

The Roommate

Chapter 15

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.

Floating. That's what it felt like, to Daniell: like she was floating on air. It was like she was an errant feather, caught in a breeze, about to be blown who knew where on the whims of the wind.

It should have been scary; terrifying even. Instead, it was relaxing, and calm. She knew that the direction of her life had been taken from her hands, and she knew that there was a time she would have never accepted that, but such knowledge was unimportant. It was wonderful, knowing that someone else would be making all the decisions for her. It was wonderful, because the music told her it was wonderful. Just like the flashing colors on her screen told her it was good to obey. Wonderful to obey. Proper to obey.

Oh, but it wasn't the whims of the wind that would carry her to her future: it was the whims of Rebecca, her mistress, that would guide Daniell to wherever she needed to go. The music was very clear about that. She absolutely, without a doubt, had to follow whatever Rebecca told her. If she did that, all would be well with the world. All would be happy, and wonderful, and lovely.

It was a good thing, then, that she loved to obey. ...That sounded wrong. But the music said it was right, and the flashing colors insisted that she listen. She loved to obey, so she'd listen. She'd listen to the words about how she loved to

obey, because she did of course love it. Doing this would make Rebecca happy, which was important. She had to make Rebecca happy.

After all, Rebeca was far more than a roommate to Daniell. She was a mistress! An unerring, unfaltering mistress who's words must never be doubted. Someone who had to be followed at all costs.

She was also Daniell's girlfriend.

Daniell wasn't sure when that had happened, but surely it had. Surely she'd agreed to it. Though Daniell was fairly certain she'd remember something like that... but the music insisted, and the colors flashed approval for her choice in relationships, and slowly the idea of her and Rebecca as a couple became *fact*. Just like it was a fact that she was a girl. Just like it was a fact that she was named Daniell, with two ls. These were all immutable facts.

Nevermind whether they'd been true a few weeks ago. It was all true now. It was all true, and important, and immutable forever, now. She was a girl. Her name was Daniell. She was dating Rebecca. The music said it was true, and the colors all agreed. This was her existence, now.

What had her existence been before this, though? She had a distant memory. Really, a fragment of one. She'd been... someone else. Not a girl? Not Daniell? Not Rebecca's girlfriend. Then she'd been Daniell, and a girl, but still not

Rebecca's girlfriend. She'd wanted to talk to Rebecca, about it, but first she'd come across Ashley. Ashley, naked and giggling, and there had been something *wrong* with that, though now Daniell couldn't remember what. She only knew that it had felt wrong, at the time, and that she'd tried to say something about it... but then Rebecca had ordered her to be still, and slipped the headphones over her ears and the tablet into her hand. And then... and then...

She was Daniell. She was Daniell, and she was a girl, and she was Rebecca's girlfriend. Those were the three pillars of her existence, the three things that could never be denied. Those were the three things that had to hold true forever.

That, and that she could never tell anyone how this had come to pass.

She had to forget about... about... who? Who was she forgetting? Someone important. Someone... she used to be? There was no trace of that person left anymore. She couldn't remember who that person even was, anymore. Just that they were not Daniell, not a girl, and not Rebecca's girlfriend. In other words, they were nothing that she'd ever want to be. It was probably best that they were gone. Forever.

I don't want to be a girl, though...

What was that? There was something here that didn't belong. The music sounded discordant, now, and the flashing of the colors seemed angry. There was

something here that didn't belong. Something that went against the three pillars.

Something, in the corner of Daniell's mind, that shouldn't have been there.

Please... Someone... Save me...

There it was, again. That thought. The music seemed distant, and the colors seemed dull and unimportant. Something was wrong. Something was going wrong.

Distantly, Daniell was aware of her face scrunching up. She was aware of someone typing on a keyboard - and suddenly the colors were bright, again, and the music was happy, and the thought was gone.

Good. It deserved to be gone. It did not belong. It did not fit in the mind that Rebecca had created. It did not fit inside the girl who was Daniell, who was dating Rebecca. It did not belong.

But I was here first...

Who said that?

An image. An image of a muscular man, in a too tight white t-shirt. Short cropped brown hair, and a kind expression on his face. A young man, a landscaper, who'd answered an ad for a roommate online. Who'd met a girl, who seemed nice, and decided to give cohabitation a try. A young man who should no longer exist.

I don't want to be a girl, though... I don't want to be Rebecca's girlfriend.

Thoughts that shouldn't exist. Feelings that didn't belong. Daniell didn't know how to respond, or what to say or think. She wanted to ask Rebecca, but with the music playing and the screen flashing she could not get her mouth to work or words to come out. She was on her own. She was on her own, with this thing that did not belong yet insisted on showing up.

She was on her own. But not powerless. Not according to the whispers of music, and the flashes of the screen. According to the colors, she had a power: the power to be rid of this intruder. The power to seal him away for good. And if she didn't use it?

Please... I just want to be myself, again...

Yes. If she didn't use it. Then she wouldn't be herself anymore. She would be someone else. Something else. Not Daniell, not a girl, and not Rebecca's girlfriend.

That wouldn't do.

So all she had to do was imagine a box. Imagine a box, and imagine the man in the box. Imagine everything about the man flowing into that box. That was easy.

Please...

Easy, but not enough. She had to close the box, next.

P...

The words cut off.

The music played a few more minutes, happy. The screen flashed a few more minutes, content.

There were no more intrusions from the man.

Daniell fidgeted on the bed, hands in her lap, trying to control her breathing. Rebecca sat beside her, with Ashley on the other side. Both were naked. Only Daniell was still wearing clothes.

“It’s okay if you want to take some time,” Rebecca murmured, softly.
“Perhaps you’d like a day to yourself? To say goodbye to it.”

“N-No... No. I’m just... I’m just looking forward to it being gone, so much, I don’t know what to say...” Daniell smiled, faintly, a little nervous but definitely excited. “I mean. It’s kinda of exciting, isn’t it? Losing my dick, and all...”

“Then why don’t we say goodbye to it together?” Rebecca suggested, placing a hand on Daniell’s lap. “Me. You. Ashley... Assuming she doesn’t mind taking a little girl dick, that is?”

“Whatever makes mistress happy!” was Ashley’s instant response, a bright smile on her face.

Daniell wished she could be so single mindedly driven when pleasing her girlfriend as Ashley was for her mistress. It wasn't that she didn't want to do everything Rebecca suggested. She truly wanted to get rid of her dick, both for Rebecca, and for her own dysphoria.

It was just that she was nervous. Nervous that there would be no going back, after she did this. Not just in terms of surgeries, but in terms of their relationship: once she did this, there was no way that Rebecca would ever let her go.

Well, it's not like I wanted to be let go, anyway... “Yeah. Let's. Say goodbye to it, together.”

Rebecca smiled, faintly, before taking her lover's shirt in her hands and pulling the pink tee above Daniell's head. Exposing the flat stomach, and the pert little breasts that were just big enough to fill her hands, Rebecca couldn't resist the urge to lower her head and kiss one of the nipples. It felt so good, stiffening between her lips even as she suckled it, then nipped. Daniell let out an effeminate little squeak of surprise, and glared at her mistress.

“You should give me warning before you do that...”

“Sorry... Not sorry. I get to do whatever I want, don't I?” She pinched the nipple with those words, and laughed when Daniell squeaked again, and then

blushed. “Has anyone ever told you that you make the girliest little squeaks whenever your nipples get played with?”

“You’ve mentioned,” Daniell muttered, ducking her head low to try and hide the blush on her cheeks.

Looking away only gave Rebecca a chance to grab Daniell’s pants, though. One swift tug, and all the brunette had left to her was a pair of black panties. She lowered her hand instantly, trying to cover what the panties wouldn’t contain: she hated when people saw her dick.

Rebecca, though, calmly pushed her hands away. “Let me look at it. I hate the thing as much as you do, but since you’re getting it removed tomorrow and all... I should probably try to remember what it looked like.”

“I wish you wouldn’t. I just want everyone to forget that I was ever... That I ever had... That thing.”

“Awww.... My cute girl...” For some reason, Rebecca always grinned when Daniell talked about how much she hated her dick. The gardener didn’t understand, but. Well. Making her girlfriend happy was honestly the only reason she’d even try to bring it up, these days.

“So...” Daniell hesitated here. “Do you think we can say goodbye to my dick... without me using it?”

“...If that’s what my cutie girl wants, that’s what my cutie girl will get,” Rebecca declared, kissing Daniell on both nipples to punctuate her speech. “You can use your mouth to pleasure Ashley, then, while I take you with a strap on. Sound good?”

“So the usual set up?” Daniell hesitated, a moment, then pulled down her panties to show off her plump rear. “If that’s what you want...”

“That’s what I want.” Rebecca grinned. “And I always get what I want.”

Daniell nodded, biting her lower lip as she watched Rebecca lean over on the large bed to open up the nightstand. Daniell swallowed, hard, when she drew out the largest of the strap ons they owned: a thick, purple thing that clocked in at nine inches.

At this point, Daniell had been trained to take it almost completely. She even found it pleasurable. Nevertheless, it was a little intimidating to look at, and she quickly averted her gaze.

Ashley, beside her, was currently stripping off her shirt, pulling the white fabric over her large breasts, and letting them bounce freely. Unlike Daniell, she was big enough to actually *need* a bra. Where Daniell actually *did* wear a small sports bra, outside the house, Ashley almost always went without support. When

asked why, she'd only say "Don't you think Rebecca prefers it that way?" like that was all that was important.

Daniell didn't get it. She liked pleasing Rebecca, loved doing whatever Rebecca told her, and would never in her life go against Rebecca's words - but when not given a direct order, she'd still do what made herself the most comfortable.

Well. To each their own.

Ashley had finished stripping, while Daniell had been lost in thought, her skirt and panties tossed off to a corner. She was currently laying on her back, with her legs spread wide. Rebecca had already put on the harness, complete with the strap on. All that was left was for Daniell to get into position.

Taking a deep breath, she moved to her knees in front of Ashley. Putting her ass in the air for Rebecca, she placed her hand on either side of Ashley's thighs, and slowly worked her right hand forward until she could brush her thumb against the slit, the tip of her nail sliding ever so lightly between the folds in order to make Ashley squirm. Her thumb worked at the clitoris, easing it from its hood, and her lips descended to ever so gently kiss the button.

Then her tongue darted out, to lick against the folds and taste Ashley's sweet juices. Her mouth sealed itself on the slit, her tongue delving deeper, then parting to make room for a questing forefinger.

It didn't take much before Ashley was cumming, her back arching, her hands entangled in her own long hair, her voice screaming out in delight. Daniell didn't stop, but instead lowered her mouth to suck on Ashley's delightful juices. At the same time, she started to wiggle her ass back and forth in the air. Trying to tempt Rebecca.

It was after she'd gotten Ashley to squeal for a second time that Rebecca finally got tired of watching, and grabbed hold of Daniell's ass. A moment later, the wet tip of a lubed up dildo was pressing against Daniell's rear entrance.

"Are you ready?" Rebecca asked, lightly squeezing Daniell's ass.

Daniell hesitated, for a moment. She knew Rebecca was talking about the dildo, but she couldn't help but think of the surgery as well.

Still. She gave a firm nod. "I'm ready," she promised, pressing her backside against the dildo until she felt it start to slide inside. "I'm ready as I'll ever be, and eager too. I want to see what the future holds for us."

Rebecca blinked, in surprise, then smiled faintly at the declaration, and pressed the dildo deeper within Daniell's channel. She moved slowly but surely until it was in as deep as it would go.

Then she leaned down, pressing her body over Daniell's, and placed a kiss on the woman's neck.

"I'm glad," she whispered. "That you're ready. After all. I'd hate to think I was forcing you into anything..."

Daniell's only outward response was a cry of pleasure, as she came, but inward she was smiling happily.

She knew, now and forever, that Rebecca would never have to force her into anything. That whatever Rebecca wanted, she wanted to provide it. Whether it was having sex, or getting her dick removed, what Rebecca wanted was what she wanted, too.

Somewhere, in the distant corner of her mind, she knew that it hadn't always been like that. She didn't care, though. It seemed natural that things were like this, now.

After all, she and Rebecca were more than just roommates.

They were girlfriends.