

The Roommate -

Chapter 2

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Edited by Eve

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.

Breakfast went smoothly. Rebecca had kept an eye on his coffee, but it hadn't been needed. He'd drunk every drop of the coffee, obviously relishing each sip of the limited caffeine he allowed himself. He'd eaten his food, as well, somehow finding joy in his healthy food. Rebecca would have liked to believe it was due to her own cooking skills, but her interaction with that grapefruit had been limited to a single swift knife cut. Most likely, he'd simply trained his tongue to actually *enjoy* those tastes.

Rebecca sighed to herself, resting herself on a chair whose thin padding was made up for by her own food-fattened rear - not everyone in the household was afraid of food, at least; though she *had*, as of that morning, switched from coffee to well sweetened tea.

The afternoon was spent unpacking, as they'd both taken the day off to make things work. She hadn't needed to fake admiring the small collection of free weights he'd brought into her home, and idly wondered if she couldn't tone her own body the way he had his. She was quite satisfied with the little extra weight she carried, considering where it had all settled, but she couldn't say she was satisfied with being out of shape. She wouldn't have minded a six pack of muscles, over any paunch or some such.

It wasn't time to play with weights, though. It was time to play with Daniel's clothing, pulling them out of his boxes and dumping them on the plain white bed, memory foam still uncovered by sheets or blankets. Daniel didn't entirely seem to like that, giving her a rueful look from the doorway as he saw the mess she was making of his room.

"I come back from the bathroom to this?" He smirked, gesturing around the room. Her own eyes flicked around it. Like most of the household, it was clearly a girl's room. The electric pink walls had been her ex-roommate's way of showing her own self-found femininity. The brown rug was at least neutral, but the oval mirror mounted to the wall was clearly meant to be part of a vanity. Something Rebecca had every plan to reinstall, as the wooden half of it was currently stored in the garage with many of her ex-roommate's furniture.

Daniel was quick to block out the obvious girlyness, though, having already made up his mind to remodel. He was clearly looking at the corner of carpet where she'd dumped his free weights out, and to his own bed, where the faint imprint

of Rebecca's ass was slowly settling into the material, and the box of clothing had been unceremoniously dumped.

"If you wanted this done neat, you should have hired a professional service," was Rebecca's response. Prim and proper, she lifted her nose toward the ceiling in a mocking snootiness which managed to elicit a smile. "I prefer the quick and dirty method to unpacking. I fold the clothes, you put them in the dresser." She glanced at a slightly darker section of pink wall, where a rosewood dresser had once stood. "Or the closet floor. Since you're unwilling to use any of that 'girly' furniture my ex-roommate left behind.

Daniel frowned faintly. He'd already tried to explain that it wasn't all about 'girliness,' though that did play more of a factor than he liked to admit. It was also that he didn't like using someone else's furniture. Even if the only reason they'd left it behind was that their new wife had a lot of it... but yes. "I'm already living in the most pink room in the universe. Let me keep a little masculinity to myself, in this fortress of the vagina."

Rebecca smiled faintly at the phrasing, knowing a "little masculinity" was precisely what she intended to leave to him - and only until they could schedule the surgery to get rid of it. "Fine," she said out loud, sighing and then tossing him a folded pair of tighty whities. "Put these away for me."

He rolled his eyes, but took the underwear. Watching her sort through the rest of his clothing, sitting on his bed, he felt something stir slightly between his legs. A not so little bit of masculinity. He didn't know why it was sexy, but the sight of her moving through his clothes sort of made him feel like he was looking at. Someone who could be his wife. Of course, that was ridiculous - he knew that she was a lesbian....

He didn't know that she was studying his clothes, carefully, between folding them. Mostly she saw lots of tight white shirts, with the occasional black shirt mixed in. One nice dress shirt, and some black slacks, probably for when he was actually meeting with clients. The rest of his clothes were probably meant to impress in.... Different ways. Sweat soaked, skin clinging for the women to watch, without losing functionality. She would certainly appreciate the simple sense of style in a girl, herself.

She would have to make sure to wash those white shirts with a red sock, at some point, and replace the pants with something more tight.

They took a brief break for lunch. Wheat bread turkey sandwiches, no mayo on his side and a glass of pure water. Orange juice for her. No hormones for either of them, unfortunately, but the daily dose would have to be enough. For that particular drug.

Then they were back to unpacking. Game systems, which she didn't mind but his games were all first person shooters, and those would simply have to go. Something simple like Slaptoon or Dress Up Darbie. There were coat hangers, which caused Rebecca to glare pretty heavily, but they wasted another hour just unfolding and hanging up some of the t-shirts. Then they were onto knickknacks and the like. Small things he'd collected, like a glass dragon. A candy dispenser with a cartoon duck head, empty of all actual candy. The sheets, at last, and blankets. A fan for the night, and pillows - which she immediately squeezed against her own breast. Playfully for Daniel's perspective, but really she just wanted to get her own scent all over it for when he slept.

By the time she placed dinner on the table, she was thoroughly exhausted from his time in the room. That hadn't stopped her from preparing a nice dinner, though - a wonderful fish ceviche, carefully prepared with lemon juice and served besides rice and a glass of water for him, with a slice of lemon squeezed in. That would cover the taste of the gel capsules she'd carefully pulled apart, and slid inside. It did taste slightly sour, she knew, from her roommate.

Rebecca herself drank a nice cola, of course. She wanted to actually *enjoy* her dinner. Enjoy watching Daniel, across the table, as he sipped his water. It was strange, but she almost thought that his muscles seemed a little. Slimmer. Just a little, like he'd lost some tone in his arms. It was impossible, of course. Though. She did wonder what precisely her roommate had been self describing - the black pills hadn't look exactly like the hrt pills she'd seen other trans girls taking. But there was nothing in the world that would have an effect as soon as she was imagining.

She faked a yawn, finally looking away from his muscles and his glass, squeezing the oaken table. She worried Daniel would imagine she was developing feelings, which. Wasn't entirely off, but it wouldn't due to think she was attracted to that masculine form. "I think I'm heading to bed..." she murmured. "It's been a long time packing..."

“I’ll join you.” He paused, blushing a bright uncomfortable red. “I mean. In going to bed. In my own bed. I’ll.... Um...”

“Be resting?” Rebecca suggested. “I’ll put away the dishes. You can learn where everything goes tomorrow.” She smiled at him, keeping her eyes steady until he shrugged and left the room. She waited ten minutes, actually doing the dishes and putting them away as she waited for Daniel to crawl into bed and go to sleep. She’d need to wait an hour or so to make sure he was actually asleep, but she spent it outside his door - listening until the steady cadence of his breath changed.

The redheaded cook slipped the door carefully open, glad she’d oiled the hinges between her interview with Daniel and his moving in. She crept her way to the bed, and leaned in toward his head. The pills she’d slipped him were a mixture of sleep aids, mood eveners, and mental suppressants - meant to help the mind relax somewhat.

That meant he was in a receptive, and sleepy mode as possible as she began to whisper in his ears. “You like pink. You like pink. You should accept the color of the room. You like pink. You should let me bring in the dresser. You like pink. You don’t mind the furniture of my ex-roommate. You like pink. You like pink. You don’t mind being in a girly room. You like pink.....” She smiled as she continued her indoctrination, during which he barely stirred. She would settle for just the one idea tonight, planted in his head, and tomorrow they would see how it had worked.

“Good girl,” she whispered before backing out of the room, and carefully closing the door. It was time for her to sleep, as well.

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