

Taming Tess

Chapter 12

She tensed, froze. I could feel my daughter's shock, her uncertainty. I pushed forward, taking her face in my hands, parting my lips to kiss her more deeply.

A moment of hesitation.

My heart raced in my chest, throbbing painfully. I could hear it in my ears, feel it in every vein and artery.

Babygirl relaxed, her lips parting as she accepted my advance.

Her tongue tickled mine awkwardly, the taste of whiskey on her breath. Warmth radiated from the spot where our lips met, heat rushing out as our mouths mingled.

This was Babygirl. Inexperienced, cute. The girl who loved her daddy more than anything – who'd crept into my room when she'd thought I'd been asleep, blown me and swallowed every drop. This was the persona I'd created, the mask I'd forged out of my daughter's mind. She was totally and completely mine.

When the kiss broke, my daughter panted, face flushed.

This was Babygirl's dream come true.

And Tess' worst nightmare.

"Do you love me?" I asked my daughter.

A loaded question to ask, but it was a good one for Babygirl to answer. Love was, after all, the easiest and most powerful emotion to manipulate. Babygirl blushed, the alcohol in her system draining her capacity to over-think the situation she was in. Her mind was sluggish, vulnerable.

"I do," my daughter whispered softly.

Of course she did. All those fake memories I'd given her, the fake emotions I'd implanted, of course the fake personality had fallen in love with me. That'd been the plan.

Love and obedience.

I had one, all I needed now was the other.

"Close your eyes," I said, pushing down my desire. There and then, I could have mounted my daughter – finally felt that young, tight pussy around my cock. Babygirl wouldn't have minded. If anything, it's probably what she wanted herself. "I'm going to hypnotise you, just a quick little trance."

Confusion and disappointment crossed Babygirl's face.

She looked like she wanted to object, but seemed to think better of it.

Babygirl closed her eyes.

~Theresa's Twelfth Session~

"When you were a child," I spoke slowly, voice firm, "you learned to obey me – your father – in all things. From a very young age, long before your earliest memories, you've been taught to have complete obedience towards your parents. It's a core principle in how you were raised – a fundamental aspect of who you are."

Nonsense, of course. I'd raised her in no such way. If her actions over the past year were any indication, I'd given her too much freedom as a child. That ended now.

"When you were eight," I continued, "you disobeyed me. I told you not to run in the house and you ignored me, which resulted in you falling and hurting your arm. When you were ten, you ignored an order I gave you. I commanded you to wear your coat on a frosty winter's day and you didn't – and caught a cold as a result. Every single time you've ever failed to follow one of my commands, something bad has happened to you."

Associating disobedience with pain and discomfort was one side of the coin – subconsciously discouraging anything but total, unquestioning obedience.

"You love me, don't you Babygirl?" I asked.

"Yes," my daughter answered.

"You are in love with me, aren't you?"

"Yes," she repeated.

"When you love someone - when you're in love - you want the person you love to be happy, right?"

"Yes."

"You want to make the person you love happy, yes?"

"Yes."

"Doing things for people – doing what they ask or tell you to do – makes them happy." I smiled, watching my sexy daughter absorb the words. "If you do things that people want you to do, you'll make them happy – make them pleased with you. You want the people you love to be pleased with you, don't you?"

"Yes."

The other side of the coin – make my daughter *want* to obey me. Make it so that she'd feel happy, or at least content, with blind obedience towards me. Reward her with joy and love, punish her with pain and loneliness. Like training a dog. Fitting, given how much of bitch Tess was.

One trance wouldn't be enough to hammer these subconscious ticks into her mind properly – especially not with the intoxication. But, with three weeks worth of daily hypnotic sessions, I had all the time I needed. And, now that I'd lain down the foundations, my daughter's weakened mind absorbing the ideas where a sober mind would have questioned them, it shouldn't be too difficult to reinforce them later.

When the time came, my daughter would become blindly obedient.

Just as it should be.

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I woke Babygirl from the trance, giving her a false memory about stealing my alcohol. When she opened her eyes, she'd believe that she'd drunk my whiskey to give her the confidence she needed to make a move on me. As far as she'd be aware, it would have been her who kissed me tonight.

My daughter stretched; a silly, happy smile tugging at her lips. She opened her eyes, blinked up at me.

"Daddy," Babygirl purred, warmth in her gaze.

"Hello honey," I smiled down at her.

She blushed, pushed herself up onto her elbows and leaned forward – mouth inching closer to mine as she swayed. She seemed tipsy, slightly drunk. I could see the happy buzz in her eyes, the sweet-spot between sober and wasted.

"Daddy," Babygirl purred again, her eyes focused on my lips.

That look in her eyes, the fire and lust and longing. Not even my wife, back when we'd been young and wild and intimate, had ever looked at me like my daughter was looking at me right then. Like I was the only thing in the world. Like I was the only thing she'd ever want or need. Like I was her everything.

When she leaned in to kiss me, I didn't pull away.

I should have, I knew. What I was doing – manipulating Tess, warping her mind – was risky. I couldn't afford her finding out, and where this kiss could lead was very dangerous territory. Tess waking up with the taste of cum in her mouth, or it dried on her body, or her pussy sore after a good fucking, would certainly result in her working out what'd happened.

I should have pulled away, but I didn't.

My daughter's lips brushed mine, soft and full, still with the faint taste of alcohol.

"Daddy," she breathed.

Heat spread through me, tingling warmth. I held onto my daughter's body, kissed her like I was kissing a lover.

I lost myself in the sensation, the electricity flowing between us. My hands roamed her body, one trailing up and down her spine, the other squeezing her soft chest. My lungs burned, begged for oxygen. Still I didn't break the kiss. My daughter pulled me close, hands in my hair. Strands of blue fell between our faces, tickling my cheeks.

When she finally broke away, panting and gasping, Babygirl locked eyes with me.

There was hunger in the gaze. Longing.

Somehow, my shirt had gone missing while we'd been making out, tossed aside and forgotten. I stood there, one knee on my daughter's bed, leaning over her with a huge bulge between my legs.

All I had to do was climb on top of her.

This was Babygirl. The one who'd sucked my cock when she'd thought I'd been asleep. She probably wanted me to fuck her as much as I did. I could do it right there and then, fuck my beautiful, sexy daughter. Have my way with her.

Only it wouldn't be Tess.

When I finally got to experience that pussy, I wanted Tess to be the one feeling it – I wanted to see the look in her eyes.

No, I wouldn't be penetrating my daughter today.

But I wasn't going to walk away, couldn't walk away with this sexy slut looking at me like that.

"Take your top off," I told my daughter.

Babygirl's flushed face went a shade brighter. She glanced down at her chest, at those stupidly huge tits, looked back up and locked eyes with me again. She nodded her head, a shy smile pulling at her lips.

Her hands lowered to the hem of her t-shirt, rose with the cloth in their grip. Slowly, my daughter's flat stomach came into view, then her ribs. As the t-shirt came up, squeezing her chest, her breasts rose too - held up inside the t-shirt's fabric.

She wasn't wearing a bra. As the underside of her tits were revealed, so too was the fact that Tess hadn't put on a bra today.

I only had a single second to consider that fact. A heartbeat after her under-boob came into view, my daughter's breasts dropped – their weight too much for the t-shirt to hold any longer.

Two huge tits bounced into sight, jiggling for a moment as Babygirl pulled the t-shirt over her head. Perfection. Those tits were pure perfection. Large and full, deliciously round watermelons. Pink nipples poked out, surrounded by little pink areola. No stretch marks, only the faintest veins visible under her milky white skin.

She tossed her t-shirt aside, giggled nervously.

I couldn't pull my eyes away from her tits. Those wonderful, perfect breasts. My pants felt tight over my crotch, my heart pounding wildly.

Babygirl pressed her arms to her sides, folded her hands under her chest, squeezing her tits together.

I looked up at her face, my eyes wide.

Beautiful. That naughty, sexual way she was biting her lip, those stunning eyes filled with lust and desire, the way her lips curled into a hungry half-smile. How had I created such perfection? Tess was hotter than her mother had ever been, that was for sure.

"Do you like them?" Babygirl asked, both sensual and shy at once.

"I do," I stated, eyes drifting back down at her body.

Another shy giggle, then Babygirl squeezed her tits tighter together – giving me a wonderful view. Her nipples poked outwards, begging to be touched and teased and

tasted. Her breasts rose and fell with every laboured breath she took, tits almost seeming to expand and contract – bulging larger one moment, shrinking slightly the next.

I could have stared at those wondrous things all night.

“Take my trousers off,” I commanded Babygirl instead.

Best for her to start getting used to obeying my commands.

“Oh,” Babygirl panted. “Okay...”

Slowly, my daughter inched forward. Hands shaking, she reached for my crotch, for my belt. She tugged on it, undid it without question. And, trembling with excitement, she pulled my pants down to my knees.

Without me even needing to give her the order, she tugged down my boxers too.

My cock bounced free inches from my daughter's face.

Babygirl stared at it, eyes wide, mouth open.

It was the first time she'd seen it in the light. The first time she'd seen its full size. Last time, she'd been groping around in the dark. Now she could witness my cock in all its glory.

She stared, shaking fingers drifting forward towards it.

“Titty fuck,” I said, the thought blazing in my mind. “Hold my cock to your chest and fuck it with your tits.”

Babygirl froze, looked up at me.

She nodded her head once, pulled her hands away and pressed them to the sides of her breasts instead. She climbed off the bed, knelt before me, leaned her entire body forwards.

When her breasts pressed into my thighs, I felt a tingle shoot through me.

Moments later, my cock was engulfed in warm marshmallow softness. Everything but the head disappeared between my daughter's huge tits. Her nipples brushed the skin on my legs as she slowly started lifting and lowering her funbags.

“Spit,” I commanded. “Lube my cock with your saliva.”

Babygirl nodded her head, too shy to look up at me. She closed her mouth, puffed out her cheeks, opened her mouth and let saliva dribble out – drop down onto my cock's head.

Soon, she was pumping my cock like a pro.

“You're doing good,” I repeated. “Keep going.”

Every bit of encouragement I gave seemed to spur Babygirl on to try harder, move faster. It wasn't long before I felt my orgasm building, the pressure growing with each squeeze of my cock by my daughter's magnificent tits.

I stared down at Babygirl, marvelling at the sight before me.

Blue hair fanned out over her shoulders, some falling over her tits, most down her back. There were strands in her face, though not enough to hide the lips-parted, breathless expression my daughter wore. Her cheeks were pink, eyes closed, focusing on nothing but pleasuring me with her body.

Her tits were wet with saliva, slick and smooth. As she moved her tits, the tip of my cock bulged out, almost looking like it was pulsating – ready to explode.

My daughter, giving me a titty-fuck.

That one thought, the reality behind it, was all it took to push me over the edge.

“Open wide,” I commanded, holding back the need to cum for a single second more. “Your mouth. Open it slut.”

Babygirl's eyes shot open, looked up at me shocked.

Her jaw dropped, mouth hanging open. I wasn't sure if that was in surprise and offence at what I'd said, or if she was simply obeying my order. I didn't have time to wonder. Less than a heartbeat later, a fountain of white erupted from my cock.

It shot high, hitting my surprised daughter's face. Some landed in the goal – globs of white hitting her lips and exposed tongue. Some pained her cheeks and chin. Most

dropped right back down and landed on her chest and tits.

Immediately after the first, a second spurt erupted, a third after that. More and more jets of white shot up at my daughter, coating her mouth and chin and neck, landing on her breasts and pooling in the crack between her two huge tits.

With each burst, I felt more of my energy drain out of me – a warm, satisfied relief as I emptied myself onto Babygirl.

When it was done, my cock quickly going limp – disappearing into Tess' ample cleavage – I said the first thing I could think of.

“Good girl,” I told Babygirl. I could hear the satisfaction in my own voice. “Keep holding your tits together, don't move.”

She did as I bade, waited as I reached for my trousers, pulled out my phone and snapped a quick picture.

“Good,” I said, setting the photo as my phone's background. “Now go clean yourself up.”

~Theresa's Thirteenth Session~

“What happened yesterday – you stealing my whiskey and getting drunk, coming onto me and seducing me – was a dream come true for you, wasn't it?”

“Yes,” my daughter answered numbly.

It was Babygirl I was addressing these questions to. I'd buried the Tess persona for this trance. Right now, I didn't need to do anything with Tess' personality. No tweaking or twisting. It was Babygirl – her love and affection and obedience – that I needed to expand upon.

“Our relationship as father and daughter has, because of your actions, changed. We are no longer platonic, we are lovers. And that means some of your behaviours will have to change. After all, we have to avoid the outside world finding out about us, don't we? If other people knew, we'd be ostracised. I might even go to prison for having a sexual relationship with you. We have to keep it a secret at all costs, right?”

“Yes,” Babygirl answered.

“And to keep it a secret, you're going to have to make some changes in your life,” I continued. “Like not going outside any more.”

Babygirl, as far as I was aware, had never actually stepped foot outside my house. She thought she had – had a lifetime of memories that involved her going out almost every day – but she, 'Babygirl' had never left the building. This suggestion wasn't so much for her right now, more it was for when I merged her with Tess – trapping my bitch daughter from ever leaving my house.

“Staying at home will mean no-one can see you. And, if they can't see you, they won't think about you. People will be far less likely to work things out if they forget all about you...”

~Theresa's Fourteenth Session~

Friday. Usually a day in which Tess would go out with her friends and fuck about, get drunk or high. Today, however, she stayed home. Her friends were avoiding her – thanks in no small part to my hypnotic suggestions – and she was likewise removing herself from them.

When I'd barged into her room and brought out Babygirl to hypnotise, I wouldn't have been surprised if Tess was grateful at not having to be herself for a while.

“I'm older than you,” I said, leaning back, relaxed. “I have a lifetime more experience than you. I know how to keep a low profile, to blend in. And, as your father, I love you. It's my job to protect you. So, when I tell you to do something that'll help you blend in and

avoid attention, you have every reason to trust me, don't you?"

"Yes," Babygirl answered.

"When I tell you that the best way to hide our sexual relationship is for you to do anything and everything I order you to, you have no reason to doubt me, do you?"

"No."

"Never leaving the house is the best way to trick people into believing that we're just father and daughter."

She didn't say anything, simply accepted my words as truth.

"Leaving the house would be bad. Very bad. If you leave, everyone will discover what we've been doing. And neither of us want *that* to happen. Do you promise to never leave the house, Babygirl?"

"Yes," my daughter answered, voice emotionless.

"Say it."

"I promise to never leave the house."

~Theresa's Seventeenth Session~

When Monday finally came, time for Tess' actual hypnotic 'behavioural therapy' day, my daughter had stumbled into my office looking confused and disoriented. At first, I'd thought she was drunk. She wasn't. Tess, not cussing or acting like a bitch, simply sat down and let me hypnotise her without complaint.

I'd hypnotised her a lot over the last week, and that was obviously affecting her mind negatively. Unfortunately for her, I couldn't summon an iota of sympathy for the bitch. If her being zoned out made my life easier, good. If her mind being vulnerable helped with my plans, all the better.

"You are alone," I told my tranced daughter. "Your friends have abandoned you, just like your mother. Just like everyone always does. Only me - your father - stays with you. Only I will always be with you."

I smiled down at her.

"Only with me are you safe from being utterly alone."

Tess shifted, lips curling downward, eyebrows knitting together.

"But you hate me. You dislike the only person who keeps the loneliness away. You've thought about running away." That was more an educated guess than a fact I knew for sure. But, given her rebellious attitude and her desire to get away from this little town, I considered it a safe bet. "You're conflicted. Lost. You don't know what to do; stay or go? Loneliness or contempt? Don't worry, though. I know *exactly* what you should do."

It was a little early - I still had two weeks until the sessions officially ended. And I'd originally been planning on doing this much later down the line. But why wait? I had Tess exactly where I wanted her. Babygirl was quickly approaching perfect obedience.

I nodded my head, making the decision.

It was time to start merging the two persona.

Tess' attitude, memories and personality. Babygirl's blind obedience, desire and hypnotic programming.

Time for my daughter to start learning the truth.