

Role Reversal

Chapter 3

Phase one of the plan – trick the family into allowing me to hypnotise them.

Check.

Phase two – make them each want me to hypnotise them privately.

Working on it.

Phase three – replace Mom in Dad's bed.

That part would be the most difficult. Breaking down the barriers in everyone's minds, removing moral qualms and realigning their beliefs. Not an easy thing to do, from everything I'd learned. But not impossible either.

The human mind finds comfort in familiarity. When everything is as the mind expects it to be, there's no reason for it to recoil or act out.

Right now, the 'familiar' setup at home was, well, the family.

Mother, father, daughter, son. Each of us having our specific roles and positions in the home. Our familiar places to be. Dad worked, Mom looked after the house, me and Aaron studied. Mom and Dad shared a bed, me and Aaron each had our own bedrooms.

So, if the daughter of the family started sleeping with the father, it'd raise alarm-bells in everyone's minds. That was too *unfamiliar* for the mind to just ignore.

Which left me with two options.

Either I could slowly, over a long period of time, make every member of my family comfortable with the idea of incest and me fucking Dad. Which was entirely possible, albeit difficult and time-consuming. Or, I could go with a much simpler, more elegant solution.

Make everyone see me as the mother in the home, and see Mom – Diana – as the daughter.

Effectively replace my mother completely, not just in Dad's bed.

I'd still need to tweak their minds – remove certain blocks and moral leanings. After all, in the back of their minds they'd still know I was Dad's daughter. But, this way, I'd at least keep their subconscious minds comfortable with a familiar setup.

Mother, father, daughter, son.

Only I'd be the mother and Mom would be, well, me.

"Healthy," I spoke softly, staring at my mother's blank face. "You feel healthy. Your mind feels healthy. In the past, everything you've done to keep your body healthy has been nice, sure. But it's never quite been enough. There's always been something lacking. Like some final, unknown treatment to complete your healthy, happy lifestyle."

Mom loved her supplements and vitamins and all that crap. All I needed to do was appeal to her desire for a healthy life. Make her think hypnosis was the key to her 'perfect' self.

"Your body has been healthy, yes. But, even so, you've always felt like something was missing. Some important aspect that you couldn't quite figure out."

She'd be the difficult one. Dad and Aaron would be easy enough to get private hypnotic sessions with. If I could get Mom on board using her 'healthy living' bullshit, I'd be half-way to my end goal there and then.

"Your mind," I told her. "For everything you've done to keep your body healthy, nothing you've done has really helped with keeping your *mind* healthy. Nothing, that is, until now."

Who'd have thought Mom's obsession with living healthy could be used against her like this?

"Hypnosis. Every time you wake up from a trance, you feel complete. Like the last piece of the puzzle fitting into place. A healthy body and a healthy mind. Hypnosis relaxes you, removes all the bad stuff. It helps you feel nice, calm. It makes you into the ideal you.

And, best of all, it's right here at home for you. Free. All you have to do is make your daughter hypnotise you and you'll be able to keep your mind healthy and young."

Make. I'd used that one word very specifically.

My mother wasn't the type of person to 'ask' me for something. If she wanted me to do something, she'd tell me to do it. Practically order me. I, as far as she was concerned, had no say when it came to doing whatever she wanted. So, when she wanted me to hypnotise her, she'd 'make' me do just that.

This way, she'd believe it'd all been *her* idea.

It was one of those rare occasions when no-one was home.

Dad was at work and wouldn't be back for hours. Mom had taken Aaron out somewhere – a convention or something. They probably wouldn't be back for a while, either.

Usually, at times like this, I'd play some loud music and relax.

When Mom was home, she'd bitch and complain about how loud my music was, demand I turn it off. Even Dad didn't like it very much when I blasted music in my room. So, when no-one was home but me, I actually had a chance to enjoy myself with it.

Today, however, I found myself sneaking around the house.

Creeping into Aaron's room first, searching through his mountains of crap and endless piles of notes. Looking for anything that I might be able to use for my plan. Any little detail at all I could fit into the trances, use to trick his mind into wanting more.

Unfortunately, I didn't find anything useful.

Comics and science textbooks, lots of notes and scribbles and the like. I almost expected to find a porn magazine or something, but never did. I had no idea if Aaron masturbated or not but, if he did, why would he use a magazine when he had a computer with internet access?

One very interesting thing I did find, though, was a pair of undies.

A black, lacy thong.

Hidden right there under his pillow.

I didn't touch it. A pair of girls panties in a teenage boy's room? Yeah, he'd probably used it to jack off. No way was I gonna touch something that may or may not have my brother's dried jizz on it.

Still, a pair of panties. Interesting.

He'd never brought a girl home. I was sure of that. And, as far as I knew, he'd never even dated or kissed a girl before, let alone had sex with one.

So who's thong was it?

It certainly wasn't mine, that was for sure.

Mom's?

The idea made me want to laugh. Aaron *was* a Mommy's boy, after all. And she *was* constantly coddling him. Plus, what with the lack of girlfriends in his life, it wouldn't be *too* surprising if he'd developed a crush on her...

Who was I to judge, though?

Aaron had a crush on Mom, I had a crush on Dad.

Maybe it was genetic.

I set the pillow back down on what must certainly be Mom's well-used thong and left my brother's bedroom.

As I searched through my mother's wardrobe, moving aside her bland and boring clothes, my fingers stumbled across a something hard and cold. Glass. Tentatively, I wrapped my fingers around it, pulled it out of the wardrobe and stared at it dumbfounded.

Why did Mom own a glass dildo?

And why was it so *big*?

My brain stopped working as I stared at the huge, fake penis.

Then, stupidly, a single question entered my brain.

Was Dad this big?

The glass dildo was easily eight inches long, maybe more, and *very* girthy. So much so, in fact, that I had doubts I'd even be able to fit the thing inside myself. Tight as I was down there, an object like this would *destroy* me.

If Dad's cock was comparable to the glass dildo, then fucking him might be even more difficult than I'd assumed – for a whole different reason.

Face flushed, I set the toy back where I'd found it.

I'd find out how big Dad was soon enough. And, if his size was a problem, I'd find some way around it.

When I turned away from the wardrobe, I was confronted with a view of myself in a full-body mirror. From head to toes. Another me standing just a few feet away, gazing right back at me from a mirror image of my parents' bedroom.

Boy, did I look like I was out of place.

Everything else was neat and tidy, clean and perfect and flawless. The bedsheets, the walls, the shelves and side-tables and everything. It all looked *right*.

And there I was, wearing a stained hoodie and baggy pants, my hair a complete mess and no make-up on my face.

When I took Mom's place, would I have to start wearing the same type of conservative clothing she wore? Would I have to do my hair up like she did, always wear a light coating of make-up? Would I have to start taking all the silly supplement she did?

What about her? Would she be stuck with my wardrobe?

The idea of Mom walking around in hoodies or tank-tops, constantly wearing shorts or pants instead of dresses and skirts, made me smile. It'd do Mom some good to show off a little more skin. She had a nice body, large curves on a slender frame. If she didn't dress so conservatively all the time, well...

It was easy to see why Aaron might have stolen one of Mom's thongs.

What was the deal with that anyway? Always dressing in bland dresses and boring clothes, but still owning sexy underwear. Was Mom a little more naughty in private than I gave her credit for?

The glass dildo would certainly imply yes...

As I stared at my reflection, I couldn't help but compare myself to Mom.

My mother, I had to admit, was good-looking. In a motherly, mature kind of way. She didn't wear sexy clothes, never showed a hint of cleavage despite her humongous breasts. Dresses and cardigans and modest, adult heels. Always wearing make-up, though not a lot – just enough to bring out her naturally beautiful features. High cheek-bones and bright green eyes and full lips.

Me? I was small and petite. Bland in comparison.

I wore hoodies and tank-tops and t-shirts, barely ever wore anything but shorts or jeans or sweatpants – *never* wore dresses. Despite being the elder sibling, I actually looked younger than Aaron. Lacking in the 'curves' department certainly didn't help there. And, while my face was cute and pretty, I didn't have the matured, defined beauty that Mom possessed.

What would it be like, walking around the house in make-up, wearing one of my mother's dresses? How would it feel to walk and talk and pretend to be someone who was a polar opposite to me?

Weird. Uncomfortable. Awkward.

But totally worth it, to be with Dad.

Maybe he liked dresses. Maybe he had a thing for legs.

I shook my head, turned away from the full-body mirror.

Tonight was another one of Aaron's 'experiments'. The third. I needed to have a

script ready, needed to plan the hypnotic trance and the little suggestions I'd push onto my family members. Bring them each closer to wanting private hypnotic session.

The group trances wouldn't last forever. Maybe just a few more 'experiments' until Aaron had all the data he wanted. And, by the time it was done, and my pretext for hypnotising them all vanished, I needed each of them to want to continue being hypnotised on their own.

I had no idea exactly how many group trances I had left.

Not many.

"Hypnosis is nice and relaxing. Healthy."

What made Mom tick? What about her personality could I use against her right now?

"These trances, in a way, they're like family bonding. A chance for us to grow closer. By agreeing to participate, you're making Aaron happy. Helping him."

That'd resonate with her.

My eyes roamed the three faces before me. Mom, Dad, Aaron.

Mom looked serene, beautiful. Eyes closed, almost seeming to be asleep. Her breathing was slow, calm. Her chest rose and fell in a steady, relaxed pattern. And, for once, her face lacked its usual snooty, uptight expression. Wearing a black dress that started at her collarbone and ended just below the knees, it was easy to see why my little brother might've developed a crush on Mom. Her clothing clung to her slender, hourglass frame. Even though she showed little skin, Mom's amazing body was still on full display.

Aaron looked like a younger, nerdier version of Dad. Lacking Dad's bulky, muscular body, though having a near-identical – though narrower – face. Short dark hair, dark eyes. His usual shy and restrained posture was gone, hypnosis relaxing his body and mind completely.

I could actually help him out. Not just use hypnosis for my own ends.

My brother was an awkward, anxious mess most of the time. No confidence or assertiveness, no charisma. His friends were embarrassed by him, and no girls seemed to be interested in him. If I could change things, make life a little better for Aaron with hypnosis, I should, right? Make him more confident, bring out the carefree, handsome guy that always appeared for a short time after he woke up from a trance.

I could make his life better.

If I wanted to, I could give him Mom.

That particular thought sent a shiver up my spine.

Mom was always playing favourites, giving Aaron everything he wanted while denying me even the simplest requests.

Surely such a *loving* mother wouldn't mind 'helping' her son in other ways...

"Hypnosis is good for you," I said, putting the idea in the back of my mind. Right now, the priority was obtaining more trances. "Hypnosis is refreshing. Healthy for your mind. It's the missing piece of the puzzle that is healthy living. And you've got someone close by who can hypnotise you any time you want. Help you feel good, feel complete, whenever you desire."

"We should order pizza," Aaron said through a lazy smile, leaning back in an armchair with his notebook on his lap.

Dad nodded his head in agreement.

"You know," Mom smiled, posture relaxed, "I think that's a *wonderful* idea. It'll be nice, not having to cook or wash dishes for once."

Usually, my mother would have shut down any talk of ordering food as 'wasting money'. To see her so relaxed, nonchalant about it, was certainly interesting. The after-effects of my hypnotic trance. Laid-back easiness.

My eyes drifted around the living room.

Mom and Dad were on the sofa, feet up and chill. Aaron sat on one of the two arm-chairs while I sat on the other. The TV was on, but no-one was really paying attention to it. Instead, they chatted away. Mom asked Aaron about his project with genuine enthusiasm and eagerness, and Aaron explained the details with eloquence and confidence.

It was so alien, so bizarre.

Three group trances. Just three. And *this* was the result. A complete change in their personalities.

It was only temporary, I had to remind myself.

Little suggestions to build confidence and encourage relaxation and happiness, the type I'd used on my family today, wouldn't actually change anything in the long-term. Given a few hours, a day or two at most, the suggestions would wear off naturally.

But still, seeing them all like this, witnessing the effects of the trances first-hand, was amazing.

Power. I wielded real, actual power over my family.

"How many more times?" Mom asked, drawing my attention to the conversation fully. "How much more data do you need for your study?"

Aaron glanced down at the notebook on his lap, gave a little shrug.

"Not many. Another two or three," he smiled. "After that, you'll never have to do it again."

"Oh."

Was it me, or did Mom sound disappointed?

She was the one I'd focussed most of my attention on during the trances. If my plan was working, she'd come to me sometime soon and ask for private sessions. Maybe not right away – she'd probably wait until Aaron's project was over and done with. But, at some point, she'd ask – or more likely demand – that I start hypnotising her privately.

When that happened, I'd know for sure.

I could make all my desires a reality.

Dad, wearing a formal business suit, smiled and kissed his wife goodbye.

Jealousy boiled inside me at the sight.

It should be *me* he kissed before heading off to work. It should be me he gazed at so lovingly, me he gave the subtle ass-squeeze when he thought no-one was looking. Later tonight, when he came home from work all exhausted and worn out, it should be me who comforted him and satisfied him.

Instead, it was Mom.

When they broke away, Dad glanced over at me and Aaron.

"Have a good day at school you two," he grinned. "See you later."

"Later, Dad," I said, trying my best to sound disinterested and casual.

Aaron simply nodded his head, didn't say anything.

Back to being his shy, awkward self, then.

So shy and awkward, in fact, that he left the dining room as soon as he was done with his breakfast – mumbling something about getting ready for school.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes.

Making him more charismatic, permanently increasing his confidence and self-worth, was the least I could do for my odd little brother.

"Jenny," my mother said, drawing my attention.

She was stood in the dining room's doorway, arms crossed under her bulging chest. The look on her face was unreadable, mouth pursed and eyes unwavering.

"There's something I'd like to discuss with you."

My heart did a little hiccup, my skin prickling.

There were so many countless things Mom might want to 'discuss' with me.

Anything from the 'birds and the bees' to how I was doing in school. But, if it was what I was hoping for...

"Yes, Mom?"

She stared at me for a silent moment before speaking again. I could almost see the cogs turning behind her beautiful eyes.

"Starting tonight," she finally said, voice firm, "I'd like you to hypnotise me once a week."

It wasn't a question.

She wasn't *asking* me to hypnotise her. She was ordering it.

Fine by me.

"Uh," I said, trying to sound uncertain. Didn't want to seem too eager, after all. "Sure thing, Mom."