I needed some kind of groundwork to start from.

What could make a young woman want to be someone else?

The simplest answer was to make her *not* want to be herself.

If she didn't want to be Tess, it'd be that much easier to transform her into someone new.

My head throbbed.

I reached inside my desk, pulled out a fresh bottle of whiskey. The drink might not help my brain come up with a solution, but it'd certainly help with the headache all this thinking was causing.

Briefly, the idea of intoxicating Tess came to mind. Getting her drunk - or high - would certainly make her more suggestible, open up her mind some. But I'd already tried hypnotising her while she was inebriated once before. It'd worked, sure, but Tess had passed out cold during. Not ideal.

I took a swig, placed the bottle on my desk, stared at it.

A thought came to mind, one which quickly blossomed into a realisation. Then a beautiful idea.

~Theresa's Sixth Session~

My eyes ran over my daughter's body, relishing the sight.

As always, the blue haired bitch was dressed like a cheap whore. Too much make-up, skimpy clothing, no grace or elegance to be found at all. Her tits were on display with a v-neck tank top which left little to the imagination. She was wearing short shorts that showed off her long, toned legs - a shame, with how she was sitting with her legs wide open. If she'd been wearing a skirt, I would have gotten a nice view of the trashy thong she was no-doubt wearing right now.

Who were the two guys? The men who had fucked her still to be accounted for. Who were they?

The town wasn't big. There was a decent chance that I knew at least one of them, if not both. My daughter dressed and acted enough like a whore, who was to say that wasn't exactly what she was? Perhaps those two men were clients.

I shook my head.

All the answers would be mine soon enough.

"Tess," I said, breaking the silence. "Do you dislike your name?"

My daughter's eyebrows narrowed, her face contorting.

"No," she answered emotionless.

"Do you dislike the name 'Theresa' at all?"

Again, Tess struggled for an answer.

"Yes," came the answer I'd been expecting.

I had to be careful with where I went next. I could easily have asked why she didn't like her own name. Likely, though, that question would have been too difficult for her to answer while tranced.

If I was correct, the reason was tied in with Tess' attitude problems, her dislike of me, her sexual promiscuity. All of it, I was sure, stemmed from abandonment issues. Her mother running away, stealing the money meant to pay for Tess' education, leaving her behind with nothing.

Theresa had been a good girl, a kind and considerate person.

Theresa had been betrayed, hurt and abandoned.

That's why she'd become Tess - a bitch who couldn't be hurt or betrayed or abandoned.

While no master, I knew enough about psychology to see what my daughter was doing. Self-destructing and damaging herself in order to cope with the suppressed emotions. Hell, I was probably doing the same with my drinking.

"Tess, for the remainder of our time today, I want you to forget about the last year. I want you to forget about you and your friends and everything that you've done. All the way back to just after your mother left. Take all of those memories and set them aside for me."

Suffice to say, Tess' mind was not thrilled with that.

My daughter reacted physically; her body trembling, eyelids fluttering open and shut, mouth twitching, eyebrows narrowed tightly. That she didn't snap out of the trance entirely was a small miracle.

"Calm," I said. "Everything is okay. Relaxing and calm. Nice and pleasant, soft and comfortable. Just listen to my voice, let yourself relax. That's right. Everything is fine."

Soothing Tess took a while, bringing her back down into a state where she could answer questions, interact.

"How old are you?" I asked, once I was certain she was back in a stable trance.

As expected, Tess' eyebrows knitted together.

"Seventeen," she answered quietly.

It took considerable effort to stop myself from laughing.

Eighteen. Tess was eighteen. She'd been seventeen when her mother had ran off. If she thought she was seventeen now, then the suggestion must have worked - even despite her dangerous reaction to it.

Which meant the girl before me wasn't Tess any more. She was back to being Theresa.

I calmed my excitement, considered everything analytically.

Downside: The suggestion would only last the length of this trance. Once it was over, she'd be back to being Tess again.

Upside: I had my in. My open door to creating an entirely new persona for my daughter.

"Theresa," I began, heart pounding. For the rest of this trance, every word would need to count. I might only get the one shot. "You're very hurt by your mother's actions, aren't you?"

"Yes," my daughter answered.

"It hurts that someone you love, someone who is meant to love you, would do that to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Tess said, a hint of emotion in her voice this time.

"There's an easy way to stop hurting. Something that you can do which will take away all that pain. Something that can make you happy again. Sounds amazing, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Tess answered. I could almost hear hope in the word.

"It's easy. All you've got to do is stop being you for a little bit. If you stop being you, then you won't hurt any more. And I know just who you can be instead..."

~ ~ ~

I woke Tess from her trance, a wide smile on my lips. As always, it took a moment for her to remember where she was - and remember that she loathed me. When she saw me smiling, she glared.

"What are you so happy about?" Tess spat.

Try as I might, there was no hiding my satisfaction. No removing the smile. So I embraced it.

"We made a lot of progress today," I told my daughter. "A lot of good progress."

She huffed, turned away from me.

I watched as she left my office, feeling more victorious than I had in a long time. It'd worked. My plan had worked.

Reverting Tess back to Theresa, and using Theresa's pain to create the foundations for a new persona. Over the last year, that was what Theresa had done - created a mask for herself and called it Tess. A shield to protect her from her emotions.

A psychologist or philosopher might wonder at what point a person's mask became their true identity - was Tess still just a mask Theresa was using to protect herself, or was Tess the dominant part and Theresa just a memory?

It didn't really matter. Soon there would be a new mask.

I'd laid the groundwork in my daughter's mind, prepared it for creating a new persona. Over the next few sessions, I'd build on what I'd started today - carefully craft the perfect personality for my beautiful daughter.

Submissive, obedient, loving, loyal. I'd transform Tess into the perfect companion for myself.

All it would take was time. And I had that in abundance.

As my test subject made her way into my office, sat down in her usual spot, I couldn't help but wonder.

Did I want to have Tess fuck her with a strap-on, or did I want her to be the one fucking Tess?

I was a ways off making such a thing happen, but my imagination didn't seem to mind. It flared, filled with images of the two girls playing with each other for my entertainment.

Lara. I'd have Lara wearing the strap-on. At least the first time. After that, who knew? I'd let my whims decide.

"Hello again, Lara. How are you doing today?"

The girl shrugged, leaned back in the chair comfortably.

"Right then," I said, getting the not-so-subtle hint. "Let's get started, shall we?"

~Lara's Fifth Session~

Lara. Small, petite Lara. Cute, pretty, innocent-looking. You wouldn't think of her as a criminal. You certainly wouldn't picture her as the type of person to break into houses, go joyriding in stolen cars.

That, I assumed, was Tess' influence. My daughter's acts of self-destruction egging the others on. Peer-pressure and such.

The girl looked too young, too cute and pure to be friends with my daughter. And yet, here she was. All because of Tess. If only Lara had chosen her friends more wisely, she wouldn't be in the situation she was in now.

"I want you to remember Doll. The girl we talked about last time. Do you recall who Doll is, Lara?"

The girl's head nodded slowly.

"Yes."

"Doll is almost exactly like you. She likes the same things you do, looks exactly like you, talks and acts like you. There's only one big difference. Do you remember what that difference is?"

Lara's eyebrows narrowed slightly, then relaxed.

"Yes."

"Doll is naughty. Doll likes sex. Doll likes very naughty things - the naughtier the better. Doll wants to have sex with her best friend's father. Just the idea of doing something so naughty makes Doll tremble with excitement. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," Lara answered, body shifting slightly.

"Last time Doll came out, it wasn't for very long. She went away before she could

have any fun. That's no good at all."

I let the words sink in.

If I was going to have my way with both Tess and Lara, I couldn't rely on hypnotising them every time I wanted to fucked one of the two. Not only would it be a painstakingly long process for getting my dick wet, but it meant I'd only get one ride a week. Not to mention that these trances wouldn't last forever.

Either I had to find a way to get more trances with both girls, or I'd need to remove the necessity of hypnosis.

More trances was unlikely, especially with Tess.

So I needed to come up with a way of transforming Tess into Risa and Lara into Doll that didn't require hypnosis.

A simple way to go about this would be to implant a trigger word or phrase. When the girl heard her trigger, she'd switch between her normal self and the persona I'd created for her. Simple enough in theory.

"What we're going to do is make it easier for Doll to appear in future. I'm going to give you two passwords. Two phrases that I want you to remember. The first will bring out Doll, and the second will make Lara return. Do you understand?"

~ ~ ~

I spent a good half-hour repeating and reinforcing the command, drilling it deep into Lara's mind. Only when I was satisfied with my efforts did I wake the girl from her trance.

She blinked her eyes open, wincing and stretching.

If everything worked as it should, the moment I spoke Lara's switch-phrase aloud, she'd become Doll. And, when I was done with her and returned her to being Lara, she'd have no memory of anything we'd done.

Last time, all Doll had done was act a little suggestive. A miniscule amount of flirting. Nothing extreme. This time, I intended to take it a step further.

"How are you feeling, Lara?" I asked, smiling over at her.

"Fine," she answered stiffly. "I'm fine, thanks."

"Very good. Today's session went very well."

"Uh-huh," Lara said, rubbing her eyes and rising to her feet. "Can I go now?"

"Doll is my pet," I said simply.

Lara's reaction was instantaneous. Her eyes unfocussed, body freezing where she stood. She blinked, raised a hand to rub her forehead. Then she saw me sitting there looking at her, and she smiled a sweet little seductive smile.

"Hello, Mr Anders," Doll purred.

Remarkable. Lara's suggestibility was truly astounding. In all honesty, I wasn't expecting my plan to work. Not so smoothly. And yet here she was. Doll.

"I told you to call me John," I said.

The tone of my voice surprised me. I'd meant it to be flirty and fun, yet my words came out hard, commanding, confident. Maybe even a little arrogant.

Lara blushed, grinned.

"John," she repeated, eyes alight with lust.

Temptation stirred within me even as I felt my cock hardening under my jeans. It would be so simple, so easy, to have Lara climb onto my lap. All I needed to do was order her, and she'd obey. I was certain of it.

The girl took a step forward, sensing my arousal.

"Are you okay *John*? you look flustered." Her voice came out as a purr, a low, sexually-charged whisper.

All I had to do was sit there, allow the sex-doll I'd created fulfil her purpose. And, for

the first time in far too long, I'd finally have a woman bouncing on my cock - loving every second of it. All I had to do was allow it to happen.

But I couldn't. It was too risky.

Until I knew the limits of my hypnotic programming, I couldn't push things too far. I couldn't risk Lara snapping out of it with my cock buried deep inside her.

But I couldn't just waste this chance, either. I couldn't bring out Doll just to put her back in her box without exploiting the opportunity.

I stood, walked around my desk.

Lara looked up at me as I approached, excitement on her face.

I pulled Lara in close, swept her into a tight embrace, pressed my lips to hers. She reacted hungrily, sharing the kiss with vigour. Her hand reached between my legs, squeezing the bulge there.

As she fumbled to undo my belt, I took a step backwards.

She looked at me, disappointed clear on her face. Lara watched as I circled back around my desk, sat down on my chair.

"Lara is Doll's mask," I said, smothering my own disappointment and arousal.

As before, the reaction was instant. Lara blinked, shuddered. Confusion spread across her face. She looked at me questioningly.

"Yes, you may leave," I told her. "Try not to get into too much trouble tonight, if you can help it."

Lara nodded her head, turned and left. The confusion was still on her face, but the lack of accusation - the fact that she didn't appear hurt or offended or horrified - was enough for me to be sure she didn't remember anything.

So, it had worked.

That was good. Excellent, in fact.

Now I only needed to make it work on someone who wasn't as receptive or suggestive as petite Lara. Next up was Tess.

And, with her, I certainly wouldn't be content with just a kiss.