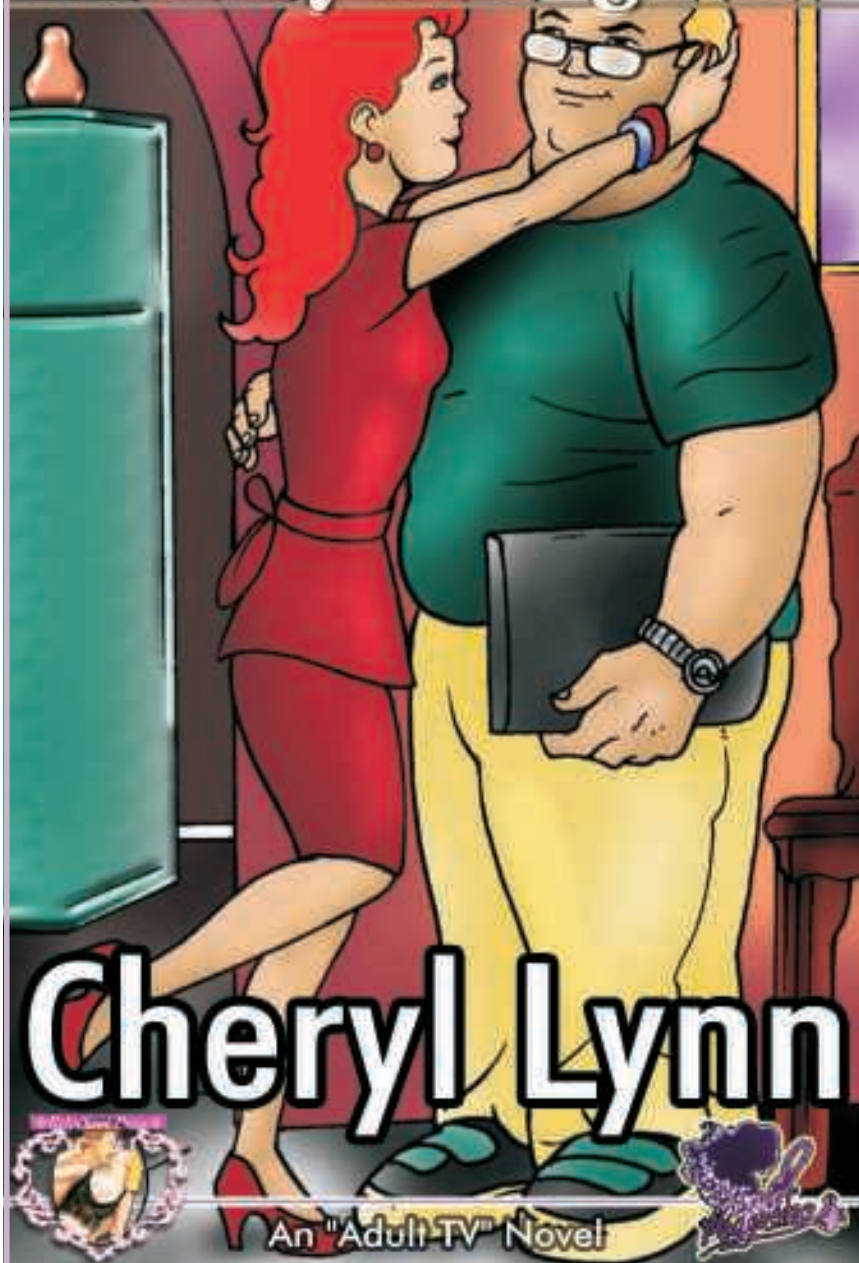


Rodney's Program



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 though 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 angerly 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.