

# The Roommate

## Chapter 11

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 arrived home with a bundle of clothes, an oddly quiet Daniell in tow. Unfortunately, when compared to the still hypnotized Daniell, Ashley only came across as loud and noisy to Rebecca when she asked “What are you planning to do? Huh? Destroy his entire personality? Force him to get surgeries?”

“Of course not...” Rebecca murmured, looking back at Daniell. Unfocussed eyes met hers, a blank stare on Daniell’s features. With the makeup, and the clothes they’d walked out in, and that short hair, she could have passed as a cis butch lesbian for anyone who hadn’t seen her going into the changing room. Of course, Rebecca wouldn’t mind if her future girlfriend had just a little more of a femme haircut, and maybe some bigger breasts. “I’m only changing her gender identity to female. Any surgeries she gets after that will just be a natural consequence.”

Rebecca chose to ignore her ex’s sigh, at that, and carried their bags indoors. “Go get your clothes off,” she ordered Daniell. “Then crawl into bed. I’ll store your stuff in my room while you pretend to be a male, tomorrow.”

Daniel nodded, slowly, walking through the doorway as she started to strip off her blouse. Rebecca turned away, wanting to preserve the image of Daniel in those clothes. She turned a blind eye to the hypnotized subject as she walked through the door to her bedroom and went into bed. She’d wake up as Daniel in the

morning, but perhaps he'd be just a little bit different. Just a little bit more accepting of those mosquito bites. Well, either way it had been a nice night for Rebecca. She was looking forward to more of it in the near future. For now, she had to turn her attention to Ashley.

“And you really think this is okay?” The blonde was asking, leaning forward. Her features were pinched, her expression somewhere between worry and exasperation. “I know I wrecked your brain a little, but isn't going this far a little much?” she demanded. Ashley reached out toward Rebecca, but the redhead stepped back, grabbing her ex's wrist tightly between forefinger and thumb. She tugged the woman forward, wrapping her arms around the blonde audiophile's waist, squeezing her ass.

“I told you,” she whispered, looking down into the woman's eyes. Even though the recent programming had been wiped from the CD she'd been using, it wasn't like she'd actually reversed any of what Ashley had done to her. In fact, she wasn't sure how much of her current self was the direct result of what Ashley had done to her brain while they were still together. If she'd gained the confidence and ability to go after what she wanted due to the influence of Ashley, then so be it. As long as she could go after her happy life with Daniell, she didn't care.

Ashley melted into the grip, for her part, letting out a small squeak as her bottom was squeezed, but otherwise leaning her chest against Rebecca's shoulders and just sagged into the contact. Though Rebecca had almost forgotten it, she remembered suddenly that she'd placed a little programming into Ashley, as well, for insurance. It had mostly been along the lines of just not betraying her, but she was starting to wonder if she couldn't squeeze a little more out of it.

"I wonder if you'd be more supportive if I put you under again..." she mused out loud, mostly to see Ashley's expression.

As expected, the woman stiffened again, trying to push away from the made-dominant hypnotist. Rebecca laughed, and allowed her to part, a small smile on her face. "Unless you think you can be good for me, and stop questioning what I'm doing?"

Ashley nodded, though Rebecca thought it was with a little reluctance. Still, she could hardly resist when it was presented to her in such foreboding terms. Slowly, the girl nodded. Rebecca smiled. "Good. Then come to bed with me; we can have a sleepover, together."

With little choice, Ashley followed Rebecca to bed.

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Ashley woke up in a cold sweat, laying in Rebecca's bed. The redhead besides her was still sleeping normally, and despite herself Ashley felt a little affection for the monster she'd created. The desire to kiss her, the urge to hold her, and stroke her, and wake her up with a nice sloppy kiss between the legs. Maybe she'd even get punished for her "impertinence" after. Getting bound and spanked was quite a bit of fun, and she didn't exactly mind that Rebecca had become more and more dominant of late.

She did mind, though, that she'd effectively turned Rebecca into a monster. Maybe she should have seen it coming. With all the subliminal messaging she'd used on Rebecca, side effects had always been a risk. She'd been training the woman to go after what she wanted, to dominate from the bottom of her soul, and to be a strong and confident women. It had been great for a while, until eventually Rebecca had decided that what she wanted wasn't Ashley. That had been a time of heartbreak, but even then she'd at least thought the effects of her hypnosis was over.

When Rebecca came to her, looking for help with her self-hypnosis tapes, Ashley had seen it as another chance to bring the woman into her grip. Putting a little message into the tape to love Ashley, come back to Ashley, be with Ashley. It

had seemed like a simple, if somewhat horrible plan. She had no real excuses for doing it, other than that she missed her ex and wanted her back.

Unexpectedly, though, Rebecca had found out her little ploy... and rather than turning her into the police, or breaking the disc into a thousand pieces, she'd demanded that Ashley fix it. Naming her price as sex for freedom from the tape was probably the moment that Ashley had sunk to her lowest. Rebecca had agreed, though, and the two of them had had a wonderful night in which Ashley's own hair was used to bind and lock her in place, while Rebecca mercilessly fucked her with all the anger she had over the situation. For a little bit, Ashley had really thought she'd gotten away with it.

It was when Rebecca had learned that Ashley had been programming her that it all fell apart. Rebecca had taken it as an excuse for every bad urge she had, since it was of course Ashley's fault she was the way she was. She'd knocked Ashley out, and subjugated her with a mix of blackmail and hypnosis to keeping quiet. Drawn the blonde into her plans to subjugate the *man* she intended to turn into a *woman*.

Whatever horrible things Ashley had done, she'd never played with Rebecca's sexuality or gender identity. She hadn't programmed Rebecca to do such things. It really wasn't her fault... but she didn't think the cops would be

lenient on her, at this point. Especially if Rebecca showed them file after file of subliminal messages that had been implanted in her head by none other than Ashley.

So Ashley sat in the bed, next to Rebecca. Holding her breath, and trying to fall back asleep without waking the monster besides her. After all, she had no idea what Rebecca would do next.

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Daniel sat up in bed, stretching. His arms felt different than they used to, for some reason. Lighter, when he stretched them. There was less hair, too, then what he was used to. For some reason, he wasn't worried. Anymore than he worried about the bug bites on his chest, or the way his hips had started to swell, or his toned ass to collect fat. None of these things concerned him as much as he thought they should, simply because Rebecca had told him that they shouldn't.

If Rebecca told him not to worry, then of course he wouldn't. He couldn't quite put his finger on why that was, but it was an undeniable truth for him. What did worry him, though, was that he couldn't remember much of the night before. Rebecca had had a friend over, they'd had dinner, and then... Nothing.

Shrugging that off, Daniel stepped off the bed, and onto a pair of denim pants. It was then that he realized that he'd been lying naked in his bed, without even underwear. Even though the door was closed, a small blush crept across the brunette's face to realize that he must have had some alcohol or some such, and drunkenly crawled into bed.

Picking up the jeans, he folded the clothes and carried them over to his dresser. He then pulled out a fresh pair of slacks, a white tee shirt, and a black pair of boxers which he slipped over his package as quickly as he could. In his old house, he might have walked out of the house in just the underwear and pants, but even if he didn't have those strange bug bites on his chest, he somehow didn't feel comfortable walking out without a shirt in front of Rebecca. She wouldn't eye him, he knew. She wasn't interested in men. Rather, she might think he was trying to attract her if he went out without clothes.

Fully clothed, he moved into the main house with a smile at his face. He heard the sound of kitchen implements at work, and moved into the kitchen. Rebecca was hard at work on omelettes, hers with yolk and his without. Ashley was still over, but had earphones on and plugged into a tablet. Daniel couldn't see what was on the screen, except for a few flashes of color, but decided it was impolite to try and see what she was doing.



Instead, he pulled up a seat next to her, and smiled happily. “How are you doing?” he asked Rebecca.

“Hmmm? Oh, fine...” She poured a cup of coffee for him, stirring in a little sugar with a smile. “I’m just dealing with some loose ends this morning; then I go to work, of course.”

Daniel nodded. He, too, had gardening to do. Though he didn’t have to deal with the morning prep that Rebecca seemed to enjoy doing, putting together breakfast and such. He also hadn’t had a girl over the night before, though, so maybe she was more fortunate than he was giving her credit for.

He ate breakfast in a hurry, draining the coffee at Rebecca’s insistence, and heading to work. Recently, people had noticed that his arms had slimmed down, and that his hips and ass could barely be contained by the tight pants he wore. The ladies of the houses didn’t flirt as much as he took care of their gardens, and the men of the house seemed to be avoiding him. He didn’t particularly mind, though, as long as she could deal with the flowers and the plants. It was peaceful, working with nature.