

Taming Tess

Chapter 8

When Tess woke up the next morning, it was with her usual hungover attitude. Pissed off at everything, annoyed, bitchy. Basically Tess' usual behaviour on steroids. She cussed at me, as per the usual, stomped her way into the kitchen, opened up the fridge and grabbed the milk - drank it straight from the carton.

In theory, I should have been fine with that. Compared to what I had planned for Tess, drinking out of a container with her saliva on it seemed benign, trivial. With what I wanted to do to her, saliva was the most innocent fluid her body produced that I'd be tasting. In practice, however, Tess drinking from the milk carton was more than a little annoying. Who knew where Tess' mouth had been the night before?

I kept silent. It wasn't like Tess would stop doing it because I wanted her to. More likely, she'd do it more just to spite me.

Amazing how much of a bitch she'd become in just one year.

Back then, she'd been beautiful in a shy, restrained way. All conservative, respectful clothing. She'd never been disrespectful, never glared or swore. Thinking back to it, she'd been pretty sexy back then too. Big tits, though covered up. Slim waist. I hadn't noticed it at the time, I'd been too busy with work and the like, but my daughter had always been exceptionally fuckable.

Even now, with her bitchy attitude. Even being the walking, talking cunt that she was, Tess was extremely sexy.

Every time she glared at me, I imagined what that glare would look like with my cock in her mouth. Tess on her knees, glaring up with that pure hatred of hers, all while sucking me dry.

Every time she cussed, I imagined what that cussing would sound like when I rammed my cock into her pussy, fucked her senseless.

"The fuck are you looking at?" Tess snarled, snapping me out of my thoughts. In an intentionally loud whisper, she muttered a single word. "Creep."

"Babygirl loves daddy," I told her.

As with before, the reaction was instant. Tess froze, her eyes bulging. She didn't move, didn't react. Then, a second later, she blinked, looked around the kitchen confused. Her right hand came up to her forehead, began rubbed it.

"Hello, Babygirl."

My voice drew my daughter's attention. Her eyes widened, a faint blush appearing on her cheeks. She smiled.

"Hi Daddy," Babygirl said, voice soft and sweet.

For the next hour, I did nothing but talk to Babygirl. I took her into my office, began asking questions, listened intently to every answer she gave. Before taking things further, I needed to know how much information Babygirl had retained. How much from the stories I'd told her tranced form she remembered and believed.

I was in new waters here. I'd never rewritten a person's entire identity before. If everything was to go smoothly, I needed as much information as possible.

Tess - Babygirl - seemed confused by my questions, uncertain on why I was asking them. But, being the good little daddy's girl, she didn't complain, she simply obeyed - answered every question to the best of her ability.

When I was satisfied, I told my daughter to sit back, make herself comfortable.

"I'm going to hypnotise you again," I informed her. "A quick little trance. Is that okay?"

Still confused, Babygirl nodded her head.

"Close your eyes," I began. "Focus on my voice and nothing else. Listen and relax."

I softened my voice, as always, during the hypnotic induction. A softer voice helped the subject calm themselves, aided in the relaxation which aided in bringing them into a trance.

While I spoke, I watched my daughter - searching for any signs that she might be awake and alert, just pretending to be tranced. This was, after all, the first time I'd hypnotised 'Babygirl'. Little by little, I witnessed my daughter's consciousness slip away, leaving behind the empty shell of her body.

Eventually, she was ready.

~Theresa's Ninth Session~

"What is your name?" I asked my daughter's limp body.

"Theresa," she answered after a brief silence.

I stared at her, considered my options.

This trance shouldn't last too long. I was already pushing it with the hour-long interrogation. When I finally brought Tess back out, she was bound to notice time had passed, that she was missing memories. Not ideal, to be sure. The more Tess suspected something wasn't right, the more troublesome she'd become. Trances would become more difficult if she suspected me, her attitude would worsen.

Really, I shouldn't have brought Babygirl into a trance at all. But this was an opportunity I couldn't resist.

Tess was wearing her usual scant clothing. A tank top with no bra and pj bottoms. Knowing how much of a slut my daughter was, I wouldn't have been surprised if she wasn't wearing panties under those plaid pants.

"When I was younger, before you were born, there was a party trick I used to do. It involved me hypnotising someone, making it so that they couldn't feel pain - or anything at all - and then pricking their skin with a pin. Of course, the person wouldn't react to it, because they couldn't feel anything. Whenever someone told me hypnosis didn't actually work, I'd offer to do the same trick on them."

Tess didn't react, as expected. She was simply taking the information in, storing it away. Good.

A lot of what a person can and can't do with hypnosis depends on their subject - the one they're hypnotising. If the subject believes that certain things are impossible, like numbing their body to pain, then that particular suggestion may not work on them. It's all about perception and belief. By telling Tess that I'd done the party trick before, that it worked, I was erasing doubt from her mind. And, without that doubt, she had no reason to believe it wouldn't work on her.

"I want to try something similar with you," I told my beautiful daughter. "I'm going to numb you to all physical sensation for the duration of this trance. You won't feel anything, not the clothes on your body, not the chair you're sat on. You won't feel the breeze, won't feel my fingers if I poked you with them. Nothing. That's what you'll feel. Absolutely nothing at all."

The process of embedding the suggestion was easy enough. A lot of repetition and boredom. I'd done *this* particular trick plenty of times before.

When it was done, I stood, crossed the distance between me and my daughter.

I stared down at her, took in the sight of her body.

If you didn't know better, you'd think she was asleep. Laying back in her seat, eyes closed, breathing softly. Her body was limp, relaxed, chest rising and falling slowly.

Slowly, I reached out, pressed my finger against Tess' forehead.

When she didn't react, I poked her cheek.

"What can you feel right now, Tess?" I asked.

"Nothing," came the expected reply.

I moved my finger lower, trailed it along Tess' full lips, down to her chin, along the length of her neck to her collarbone.

Already, I was hard. Fully erect and ready for action.

With one hand, I lowered my trousers. With the other, I tugged gently on Tess' tank top, pulled one of the straps down her shoulder and arm.

My cock sprang free just as Tess' pink nipple came into view.

Small and round and pink, as perfect in real life as it was in the dozens of pictures I'd stolen from her phone.

I pulled hard on the tank top, watched with eager eyes as the whole breast jiggled free. Huge and perfect, and soon to be all mine. Tess' tits were beyond words, each one bigger than her head.

My urges flared, my mouth watered. I wanted to learn down, taste her nipple, tease her tits with my mouth. I wanted to grope and fondle and fuck them.

But I couldn't. Too much motion, touching too violently, would break the 'unfeeling' suggestion. And, if that broke, Tess would feel my hands on her and the entire trance would break. Straddling her waist and fucking those perfect tits was too risky.

That, however, didn't mean I couldn't have *some* fun.

"You feel nothing," I told Tess, placing my hand on hers and lifting it to my cock. "Nothing at all. No physical sensations."

With my hand wrapped around hers, slowly, I began to move it.

Tess' hand was soft against my cock, surprisingly gentle. She didn't curl her fingers around my shaft, didn't move with her own will. I was simply jacking myself off using my daughter's hand. And she was utterly oblivious to that fact.

"No sensations at all. You feel nothing."

Again and again, I repeated those words. I stared down at my daughter's tits as they jiggled softly, looked at her beautiful, peaceful face. A few strands of blue hair had fallen over one of her eyes.

"Nothing at all."

Soon enough, I was close.

My cock twitched once, jerked in my daughter's hand. And then it happened. I came, and came hard. My eyes closed, lost in the sensation. Shot after shot of cum burst from my cock, a flood of white fluid unlike anything I'd experienced before. It wouldn't stop, not for what seemed like an age. And, when I finally did stop cumming, it took every bit of will and strength I had not to collapse backwards.

I opened my eyes, saw the mess, laughed in stupid, satisfied bliss.

Cum plastered Tess' face. From her blue hair down to her chin and neck and chest. One of her eye sockets was filled, a little lake of white. Her lips and nose and cheeks, her forehead were all coated with streaks of cum. Droplets of it dribbled down the corners of her mouth, down her cheek, dripping off her chin and running right down between her watermelon tits.

"Tess," I said, a stupid idea occurring to me. "Think of your happiest memory. Something that makes you smile, something that you never want to forget."

As a pleasant little smile tugged at Tess' lips, I reached for my desk, picked up my phone, pointed it at my daughter.

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When it came time to end the trance, I made sure it was Babygirl who was out. I led her back to the kitchen, made sure she and I were standing in the exact same spots we had been earlier, and spoke the magic words aloud.

"Tess loves nothing but cock."

My beautiful daughter blinked, confused. She looked up at me, glared daggers. She had no idea.

I suppressed the smirk, walked out of the kitchen and back towards my office. If the little suggestion I'd implanted worked, which I knew it would, Tess would go have a shower immediately. What cum and stickiness I hadn't wiped away with a cloth would be washed away by the water. And Tess would be none the wiser.

The feeling I had in that moment was amazing. Pure blissful satisfaction. With a flourish, I swept my phone out of its pocket. A few moments of tapping the screen later, and there it was. A high-definition photo of my cum-covered daughter.

The urge to laugh was overwhelming.

This was proof. Undeniable evidence that what I was doing was working. Any and all doubts vanished as I stared at the screen, at Tess' perfect tits and amazingly beautiful face. This was proof of what I could do - what I was doing. It was a brief, delicious taste of what was to come.

My daughter, with my cum all over her, smiling like an idiot.

I set my phone down. Leaned back on my chair.

And the best part? Today's fun wasn't even over.

~Lara's Seventh Session~

In many ways, Lara was perfect for me. Highly suggestible, pretty and soft, not related to me. A shame she was so small in areas where size was very much appreciated. If she had tits like Tess, I might not even have bothered warping my daughter's mind..

No, that wasn't quite true.

Even if Lara had the biggest knockers in the world and Tess was flat as a board, I'd still want to dominate my bitch of a daughter. The simple idea of putting her in her place, punishing her for her attitude, was enough to motivate me.

Still, Lara had her benefits.

Mostly, it was her high suggestibility.

"Have you ever been sexually attracted to another girl?" I asked.

"No," came the girl's answer.

Shame. That would have made things much easier.

Could hypnosis be used to make a straight girl gay? Possibly. If anything could work, it was hypnotic suggestion. But it wasn't something I'd done before and, even if it were possible, the number of sessions it would take and the amount of effort I'd have to give it were too high for my liking. Not when there were easier alternatives available.

If I wanted, I could warp Lara's perceptions. Make it so that she believed Tess was a guy. Instead of huge tits, she'd see a chiselled male torso. Instead of long hair and a beautiful girl's face, I could make her see short hair, stubble, and the face and a handsome guy. All that would be easy. And all I'd need to do was make Tess wear a strap-on and everything would be golden.

That'd all work. Changing a person's perceptions with hypnosis was stunningly simple and easy. But, if I went down that route, I'd miss out on some fun things. I could get Tess to fuck Lara with a strap-on, but not the other way around.

So, how did I get heterosexual Lara to want to fuck her best friend with a strap-on dildo?

Make Lara believe she herself was a guy? Might work, but it wasn't a guarantee that she'd suddenly want to fuck girls. She could simply believe that she was a guy into other guys.

No, my plan was much more twisted than that.

If I could make it so that Lara wanted to hurt and humiliate her friend, and then make her believe that the best way to go about the hurting and humiliating was with a giant dildo tied around her waist, then it'd be as simple as giving Lara the tools she needed and sitting back to watch.

So, how did I make Lara want to hurt and humiliate her best friend?

"Lara, you have a boyfriend, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered numbly.

"What is your boyfriend's name?"

"Luke."

"And what's the name of your best friend?"

"Tess," Lara replied, without a hint of emotion.

"Tell me, how would it feel if you found out that your boyfriend and your best friend had been having sex with each other behind your back?"

This time, there was silence.

Lara shifted in her seat, body twitching. Her eyebrows narrowed, mouth opening and closing.

"It would hurt, wouldn't it?" I said softly, nudging the girl's mind in the right direction.

"Yes."

"It'd be very painful. You'd feel betrayed, alone, you'd be so hurt you wouldn't know what to do. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"When people are hurt like that, they want to hurt back. They want revenge, justice. They want to teach the people who hurt them what it feels like, yes?"

"Yes."

"Lara, do you want to know how to get revenge on the people who hurt you?"

There was a long pause after my question.

Finally, Lara answered.

"Yes."

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I woke Lara from her trance, watched as the girl stretched.

As of right now, she had no idea about Tess and Luke. What I'd offered Lara was no more than a hypothetical situation and given her a hypothetical retaliation for it. When, however, it came time to make the 'hypothetical' situation a reality, the retaliation I'd planted in her head would become a reality too.

That little seed would bloom into a very entertaining flower.

In the meantime, however, I had desires that needed sating and a Doll to sate them.

"Doll is my pet," I announced.

And, just like that, Lara was gone.

She smiled at me, said nothing as she rose to her feet, walked slowly towards me. She sat on my lap, pressed her back into my chest, her ass into my groin.

"Hello, Mr Anders," Doll cooed.

"I told you to call me John."

I placed my hands on her knees, slowly pulled her legs open.

Doll giggled, bit her lip, whispered.

"John."

My fingers moved up between her thighs, massaging over her jeans. When I reached her crotch, Doll gasped.

"Do you like me, John?" Doll asked, voice playful, soft.

I moved my hands more, slid one under Doll's jeans, under her panties.

"I do," I answered. I could hear the gruffness in my voice.

Doll gasped.

"Do you think I'm pretty, John?" Doll teased.

I leaned forward, whispered into her ear.

"I do. But," I smiled, paused. "I think you'd look much prettier without clothes on, bouncing on my cock like a good little Doll."

Doll giggled again, pushed herself off my lap, took a step away from me. She turned, faced me, blushed. And, slowly, she began to dance, her hands moving to remove her clothes.