

## Taming Tess

### Chapter 10

Silence.

The only sound I could hear was the quick thumping of my own heart. My eyes closed, laying completely still, I was utterly blind to what was going on. All I had to go by was my hearing.

Silence.

The door had opened, I hadn't imagined it. The floorboards had groaned softly as Babygirl had entered. Then the door had slowly creaked shut.

And then there was silence.

Had she changed her mind and left? Was she still in my room, standing there and watching me sleep? There couldn't be much light to see by. What was she doing?

I wished I could open my eyes, look and see if she was there.

But, of course, if she was there, I'd lose this wonderful opportunity. If she knew I was awake, there was no chance the shy Babygirl would make a move on me. All I could do was lay still, let the time tick by, hope that she was still there.

I forced myself to calm down and relax.

If Babygirl was there, she might notice me breathing too quickly to be asleep. She might touch me and feel my too-fast pulse.

Calm, relaxed. Slow, steady breathing.

There was someone in my room, I was sure of it. That feeling you get when someone's watching you, I felt it.

Babygirl was there.

Was she waiting for something? Hesitating? Was she getting cold feet? Did she suspect I was awake?

"Daddy?" The word was loud in my ears, despite being spoken in a soft whisper. "Are you awake, Daddy?"

I said nothing. Did nothing.

Silence followed. I waited, counting the seconds.

A soft hand pressed onto my shoulder, gently shook me. I let my body go limp, didn't react to the shaking. My eyes still closed, letting my mouth drop open a little.

The hand came off my shoulder.

More time passed. Maybe a minute or two.

Then she pinched my arm.

I wasn't expecting the sharp pain out of no-where, but I managed to stop myself from reacting to it. No wince of pain or grunt. Just me laying there, feigning a deep, unawaking sleep.

She was testing.

Seeing if I'd wake up from being physically hurt. Babygirl was seeing if the pills she believed I was taking would keep me asleep even when things got physical with my body.

She was testing to see if she could get away with sexual things.

Excitement blossomed within me, quickly suppressed.

I had to remain serene. Couldn't give the game away now, not when the fun was just about to begin.

Satisfied that I must be asleep, Babygirl gripped my blanket, carefully began lowering it down my body.

She stopped when the bulge in my pyjama trousers was revealed.

I felt her freezing, looking up at my face.

Would the boner give me away? With Tess' obvious experience as a slut, she'd have known instantly that I was awake. But Babygirl was a different creature – innocent and unknowing, naive even. As far as she knew, she was an uneducated virgin when it

came to all things sexual. Surely she wouldn't realise I was awake, right?

I waited, slowed my breathing further, feigned lifeless sleep as best I could.

A single finger poked the bulge.

That alone was almost enough to set me off.

Theresa, my beautiful, busty daughter, was touching my cock. What would have been impossible just a few months ago was now happening. I could picture her in my mind, wearing a cute nightie that was too small for her stupidly huge tits. Those slutty lips of hers parted, breathing heavily as she toyed with her daddy's dick.

It wasn't Tess, the bitch. But one day it would be.

Babygirl poked my bulge again, pressed down on it with her hand, squeezed it though the pyjama trouser fabric.

Even though it was her that was doing it - Babygirl, the persona I'd created for this very purpose - I couldn't help but imagine Tess. Her face if she ever found out about what was going on right now, what she'd done without being aware of it. She'd probably be disgusted, angry. I imagined her face with those two emotions merged – anger-fuelled disgust – even as her body fondled my cock.

One day, I'd see that look on her face as I fucked her.

I'd make Tess revolted and pissed off, have my way with her and force her to enjoy every second of it.

For now, though, Babygirl would do just fine.

Slowly, she pulled down my pyjama trousers, marvelling at the sight of my fully-erect cock. She stared at it, didn't move to touch it. I could feel her gaze on it, then feel her turn to look at my face again.

Satisfied that I was still 'asleep', she reached out, took my cock in her hands.

Her fingers were delicate, soft. I could feel the warmth radiating from her hands, feel her breath brushing across my skin. Without my eyes to see by, every experience I had to enjoy came from the sensations across my skin. I felt super sensitive, like I was savouring every little touch to its fullest.

Babygirl leaned forward, her lips touching the tip of my cock.

The sound of a single, sweet kiss filled my bedroom. Loud in the silence.

"Daddy," my daughter whimpered. I could hear her moving, hear the excitement in her voice. It took me a moment to realise exactly why she was whimpering.

My daughter was touching herself.

Rubbing her pussy over her undies while she kissed and played with my cock. What a good little cum-dumpster daughter.

She leaned forward, began kissing more aggressively, tongue licking along the length of my hard-on. I felt her teeth brushing my skin, felt the insane heat of her mouth, the sloppy wetness of her kisses.

She stopped for a moment, panting heavily now.

I thought she might be done, that she'd leave me blue-balled and go back to her room.

She didn't.

I felt her lips brush down my cock, her open mouth sinking half the length of my cock into itself.

A shiver ran down my spine.

My daughter was giving me head.

The stupid bitch was actually sucking my cock.

I wanted to laugh, to grab the back of her head and choke her with my girth. Instead, I did nothing - let Babygirl have her fun with me.

She struggled to fit my whole cock in her mouth, her full lips unable to quite reach the base. Slurping sounds echoed through my bedroom, muffled groans and tiny gags. She licked around my cock, sucking hard.

Not the best blowjob ever, if I was honest. Her best friend sucked cock better than she did.

With how much of a slut my daughter was, I expected her to at least know how to use her mouth properly. But then, I had to remind myself, this wasn't Tess – not really. A shame. Still, I'd enjoy finding out what *her* mouth felt like soon enough.

Babygirl pulled back, letting my head pop out of her mouth. She moaned, my bed beginning to shake from her fingering herself.

"Daddy," she panted. "Oh, Daddy."

She swallowed down my cock again, pushing harder now. She seemed intent on taking the whole thing in her mouth.

My helmet jabbed the back of her throat, caused her to gag and choke.

Still she pushed, bouncing her head up and down, taking a tiny bit more each time. I could feel her blue hair on my belly, on my balls and all around my crotch. I imagined it from above, sprawled out on me with the back of my daughter's head at the centre, bobbing up and down as fast as she could manage.

Finally, she strained just enough, my cock forced deep down her throat – filling it completely. One of her lips brushed my balls, the other touched the skin at the base of my cock.

I came.

Burst after burst, a flood of white shooting into my unexpected daughter's throat.

She groaned, moaned, gagged hard. But she didn't pull away. Couldn't, or else my cum would spill out of her mouth and make a mess. She had no choice but to drink down every drop, and that's exactly what she did.

Gagged choking, wet gulping, as she swallowed wave after wave of cum.

I didn't hold back. Didn't stop until I had nothing left to pump into her.

Her gagging became more desperate, more wild, as the last shots came and, when she finally drank down the last of it, she spat my cock out of her mouth, gasped for air.

She sounded like she'd come close to suffocating from how heavily she gasped, the amount of panting for air she did. You'd think she'd just run a marathon from her sheer hunger for oxygen.

I imagined what her face must look like. Tears trailing down her cheeks, cum on her chin, eyes bloodshot, make-up still a mess.

Beautiful.

If only I could have taken a picture of that image. If only I could have this whenever I wanted.

Babygirl pulled my trousers up, pulled the blanket back over me. I felt her breathing above my face, felt her lean down and kiss my forehead.

Then she was gone, out of my room in a rush, door slammed shut behind her.

Suffice to say, I slept peacefully that night. And, when morning came, I walked to Tess' bedroom and waited outside the door for her to wake.

One of two things would happen. Either my daughter would wake up as she'd gone to sleep, and it would be Babygirl who walked out of that bedroom. Or something will have reset in my daughter's mind while she'd slept, and Tess herself would be the one to wake up and exit the room.

If the latter turned out to be the case, it was no real worry. I'd implanted the suggestion in her mind last night that she'd drunk far more than she actually had, and that she wouldn't remember anything after storming away from Lara. There was no threat of her remembering what Babygirl had done.

Still, I crossed my fingers and hoped for the former.

Not only would it mean I could put Babygirl to sleep comfortable in the knowledge Tess wouldn't be the one waking up – something that would allow me to potentially keep

Babygirl out permanently. But it'd also mean I could spend the morning enjoying Babygirl's awkwardness. No-doubt, the girl wouldn't be able to look at my face after what she'd done last night – unaware of the fact that I'd been awake for it.

Of course, even if Tess was the one who woke with the body, I could simply use the magic words and force Babygirl out.

Something about that felt wrong, though.

Not morally wrong – I'd set those qualms aside long ago.

More like it felt counter to my overall plan. Like I was settling for lunch and setting aside the delicious desert. Sure, I could keep Babygirl around as much as I wanted, make the girl my plaything. But, at the end of the day, Babygirl was nothing – a mask for Tess to wear. Was I truly satisfied with a mask – an imitation – of my daughter?

No. I wanted the real thing. I wanted Tess.

Not just her perfect body, but her mind. I wanted her hatred of me, her loathing and resentment. I wanted to twist them, warp them into something else. I wanted her to hate me, to hate the fact that she wanted me. I wanted her to resent me, and to resent the fact that she belonged to me. Resent the fact that she needed me, couldn't live without my cock.

I wanted my daughter to hate me even as she pleased me.

I wanted Tess to know she was mine.

Babygirl was just a means to reach that point. When the time came, I'd merge the two persona together – Tess in control of thoughts and words, Babygirl in control of actions and desires.

No, I wouldn't be settling for Babygirl. I wouldn't suppress Tess and make Babygirl dominant. I refused to miss out on the expression on Tess' face when she learned the truth. And I most certainly wasn't about to give up on punishing the slut for her attitude this last year.

If only I could do the same to Tess' mother, my whore wife.

But that cunt was gone. I'd never be able to punish her for her infidelity, her betrayal.

Instead, I'd punish her daughter.

When my daughter emerged from her bedroom, she glared at me, swore and called me a creep for standing by her door. Tess, then. Not Babygirl. Good to know, at least.

I held off on using the phrase that would bring out Babygirl.

Too many holes in her memory would make Tess suspicious. I'd given her a reason why she wouldn't remember arriving home last night, but I couldn't use the same 'too drunk to remember' excuse right now. True, I could make it so that Tess believed she'd woken up later than usual, but there was no need. I'd bring out Babygirl again soon, just not right now.

As Tess stomped away, walking to the bathroom, I allowed myself the satisfaction of staring at her ass. Something about the bitch's anger, the way she stomped her feet, made her ass bounce marvellously.

Once the walking cunt was out of sight, I headed to my office, began contemplating the next step of my plan only to be interrupted by a phone-call.

"Hello?" I answered, pushing aside my annoyance.

"Mr Anders," a familiar voice said. "How are you this morning?"

"Not like you to be so formal, Holden. What can I help you with? Tess hasn't done something stupid again, I hope."

Why was the police chief calling me?

"No, no. Not Theresa. Her friends were caught drunk driving and disturbing the peace, though. No accidents, thankfully. Just calling to ask if your daughter got home safe last night, I hear there was some kind of altercation?"

"She's here, safe and sound. Nothing to worry about."

So he was just checking to see if Tess was here?

No. No, I didn't buy that at all. This was about something else. I could hear it in Holden's voice – this call wasn't about if Tess came home last night. He'd called me 'Mr Anders'. This was something more.

"I've spoken to the kids and, well..."

There was a pause.

"They mentioned you've been hypnotising them, John."

"Ah," was all I could think to say. "Yes, that's right."

Holden didn't seem to know how to react to the revelation. He likely knew little about the subject, and in that lack of knowledge was danger. People were always scared of the things they knew little about. If the police chief decided hypnosis was not something he was comfortable with, the sessions would end.

"It's nothing to worry about," I said. "I'm simply using hypnosis to help the four of them open up to me, so I can get to the root of their behavioural problems. Hypnotherapy is a common tactic to use when it comes to troubled kids and teens."

"I don't know," Holden confessed. "It just seems a little strange, you know?"

"I know," I answered, forced myself to sound calm and in control. "It's working, though. Tess and Lara both have issues that we're close to resolving. And once the two of them come around, the boys will follow."

"How long will it take?" Holden asked, sounding uncomfortable.

"A few weeks," I answered. "Not long."

The sound of a weary sigh, distorted by my phone's speaker.

"I can't let them off the hook any more," Holden said, his voice strained. "I gave the three of them – Lara and the boys – an official warning. Next time I'm going to have to come down hard on them all, Tess included. They're legally adults now."

"Two weeks," I said. "Three tops."

I had no idea if I could do what I needed to in that time, but I needed Holden on-side. I couldn't afford to lose his support.

"Alright," the police chief finally said. "Three weeks. Lets hope they don't do anything stupid until then."

A short conversation later, and the call was done. I hung up on Holden, placed the phone on my desk, leaned back in my chair.

Two more things to worry about.

The stupid shifts acting out again would be problematic. If Holden started actually enforcing the law, my weekly sessions with the four would end. If he officially charged them with any sort of offence, he'd have to hand them over to the courts for official punishments. Community service, official counselling. This little unofficial thing I had going, seeing them every week, would end the moment some dumbass judge decided Tess, Lara, Brian and Luke needed an actual behavioural therapist.

I might still be able to use Babygirl's passphrase to bring her out, hypnotise Tess that way. But I'd lose access to Lara and Doll, as well as the boyfriends. All four of the brats were required for my plans.

That was one thing to worry about. The other was Holden.

He knew about the hypnosis now. He seemed moderately okay with letting it continue a few more times, might even be willing to consider allowing it to go on further than that – provided I show him convincing results. No, the real issue with Holden knowing about my hypnotic sessions with the girls was what happened later, further down the line.

What happened when Lara moved in, became my official girlfriend, maybe even my future wife? What would he think when Tess didn't move out in a year or two, didn't go to college and simply stayed locked away at home instead?

Would he put two and two together and realise what I'd use the hypnotic sessions

for?

I shook my head, pushed my concerns aside.

In this hick-ass town, me dating my daughter's best friend would have raised eyebrows regardless. I could explain away the new-found romance as bonding during our sessions. And Tess staying home constantly could be explained away any number of ways.

The real issue I faced was my time limit.

Three weeks to make my plans a reality. Less than a month to turn Tess into my fucktoy and Lara into my lover, as well as dispose of their two boyfriends.

Could I do it? Accelerate my plans that quickly?

Yes.

But not without some risks.

I rose from my chair, left my office. Tess was out of the bathroom now, back in her bedroom. I walked to the bedroom door, didn't bother knocking. I barged into Tess' bedroom, startling the bitch where she stood in front of a mirror.

She was wearing nothing but a towel and, when she jumped, the towel fell to the floor.

Before the shock had a chance to pass, before Tess could scream and shout at me, I spoke the words.

"Babygirl loves Daddy."