

Role Reversal

Chapter 7

Heat filled the air as I led my father to the master bedroom.

In his mind, this was nothing new. He believed we'd done this countless times before, that we'd had two children together. This, for Dad, was going to be just another night that he fucked his wife.

The reality, though, was a little different from what he thought.

Tonight was the night he fucked his daughter for the first time. In just a few minutes, all my dreams and desires would become a reality. Finally, after all my work, all my sessions with Mom and Aaron and Dad himself, finally I was going to make love with the ideal man.

We slipped inside the mater bedroom – me giggling softly, him smiling wide. His hands roamed my body, groped at my firm ass and petite breasts. His lips found their way to my neck as he pressed my back against a wall.

"Someone's excited," he whispered into my ear.

His hand reached down between my legs, slid under the conservative skirt I was wearing.

"Very excited," Dad chuckled.

"I need you to fuck me," I gasped, closing my eyes. Dad was touching me *there*. My father was actually rubbing my pussy. "Please. I need it."

And I did. I *needed* him inside me. My entire body ached for it.

"You can do better than that," Dad smirked, pinching my clit between a finger and thumb. "Beg for it, slut."

My body trembled, shuddered.

I knew nothing about Mom and Dad's sex life. Had no idea about any of his kinks. Was this one of them? Did he want me to beg for his cock, to worship it and dedicate myself to it?

The idea sent a wave of excitement through me.

Whatever my Daddy wanted, I'd do for him.

"Please," I whined, my own hands reaching for the too-huge bulge in my father's pants. "Please fuck me. Use me. Have me. Please ravish me, Da- Dear."

Oops. Almost slipped up there.

My father froze, fingers stopping dead between my legs. He took a step back, stared hard at my face.

"Say it," he commanded, eyes hot.

My heart raced in my chest, a hint of panic rising under the overwhelming arousal.

"I don't-" I tried to say, but Dad stopped me.

His hand reached out, took hold of my chin. His thumb hovered over my throat and his eyes bore into me.

"Say *it*," he repeated firmly.

"D- Daddy," I gasped, trembling.

My father's lips curled into a satisfied smile.

"Good girl."

Relief washed over me at those two words. Warmth spread through my body. Was this something he and Mom did? Roleplay as Daddy and Daughter? Was my father, on some level, actually aroused and excited by the taboo of fucking his own daughter?

I didn't have time to ponder the thought.

Dad leaned in, kissed me. His body towered over mine, wide shoulders and strong muscles engulfing my slender, petite frame.

As his lips met mine, electricity jolted through me. Fire at where our lips met, where our tongues mingled. Static tingling between my legs. Pleasure in the moment, and

anticipation at what came next.

Dad held me in place, kissed me with raw, unrelenting passion.

By the time he broke away from me, I was breathless. Panting softly, unable to think. My mind was blank, eyes hazy. I looked up at the man of my dreams, my face flushed, and whispered the words I'd always wished I could.

"Please fuck me, Daddy."

I rode him like my life depended on it.

Bouncing up and down as hard and fast as my body would allow me, eyes closed and mind focused on nothing but the sensation of being utterly filled. I'd had things inside me before, toys and boys and the like. I'd had sex, been fucked. But this? This was different.

I had no control of myself, my pleasure. More like, it controlled me. Dad was so huge, so hard, I could barely comprehend it. How was it possible that he was able to fit that monster inside me?

His cock was ravishing me. Splitting me open and stretching me wide.

I could barely think, my mind consumed with the pleasure and heat of the moment. I felt like an animal mating, a bitch in heat being pounded and abused – and loving every second of it. My insides put up some little resistance against my father's onslaught, squeezing him tightly and making it slightly more difficult for him to thrust inside me. But Dad wasn't slowed. If anything, my tightness made him fuck me harder, faster.

After tonight, I doubted I'd be able to walk in a straight line tomorrow – if I could even stand up at all.

"Oh Jesus," I gasped between thrusts, eyes rolling back in their sockets. "Oh *fuck!*"

Dad grunted, pawed at my breasts.

The intensity in his eyes, the heat and desire, was overwhelming.

"Daddy," I moaned, swaying my hips, enjoying the sensation on his huge meat filling my insides. "More, Daddy. Fuck me more."

Even though I was on top of him, even though I'd been the one to start this, it was Dad who was in control. Him who led, fucked, used and toyed. I was just along for the ride. A tight cunt to satisfy his cock's appetite.

This was my Dad when it came to sex.

He was the master of his bedroom.

And I was more than happy to let that remain the same.

I walked alongside Diana, watched her as her eyes roamed over the rows and rows of clothes.

To anyone else in the shop, we'd look like an odd pairing. A mother and daughter, only the daughter was dressed modestly and conservatively while the mother wore a mini-skirt and tube-top. I'd get a few raised eyebrows, sure, but Mom was the one who was getting most of the attention.

Not every day you see a woman dressed like a cheap hooker being escorted around by a modest woman half her age.

See, I could pull off the tube-top look. On me, one of those looked perfectly fine – my smaller, perkier breasts looked great in a tube-top. My mother's huge jugs on the other hand? Well, to say it looked slutty would be understating it quite a bit.

The funny thing was, even though we were in a clothes shop and I could buy my 'daughter' something more fitting for her to wear, she'd just turn me down. If I tried to make her wear something different, she'd complain and moan like a brat about how I didn't 'understand fashion' and that I didn't know what clothes were 'in' right now.

So instead of buying her something less whorish to wear, I led Diana to the underwear and lingerie section of the shop.

I wanted to spoil myself, and give *my* husband something nice to look at tonight. And, not just that, I needed to find something cute for Diana to wear for Aaron, too.

Today was the day Aaron took Diana's virginity.

In a manner of speaking, at least.

As soon as we got home from this shopping trip, my *children* would finally get a taste of the joys I'd been experiencing at night with Dad.

"Well?" I asked as Diana browsed the shelves. "See anything you like?"

Diana entered the room wearing something between a bodysuit and a ribbon. Bright red cloth wrapped around her body, concealing her nipples and crotch and not much else. A single length of fabric encircling Diana's body, held together only by a large, bulging bow at the front.

Save for the ribbon, she wore nothing but a faint layer of make-up.

My mother was a present, a gift to be unwrapped and opened by her son. Her tits bulged outwards, waiting to be revealed. Moisture on her upper thighs told everything about her level of arousal.

To think, this was the same woman who, just a few months ago, never so much as wore a v-neck shirt – never showed even a hint of cleavage.

And now, she was about to fuck her own son.

Aaron sat on his bed, eyes roaming Diana's body hungrily. He was naked, cock hard and ready.

And me? I sat to one side, phone in hand, recording everything.

"What're you waiting for Diana?" I asked when my daughter didn't move from the doorway. "Your brother is waiting."

Diana huffed, glanced away.

"This is dumb," she mumbled, bratty rebelliousness filling her voice as it usually did. "I already *know* how babies are made. I don't need to *practice* it."

"Of course you do," I said, rolling my eyes. This piece of hypnotic suggestion had been easy to plant, and it wasn't like Diana didn't want to have sex – the wetness between her legs was evidence enough of that. She was just being difficult for the sake of being difficult. Acting like a child, as usual. "One day, you're gonna want to be a Mommy, so you need to learn and practice how to do it."

"No," Diana said with certainty. "I'm *never* going to have kids. This whole thing is *stupid*."

"Never say never," I smiled.

Diana huffed, refused to look at me.

"No more complaining. Climb into bed with your brother, Diana. Or would you rather clean the dishes instead?"

Very soon into the show, Diana's uncertainty disappeared.

A lifetime's worth of womanly experience took over her body as she held onto Aaron, riding his cock from underneath him. She might think and believe she was a virgin, but her actions were that of a woman who knew *exactly* what she was doing.

What'd started as her motionlessly taking Aaron's cock while he experienced pussy for the first time rapidly morphed into her taking charge, leading and guiding her brother to a quick orgasm.

Aaron grunted atop her, collapsed down onto her full, huge breasts.

Diana panted softly, whined in disappointment.

She wanted more. And I didn't blame her. That'd lasted all of five minutes – if that. But, to be fair to Aaron, it was his first time. And, soon enough, he was hard again and ready for a second round.

"That's it," I said as Aaron entered Diana again. "Nice and slow. You don't want to go

all out right away. Ease into it.”

Diana's legs wrapped around Aaron's lower back, holding him in place as his cock sank inside her. A soft, satisfied moan escaped her lips. Their two bodies mingled together, pressed against each other. Sister and brother, enjoying each other intimately.

It made me smile to see, brought me both amusement and a sensation of victory. The two of them fucking each other was *perfect*.

How many times had Mom played favourites? Chosen my brother over me? Too many, that was for sure. In her eyes, he could do nothing wrong. He was her little prince, her pride and joy. And now he was inside her, fucking her slowly and sensually. He was her favourite, and now she'd be able to make him happy in a whole new way.

“Make sure you suck on her nipples,” I told Aaron. “Nibble and bite on them too, if you want. But not too hard. And reach between her legs with one of your hands, play with her clitoris. You're doing great, honey.”

Since Mom had liked to play favourites, so should I. Aaron would be my brilliant, perfect son. And Diana would be the disappointment. Just like Mom had treated me, I'd treat her.

“Diana,” I spoke a little more harshly for her. “You're not moving enough. Don't be lazy, help your brother feel good. Wiggle your hips a bit more. How is your brother supposed to know what he's doing right or wrong if you don't let him know?”

Before long, Diana was on hands and knees, Aaron behind her.

Her face was flushed, body coated in a thin layer of sweat. As Aaron thrust into her, she moaned and gasped and grunted. Her tits pressed into the mattress beneath her, ass in the air and face down on a pillow.

Aaron, of course, was grinning like an idiot. Panting softly as he drilled his sister's cunt.

I leaned back, relaxed, as I stared at their two tired bodies.

Aaron, so similar to Dad, yet so different. Thinner and less muscled, less ruggedly handsome and more boyish. In a few years, he'd be a real hunk – provided he hit the gym. Aaron looked exactly like a younger version of Dad. And, who knew, maybe some day I'd try him out in bed myself – compare father and son to one another.

And Diana. Beautiful as ever, even with her face twisted in pleased oblivion. Flowing hair and a lean, athletic body. A chest that'd draw the eye and an ass so round and firm that my little brother could spank it for days and never get bored. A woman's body with the mind of a hormone-addled, sex-crazed teenager.

My children were going to be having a *lot* of fun.

My family was all seated around the dining table, minds empty save for the words I'd planted in them. Hypnotised deeply, thoughts and feelings long-gone. They were drones, my little puppets. My husband and son and daughter.

“Your old lives are gone,” I told them. “A dream. They were never real. Not even worth remembering. All that matters is the now and the future. Our future together, as a family. Father and mother and son and daughter. The four of us. Aaron, Diana, I am your mother – the only mother you've ever known. I am the wife, the lover. I am the mother, the carer and guide. This is how it's always been, and this is how it will always be from now on.”

This was it, the final switch. The summation of everything I'd done.

I'd still trance them often. Maybe not daily, but at least once a week – just to reinforce old commands and perhaps implant some new ones.

But, after today, I'd never be Jenny the daughter and sister again. Ever.

There was no going back at this point, no undoing anything.

Not that there was anything I *wanted* to undo.

My life, right now, was amazing. Perfect. More than I could ever have hoped for. I

shared a bed with Dad, fucked him every night. I was even beginning to get used to his cock, massive as it was. It still just about destroyed me whenever we had sex, but it was destruction in the best possible way.

Dad was happier. Aaron was happier. Mom was happier.

Everything was perfect.

"This is the only life you've ever known," I told my family. "And it's great. Amazing. Why would anyone want anything different? There's no need to question it. There's nothing to question. I am your mother. I am your wife. That's all there is to it."

My eyes searched the faces before me, taking in their serene relaxation. Mom's face was blank, content. As was Aaron's. Dad was the same, save for a tiny curl of his lips – an echo of a smile. Nothing new there. Dad was *a/ways* smiling these days.

I gave him plenty of reason to.

"Sure you don't want another quick round before you go?" I asked, putting on my most sultry, seductive tone.

My husband grimaced.

"I want to," he said, genuine longing in his voice. "But I'm gonna be late as it is."

He glanced at my naked body, leering eyes taking in the sight of his own hand-prints visible on my breasts and thighs. A used condom was discarded on the floor, right next to a pair of kinky handcuffs. The way he stared at me, eyes hungry, I thought he might decide to stay – forget about work for a little while longer.

He sighed, shook his head.

"That schoolgirl outfit," he said, turning away from me and reaching for the car keys on the night-stand. "The one you wore the other night. Have that on when I get home later."

I blushed, felt a tingle run through me.

"What if the kids see?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"Let them look," my husband smirked. He turned back to me, leaned over the bed and gave me a lingering, deep kiss. Then, with a strut in his step, he left the bedroom. Off to go be the breadwinner.

I remained in bed for a few minutes, relaxing in the afterglow of a wonderful orgasm. Morning quickies before hubby had to work were always fun. But, eventually, I forced myself out of bed. Time to go be a mother again. I walked to Aaron's room, wearing only a silk robe, and let myself in.

"Time to get up, you two," I spoke loudly, eyes on two sleeping forms on my son's bed. "Aaron, you have school soon. And Diana, your housewife practice won't do itself. Come on. Chop chop."

From there, the day went as it usually did.

Aaron left for school, grinning confidently – so much like his father now. And Diana stayed home to do the housework – practising for being a housewife, a day that'd never come.

And me? I spent the day relaxing. Going out, meeting friends, shopping.

Living my best life.

And, when the perfect man arrived home later that evening, weary from work yet still smiling, he was greeted by the sight of his loving wife dressed as a slutty schoolgirl. A look, I have to admit, I pull off really well.

Who better to play the role of a schoolgirl than a girl who'd actually been attending school just a few months ago?

Not that my husband was aware of that fact, of course.

I giggled and laughed as my father - my husband - lifted me up in his arms and carried me to the master bedroom. Diana rolled her eyes at the sight as we passed her, Aaron was out somewhere hanging with his new friends.

My life, to put it simply, was a dream come true.
A very naughty, extremely sex-filled dream.
But really, aren't those the best kind of dreams?