

Taming Tess

Chapter 13

"Picture a box," I commanded my daughter. "A small box with a small lock on it."

This was it. Time to see if all my planning and hard-work was going to pay off.

"On the box is your name, Tess. Do you remember what this box is, how special it is?"

"Yes," my daughter mumbled softly.

"This box holds your memories. When you – Tess – are out, the box is open and you have access to all your memories. When the box is closed, you can't remember anything from the last year. Is that correct?"

"Yes," Tess repeated.

"The box is open right now, isn't it?"

"Yes," my daughter answered numbly.

"Picture a second box," I continued. "Next to yours. Almost identical to your box. Only it has a different name on it, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"What's the name on the second box?"

My daughter shifted slightly, eyebrows narrowing.

"Babygirl," she answered after a brief moment of silence.

"This box also contains a year's worth of memories," I said, a smirk pulling at my lips. "The memories of Babygirl. The box is currently closed and locked, yes?"

"Yes."

In the past, only one of those two mental boxes could be open at any given moment – a way of preventing both of my daughter's persona from being aware of the other, preventing them from both being out at the same time and clashing. Visual representation was a powerful way of manipulating a person's mind – the boxes, while not real, physical objects, still worked as if they were. They could be opened – allowing the 'body' access to that particular personality's memories. Or they could be closed and locked shut – blocking memories.

But there was a third 'state' these mental representations could exist in. Neither open, nor locked shut. They could be 'unlocked', if you will.

Now, if I simply told Tess to 'unlock' the Babygirl box, there was no telling what would happen. Maybe nothing. Maybe it'd unintentionally open the imagined box and force Babygirl's memories out. There was no way of knowing exactly how my daughter's mind would react.

The beautiful thing about hypnosis, however, was that I could tell Tess' brain exactly how it was supposed to react to an 'unlocked' box. With a few cleverly planned words, I could instruct my daughter's mind on what was 'supposed' to happen and, since she had no reason to doubt it and no alternatives, that's exactly what her mind would believe and do.

"A human's actions," I began, eyes locked onto my daughter's face. "Are culmination of every event and experience of their life. A child that's raised to clean their room constantly will keep that habit later on in life, and a child that falls when they're climbing a tree might develop a fear of heights and will refuse to climb another ever again. Even if they don't remember the events that led to them cleaning constantly or their phobia of heights, they still possess those habits. A person doesn't necessarily need to remember something to still be affected by it. Makes sense, right?"

Tess' eyebrows knit together.

"Yes," she answered after a moment.

"A person who's afraid of heights isn't just affected by that event, they're controlled by it. Yes?"

"Yes," Tess answered, more quickly this time.

"So a person doesn't need to have memories of an event to still be affected by it or controlled by it subconsciously, correct?"

"Yes."

"A person can be affected by events they can't recall, and can be controlled by those memories subconsciously, yes?" I reiterated.

"Yes," Tess answered dutifully.

Now to piece it all together.

"A lock is a way of controlling something. A lock on a door controls if and when it can be opened. Correct?"

"Yes."

"A door can also be locked open – preventing the door from being closed properly, yes?"

"Yes."

"Those two boxes – the one with 'Tess' on it and the one with 'Babygirl' – both of them have locks, don't they?"

"Yes," she said in a dull, oblivious monotone.

"When the boxes are closed, they are locked. The memories are totally trapped and hidden away. And when the boxes are opened up, they're unlocked and all the memories inside them are let out. But do you know what happens if the box gets unlocked but remains shut?"

Tess fidgeted at this, body twitching and shaking. Her lips shuddered, eyelids fluttering.

After a few seconds, she relaxed.

"No," Tess answered.

"Well," I smiled. "It's actually very simple. It's like the person who can't remember falling out of the tree, but still has a fear of heights – just as we were talking about just now, about a person not needing to have memories of an event in order to be controlled by those events subconsciously – when a box is unlocked but not opened, the contents of that box will effect you, even though you don't remember or know why."

So, when the Babygirl box was unlocked, Tess would be controlled by Babygirl's desires and programming. Tess' personality with Babygirl's obedience and arousal.

"The contents of an unlocked box will still effect and control your actions subconsciously, even if you can't recall the memories inside it."

Soon, Tess would be all mine.

I continued talking, using visual metaphors and imagery to manipulate my daughter's mind. Little by little, embedding the seeds of a merged personality deep into her subconscious.

When the time came, I had my daughter 'unlock' the Babygirl box and began the process of ending the trace.

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Tess woke from the trance with a leisurely stretch, tits bulging out in the skimpy t-shirt she was wearing. It was a plunging u-neck shirt, putting cleavage on display and showing off her amazingly huge breasts.

A felt an impulse to tear that t-shirt off, titty-fuck my daughter and coat that hostile expression with cum.

With considerable effort, I held back. It was getting more and more difficult to stop myself these days. Knowing how close I was to dominating the bitch that was Tess, knowing that it was just *days* away at this point, was driving me insane.

Tess scowled at me, stood to leave my office.

"Before you go back to your room," I said, smiling at my future slave. "Could you fetch me a glass of water from the kitchen, please?"

The loathing in Tess' eyes at my words made me want to laugh out loud. Such intense hatred and anger, so much unnecessary rage.

"Fuck you," Tess growled, walking away from me. "I'm not your fucking maid, asshole."

She stormed out of my office without another word, not even bothering to slam the office door behind her. Should I have been happy that she hadn't slammed the door, or annoyed by the fact that she'd left it wide open? I was neither. Just curious.

I sat there waiting, counting the seconds.

I got to fifty-six before Tess returned, a glass of water in her hand.

Her eyes were wide, confused.

She set the glass down on my desk, comprehension slowly dawning in her beautiful eyes. Realisation, shock, horror.

"What the *fuck* is—"

The rest of her sentence was cut off as Tess turned on her heels, walked right back out of my office – headed for her bedroom.

I couldn't restrain myself.

Laughed burst from me, the image of my daughter's wide eyes burning itself into my mind. I never wanted to forget that expression, never wanted to forget the look on her face. That single moment of realisation – dread and panic and fear. For just the briefest moment, she'd even forgotten how much she despised me.

My laughter echoed through the house, joyous and victorious.

No doubt, as soon as Tess got back to her room, she'd start furiously researching hypnosis – searching for a way to undo whatever she thought I'd done to her. Likely, she'd find the whole 'you can't hypnotise someone into doing something they don't want to' shtick – try to use that to resist me. The hilarious thing about that, of course, was that it didn't matter how much Tess didn't want to do as I commanded. The simple fact that Babygirl *did* want to obey was all I needed.

A week or two ago, she could have tried calling her friends or even the police, letting them know what was going on. But I knew she wouldn't. The fear of abandonment I'd instilled in her would prevent her. Deep down, I'd made her believe that I was all she had, the only thing between her and utter loneliness. She wouldn't betray me.

Even if *that* didn't work, the Babygirl part of her knew not to tell anyone – knew that she wasn't supposed to talk to anyone else or leave the house. Ever. Tess' own mind was a prison.

There was nothing she could do. Tess was trapped.

And, though it was still too soon to fuck the bitch – Tess' mind still wasn't quite ready for *that* yet – it was only a matter of time. A few more trances, one a day, and my daughter would find out exactly how much of a *fuck* her daddy was.

In the meantime, I had another mind to warp.

Tomorrow was my weekly session with Lara, and boy did I have plans for her and the two boyfriends.

I couldn't stop the grin from forming on my lips.

Everything was coming together perfectly.

~Lara's Ninth Session~

"Those looks your boyfriend sometimes gives Tess, the ones you've noticed and the suspicions that you have," I was mostly assuming here. But, given that I knew for a fact

that Tess had fucked Lara's boyfriend at some point, I figured it was a safe bet that Lara had suspicions about the two. "Tess and Luke have had sex. Deep down you know it's true. But you're afraid to ask, aren't you?"

"Yes," Lara breathed softly.

"After you've been hypnotised, you feel calm and relaxed. Like a weight has been lifted off you. Hypnosis opens a person up to questions, even after the trance has ended. Yes?"

"Yes," Lara repeated.

"So, if you were going to ask Luke if he's had sex with Tess, it would most logical to do it after he's been hypnotised. When he'll be more open to answering with the truth. Makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Luke has a session with me tomorrow," I told the girl. "And I'll be hypnotising him during that session. So, logically, if you wanted to ask him about if he's ever cheated on you, the best time would be after my session with him tomorrow, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," Lara answered quietly.

"And you do want to ask him. You want to know the truth, even if it might hurt. Isn't that right?"

If she answered 'no', I'd twist her mind and convince her to change it. Tomorrow, I wanted Lara and Luke to have a fight. They didn't need to break up. If my plan worked, both Luke and Brian would be taken entirely out of the picture tomorrow. All I needed to do was make Luke emotional and irrational. An argument, a fight between lovers, would do just fine.

"Yes," Lara finally said, eyebrows narrowing.

She was uncertain if confronting her boyfriend was what she really wanted to do.

No worries. By the time I was done with her today, she'd be actively desiring that uncomfortable conversation.

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Doll sat on my lap, grinding her ass on my crotch.

She gasped loudly as I squeezed her chest from behind, plucked on her pointy nipples. She moaned and groaned, voice far louder than usual.

I wanted Tess to hear this.

I wanted her to know what was I was going to do to her in just a few days.

"Daddy," my daughter's best friend moaned – another little tweak I'd made for Tess to listen to. "Please fuck me, Daddy."

I kissed the back of her neck, enjoying the smooth softness of the girl's skin. So young and fresh. Legal, but just barely. With small, deliciously cute tits for me to nibble on and a round, firm ass for me to play with.

The fact that I knew Tess was listening – how could she not be, with how loud we were being – amplified my arousal.

"Do you want my cock?" I whispered into the girl's ear.

"Yes!" She gasped excitedly, wiggling her ass down on my hard-on, teasing it between firm cheeks.

"Say it," I told her, hand sliding between her legs.

"I want your cock," Lara moaned.

"Louder," I commanded.

"I want your cock!"

I slid my fingers inside her, teasing her clit with the palm of my hand. She shuddered against my chest, pleasure washing through her.

"I want your cock!" Lara gasped even louder this time. "Please, Daddy. I want your cock! Please fuck me with it!"

I wondered how Tess was reacting to hearing this.

Was her stomach rolling, making her want to hurl? Was she disgusted, angry, spiteful? Was she jealous? Was the Babygirl part of her aroused at the sounds, knowing it would soon be happening to her?

With a hand on my cock, the other on Doll's hip, I lifted the petite girl and positioned myself beneath her.

She squealed in delight as I lowered her down onto it.

The feeling of her tight pussy squeezing my head was enough to push all other thoughts from my mind. I lowered my daughter's best friend, impaling her inch by inch.

"Ahh," Doll moaned as the last on my cock sunk inside her warm hole. She shivered, vibrations trembling across my cock.

I ran a finger over the girl's flat tummy, tracing a line over where my cock was buried deep inside her.

"Daddy," Doll moaned, wiggling her ass. Her insides squeezed down harder on my cock, clutching it tightly. I pulled the girl back, held her to my chest, slowly began thrusting.

As Doll slowly put on her clothes, I couldn't help but sit back in my office chair and admire the view.

How many guys wished they could have what I had?

To think, this time last year I was actually upset about losing my whore of a wife. A year before that, I'd been looking forward to birthdays and holidays, any special occasions that might – however unlikely – lead to me having bland, boring intercourse with the bitch.

And now here I was, fucking a cute lil' thing young enough to be my daughter. A pretty girl who'd do anything I wanted – whose mind was wide open to my suggestions and desires.

And just a few days away from finally feeling my daughter's pussy for the first time.

Two beautiful young women. And they were both mine.

Tomorrow, I'd get rid of the boys. After that, the official sessions would come to an end.

I could hypnotise Tess anytime I wanted now. And, once last suggestion for Lara would ensure I continued to have the opportunity to brainwash her.

I'd won.

White fluid trickled down Lara's leg.

The sight of it was enough to make my cock stir. I'd only orgasmed a few minutes ago, and already I was getting hard again.

I toyed with the idea of fucking the girl again, decided against it. She'd already been at my home receiving 'behavioural therapy' longer than usual. No need to risk suspicion now that I was so close to success. Instead, I watched her leave the house and, satisfied she was gone, I turned and headed towards Tess' bedroom.

I stepped inside, enjoying the glare she shot at me.

"You're disgusting," my daughter spat. "Fucking creep. What the fuck is wrong with you? You're gonna-"

"All I am doing," I spoke firmly, "is being a good father. You're a bitch and a slut, Theresa. And it's about time you learned what happens to bitches and sluts. Go ahead, ask me what happens to bitches and sluts."

"What happens to bitches and sluts?" My daughter asked, unable to resist a direct order from me.

"They get fucked," I said simply, a fatherly smile on my lips.

Tess growled – actually growled – at me.

"I will *never* fuck you," she growled, pure hatred in her eyes.

I couldn't suppress my laughter.

"Don't be so sure about that, daughter dearest. You have, after all, already sucked my cock. More than once, actually. And you've given me a wonderful titty-fuck indeed."

Disbelief crossed Tess' face, followed by uncertainty.

She was beginning to understand just how much power I had over her now. She might not remember doing those things, but she couldn't say for certain that they *hadn't* happened.

I pulled out my phone, smirking. A few quick taps and the picture I'd taken of Babygirl filled the screen. Cum-covered and smiling sweetly. I showed Tess my phone screen, watching her face intently.

Horror and disgust. Those were expected reactions. Hate and anger and loathing. And was that a little pain, too? An expression of betrayal? Defeat was there too, a realisation that she'd lost – that everything was different now. So many wonderful emotions, all painted so clearly on her face.

"It didn't have to be this way," I said, pocketing my phone and meeting my daughter's gaze. "If you hadn't been such a bitch over this year, it would never have come to this. If you think about it, it's really all your own fault, isn't it? The way you've behaved, your attitude, the way you dress like a cheap whore. It's like you *wanted* something like this to happen."

Tess didn't say anything. That was a first. She simply stared at me, defiance in her eyes.

I'd have fun crushing that out of her.

"Did you get aroused while I was fucking Lara?" I asked, curious.

Tess' eyes narrowed.

"Answer honestly," I commanded. "Now."

"Yes," my daughter whispered.

My slut of a daughter, with Babygirl's desire for me. It was a wonderful mix.

"Get some sleep," I told Tess. "Police Chief Holden will want to ask you some questions tomorrow evening. We'll go over exactly what you're going to tell him in the morning."

Her eyes widened as I turned and walked out of her bedroom.