

## Role Reversal Family Fun

With complete control over Dad and Mom and Aaron, I could do whatever I wanted. Make any desire I had become a reality. Their minds were mine to play with, to twist and turn and trick. Mine to manipulate and alter to my heart's content. My words were all-powerful, my will undeniable. Any time I wanted, I could hypnotise them – plant new commands, engrave new rules.

Their minds, so accustomed to my influence, were wide open now. No longer did I face any resistance, no longer did I need to play the long game. If I wanted something, I could simply make it so.

And, with that kind of power at my fingertips, it was impossible to resist the temptation.

I could have left things as they were – me and Dad as married lovers, Mom as my brother's fuck-toy. That status quo was more than fine with me.

But where was the fun in that?

When there were so many other matchings, so many more ways to play with my family, why settle? Why not explore some of those kinky thoughts and fantasies I had? I had the power, after all, to make those thoughts and fantasies into reality.

It'd be such a waste if I didn't use it.

And so, one day when I was feeling particularly bored and adventurous, I summoned my family members together in one room – the master bedroom – and had them all undergo hypnotic induction.

Three serene faces. Father, mother, brother.

My pawns and puppets arrayed before me.

My thoughts filled with possibilities. Options. Ideas.

And, smiling in a very unmotherly way, I got to work remoulding and reshaping the minds of the individuals in front of me.

"I don't know about this Sis," Aaron whispered, glancing around nervously. "What if they catch us?"

I turned to glare at him, raised a finger to my lips in the universal sign of 'shut the fuck up before you ruin everything'.

He looked down at the floor, red-faced.

And, when I continued to creep forward, towards the *interesting* sounds coming from the master bedroom, my brother followed silently behind me. A nervous, shy, awkward boy, just as I'd reprogrammed his mind to be.

My heart thumped loudly in my chest, the fear of being caught – even though I knew it wouldn't happen – was exhilarating.

The closer we got to the master bedroom door, the louder the sounds got. A woman's voice pleading, a man's voice harsh and unkind. What the two were saying couldn't be heard clearly through the walls, but I knew it word-for-word all the same. I was, after all, the one who'd instructed their minds to do it.

The bedroom door was open. Not wide enough to be obvious, but open enough that both me and Aaron would be able to look through the crack and see what our parents were doing inside.

I motioned for Aaron to come closer.

When he saw what was happening in the master bedroom, Aaron's eyes bulged. His mouth dropped open in shock and awe. The naive innocence I'd embedded into the personality I'd given him shone clearly in his stunned irises.

"What are you?" Daddy growled, voice clear through the slit of open door.

"A filthy whore," Mom's voice moaned. "A dirty little slut."

She was on hands and knees, perpendicular to the doorway. Naked save for the leather collar around her throat. Her tits hung down, swayed as her body rocked back and forth. There were red marks all over the woman's body; her neck and shoulders, her chest and breasts, her ass-cheeks. Red handprints and bruises and bite-marks. Her hair was a mess, eyes wild.

Dad was behind her. Naked just like she was, a shining, sweaty adonis. A hunky frame of muscle and strength, glowing in the dim light of the bedroom's lamp. With one hand, he gripped onto his temporary wife's hips. In the other, he held a wooden paddle.

"Who do you belong to?" The man growled, thrusting into the bitch in front of him. His voice, so deep and rough and powerful, sent shivers down my spine.

"You!" Mom moaned, swaying her hips, body desperate to be fucked. "I belong to you!"

The paddle came down hard, swatting Mom's ass with a loud *clap*. Her body jerked as it stuck her, her eyes shooting wide open. She let out a low, erotic whimper.

"The truth," Dad said firmly. "Who do you belong to, whore?"

Mom shuddered, moaned.

"Everyone," she spoke quietly. Words barely audible over the slapping of skin, the grunts and moans and gasps. "I belong to everyone. Anyone who wants a go can have one. I'll fuck anyone who asks, no matter who or where they are. I belong to-"

*Clap.*

The paddle stuck Mom again, her words cut off by a sharp gasp.

I glanced at Aaron as he watched our parents fuck, grinned at the bulging between his legs. He was wearing pyjamas, plain and boring and – from the look of them – uncomfortable.

Without saying a word, I reached out and took my brother's hand, guided him away from the master bedroom and back to his.

The sounds muffled and distorted more there further we got away from them. But, even unclear as those sounds were when we stood inside Aaron's bedroom, it was still audible. Still painfully obvious what our parents were doing.

Aaron was quiet for a long time, blushing brightly.

I waited patiently.

Eventually, I knew, he'd say the words I'd planted in his mind. Follow along to the script I'd given him, play the part I wanted him to play. It was just a matter of waiting for him to initiate.

"T- that," Aaron said slowly, staring at my face with wide eyes. "What Mommy and Daddy were doing. That was sex."

I nodded my head, raised my hand to my mouth to hide a smirk.

"I've never seen sex before," my brother said in a soft, innocent voice. "It looked..."

He blushed brighter.

A stranger looking in might've thought my brother had some kind of learning disability. A grown man, acting like a child who didn't know anything about sex? They'd probably pity him – never knowing that he'd been balls-deep in our mother more times than either of us could count.

The innocence, the boyishness, was all part of the play.

Brother and sister witness mommy and daddy fucking, decide to try it out themselves – not knowing that's called 'incest' and that it's a bad, bad thing to do.

"Do you..." I said, still hiding my mouth. "Do you want to try it?"

My brother stared at me, round eyes swimming with unreadable thoughts. Shock and awe and uncertainty and shyness. And desire.

Slowly, he nodded his head.

"What are you?" My brother asked as he spanked me – imitating the scene he's seen not

that long ago.

Somehow, I managed to hold back laughter.

Like father, like son.

"I'm a slut," I moaned, gyrating my hips as Aaron plunged his cock inside me. "Your sister slut! Fuck me, Aaron."

With the fake innocence and the mask of inexperience I'd instilled Aaron with, he was a little clumsier than I'd have liked. But that was fine. If I wanted him to fuck me properly sometime, it's be easy enough to arrange. For now, I just enjoyed the moment. Taking my brother's not-virginity.

"Jenny," Aaron grunted, cock twitching inside me.

He was leaning over me, panting – eyes hazy and unfocussed. He thrust slowly, carefully. Perhaps not wanting to hurt me, or maybe just too shy and awkward to go all out.

"That's it, baby," I told him. Closing my eyes and enjoying the warm sensation of his cock inside me. The gentle tingles and the wonderful pressure. "Just like that. But faster. Do it like Daddy was doing to Mommy. Yes! Just like that... Just a little harder..."

I sighed in pleasure. A nice, relaxed kind of pleasure.

Not the intense fucking I was used to. Not the pussy-destroying vigour that Dad pounded me with. But calmer, slower, more sensual sex. Gentle, a little awkward, but lovely all the same.

Moaning faintly, my brother's body atop me.

Not what I was used to. But not bad, either.

The next scenario I tricked my family into believing was slightly different.

I was back to being Dad's wife. Aaron was our son. But, where Mom – Diana – would've normally been my daughter, today I'd decided to spice it up a bit.

Now, Diana was my 'twin sister'.

In her mind, and the minds of Dad and Aaron, Diana and I had grown up together and were the same age. And, unbeknownst to them, she and I were also secret lovers.

For today's play, Diana was visiting my small family for the first time in ages. Both the boys were outside gardening while me and my 'sister' were preparing dinner. Simple, easy, and full of potential fun times. For months, I'd been focused on humiliating my mother – getting payback on her for years of her preferential treatment of Aaron. Now, though, I was willing to set aside that grudge and accept *Diana* as my loving, beautiful sister.

I reached into the fridge as Diana was slicing tomatoes, a sly smile on my face as I pulled a very specific item out of it. I held it in my right hand as I closed the fridge and turned to the beautiful lady slicing tomatoes.

Diana didn't look around as I walked up behind her, wrapped my left arm around her and kissed her neck.

She did blush, however. Her body tensing at my touch.

"We shouldn't," she whispered.

"I've missed you," I whispered back. "A lot."

"I know," Diana breathed. "But..."

The object in my right hand slid under Diana's skirt. I pressed it up the skin of her inner thighs, enjoying the shudder and sigh she gave me. A cold cucumber against soft, warm skin? I couldn't blame her when she trembled in anticipation.

"You forgot *this*," I whispered in her ear as I slowly rubbed the cucumber against her panties. "Gonna need cucumber for the salad."

Slowly, Diana nodded her head.

"You'd better give it to me, then," she said, somehow managing to sound calm and ordinary.

"Oh," I smiled. "That's *exactly* what I'm going to do."

Diana's hands moved.

At first, I wasn't sure what she was doing. She set her knife neatly aside, pushed away the chopped and unchopped tomatoes. It was only when she planted both her hands firmly on the counter, leaned forward and pushed her ass out towards me, that I knew what she was thinking.

Smirking, I pulled up her skirt, lowered her panties.

"This," Diana breathed as I rubbed her slit with my makeshift toy, "by the way, is *not* how you prepare a cucumber."

"Maybe," I laughed, pressing the tip of it to her opening. "But I like to think of it as *seasoning*. I wonder if either of the boys will notice the special favouring of Aunt Diana in their salad..."

She giggled in a very girlish, naughty way.

The sound of it was like a thrill through my body, a tingling warmth. I let out a hot breath, gripped the cucumber firmly, began slowly pushing it forward.

Diana's giggle morphed into a high-pitched moan.

"Why do I always let you do this to me, Jenny?" Diana moaned as her pussy was slowly filled with cucumber.

"Do what?" I asked.

This was, after all, the first time I'd really done anything like this with Mom.

"Whatever you want," Diana moaned, looking over her shoulder at me with a loving smile.

I grinned back at her.

"That's easy," I told her – plunging the make-shift dildo deep inside her and revelling in the loud gasp she made. "I don't give you a choice in the matter."

Diana bucked her hips at me, cunt hungry for more cucumber.

I leaned over her, kissed her neck and shoulder as my hand pumped back and forth. Juices from her cunt leaked down the cucumber and onto my hand. Her moans filled the kitchen, loud and sweet and erotic. Distantly, I could hear the sounds of a lawnmower and a weed-whacker doing their jobs in the garden – too loud for their users to hear the sounds of pleasure coming from inside the house.

And, when it was all said and done, garden taken care of and food prepared, I couldn't help but smile as my family ate their salad – complete with chopped tomatoes and specially-seasoned cucumber.

My family. Perfect in every way.