

The Roommate

Chapter 4

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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 opened the door to silence. No response from her roommate, which meant Daniel was either being very rude or very absent. She briefly considered that he might have gone off to work, but it was the weekend, and he'd told her he was taking some days off to pack... Perhaps she should just count it as a blessing, though. He would have wanted to help her unpack the food, and hidden among the brown bags of her grocery shopping were a few books she didn't need him seeing.

That did leave her with an armful of heavy groceries, though, and who knew how little time before Daniel appeared? She moved toward the kitchen, dropping off the heavier bags first, and then hurried toward her room to hide the books between her mattress and her bed frame. She'd worried without reason, though; she had plenty of time to unpack her shopping ingredients, all without interruption by Daniel. She even started to look around for him, without success. His room was empty, of both Daniel *and* the dresser. The bed was made, the lights were out, and the curtains were drawn. His bathroom door was open, and she took a moment to thank heaven that it was also empty, since there were some views she didn't need to be treated to.

She checked the garage, too, finding it full of her ex-roommate's furniture, unmoved from where she left it. There were plenty of shadows and vague shapes in

the darkness, as well as cobwebs and spiders. “Daniel?” she called, fingers creeping toward the light switch. She worried for a moment that the light would spook some wild animal that had crept inside, but nothing actually happened except for a bare bulb flickering to life. It made the garage look a lot less creepy, but no less empty of roommates.

She was seriously starting to consider the possibility that he’d gone out, and that maybe she even had time to snoop around in his room a little, when inspiration struck. If he wasn’t in the house, maybe he was *outside* it. Specifically in the backyard. So she moved from the garage, back to the kitchen, and out the back door. She was greeted by the scent of fresh cut grass; she’d never let it grow unruly, exactly, but her hand mower had never gotten the circle of grass as smoothly cut, particularly around the edges, as Daniel had managed in an afternoon. Her eyes swept across the grass stalks, though, up the stone terracing to where her small garden of roses, tulips, and. Well, she never really tracked the names, just admired and watered the plants that came with the building. Just like the grass, though, they’d been freshly pruned back. Daniel was currently focused on sawing a few overambitious branches off of a tree that grew in the very back of her garden. It usually loomed over the fence, and dropped leaves in the space

between her house and the neighbors, but her roommate had carefully taken care of those branches, and was now just evening out the tree to look a little prettier.

He happened to be working in one of those tight white tank tops, too, the sweat sticking to the muscles of his back, his tight jeans showing off the surprising roundness of his muscular ass. She didn't remember it looking quite so good before, but that might have just been her own fantasy of grabbing what would hopefully be a fully feminized Daniell by the rear. The way his waist curved as he bent, with that barely perceptible but definitely present flair of the hips, she could almost imagine she was looking at a particularly butch lesbian. Until he turned around, and ruined the image for her. That smiling face might have done something for the straight girls, but it did nothing for Rebecca except shatter her fantasies and leave a sour taste in her mouth.

"You called?" he asked, and she forced a smile onto her lips for the response.

"Yeah," she said. "Don't mind me. I just got a little worried when I couldn't find you after my shopping. I guess you realized what a bad gardener I am?"

"You're a fine gardener." The brunette smiled, and unlike Rebecca was absolutely sincere in it. Showing off those shiny white teeth like it was the most natural thing in the world, he gestured around him at the garden. "It just needed a

little work from a professional; but considering you've been maintaining all this in your off time..."

"Thanks." Her smile widened a little. She meant the word; it wasn't just that she loved being complimented, but that she actually liked Daniel as a person.

Except for his body, and gender identity, they would have been perfect for each other. "I, um. Got the ingredients for a pie. Don't suppose it's your cheat day?"

Daniel shook his head. "I don't believe in cheat days. If I started eating your food, I'd probably never want to stop." Another smile, on both their faces, and Rebecca shifted her foot uncomfortably, flattered but uncertain how to respond.

"I'll. Um. Leave you to your work then," she said, turning back to the house. Daniel laughed, probably at how obviously flustered she was, but when Rebecca looked over her shoulder his focus was back on the tree. She didn't think that it would take him that long, and she wasn't sure how she wanted to spend the time while he was out. She'd read stories and watched TV shows where people used relaxation tapes and subliminal messages to start off their hypnosis - but she wasn't high tech enough for that. She had a friend who was pretty into music, but she didn't want anyone else knowing what she was up to and asking them to tape a hypnosis tape for her might give things away. Unless she kept it innocent, and said it was for herself... Everyone knew she liked hypnosis tapes. In fact, if her friend

could work magic with one of the self-confidence tapes she already had, all about being a strong woman in a man's world, it might work wonders on Daniel.

Might. She hadn't exactly done wonders with her little attempt at whispering in his ear all night, after all. It didn't matter, either, because she couldn't set it up while he was out in the garden. As much as she hated it, there wasn't much of anything she could do in the little time she had. The best use of her time was spent hurrying to her room, flopping down on the bed, and digging out those hypnosis books - in fact, maybe she could even put on some fake dust covers, from hard cover books, to hide the titles.

So that's exactly what she was going to do.

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It was a few hours later that Rebecca stuffed the book back under the bed. Daniel had poked his head in while she was reading *How To Train a Girlfriend* - an aptly named book that looked like it was first published in the last year or two; maybe a gag, but she hoped the hypnotics were real - and the advice like ruining his laundry, and buying him female pants to make up for it were potentially spot on. Potentially. She was also looking at the older looking books, "Makings of True

Love,” and “The Perfect Bride’s Guide to Hypnosis.” The last one in particular was infuriating, all its advice about “tricking” a man into marriage, but the underlying concept of putting someone in a trance, and slowly testing their limits, looked pretty decent. It gave her hope. All in all, by the time she stuffed the books away, she had a few ideas to mull in her head while making dinner.

Speaking of, she actually had to plan what to make. She was thinking something simple - hamburgers for her, veggie burgers for him. Hers would come with fries, and his would come with rice. Boiled with some pills meant to relax anxieties, to make sure he didn’t have any worries about his new living situation. Or the slight tenderness of his nipples, and dizzy tiredness that could come from a lack of testosterone.

When she was done, she rang an actual dinner bell that she kept next to her spice cabinet to have a little fun. “Daniel!” she called. “Dinner’s ready.”

There was a click, and the distant, barely registered sound of the TV was turned off. As Rebecca moved from the kitchen to the dining room, she saw Daniel coming in from the living room with a smile on his face. His eyes were locked on the plate of food, but he turned his attention over to her face with a grin.

“It looks delicious. Thanks.”

He reached for his plate, but she lifted the plate away from him.

“Nuh-uh-uh. I serve, you eat. It’s my thanks for the gardening. Deal?”

“Deal.” He pulled out his own chair, and she let him, placing the burger and rice in front of him, then ducking back into the kitchen to get a fork.

“Eat it all up, too,” she ordered, handing the silverware to him with a faked stern look. “We’re both going to work tomorrow, and you for one need your strength.”

“Yeah...” he nodded. “My strength.” His eyes were on the burger, though, and he attacked it eagerly. “Wow. This is delicious.”

“Thanks.” She smiled at him. “Now eat your rice.”

Daniel rolled his eyes, but started to shovel the rice into his mouth. “I’ve been feeling a little weird, actually... little dizzy and stuff. It’s probably nothing, but... Hmmm this is good... I might have to be careful not to overwork myself for real...”

“Yeah?” she faked disinterest, taking a bite of burger, and eating one of her perfectly divine salted fries. With ketchup. She’d never understand the people who refused to touch basic deliciousness like this, even if she respected the muscled body it let them build. “Hmmm... This is good...” She ate another, and Daniel rolled his eyes.



The conversation mostly stopped there, as they both stuffed their mouths with food. Occasionally Rebecca would press to make sure he was comfortable, well fed. Sometimes Daniel would get up to get a glass of water. Both of them continued eating until they'd cleared their plates, though only one of them was actually full of drugs at the end of it. All that was left after was...

"Guess it's time for bed," Daniel sighed. "Early day tomorrow; but hey, Tuesdays I get to sleep until noon. So. Maybe we can do something together?"

"Like go to a bar?" the redhead frowned. "Or. Maybe a game night? I know it's just the two of us, but I could maybe invite a friend..."

"A game night," he agreed, stretching. "Yeah. That sounds like fun..."

"Then it's settled." Rebecca smiled, getting up from the table and then pushing her chair back in. Tomorrow, after work, she'd meet up with that audiophile friend of hers. She'd get one of her tapes fixed up to work with Daniel, and give it to him as a housewarming gift over games and cocktails. Tonight, though, she was just going to sleep. Alone. In her big bed. "Tomorrow, we play games."