

## Role Reversal

### Diana's Perspective

"Fine," I sighed. "Okay. We'll do it."

It was a strange request, and an odd premise for a project in general. Hypnosis? It was, to put it lightly, not the type of thing most boys Aaron's age were interested in. Understanding how the mind worked? Most young men would've been too preoccupied chasing after girls than devising some project on the applications of hypnosis of all things.

But then, that was Aaron. Not normal.

My son was different. *Special*. His mind didn't work quite the same way as other peoples' did. In some areas, he excelled. In others, he was totally inept. Put Aaron in front of a spreadsheet and he'd make magic out of the numbers, but put him in any kind of social situation and well...

I turned to my daughter, Jenny.

"No fooling around," I told her sternly. My eldest child wasn't like her brother at all. The two were polar opposites in many ways. If Aaron's project relied upon Jenny's involvement, I'd have to make sure my daughter took it seriously. "This isn't some silly game. This is for your brother's college applications. I expect you to behave yourself and follow your brother's instructions to the letter."

The girl rolled her eyes – evidently *not* taking her brother's project idea very seriously at all. I narrowed my eyes at her, sharpened the tone of my voice.

"Consider this to be your first and final warning," I told Jenny. "If you mess around and don't take your brother's project seriously, I *will* cut your allowance. Am I understood?"

"Yeah, yeah," Jenny muttered under her breath.

I glared at her for a few moments longer.

The girl was a troublemaker. Not like her brother at all. Where he was happy to stay at home studying, Jenny was the type of girl who'd go out and party with friends – throw her chances for a good education away for a few meaningless hours of intoxication and foolishness.

"Don't give me that tone, young lady," I told Jenny, crossing my arms in a stern, motherly way. "This is important to your brother. If you mess this up for him because you didn't take it seriously enough-

My husband placed a gentle hand on my shoulder, gave it a light squeeze.

Always coming to Jenny's defence. Always enabling her to do whatever she pleased. I loved him greatly, don't get me wrong. But my husband had an undeniable soft-spot when it came to our daughter. She was, and always had been, his little princess.

"Well then," he smiled, defusing the tension in the room. He turned his head, looked over to our son. "This sounds like a very interesting project, Aaron. Count me in."

Aaron blushed, grinned at his father.

I inhaled a breath, set my annoyance with Jenny aside.

"Alright," I said. "It's decided. When would you like to start with this project of yours, Aaron?"

Something was wrong.

The moment my mind returned to me, the moment Jenny's dismembered voice vanished from inside my skull, I felt it. The unmistakable, gut-wrenching feeling that something was very, *very* wrong.

I tried to move.

My first instinct was to get up, get away from where I was as quickly as possible.

But my body didn't listen.

"Diana?" My daughter's voice asked gently. "How're you feeling?"

*Diana?* Since when did Jenny call me *that*? It was so like my daughter to casually

disrespect me in such a way. I was her *mother*, the woman who brought her into the world, raised her, fed her. And she didn't even have the decency to call me 'Mom'?

I groaned, lips moving by themselves.

"Ugh. Go away Mom," my voice spoke. "I'm tryna sleep."

What?

Why in the world was I calling my daughter 'Mom'?

Why couldn't I move by myself?

What the *hell* was going on?

Jenny laughed. The sound of it cut through me like a lance.

She was laughing at me! My daughter was *laughing* at me!

"If you want to sleep," she said, amusement lacing every word she spoke, "do it in your bedroom. Your bed must be comfier than the sofa, right?"

Again, my body groaned.

As my lips moved again, complaining like a teenager, my brain reeled at the situation I found myself in. The confusion consumed me for a good minute or two; pure bafflement and uncertainty blinding me to the simple truth. Eventually though, I put the pieces together.

This was Jenny's doing.

She'd done something with hypnosis, made it so that my body was pretending to be someone else. She had, for some reason, switched our roles; so that she was the mother and I was the daughter.

Why?

What possible reason could Jenny have for doing this to me?

I watched, unable to act or speak, as my body pushed itself up and off the sofa, plodded its way upstairs to Jenny's bedroom.

I felt the fake-me's emotions. The annoyance and disinterest and childish, juvenile attitude. But, somehow, I was above it. A passive observer with no power. No influencer over my own actions. I was a puppet, forced to watch what 'Diana' saw and feel what 'Diana' felt.

When my body began taking its clothes off, trying on Jenny's wardrobe and finding that none of the clothes fit, I fumed. The humiliation of stripping like this... As soon as whatever game Jenny was playing ended, as soon as I was back in control of my body, I'd make sure my daughter *regretted* this.

No! No! NO!

Not again!

Every time the control of my body was returned to me, my brain forgot everything that happened while 'Diana' was out. And, every time my control was snatched away from me and 'Diana' came back, so too did all the memories.

There was no escape. No way out from this hell.

Jenny. That *bitch*.

My daughter was a twisted, evil cunt.

At first, I thought it was just some bad prank. Those first few times, I'd been so sure Jenny was just messing around – having fun at my expense. But not any more. Now I knew the truth. I knew why the bitch was doing all this.

She wanted to steal my husband. To fuck her own *father*.

Once I'd realised it, everything clicked into place. All the actions Jenny had taken, this whole scheme of hers. It'd been her who'd manipulated Aaron into pursuing his 'project', just so she'd have the opportunity to hypnotise all of us.

Did the others know?

Or was it only me who was aware of the truth?

Did it matter? Either way, I wouldn't be able to remember any of this when Jenny

said the magic words and sent Diana away. I'd just go on living life as usual, oblivious to Jenny's plot. And, slowly, my daughter would claim more and more control over my mind until there was nothing left to stop her.

Had she already done it? Slept with her father?

The thought made my stomach churn. Made me want to puke. But my body didn't react, just went about and did its own thing. A puppet being controlled by a warped, teenage mindset.

There was no fighting it. Nothing I could do.

I was powerless.

She'd done it.

Jenny had won.

I knew as soon as I became aware again, as soon as her hypnotic trance wore off. I *knew*.

She'd made the changes permanent.

There was no going back.

I'd have to spend the rest of my life watching through Diana's eyes, unable to interact with the world. An observer to all my daughter's depravities.

"Go see to your brother," my fake-mother told me. "Me and Daddy have some things to 'discuss'. In private."

My body rolled its eyes, went in search of Aaron as my daughter and husband got down and dirty in the master bedroom. I tried not to think about it, tried not to imagine the love of my life's body mounting our daughter, penetrating her and fucking her and loving her. I tried not to think about it. But there was something I wanted to think about even less, and so I had no choice but to imagine those things.

Anything to distract me from what I knew was coming next.

My body found Aaron in his bedroom, laying in bed and chatting animatedly on his phone.

My baby boy. So different from how he'd once been.

Jenny had warped him just as she'd warped me. Taken away my son's gentle, shy innocence. The boy before me was confident and bold and energetic, not a wisp of the old Aaron remained. He was, I knew, another puppet.

Was the real one in there too? Watching through eyes he couldn't shut, forced to feel a body he didn't control?

Was my son still in there? Or was he gone?

Which one would be worse?

"Hey big brother," my body smiled. "Are you busy?"

Aaron glanced over at his 'sister', smirked. Without saying a word, he motioned to his crotch – kept talking to whoever was on the other end of the call as if nothing was going on.

My heart sank as my body moved forward.

It climbed onto the bed, warm lust spreading through every inch of the body. A hunger, once reserved solely for Aaron's father, but which now belonged on my son. It wasn't something I could stop. I'd tried and tried and tried, but it always ended the same way. There was nothing I could do.

Aaron's pants came down, his cock came out.

My lips encircled it, my tongue tasted it, my mouth sucked and blew on it. A lifetime of experience pleasuring my husband, now put to use on our son.

He kept chatting on his phone, a hand resting on my head.

And, not stopping even to breathe, my body got to work on satisfying the one man in the world I that it should never have wanted.

My tongue slid inside Jenny's cunt, going straight for my daughter's sweet spot. Behind me, Aaron thrust hard into me – pounding my insides with his impressive man-meat.

My brain hazed over, the body's arousal drowning out my thoughts and reservations and disgust – leaving only heat and lust and pleasure. Deep down, I knew it was wrong, disgusting. But my body didn't listen, my brain *couldn't* listen.

I bucked my hips, pressed my face closer to Jenny's crotch.

"That's it baby," Jenny cooed. "Fuck your sister. Give her a nice, hard pounding."

A hand gripped the back of my head. I didn't know whose it was, Jenny's or Aaron's. It held my face down, forced me to tongue my daughter deeper. I couldn't fight it. My body didn't *want* to fight it. And so I submitted, did what that hand wanted me to and focused entirely on Jenny's satisfaction.

"Didn't realise," my daughter panted, "you were," pant, "such a dyke. You tongue pussy like a pro, Diana."

"Hah!" Aaron grunted. "She tightened when you said that!"

"There's a good girl," Jenny moaned. "Lick Mommy dry."

My body tried to speak, tried to say 'yes Mommy'. But, what with the fact that my tongue was currently buried inside Jenny's pussy, the words sounded less like a person trying to speak and more like slurped, mumbled grunting.

"Do you like your sister's cunt baby?" Jenny moaned.

"Yes Mommy," Aaron gasped, one of his hands moving to grip and grope my ass. "It feels so good."

"Good," Jenny told her not-son. "Because it's yours now. Isn't that right, Diana?"

My body mumbled an affirmative into my daughter's hole.

"All yours, baby," Jenny continued to say. "Whenever you feel like jacking off, go find your sister instead. I don't want to have to keep cleaning your cum-soaked socks, so just pump it all into her whenever you feel the urge. Mouth, cunt, ass; whichever hole you want. Okay honey?"

"Yes Mommy," Aaron groaned, voice strained.

He was close. I could feel it.

"Go ahead, Aaron," Jenny urged. "Cum inside her. Fill her insides up. She deserves it."

My son needed no more encouragement.

One final, powerful slam forward, then he tensed. His cock twitched in my deepest parts, began pumping his seed into me.

The grip on my head slackened.

But my face didn't move away from my daughter's cunt. If anything, it pushed itself even closer, tongue sliding ever deeper.

I tried not to think. Tried not to acknowledge how good it felt.

I tried.

And I failed.