Malfunction

by andlat

“Josh, come play with me!” Kinsey's shrill voice seemed to have no trouble getting through the door, her annoying habit of stretching his name out somehow even more grating this early in the morning. Josh groaned and…

The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

Malfunction

“Josh, come play with me!” Kinsey's shrill voice seemed to have no trouble getting through the door, her annoying habit of stretching his name out somehow even more grating this early in the morning. Josh groaned and pulled the covers over his head. “You promised!”

“Computer, make Kinsey go away.” He moaned. He had been six by the time the dorky little girl came along. Why did his parents have to have a second kid?

“I cannot do that.” The computer replied in that strange androgynous voice Josh had taken weeks to get used to. What was the point of living in an automated house if there were things it could not do? He sighed and kicked off the blankets, grateful that Kinsey did not know the passcode to his room. She could only get in if he left the door open.

“Let me get dressed.” Josh yelled through the door as he gave his butt the best good morning scratch it had had in a long time. “Twerp.” He muttered.

“I heard that!” Kinsey said, shocked.

“Go tell mom then.” He muttered as he stumbled, clad only in his briefs, to the closet. Closet was a bit of a misnomer as it did not store his clothes so much as dress him. Clost was the name the developers gave it, so that suited Josh just fine.

“Good morning!” The computer said cheerfully as he stepped

into the box. “Please have a seat.” Josh sat down and pressed his usual program on the console. Fresh underwear, jeans, t-shirt and a hoodie after a quick shower. The closet really did it all. He looked it over, just to be safe, and then hit confirm. “Just relax and we'll have you ready in a jiffy.” Josh mouthed the words along with the computer. It always ran the same script every single day. It was almost meditative in a way for the boy. Sure, it still felt a little weird having mechanical arms pull off his briefs, but it was nice in a way too.

Josh heard the whirr of the brushes for the showering program, but something was amiss. That was not the smell of Alpine body wash, it was different. Fruity almost. He opened his eyes just as nozzles sprayed a pink, foaming something all over him, from the neck down. He gasped as mechanical clamps grabbed his wrists and ankles and lifted him into the air out of the chair. This was not normal, not at all!

“Please hold still for bathing.” The computer said. Brushes came at him from all sides, vigorously scrubbing him as he squirmed and tried to fight them. “Please hold still for bathing.” The computer repeated impassively.

“Computer, stop!” To his surprise, it complied and he dangled there in the air, the brushes slowly coming to a stop all over his body. “Computer, what program is this?”

“Josh morning routine.”

“What are the steps of Josh's morning routine?”

“Shower with Alpine body wash. Briefs - size 14/16 boys -

white. T-shirt - size 14/16 boys - various. Jeans - size 14/16 boys”

“Enough computer. Is this Alpine you're using on me?”

“Affirmative.”

“Cancel program.”

“Cannot cancel program in process. You may cancel after step one is complete.” Josh sighed. He had been afraid of that.

“Alright, computer. Complete step one and then cancel program.”

“Cannot schedule cancel. Cancel must be verbally confirmed after step one is complete.” Josh growled.

“Fine. Resume program.” He winced as the brushes immediately started up again, vigorously scrubbing his skin with the strawberry scented pink body wash. They seemed to get every nook and cranny, barely more gentle on his privates than anywhere else.

It felt like a small eternity before they set him back down in the chair, his skin now lightly pink from the energetic scrubbing. He stared at his body and saw that it was now completely hairless from the neck down. He had never had much body hair, but there was none now. He suddenly snapped into action when he heard the arms moving again.

“Computer, cancel program.”

”Error. Cannot cancel with step two in progress. You may”

“And what is step two?”

“Briefs, size 14/16 boys - white.” Even as it said that, Josh could see a pair of pink panties, festooned with white lace, coming toward him.

“Computer, stop.”

“Cannot stop program in progress.” The computer impassively replied as it pulled the panties up Josh's legs. Josh glared down at the panties, unsure how it was possible that they fit him perfectly. The house did not have couture settings or whatever they were called. He had heard his parents talking about it.

“Computer, cancel program.” He siad as soon as the arms retracted. He groaned as the computer immediately responded.

“Error. Cannot cancel with step three in progress. You may” once again, he cut it off.

“And what is step three?”

“T-shirt, boys 14/16”

“That is not a t-shirt!” He exclaimed, staring with horror at the dress coming down from the ceiling. Like the panties, it was pink with white lace, looking oddly familiar to Josh as it descended with him as its clear destination. He tried to fight, but the machine's many, many arms held him in place as it pulled the dress over his head, threading his arms through it and lacing up the bodice. Once again, it fit him perfectly.

The machine lifted him out of the chair, arranging the voluminous skirt around him. He could not see his feet, try as he might, with the skirt erupting out in every direction. He felt a breeze on his bottom and he realized just how short the dress was. He sighed.

“Computer, cancel program.” He said with a resigned air. He knew his only hope was to ride out this humiliating malfunction.

“Error. Cannot cancel with step four in progress. You may cancel at the completion of a step, but before the commencement of the next.”

“Yeah.” He said, feeling the machine lift him into the air so a pair of lacey white socks could be put on his feet and ankles, followed by a pair of pink high heels. How was he going to be able to walk? “Are we done now?” He asked, feeling downright sissyish as the machine slipped long white gloves over his arms.

“Ah, ah, ah! You're not pretty yet!” The computer said in a tone that made Josh expect it to be waggling a cartoony white gloved finger in his face.

“I don't want to be pretty!” He protested, too startled to even notice how different its mannerisms were now. The computer tutted.

“Every little girl longs to be a pretty, pretty princess.” It retorted.

“I'm not a little girl!” He gasped as the machine brought a

mirror in front of his face, as if it wanted him to watch the next step closely. He watched, still in the clutches of the arms, as nozzles came down and sprayed his hair, turning it from brown to bubble gum pink. Hair extensions were added, turning his boys' haircut into a cascade of pink curls that fell below his shoulders. "Holy fuck, I'm" what was her name? Kinsey's favorite character from that obnoxious show… he could not remember her name, but he was dressed just like her! The machine set a sparkly tiara on his head and then a hand grabbed his face as eyeshadow, blush, and pink lipstick were added to his face in rapid succession.

As tears welled up in his eyes, the machine finally came to a halt with its cheery 'have a great day' and the door opened. Josh panicked and ran out, wobbling on his unfamiliar high heels. He stood there in his room for a moment, feeling completely out of place in his boy bedroom dressed as he was. What was he going to do? He had to figure out something.

"Parental override dad B2." The computer announced. The door slid open and Josh came face to face with his father and Kinsey.

"Princess Tutu!" Kinsey exclaimed excitedly, the six year old running over to hug him. The Princess Tutu on her shirt was an eerie spitting image of her brother before her. His dad stared at him, a mix of surprise and amusement on his face.

"You didn't have to go quite so far to play with Kinsey." He said with a chuckle.

“No, dad, it mal” He could not make himself heard over Kinsey's excited squeals.

“Well, you agreed to take Kinsey to the park, so” he looked Josh up and down. “You better hope you get used to heels soon! I don't think she's going to let you change!”