

Taming Tess

Chapter 7

A soft, seductive smile spread Doll's lips. Her eyes, indifferent just moments ago, were now hot with desire. Her tiny frame - that petite body of hers - while not blatantly sexy, had its own special charm.

I was seated behind my office desk, waiting for Doll to make the first move.

A wonderful thing about hypnosis is the ability to plant simple thoughts and ideas in a person's mind. Nothing so advanced or deep as creating new personalities. Just simple little ideas.

The thought I'd planted in Doll's mind was very simple. Just a single sentence repeating over and over in her mind.

"I'm sorry Tess is so mean to you all the time, Mr Anders."

Each word, soft and gentle, was laced with something more. A sultry suggestiveness. Doll moved her body, legs spreading apart every so slightly, her lips pursed.

"It's not fair," she continued to say. "The way Tess treats you isn't right. If you were my dad..."

Her eyes slid down from my face, over my chest, wandered lower. She couldn't see anything, what with the desk in the way, but her message was clear as day.

"Yes?" I urged, feeling a familiar stiffness growing in my pants.

"If you were my dad," Doll repeated, a blush blossoming on her cheeks. "I'd treat you better. I'd treat you like you deserve."

It was a surreal experience. I felt like I was acting out a script, like this whole conversation wasn't real. I mean, it was a script. I'd planted everything Doll was saying in her mind just a few minutes ago. But even so, it felt unreal.

Had dominating women, manipulating them and warping their minds, had making them mine always been *this* easy?

If I'd known it could be this simple, I'd have been doing it years ago. Would never have gotten married to my whore wife. If I'd known I could do this to any girl I wanted, I'd have a harem of obedient, living fleshlights by now.

"How do I deserve to be treated?" I asked Doll.

My daughter's best friend bit her lip, trembled softly. She opened her mouth to speak, couldn't find the words. She blushed brighter, slowly pushed herself off the sofa.

The story I'd planted in her head played out exactly.

Doll walked around my desk, climbed onto my lap, wrapped her arms around my head, pressed her lips to mine. Slow and sensual at first, we began making out. My hands explored the young woman's body, sliding under her clothes, caressing her smooth skin.

It'd been years since I'd had a woman on my lap like this, enthusiastic and lusty. The feeling of having Doll, so young and firm and cute, so hungry and hot, was almost overwhelming. I could taste a faint strawberry flavour on her lips, could smell her soft perfume. For the first time in far too long, I was about to get my dick wet - and with a girl half my age.

When Doll pulled away, breaking the kiss, panting, I was half-expecting her to want to stop. For years, I'd had to put up with my wife's lazy, indifferent attitude in the bedroom. So, when Doll began kissing my shoulder, her hands slowly unbuttoning my shirt, I couldn't help but be pleasantly surprised.

As each button came undone, Doll's lips moved further down my body, kissing my collar, then my chest, falling lower each time. Smoothly, she slid off my lap undid the last few buttons as she kissed my belly. Soon, the only buttons left to undo were those of my trousers.

Doll's eyes flicked up to me, her lips curling mischievously.

One by one, Doll undid the buttons, tugging my trousers down once the last button had been undone.

All that remained now - the only barrier between my cock and my daughter's friend - was my underwear. A pair of simple grey boxers with a very obvious bulge.

Doll eyed the bulge, leaned in, kissed it over the fabric.

She moved, opened her mouth, closed her teeth gently around the cloth, began pulling it down with nothing but her mouth.

My boxers moved, tugged slowly downwards. My cock - mid-way between erect and flaccid - flopped out as Doll's face pulled the boxers lowered. It landed on her face, pressed against her skin as she went about removing my underwear.

If I could have, I'd have taken a picture. That sight - my cock resting against the young girl's face, was a sight I knew I wouldn't be forgetting any time soon.

When the girl was finally done with removing my underwear, she stared at my cock for a long moment, eyes wide and lips parted.

She leaned in, kissed it. Kissed the shaft, then higher, kissed it again, gave the head a soft peck. Then she kissed her way back down the shaft; little tiny pecks all the way to where my balls hung freely. She didn't stop at them, began kissing my testicles too. Lovingly, admiringly.

Very soon, I was harder than stone, my cock standing up to attention, helmet an angry red.

Doll took hold of the base, pressed her tongue between my testicles, slowly began licking her way up my shaft to the head. Her eyes never left my cock, absorbed in the act of satisfying it.

She licked around the rim of the helmet, stopping only once or twice to kiss it.

Finally, she reached the tip.

My cock - my entire body - trembled when she kissed it. When her tongue began massaging it.

I'd have orgasmed right then - plastered Doll's face with my cum and regretted none of it - if not for the fact that the girl pulled away. She must have sensed how close I was, because Doll giggled softly. A musical, care-free sound.

She looked up at me, smiled with pure adoration.

Her mouth opened as she leaned forward. An instant later, her lips were around my shaft, her tongue snaking around my cock's head, urging me to cum.

I held nothing back, planted both hands on Doll's head, held it in place as I came hard. Wave after wave shooting into her mouth, Doll sucking every drop of it from me, gulping it down her throat.

Quiet choked grunts were the only sound my Doll made as she drank my dick dry.

The problem with not getting laid in over a year - and the fact that every time I'd had sex in the last decade had been with a woman who was content with doing the bare minimum - was that I was a little out of practice.

In my hey-day, back when Tess had been nothing but an smudge in her mother's ovaries, I'd been able to last hours. All night long and well into the morning.

Nowadays, it seemed, I could barely stop myself from cumming at a girl just *kissing* my cock.

That'd have to change. No doubt about that.

Thankfully, I had the perfect pair of pussies to practice on.

Doll would be easy enough to seduce. Her suggestibility made it as easy as planting an idea in her head. Tess, or Babygirl, would require a little more nudging in the right direction. But I was certain I could manage it.

Now that I'd successfully created Babygirl, it was only a matter of time before she was mine completely.

Time. That was the only road-block at this point.

One session a week wasn't going to cut it. These sessions couldn't go on forever. How long before it was decided that hypnosis had been successful or a failure? Either way, they'd be deemed unnecessary to continue and would come to an end.

When that happened, I needed both Tess and Lara wanting to continue with these hypnotic sessions. Or else, I needed to complete my rewriting of their identities before then.

I couldn't do that with only one session a week. I needed more than that. Much more.

But how?

With Tess, I could simply bring Babygirl out and hypnotise her then - the daddy-loving toy would be much easier to convince than the bitch that was Tess. That'd be easy enough.

But what about Lara? How did I get her to come to my home, get close enough to her to bring out Doll, and not have Lara or Tess be in any way suspicious of it?

Something to ponder, for sure.

Tess walked into my office dressed, as always, like a cheap whore.

Miniskirt and tank top, midriff exposed. Her face was caked with make-up, eyes filled with their usual resentment.

If only she knew what I was doing to her mind, how would she react? Would she attack me? Report me? Would she be disbelieving and laugh at how preposterous it sounded? Who knew, with how much of a slut my daughter evidently was, maybe she'd go along with my hypnotic warping of her mind - maybe she'd get wet at the idea of me using her like that.

Unlikely.

Still, that was exactly what I was going to do. Use her. Fuck her. Make her the perfect little cum-dumpster.

"How are you feeling today, Tess?" I asked, masking my face with emotionless professionalism.

She didn't answer. Just turned to glare at me for a moment before looking away again.

Breaking her was going to be fun.

~Theresa's Eighth Session~

"Babygirl, while using my laptop to do her homework, accidentally came across a fragment of my internet history. A porn video staring a busty girl with blue hair. At first, this shocked her and she quickly clicked away. But, as the hours passed and her homework bored her, she kept thinking about it. Eventually, she gave in to temptation and searched through all my history."

I paused, allowed my unconscious daughter to absorb the information. It was always better not to overwhelm a person with too much information. In her mind, I imagined, the tale I was spinning for her was playing out like a movie.

"What Babygirl found was a lot of porn, all with similar subjects. Blue hair, busty, young, beautiful. Some might even say these girls - these pornstars - looked trashy. Finding out that I was into this stuff was surprising to Babygirl. Surprising and disappointing. After all, Babygirl didn't have blue hair, she didn't dress in skimpy, revealing clothing. Deep down, she wanted me to notice her - for me to admire her. So she did the only thing she could think of - she began dying her hair blue."

Tess' eyelids fluttered a little, a part of her mind resisting the concept that she might

want to do something to please me.

It wasn't enough to worry me - nothing violent or threatening to the trance. But I noted it regardless. When altering minds and creating entirely new personalities, it seemed prudent to be aware of every twitching movement, every delay and hesitation.

I contained on with my tale, explaining away why Babygirl didn't have any friends save for a girl named Doll. I gave her reasons as to why her room was devoid of technology - an alternate reason for why everything I'd confiscated from Tess was missing. To Babygirl, technology would be a distraction. The only thing she'd care about, would want to spend time doing, was me.

And, perhaps most importantly, I gave her a reason for me to hypnotise her.

"It started when we - me and Babygirl - went to a carnival together," I told my unconscious daughter. "One of the events was a hypnotist show and, while watching it, Babygirl felt herself zoning out. That evening, she asked me about hypnosis and I told her all about it, and about how I used to be one before she'd been born. She was curious, so she asked me to hypnotise her and, ever since, it's been a regular thing we've done - something to help Babygirl relax and something for us to bond over."

The more I spoke - the more information I planted in her subconscious mind - the more Tess began to resist. Fluttering eyelids, eyebrows narrowing in concentration, body shifting uncomfortably, brief wincing of pain.

Her mind, it seemed, had taken in as much as it was able. I could have pushed it, squeezed more in there. But, ultimately, there was no need.

If everything worked, if my suggestions had stuck, I'd be able to hypnotise my daughter any time I wanted from here on out.

Slowly, calmly, I began the process of waking Tess from her trance.

~ ~ ~

Her huge tits swayed as Tess sat forward, her hands shooting to her temple. The pain was clear on her face, the headache I'd unintentionally given her.

I masked my expression, hid the smirk threatening to spread my lips at Tess' suffering.

Some might call me a bad father for finding joy and amusement at my daughter's pain. But, in all honest sincerity, fuck the bitch. This was some well-deserved comeuppance. She'd earned this headache for all the migraines she'd given me this past year.

If my enjoying her discomfort made me a bad father, then what did actively altering her mind and transforming her into an obedient fuck-toy make me?

I was a bad father. And Tess' was a bad daughter.

We were perfect for each other.

"What the fuck?" Tess groaned, eyes flashing pure hatred at me between her fingers. "What did you- Oww!"

She clutched her head tightly.

Okay, so I might have overdone it a little with the implanting memories and solidifying Babygirl.

No regrets, though.

"We made a lot of progress today," I told my daughter. "A lot of progress. Very soon, I think, we'll get to the root of your behavioural issues and-"

"Shut up," Tess growled. She was rubbing her forehead, as if she thought that might get remove her brain's ache. Idiot. "Stop talking. Shut up."

I did as I was told, stopped talking.

Admittedly, I only did it so that I could stare at Tess' tits being squeezed together,

shaking and jiggling as she tried in vain to clear her head. With the skimpy, low-cut top, it wouldn't have been surprising if one of those behemoth tits jiggled completely free and exposed itself. Silently, I prayed for just that.

Unfortunately, no-one answered that prayer.

Tess stood up, glared at me accusingly, angrily. She turned and stomped out of my office, her ass bouncing all the way out of my line of sight.

I'd planned to give Tess an hour for her headache to dissipate. A single hour on her own before I brought out Babygirl again. Yet, as always, Tess' bullshit caused me problems. When I went to knock on her door, there was no answer. When I opened it and stepped inside, the room was empty.

That annoyed me.

Searching through the house for my slut daughter only to come to the conclusion that she'd gone out annoyed me even more.

Waiting. That's what annoyed me most. The waiting in my daughter's room as the minutes ticked by into hours. Waiting as I stared at my phone's screen, reading through the chat logs I'd saved onto it - copied over from Tess' phone.

When waiting grew too tedious, I stood, started rummaging through my daughter's room.

I'd never searched through Tess' belongings before.

There had never been a reason to. Never a desire. Even in that moment, it was more boredom than anything else.

I started with the clothes drawers. Tops and shorts and skirts and dresses, all folded neatly. Another drawer contained socks and panties and bras, swimwear and lingerie. Absently, I picked up one of the bras, checked the label for measurements and sizes.

Bigger than my wife, for sure. In everything else, Tess and her mother were pretty similar. Build and height, slimness. It was only really their tits that were different. My wife's had been big, Tess' were on a whole other level.

That was almost a shame. I still had all my wife's clothes stashed in boxes somewhere. The conservative attire would have suited Babygirl very well.

I shrugged to myself, tossed the bra back inside the drawer and moved on.

In a side-table, I found an empty bottle of whiskey.

My whiskey.

I hadn't even noticed any bottles were missing. When in the world had she stolen that from me?

Save for a hairbrush with a particularly phallic handle, some spare change, some self-help book on leadership for some bizzare reason, and what looked like a police badge - in the dim light, the reflecting plastic looked almost real - the side-table was disappointingly empty.

No drugs, no stash of money from prostituting herself.

Still, I hadn't searched under the bed yet.

Before I could, however, I heard the crash reverberate through my house. A door being slammed shut. The front door. A sound I'd grown very familiar with.

I stood to one side, against a wall. Waited.

Drunken stumbling echoed, growing closer and closer. I held my breath as the bedroom door opened, my daughter tripping through the doorway. She didn't notice me, wasn't aware of me standing just a few feet away from her.

I didn't move. Stood still as a statue, silent.

As Tess ambled towards her bed, she tugged at the top she was wearing - a simple tank top. She struggled with it for a moment, then tossed it aside.

She wasn't wearing a bra.

Her heavy breasts swayed, jumped as Tess fell face-first onto her bed. I only got a

glimpse before those amazing tits disappeared under my daughter's blanket.

Tess curled up, stopped moving but for the slight rise and fall of her chest.

I waited. Watched.

Soon enough, I was certain she'd knocked out. Faint and quiet snoring sounded from the bed, peaceful breathing.

Slowly, I moved - crept over to Tess' bed.

I stared down at her, took in the beauty of her serene sleeping face. When she wasn't being a total cunt, my daughter actually looked amazingly beautiful. A shame she had to be knocked the fuck out for that beauty to shine through.

Soon.

Soon the bitch would be gone. Relegated to a locked box in the back of her own mind, trapped and eventually erased completely.

Then there would be no more glaring. No more spite. No more disrespect. Just a beautiful young woman dedicated to making her father happy. A perfect little pet for me, devoted to my every whim and fancy.

Soon.