

Role Reversal Alternate Ending

Life was good.

Great, even. It was amazing. Spectacular. Perfect. Beyond my wildest dreams and imaginings. My life was everything I'd ever wanted and more.

It. Was. *Good*.

From the nightly fucking with my hunky 'husband', to raising my 'son' and ruining my 'daughter'. Aaron was thriving, a social butterfly with friends and happiness like he'd never had before. Mom – Diana – was a master at keeping the house clean, cooking food, taking care of anything and everything homely. She was practically the family's willing slave, bratty and annoying at times but all in all a valuable asset to the family.

And Dad. My Daddy. My Hubby.

His life was so much better these days. No longer married to the shrew, his life was *amazing*. I made sure of it. Every morning, I woke him with my mouth. Every night, I put him to sleep with my pussy. Every day, I loved and cherished him and he did the same for me. In public, he was Hubby. In private, I called him Daddy. But everywhere - public and private - he was undeniably *mine*.

My plan had worked spectacularly.

My dream was now my reality.

Life couldn't get any better.

I bounced on Daddy's cock, rode him like my life depended on it.

It was so big, so thick. Taking it all inside me was a challenge, even after all these months. The way it stretched me out, pounded my insides. Fitting his monster inside me was not easy, but it was *well* worth the effort.

That feeling of being filled? The intensity, that little pang of fear that you were about to be broken? Even just the physical sensations alone; where *everything* is being pressed all at once. *Nothing* can beat it.

Daddy was not gentle.

Loving and caring and kind, yes. But, when he was fucking me, when he had his cock buried deep inside me, he held nothing back.

Yet another sign that we were *meant* to be together.

His hands grabbed onto my body, fingers digging into flesh so hard that I knew there'd still be little red marks there tomorrow. One hand on my ass, the other on my waist. As I rode him, he raised and lowered my body – dictating the pace and intensity. Big, slow thrusts. Lifting me up so high that only the head of his amazingly long cock was left inside me, then roughly slamming me right back down to the hilt – impaling me on his shaft. Over and over again; slow, brutal bounces.

My eyes rolled back in their sockets, the pleasure overwhelming.

The bed creaked underneath us loudly. Though not loud enough that my moans and gasps and pleas of 'more' and 'harder' didn't drown out the sound.

It was amazing. Truly, unbelievably amazing, how powerful Daddy was.

"Fuck me, Daddy," I cried out, staring down at his too-handsome face. "Ravish me!"

He smirked up at me, gave my ass a playful slap.

"Tell me what you want," Daddy said, holding my body up high – the head of his cock threatening to slip out of me. I had to squeeze down on it, hold it in place with my cunt. "Convince me."

I whined, wished I could simply lower myself had ride him with lust-filled abandon.

How was it possible that, even though I was on top, he was the one in complete control? Shouldn't it be the other way around?

"Please Daddy," I pleaded. "Fuck me hard. Destroy my tight little pussy with you

huge cock. Break me and use me, fuck me up. I want you to fill me, Daddy. Cum inside me. Knock me up, baby.”

Daddy smirked, eyes filled with hot fire.

He gripped my waist, slammed me down hard.

I let out a pleasure-filled scream, his cock hitting my deepest parts – spreading my insides with so much force I was powerless to resist. In that moment, I wasn't human. Wasn't this god of a man's wife, or his daughter, or anyone at all. I was his doll. His toy to fuck and play with, his to serve.

And that was completely fine by me.

“Ride me,” Daddy commanded, smirking and irresistible smirk. “Show me how much you want it, Jenny.”

If my brain hadn't been lost in the moment, filled with lust and longing and hunger, I might've picked up on the warning. As it was, I was too far gone. I rode Daddy's dick to orgasm after orgasm, revelling in the sensation of him filing me up – first with his cock, then with his cum.

Afterwards, when Daddy was sleeping sounding with one of his hands squeezing my chest, the dangerous word he'd spoken didn't even occur to me.

'Show me how much you want it, *Jenny*.'

“Me and my friends want to go camping this weekend,” Aaron said, shovelling food into his mouth. “Is that okay? Can I go?”

“Sure thing,” I smiled at him. Boy, he'd changed a lot over the last few months. Like an awkward, socially inept caterpillar who'd turned into a brilliant and beautiful butterfly. The happiness and joy on his face was more than a little handsome, I could easily see Daddy's great looks in Aaron's features. “Just make sure you give your sister a good fucking before you go. Don't want to get backed up out there in the wilderness, do you?”

Aaron nodded his head eagerly, eyes flicking to his 'sister' at the other end of the table. If I knew my brother at all, he'd be taking full advantage of Diana's cunt right up 'til the moment he had to leave.

I allowed my eyes to linger on Aaron's face, taking in the handsome features he'd developed so recently. Confidence looked good on him. He was his father in miniature, a true glow-up story.

With how much time Daddy spent at work, I felt genuine temptation to take my brother for a test-drive. Make him my daytime toy while I waited for Daddy to get home. It'd been months since I'd hypnotised any of them, but I still knew how. It would be a simple matter to put my brother under and give him a longing desire to fuck his beautiful 'mother'.

Who knew, maybe I'd even add Daddy to the fun.

I'd never been double-penetrated before. Especially not by two handsome men with huge cocks. It'd certainly be a interesting experience. A special type of family bonding.

Dreams. I should've paid attention when Diana told me she kept having weird dreams. She never elaborated on what they were. Only that she was having them. If I'd cared to asked, if I hadn't treated her quite so badly and with quite so much indifference, I might have caught it before it was too late.

She'd been having dreams about being me. Or, more importantly, in my shoes. Diana had been dreaming about being my and Aaron's mother, Daddy's wife.

And when Daddy had called me Jenny. I should have realised then.

No-one in my family had called me that name since I made the changes permanent. Aaron and Diana called me Mom, or some variant thereof. Daddy called me 'Babe' and 'Baby' and 'Honey'. He never used my name. Ever. I'd made that a specific part of the final session.

The only reason Daddy would ever use that name was if the hypnotic programming

I'd given him was wearing off.

Time. Hypnotic suggestion faded away with time.

I should have known that. I *did* know that. Yet I'd either forgotten, or I'd gotten too arrogant with my own skills. Every time a person slept, their mind reset. And with every reset, hypnotic programming was undone. Every night, the threads that held my perfect world together frayed ever so slightly. And a cloth can only fray so much before it tears apart completely.

"Oh god, that feels amazing," Daddy said with a groan. "Keep going, Baby."

That was rare. He rarely spoke when I gave him morning head. But I certainly appreciated the encouragement. I bobbed my head up and down faster, wrapped my tongue and lips and mouth around his cock and gave it everything I had.

I wished I could've seen his face, the pleasure and joy. But, since I was underneath the blanket, I was blind.

Still, I imagined it. The loving, happy eyes. The satisfaction.

"Holy shit," Daddy breathed. I felt his hand slide under the blanket, take hold of my hair. "It's been too long."

Too long? What was *that* supposed to mean?

I sucked him off every morning without fail.

When he came, he came hard – a flood of cum flowing from his cock into my throat and down to my tummy. I savoured every drop, sucked him dry. And, when it was finally done, I began climbing up under the covers, kissing my way up Daddy's abs and chest.

"Jesus," Daddy sighed happily as my head slipped out from under the blanket. "You need to do that more often, Di."

As soon as he said that last word, he saw my face.

His eyes widened in horror. Instinctively, he pushed away, sat up in bed and backed up to the wall. He stared at me in disbelief, eyes round and filled to the brim with revulsion.

"Jenny, what the fuck are you-!" He began to say. Then he let out a low, painful howl.

He clutched his skull, screamed in agony.

I fell off the bed, backed away from him. With no idea what was happening, all I could do was watch as Daddy clutched his skull and screamed in agony. Outside the bedroom, I heard rushing feet. Someone opened the bedroom door, but I didn't look to see who – I just stared at my husband in dismay.

Finally, after an eternity, the screams stopped. Daddy's hands fell away from his skull, and he slumped forward.

"Da- Dear, are you okay?" I asked, taking a step forward to comfort him.

His gaze snapped up, eyes wide. Tears brimmed in the corners of his eyes. The look he gave me spoke a thousand words, holding accusation and betrayal, fear and horror and regret, pain beyond anything words could describe. That look alone froze me in place, made my heart seize in my chest.

"Jenny," Daddy breathed, voice strained. "What have you done?"

The game was up. My perfect life had gone up in smoke.

As soon as Dad confronted me, with both Mom and Aaron in the room, I knew it was over. I could see it in his eyes, the disgust and anguish. He'd never let me hypnotise him again, never allow me to fix things and make the world right again – make him forget that I was his daughter.

He knew. And, as he spoke truths, the confusion in Mom's and Aaron's faces transformed into horrified realisation. He knew, and then they all knew.

I fled. What else could I do?

I ran and I ran; from the house, the neighbourhood, the city. I went as far away as I possibly could.

In my foolishness, I'd lost everything. And there was no way of me ever getting it back. There was no way Dad would ever trust me again, no way he could possibly love me after what I'd done. And Mom, there was no way *she'd* ever forgive me for what I'd made her into. My family was lost to me.

I searched them up online years later, pieced together what'd happened after I ran away. Mom and Dad got divorced a year after I ran away. Unsurprising, really. Dad had quit his job, disappeared off to god-knows-where. I couldn't find mention of him no matter how hard I tried. Mom, as far as I could tell, managed to cope for a good two years before having a mental-breakdown at some family event. She was, as far as I could tell, a recluse now. Hiding away in a small home, never going out and refusing to interact with anyone she didn't have to.

And Aaron? My shy, awkward, lovable brother? Bafflingly, he'd found a career for himself in politics. Running for office and winning, using the charisma I'd filled him with to rise up a social ladder of a whole different kind. But that man – the politician – was not my brother. My brother, my *real* brother, was the weirdo who didn't have any friends and who'd been enamoured with silly magic tricks.

As for me? Well, I drifted. Moved from town to town, city to city. Always finding older men to dote on me, house me and care for me in exchange for intimacy and love and affection and sex. A whole slew of 'daddies' to take care of me. Though none of them ever quite fit the role I was looking for. None of them ever managed to compare to my real Daddy.

Not the most glamorous life, to be sure. But far from the worst.

Plus, every now and then, the opportunity to use my hypnotic knowledge presents itself. Sometimes, my 'daddies' have daughters of their own. Beautiful young women just like me.

What kind of a daughter would I be if I didn't share the love?