

Karmic Roommates

By TheSpiralledEye

Jake's a nice guy, unlike his roommate Oscar, who has developed a pill to turn his girlfriend into his ideal woman. Only Oscar accidentally takes it himself and now Jake has to deal with the fact that his friend is a hot woman who seemed oddly attracted to him...

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I'd been roommates with Oscar for six months before I started regretting it. In this day and age, with rent prices skyrocketing I hadn't really been in a position to be picky when it came to picking a person to share with. Oscar, with his steady job as a chemist, had seemed like the obvious good choice at the time. He made good money, didn't smoke and was eager to put down a downpayment on two months' prepaid to get away from his ex.

Things had been good at first but then the cracks started to show. Sure, he'd bad mouth his ex but who didn't? Calling her a 'uppity bitch who never puts out' was a bit harsh, but I didn't know the girl so I'd just shrugged it off. But then he started getting back out in the dating scene and it quickly became obvious to me that the women in his life weren't the problem. Oscar himself was.

I cringed hearing him chat to them in the main living area when he invited them back after dinner. In his mind, if they came home with him they should at least give him a blow job for his hospitality. The ones who said no got an earful to put it mildly. Then I got an earful in return as he complained about them.

The ones who stuck around for more than one date (I call this group the unfortunate ones) had to deal with more than just Oscar's libido. He was a perfectionist, and he expected nothing but the best from the women he was dating. He criticised everything, buying them whole new wardrobes to suit his tastes. Looking back, maybe that was why so many of them stayed as long as they did, for the free outfits and make up. If I were a woman I could probably put up with a jackass boyfriend for a few weeks if it meant getting hundreds of dollars worth of fashion thrown at me.

Of course, none of them lasted more than a month, which resulted in me having to deal with an angry, pent up Oscar grumbling and complaining until he found some new unfortunate girl to court. So far, I was in a familiar calm before the storm; Oscar had been dating Jillian for about two weeks and it was going about as well as I could hope. He'd been calm, reasonable and most importantly tolerable in that time.

So when I opened the door to the acrid smell of chemicals coming from Oscar's room along with muttered words like 'bitch' and 'revenge' I knew that calm was over. With some trepidation I knocked at his door.

"You okay, buddy?"

"She dumped me! She had the gall to say I was controlling! Me!"

Why did I ask?

"Well...you can be a bit intense." I admitted and the door flung open.

"I'm a genius, My IQ is 132!" He grumbled, "I know best! I can't help that. I was just trying to help Jillian be the best person she could be."

"By giving her revealing clothing?" I raised an eyebrow and Oscar scowled.

"Look, IQ or no, a man has needs! Women were given beautiful bodies, they should be shown off."

Mentally I added 'for your benefit' but didn't dare say it aloud.

"Well, I am sick of this happening so I've decided to expedite the process." Oscar said proudly, holding up a little pill.

A stone formed in my stomach.

"What's that?"

"A little invention I've been working on in the lab." Oscar gave a lopsided smile. "It'll turn Jillian into my perfect woman, busty, horny and happy to please."

No, I couldn't stand for that.

"That's fucked up Oscar, give it here."

I tried to snatch it away; I had to destroy it before he could give it to that poor woman but he was too fast.

“No, you just want it for yourself!”

“No, I want you to stop this, you’re acting like a psycho!”

Oscar tackled me to the ground as I tried to reach for the pill clutched in his palm. He tumbled and wrestled, cursing as we did. Oscar was surprisingly strong from a reedy scientist, but I finally managed to grip his wrist tight enough that his grip loosened. I dove, so did he, and the pill passed through both our fingers. For a moment, I was able to grab it, squeezed tight between my thumb and forefinger, but I guess I squeezed too tight because it shot out like a bullet.

Straight into Oscar’s mouth as he dove to grab it.

I watched as his eyes went wide in shock and horror.

“Oh my God...you swallowed it.” I breathed. “What’s that going to do?”

Oscar’s hand went to his throat as he sat bolt upright. He clutched at it and for a moment I thought that maybe he was choking, until he removed the hand to reveal the suspicious lack of an Adam’s apple that had definitely been there a moment ago.

“Oh dear...”

His voice was already changing, getting higher and more feminine. I could only sit back and watch in shock as Oscar’s body began to change before my very eyes. The legs stretched out before him seemed to change in shape, turning his pants baggy and shoes loose. With ease he kicked one off to reveal a dainty foot with manicured nails. I couldn’t help it, I chuckled a little, it was just too funny watching a man stare at his obviously feminine feet.

“This isn’t funny, Ooooh...ohhhh this feels so weird. M-My chest-!”

His fingers fumbled with the buttons of his lab coat, ripping them apart along with his shirt to reveal his rapidly swelling chest. I knew it was wrong but I couldn’t tear my eyes away as

they grew, his nipples turning blush pink and hard as the flesh beneath them turned bouncy and round. Despite myself, I felt my cock twitch; I'm a man after all, who could blame me?

It didn't help that Oscar's moans were getting more and more feminine and well...pornographic. It certainly didn't sound like he was in any pain, quite the opposite in fact. Oscar was down on his knees, letting the tits dangle as his ass grew with every sharp breath he took. I could only wonder what was happening between his legs. Judging by the way he was wiggling his hips and rubbing his legs together I could hazard a guess.

"Fuck...my cock, I can feel it...f-feel it-ooooh wow..."

His whole body jolted and I had to will myself to not get hard; even his face was looking like a woman's now. All soft features and pretty long eyelashes framing his blue eyes. They perfectly matched his blonde hair that was rapidly spilling down his shoulders in gentle waves.

He was on his hands and knees practically twerking that new bubble butt up and down right in front of me with a flushed face and a mouth in a perfect O.

"Oh man...Jake I feel...weird." Oscar breathed, his voice now totally female and breathy.

I didn't know how to respond; I was still too busy reminding my damn body that the half naked woman kneeling on my floor was in fact my roommate. Just when I thought the situation couldn't get any weirder somebody came knocking at the door. Oscar scrambled, trying to button up his shirt and coat with little success. His tits were simply too big for the clothing to close anymore.

"What are you doing? Don't open it!" Oscar hissed.

"I can't just ignore them."

"Pretend we're not home!"

"I can hear you in there whispering." Came a voice through the door and Oscar squeaked.

"Jillian!"

Quickly I stood up and opened the door just enough to peak out and saw Jillian standing there, arms crossed, looking pissed off.

“Look, Oscar asked me to come here so he could apologise and end things on a better note. Can I come in?” She asked dryly.

I glanced behind me to see Oscar shaking his head back and forth violently.

“Um, he’s not here.” I said lamely and Jillian raised an eyebrow.

“So who did you just look at?”

“Nobody!”

“You’re both shit liars. Look, if he’s changed his mind or whatever, fine, but tell him I don’t want his number showing u-p on my phone ever again, here?”

“Yup. No problem...well bye!”

I slammed the door closed a little harder than I meant to and winced; hopefully word didn’t travel too far. Last thing I needed was my own dating prospects getting ruined by Oscar’s bad mouthing ex.

Oscar was pacing back and forth, still struggling with his shirt in a panic.

“How long does that pill of yours last?” I asked and he cringed.

“I uh...I thought it would be permanent.” He replied awkwardly, “I didn’t realise I would be the one taking it!”

I just shook my head in disbelief.

“You’re a real piece of work man. Honestly, maybe this is deserved. A bit of karma.”

“I don’t believe in that new age crap.” Oscar muttered. “I’ll find a cure, I made this pill I can make the cure.”

“Cool...”

Silence descended and I twiddled my thumbs. Something told me it was going to be a long night.

The sound of cursing and crashing finally came to a stop and I sighed in relief, maybe I could finally get some sleep. Then a knock at my bedroom door; no such luck.

“Uh, Jake?”

I could pretend to be asleep.

“...yeah.”

Damn me.

“I need some help.”

“Alright,” I took a deep breath and crossed the room, opening the door to find Oscar standing there, breasts stretching one of his casual shirts.

“I...I can't get my pants off.”

Jesus give me strength.

“My damn hips are too wide and my ass is too big. I'm stuck.” He wailed, face beet red with embarrassment.

“And you want me...to help you out of your pants?” My voice cracked a little as he nodded.

Once again I reminded myself that this hot, desperate looking woman in front of me was actually Oscar and grit my teeth. Of course the first woman to walk into my bedroom in months was him. So fucking typical.

“Okay.”

Oscar came in and sat down on the bed, leaning back on his hands to raise his hips up off the mattress and offered me a leg. After taking a moment to appreciate just how weird this whole situation was, I grabbed the pants near the ankles and yanked. Oscar's whole body jerked but his pants stayed stubbornly in place.

I tried again, and again before gripping the fabric as tightly as I could and leaning my full body weight back until I felt them slowly starting to slip.

“It's working!” Oscar cried, “ooooh...I can feel them squeezing my ass...”

He made a soft moaning sound and I tried to block it out.

“Oh...it feels...sort of good mmmmm.”

I was so distracted by the sounds and trying to keep my body from reacting that I was taken by surprise when the pants finally slipped over Oscar's ass and I went tumbling backwards with them in hand. He gasped in relief and flopped back on my bed.

“Thank you! You have no idea how uncomfortable that was for me.”

“You and me both...” I uttered under my breath as I got to my feet.

The sight of Oscar in his beautiful body, spread out over my bed, face framed by his blonde hair and half naked made me pause and swallow.

“Well...you can go back to your bed now.” I tried with a forced smile.

“Oh yeah.” He giggled, “Sorry, your bed is just soooo comfy.”

I watched in shock as he curled up in my sheets, burying his face in the blankets and taking a deep breath.

“Mmmm you smell so nice...”

“Uh...buddy?”

Oscar blinked rapidly then shot to his feet, his face turning pink.

“S-sorry, I don’t know what came over me.” He said quickly, “I’m going to go now and we can pretend this never happened!”

Just like that he was gone, darting out of the room and leaving me alone. I looked down at my crumpled blankets for a moment before slipping back beneath them and trying very hard to ignore the lovely, distinctly sensual smell that lingered there for the rest of the night.

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I slept fitfully, having dreams that would have made even a seasoned porn star blush. After an incredibly long, incredibly cold shower I walked out into the apartment only to find utter chaos. Papers were everywhere, beakers, bunsen burners and a number of suspicious liquids and powders were stored on every surface and in the middle of it all, wearing only a lab coat that was barely buttoned up enough to hide his modesty, was Oscar.

“Oh you’re awake.” He smiled, “Sorry about the mess but I...I am having some issues making a cure.”

“And this caused you to fill our living room with all your junk because...?”

“I thought maybe a new space would help me think better.”

I took another glance around at the utter insanity that was our living room.

“Did it?”

“No.” He pouted. “Ugh this is like, so annoying! I am looking over my notes and they look like gibberish! Like, what even are these?”

He held up a stack of papers that sent my mind flying back to high school chemistry class.

“I think they’re atom maps? Like with all the elements clustered together to make various chemicals?” I tried.

“Oh yeah!” He clapped his hands together, “That’s right, you’re so totally smart, Jake!”

I blushed; it had been a while since anybody had paid me a genuine compliment, especially a woman. Yeah Oscar wasn’t a real woman but the sentiment was there.

“Thanks! Uh, are you okay?”

Oscar had this odd, dreamy look on his face, it reminded me of the way girls looked at those hunky guys on the front of paperbacks. He blinked and shook her his, cheeks turning pink as he bit his lip.

“Oh yeah, my mind just went wandering. I should get back to it I guess.”

He dropped back down to the floor where his notes were scattered and I swallowed. From here I could see his cleavage, quite a lot of cleavage in fact. Enough that I could tell he wasn’t wearing anything under that lab coat.

“Do you think maybe you should get some clothes?” I asked with my ears burning.

“You want me to cover up?” Oscar asked, sounding oddly hurt. “Don’t you like my body? Don’t you think I look nice?”

Oh God, there were actual tears in his eyes.

“No! I mean, of course I think you look nice but...well...it’s a bit weird isn’t it?”

“I guess.” Oscar sighed, “I guess I just really want you to like me...I don’t know why I haven’t tried to get to know you more since I moved in, you’re such a nice guy, Jake.”

Okay, this was starting to get weird. It kept getting weirder too; all day Oscar tried frantically to create a cure but seemed confused by even the most basic of chemistry problems, stuff even I remembered from school. The strangest part though, was the way he started to ask for help. After that first time he’d started giving me his old notes and books, asking if I understood and each time he’d get a little bit closer.

It started with a simple brush against my side, then a lean, by the late afternoon he was practically snuggled up against me on the couch as I tried to explain, once again, the

difference between electron charges. No matter how many times I tried to explain he just didn't seem to get it; it was almost as if he was playing dumb on purpose for some reason.

"Are you sure you need to know this?"

"Mm-hmm." Oscar nodded, scooching a little closer. "I just don't get what being happy has to do with atoms."

"It doesn't, it's about electricity and I really don't think you need to-ummmm, Oscar?"

"Yeah?"

"What are you doing?"

He'd looped his arm through mine so that he was fully up against my side with his breasts squashed up against my chest.

"Oh nothin'." He sighed happily in a singsong voice. "You're just really comfy."

"I don't know if this is..." I struggled to find the right word. "Appropriate."

"I'm just trying to be friendly." Oscar pouted. "I've been thinking, maybe I was a little...mean."

"That's an understatement." The words were out before I could stop them.

"All this science is so boring and hard to understand, I'd much rather do something fun! Like clubbing!"

"You want to go clubbing. With me?" My eyebrows disappeared into my hairline and Oscar giggled.

"Yeah, I decided that since I dunno how to change back just yet I should treat this like a science experiment!"

Oscar jumped off the couch and I did my best not to stare as he hopped about excitably, causing his chest to jiggle unsupported in his coat.

“How is clubbing going to help?”

“I should spend time doing girly things...for science of course!” He added quickly.
“Just to see what it’s like. You’ll come with me right, Jake?”

Suddenly he was on me again, hugging me close.

“It’s dangerous for a girl to go out alone these days, I need a big, strong man to protect me.”

The idea of having a hot woman hanging off me in the club wasn’t an unpleasant, and it was Oscar’s idea.

“Sure, I guess I wouldn’t be a very good friend if I let you go out alone.”

“Oh thank you, thank you, thank you!” Oscar bounced on his toes. “You’re like, totally the best Jakey!”

Just like that he was off, grabbing his wallet as he made for the front door.

“Gonna go get myself an outfit for tonight! Can’t go clubbing in a trenchcoat.” Oscar giggled.

He slammed the door behind him and I blinked in shock.

“...Jakey?”

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I paced back and forth across the living room trying to quell my nerves. Oscar had been gone for hours and the sun had long set. I made us both dinner in preparation for our little date, well, not *date* date but our scientific club endeavour. Yes, that was a better word for it, there was nothing funny going on. Nothing would be going on if Oscar didn’t get home soon.

Maybe I shouldn’t have let him go out alone, he had been acting a little ditzy since transforming. Maybe that pill had lowered his monster IQ enough that he could let his hair down without overthinking it? A knock at the door made me freeze; Oscar wouldn’t knock.

“Police, open up.”

“Oh fuck, Oscar what have you done now...” I muttered before opening the door to a uniformed officer holding a pouting Oscar by the arm.

“Is this your roommate?” The police officer asked, sounding equally tired and irritated.

“Yes, what happened?”

“Nothin” Oscar muttered, yanking his arm free, “It was a total accident and this bozo is blowing it way out of proportion!”

“Your roommate was found walking around the mall, naked.” The police officer replied. “I have every right to charge her with indecent exposure, but I can’t find her in the system and she wont give me any ID.”

Probably because ‘she’ didn't have any.

“I was just looking for another outfit to try on, I wasn't even that far from the change room!” Oscar whinged. “It’s not like I walked into the food court totally starkers. Besides, the security guard who reported me was totally checking me out! You should arrest him for being a perv!”

My mind raced; was I really going to lie to a police officer for *Oscar* of all people?

“Sorry, my friend is from an Amish community, she uh, isn’t used to life outside and having too much freedom. It’s sort of gone to her head a bit.”

Apparently the answer was yes.

“Look, I just want this to be over.” The officer admitted, “Take her, look after her and we can all just forget this happened?”

“Sounds good.”

The police officer looked relieved, tipped his hat to me and hurried down the hallway. Oscar stuck his head out the doorway and stuck his tongue out as he went before I could push him inside.

“Oh Jakey, that was such a good lie! You’re so smart!”

Just like that he was hugging me, crushing his breasts into my chest hard enough that I could feel his nipples through the thin fabric of his new, strapless dress.

“You’re welcome.” I said, staring at the ceiling.

“Let’s go out! Look, I got a dress and everything! Hells too! I would have liked a new set of earrings but that idiot came and got me before I could buy any.”

“I’m not sure that’s such a good idea, Oscar. You’re sort of acting like a kid on a sugar high at the moment.”

Oscar pouted.

“I just wanna have some fun. I was always thinking so much, now I can finally relax! Plus Jakey...” his cheeks turned pink. “I want to get to know you better. Though all the girls I dated you were always there and you’re so hot now, I can’t believe I didn’t notice before. I..want you to like me.”

“You mean...romantically?” I balked.

“Well maaaaaaaybe.” He giggled. “I was thinking of something a bit more physical first. After all, a girl has needs you know. Needs only a man can fulfil.”

Oh God. My cock twitched and no amount of willing could get it to stop stiffening at Oscar’s words. Of course he noticed but instead of shock he looked delighted.

“Oh I knew you thought I was hot!”

“Of course I do.” I admitted, “But you’re...well, Oscar!”

“So?” Oscar put his hands on his hips. “I can still show you a good time, big boy. Just let me prove it.”

His hands slid over my shirt and god they felt so nice; he pressed his lips to the hollow of my throat and I swallowed nervously; I had no idea how I was supposed to feel about this.

“I know it’s a little weird.” He whispered, “but it’s been ages for both of us hasn’t it? Two birds, one stone. We get to have sex after a dry spell and I get to experience what it feels like.”

“For science?” I murmured and Oscar nodded against my chest.

“For science.”

We both knew the reasoning was bullshit; just something to tell ourselves so it wouldn't get weird but I didn't care. Oscar clearly couldn't control his compulsions and I couldn't help it if my body couldn't tell the difference between a born woman and my transformed friend. Especially when he was pressing his damp mound against the bulge in my pants. Just how wet was he to have soaked through the dress enough for me to feel it? I had to find out.

With a groan I lowered my head and captured his lips; they were so soft and supple; and they yielded to me immediately. Oscar opened his mouth obediently and allowed my tongue to caress his, I took the lead instinctually and got a thrill of control as he followed. I didn't realise just how badly I had been aching to touch him until I finally could. I let my hands roam all over those sweet curves, teasing beautiful sounds from those sinful lips as I did.

“Oh...Oh yes, there I ahhh!”

He could barely speak, he was putty in my hands; a slave to his own womanly desires. It brought a grin to my face as I slipped my hands into the topless dress and lowered it to play with his tits. Oscar leaned back; clearly in heaven as I tweaked and teased those pink nipples.

“More! More!” He begged.

“Only if you say please.” I teased, giving his nipple a little pinch.

“Please!”

“Pretty please?”

“P-pretty ple-aaaahhhh...”

I took those nipples and sucked, teasing them with my teeth until Oscar was a whimpering mess; his hips were bucks. He was practically humping my leg like a desperate dog.

“Please.” he whimpered. “I need...I need...”

“What do you need?” I grinned, slowly lowering the dress down.

“T-touch me.”

I removed the rest of the dress; of course he wasn't wearing any underwear. I could see the wetness glistening between his legs and I slowly pressed a finger inside to rub at his clit. The sound that came out of Oscar's mouth was practically pornographic.

“Oh yes!! Yes, more of that!”

I slowed my fingers, swirling around the clit enough to tease but not satisfy and Oscar moaned desperately. His hips bucked, trying for more friction. Fuck seeing him so desperate and horny made me so hard it was almost painful. I watched with fascination as my fingers disappeared into his pussy over and over, slowly pressing into his wet inner walls and eliciting more wails of need.

“Want more?”

“YES!!”

With a gentle hand I led Oscar over to the couch and kicked off my pants before sitting down. My cock was standing to attention and Oscar looked at it like a drowning man looked at land. I gave it a stroke and shivered before leaning back and positioning myself to be mounted.

Oscar wasted no time, he was on me in a second with his hole pressed to the tip. I could feel the heat radiating from his hole and grinned as the anticipation built. For a second

Oscar stayed there, positioned above my cock; I could tell by the look on his face he was savouring the moment. Then, he sank down.

Immediately I was engulfed in that hot, tight space and I couldn't keep myself from gasping. He had such a tight, beautiful pussy; the best I'd ever felt. He really was the perfect woman.

"Ooohhh." He groaned, "Oh that f-feels so good. I have to move, I have to!"

He started to ride me, rolling his hips with another moan before quickly moving on to bouncing.

"Slow down, we want this to last." I groaned, trying to hold back as he rode faster and faster.

"I can't!" He wailed, "It's too good. Oh yes, fuck me, yes harder! Harder!"

My hips obeyed, bucking up to meet him so that we slammed together. It was the best thing I'd ever felt. With every thrust I could feel Oscar getting tighter and tighter; his hands gripped my shoulders so hard they were white. My eyes were glued to his breasts as they bounced hard enough I could hear them slapping against his skin.

"Oh yes, I-I'm going t-to...to...AHHHHHH!"

His whole body spasmed and squeezed around my length so hard the ecstasy went complete and before I knew it, I was cumming. Hot cum filled Oscar's pussy; I knew it was bad, but it felt so good I couldn't stop. I just kept thrusting and cumming until my balls were dry as Oscar begged me to keep going.

When we were both finally spent he collapsed against me and I let myself relax; enjoying the feel of his warm body pressed against mine in the afterglow. Without thinking I started to run my fingers along the length of his spine and Oscar shivered.

"That was so good, Jakey."

"Yeah...it was."

"Think maybe we could do it again."

I chuckled.

“If you’re a good girl.”

“Oh I will be, Jakey. I’ll be the goodest girl ever if it means I get to fuck you again.”

“So you don’t want to keep looking for a cure?”

“No way, this is so much more fun.”

I grinned; maybe having Oscar for a roommate wasn't going to be so bad after all.