

Taming Tess

Chapter 9

Her hips swayed to a beat neither of us could hear. My daughter's best friend, petite and cute and pretty, dancing slowly for me in my little office. Her hands moved over her body, stroking her subtle curves, caressing her lean figure. Her eyes locked on mine, filled with heat and haze and longing.

She bit her lip, hands sliding smoothly down to the hem of her top.

And, slowly, in sync with the rest of her swaying movement, Doll began to lift the cloth.

Her face was flushed, a soft rosy pink. Not an blush of embarrassment, but aroused heat. Excitement.

The top fell to the floor, discarded and forgotten.

Smooth, pale skin, athletic and toned. Her hips continued to sway, hands trailing down her sides, tucking under the jeans she was wearing, under her slightly exposed panties. Hot pink panties with white frills. Innocent panties to match that innocent-looking face of hers.

Her bra and panties were a matching set. I couldn't help but appreciate how adorably cute this girl was as her hands moved under the rim of her panties to her pelvis, began moving up over her flat tummy, slowly up to where her bra-cups met.

With delicate, practised fingers, the clasp holding the two cups together came apart.

Doll leaned backwards slightly, let her arms fall to her sides. The cute bra slipped from her shoulders, dropped silently to the floor.

Dark brown areolas drew my gaze. Two pointy nipples poked out from Doll's small breasts, conical and hard. They looked almost like chocolate – mouth-watering to look at and, I was sure, even more appetizing to taste.

Her tits themselves were perky and firm, budding little cupcakes.

I wanted nothing more in that moment than to stand up from my chair and take Doll, to dine on the feast she was so expertly displaying for me.

I held back, continued to watch.

Doll closed her eyes. Whatever song she was playing in her head, dancing to for my entertainment, seemed to have taken hold of her. Her body flowed in smooth motions, tits bouncing happily. Her hands gliding down her torso, arms squeezing her chest, as she reached for the first button of her jeans.

Her hips swayed hypnotically, stealing my gaze, capturing my attention as button after button came undone.

When the last button was free, Doll's arms rose to her shoulders, arms hiding those chocolate nipples from view. She was panting now, body shining with a thin layer of sweat. She gyrated her hips, her jeans falling lower with each motion until she finally stepped out of them, kicking them aside.

All that remained were here cute, pink panties.

As she danced for me, I couldn't help but notice the wet spot between her legs, the area of cloth over her pussy that was a few shades darker than the rest.

Doll chose that moment to open her eyes and saw my staring.

A naughty half-smile appeared on her face, her dance coming to an abrupt end. She gazed at me, saying nothing, for a long few moments. Then she advanced.

“John!” Doll gasped, body pressed to mine. She pressed her face into my chest, muffling her moans.

Good thing the bitch wasn't home. How would she react if she caught her best friend being finger-fucked by her father? What would she think upon seeing how utterly lost my little Doll was in the pleasure of it?

The answers to those questions made me curious. Perhaps one day, I'd arrange things so that Tess would walk in on us.

A plan for another day.

For now, I had other things to entertain me.

Doll sat facing me on my lap, legs hanging over the chair's arms. One of my hands was on her upper back, holding her close to me. The other was between her legs, fingers inside her unbelievably tight snatch.

"John," Doll whimpered again. "More. Please."

How long had it been since a woman begged me for more?

Tess' mother, my whore wife, certainly hadn't. The words 'not now', 'I'm too tired' and 'I'm not in the mood' were favourites of that stingy cunt.

It felt good. Really good.

I almost wanted to deprive her of what she wanted, just for how sweet her begging sounded. Hearing her become desperate for my cock, pleading with more and more vigour for me to pull my dick out and fill her up with it, would be a wonderful thing.

I was almost tempted to tease her more, bring her to the edge of insanity before finally giving her the fucking she so obviously needed. Almost.

But, truth was, I needed it too.

I was as desperate for her tight, young pussy as she was for my cock. More so, probably.

Older than Tess, but still young enough to be my daughter.

Pussy so tight, so hungry, that it was practically crushing just my fingers, seeming almost to want to pull them deeper inside itself.

Just the thought of how amazing that cunt would feel wrapped around my cock was enough to erase my resolve.

Teasing and torturing Doll could come another time.

Right now, it was time for her to fulfil the purpose I made her for.

I slipped my fingers out from inside her, smiling as she whined at their loss.

She looked up at me questioningly, hope shining in her wide eyes.

Without uttering a word, I took one of her hands in mine, guided it to my crotch. She got the idea and starting unbuttoning my trousers.

In moments, my cock sprang free – hard and throbbing.

Gripping the petite girl's ass, I lifted her from my lap and held her over my crotch. Doll understood. She reached down, warm fingers wrapping around my shaft, positioning it beneath herself.

"Good girl," I told her, basking in the softness of her hand.

Doll blushed, smiled.

She opened her mouth to say something, but whatever it'd been she was going to say was cut off as I slammed her ass down on my lap, my cock burying itself in her amazingly tight pussy.

That feeling, that one moment, was sheer bliss. An amazing, crushing pressure. Wet and warm and so amazingly snug. Shivers ran up my spine, tingles of heat and pleasure. A wave of warmth enveloped my whole body.

Doll let out a loud, gasping moan. She trembled, pussy convulsing around my cock. Her back arched, tense.

"Ride," I commanded.

The girl looked into my eyes, wide eyes filled with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

Perhaps she wasn't used to a cock as large as mine. Or perhaps it was the lack of warning that I was about to impale her. Regardless of the reason for that pained look, it was a good expression. An arousing look on the girl's otherwise innocent-looking face.

Doll placed her arms around my neck, lifted herself. When her face was just about level with mine, she stopped, lowered herself back down, taking the entire length of my

cock in one go.

Her body shuddered as I reached her deepest parts.

Gasps and moans escaped her lips, my name mixed in with the groans and erotic whimpers. At first, Doll tried to keep her voice down – muffling herself with my shirt.

Soon, however, she was screaming with glee.

Doll slumped on me, my cock still inside her. Even now, I was still pumping her full of cum. Gallons of it, from how sore and fantastic my cock felt.

My daughter's friend was breathing heavily, breath cool on my sweat-coated shirt.

Eyes closed as they were, with her face flushed from our activities, Doll looked wholly too cute. Just looking at her like this, with the blissful after-glow of my orgasm flowing through me, made ideas blossom into my mind.

I wasn't related to Lara. Once I completed the process of turning Tess into my personal cum-dump, who was to say I couldn't make Lara my official girlfriend. Fuck what anyone else thought, let the neighbours gossip. I'd have two beautiful, obedient fuck-toys at home with me at all times.

Plus, it'd be entertaining to make Tess call her best friend in the world 'mommy'. She'd *hate* that.

I closed my eyes, careful not to let sleep take over.

Just relaxing after a sweet orgasm. Letting the bliss overwhelm me for a few minutes.

Though, if I did fall asleep, would that be so bad?

Some small part of my mind whispered a warning. If Doll fell asleep, she might wake up as Lara – who would be waking up with a cock inside her that she certainly wasn't expecting. Things could go very sour, very quickly.

I should hypnotise her, make sure she had no idea that I'd fucked her today. I should do damage control.

But, in that moment, all I could think of was how warm her little cunt was wrapped around my deflating cock. All I could imagine was falling asleep and Doll waking me up with her sweet, sweet pussy.

Sleep hovered over me for a moment, threatening to sweep me away to lovely oblivion.

And then a delicious idea struck me.

I jerked upright, a wild grin on my face.

Doll jumped, looked around the room quickly, surprised out of her own daze.

"Doll," I spoke slowly, the idea churning in my mind, a plan forming around it. "I need to hypnotise you again."

~Lara's Eighth Session~

Genius. Stupidly, brilliantly genius.

What were the odds of it working?

Slim.

But not nothing.

And, if it didn't work, nothing was lost. I'd still make progress with my grand scheme of turning Tess into my personal whore. If this little scheme failed, I'd just miss out on a little extra fun along the way. No harm done.

If it did work though...

"Think about Tess," I instructed Lara's limp form. "About all the things you like about her and all the things you don't like. I want you to focus on Tess, who she is, all the little things about her that annoy you."

Lara's eyebrows furrowed in concentration.

As suggestible and open to hypnosis as the girl was, it would still be wise not to push too hard.

"Tell me, Lara, what are the things you most dislike about my daughter?"

The girl was silent for a moment, mind working for an answer.

I glanced at her body, once again fully clothed. Likely, my cum would be leaking out of her for a while. I'd have to implant a command to ignore and disregard the feeling of it – make her believe she'd simply become aroused after leaving my office and that's what the fluid discharge was.

"She's mean and flirty," Lara said slowly, lifelessly. "She pushes us to do stupid things."

That piqued my curiosity.

I'd read their conversations, and knew a little of what Tess and her friends got up to, but I didn't know everything.

Unfortunately, my time with Lara today had already stretched on way too long. No time left to go scrounging for details. Maybe next time I'd dig into the stupid things Tess, Lara and their boyfriends got up to.

Mean and flirty, though. Those were useful.

Knowing just how much of a bitch my dear daughter was, I had no trouble imagining her being *mean* to her friends. Still, that Lara's mind had come up with 'mean', not 'bitchy' or 'cunty' or some other descriptor, was more than a little cute. Same with 'flirty'. Personally, I'd have gone with 'she's a stupid, ungrateful whore just like her mother'.

"I want you to think about all the countless times Tess has been mean, all the times she's flirted with Luke. Think about the stupid things she's pushed you to do and all the trouble you've gotten into because of her."

Lara's eyebrows narrowed, the unpleasant memories filling her empty mind. A small, unhappy frown appeared on her otherwise blank face.

"All those insults, all that pain and hurt, everything you've bottled up little by little. But you can't keep all those emotions bottled up forever, no-one can. Tonight, when Tess is mean, when she flirts with your boyfriend, when she tries to convince you to do something you don't want to, you're going to snap. Those emotions you've been bottling up for so long are going to come out, and you're going to fight with Tess over it."

This time, Lara's body visibly shook. Her eyelids fluttered and her mouth twitched. Dangerous signs.

"It's only natural, after all. It'll be good for you both to air it out," I watched Lara closely. If need be, I could undo this particular suggestion. Hopefully, it wouldn't come to that. "You might not want to confront Tess, but deep down you know you have to. Your friendship will be better for it."

That seemed to calm the girl down a little.

"It'll be healthy for Tess, you snapping at her, arguing and fighting with her. She'll learn to appreciate you and your friendship more for it."

Lara stopped shaking, appeared to relax at my words.

Seemed like she actually valued her friendship with Tess.

Interesting.

I filed the information away in my mind.

"Friends fight," I told Lara. "If Tess doesn't storm off and leave you behind, she'll never really learn."

Lara's head twitched slightly, almost like a tiny nod.

"And," I paused, smiled. "When she does storm off, it'd be best for her and everyone if you stopped Brian from following after her. She'll need time alone, after all"

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Driving a wedge between Tess and her friends was essential if I was going to turn her into my plaything. I couldn't well let her go out and socialise when she was meant to be at home servicing me or taking care of chores, and I certainly wasn't about to let other guys play with my toys.

At some point, isolating Tess from her group of friends was going to be something I'd have to do. Beginning the process now simply had the benefit of trying out my whimsical idea.

I waited at the front door, stood besides it counting the minutes pass by. Reading Tess' phone logs helped pass the time.

Finally, a full hour before midnight – much earlier than Tess usually returned home – the metallic chink of a key sliding into the front door's lock snapped me away from my reading.

The lock turned, door swinging open.

A flash of blue rushed past me, door left wide open.

Instinctively, more my hand moving automatically than any actual intent to catch her, I reached out and grabbed Tess' arm before she retreated to her room.

She spun around, beautiful blue eyes wide.

Her make-up was a mess. Trails of black eyeliner ran down her cheeks, her eye shadow a blurred smudge. Her hair was wild, windblown and dishevelled. She reeked of alcohol, her clothes stained and soggy. One of her cheeks, I noted, was bright red.

For the briefest instant, I saw the pain and fear and shock that filled my daughter's bright eyes.

Who'd have thought an argument with her friend would have affected Tess this much? I'd thought she'd be angry, even more so than usual, plotting to get back on Lara by fucking the petite girl's boyfriend. Petty shit. Not *this*.

The moment passed, Tess' face morphing into an ugly, hateful thing. She glared at me, snarled.

"Let go of me you fucki-"

"Babygirl loves daddy," I shouted over her.

A confused expression crossed Tess' face. She blinked, stumbled. I released her arm, watched with interest.

With one hand, my daughter steadied herself against a wall. The other hand shot to her chest. She gasped, pained. Babygirl clutched her chest tightly, hand over her heart.

Then she slumped to the ground, eyes watering.

How odd.

Was Babygirl reacting to the emotions Tess had been feeling the moment I switched them? Residual pain from the fight with Lara, shock from the sudden swap, maybe confusion from not knowing where the feelings were coming from?

I watched as she choked back a sob, eyes darting to me desperately – as if I could save her from what she was feeling.

Luckily for her, I could.

"Don't worry, princess," I said, hiding a smirk with my hand, trying to contain my glee with a mask of concern. "I'll take all the pain away. Come on, lets go to your bedroom. It will be more comfortable for you if I hypnotise you there."

~Theresa's Tenth Session~

"After your mother left," I told my unmoving daughter, "I started to have trouble sleeping. You found out recently that I now use sleeping pills at night – the kind that knock a person

out for hours with no chance of them waking.”

A complete lie. But then, that was the point. Filling Babygirl's mind with falsehoods and fictitious stories – building her up with deceptive lies and untruths with the sole purpose of getting her into my bed.

I'm far from the first man who's lied to get laid.

“Ever since you found this out, Babygirl, you've had fantasies about sneaking into my room at night. Fantasies involving you doing naughty things while I sleep. After all, you're far too shy to seduce me while I'm awake. But asleep? With no chance of me waking up? You'd be able to do everything you've always wanted.”

And, being the one who implanted all Babygirl's desires for me in her mind, I knew exactly what this persona wanted to do.

“That's why you were so upset and anxious earlier, you've finally decided to act on your fantasies. Tonight is the night.”

My daughter's chest rose and fell steadily, tits bulging outwards tantalisingly. The temptation to be done with these tricks and games tingled within me, to just climb on top of my daughter right now and finally have her. Just a few inches away from me, a few minutes of fun.

I shook my head, pushing the thoughts away.

What were a few minutes of fun compared to a lifetime of bliss with my sexy slut of a daughter to take care of my every need?

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Babygirl yawned as she came out of the trance, make-up still stained and messy but facial expression much less wild now. The emotions had long since passed.

She looked over at me, blushed, glanced down at her lap.

“Well then,” I said as I stood up. “I should be getting to bed now. Wouldn't want me to pass out on your bedroom floor now, would we? Are you sure you're alright Babygirl?”

She didn't answer, just blushed brighter and nodded her head.

I smiled, left her room, walked to mine.

Stripping out of my clothes and throwing on some old pyjama trousers didn't take long. Soon enough, I was laying in bed, lights off, eyes closed, waiting.

There was, of course, no guarantee she'd come. I'd left Babygirl out, sure, but I'd also made her shy and meek. It might be that she'd be too awkward and uncomfortable to sneak into my room to fuck me while I 'slept'.

As time ticked by, second after second, minute after minute, my hopes retreated. I ignored the disappointment, chided myself for being so silly. I'd done this out of curiosity, I told myself, to see if Babygirl would act – if my manipulations with my daughter were starting to bear fruit.

I turned onto my side, defeated. Might as well sleep. Tomorrow morning I would-

A sound cut my thought short.

My bedroom door creaking open.

Someone entering.