



The Roommate

John Dylena



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The Roommate

by John Dylena

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

“Hello?” Jessica held the phone with her shoulder as she flipped through the magazine. She was sitting on the couch in her living room, feet up on the table in front of her, making faces at the heavily-airbrushed photos of bikini-clad women in the newest edition of Sports Illustrated magazine. She didn’t normally read magazines like that, but it was pouring rain outside, and in lieu of anything else to do, she’d begun to read. Three hours later, this magazine was the only piece of “literature” she hadn’t blown through. Honestly, she was grateful for the phone call—now she had an excuse not to keep reading it.

“Hi, this is Allen,” a man said on the other end. “I called the other day about the room for rent in your condo.”

Jessica tossed the magazine down on the table and switched her phone to her hand. She sat up straight, changing her demeanor from slacker to professional.

“Oh yeah,” she said much more attentively. “I remember you. What can I do for you?”

“I was wondering if there’s a good time for me to come by, either today or tomorrow, to check out the place.”

She picked up her smartphone off of the table and opened up her calendar app, scanning the dates for a vacancy.

“Definitely,” she replied after a moment. “How does three-p.m. today sound?”

There was a long pause on the other end. Then:

“All right, sounds good. I’ll be there at three.”

“See you then!” she chirped, hanging up the phone.

She leaned back onto the couch and set her phone next to her, exhaling slowly as she gazed out the window of their apartment. She had been living there with her friend and roommate, Susan, for almost two years. It was a luxurious three-bedroom, two-bath apartment situated in west Los Angeles

within walking distance of the beach. The building had an amazing view of the Pacific Ocean, and as she watched its waves roll lazily toward the shore, she thought about the circumstances that had warranted the phone call she had just received.

Originally, she and Susan had move in with another roommate, Tina, but she had moved to Paris six months ago. For a while, they were able to pay the rent on their own, but as time passed, the financial burden became nearly unbearable, and it was clear that a new roommate was in order.

After nearly a month of searching, they hadn't found a single reliable tenant; all who had shown interest eventually backed out for one reason or another. Out of sheer desperation, they had lowered their standards and began opening the vacancy up to male candidates. The man on the phone—Allen—was the first one who actually seemed interested in the room, rather than the two beautiful women that came along with it.

The sound of Susan emerging from the shower drew her attention to the bathroom door. Susan stepped out wearing a loose t-shirt and sweats with her wet hair draped over the towel around her neck.

“Who was that on the phone?” she asked her.

“That was Allen,” Jessica replied. “I've told you about him already... he might become our roommate.”

Susan's ocean-blue eyes lit up with recognition. “Oh yeah, him. So, what—is he coming by to check out the place? I'd really like to meet him.”

Jessica nodded. “He's coming by around three.” She watched Susan's face fall.

“Damn! I'll be at work.” She pouted. “You'll have to tell me everything when I get back. And don't skimp on the details!”

“Don't worry,” Jessica replied, hesitantly picking up the magazine she was reading earlier. She exhaled heavily, trying to remember where she left off in the brain-numbing editorial.

Three-o'clock eventually rolled around, and Jessica heard a knock at the door. Between the phone call and the appointment, she had showered and changed out of her pajamas and into actual grown-up clothes. She decided to wear something that would cover up most of her body as a test of Allen's intentions, choosing a loose pair of jeans and a long sleeve shirt covered by one of her favorite hoodie. The once blue sweatshirt had faded into a dull gray from the many washings.

"Hello!" she greeted as she answered the door. "Wow, you're right on time."

Allen stood in the doorway. He was wearing a t-shirt and jeans, but he didn't look at all sloppy. His brown hair was nicely-combed, and his face was clean-shaven. He smiled.

"I thought I would get here a little later, but thankfully, there wasn't much traffic."

She stepped aside and motioned for him to enter, subtly smelling him as he walked by her. No body odor and no trace of pot or cigarettes, she thought. He actually smells good! He waited for her in the entryway as she closed the door behind him.

"Follow me," she said, leading him into the kitchen. It was a good-sized space, with granite counter-tops and state-of-the-art stainless steel appliances. The sink was free of any dishes and all the surfaces were clean and spotless, a condition Jessica hoped to keep it in.

They sat down across from one another at the kitchen table. Jessica ran over the interview questions in her mind.

"Nice place," he said, looking around from his seat.

"I'll give you the tour when were done." She clicked her pen. "Tell me about yourself."

"Well, I graduated from a four-year degree program majoring in computer science with a minor in environmental science. After that, I got a job with a software developer. The pay was decent, and I was living with another guy in a tiny two-bedroom apartment. He was quiet and kept to himself, but my room was as big as a dorm room. I recently got a major promotion, which

included a bigger paycheck, so I decided to move out of that dinky place into something much nicer.”

Jessica was impressed. “Wow, that's pretty cool,” she said, thinking of the financial stability his promotion could offer them. “Want a tour of the place?”

Allen smiled. “Sure, I’d love to.”

The kitchen opened up to the living room. It was decorated with potted plants, art on the walls, and other odds and ends that made the place warm and homey. There were several chairs and a large couch, all facing the big flatscreen TV on the wall.

The rest of the living room area was comprised of a well-stocked mini bar, a small pool table, and several huge windows with beach views that, when opened, let in a pleasant ocean breeze that could cool the whole apartment. There were magazines and books on the table, and just like the kitchen, the place was clean and spotless.

Allen approached the entertainment center housing the flatscreen TV and began perusing the DVDs stacked alongside of it. They had some of every genre, but most were action and sci-fi.

“I really like your movie library,” he said.

“Yeah, we’re a little nerdy,” Jessica admitted.

“No worries. I’m a geek myself.”

She smiled. This guy’s not so bad. He’s definitely not one of those bodybuilder bros that obsess over their bodies, and he hasn’t tried to hit on me, either. So far, so good.

“This way to the bedrooms,” she said, gesturing to the wall opposite of the TV. There was a narrow hallway with two doors on the left, one at the end, and a large doorway on the right. Sliding wood-panel doors hid whatever was in that room.

“Okay, on the left side are mine and Susan’s rooms.” She opened one of the

doors. “This one is mine, and Susan’s is on the far end. We also share a bathroom.”

She closed the door and they walked down to the end of the hall.

“This,” she said as she opened the door, “will be your room—should you decide to move in, anyway.”

The bedroom was L-shaped with a bathroom at the very end. It was a good size; not big, but not too small, either, and perfect for just one person. It had a shower/bath combo, an ‘industrial strength’ toilet, a porcelain sink above a large, wooden cabinet, and a mirror with vanity lighting.

“Wow, this is nice.” Allen said, looking around.

“It differs from mine and Susan’s, but you get your own bathroom. Also, because we’re at the corner of the building, you also get a nice view of the ocean.”

She opened the window and the two of them looked out at the blue Pacific. It was a sunny day and the breeze was refreshing.

“It’s definitely bigger than my current bathroom, and a lot nicer, too,” Allen said. “And that’s certainly a view that can’t be beat.”

Jessica smiled. She couldn’t believe things were going so well.

They left the room, and as they were walking back towards the kitchen to finish up the tour, Allen noticed the large wood-panel doors. “What’s in this room here?”

“Ah,” Jessica said, sliding one of the large panels aside. “This is the laundry room.”

The room was bare, except for the high-end washer and dryer, several empty laundry baskets, and a rod with a bunch of empty hangers.

“You should see what it looks like on laundry day,” she said with a smile. “I’m a clean freak. You probably noticed the kitchen. But when it comes to clothes, I can’t stand seeing a full hamper.”

She closed the door and they walked back to the kitchen, sitting down again at the table.

“What do you think?” she asked him, opening a can of soda.

Allen beamed as he meandered around the kitchen. “I love it!”

She took a long sip of the soda, her mind already envisioning life with Allen in the apartment. “Awesome, just what I wanted to hear. I’ll send you over all the necessary paperwork and you can move in whenever you’re ready—just be sure to give me a call ahead of time so I can put it on my calendar.”

Allen was so excited, he didn’t know what to do with his hands. He crossed them in front of him only to put them in his pockets seconds later. “Will do.”

They stood up, shook hands, and Allen left, excited about the new place.

Three uneventful months went by, and Allen, Jessica, and Susan were getting along quite nicely. The girls were both glad he wasn’t trying to hit on them every hour of the day, and Allen proved to be courteous and respectful, often offering to do dishes or other chores. Jessica turned him down every time, mainly because she liked cleaning the place herself. Even so, he still offered every now and then.

He was quiet kept to himself in his room, but he wasn’t a shut-in. He was social and went out with his friends every weekend and joined the two women every time they had a movie night.

Everything was going great—until one fateful laundry day.

Damn, I really need to take a shower, Allen thought that morning, smelling himself as he got out of bed. He stood up and stretched, staring out of the large window at the ocean. I love lazy Saturdays.

He stripped off all his clothes and threw them at his hamper, which nearly toppled at the weight of the clothes pile. I guess it’s about time I do my laundry, he thought to himself. I’m surprised it isn’t overflowing.

After toweling off, Allen returned to his bedroom to get dressed.

“Ah, nuts. Looks like I'm out of clean underwear,” he said, staring at his empty drawer. “Looks like I'll just wear a dirty pair from... what the—?”

He walked over to his hamper only to find it empty. Completely empty. Looking around, he found a sticky note on the wall next to the hamper. It had Jessica's handwriting on it.

Allen:

I'm sorry, but when I came in to say that Susan and I were leaving, I noticed the state of your hamper, and well, I couldn't control myself :)

Your clothes are getting washed and will hopefully be done when you get out. By the way, Susan and I are both gonna be gone until late tonight, so do what you please, but don't make a mess of the place!

- Jessica

“Balls.”

He walked out of the room, still wearing nothing but the towel, and headed into the laundry room. He hoped that she was right about the timing.

When he slid open the large wooden door, he heard the sounds of the machines working. He looked at the washer and noticed it still had 30 minutes left, and the dryer showed the same.

He sighed and climbed up onto the wooden table next to the machines, planning on waiting it out in his towel when something caught his eye.

When he'd walked into the laundry room, his focus had only been on the machines. His tunnel vision had prevented him from noticing that the walls of the laundry room were filled up with lots of women's clothes and underwear.

"Whoa." He climbed off the table and walked up to the racks.

Various ladies' undergarments were hanging on the walls in all sorts of colors, styles, and fashions. An idea popped up into his head, something he'd thought was lost forever. He was surprised to find that it wasn't.

Jessica's words on how she and Susan weren't going to be back until late that night echoed in his head. Breathing deeply, he browsed through the selection, gingerly touching all the different fabrics.

He gently pulled down a black bra and a matching pair of panties and set them on the table, making a gap on the rack so that he'd know where to put them back. Scanning the rest of the rack, he found something even better: a black corset with cups and garters. He grabbed it, put the bra back, and then set the new garment on the table.

He dug through one of the baskets and pulled out a pair of black stockings and set them on the table next to the other items. His mind was set. There was no going back.

Taking one more deep breath, Allen set his towel on the floor. The panties were the first to be put on, the light material tickling the insides of his legs. Then he climbed up onto the table and proceeded to roll the stockings up his long, slender legs. The dark nylon hugged his legs, hiding the little hair he had on them. After sliding both of them on, he got up off the table, grabbed the corset and stepped into it, pulling it up his body.

He reached behind to his back and fastened the clips, thankful that it wasn't laced. Needing to stuff the bra, he grabbed some socks from the large basket and filled the cups.

"Man this is tight," he said to himself. He felt up the sides of his body and noticed the more defined hourglass shape the garment gave him. His hips were anything but womanly, but the narrowed waist helped with the illusion. He bent down and fastened the tops of the stockings to the garters

that hung from the corset.

Looking down at his stocking-clad feet, he realized he was missing the most important piece: shoes.

It was easy enough grabbing the clothing from the laundry room, but going further required infiltrating the ladies' bedrooms and bathroom. He made a mental note to put everything back exactly where it belonged. The last thing he wanted was the women to find out he wore their clothes.

The nightmare scenario played out in his head. They came back and found their stuff disturbed. What then? Would they chastise him? Call him names? Would they kick him out of the apartment?

His mind switched to the other possibility. What if they forced him to dress up, instead? Would they turn him into their slave? Make him clean and serve them in some ridiculous maid outfit?

He stopped before the scenarios got out of hand in his mind. No, they won't find out. They mustn't.

But why couldn't he stop? If he wanted to make sure they didn't find out, why not just put the undergarments back? His old fantasies were pulling him forward, urging him to continue.

You know you want this.

He grabbed his towel and walked out of the laundry room, nearly slipping on the wooden floor of the hallway. He quickly made a stop in his room, tossing the towel onto the floor and then stood in the hallway outside Jessica's door. He remembered Susan occasionally poking fun at Jessica because she apparently had big feet. If Susan's jests had some truth to them, then there was a chance Jessica's shoes could fit his feet. The stockings would help if they were a tight fit, but if they were too small, his feet would cramp and the experience wouldn't be the least bit enjoyable.

He slowly opened her door. The sun was shining into her room, its light coming down right on her closet door. He walked up to her closet and slid it open.

His eyes turned to her bed. Jessica was a beautiful woman; a tall brunette with light green eyes. She was smart and funny, yet in the few months he'd lived there, he'd never heard her mention a boyfriend.

Susan, on the other hand, was more proactive. She was shorter than Allen, but her killer body got all the attention from the boys. She was too outgoing for him, and she always seemed to get a little too drunk when she went out to the bars or clubs. Allen would be lying if he said he never fantasized about having sex with either of them.

Bringing his mind back to the matter at hand, he stepped into Jessica's walk-in closet looking for her shoes. Fortunately, he wouldn't have to do any digging to find them; they were all neatly lined up on the floor. He laughed when he saw how organized they were. It made it easy to find the ones he wanted.

After glancing over the selection, he picked up a pair of black patent pumps with five-inch heels. The black leather shined brightly, as if they had just been polished that morning.

He took the shoes and sat on the edge of her bed. He set them on the ground and slipped his feet into them, praying they would fit. Like Cinderella being found by her prince, the shoes fit perfectly. They were slightly small, but the stockings helped them slide on, and they were snug enough to where they wouldn't come off when he walked.

He let out a sigh of relief and stood up. The heels were high enough to make him wobble, even while he was standing still. Taking a minute to adjust, he slowly stepped forward. He stopped in front of the full-length mirror.

He admired his reflection, focusing on his body from the neck down. Seeing his male head on top a body clad in lingerie and wearing high heels easily broke the illusion. Years ago he would've killed for this opportunity. Two large closets full of clothes and shoes and dressers full of every type of undergarment he would imagine. All at his disposal.

Allen marveled at how well the clothes fit him. At how the stockings accentuated the curves of his leg and how the corset shaped his otherwise straight body. He turned and stared at his ass in the mirror, bending his knees slightly and leaning forward to push it out further. The heels made it

look fuller, perkier. He wiggled his ass and bit his lip playfully, causing his groin to stir to life, hardening in his panties.

The beeper on the washer and dryer went off, and the suddenness of it scared him so much that he almost fell over. After he'd regained his composure, Allen walked to the laundry room, savoring the sound of his heels clicking on the hardwood floor, and switched loads. A few moments later, he excitedly returned to his "adventure."

His stomach rumbled, reminding him that it was still morning and he hadn't had breakfast yet. Deciding to stay dressed, he walked into the kitchen and made a cup of coffee and toast. He remained standing, finding it rather uncomfortable to sit in the shape wear. Looking down at his body, then at the clock on the wall, he made the decision to go into the next phase.

I can't do this half-assed. I've gone this far. I gotta go all the way.

Allen put the mug into the sink and walked into the ladies' shared bathroom. Looking around, he noticed there was a brunette wig on the vanity, as well as a ton of various kinds of makeup.

That's the wig that Susan wore the other day when she wanted to see what she looked like as a brunette.

Susan had very blonde hair and was always proud to say that it was naturally that bright. However, she was always curious as to what she would look like with other hair colors. Instead of dyeing her hair, she would buy a wig and wear it around for a week. He remembered her trying on red hair, which she stopped after two days.

He sat down at the vanity and began the long process. He had shaved his face not too long ago, so his skin was nice and smooth. He applied some foundation, and then slowly progressed further.

Not knowing a thing about makeup color theory, he went with whatever he remembered the women wearing: purplish-gray eye shadow, mascara, a light layer of blush, and finishing up with a coat of ruby red lipstick. He decided not to try to put on fake fingernails, as the smell would linger in the apartment.

When he was done, Allen grabbed the wig and put it on. He stood up and walked back into Jessica's room and looked into the mirror.

What he saw wasn't Allen, but a gorgeous brunette staring back. She was feeling up her sides, rubbing her fingers up and down her nylon encased legs. Her right hand slid up the front of her panties, up the corset, in between the cleavage, and eventually traced her lips. The bulge in her panties grew, and the sight of it snapped him back to reality.

"Oh my god! What am I doing?!" he said as he snapped out of the trance. "I need to cover up."

He looked around and found the black dress that Jessica was wearing the other day. Not wanting to see himself wearing the sexy lingerie, he slid the dress on.

He left her room and closed the door, heading for the living room. The heels clicked on the floor and echoed in the empty apartment.

He sat down on the couch, hoping that watching the TV or maybe a movie would take his mind off of recent events. But even with the TV on, his mind kept going back to when he was standing in front of the mirror. The woman in the reflection was beautiful. Realizing that that woman was none other than himself was scary.

The TV failed to distract him. After watching no more than twenty minutes of it, his body was twisting and turning with nervous anticipation. He had to stop before things got out of hand. If he let himself go, Jessica and Susan might find him in one of their bedrooms playing with their toys. Or worse, he might just leave the apartment and go looking for a seedy back alley somewhere.

Returning to Jessica's room, Allen slid off the dress and hung it back up. Once more saw himself in the mirror. He sat down on her bed next to the night stand. He knew that if she had any toys, it would be there. He bit his lip, his eyes fixated on the small drawer.

Then the phone rang, and he nearly jumped out of his skin.

It was enough to end the internal battle. He removed the wig and put it back

on the fake head on the counter and left the bathroom. He kicked off the high heels and put them back into the closet. Closing her bedroom door behind him, he returned to the laundry room.

Everything was exactly how he'd left it. The dryer had finished its cycle and his clothes were calling out to him.

Removing the stockings and panties, he checked for any signs to show that he wore them, squinting as he looked for any stray hairs in the lacy garment. When his search came up empty, he put them back in the basket where he found them and removed the corset.

After putting lingerie back up on the racks where it belonged, he went back into his room and took another shower. He scrubbed his face clean of makeup and laid down in the tub, letting the water pound onto his face and chest.

After awhile, the phone rang again, and he got out of the tub and dressed himself in his newly-laundered jeans and t-shirt. Then he went into the kitchen to check the messages. Both were from telemarketers.

His stomach rumbled, and in response, he made himself a sandwich and sat back down on the couch to watch a movie while he ate his lunch. The images from his dress-up session replayed in his head as he tried to focus on the film flickering across the screen.

The day went by as he went from the TV to his computer and back. After hours of movies, television, and video games, he looked out the window. The sun was low on the horizon and the sky was getting dark. He shut down the console and decided to go out for dinner.

When he returned, Jessica was sitting on the couch. Her posture and demeanor reminded him of the father of the girl he took to the prom.

She was waiting for him.

"What's up?" he asked her.

"What were you up to today?" she replied tersely.

“Oh, nothing. I spent half an hour in the laundry room waiting for my clothes, but other than that, my day was rather boring.”

“Did you do anything to the rows of clothes in the laundry while you were waiting? It looks as though someone took them off the shelf and put them back hastily.”

Oh shit, he thought. Did I get caught? Does she know that I wore her underwear, makeup, and shoes? Quick, Allen, come up with some bullshit excuse.

“Umm... yeah, I did. When I ran in there after getting your note, my feet were still wet, and I slipped and knocked a few things over. So I put them back, hoping you wouldn’t notice.”

She eyed him suspiciously. “Right...”

Allen let out a quiet sigh of relief as Jessica got up off the couch walked into her room, closing the door behind her. He cut across the living room, believing he was in the clear.

“Allen, come in here,” she said through her door.

Shit.

He froze. His hands were shaking and his mind was racing. That’s all, folks. This is the end for me. I’m doomed.

Allen opened the door slowly and poked his head into her room. Jessica was sitting on the edge of her bed. Her closet door was open. She motioned for him to come in.

After he walked in, she got up and closed the door behind him. She then grabbed his shoulders and walked him over to her closet and pointed to something.

“See something wrong?” she asked him, pointing to her shoe rack.

His heart sank when he saw it. His mouth went dry as his eyes focused on the high heels he was wearing earlier. When he’d finished with his dress up,

he had put her shoes back in the wrong way, and she had noticed.

The racks of clothes in the laundry were easily defended with his lie, but the shoes? There was no logical reason to explain that other than the fact that he did something with them. How could I have missed that?

“So tell me, what were you doing with my heels?” Jessica asked, staring at him intently. “Did you slip and knock them over, too?”

Allen couldn’t think of anything to say. He wanted to be clever, but he knew it would be pointless. In fact, he suspected that it would’ve made the situation worse.

She walked him over to her bed, sat him down, and then sat down next to him. “I’d say that the stunned look in your face and the fact that you’re not saying anything answers my question. By the way, I knew that you were lying earlier. The front of the panties were slightly stretched out, and that could only mean one thing.”

He was expecting her to kick him out of the apartment right then; no excuses, no chance to defend himself. What she said next was something he didn’t expect.

“So... whatcha think of women’s underwear?”

“W-what?”

“Let me rephrase it: did you like wearing my underwear?”

“Uhhh...”

“I’ll take that as a yes,” she said as she smiled. “Come on, Susan had to drive up north for work. She isn’t gonna be back until tomorrow evening. Show me what you wore... We can play dress up!”

He looked at her, confused, disappointed, angered. She was supposed to kick him out of the apartment or call him names, not smile and have him dress up again.

“Why are you so happy? Shouldn’t you be grossed out?”

“I was, at first. Don’t get me wrong—I am very upset with you. But I was the only girl in the family. Now that I know you’re a crossdresser, it’s like I have a secret little sister.”

“Well, I'm not. I haven’t done anything for a very long time, and even when I did, it was only once or twice. Most of time I would just think about it, but I haven’t done any of that for years.”

“No worries. I won’t tell anyone. Come on, show me what you wore!” she said, pulling him off the bed and into the laundry room.

Like a giddy schoolgirl, she ran into the room and jumped onto the table, waiting to see what he chose. He walked in slowly, took a deep breath, and walked up to the large rack. He grabbed the pair of panties that she found and he also grabbed the corset with the garters.

“Oh my god! That means you also wore stockings!” She was even more excited. He grabbed the stockings out of the basket and handed them to her. “Good choices. Now I see why my shoes were messed up. Come on, let’s get you dressed!”

She both grabbed his hand and the clothing and pulled him back into her room. Following her commands, Allen stripped in front of her and put the garments on. Panties first, followed by the stockings and then the corset. She helped him fasten the clips on the back and then she handed him the heels.

Jessica frowned as she inspected him. “Still missing a few things, though...” Then she snapped her fingers. “I’ve got it!” She pulled out a pair of false breasts from her dresser and placed them into the bra.

“Don’t worry, what you see is all real. I got these for a Halloween costume a while back. They’re big enough to where it’ll look like you have breasts!” She wrinkled her nose. “I don’t like that bulge in your panties, though. We might have to do something about that.”

Allen sighed. He’d always wanted to get naked in front of her, but not like this. He wanted her to take off her clothes, not put them on him.

He took off the panties and she handed him one of her bikini bottoms. It

was tan-colored and almost matched the tone of his skin.

“Its gonna be tight,” she said. “That material will help hide your manhood.”

He slid them up. She was right. The tight material of the swim suit forced things to shift around. The bulge was gone. She handed him the black panties and he put them back. From the neck down, he had the body of a woman.

“Okay, let’s get you dressed,” she said. She browsed through her closet and pulled out a black mini skirt and a white blouse for him to wear. The skirt was very short, stopping several inches above his knee, and the blouse was made from a semi-sheer fabric that Allen couldn’t help but imagine would turn see-through when wet. It had sleeves that stopped at the elbow and a V-neck that showed off his new cleavage. Though the outfit was comfortable, he felt that the skirt was too revealing.

“Looking good,” she said. “Almost done!”

“Isn’t this enough?” he protested

“No,” Jessica said with an evil smile. “You set the terms when you decided to wear my clothes, and now you're gonna enjoy them.”

She grabbed his hand and led him into the bathroom. She sat him down on the chair, cracked her knuckles, and began the makeover. One thing he noticed was that she was using nearly all of the available items, while he had only used a few. He hoped and prayed that her knowledge of the dressing up only went as far as the clothes and didn’t extend to the wig and makeup.

Part of him was excited, as he’d finally see what he would look like with makeup applied by a professional. His knowledge of the makeover process was so limited.

His thoughts were interrupted by a sharp pain in his forehead.

“Ouch! You’re not plucking my eyebrows, are you?”

“Nah, but I am getting rid of what looks like a mono-brow that’s starting to grow.”

The entire time Jessica worked on him, he was turned away from anything that he could see his reflection in. He knew she was done when she plopped the wig on. Before he could see himself, she put a blindfold on him.

She walked him into her bedroom and sat him down on her bed again. She grabbed a few pieces of jewelry and put them on him: a bracelet, a ring, a necklace, and some clip-on earrings. She then stood him up and sprayed some perfume on him.

“Was that necessary?”

“Of course, I don’t want you smelling like a man in my clothes.” What happened next shocked him. She removed the blindfold and he saw his reflection in the mirror—rather her reflection. Compared to what he looked like now, his earlier appearance had, in fact, looked like a man in drag. All he could do was drop his jaw. Anyone who saw this would have no doubt in their mind that what they were looking at was one-hundred-percent woman.

Allen was shaken to the core. He looked like a woman, he smelled like a woman, and he couldn’t believe that the person staring back at him was not a woman. He didn’t know what to do or say. He was speechless.

Jessica grinned. “Looks good, don’t it? I’ll bet you weren’t expecting this. Okay, give yourself a twirl.”

He looked at his reflection from every angle. His heels accentuated his slender calves and elevated his firm butt, while the dark stockings hid the hair on his legs. The corset and fake breasts granted him an hourglass figure that any many would drool over.

Jessica squinted, looking him over. “Time to come up with a name. Umm, let’s see... how about... Jennifer?”

“Jennifer?”

“Yep,” she said definitively. “Jennifer. It has a nice ring to it.” Come on. Let’s begin your training. You’re going to stay dressed for the rest of the night, and you’re going to walk, talk, and act like a lady.” She smiled. “I’m thinking tonight, we have some wine, talk about men, and watch a nice romantic comedy. Then afterward, we can do more dress up! Oh god, I’m so

excited!”

Allen sighed. “I guess no amount of arguing or protesting can stop you.”

Jessica smiled slyly. “Don’t lie, Jennifer. I know you want to.”

Allen felt his shoulders slump. She’s right. I do want this.

After several glasses of wine, intense lessons, and a romantic comedy, Allen was taking on the role of Jennifer rather well. He has walking, talking, and acting like a lady: crossing his legs when he sat; smoothing his skirt; he even had the voice down.

Even though a part of Allen was only pretending to be Jennifer just to get it over with, another part of him was really enjoying it. Deep down, he didn’t know which side was in control, and the alcohol blurred that fine line between playing pretend and actual enjoyment. As the night went on, Jennifer became more and more a part of him until he slipped into an alcohol-induced slumber.

Hours later, Allen sat up straight on the couch and slid his feet in front of him. It was early. The morning sun shone into the room and gave it a faint orange glow. He looked at the table in front of him and saw three wine bottles; two were empty, and the other was less than half full.

He noticed that he was still dressed. He looked down to see the high heels still on his stocking-clad legs and the skirt he was wearing was now even more miniature, as his aggressive sleeping habits had bunched it up into ball at his waist. It left nothing to the imagination; his panties were fully exposed. He grumbled, his eyes half-open and his head full of cobwebs.

“Morning, sleepy head.”

He turned to see Jessica in the kitchen. She was drinking some coffee and reading the paper.

“Get up and get out of my clothes already. If you wear them any longer, I’m gonna have to replace all your clothes with new ones.”

“All right, all right. Don’t get your panties in a knot—”

“Like yours are?” she interrupted, laughing.

Allen scowled. “Very funny.”

Jessica stepped out of the kitchen and helped him up off the couch, leading him into her bedroom.

“Now, don’t ever try to sneak into my clothes again. There’s still a lot of ‘womanhood’ that I didn’t teach you last night, and if I catch you again, I might just take you to the mall to go shopping while dressed. Then we can hit up a club and find a couple of horny guys and—”

Allen put his hands in the air, waving her off. “Okay, I get it. I’m sorry. Just please keep this to yourself. I beg of you.”

Jessica smiled and nodded as Allen removed the last article of clothing and left her room, not wanting the conversation to go on any further. Being with her last night had been torture. He had developed feelings for her in the time he’d lived in the apartment. But instead of getting undressed together, she had dressed him up. It was all backwards.

Yet for some reason, Jessica was more friendly with him when he was dressed as a girl than how he had seen her act when she would chat with guys. Could that be the reason she was still single? Was Jessica a lesbian?

No—just because she didn’t have a boyfriend didn’t mean she was into women. She probably just had standards that no guy had met.

He closed the door to his room and fell onto his bed.

Summer flew by and the days got shorter. Fewer people visited the beach outside Allen’s apartment, and nothing had happened since his night with Jessica. Allen was nervous whenever Susan would be gone for a long periods of time. He wondered if Jessica would try to get him to dress up, but she had been acting like nothing ever happened.

After the first couple of weeks, his paranoia subsided and he just enjoyed himself. Work had been good—busy, but good. The bigger paycheck was always nice and living frugally had helped fatten up his savings. He took a week off in mid-June to go on vacation with his family, but other than that, he had been living his life day by day, enjoying the freedom.

While he enjoyed the many beach trips, especially the ones with Jessica and Susan, Allen found that he had a hard time keeping his eyes off of their bikini-clad bodies. Even so, he was looking forward to winter. The rain and the cold was always his favorite weather.

Recently, Jessica and Susan had been having private conversations, and whenever Allen came by, they would either stop and act like nothing was going on or move somewhere else. He tried eavesdropping once or twice, but afraid of what they would do if they caught him, he eventually gave up and just ignored it.

At first, he feared that Jessica was sharing their secret with Susan, but every now and then, he managed to pick out keywords; words such as “party,” “drinks,” and “Halloween.” The mention of the fall holiday squashed any fears he had of his secret being shared, but it also replaced the old fear with a new one.

Allen panicked. The last time he was at a costume party was many years ago. Halloween was never a big deal for him, as he was never a partier. Every year he would just have a movie marathon and play video games. He was an introverted man, not a big fan of loud, crowded parties full of strangers.

On the first of October, Jessica and Susan decided to bring Allen into the conversation. It turned out that Halloween was their favorite holiday of the year, and they always had a huge costume party to celebrate it. They were still hashing the details, and they had wanted to surprise him.

Susan filled him in on what they had decided so far.

“Okay, so every year, we host a Halloween party, and they're always lots of fun. Last year's was so good that we got mentioned in the paper! It's gotten so big that we've had to hire bouncers to keep uninvited guests out. It gets pretty hard core and you have to have a costume if you want to attend. And

trust us, you'll want to be here.

“So, my advice would be to start coming up with your costume now. There’s really only one rule for the costume: you can’t tell anyone what it is. Other than that, go all out. There’s nothing you can’t dress up as, but you gotta be covered in certain areas.”

“Yeah, keep it clean, buddy,” Jessica said as she smiled.

“Sounds fun. I'm in,” Allen replied. Even though he had no idea what he wanted to dress up as, he still wanted to be there. It would be a chance for him to impress Jessica.

He had been so timid and withdrawn out of fear of her knowledge of his crossdressing that she would probably just look past him without giving him any consideration. He needed to step up his game, impress and wow her, or else the opportunity would pass him by.

It didn't take long for him to come up with something; it hit him like a truck when he saw it. Even though he'd never made another attempt to dress up in the company of Jessica, nor did he purchase his own items and do it on his own time, that fetish of his still existed in his mind.

The internet is a vast and open ocean and it wasn't hard to find all sorts of transgender-themed sites. Allen had always been a fan of Japanese anime and manga, and his discovery of the many artists who put out series on those topics was a gold mine. One of them in particular had become a recent favorite for him. After reading it, he decided he was going to dress up as a “Playboy Bunny girl,” similar to the ones that the Japanese seemed so fond of.

There had been many Halloweens where he had thought about dressing up as a girl, as it was the only holiday where it was socially acceptable to crossdress. Jessica and Susan were too obsessed with their costumes to care about what he was doing; they both seemed to think that he would come up with some lame costume. On that day, they would be in for a big surprise. It would take courage and confidence to pull off that costume, exactly the kind he would need to woo Jessica.

The weeks went by. Slowly and quietly, Allen collected the necessary items

for his costume. He didn't want to give away any clues, and it seemed that the ladies shared the same philosophy. As a result, October was awkwardly quiet, even with all the party planning.

The sun was shining brightly in his room when he crawled out of bed on Halloween day. He had all the parts to the costume and kept them hidden and separate. Jessica and Susan were already up and decorating the place, as well as triple-checking that everything was in order.

The party wasn't going to start until sundown, and they all decided to have a pre-party celebration with just the three of them in their costumes. Allen had until three-o'-clock to get ready. He got out of bed, went over the steps of getting the costume together in his head, and then headed out to the kitchen to get something to eat.

"Morning, Allen," Jessica said. She was standing on the couch hanging decorations from the ceiling. "What do you think?"

"Looks good," he replied.

"You excited for tonight?" Susan asked him. While Jessica was balancing on the couch, Susan was darting around in the kitchen. The sink was full of dishes and stove and oven were both in use. He had offered to help many times throughout the month, but they insisted on doing it themselves. The only duty they had given him was carrying groceries up to their apartment from the parking garage underneath the building.

He nodded his head in reply and watched her move around the kitchen. "Are you sure you don't need me for anything?"

"I hope you don't have a lame costume," Jessica said, ignoring his offer.

Allen sighed and tiptoed around the kitchen, doing what he could to not be in Susan's way. Then he finished eating and headed back to his room. He knew it was going to take a while to get ready. Fortunately, he had all the time he needed.

He undressed, threw his clothes into the hamper, got on his hands and knees, and reached under the bed, retrieving a large suitcase. Before opening it, he locked his door, making sure neither of the ladies tried

sneaking a peek at his costume. The moment would be ruined if they saw it before he had finished getting dressed.

He unzipped the suitcase and removed its contents. When it was empty, a makeup kit, brunette wig, set of false nails, body shaving cream, feminine razor, and theater glue lay across his bed.

The next item was a wooden box. Inside was a pair of realistic silicone breasts. Allen had special ordered them off the internet, making sure the color of the falsies matched his own skin color.

Leaving the items on the bed, he opened his closet door. Hidden inside a suit protector was a typical suit, but beneath that was another suit protector. He removed it from the closet and carefully set it on his bed next to the other items.

Inside the hidden container was the red bunny outfit. The satin material was smooth and soft in his hands. It was a one-piece costume with a built-in corset. On the back of the garment, right where the lower back would meet the ass, was a large white bunny tail. The hard part was going to be hiding his manhood.

He opened his sock drawer and pulled out the pair of black pantyhose stuffed into one of the socks. Then he removed the last items from the suitcase: satin bunny ears, a bowtie, and matching cuffs.

Grabbing the lotion and razor, Allen made his way into the bathroom and took a long, hot shower, shaving off all his body hair and any trace of his facial hair. He got out and dried off. The feeling of the towel on his smooth hairless skin was a new feeling that sent chills down his spine. He threw the towel aside and headed into the bedroom to get dressed.

The clock on the wall was nearing two-p.m., meaning he had only an hour to get ready. In the quiet of his room, he couldn't hear any signs of Jessica or Susan in the living room. They're probably getting into their costumes, he reasoned.

Standing naked in his bedroom, Allen held the final piece of the puzzle in his hands: the answer to the question, "how would he pull off being a female if he had a bulge in the front of his costume?"

It would be different if the party he was attending was put on by the LGBT community and no one would think twice of seeing a woman with a bulge in her panties, but for this party, he needed to hide it. After searching high and low, he finally found a site that created realistic, false vaginas designed for the transgender community. The item he had bought not only hid his manhood, creating an authentic—not to mention fully functional—vagina, but also contained pads for reshaping his hips and ass.

Stepping into the garment, Allen pulled it up to his waist. He slid his penis into the sleeve which connected to a tube, allowing him to piss like a woman. The way it hid it created a space for the penetrable vagina. The thin, flexible material perfectly matched his skin color and went on without a hitch. Looking in the mirror, he couldn't help but laugh at the sight of his new female organ, curvy hips, and bouncy butt.

With the bottom half of the illusion taken care of, now came the top half. He applied a thin layer of the glue to the false breasts and pressed them to his chest. After holding them in place for more than a minute, he released them. Testing the realism, he bounced and twisted his body, watching as the breasts jiggled. He watched his reflection squeeze and fondle the tits. While one hand played with the breasts, the other explored his nether regions. While not moist, the fake vaginal cavity was warm and the material felt real—to his limited knowledge, at least.

Hurry up and complete the transformation! his mind demanded in an effort to push him along. Ever since deciding to dress up in this costume, he had longed to see what he would look like in it. He remembered what he'd looked like when Jessica had dressed him up months ago and he wanted to replicate that as best as he could.

The pantyhose came next. Carefully, he pulled the fragile nylon hose up his legs. The top went above his waist to his belly button.

When the material was on straight and even, the costume followed. Allen grabbed the red satin outfit and stepped into it, pulling it all the way up. His breasts rested in the cups of the costume and the panty rested inside his crack, giving him a tiny wedgie. If it wasn't for the pantyhose, then it would have ridden up his bum like a thong.

He gazed at his reflection in the mirror and saw that he had a genuine woman's body. There was no bulge in the crouch, and the breasts looked perfect. The corset pulled his waist in, and combined with the padding in his hips and butt, it gave him the hourglass curves that the bunnies were known for.

I think you might've gone with too slutty of a costume, he thought to himself, playing out some scenarios in his mind. All of them included drunk guys getting way too friendly. It's too late; there's no going back now, he decided. If drunk guys hit on me, I'll just laugh and play them off.

There was a tightness in his crotch, and seeing his new sexy body didn't help. His groin ached as it tried to harden. Allen looked down at his new female crotch. He knew he was erect, but the transformation garment did its job. His attention turned away from his dick and back to the costume, and grabbing the remaining items, he headed into the bathroom.

In the weeks leading up to Halloween, he had purchased a complete makeup set. Late at night when everyone else was asleep, or during the days when he had the apartment to himself, he watched tutorials online and practiced his makeup application. After remembering the crappy job he did and how good his makeover from Jessica was, he wanted it to be flawless. Fortunately, both of them were gone often, which gave him time to practice putting makeup on.

Finishing up with red lipstick that matched his outfit, he grabbed the wig and put it on. Satisfied, he looked at the clock to see that it was almost three. He heard a scream in the hallway. It was Jessica and Susan, both loving each other's costumes. He put on the matching red nails and left the bathroom.

Looking at his reflection again, he now looked like a woman. The wig and the makeup did their jobs, completely hiding any masculinity he had left. While not as good as Jessica's work, his makeup was leagues better than what he'd managed on that fateful night.

His eyes turned to his bed and the remaining items. He put the bunny ears on and followed up with the cuffs and tie. Fortunately, the bow tie was high enough on his throat and hid his Adam's apple.

All that was left were the shoes. He reached into the suitcase and pulled out the very last item: a black shoebox. He tossed the lid aside and looked at the contents.

It was a pair of red five-inch heels. They were shiny patent with a round toe. They shined in the sunlight that filled his room. He grabbed them and slid them onto his feet. They were a perfect fit.

Walking in heels was another thing he did when Jessica and Susan were gone. He would wear the heels and practice walking in them until he perfected it.

He stood up and looked at himself in the mirror. He looked like the kind of chick that men drooled over on the pages of magazines and at the old Playboy clubs.

Outside on the couch, Jessica and Susan were debating. “So what do you think he dressed up as?” Susan said.

“I don’t know, he’s been very quiet in there.” Jessica replied. Their voices were hushed, but Allen could still hear them in his bedroom.

Before leaving his room to reveal his choice in costume, Allen walked into the bathroom and double-checked his makeup and overall appearance. He walked slowly and quietly, making sure the heels wouldn’t click on the tile.

Susan and Jessica quietly sat on the couch and waited for him to come out. The sound of his door opening and the clicking of heels on the hardwood floor announced his presence.

“OH MY GOD!” Susan shouted, her jaw on the floor.

“Wow, I can’t believe how good you look,” Jessica said.

Susan got up and ran over to him, inspecting every inch of his body. “You look amazing,” she said.

“You’re not grossed out, are you?” he said, red with embarrassment.

“Grossed out?! Hell, if I didn’t know better, I’d say you were one-hundred

percent woman. That outfit is hard to pull off for a guy.” She felt up his costume and inspected his groin area. “It’s still there, right?”

“Oh yeah. I'm wearing a false vagina.”

“Really?! Like the ones that make you pee like a girl?”

“Yep,” he said, blushing again.

“I must say, Allen, you look good, and those breasts are nice, too,” Jessica said. “Susan, come with me.” She grabbed her arm and they headed off to the kitchen to discuss something privately.

Allen sat down on the couch, keeping his legs together. The feeling of the pantyhose on his smooth skin gave him goose bumps. A few minutes later, the two ladies exited the kitchen and stood in front of him.

“Susan and I would like to propose a deal,” Jessica announced.

Allen narrowed his eyes. “What is it?”

“Tonight, we are going to watch you very carefully. If you make more than five mistakes while acting like a woman, you fail. If you make fewer than five, you win, and you get a special gift from us.”

Special gift? Allen’s mind ventured into the gutter. Quick and dirty images of the three of them in a threesome filled his mind. Oh, how he would love that.

“Mistakes?” he asked. “Like what?”

Susan chimed in. “Doing things a lady wouldn’t do: burping aloud, not sitting with your legs crossed or together, using your male voice... basically not acting ladylike.”

“What's the punishment and reward?”

Jessica grinned. “It’s a secret.”

“I won’t agree if you don’t tell me—”

“Look, you pretty much agreed to this deal the second you came out of your

room dressed like a slut. You don't want anyone knowing you're a guy, right? Then just agree." Jessica said bluntly.

Allen was taken aback by her comment. A moment ago, she had been saying nice things about his costume, and now she was practically blackmailing him. Susan gave her a strange look.

"Okay. I accept," he said. He didn't like this. It was never a good idea to go along with a deal where you didn't know what the outcome would be. For all he knew, it could be a lose-lose situation. Then again, it could be something else—something he'd always wanted.

"Oh, and be careful tonight. With that outfit, I'm sure you're gonna get a lot of attention. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask us." Susan added.

Jessica nodded in agreement. There was something off about her. She was almost defensive. Was his plan backfiring? Was she totally turned off by him now that he wore this costume?

"Now, what name goes good with your costume, because we can't call you Allen all night."

"What about... Amber!" Susan said. Like the color of her hair.

"Yes, Amber, I like the ring of it. When people ask who you are, you are our old friend Amber, visiting for the holiday. Allen went to his own party. So, you excited for tonight, Amber?"

"Yes," he said with a girly voice.

The two women laughed, giddy with excitement. Susan mixed a drink for the three of them. Tonight was going to be something else, and Amber wasn't too sure what was going happen.

As the sun went down, the hired help appeared. The bartender set himself up in the corner of the living room, and two large bouncers went over the invite list with Jessica and Susan. They were friendly with the two ladies, and after Jessica and Susan introduced to the two men to Allen, he learned that they were the security detail that had worked the event during the previous years.

In order to smooth things out with the neighbors, they were always invited. In the usual event that the party got loud and out of hand, they always informed the local police beforehand, as well. A cop would occasionally stop by and do a quick walk-through to let the party-goers know that they were watching.

Two hours after the sun went down, the place was packed. There were a lot of people, and it was an even split between men and women. All through the night, Allen spotted women that he would love to get to know better, but he was a woman for the night. If he tried hitting on them, there would be consequences. Besides, even if they were lesbians, he wouldn't want to deceive them.

Jessica and Susan were right. Many times, Allen caught the men staring at him. He could feel their eyes fondling every part of his body. At the beginning of the night, he clung to Jessica, but as he had more and more to drink, his anxieties weakened and he became more carefree. That was when he started getting into character.

Feeling lively, he got up onto the dance floor started dancing. Fortunately, he wasn't the only attractive woman there, but when a guy got close, Allen went along with it and danced. A lot of bodies were bumping up against one another and he could've sworn someone had grabbed his ass, but he ignored it.

"Wow, look at her go," Jessica said, pointing Amber out to Susan.

"Yeah, she's been doing a good job all night."

After a while, he stopped dancing and grabbed a bottle of water and plopped down on the couch. It was starting to get late and people were leaving.

As the party wound down, Jessica and Susan stayed by the door to say goodnight to each of their guests. Each one thanked them for another great Halloween party. When the last guest left, they paid the bartender, security, and DJ and they also left, thanking them for the invites. When everyone was gone, they locked the door behind them and sat back onto the couch.

"Another successful party." Jessica said, hovering by the couch.

Susan held a trash bag in her hands. “Only one guy had to get tossed out this year.”

“That bartender was cute.”

“What do you think, Amber?” Susan said, tossing some red cups into the filled bag.

Allen grinned. “It was a lot of fun. I think I lost myself in it.”

“Oh yeah, you did.” Susan winked. She handed Allen a glass of water which he eagerly drank. The party had left him parched and incredibly thirsty.

“So in the end, you only made three mistakes,” Jessica said. “Congrats, you won! Now it’s time for your reward for acting so feminine tonight. Follow me.”

The three of them got up and headed into her room. Allen started to feel a bit lightheaded, but he passed it off as exhaustion mixed with alcohol.

“Here, let’s get you out of that outfit,” Susan said, and she and Jessica helped him remove the bunny suit until he was standing in front of them in nothing but his pantyhose and heels. They told him to close his eyes, and as he did, they both slipped out of their outfits and into some sexy lingerie.

He opened his eyes to see both of them wearing strap-ons. Something stirred inside of him. He stared at the black rubber dicks and his mind was torn. Somewhere deep down, it was almost as if he wanted it.

What is wrong with me?! I don’t want this! But I can’t control myself!

“Let’s get you into something a little bit more comfortable, shall we?” Jessica got up off the bed and pulled a box out from underneath. Susan helped Allen out of the pantyhose and high heels. Jessica dumped the contents onto the bed. It was a prostitute outfit.

“Let’s give the poor thing a chance to breathe, shall we?” Susan said, pulling down the bodysuit. Allen stepped out of it.

Jessica giggled. “My, my, if I didn’t know better, I’d say we have a shemale

on our hands.”

She grabbed the various garments and began dressing him. Allen stepped into black fishnets, his current state of mind making him easily suggestible. Even with the influence of the alcohol, Allen went along with it, hoping that somewhere down the line there would be a threesome and the two ladies would take turns pleasuring him. Sure, he would be dressed like a woman, but a threesome was still a threesome.

He didn’t know the half of it.

Jessica tossed him a red thong and he put it on without hesitation.

“Put this on,” Susan ordered as she handed him a red tube top. He stepped into it and pulled it up to his chest and over his breasts. The top left a lot of his stomach exposed and just barely covered his breasts. “Looking sexy already, don’t you think?”

“Yes, she does,” Jessica said.

She handed him a black mini skirt and he put it on. It clung to his hips and the straps of the thong were pulled above it. The skirt was very short, and the tops of the stockings were clearly visible. Jessica reached into her closet and pulled out a pair of six-inch clear heels.

“Perfect,” Susan said as Allen slid the heels on. They walked the new Amber over to the mirror and showed her the new costume. “What do you think, Amber?”

“I look so sexy,” he said with the girly voice.

“Now that’s our Amber,” Jessica whispered into his ear.

They led her out into the living room and played some music. “Dance for us, dance like the slut you are!” The two women ordered.

He followed the beat of the music as he began to dance and move like a stripper. He twisted and turned his body, occasionally sticking his ass out and arching his back, showing off his breasts. There must’ve been something in that glass of water, as Allen’s mind was floating in an erotic

cloud. He didn't care about having a threesome anymore; he was having too much fun dancing like a stripper while dressed like a whore.

"This is starting to turn me on!" Jessica said, sitting on the couch.

He walked over to Jessica and climbed on top of her, straddling her. Putting his arms on her shoulders, he moved his body to the music. He leaned forward and they locked lips. Jessica's hands squeezed his ass as their tongues danced. Allen was getting what he wanted, but Allen was at another party. Amber was staying for the night.

Susan bit her lip as she watched the two of them kiss. Her body squirmed as she lusted after him, her jealousy reaching its limits. She stood up and pulled him off of Jessica. She held his hand, bringing him into the center of the dance floor. Wrapping her arms around him, she danced.

Jessica, wanting to join in, got up and went behind him and the two of them sandwiched him, dancing on both sides until the three of them merged into one being, moving and flowing with the music. Then Jessica stepped back and lifted off his miniskirt. She playfully smacked his ass and he moaned.

Susan backed off of Allen as Jessica stepped in front of him. She looked down at her strap-on. Allen followed her gaze downward and eyed it.

"Do you want it?" she whispered into his ear. "Go ahead."

He did want it—he craved it.

Jessica returned to the couch and sat down, spreading her legs. Allen knelt down in front of her and played with the rubber dick. He licked the bottom of the shaft and kissed the tip. She nodded and he went forward, wrapping his red lips around the toy.

He slid down it, going as far as his throat would let him and pulled back. His head went back down the shaft, going further, longer. Pulling off, he licked it once more and went back down on her after a couple breaths.

In no time at all, his head was bobbing up and down, going all the way to the base. It was a double-ended dildo, and Jessica pulled her head back, moaning with pleasure. Susan vanished at the beginning of the blowjob, but

Allen didn't care. He was too enthralled by the beautiful woman in front of him and her big cock, so absorbed by it, that it wasn't until he felt the cool sensation of lubricant on his ass did he realize that Susan had returned.

He took his mouth off Jessica's strap-on and looked back at Susan. She had a sly grin on her face as she lined up behind him, the tip of her strap-on an inch away from his ass.

Jessica pulled his head back onto her rubber dick and he continued sucking her. Susan squeezed Allen's ass as she plunged her toy into his virgin asshole. He moaned, but his voice was cut off by the dick in his mouth. She slowly slid in and out of his man-pussy, going further and further each time. When his asshole was properly stretched and the black dick was up to the base in his ass, she increased her speed.

It seemed that her strap-on was also double sided, for as she fucked him, she moaned with pleasure. Allen's mind was floating in a sea of erotic ecstasy. In his mind he was Amber, a slut with a dick. She was getting penetrated on both ends and she loved it. Jessica pulled out of Allen's mouth and he let out girlish moans of pleasure.

"Ahh, yes, fuck me!" he said in his female voice.

Jessica removed her strap-on and shoved her wet pussy in his face, wrapping her legs around his head, silencing his pleasure-filled cries. His tongue slid into her warm pussy and she cried out with joy as he pleased her.

Allen's body betrayed him as his dick swelled in the thong. The smell of Jessica's cunt was intoxicating, even more potent than the alcohol consumed at the party. Their voices and cries grew louder as all three neared climax. Susan smacked Allen's ass as she pounded it harder, the other end going deeper into her pussy.

Jessica yelled as she came onto Allen's face, triggering Allen's own climax. He blew his load; the tiny thong provided no resistance to his throbbing member. His thick white cum sprayed all over the hardwood floor. Susan squeezed Allen's ass as she came, her fluids coating her end of the double strap-on.

“Clean up your mess, Amber,” Jessica said in between gasps.

Susan pulled out and fell onto her ass. She watched Allen turn around and lick up his cum like a dog. She wanted to laugh, but her exhaustion was too much and she barely made it onto one of the chairs before falling asleep.

Jessica laid down on the couch and fell asleep too, dreaming about Allen.

Allen was too exhausted and out of his mind. He didn’t know where he was or who he was. He climbed onto the other end of the couch and passed out, sleeping a dreamless sleep.

He woke up the following morning with the mother of all headaches.

He sat up on the couch and looked around, but couldn’t remember where he was. His location flashed back to him after a moment of confusion, but what didn’t come back were the events of the previous night. After the party, it all became a blur, and he couldn’t remember anything. All he could tell is that for some strange reason, his butt hurt and his jaw was sore.

He stood up and wobbled to his room, so out of it that he didn’t notice the clothes or the heels he was wearing. He entered his room and out of the corner of his eye he saw his reflection. Not recognizing it, he turned towards the mirror and saw himself and the outfit he was wearing.

“What the fuck!?” he said, noticing the prostitute outfit.

Patting himself, he looked down to see that it was in fact real and not a bad dream. He frantically removed the tube top, slid off the mini skirt, and as he straightened up, he got dizzy and extremely lightheaded. He stepped backwards and collapsed.

When he came to, he was lying on the couch. The prostitute outfit was gone. He was wearing a t-shirt and jeans.

“You all right?” Susan asked, handing him a cup of coffee.

“I think I had a bad dream,” he replied.

“Did it involve you dressed like a prostitute?”

“So, it wasn’t a dream.”

“Nope, it was real all right” Susan replied, sipping her coffee.

Jessica stood next to Susan. “How did you like your reward?”

Allen sat up quickly, the ice pack on his forehead landing in his lap. “You call that a reward?!”

“Well, yeah. You acted like a woman so well that we rewarded you with the greatest feminine experience: sex as a woman.” Jessica nodded.

Allen fell back down, holding his head with his hand. “Holy hell... what would’ve been my punishment?”

“Womanhood training,” Susan said. “You would’ve had to dress as a woman for a week straight and engage in all aspects of a woman’s life. Either way, you would’ve had sex, but if you’d lost the bet, you would’ve been glad to do it and we wouldn’t have had to encourage it, like last night.”

“No wonder I can’t remember last night. You roofied me.”

“It wasn’t a roofie, but a hormone cocktail. Something to get you in the feminine state of mind.” Susan replied, grinning.

Jessica hesitated for a moment. She felt bad for what she did to him. She always liked his shy, timid, nerdy self. At times she even found herself attracted to him.

“Did you enjoy dressing up as a Playboy Bunny?” she asked him.

His tone changed. “That part was good. It was interesting and fun seeing things from the other side.”

“Would you do it again?” Susan asked, sitting on the table.

“Not for a long time.”

“Okay. Well, here’s something to remember those times.”

Jessica handed him a picture of him with the girls in his costume. The girl in the photo was smiling. She was having a good time. Seeing the picture, he remembered how much fun he had being a woman that night. He saw things from a different point of view. During the party, he was constantly surveying the people there. He noticed things—things he wouldn't have seen if he were going to the party as a dude.

“Thanks,” he said, not taking his eyes off the photo.

He got up and headed towards his room. Behind him, Susan and Jessica were discussing the men they both met at the party and other gossip. He closed the door behind him and sat on his bed, still staring at the photo as the events of that night replayed in his head over and over.

He set the photo down and started packing up his costume. He folded the bunny girl outfit and returned it to its small bag. He packed up all the pieces of the costume: the fake breasts, fake vagina; the wig, makeup kit, high heels, and hose. Everything went back into the suitcase. Zipping it closed, he rolled it into his closet, sticking it in the far corner.

When he returned to his bed, he saw a small envelope on his pillow. Inside was a letter from the girls.

Allen,

Last night was tons of fun. We enjoyed having another girl here with us. Hanging out with Amber was super fun and memorable. We hope that you had a ball too.

We're glad that you decided to move in here with us. You're a very nice guy and we love having you here. We apologize for what happened last night. We got a little out of control... sort of a “caught up in the moment” kind of thing. We hope that you can forgive us.

Jessica told me about the little adventure you two had awhile back. I think it's cool. Don't worry; your secret is safe with us.

-Susan and Jessica

PS: Amber is welcome to come out at any time. We enjoyed having her around. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask. Allen is welcome to stay too. He's cool.

Behind the letter was another picture, this one was of him dressed as a prostitute. He didn't remember taking it, but it showed the three of them posing, Jessica and Susan were in their sexy lingerie, and Amber was in the costume, looking like she was enjoying it.

He put the letter in his desk and grabbed the other picture and compared the two. While he didn't really enjoy the late-night sex session, he didn't outright hate, it either. In fact, he couldn't remember it happening either way. Thanks to whatever drugs they slipped him, he'd never know if he truly enjoyed it. He put the latter picture of him in one of the front pockets of the suitcase and returned it to the closet.

He pinned the picture of him in the bunny costume up on the corkboard on his wall with all the rest of the photos. He stared at the photo for a long time and at all the other photos of him with the two ladies. He still was attracted to Jessica, but he wondered whether she had any feelings for him—or if she did, did she still have them after what he'd done?

He left his room and headed into the kitchen where Jessica and Susan were reading the article about their party. On the table next to the newspaper were stacks of photos taken by the guests. They turned around when they saw him.

"I got the letter," he said. "Don't worry; you're forgiven."

"Yeah, we realized this morning that it was a bit too much," Susan said.

"Thanks for everything though, you are two awesome roommates."

"Aw, thanks," they both said.

“And one other thing: I got a text from someone who says she knows you two.”

Jessica’s face lit up. “Oh, what did it say?”

“She said she was wondering if she can stop by and try on some more of your clothes.”

“What? Who are you talking about? What was her name?” Susan asked.

“Her name was... Amber?”

At that moment, both of their jaws dropped and they looked at each other. They both looked like they were preteens and someone told them that they were going to go meet their favorite boy band. Allen smiled.

“So, what should I tell her?”

“Tell her to get the hell over here!” Jessica said. “We’d love to have her over!”

“Oh, and be sure she brings her false vagina and breasts, too!” Susan said, sprinting into her bedroom, leaving Allen and Jessica in the kitchen.

“Jessica, there’s something I need to tell you,” he said, mustering up the courage.

She stood up out of her chair and walked in front of him, looking into his eyes. He smiled and his face turned red. She returned the smile and hugged him.

“It didn’t change anything, Allen. All you have to do is ask me. I’d love to go on a date with you.” She kissed him on the cheek and disappeared into her room.

As he walked down the hallway, he could hear the two ladies talking, discussing what outfits for Amber to wear.

He laughed to himself, opening the door to his bedroom and pulling the suitcase out of the closet.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading The Roommate, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena