

# The Roommate

## Chapter 6

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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.

Rebecca woke up wet. She'd had a dream - she couldn't entirely remember the details, but she wanted to believe it included Daniell, even though - for some reason - there was a vague memory of Ashley, her ex. Probably just because Ashley had been the one to make that CD... she hoped the CD was working, she'd been able to hear it faintly through the walls while it played, same as Daniel. Rebecca hoped it had influenced his dreams as well as it had hers...

The redhead sighed, wishing she had time to properly pay attention to her own needs, now, but she had no guarantee Daniel would be doing the same - and even if he was, he would probably be quick and crude in his current male body. If she was going to make breakfast before he woke up, and take care of her own needs, that meant she needed to be quick and crude herself. In other words, the shower.

Rebecca had been tired enough to sleep in her morning clothes the night before. So after she turned the shower's knob to hot, she began to strip free her tight fitting jeans and pull off her favorite red blouse, folding both and putting them on top of the toilet seat. Then she climbed into the shower, pushing aside the curtain, and let the warm water hit her flesh, wiping away the goosebumps left by the morning cold. She shivered a little, despite the heat, adjusting to the change of temperature and then reaching up toward the soap.

First her breasts, soft beneath her hands, sending out tingles of new warmth and pleasure as her own soapy hands glided over the soft fat of her breasts, slippery fingers pinching at her nipple and then sliding down her flatter stomach to roll around her waist, her hips, her thighs. She scrubbed her pussy, a single wet finger squirming its way between the still wet-inside muscles, before reaching up to the detachable shower head and letting the water roam over her flesh. Just play with her body, squirt over her breasts, and pump between her legs to hit the special spot no man would ever find or touch.

Her mind drifted, to the Daniell she wanted - strong muscles lifting her, delicate fingers pumping into her, smooth breasts pressing against her back as she was lifted and fucked in the shower by perfect hands... and how she'd return the favor, with a strap-on directly to that sweet, muscular ass.

Too soon, the shower ended. She knew she needed to leave some hot water for her roommate, so she turned it off and dried herself with a white towel, running the soft material across her back and bottom, her wet hair, and even her needy slit, which at least didn't call out for quite so much attention, now. She wrapped the damp towel around herself, and put a fresh one over her hair, before moving back to the bedroom to get changed. A new pair of blue jeans, and a green shirt with lace backing. Then she was off to the kitchen.

The chef whistled to herself as she worked on a pair of omelettes. One made of egg whites, the other creamy and filled with extra yolk. Both were filled with veggies, though only hers had any cheese. Daniel's had a nice sprinkling of pills, dissolved in the egg whites. They'd hopefully keep her roommate compliant, and not asking too many questions about last night.

"Breakfast is ready!" the redhead called.

"Coming!" Rebecca licked her lips as Daniel walked out of the bedroom, back in that tight white shirt and wearing a pair of... sweatpants. They were tight around his bottom, and he had a faint blush on his cheeks. She couldn't help but notice the way his nipples poked out of the white cloth, too, even though it was a balmy seventy degrees in the house. Enough to keep Rebecca's own nipples sealed behind her red blouse.

"I um..." he fidgeted. "I've been thinking I should go back to just grapefruits for breakfast, actually. I know you're doing your best with the healthy cooking, but. I can't seem to fit in my pants this morning..." She eyed the baggy sweatpants, wondering at the swell of hips and bottom that might be hidden beneath them. That was ridiculous, though - but so were those nipples. She wondered, not for the first time, what sort of hormones her ex-roommate had been taking.

“Eat,” she commanded, setting the food down on the table, and giving him a firm look. “I’ll prepare you a grapefruit tomorrow. One more meal won’t make a difference in the meantime.” Except maybe to weaken his defenses.

Daniel looked like he wanted to protest, but he wilted under her glare, taking his plate of egg whites and nervously taking a little bite. He chewed it for a moment, and then - convinced it was a properly flavorless and healthy meal - began to eat more rapidly. It was enough to bring a small smile to Rebecca’s lips, though she quickly slid over to her own plate and began to pay attention to her own food. She ate slowly, not exactly eager to return to work, but knowing that the sooner she got it over with, the sooner she could focus her attentions on playing with her roommate’s mind.

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Work was slow but steady business. She’d put all her mind to cooking, without even time to flirt. When it was done, she just hopped in her car and drove straight home. For once, she didn’t call Daniel’s name, assuming he wouldn’t be home. Which resulted in catching him off guard when she entered the living room, and found him with his shirt off - examining two little nubs beneath his widened

areola and puffy nipples. His fingers were slowly poking the flesh, and as Rebecca watched he let out a low moan, and shuddered.

“Daniel?” she asked. The man flushed, cheeks bright red, fingers darting away to his legs.

“I... Um...” he was flustered. Rebecca smiled. “I think... I got a couple bug bites on my chest, or something...”

“That’s one word for them...” she agreed, stepping closer. It was all she could do not to reach out and touch the flesh. She wanted to kiss it, stroke it, maybe even bite it. The first signs of femininity on her woman-to-be. “You should get them checked out by a doctor.”

The brunette shook his head, looking embarrassed. “I don’t think we need to show anyone this, over a couple awkward bug bites... I probably just need to change my diet, some. Back to grapefruits, like I said...”

“Of course.” Rebecca smiled. “Now. If you’ll put on a shirt? I feel like those bug bites are staring right at me...” Not that she *really* minded, of course. She wasn’t sure how she’d made what could have been weeks or months of progress in the course of a few days, but she wasn’t going to complain. She was going to take advantage. “And I thought we could try some hypnosis, again. If you’re less tired today?”

“Hypnosis?” he blinked at her, uncertain, and sat on the couch. Without seeming to think about it, he placed one leg over the other, crossing them as if he were wearing a skirt. “You tried that last night, right? You’re really into that stuff...”

“I just think it’s a great way to relax...” She smiled. “And it’s a fun party trick. And you did promise I can play some games with you...”

“Alright, alright...” Daniel sighed, shaking his head. “Get out your pocket watch or whatever. But I’m warning you - I’m a strong, confident w-um... Man....And I’m not going to give in easily.”

“Sure..” She leaned in closer to him, causing him to lean back into the couch cushions. She placed her hand on his thigh, and reached into her pocket for the old pocket watch she’d used last night. She wasn’t sure if that was strictly necessary, but she wasn’t taking any chances with this attempt at hypnosis.

She swung it slowly back and forth, keeping her eyes locked on his, so that they’d briefly meet every time she swung the watch back, and forth, back and forth. “I’m going to count down...” she whispered, looking at him. “You’re going to get sleepier, and sleepier, every second I count down. Every moment, a little more tired. Your eyes a little heavier. You’re going to want to close your eyes. Go

ahead and close your eyes, and just listen..." Ten... Watch the watch... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four... three... two... one..."

His eyes were closed. His breath was even. She took a deep breath herself, and then slowly let it out. She had no idea if this had actually worked, or if he was just humoring her - but if she didn't try something, she was going to regret it. Of course, if she tried this out and he was just faking, she might lose herself a roommate and go to jail for drugging someone... same if he went to the doctor and figured things out, though. Which meant it was time to take the plunge.

"Daniel?" she asked. "Are you there?" No response. Was he sleeping? Or maybe she should try something else. "Daniell?"

"Yes..." The voice was breath; soft. Lips stretched into a small smile, and Rebecca's heart began to beat. This was it... "I'm here..."

"Daniell." She swallowed. "I want you to listen to me. Daniell. When you wake up, you're going to be Daniel again. For a little while. But I'm working on making you Daniell full time, okay? A strong. Confident. Wman."

"A strong... confident... woman..." she repeated. "I'm a strong confident woman... and I want to fuck Ashley..."

"What?" Rebecca's eyes widened a little "How do you know Ashley?"

“The music...” he whispered, back. “The music said I should go back to Ashley.”

“Go back to Ashley....” The chef squeezed her eyes shut, her heart beating faster. She should go back to Ashley. They should both go to Ashley. But no! That was... “What the hell did that crazy woman place in my music...” she whispered, remembering her dream from last night. “That’s... Not important right now. What matters is that you’re a strong, confident woman; and you aren’t bothered by those bug bites on your chest. You won’t go to the doctor, even if they get bigger. Even if your body continues to change. Do you understand?”

“I understand...” Daniell whispered. “I won’t go to the doctor. I don’t care about my bug bite breasts... they belong on a strong confident woman. Does Ashley like breasts?”

“Forget about Ashley...” Rebecca whispered, voice low. “Just focus on me. Focus on being good for me. Okay?”

Daniel nodded. “I’ll be good... For you... And Ashley...”

Rebecca sighed. She clearly needed to figure things out with Ashley, before she could take things further. Still. She’d hypnotized Daniel into Daniell.

As far as first steps went, it was a pretty good one.