

Role Reversal

Chapter 5

"You like being confident, don't you?"

Aaron's serene face twitched. He nodded his head as he answered.

"Yes."

"Not having to deal with your social anxiety is amazing, right?"

"Yes," Aaron repeated.

"Hypnosis helps with that. Takes away your anxieties and makes you feel free, confident, happy. Hypnosis is good for you, isn't it?"

"Yes," Aaron said.

"Hypnosis is good for you, yes?"

"Yes."

"Say it for me, Aaron."

"Hypnosis is good for me," Aaron mumbled softly.

I smiled at my little brother.

He'd been easier to win over than I'd been expecting.

In truth, I could simply have asked him out of the blue. Insisted that I hypnotise him, not even giving him a reason why. With how meek my brother was, a bit of pressure was all it'd take to make him buckle – let me do what I desired.

Still, I wanted *him* to make the decision. I wanted Aaron to come to me, asking for private hypnotic sessions.

Rather than pressuring him into it, allowing Aaron to make the choice himself (while being unaware of my nudging him in that direction) was the right way to do things. If he'd been pressured into it, his mind may have resisted me out of discomfort. Now, I had complete access.

Morning sessions, before school. And sessions with Mom in the evenings.

I had them both where I wanted them.

Now, I just needed to add Dad to the hypnotic roster. And, when all three were under my spell, I could begin embedding the new roles in their minds fully.

"Hypnosis, huh?" Dad said, gazing at me with thoughtful eyes. "And why, may I ask, do you need to hypnotise *me*?"

"Practice," I answered, feeling my heart pulse in my chest. "I know, it's an odd hobby. But I like it. Helping people. Ever since Aaron's experiment, I've been thinking... I want to become a therapist or psychologist or something. Helping people with their problems. And hypnosis is a part of that."

A lie, of course. Being a therapist sounded like a pain in the ass. Listening to other people bitch and complain about their problems all day? No thanks.

"Hypnotising your mother and brother daily isn't practice enough for you?" Dad smirked, eyes twinkling.

My heart skipped a beat.

How did he know?

Sure, Mom might have told him about her sessions. That made sense. But how did he know about Aaron's? I'd been certain my little brother would keep them an embarrassing secret.

"The more, the merrier," I said, thinking fast. "When it comes to hypnosis, variety is everything. You'll have different thought patterns and ideas and problems than Aaron does, and he'll have different things than Mom does. The more people I can hypnotise on the regular, the better I'll get at it."

Dad eyed me, face a mask.

This wasn't going to plan. In my head, this was supposed to be as simple as me asking him and him saying 'yes'. Of all my family members, Dad was supposed to be the *least* problematic.

"Being able to hypnotise you would help me a lot," I added quietly.

Dad stared at me for a long few moments, considering silently.

Finally, he spoke.

"I'll think about it."

Things on the Dad front weren't going to plan. Everything else, however, was moving forward smoothly.

Mom had grown totally comfortable with my hypnotising her every evening, actually looked forward to our sessions and how they made her feel – though she'd never admit it to me. Aaron was similarly satisfied with my hypnotic aid. The days that started out with a trance, I knew, were the ones where my brother actually managed to really enjoy himself at school.

He had new friends, an energetic air about him. He seemed happier, less trapped in his own little world.

There was no denying it. From an outside perspective, both Mom and Aaron were happier, better off, thanks to being hypnotised. It was only a matter of time before Dad, seeing the benefits of first hand, agreed to let me hypnotise him too.

As long as no-one knew what I was *really* up to, there was no reason for him to deny my 'harmless' request.

In the back of their minds, I was crafting a whole new history for Mom and Aaron. An entirely fabricated reality. One in which I was the family's mother and they were the children. A reality in which sex was as normal as breathing, where there were no taboos or forbidden relationships.

That last part was the most difficult.

Mom and Aaron had a lifetime of beliefs and social influences to overcome. Convincing their minds that incest was fine, a totally normal and acceptable act, was not easy. But, with infinite access to their subconscious minds, it was only a matter of time before I removed that barrier.

"Ugh!" Mom – Diana – groaned. "This is so *stupid*."

I rolled my eyes at her.

"Do we have to, Mom?" Aaron asked, turning to look at me. "I have things to do today."

The fact that he was telling the truth there still surprised me. For the first time in forever, my brother actually had plans to hang out with friends outside school. A shame he'd picked the wrong day to make those plans on.

"Yes," I stated firmly. "Today is family time."

He didn't look happy about it, but Aaron accepted my 'suggestion' that we – the three of us – spend some time together. A mother and her son and daughter. Confident and carefree as he was nowadays, he still had that ingrained obedience towards his mother figure.

Diana, on the other hand, was on the verge of throwing a tantrum.

Had she been this bratty when she was a teenager, or was this just how she thought teenagers nowadays were supposed to act? Either way, it was more than a little insulting. I was no-where near as annoying as Mom was acting, and yet I couldn't help but believe she was subconsciously modelling her attitudes around how she saw me – her young adult daughter.

Of course, I wasn't her daughter right now.

"Sit straight," I told my 'daughter'. "Terrible posture is bad for your health."

How many time had she used those exact same words on me?

Diana groaned again, sat up straight in her chair with resentment in her eyes.

I couldn't help but catch Aaron's glance in the corner of my eye. Quickly taking in the sight of his 'sister's' ample bust before his eyes darted away. No-doubt, he thought he was being subtle.

Between Mom and Aaron, it was no surprise that my little brother was far more accepting of incest than our mother was.

"So," I smiled, gaze drifting between the two. "Tell me about your day."

This was it. The reason I'd set this little gathering up. A small test, if you will. An experiment of my own.

Aaron eagerly opened up about his day. Talking to friends, going to classes, all that boring shit. There was a hint of annoyance in his voice as he mentioned the plans he'd made, but he didn't linger on it, instead began talking about upcoming exams.

Nothing unexpected there.

When I turned to Diana, she rolled her eyes dramatically.

Unlike Aaron, she hadn't gone to school. Well, not for a good twenty years, at least. She'd spent the entire day at home, doing housework and the like. So, how would she answer the question? How would her mind react to it?

The way I saw it, there were three options. First; her brain could go with the truth – talk about staying home from school and doing chores. Second; it could make up a fake day, or a school day from her memories, and roll with that. Or third; her brain wouldn't know how to react, freak out, and shatter the hypnotic programming she was currently subject to.

That last option was, by far, the most worrying.

But this was something I needed to know.

If I was going to give my family entirely new lives, I needed to know how their minds would react to holes in their memories. Would they fill in the gaps themselves, or was I going to have to find a way to work around it?

My mother was silent for a long moment, sitting there in a loose t-shirt and sweat-pants. The type of clothes she'd *never* wear as her adult self. Diana, though, was more than happy to dress comfortably.

Finally, she spoke.

"I dunno," she said, sounding entirely disinterested. "I hung out with friends. Went to school. Same shit as always. Why the fuck do you care anyway?"

"Language!" I scolded loudly, genuinely shocked at my mother's cussing.

I don't think I'd ever heard her curse before.

Diana rolled her eyes again, crossed her arms over her chest and turned her gaze away – looking simultaneously annoyed and bored.

So far, so good.

"Right now, you are Diana," I spoke gently. "Not a mother. Not a married woman. You are nineteen. A daughter and a sister. You are Diana, young and healthy and happy."

My mother's face was serene. A stranger looking in might think she was asleep, having a nice dream.

"Do you know who I am, Diana?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"Who am I?"

"Mom," my mother answered.

"That's right. I'm Mom. I'm your mother. Jenny. And you are Diana, my daughter. Aaron's sister. Nineteen. You are young and happy. You are Diana."

Reinforcement. A fancy word for 'lots of repetition to make an idea stick'.

"Your brother is very clever," I said, watching my mother's face closely. "He's not

very social, but he is clever. The genius of the family. That's why me and your father decided to allow him to go to school. So he'd be able to learn everything we can't teach him. Homeschooling Aaron would be a waste of his brain."

Not the best reasoning ever, but hopefully Mom's hypnotised mind wouldn't overthink it.

"You're not that clever," I stated simply. "Not like Aaron. You're not stupid, but you're no genius either. That's why your father and I decided that you should be homeschooled."

When I made the alterations permanent, forced everyone to live their new lives and roles, there'd be a few minor problems. Inconsistencies. Mom could hardly take my place at school. And having Aaron drop out would be unfair to him. So I needed a reason for Mom to stay home while Aaron went to school, an excuse for their minds to work with.

Sure, I could have gone with something more simple. Made it so that Diana believed she was a drop-out or that she'd been expelled or something. But I didn't want this young-minded version of my mother to start believing she was a delinquent.

Controlling the bratty bitch would be hassle enough, no need to add a sense of rebelliousness to the mix.

If I could convince my mother that she was lacking in intelligence though, it'd make my life easier. The dumber Diana turned out to be, the easier it'd be to manipulate and control her.

So Aaron had an excuse to go to school, while Mom would stay in the house being 'homeschooled'.

When Dad was home, everything was normal. Mom was her usual uppity self, Aaron was a mostly shy guy locked away in his bedroom, and Dad himself was none the wiser to what was *really* going on under his roof.

When he was at work, though, things were *very* different.

"That's fucking gross," Diana mumbled, grimacing at her 'brother'.

"Language!" I barked for the tenth time that day.

"Why're you shouting at *me* for?! He's the one being a perv!"

Mom pointed at Aaron's crotch, glaring daggers.

Sure enough, there it was. A noticeable bulge underneath the fabric of his trousers.

Aaron blushed a bright red, shifted uncomfortably.

"Stop being so over-dramatic," I sighed. "Your brother has a penis and sometimes it gets hard. There's nothing 'gross' about that. It's completely normal and natural. If you don't like seeing it, stop dressing like a slut and maybe your brother will start getting less boners around the house."

Diana turned her glare on me, huffed angrily, then looked away.

God, it felt good to bitch at my mother.

After all those years of her treating me like crap while worshipping the ground Aaron walked on, finally being able to do the same to her felt so, so good.

And, given what Mom was wearing, I couldn't blame my little brother for his body's reaction.

A tank top that clung so tightly to her torso that it looked downright painful to wear. The black fabric was so stretched and strained, it left literally nothing to the imagination. The outlines of her areola were plain as day, nipples cast perfectly in the cloth. Tit-flesh spilled out of the tank-top, threatening to tear apart the too-small top at any moment.

Clearly, she'd decided to go braless today. And, judging from the visible camel-toe, whatever undies – if any – Mom was wearing underneath her tight yoga-pants were far from the modest, boring ones that filled the master bedroom drawers.

Aaron stared at Diana's body with undisguised desire, even reached down to rub his boner over his trousers.

Like I said, my little brother was more than happy to accept my 'incest is fine'

suggestions and hypnotic programming. If Mom had been game for it, no doubt Aaron would have mounted her there and then – not caring one bit that me, his darling mother, was there to watch the show.

Mom, unfortunately, was still resistant to the whole incest thing.

Still, I had a few ideas that might change that.

Mom's incest reluctance was two-fold.

The first issue was the obvious. Even with all the programming I'd given her, Mom still had a lifetime's worth of knowledge, expectations, moralities, and the like. Years and years, decades, of believing that incest was wrong. It'd take more than a few trances and me telling her it was 'fine' or 'okay' to erode away that life-long belief.

The second, lesser, problem was logical consistency. Why would 'Diana' want to have sex with her brother? Why him, and not some other guy – a random stranger? She had a sexy body, could get most any guy she wanted to fuck her. Why settle for her nerdy brother?

Of the two, the second would be easiest to solve.

It was the first that I needed to work on.

Thankfully, I had allies in unexpected places. The bible, a whole slew of human history, ancient myths, even TV shows and films. Between sons sticking it to their mothers in holy books, brothers and sisters getting it on in history books, and forbidden romances in modern-day, mainstream fantasy settings, the world was full of precedents and justifications for incest.

How could it be so wrong when gods commanded it and divine royal families practised it?

Genetic Sexual Attraction.

When family members find their close-blooded kin sexually appealing. A psychological phenomenon which, in my mother's dulled mind, could be used to explain away the thoughts and desires I was slowly feeding her.

I had time on my side. And more than enough motivation.

I'd make Mom spread her legs for Aaron. And, when she did, I'd make sure she loved every single second of it.

And, when the time came, I'd do the exact same with Dad.

Things were progressing smoothly.

Whenever Dad wasn't home, I'd make the switch. Snap my fingers and say the magic word, sending Mom and Aaron to change clothes. Then another snap and a second word, and there they were. My *son* and *daughter*.

Aaron, obviously, acted mostly the same as always. Save for being a lot more pervy, creeping on his 'sister', he was his usual shy and awkward self.

Mom, on the other hand, was a completely different person.

More and more, she was accepting of Aaron's behaviours. No longer was she shouting at him for looking at her, complaining that he was being gross. If anything, it seemed like she was dressing even more provocatively – revelling in the looks he gave her.

She was close. A few more days, and that last wall would break.

Words can not describe how much I wanted to be there when Aaron lost his virginity to our mother. I'd even come up with a wicked little plan to ensure I got a front-row seat to the action.

All that remained was Dad. The last hurdle.

I still needed hypnosis sessions with him, if I was going to make my dreams come true.

And I hadn't come this far, done all that I had, just to let my dreams pass me by

because Dad wasn't sure if he wanted to help me with my 'hobby'.

I made an excuse for Mom and Aaron to leave the house one evening. Made sure they were out when Dad arrived home, weary and tired after a long day at work. I gave him some nice food to eat, told him to put his feet up and relax.

For the next hour or two, we chatted while watching TV.

He asked about school, my life, what I'd been up to lately. I told him what he wanted to hear – that everything was fine, that school was looking good, that my life was going well. I didn't even have to lie – just withhold some information here and there.

“Dad,” I said as the evening began to wear on. “About the thing I asked you before. My hobby...”

Hypnosis. I didn't say the word, but he knew exactly what I meant.

“Yes? What about it?” Dad raised an eyebrow.

“I was wondering,” I tried to sound as cute and girly as I could. Dad was always more likely to cave when he saw me as his innocent little girl. “If you've thought about it and made a decision yet.”

He was silent for a long moment, gazing at my face with those dreamy eyes.

“You're really into it, aren't you?” He spoke softly. “I figured you'd have gotten bored with it and moved on to something else by now.”

It was my turn to remain silent now. Waiting hopefully.

Finally, Dad spoke again.

“Fine, fine,” he said with a sigh. “You can hypnotise me again. Just please, don't give me a headache this time around.”