

## Role Reversal

### Chapter 4

"Do you remember what it was like to be young? How freeing and simple things were?"

My mother, face devoid of emotion, answered in an empty monotone.

"Yes."

"No bills to worry about, no kids to soak up all your time, no housework to do, no responsibilities at all," I spoke softly, voice calm and soothing. "You could do whatever you wanted, live your life however you chose. Nothing to hold you back. To be young, not even in your twenties yet, not have to worry about the future. No need for supplements to keep you feeling youthful. No worries or concerns. Your whole life ahead of you. Endless possibilities."

Mom listened as I spoke. Her subconscious mind soaking in my words.

If I was going to take her place in the family – become the 'mother' of the household – she'd need to take mine. And, if Diana was going to transform into the family's 'daughter', then she first needed to *want* to become it. I couldn't just tell her mind to accept a new reality without first preparing it for that reality.

So, how did I get a mature, adult woman like my mother to want to be young again? How was I supposed to make her desire to be me instead of herself?

Well, by showing her all the benefits of youth.

Reminding her what it was like, letting her know how much better youth was. By the time I was done with her, my mother would resent me for my 'simple' life – be filled with jealousy and envy at the sight of it.

If I could do that, make her want to be young again, then having her replace me in the family hierarchy would be child's play.

"Your daughter – me – has an amazing life. So much freedom and so many options ahead of her. If she wants, she can go out and have sex with anyone she wants – she doesn't have any commitments to a single man. She can sleep in, doesn't have to worry about anything other than how she's going to spend her day – what enjoyable things she can fill it with."

I didn't really have that many hobbies. Save for hanging out with friends, and my newfound interest in hypnosis, there wasn't really anything specific I occupied my time with. Not a lot to inspire jealousy, unfortunately. But Mom didn't have to know how boring my life really was.

All I needed to do was lie, trick her into being envious.

"Just the other day, she went skinny-dipping with some good-looking guys. A few weeks ago, she and her friends ditched school and spent the day on the beach instead."

To be fair, one of those things was true.

"She's living life to the fullest, enjoying every moment."

I wish.

"She's young. Happy."

Word associations. A surprisingly powerful tool, from what I'd read. Hypnotise a person, open their mind to simple suggestions, then give them some words to associate with each other. Young and happy, making the two concepts essentially the same thing in the subject's mind.

To end the trance, I made it so Mom felt a little younger than she actually was – made her feel like a few years had gone missing from her real age.

She felt good, felt younger. And, in the back of her mind, those two things would link together.

Feeling good *because* she felt younger.

A little more nudging in the right direction.

"Hey lil' bro," I said, a sweet smile on my face. "Can I come in?"

Aaron blushed, stepped aside wordlessly – allowing me to enter his bedroom.

We were home alone. Dad was at work, Mom out shopping. No-one would be interrupting this conversation, making it the perfect opportunity for me to make my move.

"So," I smiled at him as he closed the door behind me. "Are you enjoying your experiment?"

Nervous, awkward Aaron. How should I go about manipulating *him*?

I'd given the thought a lot of consideration.

"Uh," Aaron blushed, looking away from me. "Yeah, I guess."

We were quickly closing in on the final hypnotic taste-test. After that, the group sessions would end. I'd gotten Mom to want private sessions, now it was time to work on my awkward little brother.

"You always seem different after them," I told him. "The trances I mean. It's like there's something different about you."

I didn't want to say it myself, 'you seem more confident'. It would be far better, more impacting, if Aaron came to that conclusion himself. He was the one who needed to believe it.

"Y-yeah," Aaron fidgeted nervously.

There really was a difference when he woke up from the hypnotic trances. He truly was more confident, more carefree. I'd even go so far as to say he seemed *happier*. In that, my hypnotic manipulations were actually helping him – improving him.

"Don't tell Mom or Dad," I said, leaning in closer – conspiratorially. "But I actually kinda like the whole hypnosis thing. It's interesting and fun to do. It's gonna suck when your experiment is over and I won't get to do it any more."

No offers to hypnotise him. Nothing like that.

Like with Mom, I'd let Aaron think it was his idea when he asked me to continue hypnotising him. In his mind, it'd be a win-win for both of us. He'd get to be the best possible him, and I'd get to continue hypnotising someone.

He wasn't wrong.

In the end, everyone would be a winner.

He'd get his confidence and happiness, and an attractive woman to satisfy him in bed whenever he wanted. I'd get Dad. Dad would get a hott, young lover. And Mom, well, she'd be able to make her *precious* son happy in ways she'd never have dreamed of before.

Win-win, indeed.

When the final experiment arrived, I was confident in the little suggestions I'd left in each of their heads.

Mom, I'd already won over. Aaron would come to me any day now, offering to let my hypnotise him. And Dad, I didn't even need to worry about. He'd do *anything* for his little princess. Anything excluding naughty, sexual stuff. For now.

Aaron gave us each a slice of apple, had us describe the taste of it to him. As he jotted down everyone's thoughts, I glanced around the table at my family.

Mom, radiantly beautiful as ever, sat back-straight and nose-upturned. Wearing a typically modest dress, hair tied back in a red ribbon that matched her red lips. Already, the first seeds of her transformation had been planted. Ideas that'd fester and grow in the back of her mind.

Soon, she'd want nothing more than to be young again.

Sat next to her was Dad. Deep shadows under his eyes from a long day at work, though he still managed his usual charming smile. Handsome, amazingly so, with loving eyes and a relaxed, easy-going posture.

Then there was Aaron. Shy and nervous, skinny and meek.

He jacked off thinking about Mom. I was sure of it.

More than anyone else at the table other than me, my little brother had the most to gain from my plans.

When the time came, I began the process of hypnotic induction.

Words I'd long-since memorised flowed from my lips, a pattern of syllables that had the power to shut down a person's mind. Or, in this case, multiple minds at once. The words, once just letters on a computer screen, now felt like a prayer – something mystical, magical. A spell cast on my family, guiding them into helpless oblivion.

This was the last group trace. The last time I'd be able to hypnotise them all together.

From here on out, I'd have to be careful. Cunning.

"Family activities," I said, speaking to Mom and Dad and Aaron all together, "are fun. Nice. Spending time together, just the four of us, is amazing."

Seeds. Little ideas that'd grown into very naughty actions.

"Whenever we're together, everything feels right. Warm and happy and content. Sure, we might have disagreements and arguments every now and then, but those are minor. Irrelevant. When we spend time together, just us four, we can be ourselves – be happy."

When everything was said and done, when I was Mom and Mom was the daughter Diana, life at home would change considerably. I'd be wearing conservative clothes, Mom would be dressing like I did now. Everything would be *different*. Couldn't have someone else walking in and seeing *that* now, could we?

From now on, this house was only for the four of us. No guests, no prying eyes.

"When it's just us four, everything is amazing. Good. Pleasant and enjoyable. But, any more than that, and things get uncomfortable very quickly. Mom doesn't like it when her kids bring home friends, Aaron gets shy and anxious when people he's not familiar with are around. Any more than four is too much. But, when it's just us, everything is fine. Ideal."

Family activities. I was planting more than one seed right now.

If I was going to bring Mom and Aaron together, twist their minds and make them start fucking each other, that was something I wanted to witness first-hand. Hell, while Mom was taking her favourite child's cock, I might as well show her how to *really* satisfy a man with the help of her hunky husband.

The four of us, all having fun together.

Now that's what I'd call *family activities*.

"Youth is amazing," I said, eyes on my mother's face. "Being young is the best thing in the world, isn't it?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"If you could, you'd turn back the clock in a heartbeat. Make yourself young again and experience all the things you missed out on, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she answered again.

It hadn't taken much digging around in her subconscious to figure it all out. Mom, having been raised in a strict, no-nonsense household, hadn't enjoyed her youthful years very much. As far as I knew, Dad was the only man she'd ever had sex with. Her late teens had been filled with studies and learning, her early twenties robbed away by pregnancy.

In a way, I almost couldn't blame her for not being too fond of me. Getting knocked up, giving birth to me, had meant my mother hadn't ever gotten to experience and enjoy her twenties. Seeing me, the clothes I wore and the fun I liked to have, must've filled her with so much envy and regret.

But I could fix that. Fix everything.

I'd give Mom a taste of the youth she'd missed out on. And, in exchange, I'd take

care of *her* responsibilities. Namely Dad.

"What if I told you there was a way for you to be young again, to get those lost years back? Wouldn't that be amazing?"

"Yes," Mom sighed, a hint of longing in her otherwise emotionless voice.

"There is a way," I stated. "I *can* make you young again."

Mom didn't reply. She never did, unless I directly asked her a question. But, even so, I could almost feel the hope radiating from her otherwise limp form.

"All you have to do," I continued, "is listen to my words."

"Ugh," Diana groaned, glaring at the pile of clothes in front of her. "Why do *none* of these fit? Jeez."

We were in my bedroom – though in my mother's mind, this was her room right now. The pile of clothes on my bed – my clothes – were not like anything I'd ever seen Mom wearing before. Tank tops and short-shorts, v-neck t-shirts and miniskirts. Summer clothes for me, whorish attire in my Mom's eyes. What did 'Diana' think of them, I wondered.

My mother stood there, looking obviously annoyed and more than a little confused. I'd seen both expressions on her face before, but never while she was standing butt-naked in my bedroom. That part was new.

"I don't know, Di," I smiled at her. "You have grown a bit recently. I mean, just look at how big your boobs have gotten."

I nodded to my mother's chest, her very large breasts.

Diana looked down, stared at her own tits as if seeing them there for the first time. Her brow furrowed for a moment, unreadable thoughts flowing behind her beautiful green eyes.

"Y-yeah," she said after a long pause. "I guess..."

This was uncharted territory for me. Save for that first session with Dad, the failed kiss, I'd never done something like this before. Made actual, big alterations to someone's thought patterns and perceptions. Until now, it'd been little nudges and pokes. Nothing like *this*.

Mom thought she was nineteen. She believed I was Jenny, her best friend. Right now, in her mind, this was her bedroom and those where her clothes.

None of it fit her, of course. I'd need to fix that for next time.

But that was okay. This was just a test-run. A trail.

"So," I began, watching my mother carefully. "How are you feeling, Di?"

She rolled her eyes at me, turned and continued rummaging through my wardrobe for clothes.

Being ignored by my mind-altered Mom. Great.

Ordinarily, my mother would never have acted like that. Never outright ignored someone, especially when they were asking her a question. She'd be a bitch, tell you how stupid you were for asking such a silly question.

Yet, here she was, back turned from me without a care in the world.

Was this how she'd been back in the day, when she'd actually been nineteen? Was she acting like she used to back then? Or was this new? Was she acting how she thought a modern nineteen year-old was supposed to?

So many questions.

And yet, in that moment, no answers came to me. My mind too absorbed with this altered version of my mother, my eyes too occupied with the sight of her naked backside as she bent over in search of something to wear.

Suffice to say, my mother's body was as beautiful as the rest of her.

Two round, full butt-cheeks swayed in front of me. Flawless, firm pillows that looked oh-so spankable. I had no idea where or when my mother worked out, but she must do so daily to have an ass like that.

Her tits sagged a little, but that was to be expected with their size. Not perky, bouncy little funbags like mine. These were massive melons, swaying as Mom leaned forward – hanging pendulums that'd capture the gazes of anyone who came across them, male and female alike.

Aaron was in for a treat, definitely.

He'd probably be home soon, I had to remind myself. And, much as he might enjoy seeing Mom naked, it wouldn't be good for my plans to be caught in this situation. So, as interesting as it was seeing Mom as she was right now, it was time to cut my experiment short.

"Diana," I stated firmly. "Look at me."

My mother turned, raised an eyebrow at me.

*Seriously?* Her expression seemed to say. *You're my friend, not my mother. Don't talk to me like that.*

I couldn't help but smile as I raised my right hand.

When I snapped my fingers, Diana blinked.

"Empty," I spoke loudly, firmly.

Instantly, all emotion drained from her face.

Three states. Three stages. Each triggered by the snap of my fingers and a single word.

Mother: The normal one. The one who loved her son, resented her daughter. The mother of the family. The housewife.

Diana: The new one. Nineteen-years old and, from what little I'd seen, kinda bitchy. Also seemed to be totally fine with her 'friend' seeing her naked.

Empty: Neutral ground. A body devoid of personality. The transitional stage. The one I'd bring out between the other two. If Diana was wearing skimpy clothes, I couldn't just bring back Mom. She'd notice the clothes in a heartbeat, know I was up to something. And I couldn't exactly tell Diana to change into boring, grown-up clothes whenever I wanted to bring out Mom.

That third, hollow shell of a mental state, was perfect for getting my mother to change clothes or do simple tasks. Walk here, go there, follow me, do this. It couldn't do a lot, I couldn't order it to make dinner or anything like that. But, for now at least, it'd make swapping between the Mother and Diana states easier.

When the time came, there wouldn't be a need for it any more.

I'd remove every ounce of motherhood Diana had, lock away a lifetime of memories and forge new ones to fit her new place in the family.

I'd give her my life while I stole hers.

But, in order to do that, I needed everyone else in the house to go along with it. To believe exactly as my mother would. That Diana was my daughter, that Aaron was my son and that Dad was my husband. Before I could live my perfect life, I had to plant the same memories and stories and beliefs in the minds of all three.

And, in order to do that, I needed access to all three minds.

Mom's was mine already. Dad would be simple enough.

Aaron. That's where my focus would be next. Convincing my odd little brother to open his mind to me, give me access to his subconscious thoughts and the power to change them.

Seeds had been planted, ideas given and grown.

Now, all I had to do was seal the deal.

One down. Two to go.