

## Role Reversal

### Chapter 1

It all started with my younger brother's birthday party.

He'd always been a little... unusual.

Other guys spent their eighteenth birthday getting shit-faced, throwing huge house parties and dedicating the night to getting laid and having a good time. Aaron... Well, his idea of an 'amazing' birthday party was a little different.

A magic show.

You know, the kind parents throw for their pre-teen children and, even then, it's awkward as fuck and blander than staring at an blank wall. Full of 'which card did you pick' and 'look at the rabbit in my hat' crap. Literally. The elderly magician, with his equally elderly and unattractive female assistant, actually pulled a white rabbit out of a top hat at one point.

*That* was what my parents had dragged me into.

I didn't say anything, of course. My mother would have grounded me if I even *looked* like I might spoil her baby boy's 'special' day. Besides, even if I wasn't worried about her punishing me over nothing again, I wouldn't have said anything. As boring as the magic show was, at least Aaron was enjoying it.

Even though none of his friends had shown up.

Honestly? I couldn't blame them for bailing. Who wanted to sit through this crap for three hours when they could be doing literally anything else? But, even if I couldn't blame them for getting the f outta dodge, I could *resent* them for it. For abandoning Aaron on his birthday.

I wouldn't do that to him. As much of a pain in the ass my younger brother was, he didn't deserve *that*. As his big sister, if nothing else, I'd stay here and endure it. For his sake.

So I sat there, watching the world's most boring magic show and pretending I was enjoying it – for Aaron's sake. When he got excited about something utterly benign, I feigned the same enthusiastic interest.

In a way, it was kind of like torture.

The only reprieve I got from my song-and-dance act was the shared looks me and Dad traded every now and then. The eye rolls and subtle face-palms and smirks. Islands of blissful amusement in a sea of soul-crushing tedium.

And then the elderly couple's final trick began.

Hypnotism.

That one word piqued my interest.

"I'm going to need a volunteer," the elderly man in his old magician's cloak said, eyes roaming the two-dozen empty chairs set up in our back yard. Only four of the chairs were occupied. "One person is all I need."

Aaron shifted uncomfortably. He'd never liked being the centre of attention – always got anxious when people focused on him.

Next to him, our mother's back straightened. No way a 'dignified' woman like her, a woman with a perpetual stick up her ass, was going to let some random old man hypnotise her.

My father, who sat nearest to me, glanced around at his family. To me, then his wife, then his son, then back to me. He knew just as well as I did that neither Aaron or Mom would be going up to the magician's makeshift stage. He shook his head at me, gave me a little smile and wink, then stood up.

Always the gallant hero of the family, my father nominated himself for the role of hypnotee.

The next several minutes passed in wonderment.

My Dad - a tall, muscular, handsome man – ended up tucking his hands into his armpits, flapping his arms about, and clucking like a chicken.

Aaron laughed contentedly at the sight. Our mother blushed in embarrassment, had to look away from the abnormal things her husband was being compelled to do. And, when the hypnotist's show was ended, my father climbed to his feet with flushed cheeks, grinning ruefully.

In that moment, I came to two firm conclusions.

The first was that yes, my father was indeed the most handsome man in the world. How could any guy ever compare with that perfect smile, those confident eyes, that charming laugh?

The second was that maybe, just maybe, my fantasies could become more than that. My taboo desires, my dreams and secret wishes, maybe they could become a reality.

With hypnosis, maybe I could convince my father to see me as more than just his loving daughter.

First thing first. I needed to learn how to hypnotise someone.

Watching it being done had been interesting, though I hadn't heard everything the old man had said to my father to put him under. If I was going to make my silly, insane, stupid idea a reality, I needed to learn how to hypnotise a person.

Then, I needed to find a way to convince Dad to let me hypnotise him.

Thankfully, both of those steps were easily completed.

Hypnosis, as it turns out, really fucking easy. A quick search online and I had *multiple* step-by-step guides on what to do and how to do it. At first, I wasn't willing to believe it could be so easy – tampering with someone's mind like that. But, I had to remind myself, I'd seen it with my own eyes.

Dad hadn't been acting when he'd clucked like a chicken or hopped around like a rabbit. The old magician had hypnotised him, and it'd only taken few minutes.

Countless times, I read through the instructions I found.

So much, in fact, that I'd memorised every step, every word.

That done, there was only the issue of convincing Dad to let me try it out on him. Which, I decided, wouldn't be very difficult at all.

Where Aaron was a Mommy's boy who always had our mother there supporting him in everything he did, I had something similar with Dad. Whenever I wanted something – a new phone or some money to buy clothes – it was Dad I'd go to. I'd learned a long time ago that Dad would agree where Mom would refuse.

All I had to do was tell him it was for school – that I was writing a paper about hypnosis or something – and he'd accept without question.

In the end, then, the only *real* problem I had was figuring out *when* I should hypnotise him.

Aaron rarely hung out with his friends outside of school. If he wasn't at school, or out helping Mom with the week's shopping trip, he'd be at home – locked away in his bedroom. And, if he was at home, chances were Mom would be too.

I couldn't exactly hypnotise Dad and do what I wanted to do while either Mom or Aaron were home. That wasn't going to fly.

So I waited patiently until an opportunity presented itself.

Some convention or another that Aaron wanted to go to. And, of course, Mom had no problem agreeing to take him. Buying tickets and renting two hotel rooms for the night, paying all that money just so Aaron could nerd out with some random strangers.

Usually, I'd have been resentful at that.

How many times had I wanted to go to concerts or gigs, been denied because things like that were 'too expensive' and that I should 'focus on my studies' instead? How many memories had I missed out on? But the moment my brother wanted something

equally – if not *more* expensive – she was all too eager to oblige.

All because Aaron was my mother's *favourite*.

Usually, that fact was a source of anger and annoyance.

This time, however, I was glad to watch them drive away.

As soon as the car disappeared around a corner into the night, its rear lights fading from my sight, I spun around and went in search of Dad.

"It's for college," I repeated.

Dad's raised eyebrow made my stomach twist. If he said no, if he didn't let my hypnotise him, everything I'd planned would have been for nothing. Memorising the lines, rehearsing the excuses, the hours I'd spent learning how to put someone into a deep hypnotic trance. Everything would have been for nothing.

And, worse than that, it'd be the death of a dream.

Hypnosis was the only way I'd ever be able to make Dad see me as anything other than his daughter. It was the only possibility I had to make my fantasies, my desires, come true.

If he said no, it'd destroy me.

My heart pounded painfully in my chest.

"Hypnosis," Dad said, sounding sceptical. "Like your brother's birthday?"

He looked down at me, grinned his amazing, charming grin.

"Not going to make me jump around and quack again, I hope. But, if it's for school, then I don't really have a choice, do I? Sure think, honey. You can hypnotise me. But I swear, if I wake up oinking, you're getting your allowance cut."

Relief washed through me. A flush of hope and excitement sending tingles up my spine and down my arms. I shuddered, blushed and hoped Dad hadn't noticed my eagerness.

"Thank you Daddy!" I would have jumped up and kissed him there and then, if I could have. Wrapped my arms around his neck and press my lips to his. Instead, I glanced around his in-home office. "We're gonna need somewhere you can lay down. A bed or the sofa or something."

"Laying down on the sofa? Sounds uncomfortable."

My father was tall. Like, if we stood next to each other, the top of my head would maybe reach the middle of his chest kind of tall. And I'm not that short. For me, laying on the living room sofa was fine, one arm-rest for a pillow and plenty of space to stretch out. Dad? Not so much.

"Bed it is, then," I said, trying my best to keep from sounding too excited.

I led the way up to the master bedroom, instructed my father to lay down and make himself comfortable. Before he did, though, he reached into a trouser pocket and pulled out his wallet. Silently, he began counting the money inside it.

All I could do was stare dumbfounded. Why was he looking to see how much money he had on him?

When he was done, he grinned at me.

"Two hundred and sixty five," he announced, a bright twinkle in his dazzling blue eyes.

"Uh..." I spoke, not exactly sure what he wanted me to say. "Okay."

"In case you try to nab some while I'm hypnotised," Dad explained, evidently seeing the utter confusion on my face. "Now I'll know if any of it is missing. So, I've gotta lay down on my back, right?"

He set his wallet down on the night-stand, laid back on the king-sized bed and closed his eyes.

I couldn't help rolling my eyes. He thought I'd actually steal money from his wallet while he was under?

Well, to be honest, the idea was tempting.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed the thought aside.

"Okay Dad," I began. "I want you to listen to my voice. Focus on me and only me. My words, my voice, my breathing..."

Now, I wasn't exactly an 'expert' when it came to hypnosis. Most of what I knew about it stemmed from that one little show at Aaron's birthday party, along with some general knowledge picked up through life. Basically, I knew hypnosis could help cure addictions and make people remember stuff from their past, and that it could be used to make people think they were animals for a short while.

I'd already come further than I'd hoped for. Here was my Dad, the greatest guy in the world, hypnotised in front of me. A golden opportunity.

Now what the fuck was I supposed to do?

What could I say or do that'd make him see me as something more than just his daughter? How could I make him see me as a woman, a partner, a lover?

I was pretty sure I could tell his unconscious mind to stop seeing me as his daughter for a while. But then what? Just because he wouldn't think of me as his special little princess any more, it didn't mean that he'd instantly be attracted to me. If I made him see me as a stranger, someone unrelated to him, it didn't mean he'd suddenly be willing to have sex with me or anything like that.

He was married. And he was loyal, faithful.

The idea that he might ever cheat on Mom for any reason was laughable. He'd never do something that might hurt her, or harm our family. He wasn't that type of man.

So what? I remove his memories and knowledge of Mom, convince his mind that I'd always been his wife? Make up entirely new memories to replace the old ones?

That seemed complicated. Very complicated. And risky.

What if the removed memories never came back?

That'd be a disaster. Especially when Aaron and Mom returned home tomorrow and found out what I'd done.

No, I couldn't do that.

So then, what *could* I do?

In the end, the best idea I had was also the most simple. If you can't beat them, become them. I'd just make it so that, when my Dad looked at me, it'd be my mother he saw. Instead of me, Jenny, He'd see his wife.

While my father might not be okay with fucking his flesh and blood daughter, he should be totally fine with having sex with his own wife. The fact that me and Aaron existed proved that.

So, that's what I did. A simple set of instructions.

From the moment he woke up from the hypnotic trance until I snapped my fingers, Dad would believe I was actually my mother. He would see the middle-aged woman, not the petite nineteen year old. And, when I snapped my fingers, and he went back to seeing me as Jenny – his daughter – he'd also forget everything that'd happened in between waking up from the trance and the 'snap'.

I could do anything I wanted with him. And, after I snapped my fingers and returned everything to normal, he'd have no idea about any of it.

Grinning, tingles spreading through my body, I gave Dad's mind its instructions, repeated them and make him repeat them. Then, carefully, I began waking him from the trance.

As his eyes blinked open, my heart raced.

As he smiled sleepily, yawned and stretched, my entire body trembled with panic and fear.

What if it didn't work?

What if I'd just accidentally let him know how I felt about him?

My heart seized at the thought.

I felt like I was suffocating.

And then he looked at me, and time froze. Those wonderful, amazing eyes gazing at me contentedly. He smiled sleepily, stared up at me with loving adoration.

Then his eyebrows narrowed, confusion entering his expression.

"Diana?" My father spoke softly, uncertain. "What are you doing here?"

Diana. My mother's name.

It worked!

"Nothing," I said quickly. "We just forgot something."

Dad nodded his head, too sleepy and confused to think about what I'd just said – just accepting it. He didn't ask any questions, thankfully. Didn't probe deeper.

For a long few moments, neither of us said anything.

Finally, after he'd woken up enough, fully snapped out of the hypnotic state, Dad sat up in bed, looked over at me and cocked an eyebrow.

"What are you wearing?"

I glanced down, felt my heart freeze.

Mom wore conservative clothes. Dresses and such. In my entire life, I couldn't remember a single time she'd ever show so much as a hint cleavage. And yet here I was, pretending to be her, wearing a low cut tank top.

To be fair, on me the tank top was fine. I didn't exactly have huge breasts to show off. When I wore this tank top, while not overly modest, it wasn't exactly *revealing* either.

But it wasn't 'me' wearing it right now. It was Mom. And she *did* have huge breasts. The kind that'd make a top like this look, well, utterly *immodest*. The type of thing my mother would *never* wear.

I had no idea what my father was looking at, but I could guess.

Two huge breasts and not a lot of cloth covering them.

"I, uh, borrowed a top from Jenny. Mine are all dirty."

It was a flimsy lie, but it was the best my brain could come up with under the circumstances. Again, to be fair to me, I hadn't exactly been in a situation like this ever before.

"I won't be wearing something like this again after today," I added, hoping I sounded a little more like my stern, annoying mother.

"Really?" Dad smirked, ran his eyes up and down my body. "That's a shame. You look good."

The complement sent jolts of electricity running down my spine.

I blushed, felt a very familiar tingling between my legs.

"I do?" I asked, staring into my father's eyes.

A cocky, confident grin curled his lips.

"You do," he answered, leaning closer towards me.

Sat down on the bed as he was, with me standing over him, I was taller than him. Though not by much. My lips were an inch or two higher than his, just a foot away.

"Do you think I'm pretty?"

It was a dumb question. A silly little schoolgirl crush kind of question. But I couldn't help asking it. I felt like a dumb schoolgirl with a crush, about to have her first kiss. Giddy and excited and nervous, a whole flood of feelings and emotions.

Dad's smirk widened, eyes locked onto mine.

The love in that gaze, the unrelenting affection behind those bright blue eyes, was overwhelming.

"I do," Dad said, his voice husky. "You are the prettiest, hottest, most beautiful woman in the world. No-one else could ever hope to compare."

I blushed brighter, found myself inching closer, my lips moving lower – right towards his.

“Thank you, Da-” I caught myself before I said the word. “Dear. Thank you, dear.”

A hint of confusion re-entered my father's eyes. A single moment of uncertainty.

And then I kissed him.

Our lips met, warmth against warmth. A soft peck, a gentle little kiss. A perfect moment, broken after a single blissful second.

Dad pushed away from me, shook his head as if trying to clear it. His right hand rose, clutched at his brow. Confusion flooded my father's face in force, his eyes unfocussed and wild. He winced, groaned in pain as he gripped his forehead tighter.

I backed away, mortified.

Something was happening. Something *bad*.

His brain was fighting against the instructions I'd given it.

Dad's body began to tremble, head jerking from side to side as his subconscious battled with itself.

I stood frozen, horrified, for a few seconds.

Then, panicked, I raised my hand and snapped my fingers.

Dad froze instantly, his entire body tensing. Then he relaxed, slumped forward. A look of total and complete bafflement crossed his face as he looked up at me.

“Jenny?” Dad asked, eyes wide. “What happened? I...”

He shook his head again, slower this time. He didn't look pained any more, just confused.

“Are you okay, Dad?” I asked slowly, heart throbbing in my chest. “What's the last thing you remember?”

Dad shook his head, blinked. He looked up at me, shrugged.

“Laying down. You were saying something. Something about your voice. Or clouds. I can't remember.”

I held back the sigh of relief, thanked him for helping me with my studies, quickly fled the room.

It had worked. Sort of.

I'd managed to hypnotise him, and everything had been working perfectly fine up until the kiss. The finger-snap and making him forget worked, the suggestion that'd made him see me as Mom. It'd all worked.

Sure, I hadn't gotten what I wanted – to share a bed with Dad.

But still, it'd worked. Hypnosis had worked.

Mostly.

I didn't know why the kiss had caused problems. I didn't know much, if I was honest. I'd gone into the whole thing with only the most basic understanding of hypnosis possible.

And still, I'd managed *something*.

Some part of me told myself to give up. To set hypnosis aside and never think about trying it again.

But giving up on hypnosis meant giving up on Dad.

And I couldn't do that.

I *wouldn't*.

Hypnosis was the answer. I could feel it.

I just hadn't known enough to make it work the way I wanted it to.

That problem, though, was easy to solve. I just had to learn more about hypnosis. Learn everything I could about it. I had the internet and free time. And, if I kept up with the excuse of my 'school project', expanded on it a little, I was certain I could convince Dad to let me hypnotise him again.

I pressed my fingers to my lips, closed my eyes and remembered the warmth. The

momentary perfection and bliss.

I needed a plan.

A way to trick my father into seeing me as a lover. A way to make sure my mother and brother didn't get in the way. I needed a thought-through, realistic plan to make Dad mine. To take Mom's place in the bedroom – in the house and family itself. And, I needed a way to do all of that without anyone ever finding out what I was up to.

Before that, I needed to learn everything there was to know about hypnosis.

Eyes open, I opened up my laptop and began searching.