

Taming Tess

Chapter 6

What was my ideal woman?

It was a question I'd been asking myself constantly. What, to me, were the most important traits a perfect woman would have?

She'd need to be submissive, of course. Loyal and utterly obedient. Beautiful, that was a given. A wild-cat in the bedroom when I wanted her to be, and devoted to pleasing me. The perfect woman was one who would worship me, dedicate herself to my every whim and fancy.

In other words, the polar opposite of Tess.

But that was fine. The reason I was spending so much time thinking about the ideal woman was because I had every intention to make that woman a reality.

Tess was beautiful. Amazingly so.

Not only that, she already lived in the same house as me.

A perfect candidate.

And, now that I'd proven it was possible to create entirely new personalities through hypnosis, all I needed to do was fix her behavioural issues and attitude problems. Just like that, I'd have myself the perfect woman living with me.

What colour hair did I want her to have? The blue would have to go, that much was certain.

Black? Dark brown?

Something natural-looking, elegant.

And her clothes, they'd need to change. Tess might like showing off her body with skimpy tops, but was not. I'd need to program in some modesty, have the new personality go shopping for a new wardrobe.

Over the course of several days, I considered the infinite options I had available to me. Slowly, I began building an image of the woman I wanted Tess to become - the woman I was going to transform her into.

Finally, the day came. My weekly counselling session with my daughter and the beginning of her transformation.

~Theresa's Seventh Session~

Getting my daughter into trances was becoming easier. Her mind was growing ever more accustomed to the sensation, ever more familiar with the trance state. That was to be expected, but it was still a good sign. Generally speaking, the easier it was to bring someone into a trance, the less resistance there would be during it.

Less resistance in Tess' case would be very welcome indeed.

As always, I asked simple questions at first. What her name was, how old she was, how she felt. Simple questions to test the trance, and to ease her active mind. The more automatic the answers, the better.

Asking these simple questions also gave me time to think, to consider and plan. And it gave me time to look my daughter over.

She was, unsurprisingly, dressed like a slut.

Miniskirt and tube-top. Showing off so much skin that she might as well have been naked. Her legs were spread apart enough that I could see the black thong she was wearing and, judging from the nipples visible through her tube-top, she was not wearing a bra. Her tits, huge as they were, stretched the fabric of the top.

A desire stirred in me, an impulse commanding me to reach out and pull her top down, expose her melons.

I resisted.

Soon enough, Tess' tits would be mine. Soon enough, all of her would be mine to do with as I pleased.

"I want you to picture a small box, Tess. An empty box that you can open and close, with a little lock on the front of it."

Tess didn't say anything. Her eyebrows narrowed, lips curling slightly in concentration.

"On the box is a label. It reads 'Tess'. Now this box is very special. It isn't meant to contain physical items, it's meant to hold a person's memories. And that's what I want you to put into it. Your memories. Not all of them, just your memories of the last year. All the way back to just after your mother left. Place all those memories in the box for me."

I gave Tess a bit of time to absorb that. She'd obey, I was sure. Grudgingly, sure, but she'd do it if she thought it might lead to an end of our 'counselling' sessions.

After a little wait, I let out my held breath.

"Did you place all your memories from this last year into the box for me?" I asked.

A moment later, Tess answered.

"Yes."

Amazing how one simple word had the power to make me grin like a madman.

"From now on, whenever you close that box - the box with the name 'Tess' on it - all the memories inside it will be locked away. You won't be able to remember them again until the box is reopened. Do you understand?"

"Yes," my daughter answered.

Excellent.

"Close the box for me, Tess."

The next few seconds were consumed with interesting expressions crossing Tess' face. Concentration, eyebrows knitting together, the mental effort clear on her face. Then blankness. Total nothingness. An emotionless visage. Finally, her eyelids fluttered, cheeks and jaw relaxing.

"How do you feel?" I asked, heart pounding.

"Relaxed," my daughter answered.

"What is your name?"

The golden question. If everything worked as I intended it to, Tess would be locked away and it'd be Theresa seated in front of me right now.

Tess opened her mouth, spoke the magic word.

"Theresa."

Perfect.

Now for story time.

Tess had become who she was - a disrespectful bitch - as a means of coping with her mother's betrayal. She blamed me, and thus had grown to despise me. She didn't want to ever feel that kind of hurt again, so she became a woman who didn't care enough about anything *to* be hurt.

Everything Tess was, the person she'd become, was a result of her coping with her mother's abandonment.

So, what if she'd coped a different way back then?

What if, instead of pushing her father away, she'd drawn closer to him? What if, instead of becoming a bitch, Tess had become meek - a girl desperate to please her father, eager to satisfy him so he wouldn't leave like her mother had.

What kind of woman would Tess be if her story had played out a little differently?

With hypnosis, I could write an entirely new series of events for Tess. I had the power to create entirely new memories for her, one by one.

"Your mother has just abandoned you, Theresa. She's left and is never coming back, taking your college funds with her. Words can't describe how painful that betrayal is

for you. All you have left is your father. Losing him too, that would destroy you. You don't want to lose him, you don't want to be alone. So, in order to keep him with you, you want to make him as happy as possible."

I watched my daughter's face as I began weaving the story for her. How, in the weeks after her mother ran away, she'd spent as much time around me as she could. About how kind and caring I'd been towards her, despite feeling the pain of loss myself. How, in the months following, she'd slowly began to see me as more than just her father.

On and on it went, telling the blank slate that was my daughter how she'd touch herself thinking about me. That she wanted nothing more in the world than to please me. I told her how I'd given her a nickname - Babygirl - and how much she liked when I called her that.

Tess absorbed it all, silently listening as I rewrote a year's worth of history for her - gave her a template around which new memories would form and grow.

Time flowed by, my throat going dry from how much I was talking. Still, I didn't stop.

"I want you to picture a box for me. A small, pretty little box with the name 'Babygirl' on it," I told her. "Everything I've told you today, everything about the last year, I want you to put in this box."

I repeated everything I'd done with the 'Tess' box, planted the suggestion deep in her subconscious mind.

And, finally, I implanted the trigger-phrases.

Only one of the two boxes could be open at any given time, and one of the two must always be open. Which one, 'Tess' or 'Babygirl', depended entirely on me.

With a smile on my face, my work complete, I began the slow process of waking my daughter from her trance.

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Her eyes blinked open, found me staring at her. Instantly, my daughter's face shifted into a hot glare.

"What the fuck are you looking at?" Tess growled.

So many things came to mind. So many witty and insulting responses. Instead, I shrugged. Looked away.

In the corner of my eye, I saw Tess stand, stretch.

I'd done a lot this session. Planted a lot into Tess' mind. It was slightly surprising that she wasn't complaining about a headache, or stumbling around dizzily.

The human mind can take a lot of strain, but rarely does it take that strain without complaint.

Perhaps I'd underestimated what my daughter was capable of.

As she left my room, I was tempted to stop her, to use the magic words and bring out Babygirl. But I held myself back. I'd have the perfect opportunity to test my programming tonight.

It was past midnight when Tess returned home, tipsy and dishevelled. She ambled up to her bedroom, bumping into walls and tripping over her own feet. A mess, to put it simply.

I approached her as she fumbled with her room's door handle.

"Babygirl loves daddy," I said aloud, before she even realised I was there.

Tess' body stiffened, her mouth dropped open, jaw slack.

A painfully long second passed.

Then she blinked, body slumping. She braced herself against the wall, raised a hand to her forehead.

It didn't look like she was in pain. More like confusion. Not surprising, given the

circumstances. Her mind had just been forced to rearrange a year's worth of memories, replaced real with fake. That was bound to have an effect.

After a moment, Tess pushed herself away from the wall, noticed me standing there for the first time. Her eyes widened.

This was it. The moment of truth.

Was the girl standing in front of me Tess, or the new alter ego I'd crafted for her?

"Dad?" Tess said, voice uncharacteristically soft. My daughter hadn't called me 'dad' in a long time. "I don't feel well."

A year ago, as far as I was aware, my daughter had never been drunk before. Not like this. If the programming worked, which I had every reason to believe it had, 'Babygirl' was experiencing being shit-faced wasted for the first time in her life.

I smiled at her.

"It's okay, honey. You'll be fine after a bit of sleep."

I led Tess to her bed, tucked her in and gave her a more than fatherly kiss goodnight. That she didn't cuss me out could only mean the programming worked. I left my daughter's room with a smile on my face.

Close. I was close.

Before long, Tess would be mine. The perfect daughter, and the perfect toy.

I made sure I was awake and up before Tess. Not exactly a challenge, given how out of it she'd been. Likely, she'd be asleep until mid-day. Still, I wanted to be close by when she did get out of bed.

My daughter had gone to sleep as Babygirl. Would she wake up the same, or revert back to Tess while sleeping?

It was an important question. The end goal was to completely remove Tess, leaving only the father-fucking slut behind. If she reverted back to the bitch every time she slept, I needed to know.

A few minutes shy of mid-day, I got my answer.

"Fuck you," Tess answered when I asked her how she was feeling.

Pretty definitive evidence. The bitch was back.

Not ideal. In a perfect world, she'd have woken up as Babygirl. But nor was it the end of the world. With the right suggestions, the right programming, I could fix this little issue.

For the time being, all it really meant was that I couldn't fuck Babygirl and then sleep in the same bed as her.

Tess waking up naked, pussy sore, next to me...

She wouldn't be pleased, to say the least.

I watched as Tess, wearing nothing more than a long t-shirt and shorts, sauntered through the house as if she owned it.

Her huge tits jiggled with each step, nipples poking through the fabric of her top. Yet again, she wasn't wearing a bra. Her hips swayed, ass bouncing.

It was too much. I couldn't just sit there, do nothing. Not now that I had the ability to act.

I stood, walked up behind my scantily clad daughter.

She turned, glared at me. Her mouth opened, no doubt ready to spit venom at me.

"Babygirl loves daddy," I said, loud and clear.

Tess' mouth dropped open, eyes instantly unfocussed. Her body froze. Then she blinked, looked up at me.

In the span of a single second, her face had morphed from spiteful bitchiness, to slack and emotionless, to a happy smiling.

"Hello Babygirl."

My daughter blushed.

"Hi," she replied with softly, a pink creeping into her cheeks.

The story I'd weaved for Babygirl was one of infatuation and love. A shy girl with deep, forbidden feelings towards her father. Seeing that blush spread across her face, I grinned.

"How are you feeling today, honey?"

The smile on my daughter's face wavered. She reached up, touched her forehead.

"I'm okay," she answered. That soft, feminine, adorably innocent voice was going to take some getting used to. "Just a bit of a headache."

Tess' hangover. I nodded my head, painted a sympathetic look on face for her.

Seeing my daughter like this, polite and cute, respectful and admiring, felt alien. I'd gotten so used to Tess' bitchy attitude over the last year that it felt downright strange to have her standing in front of me, smiling despite her aching head.

"Would you like me to kiss you better, Babygirl?" I asked, leaning in before she could answer and giving her forehead a gentle peck.

She turned bright red as I pulled away, refused to look me in the eyes.

Shy, embarrassed, adorable. Her beauty shone through in the cuteness she was displaying.

A stray few strands of hair fell over her face.

Theresa narrowed her eyes at them, reached out and held them. Her hand rose up to the top of her head, dragged more of the dyed hair into her eyesight. Her frown deepened.

"Why is my hair blue?"

It wasn't a question I'd been expecting. Nor was it something I'd prepared for.

The story I'd concocted for Babygirl didn't involve her dying her hair at any point. Most people wouldn't have reacted like my daughter. Instead, their minds would have added to the story subconsciously - made up some reason or excuse as to why their hair was the wrong colour. Not Tess, apparently.

A dozen lies came to mind. Everything from 'one of your friends dyed it while you were asleep as a prank' to 'a wizard did it'. I opened my mouth to tell her one, but no words came out.

"Daddy?" Babygirl asked concerned, voice bordering panic.

"Tess loves nothing but cock."

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, my daughter's face lost all expression. Her eyes unfocused, blinked. Then came the familiar, spite-filled glare.

"The fuck do you want, asshole?"

Hours passed, me sitting in my office thinking hard.

The suggestion worked. That much was obvious. I'd created the alter ego that was Babygirl, and I'd brought it out twice now.

What I needed to do next was solidify the personality's identity, make sure there were no inconsistencies or contradictions in her memory verses reality. Like her hair. The next time I hypnotised Tess, I'd have to fill in that gap. Give her some false-memory of dying it.

Perhaps I'd make her believe she had caught me jacking it to a pornstar with blue hair and that she'd wanted to make herself more appealing to me.

There would be other gaps, too. All of which would need to be plugged up.

If Babygirl began questioning things too much, began doubting her reality, it might break the programming I'd given her. In a worst-case scenario, that would lead to Tess coming out with all the false memories still present.

And Tess finding out that given her an alter ego in order to fuck her would not end well for me.

So I had to fill in the gaps.

No problem.

All I needed to do now was work out all the contradictions my story had with reality. Clothing was one - the shy, innocent cutie that was Babygirl wouldn't dress like a cheap whore. Another was the friends she had. Her taste in music no aligning with the music on her phone.

As I was jotting down the list, a light tapping sounded on the other side of my door.

I glanced at the clock, eyes widening as I realised how late it was.

"Come in," I said, loud enough that my visitor would hear.

The door opened and in stepped Lara, ready for her weekly hypnotic session.

I set the list aside, smiled at the petite young woman.

While I might not have Tess in my pocket just yet, I knew just the Doll to keep me entertained until I did.