

Taming Tess

Chapter 14

I followed Luke out of my house, watched as he walked away. When the boy was out of sight – unknowingly headed to an argument with Lara – I allowed myself to grin.

The suggestions I'd planted in his mind, if they worked, would solve the problem of the boyfriends once and for all.

Behind me, a feminine, hateful voice spoke.

"What have you done?" Tess growled.

I turned to her, smiled at the loathing in her eyes. She was standing in the doorway – unable to set foot outside the house.

"Tied up some loose ends," I told her. "Go wait in your room until further notice, I'm expecting company."

The glare my daughter shot me as her body turned was beautiful. She disappeared into the house, off to wait in her bedroom for further orders.

For what happened next, it would definitely be best if Tess was not around.

I walked back into the house, waited in my office.

The doorbell rang an hour or so later.

With a smirk, I went to answer it.

The moment I opened the door, a young girl sprang forwards. Her lips pressed to mine, body lean and firm. Black lines ran down Lara's cheeks – tear trails marked in mascara. Her hands wrapped around me, pulled me close.

Lara pushed her way into the house, kicking the door shut behind her. She tore at my clothes, ripping open my shirt and tugging at my jeans.

When she finally broke away from me, I got my first full look at her.

Lara – not the persona I'd created, the real girl herself – was red-faced, eyes bloodshot from crying. Her body was trembling, t-shirt dishevelled. What drew my gaze the most was the look in her eyes.

Anger, spite, pain. Determination. Glee.

It was the look of someone who wanted revenge.

How long had it been now? Weeks? It seemed much longer since I'd implanted this idea in her mind.

What should Lara do if she ever discovered Tess and her boyfriend had fucked? How was she supposed to react to that pain? The answer, of course, was to inflict pain in return. Cheating on her boyfriend just as he'd cheated on her, and fucking Tess' dad as petty revenge.

There was more to it than that. The betrayal was a deep wound for Lara – and her revenge would be equally deep. But those were plans for another day. Right then, all that mattered was breaking Lara – making her mine.

I took her hand, didn't say a word as I led the girl to my bedroom.

She undressed, fire in her eyes.

I'd seen the girl naked before. Seen the subtle curves of her body, her cute little breasts and nipples, her round ass. I'd fucked Doll enough to know exactly what Lara's body looked like and felt like. Yet, seeing her standing there, naked, that wildness in her eyes, made me shudder with arousal.

She advanced, pushed me down onto my bed and climbed atop me.

I let Lara take the lead, enjoying the fury that radiated from her. She whipped out my cock and, not bothering with foreplay, positioned herself above it, lowered her body onto it.

Lara was loud. She wanted Tess to hear. To listen.

Heat filled my bedroom. The sounds of flesh on flesh, a young woman's moans of pleasure.

And, when it was over, I offered Lara something she wanted more than anything

else in the world at that moment. Hypnotic oblivion, freedom from her pain.

She accepted, eyes twinkling with new tears.

A betrayed, broken-hearted girl. All I needed to do was offer her an escape from her emotions, and she'd unwittingly give me her mind.

~Lara's Tenth Session~

"You've been betrayed," I told Lara. She was laying on my bed, body covered with a blanket. "Hurt by both your boyfriend and your best friend. They had sex with each other, both of them stabbing you in the back. They've *hurt* you, haven't they?"

"Yes," Lara answered immediately, the usual monotonous voice now laced with anguish.

I'd have to be careful – too much emotion was a risk. It may help with the manipulation I was attempting, but it also made for more fragile trances.

"Tess is meant to be your best friend, the person you can rely on most in the world," I continued. "And Luke is meant to be your boyfriend, the guy that loves you more than anything. Yet both of them went out of their way to hurt you. Neither one of them *actually* cares about you. If they did, they wouldn't have fucked each other."

Isolate her from the group, just as I'd done with Tess. Make her dependant solely upon me.

"The only person who truly cares is me. The person who's been giving you behavioural therapy sessions, who's tried to get to the root of all your problems – the man who's helped you while everyone else has abandoned you. Everyone else has hurt you, or will hurt you. Deep down, you know it."

Lara trembled, body shuddering. Her eyelids twitched, face morphing with pain.

"I can take it all away. All that hurt. I can make it go away. I can make it so that you'll be happy. With hypnosis, I can make you feel better. You want to feel better, don't you Lara?"

"Yes," the girl answered – a soft, faint plea in her voice.

There are two components to any kind of addiction. A chemical urging, and an emotional dependence. An addict, even after getting through withdrawal, even after kicking the chemical urgings of an addiction, may still go back to the habit. Be it a caffeine addiction, or drugs, or gambling, you name it. As long as there's an emotional dependence on the habit, a desire for escapism and the promise of feeling good, an addict will always have the temptation to return.

In theory, a person with an emotional dependence on hypnosis can form an addiction to it. Provided I keep giving Lara an escape from her emotions, her pain, she'd keep coming back to me for sessions. And, slowly, she'd begin to form that addiction.

Of course, she'd never see herself as being addicted. Addicts rarely ever did. But she'd keep coming to me all the same.

I was, after all, the only one in town who could satisfy the craving.

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Later that day, after patting Lara's ass and sending her on her way, I waited at my desk. Evening came, the sun went down, and almost on cue, my phone began to ring.

I let it jingle and vibrate on my desk for a few moments – no need to seem eager in answering it.

Then, finally, I picked it up.

"Hello?" I said, leaning back in my office chair.

Police Chief Holden's voice sounded through my phone's speakers. I listened as he told me what I already knew. The boys had gotten drunk, vandalised a house, been caught driving under the influence, had alcohol and weed in their possession. They'd resisted arrest, managed to run off into the night after leaving one of the small town's police officers bruised up.

"Is Theresa there?" Holden asked. "Have you seen either Luke or Brian tonight?"

"She's here," I answered, keeping the satisfaction from my voice. "She hasn't left the house all day. And no, I haven't seen either of them. Not since Luke's session this morning."

Holden grumbled on the other end of the line.

I could hear the agitation and anger in his voice.

He was upset about his officer getting hurt. Upset that I hadn't been able to prevent this with my therapy sessions. Upset that he'd have to book the boys, come down hard on them this time.

In a small town like Whitebrook, the law worked quickly.

Luke and Brian would be found tonight, spend the night in a cell, and stand in front judge first thing in the morning.

And, with that long list of crimes, Luke and Brian would be shipped off to some small-time prison somewhere. A few months to a year, nothing major. But enough time to utterly destroy the relationships Luke and Brian had with Lara and Tess. By the time the boys got out of prison, they'd no longer be an issue for me.

"Can I talk to her?" Holden asked, the sound of a car engine in the background of the call. "Even if she wasn't with them, your daughter might know where those idiot boys are hiding."

"Sure thing," I smiled. "One moment."

Tess glared at me as she spoke into the phone, telling Holden exactly where to find the boys. A little hide-out the group had outside of town. She stared me straight in the eye as she told Holden everything he wanted to know.

While she spoke, I sat down next to her on the bed, placed a hand on her knee.

As she spoke to the police chief, I slid my hand up her leg. She didn't try to stop me, didn't resist. She simply turned her face away and continued talking.

Tess spoke about how she'd gotten into a fight with the other members of the group, how she'd distanced herself and began focussing on the future – studying and making plans, leaving all her teenage rebellion behind. She told him everything I'd commanded her to, speaking with a convincing tone even as my hand slipped under her jeans and panties.

Tess was skilled at hiding the pleasure from her voice. She didn't moan or gasp as I slid my fingers inside her and began finger-fucking her.

She was plenty wet, of course. The Babygirl part of her thrilled and excited at my touch - even if Tess masked her pleasure, she couldn't hide it from me.

When Tess handed me back my phone, I held it to my ear, pulled my fingers out from inside her.

"Do you have any idea what might have caused the boys to react the way they did?" Holden asked, his voice anxious, almost desperate. "They've never done anything like this before. Nothing this extreme."

He really wanted to prevent the boys from facing real punishment – jail time for resisting arrest and assaulting an officer. Holden was one of those people who believed the best in people, that anyone could be redeemed. If he could, he'd make excuses all day to prevent Luke and Brian from seeing the inside of a prison cell.

I couldn't have that.

"There are things," I began, grabbing the back of Tess' head with my free hand and

pushing it down between my legs. "Though I'm not sure if I should discuss them. Patient confidentiality and all that, you know?"

Tess obediently unzipped my trousers, lowered my boxers. With her hunched over as she was, I couldn't see her face. In my mind, I imagined the scowl that must have been there – the disgust and hatred even as she opened her lips.

A moment later, her warm, wet mouth found itself on my cock.

"John," the police chief pleaded. "Please. Prison will break those boys. If you know anything at all, please share it with me."

I closed my eyes, enjoying the feel of my daughter's mouth.

"Well," I smiled. "I know that the boys have been a bad influence on the girls. Most every bad idea the group has ever had came from Brian and Luke, the girls simply went along because their boyfriends encouraged them and goaded them into it. I hesitate to use the word 'manipulation' but, even if it wasn't intentional, that's exactly what's been happening. You know how young girls are when it comes to guys they like."

I spoke a little louder, angled my phone slightly differently.

Didn't want Holden hearing the slurping, after all.

"Because of the behavioural therapy, both Tess and Lara have begun changing - becoming more responsible - and that's caused a rift in both relationships. The boys, I imagine, are now acting out even more because of that. They see that the girls are growing up and are, in a way, rebelling against it."

Tess gagged, choked. Thankfully, the sounds were muffled somewhat by the cock in her throat.

"Frankly," I continued, "the boys are a bad influence on Lara and Tess. It's unfortunate that things have come this far, but I believe it'll do Luke and Brian some good to face reality and the real consequences for their actions. Forcing them to grow up is, in my opinion, the best thing for them right now."

Holden grumbled a reply, though I couldn't make out exactly what he'd said. My attention was too focused on Tess. I grabbed a fist-full of blue hair, dragged her head and mouth up my cock before pushing her back down – forcing my cock deep into her tight throat.

"Alright then," I said, patting the back of Tess' head. "Best of luck, Holden. I hope you find the boys before they get into any more trouble."

The police chief uttered his goodbyes and goodnights, hung up the call.

Somehow, I knew he'd be calling Lara's parents next – asking to talk to her. And, of course, she'd tell him about her fight with Luke earlier today. He'd combine that information with what I'd said – that the boys were rebelling against the 'positive' changes Tess and Lara were going through – and come to the conclusion that the boys needed to be separated from the girls for both pairs to grow.

Even if the boys didn't end up behind bars – which was unlikely – their relationships with Lara and Tess were over.

Be it house arrest, community service, or Holden suggesting that Brian and Luke spend some time with out-of-town relatives, the police chief would ensure that Brian and Luke were out of the picture, far away from Tess and Lara. My job was done, it was all Holden's responsibility now.

"I hope you don't like Brian all that much," I said as Tess' tongue twisted around my cock's head. "Because you're never going to see him again. Or Luke for that matter. And Lara? Well, lets just say your friendship with her is going to change in big ways..."

My daughter choked, tried pushing away for air.

I held her head in place, closed my eyes, came.

The sounds that followed – gagging and choking and sucking and furious gulping – were beautiful to behold.

The next morning, I got an update from Holden. The boys had been caught, and would be going in front of the town's judge later that day. He sounded defeated – like he couldn't save Brain and Luke from their stupidity. Before he ended the call, I managed to convince him that Lara could still be 'saved', that she was almost ready and only needed a few more sessions for reinforcement.

He agreed, the old fool.

If he knew what I was doing to the girls, what I'd done, it'd be me sitting before a judge today.

As it was, today was a day of celebration.

Luke and Brian were out of the picture. Permanently. Holden was none the wiser to what I was *actually* doing. Lara was on the path to becoming my own personal, hypno-addicted slut. And, most importantly of all, Tess was mine. Utterly and completely.

It was still early in the day, far too early for my bitch daughter to be awake. That wouldn't do at all.

I strolled up to Tess' bedroom, let myself in.

What better way to celebrate my total, unequivocal victory than finally fucking the cunt?

I stared at the sleeping form of my daughter – her blue hair fanned out wildly, her face a serene mask. All the important parts were hidden under her blanket. For a brief moment, I was tempted to simply tear the blanket off, not give her a chance to fully wake up before having my way with her.

Then I had a far better idea.

I walked over to where Tess slept, leaned over her and spread out my hands apart, clapped them together loudly above her head.

Tess jolted away, jumping and flinching.

"Put on your sluttiest clothes and underwear and meet me in my room, ten minutes." My words rang out loudly, commanding and certain.

Tess blinked up at me, pretty eyes filled with tired, shocked surprise.

I turned, left her room.

She'd heard my command. She would obey.

I walked to my room, hopped onto bed and leaned back, waited for my daughter to arrive.

It was a painfully long wait – the seconds ticking by so slowly that I was sure my clock must be broken. The minutes stretched for an eternity.

And then my door creaked open.

Slowly, nervously, Tess stepped inside. Somehow, she knew what was going to happen. She must have sensed it – felt it on the air. Today was the day she discovered what her father's cock felt like. Today she became mine fully, totally.

She'd put on some make-up – her whorish excess of eyeshadow and mascara, thick and glossy lipstick. Her hair was still a mess, I hadn't given her enough time to style it.

My eyes drifted lower, cock growing hard at the sight of Tess' body.

She wore a transparent black top, a pink bra fully visible under the fabric. The bra – little more than strings and ribbons barely covering nipples – left little to the imagination. Her huge tits might as well have been fully exposed for the amount I could see.

Below that, she wore a mini-skirt so short that it didn't even cover her crotch. Her panties were fully visible under it, pink like her bra, tiny strings with a little pink bow over where Tess' clit would be.

My eyes drifted back up, taking in my daughter's full body – the look of contempt in her eyes.

"Pretend like I'm paying you," I told Tess, "and start stripping for me. And put some effort into it, slut. What happens next is something neither of us are ever going to forget."