

## **Taming Tess**

### **Chapter 11**

A momentary blankness filled my daughter's face. She stumbled, eyes unfocussed. Then she blinked, and Tess was gone. Replaced with the much more amicable Babygirl.

She saw me standing there, smiled automatically.

I smiled back, couldn't help myself from glancing down at her body. Tess had just gotten out of the shower, her blue hair wet on her shoulders. All she'd had to cover herself with was a towel. A towel than, when I'd barged in, she'd dropped.

My daughter stood there in all her naked glory. Huge tits hanging from her small frame, thin waist and wide hips. Shaved clean, beads of water still trailing down her body from her hair.

Her skin was smooth, flawless. Perfect.

Babygirl saw my staring, glanced down at her own body for the first time - saw that she was naked.

Her cheeks burned hot red.

Beautiful blue eyes open wide, she looked back up at me, at my face.

And she screamed.

I turned away from her and quickly retreated from the room, making sure to shut the door behind myself.

I relaxed as the screaming stopped behind me, leaned against the wall and waited. Not exactly what I'd been expecting, but a happy accident all the same. I'd gotten Babygirl out, and that was all that mattered.

Weeks. Not the months I'd been expecting and hoping for. Just three more weeks. Maybe four, if I pushed it. Maybe just three.

Not a lot of time.

Driving Tess away from her friends was absolutely necessary. As was merging the two personas my daughter now had. Warping Lara, making her mine too, was also something I needed to do. And dealing with the boyfriends. I had a few ideas for that last one brewing – the only concern was if they'd turn up for their hypnosis sessions, what with the drama in their group right now.

It was Wednesday. That meant Brian – Tess' boyfriend – had a session today. Tomorrow would be Luke. Then nothing until Monday and Tuesday, when it cycled all the way back to Tess and Lara.

Tess' official sessions didn't matter so much. I could hypnotise her any time I wanted using Babygirl.

Lara was my main concern. I needed more sessions with her than three weeks would provide. If I was going to make the petite slut mine permanently, I'd need more time with her tranced.

A problem for another day.

I waited silently outside my daughter's bedroom, waiting for the girl to be done putting clothes on.

Finally, after several painfully long minutes, the bedroom door opened and Babygirl emerged.

When she saw me standing there, she blushed brightly, looked away. A cute reaction, to be sure. But I didn't have time for her nonsense right now.

"I need to hypnotise you," I told my daughter.

Babygirl looked at me, embarrassment forgotten for the moment.

There was curiosity in her gaze, uncertainty. Maybe a hint of suspicion? The Babygirl part of my daughter loved me, but that didn't mean she was stupid. If I wasn't careful, she might catch on to what I was doing.

But then, was her knowing a bad thing?

"Sure," she said after the slightest hesitation.

### **~Theresa's Eleventh Session~**

"Your mother abandoned you," I stated. A fact. A truth my daughter knew all too well. "She ran off, took your college fund with her. She took everything she cared about and left you behind."

Tess had no reaction to the words. She sat there unmoving, back to the chair, head resting comfortably.

"Your teachers abandoned you," I continued. "They saw your grades dropping and did nothing. They saw that you needed help and ignored you." I had no idea if that were true, but truth didn't really matter at this point. Tess' mind would absorb my words and treat them as reality regardless.

Tess shifted slightly, a tiny frown appearing on her brow.

"And now your friends have abandoned you," I said, watching my daughter closely. "Lara attacking you for no reason, your boyfriend doing nothing to stop it. He didn't even go to you afterwards. He ignored your pain. Abandoned you when you needed comforting – when you needed him."

I could see the glimmer of pain in my daughter's face, an echo of emotion cutting through the trance.

Her mother had abandoned her, that much was true. And being abandoned like that, discarded and forgotten, left a mark. Tess must have some abandonment issues after her whore mother ran off. All I needed to do was use those abandonment issues, that fear of being left behind, to my advantage.

"The only person in your life who'll never abandon you is your father," I told my daughter, voice soft. "Your father has always been there, will always be there. For all his flaws, for all that you dislike about him, he is the one constant in your life. The one man who will always be with you."

She didn't have to like me. She just needed to see that being around me was a better alternative than being utterly alone. Given the choice of more abandonment or sticking with me, she'd choose me. That was, at least, the idea.

"You don't need your mother," I added, smiling as Tess' features softened. "You don't need your teachers or your friends. You don't need anyone but your father. The one person in the world who'll never betray you. Never turn on you. Never abandon you. You don't even have to like him – he'll stay even if you hate him. You just need to stay right there with him, and you'll never have fear being abandoned ever again."

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Before waking Tess, I made sure to give her several little mental nudges. Annoyance at her friends, a feeling of betrayal towards her boyfriend. If they tried to contact her, she'd ignore them. I'd feed the spite brewing inside her every day, make sure she didn't make peace with them.

I'd keep her isolated from the group. Prevent her from contacting them to apologise, and make her so resentful that she wouldn't accept their attempts at apology.

The more she pushed them away, the more I'd be able to insert myself into the void left behind.

When it came time to bring her out of the trance, I made sure it was the Babygirl persona that was in control.

She blinked awake, smiled at me and stretched.

If I didn't know better, I'd say that she looked like a girl who'd just woken from a lovely, relaxing nap.

"Hello," Babygirl yawned, a wide smile tugging her cheeks.

Amazing how different the two halves of my daughter were. Tess would never smile at me like that, so relaxed and happy. I had my doubts about whether Tess was even capable of being as happy as Babygirl was right then. When she wasn't scowling, my daughter's features were soft, pleasant. Her smile was filled with sweet happiness and affection. Those full lips of hers looked so inviting, those eyes so alluring.

A shame Tess was so cold.

"Hey honey," I said. "Come on, let's go back to your room. There's something I want to show you."

Babygirl nodded her head, eyes drowsy.

Waking from a hypnotic trance seemed to have the same effect on Babygirl as waking from deep sleep would have. For the time being, she seemed to have forgotten her crush – forgotten that she'd crept into my room last night and sucked me off.

Before she had too much time to remember her awkwardness, I stood and gestured for her to do the same.

She led the way from my office to her bedroom.

A short walk, sure. But an enjoyable one.

My eyes wandered down my daughter's backside, taking in the wonderful sight of her bottom. It almost seemed to bounce with each step, tempting me to give one of those wonderful cheeks a quick slap.

As she stepped into her bedroom, I did just that.

My hand shot out, palm outstretched. A heartbeat later, the sound of skin smacking clothed skin resounded through the house.

Babygirl yelped, jumped. She spun, face red.

"Tess loves nothing but cock," I spoke the words nonchalantly.

My daughter blinked, quivered. Her body shuddered once.

Her face morphed in an instant, blush and shyness gone. Anger and petty hatred, loathing. Tess was back, with just the barest hint of confusion in those bright blue eyes.

Before she could say a word, I turned, walked away.

Much as I'd love to hear my daughter hurl silly insults at me, I had business to take care of.

My session with Brian was just a few minutes away.

"Come in," I gestured inside the house. "Go wait in my office, I'll be with you in a moment."

Brian glanced about nervously before stepping across the threshold. No doubt he was worried about Tess being around.

He needn't have worried. Tess was in her room, listening to music through some earphones – as per my instructions. The fact that her boyfriend had a session with me today would completely slip her mind, I'd made sure of that.

I watched as Brian disappeared into my office, waited a few minutes – let him sweat and worry. When I got bored of standing there, I followed after Brian, stepped into my office and moved to sit down behind my desk.

Brian was sitting on the sofa, eyes twitching back and forth between me and the office door. Anxious about Tess. Good.

He was a year older than my daughter, dressed mostly in black with a tacky-looking leather jacket. Probably faux leather, cheap and ugly. His hair was dyed a putrid shade of purple, messy and unkempt. Spots dotted his plain face.

Not attractive, to say the least. Certainly not anywhere near good enough to be dating Tess. She was way out of his league.

Was he the one who'd convinced her to dye her hair, or had she been the one to

convince him? Had she dyed her hair to fit in, make herself more appealing to her boyfriend? In the group of four, only the two had dyed hair.

“Right then,” I said, snapping Brian's attention to me. “Shall we begin?”

### **~Brian's Seventh Session~**

With how anxious the turd was, it'd taken longer to induce a hypnotic trance than I would have liked. Still, I managed to get him under. Now all that remained was twisting his mind a little, turning him into a tool for my plans.

I began the trance, as always, with basic questions. Asking what his name was, his age, his favourite colour. Then I moved on to more pertinent lines of questioning. How did he feel about the squabbling between Tess and Lara? Was he nervous about talking to Tess after what happened? Did he want to apologise to her, or make up to her?

The answer to the last one was a solid 'yes'.

When I delved deeper, I discovered that Brain planned to talk to Tess today – right after our 'therapy' session ended. He wanted to sneak up to her room and apologise to her.

I couldn't be having that.

“Tess is a bitch,” I said, watching Brian for his reaction. “A moody, irrational mess. She takes her bad moods out on you and her friends, gets you into trouble over stupid things. She has issues that she needs to deal with.”

The boy didn't react to my words, simply took them in.

“Lara stopped you from following Tess because she knows Tess. She knows the only way Tess will change, will stop being so self-destructive, is to give her space. Tess needs to work things out alone. She needs time by herself - away from her friends, away from you - to sort herself out. The best thing you can do for her right now is leave her alone, not talk to her or reply to her texts or calls.”

Brain's lips twitched slightly, as if he wanted to speak.

“Deep down, you know she needs space away from you. As her boyfriend, you know you should respect her wishes. If you don't, she'll only grow to resent you for it. Eventually, she'll break up with you. Give her space and time, and she'll be yours forever.”

The lie was simple yet powerful.

A guy like Brian, dating a hottie like Tess, knew he was in over his head. Knew it could end at any time, feared her realising she could do so much better. The warning of Tess breaking up with him if he talked to her, promising him that she'd always be his if he gave her space, was a master-stroke of manipulation – if I do say so myself.

That would hopefully keep the boy away.

And keep Tess isolated.

I planted a few more tiny seeds in Brian's mind, suggestions that would bear fruit three weeks from now – I hoped.

Once my work was done, I began the slow process of waking Brain from the trance.

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I was careful to watch Brian as he left my home, made sure he walked away and didn't turn back – didn't try to see Tess after all. Satisfied he was gone, I weighed my options.

The boys could be dealt with and discarded in three weeks time, when the 'behavioural therapy' came to an end.

Lara would be difficult to bring into the fold, but given her high suggestibility, I was sure I could manage it. After a few months, I'd officially make her my 'girlfriend'. There'd be

a lot of raised eyebrows, but I could live with people knowing I was fucking a girl young enough to be my daughter.

Just as long as no-one found out I was also actually fucking my daughter too.

Tess, isolated as she was, trapped at home, would be easy to hypnotise and warp. Multiple times a day, if I needed to. She'd probably grow suspicious about the blank-spots in her memory – a problem I'd managed to avoid until now – but I didn't have much of a choice. Three weeks to turn Tess, the bitch who hated me so much, into my private cum-dumpster left me with little space to worry about her suspicions.

Improvise. Use everything and anything that would drive my plans forward. No half-measures and no roads untaken.

I wanted to fuck my daughter.

More than that, I wanted to dominate her. Control her. Make her my plaything. I wanted to take her power and will away, leave nothing but a desire to please me. I wanted to warp my daughter so that I could take advantage of that amazing body of hers.

Morality was irrelevant.

Ethics were a distant memory.

Anything that could bring me closer to my goal, I'd do. Any idea that might lead to Tess bouncing on my cock was worth trying.

When I had the spark of an idea, sitting in my office, staring at an unopened bottle of strong whiskey, I immediately put the idea into action. If it worked, great. If not, I'd just drag out Babygirl, hypnotise her, and remove the memories of it all.

I plucked the bottle off my desk, carried it to Tess' bedroom, barged in without knocking.

Tess was laying in bed, listening to music through earphones.

She jumped when her door slammed open and I entered, her eyes wide and scared. For a brief moment, I saw the daughter I'd had over a year ago – before she'd transformed into the mega bitch.

Her face morphed in a heartbeat, an angry snarl replacing the fear. Hate replacing shock.

"The fuck do you think you're doing?!" Tess half-screamed. The earplugs popped out of her ears as she sat bolt upright. "Get out of my room you drunk basta-"

"Shut up," I told her. The firmness in my voice, the authority, surprised even me. "I'm not drunk. I'm here to talk."

It was true. I wasn't drunk. Hadn't had a sip of alcohol all day.

"Fuck off," Tess growled, her eyes flickering to the full bottle in my hand. "Get out of my room!"

I ignored her, sat down on the edge of her bed and opened the bottle, raised it to my lips and took a swig. The dry, smoky flavour drained down my gullet, followed by a pleasant warmth.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" My daughter was ranting. "Fucking creep. Get-"

"You know," I said absently, "saying 'fuck' and 'fucking' so much makes you sound like a child. Mix your cussing up a bit, throw in a 'shit' and a 'pissing' every now and then. 'Cunt' and 'whore' work, too."

Tess' mouth dropped open, face beet red. The indignation and anger in her eyes made me want to laugh.

She was a child. A little girl pretending to be all grown up.

In her defence, I suppose, she certainly did had a woman's body. And, being the good father I was, I'd teach her all about being a real woman – what that meant.

"Get. Out," Tess growled. Her voice dangerous now.

Would she attack me if I didn't? Scream and threaten me more?

I feigned a yawn, set the bottle down beside me, rose to my feet. I pretended to

stumble as I walked to the door, stepped out of her room unevenly.

Let her think I was drunk. Let her believe that low of me.

The bottle was still there, on her bed. Ready for her to drink when she was sure I was gone.

I wouldn't let her drink it all. Just enough to make her a little tipsy. Just enough to open her mind, without making it slow and sluggish.

Likely, she had booze stashed away in her room already. This way, however, I knew for sure. And, with the drama going on in her friends' little group, I was hopeful that Tess would turn to the alcohol to drown her sorrows.

I waited outside her room for a while, counting the minutes tick by. Guessing how much she'd have drunk already, wondering if she'd even started drinking at all.

The wait was agony. How long was too long? How long was too little?

After half an hour, I caved, barged into my daughter's room once again.

She had the whiskey in her hand, raised to her lips. A decent chunk of the bottle was empty. Would that be enough? Too much? I didn't know how well Tess handled her alcohol.

Only one way to find out.

"Babygirl loves Daddy," I said loudly, wincing as Tess – a look of unrestrained rage on her face - made to throw the bottle at my head.

It never left her fingers.

Tess blinked, anger dissolving. Her body swayed where she sat in bed.

"Babygirl?" I asked, taking a step forward.

My daughter blinked again, eyes focussing finally. She smiled over at me, a tipsy, happy smile.

"Hi Daddy," she purred.

I took another step forward.

"Hello princess," I smiled. "Been drinking, I see."

Babygirl frowned, looked down at the bottle she was holding. She blinked again, swayed. Her frown deepened.

"I don't..." Babygirl began, her free hand clutched her forehead. "I don't remember... Why..."

Of course. Babygirl didn't drink. She had no memories of drinking alone in her room. She'd just woken to a huge hole in her memory. A huge, suspicious hole.

If she spent too long thinking about it, she might figure out something I didn't want her knowing.

I stepped up besides her bed, towering over her.

Distract her. I needed to distract her, stop her from thinking about the alcohol, about her drinking.

I did the first thing I could think of.

I leaned down and pressed my lips to hers.