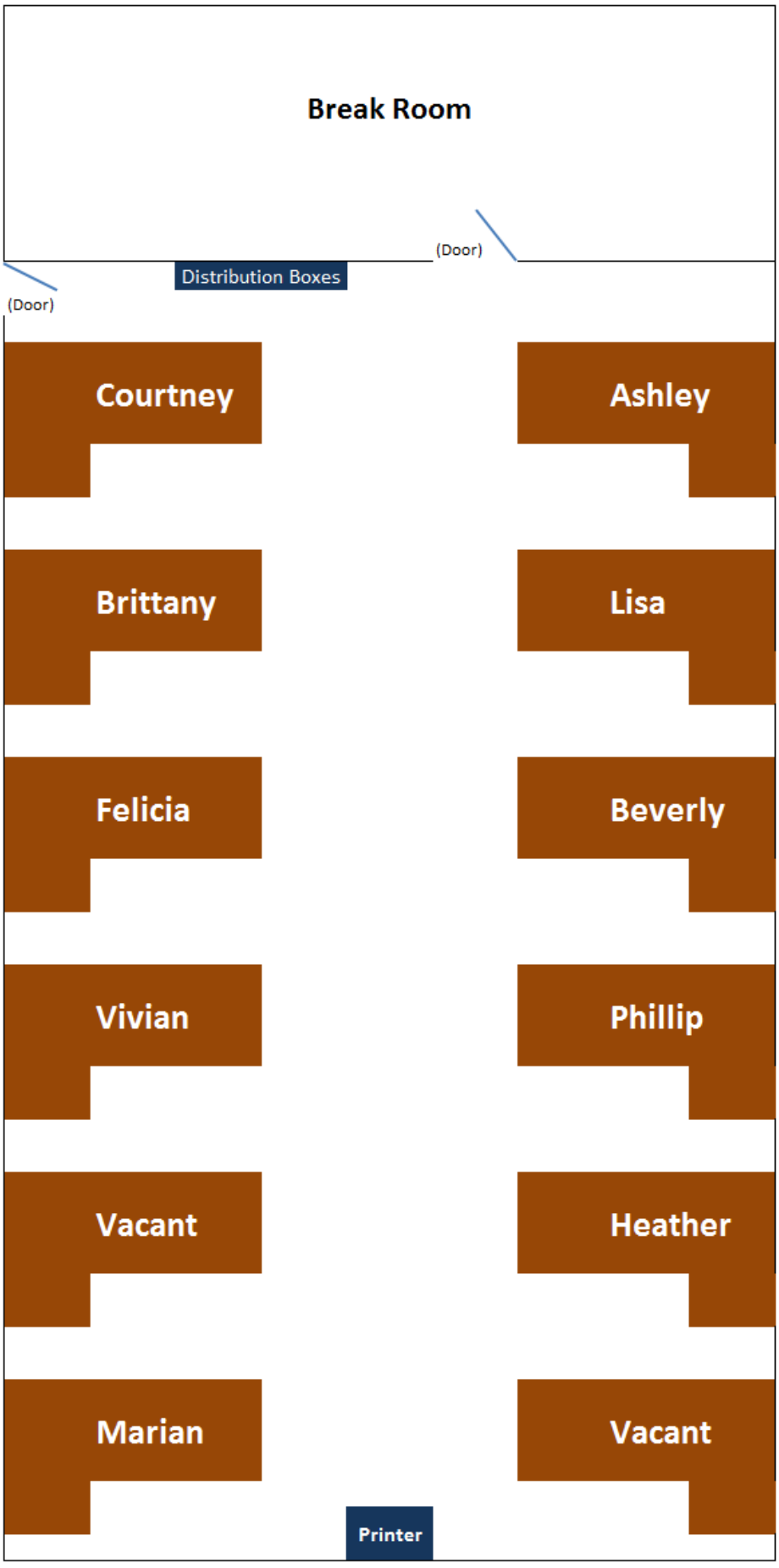
Hypnotized and Humiliated.

by

Karen Singer.

Office Map


Break Room
(Door)
Distribution Boxes
(Door)
Courtney
Ashley
Brittany
Lisa
Felicia
Beverly
Vivian
Phillip
Vacant
Heather
Marian
Vacant
Printer

Chapter 01.

1 Month Earlier

At exactly eleven o'clock Friday morning, Gwen's desk phone rang. "Hello?"

"Hey Gwen. It's Samantha in Human Resources. Please send Maria up here right away."

"Okay. I'll tell her," Gwen agreed.

"Maria!" she said to the woman at the desk right in front of hers. "HR wants you up there right away," she said with a smile. It was Gwen's last day at work. Maria had been in the department the longest and Gwen figured that she was one of the candidates to take over her job as supervisor… although personally she would have picked either Terry or Leanne over Maria any day!

She watched as Maria got up from her seat. There was a gleam of hopeful anticipation in her eyes. She stopped briefly at one of the desks further up as Felicia grabbed her arm and looked excitedly up at her for a moment. The two Latin women in her tiny department had always been good friends.

An hour later, Gwen was a little disappointed to see that Maria hadn't returned yet. They were all leaving for a special luncheon. Since it was Gwen's last day with the company, all the girls were buying her lunch. It was their way of having a small send–off party before she and her husband moved to Hawaii where he had taken a new job. She couldn't wait!

Gwen was disappointed that Maria didn't make it to her luncheon. But what none of them had expected was that when they got back to the office, Maria's desk had been completely cleared off. Only the computer remained and that had been turned off. Everything else was gone!

Gwen immediately called up to Human Resources to find out what was going on. She listened carefully, her face immediately showing her surprise. "Why?" she asked. She listened then replied sadly. "I understand. Thanks." She hung up the phone in a daze and looked up to see every woman in the office staring at her. "Maria has been fired," she told them.

"Why?" the surprised women all wanted to know.

Gwen shook her head. "They won't say anything," she told them. "It's company policy not to divulge information like that." She took a deep sad breath. It was a disappointing way to have to leave the company.

At a little after four o'clock that afternoon, Gwen's phone rang again. "Hello?"

“Hi Gwen, it’s Samantha in Human Resources again. Can you send Terry and Leanne up please?”

“Sure,” Gwen replied, although with a hint of nervousness after her last call from HR.

“Terry… Leanne… Human Resources wants you up there now.” She forced herself to smile as she said, “Either of you would be my first choices for this job.” She watched as the two women walked out.

Five o’clock came. Quitting time. But Terry and Leanne hadn’t returned yet. Gwen was tempted to turn their computers off for them, but she left them on. She spent a good ten minutes hugging everyone and saying goodbye all over again. And then she left for home… and Hawaii!

On Monday morning, the women all came to work and found both Leanne’s desk and Terry’s desk cleaned out just as Maria’s had been. Now they were gone as well!

Loretta, the section manager hurried into the room. She spotted Vivian and headed straight for her. “Since Gwen isn’t here anymore and you’ve been here the longest, you’re going to have to hand out the work assignments to everyone until they decide who’s going to fill Gwen’s position. Can you handle that?”

Vivian’s eyes lit up with delight. “Of course I can!” she replied eagerly.

“Good!” Loretta replied. “I’ll have everything forwarded to you then. HR is sending someone else down right away to help out since you’re so understaffed now. I gotta’ run. Call if you need me.” As fast as she had come in, Loretta hurried out again.

Vivian knew she had been in the department the longest now. With Maria gone, the supervisor’s job should go to her! She just had to wait for Human Resources to rubber stamp it.

One Month Later

"Look at him out there!" Vivian said to the five other women at the morning break table.

"Who?" Marian asked.

"I said him," Vivian replied. "There's only one him out there! Phillip!"

Marin looked through the large glass window back at the desks in the main office beyond. There was only one man out there. The only man assigned to her office. It had been two weeks now since she had started with the company… as supervisor of this particular little department. She was still trying to catch up on everything and everyone. "What's wrong with him?" she asked. "All I've seen since I've been here is how nice he is to everyone. And I can tell you for a fact that he works awfully hard."

"Huh!" Beverly grunted. "Yeah, he is nice and polite, and I know he works hard."

"So what's your problem with him?" Marian asked.

"He could be a little friendlier during the day," Courtney replied. "He hardly says a word when we're discussing something out there."

"So he's quiet," Marian replied. "He's working! Besides, what men do you know who like to discuss the kind of things that women do?" She looked around the table and saw nothing but blank stares. Stares that told her that the women in front of her just didn't like the guy. And as far as she could see, he was the perfect worker. Polite, good at his job, never a problem. Except that now it seemed that nobody liked him! She knew that other than herself, he was the newest member of the department, but that was no reason for the others not to like the guy. Heck he was even fairly good looking! If she was twenty years younger, she'd probably be throwing herself all over him.

"It's just that…" Brittany began.

"It's the way he got the job," Felecia replied. "They fired Maria, Terry, and Leanne. Then they moved him down here from upstairs!"

Vivian's vehemence was almost palpable. "All three of them got fired because of him!"

Marian was shocked. "What did he do?"

"We don't know," Brittany replied. "They won't tell us anything."

"So how do you know they got fired because of him?"

Courtney rolled her eyes. “We all know it!”

“The jerk!” Beverly hissed softly. “Both Terry and Leanne had two young kids. They needed this job!”

“And Maria had been with the company for over twelve years!” Felicia added.

Marian sipped her coffee and watched the man working in the office beyond. Evidently, he was going to bear more watching than she realized.

When break time ended, they all filed out of the little room. Marian stayed behind to start making another pot of coffee for the next group that would occupy the little room, the four others who had stayed out in the office to keep things running while the first group took a break.

To Marian, the little break room looked like it should have been an inner office instead of the use it had been given. But somewhere in the past a small counter with a sink and even a tiny refrigerator had been added along with a table and chairs. Marian had been told there were a number of offices like it in this part of the building. Since the room was so handy and breaks were only fifteen minutes long, it made the perfect place to relax and talk for a few minutes without traipsing to the main break area in a distant part of the building.

It didn’t take long before Heather, Lisa, and Ashley entered. Phillip was still at his desk working, as she had seen him do countless times now. He hardly ever took a break. Maybe because there were no men around for him to talk to.

Instead of going back to her desk when the coffee was ready, she waited until the others had gotten some, then she poured herself another cup. She wanted to ask these girls about Phillip and what they might know about the women who had been fired, but before she had a chance to ask, Phillip walked into the room. She watched as he smiled politely at everyone before he fixed himself a cup of coffee. Then without a single word, he took a small sip of the hot liquid and carried it back out to his desk… as he usually did.

“What do you think of Phillip?” Marian asked the three women, interrupting the conversation they were just starting. She was startled to see the looks of discontent on all their faces.

“He shouldn’t be here!” Ashley declared somewhat angrily.

“Why is that?” Marian asked.

“Don’t ask!” Lisa replied.

"Why?" Marian asked. "He's been nothing but nice since I got here."

"He got three of us fired!" Heather declared.

"How did he do that?" Marian asked. She saw nothing but blank looks from the others.

"He did it!" Lisa finally replied. "And everyone knows it! He wanted the job down here and now he's got it."

Marian wasn't too sure of any of the facts here. But it seemed that every woman in her little department shared the same opinion about the one and only male. Not one of them wanted him around. Thinking that Phillip needed more looking into, she carried what was left of her coffee back to her desk, passing Phillip's desk along the way. What did he do? And for that matter, what did the other women do to get themselves fired? And how could Phillip have had anything to do with that?

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There were five women instead of six at the afternoon break table. And not quite the same first group of women as had been there in the morning. The women didn't have a "set" break schedule, Marian just took it that they liked to switch things around a bit so they could talk to someone else once in a while. Not that they needed to. The work got done in her little office, but the chatter was more often than not, non–stop. She didn't really care as long as the job got done. And office relations seemed to be very good… other than what she now knew about Phillip. He had suddenly become her one big sore spot.

She hadn't had time yet to check on anything about him during the day. She had been far too busy. But it was on her mental list of things to do. She poured her coffee and sat down at the table, already tuning into the conversation they were having. The women had been talking about jobs they had each "endured" in the past. One by one, she learned something about each of the four women already at the table. And then the rotation turned to her, the final woman there.

"How about you?" Heather asked. "What jobs did you have before you came here? Anything really odd ball?"

Marian rolled her eyes. "Odd ball?" It took very little thinking to come up with the one big "odd–ball" job that she'd had – and still had once in a while. She set her coffee cup on the table. "I know you won't believe this," she said, "but I used to make my living as a stage hypnotist. I still do charity shows once in a while." The looks of disbelief were exactly what she had expected.

"Really?" Brittany asked, completely surprised by what Marian had said.

Marian nodded her head. “I did,” she replied.

“So… you like… hypnotized people and made them do all sorts of stupid stuff?” Ashley asked.

Marian smiled. “I’m afraid so.”

“Like what?” Vivian asked.

“Oh… nothing that bad. Usually it was just the same old things for each show.”

“Like what?” Vivian asked again.

“Oh… like making someone act like a chicken, or a dog. Some I made sit there and suck there thumb and talk like a baby. Others I made perform like ballet dancers or jump around the stage and do all kinds of silly things. Some I made forget things like their name or numbers or letters. There are a bunch of things I’ve done in my shows.”

“Geez!” Heather replied, totally awed.

“So why are you working here now?” Ashley asked.

Marian smiled. “It pays a whole lot better! And it’s a paycheck I can always count on. I never knew when I was going to have another show and the amount I got paid depended on how many people I had in the audience. This is a lot better, a lot easier, and a lot less stress!”

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The conversation about Marian’s stage show carried itself back out to the office, and seemed to take on a life of its own as it was discussed among all the women for most of the remainder of the afternoon. Marian stayed out of it as much as she could and just let the women talk. She couldn’t help but to look up though when she heard Phillip suddenly make a remark about the subject. He sometimes would add something to the conversations, but it was mostly rare.

“You can’t hypnotize someone and make them do something they don’t want to,” he declared as if he was an expert on the subject.

“You’re telling me that the people in those shows wanted to act like a chicken on stage in front of a bunch of people?” Brittany asked.

“All I’m saying,” Phillip replied, “is that somewhere inside of them, they didn’t really mind it.”

“So what’s the truth, Marian?” Courtney asked loudly, so that Marian could hear her at her desk in the back of the room. “Can people be hypnotized to do something they don’t want to do?”

Marian took a deep breath before replying. “Well, mostly, that is true,” she replied. “Like you can’t make someone kill someone if it’s against the things they believe in.”

“But how about all the things you made people do?” Beverly asked. “Wouldn’t most people be just as much against the humiliating things like that?”

Marian nodded, but only slightly. “Yes, mostly they would. But in cases like that, they almost always still did whatever I told them to do. If I had someone hypnotized and told him he was suddenly a dog, then he believed he was a dog and acted that way. He was no longer burdened with the concept of it being humiliating and funny to everyone in the audience.” She looked around at her workers. She could see them all trying to come to grips with that concept. She saw Phillip roll his eyes and go back to work at his computer.

The office conversation was lighter after that. But it was almost time to go home anyway.

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The following morning, the subject of hypnotism came up again at the morning break table. “So were you really good at it?” Beverly asked Marian.

Marian nodded. “I like to think so. I did it for a pretty long time.”

“What I want to know,” Courtney asked, “is how you can hypnotize someone so fast? I mean, I saw a guy do it on stage once, and it seemed to take no time at all.”

“You just get to be good at it after a while,” Marian replied. “Experience helps a lot. But those people on stage are really only in a very light trance, they’re not usually all that deep so it doesn’t take as long.”

“So…” Felicia started, “could you hypnotize someone here?”

“Yeah!” Beverly agreed. “Do it so we can see.”

Marian shook her head. “No, it wouldn’t be a good idea. Besides, I don’t think any of you would want to be laughed at by the others if I made you do something like I usually did.”

"Hypnotize him!" Vivian said, pointing at Phillip out in the office.

"Yeah!" both Beverly and Courtney agreed at the same time.

"It would serve him right, the little shit!" Vivian added.

Marian was again faced with the hostility that the women all held against Phillip. Should she do it to him? She knew without a doubt that she could. But it was still wrong. "No!" she finally declared.

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As she often did, she made a second pot of coffee as the occupants of the break room changed.

"Beverly said they wanted you to hypnotize Phillip," Heather said as she came into the room and saw Marian still there. "But you won't do it."

Ashly laughed. "Oh God, I'd love to see that! I'd love to see you make him do something funny!"

"Me too!" Lisa agreed. "You should do it!"

"No," Marian said with a shake of her head. "It wouldn't be right."

"Was it right for him to have the other girls fired like he did?" Beverly asked.

"You should do it!" Ashley urged.

"Yeah, he deserves it!" Lisa agreed.

Marian looked at the three women. They all not only wanted to see her in action, they desperately wanted to get back at Phillip for whatever role he had in the dismissal of the other women.

"Besides," Ashley added, "remember what he said yesterday… that you can't make someone do something they wouldn't want to?"

"You should make him do something really humiliating!" Heather agreed.

Marian was shaking her head when Phillip walked into the room to get his usual cup of coffee… that he would inevitably carry back out to his desk. She watched as he filled the cup,

and she watched as he carried it out again. The entire time he had been in the little room, nobody had said a single word, but everyone had watched him intently.

“You should have done it,” Lisa declared the moment he was gone.

“Yeah,” Heather agreed.

Marian shook her head again. “But…” But she saw all the intent looks on the women’s faces in front of her. She shook her head again… and rolled her eyes. “Oh all right!” she finally said as she caved in to their wishes. “Stay here.”

She left the break room and headed straight for Phillip’s desk. “Phillip,” she said as she got close to get his attention. She saw him swivel around in his chair to face her.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Um… do me a favor, okay?”

“Sure.”

“Stand up a minute.”

Uncertain as to why, Phillip stood. “What’s the problem?” he asked.

“I want you to look at this mole on my forehead for me,” she said. “Look closely at it, please.”

Phillip was very surprised by the request, but he looked at the small spot just above her left eye. “What’s the problem?” he asked.

“Just keep staring at it closely,” she said. “Just concentrate on that spot please.”

The girls in the break room all came out the door, but stood back silently to watch. Every other woman in the room was just as silent… every last one of them watching what was going on between Marian and Phillip.

None of the women could hear very well what Marian was saying to him since she was talking to him so softly. But they all watched, completely enraptured, as Phillip seemed to continue to stare at Marian’s head. They all saw Marian slowly raise her right arm, and then touch her index finger to Phillip’s forehead. And they all watched as he immediately fell backwards into his chair… sound asleep.

“She did it!” Vivian whispered.

One by one, the women gathered closely around Marian and the sleeping man in front of her.

“Make him act like a chicken!” Heather said.

But Marian shook her head. “No. I think that instead we’ll do something more subtle with him.”

Marian turned her attention back to Phillip. “Phillip,” she said, “you are now starting to feel a bit anxious over something. That anxiousness is starting to grow so that you’re now feeling very uncomfortable because of it.” Even with his eyes closed, she could see the worry and stress starting to cross his face. “Phillip,” she said, “there’s a way to relieve all that stress and worry and feel much more relaxed and comfortable.” She paused for a moment to let those words sink in. “Would you like to feel better?” she asked. “Would you like all that stress and anxiousness to go away?”

All the women watched as he nodded his head and said, “Yes.”

“Good, Phillip,” Marian replied. “I want you to think back to the time when you were a baby. Back then, whenever you felt stressed, you sucked your thumb. That always made you feel better. I want you to think of yourself as a baby right now. You’re a baby and you feel stressed and worried, so put your thumb in your mouth now and suck on it. You will immediately notice that all your worry and stress will magically go away.”

The women all watched as he quickly brought his thumb up to his mouth and started sucking on it. The moment he did, his face seemed to take on a look of relief.

Marian paused and looked at all the women around her. “How’s that?” she asked. Her reply was in the form of both laughter and applause. And through it all, Phillip just sat there with his eyes still closed, sucking his thumb… as if nobody else was around.

“Can you make him do it all day?” Vivian asked.

Marian leveled a rather wicked smile at her before turning back to Phillip. “Phillip,” she said. “You feel calm and relaxed now that you’re sucking your thumb. Calm and relaxed. You’re feeling so relaxed, more and more relaxed. More and more relaxed.” Slowly, she took his trance to a deeper level while Phillip sucked steadily on his thumb.

“Phillip,” she finally said when she was ready, “whenever you hear me say to you, ‘Phillip likes to suck his thumb,’ you will immediately drop into a deep trance just like you are now, and you will start sucking your thumb. Sucking on your thumb will relax you more and more and will help you go into a deeper and deeper trance.”

The only reason she had set this trigger in him, was because all the women wanted to see him continuing to suck his thumb like a child. The trigger was going to be needed later to make him stop doing it.

Once the trigger was set, she continued. "Phillip," she said, "in a few moments I am going to count down from five to one. When I get to one, you will awaken completely, but you will not remember being hypnotized at all. You will have absolutely no memory of being hypnotized. When you wake up, you will feel perfectly fine and happy. You won't even need to suck your thumb. But as time goes on, you are going to start feeling more and more anxious and worried about something. And when you do, you will have more and more difficulty keeping your thumb out of your mouth. Something inside of you will know that sucking on your thumb will be the one and only thing that can relieve your stress, so you will put your thumb into your mouth and suck on it like the child you once were.

"At first it will feel perfectly natural to you," she told him. "In fact, when you start to feel a little anxious, your thumb may go naturally into your mouth by itself for you to suck on and you won't even notice. You may not even notice that you're doing it. But that naturalness will start to wear off eventually as you realize how wrong what you are doing will be. But the minute you take your thumb out of your mouth again, all that stress and anxiousness will come piling back at you, far worse than before. And as before, sucking your thumb will be the only relief you will have against feeling so anxious. The harder you suck your thumb, the better it will be," she told him. "As long as you suck your thumb like that, you will have no worries at all. But remember, the minute you take it out of your mouth, all that stress and worry will come right back again – worse than before. Every time."

She paused to look around at the women behind her. "Maybe you all better get back to your desks now and do some work!" She was glad to see the women get the hint as every last one of them disappeared to their desks. But not one of them started doing any work because none of them stopped watching her.

She turned her attention back to Phillip. "I'm going to start bringing you out of your trance now by counting down now from five to one. Remember, when I get to one you will feel perfectly fine and happy, and you will remember absolutely nothing about ever being hypnotized." She paused again, then said, "Five!" There was a long pause before she said, "Four!" Again the slow pause. "Three! Turn and face your computer now so that you can start working when you wake up. Two! … One!" And with that, she walked away and back to her own desk as Phillip opened his eyes and immediately started working again.

Since her desk was at the very back of the room and across the aisle from Phillip's desk, Marian had a good view of Phillip's back and she could mostly see what was going on with him. Unfortunately, she also had a perfect view of most of the other women in the room, who were paying all too much attention to Phillip, and none at all to the jobs they were each

supposed to be doing. Not wanting to alert Phillip to anything going on, she sent all the women an email threatening to immediately remove the hypnotic suggestions she had given to Phillip if they didn't get busy! She was pleased to see that they each got the message. Mostly. She couldn't help but notice that they all kept turning to watch Phillip a lot more often than they should. Well, she really couldn't blame them. She was watching him closely herself.

It wasn't until nearly fifteen minutes later that Marian suddenly noticed that Phillip was sitting reading something on his computer, and by the position of his arm, she suspected that his thumb was in his mouth. As far as she could tell, he didn't appear to even notice it. But she saw him suddenly jerk his head and pull his thumb away from his mouth and look at it. With a shake of his head, he went back to whatever he was reading. And a minute later, she saw his thumb magically find its way back into his mouth again… only to have him jerk it out again a few minutes later and look at in in wonder like he did before. She nearly laughed out loud. His little torment was only beginning. And the funny part was, it would be his own mind that now drove him to suck his thumb.

Phillip tried to go back to the article he was reading, but his mind was now more occupied by his stupid thumb. How had it gotten into his mouth? Why had he put it into his mouth? Talk about dumb! He just hoped none of the others in the room had noticed. More determined than ever, he forced himself to pay more attention to the details in the article he needed to read… and two minutes later, he realized his thumb was back in his mouth again. What the hell? And to make matters worse, he heard Courtney chuckling. When he turned his head to look at her, he saw her laughing at him. Just great! With his face turning red from embarrassment, he looked away to start reading again. He made a fist with his hand and stuck it under his other hand to make sure his thumb wouldn't somehow wind up back in his mouth again.

But now that he knew he was having a problem with his thumb, he started worrying about it more and more. Why was he doing it? Would he suddenly find himself doing it again? The worry increased and intensified. It seemed to pile up more and more. He couldn't stand it. The need to suck his thumb to relieve the stress was getting worse and worse. The stress was practically killing him. Why? With an almost superhuman effort, he forced the thoughts away and managed to get back to the article he needed to pay close attention to. And five minutes later, he realized that he was feeling perfectly fine and totally relaxed. And he also realized that his stupid thumb was back in his mouth again. Shocked, he immediately pulled it out… and heard some slight laughter from not just Courtney, but Vivian and Brittany too. Damn! And again he felt his face turning red with embarrassment.

But the minute he had pulled his thumb out of his mouth, he felt the worry and anxiousness building up in him again. And that anxiousness seemed to grow worse and worse by the second. It was becoming unbearable. And he remembered that just a few minutes ago he had felt no stress at all – while he was sucking his thumb. He needed to suck his thumb! It was all

his tortured brain could think about! Turning his back so that the others wouldn't be able to see him as well, he brought his thumb up to his mouth. It seemed to magically be drawn straight inside as he started sucking on it. And just that fast, all his stress and worry melted away and he was filled with a feeling of calm, relaxed, bliss. Ahhh!

But he couldn't sit there all day with his thumb in his mouth like that. Now that he was feeling better, he removed his thumb and went back to work. Only to find the anxiousness and stress immediately piling up in him again – almost worse than before. In moments it got so bad he couldn't continue reading. He was forced to turn toward the wall again and put his thumb back into his mouth… and just like before, all the stress melted away immediately. Relief! What the heck was going on?

He decided a trip to the men's room might be in order. Maybe if he washed his face it would clear up whatever was happening with him. Now that he felt calm and relaxed again, he took his thumb out of his mouth and got up from his seat and quickly left the room. But the anxiousness was almost more than he could bear by the time he reached the door. The minute he was out in the hallway, he had to put his thumb back in his mouth again. As he walked, he desperately searched for signs of anyone else around. Fortunately, he was the only one in the hallway just then as he moved faster than ever toward the men's room.

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"Did you see?" Courtney squealed the moment he was gone. "Did you see him? He couldn't keep his thumb out of his mouth!"

Marian smiled as she listened to all the women discussing what they had seen. Every last one of them was overly excited about it… maybe too excited. She herself had been rather fascinated watching Phillip come to grips with his new little problem. She began to wonder what he would do when he came back. Things weren't going to get any easier on him, that was for sure! How was he going to handle it?

"Ladies!" she called out into the room to get their attention. "I suggest you get back to work now. Besides, you wouldn't want Phillip to hear you talking about him like that when he comes back!"

Fortunately, they appeared to get the message. Mostly. There was still more than a few constant whispers passed back and forth.

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Phillip turned a corner on his way to the men's room and saw two guys in the distance heading toward him. He quickly coughed and pulled his hand away from his mouth as if he had only had it there to cover his cough. He finally passed the men, but by that time he was

going nearly crazy with anxiousness again. His thumb went right back into his mouth the moment his back was to them. He finally turned into the men's room… and was very happy to see that it was deserted. It was all he could do to remove his hand from his mouth long enough to help unzip his fly so he could pee, but the whole time he stood there, his thumb was again in his mouth… and he desperately needed it there.

When he was finished, he went to the sinks and turned the water on. He washed his face with cold water over and over again. But that did nothing to dispel the anxiousness and worry he felt now that his thumb was no longer in his mouth. As far as he could tell, the only thing that helped was to suck on his thumb. Once again the desperate anxiousness took hold of him, and his only relief was to put his thumb back into his mouth and suck on it as he left the men's room to head back up the hallways to his department. This time he saw two women walking together in the hall. He removed his thumb again, but all he could think about was getting past them so he could get it back into his mouth again.

Finally, he came back to the door to his department. He paused for a moment outside, just sucking his thumb to calm down a bit more before he could find the willpower to remove it. Quickly he pulled his hand away from his mouth and hurried in and to his desk. It looked like every woman in the room was watching him… and were some of them laughing? He tried to go back to work again but the anxiousness was driving him mad. Like it or not, he was forced to bring his thumb back up to his mouth and suck on it. He heard feminine chuckling again, but he couldn't bear to look. Instead, he turned his attention to his computer screen where he was finally able to concentrate again – as long as he kept his stupid thumb in his mouth.

He finally finished his reading – and well enough to understand it. But now that he was done with that task, he started to wonder about his thumb again. He removed it from his mouth… and immediately felt the anxiousness rushing back into him again. His thumb went right back in and he began sucking on it again. But this time, he wondered about something else. He seemed to be sucking on the damn thing awfully hard all the time and his mouth was getting very tired and sore. Could he just keep his thumb in his mouth and not suck on it? He tried. He stopped sucking and even opened his lips slightly. But he could already tell from the moment that he had stopped sucking that the anxiousness was returning again. Damn! He closed his lips and went back to sucking on it again… and immediately felt the blessed relief of no more stress. What was going on? What the heck was he going to do?

With his thumb still firmly being sucked on, he chanced glancing around the room. He saw more than a few of the women watching him intently. And two of them started laughing. Not able to look at them anymore, he tried to face as much into the wall as possible. To get his mind off of his problem, he went back to work. It helped, but not much. He was now faced with a new problem. In order to type properly, he had to pull his thumb out of his mouth to do it. In the end, he wound up removing it from his mouth for a few moments while he typed, then he was almost compelled to put to put it back into his mouth again to

get some relief. Over and over and over again. Eventually, he just gave up and began typing with only one hand. Ugh! What the heck was going on?

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Lunchtime came and Marian sat and watched as all the ladies got up from their desks the instant the clock told them it was time. Most of them had stopped working five minutes earlier.

Vivian couldn't help herself. She sat directly across the aisle from Phillip. She stopped at his desk. "That thumb must really taste good," she teased laughingly. "Are you eating that for lunch today?" Laughing almost hysterically, she hurried for the door and the other women who were laughing just as much.

"Coming Marian?" Ashley asked from the doorway.

"I'll be there in a minute," she said as she picked up a folder from her desk. "Save me a seat." But the folder hadn't been why she was delaying. She stayed a minute longer to see what Phillip would do. He was staring back at her – with a very confused and worried look on his face… and his thumb firmly in his mouth as if it was stuck there and he couldn't remove it. Which was most likely somewhat true.

"Need something Phillip?" she asked, doing her best to not mention his thumb… although even she wanted to laugh at the poor guy. She totally expected him to mention the problem he was having with his thumb, but instead, he just sat there and shook his head – all with his thumb still in his mouth. Raising her eyebrows at that, she grabbed her purse and got up. "Enjoy your lunch," she said as she walked past him and out of the room. But she couldn't help it, she was laughing to herself as she nearly ran through the hallways to catch up with the other girls.

Phillip breathed a sigh of relief. Everyone had seen him sucking his thumb. Everyone! And he still didn't know what he was going to do about it. He couldn't seem to help himself. The minute he pulled his thumb out of his mouth he went crazy with anxiousness and stress!

It was lunchtime. Normally at lunchtime, he would go out to one of the local restaurants where some of the guys in the company often went to eat. He had been transferred into this department from where he used to work not that long ago so he knew a lot of those guys. He actually looked forward to their company everyday – just as a change from all the constant feminine chatter that went on around him. But today, there was no way he could go anywhere if he couldn't take his damn thumb out of his mouth. What was he going to do? And worse, he was getting hungry.

His eyes fell on the window at the front of the room that led to their tiny break room. There was a basket in there that they kept filled with chips and things… and a coffee can that held the money they were supposed to pay every time they took something. It was his one and only choice. Getting up from his desk, he went into the break room. He had to switch thumbs in his mouth, something he hadn't thought of doing before, so he could get his wallet out of his pocket. But then to get the money out, he needed both hands. It was all he could do to pull a dollar bill out and throw it into the can before he nearly went mad with the anxiousness again. Maybe he needed a doctor! With his thumb now firmly back in his mouth, he grabbed a couple of bags of chips and a soda out of the tiny refrigerator.

He was very glad that the women were all gone as he sat at the table to eat. But eating meant that he had to stop sucking his thumb long enough to actually put something into his mouth… other than his stupid thumb. Lunch was horrible! He'd pull his thumb away, and stick some chips into his mouth or take a quick swig of the soda before he had to shove his thumb back into his mouth again – where he all too often felt the remnants of the chips still in his mouth before he swallowed them. By the time he finished the chips and carried what was left of his drink back to his desk, he actually felt hungrier than before he ate anything. Yeah, without a doubt – he needed a doctor now. A good one!

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At the lunch table, the girls usually went from one topic to another, but not this time. This time the only thing any of them talked about was Phillip… and his thumb of course. And Marian was surprised to realize that every one of the ladies there was looking at her as something of a hero. It was a very strange position to be in, considering what she had done – something that she knew she absolutely shouldn't have done! But she couldn't help it, feeling like a hero to all of them made her feel… somewhat good.

But still, worried somewhat about her victim, she left the table early to hurry back to the office. She didn't know where Phillip went for lunch every day, but she did know that he always went out somewhere. When she got back to the office though, she wasn't surprised to see him at his desk, his thumb still in his mouth as he stared at his computer screen where he was playing solitaire and looking totally miserable. She saw him glance at her as she walked past him to her desk. She set her purse down and went back to him. The poor guy was forced to look up at him… with his thumb still in his mouth of course. He had a very pleading look on his face. She couldn't blame him. "Did you get some lunch today?" she asked.

Phillip felt nothing but totally embarrassed as Marian stood over him. At least she wasn't laughing at him. He shook his head with his thumb still in his mouth before he finally managed to pull it out long enough to say, "Not really. I had a few chips from the break room, but that's all. I'm sorry," he pleaded as tears seemed to fill his eyes and the desperation to put his thumb back into his mouth again grew heavier and heavier, "I don't know what's wrong

with me. If I take my thumb out of my mouth, it's like I go totally crazy. I can't help it, I'm sorry." With that, his thumb immediately found its way back into his mouth and he breathed a sigh of relief as the anxiousness again drained out of him.

Marian felt for the poor guy. He was hungry and hurting because of her. "Wait a minute," she said as she quickly hurried to her desk. She picked up her phone and called the first person she could find on her list of department employees – Ashley. "Ash!" she said quickly. "I need you to do something for me before you come back to work."

"I'm already back," Ashly replied. "We're just downstairs waiting for the elevator now."

"I need you to go out and get a sandwich for Phillip before you come up. Don't worry, I know you're going to be late – this time you're running an errand for me. But poor Phillip wasn't even able to eat today. Get him something good for lunch. I'll pay you when you get here."

Ashley was laughing when she told the other girls why she was leaving. She had no doubt what the topic of their conversation was going to be all the way back up to their department.

Marian hurried back to Phillip's desk. She had to fix things for him, and she had to do it fast. She really wanted to remove the thumb sucking from him completely, but something prevented her. Maybe it was the feeling of being a hero to all the rest of the department, but at any rate, she still needed to fix things. "Phillip," she said quickly to get his attention, "Phillip likes to suck his thumb." As she knew he would, Phillip immediately went into a trance… slightly deeper than she expected. Evidently, he was one of those people that could do that more easily than others. She hadn't had a lot of time to think this through, so she winged it with the first thing she could think of. "From now on," she hurriedly told him, "when you're sucking your thumb and you have to eat or drink something, you won't feel the compulsion to suck your thumb nearly as bad. You will find that you're able to eat much easier and enjoy your meal. But the compulsion to suck your thumb will still be in the background and the minute you finish eating you will find that you have no choice but to suck your thumb again."

She turned her head as she heard the women coming back into the room from lunch. She turned her attention back to Phillip again. "As before, when you wake up, you will have no memory of being hypnotized at all. Absolutely none. I'm going to count down from three to one and when I say one, you will be wide awake again and feeling very good. Now turn back and face your computer." She waited until he had done that. "Three… two… one!" Again, she walked off and left him as if she had never been there. The other women were still all gathered at the front of the room where they had been watching. She quickly raised her finger to her lips to indicate that they shouldn't talk about what they had seen. It was a moment before any of them returned to their desks.

The emails started almost immediately. “What did you do?” was the gist of all their questions. Marian emailed them all back at the same time. “The poor guy couldn’t even eat. I just fixed it so he could. That’s all. Now get back to work!”

Ashley eventually arrived with a box from a local deli and a can of coke in her hands. When Marian saw her come in, she motioned her to bring them straight to her desk. She dug fifteen dollars out of her purse and handed it to Ashley. “That should more than cover the cost,” she told her. She watched as a very smiling Ashley went back to her desk.

With her sights completely on Phillip, Marian picked up the food and brought it over to his desk. “Phillip,” she said, forcing him to turn away from the work he was now trying to do… typing with just one hand. “You said you couldn’t eat lunch, so I had Ashley bring you this. You can eat it at your desk while you’re working. Okay?”

Phillip looked at the food, then up at Marian gratefully. Why wasn’t she asking about his stupid thumb? He nodded and pulled his thumb out long enough to say, “Thanks,” before his thumb went right back into his mouth again.

When Marian had left him, he opened the box. The deli sandwich looked and smelled great. But how the heck was he going to eat it if he could barely get his thumb out of his mouth long enough to chew anything. Bracing himself for the anxious stress that he knew was going to hit him, he picked up the sandwich and pulled his thumb out of his mouth. He took a quick bite of the sandwich… and was surprised to find that he could keep his thumb out of his mouth while he chewed it. Yes, the anxiousness was still there, but not nearly as bad now. Maybe he was getting better! He could only hope! Happily, he finished the entire meal that Ashley had brought him, pickles, chips, and all! But the minute he finished eating, the anxious worry flooded back into him again, and he had no other option than to start sucking his thumb once again. Obviously, he wasn’t getting any better!

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Marian had planned on removing the hypnotic compulsions from him about half an hour before it was time to leave for the day. But fifteen minutes before she got the chance, she got called up to a quick meeting – that turned out to be not so quick. The minute it was over, she hurried back to the office, fully expecting to find Phillip still there. But the room was empty. He had already gone home. She worried a lot about him just then. What was the poor guy going to do? She didn’t know if he was married or not… but he didn’t wear a wedding ring or ever talk about a wife. But that didn’t mean that he didn’t live with someone else – a guy or a woman for that matter. How was he going to handle that hurdle – if he did live with someone?

Having no choice but to hope the best for him, she grabbed her things and went home for the evening.

Chapter 02.

Marian was a few minutes later getting to work than she intended to be the next morning. She was usually among the first to arrive, and more often than not, the very first. But that morning, even though she was trying to hurry because of her worry over Phillip, it seemed that everything was against her. The coffee shop she stopped at was packed and slowed her down, and without a doubt, all the slow drivers and all the traffic lights seemed to be against her. By the time she got to the office, not only was Phillip there already, but so was half of her office staff. She didn't know if she should be surprised or not to see that Phillip was still sucking his thumb. On the one hand, the tiny bit of hypnotism that she had done with him yesterday should have worn off by now. But on the other hand, she had noticed how quickly and deeply he had gone into his trance yesterday, which would only make the compulsions that much deeper and last that much longer.

Setting her purse down on her desk, she headed straight for Phillip. She had to fix him back to normal – now!

"Marian," Vivian said, seeing her heading for Phillip and fearing what she was most likely going to do, "can I talk to you for a second?"

"Can it wait a minute," Marian asked. "I need to fix… something."

"No!" Vivian insisted as she got up from her seat. "We need to talk right now!" Not waiting for a reply, she headed straight for the little break room where they could speak more privately.

Rolling her eyes at the interruption, Marian followed. "What's the problem?" she asked the moment the door was closed.

"Are you thinking of putting Phillip back to normal again?"

"Absolutely!" Marian replied. "I meant to do it last night but he was gone before I got back."

Vivian shook her head. "Don't! Leave him like that! The sap deserves it and a whole lot more… and every one of us is loving the heck out of it."

"It's not right," Marian said softly. "I've got to set him back to normal."

Before Vivian could argue, the door opened again and Felicia came in. "He's still sucking his thumb!" she said with a giggle. "I can't believe it!"

"I'm just about to put a stop to that!" Marian replied.

"No! Don't!" Felecia exclaimed. "I'm loving seeing him doing it. And I know the others are too. And all I can think about every time I watch him now is that the jerk deserves it! To tell the truth, I wish you'd do something to him to make things even worse for him."

"I'll second that!" Vivian replied. "Please leave him! We all want him left that way!"

Marian looked back and forth between the two women. And once again she caved to their wishes. "Well… maybe just for today again. He's not getting a whole lot of work done now, but I guess we can still manage." She didn't know if she should be surprised or not at the looks of delight she got from the two women in front of her. Five minutes later, she had no doubt that the emails were probably flying between all her employees… her female employees anyway. Poor Phillip just looked miserable – with his thumb firmly stuck in his mouth. Oh well. She checked the jobs that had been emailed to their department overnight and distributed them to her workers where she thought they needed to go. Then she picked up a file folder from the pile on her desk and got to work.

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Phillip was miserable. More than miserable. Not only because he couldn't stop sucking his thumb, and not only because he had been forced by circumstances to do it now in all too many places, but now because his mouth was so incredibly tired from the constant sucking. His mouth was basically exhausted. But the moment he took his thumb out of his mouth for any reason at all, the horrible anxiety nearly drove him mad… forcing him to put his thumb back into his mouth again and suck on it – hard! It was the only relief he could get from the anxiety. If he didn't figure out how to stop it soon, he was determined to call himself a doctor today. Somebody good who could really help him. And he figured that if anyone needed help… it was him!

He had another problem looming now as well, his girlfriend Sandy would be back in town soon. He had to get himself cured before she came back!

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Morning break came and Marian found herself in the small break area with Vivian, Felecia, Courtney, and Ashley. And no surprise, the big topic of the day was Phillip and the fact that he was still sucking his thumb.

"I still think you should make him do something else humiliating along with his thumb," Felicia said as they sat around the table with their coffee.

"I couldn't agree more!" Vivian added.

"It's not right!" Marian insisted. "I should never have done that to him in the first place!"

"I for one am glad you did," Vivian replied. "And I'd like to see him saddled with something even worse too. Something even more humiliating."

"Like what?" Courtney asked.

"I don't know. Just something… really humiliating I guess. I can't help but think he deserves it."

"I stopped by Leanne's house last night," Ashley told them, "and she not only wasn't home again, but now her house is up for sale. I haven't seen or heard from her since she left."

"I've been trying to check on Terry too," Courtney added, "and she hasn't been around either."

"What did he do to them to make things that bad?" Vivian asked angrily. "Leanne and Terry were the best of us. Even Gwen went to them looking for answers!"

Marian remembered that Gwen was the woman who held her supervisor position before she did. The woman's husband had landed a job out in Hawaii, and no surprise, she had gone with him. Lucky girl! Thinking about Hawaii though, almost made her miss the question that Vivian was now asking.

"If we come up with something good to do to him, will you do it?" Vivian asked.

Marian blinked in astonishment before she replied. "I don't…"

"Please!" Felecia pleaded.

"Pretty please!" Courtney echoed.

Marian shook her head. "Probably not!" she replied.

But that gave Vivian room to pounce. "You said probably! So if we come up with something really interesting, maybe you will do it?"

Marian could only stare back at her in shock. Shaking her head she got up from her seat. "I've got to get back to work," she said before she walked out. She hadn't caved again, had she? No, she hadn't!

"What's some good ideas?" Felecia asked the moment Marian was gone and the door was closed.

Together, the women all looked out the glass window at Phillip – still sucking his thumb. "He looks like such a baby doing that," Ashley noted.

"A big baby!" Courtney agreed.

"We need to come up with something even worse for him," Courtney suggested.

Vivian turned toward the women. "No! We need to come up with something that will go right along with what he's doing now!"

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Just the thought of having to make the long trek through the hallways down to the men's room made Phillip put that little problem off as long as he could. But there was no way he could put it off forever – unfortunately. The need to head in that direction had been building in him all morning, and he hadn't even gotten his usual cup of coffee at break time. With little choice… and his thumb stuck firmly in his mouth, he got up from his desk. He knew all the women were watching him. He absolutely hated that! But they had all seen him sucking his thumb so it would be nothing new to them.

He walked determinedly to the door and out into the hallway… and increased his speed to about as fast as he was capable of walking. He got lucky, he only saw one other person along the way and he did his best to ignore the wide eyed looks the guy was giving him as he hurried past… straight into the men's room… and straight into one of the stalls where he wouldn't be seen. Whew! Taking care of business there took much longer than usual, but not long enough since he was now forced to face the long trek back to his desk. Having little choice, he left the stall. The sight of the sinks in front of him made him want to wash his hands, but the thought of removing his thumb from his mouth made him skip that little exercise. Fortunately, he passed nobody on the way back to his office, but the minute he turned into the room, every eye was on him. Just great! But what else could he expect?

Maybe he could take a few minutes during lunch to look up the name of a good doctor. But he had to wonder if he would be able to get his thumb out of his mouth long enough to actually talk to anyone!

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When lunchtime came, Marian noted that Phillip seemed to be once again staying at his desk. "Want me to bring you something?" she asked, stopping momentarily to talk with him.

With his thumb still stuck in his mouth, he shook his head. He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a plastic zip–lock bag that held two sandwiches. "I'm good," he tried to say – with his thumb still in his mouth.

Marian nodded and left him. At least the poor guy had made arrangements. But later today, she was definitely removing the compulsions she had put into him!

Phillip pulled his sandwiches out of the bag. It seemed like the only time he could keep his thumb out of his mouth for any length of time was when he had something else in it… particularly food! So his lunch became somewhat of a pleasure. But the minute he ran out of food, the compulsion was back stronger than ever and there was no way he could avoid sucking his thumb again.

Disgusted with his situation, he started researching local doctors. What kind of doctor dealt with not being able to remove your thumb from your mouth? Probably a good psychiatrist. He finally decided on a psychiatric office that wasn't too far from where he worked. Could he get in tonight? He called the number and waited until someone answered. He quickly removed the thumb from his mouth. "Hello," he started to say as panic slammed into him because his thumb wasn't in his mouth. "I need…." But the need to suck his thumb was too strong and seemingly of its own will, his thumb was right back his mouth again. He did his best to try to tell the woman on the other end what his problem was.

"What?" the woman asked. "I'm sorry, I think we have a bad connection. I can't understand a word you're saying. Please call back and maybe we'll get a better line."

Like it or not, Phillip was forced to hang up his phone… because the woman he was talking to had already hung up her phone. She hadn't been able to understand him at all. It seemed that making a doctor appointment over the phone was going to be pretty much out of the question. As far as he could see, his only other option just then was to show up in person. He didn't know where he was going to go with his problem, but he was going to find a doctor somewhere – right after work today!

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"Where's Vivian?" Marian asked as they got to the restaurant.

"Shopping for something," Ashley replied.

Since it was a very common occurrence for all of them, nobody, especially Marian, thought any more about it. Especially since Marian had discovered that Vivian seemed to do a lot of shopping.

The subject didn't even cross her mind again until she got back to the office… and Vivian practically tackled her and dragged her into the break room. Before she could ask what was going on, both Felecia and Ashley barged into the room as well.

"Did you get it?" Ashley asked excitedly.

As her reply, Vivian just held up a large bag that had been sitting on the table.

"I want to see it!" Felicia said excitedly.

Vivian opened the bag and pulled out a fairly large doll. For its size, Marian was surprised to note that the thing was almost entirely made of cloth. The doll had long red braided hair with a large top knot of frilly yarn curls… all tied up in a large blue checkered bow. The face on the doll was created from stitching and just a tiny bit of paint… the smile ending at two very rosy cheeks. The blue blouse on the doll matched the blue checkered bow in its hair, and the red and white flowered skirt was the perfect accent to it all. The dolls legs were made to look as if it was wearing white leggings with red stripes that ended in black cloth Mary Jane shoes at the feet.

"Oh, it's adorable!" Ashley squealed.

"I love it!" Felicia agreed. "It will be perfect for him!"

"What's… that for?" Marian asked suspiciously, knowing that the doll had to cost a small fortune.

Vivian's grin was from ear to ear. "For Phillip to hold."

Marian shook her head. "I told you, I'm not going to do it!" she replied, still staring at the doll.

"Please! Please!" Felicia begged.

"You have to!" Vivian urged.

"Yeah, you have to!" Ashley agreed. "We all want to see it."

"But…" Marian started to say as her fingers seemed to reach out to touch the doll. "It really is adorable, isn't it."

"It's perfect!" Felecia replied.

"It's fantastic," Ashley agreed.

"You've got to," Vivian urged again. "You've just got to!"

Marian looked back and forth between all of them and shook her head. "I just don't know," she said. "It's not right." But even as she said it, she now realized that she wasn't all that concerned with that particular argument anymore. She reached out again and felt the soft fabric of the doll. "It's soft," she noted.

"Hold it!" Vivian suggested, picking the doll up and offering it to her in hopes that it would help to change her mind.

Marian held the doll to her breast and hugged it. For an overly large cloth doll it was wonderfully soft… not to mention cuddly. "It feels heavenly," she told them.

"Please do it!" Vivian begged. "Please!"

Again Marian looked back and forth between the women. She was caving in again and she knew it. "I need to think about this first," she told them.

"Please!" Felicia begged again.

"Let me think about it," she said. Then she smiled. "Something like this has to be done just right, and I've got to figure it all out first. You can't just walk in there with it and tell him to hold it. You have to give him a reason to do it." She wasn't prepared to be hugged by Felecia for what she had just said. And before long, all three women were hugging her. Now what had she gotten herself into? Poor Phillip!

She went back to her desk, but work was the furthest thing from her mind. The doll really was adorable… despite its size. But no doubt, with someone Phillip's size holding it, it would only look more properly proportioned… as if it was a young child holding a normal sized doll. With that in mind, she started making notes on what she would need to do. Strangely, or not so strangely, she found herself getting more and more interested in… the project. The ideas started to flow and come together. They were somewhat cruel ideas, but with a little work on her part before she left tonight, Phillip would never remember it anyway. So… why the hell not? No longer worrying about the consequences… since she would fix it all anyway in a few hours, she decided to link the doll to everything that was happening in his mixed up brain already.

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It was over an hour before she felt she was ready and all her ideas were locked firmly in her mind. Knowing how she wanted to proceed, she got up from her desk and went over to talk once again with Phillip. The moment she got up, she noticed every woman in the office

turning to watch. Well, it was show time once again. “Phillip,” she said as she reached his desk. She waited while he turned in his seat to look at her, his thumb still stuck miserably in his mouth. But before she could say anything, she was interrupted by Vivian.

“Wait a second!” Vivian said urgently. She quickly pulled her cell phone out and set it up. “I want to video this!” she said at Marian’s questioning look. She saw Marian starting to shake her head. “Hey, I bought the thing! I want to remember this!”

Rolling her eyes, Marian gave up and turned back to Phillip, who was now looking very questioningly all around. “Phillip likes to suck his thumb,” she said to him… and his instant trance state was only what she expected to see. Despite how deep she now realized he was going each time, she took a few minutes to work with him to make it even deeper. Then after looking around at all the women who were now standing directly behind her, she turned back to him and began putting new things into his mind.

“Phillip,” she said, “I’m glad to see that sucking your thumb is still helping your anxiety problem. And it does help a lot, doesn’t it?”

Deep in his trance, Phillip nodded. “Yeth,” he managed to say with his thumb still in his mouth.

Marian heard a bit of laughing at that.

“He sounds like a baby,” Courtney noted softly.

Marian did her best to ignore the women behind her. “Phillip,” she said, “I want you to note now that even though your thumb is in your mouth, the anxiety in you is starting to grow again. Despite the help sucking your thumb is being, it’s still slowly mounting in you. Sucking your thumb like that will definitely help the anxiety a lot, but now you need something more to help make you feel relaxed and comfortable again. Are you feeling the anxiety again?” she asked. “Are you feeling the horrible stress from it?”

Phillip, whose face was now contorted a bit from the unknown worry, only mouthed another, “Yeth,” around the thumb still stuck in his mouth.

Marian smiled. “Good, Phillip. Very good. Concentrate on that stress and anxiety. It’s a horrible feeling. But now I’m going to give you something to make it all go away again. Just like you did before with just sucking your thumb, this will make all the miserable feelings go away and make you feel comfortable again. You still have to suck your thumb just like you’re doing now, but now you also need something more as well.”

She turned toward Vivian. “Where’s the doll?” she asked quietly.

Vivian, who was still filming everything carefully, turned toward Felecia. "The bag's under my desk."

A moment later, Marian was holding the large cloth doll in her hands once again. She held it up for Phillip to see. "See this?" she asked him. "This is what you need now. From now on, just sucking your thumb alone is not going to quench the anxiety in you. From now on, you need to suck your thumb, and hold onto this doll as well. However, while you're working, you can let the doll sit in your lap with you so you can use your hands, but you must have it with you all the time. If you get up from your desk, you must hold it or the anxiety will quickly become far more than you can bear."

The slight chuckling from one of the women directly behind her caused her to pause for a moment until it stopped. Still holding the doll up so he could see it, she continued. "Are you feeling the anxiety again like I said you would?"

"Yeth!" Phillip replied rather desperately, his eyes locked on the large cloth doll in her hands.

"Then let me introduce you to Dolly. That is this dolls name. Dolly! And whenever you talk about it, you will never call it just a doll. You will always call Dolly… a dolly. Do you understand? Dolly… is your dolly. Got that?"

"Yeth!" Phillip replied, his hands now starting to reach out toward the doll. The semi–stifled laughter from some of the women around him didn't seem to faze him in the least. His eyes were now totally focused on the doll in Marian's hands that she had told him would relieve all the miserable anxiety that he was feeling once again.

"Take your dolly then," Marian said as she held the doll where he could reach it now. "And feel all the stress and worry once again drain right out of you." Just as the women behind her were all seeing as well, Marian watched as the stress and anxiety immediately left his face and he was once again seeming to feel relaxed and comfortable. "Very good," Marian continued. "Holding your dolly will make you feel much better. You need to love Dolly a lot, and you must always remember that just as you love Dolly, she loves you just as much… and she always will. Dolly needs to be loved and hugged just like a real baby. She's your baby now. She's your baby dolly. The more you love her, the happier you will feel. Love her and suck your thumb and you will feel perfectly happy and content."

She paused to look around her. The show was about over, this part anyway. There was just a few more bits of business to set in place. "Phillip," she said to the now happy man in front of her… sucking his thumb and hugging the doll to his chest, "remember, whenever you hear me say, 'Phillip likes to suck his thumb,' you will immediately go into a deep trance just like you are right now. And when I wake you up again, you will remember nothing at all about ever being hypnotized. Nothing! You will only know that you now have to suck your thumb… and that you now have to hold your dolly as well. You will never worry about

where Dolly came from, she only appeared to make you feel good and happy again. That's all you need to worry about."

She was finished. There was only one thing left to do. She turned to the women behind her. "Ladies, may I suggest you return to your desks." She watched as they all went, but while Vivian sat in her chair, she continued to video everything with her cell phone. Finally she turned back to Phillip. "I'm going to count down from three to one again, and when I get to one, you will come completely awake. As I said a few minutes ago, you will not remember being hypnotized at all. You will only know that somehow Dolly found you and that you have to love her now or your anxiety will return." She paused for just a moment. "Here we go now. Three… two… one!" And with that, she quickly walked off, leaving Phillip to wake up, sitting in his chair sucking his thumb, and now holding a large doll to his chest. Once she got back to her desk, she was glad to see that Vivian was no longer videoing anything, but no surprise, Phillip was now closely examining the doll he had suddenly become very attached to.

Phillip never once wondered where the dolly in his hands came from. But he did know other things about it. He knew that her name was Dolly and that she had appeared to help him feel good and not full of the horrible anxiety anymore. He ran his hands over the red yarn braids, down the blue checkered shirt, and pulled a bit on the red and white flowered skirt that Dolly was wearing. This was more than just a simple dolly. This dolly was special. This dolly loved him enough to come to him and take all his troubles away… but only if he loved it in return… something he found that he was more than willing to do.

With one of his thumbs still firmly in his mouth, he hugged the doll with his other arm and arranged it so that it appeared to be sitting in his lap. With that, he turned to face his computer to try to do some work again. Since he couldn't remove his thumb from his mouth without the panic returning, whatever typing he did, he still did one–handed, and much more slowly than when he had been able to use two hands. He glanced down frequently at Dolly. Yes, he loved Dolly… and he knew that she loved him back.

Vivian wasn't getting much work done. She was having a hard time not watching Phillip with the doll. And she saw that she wasn't the only one who was paying more attention to Phillip than to the work that needed to be done. She wanted badly to laugh out loud and crow over what a big… sissy that Phillip now appeared to be. It was amazing what Marian had done with him!

And that thought brought up another thought. What was it like to be able to do something like that to someone else? What was it like to have that kind of power?

Like all the other women in the room, Marian was keeping just as much of an eye on Phillip as she was on her work. But Marian was also keeping an eye on the other women as well. Work had to get done! And it was her job to make sure that it got done! But this afternoon she was being more lenient than usual about it… mostly. She did have to send a few emails to some of them to "remind" them what they were sitting there for!

She watched Phillip slowly trying to type with his one hand. With his back to her, she couldn't see the thumb in his mouth or the doll in his lap, but she knew they were there. As she watched him, she saw him click with his mouse, then turn toward the center aisle. The doll was now plainly visible… as was the thumb in his mouth. Something about that made him look like such a child – despite the adult way he was dressed. As she watched, she saw him look worriedly around as the large printer near her desk suddenly came to life. He had printed something, just as they all printed things frequently. But as she watched him now, there appeared to be uncertainty on his face. She wondered what was going on in his head just then.

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Phillip's eyes roamed back and forth across all the other women in the room… some of whom were watching him. That made him feel even more self–conscious than he already was. But fortunately, Dolly was there to help him feel better. But now he had to get up from his desk to get the documents he had just sent to the printer. Knowing he would have his hands full with them, he was trying to figure out how to get them while holding onto Dolly. He finally figured he would just have to leave her behind on his desk for a moment. He never once even thought about removing the thumb of his other hand from his mouth.

He quickly got out of his seat, turned, and sat Dolly down in his chair as if she was a real person. Then he began walking toward the printer. But with every step he took the anxiety seemed to crash in on him worse and worse. He couldn't stand it! It was horrible! He was almost to the printer, when he found himself running right back to his desk and picking up

Dolly and hugging her dearly to his chest. “I’m so sorry,” he whispered to the dolly. “I’m so sorry. I won’t ever leave you again.”

He turned back toward the printer, this time noticing that everyone in the room was now watching him closely. With his thumb in his mouth and his other arm carefully hugging Dolly to his chest, he forced himself to walk all the way to the back of the room where the printer was. Once again, he never even considered removing the thumb from his mouth so he could use his other hand. He tried cradling Dolly under his free arm as he reached out for the pages he needed to grab, but he couldn’t reach far enough without chancing that Dolly would fall. He finally wound up stashing her firmly under his other armpit to give himself the free hand he needed to grab all his pages. With his eyes darting all around at everyone watching him… and some of them letting out more than a few sniggers at him, he carried everything back to his desk where he somehow felt much more secure. He hugged Dolly to his chest again to love on her before sitting her in his lap as he had before.

But now that he had the papers he had printed, he needed to get them into the office distribution system. Taking a large envelope from his bottom drawer, and using only his one free arm, he finally managed to get all the papers into the big envelope. He wrote the name of the department the envelope needed to go to on the lines provided and fastened the string closure on the thing. He clasped Dolly to his chest. With the large envelope in his hand, he got up and headed to the front of the room where the office distribution box was. Everyone in the room was still looking at him. He dropped the envelope into the box where several envelopes were already sitting, and under the watchful eyes of everyone in the room, he and Dolly slowly walked back to… their desk.

His life had suddenly become so embarrassing! At least Dolly helped some. But the fact that he was now carrying Dolly around like a child, wasn’t lost on him. It was nothing but totally embarrassing… as witnessed by every one of the women he now worked with. He was very much looking forward to getting home tonight where he could be alone. Alone with Dolly anyway. But of course, going home meant that he would have to get home… where so many other people would see him sucking his thumb along the way – like he had to do yesterday going home… and again today coming back to work. But tonight when he went home, he would be not only sucking his thumb, but hugging Dolly as well. Embarrassing! Very, very embarrassing! But as far as he could see, there was no way he could get around it. Damn, he needed a good doctor! And he needed that doctor before his girlfriend came home!

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The first afternoon break started, and Marian noted that the women who had decided to be there first started squealing loudly and excitedly the moment the door was closed.

“He’s just like a child… only worse!” Felicia noted.

“He looks like a big sissy to me,” Vivian declared.

“He sure does!” Courtney agreed. “And I can’t tell you how much I’m loving it!”

“That’s for sure!” Ashley added.

“This is just the best!” Felicia declared as she looked back out the window toward where Phillip was still trying to type one handed with the big doll sitting in his lap.

Marian noted that all the women were so wrapped up in their excitement over Phillip that she was the only one of them who had bothered to pour any coffee. And when the second group came in, the coffee pot was still just as full… and Marian knew that most likely, none of them were going to bother to pour any coffee for themselves either.

All the women, every last one of them, were nothing but delighted over what she had done to Phillip. And as far as she could tell, she was the only one who had any misgivings over it at all! Marian noticed that Phillip never got up from his seat to get himself some coffee. Well, she couldn’t really blame him.

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It was midafternoon and Phillip needed to pee again. And it was getting pretty bad. Knowing he had to go, he turned his chair toward the center aisle and glanced at everyone else in the room. Some of his coworkers were watching him, some were working. Knowing now that he couldn’t leave Dolly behind, he stood up with her cradled to his chest. Feeling totally foolish, he made his way toward the door and out into the hallway. He felt so stupid with his thumb in his mouth and cradling a dolly to his chest like a child, but he didn’t seem to have a choice in the matter. He couldn’t leave Dolly behind without getting a major anxiety attack. And taking his thumb out of his mouth was now unthinkable! So he had no choice but to hurry through the halls like that, all the way to the men’s room. And this time, there were a lot more people around than there were before!

Everyone turned their head to look at him in disbelief! Everyone! And he couldn’t blame them either. He knew without a doubt that the bright clothing on his dolly was attracting all that much more attention to him. He was nearly running by the time he got to the men’s room – where he found two other guys already there. Fortunately, they weren’t guys that he knew. Not wanting to stand at the urinals next to them, he dashed straight into one of the stalls and closed the door. But now he was faced with the toilet in front of him, and both his hands were completely occupied.

Holding tightly to Dolly, he chanced taking his thumb out of his mouth. The anxiety immediately hit him like a freight train. It was even far worse than the major ache he now felt in his jaws from sucking his thumb for so long. He managed to get his pants unzipped

before he couldn't take it any longer and his thumb was right back in his mouth again. With Dolly cradled under his arm that was somewhat attached to his mouth, he managed to use his free hand to dig his penis out of his underwear and pee. Relief! Pulling his zipper up with only one hand was more difficult than getting it down, but he eventually managed it.

He could hear someone outside of the stall he was in, washing their hands at the sinks. He stayed right where he was for a few moments until he heard the door open and close again. One person down, but did the second one leave as well? He didn't hear anything so he chanced opening the stall door. The second guy was peering intently into the mirror above the sinks, looking closely at something near his eye. The man turned briefly toward him at the sound of the opening door. And then the guy stopped and turned back to stare at him again… totally dumbfounded. Phillip nearly ran for the door… just the way he was almost running all the way back to his department – again in front of all too many people. He was very, very glad to be sitting at his desk again – where every woman in the room was watching him in wide–eyed amazement… not to mention amusement.

Yeah, he needed a doctor for sure! A good one! And he needed him fast!

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Marian took no chances this time. An hour before quitting time she got up from her desk and walked towards Phillip. She saw Vivian turn toward her as she approached.

"Don't!" Vivian pleaded softly, having a pretty good idea of why Marian was heading for Phillip.

"You're not going to make him normal again?" Felicia asked, sounding somewhat heartbroken as she now caught on to what was happening too.

Marian ignored both of them. "Phillip," she said to get his attention. As Phillip turned toward her, Marian suddenly found Vivian right next to her, but now Vivian had her cell phone out to video what was happening again. What for?

"Please don't!" Vivian pleaded again.

But Marian wasn't going to let anything delay what she should have done yesterday! She turned back to the poor sap of a man still sitting in front of her. "Phillip likes to suck his thumb," she said immediately. And almost just as fast, Phillip sank into a somewhat deep trance. Once again, she took a few moments to deepen his trance, even though she was fairly sure he was pretty deep already. And finally, she began attempting to undo all the damage that she… and the others had done.

She first took all his anxiety away and told him that he would never feel it again. She explained that he no longer needed to hold the doll, and he no longer needed to suck his thumb. Everything was back to normal for him now. She took the doll from his hands and handed it to Vivian… who was still videoing everything intently. "Put that out of sight," she told Vivian. She watched as Vivian simply tossed the doll toward her desk, where it landed underneath it on the floor. Vivian was too intent on making her video.

Marian turned her attention back to Phillip. "Phillip," she said. "When you wake up from this trance, you will have absolutely no memory at all of having to suck your thumb yesterday or today. It will be like it never happened. If anyone asks you about it, you will have no knowledge of it at all. The same with the doll. You won't remember ever even seeing the doll let alone having to hold it or carry it anywhere. All the bad memories from yesterday and today are totally gone and you will never remember them. And just as every other time you've been hypnotized, you will never remember this time either."

It was all she could do with him… and for him. The women might not like that he wouldn't remember anything that had gone on, but as far as she was concerned, it was for the best. She had him turn toward his computer, then she counted down from three to one, and walked away again… with Vivian following her with her damn video recording.

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Phillip blinked, then shook his head. His mind had gone blank and for the life of him he couldn't remember what had gone on. He stared for a moment at his computer screen, and mostly remembered what he had been working on. He turned his head a little, and noticed all the women he could see were looking at him. Why? "What?" he asked into the room. He saw several of them shake their heads as if they were disappointed in something, then turn back to their work. He turned toward Vivian who was heading back to her desk, most likely from the printer. She was looking at him too. "What?" he asked again.

Vivian shook her head disappointedly. "Nothing," she said with more than a hint of frustration.

Phillip noticed now that his jaw ached and that his mouth felt incredibly… tired. It was the best way he could describe it. He had no idea why it should feel that way. To clear his head a bit more and to help the feeling in his mouth, he got up and went to the break room where he grabbed a cup of coffee and carried it back to his desk. He really felt like he needed it.

Marian watched everyone's reactions carefully – especially Phillips. She finally felt better about things. Phillip obviously didn't remember what had gone on, and everyone was finally completely back to work. But now she had to wonder once again, did Phillip live with someone? What would happen if he got home and he did live with someone? After going home sucking his thumb last night, would that other person want to know what happened?

Well, he'd have to sort that out for himself now. And fortunately, he would have absolutely no memory of what had happened at all.

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The minute Vivian got home, she pulled her cell phone out and watched the videos she had created. What power! And that jerk Phillip had really deserved it… and a whole lot more! She wasn't at all happy that he no longer even remembered what went on. That was a major cop–out on Marian's part. Damn her! She should have left him like he was. The jerk absolutely deserved it.

In her cheap tiny apartment, that was overly filled with bargain basement stuff and used furniture because she couldn't afford anything better, she fixed herself a light dinner. The rag doll that Phillip had carried around all afternoon was propped up where she could see it, as if it was a guest in her apartment. The thing really was adorable. And so soft and cuddly to hold. But seeing that jerk Phillip forced to carry it around all afternoon had been totally priceless! Why couldn't Marian leave him like he was? Ugh!

Unable to get Phillip or anything to do with him off her mind, she again played the videos as soon as dinner was finished. The video of Marian giving him the doll to carry she played over and over again. It was like she couldn't get enough of it. Even on the small screen of her cell phone that little hypnotizing session seemed to be larger than life. So amazing! Such power!

And about her fifth time through that video alone, the germ of an idea was planted in her mind. And it took root. And it grew all night long.

Chapter 03.

Marian looked over her crew of workers the next morning. Everything appeared to be back to normal again. Finally! She had gotten a few whispered comments about wishing that Phillip could have been left in his humiliating state, but that was it. She still hadn't gotten around to checking on how Phillip could have had anything to do with the former employees of her department getting fired, but every last woman in the room had confirmed it, so she believed it. Now that Phillip was no longer hypnotized, she wasn't as concerned over that issue. But she was still keeping a close eye on him… as well as what went on between him and everybody else.

When her morning break time came, Vivian was among the women who was at the table with her.

"Can I ask you a question about the hypnotism thing?" Vivian asked her.

Marian shrugged, "Sure, I guess."

"I noticed that each time you hypnotized him, you took a few minutes to try to make his trance go deeper. But in the stage shows I've seen, they never do that, but the people still do what the hypnotist wanted. Why did you do that?"

"Well, to be honest," Marian replied, "I probably didn't need to. But taking the time to make them go deeper makes the suggestions I give stick that much firmer. In Phillip's case, I guess I did it because what I was doing was more than a bit out of the usual routines I used to do on stage."

Vivian nodded as she thought about that. "I guess it makes sense. And how about the fact that I noticed that each time you told him to do something, you linked it to him feeling anxious. Why not just tell him to suck his thumb and hold the doll? Why bother with the rest?"

Marian was very surprised at the question. "You noticed that?"

Vivian nodded. "So how come?"

"Well, it's kind of for the same reason. If you can give the subject a situation or a story line that they can identify with and understand then they can react to that situation that much clearer. Also by reinforcing the suggestions with something that goes with their emotions, then again, it sticks that much more firmly with them. And again, in Phillip's case, I'm afraid I really didn't need to do that either."

"Why not?"

"Because Phillip, it seems, is one of those people who go under really easily, and he goes immediately into a very deep trance. I'm afraid I was kind of surprised at that."

"How do you know how deep they're going?" Vivian asked.

Marian shook her head trying to find a good answer. "It's difficult. Mostly it just takes a lot of experience and watching for some very subtle clues. And the big problem is that those clues can be different with each person. But the main thing is… just plain old experience."

Vivian nodded thoughtfully. "Thanks," she replied as she considered the things that Marian had told her. She was silent though the rest of the break period, only half–listening to the conversation that revolved around children and family… and not Phillip or hypnotism. Her mind was mostly occupied with thinking through the little information that Marian had just given her… and the next steps she needed to take.

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"Phillip!"

"Hey Rex," Phillip replied as he sat down at the lunch table with some of his friends.

"Hey, we missed you yesterday," Rex mentioned.

"You did?" Phillip was somewhat surprised. "I was here… wasn't I?"

"Nope! How can you not remember where you went for lunch yesterday?"

Phillip blinked. He realized that he didn't remember being here at lunch yesterday at all. He didn't remember being anywhere for lunch yesterday. In fact, most of the day seemed to be missing from his brain. "I wonder where I was?" he replied half–jokingly as he picked up the hamburger he had just bought and started eating it.

"Hey," Rex started with his mouth full of food, "what was that business I heard about you running through the building yesterday with your thumb in your mouth and carrying a doll?"

"Say what?" Phillip asked, totally shocked. "Where did you hear something like that?"

"From a few people actually."

Phillip shook his head. “It’s the first I’ve heard of it! I wonder who would start a weird rumor like that?”

“Heaven only knows!” Rex replied.

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Vivian usually hurried out the door the moment quitting time came. She went all the way downstairs with the other girls the very moment they were all allowed to leave as she usually did. Phillip, she knew, would follow a few moments later. He didn’t usually rush the way everyone else did. But once Vivian got downstairs and out of the elevator, she called a quick goodbye to everyone and headed a different direction.

She stopped a short distance away from the elevators where she could see everyone who got off them. Her wait was short. Two minutes later, she saw Phillip get out of one of the elevators. She was slightly surprised to see him talking with one of the other guys as if he knew him. She followed as the two of them headed for the doors leading outside. No surprise, they headed for the parking lot. It was there that they waved to each other and went their separate ways.

Vivian continued to follow Phillip to see what car he was driving… a small blue Ford Focus. She ran for her car, which fortunately wasn’t all that far away. But could she catch him? She desperately drove around the parking lot toward the exit and just caught sight of his car disappearing down the road. As fast as she was able, she chased after him. Where was he? Far ahead, she thought she saw a blue car turning to the right. The cars in front of her were going maddeningly slowly. She turned at the street where she thought she had seen his car… only to catch a glimpse of a blue car making a left turn far ahead. She stepped on the gas, going far faster than she was comfortable with and made the same left turn.

This time, she saw the blue car much clearer… and she was fairly certain it was Phillip’s car. It turned off to the right and she soon realized that he had pulled into a fast food restaurant along the road. She pulled into the parking lot and drove right past him since he was in the line for the drive–thru window. But she had quickly verified that it was Phillip sitting in the car. Whew! At least she was following the right car! She pulled around to the other side of the parking lot and waited for him to leave. When she followed him out of the parking lot, she had a much easier time of it. It wasn’t long before she saw him turning again, straight into an apartment project… certainly not a new one, but it looked a whole lot better than the one she lived in. She continued to follow him at a distance. A few minutes later, she saw him park his car and climb the cement steps up to the second floor. She watched and took careful note of which door he entered. “Got’cha!” she declared.

She got out of her car and climbed the stairs and tried to figure out what kind of apartment he lived in. From all appearances, it looked like just a one bedroom place. She went

downstairs and around the back of the building to check it from that angle. But nothing gave her any indications that it was more than that. She looked at where he had parked his car. His apartment number was painted on the curb in front of the car. She quickly noted the numbers on the parking spaces next to his car. All different. So he had the only parking place. Based on that, she was guessing he lived alone. At least it looked that way.

With that bit of information, she turned her car around and headed back to her own apartment, which was less than a ten minute drive from where he lived. Now she just had to figure out her next step!

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It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening when someone knocked on Phillip's door. Cursing slightly because they were interrupting the movie he had been watching, he hurried to the door and opened it… and was shocked to see Vivian! "Vivian!" he said, totally surprised to see her.

Vivian didn't wait a single second. "Phillip likes to suck his thumb!" she said quickly, and waited to see him drop immediately into a trance. Except… that he didn't.

"What?" Phillip asked, now taken by a second surprise. "Vivian, what are you doing here?"

In desperation, Vivian tried it again. "Phillip likes to suck his thumb!"

"Vivian," Phillip said, now becoming perturbed. "What the heck are you trying to do? I don't suck my thumb! Are you trying to malign me somehow?" His anger was quickly growing.

If frustration, Vivian growled to herself and took off running. It didn't work! Why? She could hear him calling after her, but she paid him no attention. Why hadn't it worked? Cursing, she hurried to her car and drove even faster straight home.

"Damn!" She had done it now. Screwed everything! Why hadn't he dropped into the trance? He was supposed to! Still cursing, she pulled up the video again to watch it… again and again and again – all the while berating herself for somehow screwing everything up. But she had really thought it would work!

About the tenth time viewing the video again, something tiny caught her attention. She stopped the video and played that section again… then again… then again. Was that it? Was that the key? It was one tiny word that Marian had said just before the trigger phrase. She had said, "Whenever you hear 'me' say…" Was it possible that Phillip had taken that one word so literally? She had no way of knowing. And because of that, it looked like only Marian could put him into a trance and she was even further screwed! Only Marian held control

over him… and nobody else. At least not with that trigger phrase, and she didn't know enough about hypnotism to even attempt to hypnotize anyone.

In desperation and frustration, she played the video one more time, knowing that what she wanted to do was now out the window. And as the video reached that section one more time and she listened to it again, a tiny possibility occurred to her. Was it possible? It didn't really seem likely. But… maybe. And not only that, if it didn't work, would she be in any worse trouble? Not as far as she could see.

Grasping at straws, she ran back out of her apartment and out to her car. A few minutes later she knocked on Phillip's door once again, scared out of her wits at what might happen. The moment his door opened and she could see him clearly, she pushed the button on her phone to play that one piece of the video again… with the volume turned up so he could easily hear it. The surrounding area was filled with the sound of that one brief passage where Marian's voice said, "Phillip likes to suck his thumb!" And Vivian was surprised to see that Phillip reacted as if someone had just shot him. He immediately stuck his thumb in his mouth and stood in the doorway with his eyes closed as if he was sound asleep. Vivian had no doubt he was in a trance this time. No doubt at all. "Got'cha!" she said quietly but triumphantly as she turned the video off.

But now he was standing in the doorway blocking it… to all appearances sound asleep on his feet. "Phillip," she said somewhat sternly, "Go back inside and sit down!" She was actually surprised to see him open his eyes and turn around and walk away. She followed and closed the door behind her. She watched as he sat in one of his living room chairs with his thumb still firmly in his mouth. The TV was showing some action hero movie that she cared nothing about. She found the remote control and turned the annoying thing off. Now what?

"Phillip," she told him, "I want you to stay right there and sleep till I wake you." There was no reaction from him other than his eyes closing. She stared for a moment at his thumb in his mouth, and the sight of it sent a tingle through her that she hadn't expected. He was soundly in a trance. She had done it! Whew!

Knowing… or hoping… that he would stay right where he was, sound asleep, she decided to investigate his apartment. It was certainly bigger and better looking than hers. Which meant that he probably made more money than she did. Men! She was glad to note that he did live alone. That made things a lot easier and a lot less worrisome. She didn't know what she would have done if he lived with someone else.

She headed first for the one place that held most of her interest in her own apartment – his bedroom closet. Entering his bedroom, she looked around and didn't see any clothes out anywhere. Her own bedroom had two long clothing racks stuffed with clothes because she couldn't get anything else into her closet. She opened his closet. There were clothes in there – men's clothes of course – but the closet wasn't all that full like hers was. What was wrong

with him? She lived to buy clothes! She spent every dime she could on new clothes, and more often than not, spent money she knew she shouldn't! Men! They just didn't have any appreciation for the better things in life! Well, she now had a good mind to change all that for him… whether he liked it or not. She giggled slightly. Most likely, he wouldn't like it!

She spent a few more minutes looking around his apartment. Not a lot of decorations, that was for sure. Basically, it looked like most of the bachelor pads of some of the guys she had dated. Typical! Totally typical!

She went back to where he was still sleeping and sucking his thumb. It was time now to let him know who was boss! None of this not remembering anything crap. She wanted him to know who was in charge here! "Phillip, wake up now!" she ordered.

Phillip bolted awake and his thumb jerked out of his mouth. "What?" He saw Vivian standing over him. "What are you doing here?" he asked angrily. "What the hell happened?"

Vivian was shocked and frightened. She hadn't meant to wake him up completely, she just wanted him to open his eyes and stay in his trance. He was quickly getting up from the couch. She feared for her life just then. "Phillip likes to suck his thumb!" she shouted in desperation, trying to send him back into his trance. But as before, saying it did nothing. She ran from him!

"What the hell is going on?" he demanded as he started after her.

As quickly as she could, she grabbed her phone and started the video playing again. In moments it got to the part where Marian had put him into the trance and she stopped and held it up toward him as if to ward him off. The volume was still turned up and the sound reached his ears loud and clear… stopping him in his tracks as the fatal trigger words were spoken. Vivian watched as magically, Phillip again stuck his thumb in his mouth, closed his eyes and dropped into a deep trance… standing right in front of her.

She breathed a desperate sigh of relief. That was close! She let the video keep playing all through the part where Marian had deepened his trance, hoping it would help. She wasn't experienced at all with this so she had no way of knowing if it did anything at all. But at least his thumb stayed in his mouth and his eyes stayed closed as if he was sound asleep. With her heart still hammering, she turned the recording off again. "Phillip," she said to him, trying to calm her voice, "go sit down again." She was very pleased to watch him open his eyes and go back to the same chair and sit down. "Sleep till I wake you again," she told him… and watched as his eyes once again closed.

One thing she knew for sure. She had to fix things now so that he would go into a trance at her voice… and not Marian's! That was going to be very important. She didn't want to have to keep playing that dumb video each time. Besides, why should Marian be able to control him? Maybe she could even fix him so that Marian could never control him again! That would

be helpful since Marian had all those strange ideas about not being too harsh on the guy. And she certainly didn't want Marian to be able to undo anything she did with him. With those thoughts on her mind, she sat in one of his other chairs to try to figure things out… while she kept a strict watch on him.

When she thought she was ready, she stood up to stand over him. Praying she would get it all right and that it would all work, she cautiously said to him, "Phillip, I want you to stay deep in your trance but open your eyes and listen carefully to me." She was very pleased to see him open his eyes and look at her. There was no fear there, just his eyes looking at her. Good. She hoped.

"Phillip," she said, "from now on, when I say, 'Phillip likes to suck…" And she stopped herself. Why use exactly the same phrase Marian had used? Besides, she had a few things in mind for him later that would make a small change in that phrase much more appropriate. "Forget that," she said quickly. After a brief moment of thought, she started again. "Phillip, from now on, whenever you hear 'me' say, 'Phyllis sucks her thumb,' you will immediately put your thumb in your mouth, suck on it, and drop into the deepest trance possible. Sucking your thumb like a baby will make you feel very, very relaxed. As you continue to suck on it, it will help you go into a deeper and deeper trance." She hoped she had gotten that part right.

Now to try to fix the Marian thing. "Phillip," she said, "from now on, whenever you hear Marian's voice say, 'Phillip likes to suck his thumb,' you will no longer go into any kind of a trance at all. In fact, from now on, Marian can no longer hypnotize you in any way. As of now, it is impossible for Marian to ever hypnotize you again. But you will always go into your trance immediately whenever you hear 'me' say, 'Phyllis sucks her thumb.'"

She had no way of knowing if any of that would work, but it was all she could think of to try to fix that situation. She was tempted to wake him fully now to test putting him back into a trance, but she decided a few other things might be advisable to tell him first. "Phillip," she said, "when I wake you up, you will not be surprised at all to see me. You will not be angry in any way with me. In fact, you will wake up knowing that you want me to be here with you. You will be happy to have me here and will be very interested in listening to anything I tell you."

Was that enough? Would all her other suggestions take affect? There was only one way to find out. "Phillip, I'm going to count down from three to one now. When I get to one, you will come fully awake. Remember, you won't be surprised to see me and will be very happy to listen to anything I have to say." She took a breath to steady herself. The big test was about to start. "Three… two… one!"

Phillip opened his eyes. "Vivian," he said. "It's good to see you."

Vivian didn't know if she wanted to scream her excitement, or just laugh a bit. She forced herself to do neither. "Hi Phillip," she said. "You're looking good tonight." Which was pretty much true. Phillip was a good looking guy – for sure.

"Thanks," Phillip replied. "So are you."

Vivian actually felt herself blushing. Why hadn't any woman hooked up with him yet? "Phillip," she said, "I'd like to play a recording for you. Will you listen to it for a minute?"

"Sure," Phillip replied enthusiastically. "I'd love to hear it."

Vivian found the start of the video again. She didn't show it to him, she only played it so he could hear the sound. Before he had a chance to ask anything about it, Marian's voice uttered the fatal trigger words. She watched him closely as his face seemed to contort in outrage. She quickly turned the video off. Obviously it had no effect on him anymore.

"What the heck is this?" he asked angrily. "What was that all about? Was that Marian's voice? Who was she talking to?"

Before things could get out of hand, Vivian quickly said, "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" She watched as he immediately put his thumb back into his mouth and again dropped into a trance. She was almost awed at the sight. She had done it! She couldn't help herself, she crowed loudly with laughter as the poor sap in front of her sat sucking his thumb like an infant. She had done it! Phillip was all hers now to play with to her hearts content… and there was nothing at all that Marian could do about it. She screamed her delight once again!

But now what was she going to do with him? Her big plan for tonight had been to just see if she could manage to hypnotize him and that was it. That first part had taken a bit more than she figured it would. But now that she had him… in her power, so to speak, what should she do with him? Something humiliating, that was a must! The jerk! Getting her friends fired so he could move into their jobs! Yeah, no doubt he deserved everything she would ever do to him!

But she still needed something to make him do. Something to start out with. Something… small but noticeable. Something… She watched him sucking his thumb so peacefully. And the idea hit her. Perfect! But… she quickly realized that what she originally intended wasn't going to be advisable. She took a few minutes to revise her idea. She had originally been thinking that she wanted him to be very aware of who was in charge of him now, but she quickly decided to delay that information a little bit. She had a feeling that springing something like that on him too soon might be a bad idea. Besides, she needed some time to learn more and experiment a bit more with him first. But this idea, this idea should work perfectly!

She finally said, “Phillip, open your eyes and listen to me.” She was rewarded by his immediate but small response. “Phillip, tomorrow, when you go to work….”

Chapter 04.

Phillip woke up feeling troubled. He vaguely remembered that Vivian had been there the night before, but he couldn't remember any details about her visit. Since it wasn't something that worried him in any way, he put it out of his mind, got dressed, and headed to work.

As was often the case, he was one of the first people to get to their department. Marian always seemed to be the earliest one there. He wasn't sure if that was because she didn't like to be late or because she was checking to make sure who got there when – especially in the case of some of them being late… as seemed to happen with the women all too often.

He said a pleasant hello to Marian who was already there. Marian always greeted him kindly. He didn't get that feeling from the other women. Logging into his computer was a mindless task for him. Since it was still a bit early, he checked the websites for the weather and the latest news but there was nothing that held any interest for him that day. He stopped looking at the websites when it was time to get to work. All the women were there by then… for once. He looked across the aisle at Vivian. Was she smiling at him more than usual? Well, she had been to his house last night. He could remember that much, but nothing more – which was odd because he didn't feel the least bit hung–over.

He turned his attention to the work he needed to get done. Same old type of stuff. Tedious and exacting. Work that needed his entire concentration to get it right. He prided himself on his knowledge of what he was doing… even though it wasn't what the company had originally hired him for. While not as interesting as the work he wanted to be doing, it was still work that needed a good degree of technical ability and he poured his concentration into it.

His current task involved a lot of reading again – reading of many exacting details. And fifteen minutes later, he found a problem. He pulled his thumb out of his mouth and fixed it, then moved on, continuing to check every tiny detail carefully.

It was Courtney who first noted it when she got up from her desk to head back to the printer at the back of the room. She had to pass right by Phillip's desk, and she paused along the way to stare at him. His thumb was in his mouth! She had thought that Marian had removed all his silly behaviors. Before stopping at the printer, she first stopped at Marian's desk. "What did you do to him?" she whispered with a slight giggle.

"Do to who?" Marian asked, having no idea what Courtney was talking about.

"Him!" Courtney said with a nod of her head in Phillip's direction.

Marian looked, but all she could see was the back of Phillip's head. "What's the problem?" she asked.

Courtney smiled conspiratorially. "Oh… no problem at all!" With another little giggle, she got her papers from the printer and carried them back to her desk, pausing briefly along the way for another look at Phillip sucking his thumb as he concentrated so intently. Before sitting down, she paused again near Brittany's desk and briefly nodded her head back toward Phillip. Brittany wasn't sure what Courtney wanted, but she turned to look back… and spotted Phillip in no time at all. She turned around toward Vivian and nodded her head toward Phillip. Vivian of course already knew what was going on. She had been watching him closely since she had gotten to work. She smiled back wickedly. Within minutes, everyone in the room except Marian and Phillip knew that he was sucking his thumb again.

As she often did, Marian glanced up frequently at her workers as she continued with her own tasks. She was surprised to see all the women glancing frequently at Phillip again. And as she watched, very frequently the women were looking at each other and smiling. But fortunately, they all got back to work again soon after. From where she was sitting, all she could see of Phillip was the back of his head – and the fact that he was definitely hard at work – much as usual. But as it continued to happen, she began to worry about some kind of problem – at least as far as Phillip was concerned.

She checked the clock. It was a bit earlier than usual, but that didn't matter. She got up from her desk with the intention of making the first pot of coffee in the break room. But her second reason… or perhaps her main reason… was to try to see why everyone kept looking at Phillip. She glanced in his direction as she passed his desk… and stopped dead. Phillip was sitting there intently reading… while sucking on his thumb! "Phillip!" she exclaimed. "Are you okay?"

Phillip, still unconsciously sucking his thumb, turned to face her. He pulled his thumb out of his mouth and replied. "Uh… yeah, sure! Why?" And then his thumb seemed to find its way right back into his mouth again as he looked up at her, quizzically.

To Marian it looked like he wasn't even aware that he was sucking on his thumb. Knowing that something must have gone haywire with the hypnotic commands she had given him over the last few days, she immediately said, "Phillip likes to suck his thumb!" But this time, she didn't get the results she was expecting. This time, she saw concern and anger cross Phillip's face. She also saw his thumb come out of his mouth again.

"What the hell is going on?" Phillip demanded with more than a hint of annoyance, if not downright anger in his voice. "That's a few times over the last couple of days now that people have said something about me sucking my thumb! What the hell is going on? Are you trying to malign me somehow?"

Shocked, Marian replied. “No! Definitely not!” Then before he could say anything else, she tried it again. “Phillip likes to suck his thumb!” But all she got for her efforts was a look of definite anger on his face.

“Why do you keep saying that to me? I do not suck my thumb, and I’m starting to get the feeling that you’re the one behind the vicious rumors that seem to be starting about it. I wish you and everyone else would just stop it!”

Marian backed off quickly. “No! No!” she exclaimed. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean anything.”

“Shit!” Phillip exclaimed as he got up from his desk. “I’m taking my break now!” With that, he angrily stormed out of the room.

Marian looked around at the other women. She didn’t know what to do. “You saw him, didn’t you?” she asked a few of them who sat further forward in the room than Phillip did. She saw them all nod.

“He was definitely sucking his thumb again!” Ashley declared triumphantly. “When did you hypnotize him again?”

“Yeah?” Felicia asked, practically laughing. “I thought you weren’t going to do anything else to him.”

“But… I didn’t!” Marian told them. “I had nothing to do with it. After removing all the suggestions from him yesterday, he shouldn’t be doing this. And not only that, but he’s doing it differently today. He’s not even aware at all that he’s doing it.” She looked around, wide–eyed, at all her workers. Then, not knowing what else to do, she headed for the break room to make some coffee. She now figured she needed several cups.

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Phillip angrily headed straight for the men’s room. He didn’t know where else to go. He noticed a number of people staring at him as he walked… but he was walking not just determinedly, he supposed they all could see how angry he was. When he finally got to the men’s room, he stood in front of one of the urinals, pulled his thumb out of his mouth, and pulled his zipper down. A moment later, he was feeling the relief of emptying his bladder. What was up with Marian today? Why had she said that to him? It certainly wasn’t nice! He figured he had good reason to be angry.

A few minutes later, he had washed his hands and was back out in the hallway. But this time he headed much more slowly back toward his desk. He was in no rush to get back there after how angry Marian had made him. What was up with her? He noticed that the people in the hallway were still looking at him. Did he still look that angry? He supposed he must.

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Vivian almost lost it when she saw Phillip come back into the room – with his thumb still in his mouth. The dumb jerk still wasn't even aware that he was sucking on it – as she had told him last night. Of course, that was going to change later… after lunch. But he didn't know that… yet. She saw Marian watching Phillip intently from the break room. She had no doubt how concerned Marian felt just then. Well, later today, Marian would be feeling even more concerned. She almost laughed out loud!

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Lunchtime came and Phillip unconsciously pulled his thumb out of his mouth. Just as unconsciously, it stayed out of his mouth all through lunch that he enjoyed with his friends. And just as unconsciously he proudly stuck his thumb back in his mouth and started sucking on it the moment he walked through the office door!

Marian shook her head worriedly as she watched Phillip coming back from lunch. Had he sucked that thing the whole time he was gone? What had his friends said about it? And the one thing that worried her just as much, was that her trigger phrase for him no longer worked. And she knew without a doubt that it should have. Phillip always went into his trances quickly and all too easily. And he went very deep each time. She could see no way at all that the trigger phrase wouldn't affect him!

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It was nearly an hour after lunch when Phillip happened to look up and see Courtney staring back at him. Why? Then he notice Brittany staring at him too. And so was Vivian! "What?" he asked, his thumb that was still in his mouth garbling the word. But this time, he realized that what had come out of his mouth didn't sound right… and a moment later, he realized why. His thumb was in his mouth! His damn thumb… was in his mouth! Hurriedly, he pulled it out and looked at it in amazement. He heard some small laughter from several of the women as they watched him. Totally embarrassed, he turned back to his computer. Why had his thumb been in his mouth? He hadn't even known it was there! Did that have anything at all to do with what Marian had said to him earlier? Very worried about it, he tried to put it out of his mind. But putting it out of his mind was almost impossible, especially since a little while later he realized he was sitting there sucking on his thumb again.

"Damn!" He pulled his thumb out again and stared at it – again! What was going on? Why was he sucking his thumb? And over and over again he remembered Marian standing in front of him saying those weird words to him – something about him sucking his thumb. She must have had something to do with it! She must have! She used to be a stage hypnotist. Had she done something to him? Angrily, he looked back at her. She was working and didn't even

notice him looking. He turned back to his computer again, but work was the furthest thing from his mind. What had she done to him?

He tried to work, but he couldn't manage to think about what he was supposed to be doing. All he could think about was the fact that he had been sucking his thumb and everyone had seen him doing it. And of course, while he was worrying about it, he found his thumb back in his mouth again – several times throughout the afternoon. It was as if the damn thing had a mind of its own. He couldn't seem to stop it – because he never realized when he started doing it! For the rest of the afternoon he brooded about it. Not once being able to do any more work… and not once ever realizing when he put his stupid thumb back in his mouth again.

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Vivian was going mad with delight. All day long she had watched the suggestions she had put into Phillip's brain at work in him. Perhaps the highlight of her day though had been when Marian had tried to hypnotize him again… and discovered that she couldn't. She was somewhat amazed that her suggestions had worked. It was one thing to test it with that video recording, but quite another matter with Marian doing it in person. But it had not only worked, it had worked brilliantly! It was all she could do to control the glee that she felt inside. And this time, poor Phillip knew he had a problem and by now he knew that he didn't know what to do about it. She remembered again when Marian had tried to hypnotize him with that trigger phrase she had used before, and failed. She wondered if Phillip blamed her at all for his current little problems. She had no way to tell… yet. Maybe she could find out later tonight since she was planning on visiting him again.

Thinking about Marian and the way she had failed to hypnotize him again, reminded her that it was time to set the ball rolling in that direction. Pulling up her email program, she began typing.

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Marian often got emails from her staff of workers. Mostly they were about business so she always checked them as soon as she realized she had gotten one. The email from Vivian hadn't sat unopened in her inbox very long before she read it. The email concerned her a bit because it was a request from Vivian for her to wait around after work to talk about a private and personal matter that had come up. Marian didn't know why Vivian was reluctant to discuss it now, but she had no problem staying a few extra minutes after work to sort things out. She emailed back that she would stay and that she hoped she could easily handle Vivian's problem.

A few seconds after Marian had sent her reply, Vivian read it with delight!

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Quitting time came and Phillip was still trying to figure out why his thumb kept winding up in his mouth. The moment he was able to leave, he very carefully made sure he wasn't sucking his thumb and hurried for the door – this time, before the women got there! He just wanted to get out of there and get home… where hopefully he wouldn't be faced with the problem any longer. Hopefully!

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"Are you coming Vivian?" Felicia asked as she and the other women were walking out.

"I'll be along in a few," Vivian replied with a smile as she set her purse on top of her desk so she could grab it easily when she left. She waved at the girls as they all departed. When she turned around to look, only she and Marian were now left in the room. She got up from her desk and walked across the aisle to lean against Phillip's desk, waiting for Marian to be ready to talk to her. She only had to wait a moment.

"What's happening?" Marian asked, seeing that Vivian was now ready to talk.

"Did you see Phillip today?"

All Marian's concern over Phillip came crashing back at her. She had been stressing over it all day long. "Of course I saw him! You saw me try to hypnotize him again this morning, but for some reason, I couldn't. And there's no reason in the world why it shouldn't have worked! I'm really very worried about it."

Vivian smiled, but she realized it was a wicked smile. All the better! "You couldn't, because I hypnotized him last night, and fixed things so that you can never hypnotize him again… ever! In fact nobody can do it to him anymore… except me."

"You? You hypnotized him? And blocked me out? Why?"

"Because he deserves to be punished! And you don't seem to be willing to do it!"

"But you can't do that!"

"But I did do it… and I'm going to continue to do it!"

"No you're not! You're going to undo everything you did to him immediately. Set him straight!"

"Oh, I'm going to set him straight alright. Just not in the direction you think he should be going."

Marian got up from her desk so that she too was on her feet. Sitting down while someone was standing over you could be seen as a disadvantage. She walked up to Vivian's desk and leaned against it where she would be directly across from Vivian. "Vivian," she said, "doing something like this is not only unethical, it's illegal!"

"Oh, I don't care. I'm not the least bit worried about that."

Angry now, Marian took a more brutal track. "If you don't set him straight, I'll have you dismissed! Fired for unethical behavior!"

Vivian's grin was from ear to ear. "No you won't."

"Yes I will!"

"Nope! You won't because there's nothing at all to tie me to Phillip's little problem." Her mischievous grin grew totally evil. "There is however, lots of proof that you had everything to do with his problem. You're the one who needs to be worried about being fired!"

"Me?"

"You!" Vivian confirmed. "What do you think would happen if I sent one of those videos I made of you hypnotizing him up to Human Resources? Both those videos show very clearly how you hypnotized him. Not only that, but every woman here saw you hypnotize him several times. Don't you think their testimony alone would be enough to get you fired?"

Marian was shocked. Outraged and completely shocked. "You wouldn't!"

"Oh, but I would. I was bold enough to go to Phillip's house last night and hypnotize him… not to mention fix it so that you couldn't anymore. So don't doubt for a minute that I'd turn you in if I had to. Nobody saw me doing anything at all to him. But everybody saw you! And those videos I made aren't just valuable now, they're priceless! So don't doubt for a minute that I'll tell HR and get you fired if you give me any trouble at all!"

"You wouldn't," Marian said again, only far weaker this time.

"Marian, we both know for sure now that I would… and I will!" Vivian replied. "So from now on you're going to do nothing but support me in everything I do."

"You can't do this!" Marian tried again. "It's not right!"

Vivian grew angry. “You want to know what’s not right? What’s not right is the way Maria, Leanne, and Terry got fired! That wasn’t right! And you want to know what else isn’t right? You! Your job! That’s what isn’t right! After those women were fired, I should have been next in line for your job. The Supervisor job should have gone to me! And instead they brought you in from somewhere else… from the outside… from… whatever circus you used to work for. That’s what isn’t right! Your job as Supervisor should have been mine! So don’t think for a minute that I won’t hesitate to do whatever I need to if you give me the least bit of trouble!” Her manner seemed to drip with even more vehemence. “And with something like this on your record, how easy do you think it would be for you to find another job? Huh? The job market is bad enough as it is. You’d never find decent work again! So the choice is yours Missy! You either do what I say from now on and don’t give me any trouble at all, or your ass is out in the cold. And maybe they’ll even arrest you for what you did!”

Marian was totally dumbfounded. Worse, she knew that everything Vivian had just said was all too true. And there was a good chance she could be arrested over it. “This is… blackmail,” she said.

Vivian paused to consider that. She hadn’t even thought about that before. “Why, yes it is, isn’t it?” she said with a smile. Her voice gained a touch of evilness again. “And since it is blackmail, then I might as well take advantage of it and find some ways to make your life more miserable too!”

Marian felt as if she had just been slapped – hard. In a way, she had. “Please…” she tried to plead.

But now that it had been said, Vivian was all that much more pleased with the situation. “Marian!” she said, shutting the older woman up. “You may be Supervisor here… and I guess you’ll continue to be the Supervisor. Hell, you’re even doing a fairly decent job of it. So you may be the Supervisor, but you better darn well realize that I’m your boss! And if I tell you to do something… anything… then you darn well better do it! As I said, your job should have been mine! So I have no problem at all with bossing you around… and you better toe the line with anything at all I say… or you know what will happen. And as you know now, I’ll have no problem at all letting HR know exactly what went on here!”

Marian could only look at her in speechless shock.

Seeing that Marian now understood the situation a little better, Vivian walked over to her desk and picked up her purse. She turned back to Marian, who was still staring at her with disbelief, and leveled a very mischievous grin at her. Then she turned and walked out, feeling very, very satisfied.

Chapter 05.

Vivian started laughing out loud before she had driven halfway home. She not only had Phillip dancing to her tune, but now Marian would be under her thumb as well. She hadn't even considered the implications of what she could do with that. The old cow! It served her right!

Marian now knew who was boss, and tonight Phillip would find out as well. But with Phillip it was going to be an entirely different ballgame. None of this not remembering crap at all! And she didn't intend to mess with him worrying about a little bit of anxiety. Huh! Laughable! No, she had other plans for Phillip to keep him in line, and teaching him just how it stood between them now was her primary goal for that night.

Her mind tried to picture what Phillip was going through right now… hopefully. And she laughed out loud again. She had allowed him to go all the way home today without his thumb in his mouth… but that was as far as he was going to get that way. And then she had added some nasty surprises to his brain last night for when he got home. Surprises that she was fairly sure would keep him home until she could get there. Picturing it, she laughed out loud again. Damn this was fun!

Pulling into one of the many empty parking places in front of her tiny old apartment, she got out of her car and hurried toward her door. Thoughts of what she needed to do tonight were racing through her mind. Twenty minutes later, she was back in her car again. And so was the doll that she had bought for Phillip to hold a few days ago. No use letting that go to waste!

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Phillip had a problem. A major problem. And no surprise, it dealt with him sucking his thumb. He hadn't sucked the thing even once all the way home. He hadn't even felt any urge to suck it. But the minute he walked through the door into his apartment, bam! He had brought his thumb up to his mouth and he started sucking on it harder than ever. So hard in fact, that he couldn't get the darn thing out of his mouth. It was as if it was glued there! And he had been sucking on the darn thing extra hard ever since. He tried everything he could think of to pry his thumb out of his mouth. Nothing worked. He couldn't even pull his lips away from his thumb, it was as if they were completely glued tightly to it. And now his mouth was starting to feel really tired and sore from sucking on it so hard. What the heck did Marian do to him? He thought about calling her, but how the heck would he talk? He couldn't! Not only that, it was dinner time and he was getting hungry. How was he supposed to eat?

The knock on his door frightened him. Who could be there? He couldn't answer the door with his thumb stuck in his mouth! Besides, how would he talk to anyone there? Scared out

of his wits, he didn't move a muscle so as not to make any sound at all… hoping and praying that whoever was there would go away quickly and he could just get back to trying to figure out how to get his thumb out of his mouth again.

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Vivian was perturbed. Phillip's car was in the parking lot where it was supposed to be, but he wasn't answering his door. She knocked again – louder. And waited. Still no answer. She knocked again even louder. "Phillip!" she called. Still no answer. Where the heck was he? A small possibility crossed her mind. She knocked one more time. "Phillip! I know you're in there. Open this door right now… unless you want to keep that thumb in your mouth all night long!"

Inside, Phillip's eyes went wide. Whoever was at the door knew about his thumb, so he figured it must be Marian. But it didn't sound like Marian at all, it sounded more like Vivian. Very cautiously, he went to his door. Standing behind it, he opened it a crack to peer out… trying to keep his thumb sucking hidden. Vivian!

Vivian giggled at the sight of him. She couldn't see his thumb, but she knew he was trying to hide it. "Are you going to let me in," she asked, "or do you enjoy sucking on that thing so much you'd rather keep it in your mouth?"

Phillip didn't know what was going on, but since she seemed to know about his thumb, he stepped back and let her in. She walked right past him, only giving his thumb sucking a passing glance as if it was of no consequence at all. He closed his door and locked it. He remembered that she had been to see him last night as well, but he still couldn't remember why she had been there.

Vivian set her purse and the doll down on one of his chairs. She was glad to see that the TV wasn't on this time. She turned to face him and study him. There was no doubt that he seemed to be sucking on his thumb very hard. "Can you pull that thing out?" she asked.

Phillip shook his head and managed to moan a small, "Mm, Mm!"

The smile on Vivian's face grew broader. "Let me see you try to pull it out."

Phillip tried to say that he couldn't, but only that same unintelligible moaning was able to escape his mouth.

"Try!" Vivian ordered.

Rolling his eyes, Phillip pulled his arm as hard as he could, but he couldn't budge it one tiny bit from his mouth. He grabbed his wrist with his other arm as well and pulled with that too,

but the result was the same – no result at all! He gave up and moaned again that he couldn't… with a rather pleading look on his face.

Vivian was tempted to let him remove his thumb right then, but she thought better of the idea. "Good," she said. "Maybe it will help keep you quiet so you can listen to me better." She pointed to the chair he had sat in last night, and waited until he sat down.

"Phillip," she started, "do you remember Marian hypnotizing you at all?" She watched as his eyes went wide and anger seemed to cross his face. He shook his head and made sounds that sounded like he didn't remember it at all. She nodded. "Well, just so you know, Marian is the one who is ultimately responsible for your current predicament."

Angry now, Phillip let out more grunting, trying to let Vivian know how angry he was.

"Don't worry about it," Vivian told him. "I can get your thumb out of your mouth for you any time I want."

Phillip tried to grunt that he wanted her to do it immediately.

"No, I'm not going to do it yet. I want you to sit there and listen to me. Because what I have to tell you is very, very important!" She saw his angry wide–eyed stare. He was definitely listening closely now. "Marian is the one who is ultimately responsible for all of this, but I'm the one who made you suck your thumb all day today, including now! Not Marian… me! But because Marian had set you up first, she's the one who is still ultimately responsible, not me."

Phillip wasn't exactly seeing it that way at all. As far as he was concerned, they were both responsible. And if he ever got his thumb out of his mouth again, he'd kill them both – starting with Vivian. So why was she smiling so broadly at him? Damn, she looked positively evil!

Vivian leaned over toward him. "I know you're probably angry at me. Tough! You can stay as angry as you like, but you won't be able to do anything at all about it. From now on, you won't be able to ever do anything to hurt me or do anything against me in any way. In fact, from now on… well, actually as of last night, you're going to be doing absolutely anything in the world that I tell you to do. And I mean… anything!"

Her words and that damn evil grin on her face were starting to scare him. He had no idea in the world what she meant or what she was talking about, but from what little he had just heard, he already had no intention of doing anything for this bitch at all!

"So let's get this straight," Vivian continued. "I own and control you now – completely. Nobody else! Not even you has the control over you that I do now. So get that straight. I'm

your… Mistress now." She was rather pleased with the term. "And from now on, the only thing you will ever call me is… Mistress Vivian. Got that? Mistress Vivian.

"Now I know that you're not exactly on board with all this yet, but trust me, in a little while, you will be. And I've made plans to make doubly sure that you always will be. So from on, here's how things are going to work. I… Mistress Vivian, will be pulling your strings – hard I'm afraid! But you… you are going to continue to hold Marian responsible for everything I make you do. You'll know it's me behind it, but you will still hold Marian responsible."

Phillip was totally aghast! What the heck? He vehemently shook his head no!

Vivian laughed a bit. "Don't worry, I know you don't like it, but that's the way it's going to be." She laughed again at him trying to tell her he wouldn't do it.

"Now," she said, "I'm hungry! And I'm sure you haven't eaten tonight either, so you're going to take me out for a nice dinner tonight, and of course, like the gentleman that you are, you'll be paying for it." She looked at him mockingly. He was staring at her with a look of total anger on his face. "Like it or not!"

She backed off and watched him for a moment… and giggled a bit. He looked so ridiculous sitting there sucking his thumb. Just as ridiculous as he had looked doing it all day. Childish – despite how angry the rest of his face looked. Knowing she needed to do a few things with him before she dared go out to dinner with him, she said, "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" His reaction wasn't as fast as it had been last night. She noticed that particularly. It was almost as if he went into his trance in slow motion. She wasn't sure if she had done something wrong… or if something was wearing off… or if it was because he was so angry right now. But at least he had gone into his trance and was now sitting there looking totally peaceful with his eyes closed… and of course still sucking his thumb, only not as hard as he had before.

She remembered then that Marian had taken the time to deepen his trance each time she had hypnotized him… and Marian had also refreshed his memory about his trigger phrase as well. After seeing how slowly he had gone into the trance this time, she figured maybe she better take some cues from Marian.

Remembering that Marian had linked his thumb sucking to his relaxation, she decided to do the same. "Phillip," she said, "sucking your thumb makes you feel relaxed. Very, very relaxed. The more you suck your thumb, the more relaxed you will feel. Sucking your thumb makes you feel very, very good. Very relaxed. More and more relaxed. And the more relaxed you feel, the deeper into your trance you can go. You want to go deeper and deeper into your trance. Every time you go into a trance, you want to go as deep as you possibly can. The deeper you go, the better you like it. More and more relaxed. Feeling better and better the deeper you go. Deeper and deeper into your trance."

She paused for a moment before continuing. “Phillip, remember carefully, anytime you hear me say, ‘Phyllis sucks her thumb,’ you will immediately put your thumb in your mouth and suck on it, and drop into a very deep trance. And as I told you yesterday, I am now the only one who can ever hypnotize you anymore. Nobody, especially Marian, can ever have that ability over you again. Only me!”

She didn’t know if that was enough or not. She had no experience with these things. Besides, he had still gone into his trance – despite how angry he had been. But she was getting hungry now and it was time for him to take her out for dinner. She let him keep his eyes closed as she spoke. “Phillip, listen very carefully. When you wake up, you will remember everything, but you will not feel angry with me at all. As soon as you wake up, you will stop sucking on your thumb and take it out of your mouth. You will feel nothing but very, very grateful to me for helping you with that problem. And because of that, you will be nothing but very glad to buy a nice dinner for me, anywhere I want.”

She decided a few other little tidbits might be a good idea. “Phillip,” she said, “no matter what things I ever make you do, no matter how you feel about them, you will never, ever be able to do anything at all to harm me, or even do anything at all that might be bad or even unpleasant for me. You will only be able to do whatever I tell you to do.”

She felt a bit safer now that she had planted those little suggestions. She was about to wake him up, but her devilish mind couldn’t help itself… since he was already hypnotized. “Phillip,” she said, “tonight, when we go out to dinner….”

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Phillip was just glad to finally have his thumb out of his mouth again. And he couldn’t help but feel very grateful to Vivian for that… even though he now knew that the problem had been caused by her in the first place. As he drove toward one of the nicer steak restaurants in the area that Vivian had requested he take her to, his mind played back everything that had happened since Vivian had arrived at his house. He remembered everything! Everything! He was sure of it. And despite all the wild, weird, and just downright mean and ugly things she had said, he still couldn’t help but feel very grateful to her – just as he remembered she had told him he would feel while he had still been in the trance. He wanted to feel angry with her again. He knew he had to feel angry with her. But right now, he simply couldn’t. So he was taking her out on… well not on a date exactly, but out to buy her a nice dinner.

They pulled into the restaurant, and despite the number of people there, they were shortly shown to a small table for two. Vivian was delighted. It was nice to be out with a good looking guy for a change – despite what was going to start happening very soon.

“What do you think of Marian?” Vivian asked, trying to start some conversation.

"The truth?" Phillip, replied with more than a hint of anger.

"Of course!"

"I'd like to kill her!"

Marian nearly giggled. She made a mental note to make sure he wouldn't ever be able to do that or hurt Marian in any way either. She needed Marian right now.

The waiter came and took their drink order and left again. Phillip watched as Vivian studied the menu. He didn't bother. He had been there before and knew they would have the cut of steak he wanted. He usually ordered the same thing in these places anyway.

He was still feeling grateful to Vivian for helping him get his thumb out of his mouth – very grateful. But he was very distrustful as well. He did his best to not say anything. He felt like things were totally screwed up in his mind. He knew deep down that he should feel one way about everything, yet at the same time, here he was feeling completely grateful to her. And he knew it was because she had hypnotized him again. He just couldn't seem to find the ability to feel anything other than what he did. And that worried him a lot.

The waiter came and brought their drinks, and took Vivian's order – a small but very expensive steak filet with a baked potato and a salad. The waiter turned to Phillip. "And for you sir?"

Phillip intended on ordering a large steak with a baked potato, but instead he found himself asking, "Do you have a kid's hot dog plate available?" What? He didn't want a hot dog! Yet he found himself unable to ask for anything else?

The waiter looked at him somewhat surprised. "Um… yes, of course we do. But… um… you want this for yourself?"

"Yes please," Phillip found himself replying as he struggled with himself. "With fries please," he added.

"Anything else?" the waiter asked.

"No, just the kid's hot dog and fries," Phillip told him… despite what he wanted to order instead.

The waiter nodded and walked away. And Phillip stared after him with a stunned look on his face. He turned back to Vivian. "What did you do to me?"

Vivian giggled. "Just something that I felt was more appropriate," she replied.

"More appropriate?" But the only answer he got in reply was Vivian's slight giggle. Fearing anything else that might come out of his mouth, he decided to remain as silent as possible. Fortunately, Vivian's salad came quickly so he figured he wouldn't have to say anything to her while she ate. But the minute he saw her put her first forkful of lettuce into her mouth, he was horrified to find himself bringing his thumb back up to his mouth to suck on it like a child again. And once again, he couldn't seem to remove it. He saw Vivian giggle at him and raise her eyebrows at him, mocking him as she chewed.

As he sat sucking his thumb, totally angry at her again, he realized that while he thought he remembered everything she had said to him while he had been hypnotized tonight, that obviously he didn't. Now he had to worry about anything else she might have stuck in his brain. And from the delighted way she seemed to be looking at him while she ate, he was more worried about that than ever!

The waiter finally brought their dinners, pausing to stare for a moment at Phillip sucking his thumb, then he set the hot dog and fries down in front of him… thinking that it was probably appropriate for him. He set the good steak with the baked potato down in front of the woman. "Anything else?" he asked.

"Ketchup for his fries, please," Vivian requested. She saw the waiter nod before walking off and looking back strangely at Phillip one more time.

"Thumb out!" Vivian commanded with a slight giggle.

Phillip couldn't get his thumb out of his mouth fast enough. "You just had to humiliate me!" he hissed. "You just had to do it!"

Vivian giggled. "I couldn't help myself. Are you enjoying your dinner?"

"No!" Phillip replied. "And I don't like hot dogs!"

"All the better," Vivian replied with delight. "Oh Phillip, don't forget to tie your bib."

Bib? But as soon as she said that, Phillip found himself grabbing his large napkin off of his lap, and tying it around his neck as if it was a child's bib! Now he hated her more than ever! The evil witch!

Vivian was enjoying herself immensely. The power she held over him was amazing! Absolutely amazing! And she intended on only increasing that power. She watched as the waiter returned with the Ketchup and spent more time ogling Phillip with his napkin now tied around his neck, before he walked off – most likely to tell the other waiters about Phillip.

Before Phillip could grab the bottle of ketchup, Vivian got to it first. Reaching across the table, she practically drowned his fries in the ketchup, then poured another overly large amount on his hot dog. And while he was staring at his plate in disbelief, she grabbed his silverware and moved it away from him. "Children don't need things that can hurt them," she said. She couldn't help herself, she laughed out loud. The poor sap was now doomed to eat his dinner – a child's dinner at that, with just his fingers! And it was all covered in a huge amount of ketchup!

Phillip was cursing silently! This was ridiculous! Beyond belief! He wanted desperately to pull the napkin off from around his neck, but he couldn't seem to find the ability to even attempt to do it. And now Vivian had soaked his entire dinner – a dinner he didn't even want – in an overabundance of ketchup! And worse, he found himself reaching for one of those ketchup soaked fries and grabbing it with his fingers and putting it in his mouth. He looked at his fingers, even as they reached back down to his plate for another fry. His fingers were already a mess – like a child's – and he had just started eating. He had no doubt that he was going to be an absolute mess by the time he finished eating. And no doubt, with the mess he was making now, he was probably going to need his napkin tied into a bib! Ugh!

Vivian's steak was excellent, but she barely noticed. She was too intent on watching Phillip make an absolute mess of himself as he ate… just as she had programmed him to do. It wasn't long before he had ketchup literally everywhere on both hands and most of his face. And the napkin he had tied around his neck had quite a bit of ketchup on it as well. And the best part was that even though he didn't like hot dogs, she had commanded him to eat everything on his plate, one item at a time, and he wouldn't be able to stop eating until he had finished. So even though the restaurant had included a large quantity of fries with his hot dog, he was finished eating long before she was half through with her own dinner. And as soon as he finished of course, the final straw she had programmed him with went into effect. She watched as he brought his totally messy hand up to his face and stuck his ketchup covered thumb into his mouth to suck on – where he discovered that he couldn't remove it again. The look of absolute hatred from him did nothing but delight her even more.

What power she had! And as soon as they got back to his apartment, her main plan was to increase that power – by a lot!

Before she had finished eating, the waiter was back. Vivian watched as he spent some time looking at Phillip, who was doing his best to level a look of hatred back at him… despite the thumb in his mouth. The waiter asked if they wanted any desert. Since Phillip was unable to answer, Vivian simply told him no and asked for the check. As soon as she had finally finished her dinner, she got up from her seat and walked over to Phillip. "What a mess you are!" she scolded. "Just like a baby!" She giggled a bit again before commanding, "Thumb out!"

Phillip would have killed her… if he was capable of it… which he knew he couldn't do. He did remember her drilling those thoughts into his brain earlier. And based on the things she

had made him do so far, he knew that any attempt at anything against her would be all but impossible for him to even try. But that didn't stop him from wanting to do it. He sat still as she took the "bib" from around his neck and used it to wipe each hand individually, as well as to wipe his face clean. At least he hoped his face was clean, his hands still felt sticky.

The waiter brought the check and Phillip left more than enough cash on the table to cover it, and he and Vivian were soon back in his car and heading home. "I've never been more humiliated in my life!" he declared angrily as he headed back to his apartment.

"No?" Vivian asked. "Not even sucking your thumb at work today?"

"That wasn't exactly fun either!" Phillip retorted. "Why are you women being so cruel to me? Just for the fun of it? What did I ever do to you?"

"Not to us," Vivian replied, this time with more than a hint of ice in her voice. "To those other women! And if you don't want to make me even angrier, I suggest you shut up about it and don't mention it again! I'm already having a very good time with this and I intend on continuing to have a good time – at your expense! So don't make matters even worse on yourself. Because as Marian has recently found out, and is probably going to find out more tomorrow, I can definitely make matters really, really bad for you!"

Phillip shut up about it, but he had to wonder, what other women? What the heck was she talking about? And what had she done to Marian as well? She had said that it was Marian who was ultimately responsible for what he was currently going through, and he could somewhat see that. But what had Vivian done… and why was she really being so totally cruel to him?

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Vivian wasted no time. The minute they were back in his apartment and the door was closed she said the magic words, "Phyllis sucks her thumb." This time, she watched as he went into his trance almost immediately. She breathed a small sigh of relief and sent him to sit on his couch. But she remembered how slow he had gone into that trance last time and so she took a few minutes to deepen it again and also to remind him of the trigger words. For her own protection, she also reminded him that he could never do anything against her in any way at all.

With that bit of business done, she got busy. She had thought hard about this for few days now and she knew exactly what she wanted to do to him. "Phillip," she said to him, "I want you to stay deeply in your trance, but you can take your thumb out of your mouth now." She saw a look of relief as his thumb came out… but there was no doubt he was still very much in his trance. "Good," she said. "Phillip, I am your Mistress now. I have the power to make you do anything at all that I want. You will always remember that whatever I tell you

to do, you have to do exactly as I want, and there will be no way you can't do it. No matter how much you dislike doing anything, you will never have a choice in the matter. If I tell you to do it, then you must do it!"

Marian had linked her suggestions for him to the stupid anxiety thing. She wasn't going to mess with anything so trivial. She wanted him to know the consequences if he didn't obey her. "Phillip," she said to him. "You will stay deeply in your trance. Nothing that will happen now can bring you out of that trance. You want to stay deeply in your trance and you not only want to obey me, you absolutely need to obey me."

She continued. "Right now I want you to notice that your right arm is starting to hurt." She saw his face becoming concerned. "The pain in that arm is growing worse and worse." She saw his face contort with the pain and he reached over with his other arm to hold his aching right arm. "The pain is growing almost unbearable!" She now saw the distinct agony on his face. "And now that your right arm hurts so bad, the pain is growing the same way in your left arm too." She watched as he now held both his arms out, flexing them, trying to relieve the pain that wouldn't go away. "Both your arms hurt unbearably now, but now that pain is in your left leg too… and now it's growing in your right leg as well. The pain in all your limbs is unbearable, but you can do nothing about it. Now your stomach hurts bad too." She watched as he bent over as the phantom abdominal pains wracked his body. "And finally, now your head has such a headache you can barely think." His neck snapped back as he felt the pain now invading his head. He was crying pitifully now. Good! That was what she wanted from him.

"Phillip," she said, "I know you can still hear me. You are deeply in your trance and you will stay in that trance… and you will continue to hurt until I take the pain away!" His sobs of distress were nothing but pitiful… and wonderful to her ears. This was the state she wanted him in. "Phillip," she said to him, "you will always remember this pain. You will always remember how horrible it is. You will always remember that it is the worst thing in the world for you. Nothing in the world will ever be worse than the pain that you are feeling now." She paused to let that soak into his pain filled brain. "Phillip, I want you to specifically remember this pain always, because it is the pain you will feel every time you disobey me, or don't do exactly what I want. Every time you don't obey me completely, this pain will be back and it will get worse and worse each time. Each and every time! It will get worse and worse if you don't obey me completely. You will remember this pain if you're in your trance, and you will also especially remember it when you're not in a trance. You will always remember and be afraid of this pain, and what will happen if you don't obey me."

She stepped back away from him for a moment to let all that sink into him… and to watch him writhing in agony for a few minutes. Then she moved closer to him again. "Phillip," she said, "are you ready for me to take the pain away?"

She heard him breathe a desperate, "Yes" through his sobs as he continued to writhe on the couch.

"Are you ready to obey me completely… no matter what I ask you to do?"

Again, she heard him whisper a desperate, "Yes" in reply. He was hurting so much it was all he could say.

"Then as long as you are now willing to obey me, no matter what, then the next time I say the words, 'pain go away,' all your pain will immediately stop. But if you don't completely feel that you will obey me now, the pain will continue just as it is now."

"Stop… it," she heard him croak hoarsely. "Please stop the pain!"

"Very well then," she said. "When the pain leaves your body, you will continue to stay deeply in your trance. You will start sucking your thumb again which will help you feel more and more relaxed so you can go deeper and deeper into your trance. Sucking on your thumb again will help you recover from the pain. Here we go now. Three… two… one…. Pain go away!"

The reaction in his body was almost as if he had just been shot! His writhing in pain was replaced with a different kind of writhing as his body registered that the pain was no longer there, but it was still trying to recover from it. He finally rolled over on the couch onto his back with his eyes tightly closed, and put his thumb in his mouth and began sucking on it again. Vivian watched as his body seemed to relax more and more, until finally, a few minutes later, he appeared to be asleep. So much asleep that she had to ask, "Phillip, can you hear me?"

"Yes," Phillip's voice replied around the thumb in his mouth.

She breathed a sigh of relief and moved on. "Phillip," she said, "you know now what will happen if you ever disobey me." She saw his face momentarily contort at remembering the pain. "All you have to do, is whatever I tell you to do, and you won't have to worry about feeling the pain. But you know now that the moment you slip up, all that pain will come crashing back at you. And Phillip, remember that if you slip up too badly, I might not want to take the pain away again." She saw what looked almost like distress on his face beneath his hand with the thumb that was stuck in his mouth. "You know now that you have to obey my every wish. You know now that you have no other choice but to obey my every wish… no matter what!"

She paused to watch him for a few moments. Then she said, "Phillip, I'm going to wake you up in a moment. When I do, you will know that you completely belong to me. You will know that I control you completely. You will know that I am your Mistress… your Mistress

Vivian. And that is how you will always think of me from now on. Disobeying me will bring on the pain. And only I, Mistress Vivian can take it away again. Only me!"

She paused again to let all that sink into him. "I'm going to count down from three to one now and when I reach one, you will come fully awake. You can either take your thumb out of your mouth if you like, or leave it in since sucking on it will help relax you and take some of your stress away. That will be up to you now. Here we go Phillip. Prepare to wake up fully and know that you belong to me. Three… two… one…. Wake up!"

She watched as he opened his eyes and pulled his thumb out of his mouth. From his position where he was laying on his back on the couch, he looked up at her… fearfully. And she watched as his thumb seemed to find its way into his mouth again. The two of them seemed to stare at each other like that for a very long time. Mistress and… what? Vassal? Pawn perhaps? Her plaything? She didn't know. Only that he now belonged to her. She hoped anyway. She wasn't an expert at these things. She had no way of knowing anything for sure.

"Who am I?" she asked.

She watched as he pulled his thumb out of his mouth and said, "Mistress Vivian." Then his thumb went right back into his mouth again… his eyes still locked with hers.

"And who do you belong to?" she asked.

"You," he replied.

She nodded. "Get up!" She waited until he was on his feet. "Get undressed. Completely. I want you naked!"

She could see the concern on his face over that. He didn't really like what she had asked him to do, but with his eyes still locked with hers, he slowly began undressing. He wasn't overly fast about it, but she didn't care. In fact, despite the look on his face, she found that she was rather enjoying the show of seeing him strip.

"Beautiful," she said when he was finally completely naked in front of her. "Now we're going to see if you really will do whatever I want. Wait here." She left him standing there and walked through his apartment and into his bedroom. She looked around as she walked into it. It was still just as neat as it had been the last time she was there. It was certainly a lot bigger than the bedroom in her tiny apartment. She went over to the window that looked out at the grassy area behind his apartment and between the buildings behind him. There was a street lamp mounted on a pole out there to shed a bit of light on the sidewalk that ran between the buildings. She went back to him.

"To show me you're now willing to do whatever I ask of you, I want you to go outside now, just as you are. Totally naked. You're going to run around to the back of your apartment and stand under that street lamp behind your building. I want to see you doing ten jumping jacks when you get there. Then you can continue the rest of the way around the building and come right back here. Now go! Get to it!"

He didn't want to do it. He tried to not go, but the moment he even thought about not going the pain immediately hit his right arm. He took off running for the door, the pain only leaving him as he went out into the evening air. He felt afraid out there, running around naked like a madman. But he no longer had a choice in the matter. He knew that for sure now. There could no longer be any denying it. If she said do it, then he would do it.

Red faced, he ran past a group of women getting out of a car. They all stared and pointed at him. He heard a few laughs as he ran past as well. He never paused, he only kept going. He ran around to the side of the building and all the way to the back where he turned to run along the sidewalk that ran between his building and the one behind it, continuing on toward the one central light. He stopped there and looked up briefly. He could see her silhouetted in his bedroom window, looking down at him. He started doing the jumping jack exercises… all ten of them. Then he took off running again, hoping that nobody was looking out the back of their apartments at him… but knowing that someone most likely was. He saw more people in the parking lot as he rounded the front of the building, but they were a distance away in front of the next building past his. He didn't even think of looking back to see if they were watching him. Most likely, they were.

He ran up the stairs and headed for his door. He had left it open, and fortunately, it was still open. Panting for breath, he ran through it and closed it immediately… wondering all the time what kind of trouble that little bit of exercise was going to get him into. Trouble? There was no way anything could be worse than the trouble he now had with Mistress Vivian! And where did Marian fit into that equation now? He wasn't sure he was ready to find out.

He hurried back into his living room and saw Vivian smiling broadly at him. He only hoped he had done it right! He remembered that bit of pain trying to hit him all too quickly for just thinking about not doing it. That had come as something of a surprise. Fortunately, it had gone away the moment he had gotten moving.

"Very good," Vivian said with a broad smile on her face. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed that little show."

Phillip said nothing. Anything he really wanted to say would only get him in worse trouble.

Vivian walked over to the chair where she had set her purse… and the doll. She picked the doll up and brought it back to him. "Do you remember this?" she asked.

Phillip looked at the doll. “No. Should I?”

Vivian wasn’t sure how to answer that. “Well, yes and no. Marian made you carry this thing around all day and you couldn’t even let go of the thing. But then the damn bitch made you forget everything about it! So I guess you probably shouldn’t remember it at all.”

Marian had made him forget? Phillip now had another piece of the puzzle. It was a tiny piece that he wasn’t sure where it would fit into the grand scheme of things, but he was grateful to know it. But he quickly wondered something else, what else had Marian made him do?

“Hold this,” she said as she held it out toward him. With grave misgivings, Phillip took the doll, but tried not to even look at the thing.

“Turn it around and hold it in your arms like a child would,” Vivian instructed.

He turned it so the face of the doll was turned out and he hugged it to his chest.

“Good,” Vivian said with a smile. “Much better,” she decided. “That doll’s name is Dolly. And Dolly is now your dolly. You won’t ever call it just a doll, you will always refer to it as your dolly.” She had liked that part that Marian had stuck into his brain last time, so she had decided to continue it here.

She knew she could do this next part without the trance now, just make him carry the thing around because she had told him to, but she felt that hypnotizing him with the instructions would make it stick that much stronger in him. So once again she uttered the fatal words, “Phyllis sucks her thumb!” She watched as he immediately brought his free thumb up to his mouth and started sucking on it as his eyes closed.

The programming Marian had done to him about the doll had been really great. But she knew there were all too many times when he couldn’t hold the thing. But she didn’t see any reason at all why he shouldn’t have to continuously keep it very close to him. So based on that, she decided to instill her own version of Marian’s instructions into his brain.

“From now on,” she said to him, “you are to keep that dolly with you always. When you go to bed at night, Dolly will go to bed with you. When you get out of bed, Dolly must get out of bed too. When you go to the bathroom, you will always have Dolly with you as well. When you take a bath or a shower, you will keep Dolly as close to you as you can without her getting wet. From now on, Dolly must never be more than an arm’s length away from you. You can set her down anywhere whenever you need to do something, but she must always be within an arm’s length so you can get to her easily. Always! From now on!

“I’m going to count down from three to one now. When I get to one, you will wake up completely,” she told him. “Three… two… one…. Wake up!”

Phillip opened his eyes again and removed the thumb from his mouth. He saw Vivian grinning at him all too broadly. He remembered every word of what she had just instructed. He could feel his stupid dolly in his arms, but he had no interest in looking at the thing yet. He wasn't exactly happy at all.

"I'll leave you two alone to get acquainted now," Vivian told him with a devilish grin. "Make sure you get plenty of rest tonight. I'm sure you'll have an interesting day tomorrow!"

And with that, she grabbed her purse and walked out laughing.

Still naked, Phillip turned the dolly around and looked at it. It was an overly large cloth dolly. The size of the stupid thing was going to make carrying it around that much more difficult. He thought about putting the dolly down and trying to walk away from it, but he found that he didn't want to put the dolly down. He wanted to hold it. He wanted to keep the thing right with him. Oh great! Just great! How was he going to live his life attached to an oversized cloth dolly?

Chapter 06.

He brushed his teeth… while staring at the dolly. Just as he had shaved while looking at it too. And when he stepped into the tub to take his shower, Dolly was left on the floor right next to the tub. The dolly stayed there while he dried himself off. But the moment he was ready to go get dressed, he picked it up and carried it back into his bedroom. He held it while he selected his clothes for the day, and he set it on his bed while he stood right next to it and got dressed. By the time he ate his breakfast with Dolly laying right next to his cereal bowl, he was already so sick of seeing the dolly that he didn't know what he would do. But going more than an arm's length away from the thing had proven all but impossible. At least the thing was made entirely of soft cloth so that sleeping with the dumb thing all night had not been a problem.

Ten minutes later, Dolly was in the car with him as he drove to work – fifteen minutes earlier than usual. He had left early because he was hoping that fewer people would see him with the stupid thing. He didn't know what he would do about lunch… probably not eat any. He would have made himself a couple of sandwiches and brought them with him, but he was now out of stuff to make any sandwiches with.

Mistress Vivian's little visit last night had kind of upset his plans. Not that those plans had included doing any grocery shopping, but he had planned on doing something else instead. His girlfriend, Sandy, would be coming back from her trip tonight, and he had planned on phoning her last night to confirm that he would be there to pick her up at the airport. He wasn't sure what he was going to do about that… especially with Dolly in his life now. Not to mention Mistress Vivian! What the heck was he going to tell Sandy?

Still worried about that, he carried Dolly from the parking lot, into the building, and got directly into the empty waiting elevator. He always got to work early, and since he was extra early today he had seen only a few people… who he didn't think thought anything at all about seeing him with the stupid dolly. He hoped anyway. He finally got to his department and went through the door. The lights were still off and he switched them on. He felt a bit of relief at managing to get there without it being too embarrassing for him. But what about the rest of the day?

Worried about all too many things, he booted up his computer and started looking at the weather and news, just as he always did. But most of his mind was still overly occupied with his own problems to pay that much attention to any of the news.

He was only alone for about ten minutes. That was when Marian walked in.

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Marian always got to work early. She not only hated to be late, but she felt that as the department Supervisor, she should be setting a good example for her workers. Not that any of the women seemed to be learning anything from her yet. She was a little surprised to see Phillip there already. Him being early though was totally normal. Sometimes he got to work before she did, sometimes she got there first. "Morning, Phillip," she said brightly as she headed for her desk. She noticed the scowl he seemed to level at her as she approached. And as she passed his desk, she saw the large cloth doll lying next to his keyboard.

She stopped to look at the doll… and at him. He was still looking angrily at her. "What are you doing with that?" she asked, already guessing that Vivian had most likely given it to him to carry again… although she noted that the thing was lying on his desk and he wasn't holding it in his hands or in his lap. She noted that his thumb wasn't in his mouth either.

"What do you think?" he said with more than a hint of anger in his voice.

"Vivian?" Marian asked.

He nodded. "But she told me that you're the one who is ultimately responsible for all my problems now. So I'm blaming you!"

Marian's eyes went wide with shock. And the biggest problem was that what he had just said was true. Ultimately she was responsible for everything Vivian was doing to him now… because she had hypnotized him first. But the statement still didn't sound completely right. "I'm… sorry," she said sadly. "I had no idea Vivian would do anything like this."

"She told me you hypnotized me," he said. "What else did you do to me?"

Marian nodded, then went over to her desk where she deposited her purse before going back to him. "I did hypnotize you a few days ago," she said. "And I'm very sorry about that. I didn't want to do it, but everyone kept egging me on and… I'm afraid in a moment of weakness, I caved to their wishes and did it. And… I'm sorry. Very, very sorry."

"What did you do to me?" Phillip demanded again.

"As I said, I hypnotized you. Twice actually. The first time it was just a small demonstration for the ladies. I made you suck your thumb. But when I went to stop it, they all convinced me to make you keep at it. I was going to remove the suggestion from you before you left to go home, but I got called to a meeting that went much longer than it should have, and I'm afraid you were gone by the time I got back."

"Anything else?" he asked, his voice sill dripping with anger. "Vivian told me you made me carry… that around all day," he said indicating the cloth doll.

She nodded. “Yeah, I’m afraid I did. The next day, you came into work still sucking your thumb. The compulsions should have worn off by that time, but I’m afraid you’re one of those people who go into a trance really easily… and when you do, you go deep. Some people are just like that. Some aren’t. You’re just… one of them.”

“So?”

“So….” She stopped to take a deep breath and let it out with a sigh. “So I wanted to remove the compulsion as soon as I saw you, but again everyone convinced me to let you keep sucking your thumb. Then after lunch, Vivian brought in that doll, and everyone again jumped all over me to make you carry the thing around. And I’m afraid that once again I caved. But that day, I did remove all the compulsions from you completely. From the start I felt bad about doing it to you in the first place, so I made you forget about everything bad that had happened so you wouldn’t be bothered by any of it. You should have never had to face any of those memories again… consciously or unconsciously!”

“Well, it didn’t seem to work, did it!” he said nastily.

“No. But I had no idea that Vivian would do what she did. What did she do to you by the way?”

He shook his head and looked away from her. “Pain! Lots and lots of incredible pain!”

“Good morning,” Lisa said brightly as she walked through the door, interrupting their conversation.

Marian looked at Phillip almost sternly before turning towards Lisa. “Morning, Lisa,” she replied before going back to her desk. But her mind was totally occupied by Phillip. He had said, “Pain. Lots and lots of pain.” She didn’t want to think about what that meant, but her mind couldn’t help but throw out all too many disturbing scenarios.

She was going to have to do something. But right now, she didn’t know what. And Vivian had those videos that Marian had no doubt would go directly up to Human Resources the moment she did anything at all to make the woman even a little bit angry with her. And Vivian had been absolutely right. If Human Resources saw those videos she’d be fired and out on the street in a minute. Quite possibly even arrested. And getting another decent job with that on her record was going to be all but impossible! What the heck was she going to do?

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Vivian managed to get to work, not only on time, but actually earlier than she usually got there. But that didn’t mean that she was among the first to arrive. There were already six

others in the room by the time she walked in. And the moment she got through the door, Felecia, Lisa, and Courtney all were pointing at Phillip. “He’s got the doll again,” Felicia said excitedly.

“She hypnotized him again,” Courtney added.

“I think I saw her doing it when I walked in,” Lisa added.

Vivian was a little surprised to hear Lisa say that. But she smiled and headed to her desk, pausing to look across the aisle at Phillip and his doll before she sat down. She didn’t miss the look of hatred that he leveled at her as she looked at him. Feeling totally wonderful about everything. She sat down and booted up her computer. The first thing she did was to open her email program and start typing. It was a very short email, so it took no time at all before she sent it.

Marian saw an email come through for her. She opened it and saw that it was from Vivian. Reading it though was no bundle of joy. “You will make everyone think that you’re the one responsible for whatever Phillip does from now on. You won’t let anyone else know anything different at all!” Shortly after Marian read the email, she saw Vivian turn around and look at her… flashing a very evil looking grin. Marian nodded that she understood. She certainly wasn’t happy about it in the least. In fact, she was rather furious, but she could think of nothing she could do about it?

As she watched Phillip at his desk, she was grateful to realize that at least Vivian had let him set the doll down and not carry it all the time so he could actually do some work! But the few times she saw him get up from his desk, he always went back to retrieve the doll before he took two steps. Marian figured it out quickly that Vivian wasn’t letting Phillip get very far at all from that doll.

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It was shortly before the first break time when Marian got another email from Vivian. “Go make coffee now and make sure that room is clean and tidy for us. Then go back to your desk. Go back and make more coffee just before the next break starts and make sure the room is clean. Go back to your desk again after that! When the second break is over, go back to the break room and clean it thoroughly! Plan on doing that from now on!”

Marian’s anger grew another notch!

After she made the coffee, she came back to her desk to find several file folders on it as well as a note from Vivian to check her email – which she did immediately. Her anger at Vivian grew by another major notch. “Marian, since you won’t be taking breaks like the rest of us anymore, you might as well keep working. Here’s some of my stuff to keep you occupied.

Let me know when you finish so I can keep you busy with more." Marian noted that there were three attachments to the email – all of them jobs that she herself had assigned Vivian to work on earlier when she had distributed the emailed department workload. Now Vivian was making her do her work for her! And Marian still didn't know what she was going to do about it!

She noticed that Vivian was among the first to get up from her desk to take a break and she stayed extra–long in the break room. But even while Marian was in there making coffee for the second group, Vivian didn't say one single word to her. In fact, the only comments that were directed toward her were from several of the other women who all expressed their delight over seeing Phillip with the doll and they all wanted to know why she had changed her mind over hypnotizing him again. Marian only shrugged her shoulders at the question and left the room as soon as possible.

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Marian's desk was at the very back of the room. There was an empty desk between her desk and Vivian's desk where Maria used to sit. The other empty desk was across the aisle from Marian at the very back of the room. The office was supposed to have twelve people working in it, but it was now down to ten. And Marian already knew that that number wasn't likely to increase anytime soon. So with only an empty desk between herself and Vivian, she had no trouble seeing Vivian's computer monitor. Especially when Vivian turned around to get her attention, then turned her monitor more toward Marian as well. Marian could plainly see that Vivian wasn't working. She was looking at shopping sites on the web instead. She watched as Vivian leveled another nasty grin at her before turning back to continue browsing the web. The damn woman was really being infuriating now. And like before, Marian still didn't know what she was going to do about it.

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Phillip stared for a moment at the office door. He needed to make a trip through that door. He needed to make a trip all the way down to the men's room – a very long walk! Normally, it would be no problem for him, but how the heck was he supposed to do that carrying Dolly with him. Dolly wasn't exactly… inconspicuous.

Finally knowing that he was going to have no choice, he cradled Dolly in his arm and walked out of the office. Now that the usual break time was over with, he was hoping he wouldn't see anyone in the halls… or the men's room either for that matter. He also hoped that his arm around Dolly would hide the stupid thing somewhat, but he knew that the dolly was way too big and the bright clothes on it would make it stand out all too plainly in his arms. The size of the thing didn't exactly help matters either!

Halfway to the men's room, a woman walked out of one of the offices not far in front of him. She stopped to stare at the dolly in his arms. He couldn't miss the broad smile on her face.

"Oh… she's adorable," the woman exclaimed as Phillip approached, never taking her eyes off of the doll. Her words made Phillip pause right in front of her as she finally looked up into his face. "Can I hold her for a minute?" the woman asked. "Would you mind?"

Since he was standing so close to her, Phillip decided to try letting go of the stupid dolly. He held Dolly out… and was relieved to have the thing out of his hands again.

"Oh… she's so cuddly soft!" the woman said as she hugged the thing close to her body. "I have no doubt that your daughter is just going to love this thing!"

Phillip decided not to enlighten her as to the real situation. "Uh… thanks," he replied.

The woman handed the doll back. "Thanks," she said. "Your daughter is one lucky girl."

Phillip only smiled at the woman before he continued on toward the restroom. Women could get away with holding a dolly like this easily! But men? There was simply no way! He had no doubt that he would soon be the laughing stock of… everyone! And what about Sandy coming home tonight? That thought was what worried him the most. Sandy wasn't exactly going to be thrilled at all about seeing him attached to Dolly. She wasn't going to be thrilled about anything else either!

He managed to make it to the men's room without running into anyone else. And coming back, the only people he saw he did his best to ignore. He was still glad to get back to the office where everyone else had already seen him with the stupid dolly.

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All morning long, the conversation in the break room, as well as in more than a few emails, was about the fact that Marian had hypnotized Phillip and made him carry the doll again. Marian herself got a few emails asking why she had done it when she had been so against it before. She purposely didn't reply to any of those emails. She honestly had no idea what she would say to them… that she could say. She also got a few emails asking her if she intended on doing anything else with him. Those too she ignored… or tried to. She had no idea what else Vivian might be planning. But she had no doubt that Vivian was planning something.

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Phillip watched the clock. Lunchtime was approaching. What the heck was he going to do? He was getting hungry but there was no way he was going to walk out there and have lunch

with his friends while holding his dolly. No way! And he wasn't going to go anywhere else either! He started bracing himself to be very hungry for the rest of the day.

The other worry that was growing stronger in his mind was Sandy. She was coming home tonight. What was he going to do? Right now he was ready to plead with Vivian and promise her absolute anything in return for letting him get back together with Sandy again – as a normal person! There was no way he could let his girlfriend know anything at all about what was happening to him.

The women all suddenly got up from their desks. It was lunchtime. With a sigh, he watched them leave the room. Vivian paused briefly on her way out though to level another of her cruel smiles at him before she followed the rest of the women. He would really like to kill her, but he knew he never would. Doing anything at all to her was absolutely out of the question.

"Not going anywhere?"

He turned and realized that Marian was still there.

"Not with this!" he said, nodding his head towards Dolly. "You're not eating with them?"

She shook her head. "Right now, Vivian and I aren't exactly best friends. Although she probably thinks completely otherwise. I'm trying to limit my exposure to her as much as I possibly can."

"I wish I could do that!" Phillip replied, totally frustrated by the situation.

"Want me to bring you another deli sandwich?" Marian asked.

Phillip brightened considerably. "Would you? I'll pay you. Gladly!"

Marian grabbed her purse. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

Twenty minutes later, Marian and Phillip were both eating their lunch at their desks. With his mouth full of food, Phillip turned around. "How come you're so mad at Vivian?" he asked. "Because of what she did to me?"

"Mostly that. But also because of what she's done to me now as well."

Phillip's eyes went wide. "Did she hypnotize you too?"

"No. And I'm fairly sure she wouldn't really know how."

"So what's your major beef with her?"

Marian took a deep breath before replying. "Blackmail!"

Phillip's head snapped up at that. "What did you do?"

"She's got videos of me hypnotizing you. If I say one little word against her, or don't do whatever she wants, those videos go straight up to HR. I'd not only be fired, but it's possible I could be arrested too. With something like that on my record, I'd never get a decent job again."

Phillip tried to whistle, but his mouth was too full of food. "So we're both trapped by her!"

"Looks that way," Marian replied.

"Can you hypnotize me again?" he asked. "Take away her control?"

She shook her head. "No. I already tried that. She has me locked out of your head completely. According to her, she's locked out everyone else from hypnotizing you as well. Only she can do it to you now. And as you know, she can do it all too easily."

Phillip was a bit crushed by the knowledge that she had tried to hypnotize him again, and couldn't… even though he already knew that she wouldn't be able to do it. Vivian had been very clear about that when he was in his trance. "So it's hopeless for me," he stated.

Marian shook her head. "Don't look at it that way. There's got to be something we can do. I just don't have a clue yet what that is."

"Can you kill her?" Phillip asked.

Marian was shocked. "Phillip! I could never…. Why would you even think something like that?"

"I'm sure you can figure out exactly why! Did she get into your head like she did mine and make it so you can't hurt her at all?"

"No. I told you, she's blackmailing me. That's all. But I can't kill someone, Phillip!"

"You might want to rethink that," he said somewhat angrily.

Marian shook her head. Yet she did know how he felt… or at least she had a pretty good inkling of why he felt that way. A few minutes later, the women started coming back from lunch. Marian watched how happy they all seemed to be. She looked again at all the work

that she was doing now that should have been Vivian's… and she immediately started to think more seriously about Phillips suggestion to kill her!

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Vivian had been very busy all day… she just hadn't been doing anything related to work. Well, she did get bored for a little while in the afternoon and she did take care of a couple of little projects. But why should she bother doing much more if she had Marian to do it for her? She quickly rethought that idea. She hadn't given any of her work to Phillip either. Between the two of them, she saw no reason why she should ever have to handle any more work again. It was Friday. Next week she would make sure they were both handling her entire work load… even if it meant they had to come in extra early and work extra late – without pay – to get it all done.

Yes, that sounded like the perfect solution to her. And she would have all the time she really needed to check the sales on the internet. She spent every second at work that she dared, researching what was on sale and where. Just like she spent all the time that she could, shopping! She just wished she had more money to shop with. That was a major problem. The raise she would have gotten if she had moved into the Supervisor's job would have helped a lot! But that bit of extra money had gone to Marian instead – who should never have been hired in the first place. Hmm…. Maybe she could get some of Marian's money to shop with as well. Not to mention getting some from Phillip too. No use leaving him out. The end of the month was coming up next week sometime – which meant payday! Once they got their paychecks, she was going to make sure that both of them made a little contribution to her needy cause – clothes shopping!

Vivian spent every weekend shopping. All day. Saturday and Sunday. And more often than not, she got a head start with it Friday night. She was a shopaholic and she made no bones about it. In fact she bragged about it. And she also bragged because unlike the other women in the office, she never wore the same outfit twice – ever! Oh, she might swap up the accessories a bit, add a different scarf or sweater over something she'd worn before, but that and a different pair of shoes was all it took to create a totally different look. And she loved creating different outfits every day!

She wasn't at all like that stupid cow Marian. Marian was laughable! She was older than the rest of them and always dressed so plainly. In fact, as far as Vivian could recall, Marian had never even worn a skirt to work since she started working there. Or heels either! How could she not? The stupid ugly cow! How could she dare call herself a woman? She had a good mind to sort Marian's fashion sense out for her! She stopped her thinking and suddenly giggled. Why not? Why not change the way Marian dressed? And while she was at it, she saw no sense at all in not taking things to a very uncomfortable level for Marian. Of course, knowing what she did about Marian already, she was fairly sure that just a simple pair of

heels worn to work would probably make Marian very upset. The stupid ugly cow dressed so plainly – every single day. Ugh!

With a small laugh, she started another email.

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Marian cringed when she saw another email come in from Vivian. But as much as she would have liked to, there was no way she dared not open it. "Marian, next week, wear your highest heels to work!" She saw Vivian turning around toward her with that vicious grin again. She scowled angrily right back at her. Wear her highest heels! Why? She never wore heels anymore. Since she had left show business behind, she had also left her high heel collection behind as well. They were simply uncomfortable and unnecessary – for any occasion! Highest heels indeed! She'd like to…. Well, she didn't know what she'd like to do to Vivian, but thoughts of Phillip's solution to kill her briefly flashed through her mind again.

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It was getting on towards the end of the day when Vivian got an email from Phillip asking to talk to her before they left that day. He was even polite enough in the email to call her Mistress Vivian and to say please! She figured he wanted her to let him stop holding the doll now. But there was no way that was going to happen! No way at all! He and that doll were now inseparable and she meant to keep them that way! But she found that she was suddenly looking forward to telling him that little fact in person. She emailed back that she would gladly stay and talk to him. Ha!

When quitting time came, she waited while most of the others departed to go home for the weekend. She was looking forward to getting out of there as well. She had stores she needed to stop in. She noticed Marian was still at her desk, still at work. Well, somebody had to handle her work load. Let the ugly cow stay. It wasn't like she was going to have anyone at home waiting for her anyway. She headed over to Phillip's desk. "You wanted to talk to me?"

Phillip turned to her with the doll in his hand. "Please, Mistress Vivian. Please don't make me carry this thing around anymore. I'll do anything if you'll just let me alone now! Anything!"

Vivian smiled cruelly. "You'll do absolutely anything at all for me now as it is. Why would I ever want to ruin something that's so much fun? No, I have no intention of ever setting you free!"

"But please," Phillip begged. "My girlfriend is coming home tonight. I promised I'd pick her up at the airport! I can't let her see me carrying a dolly around all the time!"

The mention of his girlfriend startled her. She should have figured that a guy who looked fairly decent would have a girlfriend. She was only surprised he wasn't already married. She got down close to his face. "Now you listen to me you little twerp," she said nastily. "You call her. You call that girlfriend of yours and you break off your little friendship completely. You tell her that you never want to see her again! Tell her you have another woman in your life now and your relationship with her is as serious as it can possibly get." She stuck her head even closer to Phillip's head. "And if you don't think the relationship we now have isn't very, very serious, then you better start thinking again!" She backed off a bit. "No dice Phillip. You belong to me now and only me. And it's going to stay that way. Dump your girlfriend – tonight!" She smiled and nodded at the doll. "You belong to me… and Dolly belongs to you." She turned with another of her wicked smiles. "Have a nice weekend Phillip."

He watched her walk out. When he turned to look at Marian, there was a tear falling from his eye.

"A girlfriend?" Marian asked.

He nodded, totally heartbroken.

"What's her name?"

"Sandy. She's been out of town on a business trip. I was planning on picking her up tonight when her plane got in."

Marian just looked at him for a moment. "I'm sorry," she whispered just loud enough to hear. "I'm very sorry."

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It was Friday night and Vivian had nothing but thoughts of shopping on her mind. Tomorrow and Sunday would be her main shopping days, but she always got an early start on some of the stores on Friday nights. She pulled into her frowzy little apartment project that was the only place she could find where she could afford the rent… and still allow herself enough money to shop with. As always, there were plenty of empty parking spaces available to her since all too many of the apartments were empty. But that only made the place that much quieter… not to mention she never had a problem finding a parking spot.

She got out of her car… and immediately noticed the envelope taped to her apartment door. She hurried to it and pulled it off. The outside of the envelope sent chills and fear right through her. The envelope said in big bold letters: "Eviction Notice!" She opened the envelope and read the letter. The apartments had been sold to another company and they were clearing everyone out so they could tear them down and build something else. She only had until the end of next month to get out of there.

She was panicked. She didn't know what she would do. She didn't have nearly enough money to move! That would mean finding someplace that she could afford, which she knew would be nearly impossible. Plus… it would mean coming up with money for down payments and deposits. It would all come to a small fortune! She was so upset that she couldn't even eat dinner that night – before she went out shopping.

What the heck was she going to do? Evicted!

Chapter 07.

Phillip laid on his back and stared at the ceiling. His stupid dolly was lying right next to him. He had hated breaking up with his girlfriend. Absolutely hated it! That little phone conversation hadn't gone well at all! To say that Sandy had been angry was more than an understatement. And in the end, he had been forced to be a bit more brutal about it than he wanted, and then had simply hung up the phone. But what choice did he have? Mistress Vivian had ordered him to break up with her… plus, there was no way he ever wanted Sandy to see him walking around carrying a stupid dolly! Now he felt not only angry at his entire recent life… he felt… lost. Feeling totally depressed, he finally fell asleep.

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Marian stared at her TV set, but she hadn't paid the least bit of attention to it since she had turned it on – hours ago. She was still trying to figure out what to do about Vivian… and Phillip as well. She felt very responsible for his situation which she knew had to be worse than her own. She finally forced herself to go to bed, far later than she usually did. Maybe tomorrow she could think of something better.

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Vivian had been shopping. There were now three bags of clothes she had bought sitting on her bedroom floor. She had bought the clothes just because she was hoping that buying them would make her feel better about her eviction problem. But her usual solution to everything that bothered her wasn't working this time. Evicted! All because whoever had bought the apartments wanted to tear them down.

Where was she going to live? As she climbed into bed, flashes of Phillip's apartment ran through her head. Phillip had a much bigger apartment than she did. Much nicer too. Maybe she could move in with him for a while. Of course, it was only a one bedroom place. She thought about her relationship with him again… and her thinking stopped right there! Because of her current relationship with Phillip, a one bedroom apartment shouldn't matter in the least since she could basically order him to do anything at all. And not only that, but the best part would be that as long as she lived there, she wouldn't have to pay any rent! Why should she if Phillip was already handling that? It was the perfect solution! In fact, if she moved into his place as early as next week, then she wouldn't have to pay her rent on her current apartment for next month either. She would have more money to shop with!

Feeling much happier about everything, Vivian happily closed her eyes and went to sleep… dreaming about shopping!

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Early Monday morning, Marian faced her closet. Vivian had told her to wear her highest heels to work today. Ugh! Why? Getting down on her hands and knees, she crawled to the back corner of her closet and compared the shoes there. It was no contest. Her highest pair of heels were a pair of plain black pumps that she kept for special occasions when she needed to dress up a bit… which didn't happen very often. She pulled them out and slipped her feet into them.

She wasn't looking forward to today at all! The one single reason she wasn't looking forward to it was Vivian. All weekend she had been stressed over Vivian… even though not having to deal with her for several days had been somewhat pleasant. It would have been much more pleasant if she could have found a way to not think about her at all. But that had proved to be impossible. With a sigh, she grabbed her bag and headed off to work.

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Phillip stared at the dolly in his hands. He was really starting to hate the thing – especially the eternal smile on its face. How could even the dolly feel happy with the life he was living now? All weekend long had been a nightmare! The only bright spot was that he discovered that if he put the stupid thing into his old backpack, it left his arms totally free and he could go anywhere and nobody knew about the doll. And there were enough people carrying around backpacks all the time that nobody would even think twice about it. He was rather proud of himself for figuring that out.

The clock was ticking down to his normal time to leave for work. The time that would get him to work earlier than everyone else… except usually Marian. Basically, he left early every day because he hated to be late, and he never knew what might happen to delay him along the way. And as far as he was concerned, he saw no problem with being early. Except that today he wasn't all that eager to go to work. He considered delaying leaving for a few more minutes because of Dolly, but with her tucked safely away in his backpack, he was no longer worried about anyone seeing her. With a deep breath for courage, and more than a passing worried thought about Mistress Vivian, he stuffed Dolly into his backpack and headed for his door… and was stopped by his cell phone ringing. He quickly answered it. "Hello?"

"Phillip!" Vivian's voice came through to him… causing his anxiety level to go way up. Vivian paused, waiting for him to say something. When he didn't, she said, "Well, aren't you going to greet me and at least say good morning to me?"

"Good morning, Mistress Vivian," Phillip replied with more than a bit of fright in his voice. Vivian was the last person he wanted to talk to.

"Much better!" Vivian declared. "Don't be so rude again!"

"No, Mistress Vivian," he replied.

"Did you cancel things with your ex–girlfriend?" she asked.

That was one thing that Phillip was still very upset over. "Yes," he replied with a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"Good!" Vivian replied. "You don't need her anymore anyway. Now listen to me because this is very important. Don't call me Mistress when we're at work. Everywhere else, I better always hear that out of you, but not at work! Now the next thing… whenever we're at work, I'm going to be passing my orders for you through Marian. So you had better do whatever she tells you to do because it will really be coming from me! And I'm not giving her any choice in the matter with this at all, just like I'm not giving you any choice either. You can think of it as more reason to blame her for your situation… which you know she's ultimately responsible for anyway. So you do what she says from now on… because it's really coming from me! Got that?"

This time Phillip replied with more than a bit of annoyance in his voice, "Yes, Mistress Vivian."

"I'm pretty sure the old cow doesn't want to make you do anything at all, so she's going to be all that much more upset each time I tell her to make you do something."

Phillip didn't say it, but his one main thought was that he wasn't worried about how upset Marian would be, he was concerned with how upset he was going to be. Who cared about him?

"Now, the next thing," Vivian said.

Phillip cringed. He didn't want to hear anymore.

"From now on, you had better plan on getting to work a lot earlier and plan on going home later too. That's because I'm going to be passing all my work off to you and Marian both. No sense in you two not doing anything since you usually get to work early anyway. Besides you both won't exactly be taking any more breaks in the day either. You can go to the bathroom whenever you want or get yourself a cup of coffee whenever you want, but you'll have to carry it back to your desk to drink it. You're going to have way too much work to handle from now on to even think about taking any kind of a long break! You can also go out for your lunch break too, but I have a feeling that more often than not, you'll prefer staying at your desk for lunch."

Phillip's eyes nearly bulged out of his head. He had more than enough work to handle now as it was. Since the department was so understaffed, they were all scurrying to get everything done!

"Now if you haven't left for work yet, hurry up and get there. I'll talk to you more this evening. And remember, you do whatever Marian tells you to do from now on… as if she's the one who's really making you do it!"

Vivian hung up her phone. She could have told him about her moving in with him next weekend, but she decided to save that for tonight.

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"Good morning, Phillip," Marian said as she watched the first of her workers come into the room. All she got for her effort though was a bit of a scowl out of him. She was happy that she didn't see the doll this time, and he wasn't sucking his thumb either. But the moment he took the doll out of his backpack, all her hopes for him faded. "Still stuck with it?" she asked.

"As if you care," Phillip mumbled as he turned back to his desk and booted up his computer.

"I do care!" Marian replied. "I hate this as much as you do!"

"Yeah right!" Phillip mocked. "Like there's any way at all that you can hate this as much as I do. You've got it easy compared to me. And now you're going to be giving me orders too? Like you could possibly care all that much!"

"Give you orders? What are you talking about?" But she got no reply to her question.

——— o0o ———

The first thing Vivian did when she got to work was to distribute the few returned work emails that were in her inbox between Phillip and Marian. Most of her work load was usually passed on to her from Marian who monitored a special work queue for their department. But very often everyone in the department would complete their projects and send the results off, only to have the email returned again a few days later for something else. Vivian had several such emails in her box that morning that she was more than happy to pass along to both Marian and Phillip to handle for her. And of course, just because she was being so nice, she also sent them each a very drippy sweet email expressing her profound gratitude to them for offering to do it all for her… and to remind them that they would probably have to come in extra early from now on, work through all their breaks and probably their lunch as well, and also work late at night to get it all done. And of course she knew that they were so grateful to her for giving them the extra work, that they weren't going to be concerned with anything so trivial as overtime pay. Ha! Then with a giggle, she started studying the latest sale ads that had come in during the weekend.

——— o0o ———

Marian felt like dying. Trying to handle all of Vivian's work along with her own left her completely discouraged and demoralized. The very thought of that much work simply left her crushed… especially when she could easily see that Vivian was doing nothing but searching the web… goofing off!

Shortly before break time, she got up and went to the break room to make the coffee. The task was no longer a much needed break from her work. The simple task away from her desk had become drudgery – already.

The moment Vivian noticed Marian walking past her to make the coffee, she automatically checked out everything that Marian was wearing – including her shoes. Most of her outfit was nothing but dull stuff that she had seen before, but the shoes she was wearing today made her angry. She started typing an email to Marian right away. She didn't send it though until she saw Marian coming back from the break room and she had a chance to check her shoes again. Then she sent it!

Marian wasn't happy to see another email from Vivian but her worry over the woman made her open it right away. "Marian! I know I told you to wear your HIGHEST heels to work today! Did you forget?" Marian finished reading the short email, and noticed Vivian looking angrily back at her. She shook her head and tried to mouth that the shoes she was wearing were her highest heels. But it was obvious that Marian wasn't understanding her. So she sent an email with that information.

Vivian read Marian's reply. Those were her highest heels? There was no way she could believe that. She had seen men wearing higher heels than the ones Marian was wearing! She emailed back that bit of information as her reply.

Marian was exasperated. She once again emailed and confirmed that they really were the highest heels she owned. And she asked what was wrong with them. After she sent her reply to Vivian, she looked down at her shoes. They were really very nice. Dressy. And the heels had to be at least an inch and a half high! She didn't think she'd ever seen men wearing shoes with a higher heel than that! Instead of getting a reply from Vivian, she saw her looking back at her angrily once again. Then Vivian turned around and got up to go to break. Marian was glad she was gone. Vivian was nothing but irritating!

Shortly before the first break period ended, Marian got up to make more coffee. The break room was full with five women in it. The minute she got through the door, the comments and questions started.

"Marian!" Felecia exclaimed. "I was afraid you were avoiding us," she joked.

"Um… I've got a lot of work to handle," Marian explained.

"Well, that's what you get paid the big bucks for," Vivian noted dully.

Marian could have hit her!

"We saw that Phillip still has his doll," Heather said.

Marian just nodded as she emptied what was left of the coffee in the carafe and started refilling it.

"Are you going to make him do anything else?" Courtney asked hopefully.

"Um… I'm not sure," Marian replied… and noticed the slight scowl and tiny nod from Vivian as soon as she said it. "Probably," she added, for which she got giggles out of several of the women.

"What are you going to do?" Lisa asked.

"Um… I'm not sure yet," Marian replied.

"I'm disappointed that he's not sucking his thumb again," Felicia added. "That was my favorite. It made him look so childish. And with that doll in his arms too… he looked totally babyish!"

"Yeah!" Courtney agreed. "I loved seeing that. You should make him do it again!"

"Um…" Marian said as she searched for a reply. "He's got a lot of work to do, and he can't do it very well with his thumb in his mouth."

"Yeah, that's true," Courtney said. "And I've noticed he's been working harder than usual today."

"That's because he doesn't want to have to get up and carry that stupid doll anywhere!" Felecia joked with a smile.

"But you've got to think of something for him… please…" Lisa begged.

Marian stared at her for a moment. "I'll try," she replied. "But no promises."

Marian had noticed that the only person there who hadn't been begging her to do something was Vivian. Other than that one comment she had tossed out about what she got paid for, Vivian had stayed completely in the background… which was definitely not normal for her!

She quickly finished putting the coffee maker to work and headed back to her desk – to do more work herself. The emails started again the minute Vivian got back to her desk. "I can't believe those are the highest heels you own!" Vivian's email stated. "I want to see your closet for myself!"

Agitated at her, Marian quickly wrote back, "Knock yourself out! But I assure you that they are the highest heels I own."

"Tonight!" Vivian wrote back. "Let Phillip work late. Tonight you're taking me to your place as soon as work is over. I want to see for myself and I'm not giving you the opportunity to try to hide any other shoes that you have!"

"Fine with me!" Marian wrote back. Actually, she was somewhat happy that she wouldn't be working late that night. She did feel a pang of guilt for Phillip still being stuck there though.

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Vivian was still angry at Marian. While those shoes she was wearing had a heel, they weren't at all what she would consider high heels at all! Ridiculous! And she called herself a woman? The ugly cow! She couldn't dress herself if everything she needed to wear was already laid out for her! Well, she would see tonight! She would follow Marian directly home from work tonight. Marian wouldn't have a chance to hide anything at all from her!

But now with that decision made, she turned her thoughts to Phillip. The break room was still full from the second group of women who had gone in. Actually, only three of them since Marian and Phillip weren't taking a break. She waited until those three women left the break room… and Marian got up to go clean it. The ugly cow! She really was more suited to being nothing more than a cleaning woman!

While Marian was in the break room, Vivian quickly dug into her purse. She got up and walked back to Marian's desk and acted as if she was searching for something. While she was there, she quickly opened Marian's desk drawer and dropped something small in it. Then she went back to her own desk. She didn't think any of the others had even seen her get up. Marian certainly hadn't seen her… not that she cared.

As soon as she was back to her desk, she began another email to Marian explaining exactly what she wanted her to do! Now if Marian could just follow directions… that would help a lot!

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Marian came back to her desk and found an email from Vivian. She read it three times, shaking her head each time. She looked up often at Vivian, but the dreaded woman never

once turned her head back towards her. She opened the drawer and found what Vivian had left. Just as the email had said, she found a tube of lipstick there. She opened it a bit and checked the color. Very red. Ugh! Nobody wore lipstick like that. She was only glad that Vivian wasn't making her wear it! She paused in her thinking a moment. At least Vivian wasn't making her wear it… yet! She wouldn't put it past the demented woman though.

She read the email one more time to make sure she remembered all the details. Then, as per Vivian's instructions she got up from her desk and went over to Phillip. "Phillip," she said in a very commanding voice. "Come with me!" She didn't bother to wait for him, but she headed straight for the break room. She held the door open while Phillip, with his doll, came in. Then she closed the door.

She knew without a doubt that everyone in the other room was watching them intently. She turned to Phillip and spoke softly. "With the door closed, they probably can't hear us. But that doesn't help the situation much. Vivian wants me to make it look like I'm hypnotizing you again to make you do something else stupid. I don't want to do this but I don't have much choice in the matter."

Phillip shook his head sadly. "She called me this morning and told me she would be making you do things to me from now on. And I had to make it look like all the commands came from you and not her… but they were really coming from her."

Marian nodded. "That's about the size of it."

"So what do I have to do this time?" Phillip asked, not sure he wanted to find out.

"First we make it look good. Put your thumb in your mouth and suck on it, then close your eyes. Act like you're in a trance."

Hating himself, Phillip did exactly that. As he closed his eyes and sucked his thumb, a tiny feeling of relaxation came over him.

"Open your eyes and look at me, but keep sucking your thumb," Marian instructed. She waited until he was now looking at her. "Phillip," she said, "I'm going to hand you a tube of lipstick. When you walk out of here, you're going to stand at the front of the room, just outside this door and face everyone else out there. Then you're going to coat your lips heavily with the lipstick. When you're done, I want you to smile happily at everyone out there before you go back to your desk. Watch the clock, every hour you have to grab that lipstick and reapply it to your lips. Got that? Stand out in front of them. Heavy lipstick. Smile at them as you go back to your desk. Every hour refresh it." Marian could see the anger building on Phillip's face and it looked like he was sucking his thumb harder than before.

"Remember this comes from Vivian, not me," she added, hoping it would help. It didn't look like that bit of information changed the troubled expression on his face at all. Well, she guessed she couldn't blame him.

Moving on, she held out the red lipstick. "Here, take this now." She could tell he didn't want to do it, but after a second, she saw his face scrunch up a bit and his hand reached out and took the lipstick from her anyway. Movement just outside the window made her turn her head. Several of the women were right outside that window, and prominent among them was Vivian with her cell phone – videoing them in there together. She shook her head disgustedly at Vivian… who just kept aiming her camera at them.

Marian turned her attention back to Phillip. "When I tell you to, remove your thumb from your mouth. I'll leave the room first. Don't come out for a second or two after I leave. Ready?" All she got for her question was a look of hatred from him. She guessed she couldn't blame him. "Wake up!" she ordered, and turned quickly and left the room.

Phillip removed his thumb from his mouth and looked down at the tube of lipstick. God he hated his life! He didn't want to do this at all. But the moment he found himself hesitating a bit too long, his right arm suddenly exploded in pain for not following Mistress Vivian's instructions. Like it or not, he quickly found himself walking out the door to do as he had been told. The pain in his arm only dissipated slightly since he was still so hesitant about doing it. Hating his stupid situation, he stood at the front of the room where everyone could see him. Mistress Vivian was right there with her cell phone, taking pictures. Ugh! Unable to help himself since the order had been given, he opened the tube and twisted the red color up. The pain in his arm had already started to diminish the moment he got in front of everyone, but now that he was actually doing what she wanted, it disappeared completely. That was the only relief he felt.

He didn't have a mirror and he had no idea what he was doing with the stuff. As best as he could, he pressed it fairly hard to his lips to try to coat them heavily and moved it all around them. Then he closed the lipstick again while the women were all laughing at him. Then, because the order had really come from Mistress Vivian and he desperately feared the pain again, he smiled as he walked back to his desk, checked the clock, and got back to work. He did his very best to bury his head in his computer and ignore the comments from the women that were now raging throughout the room. Ugh! He couldn't imagine hating his life any more than he did just then!

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Phillip was the whispered… and not so whispered conversation among all the women. Both verbally and in emails. Everyone had seen Marian hypnotizing him again. None of them questioned why she did it in the semi–privacy of the break room… where everyone could see them, but nobody could hear them. To most of the women, Marian was a hero again…

something that nearly made Vivian laugh! And now Vivian was extra happy, because now she had another damaging video to use against Marian. The stupid old cow! Ha!

Vivian downloaded the video into her computer and started extracting single pictures of some of it. Those she sent to Marian with the suggestion that maybe she really ought to be sending them straight up to Human Relations instead. When she turned around to look at Marian, Marian was sitting looking straight at her computer screen, but with her eyes closed as she tried to control her temper. "Get to work!" Vivian whispered. For which she got a look of absolute hatred back from Marian. Vivian nearly laughed out loud again.

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Phillip needed to go to the men's room. Going there would be bad enough with the stupid dolly, but now his lips were coated with bright red lipstick as well. He dared not go! But if he didn't go, he'd wind up wetting his pants. So he really had no choice – he had to go! He had to humiliate himself in front of even more people, just to go to the bathroom! Damn these women! Scared out of his wits, he quickly grabbed Dolly and hurried out of the room… to the tune of several snickers from the women.

As usual, traffic in the hallways was light… fortunately. But that didn't mean he didn't pass all too many people along the way. He did his best to turn his head away from anyone in hopes that they wouldn't notice the lipstick he was wearing. In fact, he was so concerned over the lipstick, that he barely thought anything at all about the dolly in his hand.

He reached the men's room and prayed it would be empty! It wasn't. He nearly ran straight into another man who was just heading for the exit. He saw the man's strange look as he hurried past him and into the stall where he could close the door and be somewhat alone. He hurried as fast as he could with his business in hopes of getting out of there before anyone else walked in. He didn't even wash his hands afterwards in his haste to get out of there, but he did pause for half a second to check his reflection in the mirror. No surprise, the lipstick showed up all too prominently. With the image of his red lips haunting his mind, he hurried back through the halls in front of all too many people… and back to his own room where the women all laughed at him again… and finally back to his own desk where he could finally get Dolly out of his hands.

His heart was still pounding as he sat down and automatically checked the clock… and realized he was a full minute overdue for having to coat his lips once again. He tried to delay it, but once again the pain invaded his arm. And once again it was bad enough that he couldn't grab that lipstick fast enough and begin recoating his already heavily coated lips. Yuck! And for his efforts he was rewarded with the pain going away, and the laughter from the women who noticed him doing it erupting all over again.

Deeply embarrassed, he looked around the room helplessly, then turned back towards his computer and did his best to get back to work again. Thinking about work was nearly impossible for a while though because he was too busy thinking about how humiliating it had been to coat his lips like that, and walk through the halls like that. And worse, the awful taste of the extra lipstick he had just added was starting to get hard to ignore!

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It was lunchtime. "Coming Marian?" Ashley called as all the women headed for the door.

Marian shook her head disappointedly. "Can't," she replied. "I'll get something in a few minutes."

"Later then," Ashley said as she disappeared, leaving Marian and Phillip alone in the room.

Marian looked at her computer screen. She was working on yet another of what should have been Vivian's jobs. She was doing her best to squeeze them in between her own work. She had no doubt that trying to hurry so much with it all was making the quality of her work suffer, but she didn't see any way around it. Her current job wasn't going to be done for a while. She got up and walked over to Phillip. His lips looked terrible! He looked like a clown! Not only were they overly coated with the lipstick, but since he hadn't used a mirror, the lipstick was way outside of where it should be. She wanted badly to grab a tissue and wipe if all off. But what would have been the point? "Deli again?" she asked.

He felt stupid just looking up at her. At least she was trying to be nice to him. "Sure," he replied.

They discussed what he wanted for a moment, then she left… and he went back to work again. Well, he had nothing better that he could do anyway since he dared not leave in the condition he was.

Marian came back a short while later… to the sight of him once again coating his lips with the lipstick. Geez! The poor guy was still doing it even when he didn't have to. She amended that thought. No instruction had been given for him to not do it every hour, even during lunch. The poor guy didn't have a choice. She watched as he finished and then looked up with a very red and embarrassed face that wasn't nearly as red as the color on his lips. Instead of talking to her, he turned away from her completely, as if trying to hide how he looked. She pulled the things she had gotten for him out of the bag and left them on his desk. Then she went back to her own desk to eat… and continue working.

"Thanks," Phillip's voice finally called a few minutes later.

Marian looked up, he was eating now, but he still wasn't looking at her.

"You're welcome," she replied.

She was just starting to get back to work again, when she heard him speaking again. "Explain something to me," he said, still looking away from her.

"Sure," she replied, doing her best to try to sound friendly and kind.

"I thought you couldn't hypnotize someone and make them do something they would never want to do."

She felt her face clouding at the question. "That's pretty much true," she replied cautiously.

"Then how can she make me do these things?"

It was a moment before she replied. And when she did, her voice was almost soft enough that he couldn't hear her. "Let's just say that… I have my suspicions as to the reason for that."

He turned around to look angrily at her. "So you don't know!"

"Not… for sure," she replied. Although she had a pretty good notion of the one and only reason it could be. But she was also very sure that he wasn't ready to hear that answer yet. Besides, she had no real proof. No use burdening him with anything more than he was already faced with.

She had seen him turning angrily away from her the moment she had said that she wasn't sure. But now that her thoughts were running in the direction he had started, she asked him, "Phillip, when we came out of the break room earlier and you stood there and put the lipstick on, you weren't really in a hypnotic trance just then. You should have been able to fight off doing what Vivian wanted. So why did you do it? Why did you humiliate yourself like that? It couldn't have been just because I told you to do it. There had to have been more of a reason."

He was still looking away from her while she waited for an answer. She had almost given up on getting that answer when she heard his voice. "The pain," he replied.

She remembered he had mentioned something about pain the day before… and that something had sent chills through her with monstrous possibilities. "What do you mean? Tell me about the pain."

This time he did turn around, but he stared at the floor as he spoke. "That first night that she really hypnotized me good… made me know that she was in charge of me…."

"Yes?"

"She made me feel pain. Pain like I've never imagined. She started with one arm and made the pain grow unbearable. Then she added the other arm. Then my legs, my body, and even my head." He finally looked up at her. "You can't imagine how bad it felt. Trust me, it was worse than anything that you can imagine." He briefly turned towards her. "I was dying all over, it was so bad!" He looked despondently down at the floor. "She told me that anytime I didn't do exactly what she wanted, I would feel that pain all over again. She told me that only she could take the pain away… and that if I didn't do what she wanted, then she might not want to take the pain away. And then…." He shrugged and turned completely away from her again, facing the other direction.

"And then?" she prompted.

It was a moment before he was able to speak as those horrible memories flooded his mind. "And then she took the pain away, and the relief felt like the most wonderful thing in the world."

Marian watched the back of his head as he seemed to ignore her and continue eating his lunch. She finally asked, "And today? Were you worried about the pain today?" She was glad to see him stop eating and turn back towards her again.

"After you left the break room," he said. "I thought about not doing it. And just that fast, the pain hit my arm. It was bad enough to get me moving really fast. The pain didn't go away completely until I opened that tube of lipstick and started to put it on my lips." He stared at her for a moment before he finally said. "I don't dare not do what she wants. Every time I even consider it, the pain strikes, and I can't stand it. Every… single… time!" And with that statement, he turned away from her again.

She stared at the back of his head for a moment, then closed her eyes at the futility of it all. It was the worst case scenario. The worst thing Vivian could have possibly done to him. It was all her fears rolled into one. How had Vivian learned to do that? And by the time that question hit her, so did the answer. Vivian didn't know how. She had just stumbled on it. And because she had stumbled across that, it was going to make everything that much harder. The sound of his voice made her open her eyes to look at him again.

"Is there anything at all I can do about it? Anything?"

She didn't want to say it. But because of everything else she suspected about him, she had to tell him this much. "Only one thing," she said. "You have to do whatever she says. Just… do it! Because if you don't, and she gets too careless, pain like that could kill you. And my bet is that she doesn't even know that!"

"Suppose you tell her."

She shook her head. "She'd never listen or even believe me. In fact, if she did, she might not even care. In fact, she could even use the knowledge of that against you."

She saw his eyes widen in fear again. "But I know about it now."

She nodded. "Yeah. It's best that you do know. Just like you know now to be very careful to do whatever she says… until I can figure out how to get you out of it all."

"Huh!" he grunted, rolling his eyes as if he didn't believe her. He turned away again and picked up his lunch to eat a bit more of it.

Sadly, Marian turned back to her own desk. It was the worst case! The worst – because of what Vivian had stumbled onto… coupled with what she suspected about Phillip even more now. Somehow, she had to help him. Somehow!

It was a few minutes later when Phillip turned around to look back at her. She was trying to eat some of her lunch again while still working at her computer. "Why is she doing this?" he asked. "Why does she have to be so cruel?"

Marian looked at him sadly. "You want the truth? Or at least… what I think?"

He nodded.

Marian sighed. "She's drunk! Drunk on power! The power of what she's done has gone to her head and she can't control it. She's on a power high. And the big problem with that is that she's still getting into this, which means it's still growing in her and she's probably not even aware of it. And because of that power high, she could get very unstable… and capable of doing anything at all – including all too many really stupid things. And with as drunk with the power as she could get, she wouldn't hesitate or even care if she did something disastrous… to anyone. She wouldn't care at all!"

Phillip's eyes went wide again with worry. "So what do we do?"

"I don't know yet. I'm still working on it. Sooner or later she's going to make a big mistake and that will be her undoing."

"But what about us in the meantime?"

She shrugged. "We do the best we can to get through it in one piece."

Chapter 08.

Every hour, Phillip was forced to thickly refresh the red lipstick on his face. If he glanced up at the time and noticed that he was late, then the pain hit his arm, or his chest, or his leg… until he actually started applying the color. He became so worried about the pain that he started watching the clock more and more desperately. The taste of the lipstick was getting to be downright awful. The thick feel of it on his lips was almost worse. He continuously wanted to rub his hand or arm across his lips to wipe them off, but he knew without a doubt that it would only make more of a mess of things.

It wasn't so bad for him when he stayed at his desk or even in the room – getting things off the printer, or putting mail into the distribution box, or even getting himself a cup of coffee. The women had all seen him… and they had seen him applying the stuff, so the humiliation he felt around them was starting to fade a bit. The part he hated now was when he had to go to the bathroom which was a fairly long walk – past way too many people who were not in his department. That was without a doubt the worst thing for him! What if some guy that he knew saw him? Fortunately, most of the guys in the company that he knew, worked on a different floor.

He saw another email come in for him. He opened it. It was yet another of Mistress Vivian's jobs that she should have been doing. He sighed heavily. He was never going to get out of here tonight!

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All afternoon, Marian watched Phillip apply the red lipstick to his face. Every time she noticed him get up from his seat, she stared at his lips… and felt bad for him. She especially noticed it every time he walked past her to the printer that was only a few feet away from her desk. It looked so bad now that there was no way to overlook it. Her heart went out to him and the way he had to feel.

The clock wound down to quitting time and Marian watched as everyone gathered up their belongings and got ready to leave the very moment the clock said they could. Everyone that is except Phillip. He was still working with his head tightly buried in his computer… as if he was trying to hide his appearance from everyone else.

"It's quitting time, Phillip," Courtney called.

Phillip looked up at her sadly. "I'm not going yet," he replied.

Courtney shrugged and watched the clock again.

The clock had moved and everyone got up and headed for the door… except Phillip and Marian.

"Coming?" Vivian asked Marian when she saw that Marian hadn't moved to get up yet.

Marian looked over toward Phillip. "What about him?"

Vivian looked around. The last of the others were just disappearing through the door. "He has work to do!" she replied, lowering her voice a little. "And you would too if you had worn a proper pair of shoes today!"

Marian shook her head. "That's not what I'm talking about. You need to take away his compulsion to keep applying the lipstick every hour!"

Vivian looked at her like she was shocked. "Why? Let him enjoy it!" she added with a devilish grin.

Marian shook her head. "The way it's working on him now, the poor guy won't be able to sleep! Besides, what if he's driving home and it suddenly gets time for him to put it on again. He could have an accident!"

Vivian rolled her eyes. "Oh all right! I'll think of something else for him for tomorrow."

Marian wasn't happy to hear her planning on something else, but she was very glad that she was going to remove his lipstick problem for tonight.

Vivian walked over to Phillip. "Phillip," she said, "you can stop with the lipstick now. But you better keep it with you and bring it to work again tomorrow. I was planning on seeing you later tonight, and I may still do that, but if not, I'll pass on some instructions for you tomorrow though Marian like I did today. And don't forget to get here extra early tomorrow. You've got a lot more work to do now!"

With that, she turned back towards Marian. "Satisfied? Can we go now?"

Marian nodded and grabbed her bag. "Thank you," she said as she got up. She paused by Phillip's desk and whispered. "Don't work too late tonight. I'll see you early tomorrow morning." Then she hurried to catch up to Vivian who was already out the door.

"Where do you live?" Vivian asked as they were riding down in the elevator together. Marian tried to give her a rough idea, only to find that Vivian was familiar with the apartment project. "I dated a guy who lived there once," Vivian explained.

A few minutes later, Vivian was following Marian's car through the city. She counted herself fortunate that Marian at least lived in the same general direction as her own apartment. That would make getting back to her own place that much quicker.

A few minutes later, Vivian followed Marian into the entrance to a large apartment complex. Vivian rated them as looking about the same as Phillip's apartment… which she would be moving into very soon! She would be moving up in the world… with a whole lot more money to spend! She followed Marian's car all the way to the very back of the complex. Then, when she expected Marian to turn right, Marian turned left instead… away from the apartments. Following closely behind, Vivian soon found herself passing very nice looking townhouses – that all backed up to a small lake. It was in front of one of these that Marian finally pulled into a parking place. Vivian found an empty spot right next to her and got out of her car. "You live on a lake?" she exclaimed as she got out of her car.

"My late husband bought it," Marian explained while she waited for Vivian to catch up to her. "When he died, the insurance paid it off so I wouldn't have to worry about it." She led the way to her door and unlocked it, holding it open so Vivian could enter after her. "The bedroom is upstairs," Marian said as she headed straight for the stairway. But when she got there, Vivian wasn't following her.

Vivian looked all around in amazement. The place was beautiful! And big! The view of the lake through the wide French doors was fantastic!

"Coming?" Marian asked, wanting to get this stupid exercise over with.

"You have an upstairs?" Vivian asked, still awed by the place.

Marian rolled her eyes. "Uh… yeah." Leaving Vivian behind, she headed up the steps to her bedroom.

Still looking all around, Vivian slowly followed Marian up the stairs. When she got to the top, she was immediately faced with the open door to a large bathroom. When she looked inside, she could see the counter littered with Marian's things, but the bathroom still looked very nice. To her right, she saw two other doors, one closed and one open. She headed toward them. The open door turned out to be a bedroom – unlived in, she noticed. So it was most likely a guestroom. She checked the closed door and discovered a large storage room. She headed back past the bathroom again and entered the other bedroom where Marian was waiting… and was amazed at how large the room was. And one whole wall was nothing but closet doors. "This is all yours?" she asked, totally awed with the place.

Marian shrugged. "As I said, my late husband bought it for me."

Vivian shook her head. Some women had all the luck! She turned and faced the wall of closets. “There’s no way you can tell me that with that many closets you don’t have a decent pair of heels!”

Marian shook her head. “I do have a decent pair of heels! I’m wearing them! I’ve been wearing them all day!”

“Bullshit!” Vivian exclaimed softly as she headed for the closets. Actually, she was totally excited to be faced with that much closet space to search through. That many doors had to mean an awful lot of clothes. But when she opened the first set of doors, she was faced with a few old sweaters hung up there and nothing else. She realized she could see all the way down the length of the closet to the far wall. But she couldn’t see much since it was so dark down the other end.

She opened the next set of doors and found clothes. Finally! But as she searched through them, she found it was almost all slacks and older blouses – and it was all heavy stuff for winter. The floor yielded no shoes at all. She tried the next set of doors. A few dresses – not her style at all! They looked like something a grandmother would wear! No shoes there either.

She opened the last set of doors and found an assortment of more pants and blouses. She quickly recognized some of them as things she had seen Marian wear before. So this was where Marian was pulling her clothes from. The floor there was littered with shoes. She got down and began examining them. Flats… flats… flats… flats! She found a few pairs with a small heel, but they were pitifully small. As far as she could tell, the dressiest pair of shoes Marian owned was the pair she was currently wearing! Impossible! Yet it appeared to be true!

“I can’t believe it!” she exclaimed. “All this closet space and this is all the clothes you have?”

“What would I need any more for?” Marin asked. “I’ve got everything I need.”

“How about nicer clothes for work?”

“I’ve got nice clothes for work! That’s what I wear!”

Vivian shook her head and tried something else. “How about wearing something a bit more… interesting? Something more… stylish? Something to say to the world that you’re a woman?”

Marian shook her head. “If people can’t see that I’m a woman from just looking at me, then they’ve got big problems!”

Vivian shook her head. As far as she could tell, Marian was hopeless. But the fact that she had told Marian to wear her highest pair of heels… and her highest pair of heels turned out to be not high at all… irked her to no end. The more the thought about the situation, the angrier she became over it. "Let's go Missy!" she said as she suddenly tromped off toward the stairs. "We're going shopping! We're going to get you some real heels to wear!"

What she didn't tell Marian though, was that she had wanted Marian to wear her highest heels so that Marian would feel very uncomfortable all day. Well, now she was going to go out of her way to find Marian the most uncomfortable shoes she could possibly find. And as she descended Marian's steps, her mind was already picturing some of the shoes she wanted Marian to buy. Vivian spent half her life shopping. She knew the inventory of every store better than most of the people who worked in them. She knew just where to take Marian to get her some "better" heels!

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As Vivian drove toward the store she had in mind, she couldn't get her mind off of Marian's home. It was more than a simple apartment, it was a townhouse! Two bedrooms, lots of room. And the closet space Marin had was to die for! And that idiot cow had hardly anything at all in her closets! What was wrong with the woman? Well, if she had any say in the matter… which she now realized that she did, Marian was about to change all that. But that place she lived in. Beautiful!

Vivian kept imagining what it must be like to have that kind of space. And somewhere in the middle of her musings, she wondered why she shouldn't have it. Why should that stupid cow Marian have something that nice? She didn't even use it all! Why not move in with Marian instead of with dumb Phillip? She was suddenly very excited by that idea. She would have it all! She could make Marian move out of the big room with all the closets and make her use the guest room instead.

Or… better still… she could make Marian move in with Phillip and she would have Marian's entire townhouse all to herself! That was what she needed to do! That was the perfect plan! And since Marian owned the place, she still wouldn't have to worry about paying any rent!

But the problem there was that she didn't feel like she had the same level of control over Marian like she had with Phillip. She had hypnotized Phillip into that kind of control. But Marian wasn't hypnotized at all. She was only blackmailing Marian to get her to do what she wanted. What would happen if Marian suddenly declared that she'd had enough? Well, Vivian knew that the first thing she would do was to really send every video she had of Marian and Phillip together up to HR. Marian would be fired so fast she wouldn't know what hit her… and most likely, she would finally move into Marian's Supervisor job.

But doing that wouldn't get her living in Marian's townhouse. So that wouldn't work. She needed a way to control Marian more completely – like she controlled Phillip. But how? Marian had hypnotized Phillip in the first place. She had no one to hypnotize Marian like that. And since Marian knew how to hypnotize people so well, could she even be hypnotized?

They were troubling thoughts that ran through her head as she pulled into the parking lot and found a place as close to the shoe store as she could get. She saw Marian parking her car just a short distance away. Well, now the old cow was going to learn about wearing real heels. Heels that would definitely make her uncomfortable. And Vivian couldn't wait to see her in them!

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Marian had a lot of misgivings about following Vivian to the shoe store. She had no doubt that Vivian would find some absolutely awful looking shoes for her to wear – not to mention uncomfortable. Ugh! As she got out of her car she started to wonder if maybe she shouldn't start sticking up for herself a bit. Start putting an end to this business. Yes, Vivian had all those videos of her that would certainly get her fired. But would she really send them? Well… maybe it was time to find out. Joining Vivian in front of the store, she followed her inside.

Vivian knew right where she was going. As she walked through the store, her eyes continually searched for any new shoes she might not have seen since Saturday, the last day she had been in there. She was hopeful, but she didn't notice anything new. "What size do you wear?" she asked as she approached one of the long aisles.

"Seven and a half," Marian told her.

Vivian quickly spotted the first pair she had been interested in and headed straight for the sample shoe on display. "This!" she said as she picked it up. "Find a box in your size."

Marian looked at the shoe Vivian was holding. Her worst fears were being realized. It was time to dig in her own heels! "Vivian," she said, "they're ridiculous! I can't wear something like that!"

Vivian smiled viciously at her. "Yes, they are ridiculous! But you are going to wear them! Now find some in your size!"

Marian shook her head. "No!" she said quite plainly and simply. "They're stupid. Especially for work!"

Vivian set the shoe down where she had picked it up from. The expression on her face went from smiling to positively livid as she dug into her purse and pulled out her cell phone. With

practiced lightning speed, she started texting. A moment later, she held her phone up for Marian to see. “Start packing,” she said in no uncertain terms, “because you’re through working anywhere in this city! And maybe any other city too!”

Marian saw one of the videos Marian had taken of her hypnotizing Phillip, all cued up and ready to send with a short message of what it was. It was even addressed to one of the managers of Human Resources!

“You wouldn’t!” she exclaimed.

“I wouldn’t?” Vivian replied. “I want you fired! Your job should have gone to me! Finding little ways to make you pay for taking my job is the only thing that’s been keeping me from sending this stuff already! So you think I wouldn’t? Think again and watch!” With that she held her phone up so that Marian could easily see what she was doing. She reached out with one finger and pressed the send button… or almost pressed it. Just as her finger was about to come in contact with the send button she heard Marian trying to stop her.

“No! Don’t!” Marian cried in alarm. “You can’t!”

Vivian’s finger was all but pressing that button. She winced because she really did want to send that video. “Oh, but I can, and not only that, I want to! I hate you! I hate you for taking my job. And I hate you for having so much that I can’t have!”

“What?” Marian asked, unsure of what Vivian was talking about.

“How much clearer can I be?” Vivian replied. “I don’t like you! I want you gone! End of story! Now do I continue to play games with you for my own amusement? Or do you go home and pack your bags and I move into your desk at work?”

Marian just stared at her, unable to comprehend that she would actually do it. Vivian’s finger just stayed hovering over the send button.

“Oh hell!” Vivian suddenly exclaimed. “Go pack your bags!” She turned her attention back to her cell phone again and started to push the send button again.

“No! Don’t!”

Again Vivian paused, stopping herself from doing what she really wanted to do. She turned her attention back to Marian again. “Are you going to start behaving yourself? Are you going to start doing whatever I say?”

It was a moment before Marian could answer… and all that while, Vivian stood there with her finger hovering over the button. “Yes,” Marian finally managed to utter. There was no

doubt in her mind that Vivian was out of control and unstable. And she had no doubt that Vivian would only get worse. And because of that, she found herself up against the wall. She found herself with no choice but to do whatever demented things Vivian wanted.

Vivian stood there with her finger still hovering over the send button. "I don't see you looking for any shoes in your size yet."

Marian stared at her in defeat for a moment. Then she picked up the display shoe that Vivian had found. It really wasn't such a bad shoe. In fact she was sure that most women would absolutely love the thing since she figured it was perfect for a night out at a club or something. Most women would love it! Women who were about twenty years old! But she wasn't twenty anymore. She was forty–nine and would be fifty in a few months. It was ludicrous for her to wear something like that!

To be honest, for a twenty–year–old, the shoe was really gorgeous. It was entirely multi–colored in jagged patches of blue and pink and red and green and black. The toe was closed and it had two straps that would buckle around her ankle. But the very tall, thin heel on the thing was entirely a very shiny gold color. Perfect shoes for a twenty–year–old to party in… although she wasn't sure how anyone could dance in heels that high. But they weren't good at all for someone like herself… especially since she had never worn heels more than three inches high in her life. And these heels were a lot higher than that! She was really concerned that she wouldn't even be able to walk in the things.

"I'm waiting," Vivian prompted with her finger still all too close to the send button on her phone.

Marian quickly started searching the boxes on the shelf in front of her, and was unlucky enough to find a box proclaiming her size. She pulled it out of the stack on the shelf and was glad to notice that Vivian had finally taken her finger away from her phone.

"Try them on," Vivian urged excitedly.

Marian carried the box over to a stool and sat down. She removed one of the colorful shoes from the box, stuck it on her foot, and buckled the two straps around her ankle. The darn thing was already uncomfortable… and she hadn't even tried to stand up in it. The angle her foot was strapped into was nothing but unnatural!

"Put the other one on too," Vivian told her.

Not at all happy, Marian strapped her other foot into the other colorful shoe. Yes, they would look very sexy on a twenty–year–old. But she didn't think they looked all that good on her aging feet.

"Stand up and walk around a bit," Vivian directed. The excitement in her voice was hard to miss and Marian had to wonder why Vivian should be that excited.

Slowly and carefully, Marian stood. She managed to get up, but she wasn't all that sure of her balance.

"Walk around a bit," Vivian suggested.

Marian took one tentative step, wobbled a bit, then took another precarious step. Darn the things were hard to walk in! "Um… I'm not sure I can…"

"They're perfect!" Vivian declared, cutting Marian off before she could finish her protest. What Vivian liked the best about the shoes was that they were obviously difficult for Marian to manage in. They would basically be torture to Marian's feet as long as she wore them.

Marian wondered how Vivian could ever think the shoes were perfect.

"Now we need to find you another pair!"

"Another pair?"

"Of course, this store always runs BOGO sales – buy one, get the other one free. No use letting that go to waste. Besides, I want you to have several pairs anyway."

Marian died a little inside.

The second pair of heels Vivian found for Marian were solid red in color with a small platform under the toes to make them even higher. They had two wide ribbon straps that crisscrossed just above where her toes would be and more wide ribbon straps that would wrap around her ankle and heel. The ankle straps ended in a large bow in the back. They were actually lovely shoes, but the part that worried Marian the most was that the very tall thin heel on them looked like it was even higher than the heels on the colorful shoes she was wearing just then. And of course, Vivian insisted that she try them on.

Surprisingly Marian found the red shoes to be a little more comfortable than the colorful ones, but not by much. And after getting them on her feet, she was definitely sure that the heel was higher. She could walk in them… sort of… but not easily.

"Good!" Vivian declared excitedly. "You can wear them home tonight. I want you to start wearing them to work tomorrow and alternate between those two pairs every day. By next week, I expect you to have two more pairs of heels just like these to wear to work too. You've never varied what you wear very much at all," Vivian told her, "so now you're going to start with your shoes. A different pair every day! And Marian, shoes like that are the only

thing I ever want to see you wearing from now on. I never want to see you with heels that are less than… oh… let's say four inches. From now on! Oh… and another thing. Every pair of heels you buy had better strap to your foot somehow so you can't just slip them off while you're at your desk! Understand?"

Marian was still shocked at everything Vivian had just told her. She was being positively cruel!

"Understand?" Vivian asked again, this time with more than a hint of irritation in her voice.

Marian finally nodded. "I understand," she managed to whisper.

Vivian nodded. "Now go pay for them and tell them you'll be wearing those shoes home. I want to see if they got any new purses in yet."

It was with a heavy heart the Marian precariously stumbled her way to the checkout counter with the two shoe boxes. She told the woman there that she was wearing one pair. The woman certainly didn't mind. She paid for her purchases just as Vivian returned from the back of the store.

"Nothing new back there," Vivian mentioned disappointedly to Marian. She stared at Marian's feet for a moment and smiled. "But I absolutely love your shoes!"

Marian had to catch her balance in the doorway as she carried the large bag out of the store. Then with tiny teeter–tottering steps she carefully made her way to her car. She was so glad that she had managed to find a parking place fairly close to the store! How the heck was she going to manage wearing those shoes to work? But her mind was mostly concerned with just getting home as quickly as possible so she could get the darn shoes off of her feet!

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Vivian sat in the fast food restaurant and picked at her fries. The chicken sandwich she had ordered was still mostly untouched. She had enjoyed forcing Marian into those ridiculously high heeled shoes. She was going to enjoy watching Marian suffer with them at work even more. There was still something in her though that felt upset because she hadn't sent that video to Human Resources. She still wanted to do that. She would still do that! But not before she made Marian suffer as much as possible first! That thought brightened her mood some.

She also needed a way to make sure that Marian would be more under her control. More like Sissy Phillip was. But she didn't know how yet. She would really like to hypnotize Marian like Philip was. But unfortunately, she didn't have a clue as to how to go about that.

She turned her thoughts to Phillip then. She had really enjoyed his lipstick plight all day today. She had plans to turn the little twerp into a major sissy. Major! She supposed that since she

did like the lipstick thing for him, that she could find a way to continue with it. She thought about that for a few minutes as she picked at her fries. Then she pulled out a napkin to write some notes on. She would pay Sissy Phillip a little visit tonight like she had planned originally. And little Sissy Phillip's life would start going in a whole new direction!

She paused in her thinking a moment. Was Phillip even home yet? She had spent a long time at Marian's place, then shoe shopping, then she had gone directly to another store nearby to see if there was anything new for her to look at there… which there hadn't been. And now she was eating dinner. So it had been a while. But how late was Phillip working tonight? It had better be pretty late! But still, she needed to talk with him and she didn't want to do it at work. She decided she would drive directly to his apartment and see if he was home yet. If not, well, her place wasn't all that far from his and she could try again later.

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Phillip trudged wearily though the door and into his apartment. With Dolly still in his backpack on his back, the first thing he did was to scrub the lipstick off his face. He scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed! Hard! And unfortunately, his lips still looked red. The darn stuff had stained them! But at least the junk was gone now. He could still taste the miserable flavor of it. And women liked that junk? Well, he liked seeing women wear it, but then they didn't have to wear it as thickly as he had been stuck with all day.

He was tired and exhausted. Hungry too. He had worked until seven o'clock and by that time his brain had been so fried he couldn't continue any longer. He was just glad to be home now and glad to get the darn lipstick off of his face. That had been horrible!

With his backpack still on his back so his hands would be free, he went to his kitchen to figure out what to have for dinner. He stared into his open refrigerator for a few moments looking at the few choices he had there… and the sudden knocking of someone at his door startled him. Vaguely in the back of his mind he remembered Mistress Vivian mentioning that she might stop by tonight. He started to hurry for his door, but he remembered that Dolly was still in his backpack. As fast as he could, he shed the pack and extricated the stupid dolly. The pack he threw into the corner out of the way as he was already running for his door.

"What took you so long?" Vivian asked, the moment he had opened his door.

He didn't bother answering since she was already forcing her way past him. He closed the door and followed her back to his living room where she was setting her purse down on one of his chairs.

"Did you enjoy all the lipstick today?" Vivian asked with a rather malevolent grin on her face.

"Not really," Phillip replied.

"Well don't worry, I've got something new for you to enjoy with it now."

Phillip immediately started worrying, but he didn't get the chance to worry long.

"Phyllis sucks her thumb," Marian said immediately, and watched as he once again closed his eyes and stuck his thumb in his mouth. She stared at him like that for a moment. He looked so peaceful like that… so childlike. She had only put him in the trance because she had a lot of details she wanted him to remember, and she figured that hypnotizing him would be the best way to make sure he remembered everything and would ensure that he would do everything she wanted.

"Open your eyes and go sit in a chair," she told him. She was rewarded to see him doing that immediately. His thumb in his mouth looked all that much more childish as she stood back where she could see the doll in his arms as well. Again she felt a little tingle in her sexual regions over what she could do to him. And she was about to do something that she was sure would only increase that wonderful tingle she was feeling.

Before doing anything else, she took a long time to deepen his trance… to make sure he was going as deep as he could. She also reminded him of his trigger to make sure there would be no forgetting that. Then she pulled out the napkin she had written her notes on in the restaurant so she wouldn't forget any part of what she wanted him to do.

"Phillip," she said, "I want you to remember all the pain I put you through last week. You don't have to feel that pain right now, but I want you to remember it." She saw his face scrunch up as if he was afraid of something. Good! "Phillip," she said, "remember, if you don't do everything I want, then that pain will come right back to you every time you even think about disobeying me!" She thought his face contorted even more at what she had said.

"Now Phillip," she said to him, "if you don't want to feel that pain, all you have to do is everything I tell you to do. And now I have something new for you that I want you to remember perfectly." She paused to study his face, but there was no change. He still looked worried about something… most likely, the pain.

She continued. "Phillip, here's what you're going to do. From now on, I want you to wear lipstick all the time. And I mean all the time! Twenty–four hours a day… everywhere you go."

The expression on his face had changed slightly, but she couldn't tell if it was any less concerned or not. No matter, she pushed on. "Phillip, as part of the way I want you to wear your lipstick from now on, I've come up with a list of ten rules about it that you absolutely must obey. Nod your head if you understand that you absolutely must obey all ten of the rules I'm about to tell you." She saw him nod his head. Very good!

“Okay Phillip, here is your list of lipstick rules. First…. Lipstick will be worn twenty–four hours a day, every day, even to bed. You will never be without lipstick on. Never!

“Second…. You must always have a tube of lipstick with you at all times. Always! You will never be without it!

“Third…. You must keep a supply of at least ten different lipsticks for you to use. They must be all different colors, and every color must be noticeable on you… so you may not wear any that would make you look like you aren’t wearing any at all. Starting tomorrow, you are going to buy at least one new lipstick every day until you have a minimum of ten different colors.

“Fourth…. You must change to a different color every day, rotating between all colors in your collection.

“Fifth…. You must apply fresh lipstick as soon as you get up out of bed every morning.

“Sixth…. You must apply a fresh coat of lipstick just before you go to bed every night.

“Seventh…. You must apply more lipstick just before you leave the house… or anywhere else that you’ve been at for more than an hour.

“Eighth…. You must apply another coat of lipstick just before you eat anything.

“Ninth…. You must apply another coat of lipstick again every time you finish eating.

“And finally, tenth…. Your lipstick must always look perfect! You will work hard to learn how to wear it perfectly. You must check your face in a mirror often to make sure your lips always look absolutely perfect. Anytime they don’t, you must fix the situation immediately.”

She watched him for a few moments again, but there was no change in his face. She was certain that he had heard her though.

“Those are the ten rules for your lipstick. You will follow those rules perfectly from now on. Any time you fail to follow one of the rules will bring on intense pain until you remedy the situation. Continuing to not follow one of the rules will make the pain grow worse and worse. You must follow those rules!”

Again she watched his face, but he was just sitting there sucking his thumb with his eyes staring straight ahead. The look of worry was still on his face as well.

“Phillip,” she said, “Take your thumb out of your mouth and tell me, what is your first lipstick rule?”

“I have to wear it all the time. I can’t ever not wear any.”

“Good enough,” she said. “What’s your second lipstick rule?”

“I have to have some lipstick with me all the time,” he replied.

“Good,” she told him. One by one, she went through the entire list, making sure he knew each and every rule. His answers paraphrased the rules she had given him, but that was fine. She was just glad to note that there wasn’t a single error in any of the rules.

“Okay Phillip, I’m going to wake you up in a few moments. What are you going to do as soon as you wake up?”

“Check my face and fix my lipstick,” he replied.

“Very good, Phillip. Very, very good. Remember to try to get it as neat and perfect as you can. I’m going to ask Marian to help you with it when you get to work tomorrow morning. You can ask her any questions at all about it that you may have. Now get ready to wake up fully, Phillip. Get ready. Three… two… one… wake up!”

Phillip regained full consciousness, and immediately found himself getting out of the chair he was sitting in. He couldn’t help himself! With Dolly cradled in his arm, he hurried to his bathroom mirror and checked his face. He needed lipstick! And he needed it now. He could never be without it… like it or not! But the lipstick he had brought home from work was still in his backpack. He ran to find it and pulled it out. Then he ran with it right back to the bathroom where he did his very best to put it on neatly… all under the watchful gaze of Mistress Vivian.

When he was done, he turned back to her so she could see.

“Very good, Phillip,” she told him. “Very, very good. Now you’re looking much more like the sissy I want to see in you. I’m sure you’ll make me and everyone else at work very happy, showing us how well you can do that.”

She grabbed her purse. “Good night now Phillip,” she told him. “Don’t forget, you have to get an early start at work from now on.” With a laugh, she walked out his door to go home. That tingle she had felt earlier had become an irresistible throbbing. And she had every intention of exploring that throbbing as soon as she got home. The power of what she had just done was absolutely incredible! She couldn’t get enough of it!

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Phillip continued to stare at his apartment door that she had closed behind her as she left. Lipstick again. And now he was stuck with it… permanently. He had to always be wearing it. Always! And it had to be noticeable lipstick. None of the stuff that most women wore where you could hardly tell they were wearing any.

He went back to his bedroom where he stared at his face in the mirror over his dresser. Then he and Dolly laid on his bed together, where he masturbated to an amazing climax… before he had to start fixing his lips yet again. He had a feeling that Mistress Vivian's rules were going to quickly become a major pain!

Chapter 09.

How the heck was she going to do this? The sun was only a small glow in the sky as Marian got out of her car in the company parking lot and "managed" to actually stand up in the red shoes she was wearing. Still holding onto her car door, she slung her purse over her shoulder, and managed to close the car door… while still holding onto it so she wouldn't fall down. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she kept one hand on the car as she walked towards the front of it and the building beyond. At least at this hour of the morning she had no trouble getting a parking place that was close to the building. She paused briefly at the front of her car, and gradually removed her hand from it. Carefully, she began making her way in her very high–heeled red shoes towards the building. Don't fall… don't fall… don't fall….

It took her a seemingly long time to walk the short distance because her steps were so tiny. Opening the heavy door to get into the building was no barrel of fun, but at least it gave her something to hold onto to help her not fall. She inched her way carefully through the lobby directly towards the elevators… which were all thankfully open and on the ground floor. So far, the only person she had seen was a security guard inside the building who had watched her from a distance, but did nothing else.

The nicest thing about the elevator was the bar that went all the way around the inside of the car… made just for people to hold onto. Unfortunately, the ride wasn't all that long and she was soon forced to get out of the thing and start teetering her way through the halls. Why was her department so far from the damn elevators? Her feet were killing her already! All she could think about was sitting down in her nice comfortable desk chair. Of course she also thought about not falling down if she could help it.

Her department door was closed and the lights inside were off, but holding onto the doorframe for balance made turning the lights on an easy task. Two minutes later, she managed to walk from the door at the front of the room to her desk at the back of the room, where she collapsed directly into her chair. Whew! She made it! After sitting there for a minute to catch her breath, her next thought was removing her shoes. Vicious Vivian wouldn't be in for a few hours yet. She saw nothing in the world wrong with taking her shoes off. And why the heck didn't she wear flats until she got to the office? Talk about stupid! She mentally berated herself for that the entire time it took her to get those red shoes off! Which wasn't long! Whew! Relief!

She booted up her computer and opened her email program… and died a bit the minute she saw an email from Vivian. She read it with raised eyebrows.

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Phillip looked at his face in his bathroom mirror. He had just redone his lipstick for the third time that morning. The first was the minute he got out of bed, the second time had been after he got out of the shower, and now he had done it again as he got ready to walk out the door. He wasn't looking forward to this at all. A lifetime of wearing lipstick in public where everyone would always see it? No, he was definitely not looking forward to this. With Dolly safely tucked away in his backpack, he headed out the door to work. The only good thing was that the sun wasn't even fully up yet. There was no one else in sight.

There were very few cars in the parking lot and he managed to easily get a parking space near the building. He hurried inside, even though the only person around that he could see was the security guard in the lobby. Several of the elevators were open and he hurried directly into one. The only good thing about having to be at work that early was that fewer people would be around to see his all too colorful lips. He figured that the same thing would be true when he left the building much later than everyone else as well. That was the only good thing he could see about his new work hours.

Once off the elevators, he hurried through the halls and was surprised to see the door open to his department and the lights already on. Marian must be there already. He entered the room, and instead of hurrying, forced himself to walk more slowly.

"Good morning Phillip," Marian called as soon as she saw him.

"Morning," Phillip mumbled as he headed with his head down toward his desk.

"Let me see," Marian requested.

Uncertainly, Phillip stopped halfway to his desk and slowly lifted his head.

Even from where Marian sat, she could see his red lipstick. The only lipstick he had… so far. Vivian's email to her had been a list of rules… rules for Phillip's lipstick that he had to adhere to from now on. And Vivian had mentioned that she had hypnotized him last night before instilling those rules into his brain. Phillip would have no choice now other than to follow Vivian's humiliating instructions.

She tried to smile as she got up from her chair. "It doesn't look so bad," she declared, trying to sound as kind as possible. He was still stopped in the middle of the room. Barefoot, she walked right up close to him for a better look. She nodded her head. "Not too bad at all."

"Maybe not from where you stand. But you don't know the half of it."

"I probably do know," Marian replied. "I had an email waiting for me this morning from Vivian. She outlined ten rules that you have to follow now. And then she told me to spend some time with you this morning teaching you how to put it on properly."

Phillip was surprised. “Now I have to take lessons?”

“’Fraid so,” Marian told him.

Exasperated, Phillip headed for his desk where he extricated Dolly from his backpack before throwing the backpack under his desk. Marian went back to her desk and pulled her chair over to his desk. “We might as well start now,” she said as she pointed to a box of tissues he had on his desk. “Grab some of those and start wiping. In the future, we might want to get you some makeup remover to make the job easier.”

Phillip did his best to scrub his lips clean. He was worried the whole time about the pain kicking in, but when it didn’t, he guessed it was because Vivian had told Marian to teach him… and he had to take orders from Marian now as well. Besides, the ultimate goal was to put more lipstick on him… so the darn pain had better stay away!

“Where’s your lipstick?” Marian asked when he had managed to get most of it off. Phillip pulled the tube out of his pocket. “I don’t suppose you have a mirror on you.” She saw Phillip shake his head. “No, of course not,” she said. “We better put a small mirror down as something you definitely need to get… and keep with you all the time. I’ll get mine for now.”

While Marian was at her desk retrieving her mirror, Phillip was trying to picture himself trying to put a mirror into his pocket along with everything else he always carried. The idea of it wasn’t looking very good. He was guessing his backpack was going to become even handier.

“Okay,” Marian said as she came back and handed him the mirror. You can use this for now. Let me see what you can do.”

Phillip tried to see his lips in the small mirror that she had given him. He immediately went cross–eyed just looking into the thing. He was surprised to see his lips looking all too large in her small mirror. He realized her mirror must magnify things a bit. Very carefully, he started. But as he started, Marian began offering suggestions on how to do it… which she kept up through the whole process.

“Good,” Marian finally declared after he had blotted them on a fresh tissue. “And they don’t look half–bad.” She smiled at him and looked at the used tissue in his hand. “Maybe you should start carrying some of those with you all the time too. They come in handy all too often.”

Phillip rolled his eyes. It was something else he would have to carry now that he didn’t want to. At the rate it was going, he was going to need a bigger backpack.

"We'll discuss it more later when we're alone," Marian told him. "Right now, I'm guessing that we both need to get to work, or we'll never get out of here tonight!"

Marian returned to her desk and started working, trying her best to alternate between the things that were supposed to be her tasks to accomplish and working on the things that Vivian should have been doing. She watched the clock the entire time, and shortly before any of the others were due to arrive, she got up and told Phillip she was running to the ladies room while she still had the chance. Barefoot, she headed quickly out into the halls.

Knowing that it was still a bit early for anyone else to be there, Phillip decided that was a good idea too. He started to get up to go, and stopped, and went back to grab Dolly. He started to go again, and couldn't. It had been over an hour since he got into the room. The pain in his arm made him pull out his lipstick. The pain went away the minute he looked into Marian's tiny mirror and started to refresh his lips. Only when he was finished could he get up and leave. He ran since he was now later than he wanted.

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All morning long the women talked about Phillip's lips. But that conversation ended the minute Marian got up from her desk and headed precariously in her new shoes for the break room to make the coffee.

"Wow!" Heather exclaimed the minute Marian got up from her desk and walked past her. "Those are some shoes!"

"Uh… thanks," Marian replied, trying to hide her embarrassment. "Wait till you see the other pair I got too." She did her very best to head for the break room – without breaking her neck. It would have been better though if the other women hadn't kept stopping her along the way for a better look at her heels.

"Wow," Felicia exclaimed. "I've never seen you wear anything but flats before. Why the sudden change?"

Marian shrugged as her embarrassment grew a bit more. "Just something different." Ashley asked the same question and Marian gave her a similar answer.

Vivian was all but laughing. The stupid old cow could barely walk in those shoes! And there was no doubt about Marian's face turning red when the others asked about them. Yes, the shoes had been a perfect idea for her. Absolutely perfect! And it was more than obvious that the old cow didn't have a clue as to what to wear with shoes like she had on. Even her pants were too short and didn't even come down to the straps on her ankles! Her entire outfit was nothing but a big embarrassment. She smiled wickedly because Marian's embarrassment was only just starting!

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Vivian was desperate for a stronger way to control Marian. Hypnotizing her would be perfect… but could it even be done with someone like her? Later in the morning, having nothing better to do, Vivian started researching hypnotism on the web. Not having a computer at home herself, she always did all her web browsing at work… as much as she could anyway. Until now of course. Now she had all the time she could possibly want!

She targeted her research towards controlling someone with the hypnotism, and continually refined what she was looking for. Eventually she found websites about erotic hypnotism… which led her closer to what she had in mind. And late in the morning, shortly before lunch, she stumbled onto a way to actually chat on line with a guy who lived in the same city they did, and who did the kind of erotic hypnotism she thought she was interested in. Since the guy… who called himself Master George, didn't know her at all, Vivian was fairly open and direct with him.

Vivian told him she had a "friend" she wanted to have hypnotized, but that since this friend was also good at hypnotizing people, she needed to know if she could still be hypnotized.

Master George wrote back and said, yes, anyone could be hypnotized, even someone who knew how to do it. Then Master George asked if this "friend" was Vivian's sub and if Vivian was her Mistress.

Vivian was stunned, but quickly wrote back that that was the situation.

Master George then told "Mistress Vivian" that he'd like to meet her and would be more than glad to hypnotize her sub for her. Then he included his price for doing it – two hundred dollars!

Vivian was thrilled to be addressed as Mistress Vivian by the guy. She was more than thrilled that he was willing to hypnotize Marian. She was simply shocked at how much he was charging to do it. But… she wouldn't be paying for it anyway. The hypnotism was for Marian. Why shouldn't the ugly old cow pay for her own hypnotism?

Vivian quickly accepted and a few minutes later had an appointment set up with Master George to do it early Thursday evening right after work. Now all Vivian had to do was to get Marian to agree to let the guy hypnotize her. Well, Marian would either agree to do it, or she really would be out of a job – something that Vivian was still kicking herself about for not actually sending those videos to HR last night! The stupid old cow! Marian didn't deserve to be the supervisor, she did! She deserved to finally be the one in charge! Not ugly Marian who couldn't even dress herself properly!

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At lunchtime, Marian had to deal with going out to get lunch for both herself and Phillip again. Her feet had been killing her all morning in the red shoes, but having to walk that far in them made sitting down while wearing the shoes seem like heaven. And the worst part was that when she got back to the parking lot, she had lost her close parking place so she had to walk much further. The only good thing she could say was that her balance in the things was getting better… somewhat. She was still continually worried about breaking her neck, but she was definitely walking better.

When she dropped Phillip's lunch off at his desk, she had to watch closely as he attempted to refresh his lips using some of the suggestions she had given him earlier. And when he finished eating, she again watched him doing it… as some of the women were coming back in. Unfortunately, through the whispered conversations she heard a short while later, those women had somehow gotten the idea that Marian had just hypnotized Phillip again. Marian didn't see any hope in setting the story straight. Things were so botched up now thanks to Vicious Vivian, that the whole situation looked nothing but hopeless.

At the end of the day, everyone got up to leave except Marian and Phillip. Fifteen minutes after everyone had gone, Vivian came strolling happily back into the room. Marian had been just starting to unfasten one of her shoes. She stopped that quickly at the sight of the dreaded woman.

"Feet hurting you a bit?" Vivian asked with a wicked smile on her face.

"They're killing me!" Marian replied. "Do you mind if I take the shoes off now? It's after work hours."

"Don't you dare! I want you wearing those things all the time now. And I mean all the time!"

Marian decided not to push the issue. She didn't want to take a chance on Vivian actually making her do anything worse. And she fully intended on ignoring Vivian's demand that she wear the stupid shoes "all the time." What Vivian didn't know wouldn't hurt her… or herself either.

"Don't make any plans for Thursday night," Vivian said to Marian.

"What's Thursday night?" Marian asked.

But Vivian decided she didn't want Phillip around for this conversation. She turned to him. "Phillip! Go home. Now!"

Phillip was all too glad to go. But he still found that despite Vivian telling him to go right away, he still couldn't get out of there without redoing his lips. And since Vivian was there, he ignored his backpack which was under his desk and just grabbed Dolly and hurried out.

"Don't forget to buy more lipstick!" Vivian called after him. Then she laughed at him as he disappeared out the door. "The little sissy!" she muttered. "Very soon now he's going to be the talk of the entire city!"

Marian shook her head. "What are you trying to do to him? You're destroying him!"

Vivian's eyebrows raised in surprise. "Destroying him?" She laughed. "The little sissy shit! Eventually I'm going to get him to the point where he's the most flaming… sissified… fag you can imagine!"

Marian was shocked. "You'll get him fired!"

Vivian shrugged, "Maybe. But the company is a lot more lenient now towards people of… um… all sexual persuasions. Remember all those affirmative action classes we had to take? Well, we had to take them. You weren't here."

"I went through one when I got hired," Marian told her.

"Well, because of that, I don't think he'll get fired at all." What Vivian didn't say though, was that while she would somewhat like to get Phillip fired, she wanted to get Marian fired much, much more. And she wanted Marian to get fired over the worst possible reasons! She wanted to do it in some way that would completely destroy the old cow!

"You've got to go easier on Phillip," Marian tried to argue. "He can't take what you're pushing at him. And just how long do you intend for him to be stuck with that silly lipstick routine you hypnotized into his head last night?"

"How long? Forever! For the rest of his stupid, good–for–nothing life!"

"He can't do that!"

Vivian laughed. "He not only can, he doesn't have much of a choice in the matter. But I figure that eventually he'll get so used to being seen that way that he won't even think about his lipstick anymore." She chuckled. "But I also figure that by the end of the week, that little bit of lipstick will seem like nothing at all to him."

Marian was getting exasperated over the situation. "Vivian… what are you doing? You can't push him like that!"

Vivian's leveled gaze carried nothing but menace. "Don't you dare tell me what I can or can't do!"

Marian shook her head. "It's not right," she mumbled.

Vivian laughed a bit again. "No, it's not right. And very shortly, nothing about Phillip is going to be… right!"

"You can't!" Marian muttered softly, knowing it was useless.

"Watch me!" Vivian crowed. But she quickly stopped herself. "You care that much about the little shit? You actually care that much about him?"

Marian nodded. "It's all my fault in the first place. If I hadn't hypnotized him like I did, then none of this would have ever happened."

"Damn straight!" Vivian declared. But now her thoughts were swiftly turning around a different possibility. "So tell me," she said, sounding a bit more reasonable, "if you care about him that much, what would it be worth to you for me to back off… leave him alone for a while?"

Marian looked at her in amazement. Could Vivian be reasoned with? "What would it be worth? Anything! You've got to leave him alone. Fix him so he's straight again!"

"Oh, I'm going to fix him alright, but not like you want at all. But what I want to know is just how serious you are about it. Would you really do anything if I backed off of him?"

Marian stared at the demented woman for a moment. "What do you mean by anything?"

"Oh, I don't know," Vivian replied offhandedly. Then she looked Marian straight in the eye. "I want you to agree to have someone hypnotize you too so that I can control you like I do Phillip!"

"You what?" Marian was totally shocked.

"You heard me. It's either that, or I'll go ahead and do what I had planned on doing to him later tonight, and I figure that within a day or too, Phillip will be spending all his free time searching the worst places in town for cocks to suck. Don't you think that will go along splendidly with all that lipstick he's learning to use?" Actually, Vivian had never even considered that idea before. She had just come up with it on the spur of the moment as something to throw at Marian… but she did rather like the idea.

Marian nearly fell out of her chair. "You can't!"

Vivian smiled. “I’m already planning on it! And right after I finish with that, I’m going to send those videos to HR and finally get you fired like I’ve wanted to do all along! No use keeping you around at all if I have to worry that you won’t do what I want.”

Marian was so shocked, she was speechless. “You’d do it, wouldn’t you?” she finally said.

“Of course I would,” Vivian replied, feeling very proud of herself. “I want to do it very badly!”

“But you can’t!”

“Oh stop that Marian! You know perfectly well that I hate your stupid guts! I can’t wait to see you fired in such a way that you’ll never find a decent job again! You know that perfectly well! And… you ought to know that I won’t hesitate one second with Phillip either. The little snot has it coming to him!”

“But…”

“Stop with the buts! You either do it… get yourself hypnotized completely so that I can control you like I do him… or Phillip develops an insatiable hunger for dirty male cocks in his mouth… and you never work again! And I have no doubt you’ll eventually have to sell that nice little home you’ve got now in order to pay some bills. Maybe eventually you’ll be living out on the street where you belong!”

“Please…” Marian begged.

“You either get hypnotized… or I start making it all happen – tonight! Now what’s it going to be?”

Marian closed her eyes at the frustration of it all. Vivian had her over a barrel with no way out. It was either go along with Vivian’s demented wishes, or she would lose everything she had. And Vivian had been right. She could possibly lose her home if it got that bad. And not only that, she still felt responsible for Phillip. Phillip’s whole life would be ruined. She opened her eyes again and looked straight at Vivian. “You’ll back off of Phillip and take away his lipstick compulsion?”

“No! I won’t take the lipstick thing away. I want the little shit stuck with at least that. But I will back off of him for a while. Now what’s your answer? Yes… or no?”

Marian briefly closed her eyes again. It was the best bargain she was going to get. “Okay,” she muttered softly. “I’ll do it.”

“Damn straight you’ll do it,” Vivian replied. “Thursday night… right after work. And I’ve already found someone to hypnotize you.”

“You did? Who?” Marian asked. She knew many of the people in the city who were into hypnotism. There was kind of an unorganized community of them.

His name is Master George!”

“Master George? Do you know his last name?”

“What I know is all I have to know… and all you have to know. That, and the fact that Thursday night you’re going to allow yourself to be put completely under my control.”

Marian nodded. “I said I’d do it.”

“Good!” Vivian declared. “Oh, and he’s charging you two hundred dollars for the session. So I suggest you have plenty of cash with you to pay him!”

“Two hundred dollars!”

Vivian just smiled wickedly at her before she turned and started walking out. “And don’t take those shoes off!” she called without looking back.

Marian’s brain was spinning. Master George? Two hundred dollars? Get hypnotized so that she would be further under Vivian’s control? The thought sent a shudder through her body.

Chapter 10.

Marian's colorful shoes made a big splash with the ladies the next morning. In fact, several of the younger women in the office gushed over them. Courtney even wanted to know where she had found them so she could look for a pair too. Marian gladly told her. What she didn't mention to any of them though, since Vivian was in the room, was that she had worn flats into work that morning and had only changed into the super high heels just before any of them had shown up to work. Her flats were now safely hidden in her bag. She felt happy because she had been smart enough to remember the flats.

The women all noted that Phillip was wearing lipstick again – and this time a darker shade of red that didn't stand out quite so much… although it was still very noticeable.

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As usual, Vivian was among the first to reach the break room when the first break period started. She poured herself a cup of coffee, feeling like everything wonderful in the world was finally heading in her direction. Soon! Very soon she would have it all! As the other women were pouring their coffee, she sat at the table and stared out through the window at the desks beyond. Marian and Phillip were both hard at work – as they better be! They had a lot of work to do now that they were handling her workload too.

"I wonder why Marian doesn't join us for breaks anymore." Ashley noted as she sat down with her coffee. "It's like she's avoiding us. She doesn't even go to lunch with us anymore either."

"She's got too much work to do," Vivian told her.

"I noticed how hard she's been working lately," Brittany added. "Phillip too. They're both hard at work by the time we get here, and they're both working just as hard when we leave for the day. Both of them! It's like there's something wrong!"

Red flags started waving in Vivian's head.

"I agree," Lisa said. "And Marian's whole disposition has changed. She used to be friendly and open, but now she hardly says a word to anyone… except Phillip… I think. But even there she's not saying hardly anything to him during the day."

"She's got to be hypnotizing him at night or early in the morning every day," Felecia said. "Did you see Phillip's lips this morning? He was wearing lipstick again, but a different shade."

"I wonder how long Marian is going to make him wear it." Ashley wondered. "It's starting to get to be a bit much now. I mean, she's making the poor guy wear it all day long, and he's refreshing it several times during the day."

"I know," Lisa agreed. "It does seem a bit much. Has Marian mentioned anything to anyone about how long she intends to keep making him do it?"

"I like it!" Vivian declared.

"Me too," Felicia added. "But I wish she'd go back to the thumb sucking thing. I think that was just adorable along with the doll."

"Well I think it's not right!" Ashley declared. "Marian should have stopped it by now!"

"Yeah," Lisa agreed. "It is getting a bit ridiculous!"

Vivian's head was suddenly working overtime. The women were all starting to not like what was going on! Well one of them still liked it. Felicia was still firmly in her court. But that left all the others suddenly against what was happening. And not only that, they were now questioning why Marian and Phillip were working so much. She had to fix things… and she had to fix them fast!

"If you'll excuse me ladies," Vivian said as she got up with her coffee, "I've got some work that has to get done too." She went straight back to her desk. She knew she still had a few minutes before Marian would be getting up to make more coffee. She went straight to work typing Marian a quick email.

Marian had noticed Vivian coming back early from break and was somewhat surprised by it. She was just about to get up to make another pot of coffee when she got an email from Vivian. When she read it, she wasn't totally sure what to make of the situation. Shaking her head, she got up and headed to the break room to make the second pot of coffee.

"Marian!" Ashley exclaimed as soon as she entered the break room. "What's got you so busy lately? You don't take breaks… and you and Phillip are already working by the time we get here in the morning and you're both still at it after we leave at night. What's going on?"

Marian did her best to smile as she emptied what was left of the first pot of coffee. "I'm taking a break now," she told them. "I'm going cross–eyed staring at that computer for so long."

"So how come you're working so much?" Lisa asked. "Phillip too."

Marian searched for a good excuse. “Um… I had a big project dumped on me. And, well, I asked Phillip to help me with it. No offense ladies, but he’s a darn hard worker.”

“No offense taken,” Brittany replied. “He’s worked hard since he got moved into our department.”

“But you still hate him,” Marian noted.

“Well… It’s not that we hate him,” Ashley started.

“I don’t like him!” Felicia said in no uncertain terms. “He’s responsible for Maria and the others getting fired! I don’t care how hard he works. He shouldn’t be here!”

“And that’s another thing we’re wondering,” Ashley said, “How much longer are you going to make him wear the lipstick? I mean, it’s getting a bit much now.”

“No it’s not!” Felicia disagreed.

“I think it was too much before it started!” Lisa added.

“Don’t be ridiculous!” Felicia argued back.

“So how much longer are you going to do this to him?” Ashley asked again.

“Um… I don’t know,” Marian replied. “Let’s just say that I have my reasons for keeping him doing it right now. Okay? And I’m not sure how much longer it may go on. Possibly, a while.”

“A while?” Lisa asked.

“What kind of reasons?” Brittany asked at almost the same time.

“Um… reasons you don’t need to know about,” Marian replied. “Can we just leave it at that?”

“It’s not right!” Ashley mumbled.

Marian nodded. “I know. And I agree. So if you can, try to just be nice to him and not make matters any worse.”

“Be nice to him? That little shit?” Felicia exclaimed. “Not likely!”

But Marian noted the looks the others were casting between themselves. It was almost as if she suddenly had allies in the room. But none of them could help her… and she knew she

couldn't tell any of them what was really going on. She had to keep them in the dark – for her own safety… and especially for Phillip's.

A few minutes later all the women filed out and Marian sat down at the table for her first real break in days, and shortly after that, Courtney, Beverly, and Heather filed in.

"Marian!" Heather exclaimed, seeing Marian sitting at the table with a cup of coffee. "You're finally joining us!"

"We've missed you," Courtney added.

"I've missed you too," Marian replied.

The questions from all three women were similar to the ones Marian had just faced. And the few non–answers Marian gave them were pretty much what she had told the first group. The big difference this time though, was that neither Vivian nor Felicia was there so that all the women were firmly in agreement that Phillip's humiliation should stop!

Marian felt somewhat good about the way the break had gone. The part she didn't feel good about however was telling them that Phillip's humiliation would continue for a while more. After she had cleaned the break room, Marian went back to her desk… to find another detailed email from Vivian. She quickly realized that Vivian was going way out of her way to cover her tracks! Marian didn't know if that was a good thing or not. Now Vivian wanted both her and Phillip to leave at lunchtime and at the end of the day with everyone else – as if they were going home. But each time they were to go downstairs with everyone else, then turn around and go right back upstairs again once they could separate from everyone else.

As far as Marian could see, all the sympathy she had just gotten from the other women for having to work so long and so hard was about to disappear. Nobody would know that she and Phillip were continuing to work so much overtime. She sighed. She had to find a way out of this mess for both Phillip and herself.

And now Vivian was making her get hypnotized so that Vivian could control her better? That was a very troublesome thought. But the more she considered it, the more she realized that it might be the only way to save both herself and Phillip… and take care of Vivian as well – for good. It would be difficult. Very difficult! No doubt it would take a while. But it was the only possible solution she could see. And the whole success of her plan depended on just a few things – what she knew about herself, what she knew about hypnotism, and what she suspected about Phillip! That last one was the big question mark!

Late in the day, Marian got called up to another Supervisor's meeting. It was a long, painful walk in the colorful heels she was wearing. She had been in agony from them all day, and once again the long walk was only making things worse.

Loretta had been the Section Manager for three years now. She couldn't help but notice Marian's new colorful heels the moment she entered the conference room. The shoes surprised her a lot. Not only did they not go that well with the rest of what Marian was wearing, but from everything she had seen before, Marian had never worn anything but comfortable sensible shoes in the past. What was she trying to do now, catch the attention of some of the men in the company? As she looked around a bit, she did see several of the men checking out Marian's shoes. Well, it figured that the guys would all like something like that. But she figured that whatever was going on with Marian's wardrobe choices were Marian's business. She turned her thinking back to the reasons for the meeting in the first place.

Marian sat at the table and looked through the papers that had been handed out while she listened to Loretta verbally going over what was happening. It was all stuff that happened a lot… price changes, regulation changes, and procedure changes. All stuff she had to let her workers know about so they could do their jobs properly. It was what most of these meeting were about.

By the time Marian got back downstairs, everyone was watching the clock and was ready to go… except for Phillip who was still busy fixing his lips. She decided she would pass out the information changes to them tomorrow. She headed for her desk to pretend to get ready to leave herself. When she got back to her desk, she found an email from Vivian reminding her about tomorrow night – when she would have to get hypnotized. The little reminder had included a reminder about the two hundred dollars in cash she would need as well.

Marian didn't need that little reminder. The whole thing had been at the forefront of her thinking for most of the day. Getting hypnotized was going to be worrisome. Very worrisome! But if everything went the way she hoped, it would also lead to the only good solution she could see to this whole problem. She had to do it… like it or not. For not only herself, but for Phillip as well. She was sure that Phillip didn't deserve any of the animosity that the women always showed him. She was more than sure of that!

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All day Thursday, Marian went about her duties… with her new work schedule and routine. But the worry over getting hypnotized later still filled her with dread. She was wearing her red shoes again… although the flats she had worn into work were once again hidden in the depths of her bag. She had a feeling that she wouldn't get the chance to put them on again until she got home later that night. And when she did get home, her major plans were to take a good long hot bath and soak her aching feet!

Quitting time came, and Marian prepared herself to leave along with everyone else. And this time, she wouldn't be turning around to come back upstairs to work. This time she would be going with Vicious Vivian to face whatever fate Vivian had in mind for her. She would be facing her fate… and someone named Master George… whoever he was.

She noticed that for once Phillip was done reapplying his lipstick before the clock told them they could leave – more of a plum color today. The clock ticked again and everyone got up from their seats. So did she.

"Ready?" Vivian asked with an all too vicious smile on her face. Marian only nodded. She went downstairs with everyone else, the nervousness in her growing with each minute. "I guess you should follow me," Vivian said as they reached the lobby. "I'll wait for you off the side of the road just outside the parking lot."

Marian nodded and headed for her car. What was she getting herself into?

Vivian's little car was easy to spot and she was soon following it through the city… to the other side of the city… and into a part of town she wasn't very familiar with. It was a nice area though. That made her feel somewhat better. She noticed Vivian slowing down as if she was searching for something… most likely the address.

Vivian finally stopped for a moment, then pulled her car to the side of the road and parked it against the curb. Marian parked right behind her and got out of her car. The place was a fairly nice looking brownstone. It appeared to be clean and well maintained. Most likely totally rebuilt and renovated. She followed Vivian up the steps where Vivian rang the doorbell. A few minutes later, the door was opened by a large, slightly overweight man.

"Mistress Vivian?" the man asked.

"Master George?" Vivian replied.

The man nodded and moved so he could see Marian who was still on the step behind Vivian. "Um… isn't it Marian?" he exclaimed. "I never expected to see you here."

"George… uh… Lithgo?" Marian asked, recognizing him and trying to come up with his last name. She was surprised to see someone she knew.

"You two know each other?" Vivian asked.

"Slightly," George replied, his eyes still on Marian. "We sort of met out in Las Vegas a couple of years ago. I'm surprised you remembered my name," George said to Marian.

"I'm… pretty good at remembering names," Marian told him.

"Come in. Come in!" George told them as he stood back to let them into his home. "I must say," he said as Marian walked past him, "If I had known you were into this, I would have called you years ago. We could have had so much fun together!"

Marian made no reply to that. She wasn't the totally submissive personality that he thought she was… but she realized quickly that she had better pretend that she was.

"Is it going to be a problem that you two know each other?" Vivian asked suspiciously.

"Not for me," George replied. "Marian?" he asked.

Marian shook her head. "No, I'm fine. In fact, I'm relieved that you're the one who's going to do it. I'd rather not have a hack doing it."

"Don't worry. I'm very good at this," George assured her.

Marian just tried to smile. She was still very nervous about it all.

"Have a seat," George said as they entered his parlor. "Marian, pick a chair that looks the most comfortable for you."

Marian looked around the room. It was decorated in a rather old–fashioned style. There were a number of seats all grouped into a very nice conversation area around a large coffee table. All the seats looked well–padded and comfortable. She chose one across from his couch.

Instead of sitting in a chair, George moved directly in front of her and sat down on the coffee table. He noticed Vivian still standing. "Have a seat," he suggested.

"I'm good," Vivian declared, not wanting to sit. She was too keyed up over what was happening to sit down. She wanted to watch everything as closely as possible.

"Can I get you anything?" George asked Marian.

"No, I'm good," Marian replied.

"Do you have any questions for me?" he asked her next.

Marian thought about it for a moment. "No. Let's just do this."

George nodded. "Okay." He looked up at Vivian. "Are you ready for me to start?"

"Please!" Vivian replied, anxious to get things underway.

George turned his attention back to Marian. "Okay Marian, you know how this works, are you ready?"

"Yes," Marian replied. She took a deep breath to steady herself, then forced herself to try to think as if she really did want this to happen, and especially to try to think that she really did want Vicious Vivian to control her. It wasn't easy, but she did her best to put herself in that submissive frame of mind.

"Okay," George said to her. "Pick a spot on the wall, one of my pictures perhaps, and just stare at it." He watched as Marian focused her gaze just past him. Her eyes searched a bit, then finally settled in one place. "Good," he told her. He knew very well what pictures were on the wall behind him. He had chosen each one for its tranquil calming content. "Let yourself gaze into the picture and feel how calm and tranquil it makes you feel." Little by little, suggestion by suggestion, George started bringing Marian down into a hypnotic trance.

After five minutes of it though, Vivian blurted out, "What's taking so long?" Which completely brought Marian out of what little trance she had started to enter.

Irritated, George looked at Vivian. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Vivian replied, trying to find a way to say it without giving too much away. "I watched her hypnotize someone else, and she just walked up to him and talked to him for about a minute or so, and then she touched his forehead, and that was it! The guy was out like a light!"

George raised his eyebrows and turned back to Marian. "Stage hypnosis?"

Marian just shrugged. "It paid the bills."

George turned back to Vivian. "I'm not that good," he told her. "I don't know the tricks she does. I do hypnotic therapy, not stage hypnosis where the subject goes into a light easy trance. Now do you want me to continue or not?"

Vivian felt like he had verbally slapped her. "No, continue," she said.

"I'm going to need you to be patient… and quiet," he said. "Maybe it would be better if you waited in the other room?"

"No!" Vivian insisted. "I want to see this. I'll be quiet."

"Why don't you have a seat then," George offered again.

Frustrated and angry, Vivian sat down in one of the chairs where she could still see everything that was happening.

George turned his attention back to Marian. “Shall we start again?”

Once again, Marian let George lead her down the path into a light comfortable trance. As someone who had studied hypnotism a lot, Marian recognized that George was doing an excellent job. She knew she was in good hands. Besides, he had mentioned that he did hypnotic therapy. She felt a lot safer in his hands after hearing that and it helped her finally sink down into a trance.

To Vivian, it seemed like forever as George spoke softly to Marian… giving her little suggestions, telling her to feel this or to feel that. Dumb! Why couldn’t he do it the way Marian had hypnotized Phillip? A few moments and bam! It was done. Eventually though, she realized that George had changed what he was talking about and was now doing everything he could to deepen Marian’s trance instead of putting her into one. She sat forward and paid much more attention to what he was saying… taking every mental note she possibly could.

It seemed to take forever again. But finally she saw George look at her and ask, “I think you mentioned that you were mostly interested in setting a trigger so you can put her under whenever you want?”

“Is she hypnotized now?” Vivian asked.

George nodded. “Moderately.”

“Moderately? You mean she’s not very deep?”

George shrugged. “She’s easily deep enough to set a trigger. Getting her any deeper would take time and doing this over and over again. Despite her being a little familiar with me, there was still a lot of nervousness in her. It took some time to get past that and I think it’s keeping her from going any deeper right now. But she’s plenty deep enough.”

Vivian nodded. “So she needs to be worked with more to get her to go deeper?”

“Pretty much. I can set you up on a weekly schedule for a while if you like, but I really see no need. As I said, she’s plenty deep enough now and she should be more than willing to do whatever you like. Do you want me to give her any special instructions, or just set the trigger so you can put her under next time?”

"Special instructions?" Vivian hadn't been prepared for that. "No, just set it up so I can say something and she'll go into a trance."

George turned back to Marian. But he was suddenly interrupted by Vivian again.

"No!" Vivian said quickly. "Can you do something to make sure she's going to be um…" But she didn't quite know how to ask what she wanted.

"Make her more devoted to you?" George suggested.

"Yes! That's it. Make it so she'll continue to do what I want her to."

George smiled. "I'll set something up." Once again he turned back to Marian. "Marian," he said, "I know that Mistress Vivian is a major part of your life. You wouldn't have come here asking me to hypnotize you this way if she wasn't. From now on," he said, "you're going to feel even more devoted to your Mistress. You will feel nothing but total devotion to her for as long as she wants. You will feel more compelled to do whatever she tells you to because of that devotion." He looked over to Vivian. "Okay?"

Vivian nodded enthusiastically. Yes! Now Marian would not only be under her control through the blackmail, but she would also be able to control Marian through hypnotic commands… and… Marian would do what she wanted because she would feel devoted to her as well. It was going to be even better than she thought! She quickly returned her attention to what else Master George was saying to Marian.

"Marian," George said to her, "you and your Mistress Vivian came here for me to plant a trigger in your mind that will immediately send you into a hypnotic trance any time it is spoken. That was your primary goal for coming here tonight. It's time for us to take care of that goal for you. That trigger and that goal is something that you want. I want you to think about how calm and relaxed you are right now. I want you to think about how good it feels to be in this trance. So calm, so relaxed, feeling so very, very good. You want to continue feeling this good. You want to feel how nice it is to be in a trance state. You enjoy this trance state very much and want it to go deeper and deeper every single time."

He paused for a moment before continuing. "Marian, you can have the opportunity to feel this wonderful trance state that you enjoy so much. You can feel it whenever your Mistress Vivian wants you to feel it. This trance state will be like a reward from her to you for following her orders."

He took a moment to look up at Vivian and smile before he turned his attention back to Marian. "From now on Marian, every time Mistress Vivian says, 'Marian must sleep for me,' you will immediately go into the deepest most comfortable and relaxing trance you possibly can. Remember, your trigger phrase for Mistress Vivian to put you into a wonderful trance

will be, 'Marian must sleep for me.' Whenever she says that to you, you will immediately go into a very deep trance and relax more and more, each time letting yourself go deeper and deeper. More and more relaxed. More and more receptive to your Mistress's wishes."

Vivian wished that George had consulted her on that trigger phrase first. She wasn't all that happy with it. She also wasn't too happy with his suggestions that Marian would enjoy her trance that much. She simply wanted total control! Well, maybe she could change the trigger phrase later like she had done with Sissy Phillip!

"That should do it," George said to Vivian. "Is there anything else, or can I bring her out of it now? We've been at this quite a while."

Vivian quickly checked the clock that was on one of the nearby end tables. Holy cow, it had been over an hour already! She shook her head. "No, bring her out of it, but can we test her to see if the trigger works?"

"Of course," George replied. He turned back toward Marian.

"Wait!" Vivian exclaimed.

George was starting to get annoyed with Vivian, but he carefully stayed nothing but calm and polite. "Yes?"

"Um… when she did this to that guy… um… she had him suck his thumb each time he went into his trance. She said that sucking on it would help him relax more. Would having her do that too, help to put her in a deeper trance?"

George was a bit surprised. "It's possible," he said. "The subject would be associating not only the words that were said but also the tactile and taste senses as well. If she was a stage hypnotist, then I have no doubt she had a lot of tricks like that to help things along. Did she link it with childish feelings of innocence or something?"

"Um… I think so, but I'm not sure about it. She just told him that sucking his thumb would help him feel more relaxed and help him go deeper into his trance."

George nodded. He wasn't sure what kind of kinky things these two were into, but he had seen far worse. "Okay," he said as he turned back to Marian. "Marian, whenever Mistress Vivian says your trigger phase to you, 'Marian must sleep for me,' you will put your thumb in your mouth and suck on it like a child. Sucking your thumb like that will bring back memories of happy childish times and will help you to relax more and more each time."

He decided to move on and end things before Vivian could say anything else. "I'm going to count backwards now from five to one. When I get to one, you will be fully awake again

and will be feeling very, very good… and devoted to your Mistress Vivian. Here we go now. Five… starting to come out of it. Four… coming up a little more. Three… feeling very good and very relaxed. Two… almost there… One!

Marian opened her eyes and smiled. "That was nice," she said to George. "Real nice. It's been a long time since I've been in a trance and I can't tell you how good that felt."

George smiled. "We aim to please."

But Vivian wasn't interested in the polite small talk. "Marian must sleep for me!" she said eagerly.

Before Marian knew what was happening, she was bringing her thumb up to her mouth and closing her eyes, and doing everything she could to go back into her deep wonderful trance.

"It worked!" Vivian whispered in awe!

George just shook his head. Like most of the dominant Mistresses he knew, he was sure that Mistress Vivian had to be a handful! "Can I bring her up again now?" he asked. "I think we've gone long enough tonight."

Vivian only nodded and watched as George once again slowly brought Marian out of her trance. Ten minutes later, George had been paid, and Vivian nearly caused a traffic accident as she excitedly pulled her car away from the curb to head for Marian's townhouse. It had been done! Marian was now totally hers to do whatever she wanted with. And she had plenty of ideas for that. But first, she needed to get Marian home for more practice and to change that stupid nicey–nice trigger phrase. The dumb cow didn't need that much coddling!

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Vivian started the minute they had gotten to Marian's place and the door was closed. "Marian must sleep for me," she said quickly before they were barely into the house. With glee, she watched as Marian immediately brought her thumb up to her mouth and started sucking on it. Her eyes were closed and she was just standing there as if asleep on her feet. "Open your eyes and go sit down," Vivian told her, and watched as Marian walked into the living room and sat in one of the chairs.

Just as Master George had done, and just as she had seen Marian do, and just as she herself had done with Phillip, she worked at deepening Marian's trance. She did her very best to keep her voice sounding calm and relaxed – and somewhat kind… which was the hardest part for her. She knew that her voice was the key to keeping Marian relaxed so she could go deeper and deeper. After a while, she finally brought Marian up out of her trance again.

Marian blinked. The trance had caught her by surprise, but it had felt very, very good again. She remembered that Vivian had sounded calm and relaxing the whole time she had been working on her. She couldn't help herself. "Thanks," she said, "that was surprising, but nice." The oddest thing was though, that instead of feeling total revulsion to the dreaded woman, she felt a different kind of bond instead. Devotion she realized. As much as she didn't want to feel that, right now, she couldn't help herself. She felt… devoted to Vicious Vivian.

"I hope you've got some food in the house," Vivian said. "Can you make us some dinner?"

"Sure," Marian said with more enthusiasm for the suggestion than she would have felt earlier that day. She immediately went into the kitchen and got to work – while Vivian looked around the house again, admiring and coveting everything she saw.

As soon as dinner was ready, and before they even sat down to eat, Vivian hypnotized Marian again, spending a lot of time on the deepening process just as she had done before. Their dinner was a little on the cold side by the time they got to it, but Vivian hardly noticed. Her mind was more interested in continuing to make Marian's trances go deeper and deeper so she would have more and more control.

She hypnotized Marian again as soon as dinner was over. And she did it again after the dishes had been washed and the kitchen cleaned up. But that time, after she had again coaxed Marian to go deeper and deeper into her trance, she took the chance to try setting a different trigger phrase. The one that Master George had set was too polite. The one she wanted to use wasn't anything bad like she would really like to use, but it was a lot easier for her to remember… and she could say it quickly as she had noted with Phillip that she sometimes needed to do.

With Marian relaxed in her living room chair, her thumb in her mouth and her eyes closed as if she was asleep… and as deep in her trance as Vivian had been able to coax her, she said, "Marian, from now on, I want to use a different trigger phrase for you to listen for that will put you in this kind of deep trance. From now on, whenever I say, 'Marian sucks her thumb,' you will immediately close your eyes, put your thumb in your mouth and start sucking on it, and drop into the deepest trance you possibly can. And as always, you will continue to try to go deeper and deeper into your trance each time. Remember now, your new trigger phrase for you to go into your trance immediately will be, 'Marian sucks her thumb.'"

After letting that settle into Marin's head for a minute, she brought Marian back to full wakefulness again.

Marian opened her eyes and blinked a few times. "Wow," she said, "I'm really getting lots of practice with the trances tonight. I can't tell you how nice they feel after how hard I've been working lately."

Vivian almost laughed. These few trances might be nice for her now, but that was all going to change very soon. Just not tonight. Tonight was about increasing her control, and for tonight, she still needed Marian to be relaxed and to trust her… at least somewhat.

"You set a different trigger phrase for me," Marian noted. "Is that like the one you use with Phillip now?"

"Just the name is different," Vivian replied. "It will be easier for me to remember."

Marian nodded. "Might be good," she replied.

"You got anything to drink here?" Vivian asked.

"A little wine," Marian replied. "Want some?"

"Sure," Vivian said with a smile.

The two women carried their wine out to the patio outside to look at the lights on the lake as they sipped their wine. They spent a somewhat pleasant half hour doing that. A half hour that convinced Vivian even more that she had to have Marian's townhouse for herself.

As soon as the wine was finished, Vivian suggested they go back inside. "Sure, if you want," Marian said agreeably. She couldn't help it, she still felt devoted to the demented woman.

As soon as the empty wine glasses had been set on the table, Vivian sprung her new trigger phrase at Marian. "Marian sucks her thumb!" Just that fast, Marian closed her eyes, started sucking her thumb, and dropped into her trance. Once again, Vivian did everything she could to make Marian go deeper and deeper. After a while, she finally woke Marian up again.

She was done. She was sure now that Marian would be firmly under her control. Marian may have enjoyed all her little trances tonight, but Vivian had plans to make sure she would never enjoy them quite so much again. Starting tomorrow night! As much as Marian was under her control now, it would be nothing like her control was soon going to be.

Tomorrow night! It couldn't come soon enough for Vivian!

Chapter 11.

Friday was the start of another month, payday for everyone in the company, and for Vivian, not only the start of a new shopping period, but she was looking at it as the start of her new life! She noted that Phillip was wearing a more pink shade of lipstick that day, different than the darker red colors he had chosen before – the little sissy! Oh the things she had in mind to do to him… but just not today. Soon though, very soon.

All day long Vivian planned on what she wanted to do that evening. The worst part for her was that she realized that since she was giving all her work to Phillip and Marian, they did need to work late or things were going to get too noticeably behind, and that wouldn't be good. She sent them each an email telling them to only work no more than one hour overtime that night. Then they should both stop and get something fast for dinner on the way home. She told them both to be at Phillip's apartment no later than half an hour after they finished working – so they had better eat fast!

Now all Vivian had to do was to manage to wait until she could see them at Phillips apartment later. Fortunately, it was payday, and fortunately it was also Friday, her day to start her weekend shopping, so she had stores to look into to pass the time.

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Marian read Vivian's email instructions. Only work one hour? Meet at Phillip's apartment? She'd have to find out where that was. Something told her that tonight wasn't going to be the pleasant evening last night had turned out to be. Something just told her that!

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Phillip read Mistress Vivian's email. He had been trying every night to only work one hour extra… things just didn't always work out that well. He was suddenly dreading going home. Mistress Vivian was coming again. That spelled more trouble! And this time, evidently Marian would be there as well… which meant even bigger trouble! No, he wasn't looking forward to tonight at all. He was suddenly wishing he could work all night.

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The clock ticked off the final few seconds of the work week and Vivian was up and out of her chair with a whoop of delight. She turned back to level a delighted wicked gaze at both Marian and Phillip who were also getting up from their desks, only much less enthusiastically. Well, they would be right back here again in a few minutes. She had shopping to do right now and she couldn't get to the stores fast enough!

Fifteen minutes later, Phillip and Marian trudged back into the room again to get back to work. Marian took the time to change into the flats again to ease her aching feet. Damn those heels hurt. They were simply too high for her. At least she hadn't fallen in them… yet. She wasn't looking forward to meeting Vivian later at Phillip's place. Something about that idea scared her to death. Yet oddly, she still felt that new bond towards Vivian. Devotion. Compelled to do whatever Vivian wanted. Damn Master George Lithgo! That was the one and only thing he had done that she could have lived without. It would probably take her a while to get rid of that feeling.

When their hour of extra work had passed, Marian strapped her super high heels back on while Phillip refreshed his lipstick. "Since we have to meet at your place," Marian said to him, "want to stop together to get a burger on the way? I have to follow you to your apartment anyway since I don't know where you live."

Phillip nodded. "Sounds okay," he said, but without much enthusiasm. Having both Mistress Vivian and Marian there to make his life even worse, still wasn't sounding very good to him. He remembered something. "But you know I have to stop at the drug store on the way."

Marian nodded. "Another lipstick. No problem. I'll wait for you."

Twenty five minutes later, they were both trying to choke down their food. Neither one of them was looking forward to Vivian's little visit. But neither one of them dared to be late. Of course their quick meal was delayed by Phillip having to apply his lipstick again just before he ate… and again as soon as he finished. But a few minutes later, Marian followed Phillip to his apartment and found a guest parking place not too far away. They were both glad that Vivian wasn't there yet.

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Vivian had wanted to get there sooner, but as much as she couldn't wait for this, her shopping had to take precedence. She was only twenty minutes late though when she knocked on Phillip's door. Not really too bad at all – for her. The moment the door was opened, she pushed her way past Phillip into his apartment. She was glad to see Marian sitting on his couch – and she was still wearing her colorful heels. Well, she'd better be!

"Okay children," Vivian said with an air of nonchalance, "let's get started. Phillip, you go sit over there next to Marian." She waited until her two "playthings" were sitting side by side. They were both looking at her apprehensively. She couldn't have cared less. "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" she said quickly, and watched as the lipsticked twerp immediately closed his eyes and stuck his thumb in his mouth.

She saw the fear starting to build on Marian's face, but before Marian could react further, Vivian said, "Marian sucks her thumb!" Just like Phillip had done, Marian closed her eyes and stuck her thumb in her mouth to suck on it. The two of them sitting side by side like that, sucking their thumbs like little kids… like idiots… brought a big thrill to Vivian. Such an exquisite sight! Phillip looked even more the idiot child with the doll in his arms. Maybe in the future she'd get Marian one too. But that would have to wait for the future.

Vivian wasn't stupid. Starting with Phillip, she did her best to gently coax him down into a deeper and deeper trance. Then she turned to Marian and did the same. But eventually she smiled. She was done with that part. Now for the fun – starting with Marian – the stupid ugly cow!

She decided to get Phillip out of the way. "Phillip," she said, "keep sucking that thumb, but to go stand in that corner like the little child you appear to be." She watched with glee as he went over to the corner she was pointing to. "Scrunch yourself in and stay there!" she told him. "You will stay deeply in your trance no matter what you hear happening out here. No matter what! You will stay as tight in that corner as you can and just suck your thumb like the baby brain that you are!" Okay, he was taken care of. Now it was time for Marian to learn a thing or two!

She turned her attention to the other thumb sucking person in the room – Marian. She had been through this once with Phillip and had learned a few things from the experience. So this time she was better prepared. "Marian," she said, "In the next few minutes, if you need to remove your thumb from your mouth, you may, but not until you find it's necessary. And no matter what happens now, you will stay deeply in your trance. No matter what, you will not wake up until I say you can wake up. Nod your head if you understand." She watched as Marin nodded her head. "Good! Remember, no matter what you experience, you will stay deeply in your trance… unable to wake up."

She watched the thumb sucking woman for a moment before continuing. "Marian," she said, "I want you to notice that there is now pain invading your entire right arm. That pain is growing. Feel the pain growing worse and worse!" She waited a moment as Marian removed her right thumb from her mouth, stretched it, and then grabbed it with her left hand as her face contorted in pain. "Now that same pain is in your left arm too!" Vivian was in her glory. This was excitement like she never imagined. This was power! Incredible power! Just as she had done with Phillip, she sent the pain everywhere in Marian's body, making her moan and writhe horribly with it on the couch. What exquisite power! She was tempted to just let Marian enjoy all that miserable pain for a very long time, but that wasn't her main goal for tonight and she had many other plans to make Marian even more miserable.

"Marian," she finally said, raising her voice over the painful moaning of the woman in front of her. "I want you to remember this pain always. You will remember it when you're hypnotized and you will especially remember it when you're not hypnotized. This pain is the

punishment you will feel every time you don't do exactly what I want… immediately! You will feel this pain every single time you don't follow my wishes, and the pain will grow and grow, getting worse and worse the longer you even think of not doing what I want. The pain will only go away when you finally do what you're supposed to. If you don't do what I want, the pain will always get worse and worse, and it's important that you remember that I am the only person in the world that can end that pain for you. I'm the only person who can take all that pain away. And Marian, you know how much I hate you. If you don't do what I want, I have every reason in the world to not take that pain away from you at all. I have every reason to watch and let you enjoy that pain for the rest of your miserable life! So if you know what's good for you, you now have even more reason to do whatever I say. You know now that you have absolutely no choice but to do whatever I say."

She let the agonized woman writhe on the couch, hoping her words were sinking into her despite the pain Marian's whole body was feeling. "Are you ready to do whatever I want Marian? Are you ready for me to take the pain away?"

"Yes!" Marian cried. "Please! I can't take this any longer!"

"Remember Marian, the pain will only go away if you're serious about doing whatever I want from now on."

"Yes! Please!" Marian managed to say again.

"Very well then, as long as you know you now have to do whatever I want, you can wake up when I take away your pain. Pain go away!"

Just like that, all the pain left Marian's body. She continued to roll on the couch as her body tried to come to grips with the sudden change. It took her a few minutes before she could actually stop writhing and settle down enough to open her eyes and look up at Vivian with a very frightened expression on her face.

"I think we understand each other now," Vivian said with a totally delighted wicked smile.

Marian was too frightened to make any reply at all.

"Now," Vivian said to her, "it's time for a little test. We're going to see just how well you're going to follow my orders. Get up from there you stupid cow!"

Her apprehension growing, Marian got up and stood in front of Vivian.

"I want you to carefully note, that you're not in any kind of trance at all. You're completely wide awake now. Right?"

Marian cautiously nodded.

Vivian's order came fast and forceful. "Now strip! I want everything off of you but those darling high heel shoes you're wearing. Everything goes but the shoes! So get naked – now!"

Marian was shocked. She didn't want to do it but her body was already responding to the command. Since she hated it so much, she tried to fight it a bit, but the moment she even thought about not removing her clothes, the pain hit her abdomen like a freight train. She doubled over at the pain, even as she started clawing at the buttons on her blouse.

Vivian laughed. "I see you didn't want to do what I told you, did you?" She bent down closer to Vivian's head. "Now you see what will happen if you even think of not doing my bidding, and that pain will only get worse and worse the longer you try to defy me."

The pain eased up slightly as Marian got her blouse off. She attacked her slacks next. But getting them off over her shoes was a bit of a chore. Finally her pants were gone and the pain eased up a little more… but it was still there. Growing more apprehensive over being naked by the moment, she removed her bra and tossed it aside. The pain eased up a little more. She fought it and tried to fight removing her panties, but once again the pain hit her stomach and once again she was doubled over in pain. She had no choice but to rip the panties off as fast as she could. The moment she did, the pain was completely gone… as were all her clothes… except for the very high heeled shoes on her feet. She breathed a sigh of relief as she stood up straight to see Vivian smiling all too wickedly at her.

"I don't think you'll be trying to defy me anytime soon. Am I right?"

Marian nodded. She couldn't get any words out of her mouth. The pain had been too much for her. She couldn't face that again!

"Let me see those stupid udders of yours," Vivian said as she looked at Marian's figure more closely. "What are you, a D cup?"

Marian shook her head. "Just a C."

Vivian looked closer. "Could have fooled me." She thought of something else. "Do you have bigger bras that you wear sometimes?"

Marian nodded embarrassedly.

Vivian looked more satisfied with herself. "So you are a D cup and you just don't want to admit it!"

Marian shrugged. "They're all a little too big on me."

"But I'm guessing the C cups are too small!"

"Sometimes," Marian admitted.

Vivian smiled and looked wickedly at her. Then she stood up straight and assumed more of a commanding presence. Her wicked smile changed as a completely vicious look took over her face. "There's a street lamp out back behind this building, you stupid cow. Get your naked ass out of here and run around to the back and stand under it. I made sissy Phillip over there do ten jumping jacks before he was allowed to run the rest of the way around the building and come back here. You're going to do twenty! And I want to see those oversized utters of yours bouncing all over the place. Now go! Get! Run, you stupid cow," she said as she positively chased Marian out of the apartment.

The memory of the pain still hadn't left Marian as she suddenly found herself outside, totally naked except for her shoes, and running for the stairs. She couldn't believe she was doing it! But no matter how much she didn't want to, she couldn't help herself. Besides, the memory of the pain was something she couldn't ignore. Pain like that could kill her!

Her heels made her hurry more than run. It was the best she could do in them. She counted herself lucky that she was walking better in the stupid things… let alone running in them. Embarrassed as she never imagined she could be… and scared to death, she found herself hurrying down the stairs, all the while her eyes searching for anyone around. It was dark beyond the lights around the complex, but she needed to stay in the light in order to see where she was going. She had no choice about that… just as she had no choice about what she was doing. Vivian had ordered it, and now she was seeing just how seriously she would be responding to Vivian's orders.

She didn't see anyone in the front of the building, and nobody as she hurried around the side, but the sight of more apartments behind Phillip's building didn't exactly spread any joy in her. With her eyes now casting in all directions because the back of the apartment was actually more visible to more people, she reached the sidewalk between buildings and turned, heading for the sole street lamp that lit the sidewalk there. She stopped under that light, just as Vivian had told her to do. She was breathing hard from the effort – and her feet in the stupid heels were killing her! She looked up and could just make out the silhouette of someone in one of the windows upstairs. She was hoping it was Vivian and not someone she didn't know… although the likelihood of anyone else seeing her out there naked was all too great!

She hadn't done any jumping jacks since she was a child in gym class. But she knew better than to even think of not doing what Vivian had told her to do – no matter how demented it was. Doing her best to remember how the exercise was supposed to be done, she jumped, spreading her legs and bringing her arms up over her head. But the jumping and spreading her legs caused her to twist her ankle in those crazy high heels and she nearly fell over.

Catching her balance again, she stood up straight and tried it again, a lot more cautiously this time, barely spreading her legs at all when she jumped to separate them.

Twenty jumping jacks. Twenty times she felt her naked breasts bouncing up and down painfully. Twenty times she prayed she wouldn't break her ankle in the stupid heels she was wearing. And through it all, she prayed that nobody could see her… except Vicious Vivian of course. But in an area like that, she knew better. By the time she finished, she was praying she could get back inside before the police arrived. What would she say to the police if she got arrested? She had no clue. As fast as she could, she continued hurrying her way around the building, up the stairs, and into Phillip's apartment. She was tired, scared, out of breath, and very relieved to be back behind his closed door. And… she was now even more afraid of Vivian than ever! But she did notice something else… something so small she almost missed it. As far as Marian could tell, she no longer felt any devotion to the demented woman at all. But that small thing wasn't going to help her much since Vivian's orders were now reinforced by the massive pain.

Vivian was grinning from ear to ear. "Great show cow! I could see those udders of yours flopping all over the place. I have no doubt all the neighbors enjoyed it quite a bit too. Maybe we'll have to let you put on another show for them real soon. Maybe we could even set it up on a weekly schedule or something. Wouldn't you like that?"

Marian made no reply to that. It was simply too horrifying to think about.

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"Enough of these pansy games," Vivian suddenly declared. "Get over there cow! Stand against the wall where I can see you."

Marian moved over to stand where Vivian wanted her to… not far from the corner that Phillip was still scrunched tightly into. She was worried now about what Vivian might ask her to do next. She was especially worried because she was still naked… except for her heels.

"You know what you are?" Vivian said. "You're a cow! You're a stupid, ugly, cow! That's the way I've always seen you, and that's the way I'm always going to see you. Now tell me, what are you?"

Very hesitantly, Marian replied, "A cow?" It was very demeaning to be called a cow.

"No!" Vivian shouted. "You're a stupid, ugly, cow! Now tell me what you are!"

"A stupid, ugly, cow?" Marian's voice squeaked out.

"That's right! Now I want you to say it over and over again. Tell me what you are!"

“A stupid, ugly, cow?” Marian repeated.

“No you stupid cow! I want you to say… I’m a stupid ugly cow! Got that? Now try it again.

Marian could feel the tears threatening to form in the back of her eyes. “I’m a stupid ugly cow.” She said.

“Louder! Much, much louder. I want the neighbors to hear you saying it!”

“I’m a stupid ugly cow!” Marian managed to all but shout.

“Again! Keep saying it over and over again and don’t you dare stop till I say you can!”

“I’m a stupid ugly cow. I’m a stupid ugly cow…..”

Vivian was without a doubt, having the best time of her life. And the power of what she was making stupid Marian do was beyond anything she could have ever imagined. And not surprisingly, that power was now being translated into sexual urges that couldn’t be denied. With Marian still shouting that she was a stupid ugly cow, she turned her attention to Phillip. “Sissy Phyllis! Get your ass out of that corner and get over here!”

Phillip had heard everything that had gone on behind his back. He had felt for Marian all during the pain she had been forced to endure. He had remembered his own pain during that time. Now he wasn’t alone with the problem. He remembered how he had felt when Mistress Vivian had told him to do the naked jumping jacks out back. And Marian had to do twenty of them! And now, Marian was further debasing herself by loudly shouting that she was a stupid ugly cow – over and over again! His fear of Mistress Vivian went up several more notches as he left his corner and approached her. His thumb was still in his mouth and he was sucking furiously on it… not because he was still in a light trance, but he was sucking on it because he was trying to find any small bit of comfort that he could.

“Get yourself undressed! Now! Strip, you little sissy shit!” Vivian ordered.

As fast as he could, Phillip got naked while Vivian watched him all too delightedly. As much as he would have liked, the doll in his hands did nothing at all to hide his nakedness. As big as it was, it was still too small to hide behind.

Once Phillip was naked, Vivian briefly turned her attention back to Marian. “Wait a minute you stupid cow!”

Marian gratefully stopped her shouting.

Vivian walked right up to her with a mean look on her face. “You’re a stupid ugly cow,” she said. “What do cows say?”

“What do they say?” Marian asked, not sure how she should answer.

“You heard me you stupid cow. What does a real cow say?”

“Uh… moo?”

Vivian shook her head. “Yeah… moo, but not like that you idiot. Have you ever heard a cow sound like that? Do you even know what a real cow sounds like?”

Marian had never actually heard a cow in real life, and only a few times on TV. “Um… not really,” Marian replied.

Vivian rolled her eyes. “Stupid cow. Moo louder. Moo with a lot more gusto!”

More frightened than ever, Marian tried to say “moo” as loud as she could.

“Pathetic!” Vivian declared. She turned to Phillip. “You wouldn’t happened to have a computer here that’s hooked up to the internet would you?”

“Of course,” Phillip replied.

“Go log on and help stupid Marian here research how cows really sound. Now go!” she ordered. “You too, you stupid cow. Go find out how cows are supposed to sound.” She watched as Marian hurried to the small desk at the other side of the room where Phillip had headed. “I’d send you alone to research it, you stupid cow, but no doubt you’re too stupid to figure it out on your own! You’ve got just ten minutes to learn how real cows sound and to learn how to moo like the real thing. And I better hear you mooing a lot over there as you work on it!”

Vivian was beside herself with glee, and the minute she heard Marian trying to mimic the real sound of a cow, her excitement went way up again. The stupid cow! She could feel how wet her panties were getting, and she didn’t even care! “Louder, you stupid cow!” Vivian shouted, and was rewarded by Marian mooing even louder.

Vivian watched the clock. After exactly ten minutes she shouted, “Time! Now get your asses back over here! Marian, up against the wall where you were, Phillip, I want you kneeling on the floor at my feet!” As soon as Marian was in position she said, “Now you ugly cow, start mooing for me and don’t stop! And the whole time you’re doing it, I want you to try harder and harder to sound just like a real cow. Now start mooing!”

While a wide–eyed Marian launched into her cow sounds, Vivian turned to Phillip who was now on the floor by her feet. “Now my little sissy, let’s see if you’re good for anything other than sucking your stupid thumb!” As quickly as she could, Vivian kicked her shoes off, pulled her pants off, and pulled her wet panties off as well. She sat back on the middle of the couch like a queen and spread her legs. “Now Sissy Phyllis, do you have any idea at all how to use that mouth of yours for anything other than thumb sucking? Get over here and let’s see how you do!”

With Marian loudly mooing behind him, Phillip crawled over between Mistress Vivian’s legs. He knew exactly what she wanted. With Dolly cradled under his arm, he stuck his head up against Vivian’s already dripping crotch and put his tongue to work.

Vivian’s eyes nearly rolled up out of her head as the incredible feelings of Phillip’s tongue hit her. “Oh yes!” she screamed. “There is a God after all!” In only seconds, she was rocked by her first orgasm of the night. The sight and sound of Marian standing in front of her mooing like an idiot cow, sissy Phillip between her legs doing the most wonderful things imaginable… it was simply better than she ever imagined anything could be.

After her second orgasm, Vivian had another idea. “Keep mooing you stupid cow!” she ordered. But now let me see you playing with those huge udders of yours too – one in each hand!”

All the mooing humiliation had been bad enough, but now Marian found herself rubbing her large breasts as well… all for the amusement of this demented woman.

“Not like that cow! Squeeze them like you’re trying to squeeze the milk out of them!”

Marian began squeezing her breasts instead… all while continuing to moo loudly for the amused benefit of Vivian who she could now see was quickly building to yet another orgasm.

As she came down from another high, Vivian had to breathe a moment to catch her breath. “Keep that tongue of yours working you sissy slut!” she ordered when she felt Phillip’s tongue starting to slow in her. As the wonderful feelings down there increased again, she turned her attention back to the mooing woman in front of her. “Do you ever finger yourself off?” she asked. Not waiting for an answer, she ordered, “Stick your finger in your cunt you ugly cow and start fingering yourself off. And keep squeezing those udders of yours with the other hand. And for God’s sake, don’t you dare stop mooing you stupid cow!”

If Marian thought she was shocked before, she was even more shocked now. Now Vicious Vivian wanted her to finger herself off in front of her? But there was no not doing it… not even a pause to think about not doing it. Once the command had been given, her right hand reached down and started rubbing her clitoris… for the amusement of Vicious Vivian. Despite herself, the combination of massaging her breast while fingering herself started to get the

juices in her flowing. She felt herself becoming very wet down there as her own sexual urges started to kick in.

Marian was starting to breathe hard, sending herself quickly to her own orgasm, when she heard Vivian shout, "Don't you dare have an orgasm you stupid cow! Pull you finger out when you start getting close!"

Don't have an orgasm? After working that hard for it? But she was getting very close. She reluctantly pulled her now very wet hand away.

"Put that messy hand back to work on your udders again!" Vivian commanded. "And as soon as you calm down enough, I want to see your other hand getting just as wet down below. Keep switching hands. Keep squeezing those udders, and don't you dare stop mooing!" As Vivian said that last part, she was rocked by yet another orgasm. "Don't you dare stop either, Sissy Phyllis," she said to make sure Phillip would keep working on her.

Marian's head was spinning. She could no longer think. She was becoming hoarse from all the mooing and her body was becoming exhausted from everything else. But the part that was really getting to her was having to stop herself just before she had an orgasm each time. And it was worse because as desperate as she now was, she kept seeing Vivian have orgasm after orgasm. She was now mooing in desperation over that lamentable situation.

Vivian had long lost count of the number of orgasms she had had. Enough that she herself was becoming exhausted. She could tell that Sissy Phillip between her legs was getting too tired to continue. While he was still trying, his tongue couldn't seem to work as well anymore. And the stupid cow mooing in front of her looked an absolute mess. Her udders were soaked from her wet hands, and she had juices dripping all down both her legs. And the best part was, she hadn't allowed the stupid beast to actually have an orgasm. Marian had to be horribly frustrated by now. As she listened, she could actually hear that note of frustration in the mooing that was coming out of her mouth. Incredibly, it made her sound even more like a real cow! The stupid cow!

"Enough Sissy Phyllis!" she said as she pushed against his head, causing him to fall backwards away from her. "You keep mooing cow!" she ordered to Marian.

Vivian took a moment to catch her breath, then she got up from the couch and found Marian's blouse. She used it to wipe herself as clean as she could… all the while looking wickedly at the still mooing and masturbating woman in front of her.

When she was done she picked up her own clothes and dressed herself again. "Go fix your lipstick you little sissy freak!" she ordered Phillip. She watched as Phillip and his doll hurried off. She turned her attention back to Marian who was still at it, but she could see Marin was

now getting rather desperate… desperate for an orgasm, desperate to stop masturbating, and desperate to stop mooing. “Stop!” she yelled at the mooing woman.

Marian nearly collapsed as she stopped everything. She had to lean against the wall to support herself.

Vivian stood right in front of Marian, her head just a few inches from Marian’s face. “I can’t tell you how much I enjoyed that,” she said wickedly. “That had to be one of the most rewarding things I’ve ever done in my life!”

Marian was still breathing hard. She made no reply though except to watch Vivian carefully.

“I hope you enjoyed that,” Vivian said, “because now I have more for you to enjoy!”

Marian’s fear went way up again, but she didn’t get much time to think about it before Vivian once again issued the magic words, “Marian sucks her thumb!” Despite her condition, Marian still closed her eyes, stuck her messy thumb in her mouth, and sank into a deep trance.

Vivian was still trying to fully recover herself, but she dared not do this next part with Marian quite yet. “Go sit on the couch,” she ordered the hypnotized woman. She watched as Marian, still sucking her thumb like an infant, went over to Phillip’s couch. “Sit in the mess!” Vivian ordered. “No use spreading more mess than there already is,” she added. A moment later, thumb sucking Marian was seated right on top of where Vivian had experienced orgasm after orgasm.

Phillip came back with his face clean and his lips freshly done. “Go stand in the corner again,” she told him, and watched as he headed toward where he had spent the first part of the evening.

Vivian now moved closer to Marian and addressed her. Speaking softly and as calmly as she could, she told Marian to relax and close her eyes before she once again reminded Marian of her trigger phrase. After that, she spent a good fifteen minutes trying to coax Marian into an ever deeper trance. When she felt she was finally ready, she started putting more commands into Marian’s head.

“Marian,” Vivian said, “whenever I say, ‘Marian moos like a cow,’ you won’t be able to make any other sounds at all… only cow mooing. And each time you moo, you’re going to do it loudly and strongly, and do your absolute best to make it sound just like a real cow! You won’t be able to make any other sound at all until I tell you that you can… no matter how long that is… even if it’s for days on end!”

Vivian smiled at her own wickedness before continuing. “In fact,” she said, “even when I don’t make you only moo like a cow all the time, you’re still going to keep reminding yourself

that you're nothing but a stupid ugly cow. From now on, you're going to find that you have an urge in you – a very strong urge. An urge you can't fight and an urge you can't get rid of. That urge is going to make you moo like a cow. As soon as you moo, the urge will go away for a short period of time, but then it will start building again until you can no longer stand it. When you're at work, the urge will be much less. If you fight it hard enough, you may be able to put off mooing until you can get alone somewhere. Most likely you'll have to go somewhere to relieve your mooing urge… like you have to go to the bathroom to relieve your bladder. You'll either do that, or you'll wind up mooing in front of everyone else. Remember, the urge will be less, but it will still be there. And when you're not at work, that mooing urge will be much stronger, and it will build in you much, much faster!

"From now on Marian, the first thing you do when you get up every morning, will be to moo like the stupid cow that you are. And the last thing you do every night when you go to bed will be to moo again. And all through the rest of the day you're going to find yourself mooing like a stupid cow, over and over again! And you will always moo loudly and strongly like the cow that you really are – no matter where you are or who you're with!

Vivian couldn't help herself, she giggled at that. Phillip was stuck with his doll and his lipstick, and now Marian was stuck mooing like a stupid cow all day long! Hilarious!

She moved on. "Now Marian, I saw how excited you were, playing with yourself and milking your udders like you did a little while ago. From now on, you will desperately want to masturbate yourself like that to an orgasm. You will desperately need to masturbate like that and you will desperately need an orgasm. But from now on, you won't be able to have an orgasm when you do it yourself. You will have a need to keep masturbating yourself like a stupid cow, but the only way you can have an orgasm is if someone else masturbates you – while you're mooing like a cow. And the more excited you get, the louder and faster you're going to moo. Not only that, but any time you attempt to have sex like a normal person, it will result in nothing but horrible pain for you. No normal sex from now on stupid cow! Just useless masturbation!

"Next!" Vivian declared. "I have no doubt that when I'm not around, you're removing your high heels and either wearing something else or going barefoot. Not… any… more! From now on, the only time you're not going to be wearing your high heels will be when you're in the bathtub or when you go to bed at night. All the rest of the time you will either be wearing your very high heels, or you're going to be in a lot of pain!" She figured that should take care of that problem.

Vivian turned toward Phillip in the corner. "Phillip, get over here," she ordered.

Phillip had again listened to everything that went on. As bad as his own situation was, he now realized that Marian's was far worse. From listening to all the things that Vivian had just done to Marian, he was now more worried about himself than ever.

"Sit on the couch next to the cow!" Vivian ordered. The moment he sat down, she said, "Phyllis sucks her thumb," to put him back in a trance as well. There was just something so satisfying about seeing the two of them sitting side by side sucking their thumbs like infants!

"I've got you both hypnotized now so there will be no misunderstanding about what I'm about to tell you. Tomorrow is Saturday. Tomorrow you're both going to be at Marian's townhouse at seven o'clock in the morning. I'll meet you there. You're both going to spend the morning moving Marian out of her townhouse and into this apartment here with you Phillip. From now on, the two of you will live together right here. And as soon as Marian's things are removed from that townhouse, you're going to move my things into there instead. I'll be living there from now on. That place is too nice for a stupid cow to live in. The two of you deserve to shack up here together. And it will make it so much easier for me to find you both!

"I'm going to wake you both up now. Phillip, you will continue to suck your thumb until I leave, and Marian, your mooing urge will start immediately. Three… two… one… wake up!"

Marian opened her eyes and blinked… and mooed! She couldn't help herself. The urge just hit her and she had to do it. It was so startling that it surprised her. "You're taking my house?" she asked incredulously.

Vivian was perturbed by the question. "Marian moos like a cow!" she ordered.

Marian immediately let out another cow moo. Then she tried to say something else, and wound up mooing again. She couldn't speak anymore… except as a stupid cow!

Vivian was very satisfied. "That should put an end to stupid questions from you!" she stated. "Now, Marian, you might as well stay here tonight. You'll be living here from now on anyway." She looked at the stupid naked woman in front of her. "And I think I want you to continue to only moo until I decide otherwise!"

Marian tried to protest, but only another long mournful moo came out. It was hopeless. And Vicious Vivian was stealing her home! She had to get out of this somehow. She had to break out! But just then, she knew she couldn't. And worse, she felt an urge starting to build within her already. An urge to moo.

"Have a good night kiddies," Vivian said gleefully as she collected her purse. I'll see you early tomorrow."

Marian couldn't fight the urge any longer. "Moooo," she wailed.

Vivian laughed. She laughed all the way out of the apartment and down to her car. She was still laughing when she arrived home.

Marian buried her head in her arms and cried bitter tears as she tried to burrow down into Phillip's sofa. What was she going to do? It was horrible! It was worse than horrible!

And one thing that Marian knew for sure. Vicious Vivian had dropped over the edge… way over the edge! Vicious Vivian was now totally insane!

Chapter 12.

Marian cried… and mooed… until late that night. Phillip did his best to console her, but Marian was beyond that point. And every time she tried to say anything to him, she mooed instead… which only sent her back into tears. Phillip finally left her crying on the couch and carried Dolly to bed. Since they had to be up early the next morning, he was smart enough to set his alarm clock. He could still hear the occasional mooing from Marian out in the living room as he fell asleep.

Marian woke to the sound of a distant alarm clock. She was naked and cold, lying on Phillip's couch. As she opened her eyes, the urge to moo hit her hard and she had no choice but to let it out. It was all she could do to not cry again. She wiggled her finger in her cunt again, which only made her want more! She realized she must have fallen asleep with her hand still up inside her. She forced herself to remove it. Her feet felt like they were broken. She had fallen asleep last night, naked except for her colorful high heeled shoes. She hadn't even taken them off. And now she was paying the price for that. She bent down to unstrap them… just to wiggle her toes and stretch her feet a bit, but the minute she touched the strap, her right arm seemed to explode into pain. She quickly stopped trying to remove her shoes.

She laid back on the couch again to try to wake up more and assess things. She could hear Phillip now, going into the bathroom. She needed to pee too – badly. She would have to hold it and wait until he got out. She finally got her brain functioning well enough to realize that getting dressed would be a very good idea. She found her clothes… and mooed again before pulling them on, glad to no longer be naked – especially in front of Phillip. Her blouse was stained and smelled badly from where Vivian had used it last night to wipe herself clean. She had no choice but to put it on anyway. She realized that she smelled pretty badly too. She needed a good long shower.

She heard Phillip coming out of the bathroom. She tried to ask if she could get in there, but what came out instead was another moo. She wanted to hit something very badly. Vivian wouldn't be a bad choice to hit! Phillip was only wearing a pair of shorts and a t–shirt. His hair was still rumpled, but his lipstick was impeccable. Unable to wait any longer, she went in and closed the door. The minute she sat on the toilet and started peeing, she let out yet another moo. It was getting very irritating! She didn't even realize what she was doing until she started wiggling her finger that had somehow found its way up inside her again. Damn she was horny! Despite herself, she continued to stroke herself for a few minutes. It felt so good! But she was getting nowhere doing it. She finally got her hand out again and washed her hands.

Did she dare take a shower? She decided she should ask Phillip about that. Going back out of the bathroom, she found him pulling some jeans out of a drawer. Instead of speaking, she

grabbed his arm and pulled him into the bathroom. She pointed at the tub and the shower nozzle.

"You want to take a shower?" Phillip asked.

Marian nodded enthusiastically, then winced as she mooed again.

Phillip couldn't help himself. He laughed. "Sorry," he replied. "I know it has to be miserable." He saw Marian nod sadly. "Yeah," Phillip said, "get a shower if you want. I guess you're going to be living here from now on anyway. But you better hurry. We don't have a lot of time."

Marian nodded again and waited until he left the bathroom. Her shower was as fast as she could make it. Although she had to take time to stretch her feet and toes after being locked up in those shoes for so long, not to mention her hand somehow found its way up inside her again for a few moments. But despite that, she only mooed twice before she finished and got dressed again. The smelly blouse she was wearing seemed worse to her now.

Phillip had been kind enough to pour her a bowl of cereal while she had been in the shower. She gratefully ate it and mooed her appreciation… which made Phillip laugh again. This time, Marian was able to laugh a little herself. It was the best she could do. A few minutes later, Phillip was following Marian out of the parking lot toward her townhouse… soon to be Vivian's townhouse. She wasn't happy about that little problem at all!

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Vivian was early… something that wasn't normal for her, but she was so excited she simply couldn't wait. She was parked outside of Marian's townhouse long before seven o'clock, but there was no sign of Marian and Phillip yet. Damn! She waited and fumed… and five minutes before seven, she saw them pulling in. "About time!" she muttered as she got out of her car. "Come on!" she called to them, trying to get them to hurry faster. "I've got things to do today!"

Marian pulled her key out of her purse and unlocked the door… and mooed before she could get the door open. She had been fighting it, but the urge had simply gotten to be too much for her by then.

Vivian smiled. "This is going to be another one of the best days of my life!" she exclaimed before she pushed her way inside.

She started downstairs, poking her nose into things everywhere. "Everything here stays!" she ordered. Then she headed for the stairs and Marian's bedroom. She opened the first closet door and started grabbing what few clothes were in there. She threw them in a pile on the

floor. “Empty these closets! Everything goes!” She headed straight for the closet doors at the other end of the room. “And I want every pair of shoes in here except your new heels thrown in a trash dumpster somewhere.” She smiled evilly at Marian, “You can’t wear any of them anymore anyway!”

Vivian then went quickly all around the room. “Empty the dresser, but everything else stays!” she ordered. Then she went to the bathroom. Most of Marian’s things she ordered to be removed except for a few toiletries that she wanted to try for herself. She decided she wanted to keep everything in the guest bedroom. She opened the door to the storage room… then closed it again. She didn’t care about anything in there and didn’t want to bother messing with any of it. It was a room she could just forget.

“That’s it!” she ordered. “Now get started! I’ll be back later to take you to my apartment. If you finish before I get back, start cleaning this place from top to bottom!” With that, she walked out. She had shopping to do and she was sure that even stupid Marian could handle removing her clothes from her “old” home.

Marian stood in the middle of her “former” bedroom and stared at the things that Vivian had thrown on the floor. Completely despondent, she sat on the bed and mooed her sorrow.

Phillip sat next to her. “I know this has to hurt. I can’t imagine losing my home like this.”

Marian nodded, and mooed… purposely this time.

“Just sit for a while,” Phillip offered. “I’ll take care of it.” He got up to start working, but he was suddenly stopped by Marian grabbing his arm.

“Mooo!” Marian said with a shake of her head. She got up from the bed and went over to one of the closet doors and opened it.

“Are you sure you’re up for this?”

“Moooo,” Marian said again with a nod of her head. The first thing she did though was to pull out a fresh blouse and swap it for the smelly one she was currently wearing. Then she sat down on the floor and grabbed the red very high heeled shoes that she was allowed to wear. As she sat there, she stared for a moment at all her other shoes, the ones that Vivian had banned her from wearing, the ones that Vivian had ordered be thrown into the dumpster. Forcing herself to keep moving, she removed one of her colorful high heeled shoes. She stretched her aching foot and massaged it a bit before fastening one of the red high heeled shoes on instead. Then she did her other foot the same way. The heel on the red shoes might be a bit higher, but they were actually more comfortable than the colorful heels she had worn all day yesterday.

Since she was still sitting on the floor, she crawled into the bottom of the closet and started pulling out all her old shoes. She looked up at Phillip, who was just standing and watching her, and she mooed at him. She noticed that the very slight urge that had been building in her to moo again, went completely away the moment she did it. She had mooed, but Phillip didn't have a clue what she wanted him to do.

Getting to her feet, she grabbed Phillip by the arm to get him to follow her. She went downstairs and into her kitchen where she grabbed a box of trash bags.

"Good idea!" Phillip said. "We need something to put everything in."

Marian mooed her agreement.

The two of them went back upstairs and Marian took a trash bag and started to put her pile of old shoes into it. She got only one shoe into the bag and stopped. She was throwing out a bunch of perfectly good shoes! She was throwing out all the shoes that she really liked. She was throwing out all the shoes she owned that were comfortable. And she simply couldn't bring herself to put another shoe into the trash bag for a few moments. She sat there and stared at it instead.

Phillip knelt down next to her. "Here," he said, "let me do this. I'll throw them out for you. You start on one of the other closets."

"Mooo," Marian wailed sorrowfully. She got to her feet and headed for another set of closet doors. She opened the doors and looked back at Phillip. He was putting the shoes into the bag one at a time. His task was hampered greatly by the doll in his other hand. He needed a way to be able to work… without having to hold that doll. His backpack immediately came to mind, but that wasn't here, and she didn't own one. But another idea flashed into her head. She went over to him and mooed again, then grabbed his arm to get him to get up and follow her.

She went downstairs to the kitchen again where she opened her "junk" drawer and started rooting around in it. She found a ball of heavy dark green twine that she had gotten to tie up some of the plants out on her back patio. She grabbed Phillip's doll, but he was too afraid of what might happen if he let go of it. She held up her hand to try to get him to be patient. With him still holding the doll, she grabbed just the one arm of the doll and tied the string around the doll's wrist. She cut off a long length and then tied more string to the doll's other wrist before cutting that off. This time, Phillip had a better idea of what she was doing. He pulled the doll behind his head with its arms wrapping his neck. Marian grabbed the strings and crossed them over his chest, then she tied each string to one of his belt loops. The doll was now fastened high on Phillip's back where it would be out of his way.

"Thanks!" Phillip replied happily. "This should work great!"

Marian mooed happily as a reply.

Five minutes later, Marian watched with regret as Phillip carried a trash bag of her shoes out of the bedroom, heading for the stairs and one of the dumpsters in the area. She mooed mournfully behind him.

All too soon, they had a pile of loaded trash bags ready to take downstairs. Marian carried one bag down the steps at a time while Phillip carried two. Marian was counting herself lucky that she was able to do that much in the heels she was wearing. All the bags were left just inside the door. They would carry them all out to the car when everything from upstairs was finally down.

Before they headed out to start packing the cars though, Marian went into the living room and opened one of the cabinets there. She took out her laptop computer and the carrying case she had for it. She loaded the computer into the case along with all of her computer related items from the cabinet. As closely as Vivian had looked at things, she hadn't bothered to actually open that cabinet so she hadn't seen the computer. And Marian figured that even if she had, she wouldn't remember that it had been there. She moved some other things around to cover up the empty space where the computer had been. Grabbing another trash bag, she put the computer stuff into it, just in case Vicious Vivian might come back early and would possibly see it. Vivian wasn't getting her computer! She needed that computer and the things that were on it! She grabbed a stack of her old personal photo albums as well and put those into the bag. Vicious Vivian couldn't have them either! She was about to close the bag up when another thought hit her. Going over to her DVD player, she turned the machine on and ejected the disk that was in it. Then she turned the equipment off again. She found the case for the DVD and put that in the bag with her computer.

With even more sadness than Marian had felt before, she and Phillip began the chore of loading the bags of her things into their cars. Almost all of it went into the back seat of her car. It was a very disappointing amount of stuff left from her life.

Locking the door behind her. Marian and Phillip headed back to Phillip's apartment to unload everything. And all too soon, they were both back at her townhouse again to start cleaning… and waiting for Vicious Vivian to finally show up. And that's when Marian realized how big a problem she was having with something else. While they were there, she realized she needed to use the bathroom. That part was no problem. The problem occurred the moment she lowered her panties. There was just something about the act of exposing herself there that seemed to trigger her sexual needs more than a little. She couldn't help herself. Once again her hand found its way into her vagina and her fingers started stroking. She made a mess of her hand because she didn't want to remove it while she peed. It was only when she realized that all her stroking… while it felt amazingly good… wasn't helping her situation,

that she finally found the willpower to stop masturbating herself. She was more sexually frustrated than ever by the time she washed her hands and got out of there.

"Gee, are you okay?" Phillip asked. "You were in there so long I thought you might have drowned or something."

Red Faced, Marian mooed and nodded her head that she was just fine. She was going to have to really watch herself!

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Vivian was normally a very intense shopper, but this time she found herself very distracted. Of course, she was almost as excited over that distraction as she was over the shopping she was doing – with more money to spend than normal since she didn't have to worry about paying rent anymore. Marian's beautiful townhouse was now becoming hers… and that stupid cow Marian was now doomed to live with Sissy Phillip! The two deserved each other for sure!

Thinking about the distraction finally got the better of her. Did they finish clearing out all of the cow's stuff yet? Were they cleaning the place now in preparation for them to move her stuff in yet? She knew she could have simply phoned… Phillip – she wouldn't be able to get anything out of the mooing cow! But her excitement made her get into her car and head for the townhouse to see for herself how they were doing.

She pulled up in front of "her" new home and was happy to see both Phillip's and Marian's cars there. She hurried inside and immediately heard a distant mooing. She nearly laughed. She found the two upstairs, both cleaning the bathroom. She noticed that Phillip had his doll tied around his neck. The sight of it there instead of in his arms bothered her a bit, but she realized that Phillip needed to work… and there was no way she was going to allow him to not have that doll with him at all times! From what she could see, the bathroom looked like they were pretty much done with it. "Excellent!" she declared. The look of hatred that Marian leveled at her was simply precious. She hurried to the bedroom and checked the closets. All completely empty. Perfect! "Okay you two… my old place now. You've got to get all my stuff up here and put it away. Let's go!" With that she hurried down the stairs and was a bit perturbed to have to wait because stupid Marian couldn't get down the steps in the heels she was wearing as fast as she could, and Sissy Phyllis couldn't get out of the house without refreshing his lipstick. But they were situations that also delighted her.

Once everyone was in their cars, she led Marian and Phillip to her old shoebox apartment.

Marian was simply shocked at Vivian's place. Especially her bedroom. She couldn't get over the extra clothing racks and how stuffed her closet and drawers were. And there were piles

and bags of clothes stacked all over the room that looked like they had never been put away somewhere. Vivian had an incredible collection of clothing!

"None of the furniture or decorations go, but everything else has to be moved!" Vivian demanded. "And I better not find even one scrap of my clothing still here when I check!" She noticed her extra clothing racks. "Take those racks too," she decided. "You can set them up in the guest bedroom. Move the bed in there somewhere else. I might as well make that room into another closet."

Marian looked at the big clothing racks. Even without the clothes, she didn't know how they were going to fit them into their cars. They were too big! She let out a moo, not because she wanted to protest, but because the urge had again gotten too much for her to fight… which she wasn't trying that hard to fight anymore.

Vivian dragged them quickly through her small living room and kitchen, pointing out the few things she wanted them to take… which turned out to be almost nothing. "I expect my things to be hung up neatly when I get there later," she told them. "I want everything put away somewhere. After that, you can continue cleaning until I get there." She handed Phillip the spare key to her apartment that she usually kept in her car so they could get in and out, and with a wave of dismissal, she left them to go back to her Saturday power shopping.

Marian simply mooed after her… disgusted with the whole situation.

It was while they were packing things that Phillip inadvertently came across it. "Look at this!" he exclaimed as he brought the eviction notice over for Marian to see.

Marian read it, and let out a very long moo. Vivian not only wanted her townhouse, Vivian really needed a new place to live!

It took them three trips with both their cars loaded to the gills to get all of Vivian's things over to the townhouse and get it all upstairs. Fortunately, Phillip was able to easily figure out how to take the clothing racks apart so they presented no problem at all to move. Then while Marian started hanging things up in the big closets of the townhouse, Phillip went out to get them both a late lunch. Marian didn't go because she had no way to say anything other than her cow mooing. Ordering what she wanted would be impossible! She went to the bathroom instead where she again spent a very long time. There was just something about the act of pulling down her panties that triggered her sexual urge!

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Vivian shopped for herself as she usually did, but this time she was also keeping an eye out for things she wouldn't normally look for. Her mind was also somewhat preoccupied with

images of the things she wanted to do to both Sissy Phillip and that stupid cow Marian. She had enjoyed last night a lot. Now it was time to move forward with things.

Instead of shopping late into the evening as she normally would, by mid–afternoon she was again pulling up in front of her old apartment. She went inside. Everything that she had designated was now gone. Her bedroom, now void of all her clothes, suddenly looked old and dirty. The walls looked horribly faded. All the better that she wouldn't be living there anymore. Let them tear the place down. She had a much better place to live now! Satisfied that everything she wanted had been moved, she headed for her new townhouse.

The door was closed when she got there and she had to knock to get in. Phillip answered the door after only a moment. She went in and found Marian in the kitchen, wiping out the sink. Excellent! Not bothering to look at anything downstairs, she hurried directly upstairs and into the bedroom. She opened closet after closet, inspecting everything that was in there. Each closet was nicely full without being overly stuffed. She opened the dresser drawers. They were more than a bit overly loaded, but not nearly as bad as her old dresser had been. She saw Phillip in the room now watching her. Marian was just getting to the top of the stairs. Stupid slow cow! She pushed past Phillip and went to the guest room. The bed was now gone and her two clothing racks were in there. One rack was half filled with clothes. The room was going to make a perfect extra closet!

Of course, Vivian didn't bother telling either of them that they had done a good job. She simply didn't care about them that much. But the day was passing and she still had major shopping to do! "Okay, both of you. Downstairs!" she ordered. She wanted to leave as soon as possible, but she had just a few little things to do first. She was the first one downstairs and took the time to briefly look around and appreciate how nice her new place was. Hers! All hers! And she wouldn't even have to pay any rent! It just didn't get any better than that!

She got the spare key for her old apartment back from Phillip, then she demanded all the keys that Marian had to her place. It took a few minutes for Marian to find them all, but eventually Vivian had all three copies of Marian's keys. Marian mooed mournfully as she realized that she wouldn't be able to get back into her own house anymore… and that it wasn't her house anymore.

Vivian had just one last thing to do before she could go back to shopping. "Do you have a marker pen and a ruler here somewhere?" she asked Marian.

Marian mooed and nodded her head. She was still feeling very sorry for herself but she slowly went to the kitchen junk drawer and found a tape measure that she usually used to check her waist. There was a black sharpie pen in the drawer as well. She brought them back to Vivian, who handed them to Phillip.

"Pull those stupid pants you're wearing down to your ankles, you stupid cow!" she ordered Marian.

Marian was surprised and shocked. But having no choice, she slowly lowered her pants all the way down to the floor. Vivian moved around behind her. "Come here my little sissy shit," Vivian ordered Phillip. "Take that tape measure and stick the end of it right up into her crotch."

If Marian could have jumped in the shoes she was wearing, she would have probably hit the ceiling when she felt Phillip tightly jab the end of the tape right into her crotch and hold it there. Outraged and embarrassed, she did her best to just stand there.

"Now measure down to the middle of her knee," Vivian ordered and waited while Phillip brought the tape down the back of her leg. "Now find the halfway point and make a mark on her leg!" She saw Phillip put a small black dot on the back of Marian's leg at the midpoint there. "Good," she said. "Now move and give me that pen." A moment later, Vivian herself drew a straight black line across the back of Marian's leg where the dot was. She heard Marian moo again as she did it. She stood back to examine her handiwork. Good enough!

"Okay," she said as she handed Phillip the pen. "Put these back in the kitchen," she ordered. "And you, Marian, pull those pants up so we can get out of here. We have things to do. And we better all take my car since I know where we're going. I'm not sure stupid Marian here has the intelligence to find it!" As she waited for Marian and Phillip, she noticed again the doll tied around Phillip's neck. "And get that doll off your back. I want you carrying that thing in your arms from now on!"

Marian and Phillip soon found themselves in the back of Vivian's car where they were both scared nearly to death as Vivian drove all too recklessly. A while later they got out of the car at one of the city's shopping malls. "Hurry up, you two," Vivian ordered. She was anxious to get back to her shopping.

Marian remembered that Phillip had to buy himself more lipstick… and she was going to have to find herself two more pairs of miserably high heels. Marian mooed again once she got out of the car, then again to clear the urge before she got into the mall. She didn't know what she was going to do inside among all the people. As fast as she was able, Marian and Phillip followed Vivian into the mall, where Vivian was walking all too quickly for Marian to keep up with her in the shoes she was wearing.

"Hurry up you stupid cow!" Vivian complained when she heard Marian moo too far behind her and she had to stop for Marian to catch up to them. Marian finally caught up with her, only to be faced with having to keep hurrying as Vivian continued on.

Marian did her best to fight the urge to moo. She began letting it out only whenever she wasn't near anyone. But that wasn't always possible. And her mooing was still loud enough that it always attracted the attention of everyone around. She was so embarrassed that she wanted to run away, but her aching feet kept her constantly trying to keep up with Vicious Vivian.

Vivian stopped in the middle of the mall and turned to Marian. "There's a beauty salon over there that only takes walk–ins. I want you to take Sissy Phillip in there and get him a woman's haircut! And when you get out, it had better not be anything that could ever be mistaken as something a man would ever wear! Got that?"

Phillip and Marian were both shocked. "I have to get a woman's haircut?" Phillip exclaimed.

"Didn't I just say that? Are you as stupid as the cow here?"

Phillip shut up quickly. He knew all too well that Vivian could make matters even worse for him. All he had to do was to look at Marian to see that… or listen to her as he heard her mooing once again.

Vivian turned back to Marian. "Now get this straight you stupid cow, if I see any hint that his new haircut looks anything other than totally feminine, then I'm going to cut off all your hair and shave you bald! I wonder what the other women at work will think of you then? So you better make sure the stylist knows exactly what's expected in there. Got that?"

Marian was more than a bit aghast, but there was a bit of a problem with Vivian's plan. She shrugged her shoulders and mooed again… which she noticed brought even more looks from passersby than her last moo had brought on.

Vivian just looked at her. "Oh shoot! I guess you're right." She paused only slightly before she ordered, "Talk like a human again!"

Marian immediately tried to say something, but was all too afraid of what would come out. "Thank you," she tried to say, and was very relieved when her words actually came out right.

Vivian smiled viciously. "No doubt you'll still be proving what a stupid cow you are the whole time you're in there anyway. I wonder how many times you're going to moo for everyone while Sissy Phillip gets his hair done." With an all too wicked laugh, she added. "Wait out here when you're done until I get back." Then with another laugh for stupid Marian's situation, she hurried off to continue her shopping.

Marian and Phillip both watched Vivian walking off. Neither one of them felt good about what they had to do. Marian turned to Phillip. "Sorry," she apologized. "I don't see any way out of this."

"I know," Phillip replied sadly. "What the heck am I going to do? A woman's haircut? That's going to be very obvious!"

Marian nodded. "Try to think of it as starting a new trend or something."

"Yeah right!" Phillip replied sarcastically. He turned to head for the beauty salon. But Marian grabbed his arm and stopped him.

"Wait a minute," she said. She watched the people passing by them, wishing they could all ignore her like they were doing just then. As soon as it looked like things were less crowded, she relieved the urge to moo that she had felt just starting to build up in her… to the strange looks of more people than she would have liked. "Sorry. I wanted to clear that out before it starts all over again."

There were a number of women waiting inside the salon. The receptionist put Phillip's name on the list and he and Marian sat and waited for a long time. Marian got up and left twice, and then came back again. Phillip didn't have to wonder why she had left. Eventually they called Phillip's name and both he and Marian followed the stylist back to one of the chairs.

The stylist wasn't all that surprised to be working on a guy. More and more guys were coming in to have their hair done professionally in the newer styles that a simple barber shop couldn't handle. She was surprised though to be working on a guy who was holding a rather adorable doll in his arms. She did her best to ignore the doll. "What are you interested in?" she asked Phillip as she draped a protective cape around him.

Phillip just looked up questioningly at Marian.

"He needs a woman's haircut," Marian told her. "The most feminine thing you can do with what hair he has."

"A woman's haircut?" the stylist asked, more than a bit surprised at the request. She wondered if it had anything to do with the doll he was holding.

Marian put her hand on the stylist's arm. "Do whatever you can… whatever you like… anything! But for both our sakes, whatever you wind up with cannot be in any way thought of as anything a man would wear. It has to be a very obvious woman's hair style! Do I make myself clear?"

The stylist stared at her for a moment, then she addressed Phillip. "And what do you have to say about this?"

Phillip looked up at her, "Please," he said, "like she told you, do whatever you can… please!"

The stylist looked back and forth between the two for a few moments, then she shrugged. "Whatever you say," she finally agreed. She started looking closely at Phillip's hair. She combed it over and over again in different directions, then she sprayed water on it and combed it different directions again… all the time trying to picture what she could do with it. Both the guy and the woman had seemed so serious about their request… as if their lives depended on it. "So… you lose a bet or something?"

"Please don't ask," Phillip replied. "I wouldn't know how to explain it."

"You make it sound so serious," the stylist noted.

"It is!" Marian replied, now fighting hard with the urge to moo again. "Um… do you have a rest room here I can use?"

"Sure," the stylist replied. "Right back there." She pointed toward the back corner of the salon. When Marian had left, she started combing Phillip's hair again, still trying to figure out what to do with it. His hair was short, but not too short. But was it long enough that she could do anything that feminine with it? As she tried to decide what to do, she finally said. "That's an adorable doll you have. Is it yours?"

"Yes," Phillip was forced to say.

The stylist wasn't sure if she should be surprised by that or not. Jokingly, as if she was talking to a child, she asked, "Does your doll have a name?"

"Her name is Dolly," Phillip replied.

The stylist just stopped and looked at Phillip's reflection in the mirror. "Well, Dolly is an adorable name for an adorable doll." Taking a cue from the doll, the stylist decided to go with some hair elements that were much more suited to a fairly young girl.

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Marian hurried into the ladies room, glad that the door to the single occupant room was unlocked. She went in and managed to flush the toilet just as she could no longer hold back the long deep moo that was forcing its way out of her mouth. She hoped the bathroom walls and the noise of the toilet had covered that up. But what was she going to do next time? She took more than a few minutes to actually use the toilet, once again having to force herself to remove her hand from her sexual region. She mooed again when she flushed the toilet afterwards. With her system now reset until the next urge got too strong, she went back to check on Phillip. The stylist was just picking up her scissors.

Phillip watched in the mirror as the stylist sprayed his hair with even more water before she combed it again in different ways. Finally, with the scissors in her hand, he watched as she combed the front of his hair straight down over his forehead and over his eyes. Very slowly, the scissors cut straight across his eyes. When he could see again, he saw she had given him bangs. He felt very funny inside at that. "Can I make a request?" he asked.

"Sure," the stylist replied, anxious for any input from her customer.

"I don't want to see what you do to me," Phillip told her. Actually, he wasn't sure he could take watching what she was doing to him and have to sit through it.

She smiled at him. "Sure," she replied. She turned his chair around, completely away from where he could see anything in any of the mirrors.

"Thanks," Phillip replied. He looked up into Marian's eyes, but he couldn't find any words to say.

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"It's… adorable!" Marian gushed when the stylist finally finished.

"I hope it's what you wanted," the stylist asked.

"It should be perfect!" Marian declared.

The stylist bent down toward Phillip's head. "Are you ready to see it?"

Phillip paused. "No!" he finally decided. "Don't show it to me."

The stylist was very surprised. "You don't want to see your own hair?"

Phillip shook his head. "No. Not if I can help it."

"You're going to be living with that for a while," the stylist told him. "Are you sure you don't want to see it?"

"Not yet," Phillip replied.

The stylist looked unsurely between Marian and Phillip. "I did what you asked me to do."

"And it's perfect!" Marian agreed. "Just give him some time."

The stylist shook her head. “Well, you can always get it cut really short if you don’t like it. Since I went ahead and did the soft permanent with the curls because I figured he won’t know how to take care of it very well, well those curls are probably going to last a while. You’d have to cut them really short to get rid of them. And you’d have to dye his hair to get rid of the blonde highlights too.”

“I’m sure that none of that will be necessary,” Marian told her.

“It’s the best I could do,” the stylist said. “I’m sorry if he doesn’t like it. I got the impression he really did want me to do it.”

“I did!” Phillip replied. “I just… don’t want to see it yet.”

The stylist looked at him… then she smiled broadly. “Oh… I get it. You want to wait to see it until you can get all dressed up for the surprise unveiling! I hope you’ve got really pretty dress then.” She waited for an answer, but was surprised to see only a look of horror on Phillips face instead. “Oookayyy,” she said, drawing the word out. “Will that be cash or charge?”

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“Scared?” Marian asked as soon as they got to the middle of the mall to wait on Vivian again.

Phillip didn’t know what he looked like… especially standing in the middle of the mall holding an all too visible dolly in hands. He was actually scared to death! “Very!” he replied as he saw all too many heads turning to look at him. “I feel so… stupid!”

“Does not knowing what your hair looks like make it any better?”

Phillip shrugged. “I know it looks bad, but not knowing exactly how it looks, does help… I think.”

“Actually, she did a gorgeous job on your hair. You really should see it.”

“Yeah! Gorgeous for a woman!”

Marian studied him critically for a moment. “Um… not… exactly.”

“What does that mean?”

Since he was so frightened of how he looked already, Marian decided not to fill him in on the fact that the hair style would only be worn by a very young girl. “Uh… you don’t really want to know,” she finally told him.

"See. It's bad!" Phillip declared.

Marian didn't say anything to that. "I wonder where Vivian is?" she asked instead, starting to really feel the urge to moo again building up in her.

"Probably gone home by now," Phillip replied. "We were in there for hours!"

Marian smiled. "It usually takes that long for women to get their hair styled. Especially if it involves a permanent and some hair coloring."

Phillip refused to say anything to that.

"I think I'm going to need to find another toilet to flush," Marian mentioned as she started looking around for somewhere she could go to moo privately.

"You have to go again?" Phillip asked. "You went like ten times while we were in there! And most of the time you were gone forever!"

"I'm using the sound of the toilet to try to mask the mooing," Marian explained. "Don't tell Vivian."

"That's actually a pretty good idea," Phillip replied, doing his best to smile.

"Thanks!" Marian replied brightly. Now where could she go? Unfortunately, she saw Vivian heading for them in the distance. "Uh–oh! Too late!" she mumbled.

"Oh! He's adorable!" Vivian gushed excitedly as she hurried up to Phillip. She took a moment to take in what the stylist had done to him. "I just love all the soft curls. And she managed to do it with his hair that short!"

"She permed it," Marian told her. "She had the idea that he might not know how to take care of it too well himself."

"Oh!" Vivian exclaimed excitedly. "Even better!" She studied his hair a bit more. "The pink bow she put in it is just the right touch too! Don't you think?"

"Bow?" Phillip asked, horrified to hear it.

Marian only nodded… which was just as well since she was really struggling with her mooing urge just then.

Phillip rolled his eyes. It was worse than he thought!

“The ladies are going to just love it!” Vivian declared. “And I think it goes especially well with the doll he’s carrying. It’s just… perfect!” she exclaimed happily. Her face clouded a bit. “Except… suck your thumb!” she ordered Phillip.

Hating everything, Phillip stuck his thumb in his mouth.

“Now that’s positively amazing!” Vivian declared. “Maybe Felicia is right. Maybe I should have him suck his thumb all the time again.”

“He can’t do his work,” Marian reminded her. “And you’re having him do a lot of your work too!”

Vivian rolled her eyes. “Unfortunately,” she replied.

Marian simply couldn’t hold it anymore. “Moooo!” she bellowed all too loudly and forcefully… to the astonished looks of all too many people around her. Red faced, she did her best to hurry after Vivian who was again moving all too fast for the heels she was wearing.

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Vivian led them into one of the large department stores, again being forced to wait for Marian to catch up to her and Phillip. Stupid cow! But she was really enjoying the fact that Marin was still struggling so much in those shoes. Before Marian got too close she was off again, straight back to the junior women’s department. By the time Marian finally caught up with her, she was already looking at some of the slacks there.

“I saw these earlier,” Vivian said as she pulled a pair of pink slacks off of the rack and held them up in Phillip’s direction. “Here my little sissy, there’s a changing room over there. Go try them on so we can see how they fit.”

Phillip nearly had a fit as his eyes bulged out of his head.

“Go ahead,” Marian urged.

But Phillip didn’t need her encouragement. He was too afraid of the pain that was starting to invade his left arm the moment he thought about not doing it. He removed his thumb from his mouth and grabbed the pink slacks. The pain didn’t go away until he was halfway to the changing room. Once inside though, he was immediately faced with a large mirror that covered one small wall. He couldn’t help but see his image there… and his new hairstyle. He looked at himself with a sunken heart. He was the perfect image of a sissy! And with Dolly in his arms, he figured all he needed was a silly dress! But since Mistress Vivian was now making him try on women’s pants, could that dress be far behind?

Having no choice in the matter, he removed his pants and pulled the pink pants on. He looked like even more of a sissy now. He carried Dolly out where the women could see him. Fortunately, they were just outside the changing room.

"Adorable," Vivian declared. Then she looked at the pants on him more critically. "I think they're too big in the hips. I was hoping that the junior sizes would fit him pretty well, but for his waist size, the hips on those pants are still way too big." She studied his figure for a few more moments. "I wonder…" she finally said. "If the hips on these pants are still that big, I think we'll have to try somewhere else. Go change again sissy!"

Phillip went back in to change, but Marian suddenly rushed past him and closed the door behind her. Phillip heard a distinctly loud moo come from the changing room… for which Vivian broke out laughing.

"She managed to find someplace to hide that time," Vivian declared. "But I could still hear her plain as can be!"

A moment later, a red faced Marian came out and Phillip went in and changed back to his regular jeans.

Again Vivian moved all too quickly for Marian's heels to keep up. She had no idea where they were going, but she noted that Vivian wasn't leaving the store like she thought she would. And all too soon, she found herself finally catching up to them – in the children's department!

Vivian wasn't nearly as familiar with the young girls section of the store since she only walked through it and had never really shopped in it. But that didn't pose much of a problem for her. She quickly zeroed in on where she needed to look, and almost as quickly pounced on something she noticed on one of the racks.

Phillip was horrified to see her pulling out a pair of red pants. And the length of them didn't look very long. "They don't look long enough," he dared to say.

"They're Capri pants idiot!" Vivian replied. "They're supposed to be that short! But aren't they darling?"

Phillip wasn't expert enough to reply to that.

Vivian quickly saw where the closest changing rooms were and sent Phillip off with the red pants to try on. "I figured that if the hips were too wide in the juniors, then we might as well see if some of the larger girl's sizes would fit him better."

Marian made no reply. She was all too worried that Vivian was going to make Phillip wear something like those pants to work. "You promised me you were going to lay off of him if I got hypnotized!" Marian complained instead.

"Stupid cow! I did lay off of him for a while. But I didn't agree to lay off of him forever… not that I would anyway. And now it's time to go back to making him look like the little sissy shit he really is!"

Marian could say nothing. But she was boiling with anger inside.

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The pants felt weird! They only came down to his calf… and they zipped up the darn side! Ugh! He wasn't too crazy about the bows on the cuffs of the legs or the bows at the front of the waistband either. And she expected him to wear them? Stupid question. Of course she did. Totally ashamed, he and Dolly left the changing room.

"I love them!" Vivian declared. "And they do fit better." She felt the seat of the red pants he was wearing. "Still some extra room in there," she declared. "But they do fit better."

She looked up at Marian. "Okay, now here's how this is going to work. The mall closes at nine o'clock," she said. "I still have shopping to do so you two are on your own until then. I'll meet you at the door where we came in. In the meantime, you two are going to find three pairs of pants for little Sissy Phyllis here, starting with those red ones that he's got on. You're also going to come up with three tops to go with the pants. And I want all his outfits to absolutely scream – sissy!" She stared for a moment at Phillip. "You know what else would look really good with those pants too? Get him some red pumps." She looked wickedly at Marian. "He can wear flats. You can't!" She giggled. "In fact get him two pairs of shoes. And make sure the other pair is very girly too!"

Vivian now turned her attention to Marian. "Don't worry you stupid cow, I'm not forgetting about you. You're going to buy yourself three new skirts tonight." Her evil grin grew a bit worse. "And remember that line I drew on the back of your leg? If I can't clearly see that line below the hem of your skirts, then I'm going to throw out whatever you buy and raise that line much higher!" She turned to Phillip. "Since that line is on the back of her leg, you're going to have to check every skirt she tries on to make sure it's short enough! The shorter, the better you cow!"

Marian was shocked. Mini–skirts! She was way too old for mini–skirts. But of course, Vicious Vivian didn't care about that.

"Now I've got shopping to do. And both of you don't forget the other things you need to get. Phillip, you need more lipstick, and Marian…" She paused as her face lit up in another

wicked grin. “You need two more pairs of heels.” She turned to Phillip. “She so dumb she might not know the difference between flats and heels. Make sure whatever shoes she buys have at least a four inch heel. At least!”

With that, Phillip and Marian found themselves left on their own again. This time with shopping instructions neither one of them were happy about. Before going anywhere, Marian headed to the changing room to moo again. That was getting awfully tiresome!

With hours and hours of time, they shopped… and Marian mooed. It quickly became impossible for Marian to continually find places to hide to do it, and over time, she rarely tried anymore. It was all but useless. She got lots of strange looks and more than a few people asking her if she was all right or needed help, but it was all things she had no choice but to put up with. There was no doubt that Phillip was getting more strange looks than even she was. People were staring at his hair all the time… they only looked at her whenever she mooed.

Together, they went into a cosmetics store where Marian helped Phillip pick out several nice shades of lipstick. She also made some suggestions for colors he could look for in the future. Then it was back to clothes shopping.

Marian had to come up with three very sissyish outfits for Phillip. His hair and the doll he was carrying helped that sissy image immensely, so she did her best to find him two more pairs of women’s pants and three somewhat girly tops to go with them. His red Capri pants came from the children’s department, but she found his other clothes in the women’s junior department. She knew he felt bad enough about the clothes he was being forced to buy. She didn’t want to add childish clothing to that list – despite how he looked with his new hairstyle and the doll he was carrying.

A pair of red pumps with just a tiny heel were easy to find. Marian noted though how red–faced Phillip was over trying them on. The other clothes he was able to try on in the semi–privacy of the changing rooms, but shoes were a different story. For his second pair of shoes, Marian decided on a pair of black patent leather flats with a bow on top. The shoes looked somewhat like ballet flats but made out of a black patent material instead. She looked longingly at the comfortable looking shoes, wishing she could be buying them for herself.

For her own shoes, Marian found a pair of black t–straps. She had to ask Phillip if he thought the heel on them was high enough to meet Vivian’s requirement. Phillip studied the heel carefully and declared them to be just fine. Since that heel was definitely lower than the red heels she was wearing, she used that as a gauge to find herself a similar pair in taupe. She was tempted to wear one of her new pairs of shoes out of the store since they were a lot more comfortable than the shoes she had on, but she wasn’t sure what Vicious Vivian would think about that.

Then it was on to the skirts – the part that Marian dreaded the most. Marian considered herself to be a full–figured woman. Not fat. Just… full figured. Her hips, like her breasts, were fairly large… as was her backside, but she preferred not to think about that unless it was in the context of dieting. There weren't exactly a lot of mini–skirt choices in the women's department where she usually shopped. It took a lot of hunting around to find some possible skirt candidates. And every skirt that Marian tried on… she literally had to let Phillip examine closely to check to see if that line on the back of her leg showed. It took her three stores to find just one skirt that she would be allowed to wear! And she needed three!

After a very embarrassing dinner in the food court, where Marian mooed three times and Phillip had to sit there and apply his lipstick both before and after he ate, Marian and Phillip found themselves in a very trendy store that specialized in clothing for "younger" women. Teenagers! But Marian was getting desperate. With Phillip and his doll standing nearby, precariously holding all their bags, Marian was looking at one of the racks of skirts when she mooed again. She hadn't even thought about fighting it. She was to the point now where she was just doing her best to ignore it and let it happen.

But the mooing attracted the attention of one of the salesgirls who had been hovering nearby anyway… keeping a close eye on Marian, and an even closer eye on the guy with the little girl's hairdo who was holding a bunch of shopping bags… and a doll. What was up with him anyway? She walked quickly over to Marian. "Can I help you with something?" she asked.

A bit frustrated, Marian replied, "I need to find a couple of very short skirts."

Noting the larger sizes of the skirts she was looking at, the salesgirl asked, "For him, or you?"

Marian looked up and blinked… and almost mooed again. "For me of course."

The salesgirl smiled, somewhat relieved. "For yourself!"

"Unfortunately," Marian replied. "But I'm afraid I'm not having much luck with it tonight."

"Um… I might have something that could work for you," the salesgirl suggested.

"Where?" Marian asked.

"Back this way," she replied as she led the way further back into the store. She stopped at one of the wall racks that was filled with different skirts – all of them appearing to be very short. She turned toward Marian and studied her figure… and the very high red shoes she was wearing. "I love your shoes!" she said.

Marian wanted badly to tell her that she could have them! But instead she just said, "Thanks."

"Flirty or straight?" the salesgirl asked.

"Straight!" Marian declared after she realizing the salesgirl was asking about skirt styles. The short skirts were going to be bad enough. She didn't need to be worried about a flirty skirt blowing around and showing her underwear. Besides, if she planned her wardrobe right, the straight skirt would look more like a business suit skirt. Just… short.

"How about this?" the salesgirl asked as she pulled one of the skirts off of the rack.

Marian stared… and nearly mooed. "Uh… no thanks!" she said. "That slit goes all the way up! Who would buy a skirt like that?"

The salesgirl looked at Marian for a few moments before saying, "Well, we get certain… ladies in here from time to time who are very interested in things like this."

"Certain…" But Marian quickly figured out what the girl was saying. Hookers! "Do you have any without a slit? Maybe something I can wear with a nice jacket?"

The salesgirl kept looking, passing up all too many skirts. Finally she found one and pulled it out. "How about this?"

Other than the very short length, Marian actually liked the thing… relatively speaking. The material even looked like it would go very well with several of the jackets she owned. "Got any more like that?" Marian asked.

The salesgirl found two more and Marian grabbed them quickly. "Got a changing room I can try these on in?"

"Right back here." She wasn't prepared for how quickly the woman wanted to get into the changing room. And the minute the door was closed, she heard a rather loud cow moo coming from the woman inside. She looked questioningly at the guy who was holding all the bags.

"Don't ask," he suggested.

She just nodded.

As short as each of the skirts were, Marian still couldn't be sure that they were short enough to meet Vivian's requirements. Each one she tried on she had to wear out of the changing room and let Phillip decided if it was short enough – all in front of a disbelieving salesgirl. Fortunately, all three skirts were short enough. She was tempted to buy all three, but she finally picked the two she liked the best. And of course, she mooed one more time before she got out of the changing room.

Finally she and Phillip had everything they needed to buy… and they still had several hours to kill. Several hours where she would be in front of all too many people – mooing! She could only imagine how Phillip felt with that hairdo he had now. She wasn't sure if he realized it, but all the bags he was carrying disguised the fact that he was forced to carry the doll. At least, they somewhat hid his doll problem.

"Where to?" Marian asked as they got back out into the mall.

"Siberia?" Phillip suggested as he saw heads turning to look at him again.

Marian smiled at his joke… although she was sure it wasn't completely a joke. He had to be horribly embarrassed looking like he did now.

"I think I saw a restaurant a while back that looked fairly dark. Maybe we can get a seat in the back somewhere and just have a cup of coffee and desert or something."

"Somewhere dark?"

"It looked that way to me."

"Maybe a few cups of coffee then," Phillip suggested, wanting to stay somewhere dark as long as possible.

At the restaurant, they "insisted" on a table in the back somewhere… which was no problem because by that time the customers were thinning out anyway. They each ordered coffee and some cake… and Marian mooed right after the waitress took their order. Which made the fairly overweight waitress turn quickly around.

"Are you making fun of me?" she asked angrily.

"No!" Marian replied.

"She's not!" Phillip added quickly. "She's just got this… problem! Trust me, it has nothing at all to do with you!"

"Better not!" the waitress replied, still obviously upset.

"Um… Ma'am…" Phillip started.

"Yeah?"

"Uh… don't be surprised if she does that again while we're here. In fact, please try to ignore it when it happens."

"Say what?" She turned towards Marian. "Are you trying to be rude lady?"

"No," Marian replied. "Believe me, I'm not. I just have this… problem. This… compulsion… that I can't control… yet."

"You sound like a damn cow!" the waitress replied angrily.

"That's… kind of the point," Marian admitted.

The waitress looked at both of them suspiciously… she especially looked at the flaky looking guy with the girl's hairdo. "You two lose a bet or something?"

"Or something!" Marian admitted sarcastically.

The waitress finally nodded. "So that noise really wasn't because of me," she asked, just to be certain. "Because I've half a mind to have you thrown out of here right now!"

"It wasn't!" Marian insisted. She sighed briefly. "Look, I can't help it. Like I said, it's kind of like a compulsion I have right now. If it will help, I'll try to do it in the ladies room from now on… if you have one here."

Phillip looked at her quickly with a bit of concern. She took more time in the ladies room than any woman he had ever met!

"Lady, you are some kind of messed up then!" the waitress replied. "But the ladies room is back there if you need it."

"Thanks," Marian replied gratefully. "We just want to relax back here out of the way for a while. Can we just get our coffee and dessert?"

The waitress ran her eyes from the oddball woman to the oddball guy. "You mean hide out here for a while," she suggested.

Marian nodded.

"We close at eight thirty," the waitress told them. "As long as you order something once in a while… and leave me a halfway decent tip, nobody should bother you back here."

"Thanks," Marian replied gratefully. She and Phillip just looked at each other, both feeling somewhat relieved as she walked off.

They both had to order two different deserts during the time they were in there, and since the waitress kept coming around to refill their coffee, neither one of them knew how much coffee they had finished. But it was more than enough for Marian to have to pee every time she ran to the ladies room. And of course, she didn't just moo once when she got there since she couldn't seem to keep her hand out of her vagina every time she lowered her panties. And the minute she started to get sexually excited, she mooed again. She had to force herself each time to stop what she was doing. But the more sexually frustrated she became the harder it was getting.

They finally had to spend half an hour by the door where they had entered the mall, waiting for Vivian to show up so they could go home. And after all the coffee Marian had drunk, she had to disappear to find another ladies room before Vivian actually got there… which was fortunately early.

"Did you two find everything?" Vivian asked as she noted all the packages they were carrying – especially Phillip.

"Yes," both Phillip and Marian replied together.

"Good! Let's go home then."

Both Marian and Phillip were more than ready to get out of there. But what Marian was wondering, was just what had Vivian been doing in the mall all that time? She only had a few small bags in her hands and nothing else. She got her answer as soon as they got back to Vivian's car. The entire back seat was loaded with bags. Phillip suggested putting them in the trunk, but Vivian wouldn't hear of it. He and Marian wound up sitting in the back seat together, with all the bags either piled on top of them or occupying the empty front seat next to Vivian.

Vivian drove home delightedly… to the tune of several moos out of Marian. It had been a long but great day shopping. Nearly perfect! And now she was going back to her new home! It was going to be great! Once in her new parking space, she had Marian and Phillip bring all her new things in and carry the bags up to her bedroom for her. Then she sent them away for the night. "I'll call you two tomorrow right after lunch," she told them. "Marian, make sure his hair looks just that nice tomorrow. And I want each of you wearing your new clothes. We have more shopping to do!"

Both Marian and Phillip stared at her, not believing what they had just heard. More shopping? They were both totally worn out.

Marian simply let out a big, long, disheartened moo.

Chapter 13.

Vivian usually slept in on Sunday mornings since most of the stores didn't open until eleven o'clock. But she was too keyed up to sleep that Sunday. Plus, it was a new place she was living in. She got out of bed early and just wandered around again, looking into everything she could. Marvelous! Simply marvelous! And it was now all hers! She started a pot of coffee brewing in the kitchen and turned the large TV on in the living room. Fabulous!

But the TV didn't really hold her attention. Her thoughts were on Marian and Phillip instead – the sissy and the cow! She had everything she had now because of what she had done to them. As much as she hated them both, she had to make sure that they always stayed in her control… well, mostly that stupid cow Marian, but she was too reluctant to let Phillip go either. She would still totally destroy them both and definitely get them both fired, but she had no intention of ever letting either of them go.

To that end, she sat thinking about how she controlled each of them. She had a big blackmail threat hanging over Marian's head, but mostly, she was now controlling both of them though the hypnotism thing… and it had yielded results far beyond her wildest expectations! She thought again about that evening in Sissy Phillip's place with Marian stuck against the wall, mooing over and over again and uselessly playing with herself, while Sissy Phillip was stuck between her legs granting her pleasure after pleasure. She'd definitely have to revisit that little scene again! But the hypnotism had now become her main tool for controlling both of them. And she decided it was also going to become her main tool for destroying them both.

Hypnotism! She didn't know much about it, but it certainly worked… and a lot better than she ever thought it would. The power of it was incredible! But it was that power that she knew she had to be very careful to hang onto – and maintain! She remembered that every time Marian had hypnotized Phillip, she had taken the time to deepen the trance he was in… she had also taken the time to remind him of his trigger phrase. In fact, she had taken the time to remind him of absolutely everything she had made him do. Why? Would the suggestions wear off or something? Was that the reason why nobody considered it such a powerful thing? That was a worrying thought.

She knew she had been careful so far to deepen their trances each time… and she had also reminded them of their trigger phrases, but would she have to do that every time? Not knowing for sure, she decided that maybe she should… if for no other reason than to err on the cautious side. Worried about it, she got up and dug through a few drawers in the kitchen until she found a notebook and a pen. She carried them back to her seat and tried to remember every command she had given to each of them. She started with Phillip since he had been the first, and she made a list.

The first thing she wrote down was his trigger phrase: "Phyllis sucks her thumb," where he would immediately go into his trance and start sucking his thumb because it would help to relax him more.

The next thing she remembered doing with him was making him feel all that pain if he didn't do whatever she demanded of him. That had brought about glorious results both for him and with stupid Marian.

After that, she thought she had forced the doll on him again, where he had to keep it with him always. He couldn't ever get more than an arm's length away from the thing.

As far as she could remember, the next time she had hypnotized him she had given him that list of ten lipstick rules he now had to follow. She was particularly pleased with that idea. The little sissy was forever pulling his lipstick out and making sure his lips looked perfect.

After that, she had found Master George to do the original hypnotism on Marian. After which she had changed the trigger phrase that he had put into her and set up, "Marian sucks her thumb," instead. She had asked George to use the thumb sucking thing with her because it seemed to be working so well with Phillip, and she had kept that bit too. Besides, there was just something so satisfying about seeing both of them sitting there sucking their thumbs like stupid infants.

After that, she had done the pain thing with Marian just like she had done with Phillip.

That night she had also put the command into Marian with the trigger: "Marian moos like a cow," where until she said otherwise, Marian would only be able to moo like a cow. Loud and strong… always trying to make it sound as real as possible. She giggled a bit just thinking about that.

After that, she had put the suggestion into Marian's brain that even when she wasn't under the compulsion to only speak like a cow, Marian would still feel an urge building in her that would force her to moo, no matter where she was or what she was doing. At work, that urge would be less so she could go longer without doing it, but everywhere else it would happen much more frequently. As far as Vivian was concerned, that little idea was now working out even better than she thought.

She remembered the way that she had forced Marian to play with herself sexually while Sissy Phillip was licking her out. She had thought that was more than amusing – especially since she hadn't allowed Marian to climax at all. So she had put another suggestion into Marian's brain. From that point on, Marian would always feel a desperate need to masturbate herself to orgasm, except that she would never be able to have an orgasm by herself. She had fixed things so that if Marian ever tried to have normal sex with a man, she would feel nothing but the most horrible pain imaginable. The only way out for Marian now was for someone else

to masturbate her – while she was mooing crazily like a cow! And the more excited she got, the louder and faster she would have to moo! Vivian found that to be particularly hilarious. Who in their right mind would ever want to have sex with that cow in the first place… and to agree to masturbate the beast while she laid there mooing away loudly and strongly? As much as Marian would try, she would never have an orgasm again!

The last thing she remembered doing to her was the bit about her shoes. From now on, Marian wouldn't be able to wear flats or even go barefoot. She would be forced to wear very high heels all the time, and she wouldn't be able to take them off without the pain hitting her. The only concessions she had made for Marian there, was for when she went to bed or when she was taking her bath, and Vivian was wondering if maybe that was being too lenient.

——— o0o ———

Vivian now had a list of things she had done to both of them. And starting today, she was going to make sure that the entire list got replanted in their tiny pee sized brains as often as possible! They were never going to not be under her control! Just thinking about everything she had forced those two into now had made her very wet. But she didn't have time for that kind of fun now. It was Sunday. The stores usually opened at eleven o'clock. She would call the two idiots and pick them up for more of their shopping after lunch, but in the meantime, she wanted to get back to her own shopping. She had a list of stores to get to with more money than usual to spend, and she didn't want to be late.

——— o0o ———

Phillip stared at his face in the bathroom mirror… as he applied his lipstick for the first time that morning. He was using a new shade of pink that Marian had picked out for him the day before. As he worked on his lips, his eyes continually looked up toward his new hairdo. It didn't look quite like it did yesterday, but all of the basic style was still there… from the bangs across his forehead to the curls on top of and behind his head. He had pulled the stupid pink bow out last night. He hoped he wouldn't have to wear that again. But how was he going to hide the rest of what had been done to him?

He briefly thought about Marian, still sleeping out on his couch. She had insisted on staying there and not taking his bed. She had only asked for a blanket and a pillow. He had loaned her his extra blanket, but he didn't have another pillow. She was making due using some of her clothes as a pillow until she could buy one later. He briefly wondered which of them had it worse. Deep down, he knew that she had it much worse than he did, especially since Mistress Vivian had kicked her out of her own home and taken it for herself. Her mooing problem had to be no bundle of joy either. But he was still selfish enough to think that he was worse off.

With his lipstick done, he stared at his hair again and remembered everything he had gone through yesterday at the mall. And just as he had done last night, he masturbated again to those memories. He couldn't help it. With that problem taken care of, and now feeling much more like he should, he decided to take a shower before Marian got hers. Once Marian got into the bathroom she seemed to always take forever! It was amazing how long it took her to just go to the bathroom! Most of the women he knew always managed to do it a whole lot faster than she did.

——— o0o ———

Marian opened her eyes and rolled over on the couch, trying to figure out where she was… and she mooed. The moo startled her enough to bring her fully awake and remind her of her new life. Total misery! She closed her eyes in frustration. She was tempted to get up, but she was too comfortable just then, except for a horrible need to pee. It was the first time in several days that her feet had been allowed a bit of rest from the dumb super high heels she was forced to wear all the time now, and she wanted to give her feet as much rest as she possibly could. Besides, she thought she heard the shower running. Phillip was probably in there getting cleaned up. Good for him. Could she walk from the couch to the shower without having to put her heels on? It was an excellent question that she intended on experimenting with the moment Phillip got out of there.

With nothing better to do, she closed her eyes and tried to settle into sleep again. But her hands somehow found their way down between her knees, then up to her crotch, and before she knew it, one hand was inside her panties. It was as if she couldn't help herself. She was awake now, and this was that time of day when she was often more horny than at other times. She wanted a good lay in the hay! She needed a good orgasm… a good release. Unfortunately, thanks to Vicious Vivian, that was a pretty unlikely thing to ever happen to her… until she got herself out of this situation, which she fully intended on doing.

In the meantime, she was all too desperate for some sexual release, and her hand inside of herself felt all too good! She mooed again as her excitement level rose. She just couldn't help it. Damn that Vicious Vivian! But oh it felt so good!

——— o0o ———

Phillip heard Marian's moo from the shower. When he got out and was drying himself off, he heard her again. He felt a bit sorry for her, stuck doing that all the time… but at the same time, he found it intriguing as well.

As soon as he was dried off again, he redid his lipstick. Then with the towel still wrapped around him, he ran from the bathroom to the bedroom. He heard Marian moo again in the living room. He figured she probably needed the bathroom. Did she realize he was out of there now? He quickly pulled some clothes on before going out to tell her that the bathroom

was free now. He walked out to the living room, and stared. Marian's hands were hidden under the blanket, but he had very little doubt about what she was doing.

He loudly cleared his throat. "Ahem!"

Marian looked up frightened. She had been caught doing something she shouldn't! Embarrassed, she forced herself to pull her hands away. She wasn't going to succeed with what she was doing anyway. "Sorry," she mumbled sheepishly. "I couldn't help myself."

"Yeah," Phillip replied sarcastically. "Why don't you get cleaned up? I'm finished in there for a while."

Since she was only wearing her bra and panties, Marian carefully wrapped the blanket around herself further to cover herself up so she could hurry to the bathroom. She really did need to pee pretty badly now. But the moment she stood up and tried to take a step in just her bare feet, the pain hit both her legs like someone had taken a big baseball bat and hit them hard. It was so bad she lost control of her bladder as she fell to the floor, writhing at the agonizing pain. As fast as she could, she reached for her red heels and strapped them to her feet. The pain didn't go fully away until they were both securely strapped into place.

She felt like an idiot. And worse, she knew that Phillip had seen her wet all over everything. "Sorry," she mumbled. She now knew that she couldn't take even a single step without her heels on. Ugh! "I hope you've got a washer and dryer in here."

"Sorry," Phillip replied. "We've got a bunch of coin machines in the building across the street."

Marian rolled her eyes. "Coin machines?"

Phillip nodded.

Marian knew that her washer and dryer were going to be major things that she was going to miss… until she could get her home back again. "I'll wash these things as soon as I can," she told him.

Phillip just nodded and headed for the kitchen to pour himself some cereal. He hard Marian heading for the bathroom to get cleaned up.

Once again, just getting undressed seemed to trigger Marian's need to masturbate. Her shower was long, and by the time she got out, her sexual regions were getting sore. Damn, she needed to stop that! But it also felt so good! She just couldn't get totally satisfied… yet!

Out in the living room, she found some fresh clothes to put on and carried them back to the bathroom. No masturbating this time! She was proud that she accomplished that. Vivian was taking them shopping again this afternoon, and she had mentioned that they had to wear their new clothes. She wasn't looking forward to spending all afternoon in a skirt as short as the ones she had bought yesterday, but she had done far worse things in her life. It was Phillip she was more concerned with. With that new hairdo and all the women's clothes they had bought for him, well, she knew he had to feel horribly embarrassed about that.

She finally wandered out to the living room. Phillip was at his desk doing… something. She saw him quickly close the cover on the pad that she realized he had been drawing in. "You draw?" she asked, somewhat surprised.

Sheepishly, Phillip nodded. "I doodle."

"Can I see?"

Phillip considered that for a moment. "If you want," he finally replied. He quickly put the pad he had been working in aside and dug into a drawer where he pulled out another pad. He set it on the desk and opened it to the first page.

Marian looked at the drawing carefully. It was a pencil drawing of an elderly woman's face. And it was amazingly well done. The lines on the face, the expression, it was incredibly realistic. "Wow!" Marian exclaimed. "Who is she?"

Phillip shrugged. "Just someone I saw in a park once."

Marian turned the page. Another face, this one done with colored pencils. She continued through the pad, each picture was of someone he had just seen… and drawn. Some were in color, some were nothing but plain black pencil. "These are amazing!" Marian exclaimed. "They belong in a gallery somewhere."

Phillip shook his head. "Nah, they're just some doodling that I did. I do that a lot."

"I think they're a lot better than that!" Her eyes focused on the pad he had been working in when she walked in on him. "What are you working on now? Can I see?"

Phillip panicked a bit as he grabbed for the notebook. "Sorry, not this one." He quickly opened the drawer again and pulled out a stack of the drawing pads, leaving only a select few. The pads that he had removed, he picked up and carried straight into his bedroom where he put them away in one of his dresser drawers… and then put some t–shirts on top of them to hide them. They were his personal notebooks. They weren't made for anyone else to see. Out in the living room, he heard Marian moo again. Poor woman.

Marian closed her eyes. She was tired of all these problems that Vivian had stuck her with. It was time now to do something about them. And the first thing she needed to get rid of was this damn mooing compulsion.

She went over to the window and just stared out of it while she concentrated. She had just mooed, so the urge didn't make itself known for a little while. When it did, she concentrated hard on it. She simply had to be strong… stronger than the command that Vivian had stuck into her brain. She simply had to know for a fact that she was stronger than the urge and refuse to give into it. Phillip had been completely right that first day. Hypnotism can't make someone do something they really don't want to do… mostly. There were some very big exceptions to that. But overall, she knew she could beat the compulsion. She just had to be more dominant than Vivian's command.

The urge to moo grew, and she fought it hard. The problem was that Vivian had taken the time to deepen their trances so much before she instilled the compulsion in her. That was making it so much more difficult to simply throw it off. The urge was becoming somewhat intense!

"What are you doing?" Phillip asked.

With her concentration broken, Marian opened her eyes and mooed. Ugh! "I'm trying to get rid of this compulsion to moo like a cow all the time," she told him.

"Can you do that?" Phillip asked, somewhat surprised.

Marian nodded. "Absolutely!" she replied. "I just need to concentrate and make it happen."

"Can I get rid of the things she did to me?" Phillip asked hopefully.

Marian looked at him sadly. "It's… possible," she told him. "But I don't think it's very likely."

"Why not? Why should you be able to do it and I can't?"

"Because of what I know about myself… and about hypnotism."

"So what would I have to know to be able to do it?"

"It's not what you'd have to know. It's more… something..." But she couldn't tell him yet. Not only was she fairly sure he wouldn't really want to know the answer to that one, but if what she suspected about him was true, that was the key to the only way she could get him out of Vivian's clutches. "Never mind," she finally said. "I can't really explain it."

"You just don't want me to be normal!" Phillip replied before walking off angrily. He headed for his desk again, but instead of drawing, he started surfing the internet instead.

Marian hated herself for that. But at the same time, she knew it was for the best. Closing her eyes, she started waiting for the urge to build in her again. She was really surprised at how strong the urge was. All that deepening, she was sure. She started grunting a bit when the urge to moo became extremely intense.

Phillip heard the sounds of Marian struggling. Forgetting the computer he went over to watch her closely. Her eyes were closed. No doubt she was concentrating and trying really hard. He saw the look on her face finally change to one of total satisfaction.

Marian opened her eyes with glee and saw Phillip standing in front of her. "I did i…." And then she screamed as the pain descended on her entire body like never before. Every part of her was wracked with the most unimaginable pain as she fell writhing to the floor. It was pain so intense she couldn't stand it.

"What's happening?" Phillip asked, panicked with concern as he knelt down on the floor to help her. But he knew what was happening – Mistress Vivian's pain! "How can I help?" he asked. "How can I help?"

Marian barely heard him… and she was in no condition to even try to reply. She tried to fight the pain, but the pounding in her head wouldn't let her think that well. It was all simply too intense. She couldn't take it… she couldn't take it… she couldn't… "Moo!" she said in desperation. "Mooo!" The pain let up a little. "Mooo!" she wailed again and felt the pain lessening. "Mooo!" It took five more moos for the pain to fully go away. Breathing hard, her head still spinning. She grabbed her head in her hands and pulled her hair back away from her face. She sat up and felt Phillip's hand on her shoulder.

"Are you alright?" he asked, his voice full of concern.

She nodded sadly, then smiled. "I guess the mooing wasn't the first thing I should have tackled. Now I know that the pain has to be conquered first. And after that, everything else should be easy!"

"Are you going to try it again now?" Phillip asked.

"Not right now. I'm not up for more of that kind of battle. Maybe later tonight I'll try it again." She had conquered the urge to moo, only to be wracked with the pain for not doing what Vivian wanted. She was happy to note though that she had found a way out of the pain without Vivian making it go away. That was somewhat good news. But now that she had conquered the urge to moo, was that urge now totally gone? A few minutes later, she sadly found out that it was fully back again. Ugh!

With a little time on her hands, she started going through the bags that contained her things. She opened many of them, but the only bag she was really interested in was the one containing her laptop computer. She emptied that bag onto the sofa. "Mind if I use your desk?" she asked Phillip who had been looking on.

"You're welcome to use my computer if you want," Phillip replied, "It's already set up."

Marian shook her head. "I've got some special software on this one that I need."

Phillip went over to the desk and moved his computer out of the way. "You can unhook my internet connection and just plug it into yours," he offered.

"No thanks," Marian replied as she brought her laptop over to his desk. "I don't need it right now."

Phillip watched as she plugged it into the wall and started it up.

"Can you get me that DVD on the couch?" Marian asked.

Phillip found the DVD easily. It looked like a homemade disk. Printed on the plastic was, "Mark's Fireplace." "What is it?" he asked as he handed it to Marian.

"I told a friend of mine a while back that the only thing I missed in my townhouse was a nice fireplace, so he videotaped his one night and sent me the video."

"It's just a fireplace?"

"With a fire burning."

"And that's it?"

"That's it," Marian confirmed.

"Doesn't sound very exciting."

"But it's very relaxing. I just love it!"

"What do you need it for?"

Marian smiled. "This is how we're going to stop Vivian… and I'm going to get my house back!"

A few minutes… and one moo later, Phillip watched as she set the computer up to transfer the video on the disk into a single file on her computer.

"Now," Marian said once the long process was underway, "What am I going to do with all my stuff?"

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Phillip didn't have much in the way of food in his house. So when lunchtime came, the only choice was to go get something. And the moment they arrived at that decision, Phillip said, "You go. I'll wait here." There was no way he was going outside of his apartment any more than he possibly had to with the stupid hairdo he had now… not to mention with the stupid dolly he was stuck carrying around everywhere.

Marian looked at him. "You're going to have to start getting used to being seen that way pretty soon."

Phillip adamantly shook his head. "No… way!"

Knowing it was useless, Marian made the short trip to the fast–food restaurant and brought their lunch back. Her arrival with the food was just in time to catch the sound of Phillip's phone ringing. She heard him saying, "Hello?" as she put the food on his small table.

Phillip listened a moment, then said. "Wait a minute." He pushed a button on his phone. "Okay," he said, "You're on speaker now."

"Can you both hear me?" Vivian's voice came through. Both Phillip and Marian confirmed that they could hear her.

"I'll be there in about an hour! I want both of you fully dressed and ready to go shopping by the time I get there. And you both better be wearing the new clothes you got last night! I can't wait to see you in them!" she added with a giggle. "Marian… make sure that Phillip's hair looks as good as it did yesterday. That's going to be one of your jobs from now on. He's not to go out of that apartment unless his hair looks perfect! Do you understand that you stupid cow?"

"Yes," Marian replied, somewhat exasperated.

"You better! Just be ready to go. Both or you!"

Vivian never said goodbye. It took Phillip a moment to realize that she wasn't there anymore before he put his phone down. "I'm not looking forward to this." he said dispiritedly as he sat down at the table to eat.

“I’m sure you’re not,” Marian replied. “What outfit are you wearing today?” she asked trying to brighten the mood.

“I don’t want to wear any of them!” Phillip replied.

“I know, but that’s not exactly an option.”

“I wish it was.”

Marian waited a moment before asking again, “So what are you going to wear?”

Phillip shook his head. “I don’t know. I guess those brown pants. At least they look a little more… normal.” Marian only nodded since her mouth was full of food. “How about you?” Phillip asked.

Marian finally swallowed enough to speak. “There’s not that much difference in any of the skirts I got yesterday. They’re all too short for me. I know I’m wearing the black shoes today. I want to wear the taupe ones to work tomorrow. I have an idea for an outfit I want to try.”

“At least one of us has it easy,” Phillip grumbled.

Marian made no reply to that.

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All of Marian’s computer things were stashed at the side of Phillip’s desk, and there were several large piles of her clothes pushed up against one wall of the living room by the time Vivian knocked on Phillips door. Just before she knocked, she heard a distinct cow moo coming from inside. The moo brightened her day considerably!

The door opened and she saw Phillip framed in the doorway. As usual, she pushed her way right past him. “Let me see you both!” she said as she entered. Phillip and Marian stood where she could see them. Vivian took them both in, then concentrated on Phillip. “I hate those pants!” she declared. “They don’t stand out enough, and the top could be something more feminine too.” She stared at his hair. It looked okay except for one thing. “Where’s his hair bow?”

“I didn’t think he needed it today,” Marian replied.

“I liked it! I want him wearing it! In fact, while you’re shopping today, find him a collection of hair bows! I don’t want him ever leaving the house without one!”

Phillip felt like dying.

Vivian turned to Marian and smiled. “Enjoying that skirt?” she asked. “It’s the first time I’ve really seen your legs since we’ve met!”

“It’s… cooler,” Marian replied.

Vivian nearly laughed. Her face quickly turned commanding though. “Does that line I put on your leg yesterday still show?”

Marian was a little shocked at the question. “I don’t know. I can’t see back there. I tried scrubbing it pretty hard while I was in the bath this morning.”

“Let me see!” Vivian commanded. Once Marian had turned around, Vivian knelt down where she could see better. The line was still there, but it was much fainter. “Phillip,” she said, “go find something to darken that line again.” A few minutes later, the dark line was very prominently visible – since it was a good half inch below the hem of Marian’s skirt.

“Much better,” Vivian said gleefully. “There’s no missing it at all now! Maybe I should have a line like that tattooed on the back of both your legs. Maybe we could add some words like… ‘Maximum Skirt Length,’ or something.” She giggled. “I rather like that idea!”

Marian blushed. The damn woman was an absolute horror!

“Now fix his hair bow and let him do his lipstick so we can get out of here!”

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Vivian drove them out to another of the city’s malls. This mall was one that Marian was more familiar with since it was the closest one to where she lived – where she used to live.

“Okay you two,” Vivian said as they got out of the car, “I’ll probably be seeing a lot more of you today since I’m not all that happy with the pants Sissy Phyllis is wearing today. I want to check on you two more often! Phillip, you need three more pairs of very sissy pants! Something bright or patterned! No, wait! Make that four pairs since I don’t like the one’s you’re wearing now. And find four more tops to go with them all – tops with some lace or frills or something for heaven’s sake!”

Phillip nearly died when he heard that part.

“I also want you to buy yourself all new underwear – a full week’s worth of bras and panties. I think an ‘A’ cup bra will be sufficient for you – but make sure they’re all padded!”

Phillip was in shock and was trying to wrap his brain around the women's underwear when Vivian finished with, "And don't forget your hair bows and lipstick."

Phillip was simply speechless.

"Now Marian," Vivian said, turning her attention toward her other plaything. "Three more skirts for you – I think you know what length to get now. But Sissy Phillip here had better check every last one to make sure that line on your leg is clearly visible! And I also want you to find yourself some new bras, but this time find some that will show off those ridiculous udders of yours! I want everyone to clearly see them since I also want you to buy yourself a bunch of tops that will display them much better than anything you have in your closet now. Got that? When you get dressed now, I want to see – udders!"

Marian was doing everything she could to hold her temper… and another moo, back. The woman was totally deranged. She gave up and mooed, but it did little to relieve her temper.

"And buy yourself another pair of shoes," Vivian continued, "something more colorful than those black ones you've got on now," she said as she briefly looked down at the high heels Marian was wearing. A brief thought struck her. "And while you're at it, get Sissy Phillip here a pair of high heels as well." She smiled to herself. "I think for him, something with maybe a three inch heel will be perfect. He's not to have heels as high as yours!"

Phillip didn't know what to think. She was making him buy more women's clothes – all women's clothes! And bright stuff to boot! He hugged Dolly to his chest for support. It was all he could do to not put his thumb in his mouth to suck on for the tiny bit of comfort it would bring.

Instead of leaving them, Vivian again brought them to the children's department of one of the stores. And again she shopped for girl's pants in the larger sizes. She was still amazed that they fit Phillip so well! It wasn't long before she pulled out a pair to look at more closely. "See," she said, "this is more what I had in mind."

Phillip nearly died! The pants she had picked out were white with big red and blue flowers all over them. The absolutely screamed – "girl!"

Vivian then pulled out a very nice, but much plainer pair that had a bright check pattern in the material. She held both pants up for Phillip to look out. "Now which pants would you rather buy?" she asked.

Phillip studied both pair. They were both horrible. He finally pointed nervously toward the white pair with the flowers.

"Good choice!" Vivian said with a wicked smile. "Why these?"

Why? To Phillip, that pair had been the lesser of two evils – for one reason only. "Um… because they have a zipper in the front so I can go to the bathroom."

Vivian was rocked. He considered the front zipper to be less girly than the other pair that… she checked, they had no zipper, just a stretch waist. She quickly put both pair back in the rack and turned to Marian. "None of the pants you find for him today are to fasten in the front. And I think I want you to avoid the pull up styles too!" she added with a grin. "Find him side zip and back zip pants only!" Her grin widened, "And since you're getting him four pairs today, make sure that at least two of those are Capri length. I rather liked those red ones on him yesterday!"

She pointed at the white flowered pants. "Bright like those, only no front zipper! Now I've got some stores I need to check on." With that Phillip and Marian quickly found themselves left alone.'

"What am I going to do?" Phillip asked mournfully.

"Get used to it, I guess," Marian replied with a sigh. She would have her own problems to get used to as well… for a little while anyway, until she could get over the compulsions that Vivian had burdened her with. She mooed again in frustration.

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They didn't see Vivian for a long time. Marian found another branch of the store where she had bought two of her skirts in the day before and found two more she could wear. The most difficult shopping of the day turned out to be finding the pants for Phillip. Marian again avoided the children's section in hopes it would make Phillip feel a little bit better about things by not adding the stigma of the clothes being children's clothes. She avoided the children's sections… for a while. But after checking four different stores and only managing to come up with one pair of suitable pants, they were forced to resort to the "younger" styles. Two stores later, Phillip had more girly looking pants than he was happy about – not that he had been happy about any of them before.

They were in the shoe store together, trying to find a pair of heels for each of them when Vivian found them. Marian was in the process of walking a few steps in a pair of blue sandals, when she let out a moo that had been building in her for a few minutes. She hoped that she hadn't disturbed anyone with it. When she looked up a minute later, Vivian was heading down the aisle they were shopping in. The sight of Vivian, her arms loaded with bags, didn't please either Marian or Phillip.

"I heard you calling," Vivian declared brightly, referring to Marian's moo. "How's your shopping coming?"

Phillip refused to say anything. "We're nearly done," Marian told her. "We both just need shoes and then there's a drug store near the mall entrance where we can find him some lipstick and bows for his hair."

Phillip winced again at hearing that.

"Wonderful!" Vivian declared brightly. "I can't wait to see everything you two have bought."

That didn't sound good to either Phillip or Marian since it sounded like Vivian would be paying them a visit at home again.

"I like the shoes," Vivian said, noticing the blue heels Marian was in the process of trying.

"Thanks," Marian replied, despite herself.

Vivian started searching the racks of shoes. Actually, it was something she couldn't help but do. She did it in every shoe store she went into – going through each and every rack of women's shoes. She turned the corner and headed up another aisle, and her eyes landed on another pair of heels. "Marian," she called. "Take those blue shoes off and come over here. I found another pair for you to try."

Marian had already been in the process of removing the blue shoes. She quickly slipped her new black ones on again and went around to the other side of the aisle… to the very shoes she had seen and purposely avoided earlier. A pair of red shoes with at least a five inch heel.

"Try these," Vivian told her. "I don't know why you didn't see them earlier."

Marian purposely said nothing. With Phillip still holding all her bags, she found a box in her size… unfortunately… and tried them on. They were simple red pumps with a thin ankle strap, but the heel on them was thin and all too high. While not exactly uncomfortable – when she was sitting down, she knew without a doubt that she wouldn't be walking very far in them – that was for sure! She stood up precariously and took a few slightly wobbly steps. Ugh!

"Perfect!" Vivian declared. "Now let's find something suitable for Sissy Phillip here."

A few minutes later, Phillip's nerves were well into overload as he set all the packages that he had been carrying down on the floor – everything that he and Marian had purchased so far. The only thing left in his hands was Dolly. He didn't even think about the fact that he was still holding her. Vivian was holding out a red high heeled pump for him to try on. The same red color as the ones Vivian was making Marian buy, but this pair had no strap and a

much lower heel. Lower compared to Marian's shoes, but high enough that Phillip figured it was higher than most of the other shoes around.

"I thought you wanted only shoes with a strap," Marian commented at seeing the plain pump.

Vivian smiled wickedly at her. "For you, you stupid cow! I just know how much you're going to enjoy seeing that he can take these off once in a while to stretch his feet… while you can't!"

Marian shook her head, the woman was positively horrible!

A few minutes later, Phillip found himself trying to stand up in his first pair of high heels. It wasn't all that difficult, although he noted that Dolly in his arms didn't help matters. He took a tentative very short step, then another one. The shoes felt really strange! His footing certainly wasn't going to be very good in them!

"Buy them!" Vivian declared happily. "I think the two of you will look perfect together wearing your new red heels when you clean my place every Saturday morning."

Marian just looked at her. She had to be kidding!

With Phillip once again wearing his comfortable black shoes with the bows on top… comfortable physically, not mentally… as well as again holding most of Marian's and his packages, they went to the counter to pay for the new shoes. While Vivian was looking at more shoes, Marian paid for hers first. Then, because she was holding Phillip's wallet since he didn't have any pockets, she pulled his wallet out of her purse and opened it to find his credit card.

"What are you doing with that?" Vivian asked as she came back to see if they were done yet.

"I'm carrying it for him. He doesn't have any pockets in those slacks he's wearing."

Vivian just stood back and let Marian finish what she was doing. But once they were all out of the store she turned to Marian. "Get him a purse!" she said in no uncertain terms. "And get him a woman's wallet to use instead of that thing you've got in your purse now! It's ugly!" She changed the subject slightly. "I waited for you to finish because when you go into that drug store to find him some lipstick, I want you to find some nail polish too. Something fairly close to the red of those Capri pants he got yesterday. I have one more store to shop in before we can go. I'll see you outside the drug store in an hour! Don't be late. We have things to do today."

Once again, Phillip and Marian stared incredulously at her back as she walked off. Other things to do today? Marian just hoped it didn't involve more shopping.

The drug store only had one other hair bow that Marian thought would work for him, but they were easily able to pick out a few more lipsticks for him and Marian was able to find some red nail polish that she thought would be close enough to the color of his red Capri pants.

"Am I going to have to wear that to work tomorrow?" Phillip asked nervously.

"Most likely," Marian confirmed. "Vivian hasn't said anything at all about what you'll be wearing to work, but so far, things aren't looking too good for you."

Phillip nodded. "One more stupid humiliating thing."

Marian nodded. "But would not wearing the nail polish make things any better… considering everything else I'm guessing you'll be wearing?"

Phillip had to think about that. "Yeah, it would," he finally said. "If only because it would still be one less humiliating thing!"

Marian had no answer to that. Before they left the store, Marian picked up several pairs of pantyhose to wear under her skirts. And being mindful of the line drawn on the back of her leg, she picked up several pairs in different colors – including two pairs in black.

With their arms heavily loaded, the two of them went in search of a purse and wallet for Phillip… as well as more hair bows. Phillip could have done very nicely without any of it!

The hair bows turned out to be easy to find in one of the small shops that catered to accessories for young girls. Even knowing that Phillip didn't want any at all, Marian insisted that he buy three more, just because Vivian had said he would be wearing one whenever he left the house. Her explanation that the bows should at least go somewhat with whatever he was wearing was totally lost on him.

A short while later, when it came to selecting a purse for him to carry, Phillip's one and only question was if it was possible to get him one that was big enough to hold Dolly too.

Marian looked at him sadly. "It's a great idea, Phillip," she said, "but somehow I seriously doubt that Vivian will allow it."

Phillip only nodded sadly. "Pick one for me. I don't care." And with that he walked off and out of the store.

Since she had his wallet and credit card. Marian found him a nice shiny black leather purse with handles he could throw over his shoulder if he wanted to. Then she found him a red women's wallet to go in the purse. She found Phillip and Dolly sitting on a bench outside of the store with all their packages. He looked so sad that her heart went out to him. "Want to see what I got for you?" she asked brightly, hoping it would pull him out of his funk.

Phillip shook his head. "I'd rather not."

Marian figured that it was like with his hair yesterday. He didn't want to see the finished result until he was forced to deal with it.

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Phillip was still in a daze as he carried Dolly and several other large bags out to Vivian's car. This time, Marian was carrying her fair share of the bags as well. He just knew he was going to have to dress as a woman to go to work tomorrow. While Vivian hadn't come out and actually said so yet, he just knew it! She had said he always had to have a bow in his hair whenever he went out now, and with his new hairdo that he couldn't exactly change, he figured he'd be wearing everything else too. What was everyone else going to think of him? Not that it mattered anymore. After the way things had been in the office lately, he was sure that everyone thought he was a total freak! Maybe they were right. It was beginning to look that way even to him. In fact, he knew they were right! He had to face it. He was a total freak! He just didn't really want everyone else to think that about him.

He seriously thought about quitting his job. He would have done it on the spot, but he knew immediately that quitting wouldn't get him out from under Vivian's not so loving care. Quitting wouldn't do him any good at all. And he knew that just finding another job would be an impossible nightmare. It was why he had taken this position in Marian's office to begin with. He had been the low man on the totem pole, doing Marketing graphics, when the cutbacks had come. So when they offered him this job instead, he had jumped at it. The fact that he had worked on a lot of graphics that spelled out all the products and pricing they were dealing with now hadn't hurt him one bit when it came to learning the new job requirements. It was detailed work, and he enjoyed that aspect of it. He wasn't enjoying having to handle Vivian's workload on top of his though.

No, quitting wouldn't do him any good at all. Plus, there was that other little reason in the back of his mind too. The one he tried so hard to ignore… but couldn't.

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Vivian drove them straight to Phillip's apartment. Naturally, she didn't offer to help carry a single thing into the apartment for them. She only fumed that she had to wait for a few

minutes until they got everything inside. The minute the door was closed behind them, she turned anxiously to Phillip, "Now, let me see all your pretty new clothes!"

Mostly just scared, Phillip began going through all the bags, nervously laying out the things that they had bought for him… while Marian walked to the other side of the room and let out another moo. This time, Vivian loved the pants and tops that they had found for him. "Now aren't these so much more interesting?" Vivian asked. Phillip had no comment to that. "I just know all the ladies are going to scream over all your new outfits!"

And that was the part that Phillip didn't want to hear. More confirmation that he would be wearing all that junk to work… most likely, every day! How was he going to handle it?

Item by item, Vivian went through all of Marian's new clothes too. Each tiny skirt she held up and seemed to laugh over. The blouses too. "I just know you're going to love showing everyone what a cow you really are!"

Once she was happy with all the new clothes they had bought, Vivian started looking around the room. "What did you do with all those trash bags you had?"

"I took everything out and piled it all against the wall there," Marian replied.

"No, I mean, where are the bags themselves?"

Both Marian and Phillip immediately grew more concerned. "Under the sink in the kitchen. We were going to use them as trash bags."

"Perfect!" Vivian declared happily. "That's just what we'll use them for. Marian, go grab them all, and any others you can find too. We're going to sort thought Sissy Phyllis's closet to make more room for you. I'm sure he has some old things in there that he doesn't need anymore." Not waiting for an answer, Vivian headed straight for Phillip's closet. In short order, she pulled every pair of pants and every shirt that he owned off the hangers and threw them in an ever growing pile on the floor. "Start stuffing those into the bags," she ordered as she started kicking his shoes out of the closet at well.

Just as Marian had had trouble throwing away all her old shoes from her townhouse, Phillip was having a lot of difficulty stuffing his clothes into the trash bag too. Not only did he not want to do it, but Dolly in his hands was making the job all that much more difficult. Marian stopped him and pulled him away. "I'll take care of it," she said as kindly as she could… then mooed again which seemed to remove any kindness from what she had said at all. But with a heavy heart, Phillip backed away and sat on his bed and just watched his life being stuffed into trash bags.

Vivian didn't stop with his closet though. Most of the contents for his dresser quickly followed… and then Vivian demanded to see where he stashed his laundry that needed doing. When she was done, the only laundry that needed to be done, was towels.

Vivian had removed so many clothes, that Marian had long run out of the bags she had brought with her from her old townhouse. She was now working on a brand new box of trash bags that Phillip had bought a while back. Then, while Marian was still filling bags with Phillip's old clothes, Vivian headed out to the living room to start on Marian's things. "Phillip!" she called. "Grab some bags and come help me!"

Phillip and Marian just stared at each other for a moment. "Better go," Marian said. "If you don't mind. I'll just stay here." Phillip nodded and grabbed the box of trash bags and took it out to the living room… where Vivian was already creating a pile of Marian's things that she didn't want her to have anymore.

When Vivian was done, both Phillip and Marian were forced to carry bag after bag down to Vivian's car and load them in… without damaging any of the bags of things that Vivian had purchased earlier. They moved that stuff to the front passenger seat. The entire back seat and trunk of Vivian's car were loaded with the bags of clothes from Phillip's apartment.

When they got back upstairs, Marian saw a disappointing amount of her old things left. Nothing but small scattered piles here and there on the floor.

"You two should have no trouble sharing your closet now," Vivian declared. "I know you'll be happy about that!" She turned to Phillip. "Phillip! Go start putting your new things away while I talk with Marian here. And when you're done, don't bother coming out of your room until I call you. Marian and I are going to be very busy for a while!"

Her words sent fear running down Marian's spine.

While Phillip was slowly dragging items, a few at a time since he was holding Dolly, Vivian turned to Marian. "Marian sucks her thumb," she said immediately, and watched gleefully as Marian's eyes seemed to roll up and close, and her thumb went straight into her mouth where she sucked on it happily. Vivian told Marian to open her eyes before she sent her to the couch where she ordered the hypnotized woman to sit down and get as comfortable as possible. Even with Marian's eyes wide open, Vivian got a thrill out of seeing her sitting there sucking her thumb like an idiot. But suddenly, Marian's eyes went wide and she let out a moo – with her thumb still in her mouth. For a moment, Vivian thought that the moo had brought Marian out of her trance, but closer examination showed her that Marian was still in it. But it worried her enough that she quickly said, "Marian, from now on, whenever you're in a trance, you will no longer moo like the cow that you are. You won't start mooing again until the moment you come out of your trance. Nod your head if you understand."

Marian nodded her head.

"Very good," Vivian said in the softest, most calm voice she could manage. Knowing that keeping Marian under her control was the most important thing she could do, she spent a long time coaxing Marian to go deeper and deeper into her trance. She carefully kept her voice as calm and soft as she could manage for the entire time. She didn't stop until she got tired of trying to coax Marian down, a process where she couldn't see any real results.

Taking a small break, she quickly went to her purse and found her notebook where she had written down everything she remembered putting into Marian's brain already. Coming back to Marian, still sucking her thumb like an infant, she started at the top of her list and reminded Marian of every single thing she had ordered her to do.

She started with her trigger phrase and reminded Marian that sucking her thumb would help relax her and help her go deeper and deeper into a trance. She reminded Marian specifically about all the pain she had endured and that the pain would be back anytime Marian didn't do what she was supposed to. Vivian revisited Marian's rules for mooing like a cow, both when under the trigger phrase so that she could only moo and say nothing else, and especially when she wasn't under that compulsion, where the urge in her would simply build up to the point where she could not help but let out a loud strong moo. Moving on with her list, she reminded Marian of her need to masturbate, yet she would never be able to reach an orgasm unless someone else was masturbating her while she was mooing crazily like a cow. And any kind of normal sex would only bring her total pain. And finally, she reminded Marian that she could never go barefoot or wear any shoes with less than four inch heels on her feet anymore. The only exceptions were for sleeping and in the shower. Again, Vivian thought about modifying that to make matters worse for Marian, but she had been at things a long time with the woman now. She was getting tired of working with her and she still had to do Sissy Phyllis in the other room.

Done with her, she ordered Marian to strip all her clothes completely off... except for her shoes. Then she ordered the naked woman to sit against the wall where she had spent so much time mooing the last time Vivian had been there. "Marian," she said, "I want you to continue to suck your thumb like you are now. Think of it as a cow chewing its cud. Suck that thumb and chew your cud like a good cow." Her eyes lit up in glee to see Marian's jaw start moving a little. "Now Marian, with your other hand, play with your udders. Keep playing with them and keep chewing your cud like a cow until I tell you to stop. You're a stupid ugly cow. You're only good for chewing your cud and playing with your udders. Be that cow Marian. Be that cow."

Vivian did so love watching Marian, but she had other business that needed to be attended to. "Sissy Phyllis!" she called. "Get your ass in here!"

Phillip hadn't heard much of what Vivian had said to Marian since she had been speaking so softly. But he had a pretty good idea of what went on. And now he was very nervous as he and Dolly came out to face her.

"Phyllis sucks her thumb!" Vivian said before he was halfway across the room. She watched as he immediately stopped, closed his eyes, and stuck his thumb in his mouth. "Get over here and sit on the couch," she commanded. Just as she had done with Marian, Vivian spent a while coaxing Phillip to go deeper and deeper into his trance. But she didn't spend nearly as long doing it as she had with Marian. Then, just as she had done with Marian, she started at the top of her list and went down it, item by item, reminding Phillip of everything she had put into his brain so far.

When she was done and finished with all of it, she stripped her own clothes off, moved Phillip to his knees on the floor, and sat on the couch herself. She then put Phillip's tongue to work making her totally happy – while she watched Marian fondling herself and chewing her cud like the stupid cow that she was. Vivian's first orgasm came fast. Her second didn't take very long either. There was an awful lot to be said about power. And now she had it!

It wasn't until she was well satisfied and fully dressed that she woke both Phillip and Marian. And then she laid down her big commandment… the one that both Phillip and Marian knew was coming – how they were both to dress for work from now on. After that, she added one more little commandment for them for the next morning. Then, totally filled with glee, Vivian left them. Her mind already couldn't wait until tomorrow at work. Marian was going to look like a stupid tart. And Phillip… well, he was going to make a huge splash. And the best part was going to be what everyone saw the minute they arrived at work!

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Still naked, Marian sat and stared at… nothing. Her mind was too busy sulking over Vivian's little visit. Vivian had again instilled everything deeply into her mind. Not only that, but Vivian had taken a very long time to put her deeply into trance… much deeper than Marian ever remembered going before. But the one single thing that worried and upset her the most, was not anything that Vivian had said. The one thing that had her the most worried, was the notebook. She had seen Vivian refer to that notebook both with herself and with Phillip. Vivian had taken the time to write down everything she had done in it, and then had systematically gone down the list to reinforce everything on it. And worse, she had been somehow smart enough to spend a lot of time deepening the trances so those suggestions would stick that much firmer… making them that much harder to fight.

Marian remembered somewhat conquering the mooing urge earlier. And even though Vivian's backup system of the pain had kicked in, she had conquered the mooing for a very brief time. But now, after being taken down so deeply into her trance and then having

everything reinforced once again, she figured that it might be days before she could break out of Vivian's suggestions.

The urge to moo made itself very slightly known again. Marian didn't even bother fighting it. It was something she was starting to get used to now. And fighting it only made her mooing louder and stronger. Once it was quickly over, she went back to her sulking.

"Um… Marian…"

She looked up to see Phillip standing there. She realized she was still naked, but heck, he had seen her totally naked a number of times now.

"Do you want me to hang up some of your clothes for you? I seem to have lots of room in my closet now."

She closed her eyes at the futility of everything. But Phillip wasn't to blame. He was in the same position she was. In some ways, worse. "Don't bother, I'll do it myself." With great effort, she forced herself to her feet. She quickly searched what things Vivian had left her and found her robe. At least somewhat covered up, she headed to the bedroom. The door to his closet was wide open. There were things hanging in the closet – women's things – but most of the closet was actually empty. She did her best to smile at him. "Will you help me drag my stuff in here?"

Together they rounded up most of Marian's things and moved them to the bedroom. She didn't have a lot of clothes to hang up either, but her clothes took up the majority of the closet. She had a lot of underwear and things that she had no place for. Phillip showed her an empty drawer in his dresser and she moved her underwear into it so it wouldn't be left out in the open. When she was done, all that was left was a pile of very tiny skirts. She left them on top of his dresser. She would have to buy some skirt hangers for them.

Later that evening, she looked at Phillip and did her best to smile. "Um…" she said, somewhat shyly. "Do you need to get into the bathroom? I think I'm going to take a bath. That way I won't need to get one tomorrow morning before we have to go to work. We're going to be busy enough."

"I'll wait till you get out," Phillip replied.

Marian just looked at him for a moment. "Maybe you better not!" she told him. "I'm probably going to be in there for quite a while."

Phillip's eyes went wide. Marian always stayed in the bathroom for a long time, even when she just went into to pee! He shook his head, "Man, you take more time in the bathroom

than any woman I've ever met!" But he headed to the bathroom anyway to try to do what he could. Quite possibly, the way she was, she could be in there for the rest of the night!

Marian watched him go. He was right. She did spend way too much time in the bathroom now. An embarrassing amount of time – for an embarrassing reason. But thanks to Vicious Vivian's little suggestions that were rattling around in her brain, she couldn't seem to help herself. There was just something about pulling her panties down now that started her juices flowing. And thanks to Vivian, she was so damn horny all the time now that she couldn't help herself. And that was why she had told Phillip that she was going to be in there a very long time. She had no doubt at all about what she would be doing in there – besides taking a much needed bath!

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As Marian had expected, it was a long time before she finally got out of the bathroom. She was embarrassed herself over how long she had desperately tried to reach what Vivian had told her she couldn't. When she came out, Phillip's bedroom was dark. He was asleep.

Silently, she went into the living room and to his desk where she again set up her computer. She searched for and opened up the new folder she had created called, "Truth Hurts." Inside the folder was a single video file – the hour and a half video of nothing more than an old friend's fireplace burning ever lower and lower, until at the end of the video, there were nothing but a few small flickers among the brightly glowing embers. It was a video she prized greatly. Not just because it had been created and given to her by a friend, but because she loved watching the fire. It was calming. Soothing. And, to her, elegant.

She checked the file she had created from the disk. A quick inspection told her it had come out perfectly. She closed the video and opened up one of the software programs on her computer. It was now time to start the beginnings of Vivian's downfall.

Chapter 14.

"Moooo!" Once again the forced urge brought Marian from partial waking to full consciousness… although she wasn't the least bit happy about it. Her foggy brain remembered hearing Phillips alarm clock again… but as she looked around, she could barely see anything. It was still dark! Closing her eyes again, she rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. Why had Phillip set his alarm for so early? Despite trying to bury her head against the back of the sofa where she was sleeping, she heard him going into the bathroom. She realized her own need to pee… which reminded her of pulling her panties down to do it… which triggered her insatiable need to masturbate again. Lying more awake than asleep, there was no denying the urge. And why should she? Phillip would be in the bathroom for a while anyway. What was to stop her?

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The moment Phillip got out of the shower, he redid his lipstick. He had done it the first time only moments before he had gotten into the shower, but Vivian's lipstick rules that she had stuck in his brain prevented him from having lips that were anything but perfect. He figured he was getting pretty good at doing his lips now. Almost an expert. He glanced at his new hairdo – a girl's hairdo for sure. He certainly wasn't perfect at doing anything to fix it or take care of it at all. He'd have to ask Marian for her help later… if he could get her out of the bathroom in time. It was one of the reasons he had set his alarm for so early today. Between the way he had to dress for work and what Marian had to do, he figured they both needed the extra time.

Wrapping a towel around him, he left the bathroom. The sun wasn't even up yet, but he figured it would be soon. "The bathroom's all yours!" he called loudly.

"Okay… thanks!" Marian yelled back as she pulled her hand out of her panties.

"Try not to take all day again," Phillip called. "We still have to get to work!"

Marian made no reply… other than to moo. Ugh! Once in the bathroom, she was proud of herself for getting through with everything she needed to do fairly quickly. Her hand only wound up where she shouldn't be playing with herself for a few brief moments. She thought anyway. Time had this odd problem of flying when she was having fun.

Wearing just her robe and high heels, she headed into Phillip's room where all her clothes were. Phillip was standing next to his bed where Dolly was, dressed in only a pair of panties and nothing else. He had one of his new bras in his hand and he looked rather frustrated. "What's happening?" she asked.

"I'm about ready to throw this stupid thing out the window!" Phillip complained.

"It doesn't fit?" Marian asked, somewhat surprised. "It should!"

"How should I know?" Phillip replied. "I can't get the stupid thing on!"

Oh! "Here, let me help," Marian offered as she took it from him. She slipped it over his arms and over his shoulders and fastened it behind him. She also took a moment to adjust the straps for him. "There, all set," she said.

"Thanks," he said sheepishly. "I couldn't get it myself."

"I guess you don't have much experience with those things," Marian replied.

He looked at her with a rather sarcastic expression on his face. "What do you think?"

"I'm guessing none at all?" she said with a small laugh. But as she stood looking at the bra on his body, her eyes also took in the thin panties he was also wearing… and the bulge inside of them as well. She said nothing about it, but she had the impression that the bra was turning him on… at least a little. Instead of getting her own clothes, she sat on his bed. "Go ahead and finish dressing," she said. "I'll just watch in case you have any more trouble."

Wanting to get some pants on in front of her as soon as possible… mostly to hide the bit of excitement in his panties, he grabbed the red Capri pants that Vivian had told him he had to wear today. As he pulled them on, he was aware of how strange they felt. They not only fit differently than men's pants, the legs were way too short!

"Um…" Marian said before he got any further. "I think you better take them off and go shave your legs. You can't wear them with hairy legs showing. They look awful that way!"

"They can't look any worse than just the fact that I'm wearing them in the first place," Phillip replied.

"Phillip…" Marian said sternly. "Go shave your legs! At least the bottoms of them from the knees down. You can't wear those pants with hairy legs! Now go!"

Damn! Now he had Marian giving him orders just like Vivian! But he headed to the bathroom to do as she said.

While he was gone, Marian pulled out everything she was planning on wearing. Her panties were a pair of comfortable old ones that she wore often, but her new bra pushed her boobs up in ways she wasn't entirely comfortable with. She had expected nothing less though. She chose the black pantyhose only because she didn't know if all her scrubbing in the tub last

night removed the line that had been drawn across the back of her leg, marking the maximum length her skirts were allowed to be now. By the time she got the hose on, she heard Phillip coming out of the bathroom. She quickly pulled her robe over her again. “That was quick,” she said as he came back into the room, now wearing the red pants – with obviously better looking legs.

“I only did the bottom of my legs where it won’t show,” Phillip replied.

“Good enough,” Marian said. “You might want to start doing them every time you take a shower now.”

Phillip just nodded as he picked up the red and white striped top that Vivian had asked him to wear. He pulled it over his head and down his body. The top had a simple wide, round neckline and cap sleeves. The problem with it was that the slightly stretchy material hugged his body closely, something he wasn’t at all used to.

Marian watched Phillip closely. She had no problem at all noticing the small bulges from his bra underneath his top. She wondered if he knew they showed up that much. The outfit didn’t look bad on him at all though. As she sat on his bed watching, he slipped the low heeled red shoes on his feet, then he turned to face the mirror over top of his dresser. “It looks good on you,” she said.

Phillip shook his head. “It feels weird!” he replied. “I don’t know what to do with my hair,” he added. He turned around. “Can you help me with it?”

Marian smiled. “Gladly,” she replied. She led him to the kitchen where she had him sit in one of the kitchen chairs. Then she went to work on him with a brush from her purse. She chose a rather bold hair bow for him that was white with red polka dots to go with his red and white outfit. After helping him dress, and now doing his hair for him with the bow in it, she felt like a mother dressing her daughter... the daughter she never had. She found it to be rather… nice.

“There,” she said when she had finished. “Very pretty!”

Phillip just rolled his eyes. “Yeah right!” he muttered as he got out of his seat to fix himself some breakfast.

Marian watched him for a moment. “I’m going to get dressed now,” she told him. But he ignored her.

When Marian came back from the bedroom, fully dressed, she found him with his new purse open, putting his lipstick, mirror, and some tissues into it. She could see his cell phone bulging the pocket on the outside. “How’s it going?” she asked brightly.

Phillip looked up… and stopped dead. His eyes took her in from head to toe. He couldn't help himself. "Wow!" he exclaimed. "You look great!"

Marian smiled and did a small pirouette so he could see all of her. "Thanks," she replied. "I think it came out rather well myself." Vivian may have thought she would look like nothing but trash in the high heels, too short skirts, and the revealing blouses, but Marian had been around a lot longer than Vivian had. Plus, half a lifetime in quasi–show business had taught her a lot of things that Vivian would probably never know. Basically, she could wear anything at all and make it look good! All it took was the right… attitude! A few good accessories didn't hurt either. The jacket she was wearing over her blouse went perfectly with her tiny skirt. And her taupe shoes were another perfect accent. She liked the outfit so much, she was wishing she had a better purse to match it all with. Attitude! That was the simple key.

"Do you still have my wallet?" Phillip asked.

"Sure," Marian replied. A few moments later, she watched Phillip transferring everything from his old men's wallet to his new women's wallet. The wallet was the biggest thing he put into his purse.

"Ready to go?" she asked.

"No," Phillip replied as he headed for the door, grabbing his backpack to stuff Dolly in as he went out.

"Phillip," she called, stopping him. "Leave the backpack. "It's not going to do you any good anymore."

Reluctantly, Phillip threw the pack aside. With one hand holding Dolly, and the other holding his new purse, he walked out through his door to go to work.

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Since they were going to the same place, they rode in Marian's car together. Marian was mostly silent all the way to work, mostly because she was thinking about something. Something serious. As usual now, it was early enough that there was basically nobody around to see them when they arrived and headed up the elevators towards their office. That was the only thing that Phillip was grateful for.

Once they got into the room, Marian set her purse down on her desk and stopped. She thought again about what she had been considering in the car. Knowing it was by far for the best, she turned to Phillip. "Phillip," she said. He turned, and she simply crooked her finger at him to call him over. She sat down as he got to her.

"Yeah?" he asked.

Dressed the way he was, he looked more like a woman than a man… while still looking obviously like a man. And in truth, he looked more like a child than a woman. Especially holding that doll and with that hairdo he had now. The bow in his hair didn't help the effect either. She remembered helping him dress that morning and helping him with his hair… as if he was a child.

She wasn't sure if she intended it or not, but her words seemed to come out as if she was talking to a child. "Phillip," she said, "I need you to be very brave today and do something for me. This isn't something that Vivian wants you to do, it's something that I want you to do. Do you think you can be brave? Very, very brave?"

Phillip wasn't sure what she was talking about. Warily, he replied, "I… guess so."

"Good," Marian replied. "Because this isn't going to be easy for you." She told him what she wanted him to do… and his jaw dropped.

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Vivian wasn't usually early for work, but she was that day. Not because she wanted to be, but only because she was excited about what she was going to see when she got there. She didn't want to be the first woman to arrive at work, so now she was sitting in her car, watching to see if she saw any of the other's arriving.

Her thoughts constantly stayed firmly locked on Sissy Phillip and Marian the cow. She had no doubt that Phillip would do nothing but amaze everyone the moment they laid eyes on him… especially with what she had ordered to happen first thing today. But even more than Phillip, Vivian thought about Marian – the stupid ugly cow! With those ridiculous heels she was wearing and the way too short skirts and her huge udders on display, there was no way she could look like anything but a ridiculous tart – only out to attract men's attention. And as much as she should be really yearning for that attention by now, that kind of interaction with any man would only bring her nothing but pain.

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Marian watched the clock more and more often as she worked. The ladies would be starting to come in very soon. "Phillip," she called. "It's time."

Phillip collapsed a bit in front of his computer. He wasn't looking forward to this at all. But this was something that Vivian had demanded of them last night. And this wasn't nearly as bad as what Marian had told him he had to do later. Grabbing Dolly, he wheeled his chair

over to Marian's desk. Even with nobody else in the room, he felt more exposed, more foolish dressed the way he was than when he was sitting at his desk in front of his computer.

"Give me your hand," Marian said. "And for heaven's sake, try to enjoy this a bit. It's not the end of the world!"

Phillip didn't say it, but his only thought was that that was her opinion, not his. He held out his right hand towards her and she took it and laid it flat on her desk. She opened the bottle of red nail polish she had gotten the day before and started painting his nails. Three fingernails later, she heard some of the women enter, although she didn't look up from her task.

"Oh… my… God!" Ashley exclaimed when she saw what Marian was doing to Phillip.

"Geez!" Lisa exclaimed at almost the same time.

Courtney was just plain speechless.

And while Vivian said nothing at all, she was grinning from ear to ear. Before any of the others could react, she had her cell phone out again and started filming a video of Marian painting Phillip's nails in the bright red color that seemed to match the very sissyish clothes he was wearing.

Marian looked up and was disturbed to see Vivian with her camera again, but she said nothing and just continued on with her task. "Don't move that hand," she ordered Phillip when she had finished with the first hand.

"Gorgeous color!" Felicia noted as she looked on all too closely.

Marian looked up again. It appeared that most of the women were in the room now. She turned her attention back to Phillip. "Put Dolly in your lap and set your other hand on the desk now."

Hesitantly, even knowing it was inevitable, Phillip did just that, and a moment later, Marian was putting the red polish on his other hand too… while all the women looked on and commented almost constantly. He heard so many comments about his hair and the bow in it that he felt totally squeamish inside. There were a lot of comments about the clothes he was wearing too. But there were also a few comments that he was surprised to hear. Most notably Heather and Ashley seemed to be opposed to the treatment he was getting. If he had his hands free just then, he might have hugged them both!

"When is this going to stop?" Heather complained to Marian as she was working on Phillip's last two nails. "You can't keep doing this to him."

"It'll stop," Marian replied without looking up, "when it stops."

"That's not an answer!" Heather complained. "It's not right!"

Marin looked up and smiled at her. "Just go with it Heather. Just go with it. Okay?"

Heather shook her head and headed for her desk. It just wasn't right! She had a good mind to complain to someone. Like someone in management somewhere! In fact, as she booted up her computer, her thoughts ran exactly in that direction. She had no doubt that Loretta would be very interested in hearing just what was going on in their office! She looked at the time. If it wasn't so early, she would have gone up to Loretta's office immediately! She decided to give it half an hour because she wasn't sure what time Loretta got into work and would be available to talk with.

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Marian blew lightly on Phillip's nails to try to hurry the drying process. "Don't touch!" she ordered, "but you can go back to your desk now."

With all ten fingers spread wide because he was afraid of messing up the nail polish, Phillip got up from his seat with Dolly carefully cradled under his arm. He used his body to shove his chair back to his desk, where he sat and stared at his shiny red nails. Nail polish! Red nail polish! It was almost worse than everything else he was wearing.

He couldn't help but stare at his nails. They were so shiny! All of them! How was he supposed to know when they were dry? How long did it take for nail polish to dry? He decided he'd give it ten minutes. Continuing to keep his fingers spread wide, he sat and watched his red nails… and the clock. It was amazing how slowly the time passed. And all he kept thinking about was his nails… and everything else he was wearing – to work! He was really wishing just then that he had taken more time in the bathroom that morning to jerk himself off again. What he had done last night wasn't nearly enough.

With only one minute left on the amount of time he had planned on, he saw an email come in from Marian. Cautious of his nails in case they might not be dry yet, he opened the email. It contained only two words. "It's time."

She had said to be brave. She had said it would be hard. But she had no idea how really hard it was for him. Hoping his nails were now fully dry, he grabbed Dolly, and still sitting in his chair, shoved himself out into the wide aisle with his feet. He carefully pushed himself backwards. Heather's desk was right behind his.

Heather was astonished to see Phillip pushing himself back towards her.

"Can I talk to you a moment?" Phillip asked very quietly.

Still somewhat shocked to see him there… he could have just turned right around to talk to her… Heather said, "Sure."

He leaned in closer. This was the part that was going to be nearly impossible. The part that Marian had said he absolutely had to do. The part that would ultimately help them keep their jobs… both their jobs. And it would be the start of getting back at Vivian as well. "Don't blame Marian so much for… me," he whispered. "Yeah, she's got me doing things," he said. "All kinds of weird things now. But it's not only that she's making me do them. I'm doing them because… I want her to make me do them. I want it. I asked her to do it."

Heather nearly fell out of her chair. "You want her to make you dress like that?"

Phillip nodded. His embarrassment over it was very evident. "Just… please… don't spread this around too much. I'm going to tell the others now too. But, well, as much as this kind of thing is nothing but a dream for me, it's awfully embarrassing too. Everyone here has already seen me doing weird things like… holding Dolly here and putting the lipstick on, so it's not quite as bad here as it is other places. But all the things she hypnotized me to do kind of… hit my… fantasies… sort of. And I'm afraid I couldn't resist. I took a big chance and asked Marian to do these kinds of things to me."

Heather was totally speechless. She searched for something to say, and couldn't come up with anything.

"Anyway," Phillip said, "I just wanted you to know that." He started to push his chair away.

"Wait!" Heather said quickly. "I just can't believe this."

Phillip just shrugged. "This is kind of unbelievable for me too. But as much as I act like I hate it on the outside – and trust me, I really do! There's a part of me on the inside that absolutely loves it."

Heather did her best to smile. "Well… if you're sure."

Philip shrugged again. "Some people are just that way." He started to push himself backwards again.

"You know," Heather said quickly. "I really do like your hair. It's really pretty… for you that is."

Phillip did his best to smile and mouth his thanks. He pushed his chair toward the front of the room… to the desk right in front of his. To Beverly's desk. He started all over again. And

as he did, he couldn't help but think, that a small part of what he was telling them, was all too close to the truth.

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"What's he doing?" Vivian whispered back to Marian as she watched Phillip talking first to Heather, and now moving on to talk with Beverly next.

"I have no idea," Marian replied. "Why don't you ask him?"

Vivian only leveled a nasty look in her direction as she watched Phillip slowly make his way around the room. Three of the women actually hugged him before he left them. What was he telling them? The little sissy!

It seemed like hours before Phillip finally got to her desk. "What the hell are you telling them all?" she demanded quietly.

Just as quietly as he had spoken with all the others, Phillip replied. "I told them that I really like all this and that I asked Marian to make me do it all."

Vivian stared at him with her mouth wide open in shock. "You didn't!" she exclaimed.

Phillip just nodded and pushed his chair straight backwards to his own desk. He had done it. He had told everyone in the room that he was a true sissy… even though it had been at Marian's orders. He had only done it because Marian had said it would save their jobs and it would be a small way to get back at Vivian a little. If it wasn't for that, he would have never done it. Especially since that one tiny part had been very, very close to the truth. Especially because of that.

Vivian was furious! She was trying to get Marian fired! She had other plans for that stupid cow… plans that would demean the shit out of her! Not to mention plans that would keep stupid Marian firmly in her grasp. And now that stupid sissy had gone and told everybody that he wanted Marian to do it! Well, since he had told everyone that he liked it that much, then she would make sure he got it – but good! Him and that stupid cow Marian. And it was Marian she blamed the most since it was Marian's ass that was being protected the most by what he had done. Which to her, meant that it had to be Marian's idea in the first place!

Fuming, she started searching the web, not just for sale ads, but for ideas to punish them both!

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Marian picked up her desk phone and punched a few numbers. "Hi Loretta, it's Marian."

"Hi Marian," Loretta replied. "What's happening?"

"Well, we've kind of got an odd thing going on down here. It seems that Phillip has decided to come out of the closet with being transgendered and is dressing a bit… differently." She saw Vivian look quickly back at her. Vivian's face was contorted in rage. Marian didn't care in the least. She had fully expected that Vivian would be angry. But in order to protect Phillip's job now, both Loretta and Human Resources had to be made aware of Phillip's new style of dress.

"He's what?" Loretta exclaimed. "I don't believe it!"

"Well, you can come down here and talk to him for yourself if you like. He's right here – in living color!"

"Is he causing any problems down there?" Loretta asked.

"No, not really. In fact, when he was telling everyone, I saw a few of them get up and actually hug him. So no, there's no problem."

"Okay, I'm just a bit floored by this. I never expected it of him. I'll tell Samantha in HR and most likely we'll be down later, just to confirm from him that he wants us to know he's a bit… different. You know that once he's out like that, we can't make an issue of it at all."

Marian had been counting on just that. "I know. I just thought you should know."

"Yes! Thanks. We'll see you later this morning."

Marian hung up her phone, noticing that Vivian was still looking angrily back at her. She saw Phillip looking over at her too, as well as several others in the room nearby. "I had to do that," she said to Vivian, but loud enough that the others could hear it as well. "Letting management know about things like that is part of my job." She had warned Phillip earlier that she would be doing it. She saw him trying to hide his face just then. Well, he'd get over it.

Vivian was still fuming, but after further reflection, she decided that maybe it wasn't such a bad thing that Marian had gone ahead and told Loretta and HR about Phillip dressing differently now – now that Phillip had gone around and told everyone in the room that he wanted Marian to humiliate him. Only because of that, HR knowing about it might be a good thing. She wanted Marian to lose her job. Not Phillip… yet. That would come later. With that thought in mind, she went back to searching for some way to get back at stupid Marian.

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It was almost forty–five minutes later when Loretta entered their office, accompanied by a tall red–headed woman, Samantha, from Human Resources. Loretta nodded at Marian and headed straight for Phillip.

"I must say," Loretta said, "this is a bit of a surprise. Are you alright?"

Phillip could feel how red his face was getting. "I'm… fine… I think," Phillip replied. Then he quickly added, "I don't really want to lose my job."

"Now that we know," Samantha said, "you won't lose it. And if you need to, the ladies rest rooms are available to you now as well as the men's rooms. Whatever you feel comfortable with." Her eyes fell on Phillip's doll that was propped up against the wall on the back of his desk. "What an adorable doll," she said. "Since you're redecorating your workspace with things like that now, then I'm guessing you're more interested in changing more with your gender than just your clothes. Good for you!"

Phillip didn't know how to reply to that. "Uh… thanks, I guess." He replied.

"Well, we just needed to confirm for ourselves," Samantha told him. "And now that we know, you tell us if anybody gives you any trouble at all. Anybody! As you know, that kind of harassment isn't allowed in this company!"

The one single person Phillip wanted to tell her about, Vivian, was the one person he could never tell anyone about. "Uh… thanks," he said again. A moment later, the two women left, and Phillip locked eyes with Marian. What had he just done? And how was it going to affect the rest of his life?

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Marian had stayed in her seat ever since everyone had arrived. She had seen how angry Vivian was, and she was silently very happy about it. But the urge to moo was building in her again, and it was starting to get fairly strong. There was no doubt that it wasn't as bad here at work as it was everywhere else, but there was also no doubt that the urge to moo was in her, and it was getting stronger. She would have to go somewhere and relieve the urge. There was simply no other way.

Getting up from her desk as confidently and regally as she could, she walked towards the door, intending on heading… somewhere… anywhere where she wouldn't be heard.

It was Beverly who was the first to notice… well, the first to say anything out loud. "Marian!" she exclaimed. "You're all dressed up!"

Marian turned toward her with smile. “Oh, just a little bit,” she replied.

“You look great!”

“Thanks,” Marian replied.

“Wow! You do look good,” Ashley agreed.

“Turn around so we can see,” Brittany asked.

Marian turned to the delight of the ladies behind her.

“Wow!” Courtney exclaimed. “I would have never believed you could pull off wearing a skirt like that, but it looks great on you! It all does! Very… sexy!”

“Thanks,” Marian replied again. With a broad smile, she continued on towards the door. Out of the corner of her eye, she had seen the look on Vivian’s face. Priceless!

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Vivian wanted desperately to kill somebody. Somebody by the name of Marian! She had expected Marian to come off looking like a cheap tart, an old out of shape washed up hooker, but instead she had strutted past everyone looking like a queen! How was it possible? She was nothing but a stupid cow! Couldn’t she get that one tiny thought through that pee sized brain of hers?

Absolutely seething inside, Vivian went back to her web browsing. If Marian couldn’t figure out that she was nothing but a stupid, ugly cow, then she would have to do something more to convince her. Something that would totally break Marian and show her what she really was. Before she was done with her, Marian would only be fit for living in a barn!

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Marian hurried through the halls – not too fast, her heels wouldn’t allow her to go too fast anyway, but as fast as she dared. She had no other direction to go other than the ladies room, but she knew before she got there that it would be a bad idea. With all the tile in that room, mooing would only echo all over the place. No, she needed someplace else. Someplace that would deaden the sound… and where no one else would be. But her feet were still carrying her towards the ladies room… if for no other reason than she couldn’t think of anywhere else to go. She couldn’t go downstairs and outside, she’d never make it. But…. She mentally changed direction and went straight past the ladies room to the elevators just a short distance beyond. Now if she could just get one quickly.

As usual, there were no open elevators in sight when she pressed the button to call one. She was just about to give up and try to make a mad dash for the stairs when a bell rang and one of them opened. She hurried inside and desperately pressed the down button. But it was an eternity of waiting until the door finally closed – all too slowly. The moment the elevator started moving… she mooed. Then because she could, she did it again. She rode the elevator all the way down to the bottom floor, and all the way up again, mooing whenever she could, just to get it out of her system. And once she was out of the elevator, since she was so close, she stopped in the ladies room for a few moments too. The temptation to play with herself was almost overpowering, but she managed to get in and out of there quickly for a change. By the time she got back to their office, she was very relieved – in more ways than one!

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In the break room that morning, Marian fielded question after question about if Phillip really did ask her to keep him hypnotized and make him do so many outlandish things. Marian confirmed most of it, but she corrected them on one thing, letting them know that what things Phillip had to do now, he wasn't always hypnotized to do. She was simply telling him to do them, and he did them. Things like… his hair and the clothes he was wearing! The women all found it unbelievable… yet every last one of them believed it. Except for Vivian, who was forced to remain silent about the entire matter.

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It wasn't until well after lunch that Vivian hit upon the solution to her problem with Marian. And when she found it, the idea completely stunned her. It didn't come to her in little pieces or a tiny bit at a time. The whole solution was simply all there in one massive vision in front of her. There were a few little tweaks she came up with after doing a bit of research, but the idea was so perfect, it nearly boggled her mind. And if it boggled her mind, she could only imagine what it was going to do to stupid Marian!

Opening her email program she sent Marian a quick note.

Marian's eyes bulged when she read Vivian's email. Vivian wanted her credit card? But having little choice or the pain would hit her, she got her card out of her purse and stuck it into a file folder. Then she got up from her seat and carried the folder up to Vivian's desk… as if she was passing on some work for Vivian to handle. She glanced at Vivian's computer while she was that close, but Vivian had closed her web browser so Marian had no idea what she wanted her credit card for. Marian found herself too worried about her bank accounts to do any work at all for a little while. What was Vivian buying? Nothing good most likely. But she saw Vivian picking up her card and entering in all the information carefully. Something had been purchased! But Vivian wasn't giving her card back yet! She was clicking her mouse and going somewhere else on the web instead. More shopping? Marian couldn't tell.

The urge to moo started to hit her again, and like she had been doing all day, she got up and hurried to the elevators to relieve it. As she passed Vivian's desk, she tried to see what Vivian was doing, but the moment she had stood up, Vivian must have realized it, because her screen was blank – the monitor had been briefly turned off. Marian couldn't waste any more time there. The elevators and a good long moo were calling.

When she got back, she saw Vivian look up at her with something like triumph written all over her face. That worried Marian like never before. Her credit card was back on her desk, so Vivian was done with whatever she had been buying. She knew that she had upset Vivian earlier… and she was still glad that she had done it. But now she was very worried over how Vivian was going to get back at her for it. Very… very… worried!

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At the end of the day, Vivian grabbed her bag and headed out with everyone else… down the elevators and out into the lobby. She saw Marian and Phillip walk off to the side where they usually waited a few minutes before going back upstairs. This time, she joined them.

Marian got very worried the moment Vivian came over to wait for everyone else to leave with them. She got even more worried when Vivian got on the elevator with them to go back upstairs. She knew Vivian was mad at her, so asking why she was going back to the office with them didn't even cross her mind. She had a feeling that she was about to find out about whatever it was that Vivian had used her credit card for.

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Heather had gotten nearly to her car when she felt the first tiny drop of rain fall from the sky. The weather report had called for rain that night, and when she looked up, she saw nothing but very dark clouds overhead. She had some shopping she had to get done that night before she went home… and she needed her umbrella – that was still upstairs at her desk! Darn! Turning around, she hurried back towards the building. She didn't see Marian, Phillip, and Vivian getting into an elevator just as she was getting back through the front doors.

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Phillip was nearly shaking with worry by the time the elevator reached their floor. Had he and Marian screwed things up that badly? What would Mistress Vivian do to them now? The fact that nobody had said a single word all the way up didn't go unnoticed. Mistress Vivian simply looked… determined! The three of them headed back to their office in silence. To Phillip, the entire atmosphere in the building simply contained a feeling of… dread!

The moment they got into the room, Vivian let loose. “You two bozos think you can screw with me? We’ll you’ve got another thing coming then! I’m not about to let either of you upset everything I have planned one little bit! Not one little bit!” She looked at the two of them for a moment. “Marian sucks her thumb!” she said quickly, before turning to Phillip. “Phyllis sucks her thumb.” That fast, both Phillip and Marian were standing in front of her, eyes closed, sucking their thumbs like infants… and totally under her hypnotic control. “I’ll teach you to mess with me!” Vivian muttered. “The both of you!”

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Heather stopped short outside of the room. She had expected their office to be empty and the lights off, but now she could clearly hear Vivian yelling at someone inside. Cautiously, she poked her head through the doorway, and very soon brought it back out again. Both Marian and Phillip were standing in front of Vivian with their eyes closed… and both of them were sucking their thumbs! Since she had seen Phillip look exactly like that every time that Marian had hypnotized him, she could only conclude that both Phillip, and now Marian too, had been hypnotized by… Vivian! Silently, she stood there just out of sight… and listened.

“Marian… ‘Marian moos like a cow!’” Vivian commanded.

Marian let out a long loud moo as that trigger went into effect.

Out in the hallway, Heather’s jaw simply dropped.

“Maybe not being able to do anything but moo for a while will remind you of exactly what you are – a stupid ugly cow!” Vivian ranted. “Tell me Marian, what are you?”

“Moooo,” Marian replied, unable to say anything else.

“Good!” Vivian said. “You can keep mooing like that all night. I don’t want you to say a single recognizable word until someone who works here walks into this office tomorrow morning! And every time you moo, I want you to think about ever trying to cross me again! In fact, just to get that point across, I don’t want you to go ten seconds tonight without mooing! I expect to see one very hoarse cow when I get to work tomorrow morning!”

Vivian backed her voice down a bit. “You think you can thwart me? Well I’ve got something planned for you that will make sure you know exactly what you are… and exactly what you’ll always be – a stupid… ugly… cow!”

She turned her attention now to Phillip. “And you, you good for nothing sissy twerp. You told everyone that you like it? That you actually like it? Ha! Fat chance! But since you did say

that you like it that much, then I'm sure you must be spending a lot of time playing with yourself over all this attention! So Sissy Phyllis, here's what you're going to do. As soon as you get home tonight, you're going to spend two full hours, non–stop, masturbating. No matter how sore you get, no matter how much you hurt, you will have no choice but to keep doing it. You're going to try and try not just to play with yourself, but to actually get yourself off! You're going to do everything possible to bring yourself to an orgasm, over and over again!"

Her voice softened slightly, which only added more menace to what she was saying. "And now here's the fun part for you. I want you to find something. Something hard and painful that you can hit yourself with. The more painful the better! And every single time that pathetic little worm in your pants even starts to get hard, you're going hit it, and hit it as hard as you can until it gets all nice and soft and tiny again. And then you're going to start all over again trying to make it big! And don't bother going into the bathroom to do it, you may as well do it right out in the open where Mooing Marian can see you. And you Marian," she said once again addressing her other victim, "don't you dare do anything at all to stop him. I want you to watch and learn something! Two full hours of punishment for the sissy!"

Her voice went soft again as she got closer to Marian. "And you just wait till you see what I've got coming to punish you with!"

She turned back to Phillip again. "I better see one very sore sissy in here tomorrow morning. One obviously very sore sissy… or you're going to be doing it again… only longer! Don't either of you try to thwart me again! Ever! Now wake up! Both of you!" She was pleased to hear Marian immediately let out a long loud moo.

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Out in the hallway, Heather was totally agog at what she had just heard… and seen. She simply couldn't believe it. And then the minute she heard Marian moo like a cow, it nearly startled her to death! She was so stunned by it all that she almost didn't realize that Vivian would be leaving then. She started to run back towards the elevator, but she didn't take more than two steps before thinking better of that idea and quickly headed the other direction instead. She squeezed herself into another office doorway as Vivian was coming out of the room. But she needn't have worried too much about Vivian seeing her, Vivian immediately turned and headed straight for the elevators with a very determined stride.

Heather cautiously watched Vivian going as she listened to the weird mooing sound coming from inside the office every few seconds. Vivian was causing everything to happen in the office to Phillip… and she realized Marian too! She wondered if Vivian had anything at all to do with the high heels and short skirts that Marian was wearing now. She was betting that was the case. Marian had nothing at all to do with Phillip's problems. It was all Vivian!

Expecting Marian and Phillip to leave now, she stood where she was and waited… and waited. What was keeping them? All she could hear was Marian's constant mooing, which was beginning to sound more and more stressful. Quietly, she went back to the office and poked her head in. Both Marian and Phillip were hard at work at their desks again. Why? More of Vivian's doing? That was her only conclusion.

She decided to forget about her umbrella. She would probably forget about the shopping she needed to do too. The only thing on her mind as she headed slowly for the elevators was, what was she supposed to do about Marian and Phillip… and Vivian! Marian's plaintive mooing seemed to haunt her all the way to the elevators.

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Since Marian had driven to work, and now she couldn't speak, Phillip was forced to get out of the car and go into the fast food restaurant to get some dinner for them. He knew they needed to go grocery shopping or something, but they just hadn't had the time. He wasn't looking forward to going home at all… but he also wasn't looking forward to going into the restaurant either. He didn't have much of a choice. The drive thru was totally out. Not only was Marian driving, but her constant mooing wouldn't let them use the speaker system very well. So Phillip had little choice but to humiliate himself horribly by going into the place to get their dinner.

With his purse slung over his shoulder, the same arm that held Dolly, he nervously left the car and walked the short distance to the doors… and inside. The moment he entered, he saw heads starting to turn in his direction. He wanted to turn and run… but he stayed. He had been brave earlier. No doubt there would now be a lot of times in the future when he would have to be brave. He headed for the counter where all three girls behind it were staring at him in wide–eyed amazement. "Um… can I order something?" he asked when none of them seemed to move to help him. It didn't help when all three started laughing at him. He felt his red face turning even redder.

"Can I help you," one of the girls finally said, although she was laughing even as she said it. "That's a real sweet doll you have there, by the way."

Phillip did his best to ignore her and ordered what he wanted. He also ordered something he thought Marian would like as well. Fishing into his purse and trying to get his money out of his new wallet was a whole new bundle of humiliation for him. But he managed it… eventually. He had to wait for his order of course. Fortunately it was late enough that nobody else was at the counter ordering anything. The minute he could grab the bag of food and get out of there, he was gone! He hurried back to the car, wishing he'd never have to go through that again… and knowing he would undoubtedly have to do it again… probably many times.

As Marian drove the short distance back to his apartment, he was dreading getting home more and more. Since he had a feeling he wouldn't be feeling much like eating later, he did his best to shove French fries into his mouth before they got home.

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Marian was going berserk. Since the moment Vivian had woken her up, she hadn't been able to stop mooing. As hard as she tried to fight it, she literally couldn't go a full ten seconds without mooing. It was getting very tiresome and irritating. Like a cough you just couldn't get rid of. But there was no cough syrup she could buy to stop her mooing! She tried and tried to fight it… but to no avail. And each time she even thought about fighting it, she could almost feel the dark cloud of all that pain she would endure, lingering all too close. It was still too soon after Vivian had deepened that trance and put everything into her brain again. She had no choice but to keep mooing and mooing like… she didn't know what!

As she drove the short distance back to the apartment, she saw Phillip already eating some of the fries out of the bag. She had heard what Vivian demanded that he do. She didn't know how he was going to manage that little feat, but she also knew that she was going to have no choice but to stand by and just watch the whole proceeding while Phillip did his best to continually hurt himself. She felt very sorry for Phillip just then. As bad as her punishment was, his would be that much worse!

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Phillip hesitated before actually entering his apartment. He was really dreading what was supposed to happen. Was there any chance at all that it wouldn't? Any chance that he could fight it? He seriously hoped so. He cautiously took a step inside. So far, so good. He kept going, heading for the kitchen where he could put down the bag of food. Marian was still mooing away behind him.

He reached the kitchen just fine and set the bag of food on the table. He set his purse down beside it. He set Dolly down there as well. And he immediately pulled the zipper down on the side of his red Capri pants and quickly dropped them to the floor. There was just no stopping it… no fighting it. He had to do it… he just had to! His panties were lowered all the way only a second later. His right hand was already beginning to manipulate his penis before he managed to get his panties all the way off. He quickly glanced at his kitchen clock as he began to stimulate himself toward an orgasm. Marian's mooing seemed to suddenly turn more distressful. He ignored her as he now single mindedly went to work.

He knew every little thing he had ever done to himself before to achieve what Vivian demanded that he try for, so it took almost no time before his little penis started to grow. And the moment it did, panic seemed to hit him. He was suddenly searching furiously around the kitchen for something to punish himself with.

“Mooo!” Marian bellowed, trying to warn him or stop him or something, but she discovered that she could do nothing but watch him… and moo.

Phillip desperately searched the counters for something… but he found nothing. He began pulling drawers open. And the first drawer he pulled out was the silverware drawer.

“Moooo!” Marian bellowed, fearful of what he might find in there to use.

Phillip was about to close that drawer, when his eyes fell on the knives from his silverware set. He quickly grabbed one. It was heavy. It was solid stainless steel so it was very hard. And he knew without a doubt, that it would hurt when he hit himself with it. He hurried back over toward the table.

“Mooo!” Marian bellowed in alarm, trying uselessly to get him to stop. But her mooing fell on deaf ears. She watched in horror as Phillip set his penis right on top of the edge of the table. The knife he held wasn’t sharp, but it still had enough of an edge to do some horrible damage. And then she watched as he reversed the knife in his hand, holding it by the blade, and all too quickly, raised the thing up and even more quickly, brought the heavy metal handle down on top of his already flaccid and shrunken penis. And there was no doubt at all that he brought that knife handle down hard!

“Aaahh!” Phillip screamed, tilting his head back at the pain. But as he was bringing his head forward again, his hand set the knife on the table, while his other hand was already grabbing his penis to play with it again.

It took longer this time, but not long enough before his penis once again started to grow. And the moment it did, he found himself laying the thing flat on the table and pounding on it with the knife handle to make it soft again. The pain was bad… very, very bad, he hit himself five times before he was fully soft… only to find himself immediately trying to make it hard all over again. How was he going to endure two hours of this?

While Phillip was busy trying to make himself hard again, Marian had a small idea. Not only was Phillip hurting his penis, the knife blade, as dull as it was, was hurting his hand. She could see that as he flexed his hand a few times after hitting himself. She couldn’t do anything to help him as far as him punishing his penis, but could she do something else to help him? She chanced trying to grab the knife, and was happy to discover that she could.

“Don’t!” Phillip said as she took it.

She wanted some way to tell him she would bring it right back, but as usual, all that came out was another moo.

She grabbed his dishtowel and wrapped it around the knife blade… then thinking better of the idea, she stretched it out over the handle as well. The dishtowel would keep it from hurting his hand… and wrapped over the handle as well should fix it so that it wouldn't hurt him as badly. She brought it back and set it on the table.

"Thanks," Phillip said gratefully as he worked away at himself. It took him even longer this time before he started to get hard. And the moment he did, he grabbed the towel wrapped knife… he hit himself once with the thing… and then he stopped. His hands quickly pulled at the towel until the entire handle of the thing was once again exposed. Then with the towel only protecting the blade, he brought the handle down again and again on his poor hurting penis, punishing it, punishing himself, for having anything at all to do with thwarting Mistress Vivian's plans.

Marian watched in horror as Phillip exposed the steel handle of the knife… and then brought it down on his penis again and again. She tried to imagine the pain he was feeling. She thought she could, but since she was a woman and didn't have that particular organ, she could only imagine that kind of pain. But she knew perfectly well how sensitive her late husband's penis had been. She also knew that she would go crazy if she ever hit her finger that hard. So what kind of pain was he enduring… and continuing to endure?

She watched as each time he tried to manipulate himself, the process took longer and longer. She was actually glad for that. Watching him hit himself that hard was almost traumatic for her. By the end of the first hour, he had been crying for a long while. Tears of pain streamed down his face. Yet he was compelled to keep at it. It had been a long time now since he had hit himself. A long time. She was starting to hope that he could make it through the entire next hour without having to hit himself again. His penis was all red and a little bit swollen. But that swelling had nothing at all to do with sexual gratification. She realized that the periods between his getting hard and punishing himself were getting further and further apart. That alone was saving him… somewhat.

And then it happened.

Phillip was in pain. Bad pain. But he had no choice but to keep trying to bring himself to orgasm – an orgasm that he knew he'd never have because the moment his sore penis started to react, he would be pounding that reaction right back out of it again. He felt the excitement starting to grow within him again – he both needed it and dreaded it. The excitement grew and he watched his red and sore flaccid penis carefully, knowing that the moment it began to grow he would be punishing himself again for his part in what they did to Mistress Vivian. But his excitement continued to grow… and his penis didn't! His heightened excitement only made him want that impossible release all that much more, but even without that inspiration, he wouldn't have been able to stop manipulating his overly sore penis anyway. His excitement grew and grew, and his penis didn't. His excitement finally reached that point where it felt like most of the muscles in his body locked up as his hand continued to pressure

him over the brink… and he watched in amazement as his tiny, totally flaccid penis, squirted sperm all over the top of the table. He had reached an orgasm, and his penis had not grown one tiny bit! He looked up at Marian who was mooing at him in what he thought was probably amazement. At least, that's what he was feeling… not to mention the pain of his hand continuing to massage his very, very sore penis.

Marian had never seen anything like it. Phillip had actually climaxed, and his penis hadn't done anything other than to spurt the sperm out. And she was really, really happy for him. She mooed over and over again her delight for him. Now if his little penis would just stay that little for just a while more! It was beginning to look more and more hopeful.

She started watching the clock more than he did. The time was ticking down but his penis remained just as it was. She could see Phillip though showing more and more stress. She figured that his red penis had to be awfully sore from all that non–stop manipulation. With still five minutes to go, she went to his refrigerator and pulled out an ice tray. His refrigerator didn't dispense crushed ice through the door like hers did. It didn't even have a water dispenser. The cheap model only had old fashioned ice cube trays. Her old refrigerator was something else that she missed a lot! She found a zip lock bag and dumped the entire tray of ice into it. She brought it back to the table and watched as he kept at it for the last full minute… his eyes never once leaving the clock.

The minute the time was up, his hand left his organ, and she saw him nearly collapse. She ran to catch him, but he had caught himself on the table. She mooed and held the ice bag out to him.

Phillip shook his head and waved the ice away. "No," he gasped. "I hurt too much." The only reply he got was another moo. And then he felt Marian grabbing him. Pulling him. He was too weak not to go with her. She pulled him all the way into the living room where she sat at the end of the couch, one leg extended down the length of it. She pulled on him… pulling him backwards and down onto the couch… into her lap. He let himself go. He was too tired to resist. His damn penis was too sore to touch. He just wanted to let the open air hit it for a while.

"Mooo!" Marian said to him, trying her best to comfort him. She pulled his head backwards to lay against her shoulder. And she was glad when he let her. She held him with one arm, while her other arm brought the ice up to his sore penis.

"No!" Phillip said quickly, his head coming back up and his hand brushing the ice bag away.

"Mooo!" replied Marian and she again pulled his head back and put the ice up against him. This time he let her. She held him, doing her best to show every bit of compassion for him that she could… despite the constant mooing she was doing. She held him. And hugged him. And kissed the top of his head.

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“Hi Felicia? It’s Heather.”

“Heather? What’s up?” Felicia couldn’t believe that Heather, of all people, would be calling her!

“Um…” Heather started, searching for the best way to explain her dilemma. “I kind of discovered something tonight and I don’t know what to do about it.”

“So why are you calling me?”

“It’s just that, well, next to Vivian, I think you’ve got the most seniority at work and…”

“Seniority? What does that have to do with anything? If this is something about work, why not go to Marian, she’s the Supervisor.”

“I can’t! It’s about her… and Phillip… and Vivian too!”

Felicia’s head suddenly went spinning. “Say what?”

Heather did her best to explain everything she had seen and heard. Then she finished by saying, “I just don’t know what to do about it! Do I go to HR, or security, or what? I have no idea!”

Felicia was still too stunned by everything that Heather had just told her to know how to reply. Vivian had somehow managed to hypnotize Marian and was now controlling her and Phillip. And she more than suspected that Heather was right about Marian’s high heels and now short skirts. “Um… listen Heather. Let me think about this. This is pretty big and we don’t want to make any mistakes here. You were probably right to call me about it. Let me handle it from here and don’t say anything about this to anyone. Got that? Mum’s the word! To everyone!”

Heather was just relieved that she had done right and passed the information on to someone who could actually do something. “Sure, Felicia. Thanks so much. I just didn’t know what to do!”

“Well, I’ve got it now,” Felicia told her, “and I’ll take care of it.” She said her goodbyes and hung up her phone. What had crazy Vivian gone and done now?

She actually had to sit and think about the astonishing things Heather had just told her. And primarily on her mind, was that it was Vivian who was making Phillip do all those really

humiliating things. She didn't care as much about Marian, and she had no idea what Vivian was doing with her, but she knew that Vivian shared her hatred for Phillip. He should have never been moved into their department. He was the reason that Maria had gotten fired! She missed talking with Maria at work! She hadn't even been able to even call her since she had been kicked out.

She didn't know what part Marian played in any of this, but there was no doubt about one thing, if Vivian was getting back at that little squirt Phillip, then she wanted in!

She picked up her phone and called Vivian.

Vivian had just gotten home when she heard her cell phone ringing. She had been out to another sale, but hadn't found anything she wanted to buy… so disappointing. She hurried to pull her phone out of her purse. "Hello?"

"Vivian!" Felicia exclaimed. "I just heard about what you're doing with Marian and Phillip!"

Vivian nearly hit the floor!

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Marian held Phillip for a long time. She felt his body relax more and more against her… letting the pain go… letting the tension and stress go as well. It felt so good to hold someone again. Very good. It had been a long time now since her husband had died. She was no longer holding the ice against him. She had for a while, and then he had pulled it away and she had dropped it on the floor. Now she held him with both arms, and did her best to moo softly, which was nearly impossible for her. Her throat was starting to get sore, but she didn't want to stop holding him. So good. So nice.

She finally felt him stir, and try to sit up. She let him. But even as the intimate contact was lost, she longed for it again.

"I gotta pee," Phillip said as he got to his feet. He turned back to her. He wanted to say his thanks, but he remained silent. A moment later, he turned and headed for the bathroom.

Marian watched him go. She got up and found the drink Phillip had bought for her. It felt very, very good against her overworked throat.

Phillip came back to the kitchen, still naked from the waist down. He pulled his panties on, and immediately pulled them away from his still sore and red penis. "Damn!" he exclaimed. He pulled the panties off again. "I may have to go naked for a little while," he told her.

Marian only mooed that she didn't care.

Phillip nodded as if he understood. And it was only then that his eyes fell to the table… where he stared in amazement at Dolly… who was still lying there untouched! He had spent all that time in the living room – in Marian's arms… and never once thought of Dolly. But seeing the dolly suddenly made him yearn for it. He reached out and picked it up. Something inside of him felt better the moment he did.

He stood there cradling Dolly to his chest as he looked at Marian and watched her mooing every few seconds. "I wish there was something I could do for you," he told her. "Some way I could help you."

Marian smiled the moment she finished letting out another moo. She held her drink up, trying to tell him that the cold liquid was all she needed.

Phillip wasn't sure though what she was trying to tell her. He had an idea. "Wait a minute," he said, "this is stupid. I'll be right back." He hurried to his desk and found a notepad and a pen and brought them back to Marian. "Here," he said, "try writing what you want to say."

Marian shook her head vehemently. And waved the pen and paper away. She mooed again and grabbed his arm, trying to get him to follow her. She headed for his desk and pointed at his computer, trying to indicate that she wanted him to boot it up and log into it. Fortunately, he got the message. The moment she could, she opened up the simple notepad program on his computer and began typing.

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From now on, whenever we can't speak normally, we also can't write anything down where someone might possibly find it and read it. From now on, we have to only communicate like this where we can delete everything that we say so nobody will possibly know!

"Why?" Phillip asked.

Because of Vivian! We don't want to take a chance on her knowing anything.

Phillip shook his head. "I've learned my lesson! I'm not going to do anything against her again!"

You're not! I am! I'm going to destroy her in such a way that neither of us will have to ever worry about her again.

Phillip worriedly shook his head. "I don't like it."

Marian tried to smile, but the effect was ruined by another moo. She started typing again.

Don't worry! She'll never know.

Phillip shook his head and walked away, heading back to the kitchen. He was getting hungry. He was glad though when Marian joined him a few minutes later. He was very worried about more reprisal from Vivian!

Later that night, Marian did her best to ignore her mooing and also put whatever else Vivian had planned for revenge against her out of her mind. She set up her computer and pulled up the folder titled, "Truth Hurts." The file name on the program she was working on bore the same name. A little while later, she realized that Phillip was leaning over her shoulder, watching what she was doing.

"Is there some way I can help?" Phillip asked.

Marian mooed again, then quickly brought up her notepad program and typed.

I thought you didn't want to have any part in this.

Phillip shrugged. "She's hurting both of us… and you lost your entire house!"

Marian nodded… and mooed again. And started typing.

I don't know what you can do right now.

Then she stopped and waved her hand so he would ignore that. She quickly deleted what she had written and typed:

I just thought of something important. And I really need a man to do it for me! I can't do it myself!

"A man?" Phillip asked. "Do I still qualify?"

Marian smiled, and mooed, and typed.

You more than qualify! What I really need is a letter written in a man's handwriting. I'm afraid my writing would never do.

"I guess I can do that," Phillip replied. "Who's the letter to?"

Me.

"You? You want me to write you a letter?"

You've got it.

"Okay, but it sounds dumb!"

Not at all. And I'm even going to tell you exactly what to write.

A few minutes later, Marian typed out word for word what she wanted the letter to say. And then Phillip carefully copied it in his own handwriting.

"Are you sending this tonight?" he asked.

Not till tomorrow. I've still got to finish here and then I need to do some things with it at work.

"And this is really going to take care of Vivian?"

This is just the start. But hopefully it will work. Actually, it's one big crap shoot. But it's worth the try.

"Why can't you be sure that it will work?"

Marian considered that carefully before she typed her reply.

Lots of reasons! But the biggest one is that I think that Vivian is totally insane. And that alone is cause for concern, because Vivian is now capable of doing anything! Absolutely anything!

Chapter 15.

"Marian!" . . . "Marian!" Phillip shook the sleeping woman to wake her. The apartment had been blessedly silent when he woke up. He had fallen asleep very late listening to the constant mooing coming from the poor tortured woman in his living room. He was very surprised that she had stopped mooing and had gotten any sleep at all. "Marian!" he called one more time, shaking her again.

Marian startled awake, and her body seemed to wretch forward as she suddenly let out another loud moo… almost as if she was regurgitating it. She laid back again in total misery as the urge to moo came over her again all too quickly. She was amazed that she had fallen asleep. Did she moo even while she was sleeping? She hoped not, but managing to ask Phillip that was out of the question just then.

"I'm done in the bathroom," he told her. "I let you sleep as long as I could."

She nodded, even as she mooed again. She had fallen asleep with her robe wrapped around her. She pulled it tighter as sat up and buckled her high heeled shoes onto her feet. Only then did she make her way directly to the bathroom, mooing twice before she got there. Her hand almost automatically found the place where it shouldn't have gone the moment she sat down to pee, but she was so tired that the small effort did nothing at all so she didn't waste any more time with it.

Her shower was the best thing she had felt in a while. Her mooing became moos of pleasure for a few brief moments as the shower helped to somewhat revive her. When she got out of the bathroom, she found Phillip again struggling with his bra. This time he had it on over his shoulders and was struggling to fasten it behind him. "Moo," she said to him… even though in the midst of all her other mooing, it meant nothing to him. She grabbed the ends of his bra and fastened it for him.

"Thanks," he said.

Marin only mooed her acknowledgement as she turned to figure out what she was going to wear.

Thirty minutes later, she and Phillip had both finished the little bit of cereal that had been left in the box and Marian had consumed two glasses of ice water to ease her tired throat. She helped him with his hair, putting a blue bow in it this time to go with the mostly blue outfit he had on – long pants today… even if they were women's slacks. She looked longingly for a few moments at the pretty black shoes he was wearing with the bow decorations. Her new black high heels weren't nearly so comfortable – even if they were a lot better than most of the shoes she was allowed to wear now.

She again drove them to work, her mooing catching the attention of the security guard who started to see if something was wrong. Phillip fortunately waved him away as if it was all a big joke. She mooed her thanks to Phillip, although she wasn't be sure if he understood.

Vivian's brain was working as fast as it could. Ever since Felicia had phoned her last night and told her that she knew… and so did Heather… Vivian had been going crazy. But other than a very brief rundown of what was happening, Felicia had refused to talk about it anymore last night. If it wasn't for the few things she had told her, Vivian wouldn't have believed that she really knew anything. How had Heather found out? Had that stupid cow Marian somehow found a way to tell her? And why Heather? Or was it possible that stupid Sissy Phillip had told her? That was more likely! He sat right in front of her. The two were probably in cahoots together somehow! Well, she would show them both a thing or two! Right after she had a good long talk with Felicia! And Felicia was supposed to be her friend? Ha!

She was early getting to work again, not only because of all her worry, but because she knew it would be better to stop Mooing Marian's mooing before anyone else caught her. The sound of Marian's mooing from halfway up the hallway was nothing but music to her ears. Such a beautiful sound! And she hated cows! Her damn Grandfather's farm in Wisconsin had been loaded with them. As far as she was concerned, they were all filthy, smelly, totally stupid beasts! And her grandfather always smelled terribly of them… even after he had taken a shower. Ugh!

She walked into the room, her entrance heralded by another loud moo from Marian. "Have a nice evening?" she asked, all too pleasantly and viciously at the same time.

Marian slumped over toward her desk as the constant urge to moo finally left her. Phillip unconsciously reached for Dolly and hugged her to his chest in fear as Vivian walked from the front of the room to her desk.

Vivian set her purse down and looked at both of them. There was no doubt about the fear in Phillip's eyes. Marian simply looked worn out! She turned her delight on Phillip first as she walked the short distance over to him. "How would you like me to take that silly thing in your pants out for a bit and play with it? Would you like that?"

Phillip gasped in fear as he tried to shrink back even more.

"What's the matter? You act like you're hurting or something!" Phillip only nodded nervously… which sent Vivian into peals of laughter. She headed for Marian next. "And you, you stupid cow, you look like you didn't sleep at all last night! What's the matter, not in the mooooood to sleep?" She saw Marian roll her eyes at the joke. Vivian just laughed again.

“You’re not saying much anymore Marian? Do you need me to help you get into the mooood again?”

Marian shook her head. “Please no!” she managed to get out. While her voice wasn’t exactly hoarse, it did sound very tired.

“Hopefully, the two of you will think twice now about doing anything but what I want from now on!” Vivian headed for her desk and booted up her computer. And a moment later, two of the other women walked in. Vivian wondered what would have happened if she hadn’t been early today and they had walked in to find Marian mooing away like crazy. Of course Marian had been programmed to stop the moment they walked in, but they still would have heard her. But Vivian did sort of like the idea of it anyway and was tempted to try it sometime in the future. But doing anything like that right now was simply dangerous to her plans… and she had enough problems now with Felicia and Heather.

She saw Heather come in along with a few of the other women. She purposely tried to not pay any more attention to her than to the others. Where was Felicia? Damn that woman could be so late sometimes! Her nerves were starting to get the better of her when Felicia finally entered, a good two seconds before she would have been considered late! Vivian stared hard at her the entire time Felicia put her purse away and booted up her computer. The damn woman was ignoring her!

A few minutes later, Vivian got an email from Felicia: How did you do it? Heather said she saw you hypnotize both Phillip and Marian. She saw them both sucking their thumbs last night!

Vivian read the short email. Heather had actually seen her last night? So it wasn’t either Phillip or Marian that was to blame. Why hadn’t Heather said anything at the time? Vivian typed back: She actually saw me? How much did she see?

Felicia’s reply was all too short: From what she described on the phone, everything!

That didn’t sound good at all to Vivian. She asked her next question: Why didn’t she tell Management?

Felicia didn’t want to spend all day answering little questions about this. She sent another quick reply: She didn’t know who to go to so she contacted me for advice. Stop asking about it now. I want to talk about it with you after work instead.

After work? Vivian wasn’t about to wait that long for answers. No, I need to know now!

But Felicia’s only reply was the same thing: Not till after work when we can talk alone somewhere! Now stop emailing me. I have work to do and so do you!

Vivian didn't want to wait until after work. That was a long time away. Why couldn't Felicia just answer her questions? Hating the situation she started surfing the net again. She had nothing better to do.

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It was a very long day for Marian since she was so tired. Over and over again she headed out to the elevators to relieve her mooing urge. Occasionally she went nearly crazy when someone else was already in the elevator, but mostly they were empty.

At lunchtime, she went out to get lunch for both herself and Phillip, but she made a side stop along the way at an office supply store where she bought a package of DVD labels and a DVD mailing envelope. While they were eating lunch, she had Phillip address the envelope to her at her old townhouse address. Using the office printer, she created a label for the DVD she had created and made ten copies of it. One of those labels she attached to the DVD before putting it in the envelope and sealing it. She glued what she hoped was more than enough postage stamps onto the envelope and carried it down to the mail room where employees were allowed to send out their personal mail as long as it was properly addressed and stamped. With that taken care of, she could only hope that her idea would work. Most of the women were back in the office by the time she returned.

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Halfway through the afternoon, Vivian sent Felicia another email: Where do you want to talk?

Felicia soon returned a reply: How about your apartment? It's closer than mine.

Vivian quickly typed back: Fine! But I moved last weekend. You'll have to follow me to my new place.

That was news to Felicia. It wasn't like Vivian to not tell her something like that! She typed back: I can't wait to see it! She only hoped that it was better than Vivian's last apartment. That place was a dump!

By the time everyone left for the day, Marian could only think of curling up in a ball somewhere and falling asleep – for the next century or two.

Eventually, everyone left to go home, and she and Phillip trudged wearily back to the office to keep working, but only for a little while. "I'm just too tired," Marian finally declared.

"Me too," Phillip agreed.

Five minutes later, they were both heading home… stopping briefly at a fast food drive thru where Marian managed to order their dinner without mooing. They both knew they should have stopped for some groceries as well, but neither of them felt up to it. The two of them went home where they ate, and collapsed in front of the TV for a while… both of them doing their best to ignore the occasional mooing that Marian continued to do.

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Felicia didn't know where Vivian was going, and following her erratic driving was somewhat of a chore. She counted herself lucky that she managed to follow her all the way to a fairly nice looking apartment project – certainly a lot better than her last place. But when Vivian turned away from the apartments at the very back of the area, Felicia was suddenly confused. She was even more confused when she pulled up in front of a very nice looking townhouse a few minutes later. She parked, wondering what Vivian was doing there. She knew Vivian's spending habits pretty well. How could Vivian afford a place like this? "This is your new place?" she asked the moment she got out of her car.

"Isn't it fantastic?" Vivian replied as she took her key out and unlocked the door.

"How can you afford it? I mean, there's even a lake out back!"

"Actually," Vivian replied, "it's not costing me anything at all to live here."

"How's that?" Felicia asked, thinking she had heard wrong.

"It used to be Marian's place. Now it's mine."

Felicia was really confused now, especially since her eyes were raking everything in as she walked into the townhouse. It looked really nice! "Marian's place?" she asked, not understanding the situation.

"I got evicted from my old apartment since they're tearing the place down," Vivian explained as she set her purse down. "And I really liked this place. So I moved stupid Marian out of it and into Phillips apartment with him. And I moved into here. And the best part of it is, I'm still letting her pay the expenses!"

Felicia was shocked. "Vivian! You can't do that!"

"Well I did it," Vivian replied proudly. "And I think it's worked out very well. Want to see the upstairs?"

As Felicia tentatively followed Vivian up the steps, her only thought was that something major had snapped in Vivian's brain! She decided very quickly that she would get what she wanted as far as that shithead Phillip was concerned, and then she was going to do her best to keep as much distance from Vivian from now on as she possibly could! Vivian was crazy! Much more so than she had ever been!

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The TV show ended, and Marian mooed again. She was really tired of doing that. It had to stop! And she knew from experience now that stopping it meant that she would have to conquer the pain that Vivian had inflicted in her first. And that part scared her! The pain had been unimaginable and she wasn't looking forward to dealing with it again. Should she try to conquer it now? Had it been long enough since Vivian had taken her so deeply into a trance and then instilled it all into her mind again? Was she too tired? She put off trying, only because she was simply too tired to try to deal with it just then. Maybe later tonight she'd feel up to it more. But one thing was for sure – the mooing had to stop!

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"Now," Vivian said as she and Felicia carried glasses of Marian's wine out to the patio to sit in the lounge chairs there, "what exactly did Heather tell you?"

Felicia sat down and took a sip of the wine. Then she did her best to relate everything that Heather had told her over the phone last night.

"Damn!" Vivian exclaimed. "She saw all that?"

"Sounds like it," Felicia agreed.

"I need to figure out a way to shut her up!"

Felicia leaned toward Vivian a bit. "I can handle that for you."

Vivian was surprised. "You? You're going to help me?"

"That depends," Felicia replied.

"On what?" Vivian asked suspiciously.

This was the part that Felicia was waiting for. "I want you to make that jerk Phillip do something for me. Now don't get me wrong, I love what you've done with him! Believe me,

I really love it! It's got to humiliate the shit out of him. But I want him to suffer with something else too!"

"Something else? Like what?"

"Look," Felicia said, "I really love his new sissy look, but from the start, when he had to hold that stupid doll all the time and was sucking his thumb, I got it into my head that he'd make a really cute looking baby. A big totally stupid looking baby. But that's not really what I'm interested in."

"It's not?" Vivian asked, completely unsure where Felicia was going.

"Listen," Felicia continued, "I just finished having to keep my sister's two kids while she and her husband went away on a nice two week vacation – away from them! Now I like kids… sort of. I mean, they're cute and all, but kids that young just aren't a lot of fun for me. Especially since they're both still in diapers and can't exactly go to parties or out for a drink at a bar or something. I guess I didn't exactly inherit my mother's baby loving genes. I had seven brothers and sisters and since I was the oldest kid, my mother made me take care of all the younger ones, including making me change all their dirty, shitty, pissy diapers! And for the last few weeks I've been stuck doing the same stupid thing again for my sister! And I can't tell you how much I hate that! I mean, to me, it's always been the grossest thing imaginable. Why do you think I left home so early in my life? My mother was pregnant again and I didn't want to have to play mother to yet another one!

"Anyway, I can't think of a better way to get back at that shit head Phillip, than for him to be stuck in his own shitty diapers for the rest of his stinking life! So what I want, is for you to fix it with him so that he won't be able to go to the bathroom anywhere except in his own stinking pants from now on!"

Vivian blinked, and stared at her friend, and her jaw dropped a bit. "Well," she said, "I guess if you put it that way. I guess I can come up with something."

"Good!" Felicia said. "That's all I really want. Make the little shit suffer like that!"

"And you think you can keep Heather from saying anything if I do?"

Felicia nodded. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure I can. I'll handle her. You just deliver your part and let me worry about Heather."

Vivian raised her wine glass in salute. "I'll work out something with Phillip then. Give me a day or two."

"Good enough," Felicia said as she got to her feet. "I gotta get out of here then." Now that Vivian had agreed to give her what she wanted, Felicia only wanted to get out of there and away from Vivian. Vivian had taken Marian's home and was forcing Marian to live somewhere else? Vivian had gone way off the deep end. She just wanted to get out of there before the police showed up!

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Marian was doing her best to brace herself. She had no doubts about how difficult it was going to be for her… but it had to stop, and it had to stop now! Phillip was standing by, watching her closely. She had warned him about what she was about to do and had asked him not to do anything unless she started yelling her code word. Then he was to step in and help – the only way he could.

Since Marian knew that she had to conquer the pain thing first, instead of trying not to moo for a while, she needed something that would trigger the pain immediately so she could concentrate on just that instead of something else. So she intended on removing her shoes instead. If things got so bad that she couldn't take it, Phillip would put her shoes back on her feet for her, which would eliminate the pain – hopefully.

In order to clear her head and not worry about her mooing problem, she let out a long loud moo. Then she glanced at Phillip and tried to smile. "Here goes," she said. She sat on the couch and reached to unbuckle her left shoe. The pain hit her the moment her hand touched the buckle. It was a horrible, debilitating pain. She fought through it and somehow managed to actually unbuckle the shoe. The pain continued to grow and get worse and worse with each second… growing and spreading throughout her entire body as she fought with it and somehow managed to kick her shoe off of her foot. The pain exploded everywhere. Her head hurt so bad she could barely think. It was all she could do to not yell her code word right away!

It's all in my head, she thought over and over again. It's not real. It's just an imaginary construct of my mind. It's not real. It's not real. I can beat this! I'm stronger than the pain. I won't let it beat me. Pain go away! Pain go away! But the pain refused to go away, it continued to grow worse and worse, stronger and stronger.

Phillip watched her carefully, fearfully. He didn't want her to do this. He didn't really want any part of anything that went against what Mistress Vivian wanted. But he respected Marian like he had never respected anyone else. She actually seemed to care about him… even if that was most likely just an illusion caused by their shared situation. But still, if she wanted so badly to do this, then helping her was the least thing he could do.

He watched as her pain seemed to grow so bad that she was screaming against it. She was crying pitifully. He could almost feel her agony. Could she even utter her code word for him

to move in? He could see how badly she was hurting and it was hurting him almost as much to watch it. Should he go ahead and just put her shoe back on for her? It was all he could do to stand there and just watch.

The pain got to the point where Marian couldn't think anymore. Thinking became nearly impossible. It got so bad all over that she was horribly sick. She tried. She tried. She tried. But her exhausted and overly taxed brain finally realized that she couldn't conquer the pain. It was too strong for her… and she was too weak. She just wanted the pain to end, but her horribly hurting brain found it difficult to figure out how to end it anymore. It was only a tiny fragment of a memory that forced its way through. She mooed. She mooed loudly and strongly. Then she mooed again. She began mooing over and over again… and felt the pain let up only slightly. But it was enough for her to realize through the pain that someone was holding her foot, preventing her from kicking around at the pain. Phillip! The memory of him reached its way into her pain soaked brain. "Moo!" she said desperately. "Moo!"

The moment Phillip heard Marian moo twice – the key word he had been desperately listening for, he went into action. Her whole body was thrashing around on the couch like crazy from the pain. Grabbing and holding her ankle wasn't easy. He grabbed the shoe she had managed to get off and carefully stuck it back onto her foot. But she was still thrashing around, still obviously in terrible pain. Buckling the shoe for her wasn't something he had ever done before. It took him a few moments, but the closer he got to actually getting it buckled, the less she thrashed around. As he finally slid the strap all the way home, she was lying still, just breathing with her eyes closed.

"Are you alright?" he asked. But she didn't answer. He dropped her foot and moved up near her head. "Are you alright?" he asked again.

Marin's head was spinning. She was exhausted. The pain had been too much. Way too much. She had failed, and failed horribly. She heard him, but she couldn't yet comprehend the words. And all of a sudden, she felt him lean over her and wrap his arms around her. It was so unexpected! And… nice… despite how awful she still felt. His grasp seemed to pull her back somewhat. "Thanks," she managed to gasp… as her arms came up to lightly rest against his back. She felt him start to pull away, but she pulled his head down to lay against her chest and just held him to her for a while.

"Didn't make it," she finally said. "But tomorrow I'll do better. Tomorrow I won't be so tired to start with, and it will be another day longer since she re–put all that junk in my head."

It wasn't what Phillip wanted to hear. She had failed at breaking out of Mistress Vivian's pain. It wasn't what Mistress Vivian wanted. And he was still selfish enough to feel frightened for himself if Marian did somehow manage it. "Maybe you shouldn't," he said.

She hugged him tighter for a moment. “Don’t worry. Tomorrow I’ll make it. And if not, then I’ll manage it the next day for sure.”

Phillip nearly died inside. She was so hard headed. So determined. And he feared for not only himself, but for her.

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“Hi Heather, it’s Felicia.”

“Hi Felicia,” Heather said somewhat excitedly. “Did you manage to talk to anyone?”

“Did I ever! Listen, what the heck did you stumble into girl?”

“Huh? What do you mean? I told you everything.”

“I know! And I guess it’s a good thing you did. I went down and talked to Security right after work… and I’m just now getting home!”

“So what did they say? Are they going to put a stop to it?”

“Not… exactly,” Felicia replied. “Listen, I told one guy, who then brought me to someone else… who then made me sit there and wait… like forever! And then this other guy comes in from… get this… from the FBI!”

“The what? My God!”

“Yeah. Tell me about it! So anyway, I had to tell it all over again. Don’t worry Honey, I left your name out of it… and you should be glad I did!”

“Why?”

“Heather, it was a mess! A real mess!”

“So what did he say? Is he going to arrest Vivian or something?”

“Not yet,” Felicia told her. “It seems they’re watching one of them… but he wouldn’t say which one… real closely. And they have been for a while now. But even though they wouldn’t tell me which one they’re watching, I got the impression he was really interested in Marian.”

“Marian! But it was Vivian…”

“Yeah, I know, but I got the impression he was more interested in Marian. But like I said, that may have meant nothing since he wouldn’t come out and tell me which one they’ve been watching.”

“So they’re not going to arrest Vivian or even stop her?”

“Not yet,” Felicia told her. “They made it very clear to me that I was to keep my big mouth shut and stay out of it! Otherwise I’d be obstructing a government investigation. Can you believe it? And these guys were serious! So Heather, take my advice. Don’t tell a soul! Not a single soul, no matter how badly you might want to. And especially don’t let any of those three know that you know about it. I think we better let the government men deal with it from here… no matter what happens in the office. Got that? You and me gotta keep our big mouths shut!”

“Yeah. Of course, Felicia. I mean, if the FBI already knows what’s going on, we wouldn’t want to alert anyone that they’re being watched.”

“You got it girl!” Felicia replied. “So just remember, mum’s the word!”

“Yeah, for sure!” Heather agreed.

Felicia hung up her phone and smiled. That was so easy! And stupid Vivian… was soooo crazy! More than likely, the police would have her in jail inside of a week! But if she could just get that shithead Phillip screwed the way she wanted first… that would be perfect!

Chapter 16.

Marian's new mode of dressing wasn't exactly feeling normal yet, but she was starting to get more used to it. The nice comments from the women at work weren't exactly hurting much. Maybe Vicious Vivian had done her a favor as far as that was concerned, but she did still look at Phillip's low heeled shoes once in a while with more than a bit of longing.

When she got called fairly early in the morning to go up to another meeting, the attention from the men, including one who offered to get her a cup of coffee, did her ego more than a bit of good as well. Fortunately, that meeting didn't last long and she was able to get out of there before she had to "excuse" herself briefly so she could go and let out another moo.

After the meeting, Loretta watched Marian leaving… to the attention of more than a few of the men. She wondered again if Marian was campaigning for a job in management! Well, good luck to her if she could do it.

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Phillip wasn't nearly as comfortable with the way he dressed for work as Marian was. He still felt nothing but humiliated over it. The looks and smiles he got from the women were not something he wanted. And when they often commented on something he was wearing or asked what he thought about some other bit of women's fashion, he really didn't know how to answer. Basically, he was just scared.

Having to go to the men's room a few times a day didn't help matters at all. He had stopped drinking any coffee, or anything else during the day, just so he wouldn't have to face that problem as much. The woman from HR had said he could use the ladies room if he wanted, but he wasn't comfortable doing that… any more than he was comfortable going into the men's room now. But the men's room seemed to be more… familiar, so he continued to use it. The women's room seemed… less right.

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From her desk near the back of the room, Heather spent a lot of time watching Phillip and Vivian… and Marian somewhat. Marian's desk was actually further back than hers was so it was more difficult to watch Marian. But that didn't mean she didn't turn her head fairly often to see what Marian was up to. The FBI! What had Marian gotten into? If it was Marian… which she wasn't entirely sure about. Vivian seemed a much more likely candidate for that kind of thing than Marian. But Felicia had said….

But if the FBI were that adamant about them staying out of it, then she would! She certainly didn't want to do anything to mess up a government investigation. But that didn't mean she couldn't keep watching them. Maybe she could even learn something that would help!

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As usual, Vivian surfed the net. She was again a bit miffed that Marian looked so good. Who knew? The stupid cow! And now that Marian had gotten so much more used to the very high heels, she was strutting around with a sexy little walk that seemed all too high class and natural. Cow! Cow! Cow! Well, she was going to show her but good! How long would it be before that stuff she had ordered would come in? Okay, that one thing she had ordered from someplace in Canada, but it was small so she didn't think it should take very long. She had asked for somewhat quick shipping on everything, so she figured it would all be here soon. Hopefully, very soon! Then Marian would get a good dose of reality! Marian would be forced to face what she really was – a good for nothing, smelly, ugly, totally stupid – cow!

She knew she had to go out to Phillip's apartment that night. Felicia wanted her to hypnotize Phillip and make him use… diapers all the time? Geez! So dumb! But she did agree that it would probably make Sissy Phillip feel even more humiliated. So she didn't mind that too much – as long as Felicia took care of that meddling whore Heather! She figured that she would just hypnotize Phillip and Marian again and then tell Phillip everything she wanted him to do as far as what Felicia wanted from now on. She couldn't see where it would be any big problem. She'd spend a little while later today and work out the details for exactly what she wanted to say to Phillip to make sure his clothes stayed on whenever he had to relieve himself from now on.

It had been a couple of days now anyway since she had hypnotized them and re–put everything into their idiotic brains again, so hypnotizing them both tonight kind of kept her to her planned schedule for it anyway. Besides, it was past time for her to have a bit more fun with both of them… especially Phillip's little tongue that she had enjoyed so much. But what to do with Marian while Phillip was at work on her. She supposed she could have Marian stand there and moo and play with herself again like she did last time. She had rather enjoyed that. But who knew, maybe she could come up with something more interesting by then.

She glanced up at Felicia – hard at work! Huh! Making Mooing Marian and Sissy Phyllis do all her work for her had been a stroke of genius! She was proud of herself for thinking of it. She had so much more time now to surf the net and check the sales ads for all the stores. She never missed a sale – ever! Sales were one of the most exciting things she could think of! Almost more exciting that watching Mooing Marian make a fool of herself. She made a note to herself. It was about time to have Mooing Marian do more mooing in public. Marian might as well get used to everyone else seeing exactly what she really was too!

Unfortunately, only a few of the chain stores had posted anything new about their upcoming sales so far, but it was still early in the day. Some of them didn't post until after lunch. So she clicked around to some of the other things that sometimes interested her.

She never really read the news articles, but she did sometimes enjoy the "odd or weird news" that some of the major sites put together. Some of the things in those sections were simply crazy! Having nothing better to look at just then, she went into one of those odd–news sites and started going down the list. And one of the headlines made her stop – "Snake bites man on penis." How the heck could a snake ever bite a man's penis? What was he doing that was that stupid? Totally hooked by the headline, she had to open the article to find out. The opening picture alone totally shocked and frightened her. And reading the article only made things worse! All the guy had done was go into the bathroom and start peeing in the toilet. But he didn't see the snake that had come up through the septic system and was stuck there. The snake had gotten mad when he started to pee and had bit him! Ewww! She suddenly had a feeling that she would be checking the toilets very carefully every time she needed to use one now.

On the surface, the article seemed to be insane, possibly made up. But at the same time, the accompanying picture made it look all too real. Was it possible for a snake to somehow come up into the toilet? Somewhat fearing for her future trips to the bathroom, she had to find out. She went to the internet search site and typed in "snakes in the toilet." And was shocked to see hundreds of different articles about it. It didn't take her long to find out that it was an all too common occurrence… and not just with snakes! Rats and black widow spiders had a bad habit of making their way through the drain lines as well. And the articles were full of disturbing pictures and stories showing just how often it happened. Vivian didn't need to pee just then, but she had no doubt that she was going to be very cautious about looking in the toilet when she went! Ewww! It was totally disturbing!

She quickly clicked away from that subject to search for some funny comic strips to check out instead to get those thoughts and images out of her mind. But the images of those snakes wouldn't leave her alone. They were simply… frightening! It was while she was looking at one of the comics that she had the idea. It made total sense. If Felicia wanted sissy Phillip to not be able to go anywhere except in his pants from now on, why not use the snakes in the toilet thing – along with the hypnotism, to put such a fear into him of using the toilet – any toilet – that he'd never go near one again. It made perfect sense! And she had no doubt that stupid Sissy Phillip would be totally affected by the kind of things she had seen. Heck, she had just barely glanced at some of the stuff and she was frightened to death.

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Felicia knew she was supposed to be working, but she found herself thinking about Phillip instead. She had been shocked last night to find out just how right Heather had been. Vivian had to be totally in control of both Phillip and Marian… although Vivian being in control of

Marian the way she was concerned her more than a little. And the fact that Vivian didn't act like she was worried about it, concerned her almost as much. But Felicia was determined that the little shithead be punished severely for what he had done. She had tried to call Maria again last night, and she still couldn't reach her. It was almost as if Maria had dropped off the face of the earth!

If Vivian could actually do what she asked her to do, then Phillip would forever be stuck in yucky diapers like a stupid toddler. Let the little squirt suffer with that! Yuck! But thinking about him being forced back into needing diapers, made her wonder what kind of diapers he might be able to use. He was a grown man! Sort of! In some ways Vivian had already made him look somewhat like a silly toddler. She really did like the little girl haircut and bow that Vivian had stuck him with. And she did love seeing him carry the doll around. And it was too bad he couldn't be stuck sucking his thumb all the time like a toddler as well. But the little shit did have to work. She supposed she could have asked Vivian to make him suck a pacifier sometimes, but if Vivian could somehow send Phillip back to toddler status in that one big way that she had asked for, then she would be more than satisfied.

So what kind of diapers were available for someone like him? Knowing she should have been working instead, she started surfing the internet. One search, led to another. Each search sending her in slightly different directions… until she found a bunch of companies that actually produced disposable diapers – for something called adult babies! And that description sounded perfect… and the diapers looked perfect! Especially the ones with little childish designs printed on them. One particular design seemed to stand out to her the most. Taking a chance that Vivian wouldn't tell anyone that she wasn't exactly working, she sent an email to her with a link to the page she had been looking at: Wouldn't Phillip look adorable in something like this?

Vivian read the short email and clicked on the link. She smiled, and wrote back: Yes! I'll order some for him right away!

Felicia read Vivian's reply. She was going to order some right away? Well, Vivian was a world–class shopper! She didn't see Vivian typing an email and demanding Marian's credit card again.

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After work, Phillip and Marian stopped as usual to buy him another lipstick. He was getting quite a collection now… and the clerks in the store were getting to know him fairly well too, which amused Marian, but not Phillip. He would have been happier to just go and hide somewhere.

"We need some groceries," Marian suggested as they got back in the car.

"You go," Phillip replied. "I'll stay home."

"No!" Marian countered. "We're already out. I'm not going to make a separate trip. Besides, we have nothing in the house to eat anyway."

"Why can't we just stop and get something like we always do?"

"Because we need to eat something better at least once in a while."

"Better is too much work. I'd rather have the fast food!"

Marian rolled her eyes. "No! We're stopping and going grocery shopping!"

Phillip looked away and sulked. He'd much rather just go home where nobody could see him.

Two minutes later, Marian pulled into the parking lot of a nearby supermarket. "Okay," she said, "Let's go."

"I'll stay in the car," Phillip declared.

"No. I don't know what kind of things you like to eat."

"Fast food!"

"You can't eat fast food all the time!"

"Why not? It's been fine so far."

"Phillip!" she said somewhat angrily. "Stop acting like a child!"

"Why? Mistress Vivian is making me look like one!"

Marian didn't miss the "Mistress" part of what he had said. She chose to ignore it for now. "That doesn't mean you have to act like one," she countered.

"Who cares?"

"I do!" Marian argued.

"Well I don't!" Phillip retorted.

Marian was growing frustrated. He really was acting childish. But she knew most of that was because of his reluctance to get out of the car and be seen by more people. But if she was ever going to break him free from Vivian's clutches, then she had to get tough. "Phillip!" she said with as much authority as she could muster. "Get out of this car right now, and don't give me any backtalk about it. Now move!" She didn't care that he rolled his eyes or acted like he hated it. The important thing was that he actually got out of the car. It was a start, a small start, but still a start.

Marian pushed the shopping cart while Phillip carried Dolly and did his best to ignore everyone else in the store… which wasn't easy. He felt like a freak on display. Marian kept asking if he liked this or that, and mostly he just said he didn't care. He trudged along beside her, and she put the stuff she wanted into the cart.

The checkout counter was the worst because they had to stand in line with all too many other people… and Marian told him he had to stay right with her and couldn't go hide in the car. Which actually made things all that much worse for Phillip since the woman who entered the line behind them started asking all about Dolly. She seemed to be truly fascinated with the big doll. And Phillip had no choice but to try to answer what he could about the stupid thing. Fortunately, they didn't buy a lot of groceries, just a few things that Marian knew they had to have, so it didn't take them all that long to get out of the store. Phillip however thought the experience had lasted way too long.

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Vivian arrived home to find her mailbox fairly full, including a largish manila envelope. She was hoping it was from the company in Canada that she had ordered the stuff from for Marian, but closer examination showed that wasn't the case. It appeared to be some kind of CD or movie disk that someone had sent to Marian. She read the return address and saw that it was from someone named Mark. Not someone that she knew, but then she didn't expect to know him since it was most likely some friend of Marian's.

She carried everything inside and sorted the mail. The advertisements were the most important things that she was interested in. The bills went into a different pile… and after a little thought, she dropped the envelope with the disk on it into that pile as well. She spent half an hour quickly perusing the sale ads for several different stores. Some things she made a mental note of to check out the next time she went shopping, which unfortunately wasn't going to be tonight.

She picked up the disk mailer and looked at it more closely. It had a Denver return address. Marian knew someone in Denver? Well, why not? She found some scissors and cut the envelope open to see what was in it – a DVD that was simply labeled: "Fireplace." It looked homemade so it didn't interest her at all. Stuffing the DVD back into the envelope, she stuck it back with the pile of bills. Then she went into the kitchen to find herself something light

for dinner. It was nearly an hour later when she picked up bills, along with the envelope containing the DVD, and carried them all out to her car. The DVD was all but forgotten as her mind ranged through what she had planned for her evening's work… and entertainment.

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"Okay," Marian said. "Just like we did it last night. If I moo twice, then step in and get my shoes back on for me. But hopefully, that's not going to be necessary this time. I'm much better rested and it's been another day since Vivian set any suggestions in me."

"Do you have to do this?" Phillip asked. "What if it doesn't work?"

"Then we'll do it again tomorrow night," Marian replied. "And the next night, and the next. Eventually, I'll make it. But I'm pretty confident that tonight I'll be able to do it."

Phillip shook his head. "I just wish you wouldn't."

Marian just looked at him. "Phillip, I have to do this – for both of us!"

Phillip didn't exactly see it that way.

"Ready?" Marian asked.

"You're the one killing yourself," Phillip replied.

Marian nodded and sat down to start unbuckling her shoes. But just as she sat, someone started knocking at the door.

"Can you get that for me?" Phillip asked, not wanting anyone to see him the way he looked.

Marian shook her head. "Go! Get used to it!"

Phillip hated that she wasn't letting him hide. What kind of friend was she? He and Dolly headed for the door. Marian followed a short distance behind.

Vivian was about to knock again when the door finally opened. "What took you so long?" she asked as she pushed her way inside.

"We just finished cleaning up from dinner," Marian explained.

"Who cares!" Vivian exclaimed. She handed Marian the stack of bills along with the DVD envelope. "Here!" she said. "They're your bills, you pay them!"

Marian ignored the bills and examined the larger envelope instead, acting like she had never seen it before. "It's from Mark!" she exclaimed excitedly. She said nothing about the envelope already being open. "Oh look! He sent it!" Not waiting for an answer from Vivian she ran to Phillip's TV. He had a DVD player right under it. She loaded the DVD into it and turned it on. A video of a large brightly burning fireplace soon filled the screen. "Oh thank you," she said a bit overly effusively to Vivian. "He said he was going to make this for me. You don't know how much this means to me."

"Well…" Vivian said rather uncertainly.

"Isn't it simply elegant?" Marian asked, looking at the burning fire on the TV.

"Elegant?" Vivian asked, even more uncertain now.

"Yes!" Marian declared. "I told Mark once that the only thing my place really lacked was a beautiful fireplace like he had. Fireplaces add so much atmosphere to a house, don't you think?"

"I…" Vivian started to reply. But it was something she had never thought about before.

"Oh!" Marian exclaimed. "It's soooo relaxing, isn't it? And it's soooo beautiful! Don't you think?"

Vivian was staring at the fire video. "It is kind of pretty," she agreed.

"I think it just adds so much elegance to a home," Marian added. "And since it's a video, you never have to worry about it getting too hot, or tending the fire or anything. You can just put it on and let the atmosphere soak into the room. Just leave it play over and over again and not worry about it at all."

"Atmosphere?" Vivian echoed uncertainly.

"Oh thank you so much!" Marian told her again as they stared at the fireplace that filled the entire screen. "You don't know how much this video means to me."

That's all it took. "Forget it!" Vivian declared quickly as she went directly to the DVD player and ejected the disk. "This one is mine! What's a cow going to do with a fireplace anyway?" She hurriedly put the disk into her purse, as Marian complained and begged bitterly for her to return it… which only strengthened Vivian's resolve that Marian shouldn't get it! Anything that good she should have for herself!

Marian acted like she was majorly upset. But inside, she was smirking with delight. Now if Vicious Vivian would just stick that thing in the player in the townhouse and turn it on, then maybe she and Phillip could start getting out of the mess they were in!

With the DVD now securely in her purse, Vivian didn't waste any more time. "Marian sucks her thumb!" she said quickly to Marian who was still complaining bitterly about the disk. The command shut Marian up immediately as her eyes rolled shut and her thumb went directly into her complaining mouth. Vivian turned to Phillip whose eyes were wide with fright. "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" she said to him, and watched as he reacted just as Marian had. "Mine to play with," Vivian muttered to herself.

Carefully softening her voice, she turned back to Marian. "Marian, go sit on the couch and continue to relax deeper and deeper. Let yourself enjoy going deeper into your trance." There was always something triumphant that was set off inside of Vivian the moment she saw either of them do what she told them to. A moment later, Marian was sitting on the couch, her eyes closed again, her thumb still in her mouth, and still deeply in her trance. Vivian smiled. She would get back to Marian in a little while.

She turned to Philip. "Phillip, stay in your trance but go sit in front of your computer and log into it." Just as Marian had done what Vivian had told her to do, Phillip did what she told him. He went to his desk where he sat holding Dolly in his lap and pulled his thumb out of his mouth to log into his computer. It took a minute before the computer was ready. While it was booting up, Vivian went to her purse and pulled out her notebook where she kept her list of the instructions she had already given each of them.

When she came back, she leaned down close to Phillip's ear and spoke carefully and softly as she spent several minutes deepening Phillip's trance. She opened her notebook and one by one went down the list of things she had already stuck into his brain. Once she had covered all of the old stuff, it was time to move onto something new – the one new entry to that list that she had added earlier in the day.

"Phillip," she said, "I want you to go to an internet search page." His computer wasn't as fast as the one on her desk at work, but it still took only a few seconds. She leaned down close to his ear again. "I want you to do a search for 'snakes in the toilet.'" She watched as his fingers typed, and before long the same long list of articles, pictures, and videos she had seen earlier came up.

"Phillip," she said, "I want you to go down and read every article, look carefully at every picture, and watch every video. Everything! No matter what you see, you will still stay as deeply in your trance as you are now. The whole time you're looking at that stuff, I want you to continually remember that that can happen to you! I want you to imagine all those snakes and rats coming up through whatever toilet you use, no matter where it is. I want you to imagine that every time you try to go to the bathroom – anywhere, those snakes and rats

will suddenly appear and bite you! I want you to keep looking through that stuff over and over again until I stop you. Remember Phillip, that's what awaits you now whenever you try to get near a toilet. Now start looking through it all so you know what to expect."

She stood back and watched as he opened up the first entry on the list. She had to look away from the screen since the images brought back all too many disturbing thoughts that she had spent the rest of the day trying unsuccessfully to forget. She left him to his work. It was now time to spend a few minutes with stupid Marian.

She spent a lot longer trying to deepen Marian's trance than she had with Phillip, only because she knew that Marian was the more important one of the two for her. But once she had finished with that part, just as she had done with Phillip, and just as she had done the last time she had been there, she once again instilled every instruction she had ever given Marian back into her brain.

When she was finished, she looked up at Phillip and was surprised to see him rocking back and forth a bit in his seat. She went over to check on him. His thumb was back in his mouth and his eyes were wide as he watched the brief video on the screen. When it ended, she heard a tiny sound of distress emitting from Phillip's throat… even as he went back to the search page and clicked on the next entry. More pictures. As he scrolled slowly down the list, Vivian saw awful pictures of snakes – mostly inside of toilets. She had to look away because they were so disturbing to her. The tiny sound of distress coming from his throat was almost constant now. Obviously the stuff he was looking at was having the desired effect on him. She decided to leave him at it for a little while more.

She went back to Marian and woke her up completely.

Marian pulled herself out of her trance and breathed in deeply trying to fully wake up. She knew she had been deep… as deep as she thought it was possible for her to go. But as much as she had enjoyed the trance, she was cursing fate, and life, and everything else now – especially Vivian. She had been sure she could have conquered all of Vivian's mental programming earlier, but now with it all freshly back in her head again, even trying was simply out of the question. She was stuck just as she had been… all too firmly.

"Get undressed," Vivian commanded. "I want you naked again… except for those nice uncomfortable shoes of course."

Marian stood up to get undressed. It was only then that she heard the faint sound of distress coming out of Phillip. She saw him rocking back and forth. "Is he okay?" she asked, starting to head over to him.

"Leave him! He's fine!" Vivian commanded. "He's just the way I want him to be."

Marian looked at her uncertainly, but she couldn't take another step toward Phillip. Whatever Vivian had him doing, was obviously disturbing him an awful lot! With one eye on Phillip, Marian removed all her clothes. Only then did she manage to look back to Vivian, fearfully, but with a touch of defiance inside as well. Defiance that she knew she couldn't touch.

Vivian briefly looked over Marian's naked body. "Up against the wall where I like you!" she commanded. Once Marian was in position, she ordered, "Now start mooing for me like the stupid cow that you are!"

It was all Marian could do not to roll her eyes, but as ordered, she started mooing over and over again.

Vivian smiled. "Music to my ears!" she declared happily. Then she started unbuttoning her blouse. "Play with yourself you stupid cow. Let me see how wet you can get down there! And don't forget those udders either!"

Once again, Marian was back trying to masturbate with one hand while her other hand massaged her breasts – all while continuing to moo over and over again. As she was doing it, she saw Vivian watching her for a few moments before she resumed undressing again. Marian was very concerned about Phillip though. She was hoping that now that Vivian was naked, she would call Phillip away from whatever she had him doing and put him to work between her legs instead. That had to be better than whatever was upsetting him now. But once again, Vivian surprised her.

"Now get over here you ugly cow and let's see how useful your tongue can be instead of his. Get down on the floor here – now!"

Marian was shocked. She tried for only a moment to resist, but the sudden sharp pain in her back seemed to drive her forward and down to the floor. She wrestled with the pain only very briefly, but it was too sharp, too painful, too overpowering for her to fight. And just as the pain drove her to the floor, it drove her face toward Vivian's waiting sex. She tried to fight it, but it was no use. The pain was only bearable if she did the demented things that Vivian demanded. And the pain only fully let up, after her face was completely wet with Vivian's juices.

"Harder, you stinking cow!" Vivian demanded as Marian licked away at her. "Harder! Faster!"

Marian tried… sort of. She was doing as much as she needed to, which was actually the least that she could get away with and not have to suffer too badly with the pain. Vivian's demands that she work harder at it didn't help any. Her biggest relief came each time she was forced to pull her head away to let out a moo. But each time, she barely got the moo out and caught

her breath before Vivian was demanding she get back to work again. Despite those few pauses, she eventually felt Vivian climaxing. She hoped that Vivian would be done with her then and let her get back up, but Vivian wasn't letting her loose.

"Harder! Harder!" Vivian yelled. "I can see you're going to need a lot more practice with this!"

Despite Vivian's urging, Marian could only do so much. It wasn't just that she didn't want to do it, the threat of the pain constantly hanging in the background drove her to keep at it. But it wasn't something she had ever done before… and she could only hope she wouldn't ever have to ever do it again.

It was a long time before Vivian finally reached a second climax. Only then did she push Marian away. "Get out of there you stupid cow! I can't believe how inept you are! Although I guess I should have realized you would be. You're not smart enough to be able to do what most normal people can do with no trouble at all! Sissy Phillip over there was great at it! But you, you stupid cow… well, I guess you're only fit to be a cow and nothing else! Get back over to your wall and start mooing again. It's all you're good for! And start playing with yourself again too. I want you to know how useless you are now!"

Marian's hands almost flew to her private zones. One to her breasts, the other down between her legs. But despite that, and despite having to continuously moo again, she was glad to be out from between Vivian's legs. It had been very hard to breathe in there! Not to mention how tired her jaw and tongue were now.

She looked over toward Phillip. He was rocking even harder now. She could actually hear him crying over top of her own mooing. What did Vivian have him doing? Whatever it was, it was causing him some major trauma! She would have gone to him to comfort him if she could, but she was now stuck next to the stupid wall again… mooing away like the stupid cow Vivian kept telling her she was.

Vivian could hear Phillip crying, but it didn't bother her in the least. She figured that all those snakes were probably making him more and more afraid. At least, she hoped that was what was happening. And the more afraid he got of using a toilet somewhere, the better the conditioning should work in him. She thought, anyway. But once she was dressed, it was time to deal with him again. With Marian mooing away in the background, she went over to him to see how he was doing. She checked the screen. It showed a picture of a snake striking out towards the camera – from a toilet bowl somewhere. Frightening!

Phillip simply could not take his eyes off that one picture. He was holding tightly onto Dolly, and sucking his thumb for comfort, and crying in fear. But he couldn't take his eyes away from that picture on the screen. That picture seemed to sum up every one of the fears that he had just learned about. Every last one! All he could picture in his mind now was that big

snake striking out at him from the rim of that toilet! And he had always been very afraid of snakes!

"You can turn it off now," Vivian told him. But he didn't move. He just continued to stare at that one picture. "Turn it off!" Vivian said again. She might as well have been talking to the wall. Even hypnotized, Phillip was too far gone to realize anything other than what was in that one horrible picture. She reached over and closed the web browser herself, removing the awful picture from the screen. Phillip though, was still rocking back and forth… still crying… still staring straight ahead at the screen.

Vivian remembered all the notes she had made earlier about what she wanted to tell him. She leaned in close to his ear and spoke softly. "From now on, Sissy Phillip, every single time you try to use a toilet, or one of those urinals in the men's rooms, or even try to pee or mess anywhere at all, there will always be a very nasty snake just waiting to jump out and bite you! Every time, no matter where you try to go, at least one snake will always be there wanting to bite you. If you try to pee in the tub, there will be a snake waiting for you there. If you try to pee in a bucket, one will be there too. If you just try to pee behind a bush somewhere, that bush will be full of dangerous snakes. And you know how snakes can hide so you can't see them. They're always there, but they're hidden. And they will bite you every time you try to go. You'll have no trouble with them at all when you try to wash, or take a bath, or even shower. When you're just doing that, they won't be anywhere around at all. You won't even have to feel concerned with them. They're only going to be there whenever you have to pee or poop somewhere. And they will always be there for that!

"So here's the only thing you can do from now on Sissy Phillip. The one and only place that you can ever pee or poop anymore, is in your own pants. From now on! Those snakes won't ever bother you or even let you see them as long as you do that. But you're going to have to do it all right in your own clothes without removing them. You can wear a diaper or something like that if you like. In fact, I highly recommend that you do. But even if you don't, from now on, your only choice to relieve yourself in any way at all will be in your own pants. Got that? It's the only way you can go from now on. In your own pants! Otherwise… snakes!"

He had stopped rocking back and forth now. His crying was no longer audible. But he was still staring straight ahead and was sucking his thumb even harder. She could see his jaw quivering as well. And she was sure that he was holding extra tightly onto his doll. The stupid sissy! She had been right to dress him like she did!

But now it was time to pull him out of it, and she was worried that he might not come out of his trance very well in the state he seemed to be in. "Close your eyes now, Sissy Phillip." She watched him for a moment but nothing happened. She was about to say it again, when his eyes finally closed. "Relax now," she told him. "There are no snakes anywhere around right now. They're only going to be around if you try to go to the bathroom like everyone

else does. Right now, there are no snakes anywhere near here. You can relax… relax… relax…."

In contrast to the way she had been behaving lately, she took the time to take him deeper into a trance again, helping him to relax, helping him to get past the trauma of the snakes. It was the way she used to be – caring, kind, loving. But her loving side had grown callous in the last few years as life and love had taken their toll on her. And it was only very recently that she had grown so totally uncaring about anyone else. Only since… the power had been given to her. But that was all things she would never realize about herself. All things she was no longer concerned with at all.

She finally woke him. He was still sucking his thumb and holding tightly onto his doll. He looked up at her, but she could still see the fear behind his eyes. "Do you need to pee?" she asked him.

With his thumb still in his mouth, Phillip shook his head. His eyes still burned with the image of that horrible snake striking out at him. If he could help it, he would never pee again. That was the only thought he could think of just then. He didn't ever want to have to pee or poop again! Ever!

Vivian left him there and headed back to pick up her purse. She had done what she had come there for. Marian was still against the wall mooing and desperately playing with herself… all to no avail. She would be forced to try and try, only to be denied what she so desperately was trying to obtain. She glanced at the clock. "You keep at that right there for another hour!" she commanded. Then with a laugh, she walked out of the apartment to go home. She wanted to check out those sale ads again more closely.

Phillip was scared to death. It had been a while now since Mistress Vivian had left, and now he was starting to feel the urge to pee. Marian was still over by the wall, mooing away and playing with herself non–stop… and unable to have any kind of climax. She looked an awful mess, but he'd rather be stuck in her position than the one he faced now. Knowing he would have to pee soon, he walked over toward the bathroom. But just looking into it scared him more than a little. He got through the door and caught sight of the toilet, and his heart started hammering with so much fear that he quickly retreated. He couldn't even bear the sight of the toilet without becoming horribly afraid! What was he going to do?

Knowing he couldn't even get into the bathroom just then, he went into his room and found his latest drawing pad. Marian would be busy for a little while more. What she was stuck doing was embarrassing enough. He didn't need to watch her and add to that embarrassment.

Marian was exhausted and sore. Her throat was dry and parched as well from the constant mooing. But the biggest thing she was feeling was the total despondent disappointment. Vivian had put it all back into her head again. Vivian had taken her deep into trance again – as deep as she had ever been, and refreshed every single last command. She had been so close to breaking out… only to be faced with having a bigger lock put on the entire package. It would be hopeless for at least a few more days. She knew that without a doubt. She would still be Vivian's prisoner… Vivian's plaything… for at least a few more days.

The clock finally moved and she sank fully to the floor, tired, exhausted, and feeling nothing but horribly used. And worse, she was so horny that it was almost debilitating. She needed a good fuck! She needed to get off desperately. But no man was going to fuck her while she was laying there mooing away like a damn cow. And worse, if any man did try to have sex with her, Vivian had fixed it so that she would feel only horrible pain.

She had to get out of it! She had to break free! But right now, the chains that held her were heavier and more solid than ever. But she would do it! She would make it. If not tonight, then soon! Very, very, soon! She had to!

Pulling herself to her knees, she finally forced herself to her feet. She didn't see Phillip. What had Vivian done to him? She didn't have a clue, but whatever it was, she knew it was bad. Very, very bad. From what little she had seen of him tonight, he had been practically catatonic earlier. She sincerely hoped that he was alright.

Still naked except for her heels, she headed toward the bathroom. She was a mess and she smelled horribly – like the cow that Vivian kept claiming she was. Ugh! Before going into the bathroom, she stopped at the door to Phillip's room. He was in there drawing. Part of her wanted to see what he was working on, but it seemed that he was very private about some of that. "I need a shower," she said. "Do you want to get in there before me?"

Phillip shook his head but said nothing.

"Are you alright?" she asked.

He shrugged as his only answer.

She didn't know what his little movement actually meant. She got the impression that he was alright, but not totally alright. "Sure you don't need to pee before I go in?" she asked again.

"I can't," he replied.

Strange answer! "Okay," she said. "Hopefully I'll be out in a decent amount of time."

"Doesn't matter," he muttered.

She looked at him for a moment, then turned and headed for the bathroom. A quick shower followed by a good relaxing bath were beckoning.

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Phillip sat up on his bed and sketched for a while. But he finally had to put his pencil down. His need to pee was starting to get really bad. He got up to walk around for a while, hoping it would help relieve the need, and knowing it would be useless. What was he going to do? As he passed the bathroom door, he thought he heard Marian pull the drain on the tub so it could start emptying. The sound of it almost made him wet himself. This wasn't going to work. He had to come up with some way he could pee… snakes or not!

He walked all around his apartment, fighting the need and searching for some kind of idea. Mistress Vivian had strongly suggested wearing a diaper, but that wasn't exactly a solution he was happy with. His life was humiliating enough! There had to be some other way! In the kitchen, he spied the kitchen sink. Knowing it was dumb, he pulled one of the kitchen chairs over by it and climbed up onto it. He set Dolly down on the counter to free his hands. The women's pants he was wearing zipped up the back so he would have to pull them completely down to be able to pee. He reached behind himself and started to unzip them, and what he had thought was just the electric cord for the toaster suddenly came to life as the rest of the snake started slithering out from behind it… straight for the sink he was going to pee into. And as his eyes passed over the sink itself, there was another snake head trying to force its way out from the drain! He was so scared he fell off of his chair. Snakes! Right in his kitchen… and he never knew they were there! He desperately grabbed Dolly as fast as he could and ran from the room.

Were they real? They couldn't be! But they had sure looked real! Real enough to nearly scare him to death. He turned and went back to the kitchen doorway. The chair he had stood on was knocked over on its side. From the doorway he looked around carefully. He didn't see any snakes. But he knew how well they could hide. You could be looking at them sometimes and never even see them. Masters of camouflage. It might be a while before he could go into his own kitchen again! One idea down… and no ideas to replace it with. What was he going to do? And his need to pee was getting extreme!

He heard Marian moo again in the bathroom, and then the bathroom door opened and she came out with a towel wrapped around her… and wearing her high heels of course. What was it like to have to wear high heels all the time? He got the impression they were pretty uncomfortable. But heels were not his big problem. Peeing was! If he didn't figure something out fast, he was going to pee all over himself! His one arm cradled Dolly of course, but his other hand was now down to his crotch, trying to grab himself hard enough to avoid an accident.

Marian just found some fresh panties and slipped her robe over herself. Comfortable! If you didn't count having to wear high heels all the time. She started to carry her damp towel back to the bathroom, but on the way, she saw Phillip dancing around in the living room, grabbing his crotch like he had to pee really badly. "Phillip… if you need the bathroom, I've been out of there for a few minutes now."

"I… can't!" Phillip struggled to say between his clenched teeth.

"What do you mean you can't? Do you have to go?"

"Like you wouldn't believe!"

"So go!"

"I can't!"

But now Marian was smelling a rat. A rat named Vivian. She quickly headed for him. "Phillip, what did Vivian do to you?"

"I… can't… use… the bathroom… anymore," he grunted out as he danced around holding himself.

"You what?"

"Can't… do it!" he grunted with his struggles.

"I don't understand," Marian replied. "What is it you can't do?"

"Use the bathroom!" Phillip shouted, not at her though, it was the desperation of his situation that forced it out so loudly.

"You can't use the bathroom? Why not?"

"Sss…. Ssss…." He was having a hard time just saying anything let alone the word he was trying to get out. "Snakes!" he finally got past his lips.

"Snakes? What snakes? Where?"

"In… toilet!" he replied all too loudly as his desperation and dancing around grew even worse. But as he said it, his hand that was grabbing his crotch so hard felt his pants growing a little bit wet. He was losing the battle! "No!" he screamed. But the more he tried, the more he seemed to lose. He could feel himself wetting himself… and worse, he was doing it right

in front of Marian. He stood still finally, and removed his hand from his pants, the front of which was now very wet. “Excuse me,” he said embarrassedly, “I’ve got to change.”

Marian had just left the bathroom. She was more than sure there were no snakes in the toilet… or anywhere else in the apartment. “Phillip,” Marian replied, “what’s going on? What did Vivian put into that head of yours?”

“Snakes,” he said without turning as he continued on to his bedroom to change.

“Tell me about them!” Marian demanded as she followed him. But she got no reply. His pants were soaked! What had Vivian put into his already confused brain that made him think there was a snake in the toilet? “Phillip,” she said quietly as he was peeling his wet pants and panties off. “What did Vivian do to you tonight?” Her only answer though, was to see him briefly look up her before he went back to what he was doing. She decided to wait. She watched as he put a fresh pair of panties on, then went to his closet where he sighed in frustration at having no men’s pants in there before he pulled out a pair of women’s Capri pants and slipped them on. He left his wet clothes in a pile on the floor right where he had taken them off. With Dolly in his arms as usual, he headed right for the doorway she was standing in and pushed his way past her.

“What’s going on?” she asked again as he went past. But as before, he said nothing. She followed him to his computer. She was determined to get an answer from him one way or another. “What’s…”

“Are you sure you want to know?” he asked as he hit one of the keys on his keyboard to wake his computer up.

“Yes!” Marian replied emphatically.

“You might not!” he mumbled as he sat in the chair.

She watched over his shoulder as he brought up the search website and typed in ‘snakes in the toilet.’ Her breath caught. Her chest tightened even more as she saw the long line of articles that the search had found. She watched as he scrolled way down the list and finally clicked on one particular article. Her head actually moved back an inch as the image of a large snake, its mouth fully open to expose the fangs as it was lashing out and striking, appeared to be coming out of the screen directly at her. The picture alone was frightening. Closer examination showed that the snake had been in someone’s toilet.

“You shouldn’t have asked,” Phillip said as he quickly clicked with his mouse to go back to the list of articles. “The whole time she was with you,” he said, “she made me look at all these pictures, watch all these videos, and read all these articles. And before that, she told me

that as I was looking at it all, I had to remember that what this was all about was what was going to happen to me from now on."

He scrolled to the top of the list and was about to click on the first article, but he couldn't find the courage to see it again. He shook his head and got up from his seat to walk away instead. He stopped though with his back still to her and said, "You have no idea how many articles and pictures there are of snakes, and rats, and spiders coming up out of toilets. No idea! I had to look at so many of them that just thinking about it all scares me to death! And then when Mistress Vivian came back, she made things impossible for me. Totally impossible!"

Marian waited for him to continue, but he just stood there with his back to her. She could see how troubled he was. "What Phillip? What did she tell you?" The urge to moo was building in her again… but she didn't want to let it out now.

He turned his head back toward her, then he looked away and down at the floor instead. "I can't use the bathrooms like everyone else anymore. Any bathroom! And it's not just that, if I try to pee… or even poop anywhere except the one place she said I had to go from now on, then I would always get bitten by one of those snakes." He laughed a short little grunt. "Huh! I tried to pee in the kitchen sink a little while ago. It was the most frightening experience of my life. Not only was there a big black snaked coming out from behind the toaster, but there was another one coming up through the drain. I almost killed myself getting out of there!"

"But the snakes aren't real Phillip. You know that!"

"They looked awfully real to me!" He turned his head back towards her a bit more. "You of all people should know that real or not doesn't always matter. They were real enough to scare me nearly to death!"

She put her hand on his shoulder, sympathizing with what he had just said. "You're right," she said. "I'm sorry. It's just that sometimes you have to fight your way past these things." She was fighting just then with her urge to moo. And she knew perfectly well that there was no getting past it… yet.

"Were you able to fight past the pain last night?"

"No," she replied sadly. "I'm sorry. But I will do it eventually!"

He turned his head away from her again and shook it. "It's no use."

She finally mooed again, the forlorn echo of it seeming to emphasize the moment. The two of them stood there like that together for a few moments. Then she asked, "Phillip, you said there was one place that she told you that you had to go from now on. Where's that?"

He shook her hand off of his shoulder and turned around, hugging Dolly tightly to his chest with both arms. “My pants!” He turned and headed for his room.

“You’re kidding?” Marian asked. But she got no answer from him at all. She followed him toward his bedroom. “What are you going to do?” she asked as she stood in the doorway. He was climbing up onto his bed.

“Who knows!” he replied. “Mistress Vivian suggested I start wearing diapers. But…”

“But what?”

“But don’t I have enough humiliating things in my life now?”

There was a lot she could have said to that. “Come on,” she said, “let’s go into the bathroom together. Let’s make sure there are no snakes in there. Maybe we can beat this thing right now.”

He looked at her dubiously. “It won’t help,” he said.

“Who knows? Maybe it will. At least let’s try.”

He rolled his eyes, but he also rolled off of the bed. She led the way and entered the bathroom first. He stood outside where he couldn’t fully see into the little room.

“No snakes in here now,” she told him confidently.

Phillip approached the door cautiously. But the moment he was able to see the toilet, his eyes locked onto it and he couldn’t remove them. His fear of it was instant!

“See,” she said. “No snakes here at all. Now come in and see for yourself.” She felt yet another moo coming on.

Phillip shook his head. “No!”

“Phillip,” Marian said more sternly, “come in here and see for yourself!”

Phillip shook his head again. “The toilet!” he said.

“There’s no snakes there. I promise.”

But Phillip wasn’t able to believe that. Marian didn’t know how well snakes could hide. He shook his head again.

“Phillip! You have to come in here… now!” The forcefulness of her voice also forced the building moo out of her too. She did her best to act like it hadn’t happened.

Phillip ignored her moo and shook his head, still staring at nothing but the toilet. “Close the lid!”

Marian looked at the toilet. She had left the seat down from when she had been in there, but had left the lid open. She looked into the toilet. “No snakes!” she said. Then she closed the lid.

Very cautiously, Phillip took a step into the bathroom, but his eyes never once left that toilet.

“Keep coming,” Marian said as kindly as she could. “You’re doing very well.”

He moved in closer, all the way to the sink, but his eyes still never left the toilet.

“Now that you’re here, you probably should get cleaned up a bit more after wetting yourself like you did. Want to take a shower?”

He shook his head. “No, I’ll get one in the morning.”

“Will you be able to do that?”

He nodded. “She said I could. She said I would have no problem washing at all. But if I tried to pee in the tub or anywhere else, then those snakes would be there and they’d bite me as soon as I tried it. I should be good as long as I don’t have to pee… or anything else.”

Marian realized that Vivian had been smart enough to take care of things like that. But she had obviously gone to great lengths to make sure that Phillip was going to stay away from all toilets! She amended that thought. She had gone to great lengths to make sure that he would only be able to go in his pants – and nowhere else! The snakes in the toilet bit was more than a bit extreme. What little she had seen on Phillips computer had already made her nervous. How long had she made Phillip look at that stuff?

“What are you going to do about peeing?” she asked. “You can’t just keep going in your pants.”

He shrugged. “That’s the only place she said I can go now.”

“You don’t have that many pants, and you can’t keep wetting them and changing them!”

“Why not?”

"Phillip, you know better!"

"So what am I supposed to do about it?" he asked.

It was a moment before she could answer. "It sounds to me like she wants you wearing the diapers for some reason."

"Why?"

"Who knows? Who knows why she's been doing any of this? The damn woman is crazy! She's officially crazy. She's totally lost her marbles!"

"Huh!" he grunted. "You're telling me!"

She looked at him for a few moments. "Come on," she said. "Let's go find you some diapers. You don't want to be wetting the bed all night either."

Phillip wasn't happy about it, but he followed her into the bedroom.

"I wouldn't worry too much about it being humiliating," Marian mentioned as she grabbed some clothes to put on. "Lots of people wear diapers all the time – and nobody ever knows it. There are lots of companies that specialize in making them for people who… um… can't make it to the bathroom. So it shouldn't be too bad at all."

Phillip grunted again. "Huh! That's easy for you to say!"

——— o0o ———

Vivian slid the DVD that Marian had gotten into the player and turned it on along with the TV. In moments, the same picture of the fireplace was filling her entire TV screen. She stood back so she could see it better. She decided that Marian had been right. It was rather pretty. And if Marian had thought that it added a touch of elegance, than she supposed that it did that as well. She wasn't really an expert in those matters. She turned the volume up a bit, but all she could hear was the slight crackling of the fire on the screen. So lifelike! She was tempted to turn it off, but she decided she liked it playing.

She went into the kitchen and poured herself another glass from Marian's small wine collection. Then she found all the advertisements that had come in the mail over the last few days and carried them all out to one of the chairs in her living room. Curling her legs up under her, she started going through the ads while she slowly sipped at her wine.

Forty–five minutes later, she happened to look up at the TV. The fire of course was still burning, but it wasn't burning nearly so brightly anymore. Still, it was awfully nice. She really enjoyed looking at it. It really did add such a nice… atmosphere… to the room. She went back to her ads for a few minutes, but the fire seemed to beckon to her. Almost as if it was calling for her to watch it. It was so… relaxing. She was surprised to find that watching it relaxed her so much. It was so nice. So very nice.

She was so glad she had rescued the DVD from that stupid cow Marian. What would Marian have done with it anyway? Ridiculous! She sipped at the last of her wine… and looked at the ads… and spent long wonderful moments just watching the fire burn further and further down.

Chapter 17.

Phillip actually slept fairly well. His problem came when he woke up the next morning and had to pee. He hadn't worn a diaper to bed… just as he didn't wear one the night before after he had purchased the damn things. That is, he didn't wear one until he needed to use it… and then he had only put it on briefly, struggled and forced himself to do what he had to, and then removed it again afterwards and thrown it away. So just as he had done the night before, he put the diaper on, forced himself to pee in it, and then removed it again. He pulled some pants on and carried the thing out to the trash can in the kitchen. Marian was still sound asleep and he was as quiet as possible so as not to wake her. The lack of mooing in the apartment was almost blissful as he headed to the bathroom to take his morning shower.

He paused just outside the bathroom door and stared at the toilet. He hugged Dolly close to him as his heart began to hammer. He peered all around. No snakes as far as he could see. He cautiously slipped into the room, staying as far from the toilet as he possibly could, and again looked all around. No snakes in sight… but then he knew perfectly well how easily they could hide. You could be looking right at them and never even see one! Still somewhat afraid, he forced himself to go to the sink… no snakes… and start shaving. He was faster than usual shaving, and he was faster than usual with his shower – only because he was afraid of the snakes. He didn't bother shaving the bottoms of his legs, just so he could get out of there sooner. Once the water was off, he grabbed Dolly and his towel, and hurried quickly to his bedroom. He dried himself off in his bedroom where there was less chance of one of those snakes being around.

From his bedroom he heard a mournful moo coming from the living room. Marian was awake. No doubt she was doing things to herself that he'd rather not witness. "I'm out of the bathroom!" he yelled.

"Okay," came the brief reply called back. But it was still several minutes before he heard her entering the bathroom.

Once dry, he donned a thin pair of women's panties. He grabbed a bra and somehow actually managed to fasten the stupid thing the first time… as if it was easy. Ha! Picking up Dolly from the bed, he went to his closet and decided on what he was going to wear – long pants today since he didn't shave his legs. The long pants were actually something he preferred over the Capri pants. He felt like they hid more. He wasn't used to having any parts of his legs on display all the time. With the side zip on the pants fastened, he pulled the colorful top on. It had a row of ruffles down the front of it that he wasn't entirely happy about… just as he wasn't happy about any of the women's clothes he was wearing. He stepped into the black patent shoes he had. At least they were comfortable. More so than he wanted to admit. It

was all somewhat comfortable – with the one big exception of his bra. So stupid! He was tempted to undress and masturbate again, but he decided he'd better not.

Grabbing Dolly, he headed out to find his backpack. As he passed the bathroom, he didn't hear any water running, even though Marian had been in there for a few minutes now. What was she doing in there? Maybe it was better if he didn't know! He found his backpack and carried it back to the bedroom where he put several diapers into it along with the box of baby wipes that Marian had insisted he buy as well. His plan was to only use the diapers as he needed them. No use being uncomfortable… not to mention even more humiliated!

It wasn't until after Marian finally got out of the bathroom and they had both finished breakfast that Phillip was faced with a major problem. They would have to leave for work soon, and he was going to have to go to the bathroom again first… or rather, he was going to have to not go to the bathroom – because he couldn't do what he needed to do there. He was going to have to go in his pants again. Ugh! In his room, on the far side of his bed, he pulled a fresh diaper out of the package and set Dolly down on his bed. He lowered his pants and panties down to his ankles and struggled with the strange protective garment. He didn't need to get it perfect. He just needed it not to leak. When he was ready, he forced himself to pee into the thing. It wasn't as easy as anyone would think, but after doing it twice before now, he was starting to manage it better.

But once he was done, he thought about something else – something much more troubling. What about having to relieve himself the other way? The smelly way? And worse, he knew already that he was going to have to do that – soon. Faced with his current situation, it would be far better to handle that problem here at home than have it happen at work! Seeing no other solution to his problem, he left the diaper in place and started struggling to take care of the horrible feat. Having to piss in the diaper was nothing compared to the problems he faced with this. He had to squat down a bit to make it easier, and when he did finally feel something coming out of him, it was like the worst feeling in the world… only to have that miserable problem compounded by the diaper itself holding everything back and preventing it from all coming out of him. He grunted and struggled and wiggled around, trying to finish what he had started to do.

"Phillip, are you ready?" Marian asked as she waked into the bedroom to check on him. She saw him all bent over with his face somewhat contorted. "What are you doing?"

"Just… leave!" Phillip grunted. "Please!"

Guessing what was probably going on, Marian backed out of the room. She didn't want to be anywhere around while Phillip was having to deal with that! She glanced at the clock. It was a good thing they had no actual set time they had to be at work… other than a lot earlier than everyone else. She and Phillip were going to be a little later than they intended on being today.

Phillip hoped he was done. He hoped that everything was completely out of him. But now he had to find some way to deal with the mess… and he was dreading this part the most! He was very worried about how messy his backside would be. Since he couldn't use a toilet like everyone else, just wiping a bit with some toilet paper was out of the question. Besides, he was sure that his backside was too messy now to handle with just a little toilet paper. He wasn't sure he wanted to try to clean up that kind of mess with any of those baby wipes in his backpack either. As far as he could see, there was really only one solution – he had to take another shower.

He pulled his pants and panties up above his knees and held them there with one hand while he grabbed Dolly with his other hand and headed for the bathroom. He again paused just outside the door before entering so he could try to spot any snakes. None in sight, but he knew they were in there! Before entering though, he caught sight of Marian out of the corner of his eye. She was sitting in the living room waiting for him… and he was just standing there with his dirty diaper totally exposed. Embarrassing! "I need a shower," he told her. She made no reply. He took a chance and stepped cautiously into the bathroom again. More terrified than ever of the snakes, he continually looked all around trying to spot one. But like the last time he had been in there, he stayed as far away from the toilet as he could… he had no intention of trying to use it anyway. He got the messy diaper off of him, not enjoying the smell or the sticky experience one bit, and he quickly got himself wet in the shower again. It took him longer to take this shower than his first shower of the day, but at least he wouldn't have to deal with that problem at work now. Again, he grabbed Dolly and his towel and hurried out of the bathroom to dry himself off, leaving the smelly, messy diaper on the floor to deal with later.

This time it took him three tries to get his bra fastened – so dumb… and he really did wish he had time to masturbate now. As fast as he could, he got fully dressed. He grabbed Dolly and his backpack and headed for the living room where Marian was still sitting on one of the chairs waiting for him… and mooing occasionally. "Okay, I'm ready," he said.

Marian shook her head. "Not till you take care of all your smelly diapers and get them out of here. And then I still have to fix your hair and put a bow in it."

Ugh! She was as bad as a henpecking mother!

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Vivian walked into work a full two minutes later than she should have… to the wondering looks from all the other ladies.

"We were getting worried about you," Courtney exclaimed as she headed for her desk.

"Sorry, just running late today," Vivian explained. Actually, she was late today because she had spent so much time searching for a particular color lipstick that she was fairly certain she didn't have in the first place. She would just have to buy some later today. How could she properly manage her different outfits without all the right accessories? But other than that, she had felt no particular rush at all to get to work anyway since she wouldn't be doing anything particularly useful… as far as work went. The last minute sale ads for the upcoming weekend would be hitting the internet today and tomorrow, and she knew just which stores usually posted those ads and when! When it came to shopping, she prided herself on being one of the best! She doubted anyone "saved" as much money as she did.

She noticed the angry glare from Phillip as she headed for her desk. Was he wearing a diaper today? She almost laughed out loud. She had no doubt that he was. After all those snakes he saw on the internet yesterday, he had to be. She herself was being overly cautious about the matter after the little bit that she had seen. The annoying stare she got from Marian only gladdened her heart. The stupid cow!

She sat down and booted up her computer. As usual, one of the first things she did after booting up was to open her email program. There were only two emails there. One of them she forwarded immediately to Marian to handle for her. The other email was from Felicia.

"Did you do it?" Felicia's email asked.

Vivian had a broad smile on her face as she wrote back – I had more fun with it than I thought I would! I doubt Sissy Phillip will ever go near a toilet again for the rest of his life!

Felicia turned around and smiled broadly at Vivian. "Thanks," she mouthed.

"My pleasure," Vivian mouthed back. Then she turned to her computer again to see if any of those sale ads were out yet.

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Marian was disappointed. She had looked very carefully at Vivian's face as she came in, but she didn't see any sign of what she had hoped to see. That fireplace recording had been filled with nothing but subliminal suggestions to get Vivian to like it and to keep her watching it so that she would get hooked on the thing. But she had also included one other suggestion to let her know that the video was being watched – and listened to. She had put the suggestion in there that Vivian would want to wear a plum colored lipstick to work for the rest of the week. Unfortunately, she saw no sign of anything in a plum color on Vivian's face today – which meant that either Vivian never bothered playing that DVD… or just as likely, the subliminal suggestions were having no effect on her at all. And if that was the case, then Marian had no idea what she was going to do.

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It was late in the morning when Phillip had to pee again. He had held it off for as long as he dared, but now he couldn't wait much longer. Having little choice, he grabbed Dolly and his backpack and got up from his desk. Every eye in the room saw him walk out with his backpack. He knew that only Marian knew for sure what he had in his pack… well, probably Vivian too… but he was also sure that all those women were going to be wondering why he had to carry it out with him. Well, let them wonder. Who cared! He wasn't about to broadcast his latest problem.

As far as he could see, he had no choice at all as to where to go. His one and only choice was the men's room. Well, he could also use the ladies room, but he never even considered that option. He paused outside the bathroom door, trying to find the courage to go in and face the snakes. "I'm not going to do anything I shouldn't!" he whispered over and over again as he tentatively stepped into the room, his eyes constantly scanning around for the snakes that he knew were there… but hidden. "I'm not going to actually use the toilet," he said to the empty room.

Very cautiously he dared to go into the furthest stall. No snakes – so far! He prayed they would stay away. He pulled a diaper out of his backpack… and stared at the toilet. He had come this far, did he dare? He was very, very tempted. He pulled his pants and panties down to his ankles and picked up the diaper. No snakes… and the toilet was right there… so close… with no snakes that he could see. Looking all around again and not seeing any snakes, he shuffled the few extra inches to the front of the toilet with the intention of using it, but just before he could let loose, the water in the toilet began rolling and just that fast a huge snake forced its way out from the bottom of the toilet – coming right up at him! He was so scared he almost fell as he did his best to avoid getting bitten. The stall door was closed behind him preventing him from getting away, He could see the snake now, still in the toilet. Its head was just above the rim, its beady black eyes were glaring at him. The snake opened its mouth exposing its deadly fangs. Completely terrified, Phillip did everything he could to unlock the stall door and get out of there as fast as he could. His pants and panties around his ankles tripped him up and he fell to the floor as he tried to get out of the stall. From the floor, he watched as the head of the snake disappeared below the rim of the toilet where he couldn't see it. But it was in there – he knew it!

With his pants and panties still around his ankles, he cautiously reached into the stall and grabbed his backpack and pulled it back out. He stood up, pulling his pants up to his knees where he hurried to the stall as far away from the one he had been in as he could get. He checked carefully before going in. No snakes – yet. He went in and dared to close the door behind him. Still no snakes. With his eyes carefully on the toilet right in front of him, he lowered his pants and panties to his ankles again. He pulled the diaper in place and somewhat fastened it before he forced himself to pee into the thing as quickly as possible. He got the diaper off again in almost record time. He pulled his panties and pants up and was out of the

stall before they were even fastened. The wet diaper he threw into the trash, and as soon as he could, he was out of there.

His heart was still hammering a bit as he carried Dolly back toward the office. He had almost been bitten! And he had no doubt that snake was probably poisonous! Weren't they all?

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Vivian was bored. She had checked and rechecked all the sales, but that only took a few minutes of her time… even though she did it throughout the day. Her mind turned frequently to wondering if the things she had ordered for Marian would arrive today. She certainly hoped so. She was so looking forward to getting on with that little project. She was going to break Marian if it was the last thing she did! She knew she could simply hypnotize Marian and make her realize that she was nothing but a good–for–nothing smelly, stupid cow, but she wanted Marian to realize that without the hypnotism. And she just knew that her idea was going to finally get that point across into Marian's stupid brain.

With her mind searching for something to occupy herself with, she noticed Sissy Phillip going out of the room with his backpack again. Sissy Phillip… or Sissy Phyllis. She nearly laughed out loud at just the thought of him. She was forcing him to dress so ridiculously. She was forcing him to carry that stupid doll around all the time. And now the dumb sap was stuck in diapers all the time too. Well, he certainly deserved it. And she was having an absolute ball with him. So much fun!

But she was reminded that she had other plans for him – eventually. And maybe it was time now to start working on those plans. But how should she go about it? That was her big problem. She wasn't overly knowledgeable in that area. So once again she turned to the internet… that she rarely left all day long.

Eventually, Sissy Phyllis was going to be making money for her, and she had a feeling that someone like him could probably make a lot of money – if he was trained right. She had major plans to pimp Sissy Phyllis and his talented lipsticked mouth out to whatever man or woman might be interested. She had no doubt he could bring in a ton of money for her. Possibly more than he was making here at work. But first, she had to know that he could handle the male customers as well as she knew he was capable of handling the female ones. And just the thought of that sissy twerp having to suck off some smelly man's cock made her wet.

So what was the best way to train him? Actual experience was probably the best. But where would he find it? How could he get it? Her internet searching led her quickly to the web pages for dominant men and women. Would one of them be able to train him? No doubt they would at least have some ideas. She remembered how she had found and actually managed to "chat" with Master George in an online chat room. Were there any chat rooms

available with dominant women… or men, who could train Sissy Phyllis? Or could she at least chat with someone and get some ideas on how to proceed?

Finding the right kind of chat room was somewhat easy. She read through this and that. She actually joined into a conversation with several people who were on line at the time… both men and women. But eventually she started chatting with a woman who called herself Goddess Gloria who was right there in the city… and who seemed to be very interested in Sissy Phyllis and what she wanted to train him to be able to do. Vivian proudly told Goddess Gloria that Sissy Phyllis always referred to her as Mistress Vivian. Goddess Gloria suggested that Vivian should bring Sissy Phyllis around to her dungeon on Saturday for a session with one of her own subs. The thought thrilled Vivian – except for one thing, Saturday was Vivian's primary shopping day and nothing in the world was going to keep her from it. A few minutes later though, Goddess Gloria and Mistress Vivian had settled on meeting to get their subs together late the following evening… Friday night. It was late enough that Vivian would still be able to do some of her early weekend shopping, just perhaps not all of it. But for this bit of excitement, Vivian simply couldn't wait!

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Felicia had seen Phillip leaving with his backpack several times. She had no doubt that Phillip was keeping his extra diapers in it. She almost laughed every time she saw him come in or go out of the room with the thing. The damn sissy! It served him right! It looked like crazy Vivian had actually come through with what she had said she would do. But as the day went on, Felicia found herself becoming more and more curious about something. Finally, she sent an email to Vivian about it: Vivian, I'd love to be able to actually see Phillip in whatever diaper he's wearing, but I don't want him to know I had anything to do with it. Any ideas?

After reading Felicia's email, Vivian found that she was kind of interested in seeing the diaper on Phillip herself. She guessed she could always have Felicia come back after everyone had left, blindfold both Sissy Phillip and Marian, then have Phillip pull his pants down so she and Felicia could see Phillip's diaper. But just before she began typing that reply, she thought of an easier way. She typed back: Would a picture after work be good enough?

Felicia read Vivian's reply and smiled. She typed: That would be perfect! And by that time, his diaper will probably be wet. I can't wait to see that almost as much.

Vivian typed back: I'll email you some pictures right after work. She checked the clock. Just a little while more. Would Sissy Phillip be wet? She hadn't seen him leaving the room with his backpack for a while now, so it was a good possibility. She would find out in just a little while more.

The clock ticked down the last few seconds, and everyone got up and began walking out. Vivian chatted amiably with several of the women as they rode down on the crowded

elevator together. And ten minutes later, she walked back into the office again where Marian and Sissy Phyllis were just getting back to work. “Sissy Phyllis!” she called as she walked into the room. She saw the look of surprise and fright on his face as he looked up. “Stand up and pull those pants down!” she ordered.

Fearfully, Phillip stood. He grabbed Dolly for a moment, then set her down on his desk again. He reached to the side of his pants and unzipped them. Nervously, he pulled them down, exposing the thin panties he was wearing.

Vivian was shocked and angry. “No diaper? I thought I made it perfectly clear that you were never to use a toilet again!”

“I’m not! I can’t!” Phillip desperately replied as the fear in him built.

“Then what the hell are you doing?”

“I just put the diaper on when I have to pee. Then I take it off again.”

Vivian’s mouth hung open in surprise. This had to be Marian’s idea! She turned to Marian… and saw the same surprised look on her face as well. “Did you have anything to do with this?” she demanded.

Marian shook her head. “I had no idea.” Inwardly, she was somewhat proud of Phillip for thinking of it, except that now she had no doubt it was going to get him in worse trouble.

Vivian’s eyes narrowed angrily as she glared at Phillip. “So, you’re not interested in wearing those diapers all the time!” She gave the problem a little thought. “Put one on now!” she ordered. “Get those panties off and I want to see the diaper on you right now. Hurry!”

Phillip was almost as afraid of Vivian as he was of the snakes. As fast as he could, he pulled a fresh diaper out of his backpack and fastened the thing on himself. But the moment he got it on, he heard Vivian utter those dreadful words.

“Phyllis sucks her thumb!” Vivian watched as Phillip’s thumb went into his mouth and his eyes closed tightly. Standing there with his diaper on display and his thumb in his mouth made him look more like a silly toddler than ever. She couldn’t help herself, she laughed out loud. She liked the sight so much, she pulled her phone out of her purse and took a picture of him just that way. “Phyllis,” she said, “pick up your doll and hold it.” She watched as Phillip opened his eyes, grabbed Dolly from his desk, and held her to his chest. She took several more pictures. “Positively delightful!” she exclaimed.

Marian watched it all from her desk. She didn't realize it, but she barely breathed through everything. She was very afraid for Phillip just then, but her fear spiked when Vivian turned to her and said the magic words that sent her into her own thumb sucking trance.

Vivian smiled. She did so love playing with her two toddlers like this. It was so delightful. "Marian," she said, "open your eyes and come over here next to Sissy Phyllis." She watched as the thumb sucking woman walked over to stand next to the thumb sucking sissy. So delightful. She turned her attention back to Phillip. "So my little Sissy Phyllis, you don't seem to like the idea of wearing those diapers all the time. Well this is how it's going to work now. From now on, you're going to be wearing diapers all the time. No more panties, only diapers! And to make sure you're going to stay in them, from now on, you can't ever take them off yourself. No matter how smelly or messy they get, you can't remove them yourself. Ever!"

She turned to Marian, "You Marian, from now on, you're going to have to be responsible for changing his diapers. And since he doesn't seem to like them that much, then I want you to make sure that his diapers really need changing before you take one off of him. I want his diapers to be close to leaking before one of them can be removed. From now on!"

She turned back to Phillip. "And Phyllis, since you weren't wearing the diaper all day today, you can just leave it totally exposed all night tonight. When I leave here tonight, your pants stay off – and that diaper stays exposed! No pants or anything to cover it till tomorrow!"

Vivian took a few more photos of both of them standing there sucking their thumbs, then she woke them both up… and delighted to Marian's immediate moo. Phillip kept his thumb firmly in his mouth, Marian looked at her with total hatred in her eyes. Vivian smiled broadly. Oh this was so much fun! "Have a good night kiddies," she called as she grabbed her purse and walked out. She laughed all the way to the elevator.

Phillip, with his thumb still in his mouth and still hugging Dolly tightly to him, turned to look at Marian. He felt like crying. Marian felt for Phillip just then, but there was little she could do about his situation… either of their situations. She wasn't looking forward to having to constantly deal with Phillip's messy diapers. Ugh!

"Let's do a little more work and then get out of here," she suggested.

Phillip nodded with his thumb still in his mouth. He picked his pants and panties up from the floor and stuffed them in his backpack. He was constantly aware of his bare legs… and the occasional sight of the white diaper he was wearing… and the uncomfortable feel of that diaper… and the thought that the was going to have to pee again before too long. "Maybe we better work a bit longer tonight," he suggested. "There'll be less people around to see me when we leave that way."

Marian nodded. "Whatever you like."

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Vivian was a little later getting home than she had planned on, but when she stopped to find some plum colored lipstick, she couldn't help but browse the entire store to see if there was anything new. The fact that she came away with only the lipstick was something of a miracle.

She first noticed the box that was sitting on her doorstep the minute she pulled into her parking place. With her spirits soaring, she got out of the car and hurried to her front door. It had to be what she had ordered for Marian! At least she hoped it was. She had also ordered those diapers for Sissy Phillip, but she didn't think they would get here that fast. She carried the box inside before coming back out to check her overly stuffed mailbox. Since she had forwarded all her mail to her new address, her mailbox was overflowing with advertising – the only mail she was really interested in. But this time she found a small bulging envelope in with her mail as well. She could only hope she knew what was in it.

Carrying everything back inside, she quickly attacked the small bulging mailer. She found a small bottle of pills inside. Yes! Perfect! Ignoring the ads that she usually couldn't wait to look through, she attacked the box next. All thoughts of reviewing those advertisements went quickly out of her head the moment she saw what the box contained. It was here! Finally! Not only that, both items she had ordered were here together. How perfect could it be? If Marian didn't get it into her head that she was nothing but a stupid ugly cow after this, then she didn't know what she would do.

Completely excited, she grabbed the box and the pills and headed for her door… and stopped herself. Marian and Sissy Phyllis were most likely still at work. Darn! She would have to wait. She set everything back on the table, turned the fireplace video on for "atmosphere," and made herself some dinner, all the while, desperately watching the clock. What time were they going to get home tonight anyway?

As she sat down at the table to eat, she grabbed her notebook first. She mostly knew what she wanted to do with Marian, but now she took the time to write it all down so she wouldn't forget. From her seat at the table, she could see the TV where the fireplace was still burning brightly. Just looking at the thing seemed to calm her down and make her feel good. It really was… elegant. And so relaxing to watch. She wondered if a real fireplace would be that relaxing. She finished dinner with thoughts of the plum lipstick she had just bought again on her mind. She would build an entire outfit around it tomorrow. It would be so much fun!

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Marian turned out the lights in the office and walked out into the hall. But Phillip didn't follow her. She turned back to wait for him. "Coming?"

Phillip had Dolly covering his diaper in front and his backpack covering him from behind. “Is the coast clear?” he asked nervously.

Marian looked up and down the hallway. “Just us,” she replied.

Phillip nervously stepped out into the hallway. Nobody around and all was quiet. He left Marian behind as he hurried down the hallway toward the elevators. But when he got to where he had to turn down another hallway, he stopped and stuck just his head around the corner to check to see if he could see anyone. Nobody. Whew! He didn’t move though until Marian had finally caught up with him. Why couldn’t she hurry like he was? He wanted to get out of the building and out of sight as fast as possible! “Can you please try to hurry?” he said as soon as Marian had caught up with him. And then he was off again, praying that nobody would see him.

“Not in these heels!” Marian called after him. She was hurrying, just not as fast as he was.

They made it to the elevator just fine… with the exception of having to wait an eternity for an empty elevator to come up for them. Phillip was relieved the minute they got into the elevator… but all too shortly, the door opened again when they reached the ground floor. Once again, Phillip carefully kept his backpack covering his diapered butt behind him and Dolly covering his front as he glanced out at the open lobby. It wasn’t totally deserted. He could see two of the security guards and several other people on the other side of the lobby just talking. It was a moment before he realized that Marian had stepped out of the elevator already and he was being left behind. Having little choice, he hurried to catch up to her, trying to keep Marian between her and the other people still in the lobby. He could just feel everyone’s eyes on him, even though he dared not look back to see. It was a long walk across the empty parking lot to Marian’s car. Why? They had parked so close to the building this morning. Lunch! He remembered that Marian had gone out and gotten them lunch like she usually did.

He turned his head and saw a few people watching him from further away in the parking lot. He left Marian behind and ran for her car, even though he had to stand outside of it before she finally caught up to him. As soon as she unlocked the doors, he couldn’t get into the car fast enough. Whew! He had no doubt that there would be more humiliating rumors about him floating around the company now… as if there weren’t enough already!

Marian mooed as she started the car. “How about if I just go through the drive–thru on the way home tonight? Would you like that?” she asked.

“Sounds good,” Phillip replied. “Just as long as I don’t have to get out of the car!”

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How long should she wait? Vivian was getting anxious to get on with destroying Mooing Marian. Not knowing, she finally picked up her phone and called Phillip's cell. "Where are you?" she asked the moment Phillip had answered.

Phillips diaper was already wet, but it almost became even wetter the moment he heard Mistress Vivian's voice. "We just left work and we're about to stop and pick up something to eat," he replied.

"Forget it!" Vivian told him. "Just get home as soon as you can. I'll be there in a few minutes!"

Phillip and Marian looked at each other. Trouble was written across both their faces.

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Vivian nearly caused a major accident because her mind was more on what she was about to do to Marian and less on her driving. In fact, she never even noticed the two cars she had nearly driven off the road. She was about to totally destroy Marian, and she couldn't wait! As soon as she had parked, she grabbed the large plastic bag that she had put the box in and hurried up to Phillip's apartment. It was Marian who opened the door for her this time, but Vivian didn't care who opened the door, just so long as she could get in and on with her business as soon as possible.

Phillip was still displaying his diaper when she walked into the living room. With the doll in his arms and the now very wet diaper, he was a total joy for her eyes to behold. "That diaper seems to suit you more than I thought it would," she said with a broad smile on her face. "Maybe I should never let you wear anything over top of them. Wouldn't that be a scream?"

Phillip figured that if she did that, the only one who would be screaming would be him!

Vivian turned back to Marian. "Get undressed – now!" she commanded. "I want you in nothing but those darling high heels you're so fond of."

Marian's hands were removing the jacket she had worn all day, almost before she knew what she was doing. There was no use even trying to not do whatever Vivian wanted. Vivian had been there just the night before and replanted everything all too deeply into her head once again. She simply had no choice. In short order, Marian was once again naked and standing up against the wall where Vivian seemed to like to see her. She wasn't happy to see the absolutely wicked smile on Vivian's face. Her eyes kept glancing worriedly at the bag that Vivian had brought with her.

Vivian noticed Marian looking at the bag. Her face screwed up into the most wicked smile Marian had ever seen. "That's right, you stupid cow," Vivian said. "That's for you. Since you can't seem to get it into your head that you're nothing but a stupid, smelly, ugly cow, then I

bought you something that will help make that fact much more clear for you. And I have no doubt that a stupid cow like you will absolutely love this!"

She reached into the bag and pulled out the box… and Marian nearly died when she read what was printed on it: Double Electric Breast Pump.

"Aren't you excited?" Vivian practically crowed. "I got you your very own milking machine! And since I used your credit card to buy it, I spared no expense to make sure I got you the very best! This thing will make sure you produce every last drop of milk that you can… and I have no doubt that those ridiculous huge udders you have will produce plenty!" Vivian couldn't help herself, she broke out laughing as the look of horror stayed on Mooing Marian's dumb face. Priceless!

Vivian turned to Phillip who was looking on with his eyes nearly popping out of his head. "Get over here Sissy Phyllis, I have a job for you now."

It was all Phillip could do to keep his thumb out of his mouth as he fearfully approached Vivian.

Vivian placed her hand on Phillip's shoulder. "Sissy Phyllis, you are now Sissy Farmer Phyllis. And Marian here is your cow. And since she's your cow, it's going to be your responsibility to milk her every day… twice a day!" She heard a gasp and noticed the look of increased horror on Marian's face. Delightful! "And since Marian is nothing but a stupid cow, you're going to have to do it all for her."

"Please…" The desperate word just seemed to slip out from Marian's mouth.

Vivian immediately turned to Marian. "Marian moos like a cow!"

Just that fast, Marian mooed, and once again found that she could only moo and couldn't say anything else.

Vivian turned back to Phillip. "Now then, since I expect that you don't know too much about milking cows, then I guess I'm going to have to help you figure this thing out. Now open the box and take everything out of it."

Marian could only stand there and moo while she watched Phillip and Vivian pull everything out of the box and begin reading the instructions. She was horrified. Totally horrified. Of all the stupid indignant things she could think of, this had to be about the worst! Vivian was indeed doing everything possible to turn her into a damn cow! And worse, she knew that given enough time, her udders… her breasts actually would start to produce milk.

Marian watched as Phillip assembled everything under the watchful eye of Vivian. And she listened as Vivian explained how she wanted Phillip to go about doing it. It was all pretty bad, and it got worse when Vivian turned to her again.

"Marian," Vivian said, "down on your knees!" She watched as Marian dropped to her knees. "Now Marian, since you're nothing but a stupid cow, there's no sense in you learning how to do any of this. It's your farmer's responsibility to take care of all this for you, so you re to never lift a finger to take care of any of it. Ever! Understand? You don't do anything except to kneel there and be the stupid cow that you are!"

The moo that Marian let out wasn't meant to me a moo of agreement, it was just one of many that forced its way out past her lips. Marian had to kneel there while Vivian directed Phillip in just how he should do everything. The device had two units with bottles attached connected by a bar. There was a neck strap to help hold it all up and plenty of tubing connecting everything to the electric pump unit.

Marian could only watch and moo as it was all carefully assembled, but she nearly started crying when Phillip was forced to hang the unit over her neck. She hated the way the damn thing felt as it bumped against her breasts. Her trepidation increased as Vivian herself plugged the pump into the wall, but when Vivian directed Phillip to put the units up against her breasts and make sure they were arranged properly, the long mournful moo she let out was the closest thing to a plea for mercy that she could utter. But of course, nobody understood. And when Phillip, still holding the units against her breasts, was told to switch the thing on and it came to life, Marian, let out an even bigger moo. Her eyes went wide as the darn thing seemed to grab tightly onto both her breasts as the strong suction went into effect.

"Now see here, Sissy Phyllis," Vivian said, "this thing has several different modes of operation. Right now we just have it set on express, but I think that as a cow, Marian would much more appreciate setting it so that it cycles between her udders."

With that, Vivian pressed a button on the pump and Marian felt the suction change from being constant on both breasts, to a large increase on one and then a large increase on the other. Back and forth, yet there was still suction on each breast.

"And see here, Sissy Phyllis, you can even adjust the strength of the suction and the speed of the cycling."

Marian suddenly felt the cycling between her breasts speeding up – much faster. And as her eyes were going even wider at what was happening to her, she felt the suction increase. She let out another loud mournful moo. She was actually grateful when Vivian turned the cycling speed down to slow, but she noticed that she didn't turn down the strength of the suction at all.

"I think that until your cow actually starts producing plenty of milk, Sissy Phyllis, you should keep it on a setting something like this to help her produce more milk as soon as possible. I know you want Marian to be the best milk cow she can possibly be." With that, Vivian broke out laughing. She backed away and watched as Marian, total horror still written all over her face, was forced to kneel there and be milked like the stupid cow that she really was. It was priceless! Absolutely priceless!

And then Vivian thought of something even better. "Marian, since you've got nothing better to do with your hands. I want you to stick one finger from each hand into that cunt of yours and play with yourself."

"Mooooo!" Marian bellowed as she found herself trying to get a finger from each hand into herself. "Moooo!"

Vivian was laughing almost uncontrollably now. It was perfect! Mooing Marian was now and forever going to be nothing but a stupid ugly cow! With the excitement racing through her like she had never felt, she pulled her pants and panties off as fast as she could and settled herself on the couch where she could perfectly see Mooing Marian. "Sissy Phyllis! Get your tongue over here right now. And hurry!" Her first orgasm came fast and it came strong. She almost didn't need Phillips tongue at all. But it did make everything so much better. And all Vivian could think was… "Oh God! Life is so wonderful!"

Surprisingly, it was the constant mooing that was keeping Marian sane. If it wasn't for that, she was sure her eyes would be rolling up into the back of her head as the constant cycling of the pump pulled and stretched her nipples endlessly… and her fingers down in her cunt tried to do something that she knew would never happen. And watching Vicious Vivian having orgasm after orgasm while laughing at her only wanted to make Marian crawl off somewhere and die. But she was stuck right where she was, unable to move from the spot until Vivian decided to release her.

Finally she saw Vivian push Phillip away from her, but the vicious glee on Vivian's face hadn't changed much at all.

"Having fun there you stupid cow?" Vivian asked.

Marian could only let out another moo in reply, which only made Vivian laugh again. Vivian picked up Marian's blouse and used it to wipe herself somewhat clean before she dressed herself again. Marian noticed though that she was taking her sweet time about just pulling her panties and pants on. She had been all too quick to shed them earlier.

Vivian watched Marian's nipples being pulled out over and over again by the suction. But finally, Vivian decided that she had to move on with things. "Okay, Sissy Phyllis, shut that thing off for now, but leave it around her neck."

Marian was so relieved when the pumping ended. Her nipples tingled horribly. She had no doubt they were probably numb.

"Marian sucks her thumb," Vivian said quickly, and before Marian knew what was happening, her thumb was coming up to her mouth and her eyes were closing as she relaxed into a trance.

"Phyllis sucks her thumb," Vivian said to Phillip next. And just as Marian had done, Phillip now sat sucking his thumb in a deep trance.

"Beautiful!" Vivian exclaimed. "Now listen up you two. From now on Sissy Phyllis, you're going to milk your cow twice a day, every day! No exceptions. It's dangerous for a milk cow to go without being milked. So you make sure you do it every single day – twice a day. I want you to milk her at six o'clock in the morning, and again at six o'clock every night. You two are going to have to make sure you get out of work every day early enough to make sure that you stick to that strict schedule. I want Marian milked for at least half an hour each time until she starts producing lots of milk. And when she does start producing, you keep milking her until she's completely dry – no matter how long it takes. If she starts producing more milk than those little bottles can hold, you can change out the bottles and then start milking her again until she's got nothing left. With udders like hers, I expect she's going to be able to produce a bucket load in no time at all! She's not to come off that machine until she's dry, and at least half an hour has passed!"

Vivian turned more towards Marian. "Marian, whenever it's milking time for you, you won't be able to make any other sound than to moo like the stupid cow that you are. You will automatically go into mooing mode until you're done being milked and Farmer Phyllis here has removed your milking machine from your neck. You will always be naked except for your shoes and you will always be down on your knees when he milks you. You can't do anything at all to help or hinder Sissy Phyllis here from milking you! You just need to kneel there and be the stupid cow that you are. And since you've got nothing better to do with your hands during that time, then you might as well uselessly play with yourself like you did today. I know how much you enjoy that!"

Vivian went to her purse and pulled out the bottle of pills that had come in the mail. "Marian, since I know how much you want your udders to start producing milk, I also went and bought you some pills to help. The drug is called Domperidone and it's supposed to make you start producing milk really fast. You will take one of these pills four times a day without fail until they are gone! From what I read, you should start seeing results within a few days, but evidently it doesn't take maximum effect for two or three weeks. I got you a full thirty day supply of the pills so you should have plenty to get your milk producing up to full capacity. And producing milk is the only useful thing that any stupid cow can ever do!"

She looked at her two playthings, still sitting on the floor sucking their thumbs like infants. Infants with infant brains! "Wake up! Both of you!"

Marian opened her eyes and pulled her thumb out of her mouth… and felt something hit her. She looked down to see a bottle of pills on the floor. Vivian had simply thrown the bottle at her.

"Make sure you start taking those things tonight!" Vivian ordered. Then she smiled wickedly again before adding, "Have fun my little idiots!" With her wicked smile still plastered to her face, she walked out to go home.

Marian slumped down onto the floor – and mooed. Phillip stared at her for a few minutes before he crawled over to her and pulled the milking machine off of her neck.

"Thanks," Marian managed to say. Her hands came up to her breasts. Her nipples were so sore!

"Can that really make you start producing… milk?" Phillip asked.

"Just like a cow," Marian replied somewhat despondently. "Even without those pills, it would eventually get my milk flowing. But I've known some women who have used the pills so they could help nurse babies, and evidently, they work pretty well." She closed her eyes and laid flat on the floor as her hands cupped her tender nipples.

"Are you okay?" Phillip asked.

Marian rolled her eyes. "I think I need a long hot bath!"

"Huh! Take all the time you need. I won't be going in there."

Marian did her best to sit up. She looked at Phillip. "Why don't you let me change that diaper you're wearing first? It looks to me like you've wet it a few more times since Vivian got here."

Vivian was in heaven. She was positively delighted with herself. She had done it! She had finally come up with a way to put stupid Marian in her place – and keep her there! Mooing Marian would soon be fit for nothing other than living in a barn! She laughed at the idea of seeing Marian, naked except for her crazy high heels, living in a barn with a bunch of real cows. Ha! It would serve her right! It was really all she was good for!

As soon as she got home, she turned her wonderful fireplace on again while she finally got around to checking the latest sales ads. And that night she went to bed a very happy woman

– where she dreamed all night long about putting her outfit for work together around the plum colored lipstick she had bought earlier.

Chapter 18.

"Marian…" Phillip called softly to the woman who was sleeping on his couch. "Marian…" She had a blanket pulled over her but she was using an old sweater for a pillow. He was just glad that for once she wasn't playing with herself like most of the times he saw her lying there. "Marian!" Phillip called louder, and then shook her a bit to wake her up.

"Moooo!" Marian belched out the moo as she startled awake. She squeezed her eyes shut for a moment then rubbed them before opening them. She could barely see. She realized that the only light in the apartment must have been coming from Phillips room. "Phillip. What is it?" she asked seeing him hovering over her.

"I need to take a shower," Phillip replied. "But every time I even think about trying to take this damn diaper off me, my arm starts to hurt."

Marian was still trying to bring herself fully awake. She remembered now that Phillip was no longer able to remove his own diapers… it was now her job to take care of all that business for him. "Okay," she said as she tried to wake herself up more so she could actually get up. She hadn't slept much all night. And every time she did fall asleep she had suffered through nightmares about being milked like a cow. Awful! She threw the blanket off of her and dropped her legs to the floor. Her arm automatically reached for the high heeled shoes she knew she had to get onto her feet before she did anything else. A minute later, they were strapped firmly in place. "Turn some light on please," she said as she finished. "I can't see anything."

Phillip turned the light on and headed back to Marian so she could remove his diaper for him.

"Are you messy?" Marian asked. "Or just wet?"

"Just wet," Phillip replied.

With some relief, Marian reached out to grab one of the tapes on his diaper… but she stopped her hand just short as she remembered what had happened the morning before. "Maybe I better not," she said.

"Huh? Why?"

"Because there's no sense in me doing this before your shower… and then you mess yourself before we get out of here today so you'll only have to take another shower. Mess that diaper first and then I'll take it off of you."

Phillip was totally aghast. “But…”

“Phillip… just do it!” She grabbed her blanket, swung her high heeled feet up onto the couch again and said, “Call me when you’re ready.” She mooed, and closed her eyes. Maybe she could get a little bit more sleep.

“But I’ll have to milk you in a little while!”

Marian’s eyes flew open. “What time is it?”

“A little after five thirty.”

Marian closed her eyes again. “Then we still have time. Just try to mess yourself before…” But she couldn’t bring herself to say the final thought about being milked. “You can take your shower while I’m… busy,” she added. “Now let me try to sleep!” With that, she rolled over and closed her eyes.

Phillip rolled his eyes. He wasn’t going to have a choice in this… like so many other stupid things in his life. He went back to his bedroom and began bending and grunting and doing everything possible to mess his diaper. Y… U… C…. K!

——— o0o ———

“Marian!”

Marian opened her eyes and let out another moo. She had actually fallen asleep again!

“I… really… need out of this diaper now.”

The odor coming from Phillip’s diaper hit her. “Yeah. Sure,” she said as she tried to wake herself up again. “I’ll get it right now.” She threw the blanket off of her and swung her feet down from the couch. “What time is it?” she asked as she yawned.

“Ten till six.”

Marian nodded. She still had ten minutes. Since she had no doubt at all that Phillip was messy this time, she didn’t think it would be a good idea to simply pull the tapes open while he was standing up. “Lay down,” she said as she got to her feet.

“Are you sure?” Phillip asked. “I’m afraid of it squishing against me and making even more of a mess.”

Marian looked at him for a moment while she considered that. “Okay,” she finally said, “turn around and let’s get at this.” No matter what, she had a feeling that this little chore wasn’t going to be pleasant. It already wasn’t pleasant just because of the smell, and she hadn’t even started to remove his diaper yet. Kneeling down, she reached around him and unfastened the tapes on one side of the diaper. She had to support it in her hand so it wouldn’t fall off. Very slowly, she let the thing move carefully down the one remaining leg that it was around, doing her best to keep everything that was in the diaper, still in the diaper. Eeewww! Once she had him step out of the diaper, she used a little bit of the non–messy part to clean his backside up a little. “Where are your wipes?” she asked.

“In my backpack,” he replied.

“Go get them,” she said as she started carefully folding the diaper to keep the mess from getting anywhere else. While Phillip was gone, she carried the diaper to the kitchen and gladly deposited the thing in the trash can. Whew, the worst part was over with! A minute later, she used one of the baby wipes to clean Phillip’s rear end a bit more. “Okay,” she said. “Good enough for now.” She glanced at the clock. “Damn!” It was nearly time.

Knowing it was useless to resist, she shook her head and pulled her nightgown off, leaving her naked except for her shoes. She mooed because the urge had hit her again… and a few moments later, she mooed again as she felt herself going into cow mooing mode. She dropped to her knees on the floor where Vivian liked to see her and her fingers seemed to automatically head for where they could bring her the most useless pleasure. And she mooed again like the cow that Vivian was teaching her that she was.

Phillip hooked Marian’s milking machine up to her and turned it on… to the sound of several rather mournful sounding moos out of Marian. He had never asked if the thing hurt her at all. He hoped it didn’t… not that he could do anything about it anyway. He watched the machine pulling at each nipple separately, back and forth, one and then the other, over and over again. It was almost monotonous. Marian was just kneeling there, playing with herself, and keeping her eyes closed. “I’ll be back after my shower,” he said. The only response he got was another moo out of Marian that was the same as all her other moos that came out of her at periodic intervals. Her eyes were still closed. He walked off to get himself cleaned up.

Marian had heard Phillip, but she was simply too depressed to care just then. Keeping her eyes closed, she did her best to pay more attention to the feelings from her fingers down below… and less attention to the feelings from her already tender nipples up above. A full half hour of this? She’d never get a bra on later!

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Vivian was possibly as happy as she could ever remember being. Everything was simply perfect! And now as she stared at her reflection in the mirror, everything she saw there was perfect as well. Her new plum lipstick didn't really go with her skin tones very well, but now that she had gone with all the purple accents to her outfit, she decided that it all kind of looked… wonderful! She was sure the other ladies at work would be jealous of her outfit. Well, they should be!

Twenty minutes later, she strode grandly into work, ten minutes earlier than she usually got there. "Good morning ladies," she said to the few women who had already arrived.

"Hi Vivian," Ashley replied as she looked Vivian over. She quickly noted the purple accents of Vivian's outfit, including her lipstick, which she decided was a bad color for the woman. But Vivian always wore something different to the office and her choice for today wasn't all that out of place for her… other than the bad lipstick color.

Vivian noted the look of hatred that Phillip leveled at her. Wonderful. Then she spent a few moments taking in Marian as she dropped her purse on her desk. For once, Marian didn't seem… quite so perfect looking. But she did notice Marian looking at her far more carefully than usual, which brought a grand smile to Vivian's face. "Like the outfit?" she asked as she turned around so Marian could see all of it. "I had the idea to theme it today in with a plum color."

Marian was actually amazed! Totally delighted, and amazed. "It looks… wonderful on you, Vivian," she lied. Well, she wasn't actually lying. While the lipstick color didn't suit Vivian at all, seeing her wearing it was a totally delightful sight for Marian. It meant that her fireplace video was actually working! As she settled herself back into work, her mind was more occupied with the next steps she would have to take to get herself and Phillip out of the mess they were in. A mess that seemed to be constantly getting worse and worse, especially for her. She had to get herself out of it before Vivian really did turn her into a cow!

As the women were still coming into the room, Marian started forwarding the projects and assignments that were in their department email queue, something she did several times a day. But this time, the work load she passed among everyone else was a bit more than usual, but only by one or two little projects so nobody would take particular notice of what she had done. It was the only way she could see to arrange things so that she and Phillip could get home in time before she had to be… milked! Ugh!

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Felicia entered the room two minutes before she would have been considered late. As she did, she gave an annoyed look at Vivian just before she sat down at her desk. But as she looked at her, she paused. A purple shade of lipstick? On Vivian? What was the woman

thinking? Some women could wear the color just fine, but it was an awful choice for her. Was Vivian losing her marbles more than she already thought?

But she was annoyed with Vivian for a different reason. And the moment she had booted up her computer, she went into her email program and began typing an email to the woman behind her. I thought you were going to send me some pictures of Phillip in his diaper!

Vivian wrote back: As it turns out, Phillip wasn't wearing a diaper when I checked. He was only putting one on when he needed it and then taking it off afterwards. But I fixed that! He can't take them off anymore by himself. I've got Marian changing them for him now. I did take some great pictures of them last night though after he got into his diaper. I'll send some of them to your cellphone now.

Felicia read Vivian's email and quickly dug her cellphone out of her purse and set it so it wouldn't make any noise when Vivian sent her the pictures. Only then did she take the time to fully comprehend what Vivian had just said in her email. She now had Marian changing Phillip's diapers? Well, just as long as the little shithead was stuck wearing them – and using them. But she also wondered if she could manage to get her desk changed to somewhere further away from Vivian. The woman was definitely crazy!

The pictures started coming through on Felicia's cellphone. She had to admit, they were really great. The ones with Marian were more than a little disturbing for her, but she totally loved the ones showing Phillip in his diaper, sucking his thumb, and hugging that doll of his. She absolutely loved them! She wrote back: Thanks! They look great. Maybe next week you can send me some showing Phillip's wet diaper.

Vivian smiled when she read Felicia's email. She typed back: No problem! And I'm hoping that the new diapers I ordered will be in soon too so you can see those as well.

Felicia was trying to get to work, but she couldn't ignore Vivian's email. She quickly wrote back: That would be great! She left it there and started in on her work projects.

But Vivian didn't have anything better to do… except to check the ads which she wouldn't miss for the world, and she was so overjoyed with what she had done to Mooing Marian that she simply felt she had to share it. Besides, Felicia was the one person in the room who completely felt the way she did about Phillip and Marian. Felicia was the one person she could share it all with. She was sure that Felicia was going to love hearing about what she had now done to Marian. So she began a very long email detailing what had happened the night before and she sent it to Felicia.

Felicia was annoyed to get another email from Vivian. Didn't the woman have any work to do? But she opened the email anyway. She was both surprised and annoyed to see a very long email. She started reading it. Make her realize she's nothing but a cow? Double breast

pump… and drugs to bring in her milk? Damn! Vivian was more than crazy! Now Felicia didn't only want to move to a desk further away, she wanted into an entirely different department. Vivian belonged in a nuthouse somewhere! She very briefly turned around to level a wondering look at Vivian… and was again bothered by her purple lipstick. She turned back to her computer and typed: Maybe we better get back to work instead of discussing this! I have a lot to do today, and I'm sure you do to!

Vivian read Felicia's email. Yeah, Felicia had work to do, but she didn't. She had all the time in the world to do whatever she liked… just so long as it looked to everyone else like she was actually working. She was in the process of hunting for some of the latest sales ads that she figured might be out now, when she saw another email come in from Felicia. She read it, and found that she was puzzled. It mentioned something she had never thought of. The email simply asked: When Marian starts producing milk, what are you going to do with it?

Vivian typed back: I never thought about it, and I really don't care. Just so long as Marian finally understands that she's really nothing but a stupid ugly cow!

Felicia read Vivian's reply. She wouldn't have asked the question, but it was just one of those little nagging things that hit her. Now she was sorry she had asked. Vivian was simply more disturbed than she ever thought. She made a mental note to stay as far away from Vivian as possible from now on. She purposely didn't reply to Vivian's email. She wasn't sure she ever wanted to even talk to the woman again. Vivian was going to land in a nuthouse very soon – for sure!

When Vivian didn't get any reply back from Felicia, she went back to checking her sales ads and her usual favorite places on the web. She mostly put Felicia's question out of her head, but it wouldn't leave her alone completely. The thought didn't leave her until she remembered that she would be taking Sissy Phyllis out to see that domme woman later tonight – Goddess Gloria. Ha! What a name! But she had no doubt it would be very interesting. Maybe as interesting as the shopping she planned on doing before that.

Which reminded her, she had better tell Sissy Phyllis that they were going out tonight… not to mention that he was going to have to come up with a hundred and fifty dollars to pay the woman. And since she wanted Sissy Phyllis to look his absolute sissy best, she had better tell that stupid cow Marian that Phyllis was going somewhere as well, so that Marian could make sure he was dressed properly! If Marian was smart enough to figure out how to dress him. She decided that maybe she better spell it all out for the stupid woman… cow. She again pulled up her email program and began a fairly long email explaining that she was taking Phillip out that night and that he had to have a hundred and fifty dollars in cash. Then she went into detail as to just how she wanted Sissy Phyllis dressed. She also included what time she expected that she would pick him up. Then she sent the email to both Marian and Phillip.

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Marian hated getting emails from Vivian. They were always nothing but trouble. She read Vivian's latest. She was picking him up tonight around eight thirty to take him somewhere. It was going to cost him a hundred and fifty dollars? Wow! What the heck was she doing with him? She noted that Vivian didn't mention where she was taking Phillip or what they would be doing, but she feared it wouldn't be good. She noted the outfit that Vivian wanted him dressed in. The red Capri pants again. She seemed to have a thing for that outfit. The only problem was, Phillip had worn the outfit earlier in the week and it hadn't been washed yet. Marian sent back that bit of information to Vivian.

Vivian read Marian's email and got quickly annoyed. The stupid cow! She wrote back: I don't care. Wash it before then! Just have him ready and looking perfect!

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Phillip read Mistress Vivian's email and immediately grew apprehensive. She was taking him out somewhere? Looking his sissy best? And he had to have a hundred and fifty dollars in cash? He didn't have a hundred and fifty dollars to spare. Since he had been forced by Vivian to buy all those new clothes, he had just paid his credit card bills! Not to mention all his other bills that he was barely able to handle as it was. He quickly wrote back to Vivian: I don't have a hundred and fifty dollars! After buying all those new clothes I had to pay my credit card bill.

Phillip's email immediately annoyed Vivian. She wrote back: I don't care where you get it from, just get it! Steal it if you have to! Just have it when I pick you up!

Phillip read Mistress Vivian's email and closed his eyes. Where was he going to get a hundred and fifty dollars? Well, he had paid his credit card bill online, he would just have to borrow that much money off of his card again. He figured he better let Marian know that they were going to have to make another stop on the way home tonight.

Once he sent the email to Marian, he briefly pulled his weight up off his chair and resettled his wet diapered backside down again. The feel of the stupid diaper he was wearing was hard to ignore… especially after he had been forced to wet it. The only good part about it was that now he didn't have to go traipsing down the hallway with Dolly to the men's room. He could avoid that bit of embarrassment. But what would happen when his diaper needed changing? He could almost imagine Mistress Vivian making Marian change him right in the middle of the floor in front of everyone else in the office! Damn! He wished he had been able to masturbate this morning, but his damn diaper had been in the way.

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It was shortly after the morning breaks were over that Phillip was again desperate to pee. He had been trying to hold it as long as possible so he could try to make it to lunchtime before he needed to be changed. Finally, knowing he had no choice, he slowly let it out into his already wet diaper. The feel of the warm pee flooding around him sent shivers down his spine. Awful! Yet… interesting. He could literally feel the diaper soaking all that pee up… but there was no doubt now that his diaper was a lot wetter inside. He just prayed that the thing didn't leak. He didn't know what he would do then.

He tried to put his now wetter diaper out of his mind, but it was even harder to ignore. Damn he wished he had been able to masturbate this morning!

When lunchtime came and Marian and Phillip were alone in the office again, Marian got up from her desk. She stopped at Phillip's desk to find out what he wanted for lunch. But before she had the chance to ask, he asked his own question, "Can you change me now?"

Marian knew this little task would happen sometime. And she supposed that lunchtime was the perfect time for it. But… "How wet are you?" she asked since she couldn't change him unless he absolutely needed it.

"Very! I'm hoping my diaper hasn't leaked yet."

"Stand up, let me see."

Phillip stood and turned around. He did indeed have a tiny little spot. She pulled at the back of his pants near the top of his leg. "Yeah, you're leaking, but it's only a small spot. I doubt anyone would notice it."

"Can you change me now?"

"Sure," Marian replied, then she thought better of the idea. "No! Maybe I better wait."

"Why?"

"I'll go out and get lunch, while I'm gone, you try to pee again. If you can, then that's one less time you may have to do it later. Maybe we can make it to the end of the day before we have to change you again."

Phillip saw the wisdom in that but he had a more immediate concern. "But what if I leak even more?"

Marian looked at him while she considered that. "Pray that you don't! I'll be back as soon as I can. Just try to wet that thing again while I'm gone!"

Phillip watched her walk out. Wet himself again? He was going to leak all over the place!

Marian got back as quickly as she could with their lunch. When she arrived in the office, Phillip was on his feet hugging Dolly to his chest. “Did you manage to wet again?”

Phillip, feeling frightened and nervous, only nodded. He had remained standing since Marian had left so that the wet spot on his pants wouldn’t get any bigger, and when he had finally managed to wet himself, he had felt a bit of pee running all the way down his leg inside his pants. Ugh! Horrible! And because of that, he was more nervous now than ever. “I’m leaking pretty bad now,” Phillip told her.

Marian set the food down on his desk. “Turn around,” she said so she could see the back of his pants. “The spot looks pretty much the same as it did before,” she told him.

“I could feel it running all down my leg,” Phillip complained. “Can’t you please change me now?”

“Don’t worry, I’m going to,” Marian said. “Grab your backpack and let’s go to the ladies room and we’ll get you taken care of as fast as I can.”

“Do we have to?”

“I thought you wanted to get changed right away.”

“I do, I’d just rather not do it there.”

“Phillip, we’ve got to do it somewhere… unless you want me to change you right here where someone might see. I can certainly do that if you like.”

“No! Not here… in there!” Phillip replied quickly pointing to the break room.

Marian considered it and quickly agreed. Two minutes later, Phillip was lying on his back in the break room with his pants around his ankles as Marian began pulling up the tapes on his very soggy diaper.

As Marian unfastened his diaper, she couldn’t help but notice how childlike he seemed to be, laying there hugging Dolly to him while she changed his diaper. The only thing the picture seemed to need was him sucking on his thumb. She put that image quickly out of her head. Phillip didn’t need any more humiliation in his life. He had more than enough already! But as she went about changing his diaper for him, she couldn’t help but feel that maternal instinct that she had never been able to indulge with a child of her own. She was surprised by how much that feeling affected her. She quickly tried to put all thoughts along that line out of her head. She and her husband had made that decision long ago. No children! Not with the kind

of life they had led! Still, when she changed Phillip, she did her best to be as kind and motherly about the entire process as she could.

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As soon as the last second in the work day had ticked off the clock, Vivian was up and out of her seat. What a boring day! She had again spent all day on the internet, but that was starting to get old to her now. But at least it was Friday and she could start her shopping! That was what she had been waiting for all day long… all week long! But before she could go shopping, she wanted to do one little thing first.

Phillip was a bundle of nerves as he and Marian left the room slightly behind all the others. Had he leaked anymore? He was more than wet enough! Could the others smell him? He wasn't sure. He only hoped they couldn't. Fortunately, he and Marian were lagging far enough behind the others that most of them were gone before they reached the elevators. They rode down in the elevator with only two other women, before they turned right around and rode another elevator car right back up again. Together they trudged their way back to the office.

"I need changing really bad," Phillip told her as they walked.

"I figured," Marian replied.

Once back in the office, Phillip headed straight for the break room while Marian took a moment to deposit her purse on her desk before heading for the break room herself. But she didn't get quite there before Vivian walked in. "Where's Sissy Phyllis?" Vivian asked with some concern when she didn't see him.

Marian pointed to the break room beyond the glass window. "Getting ready to be changed," Marian replied.

Vivian's face lit up in a smile as she turned her head and saw Phillip watching them through the window. "Good, I got here just in time." She entered the break room before Marian. "Get those pants off!" she ordered the doll hugging man.

Completely worried about what new things Mistress Vivian would be tormenting him with, Phillip pulled his pants off, exposing his soaking wet diaper.

"Wonderful!" Vivian exclaimed as she saw how completely wet the diaper was. She pulled her cell phone out and began taking pictures of him. "Suck your thumb!" she ordered. And then she started taking more pictures. She turned to Marian. "Okay you stupid cow, you can change him now."

Marian had Phillip lay down on the floor where she set about the task of removing his soaked diaper and replacing it with a new one… all while Vivian was taking picture after picture with her cell phone.

"Excellent!" Vivian declared happily when Marian had finished. "Now don't forget, I'll be picking little Phyllis up at eight thirty tonight, and he better look perfect!" With that and a broad smile, she walked out of the room. She was already texting the pictures to Felicia as she rode down in the elevator on the way to start her Friday night shopping.

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At six o'clock, Marian was again kneeling on the floor, playing with herself, while the breast pump went to work on her. She could have had Phillip wash and iron his own clothes while she was hooked up to the machine, but she was concerned with whatever Phillip might have to face later that evening. No sense adding to his humiliation by making him go back and forth to the laundry room in the building across the street. So she told him she would take care of that little chore for him – after her… "milking."

While she was stuck kneeling on the floor with her nipples constantly being agitated, she spent her time thinking about the next fireplace DVD she had to create. She had been overjoyed to see the plum color on Vivian's lips today – especially since the color really did look fairly horrible on the woman. But for the next DVD she was going to need a different sign that the video was working. That part was easy to come up with, it was the other ideas she needed to now start injecting into Vivian's warped head that were going to be difficult. She was going to have to pick and choose the most important ones. Too much wouldn't work. Progress had to be slow and almost unnoticeable or there would be no progress at all. But at least she knew now that Vivian was watching the video and that it was reaching her.

Chapter 19.

Vivian only had two small bags in her hands when she arrived home and got out of her car. But she found a very large package waiting for her on her doorstep. She knew what had to be inside it! Without bothering to remove the packaging, she lugged the box to her car and put it straight into the back seat.

She went into the townhouse and prepared herself a very quick dinner before going right back out to the car. It was time to pick up Sissy Phyllis for tonight's fun… and Phyllis's first lessons toward his new life! She was so looking forward to it! Ten minutes later, she knocked on Phillip's door.

Marian had just finished fastening the bow in Phillip's hair when she heard someone at the door. "Better go answer it," she said to him.

Phillip looked up at her with apprehensive pleading eyes, but he carried Dolly to the door as he was told. As expected, Mistress Vivian was there when he opened it. And as expected, she immediately pushed her way past him into his apartment. She heard one of Marian's moos coming from the living room. "There's a box down in the back seat of my car," she told Phillip as she quickly looked him over. "Hurry up and bring it up here!" She turned her back to him and headed in to find Marian.

"I've got him dressed just the way you asked," Marian told Vivian as she walked in.

"Yeah, yeah. I saw," Vivian replied. Then her face broke out in a big smile. "Any milk yet?" she asked.

Marian shook her head. "Not yet. But I wouldn't expect any so soon."

Vivian's face clouded. "According to what I read, some women showed signs of it starting after only a day!"

"Evidently, I'm not one of those women."

"Just make sure you keep taking those pills! And I want to know the minute you do start to… produce."

Marian didn't reply to that.

A few minutes later, Phillip came back into the apartment lugging the big box with Dolly laying on top of it. "Open it!" Vivian ordered, her excitement growing. "It's for you!"

Phillip's apprehension hit a higher notch when he heard that, but he began ripping the packaging off… exposing a very large box of what he now realized were adult diapers.

Vivian giggled. "I found you some that I'm sure are going to look so cute on you! And you'll notice that I got ones that are super thick and absorbent so they won't leak. But I think the best part is the pretty designs on the front. Just perfect for a little sissy toddler like you!" She turned to Marian. "I want him wearing one right now! Change him and be quick about it. We have someplace we have to be in a little while."

"Where?" Marian asked as she knelt down to open the box.

But her question didn't exactly sit very well with Vivian. "Cows have no need to know what normal people do. All you need to do is to sit around and moo… and produce milk," she added with a slight bit of humor. When Marian had finally gotten the box opened and pulled one of the diapers out, Vivian looked at it critically. "It certainly looks a lot thicker than those other ones he was wearing."

Marian nodded as she moved over to Phillip who was already lying on the floor with his pants around his ankles.

"I bought a triple order," Vivian said as she watched Marian changing Phillip's diaper. "So there should be sixty in that box. When you get down to about half, you're going to have to order another large supply so he'll always have plenty. I'm not going to do that for you. It's going to have to be your responsibility, you stupid cow. If you can manage to be smart enough to actually do it!"

Marian said nothing to the insult. The new diaper was indeed a lot thicker than the old one. She had no doubt that it wasn't going to be as comfortable for Phillip to wear as the thinner ones.

Phillip could feel the difference in the new diaper the moment Marian pulled it up through his legs. It was a lot thicker! In the front and back too. He was very worried now about it showing under his clothes. When he finally stood up, he noticed that it was a lot more difficult to bring his legs together. The damn diaper was in the way! He knew immediately that they were going to be nothing but a nuisance to wear.

"Absolutely adorable!" Vivian declared with a broad smile on her face. "And I think that little girl design is just perfect for you. I want you wearing them from now on! And don't forget, when that box gets down to about half, you need to order more!" She looked around. "Now where's that backpack of yours? I need you to pack several of these in there in case you need them tonight."

Phillip gave a very worried look toward Marian, who only let out a moo in response.

“Hurry up!” Vivian ordered.

Phillip grabbed his backpack and pulled the old diapers out. Marian had already dug three of the new thicker diapers out of the box and handed them to him. A moment later, he was ready.

“Do you have the money?” Vivian asked.

“It’s in my purse,” Phillip replied.

“Good! Grab it and your backpack and let’s go.” She headed for the door, but when she got there, Phillip wasn’t behind her. She turned around to look for him. He was still fixing his lipstick. She smiled broadly. “Perfect! I just know you’re going to be a big hit tonight.”

Phillip’s eyes went wide with worry. “Where are we going?”

“You’ll find out when we get there!” Vivian replied in no uncertain terms. “Now hurry up. We’re late!”

With one last apprehensive look toward Marian, Phillip followed. Marian silently wished him good luck.

With the apartment empty, she mooed again to clear that out of her system, and then began setting up her laptop.

Most of the subliminal recording on the video had to remain just the way it was. But that still left her plenty of room to put her next set of suggestions into it. She just dared not put too much. You had to build these things one step at a time. Unfortunately.

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Of all the places that Phillip was afraid they would be stopping at, the last place he expected Vivian to drive him to was another fast food restaurant. But this one was located deep in an area of the city that most people usually shied away from. Before getting out of the car, Vivian turned to Phillip and issued the magic words: “Phyllis sucks her thumb.” She watched as his eyes closed and his thumb came up to his mouth. Then she spoke. “If I take your doll from you tonight, it will be okay. You won’t have any problems with that at all tonight. In fact, if the need arises and I tell you to, you’ll be able to remove that diaper as well. But once we go home again, everything will be back the way it should be. Got that?” She watched as Phillip kept his thumb in his mouth and only nodded.

"Good!" Vivian replied. "And while we're here tonight, I expect you to do absolutely anything at all that either I or anyone else tells you to do. Anything! No matter what! Because otherwise I can assure you that you'll be living a far worse life than you have right now, and that life is going to include a world of pain as well! Understand?"

Again Phillip only nodded, keeping his thumb firmly in his mouth.

"Good!" Vivian replied again. "Now wake up!"

Phillip opened his eyes, and left his thumb in his mouth. She might take Dolly from him? He wasn't sure he was completely happy about that. His eyes glanced at the fast food restaurant where they were parked. How bad could things get in a place like this?

"Now let's go," Vivian ordered as she grabbed her purse and got out of the car.

Phillip was always nervous about getting out of the car anywhere people might see him, but in this area of town, he was even more nervous. Hugging Dolly tightly in one arm, he followed Vivian inside. But once inside, Vivian simply moved slightly away from the door and began looking around as if she was searching for someone.

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Gloria saw them coming in. She had noticed the twerp right away as soon as he got out of his car. How could anyone miss someone dressed like him? And that big doll in his arms was a real hoot and a half. She had no doubt that this was the Vivian she had chatted with over the internet. By the way she had her sub dressed, it looked like Vivian was going all out for this little meeting tonight. From where she sat though, she had to wonder about the color of the lipstick that Vivian was wearing. Not the best for the woman at all. But the silly twerp with her had wonderful looking lips. She took another sip of her coffee and sat there watching them for a few minutes before she got up and approached them.

"You must be Vivian," she said to the woman.

"Gloria?" Vivian asked, and got a nod in reply. Gloria wasn't at all what she expected. The woman was wearing a nice wrap–around dress that was belted at the waist, and where she expected the dominant woman to be wearing some killer heels, this woman was wearing flats instead.

Gloria turned toward the guy with the doll. "I must say, I hadn't expected you to be dressed so… interestingly. What's your name?"

"That's Sissy Phyllis," Vivian answered for Phillip.

Gloria only nodded before saying. “Come on back to my table. I’m still on my break so get yourself some coffee if you like.”

Break? Vivian ignored the coffee suggestion and a minute later she and Phillip were sitting at one of the tables with Gloria.

“I love his outfit,” Gloria said as she sipped her coffee and looked Phillip over carefully. She paid particular attention to how his hair was done. “How do you manage your hair when you’re not all dressed up like tonight?”

Again Vivian answered before Phillip could say a word. “He wears it like that all the time. In fact, he dresses like this all the time now. I think it’s so… suited to him.”

Gloria was more than a bit surprised by that. She didn’t miss the look of fear on the guy’s face either. She had no doubt there was more going on here than meets the eye.

“Are we going somewhere else?” Vivian asked. “I thought maybe you wanted us to just meet you here and then we would follow you to your place or something.”

Gloria rolled her eyes. “Something like that. Where we’re going is only a couple of blocks from here.” She took another small sip of her coffee.

“What are we waiting for?” Vivian asked, anxious to get on with things.

“Like I said, I’m on my break.” Gloria turned to… Phyllis. “So you dress like this all the time? I guess you’re getting pretty good at housework then.”

“No,” Vivian started to say, but she was stopped by Gloria holding up her hand. “Let him answer for himself!” she said sternly.

Vivian was very much put off, but she shut up.

Gloria turned back to Phillip. “So do you spend your days tending house now?”

There was no missing the nervousness in Phillip’s voice. “No, I go to work every day like this.”

Gloria did a bit of a double take. “You do? What do you do?”

Phillip told her a little about the office he and Vivian worked in. Gloria simply had a hard time believing any of it. She finished her coffee and glance at her watch. “I’ve got to get back,” she said. “If you don’t mind, since we’re taking the time I had reserved for someone else, you’ll have some company tonight.”

"Someone else?" Vivian asked uncertainly.

"I thought that in this case, it might be for the best," Gloria replied. "Besides, there are some… games I'm interested in playing." She smiled at Vivian, "I think you'll probably enjoy them more than a little too." She got up from her seat. "I've got to get back. When you leave the parking lot, go two blocks down that small road over there. You'll have to park along the street, and you can't leave your car here. It's number twenty nine. The door is red. I'll tell them to expect you." With that, she walked briskly away.

Vivian wasn't sure what to think, but she and Phillip… and Dolly, went back to her car. By the time they got there, Gloria was no longer in sight. They found the place easy enough, but they had to go another block up the road to find a parking place along the side of the road. Phillip's apprehension grew much worse as they walked from the car all the way back to the red door with the number twenty nine on it. There was a rather large guy standing on the sidewalk out front that scared both Vivian and Phillip as they approached.

The guy nodded towards the door. "Go on in. Gloria told me to expect you."

Wordlessly, Vivian led the way, although she was more than a bit apprehensive about things now. This was not the best part of town for a woman to be in. For anyone to be in!

Inside, Vivian and Phillip were faced with a very dingy atmosphere, and the smell of stale cigarette smoke permeating the air. There was another very large guy lazing back in one of the chairs there smoking a cigarette and watching TV. The guy got up immediately. "You got to be the one Gloria said was coming," he said with a big grin as he looked Phillip over. His demeanor changed quickly. "You got the money? It's a hundred bucks!"

"A hundred?" Vivian asked. She was sure that Gloria had told her a hundred and fifty.

"You got lucky tonight," the guy replied. "She's already got a customer upstairs that paid his part and she said you could just pay the extra hundred." He was surprised though when the woman didn't pay him, but she turned to the twerp with the bow in his hair instead. He nearly laughed watching the fag trying to dig some money out of the purse he was carrying, and the huge doll in his arms was only making matters more difficult. He took the money and counted it carefully. "Upstairs. Second room on the right. Number four." He pocketed the cash and headed straight back to his chair to watch more TV.

This time, Vivian pushed Phillip up the stairs ahead of her. Everything around her looked old and worn out. Dingy! The stairway led straight into a narrow hallway with several doors on each side. As they slowly worked their way past the first set of doors, a loud cracking sound came from one of the rooms that made both of them jump. They found room four easy enough. Vivian knocked… a little nervously.

"Enter!" a voice called from inside.

Vivian opened the door a crack and peeked inside, then she opened it wider and walked in. Gloria was seated in a chair… with a naked man kneeling in front of her lacing up her over–the–knee high heeled boots. She was no longer wearing the dress she had worn earlier, but was now adorned in a very… erotic… leather outfit that included a riding crop in her hand. Vivian noticed the wrap around dress Gloria had worn earlier hanging on a hook further down the wall. She must have had it covering the leather outfit she was wearing now. One entire wall of the room was covered in odd looking equipment… mostly in leather. She saw a lot of whips hung on the wall and even more restraints. There were some cabinets along the bottom of the wall as well with more equipment piled on top.

"Close the door," Gloria requested. She didn't speak again until Phillip had closed the door. "This is Slave Thing," she told them. Then she quickly turned her attention back to the man on the floor. "Don't look up!" she yelled as she hit the man sharply with her riding crop. "Finish what you're doing!" She watched him for a moment to make sure he was properly back to work before she turned her attention back to the new arrivals. "Feel free to let your sub get undressed," she said to Vivian. "Thing here is going to be busy for a few more minutes and there's no use wasting time."

Vivian turned to Phillip and grabbed the doll, but Phillip held it tightly for a moment before finally releasing it. "Get naked," was all that Vivian needed to say.

Feeling oddly disconnected from Dolly, Phillip slowly started to undress under the all too watchful eyes of both Vivian and the other woman, but his eyes rarely left the naked man on the floor who was so attentively lacing up the boots. It was embarrassing taking his top off and revealing the bra he was wearing underneath, but the woman barely batted an eye. Of course the bra was padded so the bumps it created bulged out his top, so he guessed they knew he was wearing one anyway. He had no trouble removing his shoes. But then he had to reach to the zipper on his Capri pants and unfasten them. Once unzipped, he paused a moment, then pulled them down to his knees. He heard a small gasping laugh from the woman as his diaper was exposed. He let the Capri pants fall down to his ankles where he stepped out of them.

"I must say," Gloria said, "I never expected the diaper. I guess that's what you get for playing with yourself so much." She turned to Vivian. "Does he use them?" she asked.

"Of course!" Vivian replied. "It would be such a waste if he didn't."

Gloria only nodded at that. "There are hooks on the wall over there where you can put your things so they'll be out of the way. And I need that diaper off of you too!"

Leaving the diaper in place, Phillip bent down to retrieve his clothes. He kept his diaper on as he carried them over to the hooks on the wall. As he walked, he was very aware of the noise his diaper kept making. He had no idea it would do that. If he had to keep wearing the things, then he only hoped they wouldn't do it with his clothes over them.

As Phillip was hanging up his clothes, Gloria looked down at her boots. Thing had finished the lacing and was now kneeling there staring at the floor. She inspected the job he had done. Good enough. She raised one of her feet and planted it against his shoulder… and shoved him backwards. She got up from her chair and stood right on top of Thing's chest in her high spiked heeled boots as she watched the diaper clad sissy hanging up his clothes.

Phillip turned around once the clothes were out of his hands and saw the woman standing on top of the guy. He could see the sharp heels on the woman's boots digging into the poor guy's chest. That had to hurt!

"I'm waiting," Gloria said to Phillip.

"Sissy Phyllis, get over here!" Vivian ordered.

Phillip hurried over to Vivian as the woman, still standing on top of the guy's chest, turned around to continue watching him. Vivian pulled the tapes on his diaper open herself and it fell to the floor. He was now naked in front of all of them.

"About time," Gloria muttered as she now got down off of the guy. A small gasp escaped from his lips as she did. Still staring at Phillip, she said, "Thing! Get up from there and let me introduce you to your new playmate." Once he was standing, she said, "Thing, this is… Phyllis." She turned to Vivian. "Sissy Phyllis?"

Vivian nodded. "That's how I always think of him."

Gloria turned back to the two naked guys. "Sissy Phyllis, I'd like you to meet Slave Thing."

Phillip looked at "Thing" nervously. He wasn't sure what to make of anything that was going on.

"Now," Gloria continued, "since you two are going to be playing together tonight, I suggest you get properly acquainted. Thing! Go over there and give Sissy Phyllis a nice hug and a kiss. A real kiss! And you Sissy Phyllis, I expect you to kiss your new boyfriend even more passionately!"

Boyfriend? Phillip watched in horror as the guy came over to him… and wrapped his arms around him… and lowered his head toward his own, bringing his lips closer and closer. He didn't want to kiss this guy! He didn't want this guy kissing him! But Mistress Vivian had

commanded! So despite not wanting to do it, he found himself locked in a very strong embrace, enduring and even stronger kiss that seemed to last forever.

"Don't stop kissing!" Gloria ordered, while Vivian giggled in the background. "Just hold it there like that!"

She went over toward the wall and opened one of the cabinets and pulled something out. And carried it back to the two kissing fags. "I want to see tongues working between your mouths!" Gloria ordered.

Phillip almost gasped as he suddenly felt the guys tongue forcing its way past his lips. But that worry went completely away when he suddenly felt the woman begin wrapping something wide and stretchy around their two heads, forcing them to remain kissing each other like that. He quickly realized it was an Ace bandage as she kept wrapping it around and around the two of them before fastening it. He literally couldn't stop kissing this guy now no matter what! He heard Mistress Vivian outright laughing in the background, but he couldn't turn his eyes far enough to see her.

He felt the woman leave them again and then come back. She grabbed his arms and pulled them tightly around the guy's back, then he felt her tying some rope to his wrists. She pulled the rope around both of them before pulling hard on it, forcing him to hold the guy tighter than ever. And when she walked away, he couldn't bring his arms back. A minute later, she had done the other guys arms the same way. They were forced to stand there hugging and kissing until they were released. And through it all, the guy's tongue kept exploring his mouth! And worse, with their naked bodies pressed together like they were, he could feel the damn guy's cock beginning to grow between them.

Gloria turned to Vivian. "Now that we've got them settled for a while, let's talk about what you wanted to know."

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Vivian was having a hard time keeping her eyes off the two guys hugging and kissing in front of her… and she was having a ball watching them being stuck like that. Since Gloria was now heading for the wall with all the equipment, she followed. For the next few minutes, the two of them discussed the things that Gloria did with her subs in the realm of cock sucking. Gloria pulled out dildo after dildo, some of them more than a bit lifelike as she explained some of the things that Vivian should consider. And all the while they discussed the subject, the two guys were stuck in their all too loving embrace, seemingly ignored, while Thing's cock became fully engorged… and Phillip's cock was now a little more "solid" than he felt good about as well.

When Gloria was done showing things to Vivian, and Vivian's questions had finally ended, Gloria turned back to the two guys in the middle of the room. "I think it's time for a game I've been thinking of." She walked back over to the two guys. "Can you two manage to get down on your knees while you're like that?"

Very slowly and cautiously, the two of them managed to drop to their knees while locked in their loving position.

"Excellent!" Gloria exclaimed. She turned to Vivian. "Viv, will you get some more rope out of that cabinet over there while I start untying these two?"

Phillip felt some relief when his arms were finally released from holding onto the guy, despite the fact that they were still locked in a rather intense kiss. But all too quickly, he felt Gloria tying his arms behind his back instead. It wasn't until both he and Thing's arms were secured behind their backs that Gloria finally removed the Ace bandage binding their lips together. He wanted to rub his aching mouth, but with his arms tied behind him, that was impossible. The lipstick that had transferred from his lips to Thing's lips was very apparent.

Gloria took a length of rope that Vivian had gotten and stretched it out on the floor, just to the side of the two naked men. "Viv," Gloria said, "can you lay your slave down on his side on top of that rope while I deal with Thing here?"

Vivian didn't touch Phillip, all she did was to command, "Lay down!" and Phillip dropped to the floor on his side as he knew the other woman wanted him. The piece of rope he was laying on was a bit uncomfortable. He was quickly growing more worried about what was to come.

"Tie his ankles together," Gloria told Vivian.

Phillip heard Vivian giggling again as he felt her tying his ankles. But what concerned him the most was that Gloria had positioned Thing… on his side, but with his head facing the other direction. And she had positioned him so that now Phillip had an all too perfect view of Thing's cock, which fortunately wasn't hard anymore.

Gloria looked at the job Vivian had done tying Phillip's ankles together. "One thing you might want to do some time," she said as she saw the sloppy work and the even sloppier knot, "is to learn how to tie someone up properly. That doesn't look very good at all."

Vivian was a bit put off again, but she replied, "Don't worry, he won't move unless I tell him he can." She looked down at Philip. "Don't move!" she commanded.

Gloria just rolled her eyes. She was going to tell her to tie his ankles up to his arms, but considering the job she had done on his ankles, she figured she would be better off doing

that herself. She walked around behind Phillip and grabbed the length of rope wrapped around his ankles. She wrapped it a few more times around before tying it again, then she drew his legs up harshly behind him and drew the length of rope over the rope binding his wrists together. She pulled hard, pulling Phillip's ankles and wrists together in a very uncomfortable position, then she tied everything off.

With Phillip taken care of, Gloria went back to Thing. "Scoot over now," she told him. "You know where you're supposed to be."

Phillip watched in horror as Thing's cock came closer and closer to his head. And tied back the way he was, he had no way of getting away! He grew positively distressed as their bodies touched, and he did everything he could to keep Thing's cock away from his mouth.

Gloria took the time to tie Thing's ankles back to his wrists the same way she had done with Phillip, then she turned to Vivian. "Viv, hand me that end of the rope there that they're laying on, and you push Sissy Phyllis this way while I push Thing that way."

Phillip heard Mistress Vivian giggling again as he felt her getting down behind him and pushing against his back. Things cock was now touching his mouth, and it was difficult to pull his head back far enough so that it wouldn't. And then he felt the rope pulling him even tighter up against Thing as the woman pulled on it extra hard, binding the two of them together again in this new position. Thing's cock was touching his closed lips, and he could feel something touching his cock down below… and he had no doubt that it was Thing's mouth.

When she was done, Gloria stood over the two naked men. "Okay you two, here's how this game is played. When I say go, each of you will somehow manage to get the other's cock in your mouth, and then start sucking each other off. The first one to get the other one to spurt into their mouth wins. And just so you know that there's a reward and a penalty for this game, since the loser will already have gotten off, the loser is going to have to finish sucking off the winner, and then he's going to be forced to drink a full load of the winner's pee! So you see, you're both going to get to cum tonight. The only difference will be which of you will become the toilet for the other!"

Phillip was aghast. She had to be kidding! But he already knew that the woman… and Mistress Vivian… had every intention of going through with this mad game. But before he had time to think about it anymore, Gloria shouted, "Go!" Phillip immediately felt Thing's mouth trying to grab his cock. But he didn't want to do this! Despite the fact that Mistress Vivian had said he had to do whatever he was told, he didn't want to do this at all, and he certainly didn't want to drink this guy's pee later either! But the moment he realized he was delaying and balking, he felt a new pain erupt in both his arms. The same pain he experienced whenever he didn't do whatever Mistress Vivian wanted. He heard Mistress Vivian shouting orders for him to get to it, while the other woman was doing the same with Thing. But it

was the pain that drove Phillip to open his mouth and do everything he could to get Thing's cock into it.

"Your sissy doesn't stand a chance against Thing," Gloria crowed. "I've been training Thing now for three months!"

"Yeah, well Sissy Phyllis here has a fantastic tongue," Vivian replied. "You wouldn't believe what he can do with that thing up against your crotch. And besides, he spends a lot of time with his thumb in his mouth sucking on it." She turned back to yelling encouragements to Phillip. "Come on you lazy sissy. Get that thing in your mouth! You can do it!"

Phillip felt total warmth suddenly encasing his cock as he realized that Thing had somehow managed to get his cock into his mouth. Sudden warmth, and some very strange sensations. But he was still struggling to get Thing's cock into his mouth… despite Mistress Vivian's encouraging cheering. But the more he kept trying, the more he realized that Thing's cock was now growing in front of him, and it finally got to the point where he was able to get it past his lips. He cringed at what he was doing – he had some other guys cock in his mouth! Yuck! But it wasn't until he started actually trying to suck the guy off that the pain finally left his arms.

"There you go you stupid sissy!" Vivian yelled. "Now get working! You can do it! Just think of it like your thumb… only bigger!"

Phillip felt Thing's cock growing even bigger inside of his mouth… and he felt his own cock already huge inside of Thing's mouth. He was doing his best to get Thing to cum, but he was starting to become too distracted by the feelings that Thing was giving him… despite the fact that he now realized that Thing's cock was now so big that he couldn't draw his head back far enough to get Thing's cock out of his mouth no matter how hard he tried.

As much as he felt total revulsion for what he was doing, Phillip tried harder, despite the incredible distracting feelings he was feeling in his own cock from Thing's mouth. And soon he felt Thing starting to push and pull in his mouth… but then, he had been doing that in Thing's mouth for a few minutes already… as much as he was able. His bindings didn't allow him to move his hips that much. He knew he had to work harder, but the intense sensations in his own cock were simply overriding everything.

Before long, he was barely doing anything at all trying to take care of Thing because he was too wrapped up in his own incredible sensations. As he felt his own orgasm coming closer and closer, he completely forgot about any consequences. All he could think about was getting the final release he so desperately needed. As little as his bindings would allow, he was trying to buck for all he was worth inside of Thing's mouth, while he felt Thing's warm wet tongue and lips giving him the most incredible sensations… along the full length of his

cock. It was only far back in his mind that Phillip realized that Thing was taking all of his cock into his mouth, while he couldn't even get close with Thing's cock!

And then the impending orgasm built to the point where he could do nothing else at all as he erupted wildly right into Thing's mouth. It was one of the strongest orgasms he could ever remember. And it wasn't until it was completely over that he realized he had lost. In fact it wasn't until the woman had shouted for them to stop that he remembered what the consequences of this game were.

"You stupid sissy," Vivian shouted. "You lost!"

Phillip cared, but he didn't care. He was simply happy when he felt the rope binding him to Thing loosening up… and finally being removed. Thing's hard cock was still in his mouth, but since he had been told to stop, he was no longer trying to do anything to it. It simply felt strange and all too distressing in his mouth. But he already knew that he wasn't done with Thing yet. Unfortunately. He felt his own cock suddenly released from Thing's mouth as the cool air hit it. He was already shrunken down, but wow, what an orgasm. And finally, he felt Thing's cock pulling away from his mouth. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"Want me to untie him?" Vivian asked when she saw Gloria untying Thing.

"No, leave him like that. He's not done yet."

"So why did you pull them apart?"

"So he can do it differently now."

"Differently?" Vivian asked. But she only saw Gloria nod as she finished working on the ropes binding Thing.

Once Thing was completely free, Gloria directed him to pick up Sissy Phyllis and place him on his knees, holding him there. "Spread your knees some," Gloria ordered Phillip, "so you don't fall down." She herself pushed against one of Phillip's knees with her foot until she was satisfied. Then she turned to Thing. "I'm proud of you Thing, you actually managed to do something halfway decent for once. That's pretty amazing, for you! So I guess now you get your reward. She moved over behind Phillip, straddling his bound ankles and grabbed Phillip's hair, pulling his head back. "Open that beautiful lipsticked mouth of yours sissy!" As soon as Phillip had opened his mouth she said, "Okay Thing, have at him!"

Before he knew what was happening, Thing was standing over him and sticking his cock into his mouth again. Only then did Gloria release his head from her grasp. "Get going, sissy, we don't want to be here all night!"

"Hurry up sissy, work at it!" Vivian added all too excitedly. "Let me see what you can do!"

Like it or not, Phillip found himself with no choice in the matter, and since he had already worked some on Thing earlier, it took no time at all for Thing to become hard again. With no other distractions, Phillip soon started tasting the salty pre–cum oozing from the tip of Thing's cock.

Phillip suddenly felt Thing grabbing his hair and using that grasp on his head to start thrusting his cock into his mouth harder than ever. With no way to fight it, Things cock kept hitting the back of Phillip' throat, making him gag horribly over and over again. And then he felt the sperm shooting out of Thing's cock sliding down his throat. That feeling alone made him sick. When Thing finally pulled his cock out of Phillip's mouth, the only thing keeping Phillip up on his knees was Thing's hands holding him by his hair. He coughed and gaged, but nothing came out of him.

"Pitiful!" Gloria declared. "Vivian, I'm afraid you've got your work cut out for you."

"I guess so," Vivian agreed sadly.

"Hold him there like that," Gloria ordered Thing who was still holding Phillip by his curled hair. Gloria went back to the cabinet against the wall, hunted around for a minute to find what she was after, before she came back again. "Okay," she said to Thing as she moved in behind Phillip to take Thing's place, "you can let him go now." She grabbed Phillip's hair in one hand and said, "Open wide!" She leaned over top of Phillip and saw him open his mouth. "Wider!" Phillip's mouth opened a bit wider, but it wasn't nearly enough. She reached over with her other hand and grabbed his chin and pulled one way while she pulled back on hair. "Wider!" She eventually forced Phillip to open his mouth wide enough. As fast as she could she stuck the ring gag into Phillips mouth before releasing him to buckle the thing behind his head.

Phillip's jaws were stretched wide, and there was no way he could close his mouth. There was also no way he could fight back or not do whatever he was told anyway. But it was the woman's next words that sent the greatest fear into him.

"Okay Thing, I hope you have to pee, because now's your chance." She grabbed the sissy's hair again and held him perfectly still as Thing approached. "I suggest you swallow as fast as you can," she said to the sissy in her hands. "And if you spill any, you'll not only be licking up the floor, but washing the entire floor before you can leave as well!"

Being held as he was, Phillip had no choice in the matter when Thing's cock once again invaded his mouth. But this time, with the ring holding his mouth wide open, it was a totally different matter. And all too soon he felt Thing's pee gushing into his mouth. He did everything he could to swallow as fast as possible – and not choke to death as the warm

torrent seemed to go on and on and on! It was horrible! And it was all happening so fast he had no time to think of anything except to do everything possible not to drown.

Finally, Thing finished and pulled away, and Phillip swallowed the last of it. His mouth tasted horrible, and he realized he was crying. And then he found Mistress Vivian's face in front of his. "That's the consequences of not knowing how to suck cock better!" she hissed. "So if you don't want it to happen again, I suggest you learn real fast!"

Phillip only cried harder as he felt the ropes binding him finally being released. A minute later, he was flexing his arms and legs, trying to get the circulation back into them. But the circulation in his limbs did nothing for the horrible taste in his mouth… and the sick feeling in his stomach. It was all he could do to keep from throwing up.

"Oh stop your crying!" Vivian ordered, annoyed that he had lost the game… while at the same time, overjoyed over what she had seen him go through afterwards.

"Just give him an extra baby bottle or two when he gets home," Gloria suggested. "He'll be fine." She turned to the two naked men. "Time to go, kiddies," Gloria announced. "Your time limit is up. Get dressed and out of here now!"

The only thing Phillip wanted to do was to get out of there! He hurried and grabbed his clothes off of the hook on the wall, but then he was faced with the problem of having no diaper. "Can I just go without that thing?" he asked Mistress Vivian as he indicated the diaper on the floor that she had unfastened for him earlier.

"Absolutely not!" Vivian replied before she realized that all his fresh ones were still down in the car. They hadn't brought the backpack in with them. "Put it back on," she commanded.

Phillip tried, but now that the tapes had been opened, they wouldn't fasten again. He looked questioningly up at Mistress Vivian.

"Just pull your pants over it. Maybe that will hold it long enough till you get home."

Phillip wasn't too sure about that, but it was worth a try. He had a lot of trouble holding the diaper in place while he pulled his pants up, but he finally managed it, and he finally got the zipper pulled up at the side. Two minutes later, he was completely dressed.

"Let's go Sissy Phyllis," Vivian said. But Phillip didn't follow her out of the room. He couldn't. He couldn't leave until everyone there was treated to the sight of him refreshing his lipstick. Only then could he pick up Dolly and walk out.

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Marian had finished the new fireplace DVD a while ago, but Phillip and Vivian weren't back yet. With nothing better to do, she wandered around the apartment, mooing occasionally when the need started to make itself known. But that was something she had done so often now that she barely noticed she was doing it. Before long, she found herself in the bedroom where her eyes fell on Phillip's chest. She remembered the time that she had seen the drawings that Phillip had done… but he had withheld most of his drawing pads so that she wouldn't see them. She had a pretty good idea that he had hidden them in one of his drawers.

But he was such a talented artist. Amazingly talented. So why didn't he want her to see his work? Knowing that she shouldn't, she began searching his chest for the missing drawing pads. They weren't very hard to find and she pulled them all out. She opened the first one, and quickly realized why Phillip didn't want her to see them. The drawing she was looking at had to be his latest because it wasn't quite finished yet, but what she saw told her everything she needed to know about Phillip. The page was dominated by a large drawing of Vivian… with the cruelest look possible on her face and large pointed horns coming out of her head. The look of absolute evil that Phillip had managed to portray was incredible. But it was the other part of the drawing that held her attention the most. Down at the bottom of the page, Phillip had drawn himself… holding Dolly. This was the part that wasn't quite done yet, but it was done more than enough for Marian to get the whole picture. The part that interested Marian the most, was that Phillip had drawn himself looking more like a child… like a little girl… complete with a little girl's party dress. And compared to the picture of Vivian, Phillip's character looked to be the size of a small toddler as he stared up at the towering evil figure.

The picture spoke volumes to Marian. And as she turned page after page in each of the drawing pads, she learned all too much about Phillip. And everything she learned not only confirmed all her fears as to why Phillip was so affected by the hypnotism, it took her fears to a much higher level.

Sissy Phillip was indeed not only a major sissy, it looked like he thrived on major humiliation! If she was going to get Phillip out of Vivian's cruel clutches, she was going to have a much harder time of it than she thought. Vivian was fulfilling all of Phillips wildest fantasies! He had to be secretly loving everything that Vivian was doing to him!

Chapter 20.

Vivian had fallen asleep on the couch to the relaxing sight of the fireplace video. She had woken up sometime during the night to go to the bathroom before going to sleep properly in her own bed… where she dreamed wonderful dreams about creating whole outfits next week themed around a plum color lipstick. It was a fantastic idea – planning her whole wardrobe for the entire week around a single theme, and she just knew that plum was the perfect color for it. She couldn't wait to start shopping again!

She fell asleep to those wonderful thoughts and dreams, but she woke up extra early with other thoughts on her mind. Thoughts that excited her even more than a plum colored theme for her wardrobe next week. She had dreamed… or thought she had… about so many different things that had weighed heavily on her mind yesterday… besides the plum themed wardrobe. Marian still wasn't producing any milk, and while she had noted that Marian was obviously taken down a notch over being milked like the cow that she was, Marian still needed a little more push to fully get the point across into that weak brain of hers – that probably wasn't capable of fully realizing anything. Sissy Phyllis was also running through her mind, especially the things he had been forced to endure the night before. She had loved seeing him sucking that guy's cock and then having to drink his pee afterwards – all of which she could see that he had absolutely hated. She had thoughts about Marian, and thoughts about real cows she had seen growing up, and thoughts about Phillip, all going around and around in her head. But somehow all those thoughts had finally gotten turned around in her dream and came out as a totally different idea. And it was that idea that now had her so excited. What was that dream about anyway? It had to be good if she still remembered this part of it! She had even more things to shop for now… and that simply made life even better for her.

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Phillip turned his alarm clock off a few minutes before it was due to sound. He hadn't slept much all night. Not after what he had endured the night before… and especially not after the things that Mistress Vivian had told him on the way home in her car afterwards. Even after brushing his teeth last night, his mouth still tasted like pee this morning and his stomach was still upset after drinking it. Marian had asked repeatedly after he had gotten home about what had happened, but he had refused to tell her anything. He couldn't! All he did was to tell her Mistress Vivian's latest demands… which they both knew already. They both needed to be at Vivian's place to clean it this morning. And they both had to be wearing their red high heels. But Vivian wanted them to be there at eight thirty… before she left for her shopping.

But what had gone on last night wasn't the only thing that had bothered Phillip all night. The new diaper he was wearing was bothering him more than a bit too. It was a lot thicker than

the old ones… even when it was dry. But it wasn't dry anymore – not by a long shot. And the result was that it was horribly thick between his legs… which in itself made sleeping difficult. Just rolling over in bed was now a minor chore. And… of course he had to pee again. Knowing it was useless to resist, he simply laid there on his back and let it out. The warm wet feeling spreading out around him inside the diaper still felt all too strange. But the major part of the wetness was quickly soaked up by his thick diaper.

He glanced at the clock again. He knew Marian was still sleeping since he hadn't heard any mooing yet this morning. But that was going to quickly come to an end. It was getting close to six o'clock. Milking time. He rolled out of bed. He had to waddle out to the living room since his diaper was so thick. Maybe once he had Marian hooked up to her machine he'd come back to bed and masturbate… if only to try to get some of those horrible thoughts from last night out of his head. That seemed like the perfect idea.

The sun was coming up, but he turned the light on in the living room anyway, and saw Marian stir a little on the couch. But she didn't moo. "Marian!" he called firmly.

Marian snapped awake… and mooed. Ugh! "Yeah?" she asked sleepily.

"Get up. It's milking time."

Marian noted the slight edge in Phillip's voice. "You okay?" she asked.

"I'm fine," Phillip replied sternly. "Now get ready."

But Marian was still struck by the tone of his voice. He didn't sound fine. She glanced at the clock and inwardly groaned. She swung her feet to the floor and grabbed her high heeled shoes and strapped them on. Her feet were beginning to feel more at home in the heels than without them now. She stood up from the couch and pulled her nightgown off and her panties down to the floor, leaving her naked except for her shoes. She mooed again as she headed for her "milking spot." No, there was no missing Phillip's attitude this morning. Something was bugging him. And she had no doubt it was something that had happened last night… which he had so far refused to tell her about.

The moment Phillip hung the strap from the breast pump over her head, she mooed. And she knew that she would be incapable of making any other sound for the next half hour. She noted how tender her breasts were this morning, especially her nipples as Phillip held the machine up against her. A tenderness that was amplified the moment he switched the machine on. She mooed again as the thing suddenly grabbed her, even though she was fully expecting it. She closed her eyes after watching Phillip heading back to his bedroom. Those new diapers looked horribly thick. He was positively waddling!

Phillip laid on his bed. The one primary thing on his mind was masturbating again. His problem was that he couldn't remove his damn diaper. And now that Marian was hooked up to her machine, it would be at least another half an hour before he could get the damn diaper off. But he was still determined to get himself off. He pressed both hands over the front of his diaper, trying to give himself enough stimulation through the bulky thing, but the diaper was now so thick after wetting it a few times, that he couldn't manage nearly as well as he hoped. He tried to force his hand inside of it from the top, but Marian had taped it on him so tightly last night that he couldn't get more than his fingers inside of it. Still, he kept at it, doing everything he could to try to get enough pressure to just the right places. He got somewhat hard, but that's about all he could manage. He kept trying, and trying, and trying.

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Marian's nipples were getting so tender they were starting to turn a little numb. And so was the spot between her legs where her fingers from both hands were trying vainly to do what she knew would never happen. How long was this milking going to go on anyway? She opened her eyes and saw that it was already six forty – a full ten minutes longer than she should have been there. She tried to call for Phillip, but all that would come out was another moo. She mooed again, louder, trying to get his attention. Had he fallen asleep again or something? She mooed again, and again. Each time loud enough to try to get his attention.

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Phillip was still trying to get himself off… even though he had reached the point a little while ago that told him it wasn't going to happen. But it still felt good. He heard Marian mooing in the living room, but Marian mooed all the time so it barely registered in his brain. His frustration though at not being able to get off was growing… and now the almost constant loud mooing from the living room was irritating him too. What the heck was she doing out there? He glanced at his clock and was horrified to see how much time had passed. Damn! He hurried off of his bed and waddled out to the living room as fast as he could. "I'm so sorry!" he apologized as he hurried to the pump and finally pressed the button to turn the thing off. He heard Marian give out yet another moo, this one sounding more like a moo of relief.

"No milk yet," he noted as he finally pulled the machine off of her neck.

Marina mooed one last time, then finally was able to say, "Not yet. Fortunately. Did you fall asleep in there or something?"

"Or something," Phillip replied sheepishly.

Marian cupped her breasts. They felt a little sore. Her nipples tingled a little. She forced herself to her feet. “How’s that diaper doing?” she asked. “It looks like it can hold quite a bit.”

Phillip felt all around his diaper. It was so big! “Yeah, and I’ve peed in it more than a few times since last night.”

Marian nodded. “I’m going to go take a good hot bath. I really need one now.”

Phillip saw her start to head for the bathroom. “Marian…”

Marian turned back to him. “Yeah?”

“Can you take this diaper off of me now? Please?”

Marian was glad his earlier attitude seemed to be gone. She looked critically at his diaper. “I’d like to, but I can’t. It doesn’t look like that thing is anywhere near to the point where it’s going to leak yet. I’m afraid you’re stuck with it for a while.”

That wasn’t what Phillip wanted to hear at all. He was hoping to finish what he was trying to do earlier while Marian was taking her bath.

“Why don’t you work at getting it messy,” Marian suggested. “I’m sure I can take it off of you then.” She turned and headed for the bathroom, mooing once again before she got there. Now if she could just keep her hands out of where they seemed to go all too automatically, she’d be a lot happier!

Phillip wasn’t happy at all. Messing himself was becoming a major thing that he was having to do every single morning now. But it was also something he had no way around. Not only would the snakes get him if he tried to do it in the bathroom, but he couldn’t remove his diaper himself, no matter what! He went back to his bedroom where his hands again tried to work on his front side, while he tried to make something else happen in his backside. Talk about a strange situation!

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An hour later, Phillip was lying naked on his bed, fresh from his shower, while Marian was standing over him stretching open a fresh diaper. He had actually dared to try to masturbate while he was in the shower. But the whole time he was doing it, he was so worried about the snakes that he almost couldn’t. The result was the longest shower he’d had in a while, and the weakest orgasm he could remember as well. But at least he had managed it. And no snakes! He was very happy about that part.

He didn't like these new thicker diapers that Mistress Vivian was forcing him to wear. Diapers were not part of any of his fantasies. He simply hated the whole idea of them. And yet he was still stuck with them. Ugh! He lifted his bottom up so Marian could slide the diaper under him. Then he felt her bringing it up through his legs and taping it all too firmly at the top. He hated the thickness between his legs, but at least it wasn't wet… or messy… yet.

At eight fifteen, Phillip and Marian carried all of their laundry down to Phillip's car and loaded it into the backseat… where it would stay until Vivian left to go shopping. Marian figured that the washer and dryer in the townhouse really belonged to her anyway, so why not use them. She just wanted to err on the cautious side and hope Vivian never found out. With the laundry in the car, and the new fireplace disk in her purse, Phillip and Marian, both wearing their red heels, got in the car and headed for Marian's old townhouse.

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Vivian had been standing in her open front door for the last ten minutes. Where were those two idiots? She glanced at the time: eight twenty five. You'd think the least those two could do was to make sure they got someplace on time once in a while. She had shopping to do and they were keeping her from it!

Finally she saw Phillip's car pull into the parking lot and the two of them got out. Phillip was wearing the red outfit again that he had worn last night. She noted the different bow in his hair though. She also noted the red heels on his feet, just the way she had wanted it. And of course he was carrying his purse and his huge doll. He really was such a sight.

Marian of course was wearing one of her way too short skirts… the only thing she was allowed to wear anymore. The top she had thrown on was a far more casual one than she was used to seeing Marian wear, but since it was a bit stretchy, it did a wonderful job of showing off her huge utters underneath it. And of course, Marian was wearing her red high heels as well. But while hers were the same color red as Phillip's, her shoes had a much higher heel and strapped to her feet. And as usual, Marian carried the same old purse she always carried. But then Marian had absolutely no sense of fashion at all. But then, what else would she expect from a cow?

"Hurry up you two!" she commanded before they had barely gotten out of the car. "I've got things to do!"

Phillip and Marian both picked up their pace somewhat. Phillip found that moving faster was a little more difficult in the high heels he was wearing… and secretly loving.

Before anything else, Vivian stopped Marian before she even got into the house. "Any milk yet?" she asked hopefully.

"No," Marian replied. "It's too soon."

"It's not too soon!" Vivian insisted. "Are you sure you're taking those pills the way I told you to?"

"Four times a day," Marian replied with more than a bit of frustration in her voice.

Vivian only stared at her with pursed lips. "I want to know the minute you start producing. Call me! The very minute!" She turned to Phillip. "Hear that Sissy Phyllis? I guess you'll have to call me instead since she'll only be able to moo when it happens. I want to know the very minute you see milk!"

Phillip stared at her with wide eyes, but said nothing. Something about the situation seemed to make Marian feel even more hopeless.

Vivian went through the downstairs of the house pointing at this and telling them to do that. Basically she wanted the whole place cleaned from top to bottom including all the floors. She also demanded that they do all her laundry for her including the sheets on her bed and the towels in the bathroom. "You're not to leave here until everything is done!" Then she changed her mind slightly. "Well, I guess you can leave to get yourself some lunch if you have to, but that's it!"

She looked at Marian again and remembered that Marian still wasn't producing any milk. "Marian moos like a cow!" she said, and thrilled to the immediate moo that Marian produced as well as the wide–eyed look of horror on the stupid woman's face. Vivian smiled wickedly. "Maybe that will remind you of just what you really are and help you to get that milk of yours flowing." Her evil smile lasted through another terrified moo from Marian.

With that delightful thought on her brain, Vivian grabbed her purse and headed out the door. She had shopping to do, and today she was going to be starting it at Walmart. She rarely ever shopped at Walmart, but it was the best place she could think of to get some of the things she was looking for. And she guessed that since she did rarely shop there, she was actually looking forward to shopping in the entire store. No telling how much money she could "save" there.

Marian mooed again as they watched Vivian's car driving a bit recklessly out of the parking lot. She really didn't need to be stuck mooing like this all day again. She really was starting to feel like nothing but a stupid cow! Once Vivian's car was out of sight, she mooed toward Phillip, and nodded her head towards his car.

"The laundry?" Phillip asked. "You want to get it now?"

Marian nodded and mooed yet again. She wanted to get all their laundry done first! But once the laundry was inside, it wasn't the first thing she did. The first thing she did was to remove the fireplace video from the DVD player and replace it with the new one she had created the night before. She could only hope now that Vivian would continue watching it. But then, the majority of the video was dedicated to getting the demented woman hooked on watching it.

Being only able to moo, Marian was forced to find a pen and some paper in one of the kitchen drawers… just where she had left them. Writing what she wanted to do, she set Phillip working on the floors while she started their laundry. She wanted to do the laundry herself, only because she wanted it done right. She had a feeling that Phillip didn't know that much about the proper care of fabrics. She offered to tie Dolly around Phillip's neck again, but he shook his head. "Maybe later," he replied. "I think I can manage for now."

Phillip wasn't all that happy about having to tackle the floors, but he reversed that thought as he got into the task. Having to push the vacuum cleaner around while wearing the high heels was kind of fun. Yeah, his toes were starting to hurt some, but that still didn't detract from the fun he was having wearing them. He just had to keep Marian from finding out that he was enjoying it. After a while, he began lifting one foot at a time and twisting his ankle a bit as if the shoes were bothering him too much… which they kind of were… not that he really minded it all that much.

Marian saw Phillip trying to stretch his feet. He wasn't used to wearing heels. She mooed, which did her no good at all. She grabbed her pen and paper again and wrote her question before going to where Phillip was still pushing the vacuum cleaner.

Phillip read Marian's note. "Are my feet hurting? Yeah. Somewhat. I always heard that high heels could hurt to wear. Now I know why."

Marian nodded… and mooed. She wrote on the pad again: Take your shoes off. I remember Vivian saying that you could do that… while I couldn't.

But Phillip wasn't ready to take his shoes off yet… but how could he tell that to Marian without her suspecting anything? "In a few minutes maybe," he replied. "I think I should try to tough it out as long as I can so I can get more used to them. It's possible that Mistress Vivian might make me wear them somewhere where I can't take them off too easily."

Marian stared at him for a moment, and mooed, then nodded. As she turned away and went back to the laundry, she wasn't sure if Phillip's decision was a good idea because Vivian might really do that… which was highly likely, or if Phillip didn't want to take the shoes off because he was secretly enjoying them. She simply couldn't be sure… either way.

Vivian had a number of items in her shopping cart. As she had suspected, it really was the perfect store to find everything she had been looking for. And she absolutely couldn't wait to spring the new things she was buying on both that stupid Sissy Phyllis and that even dumber cow Marian. As she compared the prices on some body lotions before dropping one of them into her cart, she was very proud of herself. Yes, shopping at Walmart today really was saving her money. It might be months before she needed to use the bottle of lotion she was buying today since she already had three bottles of it at home, but she was "saving" so much money!

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When lunchtime came, Phillip wasn't happy at all about being the one who had to go and get it. He knew that Marian would have gladly done it for him, but since she was stuck only mooing again, he knew there was no other choice. At least the fast food restaurant had a drive–thru he was able to use instead of going inside, so it wasn't too much of a problem for him.

After lunch, he took particular notice of Marian putting the DVD she had taken out of the player earlier, into one of the food bags he'd brought back. He also noted that she elected him to carry all the trash out of the apartment and down to the big dumpster. Carrying heavy stuff in his heels wasn't all that easy either, but it was still fun. Kind of. His feet really were hurting him now and he was taking his shoes off more and more often. But only until his feet felt up to wearing the shoes again, then he put them right back on.

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By mid–afternoon, Marian was well into Vivian's laundry and all of hers and Phillip's laundry was safely out in the trunk of his car. She glanced over at Phillip. She had set him to dusting everything and he was currently working on the TV… which for some reason always seemed to collect more dust than anything else. She noted that Phillip again had the heels on his feet. She was betting it was because he was really enjoying them. She had noted that he kept taking them off, but instead of leaving them off, he kept putting them on again… all day. No, there was no doubt at all, knowing what she now knew about… Sissy… Phillip, she was sure he was enjoying those heels.

The urge forced her to moo again. She was really getting tired of doing that. She had to break out of Vivian's spell! Tonight! She would start trying again tonight. It had been a few days now since Vivian had hypnotized her and refreshed everything in her brain. Maybe she could break out tonight. But then she had to worry about getting Phillip out from under Vivian's demented brain as well. Vivian had lost it! Leaving Phillip behind would be nothing but cruel! And… she was the one who was ultimately responsible for the position Phillip was in. Like it or not, she had to help the guy. But how? But before she could get Phillip out of his situation, she had to get herself out first, and that was going to be hard enough. Tonight! Tonight she

would start trying again. She had to make it. She had to – before Vivian really did turn her into a cow!

A little while later, Marian walked around the entire apartment. They were done. The place actually looked pretty good… considering all the junk that Vivian had in her bedroom – so many bags of things that she hadn't even bothered to open! Marian mooed again toward Phillip who completely ignored her. She grabbed his arm to get his attention and nodded her head toward the door. She grabbed her purse, and a moment later, Phillip with Dolly and his own purse, followed her out to the car. She couldn't wait to get back to Phillip's place where she could put her high–heeled feet up on the couch to get the weight off of them. Her feet were killing her!

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Vivian had bought a purple dress… as close to a plum color as she could find… a purple blouse, and a purple skirt. But most of the things she had shopped for all day, after she had left Walmart, were the accent pieces that really made up a complete outfit. It was the accessories that were really the most important parts. You had to have just the right accents! And she was a master at it! And the best part was that everything she bought was always on sale. Yes, finding things for her color theme was a stroke of genius! Nothing at all like that stupid cow Marian was capable of doing. She nearly laughed. A cow with a sense of fashion? No wonder she always thought of Marian as a cow.

It was getting later in the day now and her mind was starting to turn more and more to the things she needed to do tonight with Sissy Phyllis and Mooing Marian. And the more she thought about it, the more she couldn't wait. It really was the perfect idea! She was so glad she had "dreamed it up." Literally dreamed it up! Besides, she did need to keep to her schedule for hypnotizing those two again and making sure they wouldn't forget anything… which knowing their idiot brains, was all too likely.

Because she couldn't wait, she ended her shopping shortly after dinner and went home. She inspected her entire apartment. It looked good. But then those two idiots had better do a good job or she'd have them doing nothing but scrubbing her apartment from top to bottom for days on end! Both of them! She took all her new purchases out of her car with the exception of a few of the items she had gotten from Walmart. Then she got back into her car and headed for Phillip's place.

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Marian mooed again and took a deep breath. She had warned Phillip about what she was about to do, and he had protested rather vehemently, but she was determined to try it again. And unfortunately, since she was stuck in mooing mode again, she knew she was going to have to conquer that part first. She had done it before, only to be faced with the horrible

pain which had totally defeated her. But she was nothing but determined. She had to do this… before Vivian really did turn her into a cow.

Her eyes stared out the window, but she wasn't really seeing anything out there. She was concentrating on the feelings, the urges, waiting for the urge to moo to hit her again. And when it did finally come, she fought it, and fought it hard! She had to defeat it! Yes, she was worried about the pain, but she was so tired of only mooing that she really wanted to conquer that first. She was fighting it hard, desperately trying not to moo, totally determined… when they heard the loud knocking on the door, and all Marian's concentration went out the window and she let out a very loud moo. Ugh! Now who was at the door?

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Vivian heard the moo from outside. It was total music to her ears. She really hoped that stupid Marian was getting the point now as to what she really was. But if not, well, she had no doubt that she soon would. Before long, Marian would be fit to only live in a barn! And she had no doubt that Sissy Phyllis wasn't going to be too happy either. She pushed her way inside as soon as Phillip had opened the door. "There's some bags down in my car," she said to Phillip. "Get them up here!"

She went into the living room and found Marian. "Any milk yet?" she asked.

Marian was getting tired of the question. But the part that worried her the most was that eventually the answer was going to be yes. "Moo!" she replied, hoping that Vivian would finally remove her compulsion to only moo.

"I take it that's a no… since I haven't had a phone call yet from Sissy Phyllis."

Marian only shook her head, disappointed that Vivian hadn't said the words to stop her from mooing. A few minutes later, Phillip and Dolly came into the apartment with two bags from Walmart.

"I bought you two some things that you're going to need now," Vivian told them. She took the larger bag from Phillip's hands and opened it… and pulled out a long plastic tub like container with a lid on it. She handed it to Marian. "Here, this is for you."

Marian took the thing, wondering why she was going to need something like that. And knowing Vivian, it worried her a lot.

Vivian grabbed the other bag from Phillip and pulled out three packages of baby bottles that she dumped on one of the chairs. "Those are for you Sissy Phyllis. Don't you just love them?"

Phillip could only stare at the bottles in horror. First the diapers, and now baby bottles? And she had bought three packages! Each package had three bottles in it.

Vivian quickly said, "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" She watched as the sissified twerp closed his eyes and stuck his thumb in his mouth. She immediately turned to Marian. "Marian sucks her thumb!" She really loved seeing the same reaction on the stupid cow. "Both of you go sit next to each other on the couch!" She had to take the plastic tub away from Marian because the stupid cow was too dumb to drop the thing.

Oh how she loved seeing the two of them sitting together like that. It was so fitting. Maybe someday she would take them to her place, hypnotize them like that, and then leave them that way all day. They would really make such a perfect room decoration. And wouldn't they be an even bigger hit sitting there like that for a party?

But she was forgetting herself and she had a lot to do. She grabbed her notebook out of her purse before she pushed one of the living room chairs closer to the two thumb sucking idiots on the couch. She thought about doing each of them at the same time, but she didn't know how well that would work, so she worked with each of them separately, even though they were sitting right next to each other. She calmly and carefully led each of them down into a deeper and deeper trance. Hoping that what she was doing was really helping. She was very careful to keep her voice as calm and gentle as possible… even though she was anxious to get on with the business she had really come for.

Once she had deepened their trances, she started with Phillip, reminding him of every single trigger she had put into his brain, and every single command. She started with reminding him about the pain, and that he had to have Dolly with him all the time. She continued on through his lipstick rules, and then went into the new things – the snakes and not being able to remove his diapers himself. She realized that the snakes were probably not needed anymore, but she liked the idea of him being so worried about them. Besides, they made doubly sure he would always be fully dressed when he went to the bathroom now. She finished up with him by reminding him about his responsibility to always take care of and milk his very own cow – Marian.

Then she started in on Marian, carefully following the list she had for her as well. Again she started with all the trigger phrases before reminding her of the pain she would feel if she didn't do whatever she was told. She reminded Marian of all her various mooing modes, from the everyday mode, to the office mode, and again visited the mode where she could only moo and utter nothing else. She continued through Marian's masturbation need and the fact that she could never achieve an orgasm except if she were masturbated by someone else while mooing like the cow she was… as well as the fact that she could never have normal sex without feeling horrible pain. She reminded Marian that she could only wear the very high heels and that she could no longer go barefoot unless she was sleeping or taking a bath. Vivian again wondered if that was being too lenient, but she wanted to get through

everything and into some fun new things so she left things the way they were. She continued on, reminding Marian that she was now responsible for changing Phillip's diapers and that they weren't to be removed unless he really needed changing – badly. And finally, she reminded Marian that she would always have to be milked twice a day like the cow she really was, and that like the stupid cow that she was, she couldn't lift a finger to help Farmer Phyllis. But her fingers instead would be busy inside her cunt masturbating herself uselessly.

Vivian breathed a sigh of relief. She was finally done. She was so glad she had kept a list of everything she had put into their pea sized brains. But now it was time to add some new things. Now it was time for some fun! She looked at the two thumb sucking idiots in front of her. So delightful!

She turned her attention back to Phillip again. "Sissy Phyllis," she said. "I read somewhere once that it's healthiest to drink eight eight–ounce glasses of water every day. That's sixty four ounces! So that's the amount of liquids that you're going to drink every day from now on to stay healthy."

She turned her attention again to Marian. "Marian, since you'll be giving milk now and will need the extra fluids, I expect you to drink at least twelve eight–ounce glasses of water every day. That way we can make sure that you've always got enough fluids in your body to make plenty of milk."

She turned her attention to Phillip again. "Farmer Phyllis, since cows aren't that smart, it's going to be your job now to make sure that Marian here is drinking at least twelve eight–ounce glasses of water… or whatever else you decide you want to allow her to drink, every day. And since she needs to give plenty of milk, then it will be up to you to decide if she needs to be drinking more than that or not." She couldn't help the evil smile that lit up her face. "And now get this," she said, "Since I read that the things that she eats and drinks can affect the way her milk tastes, then from now on Farmer Phyllis, you get to decide everything that Marian eats as well. Got that? From now on, that stupid cow has no say at all in whatever she eats or drinks. She's too stupid to know what she should be eating. So like any good farmer, it's up to you now to feed her, and of course to make sure she gets plenty to drink."

She turned back to Marian, "Hear that you stupid cow? From now on, you have no ability at all to decide what you will eat or drink. None! You're nothing but a stupid cow! It's up to Farmer Phyllis here to make those decisions for you from now on. If he gives it to you, then that's what you will have. You're too stupid to make those kinds of decisions. He's your farmer and he decides what you eat and drink… and of course when you will eat since it will be his job to feed you too." She nearly burst out laughing at the thought of it. Before long, Marian really would be nothing but a stupid cow… and only fit for living in a barn!

She turned her attention back to Phillip. "Sissy Phyllis," she said. "Remember all those baby bottles I bought you? Once your stupid cow starts to produce milk… which better be soon…

there's no sense in letting any of that milk go to waste. Once she starts producing milk, you're going to be drinking it as part of your eight eight–ounce glasses of liquids every day. And since it's milk intended for babies, you're going to only drink it out of the baby bottles. Got that? All the milk she produces will be drunk by you from the baby bottles. And if she finally produces enough milk to fill eight or more of those bottles a day, which I fully hope that she will, then that's all you're going to be drinking… unless you want to add even more liquids to your own diet… which I'm sure is only going to soak those adorable diapers you're wearing even more."

Vivian couldn't help it, she had to pause to laugh. It was going to be so hysterical! Both her victims were still sitting there hypnotized, with their eyes still closed, and still sucking their thumbs. Totally delightful! She laughed again at the thought of what she was making them do… and more so at the thought of what was still to come.

"Okay you two, wake up!" She watched as they both took a few seconds to wake up. Marian mooed immediately and removed the thumb from her mouth, but her face looked like she had been watching some kind of horror movie. Phillip kept his thumb in his mouth, he simply looked scared. To Vivian, it was all… simply wonderful!

"Marian, stand up and get naked," she ordered. "Except for those darling shoes of course."

Marian stood up and got undressed as Vivian wanted. Vivian grabbed the plastic container and pulled the lid off of it and took the label that was in it out. Then she handed the tub to Marian. "Get into your milking position now!" she ordered. "But this time, when you kneel, I want you straddling that plastic tub!"

Marian was horrified as she grabbed the container. She went over to her usual milking spot and knelt down. Getting the tub between her legs like that was somewhat difficult. She had to spread her knees extra wide and it was very uncomfortable. She mooed at the distress, but of course, nobody understood her… especially not Vivian. It was even more uncomfortable staying like that with her fingers now playing with herself down below.

Vivian turned to Phillip. "Farmer Phyllis, I want to see you milking your cow again. Get to it!" she ordered when he didn't move fast enough.

Marian mooed in protest as the machine was once again attached to her and turned on.

Vivian knelt down with her face right in front of Marian. "Do you know what else cows do all the time?" She laughed. "They pee! All the time! Anywhere they happen to be. They just let it out all over the place. I've seen it a hundred times on my Grandfather's farm. They just stand there while they're being milked, and they pee whenever the mood hits them. It's positively disgusting! And now that's what you're going to have to do now whenever you're

being milked. You can kneel there and try to pee the whole time you're being milked… just like a real cow!

"From now on, once you're milking is done, you can take your hands out of your silly cunt if you want, but then instead of kneeling, you will go down on all fours and stay there like that until Farmer Phyllis here says you can get up again. And of course, you'll do nothing but moo the entire time!"

She turned back to Phillip, "Hear that Farmer Phyllis? You get to decide how long your cow stays over that tub. And I don't want you to let her leave there until she's peed into it at least once. And if you decide she should stay there longer, then that's your decision, not hers. She's nothing but a stupid cow. She can't make that decision for herself. You now have all say over when she can get up after you milk her or not. And Farmer Phyllis, since Marian will be on all fours like the cow that she is, if you think she needs to drink more while she's there, then you're going to have to pour her water, or whatever else you allow her to have, into a bowl for her to drink from. She'll have to drink it by lowering her head into it just like every other cow. And if you think she needs to eat while she's there, then of course you'll have to feed her the same way. But she's not to leave that spot until you say she can."

She turned back to Marian again. "You got that you stupid cow? When you're on all fours, using your hands for anything besides playing with yourself is out of the question. You eat like the animal that you are!" Vivian started laughing again as Marian let out a rather distressed protesting moo.

"Oh how I love to hear you mooing like that," she said. "In fact, I want you mooing for the rest of the weekend. You're not to be able to utter anything else until after your milking on Monday morning. Not… till… then!" She smiled all too wickedly at Marian.

She couldn't take it anymore. She quickly got undressed, moved the chair that she had earlier pushed over by the couch so it would be out of the way, and draped herself down on her favorite spot on the couch. "Sissy Phyllis, get that tongue of yours over here and get busy!" The sight of Marian mooing away and being milked while straddling that big tub was turning her on tremendously. "Don't forget to pee you stupid cow!" Her head lolled back against the back of the couch in ecstasy the moment Phillip's tongue started working on her. Total heaven! He might not be any good and sucking cocks… yet, but he could sure do this part awfully well!

She was halfway toward her second orgasm when she realized that she hadn't seen Marian pee into the tub yet. "I'm still waiting to see you pee, you stupid cow! Try harder!"

Marian wasn't exactly trying to pee. And besides, her fingers were occupying that part of her body, but she had little choice but to do her best to let it all out. With her fingers and hands in the way, it finally came out of her, and splashed all over the place. She couldn't see down

into the tub very well from her kneeling position, but she could feel the pee all over her hands. She could smell it too. And Vicious Vivian was laughing away… which quickly ended as Vivian went into yet another orgasm… an obviously bigger one than her last one. Damn! Marian wished she could have a good orgasm herself! She was stuck endlessly trying to get one, yet Vivian had fixed her so that she couldn't!

After two more orgasms, Vivian finally pushed Phillip out of the way. She hadn't seen Marian pee again, but then she didn't expect to since Marian had just done it. She got up and again grabbed Marian's blouse to wipe herself clean with before getting dressed. And the entire time, she rarely took her eyes off of Marian and especially the sight of her nipples being pulled out over and over again inside the clear plastic cups attached to her udders.

Once Vivian was ready to go, she turned to Phillip. "Keep your cow on that milking machine for at least another half hour after I've gone. And I want her to stay there until she's peed into that tub at least one more time! And since she's so stupid, I think that you had better be the one to make sure she continues to take her pills from now on – four times a day!" She stopped to consider something else before adding one final thought. "Since it's so late, I think you should make sure you drink three glasses of something before you go to sleep tonight, and make sure that stupid cow drinks at least four. No use waiting until tomorrow to start your new regimen." She smiled wickedly again. "Now don't you feel lucky to have your very own cow to take care of?" With a final departing laugh, she walked out of the apartment.

Marian mooed in horror. Another half hour on the milking machine… breast pump? It was becoming nothing but torture. And even then she wouldn't be able to get up until she had peed again into the tub… or until Phillip said she could get up. It was positively torture… and so horribly degrading.

Phillip was more than a bit perturbed. Now he had to make sure that the stupid cow got enough to drink as well as milking her. Plus… he had to decide everything that she ate and drank. And he wasn't too fond of the thought of having to drink so many glasses of liquids every day – especially not Marian's milk… out of the baby bottles. That was going to be… irksome, not to mention humiliating. He wasn't looking forward to that at all! But the worst part of his thinking centered around what all those liquids in his body was going to do to the amount he was going to be peeing into his diapers. That could cause even more embarrassing problems!

He looked over towards Marian. He knew that she had just been handed the most horrible situation possible, but that still didn't keep him from feeling anything but sorry for himself. Marian looked terrified. He noticed Marian's fingers moving slightly where they were stuck up inside of her. "At least you get some fun from being able to do that!" he said nastily to her. "Now I'm stuck with the responsibility of having to take care of you. And you're the one who's ultimately responsible for me being stuck with all these problems in the first place!"

Marian mooed in protest, it was the only rebuttal she could make. How could he say something like that to her?

"Yeah?" Phillip replied as if he understood what she had said. "I ought to pour a bowl of something for you to drink right now!" He watched as she mooed again at him. "And you'd have to drink it because you've got to drink even more liquids a day than I do." He noticed that Marian didn't say anything to that… and her fingers never stopped playing with her stupid twat.

"You've got it easy compared to me," he said. "You don't have to go walking around out in public looking like a total fool so everyone laughs at you. You don't have to wear diapers all the time so the only place you can go is in your own stinking pants. And now you don't have to drink any of your milk out of nothing but baby bottles!" He paused for a moment. "Unless I make you drink it!" he added cruelly. "I guess I could make you do that… if you ever produce enough that is."

He stared at the shocked look on her face for a moment as another worrying thought came to the forefront of his mind. "And you don't have to learn to…" But he couldn't finish saying his final thought. He couldn't finish saying that she wouldn't have to learn to suck cock like Mistress Vivian had told him he would now be learning. And he had no doubt where that was going to take him.

He turned away from the stupid cow on the floor and headed to his bedroom to brood alone.

There were tears in Marian's eyes as she watched him go. How could he be so hateful to her? How? All she wanted to do was help him… and she was stuck in the same situation he was! She just had different problems to deal with than he did.

She let out another despondent moo and turned her thoughts back to Vivian. While Vivian had worked with them in their trances earlier, Marian had realized that she had made a big mistake. She had seen Vivian using her notebook before to remind herself of all the commands she had given them. But it wasn't until tonight that it really dawned on Marian exactly what Vivian was doing. Vivian wasn't smart enough to set up a self–sustaining trigger to reinforce all her commands. She didn't know how. And for some reason, she was getting around that little problem by reinforcing everything every couple of days. And worse, she was taking the time to deepen their trances each time to make it all stick that much firmer. If Vicious Vivian kept doing that, she would never be able to break out of her control.

So she had made a mistake. Because of what Vivian was really doing, she had put the wrong set of subliminal commands inside that last fireplace DVD she had made. And it would be another whole week before she would have a chance to fix it!

She saw Phillip come back out of the bedroom again.

“It’s all your fault!” Phillip yelled from the doorway of his bedroom. “You’re the one who’s responsible for all this! If you hadn’t hypnotized me in the first place, none of this would have ever happened! You’re the one who’s ultimately responsible. You! It’s all your fault!” He turned angrily away as he added, “You stupid cow!”

Marian mooed mournfully as the tears streamed down her face. And the problem was that he was right. She was the one who was ultimately responsible. It was all her fault!

Chapter 21.

Vivian was sound asleep when her phone woke her up. But in coming awake, she realized that she had everything all wrong. What was she thinking? Plum lipstick, and theme all her clothes in the same plum color as well? It was all wrong! Yellow was the only proper color for her clothing theme – for the entire week. Plum lipstick – with yellow clothes and accents. It would be perfect. And the yellow would be so bright and cheerful that she just knew everyone would love it. The only problem was, she didn't have very many yellow items in her wide wardrobe. But that was certainly no real problem, it only meant she had something more to shop for now.

The phone rang again and she sleepily answered it. "Hello?"

"We've got milk," Phillip's voice on the other end said.

Vivian crowed loudly with delight. "You keep her on that machine till I get there!" she said excitedly. "I'll be there as soon as I can!"

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There were tears running down Marian's worn face. She was exhausted because she hadn't slept much the night before, and now she had been straddling the stupid plastic tub for almost an hour… with the damn machine still pulling at her nipples.

And now this morning, the first signs that she was indeed lactating had appeared. She couldn't see it with the machine attached to her of course, she couldn't look down that far past her breasts, but she had heard Phillip calling Vivian to tell her. The arrival of the milk had sparked a fresh bout of sobbing in Marian. Vivian was winning this war, and she could do very little to fight back in any way.

Her eyes glanced to the bowl of water out in front of her. She had been forced to dunk her head in it to drink several bowls full last night before Phillip let her up… it was so horribly degrading. And then this morning he had put a fresh bowl down for her to drink. She just couldn't get to it yet because she was still stuck kneeling upright while her damn milking machine was still attached to her breasts. But she had no doubt that Phillip would force her to drink the entire bowl of water… and maybe more… before he let her up today.

Her knees and thighs hurt from kneeling, straddling the tub where she had already peed twice since she had knelt over the thing… peeing all over her hands because she couldn't remove them from her mostly numb vagina. Out in front of her was a bowl of clean water, but all she could smell now was pee… all over her hands, and from the tub between her legs.

Ever since last night, she had noted that Phillip had been preoccupied and upset about something… and as result, he seemed to be taking it out on her. He was being, without a doubt, cruel to her. Downright, unjustifiably, cruel! He seemed to be going way beyond what Vivian had said he had to do. She had seen that Vivian was doing everything she could to turn her into nothing but an animal, and now Phillip was going right along with her and treating her absolutely horribly as well. And this morning, she was actually producing milk… just like a cow. With everything stacked against her, Marian felt more defeated than ever. She was starting to feel just like the stupid cow Vivian kept telling her she was. Nothing but a stupid, stupid cow.

Her udders… breasts ached now from the constant suction. She wanted the machine gone. She wanted to massage her breasts with her hands. But as long as the damn machine was attached to her, she couldn't even remove her hands from her own vagina where she had played with herself so often now that she barely felt anything down there anymore. But that didn't seem to keep her from constantly having to do it. Vivian had ordered it, and it just happened whether she liked it or not.

She heard the knock at the door and she mooed again. A minute later, she saw Vivian hurrying into the room. She mooed her distress… but of course, Vivian didn't seem to care.

Vivian saw the tiny bit of yellowish–white liquid in the collection bottles. The sight both excited and disappointed her. While she was extremely glad to see it, she had hoped for more since each bottle only contained a small amount. Still, it was a definite start. And she had no doubt that a cow with udders like Marian had would soon be producing much, much more.

"I knew those pills would get your milk flowing," she said. "I'm just surprised that it took this long." She paused to watch the machine still pulling at Marian's nipples. "So now you're finally producing milk like the cow you really are, but with that pitiful amount you produced today, you've obviously got a long way to go before Sissy Phyllis here can even get one full bottle out of you. But I have no doubt that those udders of yours will wake up and start producing nicely very quickly." She noticed the odor in the room from Marian's pee and she laughed. "You're even starting to smell like a real cow now!"

She turned to Phillip, "Have you given the cow her pill yet?"

"Not yet," Phillip replied. "I just woke her up and put her on the machine. We've been waiting for you."

"Get that machine off of her then and give her the pill! But don't let her up yet." She smiled wickedly. "I want to see her drinking from that nice bowl of water you've so kindly left for her."

Marian couldn't help the moo of relief when the machine was switched off. But the moment Phillip removed it from her neck, she removed her hands from up inside of herself… and found herself dropping to all fours… still straddling the damn tub. She didn't care that Vivian was watching. She needed the drink so badly that she dipped her head down to the water bowl and did her best to drink some. It was so humiliating and degrading! After her drink, she looked up angrily at Vivian and let out another moo. She really was starting to feel like a damn cow.

Phillip came back from the kitchen and shoved a pill into her mouth. "Drink and swallow it!" he commanded.

Marian again dunked her head down to the water bowl. A moment later, the pill was down her throat – the pill that would only increase her milk output. The pill that would make her body do what she didn't want it to do – produce milk just like a cow!

Once Vivian was satisfied that Marian had indeed swallowed the pill, she turned back to Phillip. "Pour that tiny bit of milk she produced into one of your new bottles," she said. "I want to see you drink it."

Phillip wasn't happy about that at all. There wasn't much of Marian's milk in those milking machine bottles, but it was just the thought of having to drink it that bothered him… almost as much as having to drink it from the baby bottles. He went back to the kitchen, noting that Vivian followed him in. He removed each of the collection bottles from the milking machine and set them on the counter. He found one of the packages of baby bottles and opened it. He took the protective cap off one of the bottles and unscrewed the top. He saw the nipple upside down in the top. He had to figure out how to attach it properly, which fortunately wasn't all that difficult. Then, since Vivian was watching so intently, he carefully poured the milk from the machine bottles into the baby bottle. Even with the liquid from both bottles now in the baby bottle, there wasn't all that much… not more than a few good mouthfuls. But it was more than he wanted to drink – especially since the mostly white liquid had a bit of a yellowish tint to it as well. Was it healthy?

"Come on, come on!" Vivian urged as she saw him standing there just looking at everything. "Pick that stupid thing up and drink it!"

Phillip screwed the nipple top onto the baby bottle and put it to his lips… and sucked. He had to tilt his head back to get the small amount of liquid into the top of it where he could drink it, but once he did, he got his first taste of Marian's milk. It tasted… strange. Not exactly bad, but not exactly good either.

Vivian broke out into a wide smile. "So adorable," she noted. She grabbed his doll from the counter and pressed it into his arms and was even more pleased with the sight – especially

since his diapers were so overly bloated. “Yes,” she said, “I think I made the right choice for you. This sissy style really does seem to suit you perfectly!”

Phillip was scowling, it just didn’t show past the bottle he was sucking on.

Another thought struck Vivian. “Since all the adult shops are probably closed today,” she told him, “I want you to go to the grocery store and buy a couple of cucumbers instead. I told you the other night about how you would be practicing from now on, so you can start with the cucumbers until we can find you some better toys.” She thought briefly about Marian. “I wouldn’t take the cow with you to the store. Not only does she smell horribly, but she’s so dumb she might eat one of those things before you get a chance to play with it. Besides, what would she do in a grocery store anyway? She’s too dumb to pick out anything proper to eat.”

Phillip’s mind turned sick at the prospect of what Mistress Vivian was forcing him to do. She was forcing him to learn to suck cock… like it or not. And he definitely not only didn’t like it, he hated just thinking about it. Over and over again he remembered how awful it had been with Thing that night. Over and over again he remembered the feel of Thing’s cock hitting the back of his throat, making him gag horribly, choking him, all but killing him. And now Mistress Vivian was making him keep at it. He couldn’t think of anything worse than that at all. Nothing! But what concerned him even more, was the future that Mistress Vivian had hinted at in the car that night. He shuddered at the thought of it.

Vivian heard Marian let out another of her moos out in the living room. She headed out to see her again, thoroughly enjoying the sight of the woman stuck in the position she was in. “Oh, you really are such a beautiful sight now,” Vivian said to the tortured woman on the floor as she again noticed the odor coming from the tub of pee… and no doubt from Marian as well. “No baths for you until after you get milked tomorrow morning! I don’t even want you washing your hands. I like that you now smell just like a real cow. And since you won’t be able to do anything but moo like a cow anyway until then, you might as well smell like a proper cow too!”

She looked again at Phillip. He really was a sight holding onto his big doll with his diaper fully on display. And his diaper looked so huge! She figured it had to be very uncomfortable. All the better! With an all too delighted smile at both of them, Vivian headed for the door and left. Her mind was already filled with thoughts of shopping as soon as the stores opened later.

Marian mood again, hoping that Phillip would get the hint and let her up.

Phillip stared at Marian, still stuck on all fours. “You can just stay there like that!” he said angrily. “It’s all your fault for the problems I have to face now. You’re to blame! And for that, you deserve to be treated like nothing more than the stupid cow you really are.”

Marian mooed in protest… and began crying. How could Phillip possibly be so cruel? Couldn't he see how humiliating this was for her? Couldn't he see how totally degrading it was? She didn't want to be stuck like she was. She didn't want to be milked. She didn't want her hands always up inside of herself… playing uselessly all the time. She wanted to be able to speak properly. She wanted to be able to eat and drink properly. She wanted a good long bath. And she desperately wanted some decent sleep. After another mournful moo, all she could think about was that she had to break free of Vivian's mental programming. And she had to do it soon! But just then, she was so exhausted and hurting that she knew she would stand no chance at all of even trying. So she mooed mournfully. And cried.

Phillip stood there watching Marian crying… and mooing. The damn cow! If she hadn't hypnotized him in the first place then none of this would have ever happened. He would never have all these problems. And now she was starting to produce milk… that he would be forced to drink from nothing but baby bottles. How… infuriating! His life was getting worse and worse – all because of her! But the worst part was the one thing that he tried the hardest not to think about… the worst part was that if it wasn't for what Marian had done, he would never have been saddled with the future that Vivian had in mind for him. All because of Marian… the cow! He heard her moo mournfully again and rolled his eyes. The damn cow! "You stay there!" he ordered again. "You deserve it!" He walked back to the kitchen where he wouldn't have to look at her anymore.

Marian mournfully mooed her protest again… but she knew it fell on uncaring ears. She was stuck there for… who knew how long… until Phillip decided she could get up. The water bowl was right in front of her. She lowered her head and drank the best she could. It was difficult, but it was the only way she could drink. As she raised her head up, her crying began in earnest again. She hated this. She hated being treated like an animal! She mooed mournfully again and again.

Phillip could hear Marian mooing out in the living room. The damn cow! For what she had done, she deserved to be stuck where she was! Maybe he should keep her there like she was all day. It would serve her right!

He could hear Marian crying somewhat now. Did cows cry like that? Probably not. But how should he know? He knew he was being overly cruel to the woman, but he was angry… and besides, it was all her fault! He grabbed a glass and filled it with water and carried it out to her where he dumped it into her bowl. "Keep drinking!" he ordered. Then he walked back to the kitchen with the now empty glass.

He reached into one of the cupboards and pulled out a box of cereal. From another cupboard he pulled out two bowls. He put cereal into both bowls. He was very tempted to pour some milk from the refrigerator on top of his cereal, but after drinking Marian's little bit of milk earlier, the thought of drinking any kind of milk didn't appeal to him at all. He carried one

of the bowls of cereal out to the living room and set it down in front of Marian. “Eat it!” he ordered. Then he left her. He would eat by himself in the kitchen. He didn’t need to sit and eat with a stupid cow.

Marian’s crying intensified. Now she was reduced to eating like an animal too! She had no idea that Phillip had this much of a cruel streak in him. No idea! Having no choice, she tearfully lowered her face to the bowl and did her best to scoop up some of the dry cereal into her mouth. She chewed and swallowed it, and then stuck her head into the water bowl to get some water. Back and forth between the two bowls, she ate her breakfast that way until she finally realized she needed to pee. On all fours there, she let it out into the tub… feeling more like a dumb animal than ever.

Phillip refreshed his lipstick, then ate his breakfast in the kitchen, his mind constantly turning over all of the things he had to deal with now… not the least of which was the miserably overly bloated diaper he was wearing. He had peed into it twice now since he had gotten up to milk Marian. And now he was sure it couldn’t hold much more. But Marian had been making him mess the thing in the mornings before she would remove it for him. Surely it was just wet enough now that he wouldn’t have to do that too. But further reluctant thought made him realize that perhaps getting that little problem out of the way now rather than later would be a good thing. He didn’t want to have to worry about that happening later on… and then the possibility of Marian not removing his diaper for him. The stupid cow would probably do that to him too… just out of spite! The damn cow! Once he finished eating, he stood in the kitchen and forced himself to mess again in his diaper. Yuck! Oh how he hated having to do this! It wasn’t right having to live this way! It wasn’t right – all because of stupid Marian. Oh how he hated her now. She deserved every little problem that Mistress Vivian was giving her. Every little thing!

He headed out to see her. Her food bowl was empty. She had managed to drink most of her water too. “Get this damn diaper off of me!” he ordered.

Marian mooed and looked at his diaper. It was huge… more than well used. And despite how badly she herself smelled, she could smell the mess he had made in it as well. She would have no problem removing the thing for him. No problem, except for one little thing. Vivian had restricted her from using her hands for anything other than playing with herself while she was down on all fours. She mooed, trying to explain that she had no way to remove it for him… but naturally, he didn’t understand.

“I said get this stupid diaper off me!” Phillip commanded even more angrily.

Marian mooed again, trying to tell him that she couldn’t. She picked one of her hands up from the floor. And set it down, but she had no way to tell him why she couldn’t remove his diaper.

Phillip was getting really angry now. The damn cow was refusing to remove his diaper… even after he had messed in it! She was doing it just out of spite because of the way he was treating her. Well she deserved it. "Get this thing off of me!" he tried one more time.

Again Marian mooed… and lifted both hands one at a time from the floor, but she could see that he still wasn't getting the message.

Phillip was furious. "Fine!" he yelled. "Stay there! You can stay there all day for all I care! You'll stay there until you finally get this thing off of me!"

Marian mooed loudly in protest. It wasn't that she didn't want to remove his diaper. Her problem was that she couldn't. And as he stomped off toward the bedroom she was still stuck there on all fours, still straddling the damn tub between her legs. She was overly tired, overly hurting, and way overly humiliated. And there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it!

Phillip left her alone for over an hour. He left her there until after he had drank yet another glass of water… and peed into his overly bloated and messy diaper again… and felt the damn thing starting to leak. Ugh! He headed back to the living room again where he could smell the pee in her tub even over the smell of his own diaper. "Are you willing to get this damn diaper off of me now?" he asked.

Marian did her best to moo her agreement and shake her head up and down so he would know she did want to get the thing off of him. As he approached, she again tried picking her hands up, one at a time from the floor, over and over again. But obviously, he still wasn't getting the message.

Phillip stood over her and waited. But she wasn't doing anything to unfasten his diaper. "I'm waiting!" he said angrily.

Marian mooed and looked up at him, and shook her head.

"What's wrong with you, you stupid cow?" Phillip yelled. "You said you would!"

Marian nodded her head hard and fast, agreeing that she wanted to.

"So get this thing off me – now!"

Marian shook her head a little, and then thought of something else. She opened her mouth and tried to crane her neck out towards his smelly diaper, as if she was trying to get at the tapes that held it with her mouth.

Phillip stepped back. "What are you doing, you stupid cow?"

Marian again craned her head toward him, this time glad that his smelly diaper wasn't right in her face, and she opened her mouth and tried to mimic grabbing something with her teeth.

Phillip watched her. What was the crazy cow doing? And then it finally dawned on him. Damn it! She couldn't open his diaper for him because she couldn't use her hands! "Damn!" he swore. "I didn't realize! Get up from there. You can get out of that position now. You can't undo my diaper because you can't use your hands while you're there. Damn it! I didn't realize." He was angry at himself for not figuring it out.

Marian mooed gratefully, and fell over on her side. Her hips hurt from straddling the tub for so long, her breasts hurt from all the milking, her knees were killing her from all her weight being on them for so long, her vagina felt sore from too much masturbating, her feet hurt from being kept in the shoes for what seemed like forever, and she was simply beyond the point of exhaustion. Staying right where she was, she closed her eyes and cried again.

Still angry at himself for not figuring it out, Phillip stood over her again. "Get this damn diaper off of me!" he ordered.

Marian opened her eyes and looked up at Phillip standing over her… with his overly bloated smelly diaper. She sat up and reached out with one hand and pulled open the tapes, letting the overly saturated thing fall off of him. Phillip never said thanks or anything else. He simply walked off toward the bathroom, leaving the smelly used diaper right where it had landed. Ugh! Marian dragged her way to her feet and walked into the bedroom. She desperately wanted a good long hot bath, but it seemed she wasn't going to get one. She grabbed her nightgown and slipped it on. Then she went back to the living room where she laid down on the couch, unfastened the shoes from her feet, pulled a blanket over herself, and fell asleep with just one thought on her mind – she had to break free. Now more than ever!

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Phillip had no trouble diapering himself. His problem was that once the diaper was on, he couldn't remove it by himself. He knew that Marian was supposed to change him, but as far as he was concerned, he was happier just so long as she removed it for him. After showering and getting dressed, he went out to find Marian. He needed to go shopping, but she still had to fix his hair and put a bow in it for him since he wasn't allowed to leave the house without one. He really wished that Marian could go to the store instead of him, but Mistress Vivian had put a stop to that hopeful wish.

He found Marian sound asleep. He was very tempted to wake her, but he stopped himself. He really had been unusually cruel to her… but damn it, she deserved it! Hypnotizing him like that. What was she thinking? It wasn't right! And now look where it had gotten him. Or rather, where it had gotten both of them. But ultimately, it was all Marian's fault! The stupid cow.

He left her sleeping as she was and went back to his bedroom where he did his best to clip one of the bows into his hair. He had no idea how to really fix his hair properly, that was another of Marian's jobs, but as far as he knew, he only needed to have a bow in it to go out. To go out… when he desperately didn't want to go out. When he desperately didn't want to buy what he was being sent to buy. When he even more desperately didn't want to do what Mistress Vivian had demanded that he do.

And Marian, no matter what condition she was in, couldn't help him with that problem at all!

With the bow now stuck in his hair, he fixed his lipstick and picked up Dolly. He was out the door and on his way to the grocery store a minute later. He hoped there wouldn't be too many shoppers in the store. He hoped! Oh God he felt like such a fool dressed as he was!

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Vivian had wandered from store to store, much as she usually did. She had bought less today though than usual, only because finding the yellow accents she was looking for was somewhat difficult – and she tried hard not to buy anything that wasn't on sale. After all, she was out to save money!

She didn't always go into the sporting goods stores, they didn't sell much that she was interested in, but she did wander into one of the larger ones in the mall that day. The only reason she went in was because this store did carry a lot of clothing items and often advertised some pretty good sales. Not far from the front of the store though, there was a display of items for the fans of the local university team. And something in that display caught her eye. Unable to help herself, she headed straight for it. It wasn't yellow. In fact, it wasn't clothing of any kind… for her. But the item absolutely boggled her already boggled mind. It was perfect!

She picked it up and examined it closely. It was a cowbell of course. And it had the logo of the local university painted on it. It was meant for the fans to take to the games to ring loudly in support of the team. She held it by the handle and moved the bell just slightly… and thrilled to the clang that came out of the thing. It was absolutely perfect! Forgetting the rest of the store, she carried the cowbell straight to the cashier and bought it – even though it hadn't been on sale at all.

As she walked back out into the mall concourse, her thoughts were already on what else she needed to go with the bell… and where she could get that item. Unfortunately, the closest place she could think of was at the far end of the mall, on the lower level. As far from where she was as she could get. Oh well, there were a lot of good stores between here and there, and she would get there eventually.

But a short way further along the mall, she turned into another store that she frequently loved to walk through, even though she never bought anything in that store. They never ran sales and everything was way too expensive. But that didn't mean she couldn't look. She was halfway through the store when the idea hit her. The store specialized in engraved gifts, and they would engrave anything! And of course the cowbell came straight to her mind. She headed straight for the desk where they did the engraving.

"How long would it take you to engrave something on this?" she asked as she held out the bell.

The man behind the desk thought for a moment. "I've got a few other things ahead of you, but I can probably have it ready in about an hour."

That was good enough for Vivian. But she had another question as well. "Is there any way to get the logo that's painted on it off?"

The guy took the cowbell and looked it over. "I can probably buff it off. But it's going to cost you more."

Vivian didn't really care. She ordered all the painted logos on the bell removed and told him what she wanted engraved on the bell instead. She paid for the work and left the bell with him while she wandered back out into the mall. But she was so excited over it that she headed straight for the store she needed to get to at the other end of the mall instead of shopping all along the way. She would hit those stores after she picked up the bell.

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Phillip was alone in his room… with his door closed. Marian was awake now and was watching TV out in the living room. He had put this little exercise off as long as he could. He took another swig from the glass of coke he had poured for himself as part of the eight glasses of liquid he had to drink now. He had given Marian a large glass of coke to drink as well… hoping that maybe the sweet liquid would make her milk taste better… if she ever started producing more. He took another sip of his coke, but it was only to delay for yet another moment what he now had to do.

He was absolutely sick over what he had to do… like it or not. Revolted by every thought he had concerning the issue, he pulled out one of the cucumbers he had bought earlier that morning in the grocery store. He had to force himself to do it. He had to force himself to bring it to his lips where he licked the outside a little. Then a little more. This at least wasn't some stupid guy's cock. This at least bore very little resemblance to a real cock which made the whole exercise somewhat easier. But the thought of what he was really doing still turned his stomach… more than a little. He licked the thing again, then again, trying to keep the

miserable images out of his mind that kept picturing what the cucumber was really supposed to represent. Unfortunately, as much as he tried to banish those images, he couldn't.

After licking the thing for a while, he dared to open his mouth and try to put the thing inside. But the cucumber he had bought was too big… too wide. He could only get a little bit of it in. And the others he had bought were all about the same size. Something inside of him celebrated at that thought and he went back to just licking the outside. He was much happier just doing that.

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Vivian had to wait behind another customer until she could pick up the cowbell. But at least the wait was short. She didn't even have to say anything to the guy behind the desk once the customer ahead of her had finished. Catching sight of her, the guy immediately reached under the counter and brought out a plastic bag with her cowbell in it. He removed it from the bag and handed it to her to examine. The bell positively glowed after being buffed. There was no sign any longer of anything else ever havening been printed on it. But what was there now was engraved so that it was easy to see, and just the sight of it made her a little wet down below. The cowbell now read: "Mooing Marian."

"It's fantastic!" she declared happily, and saw the guy smile.

"Glad you like it," the man replied. "Will there be anything else?"

Anything else? But that question brought to mind a little problem she was still trying to solve. "Um… can you figure out any way to attach the bell to…" She dug around in one of the bags she had and pulled out the item she had made the special trip across the mall to get – a large, plain brown, leather dog collar. "How can I attach it to this?" she asked as she handed over the collar.

The man was somewhat shocked, but he quickly realized it had to be some kind of a prank. "Um… I'm not sure," he said as he examined the collar and also looked at the cowbell. "I might be able to fix something up with a bit of wire," he told her.

"How long would that take?" Vivian asked.

"I can have it for you in just a couple of minutes."

Vivian jumped on the opportunity. "Do it!"

Marian was watching TV, but her mind wasn't on anything that the TV was showing her. Her mind was instead on Phillip. He had been so cruel to her! And yet, in a way, he was absolutely right that she was the one who was ultimately responsible for all of his problems. And even though he had been so cruel earlier, she still felt obligated to get him out of his situation… just as soon as she could. But the question was, how? She knew how she planned on getting herself out from under Vivian's control. But that wouldn't help Phillip at all. Phillip was stuck for a whole different set of reasons.

She remembered all the pictures Phillip had drawn that she had examined so closely while he was gone. Somewhat amazing pictures, yet somewhat disturbing as well. They clearly defined the odd urges that were part of Phillip. Evidently, a bigger part of him than anyone knew. Those urges were the reason that Vivian was able to have such a strong hold over him. Well, initially anyway. Vivian's constant practice of re–hypnotizing each of them, and taking each of them so deep each time before replanting all the suggestions into their brains, had both Phillip and herself in big trouble now. But something told her that the key to pulling Phillip free from Vivian was in those same urges.

With the TV flickering in front of her, she let her mind wander back over everything she could remember about the drawings. In every last one of them, Phillip had pictured himself as a child. Not a baby, but a child. And not just a child, but a girl. A little girl that was always dressed in some kind of a dress. More often than not, an old fashioned party dress. It was a little while before Marian realized that those pictures of himself had to be the real key into Phillip's mind.

But now that she thought she had figured out the key, how could she use it? As her mind pictured the way Phillip continued to draw himself… as a little girl, she couldn't help but remember the way she had felt when she fixed his hair for him… and even when she had been forced to change his diaper for him as well. She had felt… maternal. All those instincts that she had denied herself over the years had tried to flood into her… despite the fact that Phillip was a grown man.

She mooed again… something she barely thought about anymore… and with that moo, came the realization of what she would have to do to get Phillip out from under Vivian's vicious control. Just as soon as she got herself out first!

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Marian shed even more tears when her evening milking was done and the bottles contained a slightly larger supply of milk. But again Phillip wasn't letting her get up yet. She was worried that he might keep her there most of the night! She got positively angry when Phillip brought her dinner out for her to eat, right where she was again. To eat like an animal. She mooed angrily as the tears again started to fall from her eyes. And since he had ordered her to drink so much as well, she was again going back and forth between the food and her water bowl.

He had been pushing the drinks at her all day. Thankfully, he had allowed her several glasses of coke – a welcome relief from all the water. But mostly, all it did to her was keep her going to the bathroom all day… where inevitably she was there longer than necessary because her hands refused to stay away from her sexual zones any time she pulled her panties down. And worse, she couldn't bathe or wash her hands afterwards. Since she couldn't wash herself, she had no doubt now about how badly she smelled – all over! Her smell was starting to disgust even herself!

Thinking about the pee smell made her realize she had to pee yet again. Not even bothering to hold it back anymore, she let it out into the tub beneath her… while her head was still in her food bowl trying to get more food into her mouth. She felt like such a stupid animal. Like such a stupid cow. She mooed at the thought of it.

The loud knocking on the door frightened her. She could only think of one person it could be. As much as she feared having anyone else see her, she still didn't want to see Vivian come back into the apartment. Unfortunately, Vivian was there in all her plum lipsticked glory just a moment later. Marian did note the yellow scarf that Vivian was wearing. Was that fireplace video working on her already? She hoped so. If only she had been smart enough to put some other suggestions into that last video she had made!

"Oh what a glorious sight!" Vivian declared as she stared at Marian, down on all fours, with bowls of food and water in front of her. She noted that the food bowl was mostly empty. "How much milk did she produce this time?" she asked Phillip.

"Just a little more than this morning," Phillip replied.

Vivian laughed. "Not much, but at least it's getting better!" She leveled her gaze at Marian. "But you've still got a long way to go you stupid cow! I hope you see now just how much of a cow you really are! Actually, how much of a cow you've probably been your whole life! It's just now that we're bringing it to your attention."

She briefly looked into the bag she had brought in with her. "And I've got something new for you now that I know a cow like you is just going to love!" She knelt down in front of Marian, but she didn't pull anything out of the bag yet. "Every woman loves jewelry," she said, "I guess, even a cow like you. So I got you some new jewelry to wear." With that, she pulled the dog collar with the cow bell attached to it out of the bag. The cowbell clanged horribly as she did so.

Marian cringed in shock… and shame… as she saw the bright cowbell, and especially when she heard it clanging. She mooed her protest, but that only seemed to delight Vivian even more.

Vivian grabbed the bell and looked at it, then she turned it around so that Marian could see it better. “Since you’re a stupid cow and probably can’t read,” she said, “the bell is very nicely engraved with your name on it… ‘Mooing Marian.’” With that, Vivian broke out in a huge laugh.

Marin of course could read the engraving. She mooed and started crying again. She cried harder when Vivian herself bucked the darn collar around her neck. Each little movement seemed to make the stupid bell on it clang – all too loudly!

Vivian stood up to stare at her handiwork in delight. Then her face turned serious. “Now listen up you stupid cow. You are not to remove that collar… under any circumstances. In fact, you can never remove that collar. The only time it can ever come off of you is while you’re at the office. Farmer Phyllis here can remove it for you… in the car when you get there. But the minute you get back in the car after work, that collar has to go right back on – before you leave the parking lot. And you will wear that cowbell everywhere from now on so that it will always be on display!”

She turned to Phillip. “Hear that Sissy Phyllis? You’re the only one who can take that collar off of her, and it can only come off in the parking lot at work, and it has to go on before you leave the parking lot at the end of the day. All the rest of the time, it stays on her so that it can be seen! And heard,” she added. She smiled wickedly again. “She’s your cow, Sissy Farmer Phyllis, and she’s your responsibility to take care of in all ways… including this. And just like you can’t remove your own diapers, she can’t remove that bell! That’s part of your job as her farmer.”

She quickly changed the subject. “Did you get that cucumber I told you to buy?”

Phillip nodded. “Yeah,” he replied. “I got it.”

“And did you practice with it?”

“For the full hour,” Phillip told her, trying to repress any sign of how unhappy he was about it.

“Good! I expect you to make fast progress with that. Tomorrow we’ll look into getting you something proper to practice with. In the meantime, keep working with that cucumber. Do another hour tonight!”

It was all Phillip could do not to roll his eyes. Licking that cucumber and putting it in his mouth was the last thing he wanted to do. But he guessed it was a whole lot better than what he knew he would soon be putting in his mouth. He was very glad when Vivian tossed off another stupid remark that showed how little she cared about them before walking out the

door. He heard Marian moo again, accompanied by the clanging of her bell. “Yeah, you can say that again!” he agreed.

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How much longer was Phillip going to keep her there? She had been straddling the tub on all fours for hours now! She tried to keep as still as possible to keep the annoying bell from ringing, but down on all fours like she was, each little movement seemed to cause it to make noise. Twice Phillip had come out and dumped another glass of water into her bowl for her to drink, each time with the admonishment that she had keep drinking. He had also emptied the tub of pee beneath her… twice. So how much longer was she going to have to stay there?

Phillip had been shut away in the bedroom for quite a while now. Over an hour. He had gone in there and closed the door right after the last time he had emptied the tub beneath her. She had heard Vivian talking to him about the cucumber. She could pretty much imagine what she was making him do with it. Well, she could actually imagine several things, but she was guessing what he was really doing in there. The bedroom door opened again and she saw him and Dolly coming out. He didn’t exactly look happy, but then he had been in a foul mood all day… mostly directed at her.

Phillip checked the tub under Marian. There was pee in it again. But the tub was large enough that he wouldn’t have to worry about emptying it for a long time… all night if he wanted. He had only emptied it earlier because it stank so badly. Besides, with less of her pee sloshing around in the thing, it was easier to carry to the kitchen where he dumped it down the sink.

But now that he had come from practicing with the cucumber again, he was once again overly angry at Marian for getting him into this situation in the first place. He went to the kitchen where he grabbed another glass of water and poured it into her water bowl. “Keep drinking!” he ordered. He ignored Marian’s mooing protest. The damn cow! “Serves you right!” he muttered as he stomped off to the clanging of the cowbell and the mournful moos coming out of Marian… the cow.

After practicing with the cucumber again, he was more afraid than ever of the future that Mistress Vivian had hinted at for him. Yet he had no choice in the matter. Mistress Vivian had commanded it, and if he even tried to go against what Mistress Vivian wanted, then he would be wracked with the most horrible pain in the world. Pain that Marian claimed could actually kill him. He had… no choice at all – about anything anymore. He grabbed himself another glass of coke from the bottle in the refrigerator and took a large swallow to get the thought of what he had done in the bedroom out of his mind. It didn’t work.

With glass in hand, he headed for his bedroom where he grabbed his latest drawing pad. He carried it out to the living room to find a comfortable place to sit… where he didn’t have to

look at Marian… which was difficult since she was hard to miss in the room. But he kept his head down as he finished his latest drawing.

But when the picture was finished, he flipped to a fresh page on the pad, and tried to come up with some new inspiration for his next picture. He heard Marian moo again and casually turned his head, catching sight of her out of the corner of his eye. He looked away, not wanting to look at her. But a moment later, he found himself watching her again. He moved his seat to sit on the couch where he could see her better. Once in place, he set his pencil to the paper again and began sketching.

Marian watched him drawing and looking at her frequently. She had no doubt that he was drawing her now, right in the humiliating position she was in. She mooed in protest, but he barely made any reaction at all. She mooed her protest again, but this time he ignored her completely. No woman wanted her picture done looking so horribly. Was Phillip being cruel again? She had no doubt at all. She lowered her head and took another drink. She was getting hoarse from all the mooing… and crying over her situation.

She didn't want Phillip drawing her in such a ridiculous position. She didn't want to be stuck on all fours for so long. She didn't want to keep drinking from the bowl on the floor like an animal. She mooed at Phillip again, trying to will him to release her. But he was ignoring her moos. He gave no reaction at all… other than occasionally looking at her before going back to his drawing. She mooed louder in protest.

"I hear you," Phillip replied. "Just shut up. I'm not done here yet."

Marian mooed again. He really was being cruel. She mooed mournfully one more time before trying to suppress the moos for a bit.

Phillip was glad she had finally shut up… even though he knew it wouldn't be for long. The compulsion kept her doing it all too often. But now that he had started this picture, he had no intention of letting her get up – no matter how much she wanted out of there. The stupid cow!

As he was still finishing the drawing, he realized his picture was cruel, but at the same time, it pretty much reflected the way he thought about her right then. Look what she had gotten him into… all because she had hypnotized him without even asking his permission. Yeah, she really did deserve what she was getting!

He finished shading the final little bit of the drawing, and then he stared at it for a while. He never showed his drawings to anyone… especially not his "special" drawings. But this one? With a flourish, he ripped the page out of the pad.

The sudden ripping sound startled Marian into another moo… and made her bell ring all too loudly. Then she saw Phillip get up from the couch. She saw him look into the tub where she had peed again… how long ago now? But he didn't act like he was interested in pulling the tub away. She mooed hopefully.

"You stupid cow!" Phillip exclaimed. "You got me into this mess, and it just keeps getting worse and worse! So I drew you a picture. A picture of you! This is how I see you now. This is the way I'm always going to see you!" With that, he knelt down and turned the picture so that she could see it. "This!" Phillip said, "Is you!"

Marian mooed loudly in horror. It was all she could do. Talk about cruel! How could he? And then she saw him prop the picture up against his drawing pad that he leaned against the bottom of the couch so that she could see it. She couldn't take her eyes off of the horrible image he had created.

"Keep drinking, you stupid cow!" Phillip told her. "I'll get you more water." He headed into the kitchen where he grabbed yet another glass of water that he dumped into her bowl… before pouring another glass of coke for himself. Then he headed for his computer to surf the web for a while… leaving Marian like she was… where she could easily see how he now pictured her.

Marian cried… again. She was doing a lot of that lately. Despite her crying, she couldn't take her eyes off of the picture Phillip had drawn. Like all the rest of his work, it was amazingly well done. The detail almost made it seem all too real… which in this case, was part of the problem. He had drawn… her. Sort of. But he had drawn her partially as a cow. And worse, he had drawn her in what appeared to be a barn stall surrounded by hay. It was her body in the picture, but he had drawn large black splotches against her white skin resembling the markings of a cow. He had even included the collar and the bell that was now stuck around her neck. If she were closer to the picture, she had no doubt she could read the inscription on the bell.

In the picture, she was kneeling up straight and being milked. He had even drawn her hands playing with herself where they shouldn't be. And of course, he had included the tub that was stuck between her legs. And more embarrassingly, he had drawn her peeing – while she was playing with herself, the pee obviously splashing around in all directions.

And of course, in the position he had placed her, the picture showed her being milked. But not by the breast pump she was really using. She had two large cups attached to her udders… breasts… that had tubing running off out of the picture.

But perhaps the worst part of all, was that he had drawn her kneeling there, playing with herself, peeing, getting milked… with a mouthful of hay sticking out from both sides of her mouth while she was eating it. And somehow, while the picture was undoubtedly her, he

had managed to make her face look all too much like a cow. She wasn't even sure what about the picture made her think that, but it was the impression it certainly seemed to give. And the almost blank uncaring expression on her face in the picture made her look all too… stupid.

On the side of the barn stall, she saw a sign that read, "Mooing Marian," the same thing engraved on her bell. The overall effect of the picture was total cruelty, but evidently that seemed to be the way that Phillip saw her now. And the more she stared at the picture, the more she realized that that image was exactly what she was becoming… rapidly. She mooed… and cried.

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It was a long while before Phillip came back to her. She was staring down at the floor instead of at the picture he had drawn. She looked up at him and mooed. He had no doubt it was a begging moo. Begging to be released. "In a few minutes," he told her, not quite ready to let her up yet. He looked at the water in her bowl. "Finish that water first! You need to keep drinking."

He headed back to his desk where he found a roll of tape and brought it back to her. Her head was stuck in the bowl, desperately trying to lap up the water that was still in it… just like a cow! He grabbed the picture he had drawn and taped it to the wall behind her. "Just to remind you what you are!" he said cruelly. He berated himself for being so horribly cruel. He knew he was being way out of line. It wasn't like him at all. But damn it, he was frustrated! And… she deserved it. But he knew she didn't really deserve any of the way he was treating her now. He just… couldn't seem to help himself today.

He carefully pulled the tub out from between her legs and picked it up. "You can get up now," he told her. He walked off, not caring about the couple of moos she let out as she again collapsed to the floor. In the kitchen, he dumped her pee down the sink and ran a little water in the tub to rinse it out. Then he poured Marian another glass of coke to drink.

He felt the need to pee again… and simply let it out into his already overly saturated diaper. There was little sense in holding it back. The bulk between his legs was more than a bit uncomfortable but he was managing. Could he get Marian to unfasten his diaper so he could change it? He'd give it a few more minutes. Maybe by then the amount he had just peed would show through more and Marian would open the tapes for him. He hoped.

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Marian slipped her nightgown on… and pulled the damn bell out from under the neckline. The nightgown smelled almost as bad as she did. She headed for the couch to lay down again, hating the noise of the bell with every step she took. But at least the bell was slightly muffled

now that it was hanging against her chest. She didn't want the glass of coke he brought her… and told her she had to drink. Twelve glasses of something to drink each day was way, way too much! Yet she had no choice but to do as he said.

"Undo this diaper for me," he commanded.

Marian was put off again by his attitude. She had half a mind to not undo the thing and leave him in it all night! But since his diaper was so obviously overly bloated her hand reached out anyway and pulled open the tapes on one side. It was enough to loosen the thing up so that it could slide down his leg.

"Damn cow!" Phillip muttered as he bent down to grab the overly sodden and smelly diaper. He walked off to put it into a plastic bag in the kitchen where it wouldn't smell as bad.

Marian scowled at Phillip's back as he walked off. She had no idea he could possess such cruelty. No idea! Damn him! Once she got herself out of this mess, if he couldn't get himself free from Vivian's mental conditioning, then that was going to be his tough luck. He didn't deserve her help! The way he had become, once she got herself free, then stupid Phillip could just go hang!

Chapter 22.

Marian's subconscious was aware of it while she was still sleeping, but her conscious mind didn't realize it until Phillip woke her up for her morning milking… making her bell clang several times in the process. The moment she came awake, she mooed… and her hands came up to her breasts. They were sore and they ached. As her hands cupped them, she wondered if they weren't bigger and heavier too – the result of storing all the milk. If things kept on as they were, she had no doubt that her breasts were going to continue to "grow" as her body continued to produce more and more milk… for the milking machine to extract from her. As much as she hated the damn machine, right then, she was starting to feel as if she needed it – just to relieve the pressure that had built up since last night.

There was no fighting it, and no delaying it. To the annoying clanging of her bell, she slipped her nightgown off and buckled her high heeled shoes back onto her feet.

"Get this diaper off me!" Phillip commanded before she went any further.

Marian noted immediately that his attitude hadn't improved. She was tempted to not remove his diaper – just out of spite. But they did have to get to work later and it would be better if he could get his shower now. Besides, she could already smell his dirty diaper. She reached out and pulled open the tapes on one side, which freed it up enough that it fell down his leg to the floor.

Phillip stepped back and out of the diaper. "Now get where you belong!" he ordered.

Naked except for those shoes and her bell, she got into position, straddling the damn tub between her legs. As she got into position, she prayed that Phillip wouldn't leave her there too long. Her whole body seemed to smell like pee now and she needed a good bath – before work! Vivian had left the command that she could speak normally again as soon as her milking was done, and she was very much looking forward to that. Unfortunately, that time was still a good half hour away. At least! No telling how long Phillip would make her stay there. It better not be long though! She soaked her hands with pee again as she let it out… before Phillip had a chance to get the milking machine around her neck.

Holding the milking machine in place against Marian's breasts, Phillip switched it on. The almost immediate sight of the milk let him know it was working. Without another thought, he headed to the bathroom for his shower… leaving his messy diaper right where it was.

Marian didn't appreciate his dirty diaper being left right in front of her again. The sight of the mess inside of it was sickening – as was the smell. She closed her eyes to the sight of it, trying her best to ignore the smell that was even worse than her own smell. If the two of them kept things up as they were, the apartment was going to be too rank to live in before long!

Thirty minutes later, Phillip, fully dressed, went back into the living room to check on Marian. She was just kneeling there with her eyes closed, playing with herself as usual. Stupid cow! He noted the amount of milk in the bottles. To him it looked to be about twice as much as last night. He switched the machine off to the sound of another of her stupid moos. He removed the machine from her neck and carried it into the kitchen where he carefully poured the milk into one of his empty baby bottles. Practically a full bottle… if not, it was close enough. Still, it was progress… although he wasn't sure he knew why he wanted her to produce more milk. He'd only have to wind up drinking the darn stuff… out of the stupid baby bottles! Ugh!

He grabbed one of the pills she was supposed to take four times a day before he filled a bowl full of water and carried it out to her. Her hands were no longer inside of her and she was now down on all fours, waiting to be released. He set the bowl of water down in front of her, ignoring her mooing protests and the irritating noise of her bell. He pushed the pill into her mouth and left her there, ignoring her further moos of protest as he headed back to the kitchen.

He poured two bowls of cereal and carried one of them back to Marian where he set it down next to her water bowl. He couldn't have cared less about her angry mooing now. He wasn't about to eat his breakfast with the stupid cow. Let her eat right where she was! He went back to the kitchen where he pulled his lipstick out of his purse and refreshed his lips before he sat down and ate his dry cereal… without milk. He figured he could have poured Marian's breast milk over it, but why ruin the taste of perfectly good cereal? He wasn't sure he was up to drinking any before work either. Putting it off until later in the day seemed to be a much better option.

After his breakfast, and after fixing his lipstick yet again, he headed back out to Marian. She was just finishing eating her cereal… not taking much longer than it had taken him to eat his, so she couldn't have had too much trouble with it. "Finish it all," he told her. "The water too!"

Marian let out another angry moo at him, before bending her head back down to the bowls in front of her. The cereal didn't take her long, but lapping up the last of the water was far more difficult.

"About time," Phillip muttered angrily. He carefully slid the tub out from between her legs. "You can get up now," he told her.

Marian mooed one more time, then rolled over onto her side. She thought about speaking, but there was nothing she wanted to say to him… especially not to tell him thanks for finally letting her up. She got to her knees and finally to her feet.

"Pick that damn smelly diaper up and get rid of it before you take your shower!" Phillip ordered.

Marian turned around and leveled a nasty look at him. "I'm a stupid cow, remember? Cows don't pick up poop. Farmers do. So I would guess that's your job." With that, she turned and headed for the bathroom and a much needed shower… maybe followed by a good long bath. She didn't care if they were late for work or not!

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Vivian waltzed into the office feeling totally resplendent in her latest outfit. Her black and yellow pattered scarf over top of her pure white silky top, her dark yellow pattered skirt, and of course the pumps she was wearing on her feet with accents of yellow, all of it was set off perfectly by her plum lipstick. She felt totally resplendent. A ray of sunshine for everyone to appreciate…and envy. "Good morning ladies," she called out as she headed for her desk, very aware of every eye being on her… and of course, the jealousy they all had to feel.

Before she sat, she took a good look at Phillip. He didn't look as good today as he usually did. And it wasn't just the scowl on his face. His hair didn't look very good at all. Yes, there was a bow in place on it, but it almost looked like the stupid cow never bothered to fix his hair at all.

She looked at Marian now and noticed the expression on her face. Was that fear, or just envy because of how good she looked? But like Phillip, Marian didn't look very good either. In fact, she looked almost… awful! The cow hadn't bothered to do her makeup properly, and her hair was far from perfect as well. She couldn't tell much about the clothes Marian was wearing because she was sitting behind her desk, but from everything Vivian was seeing in Marian, she decided that the woman simply looked… defeated. And that was nothing but a total delight to Vivian. Obviously, the stupid cow was now realizing exactly what she was! While the sight of Marian delighted her, she was still bothered by the way Sissy Phyllis looked. Why wasn't his hair fixed properly? That was the stupid cow's responsibility! If she hadn't bothered to do a good job just because she finally realized what a cow she was, then Marian had another thing coming! She would definitely have to look into things later!

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The expression of irritation on Marian's face never changed a she looked at Vivian. She still hated Vivian way too much, but Marian did notice all the yellow that now made up Vivian's wardrobe… along with the plum lipstick. She wasn't sure if she should be amazed or not that her new fireplace DVD was working on Vivian already. So why didn't she realize what Vivian was doing sooner and put some different commands into that DVD? Too late now. But she couldn't wait until next week. Unfortunately, once those new commands did start to register in Vivian's brain, it was still going to take some time for things to wear off. Well, she was

hoping they would wear off. Since Vivian had been all too cautious to keep re–hypnotizing them every few days, along with using that checklist she followed that was a little bit too complete, Marian had no doubt that it would all combine to make things very difficult for her to break out of it all. And it would be yet another week before she could put the new DVD into place. But even though she knew that it was going to take a while yet before it would happen, she was certain that her freedom would eventually come. She could almost see it in the future. Unfortunately, she still had to wait for things to get to that point.

And what about Phillip? With a quick mental effort, she forced those thoughts right out of her head.

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Before Heather even reached the office, she was praying that Phillip would be back to his old self again and not looking like such a… sissy. It was positively abominable what he was being made to do – out in public no less! After seeing that Vivian had hypnotized both him and Marian, she didn't lay any claim on Phillip's statement that he wanted Marian to make him dress that way. She knew for a fact that Vivian was behind it all. The only thing that kept her from going to the authorities was the FBI. They were watching them all closely. And no doubt, the three of them demanded close scrutiny. But how much longer was it going to last? When was the FBI going to come in and put a stop to it? Just before walking through the office door, she prayed again that Phillip would be back to normal and that it would all be over.

No such luck! She shook her head in disappointment as she spotted the bow in Phillip's hair. She noticed right away though that Phillip didn't look as… good… today. There was something… off about him. The big splash of yellow as she headed for her desk caught her eye and ripped her thoughts away from Phillip to Vivian. Her eyes went wide at Vivian's outfit… what she could see of it. The yellow certainly wasn't bad at all. She actually loved the scarf and Vivian's blouse, but the plum colored lipstick with it? What was up with Vivian lately? And the woman was positively beaming back at her with such a broad smile on her face. "Good morning Vivian," she said as she continued on to her desk.

But now her eyes caught sight of Marian… and Marian didn't look very good either. Was she sick? That was her first impression. Before heading to her own desk, she stopped by Marian's desk first. "Are you feeling okay?" she asked, full of concern. "You don't look so good today."

Marian was bothered by the question. So what if she didn't look as good today. And she really had no good answer she could tell Heather. "Don't worry about it," she said rather dully. "I'm fine."

But Heather got the impression that things were anything but fine as she went to her desk to sit down. Phillip, Vivian, and Heather. What was up today with all of them? Was the FBI finally on their case? Is that what was bothering them… well, Phillip and Marian maybe, she wasn't sure what the heck was going on with Vivian and that purple lipstick. She did like that scarf though. She wondered where Vivian had bought it.

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Marian turned back to her computer. At least her movement didn't cause any bell ringing. She had been ever so glad to be rid of that thing when Phillip had finally removed it just before they got out of the car. The constant clanging every time she made the least little motion had grated on her nerves more than she thought. But knowing that the bell would go right back on again after work only depressed her. It seemed like every single day she was becoming more and more the stupid cow that Vivian kept telling her she was. And she had no way to fight it… yet. And to make matters worse, now even Phillip was calling her a stupid cow. And worse yet, he was treating her like one. It was so depressing. Maybe they were right. Maybe that's all she really was. Just a stupid ugly cow.

It was those thoughts and that depression that had caused her to not bother finishing her makeup that morning. She had started, and then couldn't find a reason to finish it. And the same with her hair – she had barely run a brush through it before she gave up. Why should she bother? She was nothing but a stupid ugly cow anyway. What did it matter? And when Phillip came to her to fix his hair for him, she had simply stuck one of his bows into the top of it and that was it. She didn't even bother trying to match the bow to anything he was wearing. What would be the point?

Nobody cared about her. Nobody! Not even Phillip cared the least bit anymore. And that was despite how she had wanted to help him before. But she couldn't see any reason to help him now. As far as she was concerned, he didn't deserve it. He was nothing but a mean, cruel, jerk! He deserved the punishment that Vivian was dishing out to him. She never thought that before, but after seeing the way he really was this past weekend, she fully agreed with Vivian now, the jerk deserved it! And maybe more!

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Just before Marian got up to make the coffee for the first break period, she got an email from Phillip demanding that she grab a bottle of water while she was making the coffee and then make sure she finished it before both break periods were over… at which time she needed to get another bottle of water to carry back to her desk. Damn Phillip! But she knew that Vivian had demanded that she drink a lot of water now to help her body make more milk. She guessed that Phillip was only doing his job, but it still irked her. And since Vivian had demanded it, and since Phillip was her farmer and had ordered it, Marian had little choice in

the matter. What she drank and when she drank it didn't seem to be something she had any control over anymore.

She got up from her desk a few minutes earlier than usual and headed down to the elevators for a good mooing session before going back to make the coffee. Hopefully, she wouldn't have to moo again until after the breaks were all over with. She found herself taking small sips of water for the rest of the morning as she worked.

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"What's up with Marian today?" Courtney asked during the first break period. "She looks awful!"

"I asked her when I came in today if she was feeling okay," Heather replied, "but she told me she was fine."

Vivian was suddenly all ears, but she remained quiet to the conversation and just listened.

"Phillip doesn't look as good either," Brittany noted.

"You're right," Ashley agreed. "Both of them look like there's something major wrong with them."

Vivian wanted so badly to tell them that the only thing wrong with Marian was that she was a stupid cow who couldn't look good if she tried, but she held her tongue as a bit of worry started to grow in her.

"I just can't believe that Marian is still making Phillip dress so crazily," Courtney said.

"I couldn't agree more!" Heather replied. It was all she could do though to not say anything else about the situation – especially with Vivian sitting at the break table with them.

"I don't know," Vivian spoke up. "I'm kind of enjoying seeing Phillip get just what he deserves!"

"Nobody deserves what she's making him do!" Ashley stated. "And I don't care that Phillip asked her to make him dress like that. It's not right!"

"I couldn't agree more!" Brittany added.

"I think he deserves it!" Vivian replied.

Heather sat and silently fumed. How much longer was the FBI going to let things go on before they did something about it? It wasn't right!

Vivian got no replies to her comments from the other women. Instead, all she got were disapproving stares. Let them all think what they wanted. As far as she was concerned, Sissy Phyllis was getter everything he deserved. Besides, she was having the time of her life with him… and that stupid cow Marian. But at the same time, she was more convinced that she had better have a little talk with those two later. She couldn't have everyone thinking that something was so wrong with them… other than how stupid they both looked.

When she got back to her desk, Vivian had planned on going back to searching for more sales that might have been announced, but instead her mind kept replaying the conversation in the break room. As much as she wanted to see stupid Marian get fired, she was surprised to find that she wasn't ready for Marian to be fired yet. She was enjoying Marian's discomfort all too much. But today was the first time that Marian had finally shown any signs of defeat. She was finally showing her true nature to everyone. She was finally showing just what she was – an ugly, stupid cow! The damn woman!

Her problem though was all the other women in the office. They all thought there was something wrong with Marian today… well, there certainly was – she was as stupid cow. But that little bit aside, she realized that she couldn't have Marian acting too far gone. And Sissy Phyllis too for that matter. The others didn't like seeing Phillip all dolled up like a silly sissy. They all thought it should end. But ending Sissy Phyllis's sissyness was about the last thing that Vivian ever intended to do. No way!

She finally decided that the main problem today was not so much the other women, as it was with Sissy Phyllis and the stupid cow. They both looked like hell. Phyllis's hair hadn't been done properly and Marian hadn't bothered to do her makeup right… or do her own hair for that matter. She was going to have to fix things so that they both looked a bit more… proper? She wasn't sure if that was the right term, but it was the closest thing she could think of, because she had no intention of either of them ever looking "proper" again!

With that thought on her mind, she spent a major part of the day trying to figure out how she wanted to handle the problem.

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When lunchtime came and all the others had left, Marian grabbed her purse and headed to Phillip's desk. Their usual routine was for her to always go out to get their lunch since Phillip looked so ridiculous. Despite the fact that she didn't want to bother getting him anything anymore, she still stopped to ask, "Deli again?"

Phillip nodded. “Sure. And if you want, get yourself something other than water to drink. Otherwise, I guess there’s still plenty of water in the break room if you’d prefer it.”

Marian nodded. “There’s plenty in the fridge.” She left him and headed down to her car. The sight of her collar and bell on the driver’s seat made her cringe, but she didn’t have to wear the thing right then so she simply moved it aside and headed out to get them lunch.

The delicatessen was busy as usual, but the store was used to the fast paced lunch crowd and the line went quickly. Never once while she waited did Marian give a thought to what she would buy. Never once! And when she got to the front of the line and the guy behind the counter asked what she wanted, she stared up at the menu choices posted on the board on the wall behind him… and her mind simply went totally blank.

“Can I help you Ma’am?” the guy asked again.

Marian still stood looking up at the board, but her mind refused to think of anything at all. She didn’t realize it, but she wasn’t even reading the words printed up there.

“Ma’am?” the guy urged again.

Marian finally shook her head and snapped out of it. Vivian had said she couldn’t pick out what she would eat anymore. And now it seemed that she couldn’t even order something for both of them from the delicatessen. Feeling more defeated than ever, she sadly left the line and turned away. She made the drive back to work feeling totally depressed. But at least she was able to get the same close parking place she had gotten earlier that morning. She mooed mournfully all the way up in the elevator, not just from needing to get it out of her system, but it was the best reflection of how she felt.

“Where’s lunch?” Phillip asked the moment she walked in the door.

Marian shook her head. “I… couldn’t buy anything.”

“Why not?”

Marian turned away from him and headed for her desk. Not looking at him she replied, “Vivian’s demands wouldn’t let me. I can’t pick out anything I eat anymore,” she added sadly.

Phillip didn’t know if he should feel sorry for her or angry because she hadn’t brought anything back to eat. “So what are we supposed to do for lunch?” he asked with more than a bit of irritation in his voice.

Marian just looked at him, his attitude made her feel just as perturbed as he had sounded. “If you want lunch, then you’re going to have to go out and get it. You’re supposed to be taking care of me now anyway. Remember? So you’ll have to get lunch. And by the way, I’m hungry. I need to eat something. If you want my body to continue making milk, then get me something to eat!”

Phillip had started to feel a little bit sorry for her a few moments ago, but now he felt nothing but total irritation at her again. The damn cow! He had a good mind to let her go hungry – especially since he didn’t want to go anywhere dressed as he was. How long would it take him to go somewhere where he could go through a drive–thru and get back? Did he have enough time? But then he remembered something else. “I can’t go,” he said. “My diaper hasn’t been changed yet.”

“And I need feeding!” Marian countered. She looked up at the clock. Damn! There wasn’t enough time for him to go get them lunch – before she changed him. She shook her head. “Okay,” she said, giving in. “I’ll change you now… and then you can get me some lunch. As far as I’m concerned, it’s okay if you get back late.”

Phillip would have preferred to just get changed and not go anywhere at all to get lunch, but since Marian had “claimed” she was hungry, he felt responsible for feeding her. And unfortunately, that was part of his responsibilities now. The stupid cow! And unfortunately, he found that he couldn’t ignore that responsibility.

He and Dolly headed toward the break room where Marian now changed his diaper for him at lunchtime. He pulled his pants down exposing his thick diaper, and laid down on the floor. Marian stood over him and looked down at him. “I can’t change that thing for you,” she said.

“Why not?” Phillip demanded.

“Because it’s not nearly wet enough. I can hardly tell you’ve wet it at all!”

“But you always change me at lunchtime!”

“Not today. I can’t! How many times have you wet that thing since you put it on this morning?”

Phillip had to think about that for a moment. “Only once… I think.”

Marian shook her head and turned away. “We both know that those things will hold a lot more than you just one wetting!” she said as she headed for the door. “I’ll get my car keys for you.”

"Damn cow!" Phillip swore as he got to his feet and pulled his pants up again.

As quickly as he could, Phillip refreshed his lipstick, grabbed Dolly, grabbed Marian's car keys, and hurried for the elevators. He was hoping he could get out to the car before too many people saw him… and he was planning on coming back – after most people had gotten back to work! He and Marian would just have to eat their lunch in front of everyone else. His only real problem was that he was now more concerned with how bad his diaper might be by the end of the day. He had made it a point not to drink anything all morning, and now he was planning on not drinking anything for lunch. If he had to drink eight glasses of something today, then he was going to practically be drowning himself tonight to get all eight glasses in!

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By the time everyone else was ready to leave for the day, it was all Marian could do to not rub her swollen and aching breasts. And to make matters worse, her bra felt uncomfortably tight. She was absolutely sure her breasts were heavier than they had been earlier in the day. No doubt she needed milking again! Ugh! How did women who were nursing handle this kind of problem? Of course, women who were nursing had their babies draining their milk many times during the day. She was only getting milked twice… at twelve hour intervals. Her breasts had no choice but to build up an uncomfortable amount of milk.

She wanted badly to just remove her bra and get more comfortable. But doing that while still at the office wasn't exactly a very good option. And if she was getting this swollen already, how bad would her breasts get in a few more weeks? She knew for a fact that it took time for a woman's milk to come in fully. And when her breasts did start to get even bigger, was there a possibility of her nipples leaking? She had heard of that problem too. And if that was the case with her, then that was going to be another major problem she would have to deal with. She hoped she didn't have that kind of a problem. She had enough problems now as it was.

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Vivian needed to have a talk with both Marian and Phillip. She considered doing it at the office but decided against the idea. After finding out that that whore Heather had heard her hypnotizing the two of them, doing much with them at the office now was too risky. She would wait until later after the two of them got home. Besides, she needed to take Sissy Phyllis out shopping anyway. She was rather looking forward to that little venture – more so because she knew Sissy Phyllis wouldn't be. Still feeling totally grand in her mostly yellow outfit, she sauntered out happily with everyone else.

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Phillip knew he was supposed to go downstairs with everyone else, and then turn around and come right back up to his desk. But he was too worried about his diaper showing too much under his pants now. True, he had only wet it one more time all afternoon so the diaper wasn't all that bad – only because the darn thing was so thick to begin with, but he could still feel how uncomfortably bulky the thing was. So while everyone else was filing out, he took an extra–long time fixing his lipstick.

"Coming?" Marian asked, seeing Phillip still working on his lips.

Phillip shook his head. "Not today."

"Why not?"

Phillip paused before replying. In a softer voice he replied. "Because I'm worried this thicker diaper will show too much under my pants."

Marian stared at him then nodded. "I'll be back in a few." She hurried out to join the last of the women heading for the elevators.

Phillip had a few things that needed to go into the office distribution box. He had delayed getting up from his desk all afternoon to do that. Now that everyone was gone, he gathered them up and carried them across the room. There was one document he needed to print as well. Two minutes later the printer came to life. Everything that he had needed to do earlier that required him to get up from his desk, he did now with the room empty. He felt so much better about all of it.

Shortly after gathering the printed pages from the printer, he saw Marian come back in.

"If your diaper is that bad," Marian started, "I can probably change you now if you like."

Phillip nodded. "I would like it, but I doubt you'll be able to change me. I only wet it one more time all afternoon. And these stupid diapers can hold a ton!"

Marian nodded. "Maybe we better wait till later then."

Phillip nodded disappointedly. "I guess we'll have to."

As Marian returned to her desk, she was aware of the fact that the short conversation had been the nicest he had spoken to her all day. Since last night in fact! Was he finally coming to his senses? She could only hope!

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Half an hour later, silent tears fell from Marian's eyes as she sat in the car and allowed Phillip to buckle her bell back around her neck. It was so… demeaning! So cruel! Just like her entire life. Trying to put the bell out of her mind, she drove out of the parking lot. "I'm going to need some new bras soon," she said to Phillip, trying to get her mind off of the weight of the bell once again strapped around her neck.

"What for?" Phillip asked.

"My… breasts are getting bigger. That's what happens when women have babies to feed. I may have to look at some of the nursing bras and see if they can be of any help to me too."

Phillip was very tempted to make a remark about her bigger breasts also being what happened when cows needed to be milked, but he held his tongue. "Do you want to go to the stores now?" Phillip asked instead.

"Absolutely not!" Marian replied. "Not with this… thing around my neck."

"We can't take it off," Phillip replied. "You have to go everywhere with it on."

"Don't remind me!"

Phillip looked at her for a moment while she was driving. "Now maybe you'll know how I feel every time I walk out the door!"

Marian briefly turned her head toward him. It wasn't just the words he had said, but the tone of his voice as he had said them. To her, he had sounded all too nasty! Damn him! She had thought he was starting to be nice again. She bit her lip to keep from saying anything and drove straight home.

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With every step she took, she tried to move as smoothly as possible to keep her bell from making any kind of noise. It was all made more difficult because of the very high heels strapped to her feet, but she sometimes actually accomplished it. However milking time came all too soon after getting back into Phillip's apartment, and once naked, the darn bell seemed to erupt into life all too easily. The sudden suction of the machine grabbing her breasts startled her enough to ring the bell, and the bell seemed to signal the start of her milk flowing again. She closed her eyes and did everything possible not to cry… as her fingers played uselessly down below where she didn't really want them.

Phillip watched the white milk flowing out of her. It no longer had any yellowish tint to it like the first time she had produced any milk. Now it was all a very consistent whitish color. It took only a few moments for him to realize that she would be producing even more milk

this time than she had that morning. Knowing it was useless to watch her, he carried Dolly into the kitchen and grabbed himself a glass of Coke. There was already a baby bottle filled with her milk in the refrigerator from earlier that morning, but her milk was about the last thing he felt like drinking just then.

After taking a much needed long drink from his Coke, he headed back out to check on Marian. She was still kneeling over her tub as he expected, her eyes were still closed, and there was still milk being pulled out of her breasts. How much would she eventually produce? He guessed it would be interesting to find out… but at the same time, he wasn't the least bit interested in drinking any of it.

He took a long drink from his Coke. He had literally gone all day without drinking anything. And even though Marian hadn't been able to change his diaper at lunchtime, as far as he could remember, he had only wet himself twice all day. So his diaper could still hold a lot more. He was more than a bit uncomfortable in it though. He was sure it was now noticeable under his pants. It was the reason why he had stayed behind at work earlier when everyone else had gone downstairs.

With nothing better to do, he went back into the kitchen to get dinner ready for himself… and for Marian. He stared into the refrigerator, trying to figure out what he wanted to eat. It didn't matter what Marian wanted, he already knew she would have no idea. So more than likely she was going to wind up with whatever he fixed for himself. Before he could make any decisions though, his cell phone rang and he hurried to answer it. "Hello?"

"Are you milking that stupid cow yet?" Vivian's voice asked.

Phillip sighed. "Yes, she's attached to the machine now."

"And is any milk coming out?"

"Yes," Phillip replied rather exasperatedly. "She seems to be giving a little more each time she gets milked."

"Good!" Vivian replied. "She better! I'll be around in a little while to see. You and I need to make a little shopping trip tonight and that will give me the perfect opportunity to check on her. You keep her on that machine till I get there!"

Before Phillip could reply, she had hung up. Mistress Vivian was coming again – to take him out shopping for… The very thought of what they would be shopping for scared him. He hated just thinking about it! He certainly didn't feel much like eating anymore. She was forcing him to learn to do things that he absolutely didn't want to do. Things that turned his stomach just thinking about them. It wasn't fair! It wasn't right! He didn't want that kind of life. None of it fit anywhere at all into his fantasies – fantasies that even he knew were demented and

crazy. But his fantasies went nowhere near where Mistress Vivian wanted him to go. And now just thinking about it becoming more and more of a reality was driving him crazy.

Hugging Dolly to his chest for comfort, he headed back out to the living room where Marian was. The stupid cow! It was all her fault in the first place! She was still kneeling with her eyes closed just as she had been. Remarkably, there was still a little milk flowing from her breasts. Not as much, but still a trickle. "Mistress Vivian will be here again in a little while," he said, the irritation he was feeling sounded plainly in his voice. "She said to keep you on that machine till she gets here."

Marian's eyes opened quickly and she let out a rather distressed moo. She could feel the heavier weight of the machine hanging from her neck and breasts now. Heavier than she remembered it being that morning. She also noticed the tone of his voice. Was he going back to being cruel to her again? She hoped not. "Moooo!" she said again. But even she didn't know if she was trying to complain about being kept on the machine longer, of if she was afraid because Vivian was coming, or if she was just making a statement about her life in general. Not that it mattered. Nobody could understand her anyway. "Moooo!" she said again.

"Stupid cow!" Phillip muttered as he walked off. He headed back to the kitchen, but he stopped and turned before he got there. "You don't have any of the problems I have!" he said harshly to her. "None! All you have to worry about is mooing once in a while… which I'm sure is no problem for you!"

Marian mooed angrily in protest.

"Don't try to tell me you've got too many problems!" Phillip replied. "All you've got to do is kneel there and let me do all the work! Shit! You can probably take a nap while you're there for all I know! And now you don't have to worry about what you're going to eat, or what you're going to drink, or how you're going to fix dinner, or anything! You can just laze around and let me do all that for you. Your life is getting easier, while mine is getting worse!"

He knew he was out of line. He knew none of it was true. But the thought of what Mistress Vivian was about to force him to do was pushing him beyond the point of being reasonable. He was angry. He was scared. And he had no way out! He ignored Marian's protesting moos. "Stupid cow!" he yelled back. "It's all your fault! All of it is your fault!" He turned back to the kitchen. "Stupid cow!" he muttered one more time.

Marian was shocked. What had gotten into Phillip again? He had started to be nice, only to turn around now and be like this. And he thought she had it easy? What was wrong with him? Didn't he have any idea how much she hated all of this? Didn't he have any clue how hard this was on her? Obviously not! Or more likely, he knew… and didn't care! That was the more likely scenario. He simply didn't care about anyone other than himself. Well, once

she was out of this mess, she hoped he was stuck with his problems for a very, very long time! The stupid sissy! "Mooo!" she said loudly. Not trying to actually say anything… other than to express her total frustration. "Moooo!"

Phillip opened cupboards… and slammed them shut again. He opened the refrigerator… and slammed it shut. Every moment seemed to make his inevitable fate come closer and closer, and it all simply horrified him. He had licked that damn cucumber over and over for hours yesterday. But tonight Mistress Vivian was taking him out to buy something else to practice with, and he had no doubt what that something else was going to look like – the real thing! He could still feel Thing's damn cock in his mouth from that one time he had been forced to do it. He could still feel it, and he could still feel how absolutely awful it had been.

And after this, how much longer before he would be forced to… ugh!... actually put the real thing in his mouth again! And not Thing's… thing, but someone else's thing. Probably many things from many different men. Ugh! All because of Marian! All because of what she had initially done to him. It was all her fault! She deserved every little problem that Mistress Vivian gave her… which from where he now stood didn't seem so bad at all. All Marian had to do was kneel there and let the machine do all the work… or let him feed her… or let him bring her something to drink… or let…. Damn it! She had it so easy! She didn't have to face any of the problems he had to deal with. She didn't even have to face being nothing but an object of total ridicule every time she left the house. She had no problems at all compared to him. None! She deserved every little thing that Mistress Vivian forced her to do!

Hugging Dolly to his chest, he gave up on any thoughts of dinner and sat in one of the kitchen chairs… waiting for Mistress Vivian to knock on his door… waiting for more horror to invade his life. The horror came all too soon as the sound of someone knocking filled the apartment. He heard Marian's moo of distress out in the living room as he headed for the door. His sentiments exactly!

"Out of my way!" Vivian ordered the moment Phillip had opened the door. She pushed past him and his ridiculous doll and headed for the living room. She thrilled to the sound of Marian mooing the moment she caught sight of her. Delicious! Just like the milk that she now saw in the bottles of the machine. Closer examination didn't show any more milk coming out of Marian's udders. Pity. "How long has she been on that thing?" she asked Phillip.

"Just over half an hour now," he replied.

Vivian glanced into the tub between Marian' legs. There was some pee there as she hoped there would be. She backed away. "You can take that thing off of her now if she's done."

Phillip switched the machine off and heard Marian's relieved moo… and Mistress Vivian's laugh. He removed the machine from her neck and turned to Vivian. "Do you want me to let her up now?"

His question amused Vivian. “You’re the farmer. That’s up to you.”

Phillip turned back to Marian. “Stay there!” he ordered bitterly.

Marian mooed in protest, which only made her stupid bell ring louder than ever. He was making her positively angry!

Vivian so enjoyed hearing Marian moo like the cow that she was. She so enjoyed seeing the milk in the collection bottles. She followed Phillip to the kitchen and watched as he poured the contents into a baby bottle… and then finished pouring the rest of the contents into part of another baby bottle. More milk each time. Before long, Marian was going to rival any other cow… any real cow!

“Do I need to drink one of these now?” Phillip asked.

“Not unless you want to,” Vivian replied. “In fact, I’d just as soon you wait. We need to get out of here for a little while.”

That was the part that Phillip was dreading. He took the freshly filled baby bottles and placed them into the refrigerator. As he did so, Vivian noticed the bottle of milk already in there. “Have you had anything to drink yet today?” she asked.

Phillip nodded. “Yeah, Coke.”

Vivian shook her head. “From now on Sissy Phyllis, if there’s milk available for you to drink, you drink that first!” Her face lit up in a positively evil grin. “After all, you need that milk to help you grow up strong.” She broke out in an evil laugh that matched the smile that had been on her face.

Phillip only scowled. Yeah, that damn cow out in the living room had it easy compared to him! He picked Dolly up and cradled her to his chest. “Let’s get this over with,” he said, not really wanting to do anything of the sort.

Vivian put a shocked look on her face. “Are you going to leave your cow where she is?”

“You want me to release her?”

Vivian shrugged. “Not if you don’t want to, that’s up to you.”

“Then she can stay!” Phillip stated. “She deserves it!”

Vivian nearly laughed again. “Are you going to feed her and give her something to drink?”

Phillip looked at Vivian for a moment before turning back to the cupboards. He grabbed the bowl he had been using for Marian's water and filled it. With Dolly tucked under his arm, he carried the bowl out to Marian and set it down in front of her. The moo of protest she gave had no effect on him. "Shut up!" he replied as he headed back to the kitchen. He found the box of cereal and poured her another bowl of that. While he was there, he grabbed one of her pills from the bottle. He took the cereal and the pill out to her, ignoring her further moos of protest.

Vivian watched it all with delight. She especially enjoyed seeing Marian dip her head down into the bowl full of cereal to begin eating. It was so… perfect! With a deep sigh of delight, she turned back to Phillip. "Let's go," she said, her excitement growing. "I'm so looking forward to this." She waited as Phillip grabbed his purse, redid his lips, and the two of them… plus Dolly… finally went out the door.

The apartment grew quiet with the closing of the door. Marian mooed her sorrow into the room. Damn Phillip! She had clearly heard Vivian give Phillip the choice whether to let her up or not, and Phillip had purposely decided to leave her there – when he didn't have to! And then he had brought her out some water and… cereal to eat. Which meant that he intend for her to stay there for a long time. And now the two of them were gone, and she was still stuck right where she was… living like an animal – for who knew how long. Damn Phillip. How could he be so cruel?

She mood her anger and sorrow out into the silent room… before dunking her head into the food bowl to begin eating.

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Phillip held Dolly tightly in both arms as Mistress Vivian drove. More than once he thought they were going to have an accident. More than once he prayed for a bad accident that might somehow rescue him from his fate… or kill him. But miraculously, no such accident occurred.

"There it is!" Vivian finally declared as she suddenly turned off of the road into a dank, seedy looking strip mall. There was one bright spot along the row of stores. One bright spot filled with colorful neon signs proclaiming the "adult" nature of the store they were about to enter. "Gloria told me this was the best place in town to find what we need."

As far as Phillip was concerned, it looked like the one place in town he'd most prefer to avoid!

"Let's go," Vivian said excitedly as she parked the car crookedly, overlapping two parking places.

Phillip slowly and reluctantly got out of the car. He entered the store as Vivian held the door wide for him to go through. He looked all around. The place looked… weird! There were things all over the place that he had no idea what they were… except for all the magazines and videos of course. Not knowing where to go, he followed Mistress Vivian as she walked all over the store – looking into positively everything! In that slow but brief tour, Phillip saw things he'd rather never see again. Things like handcuffs and whips and… ugh!... all too realistic looking dildos. Unfortunately, it was all those realistic phallic dildos that Vivian spent the most time looking at. He had to wonder what she was looking for since she spent so much time examining and reading each of the packages… where each item was clearly visible behind the clear plastic window of each box.

Vivian closely compared all the choices. She especially noted the prices… not that it mattered all that much since Sissy Phyllis would be paying for whatever she decided he needed to buy. She was rather surprised by the assortment of things she found in several places in the store. All different sizes. All different materials. And all different colors. And a few with some very interesting "extra" parts. There were more than a few that got her own interest up for her "personal" use. But she put those thoughts quickly out of her mind. She could have far more fun just watching that silly stupid cow Marian… while she had Sissy Phyllis between her legs doing the absolute best things in the world to her. She suddenly wanted to hurry this little trip along faster… but shopping was serious business! It had to be done properly!

She finally made her decision when she found a box containing three very lifelike looking phalluses. "Look, Sissy Phyllis," she said as she examined the box carefully. "There's three in this one. And they're all different sizes so you can work your way up to the bigger one. Isn't that a great idea?"

Phillip said nothing. The very thought of it horrified and sickened him.

"I think they'll be perfect for you!" Vivian declared. "I just know you're going to love them." She laughed a tiny bit. "I know I would!" What she didn't add though, was that she would enjoy them for a different reason. But not as much as she enjoyed Sissy Phyllis's tongue!

Phillip remained silent and only thought that if she liked them that much, then she should keep them. He could totally do without!

Vivian carried the box to the checkout counter, where the guy behind the counter never once looked at her, but kept his eyes on Phillip instead. "Pay the nice man, Phyllis," Vivian ordered. But while Phillip was digging his credit card out of his purse, Vivian had a chance to look around at the things near the counter… and in particular, on the wall behind the counter. And her interest was caught by the signs. One had a price for the private video rooms in the back, and another had a price for… "Glory Holes" with two names penciled below the price. Vivian had only barely heard of glory holes before, but the realization of what they were

immediately hit her. “You have people who… um… take care of… um… the glory holes?” she asked the man.

The man behind the counter, still watching Phillip, nodded. “Rooms one and two tonight. Are you thinking of having… him… man another one? We’ve still got two rooms available.”

Phillip nearly died right on the spot. His knees certainly went weak.

“Can I see?” Vivian asked.

“I can show you one of the empty rooms,” the man said.

“Can we please?” Vivian asked, her excitement growing.

“Just as soon as I run this card,” the man replied as he started processing Phillip’s credit card.

A few minutes later, he led them to a hallway with a series of doors at the back of the store. “Not much to see,” the man explained as he opened up the door to room number three.

Vivian looked in. It was just a tiny, badly lit room with graffiti all over the walls… and one hole in the wall that appeared dark on the other side. “Do people… make much money for doing that?” Vivian asked.

The man shrugged his shoulders. “Depends on who’s in there and if they have a reputation or not.” He could see how excited Vivian seemed to be over the idea. “I can’t say if anyone will visit him at all tonight,” he told her, “but you’re welcome to leave him here for a while to find out.”

It was a good thing that Phillip hadn’t eaten anything, because he immediately felt very sick.

Vivian almost said yes. She was so tempted. But she had other things she absolutely had to do with both Sissy Phyllis and Mooing Marian. They both needed a good talking to… and she had spent too much time that day planning it all. “No,” she finally decided after seriously considering it. “Not tonight, but very soon I’m sure.”

Phillip didn’t know if he felt better – or worse!

“Come along Sissy Phyllis dear,” Vivian said brightly as she headed for the door. “We’ve still got things to do tonight.”

Phillip with Dolly followed. Part of him was glad to get out of that store, but another part of him worried about what Mistress Vivian had planned for when they got home. And a bigger part of him worried very much about his future.

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Marian had dropped to her elbows while her back end still straddled the tub. She would have set her forehead down in the floor, but it would have only wound up in her water bowl. She was tempted anyway. She was so tired, she hurt so badly, and the tub underneath her stank horribly. And every time she peed in it she felt more and more like a dumb animal… a dumb cow. In the silence of the room, she heard Phillip's key opening the door. Before they even came into view, she mooed her distress, begging to be released.

"Ah! Music to my ears," Vivian declared as she walked into the living room. "Have you been a good cow while we were gone?"

Marian declined to answer. Not even with another moo. She saw Phillip come into the room with Dolly and another package in his arms. He headed straight for the bedroom. She mooed again, begging him to release her. But he ignored her completely.

Vivian walked over to Marian and looked in the tub. "I see you've been practicing being a good little cow," she said. "You're getting more and more like the real thing every day."

The only reply Marian could make to that was a rather emphatic moo.

But it was then that Vivian noticed something she hadn't seen before. Something new. How could she have missed it earlier? She walked right past Marian and stared – at the picture on the wall. And after staring closely at it for a few moments, she broke out laughing. She turned to see Phillip come out of his bedroom with only Dolly in his arms. "Did you draw this?" she asked.

Phillip nodded. "Yeah," he replied.

"I love it! I absolutely love it!" Vivian exclaimed. "It's everything I ever imagined!" She looked down at Marian. "See, Mooing Marian, even your farmer thinks you're only fit to live in a barn!" She couldn't help herself, she broke out laughing… while Marian only let out an agitated moo.

Vivian turned quickly to Phillip. "Okay, Farmer Phyllis," get your cow up now. We've got things to discuss!"

Marian fell over on her side the moment Phillip told her she could get up. She grabbed her knees and rubbed them, trying to ease the pain from being on them for so long.

"Come on you stupid cow, get over here!" Vivian barked since Marian was taking so long.

Careful not to knock over the tub of her pee, Marian slowly and painfully climbed to her feet. She was angry at Phillip for making her stay there like that. Very angry! But she was more concerned with what Vicious Vivian wanted now.

"Marian sucks her thumb!" Vivian said quickly the moment Marian got to her feet. Marian's thumb was still on its way to her mouth when she turned to Phillip and said, "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" Just that fast, both her playthings dropped solidly into a trance where they stood there with their eyes closed and sucking their thumbs. "Open your eyes and get over on the couch, you two," Vivian ordered. The sight of the two of them, sitting side by side, sucking their thumbs together like infants, simply did things to Vivian that went way beyond anything she had contemplated in the adult store earlier. She knew she was getting wet down below just looking at them.

It took a moment of just looking at the two of them before she could get herself under control enough to get down to business. She didn't plan on deepening their trances tonight. She would do that another time – probably tomorrow if she kept to her schedule. Tonight she simply wanted to put some new things into their idiot brains.

As sternly as she could, she said, "I wasn't happy this morning with the way you two showed up for work. And I want you to know that I'm placing the blame firmly on you Marian." The sign was small, but she thought she saw fear suddenly come into Marian's face. Delightful!

Vivian backed the edge off in her voice before continuing. "I want you to know though Marian, that I am very glad to see that you are now coming to realize that you're exactly what I've always known about you – that you're nothing but an ugly, stupid cow. That's what you've always been to me, and that's what you'll always be. I'm happy that at least you're seeing that now. But that's no excuse for not taking care of things properly that I told you that you had to do! In this case, I wasn't happy at all today with the way little Phyllis here looked when he came to work. His hair simply looked awful! I don't care that you didn't look very well yourself. You're nothing but a silly cow. I can't expect you to look good. It's remarkable you've succeeded in fooling everyone so long as it is. But despite that, I do expect you to keep Sissy Phyllis here looking his absolute best!"

She paused to study her two playthings. It was time now to load up another round of fun into their heads. "Because of that," she said, "we're changing the game a bit kiddies." It was all she could do to keep from giggling. She turned to Marian first. "Marian, from now on, you are responsible for making sure that Sissy Phyllis here looks his absolute best every time he walks out the door. Every single time! No matter what he's doing, no matter where he's going. And by looking his absolute best, I mean his absolute sissy best. From now on, he has absolutely no say at all in what he wears. You're to choose absolutely everything he wears, and of course I expect to see his attire absolute scream that he's a sissy to everyone who looks at him. And I expect to see something different on him every day. The only guidelines you have to stay in is that I don't want him arrested, he has to stay in his darling little diapers, his

hair has to be as pretty as possible with a bow in it every day, and I don't want him wearing skirts or dresses because I want you to know that he can wear pants while you can't! Let me see how well you can manage that. Show me that there may be more intelligence in you beyond the basic cow level… which I seriously doubt."

She turned to Phillip. "Hear that Sissy Phyllis? From now on you have absolutely no say at all in anything you wear. You can't decide that at all. You wear what the cow here tells you to wear and that's it! And before you leave this apartment, you must get Marian's approval on how you look – every time!" She smiled wickedly again. "But in return, Marian here will also have absolutely no say in anything at all that she wears. She'll be picking out your attire, and you'll be picking out hers. Anything that you decide that you want her to wear, she'll have to wear. And just like you, she can't leave this apartment either without your approval. And unfortunately, you have more than a few guidelines we're going to have to impose as well. Just like with you, I don't want her arrested for what she's wearing. You already know that she can't wear pants of any kind and her skirts all have to be ridiculously short. And of course she absolutely has to wear the very highest heels all the time." She paused again. "I'm afraid that because of work, we're going to have to establish a few other things as well. Just for work, I'm afraid that Marian will have to continue to do her own makeup and hair so that there's at least a small chance she can look presentable. And I guess for work, for now, I need her to look fairly decent every day. Unfortunately, it seems the other ladies raise too many questions if she doesn't. But you're going to have to make sure she doesn't look too bad at all whenever she's at work. Oh, and of course, except for at work, she can't remove that pretty little bell that's hanging around her neck now. We wouldn't want anyone to get the impression she wasn't really a cow in disguise, would we?"

She was suppressing another laugh as she turned back to Marian. "Hear that you stupid cow? Not only can you no longer decide what you eat and drink, now you have no say at all in what you wear – anywhere! That's now Sissy Phyllis's job to decide for you. And you must get his approval on how you look before you can leave this apartment from now on."

She stood back and looked at the two idiots in front of her. So delightful, and she had no doubt that these new requirements she had just given them would produce some very interesting results. "Both of you are free to do some shopping for the other person if you feel the need. You don't need me to give you that permission. It's just that neither of you is now capable of shopping for clothes for yourself anymore since neither of you is able to decide what you're going to wear anymore."

Vivian's eyes darted back and forth between her two playthings. There! That was it! Now she would see what the future would bring… and she was hoping it would be interesting. She was only disappointed that Marian would have to look somewhat decent for work. Such a shame. As much as she really wanted to get Marian fired, getting her fired right now would take too much of the fun out of her life. Still, it wasn't something she was overly worried about. So if Sissy Phyllis screwed up too badly, then that was just Marian's tough luck.

"Wake up! Both of you!" she commanded. Marian mooed angrily as she pulled her thumb from her mouth… even though she was no longer under the compulsion to only moo. Phillip simply sat there hugging Dolly and looking totally shocked. Before either of them could fully recover, Vivian started issuing orders again. "Marian, I want you back over your tub again on all fours." She turned to Phillip. "Farmer Phyllis, get your cow something more to eat and drink… and hurry up about it!" She thrilled to see both her victims moving immediately. So nice.

While Phillip was getting food and drink for Marian, who for some reason was doing more mooing than necessary, and ringing her delightful new bell more than necessary, Vivian again walked up to the picture on the wall and studied it. It really was very well drawn. Very well! The detail in it was amazing. She watched as Phillip… and Dolly… set a bowl of water down in front of Marian and commanded her to drink. The moo Marian replied sounded just as angry as the moos she was letting out before Phillip had brought her the water. But Vivian didn't care in the least. A few minutes later, Phillip came back with a bowl of cereal and set that down in front of Marian as well. Finally! Stripping her clothes off as fast as she could she settled herself down in her favorite spot on the couch. "Sissy Phyllis," she said, "I know you don't need me to tell you what to do now." A few moments later, life was simply glorious for Vivian once again. The things Sissy Phyllis was doing between her legs, and now watching stupid Marian on all fours, eating and drinking like the animal she really was, sent her into ecstasy faster than ever.

Three orgasms later, she finally pushed Phillip away and got up. Marian was done eating now, but was still drinking occasionally from her water bowl. Vivian couldn't find any of Marian's clothes to wipe herself clean with so she had Phillip remove his shirt and she used that. Three minutes later, she was dressed again and took one last look that at the picture that Phillip had hung on the wall. Fabulous! With an uncaring, "Ta–ta kiddies," she walked out feeling like the happiest person alive.

Now that Vivian was gone, Marian glared at Phillip. "Mooo!" she bellowed, wanting to get up.

Phillip looked back at Marian. "Blow it out your ass!" he said before heading directly to the bedroom and closing the door behind him.

Marian was more than angry with him. He was being positively insanely cruel! "Mooo!" she bellowed her frustration out into the room. But of course, it did nothing at all… not even make her feel a little better. Wanting to scream – a human scream, yet knowing she couldn't, Marian bent her head down and took another drink. She sunk down to her elbows again, keeping her head high enough to stay out of the water. How long was Phillip going to keep her like that? Damn him!

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Phillip was angry. More than angry. And he now had even more reasons to be angry. He couldn't choose what clothes he wore now? And now he had to pick out everything that Marian wore too? It was one job after another taking care of that stupid cow. When would it end?

His eyes fell on the bag from the adult toy store. Mistress Vivian had said he had to practice for an hour every single night with those things. And she had told him she wanted him to get some real experience next Saturday night at that store. Just the thought of that sent him into a total panic.

He was supposed to be practicing now. He pulled the box full of the lifelike dildos out of the bag and stared at them. Still having no choice, he opened the box and removed the smallest one. Ugh! He didn't want to do this! Especially not with something that looked… and strangely almost felt… all too real! He was about to put it to his mouth, when he decided he needed another drink first. He hadn't drank much at all today and he was going to have to do a lot of drinking before he could go to bed tonight. In fact, his diaper just then was starting to get pretty well saturated.

He grabbed Dolly and left his bedroom, heading for the kitchen. His eyes fell on Marian… who mooed angrily at him and then just continued to glare at him as he passed. Dumb cow! He opened the refrigerator, wanting some Coke, but his eyes saw the baby bottles full of her milk. Mistress Vivian had said whenever there was the milk available, he had to drink that first. Having another reason to be angry, he grabbed one of the dumb baby bottles and headed back to his bedroom, ignoring Marian's angry moo one more time. He again closed the bedroom door so he wouldn't have to listen to her.

The milk in the bottle had sort of a… sweet taste. Not too bad, but certainly far from great. It would never be his first choice for something to drink… if he had the choice. But now that he had some moisture in his mouth again, he was faced with the problem of the phallic toy in front of him. He picked it up. It really was all too lifelike. He didn't want this. He didn't want it at all. He was absolutely panicked over what Mistress Vivian intended for him… starting next Saturday night! And there was no way out for him. No one to help him.

He concentrated on that last thought – nobody to help him. Was it possible that Marian could somehow help him? He seriously doubted it. She was stuck with her own set of monumental problems. Yet she still claimed that she could get herself free – which he also seriously doubted.

He was grasping at straws, but just then, he was so desperate that he was willing to do absolutely anything. Grabbing Dolly once again, he left the bedroom and headed for Marian in the living room. He heard her moo and he endured her angry glare as he sat on the arm

of the couch looking down at her. He shook his head. “I’m sorry,” he said as sincerely as he possibly could. “I’m really sorry. I have some problems that I just can’t deal with.”

Marian mooed loudly and angrily, wanting up.

“Oh, yeah, sorry,” Phillip replied. “You can get up now.”

Marian rolled over onto her side again, making sure not to disturb the plastic tub that now needed emptying more than ever. She glared up at him with hatred in her eyes. “You’re treating me like nothing but an animal!” she said, her anger very apparent. “You’re being nothing but cruel to me!”

“I know!” Phillip replied. “I said I’m sorry!”

Marian shook her head and climbed to her feet. Before this, she would have found her robe to cover herself with, but that option didn’t even enter her head this time. “There’s no excuse for the way you treated me!” Marian yelled at him. “No excuse. You’ve been nothing but totally cruel!”

“Damn you!” Phillip replied. “I said I was sorry, but maybe I shouldn’t have bothered!” With that, he got up and started back to his bedroom. “Damn cow!”

Marian watched him go. “Wait!” she called.

“What?” Phillip replied as he turned around.

Marian did everything she could to hold her temper. “What’s your big problem that has you so… hot and bothered?”

Phillip stared at her for a moment. Was it worth telling her? Was there any way at all that she could help him? But the thought of the toy waiting for him in the bedroom sent him back to the couch where he again sat on the arm. “I don’t really want to tell you. I don’t even want to think about it myself, but it seems I have no choice. And it’s driving me absolutely crazy. I have to find some way around it! Some way to get out of it! But Mistress Vivian has made all too clear to me what she wants me to do… and I really don’t want to do it at all.”

Marian digested that for a moment. The hold that Vivian had on them was horrible indeed. She herself couldn’t get out from Vivian’s control… yet. But she would – just as soon as Vivian backed off a bit on all the rehypnotizing and deepening she did every few days. That’s where the real problem was. All that had given Vivian way too much power over them, and for the moment, neither of them had a way out. Still holding her anger back, she asked, “So what does she want you to do?”

Phillip stared back at her for a moment. Then he shook his head, cradled Dolly to his chest, and dropped from the arm of the sofa into the seat. He couldn't look at her. He couldn't look at the naked woman right there in the room with him as he began telling Marian all about what had happened that night that Mistress Vivian had taken him to see that Dominant woman Gloria… and that guy – Thing. From there he explained everything that Mistress Vivian had hinted about his future, and finally he told her about tonight's trip and what Mistress Vivian had said he would be doing next Saturday.

Marian's anger didn't drain out of her completely. But she found more patience than she thought she would have as she listened to him. Yeah, there was no doubt, this subject was a major taboo item for Phillip. The one thing she really wondered about it though, was if it was something that would upset him enough to actually break him free from Vivian's control. It was possible. But… most likely not. Most likely not, because he had already done it once when Vivian had taken him out and he had played with someone only known as… Thing. For that one reason alone, Marian had no hopes for this problem breaking Phillip free. "So what do you want from me?" Marian finally asked when he had told her everything.

Phillip shook his head. "I don't know. You can't even help yourself. I'm looking for some way out of it. Some way not to have to do this. I'm just desperate I guess."

Desperate? Yeah, Marian had no doubt. She closed her eyes and tried her best to calm herself. Should she do this? Should she tell him? Was he worth it? He had been so damn cruel to her! But was he truly sorry now? Was it worth taking the chance?

"Phillip," she finally said. "I don't know if I can get you out of this… and certainly not before next Saturday. I'm fairly sure that that's not going to happen. But… and that's a big but… there may be a way to break you free… in the future."

Phillip stared up at her. "How far in the future?"

"Another week or two. Maybe as much as three. It depends on a lot of things. Especially Vivian."

Phillip was feeling crushed. "So there's no way you can help me sooner? Before Saturday?"

Marian shook her head. "Sorry. I'm afraid not. Vivian simply has too strong a hold over me too. I have to make another video and stick it into her DVD player and I can't do that until next Saturday when we clean her house. And then we have to see if it works!"

Phillip considered that. "But you think it might? You think that eventually those DVD's you're making will get us out of this?"

Marian nodded. “I do. They’re already working on her. I just put the wrong set of instructions into the last one I made. I didn’t realize that she was going to be here every few days to reinsert everything into our heads again. There’s no time for any of her commands to weaken before she’s reinforcing everything – stronger than before. And don’t kid yourself, it’s going to be very difficult for either of us to break out of that conditioning… even if she stopped it all right now.”

Phillip considered that. No hope for him this week, but maybe in the future. Like it or not, it sounded like the best chance he would have. “What do you have to do to get me out of it?” he asked.

“It’s not so much what I’m going to have to do, it’s what you’re going to have to do,” Marian replied.

“What?”

Marian took a deep breath. This was the part that she had spent so much time figuring out. This was the part that she had derived from all of his drawings. “From now on,” Marian said to him, “you have to think of me as your mother. You need to call me Mommy, and think of me as your mother.”

Phillip was shocked. “What?” he exclaimed angrily as he shot up from the couch. “Think of you as my mother? That’s ridiculous! You’re almost as crazy as Mistress Vivian! You… a cow… are supposed to be my mother? Sure! Just great! I can see myself telling everyone now, that I have a stupid cow for a mother! Maybe then they’ll realize why I’m so screwed up! No way! No thanks!” With that he stomped off toward the bedroom. “You stupid cow!” he yelled back as he slammed the bedroom door behind him.

Marian balled her fists as she glared at the closed bedroom door. Once again Phillip had shown his true colors. Well, if he was going to continue to be that cruel to her, then he had a big lesson to learn… because now she had a way to get right back at him. Sissy Phyllis couldn’t pick out his own clothes anymore. So now, just as Vivian had wanted, she was going to show Phillip just how cruel she could be right back at him!

Let the war begin!

Chapter 23.

In the early morning hours, she was awake, but not really awake. Half–dreaming. If she had been more awake, she would have mooed which would have pulled her completely into the wakeful world. Instead, her angry mind was in that twilight state where you can often remember what you were thinking about, yet your body remains completely at rest – half–asleep. Her body was mostly sleeping, but her mind was too angry. Angry at Vivian, angry at the world, and particularly angry at Phillip.

In her mind, Phillip had betrayed her. He had crossed over completely to Vivian's side of things, and now he was only out to make her more miserable than she already was. The traitor! But now she had a way to get back at him…somewhat. Nothing could ever make up for the way he was treating her – like an animal! Like…a cow! Damn him! But Vivian had hypnotized them again last night and put new requirements into their heads. And now she recognized a small way to get back at Phillip for the way he kept treating her – like an animal!

Phillip could no longer pick out his own clothes. Neither could she for that matter, but her mind refused to dwell on that fact. She would have to deal with that issue…or not deal with it…as the situation demanded. But Vivian had explicitly told her to dress Sissy Phyllis in as much of a sissy manner as she possibly could. And she was sure that the choices there would be endless. The only problem was that Phillip, as much as he acted differently, really was a damn sissy. But she supposed that little fact didn't detract too much from how uncomfortably humiliated he most likely felt when he was dressed as such – in public…which was all the time now. Or whenever he went out of the apartment anyway.

So the primary question raged through her partially sleeping mind, how could she dress Sissy Phillip in as much of an embarrassing manner as possible so he would feel nothing but worse humiliation than the twerp already felt? The idea that the possibilities had to be endless kept running through her mind, yet the more her mind tried to focus on the issue, the more frustrated she became. The problem was, Sissy Phillip's wardrobe, as humiliating as the entire thing was, was really too limited. He didn't have enough clothes for her to really put together something that would humiliate him into…into…into what? Total submission? She wasn't really sure. Bottom line, she wanted him to simply get so overpowered by the humiliation that he would simply give up and…and…and what? Surrender? Give in? Acknowledge that she had won and was superior? She wanted all that, plus something more important. She wanted him to start treating her with respect! Respect like she deserved! Not like a damn animal. She wanted and deserved to be treated with respect – as a superior – person!

So how should she dress him this morning? As her partially sleeping mind reviewed his wardrobe choices, it all seemed to boil down to the things he already wore every day. Nothing that was any different than what he already wore to work now – as totally humiliating as she knew that was for him. She had nothing really to work with to make things

any worse for him…yet. She definitely would have to go shopping to buy him some new things! But as for today, she was stuck!

Or was she?

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Ugh!!! Phillip came awake with a start when he realized his stupid diaper was leaking. And by the feel of things, it must have been leaking for some time now. The damn cow out in the living room hadn't removed it for him last night. True, he had been so mad at her that he never actually asked her to remove it. All he had done with her last night was to make sure she took her pill and to force a few glasses of water on her – and that was it! The rest of the time he did everything possible to avoid her, only because he didn't want to be anywhere near her. The stupid cow!

And now, because of her, he wasn't supposed to have a choice in anything that he wore anymore? Damn her! Not that he figured it mattered. There was nothing she could make him wear that could possibly be more humiliating than the things that Mistress Vivian had decreed his normal wardrobe would be now.

But now, not only did he have to decide what she would have to eat and drink all the time, not only did he have to milk her every day – twice a day – now he had to pick out all her clothes for her too! Damn her! Like he didn't have enough to do around there as it was! And what did she have to do? Sit around and take a nap while the machine milked her…oh, and of course moo once in a while. Huh! Like that was any effort. She hardly knew she was doing it anymore! The stupid cow had it easy! Way too easy!

He knew in the back of his mind that his thoughts were unreasonable, but that didn't change his attitude at all. The sudden moo out in the living room brought him back to reality. He quickly checked the clock. Still a little while to milking time. But before the cow could be milked, he needed out of this leaking diaper. He got up from the bed intent on heading out to the living room…and he stopped. Damn! As overly soggy as his diaper was, it would still be better to mess the thing now and get that over with – before his shower. Ugh! Damn he hated being stuck in diapers!

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Marian closed her eyes as the milking machine once again extracted the milk from her udders…breasts! She barely even realized where her fingers were and what they were doing until she felt her pee hitting her hands as she knelt uncomfortably over the plastic tub. She had unfastened Phillip's diaper for him again, as usual. But unlike before, this time his diaper had been absolutely drenched. She tried to remember changing him yesterday, and couldn't remember even a single time. Why hadn't he come to her and asked her? As much as she'd

rather just leave him stuck in the stupid thing, she knew she would have removed it at least once for him. But he hadn't bothered to ask… and she hoped he had been totally miserable in the thing all night long! Served him right! The jerk!

She still wasn't sure how this morning was going to work out for either of them. They would just have to see what happened. One thing she was fairly certain of was that they were both going to arrive at work a lot later than they had been. Something about that actually pleased her. As the machine worked on her breasts, her mind again reviewed the outfit she would put Phillip in today. He would hate it! He would also most likely love it. She wasn't sure how much winning there would be with that today, but she would do her best.

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"This…is…ridiculous!" Phillip angrily exclaimed as he stood stark naked and stared at the box of diapers on his bedroom floor. Should he wear one? Or not? And if he did, which one should he take from the box? He knew it was a foregone conclusion that he was going to end up in one eventually, but he simply couldn't decide if he should wear one or not. He looked at his closet door, and turned away in disgust. He couldn't decide if he should even open the door or not. Totally frustrated, and still totally naked, he grabbed Dolly and walked out of his bedroom to where Marian knelt over her tub while the milking machine remained attached to her breasts.

"This is ridiculous!" he exclaimed again as he crossed the living room toward her.

Marian couldn't have agreed more with his statement as she opened her eyes and mooed, although she wasn't sure about the exact nature of his statement. She was a bit surprised to see Phillip was still naked.

"I can't even figure out if I should grab a diaper to put on or not!" Phillip exclaimed.

Marian was slightly amused. Let him see how it feels to not be able to decide anything. "Moo," she replied amusedly.

"Yeah? A lot of help you are!"

"Moo," Marian said again… it was actually the only thing she was capable of saying as long as she was being milked, but she found that this time she was enjoying the situation.

"Stupid cow!"

"Moo!"

"What the heck am I supposed to wear?"

"Moo."

"Am I supposed to wear anything?"

"Moo."

"Or should I just go around naked all day!"

"Moo!" Marian really wanted to laugh. She really was enjoying Phillip's frustrating plight.

"Damn it! I don't know what to wear!" Phillip exclaimed angrily.

Marian withheld her moo this time for a moment before finally letting out a soft but amused, "Moo," as if to taunt him.

"Damn you! What am I supposed to do?"

"Moo."

Phillip finally shook his head. "This is getting me nowhere!"

"Moo."

"Yeah, like you really care!"

"Moo."

He checked the clock. She still had almost ten minutes more that she had to remain on her milking machine. He was literally stuck until then. "Ugh!" he exclaimed as he threw his arms up in the air in frustration.

With nothing better to do, Phillip stomped off into the kitchen where he poured a bowl of cereal for himself. He went to the refrigerator. No baby bottles full of milk this time. He had finished the three that had been in there last night. But he knew that all too soon, Marian's milk would be in there again as soon as he removed the machine from her neck. He poured himself a glass of Coke and started drinking it – before Marian's milk could be added to what he would have to drink later that day.

He was still finishing his cereal when he heard Marian's repeated mooing out in the living room. He glanced at the clock. Six–thirty. Time to get her off the machine. But he wasn't finished with his breakfast yet. "Shut up!" he yelled over top of her constant mooing. "I hear you. I'm not done with my breakfast yet." He had to endure one more long angry moo

before she finally went silent. Damn cow! And she had wanted him to start thinking of her as his mother? Not likely! Talk about stupid. Besides there was no way that could ever help him with his problem. As far as he was concerned, it was just another ploy by Marian to start bossing him around even more than she already did. His mother! Stupid cow!

With his breakfast finished, he refreshed his lipstick, poured a glass of water for Marian, and grabbed one of her pills. With Dolly in his arms, he carried them out to the living room where she was still attached to her machine.

"Moooo," Marian wailed.

"Yeah, yeah. I hear you," Phillip muttered. He switched the machine off which made her moo again and this time caused the crazy bell around her neck to clang. At least she did her best to keep the darn thing silent. He had to listen to the noisy thing all too much as it was. He put the glass of water down on the floor and took the machine from around her neck. "Yeah, you can get up now," he said as he stood back. The clanging from her stupid bell was an irritation that he hoped she hated more than he did. He held out the pill she had to take. "Swallow this," he told her, "There's water for you in the glass. Make sure you drink all of it." He watched for a moment as she picked up the glass, then he took her milking machine into the kitchen to empty it.

Glass in hand, Marian followed him toward the kitchen. She stood in the kitchen doorway as she watched him emptying the collection bottles from the milking machine into one of the baby bottles, and then the rest of it into a second one. There was a depressingly greater amount of milk again. "Do you want me to pick out something for you to wear before I get my shower?" she asked.

"Yeah," Phillip decided. "Maybe you better. Then I can figure out what you're supposed to wear while you're in the shower."

"Sounds good," Marian replied as she turned and headed for the bedroom, still sipping at the glass of water he had given her, and still completely naked except for her high heeled shoes. Her stupid bell seemed to clang with every step she was taking. Ugh!

She pulled one of his thick diapers out of the package and threw it on the bed for him. She pulled one of the bras he had to wear every day out of his dresser and threw that on the bed as well. Phillip entered the room as she headed for his closet where she selected a pair of Capri pants that had a bit of pattern in the material. She also pulled a fairly frilly top from the closet to go with the pants. All things he had worn before. All things he should really have no problem with. "Do you need help getting dressed?" she asked.

Phillip shook his head. "I don't think so. I just can't seem to decide on anything at all that I should wear."

"You wear everything I put on the bed for you," she told him. "Call me if you need to," she added as she turned her back on him. Her bell clanged constantly as she headed for a much needed shower.

Since she had relieved herself into the stupid tub earlier, Marian was able to avoid playing with herself while on the toilet this time. Only having to remove her shoes, she was able to turn the water on and step straight into the shower, doing her best to ignore the irritating clang of her bell with every little movement that she made. The shower felt wonderful as she scrubbed every inch of her body, but all that movement made showering a very noisy endeavor now as the bell around her neck rarely paused between repeated clangs. She was tempted to relax in the tub for a little while, it would certainly be quieter than the shower, but she knew she and Phillip were already going to be late for work, and there was no telling how long it was going to take for each of them to get ready to go.

When she came out of the bathroom, Marian saw that Phillip had managed to put everything on that she had laid out for him. At least there was no problem there.

"I put some cereal in a bowl and poured you some water to drink," Phillip told the naked woman as she returned from the bathroom. "It's in the kitchen for you. You might as well eat now while I try to figure out what you're supposed to wear to work. And don't forget to drink all that water!"

Everything else went out of Marian's mind as her thoughts turned immediately to eating what Phillip had put out for her. Two minutes later, she was happily eating cereal, glad for the opportunity to once again eat like a normal human being.

While Marian was in the kitchen, Phillip stared into the closet at Marian's clothes. As far as he could tell, everything that Marian owned was basically the same as everything else. She only had very short skirts and some fairly revealing tops to go over them. For work though, she usually wore a jacket over it all. He reached in and grabbed the first skirt on the rack and pulled it off the hanger. He removed the first blouse he came to as well. Marian hadn't put out any clothes at all that he hadn't already worn to work, so she wasn't trying to go out of her way to humiliate him any worse than he already was. He appreciated that greatly. A few minutes later, he had selected a bra and some panties for her and finally chose the high heeled shoes he wanted her to wear for the day.

Once Marian finished her breakfast, she remembered that Vivian had decreed that she had to do her makeup and fix her hair for work, so she headed back to the bathroom and got right to that task. Halfway through her makeup, she noticed Phillip standing just outside the doorway to the bathroom. As usual, he was cradling Dolly in his arms. It was getting hard to remember seeing him without that doll. Since he didn't say anything to her, she went right back to working on her makeup. She wasn't ready yet to spring the new surprises on Phillip.

When she finished her makeup, Phillip was still standing there. “Ready for me to finish getting you ready for work?” she asked.

Phillip had actually wanted to show her what he had laid out on the bed for her to wear, but her mentioning getting him ready for work somehow took precedence. “Sure,” he replied. He turned and headed for the kitchen where she usually fixed his hair for him.

“Phillip!” Marian called after him. “Let’s do it in the bathroom today.”

Phillip returned slowly and cautiously to the bathroom. He glanced all around from the doorway. “Can’t we do it in the kitchen instead?” he nervously asked.

Marian quickly looked all around the bathroom. “No snakes in here Phillip. Come on in.”

Phillip knew better! She might not see them, but he knew they were there. He took a nervous step into the bathroom as he saw Marian grab her hair brush.

“Sit on the commode this time,” Marian told him. “It will be easier for me to reach your head that way.”

But the commode was the last place Phillip wanted to sit. He simply stared at the thing in horror from where he was.

Marian saw how afraid he was and shook her head. She went over and closed the toilet lid. “No snakes! Now come over here and sit down!”

More nervous about it than ever, Phillip went over and sat on the toilet, but his eyes constantly searched the bathroom around him for the snakes that he absolutely knew were there. He hoped that the fact that he was fully dressed would be in his favor as far as the snakes were concerned.

Marian attacked his hair, much as she usually did. The perm that had been done on his hair wasn’t looking as good as it had a few days ago. “Stay there,” she told him. “I need to fix the curls in your hair. That perm doesn’t seem to be holding too well anymore.”

Phillip stayed silent while Marian plugged in her curling iron. But when she came back to him, she wasn’t carrying her curling iron, she was carrying something else instead. Something that horrified him!

“Hold your head still and look up,” Marian ordered.

“Makeup?” Phillip complained.

"That's what I want you to wear today," Marian replied.

"Makeup?" he said again.

Marian was a bit surprised. "You don't want to wear it? Can you not wear it if I tell you to?"

Phillip tried to think about it. "I don't know. I can't decide. I can't even figure out if I want to wear it or not."

"Then hold still and look up!" A moment later, Marian attacked his eyelashes with the mascara in her hand. The mascara was followed by a bit of eyeliner, some eye shadow, some liquid foundation for his face, and finally some powder and blush. The lipstick he was already wearing was a good enough color. Only when she finished did she grab her curling iron and repair the curls on top of his head. She left him for a minute to find another bow for him to wear, and two minutes later, Marian was done with him. Well, almost. "Okay," she said. "All finished."

Despite his fear of the snakes in the bathroom, Phillip headed straight for the mirror to look at his face. She had put makeup on him! She had gone out of her way to make his life even more humiliating by putting makeup on him. And she had put it on heavy enough that there was no way to miss it. He turned to her. "Why?" he asked.

Marian smiled. "Because I want you to wear it. That's all you have to worry about." She turned and left the bathroom. "Now hurry up or we're going to be late!"

Phillip took another moment to stare at his face. Makeup! But was it any worse than everything else he was already wearing? He finally decided that just the fact that it was something else added did make it worse. And he hadn't put out anything out of the ordinary for Marian to wear today…not that he knew what he could have made her wear. Mistress Vivian's instructions that she had to look decent for work gave him no choice in that matter. With a sigh and one last glance in the mirror he turned and left the snakes behind.

As expected, he found Marian in the bedroom getting dressed. He watched her quickly putting on everything he had laid out for her. He finally watched as she bucked the colorful high heeled shoes onto her feet – that he knew she hated more than the others. Now after adding the makeup to his face, he was glad he had put those shoes out for her. The only question now was, what shoes should he wear? Marian hadn't put any out for him yet. "Um…" he started as she was buckling her second shoe. "What shoes should I wear?"

Marian looked up at him and smiled. She finished buckling her shoe and headed for his closet where she pulled out his red high heeled pumps.

Phillip again was totally shocked. “The heels?”

“That’s what I want you to wear.” She looked at him more seriously. “Phillip, look at me.” When his attention had turned from looking at the shoes to her face she asked. “Phillip, is there any way at all that you can’t wear those shoes if I want you to? You’re managing to question me more than a bit about everything.”

Phillip searched his brain. But the only thing he could decide about the shoes was that he was supposed to wear them…and that he would wear them…like it or not. “I…I have to wear them,” he finally managed to reply. “It’s like, I have no choice!” With that, he stepped into the shoes, feeling more humiliated than ever.

Marian smiled. “Now you look good enough to go out – just as soon as you redo your lipstick that is. I approve.” She stood straight and asked, “How about me? Good enough to go?”

After adding the makeup and now heels to his outfit for the day, Phillip was really wishing there was something…anything…that he could have done to what she wore to work to make things more humiliating for her. Nothing she was wearing was the least bit humiliating or out of place for her at all. Nothing! At least, as far as he was concerned.

Phillip grabbed his purse from the kitchen where he refreshed his lipstick, and to the clanging of Marian’s bell, the two of them finally headed out to work.

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Twice on the way into work, Vivian had to curse at the other stupid drivers for almost causing an accident. The fact that her mind was so distracted by other matters and therefore she was driving worse than usual, never even entered her mind. But what was distracting her, was also delighting her. Her mind kept remembering Phillip’s drawing she had seen in his apartment the night before. As far as she was concerned, Phillip had pictured Marian – perfectly!

Oh how she wished she could find a barn somewhere and put Marian in it to live. The damn woman belonged there. She deserved it! The stupid cow! She wondered again if it wasn’t time to push the issue of getting Marian fired so she could take over as supervisor. But she had just put all those lovely new thoughts into the minds of those two knuckleheads. New games that she couldn’t wait to see how they flourished. As much as she wanted Marian fired, she was having way too much fun with the stupid cow right now to put an end to it already. She would let the game play out for a while and see what developed. As far as she could see, there was simply no down side to it at all…for her.

In a blaze of yellow, she sashayed into the office a full two minutes after being considered late. "Good morning all," she announced as she headed cheerily toward her desk. She didn't fail to notice the "stunned" looks from all the ladies. As far as she was concerned, her themed outfits were absolutely the best ideas she had come up with in years. Everyone just loved them. Before sitting down, she took a moment to slowly twirl around so everyone could ogle her new yellow blouse, coupled with a new yellow skirt, above yellow pumps. All of it perfectly contrasted by her gorgeous plum colored lips. Total sunshine for all the women to enjoy…and envy. And she knew from the looks on their faces just how much they obviously envied her.

Before sitting, she "casually" glanced in Phillip's direction. Her eyebrows raised a bit at seeing the makeup on his face. Delightful. The little seeds she had planted were growing already. As she pulled out her chair to sit down, she looked at Marian, who was glaring back angrily at her – which pleased her to no end. Marian looked much the same as she usually did. No difference. But then she had been forced to tell Sissy Phyllis that Marian had to look mostly normal for work. It looked like the little twerp had actually managed to pick out one of Marian's usual boring outfits. Pity.

Feeling better than ever, she sat down and booted up her computer, her mind already turning to which sale ads she wanted to check for first.

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Marian spent a few moments glaring angrily at the back of Vivian's head. The darn woman was totally insane, and she was taking that insanity out on her…and Phillip. She wanted out from under Vivian's domination very badly, but the way Vivian had worked things, until Vivian backed off from constantly re–putting everything into their heads again, she wouldn't stand a chance. And now she had Phillip humiliating her as well by treating her like nothing but a stupid cow! An animal! She was very angry at Phillip for that. Damn him!

But now she had a small way of getting back at Phillip. All she had to do first, was to go shopping. There had to be things out there that she could buy for Phillip to wear that would humiliate him far worse than he already was. She glanced over at him. Well, maybe humiliate him a little more than he already was. He had to be incredibly humiliated by everything right now. So what should she get him that would push his humiliation over the edge? There had to be something! The thought that the ideas would be endless kept running through her head. But the ideas that went with it weren't there at all.

Marian knew she should have been working. She knew she should! But just then, the only thing her mind would dwell on was how to get back at Phillip for treating her like nothing but an animal…like a cow! So how could she get back at him? How could she possibly humiliate him any more than he already was? Giving up totally on getting any work done, she turned to the internet to try to find some inspiration.

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Phillip knew he shouldn't have felt any more embarrassed than he usually was, but the makeup Marian had added to his face seemed to have that effect on him. The fact that both Courtney and Brittany had mentioned it only made things worse for him. And all the rest of the women had looked him over more than usual as well. At least his feet in the red heels were mostly hidden under his desk. He didn't think anyone had even noticed them yet. Was there a way he could keep things that way?

He didn't know if the thick diaper he had on showed under the Capri pants he was wearing or not. He hoped not, but he had no way to tell…not that he'd dare ask Marian. The stupid cow probably wouldn't tell him even if it did – just to humiliate him further! He hadn't drank much before he left for work again, and he wasn't planning on drinking another drop all day until he got home.

The damn cow! Marian had purposely gone way out of the way that morning to humiliate him even more than he already was! And he had no way at all to get back at her for that. Mistress Vivian had made it perfectly clear that she had to look "normal" for work every day. It was only outside of work that she could look…different. But they rarely went anywhere except home and to work! And now Marian couldn't even go get them lunch because she couldn't pick out anything at all to eat. He had to go out there in public and humiliate himself even further every day – just so they could get something to eat. It wasn't fair! She had it way too easy, and he had no way at all to get back at her. The stupid cow!

But if he could, what could he possibly do to humiliate her more…if she did go out of the house for something? There had to be some way. There had to be! He had work to do. A ton of work to do. But his mind refused to focus on what he knew he should be concentrating on. Instead, he turned to the internet to try to find something…anything at all that could help him humiliate that stupid cow in some way. There had to be something. There had to be!

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Marian came back into the office just before the first break period and headed straight for the break room to make some coffee. She had just come back from a very nice mooning session in the elevator and now felt very relieved. She was relieved about that, but not relieved about something else. She still hadn't done one bit of actual work all morning other than to distribute the work load – a bit more than normal to make up for what she wasn't doing. She was frustrated. Majorly frustrated. She had seen a number of things she would love to get for Sissy Phillip, but the problem was, Vivian's stupid restrictions pretty much washed most of those things out. There was very little she could buy him that would be any worse than what he already wore every day.

And if she did go shopping to buy him anything, then she would be stuck wandering the stores with that stupid bell fully on display hanging from her neck. Clang, clang, clang! It would be making noise with almost every step she took. Maybe it would be better to not worry so much about humiliating Phillip. She could just stay home and not put herself through that agony. Once she got that new DVD she had yet to make into Vivian's player, then sometime next week she was sure she could get out of this mess. All she had to do in the meantime was to stay home and let things go as they were.

Her thoughts turned to staying home though. Home, not her home, but Phillip's apartment. She wanted her townhouse back again – and she would soon have it! Just a few more weeks. But for now, home was Phillip's place. But living in Phillip's place had gone from bad to an absolute nightmare. Phillip had crossed over to the dark side – to Vivian's side. He was treating her like nothing but a stupid cow, and making her live that way far more than he needed to! And because of Vicious Vivian's hypnotic conditioning, she was stuck living like that. Stuck! For a few more weeks. A few more weeks too many. A few more weeks of putting up with Phillip treating her like a stupid cow. Damn him!

She had once felt sorry for the little twerp, but now she felt nothing but hatred. As far as she was concerned, he deserved every bit of the humiliation he was getting. In fact, he deserved far more for what was already being done to him. If there was any way possible, she was going to make sure he got everything he deserved – and more – just for the way he was treating her…like a damn cow! Her problem was, that she didn't know what to buy him that would have much of an effect on him, and that also didn't conflict with all of Vicious Vivian's stupid rules. Of course, there was also the other side of the problem. In order to buy him anything to humiliate him even worse, she herself would have to leave the house to go shopping…with that stupid bell hanging around her neck and clanging pretty much constantly.

Humiliating bell clanging in public…or not getting back at Sissy Phillip for the way he was treating her. Which way did she want to go?

The ladies started coming into the break room as she considered those choices. Phillip had told her to make sure she drank a cup of coffee before she got out of the break room, so she poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down. But her mind wasn't on what the other women were saying, her mind was trying to figure out what she should do – wear the stupid bell in public so she could humiliate Sissy Phillip even more, or stay home and continue being treated like the stupid cow she was rapidly becoming. It didn't take her long to make that decision. She hated being treated like an animal!

Now, how could she solve her other little problem?

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Phillip had long given up on finding anything at all on the internet that would humiliate Marian, and started working on things he was supposed to. But his mind stayed locked on Marian. How do you humiliate a woman, who is totally comfortable wearing women's clothes? He had no doubt that she would have no problem wearing men's clothes either. There was no way he could humiliate the damn cow more than she already was. Of course, the big problem was also in the fact that she had to look "normal" for work. That of course ruined everything.

Being completely stuck, he finally got back to doing his job, the work he was supposed to be doing all morning.

He noticed the second group of women starting to come out of the break room. A minute later, he saw Marian heading for the break room to clean things up as she usually did. The stupid cow! She ought to be made to wear that damn bell at work too! But no! Mistress Vivian had decreed that she had to look "normal!" He wanted to kill Marian for what she had done to him. All because she had hypnotized him in the first place.

He finished what he needed to do with his current project, but he needed to print some of the papers and mail them off to another department. He hadn't wet his diaper yet since he put it on that morning. He did have to pee, but he was holding it as long as possible. He hadn't had much to drink that morning and he wasn't planning on drinking another drop until he got home later that night – just so his stupid diaper wouldn't be any worse than it already was. He was still hoping that it didn't show under the pants he was wearing. Did it show? Did he dare take the chance that it didn't show? He glanced at the project that was still up on his computer. He really did need to print it and get it into the office distribution system – sooner rather than later.

He decided to take the chance. He hit the print button, grabbed Dolly, and headed for the printer. A minute later, he pulled the freshly created pages off the printer and turned to make the short trip back to his desk.

"Phillip, you're wearing heels!" Heather exclaimed.

He could feel his makeup covered face turning red. "Uh…yeah," he replied as he continued back to his desk. But now he saw every pair of eyes in the room looking at him again. Damn! He set Dolly in her place on his desk and put the papers into a distribution envelope. Then he had to grab Dolly again before getting up to carry the envelope to the distribution box at the front of the room. There was no doubt that every woman in the room was looking at him…and at the high heels he was wearing.

"Lovely shoes," Ashley commented. "They go well with your outfit today."

Phillip didn't even turn to look at her. He didn't know if she was teasing him or being nice. He just continued back to his desk – feeling even more embarrassed than ever.

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Marian smiled. There was no doubt that Phillip was even more embarrassed than usual today about his attire, so as far as she was concerned, she had succeeded wonderfully today. But how about tomorrow? She still didn't have any workable ideas on things to get for him. A tiny idea of desperation blossomed in her head. Maybe…just maybe she could take her case directly to Vivian and convince the demented woman to let her do some really humiliating things with Sissy Phillip. Would Vivian change her mind and let her do them? Could she possibly convince Vicious Vivian to change the rules again?

As far as Marian could see, it was worth the effort to try. Ignoring her work again, she started typing ideas of things she wanted to use to press her case with Vivian.

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Phillip was getting pretty desperate to pee. But he had a reason to hold out for a little while longer. He was almost finished with another little project, and since nobody had mentioned seeing his diaper under his pants – he hoped anyway – then he was planning on getting up again and printing it and getting this paperwork in the mail with his last project.

He finished the changes he had to make and hit the print button. He grabbed Dolly, and looked all around. Everyone was working intently. He was about to get up, when a small idea hit him. Could he do it? He had suddenly remembered a tiny thing that Mistress Vivian had mentioned before. She had told Marian that he could remove his heels…while she couldn't! It was part of the reason why all of Marian's shoes had to have straps on them, while his shoes didn't need them. With that thought in mind, he slipped his shoes off, got up, and made his way in his bare feet to the printer.

The ladies had all seen his heels, but he was fairly sure that nobody would make any comments about them if he wasn't wearing them. Feeling very happy about that situation, he happily grabbed the papers and carried them back to his desk. He stuffed the papers into another envelope, addressed it, grabbed Dolly again, and carried them almost proudly to the front of the room where he deposited them into the distribution box.

He had found a little way to get back at Marian for making him wear the heels. Yes, he would have to wear them went he went out to get lunch, and he would have to wear them when he went home later tonight, but all the rest of the time, he could leave them off. Of course, there was the other little thing as well. He kind of really liked wearing them. But he couldn't let anyone else know that! As far as he was concerned, unless he absolutely had to, his feet

would stay bare for the rest of the day! Well, he might put them back on while he was sitting at his desk where nobody could see – just for the fun of it.

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Marian scowled as she watched Phillip grabbing the papers off of the printer. She continued to scowl when he headed for the distribution box at the front of the room. She turned back to the email she was working on to send to Vivian. She now had another little "request" she had to put into it. What good would it do if she made Phillip wear something, if the twerp could so easily remove it again?

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Phillip knew it wasn't much, but being able to take his shoes off was at least something. As he felt the almost agonizing relief of letting his pee out into his diaper…and the absolutely horrible feel of all that pee invading his bottom before it got soaked up by his diaper…he started wondering again, was there any way at all that he could get back at Mooing Marian for humiliating him like she had? There had to be some way! He finally decided to take his case to Mistress Vivian. Let her know that he wanted to humiliate the damn cow like she wanted him to, but since Marian was a woman, and she had to look normal for work, he was stuck. And since Marian had no reason anymore to leave the apartment after work, then the only place she ever went was to work. What did Mistress Vivian have in mind as a way for him to humiliate Marian? How could he do it? Would she possibly have any ideas for him?

Knowing it could possibly make Mistress Vivian mad at him and cause him even more difficulties, he decided to chance asking her. Instead of working, he started composing an email to his demented tormentor – Mistress Vivian.

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Vivian glanced at the time on her computer. Still another fifteen minutes until she could go out and have lunch with the rest of the ladies. She was bored. Tuesday's were not the best days for sales to be announced. She had searched all the usual places and would search again later, but there had been nothing new at all – so far. She had hopes of course for later.

As she again glanced at the time that refused to go any faster, she saw an email come in – from Sissy Phyllis! What did that little twerp want now? Despite being bored and having nothing better to do, she was still perturbed that he had sent her an email. Angry at him, she opened the thing and read it.

No way to get back at her. Not fair that she has to look normal for work when he can't. Blah, blah, blah! The stupid shit! How had he ever landed this job in the first place? The dumb

sissy couldn't even figure out a way to humiliate the stupid cow even more than she already was. She was about to write back to him, when she saw another email come in – this time from the stupid cow sitting behind her. Before writing back to Phillip, she decided to read Marian's email – a much longer one.

She was quick to note that the stupid cow didn't know what to do either. But then, what else could she expect from a cow! All cows were stupid. They had to be the stupidest animals on the planet! And Marian certainly fell into that category. As she read the email, she had to admit though that there were some things that Marian had complained about that she could have taken into account earlier. But she had laid down the rules with those two dumbbells last night! Rules that she knew were easy enough for those two idiots to work around. The problem was, they were both too stupid to actually do it! The two dumb shits! They both deserved the treatment she was currently giving them.

As she pondered what to do about Marian and Phillip, the time for lunch finally came. She grabbed her purse and headed out to lunch, glad for the break from the monotony that her morning had been. But now her mind was mostly filled with how she should deal with the stupid sissy…and the even more stupid cow!

——— o0o ———

Phillip walked over to Marian's desk as soon as the other women had emptied out of the office for lunch. "A hamburger again?" he asked, knowing he was going to have to bring lunch back for them.

"How should I know?" Marian replied. "I have no idea at all what I want to eat."

Phillip shook his head, knowing he shouldn't have bothered even asking. As he and Dolly rode down in the elevator, he was still worried about the email he had sent to Mistress Vivian. Would she be mad at him? He certainly hoped not.

He always felt horribly embarrassed about the way he looked, but today, the high heels on his feet seemed to make every step even worse. And he just knew that the loud clopping sound that they made with each step was drawing even more attention to him. But he had no choice but to go out there and be the laughing stock of everyone who could see him. Yeah, Marian had it easy compared to him. Way too easy!

——— o0o ———

Vivian shoved a bit of lettuce into her mouth, aware of the conversation the other women were engaged in, but her mind wasn't paying much attention to what was being said. She didn't have kids, so why should she bother to contribute anything to what they were talking

about? Her mind was instead focused on what to do about Sissy Phyllis and Mooring Marian. They were both turning out to be even dumber than she originally figured.

She had planned on visiting them later that night to re–put everything into their miniscule brains, and now she was glad she had planned on doing just that. The two of them were becoming so stupid she was afraid they wouldn't remember even the easiest of things that she had programmed them both to do. They were so stupid, they literally needed to be reminded of it all every few days.

Since she had to visit them that night anyway, she figured that maybe it would be a good time to revisit her list of things she had already told each of them. Based on the emails she had just gotten from them, she was going to have to spell things out a little more clearly for each of them.

When lunch was over, she went back to the office with everyone else, where she spent a full half–hour checking for any new sale ads. Then she dug out her notebook and started with the very first command she had given Sissy Phyllis. One by one, she went down the list for both of them and considered everything. Did she want to change it…or not. Most things she decided to leave just as they were, but not everything. There were definitely some things that those two idiots couldn't seem to deal with that demanded that she change things around. With that finally done, she happily closed her notebook and emailed both Marian and Phillip back, telling them that she would answer all their questions later that night after they got home.

——— o0o ———

Marian read Vivian's email reply and winced. She was coming to the apartment again. And Marian had no doubt at all that Vivian would put them both in a trance, deepen their trances as much as she could, and once again re–input everything into their heads. There would be no escape for her yet. But she had expected this to happen. Putting the new DVD into Vivian's DVD player couldn't happen fast enough. Of course though, she still had to create that DVD. But she would do that just as soon as Vivian left later that night. Hopefully.

——— o0o ———

Vivian should have been finished, but as she checked yet again for any new sales that might be announced, she found herself still thinking about Phillip and Marian instead. And one of the little things she remembered this time, was that wonderful little picture that Sissy Phyllis had drawn. It really was marvelous. Over and over again that picture came to her mind, until she absolutely had to pull out her notebook and make a few more changes to her list. And with those little changes, came an anticipation that already had her dripping wet in a rather embarrassing place.

——— o0o ———

Yes, tonight was going to prove very interesting. Very, very interesting indeed!

Chapter 24.

Marian closed her eyes and tried to relax while the milking machine went to work extracting the milk from her breasts…udders…breasts. Her hands were hard at work in the one place she both didn't, and did want them. Not that it would do her any good. She was so frustrated now she hardly knew how it felt to not be frustrated. She continually tried to relax, but she couldn't. Vivian was coming again that night, and Marian had no doubt at all that she would hypnotize both her and Phillip again and re–sink everything all too deeply into their already muddled brains. Resisting would be impossible. Breaking free afterwards would be equally as futile.

The sudden knocking on the door forced another moo out of her as well as startled her enough to make her bell clang again. She opened her eyes and saw Phillip and Dolly heading toward the door. A minute later, Vivian, in all her yellow glory, was there in front of her – smirking with the most obvious wicked delight Marian could ever imagine. "Mooooo!" she bellowed, although she wasn't really trying to say anything. She was just making a nervous statement as to the situation.

"Oh, I must say," Vivian said as she watched the milk still flowing heavily from Marian's udders, "this has to be absolutely the best thing I've ever laid eyes on. I think I need to stop by more often when you're just starting to be milked. This is the first time I've really seen how much milk that machine is pulling out of you." She looked up at Phillip. "How long has she been on that thing now?"

"Not quite ten minutes," Phillip replied after checking the clock.

Vivian's wicked smile seemed to become even worse as she looked back down at Marian. "I think that Farmer Phyllis here is going to have to start taking you off of that thing and emptying the bottles, then putting you back on it again. It looks like you'll be filling them to overflowing very soon!" She let out an all too vicious laugh. It was all Marian could do to keep herself from crying.

Vivian started looking around the room, deciding what she wanted to do. Since Marian would be stuck being milked for a while more, she had plenty of time to do other things before she got into their brains again. She pondered briefly how she wanted to handle the situation. The solution though was fairly easy. The couch where she liked to sit and watch Marian being milked was also somewhat facing the TV. It had to be moved! She turned to Phillip. "You! Sissy Phyllis! Push this couch over so that the end of it is up against that wall," she ordered as she indicated the back wall of the apartment that the TV was against.

Uncertainly, Phillip set Dolly down on the end of the couch nearest him and started pushing, being careful not to get it too near where Marian was being milked. He got it almost up against the wall when Vivian stopped him.

"Not that way, you idiot!" she yelled. "Turn the thing around so it's facing the other way – toward the TV set."

Phillip wished she had mentioned that before. It took more than a bit of pushing and pulling but he finally got it turned around and pushed the end of it up against the wall like Vivian wanted. He figured he'd be moving the TV set next. But instead, Vivian walked around behind the couch.

"Now push it back towards me," she said as she moved back further, almost up against the wall that separated the living room from the kitchen.

Phillip pushed on the couch, moving it gradually closer and closer to the kitchen wall and doorway while still keeping the end of it up against the back wall of the apartment. If he was going to be turning the TV around, the longer distance would be better for watching it.

"Stop!" Vivian ordered when she thought the couch was close enough to where she wanted it.

Phillip was confused. Why stop there? There was still a lot of space between the back of the couch and the wall behind it.

Vivian looked around at the new arrangement of things. "This should work!" she decided happily. The mostly flat back of the couch formed another low wall, creating a separate space in the small gap between the kitchen and the rest of the living room. It was only about five feet wide and as deep as the length of the long couch, but Vivian knew it would be good enough for what she had in mind.

Marian had watched it all from where she was being milked, so she could fully see what was going on. She didn't understand the new furniture arrangement, but she knew it couldn't be good. Vivian had liked the couch where it had been before because it had given her a perfect view of whatever torture she came up with for her, while Phillip was usually busy between Vivian's legs. So she was confused now and very worried as to why Vivian was suddenly redecorating Phillip's apartment.

Vivian walked out of the small space she had created and spent a few moments watching the milk still flowing out of Marian's udders. The milk had slowed down to a small trickle now, but it was still coming out. Such a wonderful sight. The two collection bottles were almost completely full already. No doubt within a day or two, Phillip would have to empty them

and put Marian back on the milking machine again to continue pulling the milk out of her. Maybe she should have looked into an industrial milking machine for the damn cow instead!

Since there was still a lot of time left for Marian to continue being milked, she turned back to Phillip who was now hugging his doll again. "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" she said to him, and watched as he immediately dropped into a trance, his eyes closed and his thumb came up to his mouth where he started sucking on it.

Marian feared that she would be next, even though she was still being milked, but instead, she watched as Vivian ordered Phillip to go sit on the couch. She had a perfect view of Vivian pushing over the other stuffed chair in the room directly in front of Phillip. With the chair moved, most of the living room seemed wide open and empty now. Somehow, she felt even more naked and on display. What she watched next, was something she expected, but hated to see – Vivian pulling her notebook out of her purse. It meant that once again Vivian was going to re–input everything into their heads, and the notebook insured that nothing would be missed.

She watched carefully as Vivian softened her voice as she started speaking directly to Phillip, beginning the process of taking him down deeper and deeper, sinking him ever more firmly into the deep trance she knew he was already in. Making him more and more susceptible to whatever commands she would plant into his already befuddled mind. The moo that escaped her mouth did nothing at all to break the concentration on either Vivian or Phillip. Neither of them even seemed to notice it. But then they were both so used to her constant mooing now that there was no reason for either of them to take any more note of one moo than another. Marian could only kneel there, playing uselessly with herself, while her udders were being milked, and watch what Vicious Vivian did with Phillip.

Since she had the time while Marian was still being milked, Vivian took longer deepening Phillip's trance than she usually did with him. Usually she spent more time on Marian, but she had nothing better to do until Marian was done with her milking machine. Even still, she finished bringing Phillip down before Marian was done and had to wait until Marian's allotted milking time ended. She had deepened Phillip's trance, but she had done nothing else with him.

"Phillip," Vivian finally said. "Stay deep in your trance, but remove Marian from her milking machine. Put the bottles in the kitchen, then come straight back here and sit on the couch."

Phillip removed the thumb from his mouth, stood up with Dolly, and went about removing the milking machine from Marian's breasts. Marian dropped from her kneeling position to all fours, having no doubt that she would soon be in a hypnotic trance as well. The moment Phillip came back from the kitchen, Vivian told Phillip to release his cow so she could stand up again.

While Marian was glad to be released, the cold fear in the pit of her stomach made her wish she could stay on the machine even longer – like until after Vivian went home. She was still climbing to her feet the moment Vivian issued the fatal words, "Marian sucks her thumb!" In moments, she was deep in her own hypnotic trance, sucking her thumb, and sitting on the couch right next to Phillip.

Just as she had done with Phillip, Vivian took her time to slowly bring Marian deeper and deeper into her own trance. With Phillip sitting right next to Marian, Vivian wasn't sure if what she was doing with Marian would take Phillip any deeper or not, but she figured that no matter what, it couldn't hurt. Only when she finally felt like she was ready, did she grab her notebook before continuing.

She started as she usually did with Phillip. She reminded him of his trigger phrase again, and then she spent more time than usual reminding him about the pain he would be faced with should he ever fail to not do anything she told him to do. Keeping Dolly with him always was next on her agenda, followed by his ten lipstick rules that she felt so proud of. She had really been enjoying watching the poor sap constantly having to refresh his lipstick.

From there, she refreshed the things she had done at Felicia's request. Even though she knew she didn't really need the idea anymore, she still liked the fear of the snakes that she had put into him to keep him from going anywhere but in his pants, so she spent a few minutes reminding him about that little problem he would face. And of course, she reminded him that he could no longer remove his diaper by himself anymore. Someone else would always have to do that for him to make doubly sure he would be using the things and staying in them until they were nearly to the leaking point.

She reminded him that he was Marian's farmer now, and she was his cow, and that he was responsible for making sure that Marian was milked twice every day at six in the morning, and six in the evening. She reminded him that he needed to stay healthy and drink at least eight eight–ounce glasses of liquid every day, and since Marian was producing milk for him now, he needed to drink all the milk that she produced for him before he was allowed to drink anything else. And he could only drink all that milk from his baby bottles, no matter where he was or what he was doing.

She finally came to the first little change she had decided to make in Phillip's instructions. "Phillip," she said, "I have no doubt that you're not drinking enough during the day. In fact, I never see you getting any coffee at work anymore. That's not healthy. From now on, you will spread your liquids out through the entire day. If you need to, you can bring some of your bottles of milk with you wherever you go. In fact, if one of your baby bottles full of Marian's milk is available, you will always have at least one of those bottles with you when you leave the house." She couldn't wait to see how he handled that little problem while he was at work.

She moved on to reminding him that he was now responsible for everything that Marian ate and drank. Since Marian could no longer decide those issues, it was all up to him to decide what and when she ate, as well as what and when she drank anything. And since he wanted Marian to produce plenty of milk for him, he needed to make sure she got at least twelve eight–ounce glasses of liquids into her every day. She also reminded him that since she was nothing but a stupid cow, he also had to make sure she took her little pills four times a day until they were gone so they could help her produce more milk.

She said nothing at all yet about him having to pick out her clothes, she would get back to him later about that mess.

She finally ended by reminding him that he should hold Marian responsible for all his problems since she was the one who had hypnotized him first.

Temporarily done with Phillip, Vivian turned now to Marian. As with Phillip, she started by reminding Marian about her trigger phrase, and like Phillip, she spent a longer time than usual reminding Marian all about the pain she would endure should she fail to do anything she was told to do. Then she went through all of Marian's various mooing modes. The fact that Marian was now basically stuck mooing all too frequently like the stupid cow that she was delighted Vivian to no end.

She reminded Marian that she would have an insatiable need to masturbate herself – but uselessly since she could never achieve an orgasm. And of course, she reminded her that the only way she could ever have an orgasm was if someone else masturbated her while she was mooing crazily like the dumb cow that she was. Any other form of penetrating sex for Marian would bring her nothing but the most horrible pain.

She moved on to remind Marian that she had to always wear the highest heels possible. She paused for just a second because it was time for another subtle little change. "But now hear this, Marian," she said, "from now on, the only time you can remove the shoes from your feet is when you take a bath or a shower. That's it! From now on, those shoes stay on your feet all the time, even when you're sleeping!" She just knew that Marian was really going to enjoy that!

From there, she reminded Marian that she was responsible now for changing Phillip's diapers and that she couldn't remove them from Phillip until they were close to the leaking point.

The next item on her agenda for Marian, was that like the cow she was, Marian needed to be milked twice every day at six in the morning and six at night. And like any other stupid cow, she could do absolutely nothing to either help or hinder her farmer in any way at all. In fact, while she was being milked, she had to kneel over top of her tub and masturbate herself with both hands non–stop. And like any other cow, Marian now would have to pee at some point while she was being milked, and she would have to let it out right into the tub

between her legs. There were several other points about her milking that she would have added, but those things were now part of the new items she was going to stick into their heads later.

She reminded Marian that since she was nothing but a stupid cow, she can no longer decide what she eats and drinks anymore – or when she eats and drinks. That was all up to her farmer to decide for her. But whenever Phillip does tell her to eat or drink something, she has to follow his instructions to make sure she gets enough food and liquids into her system to continue being the best milk cow she possibly can.

She added nothing else about anything for Marian because it was time now for her to get into new material for both of them. "Both of you listen to me now!" she said somewhat sternly. She looked back and forth at the two of them for a moment, but after now spending so much time just talking to Marian, she needed to make sure that Knucklehead Phyllis was still paying attention. "Nod your heads if you're listening to me." She was somewhat relieved to see them both nod their heads. "Good!" she exclaimed.

"Now both of you pay attention! It seems that both of you have all too many stupid questions and problems with the new rules I stuck in your idiotic heads last night. So tonight I'm going to spell things out a little differently for both of you. First of all, like I told you last night, neither of you is capable anymore of picking out anything at all that you will wear. That is now the sole responsibility of the other person. Just don't you dare do anything to get the other person arrested!

"Marian, you are to always make sure that Sissy Phyllis here looks like the most incredible sissy possible whenever he leaves this apartment. And Sissy Phyllis, you are to make sure that your stupid cow Marian is equally humiliated every time she leaves the apartment as well. But unfortunately Sissy Phyllis, I'm afraid that for now, stupid Marian here will have to continue to look at least somewhat normal when she's at work because otherwise it raises way too many questions. But outside of work, feel free to use all the imagination you can come up with, even though it seems from your email today that you have absolutely no imagination in that area at all. And don't forget, that bell never comes off of her neck except at work, and she must stay in the highest heels possible. I want her feet to be forever in absolute agony!"

She turned to Marian. "Marian, you asked all too many questions today and complained all too much about things that Sissy Phyllis here isn't allowed to wear. But at least you did show a bit of imagination in some of what you asked about so I'm going to make some small changes. From now on, I will allow you to put Sissy Phyllis in skirts and dresses if you like, and I will allow you to buy him pants now that don't zip up the side or back. You can even buy him some higher heels or shoes that strap to his feet, but…whatever heels he has on his feet have to be lower than whatever heels you are wearing that day. So what shoes he wears is also going to depend on what shoes he decides for you to wear."

She felt it was time to go back through some other issues. “Marian, you will still continue to do your own hair and makeup for work, but only for work. Outside of that, it will be up to Sissy Phyllis here to handle those chores for you – if he decides to do anything about it at all. And you Marian will also continue to do Sissy Phyllis’s hair for him every day and make sure that it always looks good and that it always has a pretty bow in it. Other than the bow, his diapers, and his lipstick, the rest is totally up to you! But remember, both of you, neither of you can leave this apartment anymore without the other one certifying that you look the way they want you to.”

She looked back and forth between the two of them for a moment again before continuing. “It was brought to my attention today that it would be a shame for one person to dress the other person, only to have them remove whatever they were dressed in. So from now on, once you are dressed and the other person has approved what you are wearing, it will now be impossible for either of you to remove anything at all that that person wanted you to wear – until you are given permission by the other person to remove it. Once you’re dressed, you stay that way until the other person changes it since it’s up to the other person to decide what you’re going to wear anyway.”

She paused for a moment to consult her notes before continuing. “Sissy Phyllis did bring something to my attention earlier today that made me realize something. It seems that you Marian have no need to leave this apartment any longer other than for work. That will now come to an end. Once Marian’s milking is done in the evenings, both of you must now leave this apartment at least once every other day if not more often. You can leave together or separately, I don’t care. But you will go shopping, or I guess at least someplace public, for no less than two hours each time before you’re allowed to go home.”

She turned directly to Marian again. “And you Marian, if anybody at all asks about your cowbell or your mooing, from now on, you will freely admit to them that you’re nothing but a stupid cow and therefore you’re only doing what every other cow would do.” She smiled broadly after saying that and decided she would have to make arrangements soon to witness Marian in action with that little problem. It would do the stupid cow good to start admitting exactly what she was to everyone else!

Vivian looked briefly down at her notes, then smiled wickedly at Marian. “Marian, since you’re finally showing everyone more and more just what a cow you’ve always been, then you might as well move another step forward in that direction. Since real cows are among the filthiest, smelliest beasts I’ve ever seen, then from now on, the only time you’re allowed to wash any part of your body at all is in the mornings just before you go to work. At all other times, you’re no longer capable of cleaning any part of your body at all, not even your hands. If you get dirty in any way, then like every other cow on the planet, you stay dirty. However, if Farmer Phyllis here decides he wants to clean something about you, then that’s his privilege, but as with everything else, you cannot help or hinder him in any way when he

does it. You can't even ask him to clean you. You will continue to be the dumb cow you've always been."

She turned to Phillip. "Hear that Farmer Phyllis, the stupid cow here can only bathe herself just before work from now on and that's it. If you want to clean her in any way, then that's your business and she won't be able to help or hinder you in any way at all. Although why you'd ever want to bother cleaning the stupid beast in the first place is beyond me. But I'll leave that option up to you. I'm only giving you the opportunity because some farmers are overly fond of their cows before they show them off somewhere, and they at least try to keep the dumb beasts looking good…which trust me, is all but impossible."

She glanced down at her notes again and looked through them carefully. Finally she smiled. She stood up before addressing her two playthings. "Both of you, open your eyes and stand up." She watched as the two thumb sucking idiots immediately got to their feet. So much fun! And now it was time for another bit of fun.

"Farmer Phyllis," she said, "you said in your email earlier that you had no ideas as to how you could do anything to humiliate Marian. Well, I guess I can understand that somewhat since Marian is just a stupid cow, and being a cow has to be about the worst thing possible, so I can somewhat see your point. But I'm still very disappointed in you over that. You managed to picture Marian perfectly in that drawing you did of her. That picture showed real vision. It showed that you're capable of seeing Marian for exactly what she is – in this case, nothing but an ugly, stupid cow. So I'm very disappointed now to hear you can't come up with anyway at all to make her life more miserable than it already is." She paused for only a moment before adding, "Therefore, let me show you exactly how to humiliate a stupid cow like Marian."

Vivian moved away from the living room chairs and headed for the kitchen doorway. "Follow me kiddies." She was pleased to see both of the thumb sucking idiots following her. Well…they better! Once she had the two of them standing where she wanted them, she turned to Marian. "Marian," she began, "since you're finally beginning to realize how much of a stupid cow you really are, then you will continue to live the life of a cow more and more." She turned toward the space she had created between the back of the couch and the wall that separated the living room from the kitchen. "Look at that area behind the couch now," she told them. "That area is now Marian's stall. A cow belongs either out in a field somewhere, or in a barn stall. So now Marian has her very own stall to live in. Marian, whenever Farmer Phyllis here tells you to go to your stall, you will immediately strip off everything you're wearing except for your bell and your shoes, get down on all fours, and crawl into your nice new barn stall where you will stay until he gives you permission to leave." It was all Vivian could do to keep from giggling at that. "And of course," she continued, "the only proper place for a cow like Marian to be milked is in her stall. So from now on that's where she will be milked. And of course, she will continue to do that the same

way she has by kneeling over her tub like she does now and masturbating the entire time the milking machine is attached to her udders."

She turned to Phillip. "Farmer Phyllis, I want you to do everything you can to make that area as much like a real barn stall as possible so that your cow can feel right at home. You might want to consider finding some hay to put in there for her. Animals like her like a lot of hay in their stalls."

She turned back to Marian. "Marian whenever you're in your stall, you will only be able to moo like the cow that you are. You will also be incapable of standing upright, so of course you will remain on all fours…or you can lie down if you like. As long as you are in your stall, your hands will become useless for anything at all except walking on and masturbating uselessly. You will be unable to use your hands for anything else at all! If you need to pee or poop while you're in there, you can use your nice tub for that…or you can just go on the floor like any other cow would do. I really don't care."

She turned toward Phillip. "Farmer Phyllis, from now on you no longer have to worry about Marian here taking up any room in your bed, from now on the only place she's allowed to sleep is in her stall. And like any other cow, she won't be able to use a pillow or a blanket." She smiled wickedly again at Marian. "If Farmer Phyllis here decides to decorate your stall with some hay, then you can sleep on that if you like."

Vivian consulted her notes again and quickly looked down the entire long list. As far as she could see, she had covered everything. Now it was time to stand back and see what happened. She turned again to her two stupid playthings. "I'm going to count down now from three to one. When I get to one, you will both wake up fully. Three…two…one!"

Marian woke up, pulled her thumb out of her mouth and let out a horrified moo as everything Vivian had put into her head came crashing into her now awake realization! It was too much! Everything that Vivian had done now was beyond anything her imagination could have conceived. Vivian was basically reducing her to a life of an animal – a cow! More and more every day. There could be no escaping it, and she realized, no way to even deny it since she had to admit to everyone who asked, just what she was. "Noooo!" she wailed. "Please don't do this to me. Please…"

Vivian delighted to the sound of Marian's pleading. It was simply the most beautiful music her ears could ever hear. She turned to Phillip who was still standing there sucking his thumb like the frightened idiot child he appeared to be. "Farmer Phyllis, I suggest you take charge of your silly cow!"

Marian let out another anguished cry, but it was cut short by Phillip pulling his thumb out of his mouth and saying, "Marian, get in your stall!"

Marian was already naked except for her bell and her shoes. She immediately dropped to all fours where her cry of "Nooo…" became a rather anguished moo instead. As she had been ordered, she crawled into the space behind the couch where she turned around and stared out at Vivian and Phillip…and she knew she couldn't leave the area until Phillip told her she could. Just as Vivian kept telling her, she was rapidly becoming nothing but a stupid cow. And just then, she felt very, very stupid.

As she watched Vivian directing Phillip to push the chair over to where she could sit in it while watching her, all Marian could feel was total hopelessness. Vivian had gone to great lengths again to take her as deep into a trance as she possibly could before sinking everything into her head. Breaking free anytime soon would be completely impossible. She had no way out until she could get that new DVD into Vivian's machine and let the thing start to work. Of course, she hadn't had a chance yet to make that DVD. And of course, after she got the DVD into Vivian's player, she needed even more time for all of Vicious Vivian's mental conditioning to wear off to the point where she could actually fight it.

As she watched Vivian quickly stripping her clothes off, Marian knew that until she could finally break free, she was once again thoroughly stuck! Stuck living like an animal. Stuck living like…a damn cow! And she was really starting to feel just like a cow now. What choice did she have? Vivian kept telling her she was nothing but a stupid cow, and living like this would only seal the deal. And there was no way at all to fight against it, because even if she could make the effort and try, underlying everything that Vicious Vivian had done to her, was a monstrous world of pain. Enough pain that right now could kill her. Stuck, stuck, stuck! Stuck living like a cow!

"Mooooo!"

Chapter 25.

She was cold and uncomfortable. The bare floor beneath her as she had slept offered no cushioning for her aging body. Her feet were on fire from not being able to remove the high heeled shoes she was wearing. And the whole area stank! The tub in the middle of what was now her stall, where she had been forced to relieve herself several times during the night, smelled something awful. And to make matters worse, her udders…breasts…udders ached because she needed to be milked again. Other lactating women had their babies removing the milk many times during the day. She only had that option every twelve hours. Consequently, her breasts were heavy and full. No doubt, fuller than ever before as her body continued to produce more and more milk.

She finally came awake enough that it forced another moo out of her mouth. Ugh! She opened her eyes. The room was mostly dim shadows so the sun wasn't really up yet, but she had no real idea of what time it was. She couldn't see a clock from her stall. She couldn't see much of anything for that matter except a short way into the kitchen and a small part of the living room. Still curled up in a ball, she closed her eyes again and allowed herself to sink into the sensations that her fingers were causing down in her nether regions. "Mmmm." Not quite a moo – fortunately. It just felt so good. So uselessly good. She was so in need of a good orgasm she could scream. She didn't bother screaming because all that would come out of her mouth would be another moo. And it wouldn't help her gain the orgasm she wanted so badly either.

She dreamed of being penetrated. She dreamed of her husband being inside her again. Oh God she missed that man! She pushed her fingers deeper and deeper, but as always, it did her no good at all. She needed to be fucked but good! The only problem was, that now Vicious Vivian had fixed things so that being fucked like that would bring her nothing but the worst pain imaginable. So she was stuck forever masturbating…and stuck being unable to obtain any kind of relief. Stuck living like…a damn cow! Stuck, stuck…

"Marian!"

Huh? Phillip's voice pulled her out of her thoughts and another moo escaped her mouth. She forced herself to pull her fingers out of her cunt as she embarrassedly looked up at him. He was entering the area that had been designated as her stall – with her milking machine. That was both good and bad. "Moo!"

"Damn it stinks in here," Phillip muttered.

"Moo!"

"Yeah, yeah. I hear you. I'll empty it later. Now get in position, it's time for your milking."

"Moo." Oh damn she felt like such a cow!

As Phillip watched Marian getting into position over her tub, he thought of another little problem. "Can you get this diaper off me first?" he asked.

Marian looked up at him. His diaper was indeed pretty awful. But as long as she was in her stall, she could do nothing with her hands at all – other than to walk on them…and masturbate. "Moo!"

Phillip rolled his eyes and stepped back out of the stall, the milking machine still in his hands. "Get out of there for minute," he told her.

"Moo," Marian gratefully replied as she crawled forward. A moment later, she breathed a sigh of relief and climbed to her feet. "Whew," she exclaimed. "I can't tell you how awful that is for me."

"Yeah, what do you care? It's the way you deserve to live. It's the way you should live! You're nothing but a stupid cow anyway. I would think you'd find it perfectly natural."

Marian didn't even think. Her hand swung out and she slapped the side of his face as hard as she could. "How dare you say something like that to me!"

Phillip backed away quickly, his eyes were wide as saucers as he rubbed the side of his face where she had hit him. "What was that for?"

"For being the biggest jerk in the world! For treating me like nothing but an animal – even when you don't have to! For being nothing but a self–centered moron who has no regard for anyone other than himself! You're cruel Phillip. Totally cruel! You think I like living like an animal? I can't tell you how much I hate it! And you're doing nothing but making it worse!"

"But…but…" Phillip sputtered. "But Mistress Vivian said…"

"I know what Vivian said. I was there, remember?" But you're going above and beyond to be nothing but cruel to me. I'm not an animal, Phillip!" Her voice backed down and she turned away from him. "Even though I'm starting to feel more and more like one. Vivian's brainwashing is making me feel like nothing but a stupid animal. A stupid cow!" She had shed tears for most of the night. But now they were back again. She looked up at him, knowing she was crying again. "I'm not a cow, Phillip. I'm not an animal! Even though Vivian's got me living more and more like one. Even though I'm starting to feel more and more like one. But I'm not one! I'm human. And…" But she didn't know what else to say. There were all too many problems she was faced with.

"I'm sorry," Phillip replied, staying well away from her so he wouldn't get hit again. "It's just that Mistress Vivian keeps telling me this, and Mistress Vivian keeps telling me that, and through it all, she keeps telling me that you're nothing but a stupid cow…and she makes me treat you like one. And because of the way she keeps putting those thoughts into my head, I can't help it! Besides, the only time you have to worry about being embarrassed by anything is right here in the apartment where nobody can see you. My whole life is one big embarrassment!" He dropped his voice and looked at the floor. "And worse, you don't have to face what I'll have to do pretty soon."

Marian knew he was referring to having to go out somewhere and start sucking men's cocks. But that still didn't make her feel any better. "So you take it out on me?" She shook her head. "I'm sorry Phillip, but that's no excuse."

Not getting any sympathy from Marian only made Phillip feel angry instead. "Stupid cow!" he muttered. "It's all your fault in the first place!" Mistress Vivian had told him a thousand times that she was nothing but a cow. His cow! He looked at her boldly and angrily. "You're nothing but a stupid cow!" he told her as he headed closer to her. "What would you know?"

Marian was shocked. "I'm…" she started to say.

"Get back in your stall!" he ordered.

Despite herself, Marian found herself dropping to all fours again and crawling toward the area that Vivian had created behind the couch – her stall.

"Wait a minute," Phillip ordered. Marian looked up at him hopefully. "Get this damn diaper off me first," he ordered.

With tears forming in her eyes again, Marian reached out and unfastened the tapes on his diaper, letting the smelly thing fall to the floor.

"Now get back in your stall! It's way past your milking time!"

A few minutes later, Marian was again kneeling over her tub, her hands were again up inside her where they would ultimately do no good at all, and the milking machine was finally removing some of the pressure from her breasts. She was still crying. She hated this. She absolutely hated it. But she really was starting to feel like nothing but the stupid cow that Vivian…and now Phillip…kept telling her she was.

Her thoughts turned briefly to what she would make Phillip wear to work that day. She had only a few new options that she could use until she had a chance to go shopping. And she would have to go shopping tonight since Vivian had decreed that they had to go out at least

every other day. She wasn't looking forward to that…and she was looking forward to it. Even walking around out in public with her damn bell around her neck was better than living like she was…like a cow. If even for a little while.

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Yellow was such a bright cheerful color. And Vivian was certainly feeling cheerful as she sashayed into the office – five minutes late. "Good morning everyone," she announced as she happily paraded herself toward her desk. She got mixed looks from everyone. Many of the looks she knew were nothing but envy over her appearance, but of course, Phillip and Marian never looked happy to see her. Not that she cared. She was having way too much fun with both of them. She mostly ignored Marin, who she thought looked acceptable, but not all that good. She studied Phillip for a moment though as he scowled at her from across the aisle. Oh my! Marian had given him much bigger breasts this morning. She nearly laughed. The rest of him looked much the same. But then Marian hadn't had a chance to do any shopping yet. She was looking forward to seeing what Marian did with the little twerp once she did go shopping – which according to the instructions she had given them, should be tonight.

Vivian was very tempted for a moment to go shopping with Marian tonight, just so she could hear the stupid cow admit to everyone who seemed interested that she was nothing but a stupid cow. Oh how she looked forward to seeing that! But not yet. She would do that another time. Possibly Friday. Friday was the start of Vivian's weekly shopping binge. But if she kept to her schedule, Friday was also the next time she needed to hypnotize the two of them and make sure everything stayed in their simpleton heads. So perhaps after she did that, she and Marian would hit the stores together. Yes, that sounded like the perfect idea. She briefly wondered how Phillip would dress the stupid cow for that little venture. Oh, she couldn't wait now for Friday. Of course, she always couldn't wait till Friday. She just had more reason now.

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Phillip felt irritated. The stupid cow had done it again – gone out of her way to humiliate him even further. It wasn't the red high heels that bothered him this time, it was the bra she had given him to wear – one of hers. And not one of her smaller ones, but one of her big ones. And then she had stuffed the cups of it with everything she could to make them stay all too big. The top he was wearing was miserably tight on him now. His "breasts" were all too heavy every time he moved – and they simply kept getting in his way. Every woman in the room had laughed at him when they came into work and saw him. They would! He'd like to… Well, he didn't know what he'd like to do to them all. He couldn't help it that Marian had made him look so…stupid!

He really wasn't looking forward to having to go out at lunch time to get food for both himself and stupid Marian. With tits like he had showing on his chest, he was twice as

noticeable as he ever was before. The stupid cow. She was just getting back at him for treating her like just what she was – a stupid cow. And she didn't like it? Ha! She deserved it! Besides, Mistress Vivian had told him over and over again that she was nothing but a cow. And he was finding it almost impossible to think of her in any other way. And…she deserved to be treated like that for making his life even more miserable today…not to mention making his life miserable in the first place – because it was Marian who had hypnotized him first. The stupid cow!

He thought back to earlier that morning when he had taken the milking machine from her neck. When he had emptied the thing, the milk had poured out of the tubing. She had over filled it. From now on, he was going to have to watch the thing, turn it off and empty it, and then put it back on her again. That was going to be a pain. Why couldn't the thing hold more milk than it did? Surely the manufactures should have thought of that problem.

He was fighting against peeing into his diaper already. Marian had nearly filled two full baby bottles this morning. He had made a point to drink it all before he left the apartment – just so he wouldn't have to put one of them in his purse. But now the extra liquid in his system was fueling his need to pee. Damn it! And now Mistress Vivian had decreed that he had to spread all his liquids out during the day. Which meant that he would need to get something to drink at each break period as well as during lunch. How wet would he be by the end of the day? Having no choice, he let himself pee into his diaper. It was a relief…and a horror. Then, just because he was mad at the stupid cow, he sent Marian an email telling her to get herself another bottle of water. Let her feel the need to go pee all too often. Served her right! She should be made to suffer wearing the diapers like he was!

He stopped short at that thought. Why hadn't he thought of that earlier?

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Marian realized she had made yet another mistake. She backed up and corrected it. How many had she already made that morning? Her mind wasn't on her work. Her mind actually wasn't on much of anything – except her own misery. Consequently, she was making more mistakes than usual. She cared, but not all that much.

She had taken a good long bath earlier after her milking. She had really needed it. And she had massaged her aching feet for what seemed like hours. Now they were back in another pair of stupidly high heels and aching again. And there wasn't a thing she could do about it. Feeling herself fighting the urge to moo, she got up and headed for the elevators. She rode the elevators a lot now. They were a bit too far from the office, but at least they worked for her. As far as she knew, nobody had heard her mooing yet. Yet!

After the elevator, as she often did, she stopped in the ladies room for a few minutes. Except that once she got into the stall, she found she couldn't remove her underwear to take care of

business. Just the thought of even pulling them down made her stomach hurt. She was forced to hurry back to the office where she immediately opened up an email to Phillip.

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"Phillip. I need to go to the bathroom, but I can't remove my panties unless you give me permission! Please can I take them down long enough to pee?"

Phillip read the email with a huge amount of amusement. He quickly typed back his answer:

"No!"

Marian was shocked. Although she realized she shouldn't be. Instead of pleading her case with him, she sent an email to Vivian instead, telling Vivian that Phillip had refused her request, and emphasizing the point that if she wasn't allowed to remove her panties to pee, then she wasn't going to be able to maintain any kind of look of normalcy in the office at all – that Vivian seemed to want so badly about her.

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Vivian was very annoyed with Marian's email. Really, the two of them were so stupid! They were both acting more and more like children. But then what could she expect from a silly sissy and…a cow! Stupidity ran rampant in both of them. Instead of answering Marian's email, she sent an email to Phillip instead, telling him he better give her permission to go to the bathroom once in a while, or he would see what it felt like to be hooked up to Marian's milking machine right after her from now on. And she would be more than happy to supply him with the same pills that were making Marian produce milk. She didn't really know if they would do anything at all to him, but it was an interesting idea.

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Phillip read Mistress Vivian's email. While he was angry at the stupid cow for going around him and asking Mistress Vivian directly, her threat to make him undergo the milking machine treatment was more than enough to frighten him into immediately emailing Marian permission to lower her panties to use the bathroom whenever she needed to. Those pills couldn't really make him produce milk, could they? Of course not, he was a man. Sort of. But he worried about it enough to do a quick internet search and shortly found something called male lactation. He didn't want to read anymore. No, she wouldn't do that to him, would she?

Marian hurried out to the bathroom, glad that Vivian had stepped in so quickly. As usual, she was in there longer than she wanted to be. And because she was that far down the hall, she stopped at the elevator once again, just for another mooing session. When she finally came

back to the office, she passed by Phillip's desk with a somewhat angry look on her face, only to see him grinning back at her like a Cheshire cat. Darn him!

Now that she was back, she realized that it was nearly lunchtime and she was getting hungry. The little bit of cereal Phillip had given her that morning was pretty much gone now. Damn Phillip! Once she was done being milked, he had brought the cereal and more water into her stall. She hadn't been able to get out to get her bath until she had eaten it all – like an animal. She wanted to kill Phillip. Phillip and Vicious Vivian both! She really hoped that Sissy Phillip "enjoyed" those huge breasts she had given him today. Let him feel what it's like to have breasts that big for a while! Besides, she hoped they would humiliate the heck out of him.

She had some ideas bouncing around in her head for things to buy for him to dress him up with in the future. She just needed to get to the stores to try to find some of them. If he thought he looked ridiculous now, wait until she had a chance to go shopping! But the jerk absolutely deserved every bit of humiliation she could dish out to him. He deserved it…and a whole lot more!

She had slapped him hard that morning. Yelled at him too. But it had done no good at all. All it had earned her was to get sent right back into her stall again. Vicious Vivian's mind warping had become all too strong in him. Which brought up another troubling thought. How much longer could she hold out? She was amazed that she was still capable of thinking of herself as being a person and not a cow…at least in most respects. But with Vivian continually telling her that she was nothing but a stupid smelly cow – under hypnosis – that concept seemed to be taking firmer and firmer hold over her too. She continually found herself slipping and viewing herself as the stupid animal that Vivian continually told her she was. How much longer could she stay human? How much longer could she stay herself?

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As usual, Phillip delayed as long as he dared before heading out to get lunch for himself and Marian, hoping that most people would be gone so it would be fewer people who would see him. He absolutely hated having to go out anywhere, especially lately. Every day his life got worse and worse – more and more humiliating. As quickly as his high heeled feet would take him, he went down the elevators and out to his car. He had no intention of getting out of the car again for any reason at all until he got back to the office again. He missed the "old days" when he could go out and enjoy lunch with the other guys in the company. That little bit of pleasure would never happen again. Never!

Same old fast food. Same old drive–thru. Same meals ordered. And the same girls working inside coming to look through the window to check him out. Didn't they have any idea how humiliated he was? Most likely, because he kept showing up that way, they figured he wanted them to check him out. How wrong they were! And right. But he didn't want to think about that.

As quickly as he could, he hurried back to the office and back upstairs to eat…but not to get changed yet. He didn't even bother asking Marian if she would change him. He already knew he hadn't wet himself enough yet for her to help him with that problem. He had every intention of spending the rest of the afternoon sitting in his seat and not getting up again. He was worried enough as it was that the bulk of his diapers might be showing underneath the pants he was wearing.

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By midafternoon, Marian's breasts were aching. When she was sure nobody was looking, she rubbed them a bit, but only for a brief moment. She didn't want anyone to see her doing something like that. Those darn pills Vivian kept forcing on her were making her produce more and more milk every day. And while she wasn't totally sure, she was fairly certain that being kept on that damn milking machine for so long each time was compounding the problem and making her produce even more since it drained her so thoroughly each time. And the result was that now it was only the middle of the afternoon, and her breasts were again heavy and aching – and she was already looking forward to being milked – and not looking forward to it. But with each passing few minutes, her heavy aching breasts had her looking forward to it more.

Shortly before quitting time, Marian had to get up and head out to the elevators for another mooing session. The elevators were starting to feel like a second home – a safer home. After the elevators, she again headed to the ladies room to relieve herself. But this time her breasts were aching enough that instead of her hands finding the place they usually went to, where they really shouldn't ever be, she found herself rubbing and pushing against her heavy aching breasts again while she was in the privacy of the stall. They felt heavy, and aching, and her nipples were now feeling irritated.

Annoyed at the feeling, she adjusted her clothes, and in the process, looked down inside her open jacket towards her breasts. She nearly fainted. There were small wet spots on her blouse right over where her nipples were. She had to be leaking inside her bra and that leaking was now transferring to her blouse. It was only her jacket that was keeping anyone from noticing.

With no way to do anything about the problem, she left the stall, glancing at the sinks. She really wanted to wash her hands, but she couldn't do that anymore. She was glad that for once her hands had stayed away from that certain area of her body – even though they had been there earlier. She had no doubt that if someone ever got too close to her, they would smell something – off. Hopefully, they'd never know exactly what. Holding her jacket closed, she headed back to the office.

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When quitting time came, as they always did, Marian and Phillip headed downstairs with everyone else. Then as always, they turned around and came back up again. Only this time, Marian told Phillip not to bother with doing any more work. She waited only five minutes. Five minutes that she was hoping would be enough time for Vivian to be long gone. Then she turned out the lights and they went back down to the car.

"Why the hurry?" Phillip asked, not at all happy about being paraded in front of way too many people who were still around while he was dressed so foolishly.

"I've got to get out of here!" Marian told him, half panicked.

"Why the rush today?"

"Because I'm leaking!"

"What do you mean you're leaking? How can you leak? You're not wearing diapers like I am. I'm the one with that problem."

"Not like that!" she told him as they passed outside through the door. "My breasts are leaking."

"Your breasts? How can they leak?"

"Because they're getting too full! And now they're leaking!"

"I didn't know that was possible."

"Well now you do!"

As soon as they got to her car, she unlocked it and they both got in. The sight of the darn cowbell in Phillip's hands both annoyed and scared her. She opened her jacket a little to see her blouse. The wet spots had grown. "See," she told him. "Leaking!"

Phillip didn't know if he should laugh or feel sorry for her. "So what are you supposed to do about it?"

"Women who are nursing have to use special bras sometimes. And often they have to buy special inserts to protect everything when they leak. This bra doesn't give at all and as my breasts get bigger with milk during the day, the pressure builds up, and now they're leaking."

She was hoping that the little hint she had just dropped would be enough for him to realize that maybe he should get her some better bras and the breast pads, but she had no doubt

that it didn't faze him at all. Especially since a moment later he reached over and buckled the damn cowbell around her neck again. She nearly broke down in tears.

As soon as they got home, and because of how full her breasts were, Marian asked him to milk her early. But Phillip wouldn't hear of it – according to Mistress Vivian, she had to be milked at six in the morning and six at night. Instead, he had her finally change his now very bloated diaper for him. The process took longer than usual because she had to pull his pants down for him and then redress him fully again when she was done, but the fresh diaper was a total relief as far as he was concerned.

When she was done with his diaper, Marian asked again about being milked early, but all it earned her was to be ordered to her stall instead. And once the order was given, she found herself naked except for her shoes and her bell, and crawling into her makeshift stall where she couldn't get out until he told her she could. And once again she couldn't walk except on all fours, she couldn't talk other than to moo, and she couldn't use her hands other than to play with herself again – for now, she avoided that little headache. At least for a while.

She just stood there on her hands and knees, hoping he would finally come back and milk her. She couldn't see the clock from where she was, she couldn't see much of anything. It was like most of the world had been removed from her. Was that how a real cow felt when it was confined to a lonely stall? With nothing better to do, she tried to force her mind to think about what humiliating things she could buy for him when she went out shopping after she got milked. And she was looking forward to that more than ever now because her breasts would be empty and wouldn't ache, and despite having her bell clanging with nearly every step she took, at least she would be out of the stall and could live…at least somewhat…like a human again.

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At exactly six o'clock, Phillip and Dolly carried the milking machine into Marian's stall. As he entered the stall, Marian quickly got into place over top of her tub. She had pestered him to milk her early, but Mistress Vivian had said six in the morning, and six in the evening, and he had no choice but to follow that schedule. Besides, he saw no reason at all to do it any sooner. So what if her breasts hurt and were leaking. The way things were going, she had better start getting used to it because he had no doubt that she would be producing more and more milk as time went on. Milk, that he would be forced to drink – from the stupid baby bottles. Ugh!

Besides that, he had another reason for not hurrying to milk her. He had no doubt that she couldn't wait to get out of there to go shopping – to buy him more humiliating things to wear. No, he wasn't going to give her any chance to get out of there early at all!

Once the milking machine was turned on, he watched it for a few minutes. It was pulling the milk out of her as heavily as he had ever seen it. Marian's eyes were closed and once again her hands were busy where he had no doubt she was getting far more pleasure out of this deal than she let on. He shook his head in disgust. As he turned away, he knew he'd have to watch the clock and come back in a few minutes – to empty the machine and then put it back on her again. She was now producing too much milk for the machine to pull at one time.

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Marian could literally feel the pressure being pulled away from her breasts. The moo she let out was for once, one of pleasure. Ahhh! Relief! With her eyes closed, she concentrated on that wonderful feeling and tried to ignore the other feelings she was getting from somewhere further down on her body – where relief didn't come into play anymore. With the pressure draining away, she allowed herself to drain her bladder too, once again soaking her hands that she couldn't get fully out of the way. It was becoming something she barely noticed anymore. Feeling much better already, she allowed herself to turn her mind back towards what she could possibly buy for Sissy Phillip to humiliate him more than he already was.

It seemed like no time though to Marian before Phillip was back again and removing the milking machine. She mooed her surprise, but he ignored her completely. Had it been half an hour already? She had no way of knowing. She dropped to all fours and wandered away from the smelly tub that had been between her legs. Now how long was it going to be before she let him go shopping?

A few minutes later, Phillip was back again – with the milking machine in his hands and empty. "Back where you belong!" he ordered nastily. "We're not done yet."

"Moo!" Marian bellowed. But she moved back over the tub again and her hands automatically went to that bad spot as Phillip again hooked the machine up to her udders…breasts…udders. And once again she realized that more milk was still coming out of her. It was so demeaning!

This time the milking machine seemed to stay on her longer than the first time. She had no idea where Phillip was or what he was doing. She couldn't see him at all. She wondered if there was some way she could at least get a clock of some sort hung on the wall where she could see it. But that wouldn't do her any good right then. "Moo!" she bellowed. But as usual, nobody paid any attention.

Marian had no way to actually know how much time had elapsed, but it wasn't until almost twenty minutes later that Phillip finally came back and removed the milking machine. He winced when he saw that the collection bottles were each half full. She was really starting to produce much more milk, and faster now. And worse, he was going to have to drink it all. Ignoring her, he carried the machine into the kitchen to empty it into more baby bottles.

Once he was done, he grabbed one of her pills from the bottle and poured her a fresh bowl of water. With Dolly tucked carefully under his arm, he carried them out to her.

"Moo!" Marian bellowed, wanting to be released from her stall. But she had no choice but to let him put the pill into her mouth and then dunk her head down to the water to start drinking it.

"I'll be back with something for you to eat in a minute," Phillip muttered.

"Marian wasn't happy at all. Once again Phillip was going out of his way to treat her like an animal. She was more resolved than ever to find him the most humiliating things possible later tonight. She had to – because the jerk absolutely deserved it!

Phillip certainly didn't feel like cooking anything. With little else in the house, he wound up pouring her another bowl of cereal to eat. But the damn cow wouldn't know the difference anyway. Besides, he had gotten her a hamburger and some fries for lunch, so what was the difference. She still got something different to eat then.

With the cereal and more fresh water set in front of her, he grabbed his sketch pad and a pencil and sat on the couch…along with one of the baby bottles full of her milk. While he waited for her to finish eating, he concentrated on trying to come up with a concept for another picture. As far as his own dinner was concerned, he had decided to eat by himself…later…while he was out. He wasn't going to cook something unless it was absolutely necessary and he preferred fast food. He would go through another drive–thru and order something and then sit in the car and eat it. He would only leave the car when he absolutely had to – which was still going to mean several hours wandering around being totally humiliated – in public! He wasn't looking forward to it.

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"Moo!" Marian bellowed. Then she mooed again, trying to get Sissy Phillip's attention. She could hear him on the other side of the couch, but he didn't seem to be paying any attention to her again. "Moooo!" she bellowed again.

"Shut up!" Phillip yelled. "I'm busy!"

"Moooo!" Marian bellowed again angrily. But as usual, it did her no good.

Phillip finally closed his drawing pad. He needed to go shopping and there would be no putting it off. And worse, he couldn't go unless the damn cow decided he looked okay. "Get out of there now," he yelled without bothering to get up from the couch.

Marian couldn't believe it. As fast as she could, she crawled out of her stall and got to her feet. Whew! Standing up was actually a big relief. "Why did you keep me there so long?" she angrily yelled at him.

Phillip stood up and glared back at her. "You want to go straight back to your stall for the rest of the night?"

Marian was shocked that he would even consider threatening her like that. "You can't!" she said. "Vivian says we have to go shopping! And if we don't hurry, we won't be able to."

"You think I care?" Phillip replied.

Marian looked at him. The jerk was just mean enough to actually send her back to her stall anyway. "What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to know if I look okay to go shopping now?" he asked her.

She was more than a bit angry at him. If she could have thought of anything more humiliating to do to him just then she would have. "Yeah," she said. "Just do your lips again, and you'll be fine."

"Thanks," he replied as he headed for the kitchen where his purse was.

"What do you want me to wear?" she asked. "What I had on earlier?"

"No," he replied. "I don't want you wearing anything but that bell around your neck…and those heels of course," he added.

"But I'll get arrested!" Marian complained. "And you know Vivian specifically told us that we can't do anything to get anyone arrested!" When she got no answer from him, she followed him into the kitchen. She stood there and watched as he fixed his lipstick. "What do you really want me to wear?" she asked.

"Nothing," he told her as he put the lipstick away in his purse. He turned to her. "Back in your stall. Right now!" he ordered.

For Marian, it was like something had just ripped her legs out from under her as she found herself suddenly down on her hands and knees crawling toward her stall on the other side of the wall. Once inside, she turned around and mooed. She saw Phillip come out of the kitchen and look down at her.

"You don't need to wear anything because you're not going out," he told her. "As long as you stay right here, you can't buy anything else to humiliate me." With that said, he and

Dolly turned and walked straight out of the apartment – to the tune of Marian's continuous protesting moos.

Marian couldn't believe that he would do that to her. She had to go shopping! Vivian had commanded it and Phillip knew that. Her head was suddenly hit with a blinding pain right at the very back. Fortunately, the pain slacked off after a few minutes, but it refused to go away. It wasn't her fault she couldn't leave her stall!

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For Phillip, his dinner was peaceful and quiet, even though his stomach still churned with humiliation and worry over someone seeing him. He had parked his car at the very back corner of the fast food restaurant where no other cars were anywhere near. At least he had a good chance of being alone…and there wouldn't be any mooing or bell clanging that he would have to listen to. For a while, he wished he could just stay there all night. But he couldn't. Mistress Vivian had decreed that he had to go out and be in public – for at least two hours. Ugh!

When his dinner was finished, he could no longer delay heading out to go shopping. But where should he start? Where do you buy women's clothes – that would humiliate a woman? And what kind of clothes would humiliate a woman? He supposed there had to be some things, but what? And worse, as decreed by Mistress Vivian, Marian had to look somewhat normal for work. There was no way at all that he could buy anything to humiliate her. Except when she went out shopping herself. And he intended to keep that to a strict minimum…or not at all if he could help it. She couldn't hurt him if she was stuck in her stall all the time. And she might as well just stay there. She deserved it anyway. The stupid cow!

With no special options in mind, and knowing he had no other choice but to go somewhere in public and put himself fully on display for the delight of everyone else, he wound up driving to one of the big department stores. At least it wasn't a weekend, and even though he saw more cars in the parking lot than he was happy about, he felt lucky that it wasn't worse. Of course, one car in the parking lot would have been more than enough.

He didn't want to get out of his car. He didn't want to go into the store, but there was a sudden sharp pain in his back from just thinking about not going in, and the longer he stayed in his car the worse the pain got. It literally drove him out of his car and toward the big brightly lit store. He really hated his life just then. Of course, lately, he simply hated his life – period!

The pain didn't fully let up until he had gone through the doors and he was inside the store. With the pain now gone, he hugged Dolly to his chest as he nervously looked around. As he should have expected, he was in the men's department. He had parked where he always used to park before his recent problems, and he had come in through the same door.

Despite the fact that he'd rather stay in the men's department – no matter how he was dressed, he knew that he'd never find anything for Marian there. He moved on and soon found himself in the home goods department instead where he killed some time by slowly looking around. The department wouldn't help him at all with finding something for Marian, but it did help him kill some time. Beyond the home goods was the children's department. Still no help as far as Marian was concerned, but again, it was a way to waste time. However, while he looked at everything carefully, particularly in the girls department, he found himself far more interested in what he was looking at than in the previous sections of the store. But even in his present state, he dared not make it look like he was as interested in most of it as he really was.

Doing his best to ignore all the strange looks he got from people, he continued slowly moving through every department. So what if everyone thought he was trying to find things to buy for himself. Although, to be honest, he did keep half an eye for things that caught his fancy, particularly in the women's department. But he'd never buy anything for himself. Not this time. Not ever – if he could help it.

More than a few amused saleswomen asked if they could help him find something. He was tempted a few times to ask them what he could buy to humiliate another woman, but he didn't bother. He simply told them all that he was just looking and left it at that. Fortunately, they all left him alone…sort of. They all did keep watching him all too closely, just like everyone else in the store seemed to be watching. His new life! Ugh! Trying to ignore them all, he slowly pressed on. There was no use going fast. Mistress Vivian had specified not less than two hours in public – every other day. Was there a clown convention anywhere in town where he could hide out?

He had been in the store for quite a while looking at way too many things that he knew would be useless. Eventually though, he found himself wandering through a large section of the store where he spotted something he couldn't help but look at more closely. It might not be perfect, but it would still be very good. And there was no way he could pass up buying it. He had no doubt at all that Marian would really like it. Well, no doubt she wouldn't like it at all. But that was the whole point!

Feeling better that he at least had bought something, he and Dolly carried their prize back out to the car. He didn't know what time it was, but he saw he still needed to spend a little more time in public. But he didn't really want to go back into that store again. He had already been through it too many times and the salespeople were all giving him looks like they might call the police. He headed towards home instead, hoping he could spot someplace he could go in and hang out for a while – where there wouldn't be too many people.

But not far from the department store, he found the perfect place. He parked the car and carried Dolly inside. He wasn't alone in the huge store, not by a long shot, but there weren't

all that many customers. And in one of the areas of the store, he found something he absolutely had to buy.

By the time he actually bought it and got it into his car, his public time was more than used up and he happily headed home. No, he didn't really find much for Marian to wear that would humiliate her. But he still considered his trip to be successful.

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Marian mooed her distress the moment she heard the door opening. And a moment later, she saw Phillip glance at her as he and Dolly walked past. And then he was gone, heading toward his bedroom. She mooed again. She had seen him carrying a bag. What had he found? She wasn't sure she really wanted to know. Whatever it was, would be trouble for her.

And then he was back again, walking past her again, ignoring her again, and going out the door – again. He was gone a little while. Longer than she expected. And then she heard strange noises coming from the area of the door that she couldn't figure what they were. It almost sounded like he was struggling with something. With what? What was going on? From her stall, she couldn't tell anything. And then she heard the door closing. She couldn't make out for a moment what the next sound she was hearing was, until she realized he was dragging something heavy. She watched carefully, trying to see the first sign of what was going on. And when she did see, she was sorry she was seeing what was now in front of her.

Phillip dragged the heavy bale of hay from the hallway by the door, into the living room, and straight into Marian's stall. Whew! He ignored the angry mooing from the cow and picked Dolly up from the top of the hay. Then he left her again. He needed a drink – even if it had to be another bottle of her stupid milk. He grabbed a bottle for himself from the refrigerator, and took a quick drink… which from a baby bottle took more than the small amount of time it should have taken. After that, he poured a glass of water for her before dumping it into her bowl. "Drink!" he ordered, and watched as her head immediately bent down into the bowl. Stupid cow!

He was beat! And dragging that hay bale up the steps and into the apartment while wearing heels had been particularly difficult – particularly on his feet! And having his arms further burdened with Dolly hadn't helped matters either. He went back to the kitchen where he found a sharp knife and brought that back to her stall. He saw her looking fearfully at the knife. He held the blade toward her. "You know what I'd really like to do with this, don't you?"

Marian mooed in fear and moved as far back from him as she could. She wasn't sure if Phillip meant to use the knife on her or not, but just being threatened with it like that had her very much afraid. But she watched as he moved to the bale of hay and cut the cords that had it bound together. She mooed her hatred as he started ripping the bale apart and spreading the

hay over most of her stall. And then he started throwing some of it at her. “Moo!” she bellowed.

“Shut up, you stupid cow!” Phillip replied. “It’s just hay. I have no doubt you’ll probably love it!”

“Mooo!” Marian mooed again.

Phillip ignored her and went back to distributing the hay. The bulk of it though, he piled into the very back.

“There!” he said as he looked around. “Now you should be plenty comfortable. You can even eat it for all I care.”

“Moooo!” Marian replied angrily. She didn’t want the hay at all. All he was doing was treating her more and more like a stupid animal – and she wasn’t!

Phillip walked out of her stall and turned around. “Okay,” he said, “get out of there now.”

Marian couldn’t believe it. But as fast as she could, she got out of the stall and got to her feet. “You stupid ass!” she screamed at him. “Stop treating me like an animal!”

“Shut up!” he told her. “You know I have no choice in what I do.”

“You don’t have to do it nearly to the point you are. And worse, I need to go shopping. I’ve got a pain in my head that’s killing me now because I haven’t gone yet.”

“Tough!” Phillip replied. He walked into the kitchen and poured her a glass of water. Then he handed her one of her pills she had to take so often. “Drink it all!” he ordered.

Like it or not, Marian had to swallow the pill and drink the entire glass of water, while Phillip left her alone in the kitchen. The pain in her head was really just a mild headache. She knew it was from not being able to go shopping like Vivian had commanded. She figured the pain wasn’t worse because she was very willing to go shopping, but it was Phillip that was preventing her. Once the water was done, she set the glass on the counter and went to look for him. She found him sitting on his bed with Dolly in his lap drinking from one of the baby bottles. He was really quite a sight, especially dressed the way he was. “I’ve got a headache now because you wouldn’t let me go shopping.”

He looked at her. “I don’t really give a damn,” he replied. “I’ve got my own problems.”

“Like what?” she asked.

“Like the way I’m dressed. “By the way, can I take anything off to go to bed tonight?”

She looked at him for a few moments without answering. “Are you going to stop treating me like an animal?”

“How can I? Mistress Vivian said you had to stay in your stall. She said you even had to sleep there from now on.”

“But you don’t have to go out of your way to keep me there so much. You’re being way too cruel – when you have no reason to be.”

“I have plenty of reason for it!” Phillip shot back. “All this is your fault in the first place! It’s your fault! I was happy. I had a girlfriend. I had my apartment to myself. I had a life, damn it! Now I’ve got nothing but misery and humiliation.”

“And do you think I’ve got it any better? I even lost my home! We’re both in trouble here Phillip! And not only that, if you don’t give me a chance to get that next DVD built, we may be stuck like this forever. I’m trying to get Vivian off our backs, but I can’t do that unless I get time to make that new DVD.”

Phillip only looked at her for a few moments. “Like it’s really going to help,” he muttered. “I don’t think anything can help us now.”

“Those videos are already working on her,” Marian told him. “I’ve seen the proof!”

“Sure you have,” Phillip replied, “but the result is that we’re now worse off than before. Much worse!”

“That’s because I didn’t realize what she was doing before I made that last video. But now I know and I just need a chance to fix it!”

“How could you not know what she’s doing? She’s hypnotizing us and making us miserable. Especially me!”

“Me too!” Marian returned. “But I didn’t realize the way she was going about it. She’s got a method and a schedule that she’s sticking to that’s making things impossible for both of us.” She shook her head. “I’m going to start working on that DVD now while I’ve got the chance.”

“Let me get undressed first, and get this damn diaper off me!”

“Why should I?” Marian replied.

He glared at her. “Because otherwise I’m going to send you straight back to your stall. If I have to be miserable, then I’m going to make sure that you’re even more miserable!”

She felt like hitting him again. But instead she said, “Get undressed and hurry up. I’ll get that diaper off you as soon as you’ve got everything else off.

While he was getting undressed, she went to his desk and started setting up her laptop.

“I need this diaper off now,” Phillip said as he came out to her.

She reached over and simply pulled open one of the tapes, which loosened the diaper enough that it slid down his leg to the floor. “There,” she said. “Now let me work in peace for a while.”

“You’ve got an hour,” he replied. “I’ve got something I need to do alone for a while anyway.”

Marian had an idea as to what that might be, but she said nothing. She sat down in front of the computer and started working while he headed off to the bedroom. Being stuck in her stall with nothing to do for so long had given her plenty of time to think about what she needed to do. But the problem was, there were too many things she needed to put into this video now. Things that meant she would have to remove some of the other content. But she didn’t feel like she had much choice. The way Vivian was continuing to get worse, this video might be her last chance.

Since she knew that Phillip was going to be busy for a while, silently busy, she set things up and got ready. She mooed to clear that out of her system, then started recording her messages, her voice carefully controlled by many years of experience. One by one, she started saving her thoughts to spoken words that would never be consciously heard by anyone.

It took her a long time to get her voice recordings done. When she was finally ready, she pulled up the program on her computer that she had named, “Truth Hurts.” Now all she had to do was to figure out what parts of the background audio to pull out and where she could plug the new recordings in. That part took even longer than the just recording her voice because there was much to consider and she needed to make sure that all of the new recording got repeated an ample number of times. She was still at it when Phillip’s door opened and he walked out.

Phillip glared at Marian, who had barely turned her head before going back to work at her computer. After spending an entire hour with several disgusting fake male organs in his mouth, he wasn’t exactly in a good mood. Just then he hated Marian more than ever since she was to blame for everything he had to put up with now. “Back to your stall, you stupid cow!” he suddenly yelled. “Get there now, and stay there!”

Marian was shocked. She was in the middle of something important when she suddenly found herself down on all fours again and crawling toward her stall – where she didn't want to be. And then she was in it…and stuck there. She turned around to peer out, but she couldn't see him until he walked past…ignoring her as he went into the kitchen. "Moo!" she bellowed to get his attention. But she could already tell that he wasn't going to give her any kind of explanation.

She had no doubt that she was now stuck in her stall until tomorrow after she got milked. She wasn't able to leave the small confined area. She had no blankets to cover her naked body, she had no way to do anything but stay there and moo once in a while – like the cow that both Vivian and Phillip seemed to be trying to make her.

No way out. Now way to do anything normal – until she could get herself out of the mess she was in. And she couldn't even begin to do that until she got a chance to finish that DVD she was working on – and she needed a few more hours to complete that. And time was quickly running out!

There was one other thing she realized she didn't have. A way to get back at Sissy Phillip for treating her like nothing but an animal again and sending her back to her stall when he didn't need to. She had no way to humiliate him any further at all. Yet. But her angry mind kept that thought as she tried to lay down on the hay – which wasn't really very comfortable at all!

Chapter 26.

The pile of hay she was sleeping on really was better than the hard cold floor, although the constant pain in her head barely let her realize that…or appreciate it. Her sleep had come in a few blessed spurts here and there, brief surceases from the constant headache…and even more so from the constant worries and thoughts. The DVD she so desperately needed to get herself out of this mess still wasn't finished yet, and the way things were going, she wasn't sure if Phillip was ever going to give her the chance to finish it.

"Get up, you damn cow!" Phillip's voice cut through the fog in her brain.

She mooed, both in distress and in coming fully awake. Still tired and foggy, she crawled over her stinking tub of pee and got herself into position to have the pressure removed from her udders…breasts! "Moo!" The relief of the pressure being drained away was a physical one. One less thing that had her feeling so bad. Her eyes closed again as the machine pulled the milk from her, and her fingers played uselessly further down below.

She hadn't been allowed to go shopping last night – the reason for the headache she still had. She hadn't been able to buy any of the things she had in mind to further humiliate Sissy Phillip. She had nothing new to do with him today at all. But then, everything she was already doing to him was more than bad enough. In some ways, he did have it worse than she did. But the truth was, that when everything was added together, their problems were fairly equal. She supposed it all depended on the point of view. She saw her problems as worse, and obviously, he didn't think she had any problems at all. The stupid jerk!

Before she knew it, he was back again, removing the machine from her neck.

"You might as well stay there," he told her. "I'm just going to empty it, then I'll be right back."

She moved anyway to relieve the stress on her thighs from straddling the tub. The individual strands of the new hay that he had spread all over her stall hurt her knees to crawl on. She moved back over to the deeper pile at the back where it was softer. As soon as she saw him coming back again, she got herself once again over her tub of pee and her hands once again went where they shouldn't. "Moo!" The sentiment was totally how she felt. But he didn't come into her stall again with the machine.

"Get out of there for a minute and get this diaper off me," he ordered.

"Moo," she said again as she dropped to all fours and worked her way off of the tub and out of the stall.

"Don't bother getting up," he told her. "Just get this stupid thing off me and get back into position. You're not nearly done being milked yet."

She stayed down on the floor, but she looked up at him with hatred in her eyes. "I hate you more than you can ever imagine!" she told him. "You've got to be the cruelest person I've…"

"Shut up and get this diaper off me!" he ordered.

She reached up and ripped one of the tapes open. "There you stupid jerk! You deserve every bit of what Vivian is making you do. Every bit!"

"And you deserve to be nothing but the stupid cow that you are!" he returned angrily. "Now get back in your stall!"

She crawled back in where she could do nothing but be the cow that Vivian, and now Phillip, were trying to make her. And a minute later, her eyes were again closed as the milk continued to be drained out of her still bloated udders…breasts! Oh the things she'd like to do to the jerk. And shooting him with a gun was moving up higher and higher on her list. Right after she shot and killed Vicious Vivian!

As she expected, Phillip brought her another bowl of cereal and a bowl of water after her milking. And he shoved another of the blasted pills into her mouth…the pills that were causing all the bloating to her udders. The only time she got to eat like a human anymore was for lunch, and she had no doubt that if Sissy Phillip had his way, she'd be eating like an animal then too. And Vicious Vivian would probably love that even more!

It wasn't until she was done eating that he allowed her out of her stall. She crawled out quickly and got to her feet. Breathing a somewhat sigh of relief at being able to stand up. "I'm going to kill you one of these days," she said threateningly to him. "I would have never believed what a cruel bastard you could be. But I see it now. And one of these days, I'm going to kill you."

"Do it soon," Phillip told her in an unexpected uncaring voice as he turned his back on her and headed for the bedroom. "Preferably before Saturday night!" He turned in the doorway of his bedroom. "Now what the heck am I supposed to wear in the meantime?"

She shook her head, which aggravated the pain still in the back of it. She had half a mind to let him stay naked, but they did still need to get to work, although for the life of her she couldn't see why she should bother going anymore. She was only going to get fired eventually anyway. But she followed him into his bedroom and went to his dresser. She pulled out another of her bras, not his. From his closet she found a pair of stretchy flowered Capri pants and a frilly top. Both items got thrown on the foot of the bed.

Phillip picked up the Capri pants and started to put them on.

“Not yet!” she told him. “Damn! You don’t even have your diapers on yet. You know Vivian won’t let you go without them.”

“How am I supposed to know anymore?” he replied. “I’m just putting on what you’ve got out for me.”

She shook her head. She knew the feeling all too well. It was a feeling of total stupidity and helplessness, not being able to pick out anything you were supposed to wear…and then not being able to remove it again without permission. Total helplessness. And Phillip had no idea how much worse it was not being able to decide what she could eat or drink as well. Or even when she could eat or drink. She was totally at his mercy as far as that went.

She walked over to his packages of disposable diapers and pulled one out. She stared at it in her hand for a moment. The pain in the back of her head almost kept her from thinking clearly, but the thoughts reached through anyway. She turned back to him with a wicked smile on her face. “Maybe I should let you go without these things today. Since you can’t go anywhere but in your pants now, I have a feeling that maybe that would be really humiliating for you. Don’t you think? I wonder what all the ladies in the office will say every time you wet yourself and your pants get wetter and wetter.”

The look of horror on Phillip’s face was everything Marian could hope to see. “You wouldn’t!” he exclaimed.

“I damn well should,” she replied as she stood up with the diaper in her hand. “But I have no doubt that nobody would appreciate the smell all day and the company would probably charge at least one of us for ruining your office chair. Now lay down on the bed. I’ll put this thing on you myself today.”

“Why?” he asked. “I just need to know what I can wear. I can dress myself.”

“I said lay down, or you will be going without…and the office furniture be damned!”

Angrily, he laid on the bed with Dolly clasped to his chest.

She had diapered him many times now. So it was a task that took only a minute. “Stay there just like that!” she ordered. For once, feeling a slight bit of power over him. She went back to his stash of diapers and grabbed a second one.

“What are you doing?” he asked as he saw her coming back with yet another diaper.

“Diapering you,” she replied. “Now raise those hips.”

"But you already did that!"

"And now I'm doing it again. Raise those hips…unless you can somehow manage to not wear what I want you to wear."

But the moment Marian asked the question, Phillip's mind seemed to go totally blank on the subject and he raised his hips. A few seconds later, a second of the thick diapers was pinned over top of the first.

"Hmmm!" Marian mused to herself. "Stay there," she said again as she again went back and grabbed another diaper. Two minutes later, Phillip's loins were huge as he had three layers of the thick diapers taped onto him. "Stand up," she told him, "and let's finish getting you dressed."

Phillip got up uncertainly from the bed. His legs were forced wide apart. He couldn't even bring his legs anywhere near each other. He was still trying to contemplate the horror of the overly bulky diapers when she grabbed his arm and slipped the bra strap over it. A moment later, the large size bra was fastened behind him…and she was starting to stuff the cups of the bra again as she had done the day before, using every bit of the pile of junk she had put into it yesterday. Before he knew it, both his bottom and his top were overly stuffed.

"Put those pants on now," she ordered.

Phillip set Dolly on the bed and grabbed the flowered Capri pants and pulled them up his legs. But when he got to the bulk of his diapers, he had a lot of trouble. "They don't fit now," he complained.

"Keep trying!" Marian ordered. "Those pants are stretchy, they'll go over those diapers…eventually. Just keep pulling." In the end, before he managed to get them all the way up, she walked over behind him and grabbed the pants from behind and tugged them up hard, lifting them as high as they would go – which wasn't very high up. The bulk of diapers between his legs didn't let them go nearly as high as they should and consequently a large part of his diapers were on display. As far as she was concerned, that was just fine. In fact, maybe it was even preferable. She pulled the frilly top over his head next, pulling it down over the huge breasts she had created for him. It was a slightly long top so it almost went down far enough to cover the white expanse of diapers at his waist, but the huge breasts kept it from going down that far. All the better as far as Marian was concerned.

She handed him his red heels again. "Put them on," she told him. "I'm going to relax in the tub for a while." She left him then to his own miseries. She had enough miseries of her own – that she intended on trying to soak away in a good hot bath. And if they were late for work today? She didn't care in the least.

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The long soak in the hot tub did her little good. But at least she felt cleaner – if not more refreshed. Her head still ached and she was still overly tired from not sleeping much. While she was in the bathroom she quickly did her hair and makeup, not bothering to spend much time on either task. Unlike the previous few days, Phillip didn't show up at all. She would have to take care of his hair and makeup after she got dressed – providing he was going to let her get dressed and not send her back to her stall again.

She left the bathroom and headed for the bedroom. Phillip wasn't there, but she saw some of her clothes laid out for her at the foot of the bed.

"Are you ready to get dressed?" Phillip asked as he and Dolly waddled out of the kitchen. He was having a difficult time just walking in the bulk of diapers she had put on him. And he already knew that anyone who looked at him would have no trouble realizing what he was wearing under the stretchy flowered pants he had on. They would have even less trouble realizing it since all too much of the diapers could clearly be seen between his pants and his top.

Marian almost started laughing as she saw him trying to walk with the bulk between his legs and around that entire area of his body. Not even counting being able to see the band of white between the top of his pants and the bottom of the top he was wearing, she could tell he was heavily diapered. "Yeah," she replied to his question. "You want me to wear what's on the bed?"

"Of course!" he replied. "But not yet."

"Not yet?" she suddenly braced herself to be sent naked back to her stall again. But the way she was feeling just then, if she didn't show up for work, maybe she could at least get a little more sleep.

"Not yet," Phillip replied as he and Dolly finally finished crossing the living room. "Lay down on the bed instead."

"Lay on the bed?"

"Didn't you just hear me, you stupid cow?" He shook his head. "Mistress Vivian is right about how dumb you really are. "Lay…on…the bed! Now!"

Fearfully, Marian laid down. And then she saw why he wanted her to lay down as seemingly out of nowhere, one of his diapers suddenly appeared in his hands.

"You want me to wear…"

"Shut up!" Phillip commanded. "You want to play games with my diapers? Well I can play those same games with you. Now lay still!" He wasn't quite as fast at diapering her as she had managed to diaper him, but the results were the same. Within minutes, he had the thick diaper firmly taped around her.

"As of now, I'm revoking your bathroom privileges for the day. Since these diapers are meant to be used instead of the bathroom, you no longer need to worry about removing them for any reason!"

She was horrified. "But Phillip…with the amount I have to drink all day, I'll flood them. And you know how Vivian wants me to stay looking normal."

"Somewhat normal!" he corrected her. "Somewhat! And I guess I get to decide what somewhat means for you."

Marian saw all her efforts to get herself out from Vivian's clutches, and still maintain at least some chance of keeping her job, going out the window. "I'll be fired before I even have a chance to stop Vivian," she exclaimed. "If I leak then everyone will know and ask questions. Too many questions!"

Phillip looked at her for a moment. "You're right," he agreed. "Stay there," he said as he grabbed Dolly and headed for the kitchen.

Marian could only hope that he would remove the diaper. It wasn't that she didn't want to wear it, she didn't really even have a thought about that. But all she could see was her job and all her efforts to stop Vivian being washed away. But when Phillip came back, she was shocked to see that he had a sharp knife in his hands again – like he had the night before. She suddenly grew afraid again. "Don't hurt me," she pleaded as her hands came up to protect herself.

"Shut up, you stupid cow! I'm not going to hurt you," Phillip told her. "Now lay still…or I will hurt you!"

It was all Marian could do to lay still while she tried to watch the knife in his hands carefully – especially when he brought it closer and closer to her. And then with an angry sneer, he quickly brought it down at her and in a big slicing motion…and Marian screamed.

"I said shut up!" Phillip yelled. "Now lay still or I'm going to hurt you whether I want to or not!"

It was all Marian could do to realize she wasn't hurt or bleeding. She realized he had brought the knife down across the front of her diaper, cutting a long slice in the plastic covering. And then he did it again, and again, and again. And then he added two more slices in the crotch.

"Roll over!" he commanded. He pushed against her to get her moving.

Marian soon felt him cutting the covering on her diaper behind her too. Three long quick slices. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Shut up!" Phillip ordered. "You're worried about leaking? Now you don't have to worry about it."

"So you're making sure I do leak now? All over?"

"Something like that," Phillip replied with a nasty grin. "Now roll over on your back again."

Fearfully, Marian rolled over again. She immediately tried to see the knife he had been holding, but she quickly saw that he didn't have the knife in his hands anymore. Only Dolly. She watched as he went to the bags of diapers again and he pulled another one out. Horrified, she watched as he diapered her with the second one over top of the one he had just slit all over."

"There," Phillip said. That ought to hold you for the rest of the day – easily. Now you don't have to worry about it anymore. Whatever leaks out of the first one will get absorbed by the second one. Now get up and finish getting dressed. The rest of your clothes are already laid out for you."

Hesitantly, Marian stood. The thickness of the two diapers was awful…and she had put three on him! She wouldn't be able to use the bathroom all day! She would have no choice but to use the diapers he had put on her. And she had no doubt that by the way he had arranged them that she really wouldn't have to worry about leaking all day. But her big question now was how badly would they show under the skirt he had laid out for her?

She grabbed the bra he had set out for her first. Not one of her bigger bra's – unfortunately. She had a feeling he didn't really have a clue as to which ones were which in her drawer. But at least her udders were a bit smaller now after being milked. Breasts! Not udders!

The top, like everything else, was one she had worn many times. While it showed far more cleavage than she was happy about, it was still fairly nice. And then the skirt. The mini skirt. The only kind of skirt she was allowed to wear anymore. She missed being able to wear slacks more than ever now. But it went over the diapers he had put her in a lot easier than the stretch pants she had pulled out of the closet for him. Although as she ran her hands around her backside and hips, there was no doubt that it was a lot tighter there than it should be.

How bad did it look? She dared not even contemplate that – and it wasn't anything she could do about anyway.

The red strappy heels were soon added and then another of the jackets she always wore over top of her blouse. The jacket was the one thing that really pulled her outfits together and made her look presentable – despite the bold nature of all her other clothes. She was ready. But she still had to finish with him.

She did a quick but overly noticeable makeup job on him and purposely chose the biggest bow for his hair that he had. He looked – totally ridiculous. Far worse than ever. He was huge on top with that over–stuffed bra, and huge on the bottom from the crazy bulk of all the diapers, and now the makeup that couldn't be missed along with the big bow in his hair. The picture of ridiculous! Totally ridiculous. "Okay," she said to him. "You look fine to go to work now. I guess I'm fine too?" she asked.

"Nope!" he replied.

She was shocked. "No? Why not?"

"Just one thing," he said as he carried Dolly off to the bedroom closet. She followed him. When he turned around, he had the bag she had seen him carry in from the stores last night. And from it he pulled…a purse…sort of. But what actually shocked her more than anything else, was that it looked more like a stuffed animal than anything else – a stuffed – cow!

The black and white cow purse she realized, was actually a child's purse, although it would most likely be big enough for her to use. It had two handles on top to hold it and a zipper between the handles so she could get into it. The outside of the entire thing was covered in black and white tufts of material matching the cow pattern that was the basic material. "You want me to use that?" she asked.

"Stupid cow!" he muttered. "Of course I do. Now get your things of your old purse and stick them in there. And hurry up about it!"

She shook her head. "But that's not something I have to wear," she said happily. "So I don't need to use it."

Phillip glared at her angrily. "I always thought that women considered a purse as part of their outfits."

"I guess sometimes that can be true, but not mostly," Marian replied.

"Damn you!" Phillip muttered.

"Curse all you want," Marian told him, "but I feel no need at all to carry that purse since it's not something I need to wear. Now am I good enough to go to work or not? Because let me tell you, the way I feel today with this headache and no sleep, I'd just as soon stay right here!"

"Stupid cow!" he replied angrily. "Yeah, let's go to work."

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They were early, but not by much. The stares that Phillip got as he walked into work were almost enough to make him turn around and go home. Unfortunately, Marian had driven that day and she wasn't letting him back into the car. He had no choice but to go into the building and ride up the elevator – with two other people he didn't even know. Humiliating! Once off the elevator, he waddled as fast as he could for the office. He sat down at his desk without bothering to even turn on the light. And once he was there, he had no intention of getting up again for any reason at all! Hopefully.

Marian was amused at Phillip's reaction and the way he tried to hurry to the office. She couldn't blame him, but she was still very amused by it all. But as far as she was concerned, the humiliation served him right – especially after going out of his way to treat her like nothing but an animal. And since he didn't let her go shopping last night, her head still hurt! She had barely turned on the office light and sat down before Ashley and Courtney arrived. It was the latest she had gotten to work in a long time.

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"Good morning ladies!" Vivian crooned as she sashayed into the office two minutes late again. Seeing all the heads turning to look at her…and especially the looks of envy on all their faces made arriving late much more worthwhile. She decided that from now on she would always be fashionably late, just so they all could see and enjoy her marvelous outfits more. She twirled slowly so they all could see her yellow splendor better as she made her way to her desk.

A big silly looking banana! That's how Beverly saw Vivian as she waltzed happily into the room. How could the woman possibly think she looked good? Every bit of everything she was wearing was totally yellow! She looked – ridiculous. And worse, Vivian seemed to be totally happy with her appearance. The woman had lost it for sure!

Beverly didn't know it, but every other woman in the room thought exactly the same thing – especially Marian, who was nothing but totally delighted to see the expanding yellow theme of Vivian's wardrobe. She could only hope that some of the other little suggestions she had been putting into those DVDs were taking root. But by the way Vivian was dressing, she had little doubt that they were. If only she had realized sooner what Vivian was doing

with her schedule for re–hypnotizing them and using her written list of commands she had stuck into them. Then she might be out of her current situation by now. Hopefully though, next week for sure!

Vivian sat down after "casually" looking over Marian. The stupid cow looked okay, but not as good as she usually looked. Since Marian was sitting at her desk, she really couldn't see much of her other than from her chest up. Sissy Phillis was supposed to go shopping for things to humiliate her last night. Did he? She guessed that because of work, anything he may have bought her would be wasted until she went shopping the next time, most likely on Friday when she was planning on going out with Marian just so she could hear her admit to everyone that she was nothing but a stupid smelly cow! She couldn't wait!

She turned her computer on and glanced across the aisle toward Phillip where she really expected to see something different. But he was turned more toward the far wall than usual as he worked, making it more difficult for her, or anyone, to see him very well. She couldn't see anything from the back of him that gave her a clue as to what Marian had bought him. Frustrated, as soon as she could, she typed Marian an email asking what she had bought for Phillip and what he was wearing today that had him hiding more than usual.

Marian read Vivian's email. She had been tempted earlier to tell Vivian about what Phillip had done to her last night and about the headache she still had because of it, but since Vivian had asked directly, the temptation to tell her became a thing of certainty. In no uncertain words, she wrote back about how Philip had sent her back to her stall last night and completely prevented her from going shopping. And she especially told Vivian about the painful splitting headache she'd been enduring ever since. And since it wasn't her fault that she couldn't go shopping, wasn't there something that Vivian could do to remove her pain? She finished the email though by telling Vivian that Phillip was hiding more than usual today because of the three layers of diapers she had put on him so that they couldn't be missed – by anyone. She added the last part only to show that she had still gone out of her way to find something new for Phillip to be embarrassed over. Despite all the content in her email, typing it didn't take long and Marian soon had it sent on its way to Vivian.

A minute later Vivian was pouring thought Marian's email – not happily. She sent Phillip a quick email asking him why he hadn't allowed Marian to go shopping last night. The email she got back from him never came close to answering that question. Instead, he complained about how he had gone to all the trouble to buy her a new purse last night – one shaped like a cow, which he thought was absolutely perfect for her, but she had refused to carry it this morning, and he had been unable to make her carry the thing. He also added that he had put two layers of diapers on Marian today in such a way that once the first layer started leaking, it would be absorbed by the second layer, and because the system should work so well, he had revoked all her bathroom privileges.

Vivian read Phillip's email with interest. So now the stupid cow was in diapers too. Lovely. But his email didn't answer her question at all. She sent back another email to Phillip asking again why he didn't let her go shopping last night, and if he bought her anything else to humiliate her with. And again, the answer she got back a few minutes later never answered her original question. Instead, she now knew that Marian's stall was filled with hay. Fitting for her. Totally fitting. But it didn't help with her original question. Really the two of them were getting more and more like children every single day! It was ridiculous! Like it or not, she was going to have to step in again and take care of matters personally. She wrote back to both of them how disappointed she was in each of them and that she would be at their apartment that night to talk to both of them again. Really, their childishness was so ridiculous! But then what else could she expect from a stupid sissy and an even more stupid cow?

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Phillip tried shifting in his seat again to get himself more comfortable, but the huge bulk of diapers under him and between his legs didn't exactly help matters. It was all just hard to get used to. There were things he needed to do…things he needed to print or put into the office distribution system that he was purposely leaving undone. There was no way he was getting out of his seat at all! He sent Marian a note reminding her to get a bottle of water at break time and drink it. He supposed he had to tell her to drink it because the stupid cow was so dumb she might not realize she had to. A few minutes later, he noticed her walking past him on her way out of the room. He noticed that the material of her skirt around her butt was stretched a bit tighter, but it didn't give any other hint of the diapers she was wearing underneath. Pity. But would it later when they got wetter? He could only hope. Since she couldn't relieve herself in the ladies room that day, he was sure that she was heading for the elevators to moo again like the stupid cow that she was. Served her right!

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Letting out a number of long loud moos in the elevator felt incredibly good to Marian. She went an extra trip to a few other floors just to moo a few more times before she got out and started back toward the office. A short way from the elevators, she turned into the ladies room like she always did in hopes that maybe she could get the stupid diapers off and use the toilet like everyone else. But she knew it was hopeless from the moment she walked into the stall and stared at the thing. She couldn't even find it in herself to pull her skirt up out of the way. Disappointed and now having to pee, she headed back to her desk, her mind filled with thoughts centered around how long she was going to last before she had to wet herself…and how bad was it going to feel – during and after. The thoughts and her situation did nothing for the headache that Vivian hadn't bothered to remove from her. Ugh!

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Phillip had a problem. Actually many problems. But his current problem was something he hadn't had to face before – even though he knew he eventually would. It was break time – the second break period actually. And he had to drink something. But now he couldn't drink anything except the baby bottles of Marian's milk until he finished them all – and since Marian was producing more and more milk each time, he hadn't been able to drink all of them before he left the apartment that morning. Knowing that Mistress Vivian had commanded him to drink all through the day now, he had little choice but to remove the one remaining full bottle from his purse. Looking around quickly, he turned into the wall to try to hide what he was doing, and started drinking.

"A baby bottle?"

Phillip turned quickly back toward Heather behind her. She was looking at him with a shocked look on her face.

"When is it going to end?" Heather exclaimed loudly. "It's totally ridiculous…and it keeps getting worse!"

"I love it!" Vivian stated loudly from across the aisle. "I think it suits him perfectly!"

Heather looked over to Marian. "How much longer is this going to go on? It's ridiculous! And right here at work! It's one thing in the privacy of your home, but here at work…in public? It's not right and it's nothing but totally cruel! It needs to stop!" But then Heather remembered that the one she was complaining to, wasn't really the one who was responsible for all of Phillip's humiliation. She turned toward Vivian, intent on saying something, but the fact that the FBI was watching them all so closely and they wanted them left alone kept her from saying anything. Instead, she quickly got up from her desk and headed to the ladies room to cool off. It was simply stupid! All of it. When was the FBI going to finally come in and end it all?

Vivian looked across the aisle at Phillip again. He had the baby bottle in his hand…but this was the first time all morning that he hadn't been turned toward his computer or towards the wall. And she now could see the huge breasts that Marian had given him again…as well as the odd bulk of what she could tell were diapers below his waist. And even more surprisingly, she saw the band of white where his top didn't come down far enough…and his pants didn't come up far enough either. The white of his thick diapers – that went oh so well with the white milk in the baby bottle he was drinking. So absolutely precious. So precious…and so wonderful to see. "Drink up…baby," she said with an all too gleeful smirk on her face.

Red faced, Phillip raised the bottle back to his lips…and turned his body back toward the wall and his computer again – doing everything he could to hide what he was doing as much as possible. Not that it really mattered anymore. As of now, they all knew.

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By the time break was over, and Marian had cleaned up after everyone, and by the time she had now consumed the second of the two bottles of water that Phillip had emailed her that she had to drink, Marian was pretty much going crazy with the need to pee. She considered herself fortunate that she sat at the very back of the room where nobody could see how much she was fidgeting around in her seat. She knew she was going to have to break down and wet herself eventually, most likely very soon, but actually doing it was much harder than she ever thought it would be…which was part of the reason she was fighting it. Of course, she wasn't looking forward at all to being stuck in wet diapers for the rest of the day.

Her phone rang. Her nervous energy made her reach for it faster than she normally would. "Hello?" A moment later she said, "No problem. I'll be there." She hung up her phone. It had been Loretta calling to tell her they had just called another department head meeting – right away. No problem…except that she had to pee so badly now she couldn't think straight. Having little choice, she got up from her seat and walked out of the room…which was more like hurried out of the room since her need to pee had her moving faster than usual.

Since she had the elevator to herself, she allowed herself the luxury of mooing several times on the way to the next floor – too short of a journey for her now, but it was still satisfying. She left the elevator and began heading toward the conference room. But ten steps out of the elevator she felt herself starting to lose the battle with holding her bladder. It started small at first and her body forced itself to clamp down again and stop the flow, but a dozen steps later, the flow started again. And this time it kept going. Her walk continued, but it went from a fast walk to nearly a crawl as she felt the warm pee surrounding her inside her diapers. It was awful! It was horrible! Step after slow step, she prayed that she wasn't leaking – especially not noticeably. She realized she was walking more wide legged than she usually did. She forced herself to try to walk more normally, but the thick diapers wouldn't completely let her do that.

She prayed nobody would notice – just like she prayed nobody would find out about what she had just done…or about anything weird in her life now.

"Hey Marian," a male voice called as she crossed one of the hallways and another manager coming from a different direction joined her. "Hey," he said, "are you alright? You look like you've just seen a ghost or something."

"I'm…fine," she managed to get out. "It's just…allergies," she finally told him. Well, she guessed it might be somewhat true. She had no doubt that peeing herself and wearing wet diapers would qualify as something she was seriously allergic to! Surprisingly, as the two of them walked together, it became much easier for her as the feeling of warm liquid inside her diapers receded more than she expected. The thick diapers were quickly soaking all of it up

amazingly well. Now if only they could soak up all the rest of her problems she'd make a huge investment in the company!

The meeting was uneventful and uninteresting. More of the same garbage that always came up. The only good part of it was the mooing session she had enjoyed on the way up in the elevator…and again on the way down. And as she walked past the ladies room on the way back to the office, she stopped to give it the longest wishful look imaginable. With a heavy sigh, she continued back to the office – trying not to waddle along the way.

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Phillip dreaded lunchtime. Especially just then. But he had no intention of going out to get any lunch at all for either himself or Marian. Since she had dressed him so ridiculously, he wanted no part of being seen by anyone else. Marian was just going to have to go hungry! Him too for that matter. But it would be a lot better than being out in public with such a huge amount of diapers showing.

As soon as the clock ticked down the last minute to lunch, all the women got up from their desks and headed for the door, most of their lunchtime conversations having already started in the few remaining minutes before lunch.

"Coming Phillip?" Vivian called to him before all the women had gotten out of the room. She asked the question, but her main purpose in asking him to come was so that she could see what he was wearing.

"Not today," Phillip replied.

Vivian moved over closer to him and whispered. "Get your ass up out of that chair and go get some lunch for yourself and your damn cow. Now!"

Horrified, Phillip had no choice but to grab his purse and Dolly. But he couldn't get up to go yet. He couldn't because he had to fix his lipstick first. To the tune of Mistress Vivian laughing at him, he quickly applied a fresh coat of lipstick before getting up and waddling as fast as he could after the other women…while Mistress Vivian continued to laugh wickedly behind him. His luck became worse since all of the women, along with many others that he didn't know, were still waiting at the elevators. And the moment someone shouted "Oh my God!" he knew that every last person in the crowd was looking at him. With Mistress Vivian walking delightedly behind him, he was forced to stop and stand there and wait for the elevators with everyone else…while everyone else stood there and gawked at him with unbelieving faces. Well, he couldn't believe it himself.

As they stood by the elevators, Vivian knew she absolutely shouldn't do it, but since there were so many gawking at Sissy Phyllis, she simply couldn't resist. She leaned over his shoulder

and whispered in his ear. “As soon as I move away from you, put your thumb in your mouth and suck on it till you get out to your car.”

But that thought brought up another horrifying thought. He didn’t have his car that day. Marian had driven them to work instead. He turned to tell Mistress Vivian that, but she had already moved away from him…and like it or not, he found his thumb going straight up to his mouth.

Before he could figure out what to do, one of the elevators opened and the crowd thinned out – but not completely. He had purposely stayed behind – not that he had been that close to the elevator door anyway. He went in search of Mistress Vivian. “I have to go back to the office,” he said, in a whispered voice with his thumb half out of his mouth.

“What for?” Vivian asked.

“Marian drove to work today. I don’t have the keys to her car.” His thumb went right back into his mouth.

“Hurry up and get it, damn you!” Vivian ordered. “And get right back. I’ll be waiting right here so make sure you hurry. Now go!”

As fast as he could, Phillip waddled back toward the office – hearing the faint sounds of people laughing at him behind him. He got the keys from Marian, and had no choice but to waddle just as fast back to the elevators, where he could see everyone but Mistress Vivian getting onto the elevator and the doors closing them out of his sight. Mistress Vivian was standing there waiting for him.

“I love seeing you waddle like that,” Vivian said as he hurried up. “Maybe we should consider keeping you diapered like that all the time.”

Phillip didn’t even want to contemplate that idea. With his thumb still in his mouth, and hugging Dolly close, he rode the next elevator down to the ground floor with Mistress Vivian. Vivian didn’t leave him until he was halfway to the car, but by that time, so many people had already seen him that there was no reason for him to not get lunch. He went through another fast–food drive–thru and got another hamburger for himself and for Marian. He hurried back to the office as quickly as he could – before the crowd returning from lunch could get any worse.

Total humiliation!

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By the middle of the afternoon, Marian had been forced to wet herself again, and now with the clock getting close to quitting time, she was once again faced with the battle. She had decided not to stay and work too late that night – mostly because with Vivian coming to the apartment later, she was concerned about putting her computer away that was still sitting out on Phillip's desk – with the program she had been working on still open. She had to get rid of that incriminating evidence as soon as possible or she'd never be able to get herself out of the mess she was in…and that didn't count the mess of her pee soaked diapers. Or maybe it did count that too.

She gathered up her purse as most of the other women were doing, while Phillip was refreshing his lipstick again. She didn't know it, but Vivian had sent Phillip an email instructing him to make sure he would leave along with everyone else – with his thumb in his mouth the entire time.

As the last few seconds ticked away, Vivian leaned over her desk towards Felicia. "Felicia," she whispered. "Hold on a moment. I'm sure you'll want to see this!"

"What?" Felicia asked as everyone suddenly got up from their seats.

Instead of answering, Vivian nodded toward Phillip who was just now grabbing Dolly and throwing his purse over his shoulder.

"Oh my!" Felicia said. "I heard he was out earlier, but I couldn't see him then. And he's been keeping himself pretty much hidden all day."

She started to follow Phillip, but Vivian quickly said, "Wait!" A moment later Marian walked past them too… but she was definitely walking funny.

Vivian carefully checked out the back of Marian's short skirt. Yeah, there was no doubt there was something bulky under there now. It hadn't looked that bad earlier, but she could see there was obviously something not quite right there now. And…Marian was walking strangely. Almost waddling. With a laugh, she whispered to Felicia, "Marian is wearing two diapers too. Phillip's got three on."

"I love it!" Felicia said happily. "Especially that stupid shit Phillip. I don't care that much about Marian. I'm surprised you're still riding her that hard."

Vivian smiled. "It gets worse for both of them almost every day," she said happily.

All the way out of the building, Felicia loved seeing Phillip obviously so heavily diapered. She was still very concerned though over the fact that Vivian was still working Marian over too. All Felicia could think about was getting as far away from Vivian as soon as possible – before she got arrested!

As Vivian walked out of the building to the sight of Marian and the silly sissy in front of her, she couldn't wait to see the two of them later tonight. She had decided she was going to go shopping with Marian tonight instead of tomorrow night. No use breaking up one of her primary shopping nights any more than she needed to. Tomorrow night she could just take a few minutes to hypnotize each of them quickly and then get back to business – shopping! And hopefully, tonight she could get there before Marian was done being milked again.

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"Mooooo!" Marian's moo signified just as much relief as it did her distress. As the milking machine finally started pulling the pressure away from her bloated udders…breasts, she allowed herself to finally relax. The pressure was being drained away, the damn diapers were finally off her, and her laptop computer was hidden away before Vivian had arrived. Safe!

The moment she had walked through the door, she had headed for her laptop to hide it away, but Phillip had immediately been after her to remove his diapers so he could change himself. She had argued to let her put the laptop away first before Vivian could show up, but he had threatened to immediately send her back to her stall. Just the threat of it was enough to make her immediately struggle to pull his pants down and then rip open the tapes on all three of his bulky diapers.

Instead of pulling a new diaper from the supply in his room, she grabbed one of the ones that had been taped over top of his inner diaper since it was still clean. "Here," she had said, "just put this one on." And then she had gone back to packing up her computer. But the tapes on the diapers didn't work anymore and Phillip had complained that he needed a new one. Since she was in a hurry, instead of going to his bedroom for a fresh one, she opened his desk drawer and found a roll of tape and handed that to him. "Fix it with this," she had told him. And then she went back to packing things up. A minute later, she watched out of the corner of her eye as he pulled his stretchy pants up – all the way like they were supposed to be. He seemed almost proud of himself now that his pants were on right and he didn't have such an enormous bulk of padding between his legs. She didn't tell him that the bulk of material in just the bra he had on was totally ridiculous by itself.

She had breathed a sigh of relief at finally getting her computer put away before Vivian got there. She fully expected Phillip to send her back to her stall at any second, but he hadn't. Instead, he walked out of the kitchen with a glass of water and one of her pills that he had made her swallow – along with the entire glass of water. By that time though, she was trying to decide if it would be better to get out of the diapers and pee in her tub like an animal, or stay in the diapers and wet them again. In the end, she opted to remain human as long as possible.

But the clock had ticked down to six o'clock and shortly before that, she found herself mostly naked except for her noisy bell and her high heeled shoes, straddling the stupid tub she had to pee in, and finally having the milking machine attached to her while her hands were busy doing worthless things further down below. But after a day confined to the diapers, she was wondering which punishment was worse! At least the machine was pulling the pressure away again. She was to the point now where she desperately needed that relief – twice a day! Now, if she could just get rid of her darn headache.

The knock on the door sent an alarm through her and she mooed despite herself. She had no doubt who was at the door. She watched as Phillip and Dolly hurried to answer it, and then a moment later, she was visited by something that was starting to look all too much like a human banana – Vicious Vivian.

"Oh," Vivian exclaimed in delight as she saw the milk flowing heavily from Marian's udders, "I'm so glad I managed to get here early. I can't tell you how much I love seeing you getting milked just like any other cow."

Marian tried to suppress the moo that came out of her, but it slipped past her mouth too soon. Darn!

Vivian turned to Phillip with some concern on her face. "Those bottles are getting awfully full already," she said.

"Yeah," Phillip agreed. "I was just about to take it off her and empty them before I put it back on her again. I have to do that now every time I milk her."

"Wonderful!" Vivian exclaimed with total delight as Phillip switched the machine off. "I wonder how much milk she'll eventually produce. I can't wait to find out!"

"I think the manufactures of this damn machine should have included bigger bottles," Phillip replied as he started removing the machine from Marian's neck. "It's a nuisance to stop it and then start it again."

"I think that was the only size bottles available," Vivian told him thoughtfully. "Maybe I should have looked for a real milking machine instead. The kind they use on real cows!"

"With the amount of milk she's producing already," Phillip replied, "she may need it soon!" He carted the machine off, while Marian remained perfectly silent – fuming over the way they were talking about her. A few minutes later, the machine was back on her, and she closed her eyes, trying to blot out the sight of Vivian, the human banana, standing in front of her and watching her get milked like a damn cow. Ugh! But the relief did feel so good!

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When the milk finally seemed to stop coming from Marian's udders, Vivian got bored and turned to Phillip. "Okay," she said, "what's with this purse you said you found."

"She refused to carry it," Phillip told her.

"Show it to me," Vivian replied. She waited while Phillip hurried to the bedroom. He came back again a few moments later – and Vivian started laughing before he was halfway across the room. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "It's absolutely precious! And you're totally right, it is just the perfect accessory for that cow!" She took the purse from him and examined it carefully. It really was adorable – for a little girl. And it was shaped completely like a black and white cow – four legs and all. The two small handles framed the zipper closure on top across the cows back. She ran her hands over the tufted material covering the purse. "Perfect!" she exclaimed happily.

It was a long few minutes for Vivian after that while she waited for Marian's milking to finish. But she spent her time standing back and just watching the process. If it wasn't for the occasional moo coming out of Marian, Vivian might have thought that she had fallen asleep right where she was. But finally Phillip switch the machine off and removed it from her neck. She followed him into the kitchen where she watched as he emptied the bottles. Three and a half bottles when added to the first batch he had started shortly after she had gotten there.

When all the bottles had been placed in the refrigerator, Vivian saw Phillip grab a bowl and fill it with water. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Getting her some water," he replied. "I'll pour her some cereal to eat too."

"Not this time!" Vivian replied quickly. "I need her out of that stall immediately. Marian and I have some shopping to do. Now go free your cow, farmer Phyllis!"

"Shopping?" Phillip asked, not wanting to hear her say that. Shopping was the last thing he wanted Marian doing.

"Of course, you idiot! That's the main reason I'm here. Now get her out of there right now!"

Phillip barely took two steps toward the other room before calling out, "Marian, you can get out of there now."

"Good," Vivian said as she headed for the living room where Marian was just crawling out of her stall. "Get dressed," she ordered Marian. "And quickly. We've got things to do tonight. Important things!"

Marian wasn't sure about what important things she would soon be doing, and she was fairly certain she'd rather not find out. Not with Vivian anyway. She looked around uncertainly. "What should I wear?" she asked, unable to figure that out for herself.

"Damn it!" Vivian exclaimed at the interruption. "Farmer Phyllis, get your cow dressed as fast as you can. We've got to get out of here soon."

"She can just wear everything she had on before then," Phillip said, having to decide quickly.

Hearing that, Marian reached for the smelly pee filled diaper she had worn earlier and picked it up.

"Not that one, stupid, it's too used. Just grab the other one." Then he quickly changed his mind. "Oh hell!" he said. "Since you're in a hurry, just go without. Just put the rest of your clothes on."

Surprised, Marian started getting dressed. She had worn two very bulky diapers all day – and now nothing under her skirt at all. And her skirt was very short! She almost wished he had told her to wear one of the diapers instead. A few minutes later, she stood in front of Phillip and asked, "Do I look okay to go out now?"

But it was Vivian who answered first. "No! I want you to transfer everything you can from your old purse to that delightful new one that Phillip was so considerate to buy for you. From now on, you don't leave this apartment without that purse in your hands! Hear me? You carry that silly little cow purse everywhere you go from now on!"

Marian died a little at hearing that. A few minutes later, cow purse in her hand, her shiny noisy cowbell all too visible around her neck, she again asked. "Now do I look okay to go out?"

"Good enough for tonight," Phillip muttered.

"Good," Marian replied. "Can we go now?" she asked Vivian. "I really need this headache to go away."

"Still got it?" Vivian asked.

"It's been killing me all day!"

"Music to my ears," Vivian replied. "But no, we can't go just quite yet. And that headache you have is the reason. She turned to Phillip. "Sissy Phyllis, no doubt you need something to do while we're gone. Go get the largest of those dildos we bought you and bring it in here right now. And hurry!"

Phillip's stomach lurched with worry as he hurried to the bedroom. He hated just thinking about those all too realistic phalluses. He hated seeing them even more. And having to touch them was far worse. But the absolute worst part was what she forced him to do with them every night. Ugh! Having little choice, he grabbed the largest one, not really wanting to touch it at all, and carried it out to the living room where Vivian and Marian were.

"Ah, there it is," Vivian exclaimed as she saw the large toy in his hands. "Let me have it." She took it from him and held it up for Marian to see the full size of it. "Don't you wish you could have something like that inside you about now?" she asked.

Marian's head hung low, but she still couldn't take her eyes off the object in Vivian's hands. "More than you know," she admitted.

Vivian laughed. "I have no doubt, you worthless cow. But it's not going to happen!" And then she laughed wickedly again. She quickly turned back to Phillip. "Get undressed. Now! Just leave your adorable diapers on."

Phillip was in motion quickly, removing all his clothes except the one diaper he had on.

Vivian watched him undressing, but as soon as he was to the point where she wanted him, she changed her mind about one thing. "Put those heels back on," she told him. "I like them on you." She waited only a moment while he stepped into the red heels. "Much nicer," she told him. And then before anything else could happen, she quickly said, "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" She thrilled to see him close his eyes, raise his thumb up to his mouth and start sucking on it.

She didn't bother deepening his trance at all. She was fairly sure it was unnecessary. She would do that tomorrow night when she came. Instead, she got right to her business. "Sissy Phyllis," she said. "You know perfectly well that I wanted both you and Marian to go out shopping in public at least every other day. And yet you purposely kept Marian from going out last night. And for that you need to be punished. Open your eyes," she ordered. With his eyes now open, she continued her instructions. "Carry Dolly into Marian's stall and kneel down over top of her tub like she does." She noticed the slight hesitation before he moved, but it was very slight. With his thumb in his mouth and still totally in his hypnotic trance, she watched as he carefully lowered his diaper covered bottom over top of the tub, kneeling over it like Marian did. She saw him try to shift his feet somewhat. She had no doubt that in that position the shoes were probably killing his toes.

"Very good, Phillip," she told him. "Now set Dolly down on the floor right in front of you so she can watch your punishment."

In his trance, Phillip set his ever–present doll on the floor just in front of the tub he was now kneeling over.

Vivian turned to Marian. "Okay, Marian, now it's your turn. Get that damn milking machine and hook it up to him and turn it on."

"Mooo!" The surprising command had simply brought out the moo that she had been trying to suppress.

"No, don't complain," Vivian told her. "And don't worry. It's still you're milking machine. He's just borrowing it for a little while. Now get busy because I really do want to get out of here and go shopping as soon as possible."

Marian had never touched the milking machine before – with her hands. But putting it together was easy enough. She carried it back out from the kitchen, and with almost sadistic glee, hung it from Phillip's neck. She did her best to line the machine up against his chest, but without breasts it wasn't that easy. She had to switch the machine on to start the suction, and then press each of the units over top of his nipples before it fully grabbed him. But once it was in place and working, the sight of the pump now pulling against his nipples over and over again filled her with nothing but glee. "See how you like it now!" Marian said almost viciously.

"Move, you stupid cow," Vivian muttered to Marian to get her out of the way. She stood in front of Phillip and looked down at him. She stared at him for a moment as he knelt there sucking his thumb. With the machine constantly pulling at his chest, she could see an odd look on his face despite the trance he was still in.

"Since you went out of your way to fix it so Marian couldn't go shopping when I commanded that she had to go shopping, now you can get a small taste of what she goes through when she's where you are now," she told him. "But when Marian is being milked, she has something interesting to do with her hands to keep them occupied and out of the way. And obviously you can't do anything like it since you're confined to that diaper. So I have another little idea for you instead." She held out the large dildo in front of him. "Take this," she commanded. She watched as Phillip's free hand came up and grabbed the thing. "Now hold it by the balls – with both hands!" Phillip's thumb came out of his mouth and his hands moved to grasp the toy by the very realistic looking balls at the lower end of it.

Vivian smiled and lowered her head down toward his. "I'm sure you probably hate sucking on those things," she told him. "And I have no doubt you're not practicing enough before you finally get a chance at a real one Saturday night, so tonight you're going to get a little more practice. Now keep holding that thing by the balls and stick the other end in your mouth." Despite his trance, Vivian could see how troubled he looked. His face seemed to be stuck in a mask of horror. And the sight of that all too realistic fake penis going into his mouth

almost brought her to an orgasm right there. “Close your lips over it,” she told him, “and then pull it out until you can feel the head of that thing just inside your lips.” His hands moved back out only a fraction of an inch, but she was sure that it was situated right where she wanted it.

Vivian leaned in even closer to his head. “I’m going to wake you up in a minute,” she said, “and when I do, you’re going to start pumping that thing in and out of your mouth, over and over again. But you will never be able to get it out any further than it is right now. Once it gets to that point, you shove it right back in again, and then pull it out again. Over and over. And each time you push it in, I want you to work on getting more and more of that monstrous thing into your mouth.”

She stood up straight again. “Until I tell you to stop, you will stay right where you are, that milking machine will stay attached to your chest, your hands will stay locked right where they are on that thing, and it will not come out of your mouth as you continue to work on getting more and more of it into you. You won’t stop until I tell you to stop – after we get back from shopping.”

The horror of his situation had Phillip on the verge of breaking out of his trance, when Vivian suddenly said, “Wake up!” And with that, his eyes went wide as he started pushing the dildo further into his mouth, only to pull it back out to its starting position again, only to push it in again trying to take a little bit more of it. And while he was stuck doing that, he couldn’t ignore the feeling of Marian’s milking machine attached to his chest, pulling at his nipples over and over again. His thighs hurt from the uncomfortable spread over top of the tub, and his toes ached inside the red heels he was wearing. And he couldn’t move from where he was or stop what he was doing.

He let out a horrified moan past the hated object he was shoving further into his mouth as he saw both Marian and Vivian laughing at him…as they walked out of the room – and out of the apartment.

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Marian grabbed the car door with one hand and braced herself against the dashboard with her other arm as Vivian drove them out to the mall. Vivian had asked if one of the other department stores would be okay, but Marian had asked if she could shop in the mall instead since it had some stores she needed with things that the other department store wouldn’t have. Now Marian wasn’t sure if Vivian was trying to get back at her for suggesting the mall by driving so erratically. By the time Vivian pulled into the parking lot and parked at an angle across two parking spaces, Marian’s arms were locked so tightly into bracing herself in case of a crash that she couldn’t let go for a few moments.

"I'm so glad you suggested the mall tonight," Vivian told her as she opened her door. "There will be so many more people around to see…and hear…that lovely bright bell around your neck." She started laughing as she got out of the car. Marian finally collected herself enough to get out as well. She never wanted to ride with Vivian again. She not only didn't understand how Vivian had managed to get there without hitting anything, she couldn't understand why the police hadn't stopped her. But then the police were never around when you needed them – only when you didn't want them.

Marian tried to walk smoothly so as not to ring her bell too much, but keeping up with Vivian pretty much threw that idea out the window. To an almost constant clanging, she accompanied Vivian into one of the mall's department stores. And the minute she crossed through the door, Marian's headache seemed to magically disappear. Ah! Now if her darn bell would just disappear too!

"Where shall we start?" Vivian asked as she headed straight for the women's dresses, not far from the entrance where they had come in.

"Um…I was thinking about starting in another store, not this one," Marian replied.

"Oh, okay," Vivian said, not really paying attention to her as her eyes automatically searched for every sign she could find that said "Sale." Marian had little choice but to follow the yellow clad woman around from rack to rack as Vivian looked through almost everything. The bad part for Marian was that she kept mooing every once in a while which brought all too much attention to them. The good part for her though, was that by moving so slowly, Marian's bell hardly rang at all. In fact from what she could see, most of the looks they were getting were directed at Vivian and not her. Marian had to stifle a laugh at that. Vivian didn't even realize it, but this little trip to the mall might actually backfire on her. Of course, Vivian would never realize that.

It was almost half an hour before Vivian finished in that one store alone. By that time, Marian was wondering if she was ever going to be able to do any shopping for herself…or actually, for Phillip. She couldn't shop for herself. Despite having to walk faster which made her bell clang constantly, which brought all too much attention to her, Marian really wanted to find some of the things she had in mind for Phillip.

She wasn't sure if it was her bell or Vivian's crazy yellow outfit that brought all the attention from everyone else in the mall. Probably both, but there was little she could do about any of it. The store she wanted to start in was about halfway down the mall, but they didn't even get close before Vivian got sidetracked and suddenly made a beeline into another store. Five minutes later, Marian stared in disbelief as Vivian stood there with a totally yellow purse in her hands, holding it against her outfit.

"What do you think?" Vivian asked. "Doesn't it make the perfect accent for my outfit?"

Marian was so tempted to tell her that it didn't make any accent at all…since the yellow purse pretty much disappeared against her totally yellow outfit. But instead she replied. "Oh Vivian, it's you! It's definitely you!"

"And just think," Vivian replied, "I'm saving fifteen percent! Fifteen percent! Do you know how much money I'm saving by buying it because it's on sale?"

Marian didn't answer…except to let out another moo. As far as she was concerned, the purse was a total waste of money. She followed Vivian to the checkout counter where the woman there was eyeing both of them dubiously – particularly Vivian. Inside the store, Marian was able to walk a bit slower and smoother so her bell didn't ring as much, but that didn't mean it was unnoticeable.

"I see you've found something to go with your outfit," the woman at the cash register said to Vivian.

"Isn't it perfect?" Vivian replied happily. "And it's on sale too!"

"Yes," the woman replied. "All our handbags are on sale right now."

"I noticed," Vivian told her. "I'll have to come back tomorrow night and see what else I can find."

As the saleswoman rang up the purchase, she casually looked up towards Marian. "What's with the bell?" she asked. "Did you lose some kind of a bet or something?"

The hypnotically planted words slipped out of Marian's mouth before she even thought about it. "I'm nothing but a stupid cow and therefore I'm only doing what every other cow would do." She blinked in surprise that she had said it so quickly. But she followed them up by saying, "And that's my bell." By the way the woman started chuckling, Marian figured that the woman thought it was all simply a joke. Marian smiled at it, and then noticed Vivian smiling wickedly at her as well. Marian realized that Vivian probably didn't realize that the woman had taken it all as a joke. Instead, Marian wondered if the woman thought that Vivian's outfit was a joke as well. More than likely she decided.

"Oh, that was precious indeed!" Vivian exclaimed the moment they got out of the store. I had so wanted to hear you admit to someone that your nothing but a stupid cow, and it's already starting. And I'm sure that in the future, you'll get lots of opportunities to tell everyone just what you are." With a wicked laugh, she picked up her pace, causing Marian's bell to clang more often and louder.

A few minutes later, Marian spotted the first store she wanted to go into. “There!” she said to Vivian. “That’s where I need to start my shopping for Phillip.”

“In there?” Vivian asked. “But they don’t even sell clothes in there.”

Marian’s smile broadened. “No, but I’m hoping to find something that will work just as well for Phillip.” She purposely let out another moo to clear her system before entering the store…her bell though still brought all too much attention to her. Or was it Vivian’s yellow outfit?

Marian led them around the tall racks, searching for something. “What can you possibly want for Phillip in here?” Vivian asked.

But Marian had just spotted the first thing she was looking for. “There!” she exclaimed as she headed for what she needed. “This will be the start.”

Vivian looked at it in wide–eyed surprise. “Oh my!”

Chapter 27.

Phillip's hand shook and he could almost taste the bile from his stomach as he stared into the tiny mirror in his hand and forced himself to press the lipstick to his lips. He moved the lipstick slower than usual from the center of his upper lip out toward the corner, but the color on his lips wasn't what his mind was primarily seeing. What his mind saw was far worse. The shape of the simple little tube of lipstick was all too similar to the huge phallus he had been forced to shove in and out of his mouth for hours on end last night, and just the act of pressing the lipstick against his lips seemed to bring the horror of the act right back to him again…not that it had left him. He hadn't slept much at all the entire night.

He sat on his bed in his soaking wet diaper and finished with the lipstick. The clock said five fifty. He would have to start milking Marian in another ten minutes. But before he did that, he was going to have to mess his stupid diaper first – just so the damn cow could get it off of him. Ugh! He stood up and started doing what he could to force that miserable issue to happen. But as he did, his hand rubbed over the nipples on his chest. After being connected to Marian's milking machine for so long last night, they still tingled. And he was sure that his chest seemed to look a bit bigger around both his nipples this morning.

As he tried and tried to force the mess from his backside, his mind still couldn't forget shoving that damn dildo into his mouth for so long the night before – always trying to take it deeper and deeper. How many times had he actually hit the back of his throat? How many times had he retched – yet while retching, he had still been unable to remove the monstrous toy from his mouth. Over and over and over again…and more. All while Marian's milking machine pulled endlessly at his nipples. Over and over and over again…and more.

He could still feel that horrible hard toy in his mouth. The back of his throat was still sore from where it kept hitting. No matter how much he had hated doing it, he could find no way to stop himself. Mistress Vivian had made doubly sure that he couldn't by hypnotizing him first, and then waking him up to a horror he couldn't escape. Why? Why, why, why – did he have to be so susceptible to hypnotism? Why? And why did that stupid cow Marian have to hypnotize him in the first place – placing him in the position where Mistress Vivian could get her claws into him – permanently! Making him her complete puppet. Fixing it so that he had no choice but to dance to whatever demented tune she thought up to play.

He hated Mistress Vivian. He hated her, but he was scared of her in a way that he had never imagined being scared before. But running away was impossible when she owned his mind…and controlled his very actions. He hated Marian too, because she was the one who was ultimately responsible for all of his miseries. The damn cow! Served her right to have to be milked like a cow now…and to have to live in a stall as well. It ought to be a real stall. That's where she really belonged! That too would serve her right for what she had done to him. Her…and Mistress Vivian.

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Marian was still half–asleep…and cold. With no blankets over her naked body, she had burrowed a little nest into the soft pile of hay she was sleeping on, but it did nothing to help keep her warm. Still, the hay was better than the cold hard floor she had slept on before. Her udders…breasts were full and aching to be milked again. How much longer before Phillip would come out and relieve the pressure from them? With no clock available, the pressure in her udders was the only gauge she had to go by…in her breasts – not udders! The problem there, was that her body was still continuing to produce more and more milk each time, so the pressure was constantly changing – giving her no way to truly gauge the time by them. But to her, it certainly felt like it should be time.

She remembered going shopping with crazy Vivian the night before. That had been an absolutely horrible experience – and that didn't even include Vivian's driving. There was no way that Marian could see how she was still alive. But amazingly, Vivian had managed to actually miss everything that Marian was sure she had been aiming her car at. Damn! How could that woman still have a driver's license?

Having to walk around the mall with that silly little cow purse and her bell clanging all too loudly had been bad enough. Although at times, whenever Vicious Vivian had been shopping for herself, which had fortunately been often, Marian had been able to keep the all too visible and ugly bell somewhat silent. It was all the other times that it rang unmercifully and caused her nothing but distress. But it wasn't the silly purse or the bell that had been her biggest humiliation – it was having to tell every cashier or store clerk that she was nothing but a stupid cow. It has started slow since Vivian had done most of the shopping for herself early on, but after that, things had gone downhill awfully fast. How many times had she uttered the dreadful words? It hadn't been bad at first. Almost a joke. But the joke had worn off quickly with each succeeding question about her bell. And she had no doubt that the ugly collar and the stupid silly purse shaped like a cow did nothing to help matters for her at all. And she had to go out in public and do that at least every other day? Her life was already intolerable. That was only going to make it that much worse.

She and Vivian had come back to the apartment the night before, to the sight of Phillip looking not just horribly miserable, but horribly sick as well. The punishment Vivian had set him up with had come close to killing him. How could the demented woman be so incredibly cruel? She actually felt sorry for Phillip when she saw what a state he was in…and yet Vivian's hypnotic conditioning had kept him still trying to swallow that huge penis shaped toy, over and over again. Ugh! It has been positively awful just to watch.

She had to get Vivian behind bars and soon! But she couldn't do that until she got herself out of the mess she was in first…and she couldn't do that until she finished that damn DVD! And time was quickly running out. She still needed a few more hours to finish it, and she had no

doubt that Vicious Vivian would be at the apartment again later that night – just to hypnotize them again to make sure everything was thoroughly stuck in their brains. Was she ever going to get to finish that disk?

The worry ate away at her until she suddenly let out a loud moo, bringing her fully awake. Ugh! How long before she could get milked…and get the damn pressure off her chest?

"Marian!"

"Moo!" She looked up to see Phillip there with Dolly – and her milking machine. She crawled over top of her tub. As she moved from all fours to her kneeling position, her hands automatically went where they would be out of the way and do her no good at all. A few minutes later, the worst of the pressure was finally being pulled away from her overly swollen udders…breasts! She was still so tired from not sleeping well, that when Phillip turned the machine off and removed it from her neck for the first emptying, she didn't bother to move, in fact, she stayed right where she was and closed her eyes again. No sense in moving at all.

"Marian!" Phillip's voice cut through and brought her out of the half–sleeping state she had lapsed into.

"Moo!"

"Get out of there and get this diaper off of me."

Marian dropped to all fours and crawled out of her stall, to the tune of her bell clanging constantly. Instead of getting to her feet, she knelt back on her legs and looked up at him. "Are you okay today?" she asked, somewhat concerned about him – despite herself.

Phillip glared down at her. "Don't ask," he replied nastily.

She nodded and reached out with her hand. A moment later his smelly diaper dropped to the floor. She didn't wait to be told, she crawled right back into her stall and got into position again for her milking to continue. As much as she hated it, she needed it now. The machine brought her nothing but relief. Phillip disappeared from her sight. The little stall…room that had been created for her blocked out almost everything else in the room from her sight…and much of the sound too. As the machine continued to pull over and over again at her nipples, she tried to relax and fall asleep – at least somewhat.

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Phillip's morning showers didn't often last very long, and since he was still too upset over what had happened to him the night before, he wasn't up to playing with himself – despite the danger of the snakes. The moment he was out of the bathroom with his lipstick fixed, he

and Dolly went into the bedroom and looked around, but he still couldn't figure out what he should wear…or if he should wear anything. He checked the clock, still just a few more minutes left for Marian on her milking machine. He carried Dolly out to check on her. Was she snoring?

"Marian!"

"Moo!" Marian startled awake. She couldn't believe she had actually fallen asleep where she was. She looked up at Phillip to see what he wanted, but all she saw was him shaking his head in disgust.

"Damn cow," Phillip muttered. While the milking machine was finishing, he went to the kitchen and poured her a fresh bowl of water. Despite all the commands in his head from Vivian, he hadn't given her nearly enough to drink last night. He hadn't fed her either. Or himself. But after what he had gone through, he still wasn't exactly hungry. But no doubt the damn cow would be. He set the bowl of water in front of her and poured her a bowl of cereal and left it out on the counter. He checked the clock. Close enough. He went in and removed the machine from her neck. She immediately bent down to her water bowl and started drinking while he carried the machine into the kitchen. He returned immediately though with the bowl of cereal and one of her pills that he stuck into her mouth. He left her then to start pouring the milk into the baby bottles. Four full bottles that morning. Soon he would have to take the machine off of her twice during the milking process. Why didn't they make the damn thing with bigger bottles?

While Marian was eating, he tried to decide if he was hungry. He wasn't, but he stuck a handful of cereal into his mouth anyway. They were almost out of cereal. He made a mental note to stop at the grocery store later that night and get more. A lot more! Cereal was mostly what he fed Marian – except at lunch. But then, didn't cows usually eat things like grains…the stuff cereal was made from? Or did they just eat grass? Maybe he should find her some of that to eat too.

He heard her mooing out in the other room and went to check on her. She must have been hungry because her breakfast was gone already. "Okay," he said, "get out of there now."

Marian scurried out of her stall as fast as she could and quickly climbed to her feet. "Why do you insist on making me eat like an animal all the time?" she complained. "It's not right!"

"It is to me," he muttered as he carried Dolly towards the bedroom. "Are you going to set some clothes out for me, or take your shower first?"

She stood there fuming at him. She had hoped that what he had gone through the previous evening might have mellowed his attitude some. Obviously it hadn't. "I'll set something out

for you now," she told him. She headed for his bedroom and pulled one of his diapers out and threw it at him. "Put that on," she told him.

"Just remember," Phillip said as he picked the diaper up from the bed where it had landed, "for every extra one of these that you make me wear, I'll make sure you're wearing at least one more."

"Damn it, Phillip, she said, "I was only going to have you wear that one. But maybe I should make you go without any instead!"

"Who cares?" Phillip replied as he started trying to get the diaper on.

"Obviously, not you," Marian told him. "I'm going to take a shower. I'll finish dressing you later – if I decide to let you wear anything more than that diaper," she finished.

"Like I said," Phillip replied, "who cares?"

Marian shook her head. Phillip seemed to almost be in a worse mood than usual. She headed into the shower where she turned the water on as hot as she could stand it.

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While Marian was in the shower, Phillip pulled out a normal array of clothes for her…mostly. The task didn't take very long, so while she was still in the bathroom, he sat on his bed with one of the baby bottles he had to drink and stared at the wall, not seeing anything except the problems in his mind. The damn cow! He didn't really have anything humiliating that he could make her wear to work every day, but he had seen the big bags she had come home with last night – they were still unopened out in the living room where she had left them. He wasn't going to look in them now. He would find out what horrors awaited him soon enough – of that he had no doubt.

Marian couldn't really shop for herself, so the only thing she could do was to shop for humiliating things for him to wear. And he had no doubt that the damn cow loved humiliating him. He ought to go out and buy her a cow costume and have her wear that to work. And he was sure that it wouldn't get her arrested, so he probably could. The only thing was though, that Mistress Vivian still wanted her to look somewhat normal at work, and the cow costume certainly wouldn't look normal. And after last night, he was going to go out of his way to make sure he didn't screw up any of Mistress Vivian's wishes. But maybe he could get her one and have her wear it somewhere else – like maybe to a farm somewhere and "accidentally" leave her behind in one of the stalls. The thought actually brought a brief smile to his face.

The damn cow deserved it! After all, he blamed her for all of his problems – including his one biggest problem that he would have to face tomorrow night. Just thinking about that prospect sent him into new waves of despair.

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Marian finally left the bathroom with her hair and makeup done. Once again, Phillip hadn't shown up to have his hair and makeup done while she was in there. She found him sitting on his bed staring into space. "Phillip?" she said. "Ready for me to do your hair?"

He didn't even bother turning his head. "Who cares?"

Marian blinked, surprised at his attitude. "Who cares?" she repeated. "You mean, you don't?"

"Why should I?" he asked sullenly, still not bothering to turn his head.

But now Marian was sensing a deeper problem with him. "Phillip," she said as she moved over and sat on the edge of his bed. "What's going on? You seem even worse than usual."

His eyes moved towards her, but his head didn't bother turning. "As if you care!"

"Yeah," she replied, "I probably shouldn't after the way you've been treating me, but I still can't help but worry that there's something else wrong."

"You can't help me," he said to the naked woman sitting on his bed.

"I can't?"

"No. You already told me you couldn't."

What was worrying him quickly dawned on her. "You're thinking about tomorrow night, aren't you?"

"Wouldn't you?" he asked nastily.

She nodded. "I guess I would." She stared at him for a moment. "I wish there was some way I could get you out of it," she told him, "but until I can get that new DVD into Vivian's player, I can't even do anything to help myself. After that though, give it a few days and hopefully I should be able to get myself free. Once I can do that, then I promise you, Vivian will be finished. Permanently!"

"Fat chance!"

"I promise you!" Marian repeated. "Those DVDs are already working on her. I just need to finish it all with this last one. Of course," she added, "I still have to finish making the thing. I'm going to need some time tonight to do that. Several hours I think."

He looked at her fully. "Several hours?" He shrugged. "Who cares?" he added sullenly again as he turned his head away to stare at nothing again.

"I care!" Marian replied. "I want out of this mess! Do you think I like being treated like an animal?"

He turned his head to her with an "I don't care" expression, and then turned away from her again. "You still can't help me tomorrow night," he said to the empty wall in front of him.

"No," she admitted. "I can't. But if I don't get that DVD finished and into her player tomorrow morning, then how many Saturday nights do you think you'll be doing the very same thing? And with a little time, how many other places will she have you doing it too?"

His head turned fast and his eyes held nothing but terror.

"You know it's true!" Marian told him. She sighed. "I just need a little more time…and some consideration!" she added.

He shook his head. "We'll see."

She stared at him for a moment. "Come on," she said, "Let me fix your hair and makeup."

He rolled his eyes, but he scooted himself off the bed. "Bathroom again? Or can we do it in the kitchen instead?"

"Bathroom," she said. "And I'll personally deal with any snakes you might see."

This time, she didn't need to do much at all with his hair. She would add the bow later. She didn't need to do much in the way of makeup on him either. Just some very light basics where she tried to give him more of a "youthful" look. "Okay," she said. "Let's get you dressed."

"Ugh!" he exclaimed.

He was surprised when she pulled one of his own small bras out of the dresser. "No big boobs today?" he asked.

"Not unless you want them," she replied. "She paused. "Do you?"

He tried to think about that, and couldn't. "I have no idea," he finally admitted with a shake of his head.

"I know the feeling," she agreed. After the bra she pulled out the pair of black flat shoes for him to wear.

"Gee," he said, "No big boobs, only one diaper, and now comfortable shoes. Are you going easy on me today?"

Marian looked at him with a somewhat sorrowful look on her face. "Sorry, I'm afraid not."

His face fell. "How bad is it going to be today?"

"Pretty bad," she admitted. "Really bad!" she corrected herself.

Phillip rolled his eyes and sighed. "How bad can it be compared to what you've already made me wear?"

Marian didn't reply. "I'll be right back," she told him. She headed out to the living room and searched though a few of the big bags she had brought in from the mall the night before. She carried one of them back to the bedroom.

Phillip couldn't believe she could find him anything to wear that would be worse than what he had endured the day before. But he had no choice but to watch as she opened the big bag, and from it, she started pulling out an awful lot of flimsy light–blue material.

"Ta–daaa!" Marian sang as she held up the dress so he could see it.

Phillip's eyes nearly bulged out of his head. "What's that?"

"It's a little girl's princess costume," she replied. "Or in this case, maybe not so little a girl. I had a hard time finding anything in a girl's size thirteen, but…here it is! Isn't it beautiful?"

Phillip decided not to answer.

"Stand up," she told him, "and put your arms up over your head." A moment later, she pulled the light blue dress over his arms and settled it down his body.

Phillip couldn't help himself. He turned to look in the mirror as she fussed with the dress. The dress itself was a blue satiny material, but over top of it all was a white translucent layer that almost looked like some kind of light lace material. The long skirt of the dress was widened out at his hips by a small stiff nylon petticoat underneath. The puffy short sleeves were all the same white material as was the standup ruffle around the oval scooped neckline. The bodice

of the dress contained three rows of loose pearl decorations as well as a line of sewn in pearls running down each side of the chest from the neckline to the top of the skirt. And there were two big silver bows – one on each shoulder.

"Hold out your arm," she told him.

"What's that?" he asked, seeing more of the white mesh material in her hand.

"Think if it as sleeves for the dress…or gloves," she told him as she pulled the mesh material up his arm and settled the white elastic band above his elbow. "Only without most of the glove part."

Phillip now saw that the end of the sleeve came to a triangle point out past his knuckles, but that's all of his hand that the sleeves seemed to cover. A minute later, both his arms were decorated alike. A little girl's princess costume! It was absolutely completely humiliating. And inside his diaper, he was wishing he could do things he no longer had time for!

Marian found a small white bow and clipped it into the back of his hair to satisfy that requirement, but then she went back to the bag and pulled out another item. And Phillip almost fainted. But he stood very still as she placed the large silvery tiara in his hair, then she found several bobby pins and pinned it in place to make sure it wouldn't fall out.

Phillip couldn't take his eyes off the mirror. He simply couldn't believe what she had found for him. And then she said, "Almost done. There's just one more little thing."

Phillip didn't want to know what that "thing" was, and he wasn't sure he wanted to find out. He stood there still watching the mirror as she picked up the bag and walked out. "I'll be back in a few minutes," she told him.

While he waited, he stared at himself in a mirror. He was wearing a dress! Not pants this time, a dress! He would be going out in public in a dress. An overly fancy and silly one to be sure, but it was still a dress. He has worn one several times before in the privacy of his apartment when he had gotten curious once. But that was a long time ago and he had soon thrown the thing away for fear someone might see it. But now he was going to be wearing a dress – out in public. And not just any dress, a little girls princess dress! How totally humiliating!

He was still staring at himself in the mirror and playing with the long bulky skirts of his dress when Marian finally returned a few minutes later, and his knees went weak again when he saw the little girl's magic wand in her hand. The thing had a big silvery star attached to a long wooden handle. But then he realized something. "I'm not carrying that!" he said. If you could refuse to carry the purse I found you last week, then since I don't have to wear that thing, then I don't have to carry it!"

Marian smiled. “Don’t worry,” she told him as she held up the end of the handle so he could see it better. “I fixed it so you can wear it – all day!” With that, she slipped the loop of the string she had tied through the end of the handle over his left wrist, and then tightened the loop so it couldn’t fall off. The wand was literally left dangling from his wrist. “If you don’t want that thing bumping into everything and snagging on things, then you’re probably going to have to hold it properly. But if you don’t want to, then I’m sure everyone will still get the point.”

He collapsed into himself a little as he allowed his hand to bend down and grab the wand. She had gone to great lengths to dress him up this way. And he knew he was going to be a real object of conversation all day – everywhere he went!

“Fix your lips and you’ll be ready to go,” she told him happily. “I’ll get my purse.”

Phillip almost felt dizzy as he redid his lips. Just moving in the dress felt strange. It was very lightweight, but with the stiff bulky petticoat sewn into the dress to hold the skirt out, it seemed like he had a lot of volume that he had to maneuver around with each step he took. When he was done with his lips, he found Marian in the living room zipping up her little cow purse.

“You look gorgeous!” Marian exclaimed as she looked at him happily. “Ready to go?”

Phillip almost did a double take. “Marian, are you sure?”

“Yes,” she replied. “I love the way you look today. A little girl outfit…for someone who wants to be a little girl.”

Phillip was immediately frightened. Was she only kidding about that? Or did she somehow know that was one of his secret fantasies? Instead he said, “No, that’s not what I’m talking about.”

“What?” she asked.

“I mean you.”

“Do I look okay?” she asked.

“I guess,” he replied. “That is…if you want to go to work totally naked except for your shoes and your bell!”

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From her desk, Marian looked up to see the first of her workers, other than Phillip, entering the room. As Brittany, Lisa, and Beverly headed for their desks, she pulled the sides of her jacket tighter across her body. The jacket wouldn't stay that way…unfortunately. "Good morning, ladies," she said to them. But she could already see that her words went completely unheard. They were all staring transfixed at Phillip, whose big silver tiara was impossible to miss, no matter which way he was turned…which was mostly toward the wall.

"What's he wearing?" Lisa asked as she continued to stand in the middle of the aisle.

"I'll let you all have a good look at him in a little while," Marian told her. She saw them head for their desks, but they were soon replaced by others who had exactly the same reaction. Phillip however, was still trying to hide himself between his computer and the wall. And he wasn't having much success.

She saw Courtney, Ashley, and Heather come in. Courtney immediately headed closer to Phillip's desk where she could see him better. Heather was right behind her, but then Heather had to pass Phillip's desk to get to her desk. "Oh my God!" Courtney exclaimed. "Is that some kind of princess outfit?"

Marian didn't bother to answer. She saw a distinct scowl leveled at her from Heather though before Heather continued on to her desk…where she sat down and stared for a few minutes at Phillip, with a rather surprised and fascinated look on her face. Since he was turned towards the wall, from her position behind him, she had the best view of him of anyone in the room.

"Holy cow!"

Marian immediately turned her head toward the voice that had said it, thinking someone was making a comment about her. But instead she saw Felicia and Vivian standing in the aisle looking at Phillip. It had been Felicia, fortunately, who had uttered the exclamation, and she obviously had been referring to Phillip…who looked to be trying to hide even more in the gap between his computer and the wall. The silver tiara and the huge bulk of his skirts couldn't be missed however. Marian saw Vivian flash her a smile that showed her complete delight. Marian was amazed. Vivian had somehow managed to look even more yellow today than she had yesterday…as if that was possible.

Now that all her workers were there, she waited a few moments while they all started to get busy at their desks. She grabbed the bottom of her skirt and pulled it down as much as she could before she got to her feet. She pulled the sides of her jacket together again and tried to casually hold them that way with her left hand as she headed over to Phillip's desk. "Phillip," she said as she held her right hand out toward him. She saw him turn around nervously to look at her. "Come on," she said with her hand still held toward him. "Let's get this over with."

The look he gave her was one that wordless said, "Must I?" But her hand continuing to stay held out toward him gave him the only answer he needed. Like a little girl doing what her mother wanted, Phillip nervously got to his feet with Dolly cradled in one arm, as he took Marian's hand. His wand dangled from the hand that Marian now held. Marian didn't miss the breathless, "Wow," that escaped from Brittany's lips the moment he stood up and became more visible. "Grab your wand properly, Phyllis," Marian said to him as if she was talking to a child. The fact that he was acting like a little child wasn't lost on her at all. Once he was holding his wand properly, she said, "Come along," as she pulled him toward the front of the room. With her left hand still holding her jacket closed, she turned him around so that everyone could see him fully.

"So pretty!" Lisa exclaimed. She and Ashley both started laughing.

"Ladies," Marian said as she dropped his hand and stood back from him a step, "I just wanted you all to see little Phyllis's pretty new princess outfit. I know she's just delighted to get the chance to wear it somewhere." She didn't bother looking at Phillip. She knew he had to be blushing horribly. And today, she wanted all the attention piled on Phillip – so that nobody would even think to notice that she wasn't wearing a bra or panties today. Under her very short skirt, and under her thin blouse that revealed all too much cleavage as it was, she was completely naked.

Phillip stood there, totally red faced for only a moment before scurrying straight back to his desk. In that outfit, and with the doll in one arm and the wand in the other, he looked like nothing but an overgrown child. And the laughter in the room reflected just that. Marian "casually" headed back to her desk, but she stopped in the middle of the aisle near Phillip's desk. "Phillip," she said to get his attention again. Once he was looking at her, she continued. "Now that they've all seen you, there's no reason why you need to delay printing anything or mailing anything out. You can feel perfectly free to get up and wander about whenever you need."

"That's for sure!" Vivian exclaimed behind her. "The more the better!" The room erupted in laughter right along with her.

Since it was Mistress Vivian who had made the comment, Phillip wasn't sure if wandering about more was an order from her or not. And that had him worried.

Marian sat down at her desk again and stared back at Phillip. Once again he was turned so that seeing him would be more difficult. Not that it did him any real good.

"How much longer is this going to continue?" Heather hissed at her angrily from her desk.

Marian just shook her head and turned away from her, ignoring her question. She didn't have an answer to that. But hopefully, sometime next week, she herself would be free. Then all it would take was to get Vicious Vivian wrapped up – permanently somewhere!

Marian tried to work, but work was still the furthest thing from her mind. She wasn't comfortable without a bra holding her breasts secure. She wasn't comfortable without her panties either. But the bra was the worst for her because of the size of her breasts. How bad would they be by the end of the day when they would be full of milk? Those thoughts however, were quickly replaced by thoughts about Phillip. She had called him Phyllis in front of everyone – only because he had actually been acting like a child – to her at least. But she had no doubt that he had been totally meek as she led him to stand at the front of the room. He had even grabbed his wand properly when she told him to. She found it all…very curious.

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Phillip tried to hide like he usually did now…except he knew it wasn't working at all. After a over half an hour of trying to keep himself closer to the wall and his computer screen, he gradually gave up and sat normally in front of his computer…normal except for the stupid wand that was dangling from his wrist. The darn thing was a nuisance whenever he tried to type anything. He did his best to bury himself in his work, because work seemed to help keep his mind off of himself…and his problems.

He looked at the project he was working on and sighed. He needed to print it out and then put it into the office distribution system. Marian had said he should feel free to do things like that. Actually, she had told him to get up and wander about whenever he wanted. He didn't want to wander about though. He didn't want to get up from his desk at all. But then there was Mistress Vivian's words that still rang in his head. She had said she wanted to see him wandering around. Or so he thought. Actually, after his punishment last night, he was more inclined to err on the safe side as far as she went.

Taking a chance, he pushed the "Print" button on his computer and heard the printer at the back of the room come to life. He grabbed Dolly under the arm that had his wand attached and got up from his seat. All the women from Vivian on back saw him getting up. He tried to ignore them as he headed for the printer. By the time he started returning to his desk, he saw all the women in the room looking at him. Just great! Still standing, he stuffed the papers in an envelope and addressed it, then he carried it to the front of the room where he dropped it into the distribution box.

"So pretty," he heard Brittany laughingly whisper as he turned around and started back toward his desk.

His wand easily came up into his hand and he stopped briefly next to her desk and he playfully tapped the top of it with the wand before going back to his desk. He heard her

breaking out into full laughter behind him. He couldn't help himself. He smiled too. He looked back over at her and smiled, then purposely turned away from her as he tried to busy himself with work again.

Marian had seen everything that had happened. His final actions had been very strange. She couldn't help but wonder what had really gone on just then.

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Before going into the break room to make the coffee, Marian again went out to the elevators for a major mooing session. Much relieved, she also relieved herself in the ladies room as well. Her mind couldn't help but remember the horrible day she had spent the day before when she couldn't get her diapers off to use the bathroom. That had been…irksome – to say the least! As usual, as soon as she sat on the toilet, her fingers tried to find the one place she didn't…and did…want them to go. It was only by an act of great willpower that she got them out of herself before too much time had elapsed. She hated that she couldn't wash her hands. She could only hope that nobody would smell what she had been doing.

She went back to the office and headed straight into the break room to make the coffee. She wasn't washing her hands, but she did press her fingers tightly against a paper towel she used when she washed out the coffee pot. And the fact that the water got her hands all wet while she washed the pot instead of her hands, didn't bother her at all.

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Phillip didn't bother getting up from his desk to get some coffee at break time. His purse was overly stuffed with baby bottles to the point where he couldn't actually close the thing. He had three of them that he would have to drink in the office today. At the rate Marian was starting to produce milk, he was afraid that very soon the only thing he'd ever get to drink anymore was baby bottles full of her milk. With having to milk her twice a day now, things were already nearly to that point.

He hadn't been hiding between his computer screen and the wall anymore. He waited until Heather behind him went to break before he pulled one of his baby bottles out, turned to the wall, and then did everything he could to drink it as fast as he could. Unfortunately, trying to suck all the liquid out through the tiny nipples took way too long. Fortunately, he was getting pretty good at it. He managed to finish the bottle and put it away before Heather got back from break. Did anyone see him? He didn't know, and there was nothing he could do about it if they did.

Phillip had gotten up a couple of times during the morning to print things and to put them into the distribution system. He had been overly nervous each time, but he had also

somewhat enjoyed it. After playfully tapping Brittany's desk with his wand, it was as if something had changed in him. Almost like that little act had been something of a game. But why shouldn't he act like he was having a bit of fun with it? How much worse could any of them possibly think about him if he did? He didn't tap any of their desks with his wand again, but he did wave it about a bit – to the obvious delight of all of them. The odd part was, as totally humiliating as it all was for him, he was having a bit of fun with it. He was out in public – at work no less – in…not just a dress, but a princess costume. Why shouldn't he try to have some fun with it?

But in the office was one thing. Having to leave the office to go out and get lunch for Marian and himself was something else. And when Mistress Vivian sent him and email telling him to make sure he was ready to leave for lunch at the same time as all the women, he nearly had a fit. But what could he do about it? Especially since he knew the order had come from Mistress Vivian…and especially after the torture she had put him through last night.

So when the final second ticked off the clock at lunchtime, Phillip already had his lipstick done and he stood up with everyone else…except Marian.

"Coming Marian?" Lisa asked seeing that she was the only one left in the room.

Marian, who had her head buried in her computer, looked up. "Not right now," she replied. "I'm in the middle of something."

"See you later," Lisa replied as she followed the others out of the room.

Marian shook her head. She was in the middle of something, but it wasn't anything that she couldn't have put off to finish later. Her thoughts turned again to Phillip. Had he looked like he was enjoying himself today? That's the impression she had from watching him. She was almost tempted to go out with the women to see how he was acting now, but since she had dressed him that way, she was afraid of what questions she might have to answer. Besides, riding in the elevators was no fun if she couldn't let out a few good moos.

Phillip found himself surrounded by women, all of them either talking about him, asking questions, or fondling his dress. Yes, his dress! He was wearing a dress in the middle of all the women he worked with! He still couldn't get over that. Mostly, the women didn't call him by name, but he didn't miss when Courtney called him Phyllis when she asked if he liked his princess outfit. He told her he did. How else was he going to explain his odd behavior that day? And then Brittany had called him Phyllis too when she asked if he wanted to join the rest of the women at lunch. He declined saying he had other things he had to do…which he did. He just didn't explain that he was responsible for feeding his cow…Marian, who was still up in the office.

He was ever so grateful to get into his car and away from all the others. But how noticeable was the damn tiara that he was wearing to every other car on the road? Too noticeable he was sure. With no choice in the matter, he drove out to his usual fast–food drive thru and ordered another hamburger for himself, and this time a chicken sandwich for Marian. He figured she probably needed something different in her system by now. But he only got one drink this time with the food. Marian was the only one of them who would be able to have something decent to drink. He still had two more baby bottles of Marian's milk that he had to finish.

When he returned to the building, the lobby was far more empty than when he had come down, but that didn't mean he was the only one there. Every eye that he could see was turned toward him as he walked across the lobby and straight into a waiting elevator. As the elevator doors closed, he made a gesture with his wand out toward everyone looking at him…and then the doors closed fully and he breathed a sigh of relief. Whew!

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It was shortly after lunch when Vivian opened one of the usual websites she checked every day…several times every day…and let out an excited, "Oh wow!"

"What is it?" Felicia asked, turning around quickly.

But Vivian couldn't tell her that it had nothing to do with work. "Um…just all the mistakes in this thing. You know how some of these guys don't seem to know what they're doing."

"Tell me about it," Felicia replied, rolling her eyes and going back to her own work.

That had been a close one. Vivian hadn't done any work at all in a long time now. No, that wasn't true at all. Saving money like she did was hard work. You had to be on top of all the ads and take advantage of all of them to save like she did. And she was proud of how much money she had saved over the years. Especially lately! She doubted anyone could save money like she did. Her eyes quickly went back to the ad. The store was having a special weekend madness sale and it was starting tonight! Vivian knew from experience that she had to get there tonight in order to get the best deals and to make sure she had the best selection to choose from.

But she also had to re–hypnotize those two knuckleheads. That was going to get in the way. But there was no way she was going to miss her schedule for those two. But there was also no way she was going to miss that sale. She would just have to do both. Fortunately, she had no doubt that she could do both.

She turned again to look at Phillip. She had been shopping with Marian when Marian had found all the items for the costume…and many other things that she couldn't wait to see him

in. She had to say, he seemed to be a real hit with the ladies in his pretty princess costume today. And he was even acting better. She had to admit, Marian had done a great job with him today. And she had no doubt that some of the other things Marian had bought for him would be just as well appreciated by everyone.

But that also brought up the question of Marian. Yesterday, Phillip had stuck Marian with the problem of diapers. Did he do that again today? Since Marian had to look normal so as not to arouse too much suspicion, she couldn't be sure of anything. Since she was wondering about it, she sent Phillip an email asking if he had put the diapers on Marian again. The email she got back raised her eyebrows. Oh my. No underwear at all. No panties under Marian's delightfully short skirt, and no bra under her blouse.

She wondered if Marian's udders would be more noticeable later as she got closer to her milking time. No doubt they would be full of milk by the end of the day. Would Marian's jacket hide them then? The situation actually brought a smile to her face. It was going to be interesting to find out.

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It wasn't Marian's udders…breasts…that was bothering her. It was something completely different. She wasn't wearing panties…and her skirt was terribly short. And as the day wore on, she seemed to become more and more aware of that. Maybe it was that her breasts were becoming more bloated and heavier, and seemed to sway a bit more inside her blouse with every little movement she made. Maybe it wasn't really that at all. But with the combination of no panties and the very short skirt, Marian was having a difficult time keeping her fingers out from under her skirt, where it seemed one hand kept trying to go…and where her fingers seemed to have an all too easy time reaching the place they absolutely shouldn't be while she was at work.

She was so horny! As much as she hated masturbating herself endlessly with no hope of release, the hypnotic suggestions that Vivian had instilled into her brain kept her doing it. And just as she did every time she lowered her panties to sit on the toilet, now, with no panties, her fingers wanted to go to that one blessed and hated place again.

Stop it Marian! Do some work! Keep your fingers on the keyboard! But the temptation was too strong and the fact that she sat at the very back of the room where nobody could see her was working against her. Over and over again she found herself yielding to temptation. Just a tiny bit of stimulation that felt so good…and so bad. And was making her smell more! That was the part she was most worried about. But the closest person to her was Vicious Vivian, and there was an empty desk between them. She hoped that nobody would notice as her fingers seemed to leave the keyboard more and more often.

The email came in from Phillip reminding her to drink a few more bottles of water at break. She pulled her fingers back out from under her skirt again, pulled her short skirt down as far as she could, and got up – automatically grabbing the sides of her jacket to hold them together. She could feel her bloated breasts swaying inside her thin blouse. She tried to walk smoothly, to keep their movement to a minimum as she headed for the elevators for another mooing session. A mooing session that was followed by too long a session in the bathroom – where her hands came out smelling worse than before. How bad was the odor coming from under her skirt? At least she was able to wipe herself thoroughly with the toilet paper before going back to the office – where she went directly into the break room to wash the coffee pot again.

Vivian watched carefully as Marian came back from the break room. It was only because she was looking for it that she realized that Marian had been holding her jacket closed with her hands each time she got up. Feeling mischievous, she sent Marian a simple and very short email – "Stop holding your jacket closed!"

Marian read the email and looked up at Vivian who had just turned back toward her. Vivian looked all too smug and happy. Marian simply felt like dying a bit more. After break, the coffee pot needed washing again. Getting to the break room was no problem – her back was to all the women the entire time. It was coming back again that had her worried. Again she tried to walk as smoothly as the very high heels she was wearing would allow, but she could still feel her breasts moving around inside her blouse…that was starting to feel a bit tighter. It was the only time in her life that she had been grateful for the fact that she was older and her breasts now sagged more than they stood out.

Fortunately, the only person who really was looking at her with more than a passing glace was Vivian – who seemed to look all too delighted. Worried about that, the moment she sat down, she opened her jacket and glanced down at her breasts. Everything looked okay…so far. Now if she could just keep her fingers on top of the desk where they belonged. Twenty minutes later, she decided – why bother?

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Vivian sent both Marian and Phillip emails near the end of the day, telling them to make sure they left the office with everyone else. She also reminded the stupid cow to not hold her jacket closed. She was actually tempted to tell Marian to take her jacket off before going out, but she decided not to.

As soon as the clock ticked away the final second, everyone in the room got up to leave. Vivian delayed only slightly, trying to keep a watchful eye on Phillip and Marian. It took her only a moment of careful watching to see that it was far more obvious now that Marian wasn't wearing a bra today, and that her udders really were huge.

As she walked out, she was amused when Ashley asked Phillip if he had enjoyed being a princess all day. She was even more amused when Phillip admitted that he had. She wondered if it was actually true. The little shit had actually seemed like he was enjoying himself. Maybe he really had.

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Marian could feel her heavy breasts swaying with every step she took. Did her jacket hide the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra? And for that matter, how badly did she smell now?

"New purse, Marian?" Courtney asked, noticing the cow in Marian's hands.

Marian had no choice but to hold the dreaded thing up. "Isn't it adorable?" she replied.

"Sure is," Courtney told her. What she didn't add, was that it would be totally adorable – for a little girl. Not for a grown woman. Was Marian getting senile? Was whatever disease that was affecting Vivian, now starting to infect Marian? She hoped not. It was a disease that she herself wouldn't ever want to have!

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"Moooo!" The moo Marian let out was one of pure relief as the milking machine finally started draining the pressure off of her aching udders…breasts! She shook her head a bit at the relief as the pressure started draining away, which made her bell clang again. She hated that bell, but she was becoming more used to it…at least there in the apartment.

As she closed her eyes, she thought again about Vivian. The crazy woman had managed to find another totally yellow outfit again. Totally yellow! And as far as Marian could see, everything the demented woman had worn was different than the day before. There was no doubt that those DVDs were working on her. Now if she could just get time to finish the last DVD before tomorrow. She had to get it finished! She had to get herself out of the mess she was in – before she really did start believing she was a cow. She mooed again at that thought.

Was Vicious Vivian coming tonight to hypnotize them again? She was sure that she was. If Vivian kept to her usual schedule, then she had no doubt at all that the crazy woman would be there. Her only real question was if Vivian would be there before or after she was done being milked. She was betting before.

The sudden knock on the door brought out yet another moo from Marian. She had been right. Vivian had shown up before she was done. In fact, Phillip hadn't even emptied her milking machine the first time yet. A moment later, her vision was filled with the color yellow.

"Oh how marvelous you look," Vivian said wickedly as she stood over Marian and watched the milk coming heavily out of her. She quickly turned to Phillip. "Farmer Phyllis, those bottles are going to need emptying soon."

"Yeah," Phillip replied. "I was just about to do that when you arrived."

"Well get to it. Your cow is waiting!"

With the stupid wand still dangling from his wrist, Phillip switched off the machine and removed it from Marian's neck. He was aware of Mistress Vivian following him into the kitchen where she watched as he poured it all out into two baby bottles – filling one of them completely and more than half of the second bottle. She didn't say another word until Marian was hooked up to the machine again and the milk was flowing from her udders. And then as soon as he was temporarily done with Marian, he turned around and she said, "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" Immediately he closed his eyes, raised his thumb to his mouth, and dropped into a very deep trance.

As always, Vivian was totally delight at seeing Phillip drop into the trance. He looked even more precious this time dressed as a princess. Especially with Dolly in his arms and that silly wand dangling from his wrist. She sat him down on the couch, and while Marian was still being milked, started taking him deeper and deeper into his trance. Since Marian still had a long time to be milked, she spent a longer time than usual trying to take Phillip deeper. Then she pulled out her list for him and one by one, reminded him of absolutely everything that was required of him now. By the time she was done with him, it was time for Marian's milking to end. She woke Phillip up and told him to take care of his cow.

Marian had listened as Vivian had taken care of Phillip during her milking. As much as she hated it, she had been hypnotized by Vivian so many times now that she herself had almost dropped into a trance as Vivian took Phillip deeper and deeper. Fortunately, concentrating on the useless feeling of her fingers inside her kept her from that fate.

She was surprised when Vivian told Phillip to release her from her stall the moment the machine was off of her neck. She was surprised, but she wasn't. She was really surprised because Vivian had told him to release her so quickly. Marian wasn't looking forward to being hypnotized by Vivian again. She dreaded the prospect of it. But she already knew it was a foregone conclusion. She mooed as she crawled out of her stall, but before she had a chance to even climb to her feet, she heard the dreaded command that immediacy sent her into her own thumb sucking trance.

Vivian didn't take nearly as much time deepening Marian's trance as she had with Phillip. In fact, she didn't spend nearly as much time with Marian at all. There was a sale going on and she had money to save! The fact that she rushed more than usual with Marian didn't worry Vivian at all. She still had Marian hypnotized and she was still putting everything into Marian's

pea sized brain again. But the sale beckoned, and the moment she finished with Marian, she waved a quick goodbye to her playthings and was out the door. As she left, all of Vivian's thoughts were centered around two things, saving money, and the color yellow! Hopefully, she would find lots of yellow things on sale tonight!

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Phillip was nearly finished drinking another baby bottle by the time that Mistress Vivian left. He had watched most of what Vivian had done with Marian – the same thing that Mistress Vivian always did – with both of them. He was glad that Mistress Vivian was gone now – and not glad. He wasn't glad because now he had to go shopping. And he wasn't looking forward to it at all.

But before he could go shopping he had other things to worry about first. "Hungry?" he asked Marian as soon as Mistress Vivian had gone.

Marian shrugged as she concentrated on that thought. "I think so, but I'm not totally sure."

Phillip rolled his eyes. "You said you needed time to finish that DVD," he said to her.

Marian nodded. "I've got to finish it tonight," she told him. "It's vital!"

"Yeah, I know that now," Phillip replied. He stared at her for a moment. "Look," he finally said, "I know you can't help me tomorrow night. But if there's any chance at all of keeping me from doing that in the future, then I have to let you try. After last night, I really don't want to do anything at all to upset Mistress Vivian, but at the same time, I'm too afraid of what else she might do to me. If you can somehow stop her with that DVD, then I don't think I have a choice but to let you do it. I'm not looking forward to tomorrow night at all. It sickens me like you wouldn't believe. But I'm looking for any hope at all to get out of it as soon as possible – even though I'm more afraid of the consequences if she finds out."

Marian was surprised at how amiable he was being today. She had fully expected him to send her back to her stall at any moment. Maybe it was the princess dress. "Like I told you, those DVDs are already working on her. I'm hoping that this will be the last DVD I have to make. I'm pretty sure it will be, but I just need time to finish it…as a human."

He again stared at her for a moment. "I need to get out of what she's got planned for me. Somehow!" he said.

"Do you mind if I start working on it now?" she asked.

"He nodded," if you want.

Marian didn't wait a moment. Her bell clanged horribly as she hurried to the desk where she started setting up her computer. She was just sitting down to start working again when Phillip walked up and set a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and a tall glass of Coke down on the desk next to her, along with one of her dreaded pills. Marian's stomach started growling. "Thanks," she said gratefully as she immediately reached for the sandwich. The first bite of food was pure heaven.

"Marian," Phillip said, "I've got to go shopping tonight."

"I know," Marian replied with her mouth full of food.

"What do you want me to wear?"

Marian looked at him. He was being nice to her for once. Did she dare go easy on him and dress him in something that wasn't so outlandish? She was about to do just that, when another thought hit her. With her mouth still chewing, she asked. "Phillip, can you be honest with me for a minute?"

Phillip was surprised by the question. "I guess," he replied.

"How bad was wearing that princess outfit for you today – honestly! You looked like you were enjoying yourself more than once."

Phillip thought about that as his face immediately turned red. "Maybe," he conceded.

Marian nodded. "In that case, why don't you leave it on while you're shopping? I have no doubt that if you enjoyed wearing it at the office, then you'll enjoy wearing it out shopping too."

Phillip's eyes nearly bulged out of his head. Just the thought of it was a total nightmare! And…it was one of the nightmares that was also one of his fantasies. His secret dreams. Did Marian somehow know? Or was she just being cruel…or kind? He didn't know which. He gulped. "You really want me to wear this? Shopping?"

Marian only shrugged. "Sure. You look really…interesting. And…to tell the truth, you kind of look like you're dressed just to have some fun. So why shouldn't you wear it…and have some fun?"

Phillip's head went spinning at that thought. Have some fun? Was she kidding? But his reply was just the same question, "You really want me to wear this?"

Marian nodded. "Have fun." Five minutes later, she certified that both Phillip and Dolly looked totally adorable, and watched as they walked out the door…leaving the apartment

quiet. With him having to be gone for the next few hours, Marian had all the time she needed to finish the DVD – as a human. She mooed her satisfaction at the situation.

——— o0o ———

Princess Phyllis had to spend two hours wandering around in public. He had to do some grocery shopping before he went home, but that wouldn't eat up the entire two hours. He had one other place he had figured earlier that he wanted to go to – that he also figured should prove interesting…especially given the way he was dressed. He wasn't sure if that other place would be one where he could spend much time though.

He had a vague idea of where the store was and he drove there first. Just getting out of the car was nerve wracking for him. He saw a few heads from people on the sidewalk in front of the other stores turning to look at him. After hooking his purse over his arm, he grabbed his wand so it wasn't dangling from his wrist. Dolly just seemed to automatically cradle herself in his other arm. He was very aware of the people still watching him as he headed from the parking lot toward the row of stores. He figured he looked stupid – but also like an overgrown child dressed the way he was. With that "happy" thought on his mind, he was tempted to start skipping like a child for the amusement of the people watching him. He gave into the temptation the moment he got up on the sidewalk, and skipped the last few yards to the store entrance. He was sure the people had enjoyed the show. Besides, none of them knew him. None of them would ever see him again – hopefully. And, it was his fantasy. Marian had suggested he have some fun, and skipping like a child did indeed turn out to be…well, if not fun, it had certainly been thrilling – doing it right in front of total strangers.

As he walked into the store, his eyes were immediately caught by the faces of the two salesgirls behind the counter. Their surprised faces and unbelieving stares told him how really silly he looked.

"Oh…my…God!" one of the girls exclaimed.

The other girl recovered faster though. "I know you didn't buy that costume here," she said. "We don't have that particular one. But we've got a few others if you're interested."

Phillip smiled. The party/costume store probably would have a few more princess outfits that he would more than likely love to look at and perhaps buy – under different circumstances, but he wasn't about to start down that road – unless nobody would ever find out. "Um…he said hesitantly. "Do you mind if I just look around for a few minutes first?"

"Feel free," the girl replied.

"Where's the party?" the other girl asked.

Phillip smiled as his brain tried to quickly come up with an answer. “At a friend’s house,” he replied as he moved further into the store. Finding the costume section was easy, and it had lots of tall racks with lots of costumes available. All types of costumes. He would have asked for what he was really looking for, but he was more interested in finding a way to just kill some time. He turned quickly though as one of the salesgirls suddenly appeared at the end of the aisle.

“If you’re already dressed for the party, what do you need another costume for?”

Phillip smiled. “It’s not for me. It’s for…my girlfriend.”

“And you’re the one wearing the princess dress?”

He shrugged. “It wasn’t my idea. Trust me!”

“I believe it,” she replied.

“If you want more princess dresses, we’ve got a ton of them on a rack in the back.”

“I’ll get to them,” he replied. “But I really wanted to see if I could find her something different.”

“Okay,” she said. “Let me know if I can help.”

Phillip kept slowly looking at things, but he noticed that the girl wasn’t going away.

“If you’re all dressed for the party, then shouldn’t your girlfriend be dressed already too? Shouldn’t she already have a costume?”

Panic time again as Phillip forced his brain into action. “Um…she ruined it by spilling something all over it,” he told her. “Now she’s making me find her something else to wear.”

“And she sent you out like that?”

He shrugged. “What can I say?” He turned back to looking at the costumes on the shelves.

“What kind of costume did your girlfriend have?” the girl asked.

Would this woman never leave him alone? He almost told her a cow costume, but at the last moment he decided on something different. “She had a prince costume to go with my princess one.”

"Oooohhh. Cool," the girl replied. "You're switching places. And she spilled something on it?"

"Um…Not quite. I'm afraid I'm the one who did the spilling. And now you know why she sent me out like this. Do you know how bad red wine can stain white pants?"

"That'll do it!" the girl agreed with a laugh. "So it's your fault!"

"Um…something like that."

"Hey, we've got a few really nice prince costumes in the back too. Want to see some?"

"Um, no. I was kind of thinking of something a little more…in line with getting back at her for making me wear this – especially out to the store to get her a new one."

The girl laughed. "Uh–oh. Getting back at her. Are you sure you want to go down that road?"

Phillip looked at her for a moment. "Absolutely!"

She laughed again. "I hope you don't lose her over this."

Phillip had mixed feelings over that matter. "Don't worry. I seriously doubt that can happen!"

"If you say so," she replied. "It's your neck."

Phillip didn't reply, but his one thought was that it was literally his neck. Not because of Marian, but because of Mistress Vivian!

"So, did you have anything at all in mind?"

Phillip really wished the girl would leave him alone, but it seemed like she was going to haunt him the entire time he was there. "Um…no," he replied. "I'd really just like to look around and see if anything jumps out at me."

"Okay," she replied. "Just let me know if I can help."

Phillip smiled at her and went back to looking over what they had – as slowly as possible. But the darn girl was still there!

"So what's with the big doll you're carrying?" she asked.

Phillip wanted to scream. "Um…part of the costume," he told her.

"I don't get it," she replied. "It doesn't go with the rest of the outfit at all."

"Um…I think it's supposed to be something along the lines of being childish or something," he told her. "I guess the doll is supposed to make me look like a young kid playing dress up."

She laughed again. "No wonder you want to get back at her so badly. But why didn't you just leave the doll in the car?"

Phillip realized now that as long as he was there, the girl was going to continue to bother him with questions. "Um…I didn't think of it," he lied. He knew it was a bad answer, but it was the best excuse he had.

"Dumb!" she replied.

He couldn't have agreed more.

"Want me to hold it for you at the front counter?"

"No," Phillip replied a bit too quickly. "I mean, it's okay. I've got it." Fortunately she didn't say anything to that, but it was only moment before she had another question.

"And you had to carry the wand in with you too?"

Exasperated at her constant questions, Phillip held up his left hand and dropped the wand. It dangled from his wrist. "It's attached." He swung the wand up into his hand and caught it cleanly. Then he went back to perusing the shelves of costumes while she giggled.

"So what time does this party start?" she asked next. "I mean, you're all dressed, but you're spending a lot of time now trying to find a costume for your girlfriend."

Phillip had already had enough of her questions. "We're probably going to be late," he replied, doing his best to control his temper. "And in this getup, I don't really care." She laughed at his answer, but he didn't care that she had laughed. He really just wanted her gone! He decided he needed to get out of there sooner rather than later. "Um…you know what would be a really great costume for her?"

"What's that?" she asked.

"A cow! Do you have anything like that?"

"A cow costume?" she asked, totally surprised. "That's not even close to her original prince costume."

"Yeah, but trust me, it would be perfect for her…um…after putting me through this!" he said as he held his arms out to signify what he was wearing.

"A cow!" she said again with a shake of her head. "Yeah, we've got one around here somewhere. It's not something many people are interested in though. Are you sure you want to take a look at it? I think the prince and princess theme would be a whole lot better."

"Yeah, I'm sure," Phillip replied. "Let me see the cow costume."

"It's your neck if she gets mad," the girl said as she walked past him and led the way around toward one of the far shelves of costumes. She had to hunt around for a few minutes to find it – a few minutes that Phillip had no problem waiting though since it was taking up time and she wasn't asking him any questions. Eventually though, she found it high up on the shelf. "Got it!" she exclaimed happily as she struggled to pull the big box down.

"Can I see it before I buy it?" Phillip asked.

"Of course! I wouldn't want you to buy something you didn't really like. And from what you told me earlier, I'm still thinking another prince costume might be better for you."

"Um…no, let me see this instead," Phillip insisted.

"It's your head," the girl replied. She laid the box on the floor and opened it. From it, she pulled the black and white costume and held it up in front of her so he could see the whole thing. Phillip stared at it and smiled broadly. But before he could say anything, she stooped back toward the box and her hand came up with something else in black and white. It's even got this cute little hood with the horns on it."

"I'll take it!" Phillip exclaimed happily.

She shook her head. "Like I said, it's your neck!"

"No problem," Phillip replied.

Once the costume was boxed up again, he followed her to the front check–out counter where she rang up the sale. Phillip sat Dolly on the counter and opened his purse. His credit card was naturally in his wallet. And that of course was another opportunity for the girl to ask yet another embarrassing question.

"I get that your girlfriend is making you carry the purse," she said. "I mean, there's no pockets on that dress, although why you're not wearing a pair of pants under it makes no sense to me. But that's up to you…and your girlfriend I guess. But why are you carrying a woman's wallet in your purse too?"

Phillip didn't have an answer for her question that he felt comfortable telling her. He almost angrily held out the credit card toward her. "Can you just ring this up and let me get it home before I get in more trouble for being late?"

"Like I said, it's your neck."

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With the cow costume bought, Phillip had no place else that he could think of to go for a while to kill more time in public. But he did still have to go grocery shopping. Unfortunately, the store he had just come out of had only taken up about half an hour of the two hours he needed to fill. He didn't think he could waste an hour and a half in the grocery store. So where could he go?

With nothing else in mind, he drove toward the grocery store, hoping to spot someplace where he could go to wander around for a while…and feel totally humiliated. Ugh! He hated the prospect of what he had to do…but at the same time, he really wished he had time to try to get his hand inside his diaper where he might stand a chance of doing things that the diaper usually got in the way of.

He spotted a gas station that didn't have any other cars there just then. He quickly pulled in and up to one of the gas pumps. Taking as much time as he could, he and Dolly filled his car with gas, all the while glancing around to see who might be watching him too closely…other than every car on the busy road in front of him. With no worries about gas for a while, he got back into his car and continued on in the direction of the grocery store – searching for some kind of time wasting thing that he could do – and that wouldn't be too embarrassing. As if such a thing were possible.

All too soon though, he found himself parking the car in the grocery store's parking lot. Holding tightly onto Dolly for the moral support, he got out of the car and headed inside. How could Marian have even suggested that he have fun while he was dressed so ridiculously? How could she ever think that he could enjoy being out in public being totally humiliated? It was totally cruel of her. Of course, as much as he blamed Marian, he knew that the real problem was Mistress Vivian, yet his brain still tried to put most of the blame on the stupid cow back in his apartment.

That new DVD of hers had better work! He didn't think he could go through this kind of humiliation again. As he put Dolly and his purse in the child's seat of the shopping cart, he was more than aware of everyone within sight staring at him. Why did grocery stores have to be so well lit? Did any of those people looking at him know how humiliated he felt? Did any of those people have any idea how much he wanted to turn around and run…but

couldn't. And did any of them have any idea at all how horny he was? Ugh! What a predicament to be in!

With nothing but time to kill, he started at one end of the store and slowly pushed the cart where he could look at everything possible. He put very little into the cart. He had no intention of doing much in the way of cooking at all. In fact, he had no intention of cooking anything. He himself hadn't eaten anything yet that night. His plans were to enjoy a sandwich in the privacy of his apartment after he got home. Of course, sometime after he got home, he was going to have to spend an hour basically eating something else – that he was not going to enjoy at all. Ugh! He didn't want to dwell too long on that horrible prospect.

He looked long and hard at all the fresh produce, particularly any of it that resembled grass of any kind. He was sorely tempted to buy some to feed Marian, but one look at most of it that even remotely resembled grass and he realized he'd be wasting his time and money. The packages were made to be added to salads and there wasn't enough in any of them for more than a mouthful for Marian to eat. So he wound up passing it all by.

It was in the cereal aisle that he put most of the things into the cart. Five large boxes of different kinds of cereal – that he liked. He had no idea what kind of cereal Marian liked, but then right now, he knew that Marian had no idea as to that either, so he went with his own tastes. He bought so many boxes because it was simply a lot easier to pour Marian a bowl of cereal to eat than do anything else. He knew the stupid cow wouldn't complain. Why should he bother doing anything more? And after he had found all the cereal, he felt proud of himself. By his best estimate, he had managed to waste at least fifteen whole minute just picking out cereal boxes before he slowly moved on.

The only aisle he didn't spend any time in…in fact, compared to the other aisles he practically hurried though it…was the baby aisle. Baby food, and baby formula, and baby bottles. Baby care products of all kinds. He had enough of those things in his life just then. And all of them were things he would really like to get rid of – like the overly soaked diapers he was wearing under his dress. He'd been wearing them all day now and he was pretty sure that they were getting close to the leaking point. And that was another little worry he had to deal with. But he hadn't had nearly enough to drink yet all day, so they had lasted all day. He would have to spend a few hours drinking a lot of Marian's milk before he went to bed that night, but he was planning on those bottles washing the taste of that "other thing" out of his mouth! No doubt whatever diaper he wore to bed that night would be close to leaking by morning.

He turned up the next aisle and immediately slowed to barely a crawl. Soup! Soup was easy to fix. No doubt it would do Marian some good to eat a bowl of soup every once in a while. He guessed he could cook that much. Actually, he might even be able to cook it in the microwave. Even better! One by one, mostly to kill time, he started examining closely what kinds of soup were available.

"Look Mommy!"

Phillip turned around quickly. A little girl and her mother had just turned up the aisle behind him. And…the little girl was wearing a pink princess outfit – in the store! Panic hit him as the little girl ran laughingly straight toward him. He stared in horror as she stopped just two feet away and looked up delightedly at him.

"You've got a pretty dress," she said to him with a big smile on her face.

Phillip did his best to control the panic in his stomach. He even managed somewhat of a smile. "So do you," he replied. "And yours is all pink."

The little girl twirled all the way around, letting the skirt of her dress fly out for a moment before she stopped to stare up at him again. "I like your crown," she said to Phillip. "It's real pretty."

Phillip touched the tiara fastened into his hair. "Uh…thanks," he replied. "You're real pretty too." He realized that her mother had stopped just out of the way and was watching them closely. He looked up at her only briefly before turning his attention back to the little girl.

"You've got a magic wand!" the little girl exclaimed next. "I wish I had one." She turned back to her mother. "I want a magic wand too!" she demanded.

"No Angela, not tonight," her mother replied. "They don't have them in this store, we'll have to find one somewhere else."

"I want one!" the little girl insisted.

"I told you, not tonight!" the mother insisted.

Phillip realized that the girl was about to go into a full blown temper tantrum. Quickly he turned around and plucked Dolly from his cart. "Hey," he said. "Did you see my dolly?" He stooped down close to the girl and held Dolly where she could see it better.

The little girl's eyes went wide at seeing the big doll in his arms. "She's pretty!" she said. "Can I hold her?" she asked as she reached out and tried to take it from him.

Taking a chance, Phillip let go of Dolly and the little girl hugged Dolly tightly. The fact that Dolly was half as big as the girl didn't seem to bother her in the least. "Her name is Dolly," Phillip told her. "And she's real nice to hold onto."

The girl turned to her mother. "I want one like this!" she demanded.

Phillip looked up questioningly at the mother. She looked totally exasperated with her little girl. “Sorry,” Phillip said to her. “I was only trying to stop what I thought might be an argument because of the wand.”

“No problem,” the woman replied, still looking at him uncertainly. “She does this all the time. And I’m afraid I give in to her all the time just to keep her happy.”

Phillip nodded. He was about to ask for Dolly back when the mother asked, “So what are you doing here, dressed like that?”

Um… “Costume party,” he replied. “I got tired of it and left soon after it started.”

“I’m surprised that you would be out in public in an outfit like that,” the woman noted.

Phillip tried to smile. “So am I. But…well, here I am.”

The woman looked down at her daughter. “Give the nice man his doll back Angela,” she said. Phillip held out his hands for the doll, but he didn’t get it until after Angela had given Dolly another big hug. But he was nothing but relieved to have Dolly back in his arms again.

Phillip stood up, wanting to be done with the girl and get back to his slow motion shopping. He noticed the mother looking at him with a strange look on her face. He wasn’t in the mood for any more embarrassing questions, but he knew he was about to get one.

“Um…” the woman started uncertainly. “Would you mind if I took a picture of you and Angela together? Two princesses out grocery shopping?”

The little girl was suddenly totally delighted with the idea. “Yeah, yeah, yeah!” she exclaimed happily as she quickly stood in front of him and turned to face her mother.

Phillip realized he really wasn’t going to get much of a choice in the matter. “I guess, go ahead,” he told the mother. He waited while she dug her cell phone out of her purse, stood back, aimed it, and took a picture.

“It’s hard to get both of your outfits together. You’re too big…or she’s too small.”

Phillip quickly divined the answer to that problem. In his blue princess gown, with Dolly cradled in one arm, he stooped down and picked up the little girl in her pink dress with his free arm where his wand was dangling from his wrist. He cradled her on his hip and managed to grab the wand in his hand as well. Then, while the little girl laughed, the mother took several more pictures.

"Totally precious!" the mother declared as she finished. "Thank you, so much," she added as Phillip set her daughter on the floor.

"Um…you're welcome," Phillip replied. A moment later, the woman dragged her daughter down to the end of the aisle where they turned out of sight, but the little girl had kept trying to look back at him the entire way. Phillip breathed a sigh of relief. He was glad they were gone. But…had he enjoyed himself with the little girl? As much as he hated to say it, he realized that it hadn't been that bad. There had been no "sexual" thrill in it at all, and yet, it had been…somewhat fun.

By the time Phillip paid for his groceries, and refreshed his lipstick just inside the door, and actually got out of the grocery story, he had been seen by way too many people, played with another "princess," been subjected to non–stop humiliation everywhere he looked…and he was as horny as he could ever remember being. And the clock in his car told him he still had more than half an hour that he had to kill before he could go home.

Since it was getting late, and he was hungry, he decided he had little choice but to actually go inside of the fast food restaurant where he would normally have stayed in his car. When he got there, he was pleased to see that there were only a few cars in the parking lot. Holding Dolly tightly in one arm and his purse and wand in his other hand, he got out of the car and nervously approached the building. He could see a few people inside looking at him through the big plate glass windows from the moment he got out of his car. He had no doubt that the big bright tiara on his head was probably acting like a neon sign, pointing straight at him.

He actually hugged Dolly tighter for a moment as he opened the door and stepped inside. His eyes immediately started scanning the interior. He saw only about half a dozen customers, most of whom were now looking at him with either surprised or amused looks on their faces. By the time he approached the counter, he figured every worker in the place had come out for a look at him.

"Oh my God!" one of the girls way back toward the drive–thru window exclaimed as she stared at him. "It's the guy from the car!"

Yeah, they all knew about him. Nervously, he approached the cash register, trying to keep his eyes on the menu overhead while he decided what he wanted to eat – which he already knew.

"You decided to come inside!" the girl behind the register exclaimed. "And you've got a princess outfit on today!"

Phillip could feel his face turning red. Coming in here had been a bad idea. But he was there now and he still had time he had to kill in a public place where people could see him…and laugh at him. "Um…yeah," he said simply. "Can I have…"

"Your doll is adorable," she said.

"Um…yeah," he replied, trying to keep his eyes on the sign overhead. "I'd like…"

"How come you brought it in with you? The wand too?"

"Um…they go with the outfit," he explained before turning his eyes back to the sign overhead. "I think…"

"How come you always wear the weird women's clothes?" the girl asked next. "And especially that outfit tonight?"

"Um…costume party," he replied as his eyes went back to the menu board. "I'd like…"

"But how about all the rest of the time, when you don't get out of your car?"

Phillip figured it was time to find a new fast–food restaurant. Obviously, he had too much of a reputation there already. "Um…what are the chances of getting some food tonight?" he asked.

"Oh, no problem," the girl replied. "You mean, you really wanted something?"

Phillip was tempted to hit her with his magic wand – turn her into a frog or something.

There were no "good" seats in the place where he could sit out of the way without being seen…and he did look carefully before he finally selected a table that was unfortunately next to one of the plate glass windows. It was either that where he could only be seen well from one side, or sit in the middle where he could be seen all too well by everyone. He quickly refreshed his lipstick and started eating. Nervously. Even more nervously since just after he started eating several cars drove up and he watched as a number of young women got out of them. College girls he figured. And they all saw him through the window. Just great!

Things didn't improve at all for Phillip as the girls all came inside – ignoring the counter where they would have to order their food. Instead, they all seemed to head straight for him.

"Such a pretty tiara," one of them said laughingly as she came and sat down right across from him at the table. She was soon joined in the booth by another one…and another girl shoved him over and sat in the same seat where he was sitting…and he couldn't count the number of girls who were standing at the side of the table.

Phillip really wished he had decided to stay in the grocery store instead. He could have simply started shopping all over again.

“So where’s the party?” the girl who had spoken a moment earlier asked.

“Right here,” the girl sitting next to Phillip replied as they all started laughing.

“Oh look at the doll!” One of them exclaimed as she caught sight of Dolly down by Phillip’s side. “She’s adorable!”

“Let me see it!” another of the girls asked.

Phillip’s eyes searched across a few of the girls, then nervously, he reached down and pulled Dolly up onto the table, keeping her way back from where the girls could reach her…but not quite far enough from where the girls on the other side of the table could reach…unfortunately. The girl closest to Dolly quickly reached out and grabbed her.

“Oh my God!” she exclaimed as she hugged the doll to her chest. “This thing is so soft.”

“Let me feel!” another of the girls exclaimed.

Phillip watched in horror as Dolly got passed around to each and every girl there. Dolly was certainly getting a lot of love, Phillip was simply too scared to know what was going on.

While the girls were all mostly focused on Dolly, Phillip suddenly felt something pull at his left wrist.

“Hey, what’s this?” the girl sitting next to him asked as she pulled his wand up that had been dangling from his wrist. “It’s a magic wand!” she exclaimed as she held it straight up and started laughing. “How perfect!”

“Did you do any magic with it tonight?” another of the girls laughingly asked.

Phillip didn’t bother replying. Instead, he grabbed the wand out of her hand and held it so they couldn’t try to pass that around too. Of course, they would have had to untie it from his wrist first, which wasn’t all that bad an idea.

“Hey,” the one sitting next to him exclaimed as she suddenly scooted in closer to him. “Somebody take my picture!”

Horrified, Phillip had to endure being photographed with the girl…then with another girl…then with another. By the time they finished taking pictures, he had not only been photographed with each of them, but there had been a lot of group shots as well.

“Hey,” one of them said, “I can’t stay much later.”

Phillip was so relieved when all of them finally left him alone. Most of them headed for the counter to order some food, some of them headed directly out to one of the cars. Phillip left most of his dinner untouched. He quickly refreshed his lipstick, grabbed his purse, wand, and Dolly and hurried out to his car. Whew! He'd never go there again! He checked the clock in his car. Way past time to be home. He wasted no time at all in heading back to his apartment.

Chapter 28.

It was Saturday morning, a day off, but Phillip's alarm still woke him up at five forty–five – on a day when he'd really like to sleep in…on a day that he truly wished never existed. He wasn't looking forward to the daytime hours, but it was the evening hours and what was planned for them that he absolutely dreaded.

Knowing it was inevitable, he pulled himself out of bed. He hadn't slept much at all – again. He was so weary he could hardly stand it. Not only had he not slept because of being worried about what he would face that night, but after having to drink so many baby bottles of Marian's milk last night, he had come awake to pee into his diaper all too many times…that is, during the times that he had actually managed to fall asleep. Now his diaper was horribly bloated. His hand felt around the edges. Wet! He didn't bother looking back at the sheets or trying to feel them in the dim light. They would be wet too. Hopefully he could get them washed when he and Marian went to clean Vivian's place later that morning. Ugh! He wasn't looking forward to that either. Of course, lately, he never had anything to look forward to in his life anymore. His only hope as he saw it now, was in Marian's DVD somehow helping to get them out from under Mistress Vivian's harsh rule.

He automatically grabbed the tube of lipstick on his nightstand and refreshed his lips. Then, knowing it was inevitable and something he had better handle now rather than worry about later, he stood up and started working on messing his diaper, making it worse than just leaking wet. He wanted out of the thing! He wanted…time to do some things with a part of his body inside the diaper that he hadn't been able to do all night. Another reason he hadn't slept much at all. Had he really spent most of the night out in public wearing a princess costume? All day at work too? It was unthinkable! And damn he needed some relief!

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Marian dreamed of her husband's soft hands caressing her…particularly her aching udders. She could feel his hard penis up inside of her. And oh it felt so good! She wanted release. She wanted him to grant her that release. But he was playing with her again…withholding it. Teasing her, bringing her need higher and higher – when she didn't want her need to be any higher. Her soaking wet sex wanted the release. Her aching udders wanted relief. Her whole body wanted release. Why wouldn't he grant it to her?

"Marian! Wake up!"

She startled awake and mooed…her head spinning with the effects of shaking off the dream. Had it been a dream…or a nightmare? She was still nestled deep in the pile of hay and her hands were buried up inside of her. Ugh! She mooed again as she crawled from the hay to

kneel over her tub…where her fingers once again wound up right where they would do her no good at all. But Phillip wasn't putting the milking machine around her neck.

"Crawl out of there for a minute," Phillip commanded.

For once, Marian would almost rather stay right where she was. She needed the pressure relieved from her aching overly bloated udders more than ever. "Moo!" she complained as she crawled forward. Once she was out of her stall, she started to stand.

"Don't bother standing," Phillip told her. "I just need you to get this damn diaper off me. It's leaking all over the place."

Marian almost laughed. "How did that happen? I thought I put it on you tight enough last night."

"You did! Too tight in fact! But…well…it's still leaking." He didn't bother mentioning that she had put it on too tight, only because once again he hadn't been able to get his hand far enough inside of it to do him any good in the sexual department. One of the reasons he was more than ready for her to get the darn smelly thing off of him now!

Still on her knees, Marian reached out and opened the tapes on his diaper, letting it fall to the floor. Yuck! God it stank! But then so did the whole damn apartment. She started crawling back toward her stall.

"Did you get the DVD finished last night?" asked before she got back into her stall.

"You know I did," she replied. "It was all but done when you disappeared into your room last night."

He nodded. "And you're sure it will work?"

"Pretty sure," she replied. "You know there's always a chance that these things won't. But I'd say that judging by the way things have gone so far, we've got a really good chance with it."

It was the best he could hope for. "Okay," he said. "Back in your stall. Let's get this milking over with."

"Thanks!" she replied. "I need it! You wouldn't believe how much these udders ache today." A moment later, she passed the confines of her stall, and mooed. Two minutes later, she closed her eyes as the machine started pulling the milk from her udders, relieving the monstrous pressure, while her fingers played uselessly down below.

Phillip cradled Dolly to his chest and hurried off to the shower. Scared to death of the snakes, he stopped in the doorway and looked all around. He didn't see any, but then he had no intention of going anywhere near the toilet. He set Dolly on the floor as close to the tub as possible and jumped into it where he turned the shower water on as hot as he could stand it, trying to wash the filth and smell from his body as quickly as he could – before he would have to run back out and empty Marian's milking machine again. After that, he had plans to come back to the shower to do what he had wanted to do all night – but couldn't"

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Marian had no idea how many baby bottles of milk she had produced that morning, but she was sure the amount of milk her body was producing was continuing to go up. She mooed, hoping that Phillip would get the picture and release her from her stall. But he was still in the kitchen…evidently still pouring her milk into the bottles. At least she thought that's what he had to be doing. But a moment later, he showed up with a bowl of water in his hands and one of her pills. Oh darn! Not again! She had hoped that for once he was going to be a bit more civil. Instead, she had no choice but to let him shove the pill into her mouth and then lower her head to the bowl he had placed on the floor and start drinking from it. A minute later, Phillip and Dolly were back again with a bowl of cereal. Her head went back and forth between the cereal and her water…as she noted Phillip heading back to the bathroom – for the third time! Why?

She was long done eating by the time Phillip and Dolly came back to release her from her stall. She crawled out as quickly as she could. "Why do you insist on feeding me like an animal all the time?" she demanded.

"Don't ask!" Phillip replied harshly.

"I am asking!" Marian shot back. "It's not right!"

"You want to get sent back to your stall until we have to leave?" Phillip threatened.

Marian glared angrily at him…and he simply glared angrily back at her. "I'm going to take a bath and get cleaned up," she told him as she turned away and headed for the bathroom. "I'll find you something to wear later."

"Fine with me!" Phillip shot back. He was afraid of what she would probably find for him to wear that day…although he'd never admit to anyone how much he had enjoyed the princess costume the day before. What else had she bought for him?

Marian went into the bathroom, intending on taking a nice long relaxing bath…only to discover that her body refused to turn the water on or even climb up into the tub. Since it

wasn't a work day, she couldn't wash herself at all! "Aaaaahh!" she screamed in frustration. She stared at the tub, but only moments later she heard Phillip rushing to the door.

"What is it?" Phillip asked quickly, his eyes darting all around looking for snakes. "Did you see one of the snakes?"

Marian shook her head as she headed out of the bathroom where he was blocking the door. "No. No snakes. Just no bath. Since we're not going to work, then stupid Vivian's instructions are keeping me from cleaning myself at all!"

"Oh," Phillip replied, very relieved. "I thought something really major had happened."

Marian rolled her eyes as she pushed her way past Phillip and his doll. "Trust me," she said, "me not being able to take a bath is a really major thing!" She headed into his bedroom. "We've got to clean Vivian's place today," she said. "So let's get you dressed."

Phillip wasn't looking forward to finding out what he would be wearing…and he was looking forward to it. Especially after the day before. The diaper she threw at him to put on was inevitable. But after that, he was surprised when she pulled all more normal stuff out of the closet for him to wear. A pair of the women's slacks – the only kind he had anymore. One of his small bras, and a simple top. She pulled his red high heels out next, and he remembered that Vivian wanted both of them wearing their red heels whenever they cleaned her house.

"Nothing…different?" he asked.

"We've got work to do this morning," she said. "But if you want something different…or for you, I guess more fun, then I'm more than willing to accommodate you."

Phillip quickly shook his head. "No, no!" he replied quickly. "This is great! Thanks!" He couldn't dare let her know that he had really liked the dress–up stuff." Ten minutes later, he had a simple bow in his hair and just a tiny bit of makeup on his face to complete his simple look.

But now that he was dressed, it was time for him to come up with something for Marian to wear too. He knew that she would have to go shopping sometime today, and he was planning on her wearing the new cow costume he had bought her. But he didn't want to spring that on her yet. Especially not since they had to clean Mistress Vivian's home first. So he picked out just another short skirt outfit for her again – complete with underwear this time. Since she was going easy on him today, then he figured he could go easy on her too. At least until later. But if she had put him in something more…outrageous, then he would have had no problem springing that new cow costume on her now. "Okay," he said a few minutes later, after she had put everything on, just do your hair and makeup and you'll be good to go.

Marian headed into the bathroom to brush her hair. She stared at herself in the mirror. She looked horrible! A moment later, she let out an all too loud and frustrated, "Damn it!"

Phillip grabbed Dolly and rushed to the bathroom again. "Now what?" he asked, without actually stepping into the room.

"I can't even grab the hair brush, and I know I can't do my own makeup either!" she complained.

Phillip remembered that part of the instructions that Mistress Vivian had given them. He had really been hoping that he wouldn't have to handle those matters for Marian too. He had enough to take care of as it was for the stupid cow. But after seeing that she couldn't take a bath that morning, then he should have known better. With another look around to spot any hidden snakes, he quickly snuck into the bathroom and grabbed her hair brush, then he turned and immediately left. "Come on," he said, "I'd rather do this in the kitchen." With a roll of her eyes, Marian followed.

With Marian seated in one of the kitchen chairs, Phillip looked over Marian's hair. How the heck was he supposed to brush it? He didn't have a clue! What did Marian do with it every day? He started running the brush tentatively through a few sections, then gave up and just stared at it for a moment. "Shit!" he exclaimed. "I'll be right back."

He was gone several minutes, but when he came back, Marian's eyebrows went up. A moment later, he was fixing bows into her hair – all over! She didn't even know how many.

"That will have to do," Phillip told her. "Now, what do we do about makeup?"

For once, Marian's head was totally blank about the subject of makeup. She couldn't have answered him if she wanted to. It was simply a subject that went totally out of her head…for a while.

Phillip and Dolly went back to the bathroom and came back with a handful of her makeup. He pulled one of the other kitchen chairs out and sat down in front of her. Now what should he do. Foundation? He grabbed the bottle of liquid foundation, then looked at her face. Why bother? He wasn't sure how much good it would do anyway. Eye makeup! He was sure that had to be a must. He just wasn't sure exactly what to do with it. He grabbed a few things and carefully went to work on her face. When he was done, he sat back and looked at it, and almost broke out laughing. "I don't think I did a very good job," he told her, trying to suppress a smirk. "But it will have to do for today."

"Can I get up now?" Marian asked, glad that the ordeal was over with. Having to sit there while he made up her face hadn't been fun in the least. In fact, at times she had been a bit frightened – especially when he was working around her eyes.

"Sure," he said. As far as I'm concerned, you're good to go.

She didn't thank him. She just got up from her seat and wandered into the bathroom to look at herself in the mirror there. Ugh! Her face looked more like a child had done her makeup. It was awful! And…she had colorful bows all over her hair. And worse, she knew she wouldn't be able to touch any of it. She'd be stuck wearing it all until he decided otherwise. Double ugh! But she guessed it could have been a lot worse. Especially after what she had put him through yesterday.

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Vivian left her front door open because she continually kept going back to look out of it to see when those two idiots would finally get there to start cleaning. The fact that it was still fifteen minutes early didn't mean anything to her. She wanted to go shopping and they were keeping her from it! She finally saw Phillip's car drive up and park. "Finally!" she grunted. Actually, she couldn't wait to see how her two playthings had dressed each other today. But when they both got out of the car, she was very disappointed. Phillip wasn't wearing anything out of the ordinary at all! And Marian…well, okay, all the bows and the really childish makeup job did look pretty embarrassing, she had to give Phillip a lot of credit for that. But why hadn't Marian dressed him any better? She had seen some of the things she had bought for him. Now she wanted to see some of those things on him.

"You're late!" she complained to both of them?"

Marian was totally surprised by that statement. As far as the clocks were concerned, they were five full minutes early.

Vivian looked directly at Marian, "Why didn't you dress him more…interestingly?" she asked.

"We've got work to do," Marian replied. "That is, unless you don't want your place cleaned properly because we're too worried about messing up our outfits."

Vivian glared back at her. Damn the stupid cow! She did have a point. "Well get to it!" she said as she led the way back into the townhouse. "I want all the floors mopped and shining. I want all the laundry done. I want the whole house clean and spotless! And trust me, if I find even one thing not right, you're both going to regret it.

Marian forced herself not to make any reaction that Vivian might notice. "Don't worry," she said, "we'll…"

“Marian moos like a cow!” Vivian said quickly overtop of what Marian was saying.

“Moo!” Marian’s voice finished. Marian’s eyes went wide with surprise. Then her face simply settled into a look of total frustration.

“Maybe spending the whole weekend mooing will teach you to be on time for once! Now get busy! Both of you.” With that, she grabbed her purse and walked out. She had some ideas on something she desperately wanted to find. Something with big bright yellow sunflowers – set on a field of sunny yellow!

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Marian mooed again as she watched Vivian driving off. She was completely irked at being stuck only mooing again – for the whole weekend! And then another thought hit her. She had to go shopping later. How the heck was she supposed to handle that? But most likely, Vicious Vivian never thought about that when she had given her the mooing command.

With a shake of her head, she turned and headed straight for the DVD player where she swapped the disks. She hid the old one in the bottom of the trash can. She held the trash can out toward Phillip and mooed.

“You want me to take this out now?”

Marian nodded her head and mooed again. The sooner it was out of there the safer they would be.

Phillip shrugged his shoulders and grabbed the trash can. A minute later, he was out of the apartment heading for the big trash dumpsters. By the time he came back, Marian was already pulling their laundry out of the back seat of his car and into the house. Despite having the trash can and Dolly in his arms, Phillip still managed to grab an armload of their things and carry them in.

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Marian felt very relieved about having that final disk in place. She was rushing things with it by putting more into the recording than she knew was good, but hopefully it would all still work…or at least enough of it. And if not, then she’d make another one to continue the process. But her hopes were for this one to be the last. Now if Vivian would just watch the thing and pick up a few of the hidden suggestions from it. But judging by the way Vivian had been dressing for the last few weeks, she was fairly sure that the disk would work just fine on Vivian. At least, she hoped it would.

Her mind turned again to having to go out shopping…or at least spend time in public around people for a few hours later that day…or that night. She still didn't know when she was going to be going, or when she would be able to go. With Vivian around, there was no telling about anything. The woman was completely off her rocker…even more so now because of some of the hidden suggestions that Marian had put into the disks that Vivian had already seen.

But if Marian did go shopping, and she could only moo, then how the heck was she going to handle talking to anyone? One thing she knew wouldn't come out of her mouth – was to admit to anyone who asked that she was nothing but a stupid cow. But of course, her mooing would probably say all that – and more.

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After cleaning the townhouse several times over the last few weeks, they each were fairly used to the tasks they had to do. Marian spent most of her time on the laundry, and Phillip did floors and dusted. Together they tackled things like her bedroom and bathroom upstairs. The part that Marian couldn't believe was all the new bags of things that Vivian kept buying – many of which appeared to remain completely unopened. The clothing racks in the spare bedroom were starting to fill up, much of it with yellow clothing items. Marian smiled at that. Hopefully, Vivian's "yellow" phase would soon be replaced with something else. Hopefully. Because when it was, then she would have the proof she needed that the new DVD was working.

At lunchtime, Phillip announced that he was taking off to get them something to eat. It was something that Marian hadn't even thought about. She simply mooed her okay and let him go. As Phillip left the housing area, he tried to figure out which fast food place he wanted to go to. He had found out the hard way last night just how well known he was at the place where he usually went. And after last night, he had no doubt that the word about him had spread even more there. But if he went somewhere else, would he only be starting a bad reputation there too? Would it be better to stay with the one place where they already knew about him instead of spreading his problems even wider?

Since it was his favorite place, and it wasn't too far out of the way from where Mistress Vivian lived, he decided to go back there again. Fortunately, he could stay in the car this time. He pulled into the line of waiting cars and eventually made it around to the window where he could pick up his food.

"Hey, it's the princess from last night!" the girl inside exclaimed – all too loudly. And then she turned around and called out, "He's back again! Only no princess costume today!"

Phillip literally felt his face turning red. Did that girl always work the window? Didn't she ever go home? Maybe he should have gone somewhere else.

The girl turned back to him. “You’re not coming inside today?”

“Not today,” he replied. “Can I just get my food?”

“Sure,” she replied as she checked the order – before she started pouring a drink. “Hey,” she said, there’s only one drink, but two meals here. Are you sure you don’t need another one?”

“No,” Phillip replied, not happy about that situation at all. “One will do just fine.” He not only had two more bottles of Marian’s milk with him that he had to drink, there were still three more back in the apartment. After last night and now this morning, he was starting to collect way too many of them. He supposed the only way out of that mess would be to drink more of them – something he wasn’t too happy about doing. Lately, he never seemed to get anything else to drink, only because he couldn’t get through all her baby bottles anymore and he had to drink them first.

He finally paid for the food and the girl told him to hurry back…and come inside again. Not likely! He wondered again if maybe he shouldn’t have gone somewhere else to get lunch.

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With Vivian’s place finally clean, Marian looked all around, searching for something else to do that would delay her going back to Phillip’s apartment for a while – only because she really didn’t want to go out shopping…and mooing. She already knew she wasn’t going to have much of a choice about going out in public. It was the mooing part that was going to make things that much worse. But with nothing left to do, she had no choice but to climb into Phillip’s car and let him drive them back.

Shortly after they got home, Phillip handed her another glass of water to drink…along with one of her pills she had to take. Ugh! She wasn’t at all happy with how well those stupid pills seemed to be working on her. She could already feel her udders getting bloated again. Would it be better to go out now, mooing all over the place for the amusement of everyone else, or would she be better off waiting until after her milking session? She finally decided to delay, if only because after being milked, Phillip would have to let her out of her stall so she could go shopping. Otherwise, she could all too easily picture him forcing her to stay in her stall for the rest of the night. Especially in light of the bad mood she was anticipating that he would be in as the time for his own departure drew nearer.

With nothing better to do, she turned the TV on, and did her best to think of herself as being human…despite mooing every few minutes.

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Phillip chewed on the nipple of the baby bottle in his mouth. He was laying on his bed with Dolly cradled to his chest, and staring at the ceiling, but all his mind could think about was what would happen later that night. Mistress Vivian would be taking him out again – to that…place. And he would be forced to suck whatever cock got stuck through the hole in the wall. Ugh! He had to remove the baby bottle from his mouth at just the thought of it, because even that touching his lips was too similar to what he knew he would soon have to endure.

He wanted his mind to rant and rave at Marian again, but for once he really couldn't place the blame on her. Well, not all of it. She was certainly the one who was ultimately responsible, but in reality, it was Mistress Vivian who was the real problem. But Mistress Vivian was the problem only because of what Marian had done to him in the first place. So he had no problem blaming Marian at all – still. He just wanted to feel angrier at Marian than he did just then. He wanted to feel the anger toward her that he usually felt…if for no other reason than to get the satisfaction out of doing something or saying something to her so he could lash out his frustrations on someone. And he had plenty of frustrations to go around!

But despite wanting to rant and rave at Marian, he simply didn't feel that way about her just then. Not since yesterday really…yesterday when she had basically turned him into a child by making him wear that princess costume everywhere. Had he really done that? It was the stuff of his fantasies – times ten! And ever since then, though he tried to think of her like he always did, today he was simply finding it a bit more difficult.

His head turned and he checked the clock again. What time was Mistress Vivian coming? He really had no idea. He'd just rather that she didn't come at all. But as the minutes continued to drag by, he knew that whatever time she was coming for him, that time was coming closer and closer.

And thinking about time, he wondered when Marian was planning on going out. He had that delightful cow costume to spring on her for when she did go, but so far, all she seemed to be interested in doing was sitting and watching TV. At least that's what he thought she was doing. He could faintly hear the TV playing out in the living room. Curious, he got up to find out. He opened his bedroom door and looked. She was just sitting there watching a movie. He saw her turn her head toward him…and moo.

"Are you going shopping today?" he asked.

She nodded her head…and mooed again.

"When?" he asked.

Marian rolled her eyes. How the heck could she tell him later, after she got milked. She waved her hands and mooed. It was the best she could do.

Phillip shook his head, not sure he was understanding what she was trying to say. "Whatever it is, I take it you're not interested in going out right now," he said to her, and saw her nod her head…and of course, moo. He stared at her for a minute before carrying Dolly into the kitchen. He grabbed her a tall glass of Coke and brought it out to her. "Here," he said as he handed her the glass. "Drink this." Then he went back and grabbed himself yet another of her stupid baby bottles of milk and carried it back to the bedroom – to continue fretting over his situation.

Marian drank the glass of Coke slowly. Her mind wasn't on the TV anymore, it was on Phillip instead. He had actually seemed somewhat civil again. What was going on with him today? And on a day when she figured that his problems would have him treating her worse than ever! She only knew she was grateful for small favors.

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It was a while later when Phillip rolled over on the bed and glanced at the clock again. It was nearly six o'clock. Nearly time to start milking Marian again. And whatever time that Mistress Vivian was coming for him, it was growing closer to that inevitable time too. His mind had lapsed nearly into a fog on the subject of later that night. He was doing his best to not think about it – as impossible as that was. He felt himself peeing again…not that it mattered. Except that it did matter. His diaper was horribly wet. Would Marian remove it for him now? He could only hope.

Rolling off of the bed with Dolly still cradled in his arm, he filled his hands with empty baby bottles and left his bedroom. Marian was still watching TV. He envied her just then…only for not having the horrible weight of what he would have to endure hanging over her head. But then she was going to have to go out, sometime that night, and spend two hours in public – dressed as a cow! And being only able to moo too! He smiled a bit at that thought. After enduring parading around last night as a Princess, he figured it would serve her right to have to endure showing off what a cow she was.

He deposited the empty baby bottles in the kitchen, then went as far as the doorway and called, "Marian. Milking time."

Marian sighed. She knew the time had been getting closer. Her bloated udders were aching horribly now. Still, it had been awfully nice to spend the day wearing clothes and just relaxing and watching TV – like a human. She stood up from the couch and mooed, and pointed at Phillip's computer. But he had turned away and didn't see her. Instead of getting undressed she went to his computer and woke it up. As soon as she could, she started typing.

Phillip and Dolly finally came out of the kitchen with Marian's milking machine. "What are you doing?" he asked as he automatically headed for her to see.

“Moo!” Marian said, trying to emphasize how important she thought what she was doing was.

Phillip walked up next to her and read the note she had typed.

“You want me to ask Mistress Vivian if she’ll let you stop mooing while you’re out tonight?”

“Moo,” Marian replied, nodding her head.

Phillip stared at her for a moment, then replied, “We’ll see. Now get undressed and get into your stall. Let’s get your milking started.”

Marian rolled her eyes. She had tried. She closed the note so that Vivian would never see it if she came in, and started getting undressed.

“Can you unfasten this diaper for me?” Phillip asked as soon as she was naked. “It’s awfully wet.”

Marian looked at his diaper. It was indeed more than wet enough. She reached out and ripped open the tapes and the soggy thing fell to the floor.

“Thanks,” Phillip said. “Now it’s milking time.”

Marian was again struck by how civil he seemed to be behaving. She mooed a quick response, and two minutes later, the aching pressure was being removed from her udders.

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Phillip glanced at the clock, then back to the milk flowing from Marian’s udders into the machine. It was just a trickle now. Not much more than a few drops. But he had emptied the machine twice this time and it was now on her for a third time – and the bottles were each nearly a third full. The amount of milk she was producing was still increasing. She was now producing enough that he figured he’d never drink anything but her dumb milk again! Never! Ugh! But having her milk in his mouth would be a whole lot better than that something else that would be in his mouth later that night. He still hoped that Mistress Vivian might forget all about it and he wouldn’t have to go.

His dreams were shattered though by the urgent knocking on his door, punctuated by an angry moo from Marian. When he opened the door, a completely yellow clad Mistress Vivian pushed past him.

“Is she still on the machine?” Vivian asked as she hurried in. “I tried to get here earlier but the last checkout line was horrible!”

“She’s still on it,” Phillip replied to her back, but by then she was already in the living room.

Vivian smiled in delight. Especially seeing the tiny bit of milk still dripping from Marian’s udders. “How much did she produce this time?”

Phillip pointed toward the kitchen. “I’ve got five bottles on the counter already. And I had to empty it twice this time.”

Vivian let out a ridiculous crowing laugh. “Maybe we really do need to buy her an industrial one.” She bent down and looked straight into Marian’s eyes. “I think I will look for one for you. I just know a stupid cow like you will love it!”

Marian couldn’t help the moo that escaped her lips.

“How much longer till she’s done?” Vivian asked.

Phillip again glanced at the clock. “Five minutes,” he told her. He looked at Marian’s udders inside the plastic of the machine for a few moments. It didn’t look like any more milk was coming out now.

“What are you going to be wearing tonight?” Vivian asked as they waited.

“I don’t know,” Phillip replied. He glanced down at the clothes he had been wearing all day. “This, I guess. I really have no idea at all.”

“Vivian turned toward Marian. “Is that what you want him wearing tonight?”

Marian shook her head and mooed.

Vivian smiled. She didn’t like that the outfit Phillip was currently wearing wasn’t as flamboyant as she hoped it would be. Not after seeing some of the things Marian had bought for him when they had gone shopping together. But that brought up another question. “Has she been out today to moo and delight the public?”

“Not yet,” Phillip replied. But that led to the note that Marian had typed a short while ago. “She wanted me to ask you though if you could let her stop mooing when she goes out so she can shop better.”

Vivian put a mock look of surprise on her face. But in reality she was all too delighted. “Why would she ever want something like that? She’s a cow. Let everyone see how much of a cow

she really is!" The smile on her face as she glanced down at Marian was about as wicked as it could get. "You don't stop mooing until Monday morning after you get milked, you damn cow!"

Marian could do nothing but moo and fume in frustration. A minute later, she was glad to have the milking machine removed from her breasts. She wanted to get out of her stall, but before she could, at Vivian's direction, Phillip brought her a bowl of water and another bowl of cereal to eat. He also shoved another of those pills she hated so much into her mouth. Marian was forced to eat her entire dinner in her stall – for the amusement of Vicious Vivian. Ugh!

As soon as Marian was done eating, Vivian turned to Phillip and ordered, "Get her out of there now! We've got places to go…and I've still got shopping to do." She turned to Marian. "And so do you," she added with delight, knowing that Marian could only moo while she was out. As soon as Marian was out of the stall, she asked. "Now what do you want him to wear? And it better be good!"

Despite herself. Marian smiled and mooed. She looked at Phillip and mooed again as she moved her hands in a way that she hoped he'd get the message to start undressing. Fortunately, he did.

Phillip was suddenly dreading even more having to go out. What demented thing had Marian found for him to wear now? His mind however raced back to the day before and he found himself actually hoping it was another princess costume…if only so he could concentrate on that instead of the horror of what he'd be soon faced with. He didn't get his wish. Not…exactly.

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Phillip felt his face flushing as Mistress Vivian laughed delightedly at the sight of him. He was wearing three diapers again. This time with the inner ones slit like he had done with Marian a few days before. He was still wearing one of his normal small bras – and he supposed he was grateful for that. His legs were covered in bright multi–colored tights with a rainbow of colored stripes going up his legs. He'd had a difficult time pulling them up over top of his very, very thick diapers. The shoes she had picked out for him were the simple black flats that he owned. The comfortable ones.

The top he was wearing was without a doubt created for a child. It was just in a large enough size that he could wear it. It had a big rainbow across the front and the words "Rainbow Brite" printed under it. The makeup she had put on him, according to Mistress Vivian, had been done to make him look younger again. He had the biggest bow in his hair that Marian could find – that had been on the top of her head. She'd had to point to it to get the idea across that she wanted to put it on him instead of the small one that had been in his hair

before. And then she had added a rainbow colored plastic headband to his head with two larger overly colorful flowers sticking up on long stalks from the top of it. The crazy headband had been made for a child and was tight enough to hurt his head. He could actually feel those big bright flowers moving a bit as he moved his head. And then she had pulled out the final piece. Over top of his rainbow patterned tights covering his diapers, he was wearing a big rainbow colored net tutu for a skirt.

She had dressed him as a child again. Like a little girl – again. A very colorful little girl. And Mistress Vivian was laughing at him almost uncontrollably. He felt himself wetting his diaper in embarrassment…adding to his humiliation. Not that anyone would ever know. And not that it would ever matter. He had enough diapers on him to last a very long time.

Vivian was beside herself at the way Phillip looked. "Absolutely scrumptious!" she exclaimed, still laughing. "Absolutely scrumptious," she emphasized again. She finally got herself a bit more under control. And looked at the naked cow who was now standing back and just watching. "And what do you want your cow to wear while she's out tonight?" She was surprised to see what looked like a smile of delight on Phillip's face.

Leaving the women in the living room, Phillip and Dolly waddled into the bedroom and went into his closet where he grabbed the bag from the costume store and a different pair of heels for her.

Marian was more than a bit nervous as she waited for Phillip to come back. She tried to imagine what horrible things he had found for her to wear, but her mind came up with nothing. She was quite surprised though to see the name of the store on the bag when he brought it out. The place he had bought whatever it was that he had found, didn't bode well for her. She was somewhat familiar with the store. She watched as he opened the bag and extracted the box. And she watched as he opened the box. And she felt herself growing nauseous – as Vivian started laughing uncontrollably again.

As Phillip extracted the cow costume from the box, Vivian wanted to say how perfect it was for Marian, but she was laughing so hard she was starting to feel sick. She was still laughing that way when she collapsed onto the couch – very much afraid she'd wet herself over the matter.

Marian mooed her disgust at the situation…and at Phillips all too delighted smile. She reached out to take the costume to put it on, but Phillip withheld it.

"Not yet," Phillip told her. "Into the bedroom first and lay down on the bed."

Not liking what he had said, Marian had no choice but to comply. A minute later, she was horrified as he started diapering her. "I told you that when you put more than one diaper on me, for every diaper I have to wear, you're going to wear one more. Horrified, Marian had

to lay there as he put four of his super thick diapers onto her before he let her get up. Her legs were splayed very wide apart. She could hardly walk. She mooed in protest, but all it earned her was a look of delight on Phillips face – and more laughing from Vicious Vivian – who suddenly went running for the bathroom, still laughing uncontrollably.

Back in the living room, Phillip handed her the cow costume to put on. She had to remove her red heels one at a time as she stuck her legs into the tight black and white legs of the costume. But instead of putting her red heels back on, Phillip handed her a pair of black heels instead. A pair that she actually liked better because they were more comfortable.

Before pulling the costume over her body, Phillip stopped her again and grabbed her bra and helped her put it on…actually fastening it behind her for her. She mooed her appreciation at the small favor. But then she had to put her arms into the arms of the costume and a moment later, Phillip was zipping it up the back. Ugh! She was dressed like a black and white cow. The darn thing even had some plastic udders sticking out of the front of it in an all too suggestive place – and they were pushed out a bit by the overly thick diapers she was wearing under the costume. And then she saw Phillip pull something else out of the box that she hadn't seen before. And she died a bit more. She waited while Phillip pulled all the bows out of her hair, and then pulled the cow cap on – with the cow ears and the little horns on top.

Vivian finally came out of the bathroom. Her laughter was almost under control, but she was still chuckling and there were still tears from her laughter running down her face. But the moment she saw Marian with the cap to the cow costume on her head, she broke out laughing all over again. The ears and the horns on top were simply too much. If she hadn't just emptied her bladder, she would have run right back into the bathroom again. The total look was just too – precious! "I do believe we've found the real you," she managed to finally get out amid her laughter. And then she started laughing all over again. "Sissy Phyllis," she said, "is she ready to go shopping now?"

Phillip looked Marian over. He hadn't redone her makeup, and what remained from the morning was very little, but he wasn't interested in trying to go through all that again. Besides, he could see from the look on Marian's face that she was angry enough. "Yeah, she's fine," he decided. "Just don't forget your matching purse."

Vivian started laughing again. "Matching purse," she managed to get out. "It's so perfect!" It was a moment before she could get herself under control enough to ask, "Marian, is Sissy Phyllis here good enough to go out now?"

Still fuming at the indignation of the costume she was stuck wearing, Marian nodded her head, motioned with her finger around her lips to signify that he just needed to redo his lipstick, and of course, she mooed.

"Get to it then," Vivian ordered. "I've still got shopping to do and little Phyllis here has a date…or maybe I should say many dates! Hopefully."

Phillip suddenly felt totally sick to his stomach again. He was about to go out to do – the unthinkable. And it was all he could think about as he refreshed his lipstick. How many times would he be forced to refresh his lipstick later tonight? How many men would he have to face…or rather face their tools? Gratefully, he'd never see more than that one part of any of them…he hoped. And he hoped just as much that none of them would ever see him.

While Phillip was redoing his lips, Marian quickly hurried over to the desk where she found a small notepad and a pen. Both quickly wound up in her purse as another moo escaped her lips.

"Okay, you stupid cow," Vivian said in an all too delighted voice. "We hear you. You can leave whenever you want. And I really do hope you have a lot of fun tonight. I can't wait to hear all about it." She paused as if considering something then added. "Oh, I guess I'll have to wait till Monday at work. You won't be saying much about anything to anyone until then…except – moo!" Once again she broke out laughing uncontrollably.

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Marian sat in her car and watched as Vivian drove off with Phillip ad Dolly in her car. For a moment her heart nearly stopped as she saw Vivian come all too close to hitting one of the parked cars further down in the parking lot. How did that woman ever get a driver's license? But Vivian's car was soon out of sight, and Marian knew there would be no going back to hiding in the apartment until she had spent at least two hours somewhere public. But where could she go where she could only moo. Where could she go and spend some time – amusing everyone else – without it being too bad for herself. She wasn't coming up with a lot of ideas.

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But there was one idea that had stuck to her brain a little while ago back in the apartment as someplace she wanted to go. Cow costume and mooing be damned, she started her car and headed directly there.

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She was fairly familiar with the party store where Phillip had bought her cow costume. She had gotten things from there for little get–togethers in her home many times in the past. She had just never been interested in their costume department, which she remembered having the impression of being fairly large.

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How she was going to handle the situation once she got there had been easy to figure out. It was why she had grabbed the pen and the notepad before she left the apartment. Once she parked her car outside of the store, she pulled the pen and pad out of her little cow purse and wrote a quick note. She kept the pad and pen in her hands as she grabbed her purse and waddled into the store.

"Oh my God!" the excited salesgirl screamed as Marian walked in.

Marian did her best to put a smile on her face and also let out a very loud forceful moo, which brought forth laughter from both the salesgirls in the store.

"I recognize that costume," one of the salesgirls said. "That's one that I sold to the guy in the princess costume last night. How was the party?" she asked Marian.

Marian blinked trying to figure things out. Obviously Phillip had made up some story about a costume party. "Moo!" she said with a hint of a smile, and then she pulled out her notepad and handed it to the girl.

The girl laughed as she read the note. "You made a bet that you could go all night shopping and only moo like a cow?"

Marian nodded her head enthusiastically. While both salesgirls started laughing. She purposely mooed again, just for the effect, which brought more laughter from them.

"What happens if you lose?" one of the girls asked.

Marian had to think fast again, but she motioned for the pad and pen. She quickly wrote a made–up response and handed it back to the girl.

"You have to spend another night mooing in public?"

Marian nodded and mooed again.

"And what happens if you win?" the other girl asked.

This time Marian had a very sly satisfied smile on her face as she took the pen and pad back again. She wrote her answer handed the pad back to the other girl. And mooed.

The girl read the note. "That's why she's here," she said for the benefit of the other girl. "She's getting him another costume to wear tomorrow!"

"Oh boy!" the other girl exclaimed. "He was fun to have here last night." She looked straight at Marian. "Did you really go to a party last night?"

Marian shook her head and mooed.

"I didn't think so. He said he had ruined a Prince Charming outfit you were supposed to wear so he was buying you another one – that one."

Marian put a rather perturbed look on her face and pointed toward the costume section of the store.

"You want to look around?" one of them asked.

Marian nodded…and mooed.

The girl giggled. "Go right ahead."

"Hey," the other girl added quickly. "We've got a bunch of really nice princess costumes still in the back. Let me know if you're interested."

Marian thought about that, then nodded her head emphatically. Then she stuck her head up high in the air and let out a long moo. Both girls giggled. "Follow me," one of them said.

Two minutes later, Marian was pawing her way through a huge array of princess dresses. One or two looked like something she might be interested in – for a very formal party somewhere. But most were nothing but junk. The ones she was most interested in however were the ones obviously designed around the princess themes that a young girl would look for. And one in particular caught her eye. She looked at it carefully, then put it back. It had been interesting, but not really anywhere near as good as the princess costume Phillip had worn the day before.

When she finally got to the end of the rack, she mooed at the salesgirl who had been following her. She pointed to her eyes, then at the shelves of costumes all around them.

"You want to look around more?" the girl asked.

Marian nodded and mooed again. Then she began perusing the shelves of costumes.

"Can I ask a personal question?" the salesgirl asked.

Marian turned to her, warily. "Moo," she replied.

The salesgirl giggled. “Um…do you have something wrong with you? Because I noticed you’re walking…funny.”

Marian was immediately perturbed at the question. She angrily mooed, but she pulled out the pen and paper again and wrote her answer.

The salesgirl read it and her eyes went wide. “He put diapers on you?”

Marian took the pad back again and wrote some more. Then handed it to her.

The girl read it and shook her head. “Yeah, I’d be pretty angry at him too.”

Marian went back to perusing the shelves. Twenty minutes and several moos later, she had seen everything she could, but didn’t find anything interesting. But that one princess dress did still remain in her mind, almost as if she couldn’t get rid of it. She went back to find it for a second look. Still in the rack, she did her best to push the other dresses back enough so she could see it, but the salesgirl was right there and pulled it out for her. The salesgirl held the dress up to her neck so Marian could see it better. Marian mooed her thanks and the salesgirl giggled again. Marian spun her finger in the air to signal that she wanted to see the back of the dress and the salesgirl turned it around. Marian looked at the back of it and finally decided the thing wasn’t very good at all. She shook her head and signaled that the salesgirl should put the dress back, she wasn’t going to take it.

As she watched the salesgirl pushing aside the other costumes to get the dress back on the rack, an idea suddenly struck Marian. She mooed quickly and the girl turned her head. Marian motioned that she wanted to see the dress again. The salesgirl gladly complied. Marian looked at the dress again, much more closely, especially the back. With a smile, she pointed at the dress and nodded her head to signify that she would take it, then she let out a very long loud moo to show how happy she was.

Ten minutes later, she got back into her car with the bag from the store. Now she needed to find something else to…fix the dress properly. And unfortunately, the closest place she could think to find what she needed was one of the stores attached to the one of the local malls. Knowing it couldn’t be helped, she headed that direction.

Knowing the store she wanted and about where it was located, she slowly drove around the outside of the mall looking for a back entrance to the store. She didn’t find one. She had no choice but to go in through the mall itself. She parked, grabbed her little cow purse, took the time to get another moo out of her system, and left the car.

The walk to the door was longer than she liked, but it was Saturday night and the mall was fairly crowded. She saw a family come out of the mall with several young children. One of the kids immediately spotted her and pointed. Marian immediately felt scared, embarrassed,

and humiliated all at the same time. But with the kids suddenly running up to her, she had little choice but to stand there as one of the smallest of them immediately grabbed her and hugged her leg. What could she do? Putting the best smile she could on her face, she looked at all the kids and let out another moo…which brought joyful laughter from all the kids. Marian mooed again, and the kids giggled again. The parents came up and watched for a moment as she patted the one hugging her leg on the head. Finally, the parents pulled the child from her leg, thanked her, and continued on toward their car. Marian waved at them and they waved back, and just that easy, Marian knew how she was going to spend most of her time in the mall.

Going in through the entrance with a smile on her face, she waved and mooed at whoever she could. She headed directly to the store she wanted first and quickly found what she needed. Buying it cost her a few more moos and some delighted laughter from the woman behind the cash register, but she obviously thought it was part of Marian's act. Marian stuffed the small items she had found in her cow purse to get them out of the way before continuing down the mall. On a whim, she stopped at another store and added a few more small items to her cow purse, now seriously straining its capacity. She made one final stop in yet another store where she bought a large bag of candy before continuing through the mall, walking slowly and mooing for the delight of the people – particularly the children. She handed out pieces of candy to all the kids she could before continuing happily on.

And surprisingly, she had a ton of fun. It was like being back in show business again. Enough fun that she would almost consider doing it again someday. Well, maybe not. In fact, definitely not!

Phillip couldn't decide what made him sicker, Vivian's reckless driving or the sight of the porn shop she drove him to. He figured that he had somehow cheated death so many times on the way there that it had to be a close call. How did they possibly miss all those cars? Especially when Vivian ran through two red lights!

But unfortunately, they made it in one piece. If only barely. He had no choice but to follow her out of the car and into the store. It was Saturday night. There were quite few cars parked out front, and the store was somewhat crowded. Far more crowded than the last time he had been in there when only a few customers had been around. That didn't bode well for him.

The minute he walked through the door, it was like everyone in sight stopped to look at him. Why had Marian insisted on dressing him so…colorfully? The fact that under different circumstances he might actually enjoy the outfit didn't even register in his brain. But the hungry looks from some of the customers did register…all too plainly. And they scared him nearly to death. Hugging Dolly tightly for comfort, he followed Mistress Vivian closely, as if he was looking for her to somehow protect him from the perverted looking men all around

him – even though he knew perfectly well that Mistress Vivian wouldn't protect him at all. In fact she was there to make him all too accessible to those men.

He tried not to look at any of them as he stood next to Mistress Vivian while she made arrangements for him to occupy the one last empty glory hole room. He felt nothing but sick as he watched the man take a piece of chalk and write in Sissy Phyllis on the board, proclaiming who exactly would be working that room.

He followed Mistress Vivian once she was done making the arrangements toward the back where he needed to go, but in doing so, he couldn't help but catch the eyes of more of those men that he just knew were totally perverted. The one who looked at him and licked his lips all too plainly let him know that that man was without a doubt perverted. But then he had to stop to think. Which of them was more perverted, that man, or himself? He was the one dressed in an all too colorful and childish outfit, intent on doing something he could barely really register in his brain.

The sick feeling in his stomach grew with each eye that he met. It grew more as they turned into the narrow hallway leading to the room, and it was all he could do to not throw up as he forced himself to follow Mistress Vivian through the door. He was nearly shaking inside. He didn't want to do this at all. Not…at…all!

"Here you go, Sissy Phyllis," Vivian said cheerfully to him. "I just know you're going to be a big hit tonight and make me lots of pretty money." Her manner changed quickly as her voice became totally threatening. "You better damn well prove how good you're capable of being here, or you'll be hooked up to Marian's milking machine with that fake penis in your mouth every single night for the rest of the week!"

Phillip nearly died at the threat. He still hadn't recovered after the last time. It had been the most horrible experience of his life. Even worse than that one time with Goddess Gloria and her play–toy, Thing.

The sound of a door closing not far away caught their attention, as well as some small sounds on the other side of the wall. And all too soon, the tiny hole in the wall was replaced by someone's cock limply sticking right through it. Phillip stared at it and swallowed in horror.

"There you go Sissy Phyllis. They're lining up for you already. Now get to it and make me proud."

Phillip had no choice but to head over toward the man's penis sticking through the wall, he set his purse down against the wall and hugged Dolly tighter to him.

"Hey! Is anyone in there?" the rough voice called from the other side of the wall.

Phillip looked back for a moment at Mistress Vivian.

"I said get busy you damn sissy!" Vivian commanded.

Phillip had no choice. His hand that wasn't holding Dolly went down and lightly touched the phallus that had sprung from the hole. As he felt the man move in surprise, his mind again remembered all too clearly what he had endured from Mistress Vivian's latest torture session. He didn't want to go through that again. Not ever! Having no choice, he put his mouth close to the man's cock and licked it. He heard the man make a sound of pleasure on the other side of the wall. He licked it again, and the limp cock started to grow. He took it all into his mouth, and suddenly it did more than just grow a little, it quickly grew hard and straight and thick and all too long. He gagged with it in his mouth.

"Go to it, you stupid sissy," Vivian ordered, her eyes full of delight as she watched.

Having no choice Phillip went to work with his tongue and his mouth, doing whatever he could. His situation was made more difficult by the wall he kept bumping his head against. But all too soon things because worse when the man started pulling and thrusting – faster and faster. Phillip had trouble keeping his lips around the man. He had even more trouble keeping from throwing up. It was one of the most horrible experiences of his life! He hated this more than anything! He hated himself more than anything. And just as he was about to pull his mouth away he felt the man's sperm spraying the back of his throat. He started gagging as he pulled his mouth away.

"Hey!" the man yelled in anger from the other side of the wall, even as he kept pushing and pulling against the hole in the wall…and his spray hit Phillip's face, and his colorful Rainbow Brite top.

Phillip pulled himself away from the wall. There were tears in his eyes as he knelt there and tried to keep from throwing up.

"That's one!" Vivian crowed behind him. "Now you just keep at and I'll be back later tonight to get you right here!"

He didn't bother turning toward her. He heard her laughing as she walked out the door, closing it behind him. He leaned back against the wall as he sat on the floor. There was a chair in the room but he ignored it. He hated this. He hated it! It wasn't right and…he wasn't going to do it again! Not…again! Never…again! He noticed the light switch on the far wall and he scrambled up to his feet and switched it off. He didn't want to see whatever came through the wall again. He went back to sitting on the floor and leaning against the wall…and hoping that nobody entered the room on the other side again.

It was a long sorrowful wait, but eventually the sounds from the other room came again. He could see the light from the other room coming through the hole in the wall. And then the light was completely blocked. He knew what he had to do. He knew what he was supposed to do. He knew what Mistress Vivian had commanded that he do, but he couldn't bring himself to do it again. A monstrous sharp pain invaded his back as he sat there in total silence, hoping that whoever was there would go away. The pain was intense, but he somehow managed to push it away – unbelievably. He was resolved to never do that again, and somehow, the pain complied.

In total silence, he sat there as the man in the other room shouted and pounded on the wall, and eventually left. A while later, another man did the same. And then no more came. He fell asleep in that horrible place, as he waited for Mistress Vivian to come take him home. Home where she would torture him horribly. But…he couldn't do that again. Not…ever!

Chapter 29.

Vivian's head felt like it was spinning. She sat up and stared at the wonderful fireplace video still playing on her TV screen. She stared at it, but her eyes weren't focusing yet. She needed to go shopping. She had to go shopping! She had the most wonderful idea for another theme for her outfits that she just had to buy things for – and she couldn't wait! But the sun was just now coming up. What stores would be open that early? There had to be some.

She had come home late last night and fallen asleep on the couch again. But the couch was as good as her bed – even better when she left that wonderful fireplace video running – as she usually did. It was so calming and relaxing to watch, and last night she had needed that video to calm her down. She had been so angry with that stupid Sissy Phyllis. He had actually defied her! He had not done what he was supposed to do at all! She vaguely remembered hypnotizing both those idiots last night, so she must have punished him good for what he had done. The fact that the details about hypnotizing them were vague meant nothing to her and she didn't bother thinking of it any further. Besides, her mind would much rather think about shopping for her new clothing theme. She was very excited about that…and it was far more important than anything else!

With thoughts of shopping becoming stronger in her mind, she had to get up and get ready to go out. She knew there had to be some stores open somewhere. And more than likely they would have some kind of sales going on. And she knew that she was the best person ever at finding sales!

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Phillip's alarm went off and he groaned loudly. He had hardly slept – again! He was so worried about what Mistress Vivian would do to him for not doing as he should last night that it had been impossible for him to sleep. And he knew he hadn't slept much the night before either. But…he was absolutely amazed that he had somehow managed to not spend the night sucking disgusting cocks in that porn place.

Mistress Vivian had been furious – to say the least. She had actually hit him a number of times last night. Several times in that tiny room and several times again between the porn shop and the car. And then she had dropped him off at home telling him that she would be back early in the morning and to be prepared to spend the rest of the day and maybe the rest of the night too in misery! And now he was simply scared.

But the alarm had signaled that it was milking time. He had no choice but to roll to a sitting position, grab the lipstick from the nightstand and refresh his lips, grab Dolly, and head out to the living room to wake Marian for her morning milking. The three soaked diapers he was

wearing were so thick he could hardly walk – the result of too many of Marian's baby bottles last night to suck on since he couldn't sleep. But the three diapers were holding it all in.

Marian had undressed him last night after he came home, but had left all the diapers on him. He hadn't been too happy about that, but getting an explanation out of a cow that could only moo was fruitless. The fact that she had been out most of the night in that cow costume didn't concern him in the least, especially not in light of his worries over what he had done in not sucking those filthy cocks – and what he was about to have to face because of it.

He spotted the naked woman still sleeping on the pile of hay at the back of her stall. "Marian! Wake up! It's time for your milking."

Marian automatically let out a moo as she shook her head a bit, trying to wake up enough. She crawled over to her stupid tub and kneeled over top of it. It stank worse than usual because Phillip hadn't emptied it after her milking the night before. She yawned as her fingers went to work in the one place she really wished they weren't.

Phillip grabbed her milking machine from the kitchen and carried it out to Marian. As he put it on her, the only thing he could think about was that all too soon Mistress Vivian would be forcing that machine on him instead, and he would have no choice but to spend the rest of the day with it pulling at his nipples. But it was the other part of the punishment that worried him the most. He would have to suck on that huge dildo all day again. Shoving it deeply in and out of his mouth – and never being able to get it completely out. It had been total torture last time, but as far as he was concerned, it would still be preferable to what he had managed to not do last night. The pain he had felt for defying Mistress Vivian had been bad, but also brief. And for that much, he was very grateful.

With the milking machine switched on, he turned away and headed for the couch. He was so tired, but he knew he'd have to come back and empty the darn thing all too soon. Most likely he'd have to empty it twice now before Marian's milking was done. The dumb cow kept giving more and more milk each time! Ugh! With the worry about Mistress Vivian, and being hypnotized and punished again looming on his horizon, he sat and stared at the TV set, that wasn't even on.

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At the end of the half hour, Phillip stood watching the milking machine. There had been tiny drops of milk being pulled out of her udders for a little while, but it looked like it had finally stopped. Marian was just kneeling there with her eyes closed – and playing with herself in a way that he often wished he could. But his diapers were so thick he didn't even think about it. Besides, he was far too worried about Mistress Vivian showing up and what he'd have to go through then.

He turned the machine off and pulled it from around her neck. But instead of carrying it into the kitchen, he stared down at her for a moment. “You might as well get out of there if you want,” he told her. “Something tells me that pretty soon I’ll be taking your place.” Sadly, he carried the machine into the kitchen where he needed to not only empty the last of the milk into the baby bottles, but he had also decided to clean everything on it as thoroughly as he could. If he was going to be stuck with it around his neck again, then he might as well make sure it was extra clean.

Marian didn’t need any more encouragement. She scrambled out of her stall and stood up. Now if she could just talk instead of mooing all the time things would be perfect. Or close enough. She followed him into the kitchen. She wanted to know what he had meant by him soon taking her place. She stood watching him first pouring the milk into all too many baby bottles, then she watched as he started cleaning the machine. She finally touched him on the arm to get his attention and mooed…trying to make it sound questioning, but what came out was just another stupid cow moo.

“What?” Phillip asked, slightly irritated at the interruption.

Marian mooed again.

“I’m guessing you want something, but I can’t understand anything you’re trying to say, so just leave me alone!”

Marian backed off and left the kitchen. Obviously there was something pretty big bothering him. What had happened last night? She knew he had been dreading his whole situation. Had it been worse than he imagined? No doubt. Not thinking about eating or drinking or even getting dressed, she briefly mourned that she couldn’t even take a bath, and sat down in front of the TV instead and turned it on. Other than mooing once in a while. She felt almost human again.

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With the milking machine cleaned and ready for him, Phillip went about his morning chores. He poured a bowl of cereal for Marian. Set out a glass of water for her to drink, and stuck one of the pills she had to take on the table with it. Then he and Dolly went into the living room where she was watching TV. “Any chance you can get these stupid diapers off me?” he asked. “I know it may not look like it on the outside, but inside they’re God awful!”

Marian mooed and looked at his diapers. She had put them on him before dressing him up last night and then when he came home she had left them on him since three of them should easily last him the night. But she knew that by now they had to be pretty bad. She mooed again and reached out her arm…and had no trouble opening the tapes so the diapers could fall to the floor.

"Thanks," Phillip told her. "There's cereal and water for you in the kitchen. And don't forget to take the pill I set out for you."

Marian mooed in surprise. Once again he was being civil to her. Almost nice. What was going on? But she wasn't about to argue – even a mooing argument. She headed directly for the kitchen to start eating. What was going on with Phillip today? And why had he said he would be taking her place?

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After her breakfast, with nothing better to do, Marian pulled her laptop computer out again and set it up. Phillip was still in the bathroom taking his shower. She wished she could take a shower. Getting clean and smelling decent would be wonderful. Taking a nice long relaxing bath would be total heaven. She pulled up her "Truth Hurts" program, just to see if there was anything she could plan on doing next week in case the current DVD she had created didn't work on Vivian – not that she didn't expect it to. She had high hopes for it. But she had barely gotten the program open when she heard Phillip come out of the bathroom. A moment later, the naked man and Dolly were standing looking over her shoulder.

"I thought you were done with that," he said.

Marian nodded and mooed.

"So what are you doing now?"

Marian shrugged her shoulders, since she wasn't sure herself, and of course, she mooed again.

"Don't bother explaining," Phillip said, "I really don't care anyway. But you might want to put that away since Mistress Vivian said she would be here early today." He turned to walk away, but he was quickly stopped by Marian grabbing his arm.

Marian let out a rather horrified moo, then she quickly opened up the text program on her computer and typed: Why is Vivian coming today?

Phillip shook his head. "Because she's going to kill me. She's going to torture me to death!" He turned away to leave, but he was again stopped by Marian grabbing his arm and mooing emphatically.

Marian typed a quick question, asking him what had happened last night.

Disgustedly, Phillip replied. "I didn't do what she wanted. The only cock I actually had in my mouth last night was the very first one while Mistress Vivian was there in the room with me.

After that, after she left, the thought of it simply made me too sick. I spent the night sitting in the dark trying to ignore whoever happened to walk in looking for me to be there."

Marian was amazed. The moo she let out was a long one. She began typing again, asking him why the pain didn't drive him to do it.

Phillip shook his head. "The pain was pretty bad," he told her, "but it didn't last very long. And then it was simply went away."

Wide–eyed, Marian simply stared at him for a few moments before she began typing her next question, asking what Vivian had done.

"Huh!" Phillip grunted. "You wouldn't believe how mad she was."

Marian mooed and nodded her head, signifying that she would believe it.

"She kept hitting me till she dropped me off here," he told her. "And she told me that she was going to be here early today to make sure I spent the rest of the day and night in total misery."

Marian's moo was another long one. Knowing what she did about how vicious Vivian could be, she had no doubt that Phillip would be in for a very bad time. She quickly closed her computer before Vivian could see it open and put it away. By the time she was done, she saw Phillip finally emptying the tub of pee she had to kneel over twice a day. She was glad to see that! But no doubt, if Vivian did to him what she had done last time, she was sure he didn't want to kneel over top of that stinking mess either. While he was doing that, she went into the bedroom and grabbed him another diaper to put on so he wouldn't be naked…and so that he would be wearing it in case he needed it.

Now all she had to do was worry about Vivian coming again. But along with that, she had to wonder something else – had things been so bad for Phillip last night that he actually managed to break free of Vivian's control? It was possible. Or more likely, what she had been trying to make him do was something he absolutely hated so much those commands would have no influence over him at all. In the end, for the most part, hypnotism couldn't make someone do anything that was that much against their beliefs. For the most part. The constant re–hypnotizing Vivian did with them constituted total brainwashing, and that was another matter entirely. Brainwashing was usually done for the sole purpose of overriding a person's moral restraints.

Vivian strutted around the mall feeling simply grand. She would feel even better once she found more things to go with her new clothing theme. She had been fortunate to find so many things that went along perfectly with it already in her wardrobe. She loved the way people had been staring at her lately whenever she went shopping. She could easily see how jealous they all were of her. This new theme she had wasn't getting quite the effect of her "Yellow" theme – yet. But with a little more shopping, she had no doubt it would be even better.

Her hand pulled briefly to adjust the giraffe print scarf she had tied around her neck. The scarf went perfectly with her zebra print dress, which in turn went perfectly with the leopard print shoes she was wearing. And her snakeskin handbag had been the perfect accessory to go with it all. It was her way of paying homage to all the animals of the world, and with a little imagination, she was sure she could do even better!

A colorful display in the window of one of the stores caught her eye. The manikin had been placed next to a big vase on the floor that was filled with tall fake branches and… Oh my! Just what she needed! But even better… Vivian hurried off. Where could she find a hat with a big Peacock feather in it? There had to be some somewhere!

——— o0o ———

As the morning wore on, Phillip became more nervous. He watched the clock more often, waiting and worrying over Mistress Vivian showing up.

Marian watched Phillip worrying. She finally shook her head and went to his computer where she typed a note. She unplugged the computer and took it over to the couch where he was watching TV…even though she had a feeling he wasn't concentrating on it at all. She showed him the note she had written.

Phillip was too concerned about things to do much more than turn his head to look at the computer. Dully, he read what she had written out loud. "Maybe she won't come." He shook his head. "She said she would be here."

Marian mooed and pulled the computer back and sat down next to him where she started typing again.

Phillip watched the screen as she typed. "It's possible she won't come at all? Ha! You know how often she comes here to re–hypnotize us. And she was really mad last night. I have no doubt she'll be here."

Marian mooed again and started typing again while Phillip read over her shoulder.

"Some of the suggestions you put in that new DVD might keep her from coming?" he asked. "I can only hope! But I have no doubt that she'll be here eventually." He read as she typed some more. "Maybe not? She'll be here!" he insisted with certainty.

Marian knew there would be no changing his mind. But she had another thought for him. She typed again and let him read it.

"When am I going shopping? How should I know? She hasn't shown up yet."

Marian typed again.

"Did she tell me to wait for her?" Phillip said after reading her note. "Not exactly. She only said she'd be here.

Once again Marian started typing and then showed him the note.

Phillip started at it for a few moments before replying. "I hadn't thought of that," he admitted. "But if I go out now and she shows up while I'm gone, how much worse trouble will I be in?"

Marian typed again and showed him the note.

"How much worse can it be?" But that question stopped Phillip. Again it was a few moments before he could reply. "Maybe you've got a point," he said. "If I go out now and she comes, she certainly can't make my punishment much worse. And maybe I won't have to go through it as long."

This time, instead of typing, Marian only mooed and nodded her head.

"So what idiotic thing did you come up with for me to wear that you're going to humiliate me with this time?" he asked.

Marian smiled and mooed before getting up from the couch. She put his computer away and cocked her finger as she led him and Dolly toward the bedroom.

——— o0o ———

Phillip wasn't sure if he should be surprised or not at what he was wearing. Mostly, it was exactly the same outfit that he had worn last night – with the exception that she had only put two diapers on him instead of three. Not much of a difference, but he figured that maybe he would waddle a little bit less. The rainbow striped tights, the Rainbow Brite child's top, the big colorful tutu, and the part he actually hated the most – the headband with the big

colorful flowers sticking up. He hated that the most only because the stupid thing was too small and hurt his head. But once it was on, he knew he wouldn't be able to take it off.

"Where am I supposed to go dressed like this?" he asked, not really expecting an answer since Marian could only moo. But he was surprised to see her run from the bedroom and come back a few moments later with his computer again. He read her note as she was typing it. "Go to the mall and pass out candy? You've got to be kidding!"

Marian mooed, then typed again.

"That's what you did last night? Really?" He waited through more typing. "You actually had fun?"

Marian nodded and mooed. Then she began typing again.

Phillip nodded as he read her latest note. "The longer I stay away, the less time Vivian will have to torture me." He thought about that. "Yeah, I suppose that's true. Not really much of a contest in what I'd hate the most, humiliating myself in front of a bunch of people, or killing myself with that stupid cock in my mouth all night. As bad as it is, I'd rather go out and be the laughing stock of everyone."

Marian shook her head and mooed again. Then she typed.

Phillip again read her note. "Pass out candy for the kids? It's fun?" He shook his head. "That's a matter of opinion."

Marian mooed again…and typed again.

Phillip was shocked. "You'd go with me?"

Marian nodded, then typed: IF…IF…IF…IF

"If what?" Phillip asked. He watched as she typed again, then read it. "If I promise to do everything you tell me to do? Like what?" he asked suspiciously.

Marian could only moo and shrug her shoulders. Then she typed so he could read her reply.

"You don't know yet?"

He shook his head. But still. "You'd really be willing to go out with me – dressed the way I want you?"

She looked at him now with a very worried expression on her face. Then she typed.

"You want to wear the cow suit?" Phillip couldn't believe it. "You actually want to go out wearing that thing in public again? And with me dressed like this?"

Marian nodded and mooed emphatically.

Phillip shook his head. "This I gotta see!"

——— o0o ———

The mall was the same one she had gone to the night before, but it wasn't nearly as crowded this time. Phillip however only looked around at all the cars and figured it was all too crowded. A cow and an oversized, overly colorful little girl got out of Marian's car. Phillip wasn't happy to see heads turning so quickly. They were way too noticeable!

Marian kept her notepad and pen in her hand as she led the way, making sure Phillip stayed with her and didn't run off somewhere. She had given him some last minute instructions before they left the apartment. Whether or not he could pull it off was yet to be seen. But if he could, he just might have some fun with all this. If not, then most likely neither of them would enjoy it much.

Two seconds after walking through the doors into the mall, Marian mooed loudly and waved to all the people around. It was show–business time again.

Phillip was horrified the moment Marian mooed all too loudly and then began waving to catch the attention of the people. Every head he could see turned to look at them. Phillip had no doubt she was doing it just to humiliate him further than he already was. A few seconds later, Marian stopped and put her arm around his shoulders, and mooed some more. He was totally horrified as she waved again to some people, and they waved back.

And then he felt Marian removing her arm, and he realized she was writing on her pad again. When he read her note, he wasn't totally surprised. She had written earlier that she needed him[BS1] to smile and act happy, but how could he? He was too frightened. "I can't!" he exclaimed. Her return note only told him to do it anyway and to act like he was having fun. "I can't!" he insisted. "This is crazy!"

Her next note told him that he needed to either act like he was having fun, or she would make his situation even worse.

He shook his head. "You can't possibly make this any worse for me at all!"

Marian let out a long moo, then moved forward, continuing to smile and wave at all the people. Phillip was totally aghast to see a group of young kids run up and hug her legs. And

she patted each of them on the head and mooed. But when the kids looked at him, they had mixed emotions on their faces. He figured that the fact that he was so frightened was probably frightening them. But all Marian did was to moo and continue to try to take most of their attention, which wasn't working, mostly because his outfit was so colorful and outrageous.

"Are you supposed to be Rainbow Brite?" one little girl asked Phillip.

Phillip started down at her in horror. And then he heard Marian mooing again. When he looked up at her, she was pulling at the corners of her mouth with her fingers, trying to get him to smile. He knew he should, but he couldn't!

Marian knew she had to do something with Phillip, and do it fast! He was frightening the kids. She ran around behind him and started rubbing her eyes, as if she was crying, mooing as sadly as she was capable of. At least the kids started smiling. Phillip had turned around to watch her, but she grabbed his shoulders and turned him back around again, then making a big show of it, she raised one arm way up in the air and brought it swiftly down on his puffy tutu covered backside. Even though she knew she couldn't hurt Phillip if she tried just then, she was still rewarded to see his shocked reaction – and fortunately, the kids seemed to appreciate it as well. Grabbing Phillip's shoulder with one hand to keep him in place she swung another big swipe at his more than amply covered backside, this time actually bringing some laughter from the kids. One more time she mock–spanked him. Then she turned him around to face her and shook a finger at him…and mooed, which brought more laughs from the kids. Phillip just looked shocked. Too shocked. She had to get him out of there. Mooing and waving to the kids, she put her arm around Phillip's shoulder and led him away, further into the mall. Fortunately, none of the kids followed them.

She finally pulled him over to the side in an out of the way spot and pulled her notepad out. She wrote: Stop it! Smile and act like you're having fun!

Phillip read her note, but he shook his head. "This is not fun!"

Angrily, she wrote again: Tough! Act like you love it. Besides, you're the one who likes to dress up like a little girl!

Phillip was totally aghast. "Who told you that?" he demanded.

Marian wrote as quickly as she could: It's all over those drawing pads of yours!

He looked at her face, disbelief written all over him. "You looked at my drawings?"

She nodded and mooed, but she didn't back down in her determination.

"You shouldn't have done that!" Phillip replied after a moment to take that in. "They were my personal drawings."

Marian nodded and mooed, then started writing again: And they're all your fantasies, so you might as well enjoy it while you can!

"Damn you!" Phillip replied, turning away from her.

Marian mooed, then quickly grabbed his hand and started pulling him through the mall. He dragged his feet some, but he went.

"Where are we going?" he asked, trying to keep up with her.

"Mooo!" Marian bellowed, then waved at more kids in the distance. Her destination though wasn't that far from where they had started. She dragged him into the store, never letting go of his hand. It wasn't a large store, mostly selling small specialty items and gifts, but it took Marian no time to drag Phillip over to where she wanted.

Phillip's eyes went wide. "Oh no!"

Marian only looked at him and mooed once, continuing to keep her hand holding onto his. With her other hand, she reached out and selected a big bright balloon with a rainbow painted on the slivery background. A moment later, she finally let go of Phillip's hand, only because she had tied the balloon around his wrist. Only then did she pull out her little cow purse and go to pay for the balloon.

Phillip was close to shaking. She had grabbed him, dragged him into the store, and tied the balloon around his wrist so fast he could barely react. And now as he stared at the string that was tugging upwards on his wrist, he still didn't know how to react. He looked up at the balloon now hovering over his head. A balloon for heaven's sake! And he couldn't remove the tied on string from his wrist if he tried! She had not only dressed him like a child, she was now treating him like one too! She had been ever since they entered the mall. He turned his head as he heard Marian moo in the background. She saw the store clerk laugh and hand Marian some change. She headed back to him as she was still putting the change back into her purse.

"What am I supposed to do with this?" he asked.

Marian was perturbed. She quickly pulled her notepad and pen out again and started writing: Smile and enjoy it like any other little girl.

Phillip shook his head. "I don't think I can."

Marian mooed angrily at him as she wrote again: You're the one who wanted to be a little girl! Now you are one. So like it or not, start smiling and enjoy yourself!

"I can't…" Phillip started to say, but a quick moo from Marian stopped him in mid–sentence.

Marian quickly started writing again. When she was finished, she angrily held the note in front of him and pointed to it: If you don't start acting like a happy little girl, then I'll make sure Vivian realizes she never punished you for last night!

Phillip was shocked. "You wouldn't!"

Marian nodded and mooed.

Phillip felt total screwed. "Act like a little girl?"

Marian nodded and mooed again, then underlined where she had written that he's the one who wanted to be a little girl and showed him that part of her notes again.

"I don't…" Phillip started to say with a shake of her head, but again he was cut off by Marian's moo.

Marian wrote again. "Do it and act happy for the kids, or I drag you out of here now and text Vivian all about how much you need punishing!"

Phillip read her note and shook his head. "I don't know that I can."

Marian angrily pointed at the note she had just written. When he still seemed too reluctant, she got angrier and pulled her cell phone from her purse – and started texting!

"You wouldn't!" Phillip exclaimed in horror.

Marian turned around and showed him what she was typing into her phone – as she was typing it.

"Don't!" Phillip cried in alarm.

But Marian only shook her head and kept texting.

"I'll do it!" Phillip told her in desperation.

Marian looked at him with a skeptical look on her face.

"I'll do it," Phillip said a little more calmly.

Marian lowered her cell phone and finally stuck it in her purse. She pulled her pen and notepad out again and started writing: Start by smiling. And act like you're having fun!

He nodded. "I'll try," he agreed.

Marian nodded and started writing again. She showed him her note: If you do a good enough job, I'll buy you some ice–cream later.

It was so absurd that Phillip couldn't help but smile and laugh a bit.

Marian mooed, trying to tell him that it was already an improvement. Then putting her hand on his shoulder, she shoved him back out into the mall…where she mooed and started waving at the people again.

Phillip was still scared – and he realized again that she was still treating him like a child. But the one thing he didn't want was for her to remind Mistress Vivian that he needed punishing – even though he still believed that Mistress Vivian hadn't forgotten about it and that she would still show up later to punish him – if she wasn't at his apartment waiting for him right now.

When Marian mooed and waved to some more people, he took a chance and waved too. And they smiled and waved back. He couldn't believe it, he was purposely trying to show himself off – more than ever. He wasn't exactly having fun, but at least he realized he wasn't hating things as much as he had been. It also didn't seem to hurt keeping the idea in place that Marian was continuing to treat him like a child – even if he wasn't sure just then if she was or wasn't.

A short while later, Marian made another stop in another store and bought them each a large bag of candy to pass out to the kids. Phillip actually liked that better, because it seemed to give them more of a reason for what they were doing. And when the kids came close to them, he found himself smiling more and more often.

Marian stopped him again a few minutes later and wrote him a quick note and showed it to him.

Phillip's jaw dropped. "You want me to…"

Marian mooed and just pointed.

Steeling himself, Phillip did his best to put a smile on his face, and then "skip" from where they were over to a group of young kids who had been watching them. The kids were instantly excited and one of the little girls hugged his leg. He patted her head before opening

his candy bag and pulling out a handful of candy. By the time he got two pieces passed out, Marian was there to help. And then he felt Marian patting his head just as he had done with the little girl, before she mooed and pulled him away to find the next group of people.

An hour later, they had made it most of the way around the mall. Despite the fact that Phillip knew they still had to be out as they were for another hour, Phillip was looking forward to getting out of there. It hadn't been nearly as bad as he had imagined. Most of the people had laughed and thought it was all something special the mall had sponsored. But he was still ready to get out of sight. Unfortunately, that was when Marian dragged him aside again – and bought him and ice–cream cone! Once again, he felt like such a little kid. It was starting to get to him…in some interesting ways where he couldn't wait to get out of his diapers again.

He didn't offer to buy Marian any ice–cream. He was concentrating on his own situation so much that the thought never even entered his mind. And of course, once he had finished his ice–cream, Marian started leading him all around the mall once again. Passing out candy here. Skipping over to another group of kids there. And generally being scared out of his wits while he tried his best to act as if he was enjoying himself.

He knew he wasn't enjoying himself – well, part of him secretly was, but he had no doubt that Marian was having the time of her life – pushing him around like she was! No wonder she wanted to go so badly. And she wasn't having the least bit of problem wearing that cow costume all over the place. Not one little bit! It wasn't fair!

It was over an hour later when they finally left the mall and Marian drove them straight home. Phillip half expected to see Mistress Vivian waiting for them in the parking lot. He was relieved that she wasn't there. He was more relieved that she hadn't been there and left a note. Had she really forgotten? It didn't seem too likely, but the day wasn't over yet.

——— o0o ———

Vivian had a bit of a quandary to figure out. Was it still considered an authentic tiger print design, if the dress was all red with black stripes? Did she want that as part of her animal theme wardrobe if it didn't remotely look real? She took a good look at the dress and shook her head. It wasn't right, not at all. She took another look at the forty percent off sale sign on top of the rack. How could she possibly pass it up? Grabbing the dress she ran off to try and find more animal design clothes on sale. She was having a great day so far. Her car was already positively loaded with things she had bought. And there was still so much time left to shop!

——— o0o ———

Phillip was very grateful to get back home again – where he never wanted to leave again! And yet, he'd never admit to anyone that a part of him had enjoyed the experience so much. Once in the apartment, he expected Marian to undress him…or at least give him permission to undress, but she didn't do that at all. She didn't even remove the balloon tied to his wrist, and that was annoying enough that he really wanted it gone – along with the headband with the flowers on top that was too small for his head. The rest of it though, he was actually enjoying – somewhat. Even though he'd never admit it to anyone. And since Marian wasn't giving him a chance to remove what he was wearing, he didn't give her a chance to remove her cow costume either. He did go to the kitchen though and pour her a drink and also to grab another of her stupid baby bottles of milk for himself.

By the time he came out of the kitchen, she had turned on the TV and was waiting for him. He handed her the glass of Coke he had poured for her, and was surprised when she led him to the couch and pointed at it, wanting him to sit. He sat and looked up at her questioningly. But then she just pointed at the TV and then at him, and then at the TV again. "You want me to watch TV?"

She nodded and mooed, and then walked off with her glass of Coke.

Phillip looked at the TV. Cartoons were playing. He looked for the remote control and couldn't find it. "Where's the remote?" he yelled as he saw her picking up a bag she had set down by the desk the night before.

Marian mooed and held up the remote that was still in her hand.

"Can I have it?" Phillip asked

Marian mooed and shook her head, and pointed at the cartoon playing on TV.

"You want me to watch this?" he asked.

She nodded and mooed.

"Not likely!"

He started to get up, but suddenly she was there, pushing him down by his shoulders – and mooing angrily at him.

"What the…"

"Moo!" And again Marian pointed at the cartoon playing on TV.

Phillip rolled his eyes. And then he felt her grabbing his hand that was holding the baby bottle and bringing it up toward his mouth. A moment later, the nipple slipped in past his lips and he started sucking on it.

Marian mooed again as if satisfied and left him. She grabbed her bag again and carried it into the kitchen. Phillip seemed to be doing as told and was sitting there watching the cartoons on TV. She opened the bag and got busy. She had actually planned on doing this while Phillip was out shopping, but things hadn't worked out that way. But at least he seemed to be doing as he was told – for now. She got busy on the costume she had purchased for him the night before. Twenty minutes later, she was done modifying it and stuffing it all back into the bag again.

Phillip didn't know it yet, but he was going to have a very interesting time at work tomorrow.

Chapter 30.

It wasn't a moo that escaped her lips, but a soft sighing "Ahhh…" as Marian sank herself in the warm bath water Monday morning. She could talk again – and she could take a bath again. Heaven! She allowed herself to enjoy the sensations of the wonderful warm bath for a few moments as she laid back and closed her eyes. But the inactivity soon allowed other thoughts to begin running through her head.

It was Monday, a day when, if Vivian's usual plan held together, Vivian would most likely be there that night to re–hypnotize them again – re–brainwash them again. Except that for once, Marian was very hopeful that Vivian wouldn't show up at all. That last DVD she had created had not only given Vivian more "important" things to think about instead, but Vivian would wake up each morning now remembering that she had already hypnotized them the night before. Hopefully, it would all combine to keep Vivian away from them and not hypnotize them anymore. Hopefully. That was her theory anyway. And so far, based on the way Vivian seemed to be responding to the subliminal suggestions in those fireplace DVDs she had already created, things were looking very hopeful for her…and Phillip of course.

And Phillip! He had again treated her decently all last night and again this morning. She had been very grateful for that. Was he treating her better because his one big problem was now behind him…if Vivian didn't ever figure it out? Or was it more likely that he was treating her better because she had continually treated him like a child? Like a little girl mostly. She was betting on the later because of all his weird fantasies. Either way, she decided she was going to continue treating him childishly…sort of. At least as long as it helped with the way he treated her.

And she had plans to again treat him childishly all day today too. A broad smile lit up her face as she thought about what Phillip would soon be faced with for the rest of the day.

——— o0o ———

Vivian awoke with an ugly snort. Her arm wiped the slobber from her chin as she sat up on the couch. Her eyes took in the fireplace video still playing on the TV – so nice. Her mind was full of ideas to shop for, and she couldn't wait to go shopping again. The only problem was, it was Monday and she had to go to work. But that was just fine. She really couldn't wait to show of her new fashion trend to all the ladies at work. She simply couldn't wait! And then after work, she would go shopping again.

At least she didn't have to worry about hypnotizing those two idiots again. She had taken the time from her shopping last night to get that nasty chore out of the way. She was proud of herself for thinking of it and getting it done!

With a last glance at the fire on the TV, she got up and headed upstairs to start getting ready for work. The ladies were all going to go crazy over her latest outfit! They would all be so jealous – again!

——— o0o ———

Phillip was on pins–and–needles. He still had no idea what Marian wanted him to wear to work. But so far, all indications were that he would be wearing only what he had on. It was all she had dressed him in so far. And the way she had been treating him lately, he had some very real fears that she might actually want him to go out in public the way he was.

The cow was at the kitchen table just then, eating the breakfast he had set out for her. She was all dressed and ready for work. And he was worried that he was dressed and ready for work too. She wouldn't really send him out the way he was, would she? But she had literally dragged him around the mall last night dressed like a stupidly colorful little girl for hours! Of course, he'd never admit to anyone how much he had actually loved it. And then she hadn't undressed him until just before he went to bed last night. This morning, he had been worried that he would again be wearing the colorful Rainbow Brite outfit she had put him in – balloon and all! But so far, that didn't appear to be the case.

Earlier, after her bath, Marian had attacked his hair with her curling iron again. Then she had put one of his smaller hair–bows on the back of his head. But other than the lipstick he had already been wearing, she had done nothing more with his face – for which he was grateful…kind of. He'd never admit it, but he did love the humiliation he got from having to wear the makeup all the time.

He glanced down at the red high heels on his feet. He hadn't worn them with his little girl outfit last night. Was she dressing him more "grown–up" today? Of course the bra he was wearing was one of the small ones that Mistress Vivian had made him get. But the cups were certainly stuffed full enough with several pairs of Marian's panties. But the part about the bra that bothered him the most, was that there wasn't anything at all covering it. Nothing!

His visible bra wasn't his biggest worry however. There was nothing covering his bra at all…and also nothing covering the childish design on the diaper he was wearing either. Nothing! Would she really take him out of the house wearing only the diaper – with nothing covering it? But based on the way she had been treating him, he was still afraid she might do just that.

And beyond all that, he had another small problem. He wasn't sure if he would love being taken out dressed just as he was, or not. The humiliation would be incredible! Overpowering! Just thinking about it was enough to make him want to try to get his hand into his diaper for some…fun. So was she going to make him wear anything else…or wasn't she?

——— o0o ———

Marian glanced at the clock as she stuffed the last spoonful of cereal into her mouth. She had eaten as fast as she could, but if she didn't get moving, they might actually be late for work. It was still early enough now, but she had a long way to go still to get Phillip ready. And she knew he had no idea what was in store for him today. Now it was time to start letting him find out.

With a moo to clear it from her system, she hurried to her feet, her stupid cowbell clanging like crazy. "Okay, Phillip," she said as soon as she saw him in the living room. "Let's finish getting you ready. For today, you can sit at the kitchen table while I do your makeup."

Phillip headed for the kitchen. Makeup. He was glad…and he wasn't. But mostly, because of the humiliation factor, he was glad. He just didn't dare act that way. But he still didn't hesitate to head for the kitchen where he sat at the table and held Dolly in his lap while he waited for Marian to come back. He shoved her breakfast dishes further back on the table to get them out of the way.

When she came back, he wasn't surprised to see her hands totally full of makeup stuff that she dumped out on the table. But there was something different in that pile that immediately caught his eye. And he couldn't stop staring at the package. But then Marian plucked something else new from the pile that he hadn't even noticed before, and he didn't know if he wanted to scream and run, or smile with delight. In the end, he stared at the package she was trying to open – with horror!

Marian finally got the package open and her hands pulled out the small card inside. "I used to love wearing these all the time," she told Phillip. "I'm guessing you'll probably love them too."

Phillip said nothing. He only watched as Marian pulled one of the false eyelashes from the card, examined it closely, then she spread some glue all along the edges.

"Close your eyes," Marian said to him. Then she pasted the false eyelash in place on his left eye. A minute later, his right eye was done as well. "All done," she said.

Phillip opened his eyes. He could actually feel the strange weight of the eyelashes she had pasted onto him…and he could somewhat see their longer length. They weren't painful or really uncomfortable, but they did feel strange. After that, he sat through Marian attacking his face with more makeup than she had used on him in a while. But it was still that other new package on the table that mostly held his attention.

And then he watched as Marian grabbed that other package and opened it. He swallowed hard and hugged Dolly tighter to his chest.

"Set your hand flat on the table now Phyllis," Marian said to him. "And keep your fingers spread wide." When his hand was in position, Marian selected one of the long, glamor length red false nails from the package and pulled it off. Then she carefully positioned it over his thumbnail and pressed it down firmly into place. One by one, she pasted the long nails onto each of his ten fingers. "There," she finally said with some satisfaction. "All done. Now we can get you dressed." With that, she turned and headed for the living room.

Phillip lifted his hands and stared at his fingers. Long red nails! On all his fingers! He attempted to close his hands into a fist, and didn't get very far. He immediately knew that those nails would be a huge curse all day long. And now he wanted more than ever to be able to get his hands into his diaper…or better yet, get the damn diaper off so he could get some real relief!

His new long nails brushed oddly against Dolly as he grabbed her and got to his feet. Get dressed? At least he knew for sure then that she wouldn't be sending him out with his diaper on display.

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Vivian was so happy with herself that she started singing. The fact that she was so horribly out of tune and didn't even know the words made no difference. She sang anyway. And after each piece of clothing she put on, she preened in front of her mirror, admiring her beauty and her wonderful sense of fashion. She was the best ever! No wonder everyone else was so jealous of her. The leopard print dress she was wearing reminded her a bit of Wilma Flintstone, the cartoon character…except she knew that Wilma Flintstone never looked as good as she did then. Of course, Vivian didn't even notice the fat bulges around her stomach. She simply felt too good to notice any little imperfections like that.

The tiger striped belt she was wearing was the perfect accent to go against the leopard print dress. Perfect! She felt positively feline and powerful. But then…she was powerful. Look what she had done with those two idiots, Sissy Phyllis and Mooing Marian. Ha! Powerful!!! And now her clothes reflected just that. Oh the ladies were all going to be so jealous of her today.

She stuck her feet into the new zebra print pumps she had bought the day before. What a find – and sixty percent off! How could anyone pass up a deal like that? She felt so lucky she had found and bought them before anyone else could snatch them up.

Still singing, she carefully draped the bear claw necklace around her neck and fastened it behind her. Perfection! It was so wonderful. And it was another symbol of absolute power! Oh how everyone was going to envy her. Especially that stupid cow Marian. But then who would ever expect a cow to have any sense of fashion at all? It was laughable! Just like Marian herself.

With a feeling of absolute gleeful anticipation, she slowly picked up the final piece of her outfit that day, and carefully set the peacock feathered hat on her head. Stunning! The hat simply was the best accent she could possibly imagine for her animal theme outfit. She stared at her reflection for a moment, then once again burst out in song. She looked…stunning!

Ever so happily, she grabbed the zebra pint purse that was a very good match to her shoes – so proper – and with another song on her lips, she headed off to work. She was a bit earlier than usual. Maybe she'd take the time to show off her outfit in one of the local restaurants on the way. Such a perfect idea! Then even more people could see her – and of course, be jealous of her.

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Phillip was shaking. Positively shaking. And he could see that Marian was doing everything in her power not to laugh at him…which obviously wasn't working too well. He could feel his false eyelashes every time he blinked his eyes. The extra–long nails on his hands made grabbing anything, or doing anything all but impossible. And now Marian had added the worst part yet! He was wearing another princess costume…but it was unlike any other princess costume in the entire world! He supposed he was supposed to be Ariel, from The Little Mermaid, because the bottom of the dress flared out into some fake fins at the bottom. But the green and blue dress not only hugged his body, but it especially hugged his legs – all the way down to his ankles. And Marian had even joked about the way she had sewn the kick pleat shut. The entire skirt was like one long tight tube – almost down to his ankles. He could hardly walk at all. He could barely put one foot in front of the other. He was literally shuffling in his red high heels. The fins at the bottom of the skirt were only decoration, they didn't open up to make walking easier at all.

"Okay, Phyllis," Marian said to him. "Grab a couple of bottles and stick them in your purse for later. And do your lipstick quickly now so we can get out of here. We don't want to be late for work."

Late for work? Phillip figured that it would probably take him an hour just to get from the apartment down to the cars. Just trying to pick up his lipstick was a chore with his long nails. Fortunately, the nails didn't bother him too much as he spread it over his lips.

"Okay, Sissy Phyllis," Marian said when he was done. "Grab your purse and let's go."

Phillip felt like such a fool – again! With Dolly cradled in his left arm, his right arm holding his purse was extended wide to help him keep his balance while he walked…shuffled…toward the front door. He went as quickly as he could, which was actually at a snail's pace compared to normal.

A few moments later, Phillips trip down to the cars went from very slow – to dead stop. He turned to look at Marian, who was still doing her best not to openly laugh at him. “How am I supposed to get down the steps?” he asked. “I can’t!”

“Grab your skirt and pull it up as high as you can,” Marian suggested. “It’s probably the only way you’re going to manage it.”

Ugh! It would have been difficult enough to grab his skirt with his hand that was holding his purse, but the long nails made it all that much more difficult. Still he pulled the tight skirt up as much as he could – which wasn’t very far, and took a tentative step downward. He was lucky he didn’t fall!

“You’ve got it,” Marian said from right behind him.

Phillip went down another step, and had to reach out quickly to grab the handrail before he lost his balance completely. He decided that holding onto the railing was going to be a necessity. Especially with the heels he was wearing. He tried to grab his skirt with the arm that was holding Dolly, but he almost dropped her. He wound up stuffing her under his arm that was holding onto the railing and his purse, and then he had to be careful of his fingernails in order to grab the fabric of his dress to pull it up. One slow step after another, he went down, and breathed a sigh of relief when he made it. Whew! How was he going to get through the day?

As late as they were, they were still the first ones to arrive at work. From the elevator, Marian left Phyllis and Dolly to make their way slowly down the hallway while she went on ahead. On the way up in the elevator, she had told Phillip exactly what she wanted him to do today. And he hadn’t argued about it at all. Of course, he hadn’t really argued much with her since she had assumed more of a commanding attitude with him. Or was that more of a motherly attitude toward him? Either way, he seemed to be doing exactly what she wanted him to. She was at her desk and her computer was already turned on and booting up by the time he came slowly into the room. She watched with amusement as he made his way to his chair, and carefully sat down in it. Yes, little Sissy Phyllis was in for an interesting day today – for sure.

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Once again Heather approached the office with some trepidation. She silently pleaded that Phillip would be back to being normal again – back to being a guy. But one quick look as she walked through the door dashed those hopes completely. How much longer was this going to continue! Why was the FBI waiting so long to put a stop to it? It didn’t make sense. At least not to her.

As she continued on toward her desk, she couldn't take her eyes off of Phillip at all. Oh my! She couldn't help herself as she paused near his desk to look him over more carefully. That had to be false eyelashes he was wearing – and those nails! How the heck was he going to type with them? Very slowly no doubt. She noted the long dress he was wearing, and got the immediate impression that it was another princess costume. The Little Mermaid came to her mind. No doubt, that's what it was. She forced herself to continue on toward her desk. "Morning Marian," she said, still trying to come to grips with Phillip's latest appearance.

"Good morning Heather," Marian replied brightly.

Heather stopped before getting to her desk. "How much longer is this going to continue?" she asked Marian. Actually, it was more like she was complaining about it.

Marian shook her head. "Just go with it, Heather. Like it or not!"

It wasn't the answer Heather wanted. This was all wrong. Simply all wrong!

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Courtney was beside herself as she rode up in the crowded elevator. Several of her friends from work were there with her and she had big new for them all. But she didn't want to spill the beans to any of them until she could tell everyone at the same time. She had news! Big exciting news!

The elevator doors opened and she piled out with everyone else. It was a relief not to get jostled by so many closely packed bodies. The crowd finally thinned as she made her way to the office with Lisa, Brittany, and Ashley walking along with her. They made small talk, but she barely said a word. Her news was too big for her to concentrate on anything else!

In the middle of all of them, she walked into the room…and stopped as she ran right into Brittany's back. She automatically turned her head in Phillip's direction. Obviously the source of the holdup. All she could really see of him though was the more elaborate makeup job on his face.

"Good morning Ladies," Marian called from the back. She was pleasantly greeted by each of the women before they continued on toward their desks. All of them spending more time trying to see how Phillip was dressed than doing much of anything else. Well, they would find out all of it soon enough. For his part, Phillip had turned toward the wall again after the women had walked in. Obviously, he was embarrassed by the way he looked. And she figured he had good reason to be embarrassed. Marian also had no doubt that he was secretly loving it – even if he wouldn't admit it.

Five minutes later, all the women were in the room – except one. Marian looked at Vivian's empty desk and scowled. But to be honest, she wasn't sure if she was glad Vivian wasn't there or not. She actually hoped that Vivian wouldn't show up at all. But she had no doubt that Vivian would be there – eventually. Some of the suggestions she had put in that DVD would keep Vivian coming to work instead of going shopping – just so Vivian could proudly show off everything she was wearing. Marian almost laughed. Based on what had happened in the past, she wondered how "wild" Vivian's outfit would be today.

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Courtney had an announcement to make, but she didn't want to make it until everyone got there. But Vivian hadn't arrived yet…and the clock was already showing that it was two minutes late! She couldn't wait any longer. She excitedly got up from her seat to stand at the front of the room, but she didn't take two steps before she halted and stared at…Vivian walking through the door…or was that strutting through the door. And her outfit! Talk about awful! Everything went straight out of Courtney's head as she stared in mixed wonder – horror at Vivian coming into work.

Vivian had actually sauntered around the lobby downstairs for a few minutes to make sure everyone would already be in the room before she got there. After the success of her outfit in the restaurant that morning, she had no doubt how much the ladies would love her new look. In fact, she had never had such fast service in a restaurant before!

With her head held high, she proudly entered the office. She saw Courtney getting up from her desk, and stopping to stare in wonder at her. Almost as one, every head in the room turned to stare at her. She paused a moment in the center aisle between the desks, just to give everyone more of an opportunity to ogle her. She saw envy in the eyes of every woman in the room…and Sissy Phyllis too.

She slowly continued on toward her desk…and had to pause a moment to stare at the open mouthed Phillip who was still staring in wonder at her. Oh my. Definitely false eyelashes. And those nails! And…was that some kind of long princess outfit he was wearing. That mermaid thing? She could see the fake fins on the bottom of his skirt, and it looked fairly tight, but it was hard to tell the way he was sitting.

"Good morning, Vivian," Marian said, trying to keep her voice under control.

"Good morning," Vivian replied politely as she slowly pulled her chair out and sat down. Yes, the stupid cow was definitely awed by her outfit. But then, what else would she expect from a stupid cow?

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Courtney was still standing watching Vivian. She had forgotten for a moment what she was going to do. But now she remembered again, and better still, everyone was there. She continued on to stand at the front of the room. “May I have your attention ladies,” she said brightly and loudly as she looked around the room. Her eyes had a hard time not lingering on Vivian. She was finally able to continue as all heads now turned to her. “I have a big announcement!” she said happily.

“Courtney, you’re engaged?” Ashley blurted out.

“No!” Courtney replied. “Not quite that good.” There was a bit of laughter from some of the women. “No,” Courtney continued, “I heard from Terry and Leanne last night. Terry called me and we got to talk for a long time!”

“Where is she?” Lisa asked.

“You said you talked to Leanne too?” Ashley asked next.

Courtney nodded. “I talked to both of them.”

“Where are they?” Brittany asked.

“How about Maria?” Felicia asked at nearly the same time.

Courtney held up her hands to quiet the women. “Get this ladies, they didn’t get fired. Not at all!”

“They didn’t?” several of the women gasped.

“No! In fact, they were surprised when I asked about that.”

“So what happened to them?” Lisa asked.

“Where are they?” Ashley asked.

“That day, when they got out of here,” Courtney continued. “They got offered two last minute slots in the company’s management trainee program. But to take the jobs, they had to go right then. Terry and Leanne have been sharing adjoining hotel rooms with their kids out in San Francisco ever since while they’re going through the program. And with the kids to take care of, they haven’t had a chance to call to talk to us.”

“The management program! Wow!” Brittany gasped.

“How about Maria,” Felicia asked again, referring to her former best friend.

Courtney sadly shook her head. “They don’t know anything about Maria. They haven’t seen her.”

“So why is Leanne’s house up for sale?” Ashley asked.

“Their school will be over next week,” Courtney told them, “and Leanne will be transferred to the Denver office. But Terry will be coming right back here…but she’ll be working in another part of the building, not this office.”

“So they didn’t get fired,” Ashley said aloud and sounding very relieved.

“And management training!” Brittany added. “That’s fantastic!”

“They deserved it!” Lisa added.

“They sure did!” Beverly replied. “They were the best in here.”

“But what happened to Maria?” Felicia asked. But the only reply she got was some sad shaking of several of their heads.

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Vivian was nothing but annoyed. Courtney’s little announcement had stolen all her thunder. All the interest was now on people who weren’t even there anymore…and wouldn’t ever be there. The fact that Terry would be coming back to the company didn’t even count since she wouldn’t be coming back to their department.

Her grand entrance had been fantastic…up until Courtney opened her mouth. Now Vivian felt like all her efforts had been wasted. Well, wait till everyone saw what she came up to wear tomorrow! She would top even the outfit she had on today. With more reason to shop than ever, she quickly booted up her computer and started searching the web for more clothes in her latest fashion scheme.

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Heather had listened to all the good news as well. But the part that bothered her, was Phillip. Everything with Phillip had started because everyone had “assumed” that he was the cause for Terry and Leanne…and Maria being fired. Only they hadn’t been fired. Not only that, Terry and Leanne had gone on to management training! Which was fantastic news for them. Especially since they both had young kids to take care of.

So they had all made a big mistake in blaming Phillip. And now…. She stared at Phillip's back, the part of the results she could see. It had to stop! It had to! Why weren't the FBI stopping things?

She looked over at Marian. She blamed Marian for most of Phillip's problems. But then her eyes went forward a bit to Vivian. Crazy Vivian. Crazier than ever today, based on the way she was dressed again. Ugh! What an outfit! But she had seen and heard first hand that Vivian was the one who was really behind all of Phillip's problems, and evidently Marian's too. And yet, things still looked to her like it was Marian who she needed to blame. It was all very confusing. Was that part of the reason why the FBI hadn't done anything yet? They didn't know who to stop? It didn't really make much sense to her, but then none of it did. She only knew that it all needed to stop – and now! It should never have really started in the first place. Especially in light of the news that Courtney had just told them.

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Phillip stared at his computer screen. He had to print something again and then put it into the office distribution system. He didn't want to get out of his seat, but he had to. More so because Marian had said she wanted to see him walking around the office as much as possible today to show off his…dress. It seemed like lately, Marian was making him do lots of things he didn't want to do…although they were all secretly things that were part of his fantasies. He still couldn't believe he had spent so much time at the mall yesterday wearing that bright colorful little girl outfit – with a balloon tied to his wrist. He'd never admit how crazy that made him. Never!

And now today Marian had put him in this mermaid outfit…like a little girl playing dress up. He hated it! He loved it. Why were all his secret fantasies so darn embarrassing? Why?

Knowing that he would have to get up eventually anyway…or as Marian had said, she would find reasons for him to get up and move around, he used his mouse to click the print button to start the documents printing. Using the mouse was the only thing he could do easily with his computer. Any typing he had to do all morning he had wound up doing with the tips of his long red nails. It was slow arduous work. And he'd never ever admit to anyone that he was secretly loving it.

With the printer coming to life, he grabbed Dolly and slowly rose to his feet. Just turning in the direction he needed to go was difficult. With Dolly in his left arm, his right hand pulled up his skirt a bit to help him walk a little easier. It helped, but not much. He went out of his way to try to not look at anyone, but his eyes still briefly caught Marian's face – and the all too broad smile there.

He made it to the printer and grabbed his papers. He turned around, and his eyes saw Heather staring at him with a rather astonished look on her face. He kept going back to his desk. He

couldn't hold his skirt up since he was holding both Dolly and the papers, so the walking was made that much more difficult. And worse, he could never show the slightest sign that he was actually enjoying his plight. Not the slightest sign! Ever!

Setting Dolly down on his desk for a moment, he bent over and stuffed the papers into an envelope and addressed it to where it needed to go. Then picking up Dolly again, he slowly started making his way to the distribution box up front.

"Oh my God!" Beverly exclaimed as Phillip passed her desk. Her exclamation though made everyone in the room look to see what the problem was. But it took no time at all for all eyes to land on Phillip – and stay there.

Phillip was quickly aware that everyone was staring at him. He could literally feel his face turning red as he continued on to the distribution box. He reached the box and set the large envelope in it. When he turned around, there was no missing that everyone was looking at him. With a very red face, he shuffled his way back to his desk and sat down. Round one was over, but Marian had said she wanted to see him walking around a lot today. He wasn't looking forward to it…and he was looking forward to it. He turned his head away from everyone again in total embarrassment…and to hide the smile that threatened to come to his lips. Oh to get his hand inside his diaper right then!

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Vivian was angry again because something else was now stealing the attention away from her amazing outfit…but she still couldn't help but stifle a laugh at Phillip. She hadn't seen that dress that the stupid cow had bought for him, so it came as a complete surprise to her. Still, as much as he too was taking all the attention away from her outfit, Vivian did still have to admit how much she had enjoyed seeing Sissy Phyllis walking to and from the distribution box. Such a fitting dress for such a big sissy!

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Thirty minutes later, Phillip was working hard when he saw an email come in from Marian. He opened it and read it, and nearly died. He understood perfectly what Marian was doing. She had warned him in advance. Since he hadn't been up to move around the room in a while, she had given him a task to force him to move. He opened the document she had sent and shook his head. It was nothing more than a document that said, "Print this and mail it now!" He hit the print button and heard the printer come to life.

He grabbed Dolly and began the slow arduous shuffle back to the printer. Once again, Heather was watching him all the way. He grabbed the printed paper and slowly brought it back to his desk where he put it into an envelope and addressed it to Marian. Then he shuffled his way to the front where he deposited it into the office distribution system.

Every time he passed another desk, more heads turned to watch him. The entire exercise was pure nonsense – only designed to get him out of his seat so that everyone could see and laugh at him. And he had seen every last woman in the room smiling all too delightedly at him. Ugh! How often was Marian going to make him do things like that?

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Between the outfit Vivian was wearing and the silly princess mermaid dress that Phillip was wearing, Marian felt like she was dressed absolutely normally. Well, maybe not as normal as she'd like to be. She'd really like to be wearing flats – and pants, but still next to them she felt totally at ease. Of course, she was certain that Vivian felt completely at ease with what she was wearing too. And that fireplace DVD was only going to make matters worse for Vivian. But the one thing that Marian was the most hopeful for now, was that Vivian would stay away from them and not hypnotize them anymore. Based on the way that Vivian was dressed today, and the way she was acting, Marian had high hopes for that!

She got up and headed out to the elevators for another mooing session. That was something else she couldn't wait to get rid of – her mooing compulsion. Was it too soon to start working on it tonight? Why not? What could it hurt? Well, it could hurt a lot and most likely would, but she still decided she was going to start trying to beat it tonight. The sooner, the better!

As soon as she got back to the office, she headed for their private break room to make the coffee, but she paused before going in. "Sissy Phyllis," she called. "Come give me a hand." Then she turned and went in to make the coffee.

Phillip couldn't believe it. Now she wanted him to help her in the break room. What would be next, standing him in front of the room and leaving him there? He certainly wouldn't put it past her. Grabbing Dolly again, he stood up from his seat and slowly started making his way toward the break room. And once again all eyes were on him.

Marian was halfway done preparing the coffee maker by the time Phillip got into the room. "Close the door so we won't disturb the others," she told him without bothering to turn around from what she was doing. She finished pouring the water into the coffee maker and turned it on. Then she turned around. He was just standing there holding Dolly to his chest as he usually did.

"What do you need me for?" Phillip asked sullenly.

Marian smiled. "I don't. I just want you to enjoy showing off your dress again."

"Why?" Phillip complained.

“Don’t worry about it. I have my reasons,” Marian replied. “Besides, aren’t you enjoying that dress today?”

“No.”

Marian shook her head. “I don’t believe it,” she told him. “I know you better than that. I’m sure you’re getting quite a kick out of enduring that tight dress in front of everyone here. Am I wrong?”

Phillip said nothing at all to that.

“I thought so,” Marian said to him. “Now grab the sponge there and start cleaning the table – and scrub it thoroughly!”

Phillip rolled his eyes and shuffled his way to the sink where he grabbed the sponge and wet it. With Dolly carefully tucked under his left arm, he set about cleaning the already clean table. In that tight dress, with his legs stuck so close together, and leaning over the table as he was, he could literally feel his backside shaking back and forth with the motion of wiping the table.

Marian watched Phillip and smiled. “Move around to the other side of the table,” she suggested.

“Why?” Phillip asked. “I can reach all of it from here.”

“Just do it!” Marian told him.

Rolling his eyes again, Phillip went around to the other side of the table where his backside was turned toward the big window. Once again he set about wiping down the table, and once again his backside shook back and forth in his tight dress.

Marian smiled again as her eyes caught the slightly raised eyebrows on a few of the women in the main room.

It wasn’t until Phillip was done and he happened to catch a glimpse of everyone else through the big window that he realized what a show he had been putting on for them. And there was dear old Marian, just lazing back against the counter and smiling at him. He could just scream!

“Am I done now?” he asked bitterly.

“Yes thank you,” Marian replied with a grin. “I appreciate your help today.”

Phillip bit back any comments he might have made and headed slowly back to his desk.

"Thank you Phillip," Felicia said with a grin as she got up from her desk on her way to the break room.

"I thought it was Phyllis today," Vivian added as she too headed for the break room.

Phillip's face was very red, but he still wanted nothing more than to get his hands down inside his diaper to relieve some of the built up sexual tension. How much longer before the day would be over? Oh yeah, the day had just started! Ugh!

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Shortly before lunch, Marian went out for another mooing session in the elevators and then stopped in the ladies room for a few moments. By the time she got back to the office, it was clear that everyone was getting ready to leave for lunch.

"Coming with us today, Marian?" Ashley asked as Marian walked back into the room.

"Uh…not today," Marian replied.

Ashley shook her head and a moment later, headed out the door along with everyone in the room – except Marian and Phillip.

Phillip realized he was going to have a major problem. He hadn't bothered to get up from his seat when the others had left for lunch. He swiveled his chair around to face where Marian was just then sitting down again. "I need to get us some lunch," he said, "but I don't think I can drive in this dress."

Marian realized he would indeed have a problem with that. She was pretty sure that the dress wouldn't give him enough room at the bottom of the skirt to safely go from the gas pedal to the brake. With a shake of her head, she said, "I guess I'll just have to drive."

Together, the two of them left the office, heading for the elevators. Phillip wasn't looking forward to being on display again in front of so many people, but hopefully most everyone would be gone by the time he actually got downstairs. He didn't have much choice but to move fairly slowly. "At the rate this dress is letting me move," he said, "the entire day will be over before we get back with our lunch."

Marian only laughed.

Once they finally got down to Marian's car, Marian had to pick her cowbell up off of her seat before she could sit down.

“Do you want to wear that thing again now?” Phillip asked.

“Don’t even think it!” Marian replied.

“Well, I didn’t really know,” Phillip told her. “After the way you enjoyed prancing around in the entire cow outfit this weekend I just thought you might.”

“Keep making suggestions like that and I’ll find some way to make that dress you’re wearing now even worse!” She paused as she started the car engine. “I did kind of enjoy myself this weekend though. Sometimes, I do miss the show business.”

Phillip had to direct her to where he wanted to get lunch for them – the usual fast food restaurant that he went to every day – and where he was all too well known. Marian started to pull into the long line for the drive–thru, but at the last second, she turned and pulled into an empty parking space instead.

“What are you doing?” Phillip asked.

The drive–thru line is too long,” Marian replied. “Well never get back if we have to sit through that.”

“But I can’t go in like this!” Phillip argued.

“Sure you can,” Marian replied as she opened her car door. “I’ll just walk real slow to keep up with you.” With a laugh she got out of her car. But she noticed Phillip still sitting there. She went all the way around to his side of the car and opened his door. “Out!” she said. “We’re going inside.”

With a shake of his head, Phillip swung his legs out of the car. Marian stood back to give him a bit of room and he stood up. “I hate this,” he said as Marian closed the car door behind him.

“Face it,” Marian replied. “You love this stuff. So you might as well enjoy yourself.”

“Yeah right!” Phillip argued. How could anyone possible enjoy being so humiliated? But he’d still never admit, not even to Marian, that all he could really think about doing was getting his hands inside his now wet diaper. But just getting past the damn dress he was wearing would be impossible!

With a click of a button on her key fob, Marian locked her car and shepherded the slow moving Phillip towards the building ahead. It was obvious to Marian, even before they got

halfway across the parking lot, that Phillip was already turning heads. “Smile,” she told him. “People are already loving you.”

“Yeah right!” Phillip said again as he concentrated on trying to get where he was going without falling down.

Ahead of them, a very smiling girl who worked for the restaurant held the door wide open for them. “You came back,” she said excitedly as Phillip and Marian got close.

“Um…” Phillip searched for something to say, but was speechless.

“You’ve been inside here before?” Marian asked.

“Sure he has,” the girl replied. “Although most of the time he just goes through the drive–thru. Hey, you brought your doll again.”

“He never goes anywhere without it,” Marian replied for him…which earned her a nasty look from Phillip. Marian couldn’t have cared in the least. She found that she was actually enjoying herself.

“You must love the princess outfits,” the girl said as he got through the door she was holding open for them. “You were wearing one the last time you came in. But this time you’ve got false nails and…is that false eyelashes you’re wearing too?”

“Absolutely!” Marian replied before Phillip could say anything. “And he really does love his Princess dresses. I’m sure they’re his absolute favorite thing to wear – anytime, anywhere.”

The girl laughed, but Phillip wanted to run and hide. Of course though, running was impossible in the dress he was wearing. He could barely walk in it.

“Mermaid in the house!” the girl called loudly.

As far as Marian could see though, most eyes were already on Phillip…and his dress. They joined the back of the long line waiting to order lunch. Way too many people, Phillip figured. They would have been much better off waiting through the drive–thru line outside. Or at least, he would be better off – because everyone in the line was doing nothing but paying attention to him – even the people who were supposed to be ordering just then.

“What are you all dressed up for?” a man in the middle of the line asked.

“Oh, he simply loves dressing this way,” Marian replied for Phillip. Which earned her another nasty look from him – not that she cared. “He does it every chance he gets…which to be honest, is every single day.”

"You dress up every day like that?" someone else asked.

Phillip started to answer, but Marian was already speaking before any words could leave his mouth. "Of course he does," Marian replied for him. "Why not if he likes it so much."

"Do you wear princess outfits all the time?" another woman asked.

Again Marian jumped in before Phillip could reply. "No, not at all," she told her. "But he has several that he just loves to wear. He especially likes this one since I sewed up the kick pleat for him. He just loves that it makes it so hard for him to walk now."

As some of the people around him laughed, Phillip wanted very badly to run off and hide, but now there were people blocking him in from behind too. He literally had no place he could move to – if he could move that fast. He was literally stuck in the long line of people…who were all too interested in him. The questions slowed down, but they did continue…and Marian continued to field all the questions for him – seeming to make her answers as humiliating as possible for Phillip. Phillip however, realized he was actually glad he didn't have to answer any of the questions. He was way too embarrassed. But the answers that Marian was handing out all too liberally were all embarrassing in themselves – especially when she mentioned the wet diaper he was wearing under his dress. That had really turned his face bright red! And did she have to mention that it was wet? And how would she know? He hadn't mentioned it at all to her.

They finally got the chance to order their food. The girl behind the counter looked to Marian first. But Marian couldn't decide at all what she wanted. No matter what, she simply didn't even know if she wanted anything at all. "You'll have to order for me again," she told Phillip.

"I'm surprised," Phillip replied. "You've managed to say everything else for me so far. Too much in fact."

"Get used to it," Marian told him. "Now order, or we'll just have to leave."

Phillip shook his head and ordered lunch for both of them, only ordering one drink that Marian would get because he still had baby bottles of Marian's milk in his purse that he had to drink first. But when he told the girl that they wanted the food to go, Marian again stepped in and said no, they would eat it in the restaurant. Phillip gave her yet another angry look for that one.

Fortunately, after that, it was a short wait before they could get their food. Marian though had to carry the food tray to one of the tables for him since he was afraid that he might drop it. His balance in that dress and heels wasn't exactly the best. Why can't we just take it back to the office to eat?" he complained.

"There's more people here for you to show off your dress to," Marian explained.

Phillip had no doubt at all about that reasoning. Marian was purposely being as cruel as possible to him. And damn did he wish he could get his hand inside his diaper…or even inside his dress for that matter. How much longer until they could get home?

Phillip wolfed his meal down quickly. Marian took her sweet time – purposely. Phillip couldn't decide if he was going to pull one of his bottles out and drink from it or not, he finally decided he would wait to drink anything until they got back to the office. It was bad enough there, things were already out of hand here and he didn't want to make matters even worse.

"Aren't you drinking anything?" Marian asked amusedly.

"No!" Phillip replied in no uncertain terms. He went back to wolfing down his lunch – without the drink. Since he was hurrying and Marian was still eating so slowly, he was finished eating long before she was.

"Do you want to go outside and play on the playground?" Marian asked him when she saw he had finished his meal.

"No thanks!" Phillip declined quickly.

"Are you sure?" Marian asked.

"Definitely!" Phillip replied.

Marian nodded. "Yeah, in that dress, it would probably be a bit difficult to climb around that thing anyway. And we really wouldn't want it to get messed up."

That statement, Phillip considered a matter of opinion.

Since Marian was enjoying her lunch – and Phillip's plight, and since Phillip was already done eating, Marian told him to pick up his trash and take it all to the trash can.

"Why me?" Phillip asked. "And why now?"

"Because you're done eating," Marian told him.

"You just want to show me off again!" Phillip accused.

“Absolutely!” Marian replied with a grin. “I suggest you go to the trash cans way in the back over there,” Marian told him. “That way, all those people can get a better view of your pretty mermaid dress.”

“No thanks!” Phillip told her. “I’ll wait here till you’re done.”

“Phillip,” she said sternly, “get up and take your trash to that back trash can!”

Phillip glared angrily at her. “And if I don’t?”

“Then when we get back to the building, I’ll drag you into as many offices as I can – besides ours…just to show you off!”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Want to bet?” Marian said with a big grin. “Actually, I think that sounds delightful. I should have thought of it before. I’ll bet that Loretta would just love seeing you in that getup. And Samantha up in Human Resources too. We dare not forget her!”

“You wouldn’t!” Phillip said again, totally aghast with the suggestion.

“Actually, to be honest, I really am considering it now. I do kind of like the idea. What do you think? Wouldn’t it be fun?”

“No!” Phillip said quickly.

“Oh, I don’t know. I think it would be a lot of fun. And just think how much they’d like seeing you too!”

“No thanks, no way!”

“Oh stop being so contrary,” Marian told him. “I know you love this. You know it too. So you might as well get with the program and act like you’re enjoying it as much as we both know you are.”

Phillip could only look at her in horror. “I’m going,” he said as he picked up his trash.

“The back trash can,” Marian reminded him.

Marian still wasn’t done eating by the time he got back. Of course, Phillip didn’t know that Marian was purposely trying to eat as slowly as possible to drag things out for him. “Don’t sit down,” she told him as he returned with only Dolly in his arms.

"Are you finally done?" he asked, still seeing a fair amount of food in front of her.

"Of course not," she replied. "But someone left their trash on that empty table over there. I think it would be very nice if you cleaned it off and took it to the trash can back there too."

"Why should I?" Phillip replied nastily.

"Oh, I don't know," Marian said as if amused. "Maybe because after we finish visiting Loretta and Samantha, then I know of a lot of other managers who I'm sure have heard all about you by now. Don't you think they'd like to see you for themselves?"

"No way!" Phillip replied quickly.

"Then get that trash and take it back to that same trash can. And while you're at it, go around the entire restaurant here and get the trash from all the tables…one at a time. Maybe, by the time you finish with that, I'll be done. Maybe."

"I hate you!" Phillip muttered.

"No you don't," Marian replied. "I'm the first person to ever give you what you really crave."

Phillip leveled a nasty look at her, then moved off toward the empty table full of trash. Damn he'd love to get his hands inside his dress!

It was past time for them to be back in the office by the time Marian finally pulled into a parking place at work, much further away from the building than either of them really liked. Especially Phillip. But once out of the car, they slowly made their way back to the building.

"Thanks to you, were late!" Phillip complained.

"Don't blame it all on me," Marian replied. "You're the one with the dress you can hardly walk in."

"That's not my fault!" Phillip replied.

"True," Marian said with a smile. "One of my better ideas I think."

"But we're still late – because of you!"

"I don't really care," Marian replied. "What's the good of being in charge if you can't take a few liberties once in a while? Just as long as I don't make a habit of it, nobody should even

care…outside of our office," she added. "But I'm afraid that since it is so late, maybe we better skip showing you off to Loretta and Samantha. That is, unless you'd really like to. And trust me, I don't really mind at all. I'm sure they don't even know we haven't been back to the office upstairs yet."

"No thanks!" Phillip said again as he headed directly for the elevators. The best part of the elevators for him, was that nobody but Marian could see him as they rode up to their floor. For Marian, it was another chance to relieve her awful mooing urge.

"How come you're so late?" Ashley asked as they finally got back to their room.

"Sissy Phyllis couldn't resist showing off her dress for everyone at the restaurant," Marian replied.

Phillip just rolled his eyes as he headed for his desk.

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It was late in the afternoon and everyone was working. Well, everyone but Vivian. Most of the women thought Vivian was working, but as usual, Vivian was surfing the internet instead. Phillip was busy trying to tap one key at a time with his horribly long fingernails, when he was interrupted by a loud exclamation and laugh from Vivian.

"Oh my God! You should see this!" Vivian exclaimed all too loudly.

"What?" Felicia asked. "Did someone send us some of those letters again that we sometimes get from the little kids at school?"

"Um…no," Vivian replied, finally realizing that she had to be careful with what she said. She didn't want everyone to know that she wasn't actually working.

"Then what?" Felicia asked.

"Um…I'll send it to you," Vivian told her.

Felicia went back to her work. It was actually a few minutes before the email came in from Vivian, and when she read it, she stared at it hard. She couldn't believe it! It was an article from somewhere that said: "New Princess in Town." And in then it was accompanied by several pictures – of Phillip in the princess dress he had worn the week before. There were pictures of him in a fast food restaurant holding his doll, and there were more pictures of Phillip and his doll in a grocery store posed with another very young girl also wearing a princess dress. And in all the pictures, it was obviously Phillip!

Felicia turned back toward Vivian. “My God!” she exclaimed softly.

Vivian only smiled and hoped that Felicia wouldn’t mention that she obviously hadn’t been working. She stared back at her computer again as if she was actually doing something. Well, she was, but it certainly wasn’t work.

Felicia though, felt that the pictures were simply too precious to keep to herself. With a few clicks of her mouse, she sent them to both Beverly and Brittany – who in turn sent them to others, who in turn sent them to anyone else in the room who hadn’t seen them…except Phillip. Even Marian saw them. And when she did, she couldn’t help herself. Like several of the other women in the room, she let out a loud exclamation of laughter. She knew now what had caused Vivian’s outburst earlier. She was only surprised that the pictures had taken so long to reach her. Not knowing if Phillip had seen them or not, she forwarded them on to him.

Phillip saw the email come in from Marian and opened it…and died. How embarrassing. How absolutely totally embarrassing. He wanted to rub his eyes, but with those false eyelashes he dared not. And especially not with the claws he now had attached to his hand. How much longer before he could get home and hopefully get some relief?

And then he read the note that Marian had added to the email. Once again he had to print what was sent, get up from his desk and mail it all to Marian – just so everyone could see his dress one more time. Ugh! It was positively maddening!

It was very late in the day when Heather looked up from her work. She was done with what she had been working on, and it was so late there was no sense in starting anything else. She stared at Phillis’s back for a few moments. All his problems were because they had erroneously thought that he was the reason that Leanne and Terry had been fired. But they hadn’t been fired. Not at all. So by her figuring, it was way past time for Marian to stop all the humiliation she was shoving at him. Except…as she knew, the problem really was with Vivian. But the way things worked, it still looked like Marian was to blame. As everyone started preparing to leave, she still didn’t know what she wanted to do about it all. It had to stop. It had to! And why weren’t the FBI doing anything about it? Felicia had been rather explicit as to how they were watching things. And Felicia had been very clear as to her staying out of it all. But how much longer were they going to let things continue? It wasn’t right!

As everyone started preparing to leave, she gathered up her own things. Phillip in the desk in front of her was fixing his lips – again. The clock clicked down the final seconds, and she got up to head home, still worried what to do about it all. She saw Marian and Phillip leaving too. Only Phillip was moving so much slower that they were going to be way behind everyone else. A few minutes later, she was still worried about it all as she got into a crowded elevator and headed downstairs in a crush of people.

But it wasn't right! None of it! Especially not since Leanne and Terry hadn't been fired. So what should she do? The elevator stopped and she was pushed out along with everyone else. She got halfway to the doors when she stopped, and was nearly knocked down by the people walking behind her. With some effort, she moved off to the side where she could watch the people coming off the elevators instead of leaving.

Heather craned her neck hard as she carefully tried to look over everyone she could see. She figured that Marian, and especially Phillip, would be very hard to miss, but she wasn't seeing them yet. Of course, Phillip wasn't exactly moving very fast. Most likely, it would be a few minutes yet before they came down.

Upstairs, Marian and Phillip finally entered an elevator. Marian silently mourned that they weren't the only ones in it. But hopefully when then went back upstairs again, that elevator would be empty.

Vivian reached the bottom floor and walked out with everyone else. But she had something else on her mind – besides shopping, which she couldn't wait to get back to. Turning around, she rode the elevator back upstairs.

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Heather saw Vivian getting back onto the elevators. She wondered what Vivian had forgotten. Crazy Vivian. What was up with her and her outfits lately? And this new kick she was on was positively ugly. And the crazy woman obviously thought she looked great!

A minute later, she finally saw Marian and Phillip step out of the elevator. "Marian," she called. But she was too far away and there were still too many people around. She waited a second for Marian to come closer so she could talk to her. But then she stared in amazement as both Marian and Phillip got back into another elevator and took it upstairs. Why? What was going on? Needing to talk to them, she hurried for another elevator to go back up to the office too.

Marian and Phillip finally got back to the office…only to find that the lights were already back on and Vivian was in there waiting for them. Both of them felt nothing but sudden fear. Had Vivian figured out what was happening with those DVDs? Was she going to rehypnotize them both here at the office instead of at home to replant everything into their heads? They both stopped at the doorway momentarily before going into the office.

Further back in the hallway, Heather was catching up so that she just saw Marian and Phillip going back into the office. She hurried after them. She needed to talk to Marian. She needed to know what to do.

Vivian smiled broadly as Sissy Phyllis and Mooing Marian came back into the room. “Took you long enough,” she complained as Phillip slowly shuffled his way in.

“In that dress,” Marian replied, “we can’t exactly move very fast.”

“No, you can’t!” Vivian laughed. “And I can’t tell you how much I’m loving it!”

Outside in the hallway, Heather stopped again, just out of sight. She could hear Vivian in there with Marian and Phillip again. She decided to stay hidden like she did last time and just listen.

Vivian continued. “It occurred to me on the way out today,” she said, “that the others here in the office didn’t get to see that delightfully colorful outfit you put him in this weekend. I merely wanted to tell you that I want him wearing it tomorrow to work. I’m sure the others will be positively delighted with it.” She smiled more wickedly. “And wait till they see what I’m going to be wearing. Even that little girl outfit, as colorful as it is, won’t upstage me tomorrow!” With a wicked laugh, she headed for the door. “See you in the morning kiddies!”

Heather was almost too late running to hide. But once again, Vivian turned in the direction of the elevators and never looked back. Marian and Phillip were still in the office. She peeked her head inside and was surprised to see them both look like they were just arriving and getting to work instead of going home.

She suddenly decided that maybe Marian wasn’t the right person to talk to at all. Obviously Vivian was the one who was still behind everything. It was definitely Vivian who was causing all the trouble – not Marian. No matter how things looked.

She decided that maybe she better call Felicia again tonight and just check to see what she had to say about it all.

A little while later, Phillip and Marian again headed down in the elevators. This time, Marian had the pleasure of mooing all the way down. Phillip was very grateful by the time they reached the ground floor and the doors opened so she would stop. As far as he was concerned, she really did deserve that cowbell he would buckle around her neck just as soon as they got back to the car. And this time, after the day she had put him through, he would really enjoy putting it on her. “So the colorful Rainbow Brite outfit again for tomorrow?” he said as they crossed the lobby floor.

“That’s what Vivian said,” Marian said with a sigh.

“Did you have something else in mind?”

“Kind of,” Marian admitted.

"What?" Phillip asked.

Marian only grinned. "We'll save it for a surprise."

Ugh! Yeah, he was going to enjoy putting that bell on her for a change. "I hate that we don't have any choice in so many things," he noted.

"Me too," Marian agreed. "But what she's been doing with us has gone way past hypnotism and has become total brainwashing instead. And that's making things so much harder."

"I wish you could still hypnotize me and take away everything she's making me do."

"I wish I could do that for you too," Marian replied. "But she's got me locked out."

"How about you?" Phillip asked. "Can anyone hypnotize you?"

Marian was surprised at the question. "I don't know. Quite probably."

"Could they help you?"

"That part I really don't know," she admitted. "Like I said, what Vivian has been doing has become brainwashing instead and that's not only more difficult, it's dangerous."

"Why do I have to be so susceptible to it all?" Phillip lamented.

"I don't know," Marian replied. "Some people just are."

"Yeah, but I wish I weren't. Or I wish I could at least hypnotize myself so that I wouldn't have to do whatever she says."

Marian made no reply at all. It was the last thing he said that stayed firmly on her mind. So firmly, that she barely thought about him buckling her bell onto her again when they got back to the car.

Chapter 31.

Phillip rolled over in bed and pulled the pillow over his head. Arrgghh! Even with his door closed he could still hear that music that Marian had been playing all night long. It wasn't that it was loud, it wasn't! But he could still hear it a little. And it was awful! Not what he would call music at all. And she said it was wonderful? Ha! Impossible! The music had no words and never a melody he could ever hum or sing. And she called that relaxing music? She was crazy! Well, obviously. Look at the way she loved walking around it that cow costume mooing for everyone. Crazy!

All night long he had been forced to listen to some stupid cello player sawing away in the background. Not even with a group of other musicians. One guy playing cello. No melodies, no words, just one guy playing stupid cellos…suites as she had called them. And they were not relaxing to listen to. Especially not after having to hear them all night long! Aarrgghh! After listening to them for so long now, his nerves were totally frazzled! Ugh!

He gave up and rolled over on the bed. The clock was showing that it was about time to get up anyway. Stupid Marian would have to be milked in a little while – and he knew by now that if he wanted his damn diaper changed then he had better have it messy before that. Ugh! But after that, once his diaper was removed, he had major plans to do things that the diaper prevented him from doing all day yesterday and all last night. Just as soon as he could get Marian on her milking machine…and of course, after he emptied the darn machine the first time, because she filled those small bottles up all too quickly now. He might even have to empty it twice now and put it back on her. She was giving that much milk lately. He had been waiting to get inside his diapers since early yesterday. He was getting tired of waiting. He wanted a few minutes of private play time. He wanted – relief!

His hand automatically reached for the tube of lipstick on his nightstand where he had left it last night. The long red nails still attached to his fingers made him fumble with it for a moment, but he was practiced enough with the lipstick now that it didn't cause him all that much trouble. He never even thought about the false eyelashes still glued to his eyelids. They weren't bothering him at all.

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It was the stopping of the music that woke her. The eternal calming background sound was suddenly gone. She lifted her head from the hay she was laying in and mooed…the only sound she was capable of making just then.

"I can't stand that anymore!" Phillip complained even before he came into view of her stall. "You've had that same damn music playing since last night. And it's awful!"

It wasn't awful. It was wonderful. Beautiful Bach cello suites played by one of the best cello players in the world. It was beautiful music! But the best she could do to voice her opinion on the matter was to moo again.

"I don't care what you think," Phillip replied as if he understood what she was saying. "I can't take it anymore. And it's time for your milking anyway, so get where you belong."

Marian shook her head and mood again like the cow she so often felt like now. But her udders really did need milking. They were overly heavy and aching horribly. Her stupid cow bell clanged constantly as she crawled over top of her tub and moved to her usual kneeling position.

"Wait a minute," Phillip said quickly. "Get out of there and get these diapers off me first. I can't stand how awful they are!"

Marian mooed and crawled forward out of her stall. She didn't bother getting up, she simply reached up with fingers that would now work since she was out of her stall, and ripped the tapes of his diaper open. Then crawled back into her stall and back into position over top of her tub. Her hands automatically went where they would be out of the way and useless – just as useless as what they were attempting to do to her. She was denied any orgasms at all now. But that didn't stop her from craving them and doing everything she could to give herself one. Two minutes later, the machine was connected and her udders were finally draining. And it felt oh–so–good! Ahhhhh!

As the pressure was being drained away from her udders, her mind went back to the night before. It had been Phillip's unwitting idea, although she was sure he didn't realize that…or care. As soon as she got home, she had gotten busy building another recording. Another subliminal recording. But this one was for her. This one was designed to help her fight Vivian's brainwashing. This one was filled with ideas for not accepting Vivian's programming anymore. It would fill her mind with nothing but confidence, determination, and power…and the knowledge that all the pain she might get was never real to begin with.

She had downloaded the cello music as the perfect medium to put the subliminal suggestions in, and by the time she and Phillip had been ready go to bed, she had already had it playing for an hour…over top of Phillip's TV show, which he complained bitterly about. At least he had agreed to leave it playing all night long. That had been her main goal. But was it doing anything yet? She didn't know. As far as she could tell, her hands were stuck right where they always were when she was being milked, and she still didn't seem to have the ability to remove them. So no, no change yet as far as she could see. She let out another moo, although she wasn't sure why. It just seemed…appropriate.

Ten minutes later, Marian's thoughts were interrupted by a naked and still damp Phillip coming back to empty her machine. She didn't bother moving since she knew he would be

bringing it right back again. All indications were that she was still continuing to produce more and more milk each time. It was the fault of all those pills she was still being made to swallow, coupled with the long milking schedule and the amount of time she was always left hooked up to the suction of the machine.

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Phillip jumped into the shower for the second time that morning. The first time he had done nothing more than to nervously rinse himself off as he watched for any of the snakes that he knew perfectly well were in there. It felt good to be clean again. Especially after having to mess his diaper each morning. But he knew it was still better to do it when he got up than to have to deal with the problem later in the day.

But now he was back in the shower again and at least somewhat clean, and Marian would be hooked up to her machine for at least another twenty minutes. He had plenty of time. With his head constantly looking around for any snakes, he took himself in hand and went to work, having to be extra careful not to scratch himself with his long fingernails. Thoughts of everything he had been forced to endure yesterday ran rampantly through his head. Thoughts of what he would most likely endure today ran along with those thoughts. Marian had been treating him like a child for the last couple of days – like a little girl really. It was everything that was at the very root of all his fantasies – not that he'd ever admit that – ever!

His mind remembered struggling to walk all day yesterday in the tight confines of that dress…another princess costume. A mermaid costume more suited for a little girl than a grown person – let alone a grown man. All those experiences from yesterday seemed to pile on top of each other, and all too quickly he got the relief he had craved for so long. But how much longer until he was desperate for it again. He had a feeling it wouldn't be all that long at all. Still, it had felt really good – if only too short.

Not wanting to tempt his fate with the snakes, he quickly got out of the tub and dried himself off. He grabbed Dolly and hurried out of the bathroom and into his bedroom. He had no idea what he wanted to wear, but he already knew it would be the colorful little girl outfit from last weekend – again. He knew that only because Mistress Vivian had dictated it last night after work. Just thinking about being dressed that way in front of so many people made him squeamish. But thinking about the way he had been dressed the day before and what he had endured was even worse! Was it too soon to head back into the shower again? Instead he got busy selecting the clothes Marian would have to wear to work. Normal clothes – unlike what he would be wearing.

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Marian checked her image in the mirror. Now that she was dressed, she felt much more confident – much more in charge of things – much bolder. One of the big differences was that

now that she was dressed and out of her stall, she felt much less like a cow. As much as she hated it, after all of Vivian's constant brainwashing, slipping into cow mode was really all too easy. But today, she simply felt much better, much more confident – now that she was human again and dressed. The one and only thing marring her appearance just then was her stupid cow bell. But that would be gone as soon as they could get to work.

"Do I look okay?" she asked, turning toward Phillip.

Phillip had been busy looking at his colorful Rainbow Brite little girl outfit again. And under it, she had put him into three of his thick diapers again. But when he reminded her that she would wind up in more diapers than he was wearing, she looked down at him commandingly and said, "I dare you!"

He would have done it! He would have, but she was already dressed before she had tackled what he had to wear, and…well…she just seemed to be acting so in charge of him again. And…he simply couldn't help himself. So he was stuck waddling around in three thick diapers, while she wasn't wearing any. And why did she seem so much more…commanding today? It made it nearly impossible for him to order her to do anything…or even ask nicely.

He looked her over briefly. "You look fine," he told her. "How about me? Bad enough?"

Marian smiled. "Not quite," she said. She quickly walked over to the desk area where the balloon she had tied to his wrist at the mall was still floating against the ceiling. It still hadn't deflated very much at all. Two minutes later, she had it tied to his wrist again – amid lots of frustrated sighs from him. "Oh stop it," she said. "You know you love it."

Phillip didn't reply at all.

Marian picked up the cello CD she had made the night before and slipped it into her purse. "Okay," she said, "Grab some bottles to drink and stick them in your purse, and let's go. We've got lots of work to do today." Two minutes later, she led the way to the front door and held it open wide so Phillip and Dolly…and his balloon could get through. Then she closed and locked it behind them.

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Heather hadn't slept much all night. She had been busy with friends for much of the evening, but she had still tried to reach Felicia twice to talk with her. Felicia had never answered. So now as she parked her car and walked toward the building, she still didn't know what to do about Phillip – anymore than she did the night before. How could the FBI let it go on so long? How? It was all preposterous! She had to put a stop to it somehow…but Felicia had said not to get in the middle of what the FBI were doing. What should she do? She desperately wanted to do something, she just didn't know what.

As she crossed the lobby, her eyes went to the security guards standing off to the side. There was one in particular that her eyes seemed to go to more often than the rest, but that was only because he was so handsome. Well built too. What she'd give to go out with a guy like that! But he was most likely married. Anyone who looked that good was always already taken. She smiled at him though as she headed for the elevators and was thrilled when he smiled back.

As always lately, before she entered the office she prayed that Phillip would be back to his old self again. No sign of him wearing anything silly. But one step through the office door and she stopped dead. The balloon was certainly impossible to miss. And right below it was all too much color to not notice. Phillip. Or more accurately now, Sissy Phyllis, as Marian had called him. With a sigh, she headed for her desk, still unable to take her eyes off him…even though he was purposely turned as much toward the wall as possible.

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"Good morning ladies," Vivian proudly announced as she came to a stop at the front of the room – five minutes late. She stood there to give ample time for everyone to ogle her…and wish they could look half as good. It took only moments for her to see the looks of total envy on every woman in the room – and Sissy Phyllis too. Priceless! Simply priceless! All her efforts had definitely not gone to waste.

The leopard print heels on her feet were toweringly high and uncomfortable, but they were very worth the little bit of discomfort she was enduring. The orange and black tiger striped pants she was wearing were skin tight and she was sure they were also very slimming. And didn't the black and white zebra print top she was wearing go so well with the orange and black stripes on her pants? Perfection! And even though her top ended a bit above her belly button, she just knew that it made her look so much younger. A double delight! The green and blue scarf she had tied around her neck was decorated completely with peacock feathers. The jacket she was wearing over top of it all, was the most elegant leopard print – and a steal at forty percent off. Her gold colored necklace was all elephants strung together one after another. Her earrings were bright and colorful bird feathers. And the hairclip in her hair was real ostrich feathers! Darling! Simply darling! How could anyone not be totally impressed with her outfit?

Her eyes caught sight of Sissy Phyllis again. Oh my. A balloon tied to his wrist. She laughed despite herself. Then she sauntered slowly toward her desk while every eye in the room remained locked on her. Oh, they were all so jealous. And they should be! She felt simply grand.

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Between Phillip's colorful outfit in front of her, and Vivian's overly crazy outfit across the aisle, Heather was having a difficult time keeping her attention on her work. And then she heard the printer behind her come to life, and she saw Phillip turn in his seat in that direction…and she watched as he got out of his seat to get whatever it was that he had printed. Oh my! Since he had been sitting down, she hadn't been able to see everything that he was wearing. Rainbow Brite on his shirt. And the colorful leggings. And that tutu! It was all simply too much. Especially with that silly balloon tied to his wrist. Despite how she felt about the whole situation, she simply couldn't help herself, the laugh was out of her mouth before she knew it. "I'm sorry," she said quickly, despite her laughing. "I really am. I'm trying not to laugh, but…I think it's just that silly balloon."

"Don't worry," Phillip replied. "I'd laugh too if I wasn't so…embarrassed."

With Dolly in the arm that was partially supported by the balloon over his head, he managed to grab the documents from the printer with only a little more difficulty than normal. All the practice he got the day before with those fingernails was starting to help now. How much longer would he be stuck wearing them? A month sounded like fun. Of course, he dared only show everyone how much he hated it all. Maybe he should have tried to get himself off a second time while he was in the shower that morning.

When he turned around to go back to his desk, he noticed all the women in the room now looking at him. And a few were laughing too. It was all he could do to suppress the smile that threatened to come to his lips. He looked at the floor as he went back to his desk, where still standing, he stuck the papers into an envelope, addressed it, then picked up Dolly again to head to the front of the room. Again looking only at the floor, he could literally feel his face turning red as everyone in the room watched him. And yes, both Courtney and Ashley were laughing out loud. Brittany too. Despite himself, that smile did come to his lips. Was there any way he could get Marian to remove his diapers at lunchtime so he could have some fun? Of course not! But that didn't keep him from wanting it.

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Felicia watched Phillip with total delight, but it was after he passed her that she got her biggest thrill. It was very obvious to her that under that colorful tutu Phillip was wearing, he was also heavily diapered. There was no doubt in the world! And the way he was walking because of it only confirmed it. She felt a huge wave of satisfaction at that. Maybe Sissy Phyllis didn't get Terry and Leanne fired. But Maria was still unaccounted for and it was only after she left that Phillip had been moved into their department. Because of that, she still blamed him for her friend's disappearance. She still didn't know what had happened to her. Had she gone on to the management training program too? It was possible. She could only hope.

Heather's eyes were still locked on Phillip, just as were every other pair of eyes in the room. She never even thought of taking her eyes off of him until after he had been sitting back at his desk for a few moments. Only then did she bring herself back to reality. Despite it all, she was more convinced than ever that this had to stop. It wasn't right! Should she email Felicia and ask again if she had heard anything more about what the FBI was doing? She had to do something. But what? Troubled, she did her best to get back to work…glancing up occasionally at Phillip and his ridiculous balloon. It really was funny…but it had to stop!

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Courtney, Ashley, Lisa, and especially Felicia watched Phillip intently as his colorful tutu shook back and forth. "Am I seeing things?" Courtney asked. "To me it looks like he's wearing some thick diapers or something under that skirt."

"Oh, he definitely is," Felicia happily confirmed. "No doubt about it at all."

With all the others now looking too, Brittany was the one who just shook her head and breathed, "Geez!" As much as she too was enjoying watching Phillip, she agreed completely with Heather. Things had gone too far – too long. Why was Marian making him do it? And she didn't believe for a minute that Phillip really wanted to wear such a silly outfit to work. And diapers? It was totally ridiculous!

Marian kept a close eye on everything going on in the office. Once Phillip was back at his desk and everyone seemed to be back to work again, she slipped the earbuds back in her ears and turned on the beautiful cello music to listen to again. It really was very well played. Very well! Such an artist. But as she listened, she could only hope that all the subliminal suggestions she had put behind the music would take effect in her. She could only hope.

A little while later, when she had to get up and head out to the elevators for another mooing session, she knew for sure that the simple CD she was listening to hadn't destroyed any of Vivian's commands – yet. Most likely, it wouldn't destroy any of it at all, but she was still hopeful that it would help. It was all the hope she had. Last night she had intended on trying to start breaking free. As useless as she knew it would be, she had meant to start trying, but she had chickened out – opting instead to spend the evening creating the special CD instead. But tonight would be different. Vivian hadn't been there to hypnotize them again last night, so this would be the longest they had gone without it in weeks. Maybe she wouldn't be able to break free yet, but it was definitely time to start trying.

When she came back from the elevators…and a little too long in the ladies room, she headed straight for the little break room, stopping again before she went in so she could get Sissy

Phyllis to come help her. She only did that to put him on display again. And she was more certain than ever that he was secretly loving it.

"Again?" Phillip asked as he and Dolly entered the room.

"Scrub that table good," Marian told him as she started making the coffee.

"Do I have to do it from the other side of the table by the window?" Phillip asked.

Marian turned and smiled at him. "Why not? You know you love it anyway."

Phillip shook his head as Marian went back to making the coffee. He scrubbed the table like he did the day before. Was he putting on another show for the ladies in the other room? He had no doubt that he was.

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At lunchtime, everyone filed out of the room – except Marian and Phillip. As soon as all the women were gone, Phillip turned toward Marian. "I guess you don't want to drive again today, do you?"

Marian was surprised by his question. "If you're interested in going into another restaurant, then I'm more than willing," she said brightly.

"No, no!" Phillip quickly corrected her. "It's just that I don't know how much trouble it will be driving with this stupid balloon tied to my wrist. And these nails aren't the best either."

Marian shook her head. "I don't think they'll give you any trouble at all," she told him. "Now, do you want to go in somewhere and have some fun again, or are you just going to go through another drive–thru?"

"The drive–thru, definitely!" Phillip replied in no uncertain terms.

"Then I'll just stay here and listen to my music," Marian replied.

"You're still listening to that junk?" Phillip asked with a shake of his head. "I don't see how anyone can like stuff like that."

"It's fabulous music!" Marian insisted.

"I think you need your head examined," Phillip replied as he grabbed Dolly. He headed out of the room to get their lunch, but the only thing on his mind was trying to figure out how

to avoid being seen by too many people. He wasn't coming up with any ideas. And the stupid balloon tied to his wrist only brought him more attention. Ugh!

Heather rode down in the elevator with a crowd of ladies from the office. She listened to their chatter, but she said nothing. She was still troubled over what to do about Phillip. If only there was some way to get some information. When the elevator doors opened, she piled out with everyone else, but she didn't get far from the elevators when she noticed her favorite handsome security guard watching everyone again – and he was looking straight at her. She smiled again, and she saw him smile…and nod his head. The simple little act thrilled her. If only!

And then before she had gone much further, she saw him quickly look around and step out, heading straight for her. When it became obvious that he was indeed heading for her, she stopped and looked at him approaching. But why? She became very nervous about it. Why would a security guard be coming after her? What had she done wrong?

"Ma'am?" the security guard said with a broad smile.

"Yes?" Heather replied nervously.

"Um…please excuse me," the guard said, but I couldn't help but notice you every time you come in and then leave again."

"Is there a problem?" Heather asked.

"Absolutely not," the guard replied. "It's just that…well…please excuse me but…I was wondering if you're…involved with someone?"

Heather's eyes went wide. "Involved? I can assure you, to the best of my knowledge, I haven't done anything wrong at all!"

"No," the security guard reassured her quickly. He looked around to check the people again before turning his attention back at her. "What I meant is…are you married, or…do you at least have a boyfriend you're attached to?"

Heather couldn't believe he would ask such a question. "No," she replied hesitantly, "I'm not married. And I'm afraid there is no boyfriend right now…unfortunately. Why"

The guards smile widened. "Because I watch you coming in and leaving every day, and you've got to have the most beautiful smile I've ever seen. A beautiful smile…on a beautiful lady."

Heather could feel herself blushing. “Oh…” she started embarrassedly.

“It’s true!” he insisted. He looked around at the crowd for a moment, doing his job, then back to her. “Would you ever consider going out with me sometime?”

“Go out with you?” she asked, unbelievingly. She saw him smile and nod. Damn! She couldn’t believe her good luck. The single most handsome guy she had ever seen was asking her out! “Um…I guess I could do that,” she replied.

He smiled broadly, then he cocked his head just a bit before saying, “Any chance you’re free for dinner tonight?”

“Um…” Heather’s stomach was doing flip–flops. “Sure. I guess.”

The guard smiled broadly. “I get off work thirty minutes after you,” he said. “If you’ll wait here after work for a few minutes, I can change as soon as my shift is done and we can go wherever you like.”

“Um…that sounds like a good plan,” she replied, still trying to come to grips with the fact that he had actually asked her out.

The guard smiled again and held out his hand. “My name is Jim, by the way.”

“Heather,” she replied as she shook his hand. Oh, he had the most gorgeous eyes!

A minute later, he returned to his post, and Heather hurried to catch up to her friends who were all standing in a group waiting for her.

“What was that all about?” Lisa asked as Heather caught up to her.

“I’ve got a dinner date tonight,” Heather told them, still not believing it herself.

“With the hunk?”

Heather smiled as she turned to walk toward the door. “With the hunk.”

The entire time Phillip sat in his car in the drive–thru line, he couldn’t get his mind off of what he had “endured” inside the restaurant yesterday. In that mermaid dress he could hardly walk in, he had spent most of his time on his feet – walking around in front of everyone. As he sat in his car waiting to order, his hand went directly to his thickly diapered groin and tried to press down over and over again. It didn’t do him any good at all, but that didn’t stop him

from trying. It did cause the balloon tied to his wrist to bob up and down more than usual, but he didn't really care. He finally ordered lunch for Marian and himself, and eventually he got to the window to pick it up.

"Hey everyone, he's back again!" the girl at the window called. "And you should see his outfit today!" She finally turned back to Phillip. "How come you didn't come in today? We can't see what you're wearing except a little. What's the balloon for?"

Phillip did his best to ignore the question about the balloon. "Can I just pay for my stuff and get it?"

But the girl was ignoring his question as some of her friends came to the window. One of them leaned out as far as she could. "I can't see you in the car very well!" she complained. "Come on inside. Please?"

"Um…not today," Phillip replied. He held out some money in his hand, but nobody there seemed interested in taking it. "We're blocking the line," he prompted, hoping it would get them moving so he could get out of there.

"I want to see," another girl inside said as she pushed her way to the window to look out. Phillip recognized the girl who had held the door open for them yesterday. "God!" she exclaimed. "You've got to come in so we can see you better!"

"Can't I just get my food?" Phillip asked.

"Oh…" the girl said disappointedly. "Please come in. Just for a minute?"

"I really need to get lunch," he said.

"We'll give you some extra fries," the girl offered quickly.

"Another large drink too," another girl added.

"We'll supersize everything!" A third girl shouted from behind them.

Phillip shook his head. "I need to get back," he argued.

"Please come in. Pretty please…" one of the girls begged.

"No!" Phillip told them. "I've got to get back."

"Oh phooey!" the girl replied as she turned away.

Eventually, only the original girl was there at the window. She took his money and handed him his food. Finally. "I really wish you'd reconsider," she told him. "I'd really love to see what you're wearing today."

"We all would!" one of her friends shouted from behind her.

Phillip shook his head. "Not today," he replied. He stepped on the gas and finally left. But he didn't get out of the parking lot before he pulled over into one of the empty parking spaces. The truth was, the day before had been one of the most thrilling days of his life. Did he dare go in again? What if anyone got the idea that he might like being dressed so humiliatingly? And then another thought hit him. Did it matter?

Suddenly throwing all caution to the wind, he quickly grabbed Dolly and got out of the car. He had a little trouble getting the balloon out too, but a moment later, he was stopping traffic as his colorful outfit turned every head around. He quickly went inside and up to the counter.

"He's here! He's here!" one of the girls behind the counter suddenly screamed. "He came in!"

Phillip didn't quite know what to do with himself as every employee in the store came to the counter to look at him…and to laugh at him. He couldn't help himself, he smiled despite his embarrassment. He stood there for a moment letting everyone look at him – workers and customers alike. "Good enough?" he finally asked with a big grin. Then he turned to leave.

"No wait!" one of the girls behind the counter called.

He turned around. "How come you brought your doll in with you again?" one of them asked.

"He always carries it," another of the girls replied for him. "I found that out yesterday. He takes it everywhere with him."

"Everywhere?" the first girl asked.

Phillip only nodded. Then he raised his hand and waved and turned to leave.

"Wait!" another of the girls yelled.

Phillip turned around again.

"If you come back tomorrow and come inside," the girl told him, "we'll make sure you get that supersize order with everything."

"If he comes inside!" another girl emphasized with a laugh.

Phillip only smiled and waved again, then he ignored their repeated calls to wait and headed back to the car. Why had he done that? Why had he purposely put himself in that humiliating position? But as he opened his car door and pushed his balloon inside, he knew the answer. It was because of the humiliation…and the fun. And because he knew he'd want to remember it all. Now he just had to hope that no one else found out.

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All afternoon, whenever possible, Marian kept the beautiful cello music playing through the earbuds in her ears. She would never have any way of knowing if the recording she had made would help her, but the only way to let it do any good at all was to keep listening to it. Fortunately, it was something very enjoyable and also very calming to listen to. So much so that she thought that perhaps, if she did ever get out of this mess, she would listen to music like it much more often – including at work.

While she was working and listening to her music, Marian was also watching Phillip very closely. She rarely let him go thirty minutes without sending him something that he had to print and then mail, or she had him perform some other little errand that got him out of his seat. She discovered if she watched him hard enough, that more often than she thought, he was smiling – even though he did nothing but look straight down at the floor all the time. The guy was indeed enjoying himself. She had no doubt about that at all. Especially since he never once complained about any of the things she had him continually doing.

Maybe it was just something that had been buried in her for a long time now – since her husband had died in fact. Or maybe it was something to do with the subliminal suggestions constantly coming into her head behind the cello music, but Marian discovered that she was really enjoying pushing Phillip around and making him do things that he "claimed" he hated. She knew better about that though. She had no doubt at all that deep down Phillip was loving it.

When her husband had been alive, their marriage had been very traditional – most of the time. But toward the end, before he died, she had gone from someone who always acted in the submissive role, to one who occasionally switched over to the dominant role, and her husband had played the submissive instead. It had brought many happy hours to both of them. Oh God how she missed that man!

But now with Phillip, Marian found herself experiencing the thrill of being the dominant one again – only differently. In this case, she was acting much more dominant with him, and pushing him to do things she barely understood. In truth, the thing she was trying to do with Phillip, was to act like a dominating adult…and keep him acting like nothing but a small child. A girl child to be exact. All because she knew that that was his deep dark fantasy. That's what

turned him on. And as kinky as it seemed, Marian still found that she was starting to enjoy the role.

There was a bonus with it too. Staying on top of Phillip the way she had, was obviously making him treat her more decently. More humanly. Especially at home in his apartment. For a while there, she was really starting to feel like a cow. Who was she kidding? The truth was that all too often, she still felt like a cow – ever day – multiple times every day. In fact, she was already putting off going out to the elevators for a good satisfying mooing session right now.

But all that aside, her main goal was still to break free from all the mind conditioning that Vivian had done on her. Forget Phillip. If she wanted to help him later, she would have to handle that as it came up. But first she had to get free from Vivian's spell, and then crush Vivian! After the things Vicious Vivian had done, Marian had no doubt that living in a barn, even as a cow, would be preferable to where Vivian would soon be living. Prison!

With a sigh, Marian pulled the earbuds out of her ears and turned the recording off. It couldn't be put off any longer. She needed a good mooing session again, and she was really starting to look forward to it. Damn Vivian for what she had done to her!

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Phillip had been glad when Marian left the room, although he had a pretty good idea as to why she was leaving. At least he suspected he knew why she had left the office. Most likely she was heading to the elevators to moo her head off again. As much as she talked differently, Marian really was nothing but a stupid cow in so many ways. And it was very difficult to think of her any differently – especially when Mistress Vivian had done nothing but fill his head with thinking of her as a cow for weeks now. Although he had to admit, the last few days, Marian had seemed very different. Especially when she was making him behave so…childishly. He smiled at the thought…and tugged at his balloon. Yeah, he was enjoying himself. He just dared not let anyone know it! Why had he gotten out of the car at lunch today? He prayed that wouldn't come back to haunt him.

But now with Marian out of the room for a little while, he didn't have to worry about her giving him any reasons to get up from his desk. His eyes caught sight of Dolly propped up against the wall. He was sure that Dolly was getting tired of all the exercise Marian was putting him through. But was Dolly enjoying it though like he secretly was? He was tempted just then to grab Dolly and hug her, but he was afraid someone might see him doing it. Someone like nosy Heather sitting behind him. So he left Dolly where she was, right where she could see everything that was going on.

He went back to work for a little while, arduously trying to press the keys on his keyboard either with his long fingernails or somehow getting around them. Getting around them was

difficult. His head popped up quickly though when he heard someone call him…well, they had called Sissy Phyllis. He guessed that was him. It caught his attention anyway. He saw Marian back in the room standing by the break room door. She had called him Sissy Phyllis again. Phillip wondered if Marian had any idea at all what calling him that did to him. He was almost certain that she didn't. Almost. But like so many other things, it was a subject he would never dare bring up.

Marian saw Phillip look up at her, but he wasn't moving yet. "Sissy Phyllis," Marian called again. "Come help me again." She turned and went into the break room with a small smile on her face. Now that she had cleared the cow stuff out of her brain, she was once again in a dominating, and strangely, a very devilish mood.

Phillip shook his head. More humiliation. With a hidden smile, he grabbed Dolly and got up from his seat. Time to clean the darn table – again.

Marian was just starting to spoon coffee grounds into the machine when she heard Phillip coming in and closing the door behind him. She half turned to him. "I think the table looks pretty good this time," she told him. "You don't need to clean it again."

"Oh, good!" Phillip replied happily. He reached for the door to open it and go back to his desk.

"But I didn't say you can leave yet," Marian added quickly.

Phillip was suddenly worrying about something worse she might want him to do. "What do you need me for then?" he asked.

Marian turned fully toward him and smiled. "I think it would be so nice if you go out there and stop at everyone's desk and ask them personally if they're coming to the first break session or the second. And then ask if they're going to want any coffee or not. That way I know how much to make each time." She smiled broadly at him, although what she really wanted to do was to laugh.

"You're kidding, right?" Phillip asked.

"Not at all," Marian replied. "Now get to it. And don't forget to stop at your desk to get a pen and some paper first. You're going to need to write it all down as you go."

Phillip's eyes were bulging wide. "But that's ridiculous!"

"Not at all," Marian told him. "And even if it is, I don't care. Do it anyway!"

"But…"

“Sissy Phyllis!” Marian’s voice lashed quickly. “Just go do it!”

Phillip rolled his eyes and reached for the door handle to open it again.

“Oh, and Sissy Phyllis,” Marian said, stopping him before he could open the door. When she saw she had his attention, she continued, but her voice was almost sickly sweet and sugary. “When you go out there, I want you to skip to your desk, and then skip to every desk you go to, and then skip all the way back here again. You can skip everywhere you go like the good little girl that I know you are…or are capable of being.”

Phillip’s mouth hung wide open. “You’ve got to be kidding?” he finally managed to gasp.

“Absolutely not!” Marian replied. “I’m very serious. Now skip to it and get busy!”

“No! I’m not going to do that!”

Marian had figured he might decide to be contrary. She smiled instead of looking angry. She put everything she was doing aside and headed for the door. “Very well Phyllis. Come with me,” she said as she grabbed his hand. She opened the door and walked out of the break room, leading him along like a child. She headed straight for the hallway where she continued to hold his arm and drag him along.

“Where are we going?” Phillip asked nervously. He wasn’t happy at all to be anywhere where anyone might see him.

“I think Loretta will absolutely love seeing the way you’re dressed today,” Marian told him.

“Loretta!” Phillip replied, stopping in his tracks and pulling his hand out of hers. “No way!”

“Come along Phyllis,” Marian barked sternly. “You don’t get a say in this, so let’s go!” She was actually surprised when he started following her again. “Much better,” she said as she turned to continue up the hallway. “And then after Loretta, I think we’ll stop at all the different departments to show you off. I know they’re all going to just love you.”

“All the departments?” Phillip replied, totally aghast.

“Until you learn how to skip like a good little girl,” Marian told him.

“You mean, if I skip like a stupid kid, then you won’t take me to see all those people?”

Marian stopped and looked at him. "Um…for now," she told him. "But I still think it's a very nice idea. Why keep you here all to ourselves? I know you'd brighten the day of everyone who sees you."

"What do I have to do again?" Phillip asked quickly.

"I already told you," Marian replied. "Just…skip to it."

Further down the hallway, Phillip caught sight of several ladies turning the corner. His mind was made up quickly. He turned back in the direction of the office and literally skipped into it as he heading for his desk to get a pen and some paper.

Out in the hallway, Marian smiled wickedly. She had thought that might change his mind. Although, the more she thought about it, the more she was sure that everyone else would love to see him too. Especially in such a colorful outfit. She had no doubt at all that Sissy Phyllis was probably the talk of the entire company.

By the time she got back into the office, Phillip was already at his desk trying to find a pen and something to write on. But she noticed the heads of every woman in the room watching him intently. No doubt his "skipping" had caught their attention. She paused at the door to the break room long enough to watch until he and Dolly skipped from his desk to Courtney's desk up front. The doll and the balloon tied to his wrist really did make him look like such a child – a big silly child! As she opened the door to the break room, she looked back at him again. He was trying to figure out how to hold the pen and paper with those fingernails so he could write with it. Just…adorable.

"Are you going to be in the first break session or the second?" Phillip asked Courtney, who was just sitting there like she was in shock.

Courtney couldn't help herself. She laughed at the question. "Am I gonna' what?" she laughed. "Oh…the first session for sure today," she told him. "And Marian had better be in there!"

"And will you want coffee today?" he asked.

"You're taking our coffee orders?" she asked incredulously. "Yeah sure. I'll have some coffee. For sure!"

Phillip nodded and skipped a few steps back to Brittany's desk where he started all over again. One by one he went to every woman in the room. The four women on the left side of the room all took the first session before Phillip skipped back to Heather's desk. Since all the women Phillip had asked first, were going to the first break, Heather elected to go to the second break period, as did all the other women on that side of the room. But as Beverly

added, Marian had better be in there too. Phillip finally finished with them and skipped his way to the break room. He could see Marian watching him the entire time through the big window.

"Everyone on this side will be here first," Phillip told Marian as soon as he got into the break room. "The others on the other side will be here later," he added. "And they all want coffee…and they all want you to be here."

Marian smiled. She hadn't counted on them wanting to talk with her, but that was okay. She would just have to deal with it. "Very good," she told him. "Do you want some coffee?"

Phillip looked at the coffee – longingly. "I do," he agreed. "But…"

"But you can't drink it because you've still got another baby bottle back at your desk."

He nodded. "Yeah. That's all I get to drink anymore."

"I'm sorry," Marian told him. "I can't help how much milk I'm producing now. And I'm sure those pills are making it much worse."

"What choice do I have?" Phillip replied.

"None…yet!" Marian told him. "But hopefully, soon. Very soon."

Phillip shook his head as he turned toward the door to leave. "I don't think it will ever end," he said sadly.

"Phillip," Marian said quickly to stop him from leaving. She was feeling that dominant devilish urge again. "Why don't you bring your baby bottle in here to drink so you can have some company?"

He looked horrified. "Do I have to?"

She shook her head. "No, not if you don't want to. I was just checking. Giving you the choice."

"No thanks!" Phillip replied quickly. He started for the door again.

"Don't forget to skip, Phyllis dear."

He leveled a nasty look at her, held Dolly tighter, and skipped back to his desk. Now that had been embarrassing! And she wanted him to drink from his bottle right there in that tiny room when it would be full of women? Not likely! No, he would wait until the second break

period to pull his bottle out – when all the women on his side of the room would be taking their break – when he could hide it as much as possible by turning toward the wall. It was…embarrassing. Major embarrassing. Yet he had to keep himself from smiling at the thought of it.

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Marian poured herself a cup of coffee and sat at the table. She had to wait only a few minutes until the first of the ladies poured into the room…and come they did – two minutes before break time should have started.

"Marian, what's going on?" Courtney demanded the minute she got through the doorway.

Marian smiled and sipped her coffee. Brittany and Courtney both were in the room quickly, but Felicia and Vivian took a few moments longer. They did hurry though.

"Sissy Phyllis was hysterical!" Vivian declared as she hurried into the room.

"He was that!" Felicia agreed.

"Why did you make him do it?" Brittany asked.

"Yeah," Courtney agreed. "Why?"

Marian only smiled and looked up at them all. "It kind of sounded funny to me at the time," she replied. "And to be honest, I enjoyed watching him do it."

"I loved it!" Vivian declared as she started tugging on her jacket and scarf – trying to get the other ladies to notice what she was wearing more.

"Me too!" Felicia agreed, doing her best to ignore Vivian's outfit, which was pretty much impossible.

Brittany headed for the coffee pot. "It's starting to get to be too much," she said. "Marian, when is this going to end? We should have never been angry with him in the first place. Terry and Leanne didn't get fired because of him at all!"

"I'm loving it!" Vivian added quickly.

"But that doesn't make it right!" Courtney argued. "Marian, you can't keep doing this to him."

Marian's face turned more serious. "Don't kid yourself," she said. "He may say otherwise, but he's actually loving it."

"He's loving it?" Brittany asked, not believing it.

Marian nodded. "He is."

"But that still doesn't make it right!" Courtney argued. "Especially not at work here."

Marian turned only her eyes toward Courtney and nodded her head very slightly. "I know," she said.

"So are you going to finally stop now?" Courtney pressed.

Marian looked over toward Vivian who was watching her all too intently. This was all because of Vivian in the first place, and because of that, Marian had no choice. "No."

——— o0o ———

As the clock ticked its way closer to going home time, Heather began watching it more and more often. And the more she looked at it, the slower she was sure it was going. Her mind was having trouble concentrating on work now – and not because of Phillip sitting in front of her – he was distracting enough for sure! But her mind was mostly distracted because she had a dinner date – that night! And it was with that dreamy security guard she had only just met at lunchtime. Had she really agreed to go out with him so quickly? Yeah. Believe it or not, she had. But really, what girl in her right mind wouldn't? The guy was…a dream!

Jim. He had said his name was Jim. It was the perfect masculine name for someone who was obviously so…masculine. And Heather knew that every other woman in the room envied her. She smiled a bit at that thought. She still couldn't believe her luck!

She watched as Phillip started fixing his lips again. Why did he do that so often? It was way, way too much. But still he did it. Did Marian have anything to do with him doing that too? She was fairly sure of it. Marian…or Vivian. Either way, it was too much.

A few of the women got up from their seats as the last seconds ticked away, but Heather stayed in hers. She would have to wait a while before having dinner with Jim. His shift didn't end for another half–hour. What was the sense of hurrying? So she dawdled behind…pretty much tagging along behind Marian and Phillip. She followed them out toward the elevators and waited for an empty one with them. She really didn't need to hurry, but she still piled all too tightly into the next available one. Someone in the elevator with them who wasn't from their department commented that Phillip should have left his balloon at home. A few of the people there agreed. A few others only snickered.

Once they got downstairs, she hurried out of the elevator with everyone else, then as soon as possible, she walked off to the side to search for Jim. She spotted him quickly helping an elderly woman from the company with a question. She waited patiently, knowing he still had quite a while to keep working. As she stood there just watching the people going home, she spotted Marian and Phillip going back into another elevator to go back upstairs. Were they doing that every day? Why? Heather had no doubt though that Vivian was the reason behind it. But the last few times she had gone back upstairs after work, Marian and Phillip had been there, and so had Vivian. But Vivian was hard to miss as she chatted with several ladies all the way through the doors and out toward the parking lot. Would she come back and go upstairs too? But after a few minutes of watching, it didn't seem that way.

Since she had the time, she was tempted to go upstairs to see exactly what Marian and Phillip were doing. Maybe even ask them about it. But just then, Jim walked up with that dazzling smile of his and those beautiful eyes.

"Hi Heather," Jim said. "I've still got to work for a while. But if you want to wait here with me, I'd like that."

Heather had no problem with that at all. She wanted to stay as close to him as possible – already.

"We've got to go out somewhere tonight again," Phillip noted as they trudged back into their office.

"I know," Marian replied with a sigh.

"Back to the mall again to hand out more candy?"

"I'd rather not do the mall again," Marian decided."

"Where then?"

"I don't know," Marian said as she headed for her desk. "I have no clue at all. Right now my udders are so full and aching that I just want to go home and get milked."

"Not till six," Phillip replied. "You can't get milked until then."

Marian knew he was going to stick exactly to the schedule that Vivian had dictated into their brains all too many times. She sighed. "Yeah. I know. But damn they're aching. And you wouldn't believe how heavy they are."

Phillip said nothing. He just put Dolly where she could see everything and woke up his computer. “So where should we go this time?” he asked as he started bring up what he needed to work on.

“I have no idea,” Marian replied. “I just don’t think I’m up for the mall again. How about you?”

“You know I’d rather not!”

“Actually, I don’t know that at all. I know how much you really love all this?”

“Who says?” Phillip replied angrily.

“Me! I know better. I’ve seen you smiling when you don’t think anyone can see you.”

Phillip said nothing at all. A little while later though he asked. “Do you want me wearing this outfit still when we go out?”

“Yeah,” Marian agreed. “I really like it. It suits you perfectly. Image of a silly little girl. Very silly!”

Phillip felt a bit too much of a thrill from hearing her say that.

“How about me?” Marian asked. “The cow costume again?”

“I don’t really have anything else for you,” Phillip replied.

“That’s good,” Marian told him. “I really don’t mind it that much. And in a way, it’s like wearing a pantsuit instead of these really short skirts all the time. The costume is silly, but at least it’s comfortable.”

Phillip said nothing. She liked wearing the costume everywhere? Well, maybe she was more of a cow than she let on. And wherever they wound up going tonight, at least one of them was going to be comfortable. As for him, well, whatever they did, he had no doubt that it was going to bring him lots of added stimulation for his fantasies.

Marian stared at her computer screen, but her mind refused to think about working. The beautiful cello music was again playing in her ears, but she wasn’t thinking about that either. Her mind vaguely wandered over possibilities of where she and Phillip might go later. But her mind refused to stay on that subject. What she really wanted was to go home – well to

Phillip's house. She wanted to remove her clothes – especially her all too tight bra, and crawl into her stall and get milked. It would feel so good! She mooed just thinking about it.

Tonight she and Sissy Phyllis would have to go out again somewhere and let everyone see how stupid they looked. The odd part of that was, that there were some aspects of having to do that that she enjoyed. She often missed the show business aspect of her old hypnotism career. She had loved being on stage and working with an audience. Being silly in front of a bunch of people was nothing but show business – playing for an audience. Phillip didn't understand that yet. It was possible he never would. Which would be a shame because he would be missing out on so much fun.

But she had no doubt at all that Phillip was getting his own kind of fun out of all of it. In fact, in some ways, maybe it was a better kind of fun than what she was got. At least Sissy Phyllis could get some sexual relief once in a while. Right now, she still couldn't get any of that kind of relief – no matter how hard she kept trying. And it was a relief that she so desperately craved. She had to struggle for a moment to keep her hands from wandering down inside her skirt as she thought about it.

She had been pushing Phillip hard the last few days, and it had paid off in ways she hadn't expected. He was treating her much better at home now. More like a human than a cow all the time. No matter how comfortable she had been becoming in the cow role, she still hated it. Mostly. She also hadn't expected that she would actually enjoy pushing Sissy Phyllis around so much. That had come as a total surprise.

But the truth was, dominating Sissy Phyllis like she had been the last few days was simply in her blood. You can't be a stage hypnotist without having that dominant streak. You simply can't do it. And she had been good at her craft. You can't work years of stage shows without being good at it. Being dominant was simply part of who she was. A part she had forgotten all too much lately. It was time to start getting herself back again.

But first, she really did need to be milked. Oh God how her udders ached!

Chapter 32.

A large fried onion appetizer, salad with extra dressing, the largest medium–rare steak on the menu, a loaded baked potato, coffee before dinner, Coke with dinner, and chocolate cake with vanilla ice–cream for desert. It was Jim's usual meal every time he ate at that restaurant. Heather had two pieces of the onion appetizer, a salad with the dressing on the side, a small baked chicken breast with sweet potato for her meal, and coffee. No desert for her, but that didn't stop her from enjoying her evening with Jim in anyway at all. The fact that he kept ordering food to eat and prolonging their evening together only made things better for her. She didn't want the evening to end.

For most of the evening, they talked about everything but company business, and for most of the evening, Heather even managed to put Phillip, and Marian, and Vivian out of her mind. But only for most of the evening. She didn't want to bring the subject up. In fact, she wondered if she dared bring the subject up, especially considering that the FBI wanted her to stay completely out of it, but as she watched Jim shoveling the last of that enormous piece of chocolate cake into his mouth, she really felt like this might be her last chance. Did she dare? But her worry and curiosity were simply too much. And…this might be her best opportunity.

"Um…Jim…" she began tentatively.

"Yeah?" Jim replied as he happily shoved the last forkful of the cake into his mouth.

"Um, I know I'm not supposed to ask about this…"

"About what?" he asked with his mouth full of cake.

"And I know the FBI doesn't want…"

"The FBI!" Jim almost spit out the cake in his mouth.

"Well, yeah. That's what I'm wondering about."

He swallowed quickly. "The FBI? What do you know about the FBI?" he asked.

"Me? Only that their investigation working with our company is supposed to be kept totally quiet."

"What investigation?"

She looked at him. "Okay, I understand. Don't mention it. I promise I won't bring it up again."

"No, what investigation are you talking about?"

"You mean there are more than one? I guess I should have figured that was a possibility."

"As far as I know, the FBI isn't investigating us at all!"

"Yeah, I know you're not supposed to talk about it. I was just wondering that's all."

"Heather, to the best of my knowledge, the FBI isn't investigating anything at all about our company."

"Yeah, I know you're supposed to keep it quiet."

"But Heather, there's no investigation that I'm aware of. What are you talking about?"

Heather glanced around, then leaned across the table and whispered. "The investigation into Marian, Phillip, and Vivian." Her eyes darted around to make sure nobody had listened, then she leaned back in her seat.

"Are they company employees?" Jim asked.

Heather nodded. "You've got to know who they are!" Her eyes went totally wide as she realized something. "Oh no! Maybe you're not supposed to know either. They must be keeping this really quiet!"

"Keeping what quiet? As far as I know the FBI isn't interested in the company or anybody in the company. Not that I know of anyway. And if they're investigating someone in the company, then most likely we'd never hear about it. How did you find out?"

Heather was confused. "But Felicia said…"

"Felicia? Who's Felicia?"

"She works with me…in out department. So do Phillip, Marian, and Vivian."

"So you all work together."

"Of course."

"So what's going on?"

Heather shook her head. “I don’t know if I should tell you or not now. I mean, Felicia said the FBI wanted us to keep it totally quiet so they wouldn’t know they were under investigation.”

Jim nodded. “Okay. But what are they being investigated for?”

Heather shook her head. “That’s just it. I don’t really know. But I do know for sure what’s really going on with those three – which isn’t anything like what it looks like is going on. But Felicia told me to not mention it at all or I could upset the FBI’s investigation.”

Jim was confused. “Maybe you better tell me all of it from the beginning. First of all, who are Phillip, Marian, and Vivian? You said they work with you and…Felicia?”

Heather nodded, but she just looked at him for a few moments. “Um…since Felicia said I shouldn’t mention this to anyone, then maybe I shouldn’t be mentioning it to you too.”

Jim wasn’t sure about what was going on at all. “Look,” he said, “I can’t help you, if you won’t tell me anything.”

“But that’s just it!” Heather said. “If the FBI doesn’t want me telling anyone…”

“The FBI told you that? Who from the FBI?”

“Well, they didn’t tell me. I told Felicia and she went to you security guys in the company, but the FBI was already there and they told her, and she told me.”

Jim felt like he was falling further behind in the story now. “Your friend Felicia, came to someone on our security staff and told him, but he said the FBI were already on it…whatever it was?”

“Kind of,” Heather replied. “But she told me the FBI was there in the building and they kept her there for a real long time and even came and talked with her about it. That’s how she knew about their investigation, and they told her not to let anyone know about it at all.”

“The FBI spoke with her at our company?”

She nodded as her only answer.

“To the best of my knowledge,” Jim said, “I don’t think anyone from the FBI has ever set foot in our company here. But tell you what, let me make a call and find out.” He pulled out his cell phone.

"Do you think you should?" Heather asked. "I mean, if the FBI doesn't want anyone to know… And I don't want to get in trouble for telling you too."

Jim shook his head. "Don't worry about it. Besides, you haven't really told me anything yet at all."

"Oh," Heather said as she realized that. "No, I guess I haven't. Not really anyway. Just about the FBI."

Jim nodded and pushed a button on his phone. He had to wait a few moments until someone answered. "Ed? This is Jim. Listen, I've got a young lady here who…" He paused a moment to listen. "Yeah, that's the one." He smiled at Heather as he said that. "We've been out to dinner." He listened for a moment then smiled at Heather again. "Yeah, it was great. But listen, are you aware of any FBI investigation into any of our employees? She's asking about something she claims the FBI wants kept hushed up. I don't need to know any details, just if you can confirm if the FBI is interested in anyone." He listened again, for much longer. "No," he said, "I haven't gotten what it's all about yet, but she claims she knows all about what's really going on." Again he listened – for an even longer time. "Okay," he finally said. "Will do. We'll see you there as soon as possible." He hung up his phone and looked at Heather. He nodded, then said, "Okay, let's go." Then he got up from his seat.

"You didn't get in trouble did you?"

"Not at all," he said.

She was about to get out of her seat. "I'm not in trouble now, am I?"

He laughed. "Definitely not! But we're going back to the company to sort this out and find out what you're talking about, because he has no idea of any FBI investigation either…and he's the chief of security."

——— o0o ———

Blessed relief! That was the biggest thing on Marian's mind, even as she finished getting herself dressed again. Relief – now that the pressure and strain from all the milk in her udders was gone. But she knew that all too soon it would be back again. And this time, it had been worse than ever. Phillip had emptied the bottles on her machine twice before she had finished being milked. The amount of milk she was now giving each time was still increasing. She had to get out of this predicament she was in…if for no other reason than to get off of those stupid pills that were doing this to her…because she knew that all too soon, all that weight and pressure in her udders would be back again. In fact, she had no doubt it was already starting to collect. Fortunately, it would be a long time until it started to get really bad again. Not until tomorrow morning…or actually sometime during the night while she was trying to sleep.

She pulled her jacket on and checked her reflection in the mirror. Not bad, except for the stupid cow bell hanging around neck. She turned to Phillip. “Are you sure this is what you want me to wear tonight?” she asked.

Phillip shrugged. “You seem to like the cow costume too much, so I thought you may as well wear this instead.”

Marian nodded. “The costume is kind of fun,” she admitted. “I’m just surprised you want me to dress like I did for work, that’s all.”

“You may as well,” Phillip replied.

“Fine with me,” Marian told him. “Actually, since I really don’t know what I want to wear, anything would be fine,” she added with some frustration.

“I know what you mean,” Phillip replied. What he didn’t tell her though, was that he had decided to let her dress like – an adult – because it went better with his fantasies…and he was already dressed as a little girl. He picked up Dolly and held her in his arms. “Am I ready?” he asked.

“Just fix your lips and make sure you’ve got a bottle in your purse, just in case,” Marian told him. “How about me?”

Phillip sighed. “Just fine,” he told her.

It only took Phillip a moment to redo his lipstick and grab another bottle, while Marian let out a few moos for the benefit of the apartment, then to the clanging of Marian’s bell, the two of them walked out the door. The two of them, plus Dolly, plus Phillip’s balloon that was still tied around his wrist. Well, actually, Marian walked, and Phillip waddled. All the diapers he was still wearing from earlier that morning were now very soaked. But the three diapers were probably enough that if necessary, they could last all night. Phillip hoped he wouldn’t be stuck in them all night.

“Where are we going?” Phillip asked as they headed for her car.

“I’m not sure yet,” she replied. “I think we’ll just drive around and see what we find.”

Not having a better idea, Phillip said nothing.

Despite the late hour and the darkness, the company parking lot was well lit. Heather's nervousness increased as they approached the company building. "Are you sure I won't get in trouble for this?" she asked.

"Trust me," Jim replied, "it's going to be just fine."

The one thing that Heather realized though, was that ever since he had placed that phone call back at the restaurant, Jim had been all business. He was certainly nice enough, but all the fun had gone out of their date.

As they walked towards the entrance doors, a balding, rather heavyset man in a sport jacket held the doors wide open for them. "Good timing," he said. "I just got here myself."

Jim made the brief introductions. "Ed, this is Heather. Heather, this is our Chief of Security, Ed."

Heather nervously nodded. "Nice to meet you," she replied.

Ed smiled and laughed, then looked at Jim. "Why the heck did it take you so long to ask her out?"

Jim blushed and shrugged. "I didn't know if she was…involved with anyone."

"So what if she was? What's it hurt to ask?"

Jim only shrugged again.

"Come on back to my office," Ed told them, then led the way toward one of the hallways instead of heading for the elevators like most other people did. Heathers eyes automatically went to the three other security guards now on duty in the lobby. Her nervousness increased.

"Hey, now that might be fun!" Marian decided suddenly as she headed for the bright lights ahead.

Phillip looked to see what she was talking about, and nearly had a fit. "Oh no! Not there!"

"Why not?" Marian replied as she pulled into the same fast food restaurant where they had eaten lunch the day before.

"Because they all know me too well."

"All the better," Marian told him as she parked the car.

Phillip was hesitant about getting out of the car, but they did have to spend two hours being humiliated in public again, and he supposed one place was as good as another. So he got out. Marian was waiting for him in the middle of the parking lot with her hand held out toward him. A minute later, with Dolly tucked in his left arm, Marian took his right hand and led him like a child into the restaurant – to the constant clang of the cowbell around her neck.

With the hour being after dinner now, there were very few people inside, which only let the workers behind the counter notice Phillip that much faster.

"Hey!" one of them called brightly only moments after they had walked in. "You're the guy they told us about from the earlier shift. You came back again!"

Phillip was trying to think up a reply, but Marian, still holding his hand like a child, was much quicker. "Of course he came back. You don't think he'd pass up an opportunity to visit all his friends, do you."

The girl, along with several other workers now, laughed.

"I like your doll," one of the girls behind the counter told him.

"Do you really carry it wherever you go?" another worker asked.

"He hardly ever sets it down!" Marian confirmed. "He literally carries it everywhere."

Phillip could feel his face turning red as Marian again fielded all their questions. And now with her holding his hand like a child, he felt even more childish. Damn he couldn't wait to get inside of his diapers again!

"What's the balloon for? Any special reason?" one of the girls asked.

"Oh, little Phyllis here got that for being such a good girl in the mall a few days ago now. And she just loves it so much I let her keep that with her too." As the workers all laughed, Marian lowered her voice to a loud whisper. "I had to tie it to her wrist so it wouldn't float away! You know how careless children can be sometimes." Her remark brought more laughter.

"Phyllis?" one of the girls asked.

"Sure!" Marian replied. "This is Sissy Phyllis everyone." She turned to Phillip, "Can you do a nice curtsey for all the nice people here Phyllis?"

Phillip nearly had a fit. Curtsey? Like a… But she was holding his hand like a child. He was dressed like a child. And this was right in the middle of all of his greatest fantasies. With Marian still holding his hand, he put one leg behind the other and bent his knees a bit before standing up straight. He wasn't surprised at hearing more laughter. He was surprised at the applause he got.

"Are you eating tonight?" one of the girls behind the counter asked. "Or did you just come out to give us a little treat?"

Marian was caught off–guard by the question. Eating had never even entered her mind. But the mention of it made her realize that she was hungry, and Phillip hadn't fed her before they left his apartment. She turned to Phillip, "Are we eating, or not?"

Phillip had to consider that for a moment. They had eaten lunch here the day before and it had been a major humiliation for him. Fortunately, there were a lot less people there now. "Uh…sure," he finally said. "We may as well." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "And it will eat up a lot more time."

"Sounds like a good idea," Marian agreed.

"Why are you wearing a cow bell?" the girl asked Marian before they had a chance to order. "I mean, it's nice and all, well the bell anyway, but that collar it's attached to…um…isn't the best."

Marian wasn't at all pleased by the question. "I'm wearing it because I'm nothing but a stupid ugly cow," Marian told her almost automatically. And then she mooed just for emphasis. The girl laughed…somewhat, but it was obvious she didn't really know what to think.

——— o0o ———

It was slow going, but between Ed and Jim, they "thought" they had finally gotten the whole story out of Heather. It was totally unbelievable, but both of them had seen Phillip often enough, and her story did kind of give more credence to his behavior. But Human Relations had said to leave the guy alone…or gal…whatever, so they hadn't singled him out or stopped him for any reason at all. They had merely watched him – like everyone else in the company.

Ed wasn't sure if they could get more information out of Heather or not, or even if it was worth it. But he did know that he had to step in and start doing his job. He had to look up the number, but it was easy to find. He picked up his phone and dialed. The wait for an answer wasn't too long. "Hello, Samantha? This is Ed, head of security."

"Hi Ed," Samantha replied. "What's the problem?"

"I'm sorry I had to call, but we've got a situation here that I think you need to be in the middle of. I really hate bothering you right now about it, but I'm afraid it sounds pretty serious."

"Oh dear," Samantha replied. "What's the problem?"

"I'd rather not say over the phone," Ed replied. "It's more than a little complicated. But I can tell you it involves that silly guy Phillip who's been dressing so outrageously lately. It seems he may have had a different need to do that than anyone anticipated."

"And what's that?"

"It's better if you just come in and we'll take it from the top. Like I said, it's more than a bit complicated."

"Well…okay," she said. "If I must."

"I don't think there's going to be any avoiding it," Ed told her.

"Okay," Samantha replied. "I'll be there as soon as I can. It may take me a little while though. I was in the middle of something else."

"We'll be here," Ed told her. "I'll have my security guys up front watching for you."

Heather was more afraid than ever now. Samantha! The head of Human Relations! Was she going to have a job when all this was finished? She looked nervously over at Jim again, and saw him smile at her. Oh God what a beautiful smile. And such a beautiful man.

——— o0o ———

There was more food in front of Marian than she would normally eat. Far more. But it seemed like Phillip had simply gone on ordering and ordering. She knew it was so that they could delay there longer and not go anywhere. And actually, it sounded like a pretty good idea to her. But she was already so full she could hardly eat anything else. But there was still food sitting in front of her, and for some reason, she couldn't really stop eating for very long. Whatever Phillip put out for her to eat, she simply felt compelled to eat. And worse, she didn't even have a clue if it was something she wanted to eat or not. But she did know that she was getting pretty full. Yeah, it was way too much food!

She noticed that where Phillip had eaten as fast as he could the day before so they could get out of there, tonight he was eating fairly slowly. And he had even ordered desert for both of them. Marian wasn't sure if she appreciated the desert or not. She guessed that overall she did. She thought she might have lost a few pounds over the last few weeks so the desert

wouldn't hurt her in the least, she was just so full already she couldn't eat it – even though she already knew she was going to try.

She watched as Phillip finally emptied his baby bottle. "Are you going to get another drink?" she asked. "There's still a lot of food here to finish."

Phillip shook his head. "No. But I have no doubt I'll spend half the night drinking them when I get home just to catch up. But one bottle out in public is more than enough!"

Marian nodded and smiled. But just then, she noticed the people at another table getting up to leave. She looked back at Phillip. "Sissy Phillis," she said rather urgently. "Those people are leaving. Hurry over and offer to pick up all their trash for them. Now hurry!"

Phillip did a double take. He glanced at where Marian was looking. "You want me to…"

"Hurry! Before they get out of there. Now go!"

Despite himself, Phillip found himself on his feet with Dolly firmly in his hands and about to head toward the other table, when he stopped to consider what she wanted him to do.

"Hurry! Before they leave!"

Her urgency and the commanding…or motherly…order sent him moving. The people had already gathered up their trash and the guy was just picking up the tray to take it to the trash cans. "Excuse me," Phillip said quickly as he hurried over to them. "I'll be happy to take care of your trash for you."

The guy looked at Phillip like he was crazy. Of course, he had already seen Phillip and had looked him over all too carefully – and had decided he was definitely some kind of nut. "Um…you're sure?" he said.

"Uh…yeah. I'll get it," Phillip replied.

With an odd look on his face, and one more quick look over Phillip's entire outfit, the guy got his friends moving toward the door. Phillip moved in and grabbed the tray where he had collected all their trash.

"Don't forget to skip back again when you're done," Marian called to him. "I'd have you skip to the trash cans too, but I don't want you to drop everything."

Skip? Again? There was no way! He carried the trash to the receptacle for it and dumped it in…and walked back to the table where Marian mooed at him…with somewhat of an angry tone. She was also glaring at him as he sat down to start eating again.

“I told you to skip back here!” she said sternly.

“I didn’t want to,” Phillip replied defiantly.

Marian continued to glare angrily at him. Then she finally eased off her bearing. “Just for that, you can skip all around the store for a few minutes. And I mean keep skipping! And anytime you see someone starting to get ready to leave, I want you to offer to clean their table for them, and then after you deposit their trash in the cans, start skipping again.”

“That’s the stupidest think I ever heard!”

“Yes, it is. And that’s why you’re going to do it!”

“No! I’m not!”

“Yes you are! Now get up and start skipping!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“No!”

Marian leveled a nasty look at him. “Very well,” she said as she backed off a bit. “We’ll just have to see.”

Phillip wasn’t sure what she meant by that, but he did know that for once he had won a round. Hooray for his side!”

The walk through the company hallway back to the security offices was a fairly long one. Samantha’s footsteps echoed weirdly on the hard floors as she walked alone towards Ed’s office. What was going on? All she knew was that it involved Phillip. And that much she could easily believe.

The door to the security office was open, as it always was. Inside she found a man behind a reception desk. He smiled at her. “They’re waiting for you in the conference room,” he told her. Then he pointed at the hallway behind him. Samantha had been there before. The security office, like many other divisions, had its own conference room. The one here though wasn’t as fancy as most of them were. She walked back and found the door open. Inside, Ed was sitting and drinking coffee with…Heather, she thought her name was, from Marian’s

office, and another guy she didn't remember the name of. She was pretty sure though that he was part of Ed's security staff. "Hi," she said brightly as she walked in.

"Hi Sam," Ed said brightly.

"Sorry I took so long," Samantha replied. She looked over at Heather, she looked somewhat nervous. What had she done? "Is it Heather?" she asked.

Heather nodded. "That's me."

"I'm surprised to see you here." She looked to Ed. "Now what's going on that I had to come out here so late?"

Ed jerked his thumb toward the coffee pot. "Better pour yourself some coffee and take a seat. This is going to take a while."

They were back in the car and Marian seemed to be heading somewhere, but Phillip didn't have a clue as to where. "Where are we going?" he asked.

"You'll see," Marian told him.

The edge in her voice left him nervous. Would it really have hurt him to skip around the restaurant like an idiot? But he was still proud of himself that he had won that bit of a battle.

He noticed that they were approaching one of the city's downtown areas. And then Marian suddenly pulled the car over and managed to parallel park along the side of the road in and empty spot. "Where are we going?" Phillip asked again.

"You'll see," Marian replied. "Now let's go."

"Where?" But the only answer he got out of Marian was another moo. Phillip was always nervous about being seen dressed as he was, but now he was even more nervous. But since Mistress Vivian's commands compelled him to be seen in public for a while more, he got out and followed Marian.

For a downtown area at night there were a surprising number of people around. Of course the area they were in was well lit by not just the street lights, but by the lights of businesses. If they just stayed out on the sidewalk like they were, Phillip figured everything would be perfect. But of course, just as he was hoping for that, Marian stopped and took his hand again and dragged him straight into one of the businesses. And Phillip's knees went weak.

The music was loud and he quickly noticed a lot of people dancing. It took Phillip no time at all to figure out that Marian had dragged him into one of the busier bars in the city. And the moment he walked in, he started getting attention. There was a high–pitched scream, but it wasn't the kind of scream that signaled trouble. It was a scream of surprise…and delight. But the scream only made that many more heads turn in his direction.

Once Marian was sure that enough people were ogling Phillip, she dragged him straight to the dance floor. One good thing about the music, her cowbell could hardly be heard.

"What are we doing here?" Phillip yelled over top of the music. His nervousness was very evident.

"Dancing!" Marian replied as she started moving to the music…but she never once let go of his hand. "If you think you're too grown up to skip around like a nice little girl? Then maybe something like this will be more suited for you! Now dance!" she yelled when she saw him just standing there.

But dancing wasn't something that Phillip was interested in at all, especially not the way he was dressed. But when he tried to pull his hand away from Marian, he found that she was holding on all too tightly. And the look she gave him for trying to pull away spoke nothing but trouble. But then all of a sudden, she smiled and let go of him completely.

"Dance!" Marian said again.

But Phillip wanted no part of dancing on the crowded floor – where he realized he was quickly drawing a crowed that only wanted to watch him. And then he suddenly felt someone messing with the back of his colorful tutu. He quickly turned around to see a woman laughing. But instead of talking to him, she turned back to her friends.

"See. I told you he was wearing diapers!"

Phillip felt his face turning red again.

The woman moved over next to him and started dancing, but as she danced, she turned to Marian and asked, "Do you mind?"

Marian shook her head. "Not at all. Be my guest." And she backed out of the way.

"Hey!" the woman said to Marian. "I like your shiny bell, but I got to tell you that collar it's attached to looks awful!"

"I only wear it because I'm nothing but a stupid ugly cow," Marian told her, frustrated that she had to say it yet again. And then despite herself, she mooed.

"Whatever," the woman replied tossing Marian's words off. She turned to Phillip and started moving to the music more, "Come on little honey, shake that tutu and let's see you dance!" There were now a number of women all grouped around him, clapping with the music and egging him on…and openly laughing at him and making fun of him.

But Phillip wanted no part of the humiliation. "What are we doing here?" he yelled to Marian who had now joined the circle of laughing women.

"Dancing!" Marian replied.

"But I don't want to dance!"

"We'll you're the one who decided he was too big to go skipping around like a little girl. So it's either that or start dancing for our friends here. And I for one would love to see you shake that tutu around."

"Hey Honey," one of the women yelled. "Do you always dance with your big doll? And I don't mean the woman you're talking to." Her remark caused the laughter to go way up.

Phillip looked for a way out, but the circle of people went all the way around him. And there were men now in that circle too. The song that had been playing ended and Phillip breathed a sigh of relief. But all too soon the music started again – another song almost just like the last one.

"Dance! Dance! Dance! Dance!" the chant went up all around him.

Phillip kept turning around to see what he could do, but he wasn't getting any ideas. And Marian was right there in the crowd egging him on too.

"Dance! Dance! Dance!"

Not knowing what else to do, Phillip started dancing – right in the center of the crowd. Cheers went up all around him…and a moment later, so did the laughter and comments.

"Look at that big diapered backend shake!"

"That tutu is too much!"

"I'm not sure who dances better, him or the doll."

"I think his balloon is keeping him from falling down!"

Phillip's face grew redder with each passing minute. And then, thankfully, the music ended…but the laughter didn't. "Can we go now?" Phillip asked Marian.

"That depends," she replied.

"On what?"

"Are you going to decide to act like a big girl and dance in here with the adults, or are you going to accept that you're more of a little girl at heart and learn to skip and play and do what you're told?"

The music started again. "Hey Honey," someone called. "Keep dancing. I want to take pictures this time."

Phillip looked around him at the crowd, then back to Marian. "Can I learn to skip somewhere else, after we leave here?"

Marian nodded. "I thought you might see it that way." She took him by the hand, and to the disappointed comments of everyone around, led him out of the bar. Phillip breathed a sigh of relief.

"So are you going to accept that you're really a little girl at heart and start acting more like it?"

"How?" Phillip replied. "What the heck do I have to do now?"

"Just behave yourself and mind what the adults tell you to do, Sissy Phyllis. That's all there is to it."

Ugh! Phillip couldn't wait to get home now. He wasn't at all sure about what Marian wanted of him now. But he already knew that things were changing with her. Once in the car, he chanced asking, "Is it time to go home yet?"

Marian started the car and checked the clock. "Close enough, I think," she replied.

Phillip was nothing but grateful.

Little by little, Ed did his best to fill Samantha in on everything that Heather had told him. He continually asked Heather for confirmation on much of it – just to check the facts and to make sure she wasn't changing her story at all. Samantha listened, totally confused for most of the time, but by the time the story was all out, she was fully understanding.

"Okay," Samantha finally said. "I think I've got it all now. I'll have to phone Loretta and let her know and then decide where we want to go from there. Although I have no doubt as to what actions I'm going to be forced to take."

Heather didn't like the sound of that at all. But there was one more thing that worried her greatly. "Um…how much trouble am I in?" she asked.

Samantha looked at her with some surprise. "Trouble? None at all. In fact, as I see it, you're the hero of the day."

That pleased Heather quite a bit and she relaxed a little, but only until Samantha started speaking again.

"But…" Samantha continued. "Tomorrow morning, I don't think I want you going into the office until I clear you to go. Got that?"

"Uh…okay I guess. Should I just stay home then?"

Samantha considered that. "Better not. You very well may be needed."

"She can hang with me down here," Jim offered hopefully.

"That's fine," Samantha said. "Just so long as she can be found, and she doesn't go up to her office."

"I think there's some other things we should probably look into before we do anything about this," Ed suggested.

"What's that?" Samantha asked.

"I think it would be a good idea if we have our IT guys take a look at their emails and maybe even their internet use."

"Good idea," Samantha agreed. "And while they're doing that, I'm going to need to check through the workflow records for their department to see if there are any problems there. Standard procedure I'm afraid, but necessary."

Ed nodded. "Okay then. We'll hold off doing anything then until we're sure of everything we're dealing with."

Samantha nodded. "Sounds like a plan. In the meantime, it won't hurt for things to continue as they are until we can check all our facts. It shouldn't take but a few hours anyway."

It felt so good to be home again – especially for Phillip. Marian felt surprisingly proud of herself. And, she still felt somewhat empowered. Maybe those suggestions she had put behind the cello music she had been listening to all day were having an effect on her.

"Can I finally get out of all these diapers?" Phillip asked. "I've been wearing and wetting them all day."

Marian looked at him. "I don't know yet. I'll have to see. But in the meantime, let's get the rest of that outfit off of you."

"Hooray," Phillip replied, but he said it more sarcastically.

The balloon went, the tutu went, the leggings went, it all got removed from him. And then Marian took the time to even remove his false eyelashes and false nails. Phillip had mixed feelings about seeing the nails go. They had been both a pleasure and a huge curse the entire time they had been attached to him. But he had truly enjoyed the experience. The only thing Marian didn't remove from him was the one "biggest" thing he wanted gone – all the diapers he was still stuck in.

And since Marian had been kind enough to help him out of all the humiliating clothes that he both loved and hated, he had her get undressed down to just her shoes and cowbell. It would be bedtime fairly soon anyway and she'd have to be that naked before she could get into her stall for the night.

Phillip got Marian a drink and another of her pills that she had to take, while he grabbed a baby bottle full of milk for himself. Marian downed the drink rather quickly, but her thoughts were still on Phillip. And tonight her thoughts were bolder than they had been in a long time. Her eyes followed Phillip as he carried Dolly and his bottle into his bedroom. And a moment later, she followed.

Phillip was just climbing up on his bed when she walked in. "Move over," she said as she took the baby bottle from him.

"Move over?"

"Move…over!" she commanded.

Uncertain of what was happening, Phillip scooted his body further over on the bed, and was surprised when Marian climbed up onto the bed with him. He was more surprised when she reached over and took the baby bottle right out of his hands.

"Um…I'm way behind on what I need to drink," he told her.

"Don't worry about it," Marian replied. "Now come here." With that, she grabbed his arm and pulled on him to come closer. "Roll so your head is up here," she told him.

"What the…"

"Why drink from a stupid baby bottle," she said, "when you can drink directly from the source."

Phillip was shocked. "You mean, you want me to…"

"Shut up and get those lips of yours locked on my boob…baby!" She reached out and grabbed his head and literally pulled his face down into her already growing breasts. And the moment she felt him sucking on her tit, she couldn't help but moo.

Phillip found himself with no choice but to try to suck on her tit…and it was quite a shock to find the milk flowing from her so easily.

"Get comfortable," Marian told him, "and enjoy it. I can tell you that I already am."

Phillip repositioned his body so he was in a more comfortable position, then he continued drinking straight from Marian's breast. A while later, she had him switch to her other breast. Hopefully, in the morning, her breasts wouldn't be nearly as full and sore as they had been by milking time lately.

Phillip had been on Marian's second breast for a little while, when Marian slowly reached her hand down, and pulled open the tapes on one side of his outer diaper. Phillip tried to raise his head, but she pulled it right down to her breast again. "Shhh!" she said. "Just keep doing what you're doing." Her hand went back to trying to get his diapers open.

A minute later, her hand went down inside his thoroughly soaked diapers and found his rapidly hardening cock inside. She felt Phillip shake a bit the moment she touched him. "Shhh!" she said again. "Just keep drinking."

Phillip was suddenly going crazy. His lips were locked on Marian's big breast – pulling milk right out of her, while she was masturbating him down inside his diapers. Before he knew it, his bottom side was bucking all over the place while he sucked harder than ever on her breast. His orgasm was one of the most explosive ones he ever had.

"Shhh!" Marian said again as he finally calmed down and her hand continued to play with his now rapidly softening organ.

Phillip stayed where he was for only a minute more, but he couldn't in good conscious continue to stay like he was. Suddenly pulling his lips away from her, he pushed his body down, pulling her hand away from his now sated cock. He continued moving downward to the end of the bed, he pushed himself between her legs and lowered his mouth to Marian's waiting sex. The moo that she absolutely bellowed surprised him. But afterwards, he went right back to what he was doing.

Marian mooed, and mooed and mooed. She barely thought about it. All she could really think about was how good Phillip felt down between her legs. And she couldn't help but moo loudly and continuously. And she didn't care in the least. The mooing felt natural. The mooing felt good. But not nearly as good as what Sissy Phyllis was doing to her. "Mooooo!" The feelings intensified until all of a suddenly Marian managed to reach what her fingers alone had been unable to grant her for all too long now. She climaxed wildly…and loudly. "Mooooo!"

Phillip kept at her, granting her two more climaxes before he finally pulled away, and scooted up next to her. He was about to roll over and grab the lipstick he kept on the nightstand, when Marian rolled over, grabbed him, and planted a kiss on his wet, messy, and smelly lips. And she didn't care in the least how messy and smelly his lips were. It was a long hard passionate kiss.

"Wow," Phillip said when she finally pulled away.

"Yeah," Marian agreed. "That's kind of how I feel." She watched as he grabbed his lipstick and started fixing his lips. "Thank you," she said. "I can't tell you how good that felt…or how much I needed that."

Phillip smiled. "It was pretty good for me too," he agreed.

Once his lips were done, Marian pulled him back to lay his head on her shoulder while she held him in her arms. It felt so good to be with a man again, even if he didn't enter inside of her. They laid there like that for a long time, until Marian finally noticed something odd. Since they had finished, Marian couldn't remember a single time that she had mooed. Not once!

Feeling happy and bold again, in fact, feeling much better than she had in a very long time, Marian extracted her arm from under Phillip. "I'm going to take a good long bath," she told him. "I really need it now."

She got herself off the bed, and a thought hit her. She was feeling good…and she was feeling nothing but strong, confident, and bold. Her hands reached up and started unbuckling her cowbell. Bracing herself for the worse, she removed it from her neck and tossed it on the

bed. A pain hit her neck, but it wasn't bad. Almost angrily, she rubbed her neck a bit at the pain and willed it to go away. A moment later it was gone. She glanced back at the bell on the bed, "Good riddance!" she said with a small smile.

She took two steps toward the bathroom, then suddenly stopped and backed up to sit on the bed. A minute later, she had unbuckled both of her shoes. More cautious, but hopeful than ever, she slipped the shoes off of her feet. The pain hit her feet too, but it wasn't even as bad as the pain that had invaded her neck. She rubbed her feet with her hands and willed the pain away. And was very relieved when it subsided down to nothing. "Ahhh!" Her hands continued to knead her feet for a moment before she got back up and continued on into the bathroom. Walking barefoot felt oddly painful and difficult, but it was the result of wearing the heels for too long instead of from the pain Vivian had cursed her with.

Phillip just stared after Marian with his mouth wide open. What had happened? Somehow, Marian had managed to break completely free of Mistress Vivian's programming. She had actually done it! Could he? But the moment he tried to leave Dolly where she was on the bed and walk away from her, he experienced nothing but horrible anxiety. He hurried back to his dolly and quickly grabbed her. Holding her and hugging her to his chest. No, maybe Marian had somehow managed to break free. But obviously he hadn't.

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It had been a long night for Heather. And much of the night she had been a bundle of nerves. It was all so…frightening! And now she had learned that Felicia hadn't talked to the FBI at all…or even any of the security staff. That had really surprised her.

And now Heather realized that because of her, some major changes were about to happen. And most likely a good portion of her department where she worked was about to get fired. Her only consolation though, was in knowing that her job was safe. Samantha herself had assured her of that several times.

But now that she was finally home, her thoughts were completely on Marian. She liked Marian. As she saw it, Marian had done nothing wrong except to be caught in Vivian's trap. But now, as Samantha, and Ed, and even Jim had told her, thanks to her, Marian and Phillip were about to be finally free from whatever Vivian had done to them. They just needed to check the computer systems to get all of the facts straight.

Heather tried to get ready to go to bed, but she couldn't. Her mind continued to remain locked on Marian and Phillip. So much so, that she finally pulled her phone out and dialed Marian's number.

Marian had just gotten out of the tub after a long wonderful soak when she heard her cell phone ringing. Naked, she ran for her purse to answer it. Who the heck would be calling at that time of night? The caller ID showed Heather's name. Had she come down sick or something and was calling in now? "Hello?" she said as quickly as she could.

"Marian," Heather said, then got straight to the point. "I saw what Vivian had done to you and Phillip. I saw that she was behind it all. And tonight I finally talked to security about it all. Marian, don't worry anymore. Between security and Samantha in Human Relations, you're going to be free from whatever Vivian has done to you."

Marian was shocked. Heather knew? But that wasn't her biggest concern. "You went to security with it?" she asked.

"Of course! Just tonight."

Marian shook her head. "Oh no! Heather, what have you done?"

Chapter 33.

The late night call that Loretta had gotten from Samantha had soured Loretta's stomach and kept her from sleeping well. It was never good for a manager's career when some of their people were about to be fired. And it had happened all too often in the past. She knew it was just something that went with the territory, but that still didn't keep her from fretting over it.

Samantha hadn't said much over the phone last night. Only that it involved Phillip, which she could believe, Marian, which she couldn't believe, and of all people – Vivian! Vivian had been with the company for years! And besides them, Samantha had dropped Heather's name. But evidently Heather had nothing to do with whatever the big problem was. And unfortunately, Samantha hadn't been very forthcoming with the details last night. Not at all.

The only thing Samantha had been clear about, was that she needed to call Marian and Phillip this morning and have them report to HR when they came to work instead of going to their office. But why just Marian and Phillip? Why not Vivian too? Based on that, maybe Vivian wasn't in any kind of trouble. Maybe Marian had caused some kind of problem for Vivian. She had no way of knowing, and wouldn't until she got to work and had a chance to talk with Samantha.

And to make matters worse, Samantha had said they needed to go over all the work flow records together. Ugh! Nobody in their right mind looked over that stuff. It was all a major pain in the ass!

It was still early morning, but she had to reach Marian before she went to work. And then she would have to call Phillip and talk with him too.

"Marian," Phillip said softly as he gently shook her shoulder.

Marian's eyes flew open. She had fallen asleep. Not surprising. Neither of them had gotten any sleep at all. There hadn't been time. She looked down at the milking machine still attached to her breasts. But this time she was sitting on the couch instead of kneeling over that horrible tub in her stall. "Is it done?" she asked wearily.

"Yeah," he replied. "Since you were doing it yourself today, I didn't know if I should take it off of you or not."

"No," she replied as her hand reached over and switched the breast pump off. A moment later, she had it off her neck. Phillip carried it into the kitchen for her. "Just dump it down

the drain," Marian called after him. "Let it help wash away those stupid pills I dumped in there last night." It was strange seeing Phillip walk off without Dolly. But Dolly was now sitting next to her on the couch. She had no doubt at all though that Phillip was still very attached to the doll, but at least he could leave her behind now…physically if not comfortably.

She was annoyed to hear her phone ringing. It was early, way too early. But she was still expecting some kind of a call. And she knew it would only bring more trouble. She picked her phone up and saw Loretta's name on the caller ID. Yeah, trouble. "Hello?"

"Hi Marian," Loretta said. "I'm sorry to have to call, but it's come to my attention that there's some kind of major problem, and I'm afraid you've been somehow implicated. I've been ordered to tell you that you need to go straight up to HR when you get to work, and don't bother going to your office at all."

Marian had expected something like that, but expecting it didn't make it any easier. "I understand," she said sadly. But since Loretta was on the phone, she had something else to tell her. "Listen, Loretta, Phillip and I are going to be pretty late this morning. We've got something important we have to do before we can get there. And trust me, it's very important for us. But we'll be there."

"Okay," Loretta replied. "Just don't be too long. I have to call Phillip next. I'll mention that it's okay to be late as long as he's with you."

"Don't bother calling him," Marian told her. "He's right here with me."

"Um…He's there with you?"

Marian glanced at the kitchen doorway where Phillip was standing naked except for his wet diaper. "Yeah, without a doubt, he's here with me."

"Okay," Loretta replied. "I'll see you up in HR when you get there. And Marian, I don't know what you've done yet, but whatever it is, I'm very sorry."

"Yeah," Marian replied sadly. "Me too. I had hoped to avoid this." She hung up the phone and looked at Phillip. "We need to go to HR instead of the office," she told him.

"How about…the other?" Phillip asked.

Marian smiled. "That still has to come first. I told Loretta that we would be late."

Phillip smiled. "Thanks. I appreciate it."

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There were three very evident holes in the workforce when the work day started. And those holes were even enough to take some of the "strain" away from Vivian's latest outfit, despite the fact that Vivian herself was standing in the middle of the room, obviously wanting everyone to get a good look at her. And look everyone did. There was no doubt at all now that Vivian had totally lost her mind! The tight leopard skin skirt wasn't bad at all, even though it was made for a much younger and slimmer body. But the leopard pattern on the skirt didn't match the leopard pattern on her tights at all. The two seemed to clash horribly. And up above her skirt, peeking out from behind her jacket, was a bright pink and black tiger print blouse that she had accented with a wide alligator patterned belt. Fortunately, the bright pink of her blouse was mostly covered up by the long sleeved faux snake–skin jacket she was wearing. One earring was a silver monkey, her other earring was a gold giraffe. Her necklace was cute bears and foxes and rabbits. Her bracelet matched her necklace. And on her feet… One shoe was zebra print, and her other shoe looked to be giraffe. And the heels on them didn't even come close to matching in height! Vivian had totally lost it! But for Vivian, she knew without a doubt that the looks everyone was leveling at her were nothing but amazement – which was true. Of course, Vivian also knew without a doubt that every woman in the room reeked of absolute jealousy! And who could blame them? Vivian knew she had come up with the absolute perfect outfit. Now all she had to do was top it for tomorrow.

But despite the "success" of Vivian's outfit, the three empty desks in the room had Vivian very worried – especially seeing which desks were empty. Where was the cow? Where was the sissy? And where for heaven's sake was that damn whore Heather?

And then Loretta walked in. "Good morning ladies," she said brightly to the room. Loretta nearly stumbled backwards as she caught sight of Vivian. She was momentarily floored. And oddly, Vivian appeared to be very proud of herself. It took a moment to gather her wits after seeing Vivian before she could announce, "I'm afraid Marian won't be here today. Phillip either. You'll just have to make do without them. But I'll try to look in on you as much as I can. Okay?"

"How about Heather?" Ashley asked, noting that she wasn't in the room either.

"Oh Heather is here today," Loretta told her. "She's downstairs right now working with another department for the day." She addressed the room. "I'll be back in a little while," she told them all as brightly as she could. Then she walked out…still trying to comprehend the awful outfit that Vivian was wearing. What was up with that? She shuddered at just the thought of it.

Samantha and Loretta were working together on the workflow logs. What they were finding wasn't at all what they expected. Their arduous searching though was interrupted by one of Samantha's helpers when she poked her head into the room where they were working. "Marian and Phillip are downstairs," the helper told them. "They're with one of the security guards…and evidently Heather too."

"Thank you," Samantha told her. "Please have them brought straight up. Heather too I guess." Her helper nodded and left.

"As bad as this looks for Marian," Loretta noted, "it looks like she's cranked out a ton of work. Phillip too."

"Yeah," Samantha agreed. "But have you seen anything at all yet from Vivian?"

"Nothing. Not one little bit of work at all!"

Loretta looked at Samantha for a moment before saying, "Sam, I know I shouldn't even mention this, and I may get in trouble for it, but I'm thinking that Marian might be smart if she hired a lawyer before she gets thrown out of here."

Samantha shook her head. "Don't even think such a thing. This is a company problem. We'll deal with it here."

Loretta only nodded and went back to the paperwork.

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Their lack of sleep, coupled with the knowledge that they were on their way up to Human Resources to be fired, had both Marian and Phillip feeling fairly ill. And that was despite the way each of them felt about other things. She and Phillip were late because they had gone shopping for new clothes to replace what Vivian had demanded that they wear. It was the first time in weeks that Marian was wearing pants like she preferred. Actually, she had found a wonderful pantsuit and a blouse that went perfectly with it. The shoes on her feet were still heels, but they were only half the height of the heels she had been wearing for some time now. Oddly, the lower heels weren't very comfortable for her, but she knew it was only because she had become so accustomed to the very high heels.

Phillip too was remarkable different. He was also wearing a suit, but it was a man's suit – men's pants, a man's shirt, a man's tie, and a man's jacket. The male shoes on his feet were also brand new. None of his clothes though had cost much. All were bargain basement sale items – unlike Marian's outfit. But unknown to anyone besides himself and Marian, today could possibly be the one and only time he would be wearing that suit. But he had wanted this opportunity especially. He wanted to hold his head up high – at least somewhat, before

he got fired. Phillip was proud to be wearing the man's suit again. But underneath, he was desperately missing Dolly.

They were escorted all the way up to their destination by both Jim and Heather. Jim in his official capacity, and Heather, not only because Samantha had asked that she come up too, but because, well, she was just sticking with Jim. The two were finding a lot of interesting things to talk about together. Heather was thrilled that Phillip had shown up dressed like a man again. And she had told him so several times already.

All the way up in the elevator, Marian had mooing in the back of her mind – despite the fact that she had overcome that particular problem. She was proud of herself for that. No moo would ever escape her lips again – in public anyway. What might happen in the bedroom later was still to be determined. When the elevator stopped, she and Phillip stepped out first, but the security guard was right beside them. Marian felt like she had been arrested.

They were escorted straight into the Human Resources office and straight back to the small conference room located there. Loretta and Samantha were already inside, along with another man that Marian figured was most likely with security.

Loretta's eyebrows went up the moment she saw Marian and Phillip. It was the first time in a long while that she hadn't seen Marian not dressed…provocatively. And also the first time in a while that Phillip was dressed as a man again. Of course his hair was still styled fairly femininely but she didn't know if he intended to change that or not.

"Have a seat, both of you," Samantha said in a purely businesslike tone. She watched as Marian and Phillip sat down. Neither one said a single word. She looked up and saw Heather and her new boyfriend watching. That wasn't good. "Heather, why don't you wait somewhere else. Just don't stray too far. We'll call you if we need you."

Heather nodded, and with Jim's hand on her shoulders, she let him lead her away.

Ed got up from his seat and closed the door to maintain the privacy that the matter required.

Samantha looked at Marian and Phillip. She tried to smile, but it came off only half–hearted. "We seem to have a rather major problem on our hands," she said to them. "And it seems you two are directly at the heart of it. Last night, Heather talked with security and brought it to their attention that Vivian was somehow controlling you two…I guess through hypnotism." She quickly held up her hand. "I'm not saying that's true! That's what Heather told us. We'll get to your stories in a moment. I just wanted you to hear what has been said about you."

Marian and Phillip said nothing. Marian only nodded and Phillip shrugged as if it didn't matter.

Samantha continued. “According to Heather, her best bet is that Vivian has somehow fixed it to make things look like you, Marian, are completely responsible for the humiliating behavior that Phillip has been exhibiting lately, but somehow, Vivian is really the one behind it all.”

“Samantha,” Marian said, interrupting the woman. “Instead of you wasting time with what you think happened, let me tell you exactly what’s been going on for some time now. Everything! And when I’m done, I have my letter of resignation here to give you. But I don’t want to give it to you until I get a chance to do one thing first. And it’s very, very important. As soon as I do that, you can have my letter of resignation and Phillip and I will leave.”

“And what is it you want?” Samantha asked. “What’s so important to you?”

“I need to confront Vivian and say something to her, and the best place to do it will be in the office where she’s working.”

Samantha shook her head. “Confrontational accusations will not be condoned inside this company – especially not in front of the other staff. Save it for afterwards…when you’re away from here.”

Marian shook her head. “Then maybe I better start at the beginning and tell you everything, because since Vivian threw me out of my own home and made me live with Phillip here under the most arduous conditions…”

“Wait a minute!” Loretta suddenly interrupted her. “Vivian threw you out of your own home?”

Marian nodded. “She was evicted from her apartment, and she threw me out of mine and made me live with Phillip. Although she’s been making me continue to pay all the bills – including some of hers.”

Loretta shook her head. She looked briefly at Samantha, then back to Marian. “I know Samantha doesn’t want me to bring this up, but Marian, I’m going to recommend that you get yourself a good attorney – right away! Before this goes any further.

“This is a company matter!” Samantha insisted. “We can handle everything right here.”

Loretta shook her head again. “This has gone beyond that into criminal acts we knew nothing about, and those acts overlap the company boundaries. They’re all related and legally need to be dealt with as such.”

Samantha rolled her eyes. She clearly wasn't happy. She looked to Marian. "Marian and Phillip, do either of you want a lawyer?"

But before they could answer, Loretta said, "I strongly urge you to get one. And if you don't have anyone you can trust, then I can make a recommendation for you."

Marian looked back and forth between Samantha and Loretta. "I hadn't considered an attorney," she said. "I was just planning on trying to take care of business and handing in my resignation."

Samantha breathed a sigh of relief.

"But since part of what I need to do today is to go to the police with all this, then maybe a good attorney wouldn't be a bad thing," Marian added.

Samantha threw her pen down in disgust.

Marian looked back to Loretta. "You know someone who you think would be good."

"I know the perfect lawyer for this," Loretta replied. "If…she'll agree to take your care. I understand she's doing mostly corporate contract work now, but I think she still takes some other cases as well."

Samantha stood up. "I'll be back then when you let me know if you've got a lawyer or not." She turned to Ed. "Coming?"

Ed stood up too, but before leaving he added one thing. "I think a good lawyer is definitely in order," he told Marian and Phillip. Then with a nod of his head, he walked out.

"So who did you have in mind?" Marian asked as Loretta was pulling out her cell phone."

"Hold on a minute," Loretta replied. "Let's see if she's available first."

Loretta found the entry she wanted in her cell phone and dialed the connection. It was only moments until she spoke. "Hello, Andrea?"

Marian and Phillip sat where they were with Loretta for over half an hour before a rather striking well–dressed woman was shown into the room where they were.

"Loretta," the lawyer said as she walked in and saw her friend.

"Hi Mel," Loretta said with a smile as she stood up. The two women hugged briefly.

The attorney set her briefcase on the table and looked to the other two people in the room. They were not what she was expecting to see at all.

"Mel, this is Marian and Phillip." She pointed at Mel. "Guys, this is Melissa, one of the more prominent attorneys in the city."

"Please just call me Mel," the attorney said as she reached out her hand and shook Marian's hand first, and then Phillip's. She turned to Loretta. "You said that he's been dressing like a woman."

"This is the first time he's been dressed as a man in a long time."

"There's a reason for that," Marian said.

But it was Phillip who finished the reason. He quickly leaned forward as he spoke. "Mistress Viv…I mean, Vivian has forced me to wear nothing but women's clothes since the beginning," he told Mel. And mostly little girl clothes at that."

"But now you're not." Mel noted.

"Not since…this morning when we went shopping," Phillip replied. "I haven't been able to wear anything but what Mistress…I mean what Vivian wanted me to wear, but last night, Marian spent nearly the entire night working on pulling me out from under Vivian's control. And I wanted this one opportunity to finally come in to work again, dressed as a man."

Mel looked at him for a moment, then nodded. She hadn't missed any of the times he had used the word "mistress." "Under her control," Mel said. "Maybe you better start from the beginning."

Marian did most of the speaking, but she laid everything out on the table. From her first time hypnotizing Phillip and why she had done it, all the way to the night they had spent last night, working feverishly to get Phillip free from Vivian's domination and how they thought that they had finally succeeded. Mostly anyway. Mel interrupted her countless times asking for more details and better clarification. And one of the areas that she dug into was not an area that either Marian or Phillip was comfortable talking about, but under Mel's constant digging, she finally managed to drag out the fact that Vivian's hypnotic programming was so successful for Phillip because he already had inclinations toward the sissy side of life – particularly fantasies about being a little girl. Phillip was nothing but ashamed as Marian told about it. Especially with Loretta still there.

And then Marian got around to telling Mel about the fireplace DVD she had created to start fighting back against Vivian. And finally she explained why it was so vital that she confront Vivian before she would hand over her letter of resignation.

Mel took it all in, and asked a few more questions. When she was sure she had all the facts she said, "Let me have your letter of resignation. I'll hold it. And if I think it's warranted, I can hand it over. But as I see it, we may still have a chance to save your jobs…if that's what you still want. I have no doubt however, that some changes will have to be made. I'm afraid that's inevitable."

"Changes?" Marian asked.

"I think it will be in your best interest, and they would also be in the company's best interest. But we've still got to get the company to agree."

"Are we ready to talk with the company about this?" Loretta asked.

Mel nodded. "Yes, let's get it over with. And we've still got to contact the police."

As Mel got up to call Samantha back into the room, Marian looked to Phillip and took his hand. He smiled back. Mel watched the two of them as she sat back down again. Then she spoke to Phillip. "So you're still stuck in the diapers?" she asked.

Phillip could feel his face turning red as he nodded. "So far."

"It seems," Marian replied for him, "that snakes have always been one of his biggest phobias. It's going to take a lot more than getting rid of all the hypnotic conditioning to overcome that one. But we'll work on it."

Mel smiled. "When we get out of here, I've really got to have you meet my husband Chad. He's really…quite interesting. Not to mention remarkable. But don't tell him I said that about him!"

Samantha and Ed both came back into the room and sat down. But it was Mel who conducted the business. "I understand that my clients have not told you everything that's been happening yet. They were interrupted in the process by the suggestion of bringing me in – which in this case was absolutely vital! Especially after hearing some of what they have told me. So right now, I'm suggesting that they tell you everything they told me, right from the beginning and all the way to the end – just as they told me. And after that, then we'll discuss what needs to happen. But I can tell you this, from what I've heard, we're going to need the police in here as soon as we're done."

Under Mel's supervision, Marian told most of it again, from hypnotizing Phillip in the first place up to the struggle they went through the night before to both break free. There were some private sexual things about Phillip that were left out this time. Marian finally sighed. "And that's it," she said. "All except the fact that I've still got to trigger that suggestion I've been pounding into Vivian's brain with those DVDs for the last few weeks."

Samantha stared at the three people across the table from her, but it was Ed who spoke first. "A lot of what you've just said has been corroborated by our records. It seems there's no work flow records for Vivian at all for some time now, and the records for both Marian and Phillip here show they've been working their butts off. But the only thing we see from Vivian is non–stop internet usage."

Samantha would have been happier if Ed hadn't mentioned any of that.

"All the more reason why my clients should not be fired!" Mel insisted quickly. "As I see it, despite their…handicaps, they've both done an excellent job of making sure your company's business got accomplished."

Samantha shook her head, "I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't allow them to remain. Especially Marian. She was the one who started this. And she admitted herself that she influenced Phillip without his consent. We can't allow that to stand."

Mel turned to Phillip. "Phillip, you've said several times that Vivian made you blame Marian for everything, but it was all done under her hypnotic influence. Phillip, do you still hold Marian responsible? Do you want to press charges against Marian?"

Phillip was suddenly very uncomfortable. "I do hold Marian here responsible, but only for that very first time. And I'm definitely not pressing charges. She may have hypnotized me that first time, but she's done nothing but stand by me and try to help me ever since – despite her own really serious problems. She even allowed herself to be hypnotized and go under Vivian's domination, just so she could try to help me. And yes, there were a lot of humiliating things that Marian made me do that were totally her ideas, but I'm still not blaming her for any of it. And because of it all…" he briefly looked to Marian, then back at everyone else, "Marian and I have made an agreement to try to stick together for a while."

"We're going to continue to help each other," Marian interjected quickly to explain things better.

"So based on that," Mel asked Phillip, "do you feel that Marian should be punished by the company?"

Phillip shook his head. "Absolutely not!" he replied. "After that first time, she went out on a limb to do everything she could to help me."

Mel looked to Samantha. “Even Phillip here, the offended party, doesn’t want to see Marian punished in any way for what she’s done.”

Samantha shook her head. “I’m sorry, but whether he feels that way or not, what Marian did was wrong, and we can’t let that stand.”

Mel smiled. “Then let me suggest an alternative that should work out very well for both your company and for them.”

She talked for a few minutes, laying her idea out. Marian and Phillip both had no choice but to add their input, adding their own preferences in the process. The negotiations went on for some time, but when it was done, Samantha, Marian, and Phillip all came to a reluctant agreement. Despite what it would mean for both Marian and Phillip, they both felt like they came off better than they should. They had both planned on having no jobs at all.

Ed sighed at the end of the business. “I guess that just leaves the issue of Felicia,” he said. “She purposely went out of her way to make sure that Heather didn’t blow the whistle on what was going on sooner.”

“I’m afraid Felicia will be gone with Vivian in a little while,” Samantha told him. “We’ve no choice.”

Mel nodded. “I agree. In fact, I suggest that when the police get here, you have them arrest Felicia too. She knew what was going on. She took an active part in making sure it would continue. She’s guilty of being an accessory to a criminal act, and needs to be punished for it as well.”

“Works for me!” Samantha sighed emphatically.

“I agree completely,” Ed added.

“So if we’re all in agreement,” Mel said, “I suggest we get the police in here a soon as possible and get this business finished up. We’ve been at this long enough and it’s way past my lunchtime.”

“Mine too!” Ed laughed. “And everyone else should most likely be back from lunch by now as well.”

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It was not the way the company preferred to get rid of employees. They preferred that it always be done quietly and not in front of any other workers, but Marian had insisted, and

under the circumstances, and especially with Ed's agreement, it was decided to go along with Marian's wishes. Consequently, it was like a fairly large menacing parade heading through the hallways. Several police, an army of company security people, Ed as the chief of security, Samantha as the head of Human Resources, Loretta as the section manager, Marian, Phillip, Mel as their attorney, and of course Heather, who was still sticking with Jim and nobody even thought about stopping her.

In one fell swoop, they all descended on Marian's…old…office and entered the room. All business stopped immediately. Samantha in the lead, went directly to Vivian.

Vivian couldn't help but notice all the people come into the office, especially the uniformed police officers. But her heart jumped when Samantha headed straight for her desk.

"Vivian stand up!" Samantha told her in her most serious tone of voice as she tried to take in the totally unbelievable way that Vivian was dressed.

Vivian stood up hesitantly. "What's going on?" she asked.

But Samantha didn't answer her question. Instead she turned to the police. "This is the one. Arrest her!" She stood back as the police moved in quickly and handcuffed her.

"What are you doing?" Vivian yelled. "What's going on?"

"Vivian," Ed said, "you're being arrested for criminal acts against both Marian and Philip."

"And as of this moment, you are hereby fired!" Samantha added.

"But…you can't arrest me! You've got no reason. Besides, two of the stores downtown are having sales tonight. I've got to be there!"

Ed ignored her and turned to Loretta. "And the other one?"

"Right in front of her," Loretta told him. She pointed to Felicia.

"Felicia, you're fired as well." Samantha declared.

Felicia was shocked. "What did I do?"

"Aiding and abetting in a criminal act!" Ed told her. He turned to the police, "She's the other one," he said as he pointed at her. To the shocked amazement of all the women in the office, the police moved in and handcuffed Felicia as well."

"This is all just because all of you are so jealous of my outfits!" Vivian suddenly exclaimed as she stood straight and proud. "You're all just jealous!"

"No Vivian," Marian said as she stepped forward now. "This is because you've forced Phillip and me to do the most horrible things possible for weeks now. It's because you've stolen my home from me and ruined both my life and Phillip's life. And it's because you're not just certifiably crazy, but criminally crazy.

Vivian looked at Marian with nothing but hatred in her eyes. "You can't do this to me!" she yelled. "I made sure of that! You're nothing but a stupid cow! There's no way you can do anything at all against me. Beware the pain, Marian. Beware the pain. And I won't make it stop! You're nothing but a stupid, stupid cow! Too stupid for that job they gave you. I should be the supervisor for this office not you. I should be in charge! But no they brought you in instead. It's not right! I should be the one in charge!"

"You'll never be in charge of anything again," Marian told her. "Never!"

"You stupid cow!" Vivian yelled. "I'll fix you! Marian sucks her thumb!" she yelled quickly.

The hypnotic trigger hit Marian, and tried to have an effect on her, but she easily tossed it off. "Blow it out your ass Vivian!" Marian replied.

Totally shocked, Vivian turned to Phillip. "Phyllis sucks her thumb!" she yelled at him. Phillip actually had to fight against the command. He could feel his thumb heading for his mouth to suck on, but he forced it down. He cocked his head toward Marian and replied. "What she said."

Marian watched the total shock and outrage on Vivian's face. "Vivian," she said. "Face it. The truth hurts!"

It was the trigger that she had put behind all those DVDs she had created – right from the very first one. With as much as all the other commands had taken root inside of Vivian's mind, this one was even stronger. "I should be the one in charge here, not Marian!" Vivian yelled all too loudly. "I was the one with the brains to figure out how to hypnotize Phillip and put him in my control. I was the one who had the brains to forced Marian to go under my control. I had the brains to do it all, not Marian. Me! I should be the one in charge! And Marian was too stupid to let her stay in that beautiful house of hers, so I moved her in with the stupid sissy and took her house instead, because I'm the one with the brains to do it, not Marian. She doesn't deserve it, but I do! That's why I should be the supervisor here, not Marian!"

"Get her out of here!" Samantha told the police over top of Vivian's yelling. "She's going to keep spouting off like that?" she asked Marian.

"She's got no choice. She'll admit the truth and all of it, over and over again. For quite some time most likely. The police will have absolutely no trouble getting everything out of her. As you can see, she's going to be bragging about it."

The room fell much quieter as Vivian and Felicia were dragged out of the room. Vivian's ranting finally disappeared so that none of them could hear it anymore.

"What's going on?" Ashley asked.

"Most likely," Samantha replied, "a big reorganization. Starting in here."

"What's going to happen?" Beverly asked next.

Samantha shook her head. "We've yet to determine that."

"Are we going to lose our jobs?" Lisa asked next.

"Nobody is losing their jobs," Samantha told them all. "With the exception of Vivian and Felicia of course. But it's possible that you could all be split up and moved around to other sections. But your jobs with the company are all safe." She noted the looks of relief on everyone's faces.

But Samantha was reminded of something she had to straighten out. "As I understand it," she said, "this all started because you thought that Phillip had somehow gotten Terry and Leanne fired. But they weren't fired at all. They've been sent to the company's management trainee school. In fact, I understand that Terry should be back here very soon. Phillip, at that time, was given a choice by me, either come in here to help you out, or be laid off for lack of funding in the advertising department where he was.

"From what I've seen, this all came about because you all jumped to the absolute wrong conclusion. And to be honest, you probably all need to be reprimanded for it – severely. But the company did nothing to set the record straight and so I'm not going to make any mention of this in any of your company records." She could see relief in many of their eyes.

"And Maria?" Beverly asked. "What happened to her? She left the same day and the same way that Terry and Leanne did."

Samantha shook her head. "Maria was fired. As I understand it, she's likely to be in prison for some time for the possession of and for selling some very bad drugs. Lots of them. The police arrested her right downstairs in the security offices and took her out of here."

"So that's why Felicia said she couldn't find her or contact her," Beverly noted.

“Most likely,” Samantha agreed.

“And how about Marian?” Courtney asked. “Phillip too.”

Samantha looked briefly to Marian and then Phillip before answering the question. “Marian…and Phillip, won’t be here anymore.”

Epilog.

Six Months Later

Marian sat on one of her patio chairs and watched Phyllis playing in the sandbox out in their new backyard. Playing in the sandbox was one of the activities he was allowed to do. Actually, the truth was that he was required to do it. It was a child's activity, and therefore, he had to do it. Of course, he was dressed appropriately as a child as well. The short plaid skirt he was wearing, the red knee socks, the T–bar shoes, the top he was wearing with bunny rabbits on the front. Even the sweater he was wearing against the chill of their new Denver home were all made for a little girl. Because that was Sissy Phyllis's life right now – that of a little girl, almost completely.

And unfortunately, under his short skirt, he was still in diapers. It was the one and only thing she couldn't seem to be able to get him past since she had managed to break him out from Vivian's hypnotic conditioning. Strength had turned out to be the key that night. Her strength was obviously stronger than Vivian's since Marian had managed to break free on her own. Over and over again Marian had hammered that fact at Phillip, forcing him to see that she was the superior woman over Vivian. And convincing Phillip of that fact finally made Marian the stronger woman in his eyes. It was the final catalyst to finally pull him out from under Vivian's control…and put him tentatively under Marian's control. And when she had done it, she had managed to hypnotize Phillip very lightly only once, fixing things within him so that Vivian could never hypnotize him again, and also making sure that none of Vivian's previous suggestions would remain in him. Before she hypnotized him though, she had done so only with his permission, and only with the promise that she would never ever hypnotize him again. And she intended to keep that promise. But Sissy Phyllis was still too afraid of snakes, and somehow, what Vivian had done to him went far beyond the hypnotic compulsion she had placed in him.

And now, in their new Denver home, Marian had still been trying to get him out of the diapers since that night when she had gotten them free. She had even offered him the incentive to let him grow up some and be allowed to wear high heels and more grown up clothes, but not until he could get out of those stinking diapers. And she knew Phillip wanted to try the new clothes. She knew that despite his fascination with being nothing but a little girl, he also wanted some grown–up time as well. But he just couldn't get past the snakes. What worried Marian the most about it though, was that she suspected that Phyllis was becoming all too used to those diapers. She suspected that in reality, he didn't mind them or even care about them so much anymore. That would be a bigger problem to solve. So in the meantime, he would remain a little girl, and not be allowed to be a grown up girl at all.

Since they had left their last home, Sissy Phyllis had worn nothing but little girl clothes, and nothing but skirts and dresses at that. Absolutely no male clothes at all for him – for any reason. And no pants of any kind allowed – ever. Under any circumstances. When they

moved, they had left what few things they had bought for him behind. He had been forced to move to their new home as her little girl – despite what he obviously was.

The agreement they were "trying" put Marian strictly and firmly in charge of him…totally. And since his fantasies had revolved around the little girl problem, she had decided to give it to him – pretty much permanently. He literally went everywhere now dressed as a little girl. Marian always delighted in seeing him squirm whenever they were out in public – which was pretty much daily.

The legal affairs back home, their last home, had taken much longer than anyone anticipated. Whenever they had to appear in court or for any "official" reason, Phyllis had always been allowed to go as a man, dressed in that suit that they had bought him. But outside of those tedious proceedings, Phyllis had been forced into learning the role of the little girl – even back then. He had been forced to learn that role…and other roles as well.

They had gotten together many times back then with her lawyer Mel…and also her husband Chad, or Sissy as he was just as often called. Talk about a strange relationship. They alternated periods of her being in charge with periods of letting him be his normal self. And evidently it seemed to work very nicely for them. During that entire time, Chad had been in one of those periods when he was being himself instead of his alter self – Sissy. But that didn't keep him from spending a lot of time with Phyllis, talking with him, helping him, and more importantly, teaching him. Sissy Phyllis was really quiet adept now at keeping the entire house clean as well as making very nice dinners for them both before Marian got home from work. Such a joy!

Marian wasn't a supervisor anymore, she was just another worker in one of the departments at the company branch office here in Denver. But at least the job paid well. It wouldn't have been worth it to accept the position and move otherwise. And Sissy Phyllis? He worked for the company still too, but he worked exclusively from home. He again worked in the advertising division, creating beautiful ads and pictures for the company to use. Marian smiled at that. Phyllis was so artistically talented, and the bedroom / workroom they had created for him was really the perfect place for him to work. Not to mention how totally divine it had turned out. They had gotten the idea from seeing Chad – Sissy's office back where they were. His office had been created as a combination baby nursery and workplace – all in one. So that's what she and Sissy Phyllis had done with his bedroom. It was a little girl's dream bedroom – but with everything he could possible need to create his artwork and do whatever work the company required. As far as she could tell, so far, things were working out better than either of them anticipated.

And in return, she and Sissy Phyllis managed to spend lots of "quality" time in the bedroom together. And Marian had grown particularly fond of him nursing at her breasts…which fortunately no longer produced an overabundance of milk…only a moderate, manageable amount. And later, after his nursing, the other activities they shared together still occasionally

brought forth some unbidden moos out of her throat, but neither of them cared about that in the least.

No, she would never marry him. Never! But Marian was growing more and more fond of Sissy Phyllis each day. But other than the bedroom, it was more like a mother and her daughter relationship instead of the usual man – woman thing…if you didn't count their bedroom activities. It was so strange. But then their lives were totally strange. Yet so far, their strange lives were working out just fine for both of them. At least they were both quite happy with everything now – despite how humiliated Sissy Phyllis felt every time he left the house – or any time anyone came to visit them – or any time the neighbors spoke to him over the fence. But Marian knew he actually lived for those situations. Deep down, he actually craved the humiliation. It was why she subjected him to those situations as often as possible.

She glanced at her watch. It was time. They had to go. "Phyllis!" she called to him out in his sandbox. "We've got to go now. Hurry up! And make sure the sand is brushed off you."

She watched as he immediately stood up, leaving his toys where they were. He briefly brushed off his clothes, grabbed Dolly, and skipped toward her with a smile on his face. He was looking forward to this a lot. And to tell the truth, so was she. Mel and her husband Sissy were flying out to spend a few days visiting, and it was time to pick them up at the airport. And evidently, this time Chad wasn't allowed to be himself anymore. This time he would be totally Sissy. Marian couldn't wait to see what Mel was doing with him now. The things Mel had told her about their past had been hysterical.

"Is your diaper wet?" Marian asked Phyllis.

"Not too bad," Phyllis replied. "It should hold for a while."

Marian shook her head. "I'm worried that you just want to show it off to Sissy as soon as he gets here." She hadn't expected to see the broad delighted smile that lit up Sissy Phyllis's face. Yeah, no doubt at all. Sissy Phyllis was looking forward to having a playmate for a few days.

The End.