

Deborah Takes Over

By Cheryl Lynn

Once again he had gotten away with his mischief. He had broken a glass in the kitchen and had blamed her. Their father as usual dismissed the accident but told Robin to clean up her mess. He didn't even bother to hear her side leaving a smiling Steven behind as he walked out.

"Oooohhhh, one of these days I'm gonna get you so back for all the crap you heaped on me. Reading my diary and telling dad about Eric. That got me grounded for a friggin month you little snit. Yeah, keep smiling you little faggot," she whispered harshly.

"Like that's ever going to happen bitch!" Steven snapped back.

She waited until Felix, her step dad, was out of hearing before she screamed, "You spoiled rotten little shit!"

The bickering was a daily occurrence with Robin seldom getting the upper hand. She was eighteen. A pretty, nicely figured young lady with green eyes and auburn hair. She was popular in school and fairly even tempered except when provoked. Like many red heads she was slow to get mad but when it got to a certain point, erupted like a raging volcano. Many times if it weren't for Felix or her mother stepping between them, blows would have been struck.

Fortunately for Steven there had always been one of the parents to intervene before physical violence could happen. If not, he probably would have had the snot beaten out of him. He'd never admit it but knew enough not to piss her off without one of them present. Most of the time he was smart enough to make it look like she started it. He relished watching her get berated or grounded for not acting like a lady. There was nothing better than to see her grounded so none of her dorky friends could come over or she could go out with them.

Steven was indeed spoiled by his father and to some degree by his step mother, Silvia. Silvia only took his side to avoid arguing with his father about it later. He was not only spoiled but a wimp in general. He wasn't into sports or outdoor activities. He much rather be playing video games and giving his step sister a hard time. He was short and thin for his sixteen years compared to other boys. He was lazy, didn't care about his appearance and had few real friends. In many ways he took after his mother and that is probably why his father always took up for him. He had her Chestnut colored hair which he kept long, blue eyes and petite frame.

Ooo

Robin graduated top in her class and received a full scholarship to the nearby university. She would be moving into the sorority house and finally away from her rotten step brother and her parents. She was free at last. She made the cheerleading team and enjoyed an active social life. She kept her grades up and was on the right track for a great future. Just before the start of her final year things took a drastic change. Her step dad and mother were killed in a car accident coming home from a fourth of July party. With no other close family members she was responsible for settling their estate, arranging all the funeral details and dealing with Steven.

Steven wasn't much of a problem while she settled the estate but by the first of August was. He was now eighteen, had graduated at the bottom of his class in May but otherwise unchanged. He was still the wimpy spoiled little kid he had always been.

Sponging off his parents and not even thinking about finding a job. Now he was being a royal pain in the ass. He was totally unhappy about not getting his share of the estate right then and there. He was even more upset that Robin had been given guardianship over him until he reached twenty-one.

“You fuckin’ bitch! Give me my money now and get the fuck out of my life! I’m eighteen and can take care of myself and don’t need you. I hate you!” He screamed in rage when he heard the news.

“Steven! Don’t think for one moment that I wanted any of this! You can go and rot for all I care but you’re not getting one single penny until you turn twenty-one. The last thing I the world I want is responsibility for your lazy sorry ass but the will was very specific. You read it and you heard what the lawyer said. If you want to rant and rave do it over your father’s grave. It was all his idea.”

“No you bitch! It was you! You were the executor and it was all your friggin idea. Give me my money and get the hell out of here!”

That was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Without thinking, only seeing red, Robin lashed out. Her open palm landed flat against his cheek with a loud slap that sent him to the floor. Standing over him with her hands in fists at her hips, she glared at him.

“You snot nosed asshole. I won’t take any more of your disrespect, foul mouth or anything else from you. There’s no one here to stop me from beating the tar out of you now,” she snarled then reached down grabbed his upper arm.

Pulling him to his feet, her sharp nails digging into his soft flesh, dragged him into the nearest bathroom. There she grabbed a bar of soap and stuck it into his mouth. She didn’t stop until his mouth was foaming and crocodile tears flowing. She pushed him away sending him to a hard landing on the tiled floor near the commode. She watched dispassionately as he quickly stuck his head over the toilet and began vomiting. When he had finished, she tossed him a wet washcloth.

“Clean yourself up and then go to your room. I don’t want to see or hear from you for the rest of the day.”

That evening Robin sat in the kitchen drinking a glass of white wine when the doorbell rang. It was Deborah, her BFF from the sorority. They were roommates and occasional lovers. Robin wasn’t a lesbian. She thought some innocent experimentation okay but preferred men. They became fast friends and confidants almost as soon as they had met. They were almost complete opposites but that was what drew them together.

Deborah was a senior, appointed Robin’s Big Sister, five years older with a mannish frame and assigned roommate. She stood five foot nine without heels, had short brown hair done in a pixie style and not the girly girl type at all. Robin was five seven, with full breasts and a girly girl. While Robin almost always wore skirts or dresses she seldom did. Robin always wore at least mascara, eyeliner and lip gloss, she never bothered. Robin dated frequently and Deborah seldom but when she did it was with an effeminate man. Robin majored in marketing while she was a psychology major. They were opposites but became the best of friends.

As she went to get the door, Robin mused, “I’m really going to miss her next term. It won’t be the same but I’m happy she’s gotten a great job.”

“Deb come on in. You have no idea how much I need a friend right now.”

“Sorry about your parents. I just heard and thought you might need a shoulder to cry

on. Looks like I did the right thing coming over.”

“Yeah, thanks but their death isn’t causing all this grief. It’s that asshole step brother Steven. Come on have some wine and let’s talk.”

Ooo

The taste of soap was still in his mouth and nose as Steven went to his room. His mind reeling with the shock of what Robin had done. He was used to the bullies punching on him but knocked silly by a girl was a first. Making it so much more humiliating was that it was his step sister. Mumbling curses under his breath and wanting to get back at her he thought about trashing her room. He knew it was juvenile but also realized how easily she had manhandled him. With that thought he decided to take out his aggression playing “Grand Theft Auto.” Every character he blasted to kingdom come had Robin’s face.

“That fuckin bitch can’t do this to me. She hit me! Crap! I can still taste that friggin soap. My guardian! Crap! Like I need her to tell me what the fuck to do! It’s all her fault! She must have rigged all this just to fuck me over. Take that you bitch!” he thought as he blew another player to pieces.

Ooo

Deborah sat patiently listening as Robin let it all out. They were sitting on the sofa side by side as she poured out her tale of woe. Occasionally, Deborah would give her a hug in support. Two glasses of wine stood untouched on the coffee table. She was only half listening to her friend as she rambled on.

“Wow, she is really upset and vulnerable at the moment. Maybe I can take advantage of this. I’ve wanted her since the first day we met but she’s not a committed lesbian. She still thinks she likes guys but maybe now I can convince her to be mine. Having an oppressive father figure like Felix and an asshole step brother have given her some lesbian leanings. Maybe I can use what I’ve learned to turn her completely and be mine. Hell, if I play this right, I could have some fun fucking with Steven. I’ve always wanted to have complete control over some guy,” she thought.

“Robin you’re my best friend and you’ve told me a lot about your family. I feel your hurt girl. Look, I know your mother didn’t support you like she should have and all that but you have me now. Let me help. I’ll always be here for you, you know that. You don’t want the responsibility of being his guardian nor do you want to just give him the money. I understand and, if you will let me, can solve all your problems. You only have to trust me and all we be just fine.”

“Oh Deb I don’t know what I’d do without your support. It’s just that it has been a very difficult month and dealing with Steven so damn stressful.”

“Why don’t you let me help get rid of that stress. I’m pretty good at hypnosis to relieve stress. What say you let me put you under and I guarantee that you will feel much better. Don’t worry, I’m not going to make you go around quacking like a duck. All you have to do is sit back, take several deep breaths with your eyes closed and listen to my voice. Just relax and let your body go limp.

Ooo

Robin felt so much better after Deborah had visited. Even Steven’s evil eye didn’t bother her as she gave him his supper. For the first time in what seemed like ages, she felt completely in control. Her salad tasted delicious and she was enjoying it when Steven complained.

“Okay, where the fuck is the real food?”

For some reason her calm turned into instant anger, “You will watch that mouth of yours and if I have to use a whole bar of soap I will!”

With that she jumped out of her chair and grabbed his earlobe, pinching with the long nails on her thumb and forefinger. Her reaction was so swift he was caught completely off guard. Howling in fright and pain she dragged him over to the sink, picked up the bar of soap and shoved it into his lips. He clenched his jaw determined not to let her do that to him again. It didn't stop her as she rubbed the bar against his teeth leaving chunks behind. She let go of his ear and pinched his nose. He tried to squirm out from between her and the ledge of the counter to no avail. Soon the bar was half way down his throat.

As sudden as the anger appeared it dissipated. Letting him go and dropping the bar into the sink, she watched very calmly as he ran to the hall bathroom. A smile stretched her face as she heard him throwing up what little salad he had eaten.

“Well if that didn't teach him who was boss and not to cuss I don't know what will. Gee, I've never felt this empowered before and so.....so satisfied,” she thought then yelled, “When you're through in there get back in here and clean up the kitchen if you know what's good for you.”

She was a bit surprised when he actually came back and began clearing off the table. “When you finish that, put the dishes into the washer and wipe down the counter tops.”

He still had that hateful look in his eyes but didn't say a word. It looked like he was going to say something when she tied the frilly yellow organza apron around his waist but held his tongue. She watched as he cleaned, sipping a glass of chardonnay very much at peace with herself.

“That felt so very good. He even looks like he belongs in that apron. I think I'll have him doing more of the household chores while I finish up with the estate. What a day this has been and I'm so happy Deb flew in from California. Too bad she couldn't stay here tonight, already booked a hotel but she'll be here tomorrow. I can't wait.”

Ooo

The loud buzzing of the alarm woke Steven up from a deep sleep. He had tossed and turned most of the night disturbed with nightmares. He could still smell the odor of soap with each breath and with that came fully awake.

“What the fuck and who turned on my damn alarm? Crap, it was that bitch. It had to be. Shit! It's only seven,” he mumbled slamming his hand down on the alarm.

It was his intention to go back to sleep but the sound of his door slamming open gave up on that idea. Instead he decided to tell his step sister where she could go. It was a very stupid idea and he paid the price for it. He remembered yelling and cussing as she pulled him from the bed. The next was being forced over her lap and pain, stinging burning pain. She was spanking him like a little kid with a hairbrush of all things. He had never been spanked in his life and now his step sister was doing just that. He was totally traumatized and when she finally stopped dragged him into the bath and washed out his mouth. She left him there telling him to get cleaned up then meet her in the kitchen. It was a very meek and subdued Steven that met here there.

“I didn't think you were that stupid Steven. After everything that happened yesterday you still had the audacity to challenge me. Well I hope you learned your lesson this morning. No more cussing and you will do whatever I tell you. Your butt will get tired

quicker than my arm and the only thing you will be tasting is soap if you don't. Now put on your apron, fix yourself a bowl of cereal then get busy vacuuming the living room. When you finish in there I want you to do the guest room. My friend Deborah is coming to stay for a while to help out."

Deborah arrived shortly after noon carrying two large suitcases. "Well here I am girlfriend. Where do you want me to park these things?"

As Deborah said that she kept close eye contact with Robin. "Girlfriend" was a key word she had implanted in her mind. When only she used that word, Robin should go into a mild trance. She was pleased to see Robin's eyes lose focus.

During her last year of college Deborah had hypnotized her roommate many times. Robin was reluctant fearing that she would be turned into a chicken or such. She had seen a few shows where that had happened and didn't want that kind of embarrassment. Her reluctance was finally overcome when Deborah explained she would only feel relaxed and stress free. People usually couldn't be hypnotized to do something against their will. However over time and with a very skilled hypnotist those barriers could gradually be brought down.

By the time she graduated Deborah had changed Robin from strictly heterosexual to bisexual. Initially she only wanted a new conquest but fell in love with Robin. Now all she wanted was to make Robin her full time lesbian lover. She hadn't seen Robin in a long time and pleased seeing that she responded to the implanted key.

"Okay girlfriend relax and everything will be alright. You want me in the master bedroom where you will be staying. I know it was your parent's but we need the room. You do want to be able to cuddle and talk in private don't you? It'd be no different than when we were college roommates. Now show me the way so I can get settled."

"Deb....yeah...I guess it would be alright but I had....had Steven make the guest room ready."

"Don't be silly girlfriend, we need the alone time together. I'd move into your room but it's too small. So that only leaves the master bedroom. Come on and help me unpack. Then we can move your stuff in."

Robin was a bit confused but Deb was right. Cleaning out her parents' room had been one of the most difficult things she had to do. Now Deb wanted them to actually sleep in there. It would feel creepy and she'd rather stay in her own room but it made sense. Her room was too small for the both of them and having her BFF close made her feel less alone.

As soon as they entered the master bedroom, Deborah had Robin sit on the edge of the king sized bed. "Girlfriend, you know I'm here to help. Now take a couple of deep breaths, relax and listen to my voice."

It didn't take her long to put Robin into a deep trance. Taking small steps, she first made her accept sleeping in the master bedroom and in the same bed as normal. Next, she implanted the idea that sleeping together would make her feel loved and carefree. Finally she instructed her that she relished dominating her step brother. Moreover, she wanted Deborah's help in controlling him.

"With hypnosis you can't rush the changes or make them go against what the subject wants or believes. You have to do it slowly over time making gradual changes that the subject will come to believe are what they actually want. So my darling Robin, I'm going to make sure to take my time with you. When I'm finished you'll adore me and become mine. As far as that idiot brother goes, I'll have my fun in due time," she

thought as Robin went to gather her things.

Ooo

When Steven first met Deborah he was immediately intimidated. She was wearing skinny jeans, red cotton blouse and five inch stiletto heeled black ankle boots. With the heels she towered over him. Not only was she physically daunting but her manner was more so. He was lounging in the den watching sports on their big screen television when they came in. Initially he tried to ignore them but taken by surprise when the big girl took the remote and switched it off.

“So you’re the wimpy inconsiderate step brother, Steven. I can see that everything Robin has told me about you is true. You don’t even have the decency to stand up and say hello. Well my name is Miss. Deborah as far as you are concerned and will be staying here with your sister. I expect you to behave and show both of us the respect required of your betters. So why don’t you get off your ass and make us some iced tea.”

“Wha...,” he started to say. His tone belligerent.

His retort and argumentative attitude abruptly ended as Deborah’s open palm connected with his face. She didn’t slap him that hard but it got his attention. Stunned that a stranger would actually hit him and that she was demanding he serve them, left him completely dumbfounded. The second slap got him to his feet, hands balled into fists ready to fight. She stood at least a foot above him, her look daring him. As quickly as the anger came it disappeared.

Meekly he lowered his gaze and mumbled, “Yeah, su...sure...whatever.”

Another slap, this time leaving a slight pinkish tinge to his cheek, brought tears to his eyes. “That isn’t how you show any respect Steven!”

“Eeeerrrr, l...I’m sorry. Please don’t hit me anymore.”

“Then what do you say when you are told to do something?”

“I...I will be....be glad to get you some iced tea Mi...Miss. Deborah?”

“Much better now get us our tea. Oh, and put on that cute apron Robin told me about.”

Steven quickly left the room rubbing his cheek. “I don’t know who she thinks she is, slapping me and telling me what to do like that,” he thought in a huff.

He had three tall glasses filled with ice and tea on the counter. Gathering his courage, decided not to put on the yellow apron. Grasping all three glasses in his hands made his way back into the den. Deborah and Robin were on the couch watching something on the Oprah Channel. He bent over the coffee table and almost let one of the glasses spill over. Starting to rise, he received another stinging slap.

“I thought you were told to put on that apron and that’s no way to serve. It seems that you have a lot to learn and I’m the person to teach you. Grab those glasses and come with me,” Deborah said forcefully as she got up and headed to the kitchen.

Steven didn’t even think, as he complied. If it had been just Robin, he might have had a smart retort but not with this woman. As soon as he had put the iced tea back on the counter, he received another hard slap. This time the target was his rear.

“Get your apron on then find a tray to serve the tea. That’s no way to tie a bow. Turn around and let me do it. Next time it had better be done right or I’ll turn you over my knee. I bet a little faggot like you would love that, wouldn’t you?”

Sniveling, not looking her in the eye, replied, “I...I’m not a fag...faggot.”

She slapped his butt hard, almost shouting, "I'm not a faggot Miss. Deborah!"

The slap made him jump but the lesson learned as he haltingly replied, "I'm not a ...a fag...got Miss. Deborah."

"The hell you say. Wearing that frilly apron and those teary eyes tells the world you're nothing but a simpering little faggot. From now on I don't want to see you without your precious yellow apron or else. Now, get the tray and bring us our tea faggot."

"I'm not a faggot," he thought as he picked up the tray.

However the seed had been planted. In his subconscious, he had to wonder what a boy wearing a yellow frilly organza apron would be. He would call such a boy, a sissy. In his mind a sissy was the same as a faggot. A chill ran up his spine just thinking that someone thought he was one of those. He was brought up to believe they were all abominations and perverts. In his mind he certainly wasn't one of them and the idea that Deborah had called him a faggot bothered him.

"The only reason I'm wearing this stupid apron is cause she made me. It's not like I willingly put the thing on," he mumbled picking up the tray.

Ooo

That evening after Steven was sent to bed, Deborah put Robin back under deep hypnosis. "Girlfriend, you were so right. Your step brother is willful, slovenly and disrespectful besides being a little faggot. Yes, a faggot like gay and all that. It's so obvious just looking at him I could tell. Him with that long hair and thin frame plus the way he acts. You had no idea? Well I guess you never bothered to really look at him. I know you never got along and I know why. You see he is jealous of your beauty and the way you dress. He's a sissy faggot girlfriend. Yes, it's true. I could see it in his eyes. He acts the way he does because he wants to be a girl and just won't admit it. You want him to be nice and respect you, don't you? Yes, I thought so. You want my help and I promise though he will protest fiercely at first, he will become what you want. He will become sweet and respectful. Trust me girlfriend and let me do what I know is best for all of us."

Every evening Deborah put Robin under and increased her control. She convinced her that she didn't want to go back to college. She enhanced her lesbian leanings to the point Robin no longer thought about men. Convinced her that Steven was a feminine gay male pretending to be a man. More importantly that she should sell the house and furnishing then move away with her.

Deep down Robin wasn't so sure about Deborah's advice but it was sound when she thought about it. With the inheritance and sale she would have more than enough to live comfortably. Selling the house and furnishings would ease a lot of her stress and remove some bad memories. She enjoyed going to classes but no longer really needed them. Deborah had a good job and nice house they could live in. Steven was really worthless as a man and could never get a decent job. He was doing almost all the household chores and was at least good at that. So having him come with them was a good idea. Unlike real men he presented no sexual threat and she was still responsible for him until he turned twenty-one.

Deborah had managed to hypnotize Steven twice. Both times with the aid of a tranquilizer mixed into his coffee. He was a difficult subject but she did manage to make him accept the move and to go along. She had much less difficulty making his fear of her stronger while making him less rebellious of her demands. He did all the housework reluctantly after that but with less animosity. His fear of Deborah overriding any desire to do otherwise.

Ooo

Deborah's home was an older one with four bedrooms and two and half baths. It was located in a nice suburb outside of Sacramento. The rental truck sat empty in the driveway, the contents mostly Robin's things scattered about inside. Deborah wasn't much of a cook much less housekeeper and many of the boxes contained kitchenware and other household products. Steven was shown to a bedroom and only had two boxes of his stuff. Left behind were his collections of books, video games, CD's, DVD's and other boyish stuff. The only thing of his remaining were his clothing. He had put up a major fuss but Deborah's black patent leather belt resolved any issues.

Steven looked around his room then gazed down at his meager things. "How could she do this to me? All I have are some of my old clothes and none of my good stuff. No friends and no computer or play station. I hate both of them but now I'm truly stuck. This room is smaller than my old one and too girly. I've got to get them to change this. I don't want a flowered satin comforter nor those frilly drapes. Maybe I can get them to let me paint over that icky looking pinkish stuff on the walls too."

By this time Steven had eaten so much soap and received enough spankings that cuss words were a thing of the past. The worst he could get away with now was "Golly Gee" or "Icky". "Damn" had been replaced with "darn" as well. Oh he wanted to say the "MF" and "F" words but between the punishments and a session under hypnosis couldn't.

The master bedroom was a surprise for Robin as it was very masculine. Heavy oaken furniture, egg shell painted walls and navy drapery. The only things feminine were the vanity and navy satin pillowed comforter with a cream underside on the king sized oak bed. She was pleased by the ample closet space. She was finishing up putting her things away when Deborah came in shutting the door behind her.

"Looks like you're pretty much settled girlfriend. Why don't you take a break? I've wanted you in that bed for the longest and now is good a time as any."

Robin put up slight resistance but Deborah gathered her up in her arms and planted a tongue twisting lip lock on her. Her passion was obvious and Robin wasn't in the mood but submitted to the strong willed woman. It was easy to disrobe Deborah as she was only wearing slacks, pull over shirt, panties and bra. It took a bit longer for her to get out of her dress, slip, bra, panties and pantyhose. As Robin wiggled out of her pantyhose, Deborah was on the bed nude with her legs spread watching. She had three fingers dug into her thick bush.

"Hurry up girlfriend. I'm getting nice and wet for you."

Ooo

Before going to the master bedroom Deborah stopped at Steven's. He was grumbling as he emptied one of the boxes. He stopped at seeing her, a questioning look on his face. She told him that as soon as he finished unpacking to find his apron and get busy unloading the boxes in the kitchen. For a moment a grimace appeared on his face but he nodded in acceptance.

"Darn I hate wearing that stupid apron and doing all the housework. If I have to do women's work at least they could let me do it without having to wear that.

"He's still got an attitude and I have to fix that soon. I really couldn't do much before as I had to concentrate on Robin. Tonight, yes, tonight after dinner. I'll spike his drink then put him under and set a trigger word. First, I have to remove that itch between my legs," she thought entering her bedroom.

After supper that night Deborah sent Robin to finish her unpacking as Steven sat, his head nodding, at the table. The sedative wasn't too strong but enough to relax him where she could work with him. Once he was deeply under, she began his instructions.

"Steven, you've seen how real men shave their bodies. All the top actors and athletes do it. So why haven't you? Is it because you are a little faggot? You keep saying you're not but then your body is so hairy. All that hair tells me you're a faggot. Prove you're not a faggot by getting rid of your body hair. I mean all of it. Just leave a neat little triangle above your little pee pee."

"Yes, I said little pee pee. I'm a grown woman and I know a very small penis when I see one. Have you shown your little pee pee to any other women? No, I didn't think so. If you did they would probably laugh at how small you are down there. Trust me, I know. It's too small to call a cock much less a dick. It's more like a baby's. You know it's nothing more than a little pee pee. That's what everyone calls a baby's little thing."

"Steven you've heard the guys talking about boys with little pee pees haven't you? Yes, I know, it wasn't very nice was it? Have you heard what girls say about boys like you? No, well that doesn't surprise me. Girls and women would never want to be with a boy like that. I'm a grown woman. If I say someone with a little pee pee like yours would never ever get to penetrate a woman believe me. You know what I'm telling you is the truth. You have a very little pee pee and will never use it on a woman. They would laugh and make jokes about you just like your guy friends did. It's only good for using the toilet."

"You need a better attitude. How can you act so macho when you have such a small pee pee? You have nothing to be proud of and no reason to act like you do. So tell me, do you have anything to be proud of? No, you don't. Then stop acting all macho and manly as you have nothing to be proud of. You are only compensating and everyone can see through it. People will like you more if you are meek mannered. Being submissive and humble is what you need to be. Unless you want me to tell everyone that you have a baby's pee pee, you will act submissive and humble."

"Okay, now that is all settled, listen closely. When I and only I say 'little faggot,' you will immediately relax and do what I tell you. You will not remember what we talked about but everything I told you, you know is the truth. When I count to three you will wake up feeling very relaxed and happy. One, two, three."

Steven sat bolt upright. His eyes snapped open. Deborah was sitting facing him, their knees touching with a broad smile. For a millisecond he was shocked but then relieved and happy. Smiling he rose and began cleaning off the table.

"That went well but it will take several more sessions before he believes what I've told him. I can't make him do something he really doesn't want but I've rationalized what I told him. He'll acknowledge that men shave their bodies and know it's true. He doesn't want to be called a faggot so he justifies shaving. Next he'll justify that he has a pee pee instead of a penis. I'll help that along by leaving lots of pictures of really hung guys for him to find. In the next session, I will tell him the only way for him to cum is by masturbating while looking at those pictures. The rest will come along in time and giving him hormones will speed things up," she mused as he left the room.

Ooo

After six months Deborah was very pleased by what she had accomplished. Robin was the devoted "wife", obedient and submissive. Steven was still pretty much his old stubborn self with several exceptions. First he kept his body clear of any hair except

on his head. Secondly, his attitude had undergone a significant change. He was meeker and more obedient though not as much as she desired. That was something she was going to change along with stepping up the prissy faggot she wanted him to be.

Since her changes were so radical to his nature it required a lot of effort. She had help by giving him female hormones and testosterone inhibitors. The resultant chemical changes to his body were now becoming apparent. His skin was smoother, he was calmer yet emotional. He was on a strict diet but gained weight mostly in his hips and butt.

Robin had a major role in making him more submissive. When Deborah went to work, it was her responsibility to make sure he did all the household chores. He not only had to pursue those duties but do them to exacting standards. Having to do those jobs wearing a frilly feminine apron was also a factor. After six months he was a very good housekeeper and cook. Now it was time to teach him other things and he had to be conditioned to accept them.

During her next session with him in a deep trance, she reinforced what she had done before. Most of that time spent on reminding him how he could find relief looking at big dicks. Then she showed him pictures of male models wearing nylon briefs and undershirts. She convinced him that nylon underwear was acceptable. She also had him look at how manly the model's hairless chests were in the nylon undershirts. She assured him that they all loved the way the nylon felt on their bodies.

Soon after that session she purchased a dozen colorful nylon panties with matching camisoles. He had reservations about wearing such brightly colored and floral imprinted panties. All the men in the magazines wore muted dark colored briefs. The camisole presented him with the same problems. They had thin spaghetti straps and rounded necklines. Initially he refused to wear them but when Robin tossed all his male briefs, boxers and undershirts had no choice.

Once he accepted those as every day wear, she showed him pictures of male models wearing feminine blouses, slacks and leggings. Most of those were photo shopped but she didn't tell him that. Within a week he had his own except his were more feminine and colorful. Later came pictures of men wearing shoes with block heels and nylon stockings. His shoes and socks were replaced with new ones except most had pointed toes and a stacked heel.

A male model wearing similar clothing might be able to pass as metrosexual but not Steven. With his body there was no way for him to pass as anything but gay. His nylon, rayon and chiffon blouses had small bumps caused by budding breast tissue. His pants and leggings showed a round heart shaped butt. With stacked two inch heels he had developed a mincing hip swaying walk. Weekly sessions with Deborah had him believing that he was dressing like a typical California male.

When Deborah was satisfied that Steven accepted his clothing as daily wear she began working on his grooming. Under deep hypnosis she laid out the next step in his reorientation.

"Steven you have let your hair become a rat's nest. It's below your collar and nothing but split ends. Until you get it trimmed and styled it will constantly bother you. Look at these pictures of men with the style I have in mind. Your hair styled like this will put you completely at ease. Asking Robin to take you to her salon and have it styled will make you feel good. You will absolutely love how it comes out."

The pictures she showed him were of men with brassy blond hair. The hair had been

photo shopped as no man would have a bouffant big hair bob. Steven was confused as the faces were very rugged looking but the hair so feminine. When he questioned her about it she simply told him pictures didn't lie. If he didn't do it, then he would be a faggot. He certainly didn't want to be a faggot. His great fear of being labeled a faggot made Deborah's work so much easier.

Later when he came home with Robin from the salon, it took all of Deborah's will power not to laugh heartily. "Hot damn! If he isn't the biggest fag in all California I don't know who is. He's such a homophile that he'll accept doing anything just so he won't be thought of as a faggot."

Ooo

Steven knew he had a very small penis and set of balls but he was certain he wasn't a faggot. He proved that by wearing the right clothing and hair style he had seen other men, professional models at that, wearing. He didn't think twice about putting his hairless legs into a pair of violet and purple vertical striped nylon panties or the matching camisole. The black knee highs he rolled with care up his legs before stepping into a bright pink with white heart embellished pair of leggings. The leggings clung like a second skin, separating and defining his round ass. Slipping a white nylon baby doll blouse carefully over his hairdo, he stepped into a pair of white patent leather pointed toed shoes. The blouse had a thin pink satin ribbon just under the bust line. Finally he tied the pink ruffled organza apron around his waist and ready to begin his chores.

He prepared the girls breakfast, a full one for Deborah and some cereal and half grapefruit for Robin. Taking it to the master bedroom, he knocked then entered. As usual Deborah was wearing men's cotton pajamas and Robin a sexy vibrant red baby doll. It was obvious from the moisture around Robin's mouth that she had been busy under the covers just before he came in.

Like every morning when he served breakfast, his tiny penis throbbed. They were both beautiful women and he wasn't a faggot. Still he knew he would never have intimate relationships with any woman. He was just too small and the only way he could get his rocks off was by looking at all the beef cake that decorated his walls. Deborah had put them up a few months back to remind him of how small he was. For some reason he couldn't explain when he looked at them his little dick sprang to life. A life that demanded attention and using a pair of his used panties brought himself to conclusion.

Robin didn't closely supervise him anymore now that he was proficient but lounged around watching day time television. Like every day he cleaned around the house and made the beds. He still hated it but could do nothing to stop the humiliation or situation. There was no place for him to go or way to get there unless he walked. Even after all this time he had seldom been out of the house. Robin sometimes took him to buy groceries, run errands and lately to her salon but had little knowledge of where they lived. Plus he didn't have any money or friends.

His only pleasure came when he was alone in his room masturbating staring at impressive cocks. He felt really guilty about that at first fearing that it would make him a faggot. The pleasure was too good to stop and he figured as long as he wasn't sucking one of those monsters he wasn't a faggot. That and no one knew what he was doing.

Ooo

That all ended one evening when Deborah came barging into his room. He was sitting

on the edge of his bed, green panties in one hand stroking his penis. Seeing her, he froze in mid-stroke, eyes going wide in astonishment.

“What the....!” She exclaimed.

“I....I...I...errrr,” he tried to explain.

“No, stop right there. I saw you starring at the picture and what you were doing. There is no need for you to explain yourself. You not only have a little pee pee but a pervert as well. I should have known, you little faggot.”

As soon as she said, “little faggot” Steven’s eyes went blank. Taking the straight backed wooden chair, she placed it directly in front of his still form and sat. Their knees almost touching, she leaned her head in close to his ear.

“You’re a wanker. A small dicked pervert wanker, aren’t you? You know only faggots do that, don’t you? That’s right. Real men with real dicks have women to do that for them, don’t you agree? So that makes you a faggot but you don’t want to be a faggot do you? Well if you don’t want to be a faggot there is a way. Only one way to keep you from becoming a faggot. You have to lock that itty bitty thing you call a penis away. Yes, if you can’t play with it then you can’t be a faggot, right? Of course I’m right. Miss. Deborah is always right. The more you think about it the more you will know how right I am. Unless you want to be a faggot, come to me tomorrow and ask me to lock it away.”

“He’s going to have a very restless night’s sleep thinking about what I said. It will also test just how good my hypnosis is progressing. I spent two months conditioning him to detest the very thought of anyone thinking he is a faggot. So far it’s worked on his appearance and attitudes but giving up something he dearly loves will be the test,” she thought as she left the room.

The next morning she watched him closely as he served breakfast in bed. He acted nervous and there were small beads of sweat on his forehead. Robin’s boobs were practically spilling out of her skimpy nightie and had the usual effect on Steven. There was a noticeable bulge in his skin tight baby blue leggings with a white lip print design. Deborah smiled as he quickly scampered out of the bedroom visibly paler than when he arrived.

Later at her office she opened a desk drawer and retrieved the box. She had ordered it earlier and had it sent to her office. Grinning with anticipation, she opened it. Inside was the special space age composite chastity device. It was glassy smooth reflecting various shades of pink in the overhead lighting. It looked intimidating on the outside but inside of the tube were small teeth that would bite the flesh painfully. Easy to attach but without the unique key virtually impossible to remove. It came with a guarantee that the lock was impossible to pick. This particular device was the smallest available with the penis sheath only one and a half inches long.

Deborah laughed as she put it into her briefcase then thought, “If he asks tonight, he’s going to be in for a very painful surprise. When and if I ever take it off, his penis will really be small. According to the brochure the pins inside will make it impossible for him to get even a small erection in time. The great advantage besides neutering is the high level of sexual frustration. With him frustrated, it will be so much easier reorienting his sexual desires. By the time I’m finished with him he’ll be the biggest flaming faggot in California.”

When she arrived home Robin met her at the door with martini in hand. She was dressed in a nice blouse and short pleated skirt, makeup not quite glamour but close in detail with her hair in pigtails. Deborah loved the young girl look with a hint of slut that

she programmed Robin to be. After a deep soul kiss, she went up to change for supper taking the glass.

When she came down for supper she had changed into black jeans and red satin long sleeved blouse. She had removed her makeup and put her hair up into a tight bun. She preferred the masculine look whenever possible outside work. After the meal she stayed at the kitchen table while Robin went to freshen her makeup.

“I wonder what the faggot has decided. He’s obviously agitated and nervous. Guess I’d better ask what’s bothering him,” she thought then asked, “You have something on your mind Steven? Do you have something to ask me? Maybe something about what happened last night?”

“Eeerrr, I...I...Look eerrrr about last night, plea....please don...don’t tell anybody. I...I’m not really tha....that way. Yo....you have to pro...promise me,” he stuttered.

“Is that all? Remember I caught you in that foul act. I don’t know if I can keep that from your step sister. You know we confide in each other and I should really tell her. You are her step brother and she should know what a perv you are.”

“No, no please no. What if I prom...promise never to do that again?”

“Like that’s ever going to happen. You enjoy doing that too much. No, I think I had better tell her as soon as she gets back.”

“OMG no, you can’t. She’ll think I’m a fa....errr..you know what I mean. Please don’t do this to me.”

“I’ll tell you what. I won’t tell her or anyone else provided you can give me some proof that you won’t do that again. Somehow I can’t see you cutting it off even as small as it is.”

“Please, you can.....can lock it up. I’m sure there is something out there that will prove I’m telling the truth.”

“Well, you’re in luck. I just so happen to have just that but, and I warn you, you won’t like it.”

“I don’t care, just as long as you promise not to tell anyone especially Robin.”

To Be Continued

DEBORAH TAKES OVER

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Steven sat on the edge of his bed, hands clutched between his legs moaning, “Oh the pain, the pain. She didn’t tell me this was going to hurt so much.”

The high-tech composite material of the chastity device was thin and had practically no weight. What made it so painful were the barbs built into the iridescent pink penis tube. His penis when soft was four inches and the tube didn’t allow for any enlargement. With extended use and time, remembered pain would keep him from having an erection if removed.

It was Deborah’s intention to never remove it. She was a committed lesbian. The only reason she allowed her lover’s step brother to live with them was to extract vengeance on the heterosexual male. Plus he had given Robin all kinds of hell and detested

homosexuals. She had used his homophobia to change him. Under hypnosis made him very distraught if anyone even thought he was a faggot. Then using photo shopped pictures of rugged masculine men in increasingly feminine dress, convinced him to adopt that dress and look. If nothing else Deborah was a superb hypnotist. It had taken time and effort but she was well on her way in changing both his body and mind. All she needed to complete the transition was a booster shot. That extra boost would come from the increasing sexual frustration created by the chastity.

She had him on female hormones and testosterone blockers which would lower his male libido and aggressiveness. They would also alter his body to some degree. His chest had two small puffy mounds, similar to the stemmed ends of pears. A few inches had been added to his butt and hips. His skin smoother. The fat tissue underneath a bit thicker. The hormones were not so strong as to keep him from thoroughly enjoying nightly masturbation sessions. The chastity would prevent that making his mind more acceptable to future changes.

Steven wasn't much of a macho man to begin with but since meeting Deborah much less so. He wore without complaint nylon panties, camisoles, knee highs, women's pants and blouses. His hair had been dyed brassy blond and styled into a bouffant big hair bob. Mentally he was convinced that his penis and testicles were too small to ever satisfy any woman. Being so small his male pride and confidence evaporated. Plus having to do all the household chores and dominated by women crushed his male ego. He was now ready for the next big step in his transition into a flaming faggot.

Ooo

Steven managed to hold out for a week before he begged Deborah to release him. Her absolute refusal crushed him. After two weeks, he asked again and refused. Two months after he was chastised, he was desperate.

"Miss. Deborah, please, you have to take this off. I'll do anything you ask, just please take it off."

"Take it off? Why would you want me to do that? Do you want me to break my promise and not tell Robin what a pervert and faggot you are?"

"No, no not that....it...it's just that....it's so painful. It hurts all the time. Something fierce. Please take it off but don't tell anyone that...that I'm one of those. I'll do anything you say, just take it off."

"Anything? You'll do anything I say if I take it off and don't tell."

"Absolutely."

"Steven you know I take my promises very seriously and would hate to break one. However if you can prove to me that you're not a wanker, I will consider your request."

"Oh I'm not, I swear. What do I have to do to prove that? I'll do whatever you say."

"Alright if I'm going to consider removing your chastity then you have to pass a test. It will not be easy for you but if you pass, I promise to think about it. Do we have a deal?"

"Yes, sure but what kind of test?"

"Okay you little faggot," she said the key words, "little faggot" and his eyes glazed over.

Leaning in close she began giving him suggestions. "You know that only gay men play with themselves. If you're not a faggot like you say you shouldn't do that, should you? Yes, I know you can't help yourself since you have such an itty bitty penis. What

you need is something to take your mind off pleasuring yourself that way. I have something for you to use that will give you pleasure and keep your gay thoughts away from your little penis.”

She paused to dig into her purse and retrieve an eight inch long one and three quarter wide pink dildo. “I know what I’m going to tell you seems very gay but it’s really not. It would only be gay if it were a real penis. This is just a toy. You will take this and use it every night. Sucking on it will make all your stress disappear and relax you. The more you can swallow it the greater will be your pleasure. More importantly, while you are sucking the less you will think about wanking your little bits. Remember it is nothing but a toy. Something to play with and relax you. Playing with a toy is not homosexual. All men and boys play with toys as it gives them pleasure.”

Steven held out a trembling hand and took it from her. Holding it in both hands he examined it, shuddering at how realistic it looked. If it weren’t for the bright pink color could pass for the real thing. In his mind the color made it all the more a toy. Still it was a very unusual toy and he wasn’t so sure he should play with it.

“Miss. Deborah are you sure about this? I mean it looks like a toy but....,” he trailed off still under hypnosis.

“He’s resisting but called it a toy. A little more reinforcement and he should willingly start playing with it,” she thought then replied, “Steven, it is a toy and nothing more. You must play with it if you want out of your chastity. Once you prove that you would rather suck on that than play with your little wiener, I’ll consider removing the chastity. When I count to three you will wake feeling wonderful but not consciously remembering what we talked about.”

Ooo

It took two months before Steven could swallow the shaft of his dildo. When he mastered that he climaxed. It was the first time in ages that he had a mind blowing thrill like that. Actually his discharge was a watery trickle as his imprisoned penis couldn’t stiffen. However with his conditioning, his mind went into overdrive. As soon as he recovered he went to find Deborah. He would tell her and she would take off that horrible chastity.

What he expected and what he got were two different things. First he had to humiliate himself by showing her he could actually take in all eight inches. What made this act truly mortifying was his step sister watching. As before he ejaculated, this time almost fainting from the humiliation. Next, he was disappointed when she refused to remove his device.

“Little faggot,” she said placing him into a trance. “What would you call the shape of your toy? Yes, it’s a penis even if it’s bright pink. It’s a penis you have been sucking on, right? Correct, so that makes you a what? Come on let me hear you say cocksucker. It doesn’t matter that it’s a toy. It’s still a penis. A real man sized penis and you messed your panties sucking on it. Now if that doesn’t make you a cocksucker I don’t know what does. Not only that but you really enjoyed sucking on it. Your wet panties prove that. Now admit what you are? Yes, that’s right. You’re a cocksucker but that doesn’t make you a faggot. No, it doesn’t. Faggots like anal sex. Do you like anal sex? No you don’t but you do like sucking on a big fat cock. That toy of yours is just that and nothing more but now you have to think how the real thing tastes. If you thought your little dribbles were great, just think how much better it would be to swallow a real one. Getting to swallow a real man’s cum will blow your mind. Trust me and doing that doesn’t make you a faggot. Just like wearing pretty

clothes and trendy hair style doesn't make you a faggot sucking cock won't either."

"I only said I would consider taking off your chastity. I didn't promise that I would. No, it stays on as I don't fully trust you yet. I promise I will reconsider your request when you give a real man oral pleasure and swallow with enthusiasm. You're going to have to convince me that you absolutely love giving oral pleasures to a man before I release you."

Steven didn't remember that conversation but as he sat in his room practicing with his toy, images of real penises filled his mind. Over time his curiosity grew and the desire to suck a real cock became overwhelming. The trouble was he didn't know any men or other people for that matter. He had been cooped up in the house since his arrival. As embarrassing as it might be, he went and asked Deborah how he could find someone willing.

Ooo

Steven sat at his vanity applying a glamour night time makeup. Robin had spent months sitting by his side giving instructions on makeup application and hair care for almost a year. Under a deep trance, Deborah had shown him many pictures of men wearing full makeup from actors to drag queens. That session convinced him wearing makeup was not making him a faggot. Even with glamour makeup you could still tell he was a male.

He seldom needed any assistance now as he put a thick coating of lustrous Jungle Red lipstick on. He had blotted the first coat but didn't with the second. Deborah had told him men loved seeing lipstick rings around their sucked dicks. Tonight would be his first with a man Deborah assured him wouldn't think he was a faggot for sucking his dick.

With his bouffant hair set stiffly with lots of perfumed hairspray, he needed to get dressed. It had taken him hours to decide on just the right set and still had some reservations. It was a first date after all and he didn't want to look too easy yet wanted to keep his interest. He quickly slipped into his "chest protector" which in reality was a red satin and black lace frilled up lift A-cup bra. When he had complained about his budding breasts bothering him, Deborah convinced him that wearing a protective cover would stop the irritation. He agreed with that logic. The fact, like all his clothing, only feminine bras could be found didn't faze him that much. The matching high cut panties followed along with black knee highs. He had to wiggle his butt to get the skin tight red satin Capri's on.

Stepping into a pair of three inch cork soled black wedges he went to retrieve his blouse. The blouse was a double layered black chiffon baby doll style. It had short puffed sleeves decorated with a fringe of floral lace and a low round neckline. A thin red satin ribbon tied into a cute floppy bow went just below the breast line. He wasn't aware that when on his knees sucking cock, his red bra would be on full display.

He was pacing nervously when Deborah enter his room. "Little faggot," she said the magic words as she came in. Immediately going into a trance, she gave him his last minute instructions.

"Okay listen carefully Steven. Your date is here and you need to be especially attentive to him during your date. Remember cocksuckers are submissive that's one of the reasons they are called that. You will be submissive and enthusiastic while you do your best to please your date. His name is Tony and a dear friend of mine. You do whatever he tells you. He will tell me of any indiscretions on your part. One bad word and you can keep that chastity on forever, understand?"

Tony was obviously Italian from his thick black hair, olive complexion and commanding black eyes. Steven stood trembling as they closely examined each other. Tony looked like a tall Sly Stone and wearing tight blue jeans and bright white cotton dress shirt with the top three buttons left undone. Around his neck was an impressive array of golden chains and a thick mat of chest hair. He seemed to like what he saw as he broke out into a bright white toothed grin.

Ooo

Steven was very nervous and upset that Tony took him to a gay bar. Seeing all those men dancing together or in a deep embrace while kissing was so perverted. Only Tony's assurances that as long as they didn't dance together or kiss then neither of them were faggots.

"You look nervous kid but don't worry. You're not a faggot just a little cocksucker. Come on follow me I have a place for you that won't bother you so much."

Blindly Steven followed Tony into a restroom then guided him into a stall. "You sit while I get my big dick out. Deborah said that you needed to prove to her that you're not a faggot, so I'll be your first. Just seeing you swallow my dick won't be enough proof though. She said once you suck a dozen man sized cocks and do it happily, she'll reconsider freeing you. Don't know what she means by that but I'll tell her if you do as she wants."

Steven's eyes bulged out seeing Tony's nine inch behemoth. There was no way in his mind he could now say that his pee pee was a penis seeing the real thing. Timidly he took the monster in his hand and lowered his head. He felt Tony's big hands grip the back of his head and begin to hump. It didn't take long before Steven's nose was buried deep into the thick mat of pubic hairs sucking as if his very life depended on it.

"That's it bitch, I gonna cum and don't swallow. At least not until you open up and show me you got all of it. Suck it bitch, use that tongue and let me feel those lips slide along my shaft. Don't let the head out, hold them lips tight. Here I cummmmmmmmm."

As the hot gooey liquid filled his mouth Steven wanted to vomit but his need to be out of the chastity made him keep it down. Slowly he opened his mouth to show Tony he caught it all. With a loud gulp, he swallowed. Nausea and embarrassment were almost overwhelming but again held it in.

"That was pretty good for a first time bitch. Now fix that lipstick while I'll see if I can find you someone else. Shouldn't take me but a sec or two."

Three hours later Steven did his best to clean up. It wouldn't have been so bad if several of the men that he serviced hadn't pulled out and squirted down his blouse and in his hair. Plus he had ejaculated three times over the course of the evening and his panties were soaked. He was disgusted with himself for what he did but at least he proved he wasn't a faggot. Now Deborah would have to let him out of his chastity.

"I maybe a cocksucker but it beats being a faggot. Tony better give her a good report. I want out of this darn chastity," he thought as he left the restroom.

If he thought Tony was going to give him a good report he was mistaken and humiliated even more. When they got back to the house, Tony said he was okay but needed a lot more practice. When Steven complained, the girls demanded to see just how he performed and would render a final judgment. Doing it in the privacy of the restroom cubicle was one thing but doing in front of his step sister and Deborah another thing altogether. Blushing as scarlet as his Capri's, he got down on his knees

and took Tony into his mouth one more time. He was totally mortified as he held his mouth open and showed the girls his cum filled mouth. Unfortunately, some had leaked out of the corner of his mouth.

“Sorry Steven but you let some dribble and from the stains on your blouse I guess it happened before. You do need practice, a lot more practice before I will take off that chastity. I think you had better ask Tony real nice if he would take you back to that club next weekend. Otherwise, the chastity stays on.”

“Bu....but Miss. Deborah I tried. I really tried but some of those men...they pulled out...an...and messed up my blouse. It wasn't my fault.”

“Likely excuses but forget it. No, I won't reconsider until your hair and clothing are spotless when you come home and Tony says that you're a very good cocksucker.”

Every Saturday Tony came by to pick Steven up for their date. After giving his date the required blow job, Tony would find some of his friends for Steven to practice his technique on. Try as he might there was always one or two who would pull out and spill their seed on his chest or hair. Each time Deborah was furious at his inability to swallow every bit and refused to remove the device.

While Steven didn't like or enjoy sucking some stranger's cock, he did wet his panties at least twice. His penis never got erect and the barbs were painful however he did have a climax. Only now those climaxes were muted, not nearly as mind blowing as they had been before. The only reasons he had for sucking cock were the fear of being seen as a faggot and getting out of chastity. Getting out of that chastity was his primary motivation. Once freed, he wouldn't have to suck cock anymore.

Over the course of the next month word had spread about the cocksucker at the Purple Flamingo Bar. Business was booming and Steven had a steady lineup of customers. The worst were the old geezers who needed Viagra and took forever to deposit a dribble or two down his throat. They always left his jaws aching and tongue sore. One old man was actually pulled away by those still standing in line as he was taking too much time.

Then it happened. He was about to place his lips around another dick when a badge was thrust into his face. He was arrested on prostitution charges even though he didn't take any money directly. It seems Tony was pimping him out but got away. He spent the rest of the weekend in central lockup with twenty other men. Needless to say he got even more experience only this time most of those dicks were of filthy homeless men. His incarceration was made all the more humiliating with the discovery of his chastity device. As a result his pants were being pulled down during that first night by his cell mates. Their comments and fondling left him in tears and utterly humiliated.

Robin met him Monday morning with a fresh set of clothing, purple panties and camisole, bright purple satin flare legged cuffed pants and powder pink rayon floral shell blouse. She informed him to plead guilty just to get it over with. He was assured by the court appointed attorney that he would get a suspended sentence since it was his first arrest. Steven was so upset and disorientated by his imprisonment he wasn't thinking straight and agreed. When he left the court house, he was officially documented as a male prostitute, sentence suspended.

Later when he calmed down and was thinking more rationally realized what he had been found guilty of. “OMG! I'm a convicted prostitute. I have a criminal record! No, oh no, everyone thinks I'm a faggot now. Only faggots are prostitutes,” he thought then completely broke down.

Ooo

Deborah found him curled up into the fetal position on his bed sobbing. "Well I didn't expect him to be arrested and will have a talk with Tony. However I can use this incident to my advantage," she thought pulling up the chair.

"Little faggot," she said pulling him up into a sitting position on the edge of the bed.

"So you're worried that everyone thinks you're a faggot is that it? Well you are not a faggot. You know I always tell the truth and you are not a faggot. No dear, you are just gay now. Yes, that's right you are gay and not a faggot. Gay men are not faggots because they have happy relationships with other men. That's all. You did have happy relationships with the men you gave a blow job too and don't lie about that. After all you made little creamies into you panties every time you went out. Now go ahead and admit you got off sucking cocks and that you are gay. Your soggy panties proves that."

"Bu....but Miss. Deborah....I'm a...a convicted prostitute...doesn't that make me a....a faggot? Isn't being gay the same as being a...a homo?"

"You are so confused Steven. Your stay in the prison was a shock I know and that's why you are mixed up. Let me clear it up for you. First so what if a judge found you guilty of being a male prostitute? That by itself doesn't make you a faggot. The reason you were found guilty was because Tony tricked you. You didn't know he was charging for your services. Prostitutes get paid but you didn't so forget that silly court label. You most certainly didn't want to spend any more time in the jail so pleading guilty was the easiest way to get you out. Understand?"

"Ye....s Miss. Deborah...I...I think I do. I was so afraid of being labeled a faggot I guess I just wasn't thinking."

"Much better Steven now admit you enjoyed cumming into you pretty panties as you sucked cock?"

"I...I didn't really enjoy it but I....I did wha....what you...you said."

"Good now we are getting somewhere. Now Steven listen closely. I know you didn't have many male friends before you came to live with us but you have seen other boys and men being very good friends. You would like to have male friends like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yesss, Miss. Deborah."

"Okay then, would you call those relationships homosexual?"

"Nooo."

"Well that's where you are wrong. Homosexual means that members of the same sex have a relationship. Those relationships are happy ones therefore, those men are called gay and that's all. Wouldn't you want some close male friends that you could count on? I thought so. In a close relationship like that you have to give and take. While your male friend made irk you, you have to give in order to keep that friendship. Your offenses are equally ignored by your male friend as well. So to keep a male friend close you have to make some sacrifices. He may want to become more intimate with you than you want but for the sake of the relationship you have to give in. If you ever want to be accepted as a true friend you will have to be intimate. Intimacy is what keeps a friendship going. You want to keep your friend happy and that's why it's called a gay relationship, understand?"

"Miss. Deborah do you mean sex...sexually satisfied? Isn't that what a faggot does?"

"Oh no, it's what two friends do for one another. A faggot is someone who doesn't try

to keep his male friends happy. A faggot is a self-centered egotist and only looks to get his own pleasures. You're not like that. You are a caring person who wants to have close friends. You want your friend to have sex with you because it gives him pleasure. If he's happy you are happy too and will have a great climax every time. You do like having a good climax don't you? Yes, I thought so. Well if you can develop a close sexual relationship with some men, I will remove your chastity. You won't be a faggot for doing that. You will be another gay man, that's all. Now when I count to three you will awaken feeling great and gay."

Deborah's logic was convoluted but Steven's mind had been so screwed with over the past year he accepted it. Coming out of his deep trance, he stretched, smiling broadly and feeling wonderful. He wasn't a faggot after all. He was gay and that was so much better than being thought of as a faggot. Now if only he could find some nice friends he could be happy.

Ooo

Steven was primping before the vanity mirror getting ready for a date. He had gone that morning with Robin to the salon. There Robin convinced him to have the cosmetologist use semi-permanent makeup. The stains and dyes she used would last at least six months. This took up most of his morning as his eyes were dyed into replicas of the eye of a peacock feather. He also had his right nostril pierced and five strands of delicate gold chains could hooked to it. Attached to each chain, an inch apart, was a sparkling multi-colored small gem. The chains draped across his cheek and fastened to a pearl stud in the middle of the ear. His lips were dyed a deep reddish-purple. Now all he had to do was put on a thick coating of lip gloss and puff out his big hair bob. He was happy not having to spend hours applying makeup but nervous about his upcoming date.

It was two months after his release from prison and Deborah thought it was time for him to lose his virginity. "Two months of deep hypnosis and I need to test him to see if it worked. If Dwayne does what I told him and keeps telling Steven that they are best friends....the programming should kick in. I've never changed someone's sexual leanings where there was such a strong mental block against it. Oh well, tonight will see if I'm successful or not."

Promptly at eight o'clock the doorbell rang and Dwayne was right on time. He was over six feet tall and weighted a good two hundred thirty five pounds of solid muscle. His ebony hairless skull shined brightly under the porch light, his brilliant white and gold capped teeth sparkling as Deborah invited him inside.

"Remember he is your best friend so keep reminding him of that. More importantly don't rush it and be gentle. We don't want him so frightened or in so much pain that it will override his conditioning. Do this right and in a few weeks he'll do whatever you want. By then you can convince him that all the johns you set him up with will be his best friends. Do it right and you can make a lot of money," she cautioned.

"Sheet Deborah, why go ta all dis trouble? A little crack goes a long ways ya knows."

"If I wanted him a drugged out whore I would have done that a long time ago. No this way is much better. While he will act like the biggest fairy you ever met, inside, deep within his subconscious, he will be revolted by what he does. That's what I want and if you fuck this up, I'll have your balls. Now wait here while I go fetch your date."

Steven was anxiously waiting when he heard the doorbell and it made him jump. Going over to the full length mirror he checked his appearance for the tenth time. He was wearing skin tight leopard print Capri's with a capped sleeved peach chiffon multi-

layered midriff blouse with a rounded neckline. The low cut neck revealed a tantalizing hint of his black satin push up bra and small cleavage. Dangling in the center of his navel was a pink phallus, something Deborah had gotten for him. She had convinced him that the navel piercing would prove to the world he was all male. Black leather ankle boots with a four inch spiked heel completed his dressing.

He turned to check out his rounded behind and noted that there were no panty lines. Deborah had given him his first thong and while it felt funny was glad it didn't show. He had blushed when she handed him the pink bag from VS and he took it out. To him, after always wearing full cut brief style nylon panties, it was scandalous. It was a small triangle of leopard printed nylon with narrow elastic waist barely concealing his chastity. What he found most disconcerting was the elastic string running deep into his ass crack.

Even in his heels Steven had to look up at his date. Deborah had told him that this man would be his "best friend" but he was intimidated. He had never mixed with the black students at his school much less wanting to be friends. All he knew about them were the regular appearance on the evening crime news. He glanced away from Dewayne and gave Deborah a questioning look.

"Steven, Dewayne can be your best friend if you will let him. With your criminal record it will be hard to make best friends. So be real nice to Dewayne and he could be your first best friend. Now give him a kiss on the cheek to show him that you want to be friends" she responded then thought, "The first test. If he kisses him, another male, I will know the programming is working."

Hesitantly Steven minced over to Dewayne, stood on tiptoes and quickly kissed his cheek. Blushing he stepped back not daring to look his date in the eyes. He wasn't sure why he did that and for a brief moment felt disgusted. Yet for reasons unknown he was desperate to have a friend, even if it was a black man.

Dewayne had been nice all night and kept telling Steven that he wanted to be his best friend. At first Steven was uneasy having Dewayne's strong arm around his waist or holding his hand, pulling out the chair, opening doors and treating him like a woman. It was very disconcerting after all he was a guy going out with another guy. At the same time Dewayne's attentiveness and friendliness were greatly appreciated. He was so desperate for a friend that he dismissed his misgivings. So what if he kissed Dewayne on the cheek and let him have some intimate contact, that's what best friends did for one another.

Going to the Blue Moon Café in the hood for some soul food, surrounded by other blacks had been nerve racking but the food was good. The jazz club deep in the hood was even more so but Dewayne made sure no one bothered them. Shooting Fuzzy Navels eased his nerves and the first alcoholic beverages he had in ages. So what if they were a girl's drink, they calmed his nerves. By the time they left the club, Steven didn't mind the deep lip locks they shared. Best friends could do that and he wanted to have Dewayne as a best friend.

Ooo

With Steven out of the way Deborah could have some undisturbed play time with Robin. As Robin cleaned up the evenings dishes, she went into the unused extra bedroom. It was in this room that she kept her fantasy secrets. This would be the first time she had the opportunity to use it. Up until tonight she didn't dare to play the role she loved as Robin needed necessary programming to accept her role in the game.

Normally she wore mannish clothing but tonight she changed into her dominatrix

outfit. Black figure hugging patent leather pants and red satin billowing sleeved low cut blouse with four inch red patent leather stiletto ankle boots. Underneath she wore a black satin demi-bra that thrust her breasts into an ample cleavage revealed by the low cut blouse. Her only makeup was a vibrant wet red lipstick. A black patent leather mask covered her eyes. Opera length black leather gloves and a riding crop completed her outfit.

Removing a small suitcase from the closet, she opened it. Inside were padded cuffs, ball and phallic gags, a nine inch red strap-on dildo and assorted ropes and binding gear. Smiling she emptied the case and called down to Robin.

Ooo

Steven was going out with his best friend Dewayne at least once a week. After each date he came home more disheveled than on the previous one. On their last date Dewayne had taken him to his crib. As they walked up the stairwell, he snuggled tightly against his boyfriend. The stairs were littered with trash and smelled horrible. At each landing there were several unsavory looking black men grouped into a corner. Steven didn't like their gangster looks or the weird smelling smoke that filled the air. Dewayne's strong arm around his waist was reassuring and he felt safe.

Inside the apartment and the steel door secured, Dewayne planted a deep tongue plunging kiss on Steven. When the kiss broke, he was left breathless with a mouth full of spittle. He swallowed and smiled up at his best friend. Dewayne's spit had a slightly sour cigarette taste but he didn't mind. Best friends didn't complain about minor displeasures.

After a few glasses of cheap strawberry flavored wine, Steven didn't mind the loud rap music. He was more distracted by the intimate kisses to his neck and roaming hands of his boyfriend. His blouse had been unbuttoned revealing his purple training bra. His nipples were being pinched and pulled as sucking kisses were planted on his neck. His own hand had been taken and placed on Dewayne's bulging crotch. Then he was on his knees, pulling down the zipper and extracting a very large cock. Unlike many of his previous experiences with sucking dick, Dewayne didn't rush or force his way. He settled into a slow steady rocking motion, complimenting him on how great a friend he was.

For some reason Steven was both horrified and pleased at the same time. His revulsion dissipated and replaced by a feeling of contentment. Being told what a great friend he was made all the difference. He wasn't a faggot just a best friend taking care of the needs of another.

Now he was getting ready to spend the weekend with his best friend. It was the first time he had ever been invited to have a sleep over and looking forward to it. He wasn't sure what he had to do but knew that being invited to a sleep over was special.

"Little faggot, you know that being invited to a sleep over is super special don't you?" Deborah asked.

"Yes, Miss. Deborah I know. I've never been to one before and don't know much about going to one."

"There isn't that much difference than when you go out with him Steven. However this time you will be sleeping with him and spending the weekend. So you need to pack a bag with fresh clothing and your makeup kit. I'll help you pick out some nice things.

"Wha....what kind of things Miss. Deborah?"

"Oh just a douche kit, lubricant, some tampons, pads and condoms."

“Ugh, aren’t those for girls? Err, condoms? Why would I need condoms?”

“Mainly but male best friends need to be prepared. If you want Dewayne to be your best friend, you need to be prepared to make him happy. In a moment I will show you how to use them. The condoms are for safe sex and to prevent pregnancy. You don’t want to catch any STD’s, so make sure he uses them.”

“Yo....you mea....mean I shou....should let him...errrr...,” he stuttered. In the deep recess of his mind, Steven’s old self shivered in disgust at the very thought of what Deborah was suggesting. His conditioning was too engrained for him to actually rebel. His primary desires were to get out of his painful chastity and not be thought of as a faggot.

“Since a sleep over is so special, you will have to be extra nice and yes, you should. Remember friends do things for one another even if they don’t particularly like it. Being with Dwayne will be your best chance to get intimate with him. If he wants to be your best friend he will prove it by becoming intimate with you in turn. Being intimate with a best friend doesn’t make you a faggot. Should you do that then I’ll consider removing your chastity,” she finished.

Ooo

When Steven got to Dewayne’s he took his small suitcase into the bathroom. There he remove the pink bulb syringe and gave himself a cleansing enema and lubed his rear passage. Taking off all his clothing except his lingerie and hose, slipped into the deep scarlet satin nightie. He thought the nightie with its thin straps, sweetheart neckline and two inches of red floral lace hem barely covering his crotch a bit too risqué and girly. However Deborah convinced him that it would make his very best friend Dewayne very happy. He wasn’t disappointed.

Dewayne’s pleasure was easily seen by the ear to ear grin as Steven walked into the small living room. Steven stopped, cocked his hip and raised a limp wristed hand while pouting. It was a move Deborah had him practice and he felt ridiculous doing it. However seeing Dewayne’s reaction as the bulge in his crotch stretched the fabric of his slacks to the max, made him smile.

“Miss. Deborah was right. I’ve made Dewayne all excited and I really didn’t do anything. What a rush,” Steven thought as he walked into the outstretched arms.

Dewayne loved taking a white boy’s cherry more than any other sex. They were so innocent and tight. More importantly his black pride went through the roof as he took down another white boy. He wanted to take Steven right then and there over the arm of the couch but resisted the urge. So far that Deborah bitch had been right and would stick to her demand that he take it slow. Instead he pulled him into a tight embrace and laid on a heavy lip lock while squeezing the tight round white ass.

Steven slowly pushed Dewayne’s muscled arm away as he slid out of bed. His ass hole was pulsing, burning slightly and dripping. He had to clean up and get the medicated cream from his overnight case. Clenching his ass cheeks tightly he waddled into the bathroom. Looking into the mirror couldn’t believe what a mess his face and hair were. His permanent eye makeup was fine but the foundation and lipstick was all smeared. His heavily lacquered hair was in disarray and he wasn’t sure that he could fix it.

“I can’t believe I let him do that but he promised if I did, he would be my BFF. Gosh, I really have a best friend and I never had one before. My poor butt hurts and I thought I was going to faint from the pain but I have a best friend. I thought only queers did that but there is no way Dewayne is that way. He’s just too macho and masculine, as usual

Deborah was right. Maybe now she'll remove this darn chastity," he thought pulling out the red condom that was still stuck inside.

Ooo

When Steven walked back inside the house, he looked like he had been rode hard and put up wet. He had dark bags under his blood shot eyes and was walking like a drunkard. Despite that he had a big smile on his tired face.

"Well it looks like someone had a good time," Deborah said.

"Yes Miss. Deborah I did but I'm so tired. Dewayne said he was my best friend forever though. He's my first and promised that I would have a lot more if I," he replied but was too embarrassed to continue.

"That's nice Steven. Why don't you go take a nice long hot bath then get some sleep? You can tell me and Robin all about it later."

"Hot damn! I did it! I changed his sexual orientation. Don't know how permanent it is but I'll work with him some more. If Dewayne takes his time like I told him it won't be long before I'm rid of him. With him gone all weekend I had the most satisfying sex with Robin and that's all I want. Better call Dewayne and tell him not to bring in any other men just yet. I think another month of weekenders like this one should do the trick."

Epilog

Steven woke up. He was laying on a dingy bed in some cheap motel. He was very confused and a weird sensation was coming from his ass. Reaching between his legs, felt something hard and glassy sticking out of his bottom. Grabbing it, he pulled it out with a popping sound. It was a beer bottle.

"How did that get in there?" he thought as dampness began soaking his bottom.

The smell of piss began to fill the air and he reached over to the bedside table and grabbed a handful of tissues.

"Darn that Gerald, he did it to me again. For a best friend he's certainly taking advantage of me. Letting him empty his bladder then stuff a beer bottle up my ass is going too far. If he were my best friend he would be more considerate of my feelings. Guess I don't have much choice. A best friend has to make sacrifices and I see him every week. OMG! Look at the time. Dewayne will be here in less than an hour and I'm nowhere near ready," he mumbled as he got out of bed.

The End