

The Roommate

Chapter 10

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.

“We’re going shopping.” It had been a simple enough statement, Rebecca thought. Ashley had snorted, and crossed her arms, but when the redhead glared the shorter sub did push the remainder of her food away, and stood up. Which made Rebecca happy for all of a second, before Ashley opened her mouth to speak.

“And how do you think it’s going to look, with you dragging along a nearly comatose looking man into female dressing rooms? You just going to tell everyone you see he’s a transwoman, or something? What are you going to do if you run into someone he knows?”

“We’ll go out of town...” Rebecca insisted, thinking on the spot. “And. We’ll put her in my clothes before we go.”

“Your clothes?” Ashley asked, lifting an eyebrow. “On his body? No offense, but you’re a little thicker than him. And shorter. And he’s still comatose.”

Rebecca wasn’t aware that she was moving, until she’d already grabbed Ashley’s blouse. Gripping the white fabric, forcing the blonde lady to stand on tip toes, she glowered down at the smaller woman. “Stop calling my future girlfriend a him. I’m *working on it*.”

Ashley lifted her hands in surrender, and Rebecca released her sub. “Fine. She’s a girl. Right now. Because you’ve *hypnotized her*. That still doesn’t answer

what you're planning to do for clothes... Unless you wanna go to one of those drag queen shops?"

Rebecca shook her head. It wasn't technically a terrible idea, but she hadn't actually researched out ahead of time where to go. "I'm going to go grab a portable CD player. Get Daniell settled in your car; as is might be best. You're going to drive us to a mall. A big mall. And we're going to give her a makeover." She said the words firmly, hoping to instill belief in herself as much as Ashley.

She went to her bedroom, digging in her closet a moment before she came out with a small compact CD player that she'd used a few years ago. It was battery operated, which meant she had to dig around for an extra moment or two to secure some double As that weren't already in use. Then she was back out, and into the driveway, where Ashley was busy making faces at Daniell.

"Ashley!" Rebecca called, glaring at the blonde. "Get in the car!" The smaller woman squeaked, jumped a little, and then ran for the front door. Rebecca moved forward to grab the passenger door, opening it up and hopping into the seat before buckling up.

"Get us out of here."

They drove in silence. Down the freeway, onto the interstate, almost to the state border before turning onto an exit that led them almost directly to a massive

mall. “Just tell everyone Daniell’s your walking purse,” Ashley whispered, eyes on the road. Her hands were squeezing the steering wheel hard, her knuckles nearly white. “We can do the makeover part when we get home.”

Rebecca shook her head. “We didn’t drag her all the way out here to be subtle. Come on.” She walked without looking back, and heard a muffled curse and the opening of car doors. Footsteps, Ashley’s hurried as she tried to run, Daniell’s slow as she trudged along behind at her own pace. Rebecca forced herself to slow, until Ashley and then Daniel could catch up.

Ashley grabbed at one of Rebecca’s arms, and to the chef’s surprise Daniell gently took the other. The three of them marched in to the mall together, head held high, and uncertain what to expect.

No one gave them a second glance. The shops were thronged with people prepping for the holidays, and the employees were too busy running around to give more than a passing smile to the three newcomers to the mall. Quietly, feeling a little embarrassed, Rebecca guided her trio to the nearest building that sold clothes, gently guiding them to the women’s section of the store. With both her arms occupied, she had to give Ashley a little nudge with her hip to grab a cart and start filling things inside of it.

Even at the dressing room, there was less resistance than Rebecca had anticipated. An uncertain clerk smiled between the three of them when she realized they weren't leaving Daniell out, but shrugged and led the way to an unused dressing room the three of them could crowd inside.

“So....” A deep breath from Rebecca. They'd finally reached the goal point, with the clothing, but she still wasn't sure how to get started.

It was Ashley who drew a corset from the laundry basket. “...If we're here anyway....” she muttered, “we might as well start big. That's what you've been saying, right?”

“Right...” Rebecca took a deep breath, and then began to fasten the restrictive bit of clothing around Daniell. “Breathe out,” she ordered the tranced woman, watching as her roommate's stomach slowly caved inward, revealing tight muscles. The corset they'd chosen had little hooks, each of which had to be rapidly pressed home into their slots while Daniell kept her breath out.

“You can breathe again,” the redhead whispered, and Daniell breathed out a little, taking shallow breaths as Rebecca and Ashley looked over their handiwork. The tightened waist, the way the cloth lifted her tiny breasts. She could have used a little stuffing in there - maybe even some implants - but she was coming along nicely.

“The panties next...” Ashley whispered. “You want to tuck her penis, or should I?”

Rebecca glared at her blonde ex. “I’ll do the touching, thank you very much.” Despite her words, her cheeks were flushed bright red as she grabbed a pair of large pink panties from the cart. “Lift your foot, dear,” she instructed Daniell, before beginning to guide the new woman into her underwear, one leg at a time.

Rebecca didn’t exactly have much experience with penises, or tucking them. She simply pulled the underwear up tight, pushing at the fleshy tube between her Daniell’s legs with the cloth. It was small, shrunken maybe by the drugs. Well, Rebecca hoped she wouldn’t have it long term at all, so it wouldn’t be an issue.

She tucked it lightly between the legs, as best she could, then pulled the cloth up tight to create a. Mostly smooth look. Ashley snorted behind her, but Rebecca did her best to ignore the bitter sub as she examined her handiwork. Mostly smooth, as she’d said - and Daniell’s bottom looked somehow larger with the tight pink cloth covering it. Maybe she just hadn’t realized how big the girl was getting; she’d been pretty focused on the breasts.

A white blouse went over Daniell’s head, after, tight enough to cling to her makeshift curves and show off the little breasts she had. Then came the pants,

covering up unshaved legs, tightly clinging to muscled legs and the slightly larger bottom.

Then Rebecca took a step back to examine the effect. The seemingly tight curve of her body, the way her ass pressed out in the tight cloth of the jeans. The tight white blouse that her nipples actually poked through. She looked.... Well. Her face hadn't actually shifted enough, yet, to pass. Maybe with a little makeup - though that would be hard to explain. She didn't think Daniel would just accept his fate to be a girl. Yet. And she couldn't keep Daniell in trance all the time... But still. This was a start. Buying the clothes, putting them in her closet, and storing them for when Daniell was ready.

"I'm willing to call it a victory...." Rebecca told her companions.

Ashley only snorted, but surprisingly it was Daniell who spoke. "Is this.... Me?"

Silence, for a moment, and then Daniell stepped forward to the mirror. "Is this.... Me?" she repeated. "Am I.... a girl?"

"You are," Rebecca whispered, shooting Ashley a glance to keep her silent. "A very pretty girl. Right now. And soon all the time. Is that okay?"

Daniell shook her head, and then hesitated. "This is... what you want?"

“More than anything,” Rebecca told her, moving to stand behind her roommate. Slowly, she slid her arms around Daniell’s body, her fingers gently sliding down the panties, and around the small breasts, cupping one tiny tit. “I want you to be my girlfriend.”

Daniell nodded, again. “...Okay, then.”

She didn’t say anything after that. Rebecca didn’t say anything, either, and even Ashley seemed to understand the importance of what had just happened. Even if it was unconsciously, even if it was under hypnosis, Daniell had agreed to what was happening. There was not going to be any stopping Rebecca, after that.

She paid for the rest of the clothes, even without trying them on Daniell. They drove home in silence, since every time Ashley tried to speak or turn on the music Rebecca would shoot her a glare. She wanted to savor this moment of victory.

It was when they got home that Ashley broke the silence, despite Rebecca’s glare. “You’re really going to do this, aren’t you?” she demanded, voice soft. “You’re going to rewrite him as a girl.”

“She wants it,” Rebecca muttered, unlocking the door. “You heard her.”

“She wants to make you *happy*,” Ashley countered. “You basically created a second personality!”

“I know.” Rebecca smiled, as she opened the door. “And when I’m done, Daniell will be all that’s left.”