

The Roommate

Chapter 8

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.

Ashley fixed the CD. Rebecca stood behind her while she worked, listening as the audio was changed. All mentions of Ashley were stripped away, scrubbed clean as if they had never been. All that was left was the declaration of being a strong, confident woman. It was the perfect tool for hypnotizing Daniel into her Daniell. Assuming that she could deprogram the urge for Ashley that was already implanted in her roommate. That was already implanted in her.

Just standing behind Ashley while she worked, it was all Rebecca could do not to lean down and sniff the blonde's hair. Grab her shoulders, and toss her to the ground. Only anger kept her from giving into lust. She'd been hypnotized, taken advantage of, *programmed* like a piece of machinery. Even though she'd been on top, last night, she hadn't been in control at all. Focusing on that gave her the strength to avoid grabbing Ashley by the hair, tugging her back, and having her way with the woman. Though the thought came to her that she was giving up on some deliciously angry sex by resisting.

Lost in those thoughts, Rebecca didn't actually notice when her ex finished the CD, until she heard the whirring of the machinery ejecting the disk. Ashley stuck her finger through the middle, and lifted it carefully, before angrily shoving it at the dominant redhead. Rebecca took it, carefully gripping the edges, with a terse

smile on her lips. Ashley hooked her finger through the middle, though, instead of letting go. “We could have been great, together, you know...”

“Maybe.” Rebecca shrugged. *Definitely*, whispered a little voice in her mind. A little voice planted there by Ashley, no doubt. “But I prefer my subs to be *actually* submissive. You want to control my every action. I can’t even tell what’s my idea, and what’s yours, when I’m around you...”

“So?” Ashley released the CD, when Rebecca tugged, but crossed her arms. She didn’t look repentant. “You have fun when you’re with me; you do things you couldn’t imagine doing when you’re with me; you *like who you are* when you’re with me. You don’t feel the need to hypnotize yourself when you’re around me. Because *I did it for you.*”

“...You... Did it for me.” Rebecca stared in shock. The CD, the precious subliminal message, fell to the floor and clattered faintly. She didn’t bend down to pick it up, and when Ashley broke eye contact to glance at it Rebecca grabbed her by the shoulders. “You hypnotized me? The entire time we were together?”

The blonde met Rebecca’s gaze with cold blue eyes, holding her ground with anger. “Who do you think started you on self-hypnosis? Who do you think gave you the confidence to be a dom? You were *nothing* before me - and you’ll be nothing without me. Even now, you’re taking to fucking subliminals just trying to

hold on to the feeling of power *I* gave you. There is nothing in your skull that didn't come from me!"

Rebecca didn't realize she'd curled her fingers into a fist. Not until her arm was already cocked back, and plunging forward to punch Ashley square in the jaw. The smaller woman practically bounced back, tripping over her computer chair, and hitting the carpeted floor with a loud "crack" - her head hitting the edge of a bookshelf. "Shit..."

Rebecca leaned down to study Ashley, placing a hand on the woman's throat. She could feel a pulse, strong and steady. The woman was just unconscious, then, not dead. She'd wake up soon, though, and then there'd be hell to pay to call the police. Unless she somehow didn't want to call the police.

Rebecca eyed the computer. It was immoral. It was wrong. It was no worse than what Ashley had done to *her*, and now that she'd seen Ashley do it she thought she could do it herself. She put the CD in, and clicked around for a few minutes until she found the audio. It was basically just what she'd asked for, but it was time to make a few adjustments to the subliminals. Starting with adding "You will listen to the sound of my voice" and "You will not go to the police," two commands that would work well with Ashley and Daniell both. She clicked save, but paused when it automatically tried to save to a file labeled "Cat pics" - filled

with title names like calico and russian blue, but they were all saved in the same format as the audio file she'd been working on. She frowned, taking a moment to save her document to the disk before returning to the folder.

She opened one of the documents, labeled siamese. "Rebecca," Ashley whispered, and the redhead spun around to find Ashley still on the floor. The sound was coming from the computer. "You are strong. You are confident. You are going to tie me up, and play with my breasts. You're going to tweak my right nipple, then my left, then kiss me on the stomach. You're going to tell me that you've been thinking about me all day. Rebecca. You are confident. You are going to tie me up and play with my breasts..." It went on. The other files were more of the same. Some of them encouraged her to hypnotize herself, while others said "Go after what you want." She realized, with a sick feeling, that Ashley really had been programming her the entire time they were together.

She remembered, vaguely, how she'd first met Ashley. They'd met at a grocery store, both reaching for the same spice. One of them a professional cook, one of them an amateur who was just learning how to read a cookbook. Ashley had smiled at her, though, and they'd talked. Then she'd insisted Rebecca listen to some of her music, "Because I refuse to date anyone who doesn't share my tastes." Was that when it had started? Rebecca had barely been into dating, before then.

She'd been blushing and shy and scared of meeting new people, terrified of her attraction to women and uncertain in bed. Now she was strong, confident, dominating - she went after what she wanted. Even when it was clearly the wrong thing. Even when it meant hypnotizing others. Was this what Ashley had done to her?

She eyed the figure on the ground, wondering how much she owed to this woman, before reaching for the headphones and plugging them into the computer. It didn't matter how much of her current self had come from this woman; it was time she took control of her own life. To that end, she placed the earphones over Ashley's head, nestling them securely over the blonde's ears, and began to play the CD. By the time Ashley awoke, she would hopefully be deadset against contacting the police. And in the meantime... in the meantime, now that Rebecca knew what she was doing, she was going to record a special CD. Something just for Daniell.

It was a few hours later that Ashley woke up. Groaning, stirring. Her hands were tied behind her back, using a braid of her own hair that had been wound around her wrists. She blinked owlshly at Rebecca, and tried to pull her hands free.

"Stop it..." Rebecca whispered, and Ashley's hands stilled. She glared at Rebecca, though, and opened her mouth to speak. The redhead placed a finger to

Ashley's lips, though, and the woman went quiet. Still glaring, but Rebecca didn't mind that.

"I've been working on the CD," the redhead told her captive. "I want you to help with it." She grinned, as the glare intensified, and she sat down in Ashley's computer chair, facing the hair-bound woman. "I think you owe me that much, anyway." She had to bite her tongue rather than add that the woman wasn't to call the police. That was already in her programming, and she didn't need to put anything in the blonde's head.

"I want you to help me hypnotize a man into being a woman." The glare turned into an incredulous look, and a little huff. Ashley looked like she wanted to say something, but Rebecca put a finger on her lips again and the woman stayed quiet. "Don't speak. I am exactly what you made me, a woman who goes after what she wants; and what I want happens to identify as male. So we're going to fix that." She grinned, not caring that Ashley was shaking her head back and forth. "And if you don't do it, *I'll* call the police on everything *you* did to *me*. Or maybe exact some private revenge, here and now."

The glare was back, but after a moment it faded into uncertainty and then, with some apparent reluctance, Ashley nodded. Rebecca grinned, and leaned down to start undoing the binds around the woman's wrists. She was satisfied that the

CD had done its work on Ashley, and that more programming could be done to the blonde later. If needed. As a reward, for now, she placed a gentle kiss on Ashley's lips. "You can speak now."

"You're insane," were the first words out of her ex's mouth. Rebecca only grinned.

"I'm exactly what you made me, remember? Now let's get to work."