

The Roommate

Chapter 3

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 poured a cup of coffee for her new boytoy, her tomboy in the making. Her perfect girlfriend for the taking. The redhead always rhymed when she was in a good mood, and this morning she found herself uncharacteristically happy. She wasn't entirely sure why.

The plotting redhead had started the day bitter. When she'd walked into Daniel's room, there was still no dresser. He was bent over, picking his clothes up from the dresser floor. He was also nude, flashing her a sight of muscled man buns that.... Did not belong on her fantasy girlfriend. She thought that the pale lines might have been burned into her mind. Her girlfriend was supposed to have something kissable. Not something sharp enough to cut her cheek, and hard enough to bruise her chin.

Rebecca had left before Daniel could see her. She'd made a cup of tea, a special blend that her ex-roommate had made for her. She poured in some honey, and the instant that the warm taste of apples and flower blossoms touched her tongue, the woman felt... better; warm and happy. The image of Daniel's muscled body was burned away, replaced by that of plump-bottomed fantasies. She took another sip, just imagining the fat slowly growing over his bottom. The way it

would sway back and forth as she watched, just ready for her lips to press in. She let out a deep throaty hum, and then sprinkled a little sugar on Daniel's grapefruit.

It was fine; everything was going to be okay. Rebecca had been silly. Thinking she could cause someone to change, literally overnight, just by whispering in their ears. That didn't mean she had to give up, she just needed to do a little research. Making the perfect, heart-achingly wonderful girlfriend out of a *man* was never going to be easy. Her ridiculous plan wasn't something she'd come up with because it was easy.

She did it because... Because she'd given up on finding something natural. Because she was slowly becoming convinced that a truly perfect girl didn't exist for her. Because... she loved him. Because he made her laugh, he made her smile! He talked about gardening and the beauty of a flower. He was perfect for her! She. She just had to work a few bugs out. Like free will, preferred gender expression, and that ridiculously masculine ass!

The redhead took a deep breath. She was gripping the counter, tight enough that her knuckles had turned a bright white and her pale cheeks had given way to a deep, flushed red. She was getting all worked up over this silly, ridiculous,

impossible project that she desperately wanted to accomplish, and dreamed of seeing completed. She took another sip of tea, and let the warmth of it slide through her bones. Then she picked up the coffee and the grapefruit, setting them down on Daniel's side of the kitchen table.. She called up to himl "Dinner!" and waited for the responding "Just a minute!" before going to make her own breakfast.

Eggs. Pancakes. A few strips of sausage. It was all going to go to her hips and breasts, but someone in this relationship needed to keep up the curves. She ate, quietly, keeping one eye on the opposite plate as she cut apart the pancake and dipped it into real maple syrup. It left a drooling line of sticky sweetness between the plate and her mouth as she took a bite, and she closed her eyes.

She heard the door opening, and hurriedly opened her eyes again. She resisted the urge to turn toward the door, reminding herself that she'd just be disappointed by the form coming through it. Instead, she bent over her own plate, pupils straining straight up to see more of his place setting, in the least obvious way possible.

"Thanks for the meal." He was speaking softly, but the low pitch didn't fit with the image she had in her head. "You didn't have to make it for me."

She waved a hand dismissively, keeping her attention on the plate. Another bite, another stream of syrup, striking her tongue and sliding down her throat.

“Perks of a chef roommate. I just wish you’d let me do more than fruit and coffee...” He laughed. It was warm, and deep, and *wrong* - not at all the laugh she imagined. It put her teeth on edge, and she took another bite. Chewing helped to hide her facial expression, and keep her from showing how worried she was over this project.

“I’m actually working on a new recipe,” she told him. “A new. Dish. But it’s tricky - I don’t think I have all the ingredients, yet.” She didn’t even know what ingredients were needed, exactly. She wasn’t sure the beautiful leggy dish she wanted was even possible.

“You’ll get it,” he promised her, and her eyes darted up past the chin to see his straight white smile. “Just keep working at it, right? I’m just sorry I won’t be able to taste it, if it’s anything like the breakfast you’re making.”

“It’s... different,” Rebecca promised. “Very different; but I don’t think you’ll be tasting it.” It would just be for her; and it would all be worth it. She took a deep breath, sighed, and pushed herself away from the table. She lifted her plate,

and carried it to the sink, where she rinsed off the syrup and placed it in the dishwasher for later. Then she moved off past the table, and out the front door. “I’ll be back later,” she called. “I need to go shopping. Some of us actually like to eat *food*.”

Daniel laughed good naturedly as she left, and Rebecca almost imagined it had taken on a higher pitch, but the redhead ignored it. She really did intend to shop. She needed eggs, milk, flour, apple pie filling, a little yeast, and a book on hypnotism. Actually, she thought the milk would hold another week, since Daniel wouldn’t drink it. Claimed it was hard on even a lactose tolerant body to digest it; so she’d skip the milk, put the rest on the second half of the shopping trip, and focus the first half on some hypnosis books.

Rebecca already had a few books, from her personal experiments in alternative medicines. At the insistence of her then-roommate, Lisa, Rebecca had only used the most scientific of books. Though she wasn’t sure how much it was worth, she knew every one of the books and tapes hidden beneath her mattress had been peer reviewed, rated by thousands of customers, and distributed in at least three different languages across probably half the globe. All of which meant that it

was also harmless. Everything in there was about building people up, where what Rebecca needed to do was tear someone's self image *down*. After, she could try to build him back up again as a strong, confident woman, whose self-sustaining hypnosis could ensure she never went back to what Rebecca had decided to call Daniell's "tomboy phase."

If today's psychology books were all about building people up, then Rebecca needed something old school to tear people down. The hypnotists of the past had been charlatans, mostly, but they'd also been good at their jobs. They'd known how to trick people, draw focus away from their true goals, and. She mostly knew about them from old books and movies, actually, so clucking like a chicken and marrying people they hated were the main examples that came to mind. She doubted they had chapters specializing in turning a man into a woman.

Rebecca wondered briefly whether anyone, new age or old, would approve of what she was doing here. The old ones would probably be too prudish to even consider someone giving up their manhood, and the new ones were all about responsibility and answering to the public and not causing harm with their work.

They'd probably all judge her, for their own reasons. She should be judging herself for going through with this crazy plan. But she wasn't.

Her feet were moving with purpose down the street, and toward the subway system. The majority of her shopping could be done within a block of her house, one advantage of living downtown. The occult shop she had spent all night googling, though, required three trains to reach. With her search history cleared, it couldn't be traced back to her and there wasn't going to be anyone there who recognized her or her future girlfriend slash current roommate.

Rebecca took a deep breath, and closed her eyes for a moment. Just for a moment, because it was dangerous to close your eyes too long in the city proper, and then she opened them again. She waded her way through the thicket of people that gathered in front of the subway entrance, squirming her way between a man eating a hotdog, and two women talking about their lipsticks. When her hip bumped into one of the girls, she imagined them jostled forward into a kiss, but she didn't look over her shoulder to see if it was true.

She moved down to the platform, as the train screeched to a halt, and its doors squealed open. She walked inside and found a spare chair between two men,

noticing that one was also eating a sausage. It was oddly amusing to watch the phallic food disappear into his mouth - especially because at the end of it, the sausage disappeared; forever. Then the man dug out a taco, tongue flicking across the length of its shell, and her personal metaphor became a little too pointed. She decided to focus on the floor of the train, instead.

The train squealed to a start. She rode it for about twenty minutes, counting each stop they made; watching a juggler who managed to keep five balls going in the air, despite stops and starts - she donated three dollars - and then she left the train, walked past someone playing the drums, and moved onto another train. As her google maps had promised, it took three trains total to reach the place she wanted, at the edge of city limits. It was a place called Skullickers, an establishment made of black wood that was stuck between two brownstones. The windows were tinted, with what looked like shrunken heads displayed behind them. Probably just well crafted bits of leather or some such. Most of the reviews had commented on this place for the atmosphere it provided - dedicated darkness, crappy lighting, and spooky decorations. It also featured a live crow, who

squawked in its cage when she opened the door. “Hello,” it croaked. “Hello. Hello.”

“Hello...” She murmured back, avoiding its gaze as she began to move through the bookshelves. She was aware of an old, white woman watching her. Skin stretched over her face so tight you could almost see the bones, lips spread into a wide rictus of a smile, and teeth ending in little points. White hair pointed in every direction. They really did care about atmosphere, here...

“Can I help you with something?”

Rebecca was startled, looking up. The woman was smiling at her, and while it looked creepy under the flickering light it also looked natural. She was actually an old lady, smiling at her customer. She blushed, feeling a little ridiculous, and not sure what she had expected from an occult shop. It was still a shop, after all. “I’m... Um...” The redhead swallowed. “I’m looking for books on hypnosis?”

“Really...” her voice was a little dry, and there was a hint of humor. “Most redheads are more interested in witchcraft. They say anyone with your hair color has the craft - assuming it’s natural?”

“I...” Rebecca swallowed. “I’m just interested in the hypnosis book, right now. Small smile. Small, fake smile. “Do you have any on... You know... Reshaping people? Like party tricks, but. Stronger. Like. Love spells, for hypnosis...”

“Like dark magic? Hypnosis is something that lingers between the occult and the scientific. You can’t force people to do what they aren’t willing to do. You can’t force someone to love you, for example. Though you can... push their boundaries, a little, hmm? Adjust what they’re willing to do, bit by bit...”

Rebecca smiled, a little weakly. “I um. I think I can figure it out, actually. I just wanted to know where you keep the books?”

The lady smiled, wider. Wider than Rebecca thought she should have been able to, as if her lips somehow stretched further than they should have. Rebecca took a step back. “They’re right over there, dear...” The woman pointed to Rebecca. Behind Rebecca, and the redhead swallowed a sudden lump in her throat. She forced herself to calm down. It was just an old lady providing customer service, after all - but her fingers still trembled as she grabbed the books, paid for them, without reading past the titles.

“How to Train a Girlfriend,” and “Makings of True Love,” as well as “The Perfect Bride’s Guide to Hypnosis.” Books so perfect, it felt as if they’d been left there for her, but they all slid into a uniform brown sack and were handed to her. “Do... a lot of people buy books like this?” she asked, as she paid. In cash, that she’d specifically withdrawn; she had just enough to cover it, with about three fifty left over.

“More than you’d hope; less than you’d think; I’ve never heard of anyone having success with them - but then, I’ve never had anyone return their copies either.” The elderly shopkeeper shrugged, and handed over the books. Rebecca took them and moved toward the door.

She walked down the street. She pushed past a man eating a hamburger, and two girls talking about mascara, not even bothering to push the girls together. Walked back onto the train and took a deep breath. Then she looked at the titles of the books, again, just staring at them. They were perfect, wonderful, and they were. Hers. They were hers, part of her plan, part of what she intended to do to another human being. She had to take a deep breath to calm herself. Three trains, three trains and she was back to her own block. She went into the grocery store. She

bought eggs, milk, flour, apple pie filling, and a little yeast. She paid a girl who was more busy looking at her phone than the total, but whose credit card reader worked well enough to charge Rebecca's card. She went home. Took a deep breath.

Opened the door. "Daniel! I'm home!"

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