

The Roommate

Chapter 5

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 nervously fingered the CD in her hand, flicking lightly at the corner, rotating it in her palm, and generally fidgeting despite herself. It had been shockingly easy to convince her friend, Ashley, to play around with her self confidence tapes. She'd apparently been eager for the challenge, overlaying it with smooth bedtime music. It was all Rebecca could actually hear when the tape was played, but supposedly there were still words underneath. Words about embracing your womanhood, standing strong against a man's world, and going after what you want. She just had to trust her friend that the right words were still there... even if the word "Friend" wasn't exactly the right word to describe Ashley. It was more like. Amorous ex. Who's feelings she was sort of taking advantage of.

She felt guilty, since she knew that Ashley still had occasional hopes of them getting together, but the two of them had always just argued when they were together. It was time for her to focus on Daniel. On Daniell. So she took a deep breath, opened the door, and - as was becoming habit - yelled "Daniel! I'm home!"

"Hey!" She almost jumped at the answer, coming not from inside the house but from directly behind her. She shivered as she turned to see the muscular Daniel, white t-shirt tossed casually over his shoulder, an easy smile on his face. "Sorry. The homeowner started the sprinkles while I was working, so I got all soaked. Can't take off my pants..." he gestured at his blue jeans, dripping water on

the concrete and threatening to fall off of him from the extra weight. “But at least I could take off the shirt.

“Please tell me *your* day went better?”

“It was fine...” she lied. She’d been snapping at her line cooks all day; glaring at her sous chef - a cute pixie blonde by the “?name of Trisha, with enormous breasts she normally had to fight not to stare at. Today, it was all she could do just to hold it together before getting out the door and driving to Ashley’s house. Ugh. But she wasn’t going to go into details about that. Especially since the story ended with her trying to hypnotize him.

“You ready for dinner?” she asked him. “Maybe a little game night? I had an idea or two of what we could do...” one idea. One very special idea.

“Im sort of..” Daniel paused, noticing the hopeful expression on her face - and the little bit of fear when she started to hear his words. “Yeah.” He smiled. “Game night sounds good. But first, how about some of that delicious cooking? I could use some energy after today...”

“Deal!” Rebecca grinned, relieved her plan hadn’t gone awry. In fact, him being tired might help her out, both with the relaxation tapes and the hypnosis. In fact, she thought she might try to combine them in one attempt... assuming that wouldn’t just cancel itself out. She really needed to learn more about hypnosis...

“Come on inside, and I’ll make you some good food... Well. Good as you’ll let me.” She wrinkled her nose, and he laughed. He obviously thought she was joking, but the only thing stopping her from changing his eating habits was that she’d miss those muscles once he was all woman. She licked her lips at that thought, turning her head away to hide how eager she was, and headed into the house.

“Just go lie down on the couch,” she told him. “I’ll whip something up in a few minutes...”

Daniel nodded, gratefully, moving over to the couch as prompted. It only took him a few seconds to fall asleep, at which point she quickly moved over to slip her CD into the entertainment system. It started to play a sweet, soft flute song; though if she strained very hard she could almost hear the whisper of words.

Almost.

Hopefully, it would get through to Daniel while he slept. In the meantime, she had to prepare dinner. For her, that was a steak, seared in butter, with caramelized onion and a baked potato... For her precious Daniell, it was a vegetable burger, seared in olive oil, and served without fries. Just water. She sighed a little, but did crush some of the relaxation pills into dust, and mix it with the soy based

sauce she used on the burger. It should taste as good as a vegetable burger ever could, especially on a whole wheat bun.

When the food was hot and ready, she gently nudged Daniel on the shoulder. When that failed to rouse him, she pushed a little harder. Hard enough to dump him off the couch, and make him let out a surprisingly girly squeak when he hit the carpet.

“Hey!”

“Did you roll over in your sleep?” Rebecca asked, full of innocence and smiles. She leaned over the couch to offer him a hand up, and he took it, with a grumpy expression on his face. It was almost... a pout.

“You pushed me...” His voice sounded petulant. A touch girly. Though maybe that was just Rebecca’s imagination playing tricks on her; she wanted to believe that her pills and music and nighttime whispers were working, after all.

“Would a nice girl like me do that?” she asked, raising her hand to her heart now that Daniel was safely on his feet. She smiled a little, to show she was teasing. “Even if she had slaved over a hot stove, and looked forward to dinner and a game with you alllllllllll day long, only for you to fall asleep...”

“...Fine. Fine.” The brunette sighed, brushing a hand through his hair. It seemed to be just a little bit longer than the short cropped hair he’d arrived with.

She wondered again what sort of drugs her ex roommate had stocked, before shaking that thought away as a wild fancy. “Dinner’s on the table?”

“It’s a veggie burger for you, today,” she informed him. “With special low fat sauce.” Well... the sauce was both special, and low fat. She liked him without fat, though she could name a few places in need of it. Like his ass.

“Sounds delicious.” He smiled, and it seemed genuine. He moved to the table, pulled out his chair, and sat down. Rebecca did the same thing, but also poured herself a glass of good red wine, to go with the steak. It was delicious, and fatty, and starchy, and would likely all go to her hips and ass. She didn’t care, though; a chef should be a little curvy, so long as they also stayed in shape.

“You sure you want to do party games, tonight?” asked Daniel. He yawned, putting his burger down with only a few bites taken. She glared at him until he sheepishly lifted his hands, and took another bite.

“It’s something low effort,” she promised him, satisfied that he was going to finish the whole thing. “Actually.... I....” She took a deep breath. Time to make the plunge. “I thought I could hypnotize you. You know, like a parlor trick. For fun.”

“Hypnotize me...” He chewed his food, thoughtfully, staring at her. He probably thought she was insane, Rebecca realized, but she gave a small smile.

“You know. Just. Trying something new. I’ve been reading a few books on it, and I love those self help hypnosis tapes, so... I thought. I’d try it out on you?”

Still staring. Biting into his food and chewing; the burger was almost done. “...Yeah, alright,” he shrugged, and she felt herself sag against the chair. “You might even succeed, if your command is to sleep. Just don’t do anything embarrassing to me once I’m in bed...”

“Promise.” The redhead grinned, and attacked her steak with vigor. While Daniel ate his veggie burger slowly, and tiredly, she was suddenly full of energy - and determined to get her food down, and the next part of her plan underway.

Daniel, for his part, just shook his head and stoically continued with his burger. It tasted well enough, Rebecca knew, but he was so tired that even chewing must have felt like an extreme effort. In fact, he finished his small burger at about the same time she finished her twelve ounce steak, yawning as if it had taken great effort to eat while she of course had a smile on her face.

“Come on...” she grabbed Daniel’s arm and led him back toward the living room, before pushing him on the couch. “I bought an old pocket watch at the pawn shop and everything for this...”

“You’re...” Daniel yawned, again. “...really excited for this. Aren’t you? You thinking of becoming a professional or something?”

“More an interesting party guest...” she lied, keeping the smile on her face. She took the pocket watch out of her faded jeans, holding it in front of Daniel’s eyes, which were unfortunately already hazy with sleep. “Just watch the pocket watch go back and forth...” she whispered, letting it sway in front of him. “Watch the pocket watch. Watch it... You’re very sleepy. We both know that you’re very sleepy. I want you to let that sleep overtake you, okay? Go in a trance. Close your eyes...”

He did. Only now he wasn’t looking at the pocket watch, anymore, she realized. “Imagine the pocket watch. Picture it in your head. Picture it swaying back and forth. Back and forth. Don’t fall asleep. Just stay relaxed, in a trance... and tell me your name.”

“Daniel...” he whispered, and she couldn’t tell if it was monotone because he was so tired, or because her hypnotism was working.

“Daniel. I’m going to call you Daniell, okay? Is that alright?”

“You can call me whatever you want...” he whispered. “As long as I get to sleep, soon...”

This wasn’t working. She gritted her teeth. “Daniell. Keep your eyes closed. I’m going to count down from ten, and when I get to one you’re going to fall asleep; and you’re going about to forget this conversation. But you’re going to have

a dream. A dream about me, and you; and remember, I'm a lesbian. I'm a lesbian, even in your dream. But you're going to dream about us together anyway. Okay?"

"Okay..." He yawned, again.

The redhead still wasn't sure this was working. "Ten. Nine. Eight." She was counting too fast. She tried to slow down - a nice, steady, measured pace. "Seven. Six. Five. Four. Three. Two. One..."

He snored. She sighed. This night hadn't gone at all as planned, but at least the music was still playing. Relaxing, comfortable music. The soft flutes put her in mind of Ashley actually, and the nights they'd spent together, listening to music in the park... but that was a thought for another time. Another night. Maybe with some wine, and... She shook her head, wondering where those thoughts were coming from. Maybe it was time she got into bed, too.

Though, first, she wanted to read more of those hypnosis books. She'd find out what it meant when your subject fell asleep on you, mid session... and if maybe she could take the opportunity to program him some more.

In the meantime, she was just hoping that he was having some good dreams. She was certainly intending too... And tomorrow? Tomorrow, she'd see about trying this hypnosis thing all over again.

For now, though, she was just going to climb into her big lonely bed, devoid of any company, and think about Ashley for a little. The friend who'd done so much for her, by making that tape.

Whyever had they broken up again? She yawned, shaking her head back and forth. Maybe she'd skip the reading for tonight. She had some sleep to catch up on, too... and some things to think about. Like what to make for breakfast, what drugs to slip into it, and whether work would annoy her as much in the morning as it had that day.

All that could wait, though. It was time to sleep.