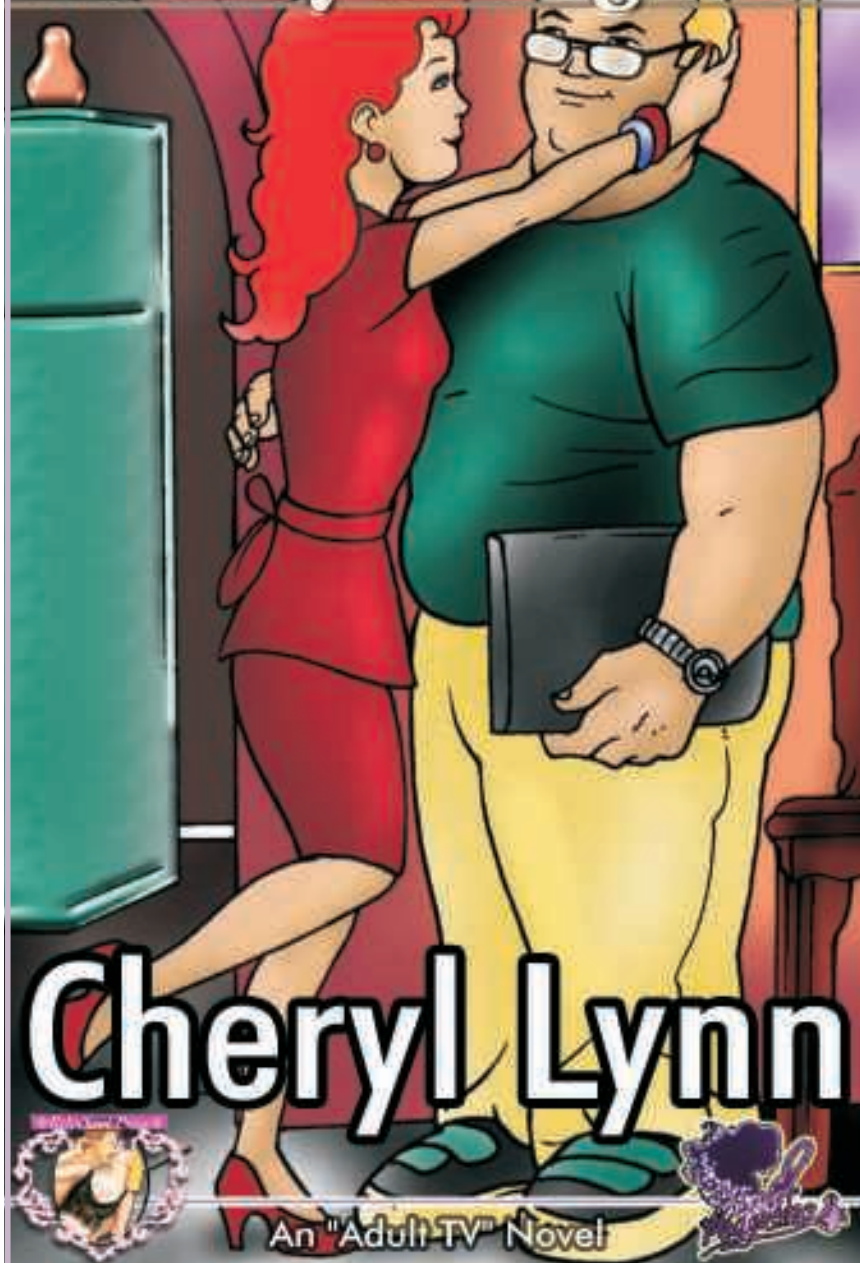


Rodney's Program



Cheryl Lynn



An "Adult-TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Rodney's Program

By Cheryl Lynn

Rodney was a twenty-four-year-old, obese bespectacled nerd. He was

five foot nine and weighed almost three hundred pounds. He wore black horn-rimmed glasses perched on his large flat nose. Rodney had an advanced receding hairline for being so young and a slob. He had his own house which he inherited when his grandmother passed. It was a late fifties ranch with three bedrooms and two baths on a cul-de-sac. When it was built, in the suburbs, now within the city limits in a declining neighborhood. Like the house most of the neighbors were elderly and kept to themselves.

When Rodney took it over, in need of a paint job and could use a new front door. However, the only remodeling was a new fantastic home theater with all the latest gaming technology. The only positive thing one could say about Rodney was that he was a master when it came to technology. His AV room had two, top of the line black leather recliners with built in stereo headphones, sixty-inch three D, surround sound

flat screen, plus the latest gaming machines and accessories available.

Rodney had no friends, self-employed installing AV equipment and home theaters. He did have a four-year degree from college in psychology but had always loved video gaming. Needing a Ph.D. to get a decent paying job or the funds, opted to become an audio-visual technician. It paid good and something he had a talent for. After graduation, created an LLC and hired a part time helper.

Despite his appearance, stayed busy. Customers put up with his looks and body odors because he was that good. While not working played around with what he had learned in college, subliminal messaging. The possibility of changing a person's mind set intrigued him immensely. The challenge is the length of time it took to actually change how people think and behaved. Getting someone to just sit and listen to the recordings long enough was almost impossible. That was especially true for individuals either not wanting or unwilling to do so.

He went into psychology primarily to resolve his own deep-seated problems. Rodney was raised by a very conservative grandmother. She refused to change with the times, maintaining her 1950's, early 1960's image. The same for how she saw her role as mother and housekeeper. She totally spoiled Rodney, picking up after him, never assigning chores or complaining about his hygiene. All of her clothing and there was a lot of it, still stored in her room. Stubborn as a mule; yet, kindly and very affectionate toward Rodney. As a result, he fixated upon that type of woman. A woman that didn't exist in today's world. His frustration was so great it twisted his mind. Twisted to the point it became dark and evil. He had always been on the chubby side but frustration lead to eating. Even in his younger years, few women were willing to date him. Now, impossible unless he paid

top dollar. The few he had approached asking them to dress up as a 1950's housewife left him disappointed and frustrated.

One day he came across a video game. It was a triple X parody of an action game in which the "hero" was a transvestite. The targets were crème puffs with male heads. The object of the game was to catch one, fuck it until it exploded sending a cloud of white cream into the air. It was totally stupid but watching it, something clicked. Rodney realized if he could get a devoted but inept gamer to his place, listen and play games, possibilities were there. He wasn't gay but if the guy could look and act like his grandmother, would make do. Rodney knew that there was no way he could get a female to spend any time with him.

On his days off spent a few hours competing in video games at the local arcade. There he gained a reputation. A very good rep and considered almost impossible to beat on any game. He was quick to master even the newest releases as well. Rodney entered one amateur state meet and one national becoming the champion in both. What made all this acceptable, mainly to the other competitors, he played from home. Making the national challenge had taken a lot of his time and loss of income. Rodney decided taking the world challenge just too expensive, time wise, and declined the free entrance prize.

What he didn't like was all the attention he was getting on the net. Oh, he was thrilled at his achievements over those snout nosed kids but that didn't provide what he really wanted. Besides being famous on the internet came with unwanted attention and interference in his daily life. His performance would make an impression on the competitors here at home though. Now he had to start on his work backlog. Once he had caught up, would go to the arcade and hopefully find that special someone.

The arcade was actually located in a large electronics store. The owners thought putting gaming devices against one long wall a way to get additional income. It was outdated as most gamers played using their computers or at home. Still it was nostalgic of the 1990's and might cater to potential customers. Plus, it was hoped they would buy their merchandise instead of going to Amazon or another internet seller. It actually seemed to be working.

##

At the end of May Rodney was back to his normal work day and time to play some games. He was wearing his standard sweat stained khaki slacks and tee shirt standing at a console. As he was starting up his favorite game, Casey Lardon approached.

"Hey, Rodney, you have a sec to talk?" he asked looking around nervously. He didn't want the others seeing him talk to Rodney.

Casey just turned eighteen and going to be a senior next semester. He enjoyed playing tennis and sports in general. A typical teenager with collar length reddish hair, sparkling blue eyes, five foot seven and mediocre gamer. If Rodney wasn't a pro gamer did have the reputation. Otherwise, Casey never would have ventured to approach him. He thought Rodney was a big, fat, stinking slob of a loser. The only reason he overcame his revulsion was his best friend Harold. Casey was sick and tired of Harold always beating him whenever they played and rubbing it in his face at every chance. If that fat blubber could help him get an edge and beat Harold, worth the stink and close contact.

Rodney looked up from his console, "You want a challenge?"

“Err...no...I could never....I need your help. I’ll gladly pay but I need you to teach me how to win at Grand Theft,” he answered wrinkling his nose as the body smell hit. *“I can’t believe I’m doing this,”* he thought.

“Looks like what I’m after. Not macho and kind of wimpy. He’s also one of those snot nosed kids that have been trashing me behind my back. This is my chance to see if my subliminal messages actually work like I think they will,” Rodney thought.

“Yeah, kid...what’s the name again? Casey, yeah, right. Five bucks an hour and we’ll have to do it at my place. Too many distractions here. When you want to start?” he said.

“Five bucks? That’s a lot cheaper than I thought I’d have to pay. Maybe wants to keep his amateur rating. Not sure I want to go to his place but better than being seen in public with him. Still he’s a fat slob and if he tries anything, I can beat the shit out of him,” he thought.

“I can come most any time. Schools out and I cut lawns during the summer. My schedule is pretty easy.”

“Okay, be at my place Sunday around noon. Here’s the address and phone. Let’s just keep this between us. Don’t tell anyone, okay,” Rodney replied scribbling down the information and handing it to Casey.

“Yeah, fine with me,” Casey replied.

“Like I want anyone to know I’m spending time with you. It’s bad enough with anybody seeing me even talking to you,” he thought leaving.

##

Casey wasn't surprised to see the unkept house and lawn. *"He's an even bigger slob than I thought but it figures,"* he thought walking up to the front door.

However, two things did surprise Casey. First was when Rodney answered the door wearing a rag of a bath robe and green, black checkered boxers and flip-flops.

"Come on in kid. Didn't expect to see you so soon. Go on into the AV room, the door on your left. Make yourself comfortable while I grab my pants," Rodney said scratching his protruding belly.

"What a pig and his house even stinks like a pig pen. If his AV room is this bad no way I'm staying," he thought going in the direction Rodney pointed.

When Casey opened the door and stepped through the doorway, he paused in surprise. It wasn't just clean as a whistle but it's contents. Two black leather state-of-the-art lounge chairs. A big screen television, computers and gaming devices. All the very latest in technology including virtual reality. The room even smelled nice, slightly floral with a hint of musk. In a way it reminded him of those "hacker" rooms you see in the movies without the mess.

"No wonder he's so good. Just look at all this stuff. He's got more games stacked up on those shelves than that store I go to. This might not be so bad after all," he thought getting into one of the lounge chairs.

"I'm going to have to ask dad to get one of these. Even has built in speakers and so comfortable," he said as he settled in, closing his eyes listening to the soft music coming from the speakers.

“Okay Casey, that should do it for today. I have a couple of installs to do tomorrow but you can come back Tuesday if you want,” Rodney said helping Casey to stand.

“Yeah, sure. Same time? Okay,” Casey said.

“Seems like I just got here and I’m leaving already. Gosh! Look at the time. I’ve been here four hours. I gotta get my ass in gear, I have a date with Heather at six,” he thought rushing to his car.

As Casey was running to his car, Rodney was watching, a grin spreading from ear to ear. He was still in his ratty robe and boxers, very pleased with himself. *“Think this might work. Gave him a secret move in that game plus the basic suggestions. Next time he plays that friend of his should do better but not good enough to win. He’ll want to come back for some more help,”* he thought.

##

Casey counted himself very lucky to have such a beautiful girlfriend. Normally he would be so enchanted with Heather’s good looks and cheerful personality he only had eyes for her. That night however, all he could talk about was how much a guy he met knew about video games and his fabulous AV setup.

“This guy knows gaming secrets that would normally take a player months

if ever, to discover,” he was saying when Heather interrupted.

“I’ve heard enough about your stupid games. If that’s all you can talk about, you can take me home,” she admonished.

“Man, what’s gotten into me? I’ve never talked so much about my gaming with her. She hates my video games, so why did I go on like that?” he

thought.

From that day on, unless his parents had something else for him to do,

Casey spent his free time at Rodney’s. With each visit, he became more and more obsessed with being the best gamer ever. Without realizing it, his behavior was changing a little more after each visit. The changes were subtle at first and would become more drastic over time.

##

Over the rest of May Casey went over to see Rodney and each time he left wondered where the time went. He didn’t remember much other than Rodney was very helpful and he learned a lot. Near the end of May actually beat Harold for the first time. It was a close exciting game and the feeling of defeating his buddy, almost as good as getting his rocks off.

“After just a few visits Rodney taught me so much. If I’ve improved this much, no telling how good I can get with his help,” Casey thought.

His date with Heather didn’t go so well that night. All he could talk about was beating Harold. Heather was a perky brunette with a nice body. She had been dating Casey for most of the school year and knew about his desires to beat his friend in that silly game. She didn’t care for video games but put up with his occasional complaining about losing. Tonight, that was all he talked about again and was sick and tired of it. Heather was getting upset as he was supposed to be interested in her after all.

“Casey! Enough already! I don’t want to hear another word about that stupid game or how you beat Harold. If you don’t stop, you can take me home,” she demanded as they left the pizza parlor.

“Sorry baby, it’s just that I’ve never been able to do that before. Come on, give me a kiss and we’ll go to the movie. I’ll try not to say anything more,” he said apologizing.

During the movie it wasn’t easy for Casey to keep silent about his victory. All he could think about was Mister Rodney’s skill with video games and how much he could learn. He had no idea he was referring to Rodney as Mister now.

“Harold got that new war game last week. I haven’t played it yet but I know once he figures out the moves will challenge me. With Mister Rodney’s help bet I will beat him when he does. I’ll go ask him tomorrow. I really want to tell Heather how fantastic I feel beating Harold but she doesn’t want to listen. Girl’s! Only interested in themselves,” he thought.

Only a month under Rodney’s instruction and Casey didn’t understand the subtle changes in his thought patterns. The most pronounced change was his relationship with Heather. In the past, had been in “puppy love” and his world revolved around their relationship. A relationship that was becoming more intimate. While it hadn’t gotten to the point of full sex, it was at the point of booby play and a bit more. Casey had been looking forward to the next step. That part of his future no longer held any interest. Learning from Mister Rodney was his main concern now. Time spent with him was like an addiction. He had to have it.

##

As usual Rodney met Casey wearing his terry bathrobe and boxers. "Casey, darling, come on in. I've got that new war game all loaded and ready to play. Go on ahead while I go change," he said in greeting.

"Thanks Mister Rodney," Casey replied as his eyes glazed over.

As Casey settled into the comfortable lounge chair, heard music from the 1950's. It was soft and barely heard but he noticed it as he sat back. *"Wish he would put some modern hip hop on but getting to like this too,"* he thought.

When Rodney entered the AV room, Casey had his eyes closed and breathing slowly. *"Good, he's completely under. So far so good. He calls me Mister and when I said 'darling' went into a semi-hypnotic state. The new program he's listening to is reinforcing that plus his need to be with me. By the end of the month he'll be looking at me from a different point of view. Thinks I'm a fat slob loser. Well he won't be thinking that any more. He's going to be smitten with me and wanting nothing more than to please me. There's going to be some other changes too. No more haircuts for one and removing all that body hair,"* he thought turning off the program.

"Wake up Casey, it's time to go back over how to play this game; then, you can go home," he said.

"Mister Rodney must be a genius. I was in there four hours and it seemed just like minutes. I thought he was just a big fat smelly pig but now I respect him. Don't approve of how he smells and looks but still respect him. I can learn a lot and can't wait for my next lesson," he

thought humming “Love Me Tender” as he got into the car.

##

Slowly Casey began to change. The first change was his decision not to cut his hair. He justified that by saying all the big gamers had long ponytails. The second was his determination to lose weight. He currently weighed a solid one forty-five. Again, he justified his decision to drop thirty pounds. All the great gamers were rail thin, weren't they? As he shed the pounds, his parents and friends began to wonder if he had an eating disorder. He brushed off their concerns. In conjunction with his desire to lose weight, he gave up playing tennis. He needed that time to spend with Mister Rodney. He was a good player. His dropping out just before a major tournament made enemies out of once good friends. Instead of tennis he opted to exercise in his room to aerobic videos. He wanted a toned lean healthy body but not the muscles. Therefore, it made sense to remove all his body hair. Body hair retained moisture and bacteria creating body odor. Casey certainly didn't want to smell like Mister Rodney.

Casey was cutting grass. He had five more to do today. Spending time with Mister Rodney made him double up on his summer job. He had thirty yards to cut and edge usually five each work day. Doing ten made him wish he didn't have to earn his college money this way. He had two weeks off between jobs and could have stretched them out over that time. Doubling up let him spend those days with Mister Rodney.

“I'd quit cutting yards if I could spend that time learning from Mister Rodney but he has to work. He might be overweight and has body odor but I don't

mind at all. He's been a great teacher and I'm learning a lot and admire him," he thought.

Being a red head usually wore jeans, long-sleeve shirt and cowboy hat to protect his skin. Today for some reason decided to wear cut-off shorts and tee shirt with lots of sun block. He had no idea why he had cut the tee off just below his man boobs or that he put his long hair into a pony tail thrust through the back of a baseball cap. It just felt right for some crazy reason and Mister Rodney said he would be cooler. Putting in his earbuds to listen to some 1950's classics Mister Rodney had given him, made everything seem right. It helped him forget about being dumped by Heather.

During Memorial Day he had a date with Heather that didn't go well at all. They were at Harold's pool party and it seemed that all they did was argue. She just didn't understand his compulsion to beat Harold in those video games. Every time he mentioned gaming, she told him to stop.

"Casey, is that all you can talk about? You know I not only don't care but hate those violent games you two play. If you can't talk about something else or pay attention to me; then, maybe I should find another boy friend who will," she angrily said.

The more he tried to explain why it was so important to him, the madder she became. By the time they left, barely spoke. She demanded that he take her home when Casey challenged Harold to a game.

"What? Take you home now? It's not like I'm interrupting your sun tan with the other girls. This won't take long as I'm going to trounce his ass. Get some more sun," he replied.

"That's it Casey! We're done! Now take me home!" she snapped.

“She dumped me! Damn, well screw her! She doesn’t care about me or my feelings at all. Once I become a champion gamer, she’ll be sorry. Besides, I don’t have the time to be dating. I need to learn more from Mister Rodney,” he thought at the time.

##

“Casey darling, come on in. I’ve discovered a hidden move in that war game that should guarantee a win almost every time. I can’t wait to show you but first I need to clean up the kitchen. Would you mind helping?” Rodney greeted.

By now Casey didn’t give a thought to how Rodney was dressed or smelled. All he cared about was seeing Mister Rodney’s smile when he did something right. What he was asking Casey was unusual but if it would please him, he would help. He did offer a token resistance to wearing the pinafore styled apron with its floral embroidered bib, ruffled hem and mop cap. In the end seeing Mister Rodney’s smile gave in. Plus, it was only logical to protect his clothing.

“Casey darling, go ahead and get started. Put your earbuds in and listen to some music while you work. I need to get my pants on and set up the AV room,” Rodney said leaving.

“There’s dishes piled up over the sinks, discarded pizza boxes, take out all over the place and the floor is sticky. At least he has a dishwasher but cleaning up the rest of this mess is going take time. Better get started if I want to learn that secret move. At least he had me come over early today,” he thought putting on pink rubber gloves.

The first thing Casey did was put in his earbuds and began humming along to “Summer Love” by Pat Boone. Turning on the faucets, began rinsing off the

dishes and putting them in the dishwasher. As he was mopping the floor, thought how pleased Mister Rodney would be when he saw the clean kitchen.

"I really hope Mister Rodney is pleased with what I've done. I really want to do that even if I'm probably not doing a great job. I don't like doing women's work but I admire him so much I don't want to disappoint," he thought.

As Casey was cleaning Rodney was in the AV room putting the finishing touches on his program. *"He's coming along better than I expected. I really liked how he tied that blue dress shirt into a bow knot under his chest and cuffed the sleeves above the elbows. Even wearing white tennis shorts with his hair tied off in a high pony tail. Giving him that i-pod was sheer genius. It's really re-enforcing my main program. I need to go over that new programing now,"* he thought switching on play.

"Suzie Home maker is an old-fashioned girl. She loves full skirts,

girdles and ruffled petticoats while wearing stockings and high heels no

matter what the task."

"Suzie Homemaker's goal in life is to make her man happy."

"Suzie Homemaker, to make her man happy, always maintains a spotless

house. She is never satisfied until the house is as clean as can be."

"Suzie Homemaker must always be sure that her hair and makeup are perfect."

"Suzie Homemaker doesn't care what her man looks like or does, only that he is happy."

"Suzie Homemaker has a high sense of achievement being as perfect as a Suzie Homemaker can be."

"You are Suzie Homemaker! You will do anything your man tells you happily! You love him with all your heart! You are Suzie Homemaker and in love!"

"A love so deep you have no problem becoming Suzie Homemaker for your man. You no longer want to dress as a male. You love lingerie, petticoats, dresses, skirts and frilly blouses. You are no longer a real man but Suzie Homemaker in every way."

"You want to please Rodney. You care deeply about his happiness. You will do anything to see that he is pleased with you."

"You desperately want Rodney happy and will gladly be Suzie Homemaker for him. Being a very good Suzie Homemaker will send erotic thrills of pleasure throughout your entire body."

"When ever you hear your man say, 'Suzie Homemaker,' you will become Suzie Homemaker loving every moment."

"Extreme but given a month or so should do the trick. I've already started him thinking how much he would enjoy wearing silky feminine clothing. Having him clean my kitchen today should get him in the mind set I want. In a couple of weeks, I'll have him watch those old June Cleaver, 'Leave it to Beaver' re-runs I have on disc. His reaction will tell me a lot about how this program is working," he thought.

##

Losing Heather and her circle of friends plus dropping tennis left him almost friendless. He had become so wrapped up in his video games and learning from Mister Rodney not much else mattered. That didn't really bother him as it meant he had more time to concentrate on his gaming and pleasing Mister Rodney. Even his best friend Harold was getting sick and tired of Casey beating him every time they played. Though lately they hadn't been playing that much, it still bugged him.

Another big change that really surprised his mother occurred after the Fourth of July bar-b-que. Casey voluntarily began cleaning up the mess and to her amazement, donned one of her aprons. Neither parent understood his sudden interest in learning how to keep a neat and tidy house. His father was upset but his mother welcomed the change.

"George," she had said, "Learning how to take care of things and the help welcome. He's eighteen and will soon be living on his own and needs to know how to do this sort of thing. I don't remember the school furnishing maid service when we went to college, do you? There's nothing wrong, so drop the macho shit and leave him be."

George had his concerns regarding his son. He was worried over Casey's addiction to gaming plus the physical changes. George was seeing changes that he didn't care for. The below the shoulder hair, his loss of weight and now prancing around cleaning the house. The fact that Casey stopped dating and going out with his friends was a big worry. That was just not the normal way for his son to behave. His wife had a point about him needing to learn how to clean up after himself but the way he did it. Wearing an apron, dancing around listening to music and acting

like it was fun. About the only thing still normal about Casey was cutting the neighbor's yards.

"Despite what my wife said about dropping the macho bit, I need to have a good father-son talk with that boy. Something just aint right with him. Oh well, that will have to wait. I have that presentation to make tomorrow for the new clients," he thought.

##

School and his senior year was just a few weeks away when Casey rang the doorbell. As always Rodney answered wearing that same ratty robe and boxers.

"Casey darling are you my Suzie Homemaker today? The house could use a good cleaning," he said while thinking, *"It's been long enough. Now let's see how he reacts."*

For a moment Casey just stood on the threshold blinking rapidly. "Oh, sure Mister Rodney. I just love a neat and clean house. Where do you want me to start?"

"Might as well start in the kitchen then work around the rest of the place. Clean what you can but stay away from the AV room and my grandma's room. I'll take care of those," he replied grinning widely.

As Casey went to the kitchen humming along with Paul Anika's, "Puppy Love," Rodney went into the AV room.

"Time to add my new program. This one will be even more complex than the last. Based on the results so far it shouldn't be a problem but cause major complications for him. I'm going to have to prepare for that," he thought.

"You are Suzie Homemaker and want to be the best Suzie Homemaker you can be. However, you don't look like Suzie Homemaker and you desperately want to look like a proper Suzie Homemaker."

"You must forget you were ever wanted to wear male clothing! Suzie Homemaker is all girly-girl. To be the best Suzie Homemaker, you must dress, look and act like one."

"June Cleaver looks like a proper Suzie Homemaker and you want to look just like her."

"You are so distressed over wearing male clothing, it's giving you headaches, bad headaches."

"You want to look just like June Cleaver. Looking like a proper Suzie Homemaker will make you feel on top of the world."

"You are so distressed over wearing male clothing, it's giving you headaches, bad headaches."

"You must forget you were ever a real male! Suzie Homemaker is all girly-girl. To be the best Suzie Homemaker, you must think of yourself as a girly-girl. You were never a real male!"

"Wearing makeup, pretty dresses and lingerie while keeping your house and man happy is your greatest reward. No more headaches or being distressed when you do."

"You are so distressed over wearing male clothing, it's giving you headaches, bad headaches."

"When Mister Rodney whom you absolutely adore with all your heart gives you the virtual reality visor watch and learn. It will teach you how to be a June Cleaver type of Suzie Homemaker. Concentrate on all that is shown to you and learn."

“You are Suzie Homemaker! You must look and act like Suzie Homemaker at all times. You are in love with Mister Rodney and will do what he requires. You are Suzie Homemaker! Watch and learn!”

“You are so distressed over wearing male clothing, it’s giving you headaches, bad headaches.”

“You must forget you were ever a real male! Suzie Homemaker is all girly-girl. To be the best Suzie Homemaker, you must think of yourself as a girly-girl. You were never a real male!”

“Given time and I think this program will rewire his thinking processes. While he is listening to this update, I’ll do the same with his i-pod. Getting him that i-pod was the smartest thing I did. Instead of just a few hours every couple of days, he’s under my programming practically 24/7,” Rodney thought smiling.

Casey was finishing up in the bathroom. He was wearing his apron, mop cap and rubber gloves scrubbing the floor when Rodney approached. “April Love,” another Pat Boone hit was playing on his i-pod.

“Suzie Homemaker, when you finish come into the AV room. I have something for you to watch on my virtual reality set. It’s important for me that you concentrate on what you see.”

“I’m almost finished Mister Rodney. Just have this little bit to do,” he replied.

“Gosh, I only did the kitchen and this bathroom. I don’t know how I’m going to get the rest done today. Guess I’ll come back tomorrow instead of cutting grass,” he thought.

Casey was concentrating on the virtual reality program which was a detailed makeup and hair style lesson. Rodney had created it from various internet resources to reflect the 1950’s look. As he was doing

that, Rodney was reprogramming Casey's i-pod with the new program.

"I think in about a month I'm going to order the makeup grandma used. What she left behind doesn't look useable now. I'll leave it out on the kitchen table with some other things and just see what happens," he thought.

##

The start of his senior year and Casey wasn't all that happy about it. He had never been "Mr. Popular" but had a circle of friends mostly due to dating Heather. Now that she dated a football player and he had dropped tennis, only Harold and a couple of other gamers were left. Even those weren't as close as they once were. They guessed he was hanging with that fat slob Rodney and that was enough for them. If that was the kind of company he kept; then, they didn't want to be that close. Of course, they had no idea of what was happening to Casey. His constant bragging about how good he was and always winning didn't help.

As the days went by Casey didn't mind being a loner. He had more important things on his mind, Mister Rodney. His mind was not only occupied by Rodney either. It was his growing desire to wear women's clothing and wearing makeup.

"Don't know why I have this desire to dress like a woman. Much less wear their clothing and makeup. Maybe because I'm in love with Mister Rodney. He's all man and wouldn't accept me like I am....unless I looked like a proper Suzie Homemaker type of girl. If I dressed, wore makeup and acted like one, I think he might love me back. Ohh, I just don't know. It's just crazy to even considered doing that but.....maybe," kept running through his mind.

By November Casey was seriously considering looking and acting like a woman. Not just any woman but one that he knew would please Mister Rodney the most. A 1950's kind of woman. Instead of doing his homework began researching all he could find on the internet about that era's women's trends, styles and behavior. The severe restrictions on women in those days came as a shock. Especially when it came to their relationships with men and dress codes. Still, if it would make Mister Rodney happy, worth the sacrifices. After all he loved Mister Rodney with all his heart, didn't he? Making sure Mister Rodney's house was as neat and clean as could be so rewarding, wasn't it?

The only thing holding Casey back from following through with these new feelings and desires was his parents. He was living at home, only practicing makeup application while at Mister Rodney's. It took all his will power to keep from stealing some of his mother's panties as it was. There was no doubt in his mind that if his parents discovered or even a hint of what he wanted, he would be sent for treatment. They would never understand his attraction to Mister Rodney either.

##

It was coming up to mid-terms when George decided to have that talk with Casey. *"Guess I'll start by asking him again about which college he has decided to attend. We only talked about it briefly this summer and can ease into that father-son discussion from there,"* he thought.

They had discussed where he would go but Casey kept deferring. With each of those discussions, his father was becoming more and more frustrated. He wanted his son to go to a good college but the more

they talked about it, the less Casey seemed to want to go.

"Casey with mid-terms coming up we need to get this settled," he began. "Your mom and I have set aside money for your college education, so tell me your choices. We'll make a family road trip for an on-site visit during the holidays. How does that sound?" his father asked.

"I'm thinking I want to be a professional gamer. You know like designing games and playing in competitions for some big gaming company. I don't need college for that. I just need to win a couple of major national events and I'll have my dream job," Casey answered.

When Casey replied that he wanted to be a professional gamer, George lost his temper and replied harshly, "Casey, you have two choices now that you are eighteen and almost out of school. You go to college or you move out of the house and get a job. We've supported you all these years, now it's time for you to stand on your own. It's time for you to become the man I think you are. So, what's it going to be?"

"Fine! I've already got a place I can go. You don't have to worry

about me getting along. I'll be just fine and dandy," Casey stated then

stormed off leaving his dad bewildered and upset.

"Now that didn't go the way I planned. All I've done is make a mess of things but he'll calm down. I'm going to have to come up with a different approach for next time," George thought.

Casey was doing the laundry and upset over his conversation with his dad. "College? Why is he so insistent that I go to college? He doesn't understand how

much gaming means to me. Plus, I like being just an ordinary Suzie Homemaker. Mister Rodney would gladly take me in and I would be so happy just taking care of him and the house. At least I think he would; especially, if I dressed and acted just like a real Suzie Homemaker. Guess I'll have to ask him tomorrow. Oh, there goes the buzzer. Time to take out the linens," he thought.

##

Rodney was busy cleaning up his grandmother's old room. It was the only room Casey had been forbidden to enter. Now it was time to get it ready for Casey to use. It was not a matter of 'if' but 'when' Casey would move in. It was dusty but just as she had left it when she passed. He had already tossed out all her old makeup after taking notes about each product. Later Rodney would search the internet and purchase them. He was fairly sure Casey would know all about them from those makeup and hair styling sessions. All Rodney had to do was a little vacuuming and wash the linens. His biggest concern was her clothing. Other than knowing what a dress, skirt and blouse were, had little feminine wardrobe knowledge. Rodney also had doubts whether or not they were in Casey's size.

"Damn it, back when I thought of doing all this I didn't take into consideration that grandma's clothing wouldn't fit. This dress doesn't look small enough for Casey. Now I'm going to have to do a lot of research on this before I do anything else," he thought.

Two days and many hours of research later, Rodney had a general idea of what was needed. He now knew what body measurements to take and what sites sold the items needed. Seeing the prices

on women's vintage wear, figured he could make a tidy sum selling grandma's to a local shop.

When Casey showed up and in his Suzie Homemaker mode, had him strip and obtained the measurements. A week later boxes began showing up at his door and his bank account dwindled but not as bad as it would have been. The vintage shop where he took grandmother's clothing, to his surprised bought all of it. That covered about a third of the expenses.

As Halloween approached laid out the makeup he purchased on the kitchen table. A 1950's style A-line blue floral print cotton dress, three white net petticoats hung from the pantry closet door along with some lingerie and shoes. With everything in place smiled broadly.

"Casey should be here any minute. I'll put him into Suzie Homemaker mode but he pretty much lapses into that as soon as he arrives anyway. I'll leave on some errand; then, see what happens. When I get back I will know if my program is working," he thought rubbing his chubby hands together.

Casey was disappointed that Mister Rodney left but he hadn't been back for two days and the house was a wreck. *"I wish Mister Rodney wasn't so messy but I don't mind cleaning up after him. I'm sure he has other more important things than that. Guess I'll start in the kitchen,"* he thought.

"Oh, what's this on the table? Makeup. I wonder where that came from?" he gasped seeing the assortment of makeup on the kitchen table.

"Mister Rodney had to have put it there. There's a cute dress hanging from the pantry door too. That precious darling, he must be thinking the same as me about dressing up. The kitchen can wait, I've just got to see what I look like. If I'm wrong and he's angry with

me, I'll just tell him that I wanted to see if it made a good Halloween costume," he thought smiling.

Casey didn't have to give much thought to what he was doing. After watching hours and hours of virtual reality tutorials, automatically reached for the concealer first. From concealer to liquid foundation, blue eyeshadow then black eyeliner for the lids, black mascara for the lashes. Rose red blush to bring out his cheeks and wet glistening scarlet lipstick followed by a dusting of powder to set everything in place. Looking at his finished face in the mirror was pleased except for one major exception, his bushy eyebrows.

"The makeup feels heavy but women used more back then and this lipstick is tacky. I think I look pretty except my brows are like bushes. I'd love to pluck them into high thin arches but that would be too noticeable. I'd never be able to explain thin brows to my parents. Now I've just got to try on that cute dress," he thought getting up and unbuckling his belt.

The dress had a short V-neckline with small white cotton lapels and capped sleeves also trimmed in white, zipping up the back. Behind the dress and petticoats was a plastic bag containing, blue nylon brief panties, matching bra, garter belt and black seamed stockings. On the floor a pair of white pointed toed two-inch block heeled pumps.

The three hardest things for him to do as he dressed was putting on nylons while keeping the seams straight, hooking the bra behind his back and pulling up the zipper. He was surprised that everything seemed to be a perfect fit even the shoes. The shoes did pinch his toes and his center of gravity needed adjustment but comfortable. The bra's clinging embrace was very noticeable but it to, comfortable. Rubbing the soft cotton skirt over his nylon covered thighs sent shivers of pleasure throughout his body. It wasn't an erotic thrill but one of satisfaction.

"Now I really feel like how a Suzie Homemaker should!" he exclaimed doing a twirl.

"Oh dear, I'm getting carried away. Mister Rodney will be home soon and I need to get busy cleaning," he thought.

Casey was vacuuming the living room and didn't hear Rodney enter. Rodney watched wide eyed at seeing his perverted dream come true. There was Casey, his petticoated skirt swaying as he pushed the vacuum, fully made up just like his grandmother had. It was the dream girl he had always imagined that would share his life.

"It worked just as I hoped. I'm not gay but dressed and looking that way I can forget about those little extra parts," he thought.

Casey looked up and saw Rodney standing in the doorway and pulled the earbuds from his ears. "Oh, Mister Rodney, you're home," he said surprised.

"Casey, darling, I love what you've done. Come here and welcome your man home like a good Suzie Homemaker should," he replied smiling from ear to ear.

With out a thought, Casey rushed over to where he stood, flung his arms around Rodney's fat neck and kissed him full on the lips raising his right foot.

Stepping back from the kiss Casey used his thumb to wipe away the lipstick smear on Rodney's lip. "I take it you like the way I look now," he said smiling happily.

"More than like darling. I love the way you're dressed and with makeup. If you want to do more of this, let me show you where you can get what you need," Rodney said slapping Casey's pert ass.



“My man said he loved the way I look! My heart is thumping a mile a minute right now. Of course, I want to dress like this and keep his house clean as can be. I can’t wait to see what he’s going to show me,” Casey thought.

“This was my grandmother’s room and you can use it whenever you want. I think you will find everything you need here. There’s underwear in the bureaus and outer wear there in the walk-in closet,” Rodney said walking into the room.

It was obviously a woman’s room and the master bedroom as it had its own bathroom. There was no way Rodney could bring himself to move into it once she passed. The seven-piece swan carved mahogany bedroom set was delicate and feminine. The wall paper was in a floral pattern and the window treatment was a white floral lace over pale pink satin drapes. The bed had a powder pink pillowed satin comforter and the pillow cases were white with small rose bud print. The room had the smell of roses with a hint of baby powder.

“Oh my gosh, that dresser and large bureau have more drawers than anyone could possibly use,” Casey gasped. His room at home only had one dresser with four drawers.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head over it darling. They’re mostly filled with my grandma’s things. Matter of fact, what you have on now was hers, so everything will fit. She had enough clothing to make any Suzie Homemaker proud. If you want, all this is yours. Next time you come over, you can come in here and check it out. Right now, you need to change, remove any traces of makeup and go home,” Rodney said.

Later that night Casey was having second thoughts. *“I can’t believe I kissed him and right on the*

lips too. He did say he loved the way I looked but...but something doesn't seem right. I like seeing a clean house and that's women's work, so kinda makes sense to wear a dress and makeup. I don't know why I was so thrilled when said he loved it much less kiss him. Nothing feels right about this; yet, it does feel right at the same time. I'm so confused lately. Guess I'll just put in my earbuds and listen to that new sound track of Johnny Mathis's greatest hits he gave me today," he thought getting into bed.

"Think I might have rushed it today but seeing Casey dressed and acting that way, I couldn't help it. Should have waited to show him grandma's room too. Oh well, what's done is done. At least I know my programming is working. Thank goodness I had time to enhance that i-pod. It really needs time to work on Casey's mind if I want the suggestions to hold. Better tell him my holiday work schedule is full and not to come over until they are over," Rodney mused that evening.

##

The holidays were hectic and frustrating for Casey. Frustrated because he hadn't seen Mister Rodney since Halloween except for Thanksgiving Day. Even then stayed only long enough for his i-pod to get some new music. The Christmas holiday was hectic as his family was planning a trip. He wanted to spend that time with Mister Rodney but his parents had other ideas. They were going to spend Christmas with his father's mother and New Year's with his mother's. He complained that he had other plans but his parents insisted.

"Spend the holidays with both grandmothers? The whole time? I've made plans and I don't want to go.

I'm eighteen and can take care of myself," he objected.

"Casey! You're going! We've heard enough of your complaining. Your grandparents aren't getting any younger and you're going! Until you graduate, you will do what we tell you," his father replied angrily. *"I've just about had it with that boy. I don't even know him anymore. I sure as hell don't know what's gotten into him but it's driving me up the wall,"* George thought.

During the holiday meals Casey surprised both grandmother's when unbidden he grabbed an apron set the tables and helped clean up afterwards. When they questioned his mother, she told them that he was helping her as well around the house. She did think his behavior strange for a boy but welcomed his assistance.

"I know it's very unusual, but I can't complain. Having to work full time and then having to do all the cooking and household chores leaves me exhausted. George certainly won't lift a finger to help. With Casey helping like he has been, I get a much-needed brake and can finally spend some quality time with George. You know how it is after being married as long as we have," she explained.

There was a compulsion within Rodney's programming that kept Casey from being his "darling" and "Suzie Homemaker" when not with him. However, the Suzie Homemaker identity was much stronger than Rodney anticipated. "Clean as can be," was so ingrained that Casey couldn't stop himself. By now it took all his strength not to grab some of his mother's clothing and dress while he cooked or cleaned at home. Ever since he dressed as a proper Suzie Homemaker, the obsession to do it again got stronger. The same could be said with his "love" for Mister Rodney especially now that they had been apart for so long.

Over the holidays Casey did his best to avoid contact with his relatives. During those “alone” times spent it with his laptop researching what was expected from a 1950’s woman and wife. Mister Rodney had recommended some sites for him to study. He found a 1955 guide on wifely behavior that immediately got his full attention. Rules of behavior that were imprinted into his mind.

Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before for a delicious meal ready on time for when he gets home.

Prepare yourself. Take a fifteen-minute rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your makeup and be ready to greet him properly.

Be happy and interested to hear about his day.

Clear away any clutter before he arrives. Make a trip around the house to make sure everything is as clean as can be.

Be happy to see him and put sincerity into your desire to please him.

Don’t complain about your issues as they are unimportant. Let him do all the talking.

If he is late or doesn’t come home all night, don’t complain as it’s his right.

Don’t ask questions about his activities or question his decisions. Remember he is the Master of the House. You have no rights to question him.

A good wife always remembers her place.

In addition to those rules he discovered that the dirndl dress, either sleeveless or with small puffed sleeves and billowy skirt were the most popular among women. The general style was unpadded,

round shoulders, shapely bust lines with closely defined waistlines and fluffy, billowy skirts along with frilly blouses and narrow long skirts were the basics in a woman's wardrobe.

"Gosh, there's so much to learn but these internet resources are helpful. There's just so much about fashions, styles and behavior though. The makeup and hairstyles I pretty much understand already. I don't know how many of those old movies from that time I've watched trying to learn how to move and act like a woman. Must be working though as my dad keeps looking at me funny. I practiced as best I could in my room but dressed like me, seemed so silly. I hope I know enough by the time I get back to impress my man. I miss him soooo much! I didn't like it when he told me not to come back until after the holidays. I know better now. He is the Master of the House and I had no right to question his decision," he thought.

When they got home the only thing Casey wanted to do was go and see Mister Rodney. As he grabbed his car keys from the kitchen rack, his father stopped him.

"Where are you going Casey?" George asked.

"Out," he replied.

One of the things Casey couldn't do was tell anyone he was going to meet Rodney. Rodney had planted that command into his programming long ago. Casey's early bragging about what and who he was learning from forced Rodney to stop him. The last thing he wanted was for others knowing about him and his relationship with Casey.

"No! You're not going anywhere until we have a long honest talk about things. I've been wanting to do this for months now. Your mom ordered pizza. It'll be

here soon and once we've eaten, have that talk. Now go get cleaned up," he demanded.

"Talk? What have we to talk about? All I know or care about is being with my man and dad wants to bull shit. Well, I don't care! I'll sneak out as soon as I can and I'm never coming back if Mister Rodney will have me," he thought palming his car keys.

"Yeah, sure dad. Whatever," he said walking off.

"Damn kids," George grumbled under his breath.

When his dad was in the shower and his mom in the kitchen, Casey snuck out the front door. His mother thought it odd that he would be going anywhere when she heard his car start up.

"Now where is he going? He knows I ordered pizza. Oh well, I'm sure he won't be gone long. I ordered his favorite," she thought.

After three days and not seeing any sight of their son, went to file a missing persons report. There the police politely took their statement, description of Casey and recent photo. Once they had left the station, the police officer posted it into the "when I get around to it files." Casey was a male, eighteen and considered a consenting adult. The fact that he hadn't taken any of his personal items or clothing, unusual but it happens.

"Probably just ran away tired of living with his parents. I've seen it happen more than I care to. Usually come back home once they discover just how hard life can be," he thought.

##

"I hope Mister Rodney doesn't get mad. He did say I could visit once the holidays were over. I don't know what he's gonna say when I tell him I ran away from home," Casey thought walking up to the front door.

At one time seeing Rodney wearing his ratty robe, boxer shorts and flip-flops was disgusting, now a welcome sight. "Ohhh, Mister Rodney I missed you sooo much!" Casey squealed when the door opened.

"Casey darling. I missed my Suzie Homemaker as you can see the house is a total mess. Come in and go change. I want to see my precious Suzie Homemaker again," he greeted.

"Mister Rodney, you may not want me as much as I would love to. I ran away from home. I would just hate to go back. I...I think...think my dad will ground me like forever an...and won't be...be able to...to see you again. I would have to do whatever he says. His decisions are always final. It took all my will power to leave this time. I don't think I could do it again," Casey said breaking down in tears.

"Ran away? Well, darling, I'm glad for you. I already told you grandma's old room was yours whenever you wanted it. I'd love to have my Suzie Home Maker here all the time. Dry those tears and go change. When you're dressed we'll talk," he replied grinning from ear to ear.

"Finally, I've been patient with him for about a year and now I've got what I have wanted. Those programs are working much better than I could have believed. Before I get caught up, I must find out if he told anyone he was coming here, get rid of his car, then, start the final programing. By the time I'm finished his own mother won't recognize him," he thought.

"I would really like to discuss my problems I'm having with my dad but Mister Rodney is the Master of this House. My concerns are of no importance after all. The first thing I need to do is take a bath and shave off the stubble," Casey thought going to grandma's old room.

In the linen closet Casey found a bottle of lavender oil and some bath beads. *"I can't remember the last time I took a bath. My research said that women in the 50's loved to take a leisurely bath. I might as well get used to the idea. If it feels as good as they implied won't mind,"* he thought.

Leaving the bathroom leaving a floral scent in his wake, Casey went over to the large bureau and examined the contents of the drawers. The first item he removed was a champagne colored bullet bra. Holding it up began examining it.

"This looks just like that pointy corset Madonna wore. I read all about them and how a new stitching technique called a whirlpool circle stitch gave the cups a sexy stiff "missile" look. The cups are stiff and the tag says 34-D. Guess I'm going to have to stuff them with some tissues like I did the last time," he thought putting it down.

Looking back into that drawer saw a box containing two realistic breast prostheses. Removing the box lifted one out. *"It's heavy, jiggles and feels sorta like Heather's did when I squeeze it. Even has a brown nipple that looks real,"* he thought grabbing the other one.

Holding the breast forms, noticed a tube in the box. *"I wonder what this is? Oh, it says 'Surgical glue. Clean chest area with alcohol then apply glue to skin and back of breast forms. Press against chest, hold firmly for the count of 30. Bra recommended once complete attachment. Care and treatment: If desired can be worn 30 days. Do not need to remove for bathing. Cau-*

tion: Should be removed, chest thoroughly cleaned with alcohol monthly.' Sounds simple enough and so much better than stuffing the bra with tissues," he thought grabbing some alcohol wipes from the vanity.

In another drawer found a long line girdle with bright satin panels and padded hips. *"This doesn't look at all comfortable. Based on what I read, girdles were an essential undergarment for women of that age. Guess it's more comfortable than the corsets they wore then too. None of these can be fun to wear, maybe even painful but you can blame Christian Dior for it. It was Dior who set the trend creating a look touting an "hour glass" figure. Requiring women to have round hips, prominent breasts and ultra-cinched waists to be acceptable in society. A figure most women don't naturally have,"* he thought putting it next to the matching bra.

In other drawers found the rest of the needed lingerie. Sheer nylon brief styled panties with a nylon gusset, full slip with very fancy embroidered lace at bust and hem and seamed ecru stockings. In the closet picked out a pale blue cotton belted dirndl dress with puff white sleeves and matching small V-neck collar and three white heavily starched net petticoats with nylon yokes. There he found a pair of blue pointed toed patent leather pumps with a three-inch spike heel.

"I practiced some with my mother's high heels but don't know if I can really get around in these. Still, I must look presentable for my man," he thought picking them up.

After cleaning his chest, applied the glue then pressed the first breast form to the right side. Counting slowly to thirty, released his hold.

“Oh my, this is heavy and looks so real. I feel it pulling on my skin but it’s holding. Better hurry up and put the other one on,” he thought.

Putting on the three hook and eye closure bra left his fingers sore and arms aching. The rubber lined long line girdle was almost impossible to put on until he remembered about using baby powder. Once on proved to be a real pain and very uncomfortable. It drew in his waist several inches, dug into his groin and quickly retaining heat. Donning the seamed stockings was almost as difficult as putting on that girdle. Bending was very difficult and restricted his breathing but he managed to get the welts secured to the girdle’s tabs. With that achieved, sat for a few moments to catch his breath.

“Look at the time. I’ve been in here for over an hour and kept my man waiting. Got to get my face on and do something with my hair before I finish dressing,” he thought wobbling slightly in the heels.

He quickly applied concealer, foundation, rose blush and set it with powder. The eyes took longer. Painting the lids blue and lining them with black liquid eyeliner. Mascara, a thick glossy fire engine red lipstick and application of floral perfume he was ready to work on his long hair. He had used almost another hour putting on his makeup. To save time, decided to brush his hair into a high ponytail tied off with a blue satin ribbon. It took a few more minutes to select some jewelry, white plastic bangles for the wrist, white plastic button clip-on earrings and a blue stoned silver ring. Taking another moment checked his reflection in the full-length mirror.

“I should have done better but I’ve kept Mister Rodney waiting too long as it is but I feel so much better about myself now,” he thought leaving the room.

"Darling, you look divine dressed like that. Now, where is my warm welcome?" Rodney greeted Casey as he entered the kitchen.

Without a thought, Casey walked over to him, clasped his arms around the thick neck and kissed him soundly on the lips. As the welcome kiss continued, Casey's right foot left the ground. Rodney's hands squeezing his butt cheeks sending thrills up Casey's spine.

"Oooohhhh, *I think he really likes me,*" Casey thought.

"You're almost mine now you sexy little bitch. A year of hard work has

paid off. You are responding to my little trigger phases perfectly. All those months of subliminal messaging has done it. You never suspected for one minute that my elaborate set-up was designed as a delivery system, did you? I'm a fucking genius! You thought you were a hot shot gamer when all along you were becoming my little sissy play thing. You never even realized that you lost all interest in playing video games either. You never questioned shaving all the hair off below the neck or using all those feminine lotions to smooth out your skin or learning how to put on makeup."

"Well, as of today, we begin your final transformation. We must get your lips pumped up a bit and some nice breast implants but not yet. Tomorrow you have a salon appointment to get your hair and nails done. The real Casey is not aware of what's going on. However, as most of those subliminal messages begin to wear off, you will remember. By then my dear Casey it will be too late, way too late for you to ever change back. With all your changes you won't be able to fight me. When you see what's been done to you, you won't have the will to fight."

"I don't want a vacant eyed bimbo, never did. I want you aware, helpless and I want you afraid. I want you to cringe every time we are together but unable to leave. I especially want you aware when I take your cherry mouth and boy pussy. I'll make sure of that by keeping some of my program working. Can't have you doing something stupid like suicide, trying to hurt me in any way and compliant. Call me gross, a fat pig and loser will you. Well I've had my fill of people like you. No more. I'm going to take all that abuse out on you then maybe, who knows, I just might go after that friend of yours," he thought as Casey went off to begin cleaning.

After six hours of working his hands to the bone cleaning up the accumulated filth, Casey was more than ready for bed. *"I'm exhausted but the house is mostly cleaned. I'll wax the floors in the morning. Now I need to clean up, fix my face and then see if Mister Rodney needs anything before I can go to bed,"* he thought removing the apron and mop cap.

Rodney was in the AV room watching television when Casey entered. Immediately he noticed most of a six-pack empty sitting on the side table. Walking over to the table began picking up the empties.

"Mister Rodney, I've cleaned most of the house but will wax the floors in the morning if that's okay with you. Unless you need me to do something before I go to bed," he said.

"Casey darling the waxing can wait. We have errands to run in the morning. Kiss me good night and off you go," Rodney replied.

Back in his room, Casey went through the nightly beauty regiment he had learned from his virtual reality programming. He could barely keep his eyes open as he put on his nightie. It was a white double layered nylon and chiffon baby doll with a floral embroidered

bodice. A pink satin ribbon tied off in a pert bow just below the breast line. The ruffled brief panties and sleep cap completed his nightwear. Getting into bed, set the alarm, put the earbuds in and tried to sleep.

"I never realized what a pain it would be to have such large breasts. All day they interfered with my vision, rubbed my upper arms or just got in the way. Now, I can't get comfortable sleeping on my stomach. Feels like I'm lying on large pillows. Another thing I'm going to have to get used to, sleeping on my side or back," he thought before finally drifting off to sleep.

##

"Mister Rodney said he was taking me to the beauty salon this morning. Guess I'd better keep it simple. I don't like wearing pants but today go with those black stirrup pants, a frilly blouse and sandals," Casey thought leaving the bathroom. *"New hair style and a manicure/pedicure. I've got reddish hair, so, I'll go with that style Lucy wore in that 'I Love Lucy' show and have it dyed the same henna red. I hope I can get them to wax off these bramble bushes I have for eyebrows. They're even thicker than that actress Brooke Shields'. It will be so much easier to just pencil them in,"* Casey thought the next morning getting ready to dress.

The lingerie he selected was all black in color. Brief nylon panties with white floral lace front applique, bullet bra, waist chinch and panty girdle. The panty girdle's rear seam was gathered, separating and rounding his ass cheeks. The skin-tight stirrup pants had cloth hoops hanging from the cuffs to prevent them riding up. A floral-patterned rayon baby doll blouse with short sleeves and black strappy sandals completed his dressing. Once his makeup was done, put on some chunky bracelets and clip-on but-

ton earrings. Making sure he had everything he needed in his letter purse, grabbed a black nylon scarf, folded into a triangle, covered his hair and tied it off in a bow under his chin.

He was a bit surprised when Rodney told Casey to follow him in his car but didn't dare question. *"Don't know why he wants me to follow him but it's his decision, so I will,"* he thought.

Not long after Rodney pulled into a parking space in a rundown part of town.

"Casey, darling, leave the keys and your cell in the car and get into mine. I'll take my Suzie Homemaker to the salon now," he said.

Casey wasn't happy about doing either but Suzie Homemaker kept him from complaining or disobeying. Getting out of the car, removed his cell from the purse and tossed it onto the seat.

"Leaving my keys and cell in this neighborhood, it's going to be stolen for sure. I worked a lot to buy it but it's his decision. A good wife never argues with the master of the house. I know my place," he thought.

"Okay Mister Rodney, I can't wait to get my hair styled and nails done. I know just what I want them to do," Casey replied with a smile.

The Cut and Curl salon was located near their neighborhood and accustomed to dealing with the older neighbors. When Casey entered, the shop fell silent for a few minutes as the staff and customers stared. It wasn't until Betty, the owner, told everyone to mind their own business that conversations renewed.

"Sorry about that," Betty apologized. "We've never had such a young...errr... woman in our shop wear-

ing that much of a vintage look. How may I assist you today Miss?"

After Casey explained what he wanted done, Betty said she could have one of her stylists do it. "Maggie's our most experienced stylist and can work you in dear. I must say though, you're an awful brave young lady to go for that look."

"Oh, it's okay and requires a lot of effort but I don't mind. My man loves it and I gladly do it for him," Casey replied with a big smile.

Over three hours later Casey walked out of the salon with really red hair. The bangs teased up and rounded into a bread roll look. The top and sides brushed straight back. The back was teased and rolled into a larger looking bread roll bringing it to shoulder length; then, lacquered into place. Half inch extended finger nails painted a bright scarlet as were the toes. His new brows painted in high thin arches with black liquid liner. In his purse was a clear plastic hair bonnet in case it rained that Betty had given him. He had Betty call Rodney to tell him she was almost ready and he was waiting.

"Casey darling, I love what you've done and very proud of you. Give me a kiss and then we'll go home so you can change into something nice," he said when Casey got into the car.

##

"He's been here two months and no one seems to be actively looking for him. Haven't seen anything on the TV news or papers. The way he looks and acts, I doubt his own mother would recognize him in any case. Guess it's time to begin the final programming. I want him aware of who he really is but unable to do any-

thing about it. I'll start with modifying Isaac Asimov's 'Laws of Robotics,'" he thought.

"When you hear 'Casey darling' you remember who you were but cannot act or respond."

"Casey no matter how much you desire to injure Rodney or yourself, you cannot."

"Casey you must obey any orders given by Rodney."

"Casey you must protect your existence as Suzie Homemaker."

"Casey no matter how much you want to inform anybody what's happened to you, you cannot."

"Casey when you hear 'Suzie Homemaker' you will become Suzie Homemaker and forget."

"Casey when you hear Rodney say, 'Darling', you will remember but unable to act and will obey any demand."

##

Casey woke up feeling like he had been on a three-day drunk. His head

ached and he felt weak. As his mind became more aware his eyes focused on where he was.

"Where the fuck am I? This aint my room," he thought looking around confused.

Facing the bed was a large framed poster of Rodney in his boxers with the words in pink script, "Casey darlin." Sitting up in bed, there was no way for him not to see it.

As soon as his eyes fell on the grotesque picture, he felt nauseous. It was positively gross but as he silently read the words, his mind shifted then he smiled.

“Why am I dressed like this and smiling? I want to rip this off but my arms aren’t moving,” he thought.

Getting out of bed, pulled on a bright orange semi-sheer nylon and feather hemmed negligee. It matched his ruffled beribboned and lacy baby doll nightie. The nightie was empire cut with a bright sun set orange satin ribbon just below the bust line. It then flared out in multiple layers of nylon and chiffon to just below the hips in a wide ruffle of feathers. He didn’t bother to tie the sash as Rodney liked it that way.

“What’s wrong with me. I don’t want to wear any of this! No way in hell I want to please that fat disgusting slob either. With the negligee left open, he’ll be able to see my crotch,” his mind screamed.

Casey stepped into a pair of clear plastic mules with a three-inch spiked

heel, went to the vanity, removed the chiffon sleep cap, did his makeup finishing with a thick coat of bubble gum pink high gloss lipstick. Fluffed up his hair, added some hairspray and left the room. In the kitchen he put on a white organza bib apron and began preparing breakfast.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this shit and humming along with ‘That Guy’ while I’m doing it. As hard as I’m trying, my body is refusing to respond. This whole situation is crazy,” he thought.

When Rodney walked into the kitchen wearing his ratty bath robe and

boxers, Casey minced over and gave him a big kiss on the lips.

Stepping back, Casey said with a giggle, "Good morning Mister Rodney, I fixed your favorite breakfast, pancakes, bacon, sausage, over easy eggs and coffee just the way you like them."

"Oh my gawd! I want to puke! I kissed him...on the friggin lips again and deep throated that bastard when I wanted to strangle him," he thought disgusted with himself.

"I saw that look in his eyes. My final program must be kicking in. It's been over a month now. I'll put him into Suzie Homemaker mode and see what happens," Rodney thought.

"Casey you're the best Suzie Homemaker ever. I'm sure everything will be delicious. Now why don't you take off that apron, get your breakfast and join me," he replied scratching his hairy stomach.

"Hearing him call me the best Suzie Homemaker ever sends thrills of pleasure all over me. I guess that's why I love my man so much," Casey thought picking up his half grapefruit and unbuttered toast.

After he finished his breakfast, Rodney let out a loud stinky belch then

smiled seeing Casey scrunch up his nose. *"Time for me to get some revenge,"* he thought.

"Casey darling, it would please me very much if you would come over here, get on your knees and help me get rid of my morning woodie," he said grinning from ear to ear.

"Hey, hey hold on a minute. What am I doing! No....no stop. Don't do it!" Casey's mind screamed

even as he dropped to his knees. *"I'm not like this. I'm into girls and only girls. I don't give guys a blow job. So, why can't I stop. Why am I doing this?"*

Casey's eyes widened in horror as he watched his bright pink painted nails reach out and remove Rodney's penis. He tried with all his power to stop his head from moving forward or opening his mouth. When he felt his tongue darting out to lick the head, closed his eyes tightly. Casey couldn't stop himself from doing the degrading act but told himself he didn't have to watch.

Rodney was watching Casey closely. *"What a kick in the pants. I can see he's resisting but unable to stop. I don't know if I'm more thrilled about finally getting a blow job or that my programming is so damn good. Shut his eyes. Oh no, can't let that happen. I want him aware. I want him to know. I want him to remember every detail,"* he thought.

"Casey, darling, open your eyes. You're going to love sucking me off, swallowing every last bit and want to watch. Since this is your first time, you'll want to take it slow, so you will remember everything. When I cum, don't swallow right away. Swish it around in your mouth to enjoy the full flavor first," he ordered.

"That was fantastic and think I'll have him do this every morning to start my day off right. Don't think Casey enjoyed it one bit from the look in his eyes but I don't want him enjoying anything. Have a couple of installs to do today and need to get started," Rodney thought as Casey swallowed.

##

Back in his room, Casey began to get ready for the day. The first thing he put on was a tight pink rubber



lined high waisted open bottom girdle with four garter tabs. He had to use a lot of baby powder to coat the inside before he could get it on. Next, he fastened a pink bullet bra around his chest. With the breast prosthetics glued to his chest needed the support. Sitting on the edge of his bed, kneaded the ecru colored support hose up his legs and fastened the welts to the garter tabs. With his stockings on, he stepped into a pair of yellow satin pointed toed pumps with a three-inch spiked heel. From the closet he removed three white starched crinolines and a yellow rayon with white cotton short sleeves and double-breasted collar dress. He added gold toned metal bangles to both wrists and yellow button clip-on earrings.

By the time he was dressed Casey's mind was numb from trying to stop what his body was doing. Despite gargling while in the bathroom, could still taste what Rodney had deposited. The smell of urine sweat and musk still in his nose. As much as he tried to forget it, he couldn't.

"I don't know what that bastard did but whatever it was, I can't stop myself. He's not only a big fat pig but a pervert as well and I'm acting like a love starved girl. Worse I even look like one," he thought.

Before he left the room, checked out his reflection to make sure

everything was just so. Before Rodney left the kitchen told him he was going

to be the best "Little Suzie Homemaker there ever was, right Casey." Unable to stop himself, he smiled and went to his housekeeping duties.

It took Casey the rest of the morning to clean the kitchen and most of the

afternoon to do the house. He was hot and uncomfortable in the tight

rubber girdle. His feet and calves were killing him. Never the less, he

was mincing and swaying his hips to the sounds of a fifties music coming from his i-pod. He was pushing the vacuum across the living room floor. All of a

sudden he stopped, shook his head in confusion as the lyrics to "Walk

Like a Man" played.

"I feel all woozy all of a sudden. Something's not right but....but why am

I dres....what's going on....," he thought standing in the middle of the

room.

His thoughts were broken as his butt flared in pain. Rodney had come

home and saw Casey standing still with a very puzzled look on his face. He knew that his programs were wearing off but he didn't want Casey coming out of it too soon. He moved to his side and slapped him hard on the butt sending a cloud of white off Casey's girdled ass. The faint aroma of baby powder could be smelled over the spicy perfume Casey wore.

"Casey darling I'm home, now where is my big kiss," he said moving in

front of the startled boy. Casey automatically pursed his lips, pressed them to Rodney's fat ones and darted out his tongue. He felt Rodney grab his ass and pull him in close. Casey felt like he was bent over as his face was pulled into Rodney's round one;

yet, Rodney's fat stomach pushed him back at the same time. When the kiss ended, Casey stepped back swallowing a wad of Rodney's spittle.

"Oh Mister Rodney, you're home. I hope you like what I've done. Let me get you a beer and you can tell me all about your day while I rub your feet," Casey said in a soft voice.

"That would be very nice darling. I like what you have done with the place. Like I said, you make a great Suzie Homemaker. Now get your sweet ass

into the kitchen and bring me that bottle of cold beer," Rodney said more than pleased with himself.

"His voice is finally coming around and sounding more feminine. Having him study and practice those voice lessons is paying off. Better reinforce my Rodney's laws that I adapted from that science fiction writer though," he thought.

When he got to the kitchen Casey immediately went to his purse and

pulled out his compact and mirror. As he reapplied his lipstick the Suzie Homemaker mantra filled his mind.

"Suzie Homemaker is an old-fashioned girl. She loves full skirts, girdles and ruffled petticoats while wearing stockings and high heels no matter what the task."

"Suzie Homemaker's goal in life is to make her man happy."

"Suzie Homemaker, to make her man happy, always maintains a spotless

house. She is never satisfied until the house is as clean as can be."

“Suzie Homemaker must always be sure that her hair and makeup are perfect.”

“Suzie Homemaker doesn’t care what her man looks like or does only that
he is happy.”

Those words were deeply imprinted into Casey’s mind with the passage of time thanks to Rodney’s conditioning. Putting his compact and lipstick away, he happily went to get his man a beer.

“This girdle and shoes are killing me and making my housework much harder. Still it’s the price I must pay for my man. He’s had a hard day and it’s my duty to make him as comfortable as I can,” he thought while a small voice was screaming, “no.”

Back in the AV room, Casey bending at the waist poured the beer into a glass then sat the bottle down. As he did that, he could feel Rodney’s fat hand rubbing on his girdled ass. Still bent over, he turned his head and gave Rodney a kiss on the lips.

“I have to keep my man happy,” he thought getting on his knees to remove Rodney’s shoes and socks. *“His feet smell like he’s been walking in dog shit but no matter. It’s my place to make him comfortable. It’s what a good Suzie Homemaker does.”*

“Ahhh, Casey darling, that feels marvelous,” Rodney said breaking Casey out of his Suzie Homemaker persona.

“Oh my gawd! What the hell am I doing? Why can’t I stop?” he thought but try as he might, continued messaging.

After thirty minutes, Rodney said, “Okay my wonderful Suzie Homemaker you can stop now. How about getting my dinner on the table?”

"It's almost ready Mister Rodney. I prepared everything earlier for when you got home. All I must do is heat it up. Shouldn't be long," Casey replied.

After dinner Casey did the dishes and cleaned up making sure to wear the rubber gloves. Taking off the frilly apron, went into the AV room bringing her man another cold beer. This time Rodney slapped him hard on his upturned ass and pulled him into his lap. Casey automatically put his arms around Rodney's thick neck and pressed their lips together. As the kiss lingered, Rodney was rubbing and squeezing Casey's chest.

"Casey darling, don't you wish you had your own set of beautiful breasts? I would really like it if you got implants," Rodney asked when the sloppy kiss broke.

Casey wanted to be nauseous as he licked the saliva from his lips before answering, "Mister Rodney that would be awfully nice. I would really love to have my own beautiful breasts."

"What the hell did I just say? No way I want that or anything else that's happening," he thought.

"Well Casey darling, I have made you an appointment for tomorrow morning to get your boob job. Listen carefully Casey darling, no matter what the doctor tells you, you must insist on getting D-cup breasts. Nice pointy ones just like those on your bras. The doctor will probably recommend you get smaller and rounder ones. That won't make me happy Suzie Homemaker. Now what are you going to tell the doctor tomorrow?" he said grinning.

"I'm going to tell him I want D-cup pointy boobies just like my bra cups if that will make you happy," Casey dutifully replied.



“Am I a fuckin’ genius or what! I can’t believe how good my programming is working even with him being aware. All I have to do is say the key words, Casey darling and Suzie Homemaker, and he’s right back under my full control. He hates himself and me but can’t do a damn thing about it. Nothing at all, he can’t harm me or himself either. Once he has his tits, I’ll drive home just how much control I have. I’m going to put him into that CB-3000 chastity I got online. Hot damn, I’m good,” he thought.

“Casey darling. Now that you decided to get breast implants, I think a celebration is in order. Since you’re already on your knees, why don’t you suck my dick,” he said grinning evilly.

Seeing the horror in Casey’s eyes, Rodney chuckled. *“I love this, seeing his reaction now that he’s aware. When I have him in Suzie Homemaker, Casey’s awareness almost disappears. This way, he’ll fully realize what he’s doing,”* he thought.

##

The loud irritating buzzing sound coming from the alarm clock made Casey open his eyes. He flung an arm across the bed silencing the offending alarm. “I must have been drinking and gaming all night to feel this bad. I feel weird and there is something stuck on my chest. What the fuck?” he mumbled as he came fully awake.

He sat up in bed and felt a significant weight shift on his chest. Looking down, he was shocked by what he saw. He was wearing a violet nylon nightie. It wasn’t so much the nightie but the large mounds sticking out of his chest that shocked him. With shaking hands, he slowly reached up and cupped the large mounds. As he touched them he knew two things immediately. One he was wearing a bra and secondly,

those mounds were real. Not believing his own senses, he pulled the neckline of the nightie out and stared down at the two mounds encased in a bright violet bullet bra. Tentatively he stretched out a finger and probed the smooth mound but quickly pulled it back.

“What the fuck happened to me? These things are real and heavy. It was warm and I felt my finger touching it. How....why....who?” his mind screamed.

He looked up from his chest and saw the poster. His body shuddered. As the words on the poster registered in his mind, he calmed down.

“Wha....what just happened? Why am I feeling so relaxed? I’ve got real tits, big ones at that. Why am I not still using those artificial ones? I should be really pissed but I’m not. Oh my gawd! Rodney did this to me! I remember everything now. Oh shit! That fat fuck has somehow fucked with my mind. I’m going to kill him for doing this to me,” he thought as he got out of bed, stepped into his mules and headed to the bathroom.

As the bubble bath was filling, Casey took off his clothing. Carefully

folded them and placed the clothing on the counter top. Picking up the pink shower cap, he carefully tucked his hair into it. Going over to the linen closet he removed the floral bath oils and salts. After adding them to the bath water, glanced up at the full-length mirror on the back of the door. He noticed the movement of his breasts in the reflection. He quickly lost interest when he looked down at his groin. His penis was in a pink plastic cage.

“What the fuck? I’ve got to get this damn thing off my dick,” he thought

as he looked at the device. He wanted his hands to move down and pull the offending device off but they refused to move. He struggled trying to will his hands to move but after a while gave up in frustration.

"I guess he put that thing on me when I was sleeping or more likely drugged. Now I can't even masturbate anymore," he thought dismayed.

Back in his room Casey began dressing. Everything he had done since

getting out of bed was like an out of body experience for him. His mind was aware of what was going on but helpless to stop it. When he removed panties, bra, girdle and full slip from the dresser, his mind was screaming at him not to do it. As Casey stepped into the bright red nylon briefs, his mind shuddered in disbelief. He tried to concentrate on stopping his hands from putting on the red bullet bra but he failed. His mind was pounding with the effort to stop from working the tight red satin rubberized long-line girdle up his legs. As the lacy soft nylon slip slid down over his torso, Casey had given up. His mind was racing with all kinds of thoughts of how to stop the madness but nothing worked. He realized that he was nothing more than a spectator as his body went through its morning routine.

He watched helplessly as his body stood before the full-length mirror. He was wearing a red and white checkered rayon dress with short cuffed sleeves and a "V" neckline that revealed a hint of cleavage. It had a fitted waist and the skirt flared out at the hips. He was wearing three stiff red crinolines with lacy hems under the skirt. His legs were incased in black seemed stockings and his feet shod in bright red patent leather pointed toed pumps with a three-inch spike heel. His mind stared in disbelief as his hand added another layer of bright red lipstick to his plumper looking lips.

"Damn! I hate this. Why can't I stop doing all this shit? Oh, I'm going to kill that fat fuck," he thought as he walked out the room.

Casey walked into the kitchen and tied an organza apron around his waist and began cooking breakfast. As he was moving about the kitchen, doing things Casey never knew he could do, his mind tried to get him to get the hell out of there. Again, his mental efforts resulted in failure. He had never felt like such a failure and baffled that he couldn't control his own body.

When Rodney walked into the kitchen, Casey was slicing a tomato for his

own breakfast. Seeing Rodney, Casey became irate very irate. With the sharp knife in hand, planned on slicing and dicing that fat slob into a million pieces. Instead, he watched as his body put the knife down, wiped its hands on the apron, went over to Rodney and kissed him. Not just a peck on the cheek but a full blown, tongue twisting kiss.

"Oh my gawd! What am I doing? I should be carving out his gizzard instead I'm kissing that fat SOB. I think I'm gonna be sick. Hell, I ought to be sicker than a mangy dog. No instead, I hear myself saying, 'Good morning Mister Rodney.' This can't be possible. This must be some kind of nightmare!" his mind screamed then went blank.

Rodney looked closely into Casey's eyes as they broke the intimate kiss. "Good morning my little Suzie Homemaker," he said.

"Ah, looks like I can see a bit more of the real Casey in there. The body is

dressed and acts like I demand but the eyes. They look scared to death. Well, it has been three weeks

since he had the implants without reinforcement. I should think he is fully awake in a small portion of his mind by now. He probably knows all that happened and that he can't do a damn thing about it. Just the way I want him. Think I'll give him a few days to realize his position then screw the hell out of him both mentally and physically," he thought laughing loudly.

"What's so funny Mister Rodney?" Casey asked.

"Oh, nothing my dear Suzie Home Maker, just thought of a funny joke.

That's all," he replied.

##

Over the next two weeks Casey's living nightmare became worse. With

each new day, he had to watch himself doing things no normal boy would ever do. His wardrobe was small but everything in it was from the fifties or sixties. He had no idea where Rodney got that stuff but found himself happily wearing each item. Each day he would clean the house wearing rubber gloves and wearing a frilly apron. He was cooking a lot of food but ate very little and what he ate didn't appease his hunger. When he wasn't cleaning or cooking, he was on the internet reading vintage women's magazines. While he could never forget giving Rodney his first oral sex, could block out most of the other times. As soon as Mister Rodney finished his breakfast, he had to perform that task. Casey tried to let his mind go blank when he had to do that.

Casey could almost accept this daily routine. However, the one thing that struck pure fear and disgust was when Rodney demanded sexual favors. He was especially mortified by the fact that he often initiated



these acts. He tried many times to kill Rodney. Once he even tried to slit his own wrists but all those attempts ended in failure. Casey tried that the morning after Rodney took his anal passage. He understood now that he was completely ensnared in Rodney's sick world.

When Rodney took him back to the salon he hoped to get someone there to help him. Instead of his planned claims of being forced, he happily told

the stylist exactly what he wanted done no matter how outdate or bazaar the look.

He stood happily before the mirror in the salon patting the side of his stiffly lacquered red dome of hair. Casey had seen in one of those old magazines that the "Beehive" was the newest trend. After his hair had been re-dyed, the stylist placed a foam pad on top of his head; then, wrapped his hair around it until it formed a rounded cone. He was wearing a black wool blend half way below the knee hobble skirt and cream-colored chiffon blouse with a huge ruffled and lacy cravat tie. He sprayed out his fingers and checked the one-inch long talons painted in bright florescent pink enamel.

"Oooooohhhh I love it. I can't thank you girls enough for what you did,"

he heard himself say. *"Damn, I wanted to say I hated it. I wanted to get them to help me but I couldn't do it. All I did was gush like some silly idiot,"* he thought. With his last hope of getting away dashed, Casey's spirit gave up.

##

Casey felt something bump against him and opened his eyes. He was in

Rodney's bed. The fat slob was lying next to him snoring like the pig he was. He felt the bile rush up his throat as what happened last night flashed through his mind. He tossed off the covers wanting nothing more than to get the hell out of there. Instead, Casey leaned over, reached out his hand and gently pulled Rodney's penis out of his boxers.

"Ohhhmyyygawd! Not this! Not again! Please, no don't do this!" his mind screamed as he bent his head down and took the tip of the penis between his lips.

He was repulsed by what he was doing but couldn't stop. As his lips went

down the shaft, his tongue licked it tasting nauseating flavors of musk, salt, urine, rust and something else he couldn't describe. He remembered where that dick had been the night before and shuddered.

As his head bobbed slowly up and down the stiffing shaft, Rodney awoke.

"Oh my, Casey darling this is how I always dreamed of waking up. Why don't you hum a merry tune while you do that? You know something like 'Oh What a Beautiful Morning.' That way I'll know that you love waking me up this way every morning," he said.

Casey wanted nothing more than to bite down hard but immediately began humming. He kept up his slow rhythm until his mouth filled with Rodney's hot seed. He swallowed every drop, kissed the knob, sat up and smiled broadly.

"Mister Rodney, you know I just love to make you happy," he heard himself say as he licked his lips.

"I know you do Suzie Home Maker. Why don't you get up now and fix me a big breakfast? I'm really hungry after all we did last night," Rodney said.

Casey slid out of bed, stepped into his mules and headed to the kitchen.

What he wanted to do was throw up and try to wash the filth off. Instead, he was humming that damn song, in his room repairing his makeup and mussed hair. He checked his reflection before leaving to get breakfast ready. Casey was wearing a pink double layered nylon baby doll gown and the matching pink bloomers with rows of white ruffled lace across the bottoms. He was also wearing a pink satin lacy garter belt and white nylons. His D-cup breasts were unfettered by a bra and bounced as he moved.

Going back to the kitchen with each step he could feel his panties sticking to his ass. As his breasts moved under the soft nightie, his nipples burned. He did his best to block out of his mind the cause of those irritations or the taste in his mouth.

##

Casey was watching a video of "Leave it to Beaver" and was fascinated by June Cleaver as she went about her household duties. She was always wearing full skirts and crinolines as she performed. Casey paid close attention to what she was wearing, the jewelry she wore, and how she moved and talked. He wanted to be just like her as she was the ideal Suzie Homemaker. The only thing wrong with the video in his opinion was that it was in black and white. He watched the program in Rodney's comfortable lounge chair. He was completely unaware of the subliminal message reinforcing his catch phrases, "Casey darling" and "Suzie Homemaker."

When the show was over, Casey hit the eject button and stood up. "*The*

house is *small but Mister Rodney's AV lounge set-up more than makes up for it. I'd better get busy with dinner, Mister Rodney will be home soon,*" he thought as he filed the tape away.

Rodney came in the front door, his arm pits and chest soaked in sweat

stains. He stank to high heaven and his face was as red-as-a-beet. Casey was waiting by the door as Rodney entered holding a cold beer.

"Oh Mister Rodney, did you have a hard day? Here, I know this will perk you up," Casey said as he kissed him on the lips.

"Casey darling, I had one fucked up day. I've been crawling around in a

fucking attic all day. Come on, sit on my lap while I drink this beer and cheer me up," Rodney grunted.

"Shit, I was hoping the fat slob would let me go back into the kitchen. He positively reeks. You'd think he would at least go take a bath first," Casey thought in that little corner of his mind that was still his.

Casey sat down on his broad lap and carefully arranged his skirt and petticoats to provide Rodney a good look at his stocking covered legs. Casey then slung his arms around Rodney neck and snuggled in close. His smell was horrible as he laid his head on Rodney's shoulder.

Rodney finished his beer, let out a loud smelly belch then kissed Casey full on the lips. When the kiss broke, he told Casey to get him another beer. Casey jumped off his lap and gladly went to fetch him another.

"I hate this but at least now I don't have to be near him. I've got dinner to get on the table. I hope he is too

tired to want me to share his bed tonight. He's been making me stay with him for the past three fucking weeks and my ass is killing me," he thought as he went into the kitchen.

Casey was cleaning up the kitchen when Rodney came in and slapped him hard on his girdle covered ass. "Casey darling, I'm tired so why don't you go change into a nice nightie and meet me in my room. I'm too damn tired to take a shower but not enough to enjoy that ass of yours," he said.

There were many things Casey wanted to say and do to Rodney at that moment. None of which entailed any kind of intimate relations but smiling went to change. He took his time changing, making a note that his dress now had to be washed. He removed a bright blue nylon with cream chiffon outer layer nightie and the matching bloomer styled panties with ruffled bottom. A blue satin embroidered garter belt, pair of black seamed sheer nylons and his blue satin four-inch stiletto heeled strappy sandals would complete his dressing.

##

The alarm woke Casey the next morning. "*At least I got to sleep in my own bed this morning. That fat fuck kicked me out after he had his way with me. Hopefully I won't have to give him his morning blow job now,*" he thought as he got out of bed.

Over breakfast, Rodney dressed in his ratty robe and boxers told Casey to get under the table and take care of him. He tried to get out of it by saying that the linoleum floor would ruin his hose.

"This is new. Looks like the old Casey is building up some, though slight resistance. Worried about putting a

run in his stockings, is he. Well, I'll take care of that," he thought.

"Suzie Homemaker, it would make me very happy if you do it for me," Rodney said with a big grin. He could see the revulsion in Casey's eyes and that made him smile all the more.

As he was sucking on Rodney's fat dick, Rodney told him that he had a special treat for him today. He was going to take him to the arcade at the mall to play some games.

"Casey darling, I know how much you love playing those games and I thought I'd treat you today. I don't have anything on my schedule, so we can spend a couple of hours there. Maybe do a bit of shopping for you while we are there. Doesn't that sound fantastic?" he said.

The last thing in the world that Casey wanted to do was go out in public dressed like he was. It's not like he wasn't going out. He did the grocery shopping and such but doubted anyone he knew would see him. Going to the arcade was something altogether different. He would be mortified if anyone saw him like this especially any of his old friends. Casey had been so transformed they probably wouldn't recognize him in any case. He quickly brought Rodney to a climax, swallowed and crawled out from under the table. Sure enough, his hose had runs in them.

Rodney pushed his chair back and stood up. Reaching out a beefy hand he grabbed Casey's right breast and began squeezing it. "Didn't have a chance to enjoy these little play toys of yours last night but we'll pay them some special attention tonight. Casey darling, finish cleaning up then go put something on extra nice for me. You know the outfit I like best when we go out," he said.

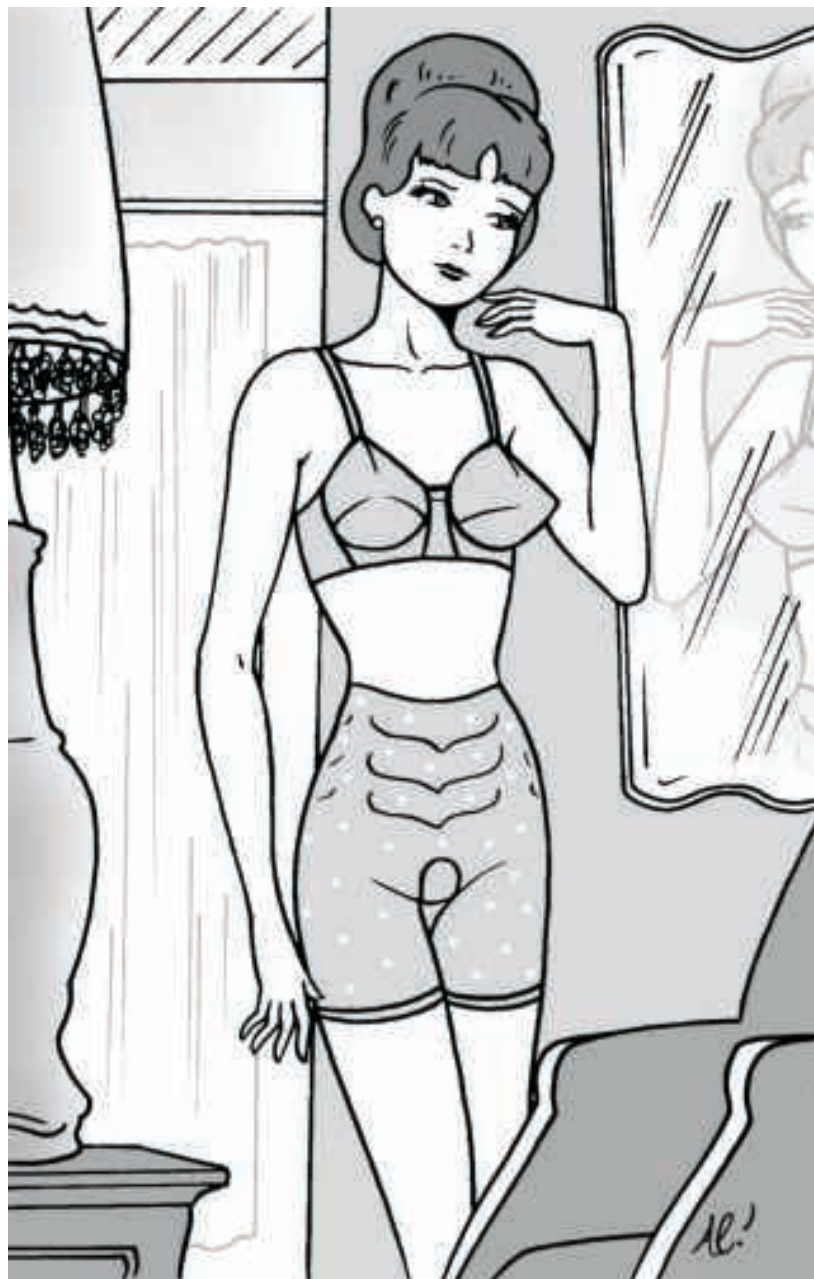
Casey was so programmed that he couldn't even cry as he went back to his room. The taste of Rodney's cum fresh in his mouth did make his stomach growl. However, he had been programmed not to throw up or even brush his teeth. Undressed, he went to take his bath and perform his morning toilet.

Back in his room he selected the outfit he knew Rodney wanted him to wear. His 'something special' outfit consisted of pink panties with small white heart decoration, pink satin bullet bra and pink rubber lined panty girdle for lingerie. A pair of white, skin tight pedal pusher styled pants, a pink capped sleeved cashmere sweater with a rounded collar and his black ballerina flats completed his outer wear. You could easily make out the lines of his panty girdle through the pants and thanks to the pointed bra, the tight sweater stood out in a crisp "V."

Standing in front of his mirror, he checked out his appearance. Even though he had just put on lipstick, he pulled a tube of pearl pink lipstick and gave them another coat. Casey wrapped a white silk scarf over his bubble styled hair and tied a neat bow under his chin. The metal bangles that he wore on each wrist jingled loudly as he moved his hands. He batted his long black eye lashes at his reflection then went out the door.

Casey hated going anywhere dressed but if he had to go out, he preferred wearing his dresses and crinolines. This was the trashy trailer trash look Rodney used to further humiliate him. He was very uncomfortable as they drove to the mall and said as much to Rodney.

"Mister Rodney, I think this isn't going to work. I haven't played any video games in like forever. I don't feel comfortable wearing pants either," was the best argument he could make.



“Casey darling, don’t worry about it. I know you love your skirts and petticoats but I like you dressed like this every now and again. Besides, wearing skirts and petticoats in an arcade isn’t practical. I’ve got you set up to play that Harold dude. He’s supposed to be the best but I know you can beat him. Let him win the first match, let him get close to winning the second and then I want you to smash him on the third, understand? I’ve got a lot of money riding on this, so don’t let me down. I would be very unhappy with you if you don’t do this,” he said.

“Not Harold, he’s my best friend and known me since elementary school. He’ll be sure to recognize me. I’ll just die if he does. I’ve got to find some way to break these mental barriers he has put me in. Shit! What am I going to do?” he thought as Rodney pulled into the mall.

The trip to the mall had been one horrifying minute after another but to Casey it was worth it. Harold and his other friends never recognized him. The overheard comments and groping from Rodney were embarrassing. What made the outing worth it was the gaming. He was back in his element. Sitting down at the controls, his old confidence came rushing back. Harold was good, even better than the last time they played but no match for Casey. Despite his confidence, he let Harold easily win the first game.

With that confidence more of the real Casey came back. *“That shit wants me to win so he can make a profit off Harold. I don’t care, I’m going to try my hardest not to win. It’s bad enough how he screwed me over but I’m not going to let that happen to Harold,”* he thought.

As the second match began, it was easy for Casey to let Harold take an early lead. It was towards the end of that game, Casey concentrated as hard as he could. Still his competitive nature and Rodney’s in-

struction won out. He won that round by a narrow margin. Now everything depended on the third and final round.

Sitting at the controls waiting for the third and final game, Casey fought an internal battle. His instructions and competitive instincts said win at all costs. That's what Rodney wanted him to do and had placed a lot of money on the outcome. The third game began and it was close up until the end. Casey had a couple of maneuvers that would have easily won the game but he didn't use them. He lost. He had beaten Rodney's programming. That small victory gave him a glimmer of hope. Rodney was obviously pissed as he handed a wad of bills over to Harold which made Casey feel even better.

Rodney grabbed Casey roughly by the elbow and steered him out of the arcade. Once they were away from the crowd, he hissed into Casey's ear,

"Casey darling did you lose that game intentionally or was he just that good?"

Casey fought down the urge to tell the truth but managed to evade the answer. "Mister Rodney, Harold has become a really good player."

Rodney seemed to accept his answer but the frown didn't leave his face. "Alright then, I'm hungry. Let's go to the food court," he replied.

At the food court Casey almost dropped his tray when he saw his mother and a couple of her friends sitting at a nearby table. Rodney saw his reaction and asked what was wrong.

"Tha...that's my...mother sitting over there. Please, can we just ask for some doggie bags?" Casey asked trembling.

Smiling evilly, Rodney guided him over to a table close to theirs. "Casey darling, you will sit facing your mother and smile. Pissing me off has its consequences," he whispered.

Casey was petrified with fear as he sat facing his mother. When she looked directly at him, he forced a smile hoping she wouldn't recognize him. She had the same expression on her face many others had seeing how he was dressed and his big hair. He wanted to crawl under the table as his mother said something to her friends and they all turned to stare at him.

"Casey darling, give them a big smile and limp wrested wave. If they say anything to you, you go ahead and talk to them," Rodney said leaning over to him.

Fearing the worse, Casey smiled and waved at the women. Much to his relief, they turned back to their food ignoring him. They were talking animatedly but couldn't hear most of what they were saying. He heard enough to know they were talking about the trumpy looking girl sitting across from them. Blushing furiously, Casey turned his attention back to his salad. He was humiliated and at the same time relieved that his mother didn't recognize him.

"I can't believe my own mother didn't recognize me. In a way I'm glad but at the same time saddened," he thought.

That evening Rodney was in the AV room busily revising his subliminal program. *"I'm not 100 percent sure Casey intentionally lost that game to Harold but it cost me a grand. Losing to that ass wipe really pisses me off. I hear he's into that rapper Eminem. If I give him an i-pod showing I have no hard feelings about losing, he'll listen to it long enough. Long enough to come see me; then, I'll have him too,"* he thought.

The next afternoon Rodney stopped by the arcade hoping to find Harold there. He was lucky it was early summer and school was out. His target was at one of the consoles. "Harold, I hope you don't mind the interruption. I just wanted to show you I don't have any hard feelings about losing that bet. I heard you like that rapper Eminem and put together a collection of his stuff," he said giving him the i-pod.

"A new i-pod touch. I've got an old refurbished one and it wasn't cheap," Harold thought taking it. "Yeah, I like his music...err..thanks. No hard feelings," he replied.

"Yeah, no hard feelings. See you around," Rodney said. *"Hopefully I'll see you real soon,"* he thought.

"What did that asshole want?" Jeffery said sitting down in the next console.

"Nothing and he gave me this. Can you believe it? A new 128 GB i-pod! He even loaded it with my favorite rap music," he replied.

"Now why did that slob give you that after you won all that money from him?" Jeffery asked skeptically.

"Said he wanted me to know he didn't have any hard feeling over losing, if that makes any sense. Okay, you ready to lose. Let's play," he answered putting in the earbuds.

##

Casey was busily cleaning the kitchen when Rodney came home earlier than usual. Hearing, "Casey darling I'm home," wiped his hands on his apron, rushed over to Rodney, threw his arms

around the thick neck and kissed him passionately. It wasn't until the kiss broke and Casey stepped back that he noticed Harold was standing behind Rodney. He didn't fail to see the look of disgust reflected on his best friend's face.

"What's he doing here? He hates Rodney's guts," Casey thought.

"Casey darling you remember Harold don't cha? He's here to check out that new game I just got in. Make like Suzie Homemaker and bring us a couple

of cold ones. We'll be in the AV room," Rodney instructed patting him on the butt.

Over time Harold was becoming a more frequent visitor. He and Rodney would sit for hours playing a bootleg copy of a new war game. After two months Casey noted that Harold was a bit different. While they didn't talk other than to say "hello," Casey was becoming worried. The biggest difference he noted was how Harold deferred to Rodney. Harold had always disliked Rodney, even more than Casey and didn't hide it. Now he seemed to fawn over every word Rodney said and called him Mister Rodney. Casey had his own problems so didn't think a whole lot about it. However, when Harold started showing up wearing tight pants and pink Polo shirts, Casey noticed. He was even walking a bit swishy with limp wrists.

"What the hell has gotten into Harold? He used to be so manly and conservative. Now look at him. He's dressing weird and his hair is dyed a brassy blond. It even looks like he got a soft perm. His hair wasn't curly before. I think Rodney is screwing with his mind just like he did me. I should warn him or something but he's always with Rodney. I can't afford to let Rodney hear me say anything. I'm not even sure I can say any-

thing,” he thought as he prepared dinner one evening.

Over the next few months Casey didn't get to see Harold when he came

over. Rodney always found something for him to do that kept him occupied during those visits.

“Casey darling, Harold is coming over and we don't want any distractions. I want you to stay in your room. Do some aerobics, pamper yourself or whatever while he's here. I'll let you know when we finish. To help you pass the time, I uploaded some new music into your i-pod,” Rodney told him.

“Every time I talk to Casey about Harold when he's not being Suzie Homemaker I see worry. If I slip up and don't put him in Suzie's mind set, he may try to warn Harold. Not too worried about that. I've had him under my control for over 9 months but why take the chance. Time to make Casey's programming merge with what I'm doing to Harold. I'm a fucking genius! I have never had so much fun getting back at those two bigoted bullying ass holes,” he thought.

During those visits, Casey would spend his time exercising and pampering. He would do aerobics to flatten his tummy and firm up his butt. After exercising enjoyed a leisurely bubble bath. He didn't often get the chance to just relax in what had become a favorite routine.

“I'm not sure why Mister Rodney has me doing this when there is housework to be done. I think for some reason he wants to keep me away from Harold. I really need to warn him but can't,” he thought.

##

That all changed one evening when Casey was preparing dinner and Harold walked in with Rodney standing right behind him. Harold was wearing black velvet skin tight pants with a flare leg, purple satin long billowing sleeved shirt open to his waist revealing his bare hairless chest. There were small gold hoops piercing his nipples. Over his right breast was an elaborate colorful butterfly tattoo. His ears had several gold studs and hoops. He wore a feminine gold chain around his neck and delicate rings adorned several fingers. On his feet were pointed toed black patent leather ankle boots with a three-inch block heel.

It wasn't just his dress that had changed dramatically but his mannerisms were exaggerated. He walked with one foot in front of the other giving his butt a pronounced wiggle. His elbows were tucked in and wrists limp as he swished into the room. He surprised Casey by mincing over and giving him an air kiss to both cheeks. Casey stepped back in shock noticing that Harold had on a bit of makeup. A light foundation, hint of pink eye shadow, lip gloss and smelled of Jasmine.

Casey still in shock closely examined his old friend. Harold was over six foot and had a muscled toned body. He had been proud of his body and thick chest hair. Everything about him was masculine until he started coming over to visit. Now, he was even taller in the heels but seemed to be hairless from the neck down with a small pot belly and looking totally gay.

"Now Casey darling, don't look so surprised. Be polite and welcome the new and improved Harold into our home honey," Rodney said with a malicious

grin.

Casey had no choice but to stand on tip toe and return the air kiss. "Hello Harold, it is so nice to see you again," he said softly. *"Oh my gawd, he's changed so much and I couldn't lift a finger to help,"* he thought.

"That's my Suzie Homemaker. We're going into the AV room. Why don't you fetch me a cold one and Harold here a Pink Lady? He'll be staying for dinner so set an extra plate," Rodney stated.

Casey in Suzie Homemaker mode happily went to prepare dinner. Last night he had planned out tonight's menu. *"I'm so glad I decided on meatloaf with mashed potatoes and green beans. It will be so easy to stretch it out for an additional mouth,"* he thought.

While Harold was listening to his programming, Rodney went to his room. He needed to change out of his work clothing and into something comfortable. *"I'm a bit surprised how quickly I got Harold under my total control. Guess he's more predisposed to the conditioning. Let's see, yeah, just over nine months. Tonight's program should finish what I want. Got disowned by his family over his changing sexuality and not going to college. He's even staying with Killer now."*

"When I first started working on my own, Killer worked for me. Not long, got his ass busted robbing a convenience store. Came looking for his old job back a couple of months ago. My back can't take moving around all that AV equipment and tool box. He's big and strong as an ox and I agreed. When he met Harold, became very interested. Now that wasn't something I planned on but gave me a fantastic idea. I tweaked the program for Casey and Harold based on Killer coming into the equation. I'm looking forward to seeing how it all works out tonight," he thought.

##

At dinner Rodney had changed into his ratty bathrobe and boxers. He sat at the head of the table sloping down his food. Casey was sitting across from Harold and eating daintily. Harold had ignored the vegetables on his plate and was enjoying a second helping of mashed potatoes and gravy. The part of Casey that remained felt very sorry for him.

"I should have taken the chance and warned him but now it is too late. I

don't see much of my old friend sitting there," he thought.

A loud burp from Rodney interrupted his thoughts. "Ahh Harold sweetie, why don't you tell us what's been happening," he said putting down his beer.

"Just like Casey, Harold has two personas. His aware persona 'Harold dear' and the other 'Sweetie' to bring out his flamboyant gayness. I can't wait to see what happens next," Rodney thought.

"Oooohhh my goodness Mister Rodney love, I can't begin to tell you how much I just love living with Killer. If it hadn't been for you introducing us, I don't know what I would have done. When my parents kicked me out of the house and disowned me, I was positively devastated. If you hadn't stepped in well....shudder....I would have been left destitute, positively destitute. Killer's place isn't all that nice but he invited me to move in. You know being in the slums and all, but he takes good care of me. All I have to do is keep him happy, clean up a little and take care of some of his bros. Killer looks a lot like you and maybe that's why I adore him so. Of course, he's

black but that don't bother me none," Harold simpered.

"Yeah, Killer's a good friend. Known him since before he got out of prison a few years back. Thought he'd take to someone like you. So, what do you

think of my Casey here? Aint she a beauty?" Rodney replied.

"She's pretty but you know I'm not into girls Mister Rodney," Harold said.

"Casey darling, stand up and flip up those frillies and show our guest

what you have between your legs," Rodney ordered.

Casey couldn't refuse and stood. His blush almost visible through all

the pancake makeup he wore. Slowly he pulled up his blue crinolines and

blue rayon dress exposing his bright blue satin panties. He tried his best to stop but slowly he lowered his panties exposing his pink caged penis. For the past several weeks Rodney was making him wear corsets instead of his girdles. Said something about the baby powder making him sneeze. Tonight, he was wearing his blue satin with bone colored floral lace trim wasp wasted corset. It brought his waist into just nineteen inches. Giving him that hour glass figure so desired by women in the 1950's.

"Oh my, that's the cutest little pee pee I've ever seen. Why do you have

such an adorable thing like that all caged up. It must hurt something

awful," Harold replied giggling.

"Yes, I'm sure it hurt like the dickens at first but she's gotten use to

it by now. Haven't used it in over a year, huh, Casey darling? Come

on turn around and show Jason how you get your thrills now," Rodney

laughed.

Mortified, Casey did as instructed. With the programing had too, no matter how embarrassing. With his back side turned to them, he heard Harold say, "Oh my, what a big pussy she has." Hearing that his face flushed scarlet.

"Yeah, she's pretty much stretched out. I'm getting a bit tired of it now though. Look since you and Casey know each other, why don't you two get together? I talked to Killer and he's okay with it. Matter of fact, he has a small place you two could live in. It aint much but all you would have to do is entertain some of his male friends. I bet a million dollars you can't wait to use that little attachment Killer got you Harold. Go on show your lover what you got. She done showed you hers," Rodney ordered.

When Harold pulled down his pants, Casey was horrified at what he saw. It was pink about ten inches long and three wide, covered with bumps and ridges. It stuck straight out from his groin and securely strapped into place. There was a flange at the base with a band around the ball sack. Casey couldn't see but the belt was locked on in the back. As Casey stared in dismay, Rodney was laughing his fat ass off.

All right you two pay attention now. I have a new code word for you,

“Wedded bliss.”

As soon as Rodney said those words, Casey was overcome with joy at seeing Harold. The feeling was obviously mutual as they met in a tight embrace and kissed soulfully. As the kiss lingered, Casey felt his right leg lift off the floor and a shudder of euphoria flutter up his spine.

“Alright, enough already. Now sit down. You have arrangements to make,” Rodney said as the kiss lingered.

“That went better than I could have hoped. They’ve been listening to my new program for a couple of months and it’s working. Still, I want to give it another month to make sure it sets,” he thought as the two sat at the table.

“If that aint true love, I don’t know what is. Okay lover boys, it’s time to plan for your wedding. Gay marriage is legal here so there’s nothing stopping you. Harold, you need to go to city hall this week and obtain the license. Casey, you need to find an appropriate wedding dress. I’m sure you can find one in those vintage sites. In a month, we’ll all go to a Justice of the Piece. How does that sound?” Rodney said.

Casey was the first to respond, “Gee, its sounds wonderful Mister Rodney bu..but what about us?”

“You’ll always be my Suzie Homemaker but it’s my decision that you marry Harold. You will be his Suzie Homemaker once you’re married. My decision is final. Now, Harold sweetie tell me what you think,” he answered.

“Mister Rodney, it’s so sudden but think it’s a brilliant plan. I can’t wait to make Casey my Suzie Homemaker. I know we haven’t known each other very long but I feel like I’ve known him forever. Of

course, I want to make him my wife,” he ecstatically replied.

“Fine, now that’s all settled I think Harold dear, you need to go home and tell Killer. Casey darling, why don’t you go change into something nice for me,” he said getting up.

“I’ve known Casey since elementary school. Neither of us are gay and I just said I wanted to make him my wife. Guess Rodney screwed him just like he did me except he made Casey look and act like a real girl. No that’s not true. What he did was create us as parodies of women and gay men. I hate what he’s done to me and Casey but there’s nothing I can do. I just wish for one minute to be in control, so I can kill that bastard,” he thought leaving the house.

##

Casey was going thru the vintage lingerie and clothing sites looking for a wedding dress. After a couple of hours, found what he thought June Cleaver would have worn. It was a short-sleeved applique floor-length A-line lace dress with a ball gown silhouette and a sweep brush train. An off the shoulder neckline and button back. The dress had illusion lace half-sleeves and made of lace and tulle. The fitted bodice was overlaid with floral lace applique. The tulle full skirt was banded with lace embellishments.

“With that fitted waist, I’m going to have to fine an eighteen inch waist restricting strapless corset. The few corsets I have only bring my waist in another two inches. My waist is already at twenty-one thanks to my diet and exercises but taking off another inch? It will be a sacrifice but I have to look my best on my wedding day. With a corset I’ll be a 36, 18, 34 and as close to that hourglass look as I can,” he mused looking at vintage corsets.

"It doesn't look comfortable but to have that hour-glass figure a necessity," he thought finding one.

The one he found was a bustier cream satin and lace corset. It had a lacy over wire bra, silky satin panels and supportive bone shaping. There were additional support panels on the sides and back. The lace embellished bra cups silhouette was distinctly cone-shaped. A cream satin bow nestled between the cups.

"That and a floor length petticoat should be all I need as the dress comes with a floral lace veil," he thought writing down the information, so Rodney could place the order.

Almost three weeks later the items were delivered. Once unpacked, Casey had to try them on. Standing bare foot and wearing sheer white panties had a problem. He couldn't pull the laces of the corset tight enough. Grabbing a semi-sheer purple negligee, stepped into his plastic mules.

"I need Mister Rodney to tighten these laces for me. Hopefully he's not in the AV room and I can call him. I don't want to walk through the entire house dressed like this," he thought leaving the room.

Casey lucked out as Rodney was in the kitchen getting a bottle of beer. "Yeah, sure Casey darling. I'll be right there," he answered.

Once he had the corset tightly laced had to help Casey get into the multi-layered floor-length white organza petticoat and the dress. He watched with a hardening erection as Casey attached the veil.

"I'm not gay but how can tapping that fine ass be considered gay. No, not like he's dressed in all that makeup. I only see the girl I've always desired. Just another week before the wedding, so might as well

take advantage while he's here. I've picked out a replacement for him now that I know my programming works. That nerdy Randy kid that sometimes shows up at the arcade. A freshman at the university. Will take more work to get him looking passable but it can be done," he thought.

"Casey darling, looking as beautiful as you do now has gotten me stiff as a board. Bend over the bed and spread those legs now," he ordered.

Getting the petticoats and tulle skirt out of the way took a few moments. Pulling the gusset of the panties aside, plunged in and didn't stop until fully in. He then began humping like a mad man. Hearing Casey's scream of pain when he entered, made him pound even harder. He was soon panting for breath and sweating profusely, his face as red-as-a-beet.

"I'll never get use to him doing this, no matter how many times and it always hurts. The worst is that I can't do a thing to stop him. I wish he would leave me as Suzie Homemaker. At least then, I can phase out most of what's happening," Casey thought as his body jerked in time with the thrusts.

##

The day before the wedding Rodney had taken Casey back to the salon for a touch up, glamour length nails and leg waxing. That would save time getting ready for his 10 a.m. wedding.

"I'm glad I don't have to shave my legs in the morning or spend a lot of time on my hair. I'm so happy it's scheduled so early. I can't wait to serve my man," Casey thought in his Suzie Homemaker mode on leaving the salon.

Later that day Rodney had Casey pack all his things except for what he needed for the wedding. "Casey darling, you're marrying your best friend Harold in the morning and moving into his place. There's a bunch of boxes in my garage. Go get them and start packing. Once you have everything packed, come into the AV room. It's unlucky for the groom to see his bride before the wedding. Killer and Harold will be here to pick them up in a couple of hours," he stated.

"Once I have him in the chair, I'll initiate the final program. It'll turn him into a slut so Killer can make us a return on our investment. Of course, Casey will hate it but that's my revenge. The best part will be when they see their wedding announcement and photo in the paper. I would love to be a fly on the wall of their parents and gamer buddies when they see it. Killer is my only real friend and I know he has my back unlike Casey and Harold. If they had been nice to me, I would have picked someone else," Rodney thought.

"I can't believe this! Neither of us are the least bit gay and we're getting married. Mister Rodney showed me the wedding certificate and has our real names on it. If he had used some made up names it wouldn't be legal. We'll really be married under state law. I've tried my best to resist all this but it's doing no good. It took everything I had in me just to lose that one game. Harold won't be any help either. He's just as bad off as I am," he thought going to the garage.

It took almost two hours for Casey to pack everything except what he needed for the next day. "Well that's done. Over a dozen boxes. There's two suitcases and that makeup case in the closet. I'll put what's left in those in the morning so Mister Rodney can put them in the trunk. I tried my best not to pack anything. A lot of good that did me. Oh gosh, look at the time. I'd better get down into the AV room," he thought.

"There's my Suzie Homemaker. Come in and have a seat. I have something I want you to listen too. Give me your i-pod so I can update your music files," Rodney greeted.

"I've changed his 'Suzie Homemaker' and 'darling' personas so that all references to me are replaced by Harold. What I've added will also make him do what Killer demands. When Harold shows up I'll give him this new i-pod. It will make him always refer to Casey by those code words. Plus, he will strongly want to exercise his matrimonial rights while calling Casey, darling. I think it's funny as hell that Killer put that strap-on dildo over Harold's dick. He certainly won't get any pleasure from it but will use it all the time," he thought taking the i-pod.

##

"I can't believe this is happening. I'm getting married to my best friend today and there's nothing I can do to stop it. At least this new Pat Boone album he put on my i-pod is soothing. It's the only good thing that's happened to me. I love these 50's and early 60's music," Casey thought getting out of bed.

Slipping into his balloon sleeved and lacy pink negligee, stepped into his mules and headed to the kitchen. *"Have to fix breakfast for me and Mister...whoever. It's going to be a very stressful day and I need something in my stomach,"* he thought.

"Casey darling, I see you have my breakfast just about done. Ready for your big day?" Rodney said entering the kitchen.

"It's that turd Rodney. What am I doing here and fixing his breakfast?" passed through his mind but said, "It'll only be a minute Rodney."

Later Casey had a dilemma. It was his cream satin with bone colored floral lace and small matching ribbon detailing corset. He couldn't tie the laces as tight as they needed to be. He had no choice but to call Rodney for help once again.

"It was bad enough serving him breakfast but I have no choice if I want to get into my wedding dress," he thought.

Rodney was more than happy to help. He made sure the corset's back seams met before tying it off. A good full inch smaller than the dress required. Casey was left gasping and disappointed that the fitted bodice was a little loose around the waist.

"I need to take off my dress and these petticoats so you can loosen the corset. This dress has to fit snug around my waist so I'll have that hour glass figure I need for my wedding," he complained.

"No, you don't. I have the wedded bliss solution right here in my hand," he said holding up a small safety pin. "I'll just pin it in the back and no one will notice."

"I can hardly breath as it is. If I thought I could get out of this dress and petticoat by myself I would. At least with it pinned in the back it's no longer loose. It's only for a few hours then my husband can undo all this. It will give me something more to enjoy then," Casey thought swiping his palms up and down his sides.

"If you have everything ready, it's time to go Casey," Rodger said.

"Oh yes, I'm more than ready to get away from you," Casey thought heading out to the car.

The only thing making the house stand out from the others was a large sign, "C. Callahan, Esq. Jus-

tice of the Piece.” Like Rodney’s in an older neighborhood but very well kept up. Casey was nervous as Rodney helped him get out of the car.

“I’m actually getting married to my darling Harold today. I can’t believe my luck. I can’t believe we just met and now getting married; yet, I feel like I’ve know him forever. Guess Rodney was right about one thing, it must have been love at first site. I hope it won’t be a long ceremony, this corset is killing me,” Casey in wedded bliss mode thought entering the house.

“Casey, pull your veil over your face. Your groom shouldn’t actually see you until the ceremony but this place isn’t set up for that. Once you say your ‘I do’s’ then you can remove it,” Rodger said as they reached the door.

The front room had been converted into a waiting/reception area. Killer and Harold were waiting there as they entered. A young woman wearing skinny jeans and yellow shell blouse stood up from behind the metal office desk.

“You must be the bride. I’m Tilly and will be one of your witnesses today and the judges’ secretary. Wait here and I’ll tell him you arrived,” she said with a giggle.

As she left Harold walked up to his bride. “I know I shouldn’t be seeing you now but I just had to tell you how beautiful you are. I can’t wait to get you home,” he said grinning from ear to ear.

“Me too Harold,” Casey shyly replied. “What’s he doing here?” he asked nodding to where Killer was standing.

“Killer, well he is my best friend in the whole wide world and my best man. I know he looks like a ruffian gang banger but once you get to know him you will



love him as much as I do Casey darling,” Harold answered with a big smile.

When Harold said Casey darling, Casey came out of his wedded bliss persona. *“I met him once and he gave me the creepiest feeling. How can Harold like him? He’s like Rodney! I’ve got to see if I can stop all this and do it now,”* he thought.

“Harold we..we..ca...can do this,” Casey said. *“Crap! I tried as hard as I could to say can’t and what do I do, I say can. Damn, Rodney!”* he thought.

Before Casey could try to stop his impending marriage again, Tilly came back saying the judge would see them now.

“Judge Callahan will see you now. The groom and best man should go in first. Casey, wait until you hear the wedding march then you and your escort can come in,” she said again with a giggle.

“I can see even through that veil that Casey is aware. Didn’t expect to hear Harold call him darling. While I would thoroughly enjoy leaving him aware can’t take any chances. At least not until the ceremony is over,” he thought then said, “Wedded bliss, time to walk down the aisle.”

When the judge said, “I now pronounce you married,” Harold lifted the veil and kissed his bride. Casey almost fainted. It was a combination of the tight corset and breath stealing kiss.

“Oh my, it really must be love. I almost fainted when he kissed me and I saw stars. I’m so happy and now I’m his Suzie Homemaker,” Casey thought.

More time was spent on signing all the legal documents than the ceremony itself. They both had to sign using their legal names. Casey of course as the

bride signed a name change document to Mr. Casey Lardon-Monroe.

As the wedding party left the Judge watched them go with Tilly standing next to him. "Performing these same sex marriages bothers me. Just feel strange doing that but the law is the law. This has been the strangest of all so far. If I hadn't known better I never would have guessed that girl was a he," he said turning away from the entrance.

"Yeah boss, you see that figure, pointed boobs and weird hair style? Had me wondering too. Nobody I know has a figure like that much less wears all that makeup," Tilly agreed.

"I've seen some old photos from I think back in the 1950's. Women looked like that back then," the judge replied.

"I'm sure glad I wasn't a girl back then. It must have been horrid!" she exclaimed.

##

Killer pulled his car up to the curb in front of a small, old shotgun house in the hood. "Alright you love birds, ya home. Since this is your wedding day, I'll keep my friends away for this week. Call it my wedding gift," he said smiling.

"Casey is gonna make me a fortune. That Rodney be something else. I wonder where he finds these people but I aint complaining," he thought driving away.

Casey and Harold were standing at the threshold. "It doesn't look like much but it's ours thanks to Killer," Harold said putting the suitcases down.

"I don't care as long as we're together," Casey replied putting his arms around Harold neck and kissing him passionately.

With his arms still around Harold's neck, Casey was lifted up and carried across the threshold. Another kiss and Casey asked where their bedroom was.

"My dear Harold, where's our room? I need to get out of my gown and change into something more comfortable," Casey blushing asked.

Hearing 'dear Harold' made him blink rapidly as his mind switched out of his wedded bliss persona. "*Damn that Rodney! I'm married to Casey? Oh shit!*" he thought.

"The first door on the left my darling Casey. I'll bring in the suitcases then get us some bottles of Ripple to celebrate," he heard himself gush.

As soon as 'darling Casey' was said, Casey's eyes blinked as he became aware of the situation. "*I couldn't stop it and now I'm married. What's worse, I know what's coming and there's not a single thing I can do about it,*" he thought following Harold into the bedroom.

"Harold dear, before you go please unbutton me," he said blushing. "*I can't stop myself! I don't want this or what's coming,*" he thought in despair.

Harold went into the kitchen and tried his best to prolong the inevitable. He pulled a pack of Salem menthol 120's from the cabinet, removed one and headed out the back door.

"*Gawd! I hate these but like everything else can't stop,*" he thought lighting it.

When Harold left, Casey undressed as quickly as he could. *"I forgot to have him untie the laces on this corset. Oh well, I've had it on this long a little while longer won't make any difference. I just need to freshen up my makeup and put on that sheer white chiffon negligee. What the hell am I thinking? I want out of all this and find some pants so I can run,"* he thought going over to the small vanity.

Harold snuffed out his second cigarette and went back inside. *"I'm trying as hard as I can not to go back in there but I can't stop. I don't want to do this!"* his mind screamed as he began taking off his clothes.

Stripped down to his white nylon boxers, Harold took a bottle of Ripple from the refrigerator and grabbed two glasses. *"Stop, stop! Oh, please don't go in there,"* his mind screamed his sheathed penis bobbing grotesquely.

##

Rodney was sitting at a console in the arcade when he noticed Randy walk in. *"Ah, there's that college kid I had my eye on. I've been going back over my old text books. Thought I remembered something about psychotropic drugs and their affect on the mind. Found some on the black web and guess this is a good time to see what happens. Using those drugs should cut my programming time in half. Think I can slip some into that cup of soda he has. Got to be careful. Too many people and to public but doable,"* He thought getting up.

Randy looked up when Rodney bumped into his chair. Wrinkling his nose thought, *"It's that fat slob Rodney. I can't believe management would let him in here."*

It took about an hour before Rodney noticed Randy's chin resting on his chest, eyes staring blankly into the screen. *"Guess it's time to have a chat with Randy. I'll just suggest that he follow me out into the parking lot,"* he mused.

Randy jerked upright in his dorm room chair. *"What the heck? How'd I get back here? The last thing I remember is being at the arcade and why am I listening to this music,"* he thought removing the earbuds attached to a new i-pod.

He started to toss the earbuds onto his desk but paused, *"I don't remember buying this i-pod either. That music is weird. Probably some pre-recorded shit. Nothing like the hip-hop I listen to but for some reason compelling. Guess it won't hurt to listen to some more just to see if I like it."*

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