

Role Reversal

Chapter 2

Dissociation. That feeling a person gets when they're binge-watching a TV show, or driving a car for long periods of time. The sensation of time flying by without them noticing, their brain going on auto-pilot. Zoning out. The body acting automatically to its surroundings.

That's what hypnosis was. The brain on auto-pilot.

Only, instead of having experience guide their actions – like with driving or exercising or what-have-you – a person in a hypnotic trance could be guided by another person.

It's like leaving a door open in their brain. A 'way in' for the hypnotist to use, gain access to their subconscious mind.

I'd learned a lot about the topic. A *lot*.

I knew where I'd failed when I'd hypnotised Dad and tried to kiss him. I knew why he'd reacted the way he had.

Up until the kiss, he'd seen Mom. He'd fully believed that I was his wife – my mother. If I'd left it at that, nothing would have happened. He'd have continued on believing it until I snapped my fingers and made him forget.

But, when our lips had met, something in the back of his mind sparked.

Even if he wasn't consciously aware of the fact, his subconscious mind knew I wasn't Diana – my Mom. On a deep, unconscious level, Dad knew he was kissing his daughter. And that'd caused his mind to react – reject the hypnotic suggestion I'd given him.

The conflict between his conscious and subconscious minds was why he'd reacted the way he had, pained and confused. The mental contradiction, paired with his anti-incestuous morality, had shattered the illusion I'd planted in his mind.

Knowing that, though, was disheartening.

If I tried the same thing again – hypnotising Dad to believe I was my mother – it'd end the exact same way. Anything inappropriate or sexual would cause Dad's mind to battle with itself and break the hypnotic disguise. As long as Dad was against the idea of incest, as long as he was morally opposed to doing sexual things with his daughter, nothing I tried with hypnosis would ever work.

Ordinarily, that realisation would have been crushing.

A week ago, back when I'd hypnotised Dad and failed at seducing him, I'd have been devastated to learn that, in the back of his mind, he'd always know I was his daughter - so no amount of trickery or disguising myself as someone else would ever work.

But now I knew what hypnosis was. What it could do.

I wasn't heart-broken or defeated. If anything, I was more hopefully than ever.

As long as he was morally opposed to incest, he'd never be with me.

That was fine.

With hypnosis, I could bend his moral compass. I could *change* what he believed about incest. Make him totally fine with the idea of fucking his own daughter. Hell, if I wanted to (and I very much did), I could make him *want* to fuck me. Make it a huge kink for him, something that he was totally fine with. Something that he believed it was his moral obligation *to* do.

It wouldn't be easy, don't get me wrong.

The human mind is complex. One hypnotic trance wasn't going to be enough. Not by a long shot. And it wouldn't just be Dad I'd have to hypnotise. If I was going to do this, make Dad my lover and partner long-term, I'd have to warp the minds of my brother and mother too.

But it was possible.

And that was enough for me. That one glimmer of hope. I'd cling onto it, do everything I could to make my dream a reality. It wouldn't be easy, but I'd make it work. I'd warp the minds of my family members, change their perceptions.

I'd make Daddy mine.

First things first. I needed to set up a situation in which all three of them would allow me to regularly hypnotise them.

Dad, I was sure, would be fine with whatever excuse I came up with. He'd already let me hypnotise him once already, after all. He was the least likely to resist my idea.

That left Mom and Aaron.

I spent hours thinking of a way to get Mom onboard. Countless ideas coming to me, all of which would never work. A prudish woman like my mother would never put herself in a situation which might lead to her being embarrassed. And, given that the last time she saw hypnosis in action involved Dad quacking like a duck, I didn't see her being all too keen to agree to my requests.

Aaron would be easy enough to convince. Odd as my little brother may be, he was still my soft-hearted, caring brother. He might get shy and awkward if I asked him, but I was sure he'd agree.

Dad and Aaron were fine, I doubted I'd have issues with either of them.

Mom, though? That's where the *real* problem was.

I spent so long pondering it.

If I told her it was for school, she'd scoff and demand to know more – probably contact my college to complain about the 'weird' things they were teaching me. A big no-no there. If I told her it was a hobby of mine, she'd tell me it was a silly hobby and to find a new one, or ask someone who wasn't her to help me out. If I tried to convince her it was for her own benefit, relaxing her and making her feel nice, she'd get all suspicious about my *real* motives – likely thinking I was going to prank her or something.

If it was for Aaron, she'd do anything. If he wanted to hypnotise her, she probably wouldn't even ask why. She'd just agree and that'd be that. But for me? No, she'd never allow it. I wasn't her special baby boy, I was the daughter she liked to ignore and pretend didn't exist.

As long as it was me who wanted to hypnotise her, she'd never agree.

And, in that simple fact, I found the answer to my problem.

"An experiment?" Aaron said, voice quiet.

"Exactly!" I tried to sound enthusiastic, encouraging. "It can be our little project. A family experiment. I'll do all the hard stuff and then you can do all the data-keeping and write up the report when it's done. Imagine it on your college applications, that you performed and actual scientific study. You're bound to stand out!"

He looked at me, uncertain. In his eyes, I could see the glimmer of possibility.

"I don't know..." Aaron murmured. "Won't people think it's weird?"

I smiled at him, shrugged.

"Not if you don't tell anyone. No-one needs to know about it except us and the colleges you apply to. And Mom and Dad, obviously. Besides, who cares what other people think? I think it's cool."

I could see the struggle in his eyes. He thought my 'idea' was cool too, wanted to try it. But, at the same time, he was so shy and uncertain.

"Will it hurt?" My brother asked after a long, thoughtful moment.

It was an odd question. He'd seen hypnosis, knew there was no pain involved in the process. I rolled my eyes, though kept the smile on my face. He was on the edge of agreeing. All he needed was a little push in the right direction...

"Of course it won't hurt," I promised. "In fact, from what I've heard, it actually feels

pretty nice. Like, afterwards, you feel pleasant and relaxed and all your stress and worries go away for a while. It's meant to be calming and nice."

There was another long pause as Aaron considered the idea.

He'd say yes. I knew he would. He loved sciencey stuff and he was fascinated with magic and mystical crap. Offering to 'help' him run a scientific experiment involving hypnosis, letting him believe he'd be in charge of it, was golden. There was no way he'd turn down the chance to play the part of an actual scientist.

"Okay," he said at last. "Let's do it. You'll have to ask Mom and Dad if they'll help, though."

I shook my head, staring into my brother's eyes.

"You should ask them. Not me. It's your experiment, after all. I'll just be helping you with it."

Aaron paled. Uncertainty returning to his eyes immediately.

He nodded his head, however.

He'd do it.

"Hypnosis?" My mother asked, sounding none too thrilled.

"Yes," Aaron answered, eyes staring down at his empty plate.

He'd waited until everyone was done eating, until the very last moment we'd all have together, to bring it up. I should have expected that – expected his shyness to be problematic.

"You want to hypnotise me and your father?" Mom asked, eyebrow raised.

"Well... Not exactly," Aaron answered quietly. "Jenny will do that. And she'll hypnotise me, too. For the experiment. I can't be the one doing the hypnotising because I need to experience it too, to understand what it feels like. Jenny will be the project's control group."

Unsurprisingly, Mom didn't look too thrilled.

Her eyes flicked over to me, narrowed as she stared at my face.

"Control group?" She asked, suspicion lacing her tone.

"In scientific experiments," Aaron said, sounding a little more confident now, "you have to have a control group. A person or people who don't participate. So you have a reference point for comparison. Plus, we kinda need someone to do the hypnotising."

I kept quiet, tried to look bored and annoyed – like I didn't really want to do what my brother was suggesting. If Mom thought for a moment that this was all my idea, she'd reject it outright. If she thought it was Aaron's, however...

"And what would this *experiment* entail?" Mom asked, eyes moving back to her precious son.

Aaron grinned, began explaining the idea I'd given him. A tiny little experiment to 'gauge the power of the human mind'. In all honesty, it sounded a lot cooler than it actually was. Basically, the idea was that I'd hypnotise my three family members to make them all dislike the taste of chocolate, and Aaron would record how long the hypnotic suggestion lasted for each person and how they reacted to eating the stuff while the suggestion was still active, and a bunch of other silly nonsense.

He'd have a 'scientific' study to put on his college applications, and I'd have the opportunity to hypnotise all three of my family members.

As Aaron explained his 'project' to Mom, and she saw how excited and eager he was, I knew I'd won. My mother would never say 'no' after seeing how thrilled Aaron was, or after learning that it might help him get into a good college.

"Fine," Mom said at last, resigned. "Okay. We'll do it."

She turned her attention to me, began lecturing me on how I was to take my brother's idea seriously and that I'd do what he asked me to or I'd get my allowance cut. Just like that, she'd gone from against the idea to actively supporting it.

My Dad, I noticed, was staring at me, a thoughtful expression on his face.

The four of us were in the dining room. Me standing, my brother and our parents sat in chairs.

Aaron held a clipboard, jotted down what Mom and Dad said as they ate a little bite of chocolate each. A pre-hypnosis tasting for Aaron's records. He also had a bite of his own, and told me to have one too.

Once he'd gathered all the information he wanted, Aaron nodded to me.

Time to start the hypnotic induction.

I hide my smile with a forced expression of indifference, a roll of my eyes. Finally, it was time to begin!

Slowly, I spoke the words. Urged the minds of my three subjects into a calmed, relaxed stupor. My word were gentle yet confident, soft yet firm. Guiding Aaron and Mom and Dad slowly into the right state of mind, watching their faces carefully.

Steadily, the emotions drained from their expressions. Mom's uncertainty faded, Aaron's excitement drained away. Before long, I had three empty faces before me. You'd be forgiven for thinking they were asleep, from the closed eyes and lack of emotions. And, in a way, you'd be right. A part of their minds were sleeping, far-gone.

I kept going with the induction, urging their subconscious minds deeper into the trances.

When I was certain all three were completely under, I let out a deep breath.

"Dad," I said, watching my father's face. "Can you hear my voice?"

"Yes," he breathed.

I turned to my mother.

"Mom, can you hear my voice?"

"Yes," she answered in a monotone.

Finally, my eyes fell on my younger brother.

"Aaron, can you hear my voice?"

Unlike our parents, my brother actually moved when I asked the question. Slowly, he nodded his head.

"Yeah," he answered softly.

Good. None of them had fallen asleep during the induction. All three were tranced. Dad, Mom, Aaron. Minds open and thoughts ready to be tampered with.

"Hypnosis is nice, isn't it?" I told them, finally allowing myself a little, victorious smile. "Hypnosis is relaxing. Even after the trance ends, it'll make you feel content and happy – like all your stress and worries have vanished. It makes you feel younger, healthier. Like removing bad chemicals from your body. Only, instead of chemicals from your body, it removes bad feelings from your mind – refreshes you."

For Mom especially, that'd be meaningful. She was very into healthy living and supplements and all that crap. If she believed hypnosis was the mental equivalent of detoxing, she'd be much more open to the idea of me hypnotising her in future.

The silly experiment I'd convinced my brother to go for would buy me a few group trances – first with the chocolate test, then one with sour candy, another few after that with whatever Aaron thought of along the way. But, once the science experiment was officially over, I'd no longer have the pretext to hypnotise my family. I needed something more concrete. A reason for each member of the family to want to continue the hypnotic trances privately.

For Mom, I'd appeal to her sense of healthy living. Make her believe that the best way to have a healthy mind was through hypnotic trances.

With Aaron, I'd offer him hypnosis as a solution to his confidence issues. Make it so that he relied on my trances to boost his self-confidence and suppress his shy awkwardness.

And Dad... Well, I wasn't quite sure what I'd do with Dad.

I'd think of something.

"When you wake up from a hypnotic trance," I said, eyes shifting towards Aaron, "it's like waking up from a pleasant, happy dream. Everything feels nice and wonderful. No worries or concerns - just a lovely, warm glow. Only it lasts longer than the feeling you get waking up from a nice dream. It lasts hours and hours, even days for some people. All the while, you feel happy and content, confident. Not a worry in the world."

On it went, little nudges – edging their minds in the right direction.

Nothing to warp their minds completely, replace their identities with the new ones I was planning on giving them. Not yet. For this first trance, I'd play it cool and careful. Urge their minds gently in the right direction.

Next time, I'd plant the seeds in their minds. Begin the process of crafting a new reality for them all.

For now, though, I simply let them relax – gave their minds little reasons to want to continue the trances. I placed tiny thoughts in their vulnerable minds, ideas that I'd expand on later. When the time was right, each of the three would come to me and ask for more hypnotic trances on their own.

I spoke softly, gently. Massaging their minds with my words.

And, just before I began to wake them from their collective trance, I gave them all one last suggestion.

To find that chocolate now tasted utterly disgusting.

Dad choked, gagged. He spat out a blob of brown, reached for a glass of water with a scrunched, disgusted face. After a few moment of sipping the taste of chocolate away, he turned to look at me, laughed out loud.

"Jesus Christ," he chuckled, a charming grin pulling at his lips. "That tasted *foul*."

"Language," Mom scolded. But she was smiling too.

A carefree, happy, content smile. The type I rarely saw on her face. An after-effect of my hypnotic trance, my little suggestions pulling at her mind.

Aaron, scribbling away on his clipboard, asked Dad for details – to describe the exact taste and texture of the chocolate, what it reminded him of, how bad on a scale of one to ten was it. Gone was my shy little brother. The young man sitting at the dinner table right then radiated confidence and unrestrained excitement, bold and bright and happy. For the first time, I could actually see a handsome guy hiding behind my brother's shy exterior.

"Your turn, Mom," Aaron said when he was done interrogating Dad.

After seeing how her husband had reacted to his chocolate tasting, Mom looked more than a little apprehensive. Still, with Aaron being the one asking her, the one so excited, of course she'd go ahead and eat the chocolate anyway.

Her face scrunched up, eyes watering at whatever horrendous flavour her mind was giving her. Too dignified and up-tight to spit it out, she kept chewing, swallowed it and slowly reached for her glass of water.

"Next time," she said after taking several long gulps, "make something taste *better*, not *worse*."

After taking more notes, it was Aaron's turn. Then, after he'd jotted down his experience tasting the chocolate, it was finally my turn – the control group.

I glanced around the table at all the smiling, happy faces. The effects of my hypnotic nudging in action. The first part of my grand plan a complete success. I allowed myself a satisfied grin, popped the chunk of chocolate in my mouth.

Victory had never tasted so sweet.