



The Roommate Agreement

By Isaac Byrne

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“Listen Taylor, we’ve got to do something about the mess around here.”

I looked around the living room, trying to see what on earth Evan was talking about. I mean, I wouldn’t exactly call it tidy, sure. There were a dozen odd soda and beer cans sitting on tables (and a few on the floor when I’d run out of space), a month’s worth of junk mail, some dirty dishes, used tissues, a bunch of my makeup, a dozen or so magazines.

Oh, and a couple bags of trash I said I’d take out to the dumpster. Like, yesterday or the day before or whatever.

“What seems to be the problem, exactly?”

My roommate looked around like it was self-evident. “Seriously? What do you call all this?”

I shrugged. “I dunno. I mean, it feels lived-in. When things are all super clean, the house loses its personality. Besides, we just cleaned not that long ago, for that barbecue.”

“That was the fourth of July, Taylor. That was over three months ago.”

“Oh. Yeah, that was a good barbecue.”

Evan frowned. “Look, I need to be direct. This place is a pig sty, and it’s almost all you. Either you need to start doing your part to keep this place livable or you need to start looking for a new place.”

Well that got my attention. Evan knew full well I couldn’t afford my own place. He knew as well as I did that he’d let me move in here after my last breakup mostly out of pity because I didn’t have any friends who’d take me in. For whatever reason.

Also, I’m sure he hoped he’d be able to get in my pants. He’d asked me out forever ago, back when we first met, and I’d said no. (I’m more of a hook-up girl than a dater.) I’m sure he thought if we were around each other all the time, I’d warm up, spread my thighs for him some drunken night. Or at least give him an eyeful or two – which I made sure to do on occasion. Walk around in a towel here and there, bikini top on a hot day... these were the kinds of things a girl just did to keep her share of the rent down to 30%. (Since my last raise I could afford a full share, but he didn’t need to know that.)

“Hey, why you gotta be like that, man?”

“I’m not ‘being like’ anything. I can’t live like this. For crying out loud, I had to throw your rotting fruit off the counter yesterday. We’re literally attracting flies!”

“Is that where that went.”

“And that’s to say nothing of you keeping weird hours, having the TV or your music blaring through the night. I get up for work at 6 am, and some nights I can barely sleep!”

“You know they sell medication for that.”

“Taylor...”

I held my hands up in surrender. “All right, all right. I’ll try to be a little quieter and tidier.”

“That’s what you’ve said every time I’ve complained, and you haven’t changed at all!”

“Well what do you want me to do then, Evan? Pinky swear?” I rolled my eyes. What a drama queen.

“No. In fact, I want you to read and sign a roommate agreement. I’ve gone ahead and drafted one up with my expectations. One that is absolutely enforceable, I assure you.”

Oh my gosh, a roommate agreement? What were we, bunkmates at summer camp? What a dork. Seriously, geeky moves like this is why Evan had never had a shot with me. “Fine, fine, let me see it.”

Of course, he had the thing handy. Not wanting to be evicted on the spot, I humored him by reading the stupid thing.

Roommate Agreement

I, the undersigned, agree to abide absolutely by the following strictures as conditions of my occupancy:

- 1. I will amend any sources of my roommate’s displeasure resulting from my habitation in the apartment at the earliest possible opportunity.*
- 2. I will make efforts to anticipate and meet my roommate’s expectations of how the apartment and everything in it looks.*
- 3. If something in the apartment isn’t up to my roommate’s standards, I will fix it at the earliest possible opportunity. If it looked good yesterday, I will strive to make it look as good or better today.*
- 4. I will put things where they are meant to go.*
- 5. I will comply with reasonable requests made by my roommate regarding my behavior, and be as accommodating as possible regarding his preferences.*

“Did you have your attorney draft this thing?”

“Sign it, or start looking for a new home.”

He pointed to the line at the bottom, obviously meant for my signature. This whole thing was really over-bearing, to be honest. To me, it felt like less of a roommate agreement and more of a hostage demand list. Still, if signing this thing would get him off my back for a while, maybe I should just do it and ignore it as best I could.

“Fine, Attila the Roommate. Got a pen?”

He had one – of course – and handed it over. “Now I mean it – don’t sign it if you’re not willing to live by it, because you *will* abide by this.”

“Yeah, fine, whatever.” I scrawled my name at the bottom and handed it back

over.

Evan accepted it, then just stood there looking at me expectantly. “Can I help you with something?”

“Um, yeah, you literally just signed an agreement that said you would, and I quote, ‘amend any sources of your roommate’s displeasure’ ‘at the earliest possible opportunity.’”

“And I will, promise.”

“Hey – you have an opportunity right now, don’t you?”

I opened my mouth to retort sarcastically – then I stopped myself. He had a point; I *did* agree to that, and I *did* have the opportunity. Maybe it’d pacify him for a while. “Sure, Evan. I’ll get right on it.”

So I got up and set myself to cleaning up the living room. Evan plopped down in his arm chair and watched TV, glancing over at me occasionally with a smug little smile on his face. I guess he really liked things clean. Whatever. Let him have his little power trip for an hour.

Then an hour stretched into the whole evening, which was how long it took me to get everything done. I’d felt like I was done much sooner, but as soon as I sat down to relax, there was Evan frowning at me. “What about the dishes?”

So I loaded the dishwasher.

“What about the dishes that wouldn’t fit?”

So I scrubbed those.

As I was about to sit down again, “You’re not going to vacuum?”

So I vacuumed the living room, then when he mentioned it, I went ahead and did my bedroom.

“What about my bedroom?”

“What about it? It’s your bedroom, do it yourself Evan.”

But then he pulled out that contract. “I will comply with reasonable requests made by my roommate.’ And how many times have I cleaned up after you around here?”

Ugh. When he put it that way, it did sound annoyingly reasonable. So I went and did his room too. Then I swept the kitchen and bathroom, scrubbed the sink and the toilets and the shower, unloaded the dishwasher, cleaned out the fridge, reorganized the pantry (including arranging the spice rack alphabetically), and folded all of both of our laundry. I giggled to myself. This was the closest Evan would ever get to having me in his underpants.

Through it all, Evan hovered around behind me, making sure everything was done to his standards – which he wasn’t shy about enforcing at all. Every time I shirked, balked, dawdled, evaded, rested or took a shortcut, there he was, quoting that damn roommate agreement. By the end of the night, I practically had the thing memorized.

As I finally collapsed onto the couch, exhausted, he was right there to push his

agenda. “Feels pretty good though, right? To have everything looking so clean?”

“It sure does.” And damnit if it wasn’t actually true. I actually felt tremendously relieved to have the place looking so good, especially to have Evan’s seal of approval on it. This would definitely keep him off my case for a good long while.

When I finally collapsed, exhausted, I was still cleaning in my dreams. I could hear Evan’s voice all night following me around, telling me what to do, patting me on the head when I did it right.

Weirdly, instead of stressing me out, I actually woke up feeling like a million bucks. Which was weird, because I’d kick his ass if he actually condescended to me like that. Still, looking around the pad, I felt *accomplished*. I felt *content*. I’d never felt like this from cleaning before in my life. Was this why he was so fanatical about tidiness?

Having gone to bed much earlier than usual, I woke up not long after Evan did that day. Usually, he’d been gone for hours before I even woke up. “Sleep well?” he asked me as I left my bedroom.

“Sure did. You?”

“Yeah, well enough – a lot easier with it nice and quiet.” Of course, he had to nettle me about it. Good old Evan, couldn’t just be grateful. “Say, mind making us breakfast?”

“What? Why don’t you just make your own? I’m not your servant.”

He pointed to the fridge, and following his gesture I saw he’d actually magneted that stupid agreement to it. Without even looking, I knew exactly what he was pointing to. The “comply with reasonable requests” clause.

Fair enough. Evan had cooked for me plenty of times, and it’s not like I was busy. I got to work.

After a bite, Evan made a face at his plate. “Did you just put eggs in a hot pan? Not even salted or anything?”

I arched an eyebrow. “Yeah. Why, what’re you supposed to do?”

“You really need to work on your cooking, Taylor.”

“Well then like I said, do it yourself, Evan.”

“Hey, I’m just trying to help. You’re the one who said you wanted to fix anything not up to your roommate’s standards.”

I frowned. I mean, technically I had, but that wasn’t really what I’d thought it meant. Still... I *had* agreed to that, hadn’t I. “All right. I’ll work on it.”

“There ya go. So what’re you up to today?”

“Nothing much. Working a six.”

“Oh. Hitting the gym after? I know that used to be the routine.”

“Eh, I haven’t been feeling the gym lately.”

Evan looked me over, and honestly, I felt a little uncomfortable. It was a look of someone measuring and judging me. “Yeah, I didn’t think so.”

I set down my fork. “What the hell does that mean?”

“Oh, nothing.”

“No, say it. You saying I’m fat?”

“Fat? No, you’re not fat.”

“What then?” I folded my arms.

“It’s just... oh geez, all I meant was that you used to be so trim, and it seems like you’ve let yourself go a bit.”

My jaw dropped. I was a damn fine-looking woman. 5’8”, long legs, serious booty action, perky C cups that looked a size bigger in most of my bras. A face that people didn’t forget, long auburn hair, smooth complexion, cute dimples, adorable little mole on my chin and another on my butt – I was a knockout, damnit! And he said I let myself go because I put on five or ten little pounds? The nerve!

“Look, how much I do or don’t work out is none of your business.” I was pretty sure it was, anyway. Or was this another one of those “not up to my roommate’s standards” things? Man, what all had I agreed to there?

We ate in awkward silence after that. Evan left his dishes for me to pick up – which was fair, I guess, considering – and grabbed his jacket to leave for work.

“I’ll go to the gym,” I blurted as he opened the door.

He smiled at me. “That’s the spirit. See you tonight.”

I was still trying to scrub an old jelly stain out of the couch cushion when Evan came home. My arms were burning, if I'm being honest. I'd had my usual shift at work standing on my feet for six hours, then hitting the gym for the first time in over a month had been pretty rough. Yet when I came home, tired as I was, I couldn't help but look around and see all the problems.

Things looked all right at a glance, sure, but they could look better. So I started with the upholstery.

"Welcome home," I said some time later, not even looking up, still scrubbing intently.

"Heya Taylor. Whoa, nice."

I turned to see what he was whoa-ing about, but then I realized that it was me. I hadn't bothered to change after my workout, so I was still wearing my sports bra and my navy blue volleyball shorts (which, fine whatever, were a little tighter than usual after a month of being a couch potato). Bent at the waist to do my work like that, he must've had quite a view of my butt.

"Feel free to stare," I said sarcastically. I didn't stop scrubbing – this stain wasn't going to remove itself – but I figured he'd get embarrassed for perving at me before long.

"Don't mind if I do. I gotta say, dynamite job."

"Thanks. I still have a few spots to get, but it's already a lot better."

"No, I meant the shorts."

"Hey! I didn't wear these for your ogling pleasure, ya creeper."

He looked a bit surprised. "Really? Sorry, I just figured you were trying to keep up with clause two of the agreement."

By now, I didn't even need him to tell me what that was. I'd re-read it first thing this morning, taken a picture of it with my phone so I could look it over at work, and then found myself reading the original again a few times when I got home.

Clause two was simple: Anticipate my roommate's expectations of how everything in the apartment looks. Now he was saying that meant *me* too?

I guess that made sense – after all, I was exercising again, which went hand in hand with looking nice. Not what I'd intended, but reasonable enough I suppose.

"Oh. Yeah, I guess I am." Not on purpose, but it was a happy coincidence.

Evan got changed into something comfy, then came back out to watch TV. I kept working all the while, ignoring that constant feeling that I was being watched. More than once, I glanced back and confirmed that the feeling was not inconsistent with reality. Part of me felt indignant, but there was another part – a louder part – that felt smug knowing that I was more than living up to my end of the bargain.

If Evan wanted to stare at my ass while I worked, so be it. It kept him off my back, and didn't cost me a thing. Take *that*, neat freak.

Over the next week, our routine adjusted so that such things were more and more the norm. We'd do our normal work stuff, but I only worked part time these days. That being the case, each day I'd use some of that extra time to watch some youtube videos to teach myself how to cook, find an hour or so to hit the gym, then home to put on something cute and tackle the day's project.

Tuesday I did our laundry in a sheer white tank top and gym shorts, keenly aware of the minimally restricted view Evan had of my breasts every time I bent over.

Wednesday I took our rugs out onto the patio and beat the dirt out of them. I wasn't sure if the roommate agreement extended to the patio, but just in case, I donned a bikini top and my tight pink sweatpants with "Juicy" written across the butt. He had easy access – visually speaking – through the sliding glass door, and took ample opportunity to use it.

Thursday I steam cleaned the carpets, crawling around every inch of the floor in cut-off jean shorts. By then, every time I looked up and saw I'd lost Evan's interest, I'd go out of my way to shake my butt or arch my back to get his attention. I'd pledged to be better every day than the day before, and if he'd been intrigued yesterday, today I'd strive for riveted.

So Friday, just to make sure, I cooked us a tasty meal timed to be almost ready when he came home. Really, the "almost" part was just so that when he walked in the door, he was treated to the sight of his roommate wearing an apron, a pair of white cotton panties, and nothing else.

(Not like it was totally slutty. The panties practically covered my whole butt cheeks, and the apron only showed my boobs if you looked from the side. Side boob wasn't that slutty – and it was definitely better than I'd looked for him yesterday.)

When Evan told me it was the finest meal I'd ever cooked for him, I have to say, hearing those words felt so good I could've kissed him if that wouldn't have made things weird between us. The last thing I needed was a bunch of sexual tension between me and my roommate.

We'd hit our rhythm. I'd been pushing myself harder every day around our apartment, and Evan hadn't hassled me all week over it. Really, he'd been nothing but positive about my efforts, and I tried to give him no room to complain.

So why didn't I feel more satisfied?

"Evan, are you happy with how things have been around here this past week?" I asked him later that night as we were half-watching TV. Well, he was watching; I was tweezing my eyebrows in a handheld mirror. Had to hold my own physical maintenance to his standards just like the apartment, after all.

"Yeah, I guess so. Why?"

I guess so. I still hadn't done enough, obviously. "You've been kinda quiet. It's hard to know what you like and what you don't."

“You can always ask, you know.”

“OK. So... have you been satisfied with the cleanliness of the place?”

“More or less. There was some toothpaste mess in the sink this morning.”

I gasped, then got up and ran to the bathroom. There it was, damning me with its unsightliness. I snatched a wad of toilet paper and savagely attacked every last little blue-white fleck. Only when it was gleaming did I return to the living room, where Evan was just watching his show like he hadn't just embarrassed the hell out of me.

“I'm so sorry, Evan. I took care of it – I promise it won't happen again.”

“That's the spirit.” He smiled at me. His approval shouldn't mean so much, but then, he was the only person who cared as much as I did about how things looked around here.

Still, I hadn't gotten all my answers yet. “How about other stuff? Have I been meeting my other expectations?”

“How do you mean, Taylor?”

“Well like, has the cooking been good? I'm just learning, but I'm trying really hard.”

He shrugged. “It's an improvement, sure. Nice not having to cook for myself any more.”

I nodded. Faint praise, but praise nonetheless. It was good he didn't say I was doing well just to make me feel better. The last thing I needed was to keep skating by. I'd continue improving this way. “And how about me? Have I been... meeting your expectations?”

“You've definitely been quieter at night, which I appreciate.”

No doubt – I was so exhausted every night that I was starting to go to bed when he did. (I'd have gone to bed earlier than him, but I didn't want him to think I was being lazy.) “I'm glad you do. But what about...” I gestured to myself vaguely.

“Are you asking me if you look good? I hate to break it to you, but a week at the gym isn't going to transform you.”

I winced. I deserved that, letting myself go as I had. I'd gotten up to almost 140 pounds, for crying out loud. “Right. I'll keep at it, promise. And... what about my clothes? Has that been good?”

“An improvement, yeah.”

Improvement. So not there yet, but moving in the right direction. “Any favorites? I'm not totally sure what you like.”

He shrugged. “I don't know. I guess I just think you should be dressed appropriate for what you're doing. Like tonight when I came home, that was good.”

“The apron and panties thing, you mean? I'm not going to do that all the time, you know. I was just... I had laundry going. And you got home early.” Which was a bald-faced lie, but I didn't want to just tell him I'd let him see me in my underwear

whenever he felt like it.

“Yeah, the apron and panties thing. It was mostly pretty good.”

Geez, did nothing please him? “How so ‘mostly’?”

“I don’t want to knitpick or anything, but... I guess it was pretty obvious you haven’t even shaved down there.” He grimaced.

“What are you talking about? I shaved my legs *yesterday*, for crying out loud.” Weirdly, I realized I was more upset that I might have let stubble show than I was at him criticizing me for it. That was his prerogative as my roommate, after all.

“Not your legs. Your pussy, Taylor. Panties that sheer, it was obvious you’ve got a jungle down there. Don’t you keep that thing shaved?”

Shave my...! I hadn’t had the thing bare since it had started sprouting hair. Now he expected me to keep it shaved, even though he never saw it?!

Only he *had* seen it. Here I was, so wrapped up in the flawed way I’d always been doing things that I was refusing to abide by my promise again. What the hell was wrong with me? Was I just born selfish and lazy or what?

Without another word, I stood up and retreated into the bathroom.

Half an hour later, I came back to the living room, wearing the same panties I’d had on earlier and a t-shirt that I made sure wouldn’t obstruct Evan’s view of any part of them. He didn’t look up, so I cleared my throat to get his attention. Once it hit a commercial, that is – I didn’t want to intrude upon his preferences.

His eyes widened, and as I was watching close for it, I could see his cock stirring in his shorts. Good. He was so freaking glib with all my questions, it was nice to see he didn’t think I was a total hag. “Better?” I asked.

He just stared a long moment. I don’t even know why, but I spun in place so he could see the back too. Not that that had anything to do with the shaving, but still, I thought it might be visually pleasing. Like I’d agreed to.

“I... wow, Taylor. That’s pretty good. Although...”

“What? What is it?” I pressed when he trailed off.

“I mean, I can’t really see all the improvements, so how can I know if you did a good job?”

Evan was so cute when he was shy. Why shouldn’t I show him? I’d cleaned it for him – inspecting my work was every bit as reasonable here as it would be if he spot-checked the dishes. With a little grin, I hooked a thumb in either side of my waistband and tugged down my panties until he could see my bare, smooth pussy. It still looked strange as hell to me to see my labia so clearly, but it was indisputably tidier. Thank goodness my roommate had said something, or who knows how long I might’ve let that mess slide.

I did wish it would quit juicing up so. One more mess to deal with.

With steps hindered by my panties around my thighs, I walked slowly over to

Evan so he could inspect close up. He even ran his fingers over the pale mound; I couldn't help quivering a little at his touch. I know he was just being thorough, but still, it was almost like it was sexual. Almost.

"You're going to keep it this way, right?"

"Oh of course. No more mess down there, I promise."

"So I'll need to inspect it regularly."

"Is... is that really necessary?"

He met my look of skepticism with one of his own. "Taylor, we both know what happened when I just trusted you to keep things clean on your own, don't we?"

I nodded. "Yes."

"And do you want to go back to that? To being dirty? To failing to live up to my expectations?"

"No. Absolutely not."

"Good. Then we'll do surprise inspections – so when I need to check, you be ready to strip down so I can check you out, OK?"

I nodded. He'd already seen my pussy now, so what did it matter if he saw it again? It was reasonable enough, I supposed.

"All right. And hey, while we're talking things through... you're feeling OK about everything that happened this past week?" He looked a little nervous almost, though I don't know why. He wasn't the one who had that roommate agreement hanging over his head.

"Mostly," I began hesitantly. "I feel like I've been trying pretty hard. It's just... well, I don't always know what you expect."

"I see. Would it be helpful to you if I was more up front about how I like things to look, how I expect you to behave?"

I nodded hard. "Oh my god YES. That's exactly it. I hate having to just guess. Whatever you want, I'll be cool about things, but I just need you to be up front with me. So long as it's reasonable," I said, poking him in the chest with my finger as he ran his up and down my slit. "Don't go getting any wild ideas."

He laughed. "I promise I won't. I'll try to be more open about my expectations then."

From then on, he was. Honestly, in the six months we'd been roommates, I'd never realized he was so particular about all the minutiae! In the following week, I learned more than I'd ever thought I would about how he wished things ran around our home.

First, there was the matter of my wardrobe. I had clothes I needed for work, yes, but after that, most of my wardrobe did absolutely nothing to highlight my body. After all, as he pointed out – as I'd even thought myself in the past – my body was one of my primary contributions to our living space.

We loaded up my car and made a huge trip to the local thrift store. Gone were all my loose-fitting hoodies and pants, my boxer shorts, my granny panties and the bras that went with them. (They wouldn't take my underwear, but said they could throw it out for us.) Then Evan and I took a trip to the mall to replace it with some things that would look better around the apartment, with his guidance helping me every step of the way. My usual fashion was functional – comfy, durable, versatile.

Doll that he was, my roommate fixed that for me. Evan liked leggings. He liked miniskirts. He liked shirts that showed cleavage. He liked push-up bras, or tops that were so tight I didn't need a bra at all.

I'd never even worn a tube top before, but I left the mall that day with six.

Besides that, I spent over a thousand dollars on lingerie. I modeled every outfit for him, and almost every time he said it was worth keeping. His seal of approval was all I needed. After all, I was going to wear underwear. I had to sleep in something. So why not something that would help grease the wheels between me and my roomie?

It tapped almost half my savings, but I guess since my rent was discounted, it was only reasonable I invest the rest in this little fixer-upper project. That was what Evan said, anyway, and I couldn't think of a counterargument.

At first, I actually felt a little affronted when Evan started telling me what to wear. The day after the shopping trip, he came home from work to find me wearing a pink baby doll t-shirt and a pair black leggings, beneath which I was going commando.

"How does everything look?" I asked automatically. I meant the apartment as well, but Evan didn't even look at it, his eyes focused hard on the clear outline of my breasts in the skin-tight shirt.

"Pretty good," he answered. "Though you'd look better in that red camisole we got you."

Typical, give Evan a cookie and he's gonna ask for some milk to wash it down. Duh, obviously I'd look better in that thing – it was practically see through. "I... see. But..."

He cut me off. "And try those lacey black panties, the ones that let your ass cheeks hang out. That'd look good with it."

"Evan... I'm trying to be a good roommate here, but you can't just boss me around, tell me what to wear like I'm a doll." And a slutty doll at that.

"Oh. Sorry, I guess when we bought all that, I expected you to actually wear it. But if you don't want to meet my expectations of how you should look..."

Not two minutes later, I was wearing the camisole and panties – and honestly, feeling a lot better. Evan smiled at me and told me I was being a good roommate, and I'm not kidding, my knees went weak. It's so nice to be appreciated when you go the extra mile, you know?

So the next day, after his "surprise inspection" of my pussy (which was no

surprise at all, as he was doing it several times a day some days), he told me to put on my black leather bustier and just leave the panties pulled down post-inspection. I did it. He expected it, after all, and what with how I'd been behaving, it was a perfectly reasonable suggestion to just let it hang out. I just wanted to be as accommodating as possible about his preferences.

He got more open about his other preferences, too. Soon, I was preparing his every meal, cleaning up after him, doing his laundry, making his bed, running his errands... I was already doing those things for myself, after all, so why not take care of his too?

Thankfully, he'd stopped being shy about his wants. One night, he told me he wanted steak, so I put on some leggings, ran to the butcher shop, then the grocery store for some extra ingredients. I cooked for him in my typical underwear-and-apron style just like he liked, then stood beside his plate and cut his steak for him.

When he told me to feed him by hand, well, it was just one more thing. He sucked the juice off my fingers with every bite, and his every moan of appreciation at that taste echoed in my pussy. When I got myself off that night, it was to the memory of Evan thanking me for being such a good cook, a devoted server.

A few days later though, things finally crossed the line though. Dressing slutty and waiting on him hand and foot were all fine and well, nothing I hadn't agreed to. Then out of the blue just after I finished my exercise routine (I exercised at home now, as we'd figured having me gyrating around in spandex made more sense at home than it did at a gym) he interrupted me with a request.

"Come sit on my lap, Taylor."

I stiffened. What did he think I was, some kind of tramp? Some easy piece of lap candy? I definitely hadn't agreed to that.

Had I?

"No," I said firmly. It felt weird, telling Evan no, but I still had my self-respect.

He just sighed and shook his head, like I was being the selfish old Taylor we both hated so much. "Taylor, I've been trying to be patient with you. For weeks now, I've let you skirt around the parts of the roommate agreement I knew you'd find harder to comply with, but enough is enough."

I looked to where it hung on the fridge. (By now, there was a copy on the bathroom mirror, hanging on the ceiling over my bed, as the background on my phone, and even written in tiny letters on the rearview mirror of my car. It was dangerous, but then, so was being a bad roommate.)

"How do you mean? I thought I'd been being good. And none of it says anything about sitting on your lap. It's one thing to have you *look* at me –I want to look good for the sake of the apartment. But I didn't say you could *feel* me."

"You didn't?" he said wryly.

“No, I didn’t.”

“Really? What does clause four say then?”

The words came instantly to mind. “I will put things where they are meant to go.’
But...”

“Taylor, look at yourself.”

I looked down. Spandex volleyball shorts hugging my ass so tight they may as well have been painted on. A sports bra that was basically just a four-inch strap wrapped around my chest, the bottom of my breasts plainly visible on the bottom. I had full makeup on as usual; Evan liked thick, dark red lipstick and plenty of eye shadow. I thought it was kind of hookerish, honestly, but it’s what he expected.

“Yeah, so?”

“What do you look like?”

“A girl working out?” I mean, kind of.

“Really? Because I’ve been to the gym myself, and girls don’t wear that to work out in.”

“Well... I guess they don’t.”

“And why don’t they? What’s different about how you’re dressed and how those girls are dressed?”

“I’m... it’s...” I didn’t want to say it, but there was no way around the obvious truth. “Fine, it’s sluttier, OK? Is that what you want me to say?”

“It is, in fact. So you’re dressed like a slut.”

I frowned. “You never complained before.”

“I’m not complaining now. Just observing that you are by all appearances a slut.”

“So? What’s your point?”

“You just told me you agreed to put things where they belonged. And where does a slut belong, Taylor?”

Oh crap. It hit me like a shockwave. No wonder he thought that was such a reasonable request! Here I was acting like a slut, dressing like a slut – then when he tried to put me on his lap like a slut, I acted like *he* was the one out of line!

What the hell was wrong with me?

“Oh gosh, I am so sorry!” Without another word I scampered over and settled down into his lap. His cock was stabbing right into the crack of my ass, but then he had me turn sideways and lean back against the armrest, my legs hooked over the other. Evan rested his hands on my bare thigh – which made sense, where else was he going to put them – and we went back to our normal routine without any more argument.

(Honestly, I felt a little bad about just sitting there not doing anything to improve the apartment, but since sitting on his lap meant I was actively fulfilling my end of the contract, I forgave myself.)

From that night, I learned pretty quickly what all was connotated under the vague

description of “putting things where they are meant to go.”

It meant that Evan’s lap became a pretty regular seat for me. Sometimes he’d sit on the couch and I’d lie face down across it, and he’d put his hands right on my butt. Sometimes he’d do a surprise inspection while I sat there, and if his fingers kept inspecting me while I lay there, he was just being playful.

It meant letting Evan help undress me before I took a shower, or before bed, or when he told me to change outfits. He was just pitching in, he said, helping my clothes get from where they were to where they were meant to go. After all, he had to make sure I wouldn’t slip into old habits and not put stuff in the hamper. Reasonable enough. I’d just stand there and move my arms and legs as needed so he could take off my clothes.

It meant letting him touch me on my breasts, or on my thighs, or on my butt, or on my pussy. This should have been obvious, really – he’d been touching the area around my pussy for a while now to inspect it for cleanliness. Besides, there was no denying that it was a reasonable expectation that a man’s hands belonged on a hot naked woman’s body.

It meant letting Evan bend me over the armrest of his chair and fuck me with my vibrator. That was just plain logical – where else was a vibrator supposed to go? (Heh – stupid me, I actually said that out loud, and then he lubed it up and put it in my ass. The other place it was meant to go.)

Who ever knew being a good roommate was so much work? Every day, I had hours and hours of cooking and cleaning and primping ahead of me, plus all the groping and vibrator-fucking Evan was in the mood to do. (I tried to anticipate his needs, having my tools handy and my pussy wet at all times.)

Eventually, my boss started complaining. To be fair, I’d skipped three shifts that week, as my job just kept getting in the way of properly handling my end of the roommate agreement. I told him my reasons – that I’d been waxing my pussy and my legs for my roommate – and he just hung up on me. I guess I got fired, but I didn’t really care. Going to work wasn’t part of the agreement, I was pretty sure.

A few days later, Evan came home and there I was waiting for him. Knowing how much he liked to undress me, I’d learned not to start out too skimpy or he’d have too little to work with. To that end, I was wearing my cutest little red dress, which was essentially a sheathe of spandex just stretchy enough to rest above my nipples and cover my entire ass. If I moved too much or too quickly, those guarantees were moot. With it, I wore a pair of black leather stiletto boots that went up to mid-thigh and zipped down the sides.

“Holy shit, Taylor,” he said.

“I know, I know, I’ll vacuum as soon as dinner’s out of the oven,” I replied penitently.

“No, I mean... you... wow. Just...” He licked his lips. “I want you to blow me.”

I laughed. "I'll bet you do." I turned back to the stovetop, stirring the pot and being careful not to let anything stain my dress.

"Um, you agreed to this," he said, for some reason sounding a bit uncertain.

I glanced over my shoulder at him, finding his face locked onto my ass. "Oh no I didn't. I swear, sometimes it feels like every time you want something, you find some way to pretend it was included in the roommate agreement."

His expression grew firm, and suddenly I felt childish for complaining. "Well for starters, I think it's a reasonable expectation that you help cover the rent, don't you? Tough to do that when you've been fired, isn't it?"

"I... have some money saved. I'll find more."

"What, like you have time to get a job? Your responsibilities here are full-time."

"I... but..."

"Face it. I've let you slack, but if you can't pay rent, then I really have to insist you compensate me in *some* way. After all, getting me off is pretty much implicit in every single clause. Sucking my cock, fucking me, letting me use your body however I want to get off... that's what you agreed to, Taylor."

Wait, it was? I went down the list, trying to make sense of it.

1. I will amend any sources of my roommate's displeasure resulting from my habitation in the apartment at the earliest possible opportunity. I suppose it was true that he was displeased I wasn't servicing him sexually, after all, and his arousal was clearly the result of my presence here.

2. I will make efforts to anticipate and meet my roommate expectations of how the apartment and everything in it looks. He obviously expected me to do this, and certainly, if he thought I'd look better with his dick in me, he had a point. Lots of people would agree.

3. If something in the apartment isn't up to my roommate's standards, I will fix it at the earliest possible opportunity. If it looked good yesterday, I will strive to make it look as good or better today. Duh, my lack of willingness to use my body to get him off wasn't up to his standards, so I had to fix it ASAP.

4. I will put things where they are meant to go. This was too obvious. Where else was a cock meant to go, if not in a girl's hands? And in her mouth, and in her pussy, in her ass, between her tits, and wherever else he might want it? It was so obvious now.

5. I will comply with reasonable requests made by my roommate regarding my behavior, and be as accommodating as possible regarding his preferences.

Compliance. Accommodate. Yes. Yes, I more than owed him this.

I owed *myself* this.

I sank to my knees. "Let me suck your cock, Evan? Please?" I wasn't wearing panties; I wonder if he was looking at my naked dripping cunt and wanting that instead.

“What about dinner?”

“I can make more. It doesn’t matter. Let me meet your expectations. Please. I’ll be accommodating.”

“Well I don’t want to wreck your meal...”

“It means nothing to me. Let me get you off. Fuck my face, Evan. Please? Please let me suck your big fat cock?” If a little dirty talk was what it took to get him to use me, I’d do it, no problem.

“Taylor... let’s be reasonable. Stand up.”

I obeyed. He wanted me standing, totally reasonable.

“Turn around.” I did, putting my ass to him and facing the stove. Dinner was starting to smell really good, too. Darn shame.

He came up behind me and flipped up my skirt, exposing my naked ass. How it belonged because it was how he wanted it. Pleasing to him. I had to please him. I owed him this. I’d agreed to it.

I heard a little rustle of his clothing, and then, without warning, he bent me forward and I felt his tip at my entrance. I was soaking wet, and Evan’s cock met no resistance as he slid into my warm, willing pussy. I shivered as he filled me.

“Now please your roommate.”

Evan gave me the longest, slowest, most deliriously pleasurable fuck of my life as I cooked for him. He was so gentle, making sure I could still do the work before me while not denying himself the pleasure of my cunt. The way I had selfishly denied it to him for so long. Man I was lucky he was so patient with me, letting me pay him in sex and servitude.

Usually we ate in the living room and watched TV, but that night, he ate at the dining room table. (Thank goodness I always kept it spotless!) I say *he* ate and not *we* ate, because while he was helping himself to chicken alfredo and steamed broccoli with crusted herbs and parmesan, I was on my knees under the table giving him a blowjob.

(He’d told me I needed to clean my juices off his cock, and when he put it that way, I’d never been so desperate to suck a man’s cock in my whole life.)

It was as slow and patient and wet as our fucking earlier had been. I’d told him he could have me do it however he liked, but he never complained. As he finally came and I enjoyed my own dinner of Evan’s cum, I felt mighty proud of myself for finally getting something right without having to be told how.

It's been three months since I signed that roommate agreement, and I have to say, things have never been better for me. For one, I'm healthier than I've ever been. I've been taking cooking and stripping classes, and Evan's sex life has never been better.

For myself, I don't really consider it a "sex life" honestly – I'm just being a good roommate and paying what's owed. Any more, I get off almost as much from him fucking me (which is pretty much daily, if he doesn't have me orally clean his cock instead) as I do from vacuuming or washing dishes. It's not uncommon for me to look at the spotless perfection of the apartment and seize up with a mini-orgasm of pride.

(Don't worry, I immediately clean my juices off my thighs.)

Evan's really happy with our new arrangement too. All I have to do is keep his living space immaculate, take care of all of his meals (often feeding him by hand), serve his every sexual whim. Sometimes I feel like he's taking advantage, like the other night when he had some buddies over to watch football, and had me serve them snacks and beers while parading around for them in attire that was basically a Hooters girl outfit with a different color scheme and thigh-high boots in place of nylons.

"You know, for a while there, I thought you were going to have me take turns blowing your friends," I said sheepishly after they'd left. Well, after they'd left and after I'd had him fuck my tits until he came all over my face. Which I loved, frankly – it gave me an immediate excuse to clean something.

"Nah, that mouth is all mine, Taylor. Why, would you have?"

"I mean sure – not like it's unreasonable," I assured him, but privately, I was glad to hear his was the only cock I had to worship. (Though sometimes, it really felt less of a have-to-worship and more like a got-to-worship.)

In the end, I'm the one who agreed to things, and like he says, I can leave whenever I want. I mean, I don't have a job and I've just spent the last of my savings, but whatever, I'm perfectly content here.

What did I spend my savings on? Well honestly, it's pure foolishness, but even though Evan and I basically laughed it off at first, his joking suggestion made more and more sense to me. So one day, I just went ahead and splurged and got myself something truly practical for once – no more slutty lingerie and skimpy outfits I was almost too embarrassed to be seen wearing in public.

This was a proper uniform for a girl like me. A black dress that flared out from the hips over white ruffles, trimmed with white lace across the bodice, which I could barely squeeze my breasts into. An internal shelf thrust them up so they looked utterly enormous, my nipples just threatening to peek out if I inhaled too deeply. I complemented it with a ruffled headpiece and a feather duster.

Oh, and since he liked them so much, I left the stockings in the box and just wore my thigh-high boots.

It was the perfect outfit for lounging around the house. Not that I ever lounged

any more, but sometimes I found chores I could perform sitting down. Evan loved it so much he said he'd get me another, just so I'd have one to wear while the other was in the laundry. Good thing, because he fucked me so many times in that thing that there was no keeping the jizz stains off of it.

I have to admit, when I first laid eyes on that roommate agreement, I thought the thing was a stupid joke, a stop-gap that would pacify Evan long enough that I could go back to being the lazy, slothful, selfish girl I'd been. I didn't realize that committing yourself to something, applying real work to honoring your obligations, could be such a rewarding experience.

Now, every time Evan pats my head or my ass and tells me I served him well, or follows me into the shower and has me suck him off before he goes to work, or pulls down the bustier of my maid uniform and tit-fucks me... well, now I know the satisfaction that comes from service. Every day I strive to serve better than the day before.

Just like I'd agreed to.

Sometimes, like when Evan wakes me up to have me pleasure him, or when I got the roommate agreement tattooed across my thigh, or after I go the extra mile to shriek and wail and beg for him to knock me up like a cheap easy piece of ass that I am while he's cumming in me... well, sometimes I almost feel like he's taking me for granted. Sometimes I think that maybe I should spell out some of my preferences and expectations, and write a roommate agreement of my own for Evan to sign. I deserve a little something in return, right?

I'll ask Evan if that sounds reasonable to him.