

The Roommate

Chapter 1

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

Rebecca pushed her shoulder into the gap between door and doorway, watching Daniel unpack. She watched as Daniel lifted a heavy box, the muscles in his back tensing and rippling as she watched. He'd removed the white t-shirt he'd worn in, on the pretense of it being a hot day - and the shirt had clung to his skin with sweat, barely able to come off. Slender arms stretching the material tight, in front of his chest. It would have been... Delicious. If she'd been watching a girl. The slender figure, the strong muscles, the tight white shirt stretched over his pale chest - oh, how beautiful in a woman.

Rebecca wasn't looking at a woman, though. The redhead really thought she was, though, when they first started their online communications. They'd accidentally put an extra "L" in their name, and hadn't noticed. They'd talked about their mutual hobbies, their love of books and gardening and long walks. She'd also been attracted to the way he took care of his body, exercising constantly at the gym, carefully maintaining the food he put into his stomach. As a chef, she was very familiar with everything she ever ate... and Rebecca had already been imagining a cute brunette, with short cropped hair and a form of liquid grace and muscle.

She really hadn't been entirely wrong, she'd noticed, when they finally met in person. It was the final stage of her new roommate interview, and she'd been so

certain that her and “Daniell” would get along, she’d all but dismissed the other candidate - a gawky girl by the name of Leslie. Truth to tell, she’d all but fallen over heels for the false woman she had been constructing in her head.

When she discovered her mistake, it had been a moment of pure terror. Only a moment. A heart-wrenching moment of despair, in which she found out her soulmate of a roomie was a. Man. Horrifying.

Yet - Rebecca hadn’t been wrong, entirely. The short cropped brown hair, the slender toned body. The way he moved really was liquid grace, muscles tightening and flowing perfectly. The traits she loved were all still there, and the foundation of what she admired. Just the foundation, of course. He was a man.... In body, and more importantly mind, he was everything that Rebecca could never be with. Yet the foundations were there.

It was a truly deplorable thing that the chef’s twisted mind had come up with, as Daniel casually talked about his new job as a gardener; how he’d planted posies the other day. Rebecca’s last roommate had been a psychiatrist... and a transwoman. She’d left behind quite the cache of pills. Hormones, of course. Testosterone blockers. Sleeping aids. Medicine that dulled the senses, and evened out the mood. Rebecca had always silently judged her, for putting so many chemicals in her body - not including hormones, of course...and maybe she’d been

unfair, even if the girl did have a habit to self-prescribe. She certainly thought those pills would come in handy *now*.

Especially if she could manage to bring her own unique talent to bear: Hypnosis. It was something she'd learned as an alternative to medicine, a way to deal with her own depression without chemicals. Hypnotizing herself to be more confident, more of a go-getter. To go after her goals, without dickering over what mattered to other people. The very fact that she was willing to consider this, meant that the hypnosis was probably yielding more results than she'd intended it to... but that hadn't t mattered to her, during the interview.

Rebecca had known, instantly, that she wanted to do this. The fact that she *shouldn't* was obvious, but unimportant. The only thing that mattered was whether she could in fact pull it off. Whether she could deal with the wait it would take, to transform someone like this. If she succeeded, she would have the perfect girlfriend... but if she was caught, she would likely end up in jail. She'd weighed that for all of two seconds, before deciding it was worth the risk. The redhead had invited Daniel to move in, and a bare week later was watching him unload boxes. Watching those muscles at work.

“Are you almost through?” she complained, faking a long suffering sigh. “Breakfast is going to get cold...” And she wanted the coffee nice and hot, to

better mask the taste of estradiol and spironolactone that had been ground up with the coffee beans. She knew from their emails that Daniel stuck to one cup a day.

“I’d go faster if you helped,” was Daniel’s response. Despite the words, there was no frustration or rancor. Not even a real expectation that help would be received. Daniel was simply appreciative of the attention, from a beautiful redhead. She was short, barely five foot three, with sun kissed skin and a spattering of freckles across her cheeks. She was cute, and Daniel knew from their conversations that they had a lot of things in common. He was half in love with her, or would have been - if he hadn’t known she was a lesbian. That was one of the reasons he moved in, though, knowing there wouldn’t be any sexual tension or failed relationships. It was escaping one of those that had led to him finding a new place.

The brunette man hadn’t expected to be so attracted to his new roommate, though. She didn’t work out, she did cook carefully, but she tended to cook some fattier foods for her job, things he wouldn’t eat. That fat had mostly settled into her hips, ass, and breasts though - leaving her with a thin waist, and a flat stomach that peered out from under the cropped red mini-shirt she wore.... And if her thighs were just a touch thick, her lower legs were still slender and toned. He appreciated looking at her, even if it was just glances over his shoulder. He’d even taken off his shirt for her, just barely hoping to get some sort of reaction. He imagined her gaze

was lingering, but. There was no real attraction, there, beyond maybe a bareboned appreciation for his muscles.

“We can take a break...” Daniel sighed. He sort of wanted to at least finish stacking the boxes in the closet, but Rebecca was getting hungry and he could see it on her face. “Just lead the way.”

The redhead smiled. She walked out of the room, treading across the brown carpeting, through the white salmon pink walls and onto the simple white and black tiling of the kitchen. Rebecca’s smile widened as she poured him a cup of coffee, and he smiled back at her. He recognized the born chef in her, happy to serve up a plate of two egg white omelettes, half a grapefruit, and black bitter coffee. With just a hint of sugar.

“Thanks,” he smiled, taking his first sip. She was still smiling at him, so he smiled back. It was a little strange, buuuuut. He thought he’d like it here.

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