

Role Reversal

Chapter 6

"Age is easy to look past," I told my tranced father. "Some people look younger than they are, others look older than their actual age. It's impossible to accurately judge a person's age from their appearance. Do you agree?"

"Yes," he replied with an emotionless tone. "I agree."

"Women especially, you can't tell the true age of. Between make-up and diets and beauty routines, not to mention genetics and all that stuff, it's impossible to tell a woman's real age from their appearance. Some women look considerably younger than their actual age, while others appear far more mature than their years."

Dad was, I knew, a naturally observant guy.

If left to his own thoughts, no-doubt his mind would begin to question why his 'wife' looked so young while our 'daughter' appeared to be a middle-aged – if youthful – woman. Questions like that would cause his mind to look for answers and, in doing so, might risk breaking the hypnotic programming.

I needed him to ignore any inconsistencies he saw. Give his mind excuses to explain away the oddities he witnessed.

So what if his 'wife' looked young enough to be his daughter? Some women were just naturally gifted, never seeming to age. And so what if his 'daughter' looked a little older than she was supposed to? Nothing overly unusual about that.

When I made the final switch, Dad would look at me and see me as his wife and lover – not a doubt in his mind that we belong together.

That was still a little ways off, of course.

I still needed to remove the social taboos of incest from his mind, trick his brain into being totally fine with fucking his own daughter. Even if he wasn't aware of that fact on a conscious level, his subconscious knew the truth. The deepest parts of his mind knew who I was, would always know the truth.

But that was fine.

Changing Dad's mind on incest should be simple enough. I did, after all, have practice in that department.

Tweaks and nudges. A guiding hand, leading her mind to a comfortable ideal.

With Diana, I'd come to a decision.

She believed she was nineteen. My age, basically. And that was a good start. But young adult women were rebellious and unlikely to listen to their mothers – trust *me* to know. And, if I was going to keep control of my mind-warped mother, I needed her to not be rebellious. I needed her to be docile. Or, at the very least, obedient towards me.

So I turned back the clock in her mind a little.

Aaron and Dad would still see her as nineteen years old. And she'd still think she was nineteen. But, mentally, she'd act and behave like she was a little younger. She'd be more naive, more obedient, perhaps a little brattier, but definitely more manageable.

Not too child-like, obviously. Just enough that I could be sure she wouldn't try sneaking out at night or something stupid like that.

Her place was at home and no-where else.

The first time I brought out this newer version of Diana, it was just me and her. I asked her a bunch of questions, made sure the new persona was solid. Then I'd ordered her to clean 'her' bedroom. She'd thrown a tantrum, huffed and puffed and, when I'd threatened to ground her, moaned and complained as she cleaned my room for me.

The second time, I made sure Aaron was there too. I'd updated his hypnotised mind about this new Diana beforehand, but it was still good to test the waters before taking my grand plan to its next great step. The two of them played video games together while I

watched on silently.

And the third time I brought the new Diana out? Well, *that* was one particularly fun and memorable day, to say the least.

"But *Mom*," Diana complained loudly, stretching out the word in a high-pitched whine. "I don't *wanna* take a bath."

"Diana," I stated firmly. "It's bath time, and that means you're going in the bath. You don't have a say."

My mother groaned loudly and dramatically, threw her arms up into the air in annoyance and slumped back on the sofa. In the too-tight, girly pyjamas I'd made her wear, she actually almost looked the nineteen year-old she believed she was.

"You too, Aaron," I said, turning my gaze onto my 'son'. "You're taking a bath with your sister. Go fetch some clean clothes to wear."

Aaron's face paled. He glanced over at Diana, eyes quickly trailing over her pyjama-clad body.

"You- you want us to take a bath together?" He said, disbelieving.

I smiled. I couldn't help myself.

"Yes," I said firmly. "It's the best way to save on the water bills, and you two used to take baths together all the time when you were younger. Now hurry up. Don't want to water to get cold, do you?"

I'd prepared their minds for this beforehand. In truth, I'd been preparing them for this quite a while. Reaching their minds for what happened next.

Incest was fine. Seeing your sibling naked, taking a bath or shower with them, being watched by your mother; all of it was completely normal and natural. They were there to clean themselves and each other, and I was there to make sure they did it properly.

The bathroom wasn't particularly large. The bath was barely big enough for two people to share.

I sat down on the toilet lid, smiled at my mother and brother.

"Well, what're you waiting for?"

Diana glanced at Aaron, rolled her eyes. And, right in front of him, began stripping her pyjamas off.

Button after button of her pyjama top came undone, more and more skin appearing with each one. Collarbone, chest, cleavage. No bra, nothing to hold her mountainous breasts down. As Diana unbuttoned down past her belly button, she glanced over at Aaron. A pink blush appeared on her cheeks.

When the last button was undone, she turned her head away from her 'brother'. Her pyjama top slipped slowly off her shoulders, fabric pulled down to the bathroom floor by gravity. And there, in full view, were Diana's huge breasts.

Bigger than mine, easily. True melons, the kind that guys seem to love so much. And, judging from my brother's open-mouthed amazement and the strained bulge under his jeans, Aaron was certainly a fan of our mother's rack. They hung from her chest, sagging somewhat – tits that size, with that weight, were no-more resistant to gravity than anything else was. Still, for her age, they – her whole body, really - looked amazing.

Maybe she was on to something with all those stupid health supplements.

Staring pointedly away from her 'brother', Diana hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her pyjama trousers, began tugging them down her legs. She had to lean over as she did, tits hanging down beneath her.

Part of me wanted to pull out my camera and record this. All of what was about to happen. But I resisted the urge. I hadn't prepped either of their minds for me recording them, though doing so next time shouldn't be too difficult. It was, after all, a parent's job to take photos and videos of their children growing up.

When the pyjama trousers were fully removed, tossed aside, all Diana was left wearing were a single pair of panties.

An oddly innocent pair, given how naturally slutty my mother's body was. Sky-blue panties with a tiny kitty-face printed on the front. Soon enough, that too, had been removed and discarded.

Diana crossed her arms over her chest, turned her gaze on her brother for the first time. The look in her eyes was easy to read.

'Your turn.'

My brother blushed, that shy awkwardness inside him flaring momentarily. But this was the new Aaron, the confident and eager Aaron that I'd created out of my shy, awkward brother's mind. His blush faded as quickly as it'd appeared and, grinning, he quickly began to tug his clothes off.

T-shirt pulled over his head in a split-second, tossed aside without a second thought. A millisecond later, he was kicking his jeans away and yanking down his strained boxers.

Seriously, I've never seen a guy undress that quickly before.

He stood, hands on his hips, hard cock pointed directly at Diana. A confident smirk lined his lips, his eyes bright.

And, well, he had every reason to be confident.

If Dad was anywhere near as big as his son, then boy was I in for some intense nights ahead of me.

To call it 'big' would have been an understatement.

Mom's mouth dropped open at the sight of it, eyes wide.

"What're you waiting for?" I managed to say after my shock had subsided a little. "The water's getting cold."

Diana blushed, looked away.

"This is so stupid," she said under her breath as she moved to climb into the bathtub.

Aaron, of course, stared at her as she did.

Within a minute, the two of them sat facing each other in the bathtub. The clear water hid nothing. No soapy bubble-bath today. Just mother and son bathing together. Or, at least, mother bathing while son watched and rhythmically 'cleaned' his cock.

"See? Isn't this nice?" I said from my porcelain throne. "Spending time together as a family. We should do it more often."

Diana mumbled something under her breath, red-faced.

Aaron nodded his head enthusiastically, eyes never leaving Diana's body.

"I know," I continued with a smile. "Why don't you two help wash each other? Some places are harder to clean properly when you're doing it yourself. Having a helping hand is always nice."

Mom's eyes shot to me, wide and uncertain.

"It can't be easy cleaning those big breasts of yours all by yourself, Diana. Aaron, why don't you help your sister wash her breasts?"

A disbelieving moment, a heartbeat in which everything was frozen.

Then Aaron lunged forward, grinning wildly.

Water splashed, droplets flying through the air. Aaron's hands shot for Mom's breasts, grasped them with carefree abandon before she could even attempt to protest. She let out a loud gasp, almost a grunt, glanced over at me shocked.

"Be gentle now," I said loudly. "You don't want to hurt your sister, do you?"

Aaron flinched at my words, fingers buried in our mother's tits. Slowly, his hands began to move – softer now, massaging the huge melons with tender care.

"Mom," Diana said, voice strained and uncertain. "I don't-"

"Hush now, Diana," I interrupted. "Let your brother help you clean."

And 'help', he most certainly did.

Rubbing gently, reverently. His eyes were locked onto the fleshy melons, mind fully occupied with the task at hand. He trailed his fingers over her skin, lowered his hands and hefted a breast in each palm. He squeezed, rubbed, massaged. And, as he did so, Mom's nipples began to harden. The discomfort on her face slowly evaporated, replaced with a lip-parted, hazy-eyed, silent satisfaction.

I was staring at my brother teasing and touching our mother.

The thought came from no-where, a simple truth that filled me with joy. Victory. If I could do this, I could do anything. I could make Dad mine. Truly and completely.

"I think Diana's breasts are plenty clean now," I told Aaron after watching the show for a little while. "Be a good brother and help clean your sister's privates."

Have you ever seen a kid's face on Christmas Day, the moment their little eyes fall upon a pile of presents meant just for them? Pure joy, uncontrollable excitement, a twinkle in their eye as everything they've ever wanted is presented before them, and all they have to do is reach out and take it.

That look – unrivalled happiness – was how Aaron reacted to my words.

Our mother? She seemed not to have heard me. Her eyes were closed now, shoulders slumped in relaxation as she leaned backwards – allowing Aaron to have his way with her without a hint of resistance.

Aaron's hand slid under the water, distorted slightly by the small waves flowing in the bathtub.

Mom gasped. Let out a long, soft sigh.

Her legs spread open a little wider – consciously or unconsciously, I didn't know – giving her son full access to her crotch.

His fingers, impossible to see from where I sat, found their way to our mother's pussy. And, judging from her reaction, Aaron had gone right for her opening.

Soft sighs and gentle whines.

"Make sure you clean her thoroughly," I said – though I doubted either of my 'children' were listening to me any more. "Get in there as deep as you can."

Waves in the bathwater began to flow a little faster, rise a little higher.

And, after a while, for the first time in my life, I heard the sound my mother made when she orgasmed.

"Is it supposed to be this big?"

Mom's voice was soft, girlish and shy.

"Yes," I answered with a nod. "The more a boy wants to have sex with you, the bigger and harder his cock gets."

Aaron had a monster between his legs, might as well embrace that surprising truth.

"The fact it's that big," I went on. "Means that Aaron must want to fuck you *real* bad."

Aaron grunted, didn't deny my statement.

Diana's hands moved along the cock's length, gripping it softly, rubbing it gently. She, under my instruction, was 'cleaning' her brother much as he'd done with her. Massaging his long, girthy shaft with both hands – eyes wide.

"That's gross," Diana replied. But she sounded far from disgusted. No, if anything, she was excited – aroused.

As far as she was aware, she was touching a boy's cock for the first time ever. And what a cock it was. Big, beautiful. Intimidating.

Even I couldn't help but find myself aroused at the sight of it, the question in the back of my mind fuelling my libido.

Was Dad just as huge?

Was he *bigger*?

My thighs trembled at the thought.

"Make sure you wash around the head," I instructed Diana. "Gotta make sure it's totally clean by the time you're done."

I closed my eyes, imagined Dad.

Broad shoulders and bulky, not the skinny stick that Aaron was. A man, strong and handsome and charming.

Soon...

"Open your mouth," I found myself saying – eyes snapping open. "Use your saliva to help wash your brother's cock."

Risky. Really risky, actually.

I hadn't prepared either of their minds for oral sex. Touching and teasing, sure. Petting and lightly sexual stuff under the guise of personal hygiene, yes. But not full-blown oral sex. Having Mom suck Aaron off here and now, it wasn't in the plan.

My words quite easily could have shattered the illusion for Mom. Aaron, I was certain, wouldn't snap out of his programming. Mom giving him head was probably a dream come true for my little brother. But Mom? Even with the nudging and reprogramming I'd given her, I didn't know how she'd react to my command.

I stared at her, heart pounding.

She blinked, never taking her eyes off Aaron's cock.

Behind her eyes, I could see her mind working. Unreadable thoughts churning.

Was her mind rejecting my order? Was she about to snap back to her true self, realise what was going on? Had I accidentally fucked everything up?

My answer came a second later.

Mom opened her mouth, leaned forward.

Her lips wrapped around the tip of her son's cock, mouth spreading wide open to accommodate his girth.

Aaron and I both let out a sigh of relief at the same time.

As I relaxed, my brother tensed. And our mother got to work.

"So how was your day, honey?" I asked, smiling over at Dad.

He shrugged, a half-smile on his face.

"Same old, same old."

"And you kids," I turned my gaze on Diana and Aaron. "How were your days?"

Aaron, confident and eager, told everyone about his time at school and how well he was doing. Making friends, passing tests, enjoying his life in a way he never had before. Thanks to me and my hypnotic guidance, my little brother was, undoubtedly, living his best life right now.

At school, he was at the top when it came to his studies. With his friends, he was the charismatic and confident heart of his social group. And at home, he had a healthy relationship with his family and a special, loving relationship with his sister.

I hadn't made them fuck yet.

Until I got that win for myself, it didn't seem fair to let Mom and Aaron enjoy each other in that way.

But, almost every day, I nudged them that little bit closer. A handjob here, a blowjob there, finger-fucking and cunnilingus and titty-fucks, long make-out sessions and even a rimjob once. Mom and Aaron were growing intimately familiar with each others' bodies.

All that remained was Dad.

His mind, thanks to my daily hypnotic trances, was far more open and understanding than before. Way more open-minded when it came to incestuous relations and close family ties.

He was ready. I could feel it.

Every day for the last week, I'd snapped my fingers and made him see me as his wife. Every night before bed, heart filled with regret and longing, I snapped my fingers

again and allowed him to share his bed with Mom.

Not tonight.

Tonight, it'd be me sharing Dad's bed.

And soon, so soon I could taste it, the time would arrive at last. The reversal.

Me and Mom would switch places permanently.

It all started tonight.

The first day of the rest of my new life as a wife and mother.