The Housekeeper.

by

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Chapter 01.

"But Momma," Carol complained, "I don't know what else to do! There's just not much around here!"

Janice Stokley listened to her daughter's voice over the phone and realized that her daughter was limited in what she was capable of arranging from where she was. "I've only got a little more than a week left, Honey. We need to think of something. Otherwise, you know it's going to take that much longer."

"I know Momma, I've been trying! But I'm all out of ideas."

Janice thought for a few moments. Things were getting desperate! It was time to start grasping at straws. "How about that math teacher of yours? Are you still seeing him after school?"

"Mr. Brinkley?"

"Yes. You said he was helping you. Is he married?"

Carol thought about it. "I don't think so, but I really don't know for sure. I think I remember there was some talk a while back about him dating Miss White, the art teacher here, but I haven't heard any more about it for a while now. So I guess… he's probably not married. And I think I heard recently that Miss White was seen out with one of the other teachers, so he's probably not going with her anymore."

"Okay," Janice replied, "that at least sounds a little promising. Tell you what, can you still borrow your friend's car?"

"Michelle's car? I think so. She's let me borrow it before."

"Good. Then here's what I want you to do…."

Roger Brinkley finished grading the last of his student's tests and shoved the whole stack into his expandable case that he used every day. His last class had ended an hour earlier and the county High School building was quiet and felt empty. He grabbed his case, closed the door to his classroom behind him, and headed out to his car. The cold mid–March wind that assailed him did little to forecast the usual blistering summer that would be blanketing Georgia a few months from now. As he drove out of the parking lot, he didn't notice the car that was following him.

He turned onto the main road that ran right though the center of the small northeastern Georgia town and followed the twisting rural highway out through the small city area and out into the rural countryside. Ten minutes later, he turned off onto a smaller country road. Five minutes after that, he slowed down and turned into a long dirt driveway that ran up to his house. He pressed the garage door opener before he got there and drove straight in, pressing the button again to close the garage door behind him. Grabbing his case, he hurried inside.

Carol continued past his house till she could no longer see it, then she pulled to the side of the road and stopped. She looked around. Nothing but trees… and no traffic. Feeling safe enough, she got out of the car and walked cautiously back toward the house. The house sat on a fairly large lot that was surrounded on three sides by trees. She realized that as she had driven past, she hadn't seen any other houses along the road for quite a ways. It looked just like many of the other remote houses in this part of the country.

Hiding just inside the tree line, she moved ever closer, till finally, she ran out and hid up against the side of the house itself.

The outside of the house looked more than a bit worn and was hurting for a decent coat of paint. She cautiously moved to the front of the house and the first window she came to. Standing on her toes, she was just able to peer inside. What she saw surprised her. She saw nothing but bare board walls, totally unfinished. She ran to the next window and looked in there too – the same thing! Two rooms that were totally gutted!

The sound of a door closing at the back of the house scared her into motionless silence, but after a few moments, she relaxed and continued her tour.

She jumped up onto the small cement porch to look into the next window and got another surprise. From what she could see of the living room through the small break in the curtains, the furnishings looked to be fairly modern, a stark contrast to not only the unfinished rooms but also to the drab looking exterior of the house. To her, the furnishings appeared to be a bit sparse, but otherwise it all looked fairly nice.

She hurried around to the side of the one–car garage and ran down the length of the building, cautiously watching for any sign of anyone else around. There didn't appear to be any windows in the garage at all, but there was one near the very back of the house. It was fairly high, but by jumping, she could just see into the kitchen. She couldn't see it well, but she got the impression that it looked fairly nice too. Even the few quick looks she got by jumping brought the impression of "new" about the kitchen.

Turning the corner to the back of the house, she noticed a large building in the yard a good distance away from the house. To her it looked like an old garage or a barn of some sort. Noticing that the side door to that building was open, she quickly ran to the far side of the

house where she was less likely to be seen before continuing to look in the windows. This time she saw a bedroom. And again, the room looked fairly nice. Not huge and not a lot of furniture, but at least it was finished.

A tiny, frosted window was next. Bathroom, she guessed.

A loud noise from the building in the back grabbed her attention and she ran back to the rear corner to look. The noise ended, then a moment later, it came again. She couldn't figure out what it was. She moved closer to the backyard and glanced around. She saw nobody. The coast seemed to be clear. She hurried over to the outbuilding and peered into one of the few windows. There he was, Mr. Brinkley. He was dressed in jeans and an old work shirt. As she watched, he grabbed a long board from a stack and carried it over to one of the machines inside. He measured the board, made a mark with the pencil from his shirt pocket, then he started the machine – the noise she had heard before. A second later, the board was cut in half.

She left him to his work and ran back to the main house. Did she dare look inside? What if he was married? She didn't think he was but she didn't know for sure. But her Momma…. Throwing caution to the wind, she ran up the back steps to the small wooden deck and opened the back door.

She found herself in the laundry room. The washer and dryer looked fairly new. There was a closet next to them and hooks for coats along the opposite wall. The kitchen was next, the impression she had gotten earlier about everything looking fairly nice was quickly confirmed. The appliances all looked new and there was even a table with four chairs in the room as well. But she dared not linger to look closer.

She hurried through the house, glancing into every room as quickly as possible. Most of the inside of the house looked fairly nice. Much of it looked new. But there were still those two rooms that remained completely gutted. She guessed that he was probably rebuilding the house… fixing it up.

She hurried out the front door before he could discover that she had been there and went back to her car. She knew enough. It was time to go home and wait for Momma's phone call.

Janice smiled at the prison guard like she always did before she entered the room with the telephones. The guards didn't usually spend much time listening in on conversations, but she still tried to be as careful as possible. She was praying that Carol would have good news for her today, and if so, then today she would have to be more careful than ever.

She dialed the number she had memorized over a year ago. She heard the operator asking the woman who answered if she would accept the charges – fortunately, she always did…

but then she should, the woman was getting reimbursed for all these calls by Janice's lawyer. "Hello, Mrs. Faye. . . . Yes, I'm doing fine. Looking forward to getting out of here. It can't be soon enough for me. Is Carol there? . . . Yes, I'll wait."

Janice had never seen the foster home that her daughter now lived in, but Carol had said that it was okay – but mostly just annoying. Janice didn't doubt it for a moment. It was only a minute till she heard someone picking up the phone again.

"Momma?"

"Hi Honey," Janice said cheerily. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, Momma."

Janice dropped her voice. "Can you talk?"

Carol looked around. She was alone. "Yes," she replied softly. "No problem."

"Good Honey. What did you find out?" As Janice listened to her daughter, her hopes began to rise. It didn't sound as good as she would have liked, and there were some definite problems, but still, it sounded as if it might be workable. "You're sure of all this?"

"Yes! And like I said, I even went through his house, so I saw it all myself."

"Excellent!" Janice replied. She had to stop to think a moment… to decide. Time was running out and she didn't want to waste even more time unnecessarily. She hated certain aspects of what they would have to do, but desperate was desperate. She made her decision to move forward. "Okay, Honey, now it's time for you to be the brave and resourceful daughter I raised you to be. Are you ready?"

"I can do this, Momma. I hate him anyway!"

"Why dear? I thought he was helping you?"

"He is… sort of. I just hate algebra, that's all! Why do I have to learn something I'm never going to use?"

Janice could have given her daughter lots of reasons… millions of reasons… literally, but it was probably better if Carol continued to hate him. Besides, her math teacher was a man and Janice had no decent use for any man! If this wasn't so important, she would have avoided this plan like the plague! "We'll worry about that after we get past all this. Besides, if you do this right, you won't ever have to worry about failing his class."

"All the more reason I have to do this!" Carol declared firmly. "I hate him, Momma! I can do this. I'm ready! I want to do this!"

"I know, Honey," Janice replied with a small smile on her face. She dropped her voice to almost a whisper, "Now, here's some things you need to think about…."

Roger's last class ended and he watched the student's hurrying out. School was over for the day. He had no tests to grade, but he still couldn't go home yet. Twice a week he stayed behind to offer extra help to any students who might be interested. Lately though, the only one who regularly showed up was Carol Stokley – when she bothered to show up.

Carol had transferred to the school last year and was now in her Junior year, but she just couldn't seem to understand the concepts behind how to do the work. And if she didn't pass his course, then she would be a Junior again next year too. But she was desperate not to fail his class and more desperate not to stay behind in school.

It wasn't that she wasn't smart, in fact, Roger had the impression that she was very smart. It was more like she had somehow learned it all backwards… most likely because of some lousy math teacher in the past who didn't give a damn. Carol was capable of doing the work, but there were just so many things she seemed to have learned wrong, that consequently, she was struggling horribly. She was getting better, but despite the fact that she usually met with him once or twice a week, it was still very slow going.

He glanced at the clock, she was later than usual. He'd wait a bit more for her, knowing that sometimes the kids got delayed with their friends. Of course, it wasn't unusual for her to not show up at all. He continued to wait, the noise from the building emptying out slowly abated and everything got quiet once again. Just as he was about to give up on her, she walked in and closed the door behind her.

"There you are. I was just about to give up and go home," he said. There was something about the smile that she gave him then that sent a tiny chill down his spine.

Instead of taking a seat at one of the desks in the front row, she walked up and leaned across his desk toward him. Very softly but clearly she spoke. "I'm about to blow the whistle on you. When I walk out of here today, I'm going to tell the police that you raped me in here!"

"I what?" He was startled beyond belief. "Don't even joke about such a thing!"

"Oh, I'm not joking," she replied as she stood up straight again, a wicked smile back on her face.

"You know perfectly well that I've never touched you… nor am I interested in ever touching you."

"But you see, that doesn't matter. Everybody knows we've been meeting here for quite some time now. It's only natural that they'd believe me. And I know how to be very convincing!"

He was so shocked he couldn't think straight. "You wouldn't!"

"Oh, I not only would… I'm going to! Unless…"

"Unless what?"

She leaned back over his desk towards him again. "Unless you agree to do absolutely anything I tell you to do… no questions asked!"

"Like what?"

She stood up again and shrugged her shoulders. "Well, we'll just have to see what comes up."

"This is crazy! You can't do this!"

"Oh, but I can. Believe me, I can. And no matter what you say, there's nothing you can do to stop me."

"This isn't right! It's not fair!"

"It's not supposed to be fair."

"They won't believe you!"

"We've already been through that. You know they will. In this kind of situation, they always believe the student."

He knew it was true. He had just never believed that something like this could happen to him. And even if he was eventually found innocent, the scandal alone would get him fired. "This is blackmail!"

She just shrugged. "That… and probably a lot more."

"You want money?" he asked.

She shook her head. “No, not really.”

“Then what?”

“Like I said, I want you to agree to do anything and everything I tell you to do. No complaining, no questions, no putting it off. You do what I order, or you go to jail. And I’ll bet you really wouldn’t like jail very much, would you!”

No, he wouldn’t. His whole life would be gone. Everything! “So if I agree to do what you want, you won’t press charges… or even mention this?”

“Not as long as you behave yourself.” She giggled a bit. She had him and she knew it.

“Okay,” he replied. “So what do you want me to do?”

The smile left her face. “Let’s get this straight. Are you, or are you not agreeing with my terms?”

He stared back at her for a moment, anger seething within him. It was all bogus! It was all a lie! Yet there wasn’t a damn thing he could do about it. Frustrated, he threw his hands up in the air. “Okay! I agree!”

“Say it! Say it out loud that you agree to do whatever I tell you to do!”

“Okay! I agree to do whatever you tell me to do!”

She nodded. “Good. Now that we’ve got that straight… let’s start with some simple tests. Stand up.”

Exasperated and having little choice, he pushed his chair back and stood up.

“Move around to the side of your desk,” she ordered.

He walked around and stood next to his desk. She moved over to stand in front of him.

“Give me your cell phone.”

“My cell….”

“No questions!” she yelled.

He reached into the pocket of his sport jacket and pulled his cell phone out and handed it to her.

She opened his phone and looked over it. Yes! It was a fairly old one, but it had a camera – perfect. She looked back up at him. "Now we're going to do something to seal the deal. Drop your pants!"

"What?" he exclaimed angrily, not believing what she had just told him to do.

Carol put a very disappointed look on her face, hoisted her bag to her shoulder, she set his phone down on one of the desks, and started walking out. "I'm sure the police are going to be very interested," she said without looking back.

Roger could almost feel the handcuffs being slapped on his wrists as he watched her leave his classroom. In disbelief, he quickly followed her. The part that disturbed him now, was that she didn't head for the door to go outside. Instead, she headed the opposite direction, down the hall toward the school office. He followed her, but at a distance. She turned the corner, still heading for the office. He followed, but he couldn't make himself go any further than that corner. She never even looked back at him. He couldn't believe it! She was really going to do it! She was really going to report him to the school… and they would immediately have to call the police! It was bogus! Totally bogus! And there wasn't anything he could do about it. Never pausing, he saw her reach out to grab the handle of the door leading into the office. He had visions of being harshly arrested and thrown into jail – where he didn't belong and didn't want to be. His whole life would be over! He'd never be able to teach again! "Okay. I'll do it," he called.

She stopped, her hand still holding the handle of the door. She looked back at him but she made no move to come back.

"I'll do it," he said again, totally exasperated with the situation.

She turned and slowly made her way back toward him, never once taking her eyes away from his eyes. When she got close, she stopped. "I'll do it," he said again. The expression on her face never changed. To him, she still looked angry. He turned and headed back toward his classroom. He didn't look, but he knew she was following somewhere behind.

He went into the classroom, back toward his desk, but when she got there, she stopped in the doorway. She stood there, staring at him, but not doing anything else. Finally she spoke. "I'm waiting."

He still couldn't believe it. He still couldn't believe what this sick girl was making him do. But standing next to his desk, he quickly undid his belt, unfastened his pants and pulled them down to his knees. She waited a few moments longer before she closed the door and walked back to him. "Next time," she said, "I'm gone for good… and you soon will be too! Understand?"

"Yeah," he replied sullenly.

"Not yeah… it's 'yes Miss Carol' from now on! Say it!"

She had surprised him yet again. "Yes, Miss Carol," he repeated.

She stared at him for a moment, making him wait, making him wonder. Then she only nodded. "Take your jacket off." He took his sport coat off and placed it on his desk. "Now your shirt and tie." A minute later, his bare chest was completely exposed. Except for his underwear, he was naked from the knees up. His pants kept threatening to slip all the way down so he grabbed for them to help keep them up. "Just take them all the way off," she commanded. "Your shoes and socks too."

He had already gone this far, removing his pants the rest of the way wasn't much different. He slipped them off and piled them with the rest of his clothes. Only his underwear kept him from being totally naked in front of her. He put his hands down in front of him for modesty. She slapped his hands away. "Don't bother!" His hands went back to his sides.

She walked around him then, slowly examining his hairy body. It was all the hair she found so surprising. None of the boys that she knew had that much body hair. None! But he had hair… everywhere! Even covering his back! She found it all… ugly. She went all the way around until she got back in front of him again. "Do you have a pair of scissors in your desk?"

"I think so."

"I think so, Miss Carol!" she barked!

Her ferocity actually scared him for a moment. "I think so, Miss Carol," he replied.

"Well get them!"

He hurried back to his desk, opened it and grabbed the scissors. Then he hurried right back to the side of his desk again.

"I don't want you to pull your underwear off. I want you to cut them off. Do it so that you can't ever wear them again."

What she was asking would leave him totally naked in front of her. "But…"

"Did I tell you that you can speak? No! You don't say anything unless I give you permission! You just do it… or else!"

Her yelling once again frightened him. He quickly glanced down at his briefs and tried to figure out the best way to do as she had commanded.

"What do you say, Maggot?"

He looked back up at her. "Yes, Miss Carol?"

She nodded, then stood there waiting again.

He glanced down at his briefs to figure out how he wanted to complete her command.

As he pulled out the side of his waistband, she grabbed his cell phone from where she had set it down earlier. She quickly found the setting for taking pictures and she raised it up toward him and put her finger on the button to snap a picture.

Slowly, he cut down the entire side. As he was about half–way through, he heard the electronic click of her taking the picture. He gasped in disbelief as his scissors stopped right where they were. "Keep going," she commanded, still keeping the cell phone's camera aimed at his task. Hating every second of it, he allowed the scissors to complete their job. It was a good thing he was still holding onto the waistband because otherwise his underwear would have fallen off.

"Now the other side," she commanded, the cell phone still aimed and ready.

Carefully, he changed his grip on both the scissors and his waist band, now pulling them out on the other side. As he did so, the front of the side he had already cut, flopped downward, nearly exposing him completely. He hesitated to do as he knew he had to, but he didn't hesitate very long. With one bold cut, the scissors parted the other side all the way down. He felt the back of his underwear falling down between his legs. The front actually stayed mostly in place because he was still holding it there.

She took another picture. "Just drop them in the trash," she commanded.

He turned his body as he did so, trying as much as possible to not expose himself too much to her. The cut–up underwear landed in the top of his trash can, on top of everything else. He only hoped that nobody would ever see them there. Hopefully, he could grab them before he left later.

"I'm waiting," she said. He really hated doing it, but he turned back to face her, fully exposed. She snapped another picture. "Now play with it!" she commanded. "Make it hard!"

Her command was so outrageous that he couldn't believe she had said it. But then, wasn't everything she had said and done so far just as bad? He hated her so much for this. This was

so wrong! Yet he could think of nothing that he could do about it. Grabbing his member, he began working it, massaging it, trying to make it do what he didn't want it to do.

All the while he was masturbating himself, she was snapping more pictures. She moved back to the middle of the room and held the camera up again, taking in more of the room, including his desk and the blackboard. Then she moved off to the side and took another one showing him and the wall clock above the classroom door. Several pictures later, she came closer to him again. His cock was definitely larger now. She stared at it, fascinated, even as she kept snapping more pictures.

He hated himself for giving in to her. He hated his body for responding under these circumstances, but despite himself, he was growing ever more aroused. He felt himself growing closer and closer to climax. Nearly there!

"Stop!" she commanded. Confused, it took him a moment to realize what she had said, and then follow her order. With his hand still on his member, he looked up at her quizzically. "Get dressed," she commanded. "We have other things to do today."

As he was pulling his clothes back on, she moved several rows back and took a seat at one of the desks. She went though picture after picture, pushing buttons over and over again as if she was actually doing what she really wanted to be doing. He just couldn't know that she wasn't actually doing it. When she was done, she looked up at him again. He was totally dressed. "I've just sent all those pictures somewhere else for safe keeping," she told him.

He suspected that's what she had been doing, he just didn't want to believe it. She now had absolute proof that would land him in jail any time she wanted to press the issue. He was trapped worse than before!

She stood up again and slung her purse over her shoulder. "Come on, you're buying me a cell phone."

As he drove her into town toward the cell phone store, he tried desperately to think of a way out of his predicament, but she had managed to cut off all escape with a frightening finality. Since she had sent those pictures off to somewhere… or possibly to someone else, no matter what he claimed now, she had proof that he had exposed himself to her – no matter that it had never happened before. The fear of prison weighed heavier and heavier in his stomach the further he drove. "Isn't there anything we can do to end this?" he finally asked.

"Shut up!" she yelled quickly. "I didn't give you permission to speak. Besides, we both know now that you're going to do whatever I say, no matter what!"

After that, he was silent all the way out to the store. Once inside, she looked around at all the different cell phones till she found one that she liked – naturally one of the most expensive ones. She pointed toward it, "Buy me two of those! One in pink and one in purple. And make sure you get a plan that includes unlimited everything! You can add them to your own account if you like, I don't care. You'll be paying for it all anyway." He knew he would.

When they left the store, her next command surprised him even more. "Drive me to your house now!" He dared not say a word as he drove out of town, all the way out to his own house. She had him pull straight into the garage and close the door behind them. Then she got out of the car like she owned the place. He followed from the garage through the door that led directly into his kitchen.

He watched silently as she went from room to room, examining his home in minute detail. Every room was closely looked at, every closet was opened and searched. She even opened every drawer in his dresser and briefly rifled through everything. "No guns?" she asked as if she was disappointed.

He shook his head. "None. What would I need one for?"

She only nodded her head in reply as she looked around one more time. "What are you doing with the place?" she asked. "Half of it looks like a construction zone."

"I bought a fixer upper," he replied. "I'm fixing it up. It's kind of my hobby. I'm hoping to finish it and resell it. Then buy another one to do."

She just nodded again as if she didn't really care. She glanced at her watch. It was time to do something with him. She had other things to take care of now. She headed down the short hallway where the bedrooms were to one of the rooms still under construction. All the walls were nothing but exposed boards. The ceiling too was nothing but exposed beams. The light above was just a single bare bulb hanging from one of the beams. The floor wasn't finished either, it looked like nothing but old scared boards. One of the walls between the rooms was nothing but studs. She could walk right through it into the next room if she wanted to. "Lay down over by that wall," she commanded, pointing at the stud wall between the rooms. When he hesitated, she shouted at him. "Do it now!" Reluctantly he did as he was told. "Put your back to it!"

As he got himself into position, she walked through the wall into the next room and set her bag on the floor. She pulled out a set of handcuffs. "Put your arms behind your back," she commanded angrily, letting him know that there would be no disobeying her. As much as he didn't want to do it, he again had no choice. Laying on his side, he worked his arms behind him. He felt her pulling them both harshly backward to the other side of the wall. The wall stud between his arms dug into his back. Then suddenly, he felt the metal cuff snap into place on one wrist. Fear ran through him once again. He tried to pull his arm back, but

she held it too tightly. His fear grew worse as she locked the cuff on his other wrist too. She has shackled him to the wall!

Carol relaxed slightly as she dropped his now bound hands. The cuffs had been a lucky bonus. She had accidentally discovered them when she was at her friend Michelle's house when the two of them had gone into her mother's bedroom to look for something else. As her friend quickly searched her mother's dresser, she had checked the drawers in the nightstand. Seeing the cuffs with the key still in them had somewhat shocked her. But knowing about her mother's plan and what she would soon need to do, she had palmed the cuffs and managed to get them out of the house. She had felt a little guilty about it then since Michelle was her friend, but now she was glad she had done it. The cuffs made things much easier. She only wished she had a few more of them.

She would have simply left him like he was, but she didn't know how strong that board was between his arms. And thanks to all the disastrous scenarios that her mother had mentioned over the phone, she now had visions of him pulling the whole thing apart and coming after her. The board wall between the rooms was simply a lucky break that she hadn't even planned on, so she had taken her mother's advice and prepared something else to keep him secure. She went back to her bag and pulled out a short length of thin rope that she had found in the basement at the foster home where she lived. She tied a large loop in one end of it… then after thinking for a moment about what she was wanted to do, she tied another one in the other side of the rope. She dropped it on the floor behind him.

She walked back through the wall… back in front of him. Quickly bending down, she grabbed his ankles and started pulling them back toward the other side of the wall.

"Hey! What are you doing?" he yelled.

She dropped his legs and hurried around to his front side again and kicked him – hard! She was rewarded to hear his yelp of pain. "Shut up!" she yelled. "I didn't give you permission to speak!" She watched for a moment as he writhed in pain. Then she grabbed his ankles again and continued pulling them through to the other side of the wall, two boards away from the board between his bound arms. This time there was no protest. She dropped his legs and grabbed the piece of rope, slipping one of the loops over one ankle, she closed the loop tightly over that ankle. Reaching out, she grabbed his handcuffed wrists and pulling as hard as she could, she brought his ankle all the way up to his outstretched arms, pulling the rope from his leg over top of the cuffs on his wrists. She ignored his groaning, not caring in the least about his pain. She had to reach hard to grab his other leg, but a minute later, that too was connected to the rope between the cuffs behind his back.

She stood up to survey her work. He was bent backwards very uncomfortably, wrapped around all those wall boards. She watched as he struggled, but there was very little he could

do. There was no way he could get out of the cuffs, and chained around the wall like he was, he certainly wasn't going anywhere either.

Without saying another word, she grabbed her bag and closed the door behind her as she walked back out to his living room where he couldn't hear her. She sat on his couch and checked her watch again. It was not only time, it was past time. Using her new cell phone, she dialed the number her mother had made her memorize. Someone on the other end picked up. She had to ask to speak with Janice Stokley, but the wait was only moments. "Mom?" she asked when she heard someone picking up the phone.

"Carol!" her mother's voice returned. "How did it go?"

Carol sat back on the couch and relaxed. "I'm calling from my new cell phone. Does that answer your question?"

"Good girl!" Janice exclaimed excitedly. "Where is he now?"

"Chained up on the floor to one of the walls he's still building. He looks very uncomfortable the way I did it."

"Tough! Let him rot there!" her mother declared. "As long as it won't kill him."

"No danger of that," Carol replied.

"Good. So did you manage to get any pictures?"

"Yes! Tons of them! Great ones! I can't wait to show them to you. When we're done here, I'm going to transfer them all from his phone to our new ones."

"Good girl! Now you know what you have to do from here?"

"No problem. Like you said, I should have a little fun with him. I just wish I didn't have to keep going back to that stupid home every night."

"You have to – for now! But that will all change soon, Honey."

"Yeah, I know," she replied, sullenly.

When her call finally ended, Carol wandered outside to his workshop and looked around carefully. She looked at everything she could to make sure there were no guns in there. She paid particular attention to the small area where all his fishing stuff was located, but fortunately, no guns there either. He certainly did have a lot of tools though – and machines. She didn't even know what half of them were. There were stacks of wood everywhere too.

She wandered over to his workbench. A roll of duct tape hanging on the wall caught her eye. She grabbed it and went back into the house.

"Please release me," he begged the minute she got near enough for him to see her. "I've got to pee!"

Quickly she hurried over to him and kicked him swiftly in his groin. He writhed in pain, cursing and moaning loudly. "Did I give you permission to speak? No! You don't say anything unless I tell you to! And if you have to pee, then you'll just have to do it right where you are. Anything else for that matter too."

She pulled a length of duct tape off of the roll and pressed it firmly across his mouth, making sure to seal it as well as possible. "There, maybe that will help to keep you quiet for a while." She reached into his pocket and fished around for a moment, finally pulling out his car keys. Then she reached into his back pocket and removed his wallet. She stood up. "If you're good, maybe I'll bring you something to eat."

She turned and walked away from him. Two minutes later, she was pulling out of the garage in his car, leaving him behind to his own miseries.

Roger struggled angrily once again, but all it brought him was more frustration. His arms ached, his shoulders ached, his legs ached, and his back ached. And the metal cuffs on his wrists just plain hurt! How had this happened? He tried to open his mouth, but the tape was too firm. He tried to yell, but all that would come out was more moaning that wouldn't carry anywhere. Not that there would be anyone around to hear him. His house was fairly isolated and sat on a rather large lot. Images of him being left there like that to die flashed though his mind. He forced them away.

And he really did have to pee, a need that only grew worse the more he thought about it. He tried to push that away from his mind as well. He was only partially successful.

He wanted to kill her – badly! As much as he was against violence, he was now contemplating exactly that – violence against a child! A child? Ha! A monster! Would it be better to go to prison for murdering her… or go to prison for the trumped up bogus things she was blackmailing him with now? Well, he guessed they were no longer so bogus. She now had all those compromising pictures of him that she had sent off somewhere. That wasn't good! Was it possible that there could be any way he could get out of this without going to prison? As far as he could now see, his only hope was in going along with her… for now. He would have to see what he could come up with in the future to fix things and get out of this mess. Besides, he was fairly sure that she had some kind of distinct agenda on her mind, and he wanted to know what it was. Once he knew that, then maybe then the authorities would believe him!

Carol glanced at her watch. Unfortunately, she would have to make sure she was back at the foster home before it got too late. But Momma had said that some things absolutely had to be taken care of, no matter how unpleasant. Actually, this wasn't all that unpleasant. She drove into the drive through at Burger King and ordered dinner, paying for it with his money. Then she headed straight back to his house again.

He was still there, right where she left him. But then, where else would he be? She walked into the unfinished room and set the bag of food down on the floor. Then she went all the way out to his kitchen and dragged one of the chairs back with her. She set the chair well back away from him. Then she knelt down next to him and ripped the tape off of his mouth. He screamed in pain as she did it. She didn't really care. She walked back to her chair, picked up the bag of food from the floor and sat down. She pulled a chicken sandwich out of the bag for herself, opened it and took a bite. She pulled a French–fry out of the bag, held it up, and looked at it. Then she threw it at him. It landed on the floor in front of his face. "Eat it!" she commanded.

Roger looked at it. It was close enough to his face that he could probably just get it into his mouth. But it was laying on the floor that was not just dirty, it was filthy from all the deconstruction he had done in the room. "No thanks," he replied. Before he knew what was happening, she was up out of her seat and delivering another wicked kick directly to his groin. He cried out loudly at the pain as he writhed helplessly. And then, as she was sitting back down again, the dam on his bladder gave way. It had been a long time since he had been to the bathroom and there was simply no holding it back anymore. He heard her laughing at him as she saw the spreading wet patch growing around him. He began to cry – for so many reasons.

"Baby!" she said as she took another bite of her sandwich. She watched him crying for a few moments. Then she commanded again. "Now eat that fry!"

With tears blurring his vision, he again turned to the French–fry on the dirty floor in front of him. With a great deal of effort, he finally got his tongue on it and was able to pull it into his mouth. He tasted the grit and dirt and sawdust from the floor as he chewed and swallowed. And then another fry bounced off of his face.

Carol finished her sandwich while continuing to throw him the fries. Then she pulled another sandwich out of the bag and began breaking it up into little pieces and throwing those at him to eat too, until finally he had finished it all.

She ripped a fresh piece of duct tape off of the roll and pressed it to his mouth again, then she stood over him. "You're going to learn to do as you're told. One way or another, you're going to learn. Now I'm going to leave you here like that to think about things tonight. I'll be back real early tomorrow to help you get ready for school. We have some more things to do then. By tomorrow, I hope you'll be a little smarter and show me a little more respect!"

She left him again, taking his car. She drove back to the foster home but parked his car a block away where nobody would see it. When she got inside, she told Mrs. Faye that she would be leaving very early every morning for a while so she could work on a school project with her friends. Mrs. Faye really didn't care. With a house full of foster children, she had enough other kids to worry about, and Carol had never been a problem.

Chapter 02.

Carol managed to get up and dressed before dawn. Before she left the foster home, she briefly rummaged through her clothes to find a little something extra that went directly into her large purse. Then she was out the door and walking quickly towards his car that she had left a block away. She stopped at Burger King again and used his money to buy them both breakfast before she drove to his house. His garage door opened at the touch of a button and closed again the same way.

She carried the food inside and went directly to check on him. As she hoped, he was right where she had left him. But then, there was no way he could move very much at all. He looked rather rough after his night on the floor, chained as he was around the wall studs. The spot where he had peed on the floor last night was much bigger too… and it smelled. Obviously he hadn't been able to hold it. Tough!

He looked silently up at her as she approached. The total misery on his face was evident. Good! She quickly knelt down and ripped the tape off of his mouth. He screamed at the pain, then took several deep breaths as he was finally able to breathe better. "Are you going to behave?" she asked. There was a moment of pause, then he nodded his head weakly. She smiled. She hadn't given him permission to speak. "Answer me!" she commanded.

"Yes," he croaked.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, Miss Carol," he replied. "I'm going to behave."

She stood up and walked through the stud wall again. She found the cuff key in her purse and released him. His body jerked with sudden pain and freedom with each piece of the bindings that she removed. As she hoped, he stayed right on the floor where he was. "Are you ready to eat again," she asked.

Weary and weak, and fully remembering the kicks she had landed last night to his private parts, he nodded. "Yes, Miss Carol."

"Good," she replied. She set a small cup of coffee and a breakfast sandwich down on the floor between them, and backed away. "Go ahead and get them," she told him. "But carry them back to your puddle of piss to eat."

Not wanting to make her angry, he did as he was told. The wet floor around him really didn't bother him too much since he had been laying in it all night. The breakfast sandwich

tasted great, the coffee even better. She sat and watched him the entire time he was eating, finishing nothing more than a coke that she had bought for herself.

When he had finished, she allowed him to get up. "Go get your shower… and shave… and whatever else you need to do to get ready for work." She didn't miss the look of gratitude that seemed to register on his face.

She followed him into his bedroom and to the master bathroom at the back of the room. When he tried to close his bathroom door after going inside, she stopped him and just pushed it all the way open. She stood watching him from the doorway, letting him know that she wasn't going anywhere – she would keep watching him.

He removed his jacket and shirt, leaving just his piss stained pants. He looked at her questioningly.

"You might as well just take them off," she said. "I'm not going anywhere. Besides, I saw it all yesterday anyway."

Reluctantly he stripped naked. He was embarrassed for her to see him standing in front of the toilet peeing, but she made no comment. He lathered up his face and shaved his beard, again all in silence. He turned the shower on and climbed in, turning the temperature to almost burning hot, letting it wash his body clean, hoping it would ease the ache that still resided in most of his muscles after being kept in such a miserable position all night.

After drying himself, he headed to his dresser and pulled out a pair of underwear.

"Not those!" she commanded. It was the first words to be spoken in a while and they startled him. He looked at her curiously. She reached into her purse and pulled out a pair of her pink panties. She threw them at him. "You can wear those instead. A little something to help you remember me… and don't you dare mess them up!"

He stared at the thin pink material in his hand. They weren't elaborate in any way, just girl's nylon panties. Having little choice, he pulled them on. The thin material felt weird against his skin. He pulled out a fresh pair of socks and put them on. A fresh shirt from his closet, a pair of pants, a tie, and another sport coat. He returned to his dresser, but the items he wanted weren't on it. She had them. He looked at her questioningly.

"What?" she asked.

"My keys and my wallet?"

"Don't worry about them. I'll hold them for you."

He only nodded that he understood. He was horribly weary and still very weak after spending the night chained as he had been. His whole body ached terribly. He felt totally miserable. But otherwise, he was about as ready as he could get. He still wanted to kill her, but right now he simply didn't have the strength… let alone the will.

"Grab whatever you need to take with you and let's get out of here," she said.

He had left his expandable case at the school last night. There was nothing he needed. He chanced talking. "I'm ready."

She led the way out to his car where she had him get in the driver's seat. After she had gotten into the passenger seat next to him, she gave him his car keys. "It would look funny if we get there and people see me driving." He drove them to school.

She took his car keys again as soon as they got out of the car. "Remember, she told him. "If I tell you to do something today, you do it… immediately. No questions asked."

He nodded that he understood, but silently he wondered what it was that she wanted him to do. He had the impression that what went on last night was just a little precursor to her real motive – whatever that might be. Would he find out today? He wasn't sure he wanted to know the answer to that.

He had trouble focusing on his first class. He was so tired, his muscles ached all over, and he was just too worried about Carol and whatever she might want from him. He finally gave up teaching and assigned the class problems to practice in their seats. Then at the end of the class he didn't even remember to collect the work. The rest of the morning went mostly the same. He tried to teach a little, but his head just wasn't in it.

And then lunchtime came. As the last of his students filed out of his room from the period before, Carol immediately walked in. She closed the door behind her and he had an immediate feeling of fear. The ache still in his muscles seemed to increase at the sight of her. She boldly walked straight up to his desk again. "How was your morning?" she asked like there was nothing out of the ordinary going on at all.

"Miserable," he replied. "I'm tired and I hurt!"

She smiled. "Good!"

He wanted to ask what she wanted, but he was afraid to speak unless she invited him to. "Stand up," she finally said. He stood. "Pull your zipper down." His eyes opened wide. She couldn't be planning on making him expose himself again – now! He hesitated to do as she asked because of that. "I said pull it down! Now!" she yelled. Feeling terrible about it, he pulled his zipper down. "Spread it open. I want to see my panties." He pulled his fly apart,

exposing the pink panties he was wearing underneath. She smiled. “Good. Now leave that zipper down till I tell you to pull it up again.” His eyes bulged. She couldn’t mean it! There was too much of a chance that someone might see the pink material inside! But she just kept a wicked smile on her face about it. “Do you need some money for lunch?” she asked.

He did since she had all his money. “Yes,” he replied.

“Yes what!” she yelled angrily.

“Yes, Miss Carol,” he corrected himself quickly.

“You better learn that, and learn it fast! You are never to refer to me without calling me Miss Carol!”

“Yes, Miss Carol,” he repeated.

She nodded and dug into her purse. She handed him a five dollar bill. “You can have that for lunch. And make sure you get something with it and eat it!”

“Yes, Miss Carol,” he repeated yet again as he took the money. She left him then, leaving him on his own again. He glanced down at his crotch. His fly had mostly closed, but not entirely. Did he dare zip it up? He decided against it since there was too much of a chance that she might come back to check. He pulled his pants up a bit higher on his waist, forcing the material of his fly closed. Hopefully, it would stay that way and not show off what he was wearing underneath.

He got lucky during his lunch, nobody mentioned that his fly was even open. Although he did notice that when he was seated, his fly gaped open terribly. He kept his hand in his lap to cover it.

As he was eating in the teacher’s lounge, one of the other teachers, Stan Franklin sat down across from him. Stan was one of his better friends. Stan sat, then stared at Roger for a moment. “Roger,” he said, “are you all right? Pardon me for saying it, but you look kind of rough.”

Roger nodded. He had to be careful not to let Stan know anything about what had happened. “Yeah,” he replied. “I’m not feeling all that well today.”

Stan nodded. “Sorry to hear it. Everybody seems to come down with some kind of bug this time of year. I guess it’s your turn.”

"Yeah, I guess," Roger replied, but what he couldn't tell Stan was that his problem wasn't due to any "normal" disease. His problem was caused by an irritating disease named Carol Stokely.

Stan smiled. "Well, just so long as you're feeling better by first day!" he said brightly.

Roger only smiled. Stan was referring to the first day of trout fishing season, a major event in that part of the country and one he never missed. He could only hope that his "irritating disease" would be gone by then.

After eating, Roger stopped in the teacher's men's room to pee. Again, he was worried about someone seeing his open fly, but fortunately, he was the only one there at the time. He wanted so badly to zip his pants up when he was done – force of habit. It took a lot of willpower to not do so. He went back to his classroom to sit behind his desk and wait for his next class to come in – the class that Carol would be in. He worried a lot about that.

The bell rang and a minute later the students began pouring in, along with Carol. He did his very best to not pay any more attention to her than to the other students, but it was mostly a losing battle. From behind his desk, he told them all to start working on a set of problems. The students groaned a bit, but quickly settled down to work – for about five minutes. That was when Carol raised her hand.

"Mr. Brinkley," she called out. "I'm having trouble with number two. Can you show us how it's done again?"

Roger recognized the ploy perfectly. It was completely designed to humiliate him. But what choice did he have? He quickly glanced at his own book to see what problem she was talking about. Then fearing what he had to do, he got up out of his chair and went to the board. Trying as much as possible to keep his back to her, he wrote on the board while explaining every step of the problem. He glanced down once or twice toward his crotch, and as far as he could tell, since he was standing, it was staying mostly closed. He finally turned halfway around from the board to face her. "Does that answer your question?" He was surprised by the immediate glare of anger on her face.

"Can you come here and see what I've got?" she asked.

His heart tripping, he walked back to her desk. Was his fly open? Could the students see the pink panties he was wearing underneath? So far, nobody was saying anything. He walked up next to her and leaned over to look at her paper. She had only done half of the second problem so far. But while he was doing that, she turned her head and looked at his crotch. "Uh… Mr. Brinkley, you really should be more careful."

"What?" he asked, not immediately realizing what she was talking about.

"Your fly… it's wide open. And that's some interesting underwear you're wearing!"

Totally surprised by her comment, he stood up quickly, which helped to bring his gaping fly back together again.

"Why don't you zip it up," she added with more than a bit of giggle.

Grateful to be allowed to, he quickly zipped his fly again as he heard some of the other students chuckling too. Feeling embarrassed but much bolder now, he said, "Thank you, Carol. Sorry about that." Once again, he was surprised by the intense glare that she leveled at him. "Uh… it looks like you've done the problem correctly," he lied. Then he quickly walked back to his desk to get as far away from her as possible. A few minutes later, he heard her whispering to the girl next to her. He thought he heard her say "pink panties." The two girls giggled quietly for a moment before things returned to normal. Roger had no doubt that before the day was over, word of his underwear would spread around the entire school.

At the end of class, Carol walked up to the front of the room instead of following everybody back toward the door. "I'll see you here after school," she said quickly. Then she was gone. Roger breathed a sigh of relief at seeing her leave. But what would happen after school? That was the question that bothered him for the rest of the day.

She was late again, but not as late as last time – although he would have been happier if she had not shown up at all. She did have his wallet and car keys though so he wasn't exactly going anywhere. She finally walked into the room and closed the door behind her. A lump of fear raised itself in his throat the moment the door closed. The closer she got to his desk, the more it looked like she was mad about something. His fear increased.

"You idiot!" she suddenly yelled. "You can't remember even the simplest of things. What's it going to take to make you remember? I even reminded you this morning when we got out of the car."

He wanted to ask what, but was afraid to speak since she hadn't given him permission. But he didn't have to wait long to find out what her problem was.

"Not once! Not once today did you call me Miss Carol! You know better than to do that! Now I'm going to have to think up some way to punish you for it!"

The lump of fear in his throat seemed to become a huge ball of fear that now rested heavily in his stomach.

"Stand up!" she commanded. "And get over where I can see you again!"

As he stood up, he saw her fishing in her purse. Her new pink cell phone suddenly made an appearance. He was afraid that she was going to make him strip again and take more pictures of him. He was more afraid because he doubted that the school was empty yet. Someone might see!

But she surprised him yet again. She looked him straight in the eyes and grinned wickedly at him. "Now… wet your pants!"

He was flabbergasted and almost complained, but he bit his tongue just in time. Wet his pants? Where did she come up with these things? She was positively evil – well, that much he already knew.

"I'm waiting," she said as she held her cell phone camera up towards him. "Wait a minute!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Take your jacket off first so I can see it better."

He was slow to remove his jacket, still trying to come to grips with her original command. He saw her getting ready to yell at him again, but he quickly pulled his jacket off and placed it on his desk.

"That's better," she said. She raised the camera into position again. "Okay, I'm ready."

He just couldn't believe it. Worse, he didn't think he could do it. It was such an unreasonable request – like everything else she had made him do so far.

"I'm still waiting," she said, putting a hint of anger in her voice.

His fear continued to grow. What would happen if he didn't do as she wanted? All kinds of nasty things immediately came to mind, not the least of which was a very long jail sentence.

She suddenly lowered her camera. "Damn it! What's wrong with you? I gave you a simple command. Remember our agreement? I say, and you do! Immediately! No questions!" She raised her camera into position again.

Her anger only raised the fears running through him even more. "I… I'll try," he stammered."

"I'll try – Miss Carol!" she corrected him. "And you better do a lot more than just try!"

Once again having no choice in the matter at all, he concentrated on trying to pee. The entire time he was trying, he kept thinking over and over again about his situation and what she had already done to him… and about the pictures she had taken yesterday. And now she wanted pictures of something different. She had ruined him. She had totally destroyed his life!

As he worked to force himself to wet himself, a tear fell from his eye. A moment later, he felt the flood gates open as his pee burst forth, soaking the front of his pants and running down his legs… all the way down to his shoes. And as his pee bust forth, so did his sobs of shame. His life was ruined! There was no way back!

He squatted slightly against the discomfort as he continued to wet himself. He heard her camera clicking almost continually, but he couldn't look at her. Not that he would have seen much anyway past the tears that were now streaming down his face. He covered his crotch a bit with his hands.

"Get those hands out of the way!" she commanded. He hugged himself with his arms instead, even as a new round of sobs left his throat. His life was over. Totally!

When he seemed to be finished, she smiled, but she shook her head at the same time. "What a cry baby!" She put her cell phone back into her purse and slung it over her shoulder. "Grab your things, we're going home."

He reached over and grabbed his jacket and started to put it on. "I'll take that for you," she said with that same wicked smile. Having nothing else to cover up his embarrassment, he followed her out of the room, remembering only afterwards that he had left his expandable case behind again. Oh well, he didn't really need it this weekend anyway.

Feeling scared to death, he walked beside her through the school corridors. There were very few people around – fortunately. On Fridays the school usually emptied out faster than other days.

She unlocked the car with his keys, but she stopped him before he could get in. "I don't want you getting pee all over the seats. I might have to sit in them sometime." She opened the rear door for him. Crawl in there on the floor instead… on your hands and knees so you don't get the carpet too wet… and stay there!"

He looked back at her for only a moment before he did as he was told. Besides, he wanted to get out of sight as soon as possible. As she drove them out of the parking lot, he felt like he was being abducted and taken somewhere since he couldn't see anything from the rear floor. But then, wasn't he being abducted?

She drove him straight back to his house, once again closing the garage door behind her after she drove in. She opened the back door of the car. He was still huddled on his hands and knees on the floor, his back end turned to her. She could see the wet stains all over his pants. "Get out!" she commanded. He started to get up. "Crawl out!" she corrected. Back on his hands and knees again, he backed up and worked his way out of the car. She had him crawl into the house all the way to the unfinished room where she had kept him last night.

The area smelled strongly from his stale urine that had soaked into the floor. She wrinkled her nose at it.

Now she had to figure out what to do with him again for a little while. She glanced at her watch, she still had a bit of time left before she could call her mother. She wasn't really interested in doing anything more with him until she had talked to her. He was still on his hands and knees. She looked at the small stained area on the floor where he had spent all last night – and his pants were wet again. "Back to your spot," she commanded. "Might as well keep the mess all in one place!" She watched as he crawled back to where he had spent his time before. "Don't make me be harder on you than I have to," she warned. He made no reply… but then he had better not!

Now, how did she want to secure him? "Stay on your hands and knees but backup to the wall." She walked through the stud wall to the other side and set her purse on the floor. She pulled out the handcuffs again and picked up the rope version of them from the floor. "Backup, with your legs on each side of that board." He didn't move fast, but at least he did move. When she was satisfied with his position, she quickly knelt down and put the rope cuffs on his ankles, fastening them together with the wall stud between them. She got the handcuffs ready. "Reach back with your left hand."

Still trying to support himself with just his right arm, he slowly brought his left arm back. He suddenly felt her grabbing his wrist and pulling hard on it. The snap of the handcuff around it happened fast. She reached through the wall and pressed down on his neck while pulling back and up on his handcuffed arm, forcing his head down toward the floor. He felt her lower his arm and pulling the handcuff through the rope that held his ankles together.

"Now your other arm!"

With no way to support himself, his head was pushed almost into the urine soaked floor as he felt her roughly grab his right arm. A moment later, it too was connected to his other wrist – and his ankles. He started to pull his head up, but it was difficult to do in the position she had him.

"Stay like that!" she commanded when she saw him try to move. "Since you like peeing yourself so much, you can just stay there and smell it for a while."

He forced himself to lower his head back toward the floor – somewhat. She left him alone then. He was glad to see her go, but he wasn't. He didn't want to be chained to the wall all night again, especially not in this position.

Carol walked back out to the living room where he couldn't hear her. She sat on his couch and began transferring all the pictures she had taken today to the other cell phone that would go to her mother – next week. She couldn't wait. As she copied each picture, she studied each

one carefully. The dumb shit had actually started crying when he wet his pants! She had been right to call him a baby. Something about making him cry pleased her. As her Momma had taught her, making men suffer was only right!

She glanced at her watch again when she was done. Close enough. She dialed the number to the minimum security prison where her mother was being held. Someone picked up the phone – not her mother. "Is Janice Stokley there?" she asked politely.

The woman on the other end glanced around the room. "I don't see… Wait a second. Here she comes now. Janice! This one's for you!"

Carol had to wait while her mother got to the phone. This happened fairly often since the lines were shared by so many people.

"Hello?" Janice said into the phone.

"Momma!" Carol replied with a sigh of relief.

"Hi Darling. How are things going?"

"So far, so good, Momma. I really miss you though."

"I know dear, I miss you too. Are you still coming to visit tomorrow?"

"You know I am!"

"Good girl. I'm looking forward to it."

"Me too!"

"So what did you do today, dear?"

Carol laughed. "Like you suggested, I made him wear a pair of my panties under his pants to work today. But then at lunchtime, I made him pull his zipper down on his pants and leave it there. I didn't let him pull it up again till we were in the middle of class later. Things didn't work out as well with that as I hoped though. His pants seemed to stay mostly closed all the time, even with his zipper down. I had to come up with something to make them gap open a bit before I could suggest that he pull his zipper up again. I had to whisper to my friend that I saw pink panties, but I don't know if she believed me or not."

Janice was silent for a moment as she thought about what her daughter had just told her. She wasn't really happy to hear what she had done. "Okay," she finally said. "Anything else?

Did you get any more pictures?" Janice heard her daughter laugh… laughter that made her heart soar.

"I sure did!" Carol replied with another giggle. "I just copied them to your new phone for later. After school, I made him wet his pants right in front of me, before we left the school. Oh Momma, you should have seen him. He actually cried when he did it. What a baby!"

But Carol's words troubled Janice even more. "You say you made him do it before he left the school?"

"Yeah, of course."

"Listen, dear. We've got to be really careful about this. We can't take any chance of him losing his job or even calling any undue attention to him. We need his legitimacy!"

"So I did wrong?" Carol asked, her feelings clearly hurt.

Janice thought about it. "Hopefully not… at least not yet. I don't think that you did anything yet that could cause any big problems, so don't worry about it. Just make sure that nobody knows about anything else you do with him. Okay?"

"Yeah, okay Momma. No problem." But the disappointment was clearly in her voice. Half the fun of it was exposing him in public… not to mention clearly showing her superiority over him. "But it was still fun to see him cry," she finally added.

"I'm sure it was. And maybe you can find a way to make him cry some more if you like. Just don't jeopardize what we're doing! Got that?"

"Yeah Momma. You know I can handle it."

"Yes. You're doing great so far."

Roger was once again miserable. He struggled a bit against his bonds, but he knew very well that he couldn't get out of them. He only hoped that she wouldn't keep him there all night again. He would have liked to roll over onto his side, but the way she had positioned him, made that pretty much impossible. The wall stud between his legs and arms was keeping him right where he was and on his knees – which were now hurting something fierce!

The smell of the floor under his face bothered him too. How was he ever going to get the smell out before he finished rebuilding the room? Who was he kidding? He wasn't ever going to rebuild this room. More likely, he'd be dead before too long because she would kill him. Dead, and with the pictures she now had, people would most likely be glad! He briefly wondered what her mother thought of her. He'd really like to have a good talk with that

woman! But then he remembered that someone had mentioned once that Carol lived in one of the foster homes. So there was a good chance that she didn't have a mother.

"How much money do you have dear?" Janice asked her daughter.

Carol dug his wallet out of her purse and looked through it. "He's only got twenty three dollars left in his wallet. I have about five in mine."

"That's not going to be enough. Does he have an ATM card there?"

Carol looked through the cards she had found. "Yeah, and two credit cards."

"Forget the credit cards. ATM only – for now. Do you think you can get him to tell you his PIN number?"

Carol chuckled. "I don't think that should be much of a problem."

"Okay. You should have enough to last for tonight, but go to the ATM machine at his bank tonight and find out how much money he's got in his account. Don't get any yet. Just let me know tomorrow. I'll tell you then how much to get before I get out of here. We'll have to be careful with what's available till I can get a handle on all his finances.

"Okay, Momma. I can take care of that easy enough."

"Good girl. See you tomorrow then."

"I'll be there, Momma. Promise!"

Roger heard her footsteps coming back before he could see her. He tried his best to lift his head to watch as she walked into the room. She sat down in the kitchen chair that she had dragged in last night and just looked at him.

"What's the PIN number for your ATM card?" she asked.

Roger shook his head. "I knew it! I knew this would finally come down to money! But the jokes on you, I don't have that much!"

In a flash she was out of her seat and kicking him hard in his side. "Did I tell you to say anything other than your PIN number? You think this is about your money? Well, you're wrong! Very wrong!" She kicked him hard again and was pleased to see how much she had hurt him. "I can see you need a little more encouragement."

She went back through the wall behind him and uncuffed one of his wrists, unfastening that cuff from the rope that held his legs. Then she attached his wrists together again, still behind the stud. Finally, she unfastened his legs, leaving only his wrists bound behind the wall stud. She kicked him. "Get out of there!"

Roger was more than a bit afraid of what she might do to him, but he was also desperate to move out of the position she had left him in. His knees alone were killing him. As quickly as he could, he worked his legs back out in front of him and sat there with his arms still cuffed around the wall stud behind him.

She stooped down and began unbuckling his belt. His pee stained pants disgusted her but she kept at it. She had to remove his shoes and socks before she could finally pull his pants completely off of him. The pink panties she had given him earlier that morning were now on full display. She smiled down at him. "Didn't I tell you not to mess those up?"

"But…" he started to argue.

"There are no buts!" she yelled as she kicked him hard again. Swiftly, she grabbed the pee soaked panties and pulled them off of him as well, exposing him completely. She hated just touching the wet panties, but she couldn't stop now. Balling them up in one hand, she dropped to her knee – right in his groin. He yowled in pain and thrashed under her. Quickly, she shoved the balled up wet panties into his mouth, forcing them all the way in and holding them there despite his best efforts to stop her. He was like a bucking bronco under her, but she held on tightly. "Does that taste good?" she yelled. "Do you like that?"

His muffled screams and thrashing didn't change as he desperately tried to shake his head back and forth. After a short time, she finally asked him, "Are you going to tell me your PIN number now?"

The taste of the wet panties filling every inch of his mouth was horrendous. And the way she had him cuffed, he had no way to really fight her. He heard her asking the question again. Hell, he was going to die soon anyway, what did it matter? He did his best to nod his head yes. He gratefully felt her pulling the panties out of his mouth, much slower than he would have liked.

"What is it?" she asked, still holding the wet panties close to his mouth.

He was heaving big breaths, trying to clear his lungs. His mouth had the most awful taste in it.

"What is it?" she demanded again, bringing the panties back to touch his lips.

He shook his head, still breathing heavily. "Four… two… six… eight," he finally got out.

She pulled the panties further away from him. “That better be it, or believe me, this will seem like nothing!” She stood up, but the moment she did, he writhed in pain again as her weight was removed from his private parts. She dropped the wet panties on the floor next to him. “I guess we better make sure you’re not going anywhere again till I get back.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” he yelled back. How can I with my arms locked behind this stud?”

“I don’t trust anything here,” she shot back before she stood back to survey how she should go about it. One thing was for sure, she wasn’t going to change the way his hands were cuffed now. Which just left his legs.

She was about to stoop down to grab one of them when she stopped herself. “Kick me and those panties will be right back in your mouth again, and they’ll stay there!” she warned. He hadn’t considered the option of fighting back, but he forced himself to remain passive while she grabbed his right leg and began pulling him down along the wall, forcing his tortured arms uncomfortably up and back behind him. Then suddenly she dragged his leg between two of the studs. She continued pulling on it, dragging it further down, then she dropped it. She quickly grabbed the rope cuffs she had made and attached it to his right ankle. She grabbed his other leg and attached it to the first. There were now two studs between his legs and his arms were attached to another one behind him with his arms pulled uncomfortably back and up. He wasn’t going anywhere again.

Roger’s main problem now was his arms. He didn’t think he could manage long in this position at all. “My arms!” he complained. “This isn’t exactly comfortable!”

She looked down at him. “Too bad. You’ll have to live with it till I get back. I’m not rearranging you now. I’ve got things to do.” She picked up her purse.

“But I can’t stay this way!”

She smiled. “Tough!” Before she left though she caught sight of the roll of silver duct tape still lying on the floor. She walked over and picked it up and carried it over to him.

“Please don’t!” he pleaded.

She pulled a short length of it out and stooped down beside him.

“Please!” he pleaded again.

Her eye caught sight of the wet pink panties on the floor. Quickly she grabbed them and stuffed them back into his mouth. He tried to thrash wildly again, but restrained as he was,

his movements were minimal at best. She began wrapping the silver tape around and around his head, making sure that there was no way he could get the panties out of his mouth. As she ripped the tape off, he was crying again, but his stuffed mouth muffled most of the noise that came through. “That’s for not calling me Miss Carol in class today! Think on it while I’m gone!” She turned on her heel and left him to his miseries.

Carol didn’t go directly to the ATM machine, instead, she drove back to the foster home. She ran inside as if she was fairly excited and found Mrs. Faye. “Do you mind if I spend the weekend at Michelle’s?” she asked, already knowing that Mrs. Faye would let her. She had done it many times before.

“Are you going to see your mother tomorrow?” Mrs. Faye asked.

“Yeah,” Carol replied. “Shelle said I could borrow her car again.”

Two of Mrs. Faye’s rowdier boys ran past yelling and screaming. She had more than enough to deal with just then. “Go! Have a good time. Just get back here at a reasonable time on Sunday.”

“No problem!” Carol called as she ran to her room to pack a bag.

With her foster home temporarily taken care of, she drove directly to his bank. She had never used an ATM machine before, but it wasn’t hard to figure out. She stuck the card in and was pleased to see the machine accept the PIN number he had given her. She was tempted to just withdraw some money, but her mother had told her not to… not yet. She selected account balance for his checking account instead and waited until the machine spit out the paper tape. She looked at it. Just over six hundred dollars. She asked the machine for his balance on his savings account and was rewarded to see just over two thousand dollars there. A fortune to her, but she knew her mother would probably think otherwise.

She ended her transactions with the machine and got back into his car. Finding out his finances hadn’t been difficult at all. She knew her mother was going to be very pleased tomorrow.

She stopped at Burger King again, this time getting two large hamburger meals complete with large sized fries and drinks. Then she drove back to the house. When she got inside, she found that he was crying again… the baby! “Have you had enough time to think about not calling me Miss Carol earlier?” she asked. He nodded emphatically and moaned. She set the food down on the floor near the chair. “Are you going to disappoint me again?” This time he shook his head. She walked over to him. “If I release you, are you going to behave?” Once again he nodded. “Good! You better!”

She released his legs first, but he barely moved them when they were free. Of course the wall studs hampered most of his movement. His arms were next. The moment she release one cuff, he fell forward onto his stomach, dragging his other arm back through the studs. Before he could move, she knelt down right on his back. She was about to cuff his arms behind him again, but before she did, she got up and grabbed his shirt instead, the only clothing left that he was wearing. She pulled it up and off of him, leaving him totally naked. Then she sat down right on his back and grabbed his arm with the cuff still attached, pulling it back behind him.

Roger thought she was going to remove the cuff, but a moment later, she was grabbing his other arm, pulling that one back too. He moaned loudly as she once again secured his arms behind him. "That's just to keep your hands out of trouble," she said.

She walked back towards the chair and the food she had put on the floor near it. She picked up the bag and turned back to him. "On your knees!" she commanded, then watched as he struggled to get his body into the position she wanted. Good enough. She set the bag of food on the chair and went back to him. She grabbed his head. "One wrong move and these panties go back in your mouth. Understand?" He nodded. She pulled the layers of tape from his head as quickly as she could. The moment it was gone, he started trying to push the panties out of his mouth with his tongue. She reached in and yanked them out for him. Once again he started heaving deep breaths to get fresh air into his lungs.

She opened the bag of food and pulled out one of the burgers. She unwrapped it and was about to set it on the floor in front of him when she noticed again the wet spot from last night that was right below his face. She placed his burger in the middle of it. His fries, she sprinkled all around it. She grabbed his large drink and set it down next to the food and stuck a straw in it for him. "Eat up!" she ordered. "Everything!"

He raised up his cuffed arms behind his back as if asking her to remove the handcuffs.

"In your dreams!" she replied to his unspoken question. "You haven't earned that privilege yet! Now start eating!"

It was difficult for him to eat like that, especially since the hamburger was all in one piece, but with a great deal of difficulty, and a lot of trial and error, he eventually managed it. The only easy part was the drink, the straw was a huge help and the cold liquid helped to wash the taste of the foul panties out of his mouth.

She sat in the chair eating her own dinner, watching him the entire time. It took him a lot longer to eat his dinner than it had taken her. When it looked like he was finished, she walked over to him. She grabbed the cup from the floor and shook it. There was still soft drink left in it. "Finish this," she said. "I don't want to have to waste your money!" She stood up again.

"If I leave you here like this are you going to stay here – just like you are? Or do I have to attach you to that wall again?"

"No, Miss Carol," he croaked out, his voice raspy. "I'll stay right here."

She smiled. "It's so nice to hear you say my name properly. See that you stay there till I get back!"

She headed out his back door toward his workshop again. The sun was starting to set and it was getting a bit darker. She found the light switch and flipped it on so she could see. Then she began looking around. She wanted something other than the cuffs and the little bit of rope that she had to secure him with. She would be spending the entire weekend there and didn't want to have any surprises. She found several rolls of electrical wire that looked interesting, but she left them alone for now. In a corner of his shop, amid a jumble of other things, she found just what she needed, several coils of rope in various thicknesses. She grabbed two of the coils where the rope didn't look too thick to work with and took them back to the house with her.

She walked straight to the unfinished room where she had left him so she could check on him. He was still right where he was supposed to be, bending down, trying to finish the last of his drink. Good!

She was about to go back to the living room, when her eyes caught sight of the main bathroom at the end of the hall. She headed for it instead… and her eyes fell on the toilet. Damn! She realized that he would probably have to pee again… or maybe even something else. But maybe she could make that work for her. She dropped the ropes in the bathroom sink and went back to him. He was still on his knees, right where she had left him. "Come with me," she told him. He started to try to move on his knees but she stopped him. "Stand up and walk. I don't have all day!"

With a great deal of difficulty since his hands were still manacled behind his back, he got to his feet. The relief to his legs, especially his knees, was tremendous. He followed her and was surprised when she went into the bathroom at the end of the hall.

She raised the lid on the toilet leaving just the seat in place. "Sit!" she commanded.

Having few options, he did so. Actually he didn't really mind all that much. Sitting down felt wonderful after what he had been through.

She picked up one of the coils of rope. "If you give me any trouble you'll wish you were never born!" Cautiously, she knelt down beside him, ready at any moment in case he made a sudden move. She tied one end of the rope around his left ankle, then threw the rest of the rope behind the toilet. She went around to the other side and grabbed the rope, pulling on

it more and more so that his leg was pulled way back. She wrapped the rope around his other ankle, pulling that way back behind him too and tied it off. It was difficult doing it all with a rather long piece of rope, but she managed it. Fortunately, he gave her no trouble at all. He certainly wasn't going anywhere now.

But she wasn't satisfied yet. She didn't feel safe enough yet. She went out and got her handcuff key and removed the cuffs from his wrists. Then, she began tying his arms back behind the toilet too, pulling them tight so that his body was held tightly to the toilet tank. But she still had a lot more rope left and she wasn't too sure that he couldn't eventually escape. Using the rest of the piece of rope she had and then the second length as well, she began tying him everywhere and to everything that she could think of, until finally there was no rope left and the only thing that she figured he could move at all was his fingers, his toes, and his head.

She stood back and surveyed her work and felt pleased by it. "You can just stay there like that for the night," she told him. "And if you have to pee or anything else, well, you don't have to worry about it and neither do I."

He did have to pee, especially after finishing that large drink she had brought him for dinner, but he had a problem. He knew he shouldn't speak, but he chanced it anyway. "But if I pee like this, it'll go all over the floor."

She was momentarily angry that he had spoken, but looking at him closer stopped her from saying anything. His legs were splayed wide apart, giving her a full view of his little thingy between his hairy legs. It looked so small now. It was strange that the thing could get so much bigger. But the thing wasn't pointed down toward the water below. "Can't you make it go down between your legs?"

He looked at her like she was crazy. "How? I can't move my arms."

"You mean you have no muscle control at all to move that thing?"

How could she be so naive about something like that? "Of course not! I have to point it with my hands."

She moved closer to him, looking at his thingy, studying it. It was a bit hard to see since it was surrounded by disgusting thick hair, but she could see it well enough. She had never touched one before, but she slowly reached her hand out toward it. With one finger, she carefully touched the top of it. It felt soft – softer than she would have expected. She pushed down on it harder and harder, forcing it down between his legs. But the minute she pulled her hand away, it sprang right back up where it was. "It didn't stay! Make it stay there!"

"I can't," he replied, trying to sound patient.

"How do you make it stay down?"

"You have to hold it," he replied.

Growling with frustration she quickly washed her hands before walking away. Her idea of tying him to the toilet all night wasn't working out as well as she had thought it would. She started walking around the house, looking for some kind of idea that might help. But when she got back to the unfinished room where she had been keeping him, her eyes spotted the roll of duct tape on the floor. She picked it up. It was worth a try. She ripped off a piece and carried it back to him. Holding the tape wide, she pressed it to the top of his male thingy and pushed down again, pushing it as far back between his legs as she could. Then she pressed the rest of the tape to the underside of his groin and legs. When she removed her hand again, his thingy appeared to be gone. She giggled with satisfaction as she stood up. "Well, that takes care of that!" She carefully and thoroughly washed her hands again after touching him.

"I expect you to remain completely silent. If I hear anything out of you at all, I'll tape those panties back in your mouth again… and you know I'll do it!" She paused in the doorway as she put her hand on the light switch. With a wicked grin on her face, she said, "Have a good night."

The switch was thrown leaving him in semi–darkness as she walked away toward the living room. A minute later, he faintly heard the TV. He pulled desperately at his bonds, but he couldn't move anything at all. He was stuck right where she wanted him to be again. But at least this time it was a better place and a better position. He just wished he could lay down to sleep – he was so tired! Allowing himself to heed the call of nature, he peed into the toilet. At least it was a big improvement over having to wet himself last night.

He ached – all over! All the aches in his body from being bound all last night had diminished during the day, but they had never really gone away. And now he was bound again – only differently. And as far as he could tell, he had even less freedom of movement than he had before. Was she really planning on leaving him like this… all night? As far as he could see, that seemed to be exactly what her plan was. She had tied him up and put him out of the way for the rest of the night. Why? What was her purpose in doing all this anyway?

He still had the sense that there was something else going on… something beyond the twisted impulses of a cruel and wicked girl. But what? He remembered her taking all those pictures of him yesterday… and then sending them off somewhere – to who? Was there someone else involved here? Other than the fact that she had sent those pictures somewhere, he could see no sign of anyone else involved… so far. And then she had taken more pictures of him today. Was she sending those pictures to someone else right now? Would that someone else send those pictures to the police, and consequently send him to jail? He shuddered at the thought. He really didn't want to go to jail… especially since he hadn't

done anything wrong. Well, not until yesterday at least. But somehow he didn't think that Carol wanted him in jail… as long as he went along and played her cruel and twisted game. That thought alone gave him the only tiny bit of hope he could find.

He pulled desperately again at all the bonds that were holding him… literally everywhere! But nothing moved even an inch. He was stuck… right here! But at least he wouldn't be peeing all over himself all night again. That much was an improvement. But as far as he could see, it was the only improvement. He closed his eyes and let his thoughts linger over different scenarios where he would beat her to a bloody pulp! The only thing stopping him was… those damn pictures.

Carol watched TV for a while, enjoying the fact that he had a much better TV than the foster home did. But her thoughts didn't leave him for long. She was still worried about him getting loose, especially since she would be sleeping there. She knew it was silly, but she went back to the bathroom to check on him. She stopped in the doorway and snapped the light on. His head jerked up, he had been sleeping. She stared at him for a minute, visually surveying her handiwork with the ropes. Everything looked perfect. As she continued to stare at his naked body, she was again struck by the hair all over it. She didn't like his hair. It was ugly! Why didn't guys ever shave their bodies? But there wasn't much she could, or would, do about that now. Snapping off the light, she left to wander the house again.

She eventually found herself in the kitchen. She hadn't spent much time there since this all began. She briefly opened the cabinets to see what food he had – some but not much. She checked his refrigerator. There were a couple of steaks in the freezer and a bunch of frozen dinners. She pulled a soft drink out and opened it.

In a little area of the counters she found his laptop. She opened the lid and pushed the button to turn it on. She was surprised to see that it booted right up to his desktop – no password. Her Momma had told her to always make sure to use a real good password that nobody could possibly guess. But then, it had been a long time now since she had been able to spend much time alone on a computer.

Opening up his internet browser, she quickly went to the search program and typed in "tying someone up." Her first search turned up lots of sites with the word "bondage" in them. She immediately seized on the new word and did a search on that. Going from site to site, she quickly became fascinated with all the different ways people had come up with to tie people up. Many of them were mostly the same thing over and over again, but a few of them that were really creative held her attention.

It was late when she went to sleep in his bed that night. His clothes that he had left on the floor of his bathroom early that morning, smelled badly. Not wanting to touch them, she had left them alone when she went in to pee. She closed the bathroom door behind her when she left so the odor wouldn't bother her during the night. But it wasn't the odor of his

clothes in the bathroom that bothered her now, it was his bed. She could still smell his body odor on the sheets and pillows. Not the horrible pee smell, but his smell. And she didn't like it.

Chapter 03.

Carol woke up early despite the late hour she had gone to sleep. The bed didn't feel right, she wasn't used to it. The house didn't feel right either, it was quieter than she was used to. There was nobody around… well, almost nobody.

She got out of bed and went into his master bathroom. The minute she did, she was assaulted once again by the smell of his pee–soaked clothes that were still there. She ignored the smell and relieved her bladder. Something had to be done about the smelly clothes though and she didn't want to untie him yet.

She went back out to his bedroom and dressed quickly in the clothes she had worn yesterday. Then she ventured out of the room. Her first concern was him. Was he still securely tied to the toilet where she had left him? She stopped to look in the bathroom. The sun was up just enough that she didn't have to turn on the light. His head was slumped back and he was snoring softly. The ropes still holding him looked like they did last night. So far, so good. She noticed a bit of an unpleasant odor coming from the bathroom. Obviously he had taken full advantage of where he was sitting – as she hoped he would.

She continued on to the kitchen where she started rummaging through cabinets again. Under the sink, she found a box of large plastic trash bags. She pulled one out of the box and took it back to the master bathroom. She hated touching them, but she quickly stuffed all his dirty smelly clothes from the day before into the bag and tied it securely. She carried the bag out and dumped it into the unfinished bedroom where she had kept him before. Back in his bedroom, she opened the window to let some fresh air into the room, hoping that the smell would dissipate quickly. She went back to the kitchen, glancing in to check on him in the bathroom as she walked past.

The bathroom light being suddenly turned on startled him. The sound of the toilet he was sitting on flushing brought him fully awake. He opened his eyes. She was standing in front of him. Without thinking, his body tried pulling at his bonds again – no movement possible – so frustrating!

"It's breakfast time," she said as she saw him finally waking up. "You can nap again later." She picked up a bowl of cold cereal from the counter and carried it over to him. Picking up the spoon from the bowl, she scooped up some of the cereal and stuck it in front of his mouth. Roger was totally surprised by her actions. At least she was feeding him. He opened his mouth and let her shove the cereal in. He chewed it and swallowed. The next spoonful went in and he chewed that too. She giggled. "Just like feeding a baby," she said as she watched him eating. Roger didn't get her joke.

With his breakfast taken care of, she left him where he was and went back to his bedroom. The bathroom smelled a little better now. Knowing that he wasn't going anywhere, she relaxed enough to take a much needed shower, relishing the chance to use as much hot water as she wanted to and not have to worry about anyone else needing the bathroom. He didn't have any decent shampoo that she wanted to use on her hair, but that could wait another day or two.

After dressing in fresh clothes, she removed the handcuffs from her purse and checked on him one more time. "I have to go somewhere today," she told him. "Don't go anywhere and don't make any noise… or those smelly panties will be back in your mouth again!"

Roger only looked at her. Where was he going to go? He couldn't even move! The house became totally quiet again a few minutes later.

Carol checked the gas gauge as she turned out of his driveway. Less than half a tank. Damn! She had a very long way to drive today. She decided that even though her mother had told her not to, she would have to get some of his money out of the ATM machine to buy gas. Pulling into the bank, she put his card into the machine and punched in his PIN number. She'd only get a little bit, twenty dollars, no more. Following the instructions on the machine, she punched in the amount and was rewarded with a twenty dollar bill. A moment later, the receipt was printed. Since she had removed money from his account, she knew that her mother would want to see a fresh updated receipt. So she asked for another balance printout for his checking account. Then she drove directly to the first place she came to where she could get gas. Twenty dollars brought her gas gauge up just over the three quarters mark. It should be more than enough.

Turning onto the rural highway that went through the town, she followed the twisting road a long way before it finally connected with another state highway. Forty minutes later, she arrived at the state facility where her mother was being kept. She had been here many times before, just never by herself. The place always frightened her and today it seemed much worse. But her mother was getting out of here soon – less than a week. She'd never have to come here again!

The guards remembered her and they were friendly as one of them searched her purse before allowing her to enter the common meeting area. The guard only commented on the fact that she had three cell phones and joked about how much texting Carol probably was doing on them. Carol only laughed but said nothing more about it. Inside, she sat at one of the many tables in the room and waited for her mother. She wasn't the only person in the room. Other families were reuniting here too. It wasn't a long wait this time. The guard opened one of the doors and her mother walked in, carrying her usual notepad with her. Carol ran to her.

Janice's heart soared at seeing her daughter. She kissed her over and over again and hugged her tightly, not wanting to ever let go. Her precious baby daughter – growing up faster and faster. Finally she broke her embrace and looked around the room. "It's nice out today," she said. "Why don't we go out to the picnic tables for a change."

"Sure, Momma. Sounds great."

What Janice didn't say out loud, was that there was less of a chance of anyone hearing them talking out there. Never taking their arms off each other, the two walked outside to the patio. The air was slightly chilly, but it held the promise of a beautiful spring day in the making. Sitting close together at one of the tables, Carol brought out the purple cell phone she had gotten for her mother.

"Nice!" Janice said. "But I've never used one like this. How do you work it? There's no buttons!"

Carol took it from her and pulled up the pictures by tapping various icons on the screen. One by one she started scrolling through them. Janice was pleased with what she saw – very pleased! "You did great here, Honey," she declared as she studied each picture one by one.

She came to one of the last pictures where Carol had made him wet his pants. The picture showed him hugging himself and obviously crying as the stain in his pants was growing bigger. "That's one of my favorites," Carol said. "You can see him crying real well in it."

Janice grinned at the picture. "Yeah, you're right. He really doesn't like that much." Then she laughed. "The only thing that would make this picture more complete would be if he was sucking his thumb."

Carol was shocked. "I didn't think of that! That would have been really good! I'll do it again next week and do it better."

"No dear! Remember, nobody can know! Anything you make him do, can't be seen by anyone! At least not where anybody might know him."

Carol was very disappointed. "Yeah, I remember. But it's still a good idea. You said I should have some fun with him to keep him off balance, but… I don't know what else to do."

Janice thought about it for a moment. "Well… one thing you can think about is that men really don't like their manhood taken away from them."

Carol was shocked. "You mean… cut his thingy off? Gross!"

Janice laughed. “No silly. Nothing like that. Just make them feel a bit less masculine. Like sending him to work in your panties like you did. That was good.”

“Yeah, but I didn’t think of that idea. You mentioned it to me before.”

“And you remembered it. But how do you think he might feel if he had to wear a bra under his clothes everyday too?”

Carol laughed. “Now that would be funny!”

“Yes it would. But just remember, nobody who knows him, especially at work, can have any idea that he’s wearing it at all. Nothing can show. So whatever bra you put him in for work has to be completely invisible under his clothes. But don’t worry, I’m sure he’ll still be more than a bit worried about it. Outside of work though, where nobody knows him, well, whatever you’d like to see him in should be just fine.”

Carol was a bit disappointed. “It’s not as much fun though if I can’t make fun of him with all my friends around.”

Janice understood. “I know, dear. But remember, we need him. He’s our ticket to everything! Just be patient.” She let that sink in and saw her daughter nod. “Now, how about his money? What did you get?”

Carol pulled the ATM receipts out of her purse, and handed them to her mother.

Janice studied the receipts carefully. Not a lot of money – unfortunately. But fairly soon it wouldn’t matter how much money he had, that wouldn’t be an issue. But until then, things might be a little tight. But thinking about his money reminded her of something else. What about his bills? Did you think to look?

Carol was surprised. “I didn’t see any.”

“How about in his mailbox? Nothing there either?”

Carol’s eyes went wide. “I never looked there! I was too busy with him and didn’t think of it!”

“You better check when you get home, dear. We don’t want mail piling up in his mailbox. People might start thinking something is wrong.”

“I’ll check it as soon as I get home, Momma,” Carol vowed.

"Good." Janice opened her notebook and pulled the top page off. She handed it to her daughter. "Now here's something important that you've got to make him do this week. On Tuesday, have him put this ad in the newspaper. Have him set it up so that the ad starts running on Wednesday and will run for one week only. Make sure that the ad reads just like I've got it here. We don't want anything left out."

Carol read the short ad her mother wanted printed: "Housekeeper wanted. Live–in possible for reduced compensation. Call xxx–xxxx between 5 and 9 PM only."

"I don't know what his phone number is, so make sure that get's in there correctly. Then, when the ad starts running, make sure he can answer any calls that might come in. Make sure he tells everyone that the position has already been filled. Got that? It's very important."

Carol shrugged. "I don't see any real problems. It should be easy."

"Good girl," Janice praised her daughter. Together, we're going fix everything!"

"I can't wait!" Carol replied.

"Me either! So, how are you making out with him? Is he giving you any problems?"

"No. Not really. I'm actually starting to enjoy tying him up into places he can't get out of. I had him tied to the toilet in the main bathroom all night. He's still there now." She giggled a bit. "I had to spoon feed him some cereal this morning like a baby."

"But he's not giving you any trouble?"

Carol shook her head. "Not really. Nothing I can't handle anyway. And lately he's been good as gold for me. I'm just still a bit afraid of him, that's all."

Janice thought about it, but from what she saw and from what Carol had told her, things sounded just fine. "Good. Staying a little bit afraid will help you make sure he stays in line. And I've thought of something else I want you to do to help keep him in line later. Find a plastic container with a lid, or a jar or something. Then every day, make him jerk off into it. Carefully put the lid back on it when he's done – don't touch what's inside – then put it into the refrigerator till he can add some more to it the next day."

Carol was shocked. "You mean… But Momma!"

"We've talked about this before, Carol. And you have pictures of him playing with himself on your cell phone. This is just what happens when he continues to play with himself. If you like you can still restrain him somehow. Just make sure he has at least one hand to use on

himself. And don't under any circumstances let any of that stuff touch you! You know what can happen!"

Carol was horrified about what her mother wanted her to do. But if her mother wanted it done, then she would make sure it got done. "Okay, Momma. I'll make sure he does it. Every night!"

"Good girl," Janice praised her daughter once again.

Something occurred to Carol. "But Momma, won't he like doing that? I thought we needed to keep him scared."

Janice shrugged. "He may like it, or he may not – especially if you're watching him each time. It doesn't matter. It's just something that has to be done."

Carol nodded, still thinking about him. "I kind of like your idea of getting some bras for him." She looked up quickly. "Can we spend some of his money so I can get some for me too? I need some… and some panties… and he has no decent shampoo or conditioner in his bathroom… and…

Janice laughed. "Carol! It's okay. There's a lot of things we're going to have to get. When I get out of here, we'll have no problems with money at all. But until then, we just need to be careful – for about another week. Okay?"

"Yeah, sure, Momma," Carol replied, a bit disappointed.

Janice hugged her daughter. "But I'm sure you can take about… oh, let's say… two hundred dollars out of his account for now. You can use that for whatever shopping you want to do. Just try to make it last till I can get there and can get a better handle on his finances."

Carol was instantly elated. "Two hundred…" She hugged her mother tightly. "Momma, you're the best!"

Janice loved being hugged by her daughter. She also loved making her daughter feel happy, so it was a double pleasure. When their embrace ended, she asked. "So, are you still picking me up on Thursday?"

"You bet, Momma! Nothing could keep me away. And Mrs. Faye already said she would write a note for me to get me out of school that day. I can't wait!"

"Me either, Carol. Me either!"

Roger's bottom was numb, as was most of his body since he couldn't move any part of it. Sitting on the toilet was fine… for a while… but he had been stuck here since last night. She had been gone a very long time now. A very long time! In the quiet of the house, he thought he heard the garage door opening, then closing again. She was back. He prayed she would release him.

Carol headed straight to the bathroom carrying the lunch from Burger King she had just bought in one hand, and a stack of mail from the mailbox out by the road in her other hand. She had already stopped at the ATM machine and filled her purse with money. Now, shopping was on her mind. But first, lunch, and then… how was she going to handle him? She looked him over carefully as she stood in the bathroom doorway. As far as she could see, he hadn't moved an inch. "If I release you, are you going to behave?"

Roger was ready to do anything to be released. Anything! "Yes… Yes Miss Carol. I promise I won't give you any trouble at all. Please let me out of here!"

Carol smiled. She liked him calling her Miss Carol. She went back to the kitchen and set the bag of food and all the mail on the table. Then she made a stop in his bedroom to retrieve the handcuffs she had left behind that morning before going to the prison. Finally, she came back to him.

She began working on all the knots and bindings that held him in place. It took a very long time to loosen it all – way too many knots. But there was no help for it. She was reluctant to cut the ropes in case she wanted to use them again – which she already knew she would. She finally released his feet, and then his hands. Then she stood back away from him. She giggled a bit before he had a chance to stand up. "If you have to do anything more while you're on that thing, then this might be a good time."

Roger shook his head. "I went a little while ago. I'm good… Miss Carol."

She smiled and held up a pair of the handcuffs. "Do I have to put these on you?"

"No, Miss Carol. I said I would be good."

She nodded and backed out of the bathroom as he stood up. "Let's go to the kitchen." She followed behind his naked body all the way. In the kitchen, he started to pull one of the chairs out from the table. "Wait!" she said. He looked at her. But she didn't know why she had told him to wait. There was just something that felt wrong about him sitting down at the table with her to eat. Something very wrong! She wanted to sit at the table, but not with him! But he had to eat too.

She pulled his hamburger and fries out of the bag and set them on the table. She stuck a straw in his drink for him. She noticed him looking longingly at the drink. He was probably

thirsty… hungry too. Good. She looked around the room and her eyes finally fell on the corner of the kitchen floor. “Take these over there and eat them,” she said.

Roger wasn’t happy, but he was hungry. And at least he could eat more normally this time. He went over to the corner of the kitchen. It was just an empty corner with nothing else there. He sat down on the floor with his food and was about to start eating when she stopped him again.

“Wait!” Oh a whim, she grabbed the handcuffs again and went over to him.

“But I promised I’d be good,” he complained.

“I know. I just like this better.”

Before he knew it, Roger once again had his hands cuffed behind his back and was struggling to eat his meal from the floor… while she sat at the table and watched him.

Carol finished her lunch long before he did again and had to wait until he was finished. He looked dirty and scruffy. His face was a mess – he needed a shave too. His whole body needed a shave for that matter. Should she make him shave it? But there wasn’t time just then. Besides, she thought she should check with her mother about that matter first, just in case she might know some reason he needed to keep all that ugly hair. “Would you like a shower?” she asked.

“Yes, Miss Carol,” he replied with more than a hint of gratitude in his voice. She nodded her head toward the bedroom to tell him he could get up and go there. The paper wrappers from his food were left right where they were. There were several little things like that all over the house that needed tending to, but she had money in her purse and wanted to go shopping – and she couldn’t take him anywhere like he was.

With his cuffs finally removed, Roger shaved his face. But eating his lunch and then shaving stimulated his need to pee again. With her watching him, he stood in front of the toilet. But his penis was still taped back between his legs. He pulled at the tape, but the adhesive not only stuck firmly to his skin, it stuck even more firmly to all his hair. He winced at the pain of trying to remove it, and he was getting nowhere. He tried prying the tape up from all around the edges, but still made very little progress.

“Can’t you just leave it there?” she called from where she was sitting up on his bed watching him. We don’t have all day!”

Hating doing it, he backed up and sat down to pee, feeling like a fool the whole time. After that, he gratefully had a chance to luxuriate under the hot shower.

"Don't take too long in there," she yelled the minute he got fully wet.

"No, Miss Carol," he yelled back, even though he had no intention of hurrying at all. After being tied as he was for so long, his whole body ached terribly… and he still felt incredibly tired – and weak. He tried while he was in there to loosen the glue on the tape, but it was no use, he could only loosen it a little bit around the edges. His penis stayed trapped between his legs. The glue attached to all his hair was just too painful to remove quickly.

When he came out again, she was dangling a pair of her panties in her hand again. Yellow ones this time. He took them from her – they looked used. Hers from yesterday, he guessed correctly. He wasn't happy about having to wear them.

She noticed that while he didn't say anything about the panties, his face clearly showed his embarrassment over them. And when he put them on, with his penis still taped up under him, it looked like he didn't have one at all – a sight that pleased her a lot. She let him select a pair of jeans and a decent shirt to wear with the yellow panties.

"Should I cuff you in the car?" she mused out loud as he was dressing. "It would probably be better if you drive since it is your car, but I really don't mind driving it at all. In fact I'm rather enjoying it. I don't have a car of my own – yet."

He chanced talking, only because he was tired of being tied up. "I promise I won't give you any trouble, Miss Carol. I promise. And I'll be glad to take you anywhere you like."

She smiled, but her voice was iron. "You will take me anywhere I like… and do anything I tell you to do!"

"Yes, Miss Carol," he replied as he buckled his belt.

Socks and sneakers and a sweater completed his dressing. She deemed him ready.

She let him get in the driver's seat and handed him the keys once she got in the car. "We have some shopping to do and I don't want to do it in town here. There aren't any decent stores here anyway. Where do you suggest we go where I can get some new clothes?"

He made a brief suggestion of a major chain store down in Gainesville about thirty minutes away. A minute later, he was backing out of the garage on his way.

The whole time they were driving, she worried about how he was going to behave in the store. He had been good at home, but that was then and this is now. And as her Momma had said over and over again – you can't ever trust a man! At least three times she asked him if he was going to be good for her and do whatever she said, and three times he replied that he would. When he had parked the car, she took the keys from him again and put them into

her purse so he couldn't leave without her… at least not in his car. She asked one more time. "And you're going to behave and do whatever I ask?"

She had asked so many times now that Roger was really worried about what she had planned. But his answer was still the same. "Yes, Miss Carol."

"Good! Because if you don't, then you know what I'll do with all those pictures I have of you!"

Roger didn't need to be reminded at all. It was really the only thing that kept him from beating her to a pulp.

He pushed the shopping cart while she headed straight to the clothing department. He didn't really mind standing around while she looked at pants and shirts and everything else, at least he wasn't tied up. Leaning against the cart wasn't bad at all. He could almost pretend that he was just another father out for a day with his daughter… yeah right! Under that sweet exterior, she was an absolute monster!

A few clothing items that she liked wound up in the cart. Far less than he figured she would buy. Then they moved on to the underwear department. Again, she looked over tons of panties and bras. A few of each wound up in the cart too – more panties than bras, and surprisingly fairly plain looking ones. He wasn't much of an authority on what kind of panties most girls liked, but he would have thought they would all go for the more fancy ones. But obviously, she preferred plain comfort. Who would have thought? But then she surprised him by moving down to look at the really frilly fancy ones. He chided himself for his earlier thoughts. Obviously, she did like the fancy ones too.

Quite a few pairs of the fancy panties were thrown into the cart with everything else. He thought they would be leaving then, but she went back to look at the bras again instead. She wanted more? Probably to go with the fancy panties she had just picked out. But then she surprised him again.

"What size bra do you wear?" she asked.

He was so startled by the question that he couldn't answer for a moment. "I don't," he finally replied.

"Well, if you did wear one, what size would it be?"

"How should I know? I've never worn one."

She smiled at him. "We're going to change that!" He didn't like the sound of that at all. "Okay, what size chest do you have?" she asked, noticing how nervous he suddenly seemed to be – something that really pleased her.

"My ch… chest?" he stammered.

"Yeah! What size? How big around? You've got to know that much. You do buy clothes for yourself, don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Carol," he replied, his nervousness obvious in his voice. "I've got about a thirty–eight inch chest."

She only nodded and went back to looking at the bras, paying closer attention to all the thirty–eights now. One by one, she began putting bras into the cart. He was surprised again to see that many of them looked fairly plain – with hopefully a very small cup size. But after those, she added a few others that didn't look so plain – or small. She wouldn't dare make him wear one of those to work would she? His nervousness increased all the more as he remembered the pink panties she had made him wear to work last week.

From there, she led him toward the front of the store where she started looking at toiletries. He saw a toothbrush and toothpaste land in the cart along with some shampoo and conditioner. Some feminine pads found there way there too. The cart was definitely filling up. The makeup aisle wasn't far away and she spent a good fifteen minutes selecting a few products there too.

She finally looked at everything they had in the cart and declared that it was enough. He was expecting to have to pay for everything with his credit card and waited for her to hand him his wallet back again, but she fooled him. At the checkout, she pulled out a fairly large stack of bills and paid for it all with cash. He silently wondered if he had any money left in the bank at all. He carried everything back out to the car for her.

"You were very good in there," she told him as they were driving home.

"Thank you, Miss Carol," he replied. He wanted to ask about the bras, but he couldn't form the words.

Once they got home again, she had him carry everything back to the master bedroom and dump it all out on the bed. He stood back and watched her as she delighted in looking over all the things she had just bought. All the toiletries went into his master bathroom. All the makeup went straight into her large purse. A few of the clothes she had purchased went into his closet, but one or two things got folded and set on top of the bag of clothes she had brought with her from the foster home.

Then it was down to all the underwear. She sorted through it all and separated all the panties into the plain ones and the fancy ones. She pointed to all the fancy ones. “Put those in your drawer. They’re for you.” He winced. He had hoped that wasn’t the case.

She started looking at all the bras next. As she examined each one, she suddenly said. “Take your shirt off.” He not only winced, he cringed. With a feeling of dread in his stomach, he slowly removed his shirt. Before it was even off his body, she was holding out one of the bras for him to take. “Put this on,” she said simply, like it was the most normal thing in the world for him to do.

He took the thing from her hand, feeling like he was picking up a snake. Fortunately, it didn’t bite him… although he rather it had. He turned the thing around in his hands several different ways, trying to figure out how the darn thing was supposed to go.

“Haven’t you ever worn a bra before?” she asked, then corrected herself immediately, “No, of course you haven’t. Get used to it,” she told him, “because you’re not getting dressed without one from now on.”

He suddenly felt like the darn thing did bite him – and its poison instantly shot though his body making him feel very ill. How the heck was he supposed to wear one of these all the time? Did she know how big the stupid cups on the thing were? They were huge! He finally got the straps sorted out and put his arms where they belonged, but hooking the thing together behind his back was a nightmare. He had seen women that he had made love to fastening the things in moments without even thinking about it. But the process was still a bit beyond him. He had to pull the back straps in front of him over and over again to look at them and get his fingers lined up on the hooks properly before he could even get the first one fastened. Fortunately, it went a little better from there and finally the stupid thing was on. Stupid! That’s what it was… and that’s exactly how he felt!

“Don’t worry, you’ll get lots of practice,” she said with a sly grin on her face. She opened his dresser again and rummaged through his underwear drawer. She finally pulled out two tee–shirts. She balled each one up and stuffed them into the large cups of the bra. He felt even more stupid now. She stood back and surveyed her work and was pleased. “Okay, you can put your shirt back on now.”

Roger began trying to button the front of his shirt again and immediately had a problem doing it. As large and as comfortable as his shirt had been, it was hard to get the buttons fastened over top of his chest now. He had to pull the material hard as well as crush in the front of his overly filled bra to fasten the buttons. When it was finally buttoned, it looked like the front of it was threatening to pull apart… or rip apart.

She was grinning wildly. “I love it!” she declared. “It’s perfect!”

Roger didn't exactly share her opinion. And now, whenever he moved, he was very much aware of the huge bulk sticking out from his chest – constantly in his way. How did women deal with the darn things? And they liked them? Okay, he himself liked seeing them on women… but he wasn't a woman!

She pointed to the larger stack of bras on the bed. "Those are yours. Put them away." She picked up the rest and put them on top of her bag with her other clothes. She looked around the room for a moment, then at him. "Do I have to cuff you again?"

That was the last thing he wanted. "No, Miss Carol. I've been good, haven't I?"

She smiled. "So far. Keep it that way! She looked at the bed. "The bed needs to be made. There's trash all over the house. You've got smelly clothes that need to be washed… Wait a minute, before you make the bed. Do you have any more sheets?"

"No, just what's on the bed. It's the only bed in the house."

She wasn't happy that all his sheets smelled like him. "Wash the sheets first, then start cleaning everything in the house. I don't want to see you not busy!"

It wasn't that Roger exactly minded doing the laundry and cleaning up the house, it was just that he minded doing it because she was making him do it – while wearing the overstuffed bra! It irked him terribly. But he didn't say anything or make even the slightest indication that he wasn't happy for fear of what else she might do. After spending so much time restrained and unable to move at all, the few chores she wanted done seemed like heaven.

As he worked, he didn't fail to notice that she never really took her eyes off of him. When he went into the kitchen, she moved so that she could still see him. If he went into the bedroom or master bathroom, she was still always visible. Obviously, she didn't trust him… which didn't bode well for the future.

When dinner time came, she had him fix a couple of frozen dinners that were in the freezer. She wouldn't let him eat at the table with her so he had to sit on the floor again, but at least she didn't cuff his hands and she even gave him a spoon to eat with… although no knife or fork, which made cutting up the meat that much more difficult. Still, it was a vast improvement – and it wasn't Burger King for a change.

When dinner was over, she made him wash what few dishes were left, then she banished him to sit in his little area of the kitchen corner again while she rummaged through his cabinets. "Don't you have any jars or plastic containers for saving leftovers?" she asked as she opened another cabinet door.

Leftovers? What leftovers? They had eaten TV dinners and everything was already cleaned up! “Top cabinet in the corner,” he replied, mystified by her request.

She opened the cabinet and immediately saw the few containers that he owned. Each one had a plastic lid already attached. She had to reach way up, standing on her toes to get one, but she couldn’t quite grab the one she wanted.

“Would you like me to get it for you?” he asked.

She looked at him. “Why do people always put things up so high?” she asked. But she backed away, giving him plenty of room.

He got up and walked over to the cabinet. “Which one?” he asked.

“Take them all down so I can see them.”

The reach was fairly high for him too, but not nearly as bad as it was for her. For some reason he got the impression that the fact that he could reach them and she couldn’t was making her angry. When they were all down, he asked. “Anything else?”

Frustrated that he could so easily do what she couldn’t, she sulkingly said, “No!” He backed out of the way again.

She looked at each container carefully, trying to guess which one would work the best. She really had no clue what to expect. Momma wanted him to do it every night. Would she need a really big one? Finally, she decided on a medium sized container. She picked it up and stood back again. “You can put those away now.”

Smilingly, he did just as she asked. At least she didn’t look as mad this time.

“Wait for me in the unfinished room,” she told him.

Roger wasn’t happy to hear that at all. There was too much of a chance she might tie him up again. “But I’ve been good!” he argued.

“Just go!” she ordered.

Silently, he did as he was told. When he turned into the unfinished bedroom where he had spent so many miserable hours, he noticed that she continued on towards the master bedroom. It was the first time all afternoon that she wasn’t in sight. But she returned quickly, the plastic leftover container in one hand, and the handcuffs in her other hand.

“Strip!” she commanded. “Just leave your bra on.”

Her command didn't really surprise him. Well, the part about the bra did a little. Slowly, he removed all his clothes until he was left with only the bra and the tee–shirts she had made him stuff into it.

"On your knees!" she ordered. "Back up to one of those boards and put your legs around it!"

Roger wasn't happy at all, it looked like he was in for more misery, but he did as she directed. She swiftly went through to the other side of the stud wall and before he knew it, she had his ankles tied together with the wall stud between them. He wasn't going anywhere again!

"Right hand!" she ordered. Hating having to do it, he reached back with his right hand and felt her quickly snapping handcuffs to his wrist. He started to bring his other arm back too, but she continued pulling on his right arm until it met up with the rope cuffs on his ankles. He heard a click, and he couldn't bring his arm back anymore. She had attached the arm to his ankles but left his other arm free. It wasn't the most comfortable of positions, but she had already done far worse.

She stood in front of him and stared at him. She needed him to do as her mother wanted, but now she saw another problem – the tape was still in place, holding his manhood back between his legs. "Get that tape off of there!"

Being right–handed, and only having his left hand to work with, made the impossible task all that much more difficult. Not being able to see what he was doing didn't help either, because the way she had restrained him coupled with the huge mass of faux breasts attached to his chest didn't give him any chance at all of seeing much of anything down there. He did his best though to pry the tape up and pull it with his fingers, but the way it was stuck to all his hair made it way too painful to just rip off. It was very slow going, and very painful! But he too wanted the darn tape gone!

Carol sat in the chair and watched him impatiently. Why couldn't he just rip it off? She listened to his whining as he let out small little cries of pain each time he pulled at it. A few minutes later, there were tears forming in his eyes. As much as she enjoyed seeing him miserable and crying, she didn't want to wait all night. And with as little progress as he seemed to be making, it looked like it was going to take just that long!

Too impatient with his progress, she got up out of her chair and went over to him. She didn't want to touch him down there, but it looked like she wasn't going to have a choice. She knocked his hand out of the way. She could see that the inch or so of tape that he had managed to remove so far was thickly covered with his hair that had been pulled out. She

grabbed what she could and yanked for all she was worth. He screamed bloody murder as the tape started to rip free – then slipped out of her hand.

He was crying and screaming and grabbing at his groin as if the world were coming to an end. "Oh shut up you baby! It can't be that bad!" She reached for the tape again, but his hand covering it wouldn't move. He began cursing a blue streak at her. Angry, she got to her feet and stomped out of the room. When she came back, she didn't go into the room with him, but rather into the room on the other side of the stud wall where she would be behind him. She had a length of rope in her hands.

She reached around him and tried to grab his free hand, but he was too intent on keeping it in place, covering his still stinging groin. Frustrated, she went back through the wall with her rope. He tried to fight her off, but having just the one hand to work with made her more than a match for him. It took a minute, but she finally got one end of the rope tied around his wrist. She stood back and pulled hard. Fighting her now, he pulled back too. She made progress, but it was difficult. She ran to the side of him going back through the stud wall a few feet away, pulling the rope around one of the studs. She pulled hard, putting her weight behind it as gradually his hand came further and further away from his private parts… until finally it was all the way up against the wall stud the rope was pulled around. She quickly wrapped the rope all the way around both the stud and his wrist and tied them off. He couldn't protect himself now. He was squirming and cursing at her like she couldn't believe.

Going back through the stud wall, she spotted the stained pink panties that had filled his mouth before. She picked them up, they were mostly dry to the touch now, but she could still smell them. She brought them closer and closer to his head, intent on stuffing them into his mouth. He shook his head violently back and forth so she couldn't do what she wanted to do with them. He closed his mouth tightly. With his arms completely out of the way, she grabbed his head and held it still. She had to hold his nose to get him to open his mouth, and the moment he did, she started stuffing the foul panties inside. Further and further, till they completely filled his mouth. His shouts were nothing but muffled moans now. Quickly, she grabbed the tape and began wrapping it around his head so he couldn't get them out again.

Only when she had finished did she allow herself a moment to stand back and relax. He was crying again – the big baby. What could have been so bad about pulling on the tape that would cause that kind of reaction? He had fought her, and fought her hard. But she had won. She should have felt elated, but all she felt was perturbed because she had to wrestle with him in the first place.

"I actually thought you were going to like what I have to make you do," she said to him. "But now I hope it only makes you more miserable!" With that, she once again grabbed the tape that was still attached to him. The free end was longer now and gave her a much better grip. He suddenly began moaning in fear through his gag and trying to shake himself free, but he had nowhere to go. Bracing herself, she gave the tape a huge pull and managed to rip

it all off in one big swish. He screamed into his gag again and began crying in earnest. His head banged a few times against the wall stud behind him and she was worried that he might hurt himself. Fortunately, he quickly stopped that.

She threw the tape she had ripped off into a corner of the room and sat back in her chair to watch him. Slowly, very slowly, he stopped fussing and just sat and cried. She let him shed his tears for a few minutes, but she didn't want to wait forever. His male thingy was visible again. The top of it looked bright red from where the tape had been stuck to it and then ripped off. She was sure it probably hurt a bit, but that wasn't her problem.

She picked up the plastic container again and took the lid off. She placed it in front of him. "I need you to do something now," she said. "I'm going to untie your hand from the board." He made no reaction at all other than his continued crying. Cautiously, she untied the rope and freed his left arm. She watched as he immediately grabbed his male thingy with that hand and squeezed it protectively. She expected it to grow larger again, but it didn't. It did nothing at all. Had she damaged it somehow?

His free hand suddenly went up to the tape that was wrapped around his head, holding the panties firmly in his mouth. She grabbed his arm and pulled it away. "Don't touch!" she warned. "Or those panties will stay there all night again." His arm pulled away easily this time and returned to his injured private part.

She sat down in her chair again and stared at him intently. He was finally looking at her. Though still crying a bit, his eyes looked clearer and more focused. "I need you to… jerk yourself off into that container… and don't let any of it miss!"

Roger just stared at her with disbelief. She was certifiably crazy! He couldn't in a million years do that right now. All he could do though was to shake his head and try to say "I can't," through his gag – which of course she couldn't understand.

"I'm waiting," she said angrily. "Start playing with it!"

She just didn't get it. Roger shook his head again. It wouldn't work even if he wanted it to.

"You want those panties out of your mouth?" she asked angrily.

He nodded. He desperately wanted them gone. They not only filled his mouth uncomfortably, but they reeked of stale urine and tasted even worse.

"Then get busy! They stay in till you do as you're told! Now fill that container!"

Fill it? She had to be kidding? Obviously it was a bad choice of words on her part. But he did want the panties out of his mouth and she wasn't giving him much of a choice again.

Reaching down, he grabbed himself with his free hand and started doing what he could. It was the wrong hand though, which made matters even more difficult.

"Why isn't it getting any bigger?" she asked, angry because nothing seemed to be happening.

Did she really expect him to answer that? He just shook his head.

"Make it bigger!" she yelled.

"He moaned angrily through his gag at her. He was trying, but she had just hurt him badly down there! Besides this wasn't exactly a very sexually stimulating situation – just the opposite in fact. Geez! He thought kids knew a lot more about sex now days than she seemed to know.

When she still saw nothing happening, she cursed. She checked her watch. Darn it! It was time to call her mother. She had so much wanted to tell her that she had done as she wanted, but he wasn't cooperating! "Keep at it!" she yelled. "Don't you dare stop till I can see that thing full!" Frustrated, she stomped off to make her call.

Carol dialed the prison number and had to wait while her mother was called to the phone. "Hi Momma," she said at last.

Janice caught the tone of her daughter's voice. "What's wrong dear? Tell me!"

"Oh Momma. He's not being very cooperative all of a sudden. I had to fight with him to even get him to try to do… you know… into the plastic container."

Janice was instantly worried. Fight with him? "Carol, did he hurt you at all?"

"No, Momma. He couldn't. I had him tied up… mostly."

"Mostly?"

"Yeah. Just his one hand was free."

"Listen dear, you be careful. Men can be stronger than you think! They can hurt you before you even know it!"

"Don't worry, Momma. I'm fine. And I won. Believe me!"

"So what happened dear?"

Carol told her mother exactly what had happened since dinner from beginning to end. The whole time she was talking, Janice was thinking hard. When Carol had finished, she said, "Listen dear. I think when you pulled the tape off, you hurt him. Probably badly. And now we're going to have a bigger problem."

Carol was shocked and heartbroken. "You mean he won't ever be able to…"

"No dear," Janice corrected her daughter. "I'm sure he's going to be just fine. But that area where the tape was is very sensitive. And pulling all that hair out had to hurt him something fierce."

"He did scream like I couldn't believe," Carol admitted. "And you should have heard some of the words that came out of his mouth afterwards!"

Janice almost laughed. "I have no doubt. So he hasn't been able to make it hard yet?"

"Not as of when I left him."

"Then when we're done here, let him try a little longer. If he hasn't made any progress after a few more minutes, then it's probably not going to happen tonight. You'll have to try again in the morning."

"I will, Momma. One way or another, I'll make him do it."

"Good girl. But Carol, listen closely. If you hurt him bad enough for him to fight that hard, then it's not a good sign. He's going to be more unpredictable and harder to control. Don't you dare let him loose in any way where he might be able to hurt you before I can figure out what to do with him."

"Don't worry Momma. I've got him completely under control."

"I hope so! Now listen dear. Tomorrow morning, if you have to get him to try it again and he still isn't making any progress… you may have to do it for him."

"What? What are you talking about?"

"Carol, it's not that hard. Just tie him up real good so he can't get in your way. Then you're going to have to manipulate him down there yourself till he does it."

"Manipulate him?"

"Yes. Start by just stroking him softly. It may take a while, but I think that with your delicate touch he may just come around eventually. You may have to keep at it for a while. If he

doesn't start to get hard in half an hour or so, then you may have to try it again later till he does respond."

"Half an hour?"

"It may take that long, dear. Of course, I've known some men who couldn't even last a minute."

"I hope he's one of those!" Carol exclaimed.

"I hope so too, dear. But don't count on it. Just keep your touch soft till he starts to grow harder. The harder he gets, the harder and faster you can manipulate him."

"I hope I don't have to do this, Momma."

"I hope so too dear. But trust me, it's really not that hard. And you watch yourself, don't let any of that nasty stuff touch you!"

"Don't worry, Momma, I'll be careful. And I'll take care of it… one way or another!"

"Good girl, Carol. Now I'm going to call you tomorrow morning after I've had a chance to think about things a bit. Make sure I've got your cell phone number straight." Janice rattled off a string of numbers that her daughter had told her earlier and Carol confirmed that it was correct. "Okay dear. I'll talk to you tomorrow. And you be careful with him! Remember, he's a man… he's dangerous!

Roger half–heartedly played with his penis, but there was absolutely no joy in it. No response either… not that he really wanted any. The darn thing still stung quite a bit too. He thought he heard her talking to someone in the other room, but he couldn't hear more than a faint mumble that might have been her voice once in a while. But he did hear her footsteps when she finally came back again.

"You still can't make it work?" she asked with disgust as soon as she saw that the plastic container was still empty. She wanted to kick him, but she fought the urge. When she pulled the plastic container away, he took his hand away from himself there. She could see that the top of it was still red. Maybe she had hurt him.

She went back through the stud wall and grabbed some of the rope and carried it back in front of him. "Don't give me any trouble," she warned. He didn't even shake his head. As she grabbed his free wrist and started tying the rope to it, she saw him lean his head back against the board behind him and close his eyes. He offered no resistance at all as she pulled his arm out to the next board over and tied it in place. When she was satisfied that he wasn't going to get loose in anyway, she stood over him again. His eyes were still closed. Was he

crying? With the gag over his mouth, it was hard to tell, but she thought she saw a hint of moisture around both of his eyes.

"You can just stay there tonight!" she said with more than a hint of anger still in her voice. "And think about learning to do as you're told! Maybe next time, you'll be more cooperative." He made no reaction at all to her words. Did he even hear her? She was sure that he did.

She left him and went back out to the living room to watch TV. A while later, she got bored with the shows and went back to his kitchen where his laptop computer was located. She went back to the internet, and back to studying the bondage pictures again. She saw several pictures that gave her ideas and she studied them carefully. But there was one series of photos that caught her attention more than anything else had. In a way, they looked rather funny – in a way. And they definitely gave her ideas.

Chapter 04.

Worry woke Carol up. Worry about him and worry about the things her mother needed her to do still. It was a lot of responsibility, but she just kept telling herself that she could take care of it – all of it. She was old enough now. And if she and her mother ever wanted to have any kind of a life together again, then it was going to be up to her to make it all happen – at least until Thursday when her mother would be out of prison and with her again. The number of days was growing much shorter, but it was still a long wait. Especially now… now that she had to keep her miserable math teacher under control.

She hadn't heard a sound from him all night. She hoped that was good. She went into his bathroom in the master bedroom and relieved herself, then she dressed quickly in the clothes she had worn yesterday. She hurried out of the bedroom and into the unfinished room where she had left him. Stopping in the doorway, she could see that he was still tied to the wall in the same position as she had left him. Nothing looked different. She saw him raise his head and turn it to look at her. He looked miserable. The duct tape was still wrapped all around his head, holding in the dirty pee stained panties she had stuffed in his mouth.

As she walked into the unfinished room, she noticed the big wet puddle between his legs. He had urinated on the floor again. Well, she supposed that couldn't have been helped. Served him right to have to sit in it all night anyway! "Are you ready to be more cooperative and try it again?" she asked. Of course he couldn't really answer her, it was a moment before she saw him roll his eyes and then give a small nod. She took that as a definite yes and retrieved the plastic container.

She was about to set it on the floor in front of him, but the pool of his pee stopped her. She didn't want to set the container in all that mess. She went back to the kitchen and got one of the large plastic trash bags that he kept there and brought it back. She stuffed it down between his legs, covering as much as possible, then she set the container back in place. She started to untie his one hand again. "Are you going to give me any trouble?" She saw him weakly shake his head – actually it looked more like his neck was broken and his head had just flopped back and forth a bit, only to settle on his chest. Cautiously, watching for the first sign of trouble, she untied his hand. His arm just dropped straight down to the floor, totally limp. It was a moment before he even tried to move it, and then it was to pump it back and forth a bit to try to get the circulation moving again.

She backed up from him and sat in the chair again. "I'm waiting," she said.

Roger was so tired! His body hurt in places he didn't even know he had. Of course there were more than a few places that he knew that he had that he couldn't feel anymore. And now this jerky kid wanted him to jerk off into her dish? He seriously doubted that he could manage it. But it seemed that accomplishing it would be his only path to freedom… or at

least more freedom than he had now. Grabbing his limp flesh with his only free hand, he went to work – massaging it, kneading it, desperately trying to make something – anything – happen. But as he suspected, he wasn't exactly in the mood. He was desperate though, beyond desperate. He closed his eyes and tried to think of things that he found stimulating. His mind pulled up some magazine pictures that he liked that he had studied very closely on more nights than one. He concentrated on his memories harder and harder, slowly closing out the pain of his situation. And very gradually, his body responded.

Her mother had told her that it might take a while. Carol was just about to give up on him doing it himself and try to take matters into her own hands, when she noticed that suddenly his male thingy seemed to be a bit bigger. A minute later, she was sure of it because it had definitely grown again. Unable to take her eyes off of it now, she watched with more and more fascination as what was once tiny and limp, became large and obviously very hard. His hand began moving faster and faster and her own breathing quickened in turn.

She suddenly saw him take his hand away and desperately search the floor in front of him, trying to find the plastic container. His hand closed over top of it and he dragged it closer. Then his hand went back to his now huge… thingy. He shoved down on it and pumped it. But his hand left again to adjust the plastic dish. Then he was pumping. His hand went back to the dish, then back to its work. She realized then that he couldn't see the dish in front of him and was trying to line himself up. But every time he tried to locate the dish, he lost ground in the task he needed to perform.

In a flash, she was out of her seat. He was again searching for the container. His eyes were still closed… why? She batted his hand away from the dish. "I'll hold it for you!" she said excitedly. His hand went back to work. She waited… and waited… all the while getting a very close up view of him growing more and more excited. He suddenly let out what sounded like a very long moan of distress. She quickly looked up at his face to see what was wrong – and then jumped when something suddenly splashed up her wrist and arm. He had missed! He had over shot the container! And now she had it all over her! Horrified, she quickly changed the way she was holding the container and was rewarded to see his juice now going into the container. But the angle she had to hold it also made it possible for some of it to drip out if she wasn't careful. She was surprised at the intensity of how hard each blast came out of him. Before she knew it though, it all ended, and she watched as his… thingy… began growing softer and softer.

He was finished! But she now had some of it directly on her. Frightened of it, she dropped the plastic container out of his reach. She knew if she was careful she wouldn't get pregnant from it, but still, as her Momma had told her numerous times, if she touched herself wrong in any way, then… She ran to the master bathroom and scrubbed her arm thoroughly. Then she ripped her clothes off and jumped into the shower, scrubbing her entire body just as hard. It was a while before she calmed down enough to feel safe. Had any of it mysteriously gotten into her somehow? She hoped not! She would probably have nightmares about it forever!

After taking the time to wash her hair, she finally got out of the shower and dressed herself – clean clothes. The clothes she had been wearing were carefully picked up and put directly into the washing machine – along with plenty of detergent. Only then did she go back to him. He was still sitting right like she had left him – naturally. His free hand was lying limp on the ground next to him. He turned his head weakly at her approach.

She was a bit surprised that he hadn't tried to rip the tape off of his head and remove the gag – grateful too, because if he had she would have had to find some other way to punish him for that. His eyes followed her as she picked up the container and looked into it. Such a tiny amount – despite his first spurt missing it completely. She would have thought there would be much more. She carefully put the lid on the container and carried it out to the kitchen. Her mother had told her to put it in the refrigerator. But would it be better in the freezer? She knew she'd feel safer if it was frozen. The choice made, she opened the freezer and put it inside, then she carefully washed her hands again.

Now… what was she going to do with him? One thing was for sure, she didn't want to move him until she heard from her mother. She went back to the little room again. His eyes locked onto her as she walked into the room. "I'm going to remove that gag now," she told him. "Do I have to tie your free hand?" He vehemently shook his head no.

She removed the tape from his head, watching him register the pain as it was ripped away from his skin. But it was nothing at all like the pain he had registered from that other little piece of tape she had ripped off of him last night. Maybe that part of him was more sensitive. His free arm came up towards his mouth, and stopped. His eyes asked the question. "Yeah, go ahead. You can take it out now," she told him. The pink panties that had been in his mouth came out quickly and he threw the ball of material on the floor. He breathed in huge gasps of air, trying to clear his lungs. She looked at the ball of pink panties that had been in his mouth. It had looked awful before, it looked much worse now. She tried for a moment to think about what it must have been like for him to have it in his mouth for so long and almost gagged.

His hand came up and she quickly backed away, frightened that he might try to hurt her. But he only pointed down toward his now tiny little – thingy. "What?" she asked, having no idea what his problem was.

"I really need to pee."

"Oh!" But it was still too early for her mother to call yet and she wasn't about to let him have that much freedom. Like it or not, he was going to have to stay right where he was. "You'll have to pee right there for now," she said. A look of anger quickly filled his face.

"I've done what you want! Now please let me go! I promise I'll be good… Miss Carol."

But her mother had told her not to. “Not yet!” she replied.

“But…”

“Do I have to tie your arm again? Or maybe put the panties back in your mouth?”

He shut up quickly and shook his head. “No, Miss Carole.” He felt so defeated. He purposely looked away from her so he wouldn’t have to look at her. He heard her walking out of the room… leaving him. His sigh was pure frustration.

Carol grabbed her cell phone so she could keep it close, hoping that somehow her mother might find a way to call early, but it wasn’t until mid–morning when it buzzed. Her mother’s voice on the other end was like a wave of relief. “Hi Momma!”

“Hi Carol. Is everything okay?”

“Perfectly – I think.”

“You think?”

“Well, I had to leave him tied right where he was all last night since you told me to make sure he was always restrained. I’m making him pee right where he’s sitting again. I’m afraid the floor is starting to stink terribly under him.”

Janice almost laughed. “Don’t worry about it. It won’t hurt him. But tell me, has he given you any trouble at all since last night?”

“No, Momma. None at all. I think he wants to behave again, but I don’t want to trust him.”

“Don’t trust him! It’s too soon! Now, did he spurt into the container?”

“He sure did!” Carol replied gleefully. “Although there was almost a bit of a catastrophe.”

“What?” Janice asked, fully concerned.

“Well, the way I have him tied, he couldn’t aim the thing very well, so I had to kind of jump in and hold the container… but Momma, I didn’t know it was going to spurt that hard or that far! The stuff went right over the top and splashed all up my arm. But don’t worry, I scrubbed it as hard as I could and took a shower right away. I don’t think I have anything to worry about.”

Janice chuckled. “Don’t worry, dear. It won’t hurt you… as long as it doesn’t come close to certain parts of you that is.”

“Good!” Carol replied. “I have it sitting in the freezer now where it will be perfectly safe – I hope!”

“In the freezer? Carol, listen. Move it to the refrigerator. It’s really very unlikely, but I’ve heard of where they freeze that stuff and then bring it back to life again later. We don’t want that to happen. Putting it in the refrigerator will make sure that junk all dies a very quick death!”

“Don’t worry, Momma, I’ll move it there right away!”

“Good girl. Now, I’ve thought of a few ideas you can use if you want. You don’t have to do them, but you’re the one who’s there so you’re going to have to be the one who decides what to do and what not to do.”

“I’m looking for any ideas, Momma! Any!”

“Okay then. Is there a hardware store or one of those building supply stores anywhere near you that will be open today?”

Carol thought about it. “Yes,” she decided. There’s a place not too far from here.”

“Good. Then go there today and buy some chain. Fairly heavy chain, but not too big. You’ll have to decide. Get some idea of how long that bathroom is that he was in before and add about five feet to that. That’s how long the length of chain will have to be. Then buy a good padlock too – with a key. Make sure that the lock will go through the chain links. You got all that?”

“Yeah, sure, Momma. Easy.”

“Good. When you get home, you can wrap that chain around the base of the toilet. And secure it with the padlock. Fix it so that the other end of the chain just reaches the doorway. Then you can fasten those handcuffs you found to the chain and the other end to his ankle. He’s not going to be able to leave the bathroom, but he can still take a shower and do whatever other business he has to, and you won’t have to worry about him as much. And he can sleep on the floor there tonight.”

“Momma! That’s a great idea. And it’s easy too.”

“Yes dear. Now I thought of something else too – something that he’s going to like a whole lot less. You said you wanted to get rid of all that hair on him? Well…”

When Carol finally put her phone down, her mind was charged with the possibilities. And better yet, a way to punish him for the way he had fought with her last night. She quickly checked on him, and found him sleeping. The pool of piss around him had grown bigger and it smelled something awful. Tough!

Knowing that she had to go out for a while, she didn't want to leave any part of him unrestrained. His free arm was lying limply on the ground. Quietly, she looped the end of the rope under it. He didn't stir till she quickly pulled the knot tight around his wrist. Then he jolted, trying to move his arm away. But she was faster and pulled it up to the board next to him again. He didn't fight back and a minute later, his hand was stuck firmly to the board. He was thoroughly tied up again.

"I have to go out for a while. See you later." It was all she said to him before she left.

Roger said nothing, but inwardly he was cursing up a storm.

Carol drove straight to his ATM machine first. Her mother had told her to get another hundred dollars if she needed it, but to make sure she went easy on it. She intended to. Then she stopped to get a few dollars' worth of gas in the car again. Traffic was very light since it was Sunday and she was able to make it to the building supply store fairly quickly. But once inside, she was somewhat bewildered. The place seemed so huge… and they had so much stuff!

"Can I help you?" Someone asked. Gratefully, she accepted his help. The man led her to an aisle that held many reels of chain. Then he called for someone who was more familiar with that section to help her. Carol looked over all the choices carefully, then finally decided on a type that looked like it was a little heavier than what she remembered seeing on swing sets. She was sure that it would hold him. She asked the man who came to help her for fifteen feet of it. The man carefully measured it out on the floor, then had to use a very large and powerful machine to cut it. Carol figured that if it took a machine like that to cut it, then he certainly wasn't going to break it. The man looped the chain up as if it were a rope and tied it up with tape. Then he directed her to the hardware section to find the locks she was looking for.

The chain was very heavy for Carol, but she managed it. She also managed to pick up several more packages of rope that she noticed near the chain before leaving the aisle – just in case. Fortunately, the locks were easy to find. She selected a package that contained two fairly heavy duty ones. Then she lugged it all to the checkout counter and paid for it. The chain was so heavy that she was glad to get it into the car. She was looking forward to her next stop though, because that was the part that really interested her.

Not far from the building supply store, was a large drug store. Inside, she grabbed three boxes of what she was looking for, knowing that he was just going to love it! But on the way to the checkout counter, she just happened to turn down an aisle that contained all the adult incontinent supplies. Her footsteps slowed as she went past. They were essentially diapers. Like baby diapers – only larger. He had hated wetting his pants last week. What would he think if he had to wear a diaper and wet that? Another thought forced its way in. If he wet the diaper while it was under his clothes, would anybody be able to tell? Wasn't that what the things were made for in the first place? Taking the time to decide on which ones she thought might be the best, she grabbed a package.

Roger's mind was numb – totally. Unable to move, sitting in a puddle of his own pee that stank terribly, and naked except for the extra large protuberance of the bra on his chest – which he would much rather do without – along with everything else. At least the foul gag had been removed from his mouth – that was a big improvement. But he still couldn't ever remember being so miserable in his life.

With her gone, the house was deathly quiet, so he heard her as she came in from the garage. She didn't come directly in to see him, other than to quickly poke her head into the room to check on him. Then she went somewhere else in the house instead. But it wasn't long until she did poke her head back in again. And again, it was only for a moment, and once again she was gone. Was that a bag of food in her hands? He realized that he was famished. She hadn't fed him anything today.

It was a long time before she came back. He heard her out in the hallway a few times, but had no idea what she was doing. When she finally came in, she carried a drink in one hand, and a bag of food in the other. "Are you hungry yet?" she asked.

Not wanting to ire her by speaking since he wasn't sure he was allowed to, he nodded his head. She set the bag of food and the drink on the chair. "Are you going to behave?" she asked.

He chanced speaking. "Yes, Miss Carol. I promise!"

She hesitated though before she began unfastening his hand that was still tied to the wall stud. When that hand was free, he felt her unlocking the cuff that was attached to his ankle ropes, freeing his other arm. He breathed a sigh of relief as he was finally able to pull that arm forward again, but only for a moment. She was quickly on his back and pulling both arms behind him. She cuffed them there again where they would be useless.

"No!" he wailed. "I promised! I promised!" But his pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears. He was still on his knees with his legs locked around the wall stud. He still couldn't go anywhere. And she was still behind him… now pushing down on him. Pushing his head down… down…

down toward the pool of his own piss on the floor. She stopped when his nose was only inches from it. Then she got off of him. He pulled his body up gratefully.

"If you're good," she said, "and you eat all your lunch… then I'll let you take a shower and get cleaned up afterwards."

Roger would do anything for a good hot shower. "I promise!" he repeated again. "I promise!"

She pulled another hamburger out of the bag and opened the wrapper. The whole thing she set down right in front of him… right where his nose had almost touched the pool of his own piss. He was horrified. The wrapper protected the hamburger from the pee for a moment, then he saw it soaking through. With growing horror, he watched as the shallow pool of pee flowed over top of the entire wrapper. And that was when she dumped the fries on top of everything.

"I'm still mad at you," she said. "Very mad! I'm mad because you fought with me last night. You resisted! And then you couldn't do the simple little thing I asked of you. I had to wait till this morning for it!" She paused for a moment before she spoke again. "I'd like to hurt you very badly! But I don't want to do anything that might seriously hurt you. Unfortunately, I still need you. Unfortunately!"

Roger knew there was no sense in arguing with her, she wouldn't listen, and it would be a totally useless act. It might even make her angrier which would be no good at all. So he remained silent.

"Eat it!" she said. "All of it!"

That was the last thing that Roger wanted to do. The very thought of it turned his stomach.

"Or I'll re–soak those panties in all that piss and you can eat them instead!"

Ugh! As repugnant as it was, he would have to do as she wanted. He would have to bend down and put his face in all that while he tried to eat the food… that was now soaking in all that piss. Yuck! Taking one last good breath, he bent down to the disgusting meal she had left for him.

As soon as he started eating, Carol sat down on the chair to watch him. She was still mad at him – very mad. And he would be getting more unpleasant surprises later. A few of which she found very amusing to think about.

Roger struggled to finish his food, but what he really was doing was struggling not to throw up! No telling what she would do to him if he did. When he was nearly done, he was surprised to find her standing right over him again.

"Have you had enough yet?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Carol," he replied, trying hard to keep everything down. There was still a little bit of food left, but he made no move to eat anymore. In truth, he wasn't sure he could.

"Are you going to be good?" she asked again.

"Yes, Miss Carol. I promise!"

"You better!" She left his hands cuffed behind him, but she went through and unlocked the cuff from one of his ankles. "Don't get up," she warned him. You can crawl on your knees to the bathroom.

Roger had to wade through the wet patch of floor as he made his way toward the door. The movement on his aching knees was painful, but it was movement. And there was the promise of release soon to come. The moment he saw the chain lying on the bathroom floor though, he realized that full release was not going to happen.

"Crawl all the way in till I tell you to stop," she instructed from behind him.

He turned into the bathroom and continued to crawl on his knees toward the back. He saw the other end of the chain wrapped several times around the base of the toilet with a fairly hefty lock holding it in place. The moment his legs were in far enough, she commanded him to stop. He felt her finally removing the handcuffs from his arms. He gratefully pulled his aching arms forward, trying to move them to relieve some of the pain… but even as he did so, he felt her quickly fastening the cuffs to his right ankle. And then there was a small click, and he was chained to the toilet. But at least his arms were free and that was something. A big something!

"I put all your shaving stuff on the counter there," she said. "I moved your shampoo, towel and toothbrush too. Don't be all day!"

He felt her backing out then, backing away from him. Instead of rising to his feet, he stretched out on the floor. His knees were in major pain. His shoulders hurt from having his hands behind him for so long. And his stomach was rolling from the food he had been forced to eat. He writhed a bit on the floor, just enjoying the luxury of what freedom his limbs were finally allowed.

"Don't keep me waiting!" she said. Then she turned and walked away, leaving him alone – again. But at least he could move – mostly. He finally climbed to his feet. That alone felt great. He saw his toiletries on the counter. He grabbed for his toothbrush and the toothpaste first. He had to get that awful taste out of his mouth!

While Roger was cleaning up, Carol went into the other unfinished room to prepare his next little surprise. She used this room because the floor was cleaner, she didn't want to be anywhere near the spot he had repeatedly peed on. She tightly tied ropes to two of the studs that were fairly far apart. The boards on the wall on the other side of the room were bare too, at least on one side. The solid wallboard on the other side didn't allow any room for her to pass the rope behind. But each of those boards had holes drilled through them where electrical lines passed. She threaded rope through those holes in two of the boards and tied them tightly too. Then she went out to the kitchen for the rest of her preparations.

Roger didn't hurry at all… despite what she had said. The shower felt just too good after what he had been through. But despite his leisurely pace, he was still done before she came back. As soon as he had dried off, he moved closer to the bathroom door. He was totally naked, but that didn't bother him at all. Of course he could have tried to put the huge bra on again, but he wasn't going to do that unless she made him do it! Standing up, the chain gave him just enough freedom to get his one leg out the door, but not the leg with the chain. He peered down the hallway, but he didn't see her. He could hear her in the kitchen though and wondered what she was up to.

He knew he probably should have called to her, but he was too reluctant. It was probably better if he just remained silent and stayed by himself. He sat down on the toilet seat to wait – hopefully for a very long time.

Carol was busy with a large pot. She had read the directions, but three packages meant changing a few things. Of course she didn't know if she would need three packages. Maybe she would need only one, but her mother had said to get a few, so she had picked up three. When she was satisfied that everything was as ready as she could get it, she left the kitchen to find out what was taking him so long. She found him lounging on the commode. "Comfortable?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Tired," was his only reply.

She nodded and smiled as if she were being friendly. "Then come along. I've got a treat for you that I'm told many people enjoy."

"What?" he asked as he got to his feet.

But instead of answering, she just crooked her finger for him to follow. He stopped at the edge of the doorway for her to unlock his ankle cuff, but first she insisted on tying his hands

behind his back again. It seemed that he was not going to be allowed total freedom just yet. When he could walk again, she sent him into the other unfinished room where she had prepared the ropes. The moment he saw them, he stopped still. "Please!" he begged. "I promise I'll be good! I've told you that over and over… and I mean it!"

She smiled. "I'm sure you mean it, but you haven't earned it yet. Now lie down in the middle of the room… on your stomach… and face that way!"

Knowing it was no use trying to resist, he carefully laid down where she wanted him. At least he was laying down this time… his knees where still killing him. He felt her attaching the ropes on his ankles first, pulling each one until his legs were splayed far apart. Then she untied his hands and attached the new ropes instead, pulling them tightly till he was spread eagled with no way to move. Some treat!

She disappeared for a few minutes. When she came back again, he couldn't turn his head far enough to see what she was doing, but he heard her moving around behind him. Then she was down by his side, whispering in his ear.

"Just relax now and enjoy this."

He jerked a bit as he suddenly felt something hot being placed on his back.

"Shhh. Relax."

Whatever the something hot was, she was soon moving it up his back, further and further spreading whatever it was in a wide long path. And it was kind of relaxing. He closed his eyes and tried to enjoy it… despite the pain and ache the rest of his body was feeling.

"You, know," she said softly, "I'm still very mad at you. You shouldn't have fought me like you did last night – even if I did hurt you. You're going to have to learn that." He felt her doing something else to his back now, pressing down all over the nice warmth. "You're going to have to learn that I can make you do anything I want you to, no matter even if it hurts you… a lot. Because I can hurt you a lot – in many different ways that won't leave any nasty marks on you." Her voice was still soft and calming… even if her words weren't. "And this is one of those ways!"

He screamed as pain suddenly exploded up his back where she had put all the comfortable warmth just a few moments earlier. She held something down in front of his face – something long. Attached to it was hair that she had pulled out of his back.

She giggled. "Now wasn't that fun?" He didn't answer. Fun? It was a nightmare! Especially since he felt her putting more of what he now realized must be hot wax onto his back, and he was helpless to stop her.

Strip after strip of hair was ripped from his body, while she giggled and cooed over how smooth his skin looked without all that ugly hair. She taunted him too, telling him that this was punishment for not behaving properly and the next time he dared to misbehave, she would think of something worse… much worse! He couldn't imagine anything much worse!

She did his entire back, his hairy buttocks – right down into the crack, and the entire length of his legs – as far around as she could reach. And then she carefully moved the ropes, making him roll over onto his back, but never once giving him a chance at any freedom to escape.

His chest was as bad as his back, the front of his legs were bad too. But then she started in on the area around his cock and balls. That was where the pain really got bad. He screamed. He tugged at the ropes. But it was all to no avail as she ripped strip after strip of hair from his body, until even his private parts were totally smooth and hairless. From the neck down, he was as smooth as a baby. And all the while, she told him that she hoped he'd think twice about crossing her again. After what she had just done to him, he vowed he'd never cross her again – ever. At least not until he had the chance to kill her!

She left him there, nude and on his back while she put things away again. When she came back, she was carrying more rope and a sharp knife from the kitchen. Carol had been thinking about this next part the whole time she was waxing his body smooth – and it really did look so much better now. This was going to be the fun part – for her. This was the idea she had gotten from the internet that she wanted to try.

She grabbed one of the pieces of rope she had just brought in. "You better not give me any trouble!" she warned as she knelt down next to his right arm.

"No, Miss Carol. I promise," he told her for the thousandth time, praying that she would finally release him.

She pushed the rope under his right arm and left it there. Roger felt a huge amount of disappointment wash through him as he realized that he wasn't going to be released yet. And he had promised! Carol worked at the knots holding his arm to the wall. His struggles had only tightened them, making the job much more difficult for her. Once she had that arm free though, she bent his arm at the elbow, bringing his hand up to his shoulder. She quickly wrapped the rope several times around both his lower and upper arm just under his armpit and tied it off. Then she cut the excess rope away with her knife.

"But I promised, Miss Carol," he complained. "I'll be good!"

"And I'm making sure that you'll keep that promise," she told him as she started untying his other arm. Just as she had done with his right arm, she now did the same with his left one,

rendering them both useless. He could wiggle his hands and fingers, but unless he was trying to grab something attached to his shoulder, his hands were basically useless.

Then it was time for his legs. She untied his left leg, but since he was lying on his back, she couldn't bend it the way she needed to. Pulling on it, she rolled him completely over onto his stomach. Then she bent his lower leg up against his thigh and tied it off like she had done his arms. His right leg took less time since he was already on his stomach.

Roger was no longer fastened to any of the walls, yet he couldn't untie himself in any way because he couldn't reach any of the ropes. But at least he was lying down for a change. And that was when she told him to get up and walk. He tried to turn his head to look at her. She couldn't be serious. Obviously she wasn't!

"I said get up and walk!"

He flapped his useless arms and legs a bit. "I can't!" he replied.

She laughed. "Yes you can. Get up on your elbows and knees."

What? Yes, she was definitely crazy.

"Do it!" she urged.

Trying to brace himself with his useless arms, he pushed himself backwards while trying to get up on his knees. And it worked. His head was spinning as he suddenly found himself up on all fours.

"Now walk!"

Crazy! But he tried to move forward. It took a little trial and error, but he managed it... just a few hesitant, painful steps on his elbows and knees.

She laughed, obviously delighted with his situation. "Good! Now come out to the living room with me."

To the living room? Walking like this? Ugh! She left the room, looking back to make sure he was following her. Turning toward the door took some extra thought, but he quickly got used to moving and finally followed her… slowly and painfully.

She stayed ahead of him, looking behind her to watch him all the way down the hallway. It was slow going, but he was following. She laughed once again as she got to the living room. "Just like a little doggie," she proclaimed as he slowly entered the larger space. "Wait

a minute! Waite a minute!" she suddenly said. She ran to the bedroom and returned a minute later, her new cell phone in hand. She aimed the camera at him. "Okay, keep walking now."

Ugh! How embarrassing! But Roger dutifully continued on into the room as she snapped picture after picture.

"Keep going around the room," she said, her eyes never leaving the screen on her phone.

Roger made it all the way around the room and then some before she giggled and sat down on the couch. He stopped and looked at her, unsure what to do with himself now.

"Can you say 'arf–arf' little doggie?"

Roger rolled his eyes. He wanted to say something far worse than arf–arf, but he dared not.

"Come on, speak little doggie," she coaxed. "Let me hear you say arf arf."

She was simply confirming what Roger already knew very well, Carol had a very nasty cruel streak in her. "Arf–arf," he said, fed up with the whole situation.

She looked disappointed. "Oh, come on! You can do better than that! Now speak little doggie!"

If he didn't do what she wanted, then she would only keep after him. "Arf–arf," he said again, this time with a little more intensity.

Carol wasn't really pleased, but at least it was better. "We're going to have to work on that," she told him.

Ugh! Roger did his best to act like a little dog while Carol played with him and coaxed him to degrade himself that way. But a little while later, Roger realized he had a little problem – or maybe it wasn't a problem! He had to pee again… and in order to use the bathroom, she was going to have to release him – at least somewhat if not completely. "Miss Carol," he said, breaking the play cycle since she had told him she only wanted him to bark.

"I told you, you can only bark!" she yelled.

"But I have to pee," he replied quickly before she could do anything he would regret.

That stopped her. "Oh!" She thought for a moment. "Well, doggies usually go outside. So…"

"But I can't get down the steps like this!" he pointed out quickly.

She was momentarily stopped again as she tried to think of something else. Finally, she let out a small growl of frustration. "This isn't working!"

Roger felt much happier hearing her say that. Maybe now she'd untie him!

But Carol wasn't going to give up that quickly. "There's got to be another way!" She quickly started walking around the apartment looking for a solution – any solution! As she headed back down the hallway she stopped and turned back to him. "Well aren't you going to follow me? Little doggies always follow their owners around."

Roger wasn't happy about it, but if it would get him out of the situation he was in any faster, then he would do anything. He slowly began making his way up the hallway behind her.

She looked into every room, quickly searching everything for a solution, but naturally she found none. They finally got to the kitchen and she again looked around. Nothing! Again she let out a growl of frustration. "There's got to me some…" And then her eyes fell on the pot she had used to melt all the hot wax she had used on him. "Yes!" she declared happily. She grabbed the pot and quickly carried it over to him. The speed with which she moved momentarily made Roger fear that she was going to hit him over the head with the thing! But instead, she got down on the floor with him and pushed the pot directly under him.

She looked under him at his now totally bald penis to line the pot directly under it, but his shriveled penis wasn't facing straight down. It was facing more toward his stomach. "If you pee now, will it go straight down into the pot?" she asked.

Roger had no idea where his penis was focused. "I don't know," he admitted. "I can't see anything down there."

"Ugh!" she growled again. Roger wished she'd just give up now and untie him. But Carol simply wouldn't be denied. Hating having to touch it, she reached under him and grabbed his little – thingy – and pulled it so it was facing straight down at the pot under him. "Okay little doggie. Let go now."

Roger was stupefied! Why didn't she just give up? But her persistence had now foiled every excuse he could possibly think of. Having no choice anymore, he forced himself to pee right where he was – still tied up and acting like her little dog! He felt so embarrassed it wasn't funny.

Carol was delighted to see how well it was working. "Well, that turned out to be an easy solution," she said in a very satisfied voice as she continued to hold onto him lightly so his

pee could keep going in the right direction. But a moment later, her fingers felt something odd happening to him as she held him. He was growing a little. Surprised, she looked back under him to see it again. Yes, it had grown – a little bit anyway. And that fast, she locked onto another idea for later.

For the rest of the afternoon she kept him acting like her little doggie. She knew he hated every minute of it, but she didn't care in the least. Carol marveled at how much fun she was having with him – especially since she could easily see how humiliated he felt at it and how much he disliked doing it. The way she had him tied up, he could move all around, yet there was no way at all that he could get loose. In fact…

She decided to tease him a little more. She quickly walked around the house checking all the outer doors – making sure they were closed securely. "I want you to wander all around the house," she said to him, "and if you can get outside, then I'll untie you completely – right away."

Her offer sounded great, but he knew it was completely impossible! He had no way to open any of the doors. He just looked at her dumbfounded.

"Go ahead," she urged. "Go try and get out little doggie."

Knowing it was completely useless, Roger headed to the front door, but once he got there, it was closed. The door handle was way above him. He couldn't even think about grabbing it. He heard Carol giggling behind him. He also heard her snapping more pictures.

He headed towards the door leading out to the garage, but that too was closed and he had no way to open it.

"One more door," she said laughingly as she followed him toward the laundry room and the back door. Roger already knew that it would be closed, and indeed it was.

"Aw! Poor widdle doggie," she said, mocking him. "All the doors are shut and he can't get out." She laughed. It was too easy! And Roger felt nothing but stupid, stupid, stupid! But what could he do?"

For dinner that night, she fixed two TV dinners. His she cut up into bite sized pieces and put it on a plate on the floor for him in his usual corner while she sat at the table. He tried laying down on his stomach to eat it, but she wouldn't let him… threatening to make him pee all over his food and then feed it to him. He had to spread his arms, or as she called them – his front legs, out to the side in order to get his head down far enough to eat. He was getting awfully tired of eating without his hands!

"You're getting really good at eating that way," she said at one point. "Maybe pretty soon, it'll be natural to you."

Roger didn't even want to contemplate that idea.

Shortly after dinner, she made him follow her into the guest bathroom. He thought that maybe she would cuff him to the chain again and then finally untie him, but instead she walked out and closed the door behind her, leaving him trapped inside. Once again a simple closed door, not even locked, foiled him. He was starting to realize just what any dog must feel in similar situations. He laid down on the floor on his stomach to ease the strain on his hurting elbows and knees. Damn her! She had put him in here and left him helpless. Here… in the bathroom! And now he needed to pee again! And he had no way to use the damn toilet!

Carol had closed him away purposely… and it had been so incredibly easy. But she didn't do it for any of the reasons he might think. She did it because it was almost time for her mother to call again and she didn't want him to hear.

When Janice finally called her daughter, she could easily hear the delight still in Carol's voice. "What's happening dear? You sound a lot happier than you did this morning."

Carol laughed. "Oh Momma, I've been having so much fun with him." Carol went to great lengths to tell her mother everything she did to him and put him through all afternoon.

Janice listened carefully and even laughed with Carol over some of it. She was somewhat familiar with the way that Carol had tied him up, and she knew that it could be very affective. But the thing that Janice found the best was Carol's absolute delight over his situation. She decided to file that piece of information away to possibly use at another time. "And how about making him put his nasty juice into the container," Janice finally asked. When are you going to untie him for that?"

Carol was silent for a moment before she answered. "I was thinking of doing it without untying him, Momma," she said softly.

"But dear, he needs to touch himself to do it. He can't do that if he's tied like you said he is."

It took Carol another moment before she answered. "Um… I was thinking of helping him, Momma."

This time it was Janice who didn't answer right away. "I see," she finally said. "Well, you're there and I'm not. You just be careful, you hear?"

"Yes, Momma. I'll be very careful. You know I will."

"Yes, I know you will, dear," Janice echoed. "But don't leave him like that all night! He's got to be in school tomorrow and he's got to be able to teach – normally! Remember, nobody can know that there's anything out of the ordinary going on!"

"I know, Momma. I know."

"You chain him back up in the bathroom again like you did earlier before you leave there. At least he can relieve himself and he can sleep well enough on the floor. And you… you make sure you get back to the foster home early! We don't want anybody asking the wrong questions!"

"Don't worry, I will Momma. I will."

Roger had almost fallen asleep when the bathroom door suddenly opened – hitting him in the head because he hadn't gotten far enough away from it.

"Come along little doggie," she said as soon as he had backed out of the way. Roger followed her out of the bathroom as she headed towards the kitchen. She went straight to the refrigerator and pulled out the plastic container she had made him jerk off into earlier. "It's time for your little job again," she said as she carefully took the lid off.

Roger wasn't the least interested in going through that again with her. This morning had been bad enough. But maybe she would finally untie him now! But he was again shocked as she got down on the floor next to him and she shoved the dish underneath him. What did she expect, that it would just automatically drip out of him as if he were simply peeing? He was further shocked when he felt her fingers gently grabbing him again, and not letting go.

Slowly and gently she began massaging him with just a few of her fingers. She remembered how long it had taken before, so she mentally prepared herself to do this for a very long time. She was very surprised when he started to grow bigger under her fingers almost immediately. She giggled with delight. "I see my little doggie likes this," she said as she continued working him.

Roger hated it, but he couldn't help it. As helpless as he was, his body simply couldn't resist her touch. He somehow felt like his body was betraying him. And like it or not, the longer she kept at it, the better it felt.

Carol was amazed at how big he was growing in her hand. She had to pull it down now so that it stayed aimed at the plastic dish below. And all the while she worked him, she kept

up her constant little encouragements. “Good doggie. Such a good doggie. You really like that, don’t you doggie? That’s my good little doggie.” Much sooner than she expected she saw his chest starting to heave. She looked down. Little bits of his juice were leaking out of him, dripping straight down into the dish. Realizing that he was close to his climax, she had one last command for him. “Bark for me little doggie. Bark like a good little doggie who likes this. Come on, bark for me!”

Her words actually kept him from going over the edge, although he knew it was only prolonging the inevitable.

When he didn’t respond, she dug her fingernails in and squeezed cruelly. “Do you need those nasty panties back in your mouth again to do this?” she asked menacingly.

Roger could almost taste the foul panties back in his mouth again. “Arf–arf!” he said. He was rewarded as her hand went back to making him feel good again.

“That’s it, little doggie, keep barking like a good little doggie now. Let me know how much you like this.”

Roger kept barking, which made him feel all the more humiliated as she kept bringing him closer and closer to the edge – till his voice finally locked up and he couldn’t bark anymore because his body was too busy releasing his load, straight down into her little container.

“Keep barking my little pet,” she coaxed. He tried again and managed to get out a rather prolonged little bark. Then finally, it was over, and he was exhausted. “Good doggie,” she crooned as the last of his load dripped down into the dish and his manhood began to shrivel again. “Good doggie.”

She quickly put the lid back on the container and stuck it into the refrigerator. Then she seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time thoroughly scrubbing her hands at the kitchen sink.

Finally she turned around and looked down at him. You were a good doggie today. We’ll have to remember that for the future. Roger would just as soon forget it – forever. “Come along, little doggie,” she said as she headed back up the hallway.

Once again, she led him into the guest bathroom, but this time as soon as he was in far enough, he felt her fastening the cuff attached to the chain around his ankle again. Was she finally going to release him? He didn’t even dare to hope anymore. But once his ankle was secure, she did begin untying him. Once he was free, mostly, Roger stretched his limbs out luxuriously as he laid on the cold bathroom floor. It felt so good to move them again.

"I have to leave you now," she said, no longer sounding like she had when she was playing doggie with him all afternoon. Make sure you get some sleep tonight. When I come back tomorrow morning, I expect you to be shaved and showered too. I need you to be the best teacher you can be at school tomorrow.

The best teacher? She had to be kidding again. He hadn't even thought about teaching all weekend. In fact, he hadn't even had time to put his lesson plans together for next week. Teaching was the last thing on his mind just then.

A little while later, he saw the light from the living room going off and the hallway just outside his door grew much dimmer. He heard her going out through the garage again, and the house suddenly felt colder and empty. And even though he was chained naked to the toilet in the bathroom, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 05.

Roger actually slept fairly well all night, despite having to sleep naked on the hard bathroom floor while chained to the toilet. Since she left fairly early, he had plenty of time to rest. He even had plenty of time to shave and take a nice long hot shower to help wash away the aches and pains from the weekend.

But now he was stuck naked and unable to leave the guest bathroom in his house. The heavy chain connected between his ankle and the toilet didn't let him go past the bathroom door. Would she be coming to get him to take him to work today? And more importantly, would she finally set him completely free? Well, at least free from all the ropes and chains she had kept him in all weekend.

Now that he'd had a little sleep, his mind began to wonder about her. What was she doing? How long did she intend to keep this madness up? If he remembered correctly, he thought someone had mentioned that she was living in a foster home, although he didn't know why. Were her parents dead? Most likely! Otherwise he was sure either her mother or father would have put a stop to this long ago.

So if she was living in a foster home, was that the reason she doing this? Was she really trying to run away? Find someplace else to live? But if so, it still didn't make sense because although she had stayed all weekend, she had left fairly early last night. Had she gone back to the foster home? It was all very puzzling.

The sound of the door from the garage caught his attention. He looked out into the hallway and saw her walking in, the inevitable bag of breakfast from Burger King and what looked like a cup of coffee in her hands.

"I see you've shaved already," she said as she got close enough to see him clearly. "Did you shower too?"

"Yes, Miss Carol," he replied.

She nodded and leaned up against the wall of the hallway, across from him. "I certainly hope you're going to be good for me today. A perfect little angel!"

"Yes, Miss Carol. I will." He had told her that over and over again yesterday, yet it had gained him nothing.

"Okay," she said. "I'm going to take a chance and trust you so you can go to work today." She entered the bathroom and set the food down on the counter. Then she knelt down and unlocked the cuff attached to his ankle.

As he watched her unlocking him from the chain, he thought briefly about overpowering her and beating her into a senseless bag of bones. But thoughts of those damning pictures she had taken of him again flashed through his mind. If he didn't want to go to jail, then he was stuck playing her game… for now. "Thank you," he said, breathing a sigh of relief and flexing his ankle now that it was free of the heavy chain.

"Come on," she said as she picked up the bag and the coffee. Turning her back to him, she walked out of the bathroom. Naked, he followed her, not to his bedroom where he could get dressed, but instead into the kitchen. She put the bag of food down on the table and walked away from him, over toward the sink. "There's breakfast in there for you if you want it. I suggest you eat it."

He looked into the bag and pulled out a breakfast sandwich and some potatoes. He looked at one of the chairs to sit down. She had made him eat off the floor all weekend. Would she relent now and let him sit down at the table – civilly?

"Go ahead. You can sit – this time," she told him. He sat, gratefully, and started eating. "The more you behave yourself and do what you're told, the easier things will be for you," she said as he ate. "But mess up just once, and you'll find yourself in big trouble, fast!"

He made no reply. She had already made that point perfectly clear.

Once he had eaten, she took him back to his own bedroom where she had spent the weekend. She opened his dresser drawer and pulled out a frilly pair of white panties for him to put on. He looked at them with distaste, but made no other comment as he accepted them. She sorted through the bras she had bought him and selected one of those too.

"Must I?" he asked fearfully.

She nodded. "From now on!"

"But it will show!"

She just shrugged her shoulders. "Tough! Put it on."

At least the one she handed him had what looked like a very small cup size and no padding in the cups at all. Maybe he could actually get away with wearing the thing – as long as he kept his suit jacket on. With almost as much fumbling as it had taken him the last time, he managed to finally get the darn thing on.

She walked over to him. "Turn around." He felt her grabbing the straps of the bra and pulling on them, tightening them, adjusting them. Both straps. Then she walked all around

him again and smiled. “You look so much nicer without all that nasty hair,” she said as she lightly ran her hand over his now smooth stomach. She stood back again. “Go get the rest of your clothes for the day.”

Gratefully, Roger added a white t–shirt over top of the bra, then he selected one of his usual button–down shirts and slacks. He carefully kept checking the mirror as soon as he put his shirt on – checking over and over again to see if the bra showed through. Even though he was wearing a t–shirt and had selected a fairly heavy shirt, he was fairly certain he could see parts of the bra here and there. Not good! But at least it felt good to be wearing clothes again – even if they did feel strange against his now hairless body.

Carol grinned constantly as she watched him turning and checking his image in the mirror. Obviously he was very worried about the bra. She watched as he selected socks, shoes, a tie, and a sport jacket to complete his clothing. But even after his sport jacket was on and in place – buttoned in front – he still kept turning this way and that to look for signs of his bra showing underneath.

“Does it show?” he finally asked in a very worried voice.

She just shrugged. “It depends.”

The look of worry on his face increased. “On what?”

But she only shrugged again and gave him a very devilish look. Actually, with his jacket on, it didn’t show at all. And without the jacket she could see very few signs of it, but she wasn’t going to tell him that. Let him sweat over it! “Are you ready?” she finally asked.

He looked around. “My wallet? My cell phone? My keys?”

“I’ll hold them for you again.” She reached into her purse and pulled out his wallet. She pulled a five dollar bill out of it and handed the money to him. “Lunch money,” she explained. He took it gratefully.

She let him drive to the school again. Just out of the driveway she asked. “Do you know where the newspaper office is?”

That surprised him. “The newspaper office? The local paper?”

“Yes.”

“I think so, but I’m not really sure.”

“Find out! And while you’re at it, also find out how much it costs to run an ad.”

"How much? What kind of ad?"

"You know, a regular ad."

"Well… I have to know how big it's going to be… or if it has pictures, or what."

"No pictures, just words. And what do you mean how big?"

"Newspapers make their money according to how much space you want to take up. Some companies pay a lot and take up a whole page with pictures and everything. Some only grab a tiny little slice. I'm sure you've seen a newspaper before."

"Not that kind of ad! The kind like… like if you want something."

"Oh. A classified ad."

"Yes!"

"You didn't say that. Classifieds are cheap. They pay by the word or letter. What do you want to say?"

"You don't need to know that yet!"

"He nodded and thought about it a bit as he drove. "Can I have my cell phone back to call them?"

"No. Find another phone. I'll hold your cell phone for now."

When he was still two blocks from the school, she had him stop so she could get out. "I don't want to be seen too much with you," she explained.

As she was getting out of the car, he remembered something. It was Monday! "Um… Miss Carol," he chanced.

"What?" she asked, almost angrily.

"Um… there's a teacher's meeting after school today. We usually have them on Monday's."

That stopped her for a moment as she thought about it. Her first impulse was to tell him to forget it and meet her instead, but she remembered that her mother had said that nobody could know anything unusual was going on. "Okay," she said finally. "I'll meet you after that. How long do you expect it to last?"

He shrugged. “It depends. Some are only fifteen minutes. Sometimes they last an hour.”

“What can you discuss for an hour?”

He couldn’t help but smile. “Final exams!”

She nodded. “I’ll be waiting. Just try to hurry.” With that she closed the car door.

He continued driving into work, while she walked the last few blocks. What he really wanted to do though was to keep driving – maybe for days – and get as far away from her as possible!

All morning long he worried about his bra showing. Was his jacket heavy enough to disguise it? He didn’t dare unbutton the front of it for fear that it might gap open too far and someone would clearly see the outline of the damn bra underneath. And then he began having trouble with his bra straps. In the middle of his first class, the left one started slipping down, distracting him terribly. And then before long, the right one decided to do the same. It was very uncomfortable, and he felt the pulling every time he raised his arm to write on the board. He desperately wanted to pull them up, but he dared not reach into his jacket or shirt to do it.

Several times that morning, he went into the men’s room just to pull up his bra straps and to look in the mirror and check to see if it was showing. And the times when he had to pee, he went into the stalls to do it instead of standing up at the urinal – just so nobody would be able to catch a glimpse of the frilly panties he was wearing. It was all so unnerving! Did she have any idea of how much stress she was causing him? Probably – which was why she was doing it in the first place!

Despite the odd feeling of his clothing against his now hairless body, and despite the odd feeling of the panties he was wearing, and despite the monstrous worry about his bra, he thought he actually managed to do a fairly decent job of teaching. Getting a little sleep had certainly made a big difference. He felt like he was portraying someone full of confidence as he stood in front of his classes and taught – even though he felt anything but confident.

He didn’t get a chance to check on where the newspaper office was until lunchtime, and then the secretary in the school’s office was able to give him easy directions. It was about where he thought it was. He used the office phone to call them and check on the price of an ad – cheap like he expected. Then he went to the cafeteria to buy himself a little lunch. Not as much as he would have liked, but enough. Five dollars didn’t go very far at all.

What worried him now, was Carol. She was in his next class. What would she do to him there today? The lunch period hadn’t even ended when she hurried into his classroom,

although the bell was due to ring very shortly. A wave of fear washed through him the moment he saw her. “Miss Carol,” he said simply as she hurried up to him.

Carol reached out her hand and stuck it inside of his jacket to feel around. Yes, the bra was still there. With a huge grin on her face, she pulled her hand back. “How does it feel to wear a bra like one of the girls?” she teased.

He whispered his reply softly but urgently. “It’s not fun! I keep having trouble with the bra straps falling down! And it’s very uncomfortable!”

She laughed. “Get used to it!” The bell rang, signaling the change of classes.

“But what am I supposed to do about the damn straps falling down all the time?”

The delight in her eyes was obvious. “Pull them up.” She gleefully went to her usual desk to sit and wait for class to start. Roger had to force himself not to glare at her as the other students started coming in.

All through the class he expected her to do something, say something, demand something that would humiliate him, but all she did was to sit there with a delighted look on her face and watch him as he taught. She even raised her hand once to answer a question – a rare occurrence for her since she was having so much trouble with the subject as a whole. But she never did or said anything out of the ordinary. But it was still with more than a bit of trepidation that he announced that there “might” be a quiz on the subject tomorrow. He looked at her to see her reaction. She was still smiling. Was he going to get through the day with no problems?

Class ended and he was relieved. She came to the front of the classroom to talk with him. “Have your bra straps fallen down again?” she asked with that same devilish look.

“Yes,” he hissed. “Both of them!”

“Then pull them up.”

“Now?”

She shrugged. “You may as well.”

The last of the previous students were still filing out of the room, but some from the next class were already coming in. Angrily, he put his hand inside his jacket to try to grab the bra strap under the arm of his shirt. As he fished to try to grab it, she finally turned and walked away, never once looking at him as she walked out the door. He pulled his hand back without doing anything about the errant strap. Damn her!

The teacher's meeting after school was mercifully short… although in a way he wished it would never end – if only because when it was over he would have to face… her again. Afterwards, he walked back to his classroom to look for her, but she wasn't there. He waited in his classroom for a little while, but she never showed up. Was he finally going to be free of her? He didn't have his wallet, but he did have his car keys. Would he be allowed to just go home and be by himself again? Hoping for just that, he grabbed his expandable case and walked out to his car. And that's where she was waiting for him.

"Took you long enough!" she complained as she got into the passenger side.

"I was waiting for you inside," he explained as he tried to stifle his anger.

"I'm trying not to be seen too much more than usual with you," she explained.

He nodded as he started the car. Smart kid. Too smart! "So do you want to go to the newspaper office now?"

"No, that's for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"That's what I said, tomorrow! So don't worry about it!"

"Okay," he replied, sorry that he had asked. He drove straight home instead, stopping only at his mailbox to collect what little was in it – which she took from him.

Once inside, she had him strip, totally, again. And before long, he was once again chained to the toilet in the guest bathroom. "Do you have anything you have to work on tonight?" she asked.

He found that a strange request. "Lesson plans… a quiz! I'm sure there are some bills that need my attention too – if I have any money left."

She nodded. "Don't worry about your bills." But a moment later she added, "Some of them may be late this month." Of that, he had no doubt. "What do you need for the other stuff?"

He shrugged. "My case… my laptop."

"I'll get them for you," she offered. Carol left him while she went to get his things. He certainly wasn't going anywhere since he was chained to the toilet again. She unhooked his laptop from the kitchen counter and unplugged it too, bringing both the laptop and the

power cord to the hallway just outside the bathroom door. She set them on the floor, well out of his reach. His case he had already carried into the bedroom. She went after it, but she didn't get it right away. She took the time instead to use his master bathroom and check her hair… and to think. She still had something she had to make him do tonight. Something important. But beyond that, she thought about how the day had gone. Surprisingly, she realized that she had enormously enjoyed knowing that he was uncomfortable and having trouble with the bra she had made him wear all day. Even if nobody else knew and nobody else could see it, she had known. She imagined how scared he had to feel.

Yet despite how much she had enjoyed it, she still would have liked something else… something that would have caused him even more discomfort. But she didn't know what more she could have done. Not to mention she would really like to be able to show off to her friends what she was doing. But she knew now how important it was to keep this all secret.

With one last adjustment to her hair, she left the bathroom and picked up his case. It was then that she caught sight of the one unopened bag that remained in his room from the weekend. The bag from the drug store. Setting his case down again, she opened the plastic bag and looked at the top of the package of disposable diapers. She was fairly certain he didn't know about them yet… how could he? She had kept him tied up all day yesterday.

Gleefully, she closed the bag from the drug store and grabbed his case. Like she had done with his laptop, she placed the case on the floor of the hallway where he couldn't get it. Then she went back to the kitchen.

With nothing to do, Roger sat back on the toilet and waited, pretty much twiddling his thumbs. She finally appeared in the doorway again – but instead of bringing him the things he had asked for, she was holding the plastic container she had made him jerk off into the day before. He wasn't happy to see it!

"It's that time again," she said.

"Why?" he asked. "Why do you need this?"

The truth was that she didn't know. She was doing it because her mother had said it was important. She just couldn't let him know that. "You ask way too many questions today!" she snapped angrily. "And you don't need to know! All you need to do is to get your filthy juice into this dish again!"

Roger backed off, realizing that he had probably pressed his luck a bit too much today – although she had seemed a bit more reasonable all day. He watched as she very carefully pried the lid off – almost too carefully. What was she afraid of? She set the dish on the counter for him to pick up. He hesitated, just looking at it. The entire bottom was filled with his

sperm. But what good would it do her? If it was a baby she wanted, it certainly wouldn't work, the sperm died fairly quickly once it left the warmth of the body. And the container felt cold enough that she must have kept it in the refrigerator.

She saw his hesitation and was afraid he would refuse to do it again. "Do I have to truss you up like I did yesterday? Like my little doggie again, and do it for you? Cause if I do, then you'll stay that way all night long!"

He quickly picked up the dish as images of playing her doggie flashed through his brain. Anything but that! But how to do it? If it would work at all that is. He figured the easiest way would be to just set it down on the toilet seat and have at it. But that would put his back to her. Did she care? "Can I set this on the toilet to do it?" he asked.

"I don't care… as long as it gets done!" she replied.

It took him a while. A long while. But eventually he managed it… spilling his seed directly into the plastic container that already held two previous loads. The level of the liquid went up a bit, but only a little bit. She had come over to watch closely again just as he was about to orgasm, which didn't surprise him at all. Afterwards, she pushed the lid across the counter towards him. "Put that on – carefully! Don't you dare spill any!"

No, of course not. He closed the container and handed it to her. She took it like it was radioactive and hurried out in the direction of the kitchen. It was a while before she came back again. He figured she was probably washing her hands again like she did yesterday. What did she think that stuff was?

She finally came back again and handed him his laptop and expandable case. Then she was gone again just as quickly. He opened both and got to work, using the bathroom counter as his makeshift desk.

When she came back, she had another TV dinner that she had cooked and a glass of water. She set them on the counter for him. "You've been pretty good today," she said. "A few too many questions you shouldn't be asking, but overall, you were good. Tomorrow we have to do something important, so be ready."

He wanted to ask what, but she had just said that he asked too many questions. His first guess was that it had something to do with the newspaper office.

"I'm leaving now," she said. "I'll be back in the morning." And then she was gone again, leaving him naked and chained to the toilet in the bathroom. Not even his bathroom, but the guest bathroom. But at least it was an improvement over many of the things she had done to him previously. And at least she had left him with food and water, not to mention something to occupy his time.

Having nothing better to do, he got busy on his class work. The quiz, lesson plans, and anything else he could think of. He ate, he worked, he took a long hot bath, and he slept – naked on the floor with only a towel to use as a blanket.

Chapter 06.

She was back again the next day, just like the day before. And just like the day before she brought him his breakfast from Burger King which she allowed him to eat – naked at the table in the kitchen. Then, like yesterday, it was back to the bedroom to get dressed for the day.

Unlike yesterday, she pulled a bra out of the drawer for him first. Just the sight of it made him close his eyes, trying to calm the anger and frustration he felt at having to wear it again. And when he opened his eyes, he saw the grin of delight on her face at his situation. Like yesterday, once the bra was on him, she adjusted the straps until she was satisfied. He wanted to ask if there was some way she could fix them so they wouldn't fall down, but he already knew that such a question was senseless. Hadn't he seen women unconsciously fixing their own bra straps often enough?

He waited for her to select the panties next, hating the thought of them too. Every pair she had gotten for him was overly frilly – meant only to humiliate him. But instead of going to the drawer for the panties, she pulled a large bag out from beside the dresser. She reached into it and he saw her struggling to rip something inside. A moment later, she stood up with something in her hand that she was holding out to him. He didn't recognize it at first, but then what it was dawned on him. He backed away, completely horrified. "No… Oh no…"

She smiled evilly at him. "Oh yes!"

He stared, transfixed by the item of horror in her hands. "I… I… I can't!" he said, his head shaking. His whole body felt like it was shaking as well."

She took a step closer, still holding the dreaded item out to him. "You can… and you will!" She stopped, still holding it out, waiting for him to take it, relishing the horror that she saw engulfing him. "I say… you do. Remember? You promised to be good. Remember?" When he still didn't take it she added, "Worse awaits you than this if you don't!" Finally, he slowly reached out and took the disposable diaper from her hands.

If she thought watching him trying to put a bra on was funny, it was nothing compared to the time he had trying to figure out how to get the simple diaper on. The moment it touched his body down there, she saw him jolt as if a small charge of electricity had gone through him. First he couldn't figure out what was the front and what was the back. Then he couldn't decide if he should put the back of it up against him first or the front. Either way, he obviously hated it. And she was enjoying the spectacle way too much to give him any clues.

But he finally figured it out, finally taping one side closed. But as she saw him starting to tape the final side shut, she heard a small whimper escape him, and… was that tears in his eyes? She actually giggled at his expense.

Once fully taped, he turned his body back and forth just a fraction, he bent his knees just a fraction, doing everything he could to try to get used to – or maybe get rid of the odd bulk now surrounding him there. And when he finally looked up at her again, yes… there was a single teardrop making its way down his face. He wiped it away. "Must I do this?" he pleaded one more time.

"Oh… definitely!" she replied. "Most definitely!"

She let him finish getting dressed again, although his movements seemed to be more hampered by the diaper than she knew they should be. He was obviously having a lot of trouble getting used to it – all the better!

They left the house a good ten minutes later than usual so he had to drive a bit faster. His laptop was packed in his expandable case. He needed it to connect to the school's printer to print the tests for later.

Roger was having a difficult time getting used to the odd feeling of the diaper under his pants. In some ways it was worse than the bra he had on his chest – although both were awful. Now he not only had to worry about someone seeing his bra straps, but he also didn't know if the bulky diaper would show. And his jacket did little to cover that part of his body!

Carol again got out of the car two blocks from the school and walked the rest of the way while he drove. He parked the car and hurried in, trying desperately to ignore the odd feelings from the diaper and the bra under his clothes. Since he was later than he wanted to be, he only had a few minutes to connect to the school's printer and print the tests. Fortunately, it was late enough that all the other teachers had finished with it already and he got it all done fairly quickly.

His morning was a nightmare! He taught… and he thought he did a fairly good job of it again. All the preparation the night before had been very helpful. But the distraction from the bra straps, and now the bulky diaper under his pants kept eating at him. Like yesterday, he frequently went into the men's room between classes to hide in the stalls and pull up the bra straps. But on one of those trips, he realized that he needed to pee. Did she expect him to go in the diaper? No way! He left the bathroom still needing to pee.

The urge continued to build in him all through his next class – fortunately, one of the ones that he was giving the quiz to so that he didn't have to stand up in front of them and talk as much. But by the end of that class, he knew he couldn't last much longer. He hurried back to the men's room where he again headed straight into one of the stalls – and again pulled up his bra straps. But he had to pee too and he couldn't do it in the diaper. Opening his pants, he ripped the tapes open and peed into the toilet. Pure relief. But when he was done, the tapes wouldn't stick again. In fact, some of the plastic from the diaper cover was stuck to a

few of them making the tapes totally useless. All he could do was to pull the diaper back into place as best he could and refasten his pants. Hoping that the pants would hold everything in place.

It worked… and it didn't work. It wasn't long before he felt the diaper drooping and sagging – both front and back – and right in his crotch! It not only felt strange and uncomfortable, but he worried more than ever about it showing – which he was sure it would now. He tried sitting down behind his desk for most of the next class, but there were times when he absolutely had to stand up and write something on the board or to look at a student's work. He was not only overly self–conscious, he was downright scared!

Fortunately, the next period after that was his lunch. He knew she wouldn't like it, but the diaper definitely had to go. No underwear at all was better than this!

When the bell rang, he stayed at his desk while the students all filed out of the room. But he still didn't get up. There were too many people out in the hallway. And if he went into the men's room now, then it was all too likely that someone else would be there. But if he waited just a little bit, then he was sure that both the hallway and probably the men's room as well would be empty.

But he didn't make it. Not because of anyone in the hallway or the men's room, but because she walked into his classroom.

"Having a good morning?" Carol asked. The evil grin was back on her face.

"No!" he replied.

"And why could that be?"

She had asked it so innocently. He wanted to smack her! "This damn diaper!" he hissed.

She put a look of mock surprise on her face. "You mean the bra isn't giving you any trouble today?"

"Yes it is, damn it! I keep having to go out between classes and fix it. It's damn uncomfortable… and irritating!"

"So what's the problem with your diaper? Is it maybe… wet?"

Wet? She had to be kidding. "No! The damn tapes won't stick. It won't stay up!"

She was very surprised now. Why wouldn't the tapes stick? Everything looked like it was okay earlier. She looked out toward the hallway, everything seemed quiet enough. "Drop your pants. Show me!"

Totally frustrated with the situation, Roger too checked the hallway through the window in the door, then he quickly dropped his pants. The diaper came down with them. She examined the tapes. "What happened to them?"

"I had to pee and they wouldn't stick again afterwards. Now the damn thing is giving me no end of trouble!"

She grew instantly angry. "You shouldn't have undone them in the first place!"

"You didn't tell me I had to pee in the darn thing!" She said nothing, but he could see by the look on her face that she was angry with him. He realized he was probably in big trouble with her, but just then he didn't care. "So what am I supposed to do now? Can I take it off?"

That was the last thing she really wanted. But there seemed to be no other…. The tapes! "Don't you have any tape in your drawer?"

"You can't be serious!" he exclaimed.

"Get… the… tape!"

He pulled his desk drawer open and fished for the roll of scotch tape he used on ripped papers.

"Give that to me," she ordered, "and hold that diaper back in place."

Reluctantly, he did as she ordered. With the tape, she first refastened one side, then the other, much tighter than he had done it earlier. But she wasn't done yet. Just to make sure that it wouldn't pull apart again, she wrapped several layers all the way around him, pulling it tightly as she went. Finally she was done and he quickly pulled his pants up again before anyone could catch them. He actually breathed a sigh of relief the moment he was fully dressed again.

"Now make sure you get something to eat," she said. "We're going to be busy after school today and I can't guarantee that you'll get any dinner!"

But Roger was mostly thinking about all the tape she had just wrapped around the diaper. "But what if I have to pee this afternoon? How the heck am I supposed to do that?"

She just smiled that evil smile at him again. "Silly question! It's a diaper!"

Roger considered the option of not eating anything for lunch, but the prospect of possibly no dinner didn't exactly appeal to him. Besides, he was hungry. He had to hurry through lunch, but that was no problem since the five dollars she had given him didn't go very far anyway.

The class Carol was in was right after lunch every day. Again he feared that she would do or say something to make his life more miserable, but again she was silent, only watching him with a delighted glow in her eyes the entire time. He gave the class the quiz which brought him a few minutes of relief from worrying about her and what she might do, but it only lasted less than half the period. He half expected her to not take the test and order him to give her an exceptional grade anyway. But she took it just like everyone else. He was even surprised to notice the concentration on her face as she worked on it.

He was so glad when the class was over and all she did was leave with another of her miserable smiles.

All through the afternoon, he still had to go to the men's room to readjust the straps on his bra. And by the middle of the afternoon he realized he had to pee again. But he was fairly determined that he wouldn't do it in the diaper. The urge continued to grow and grow in him, distracting him more and more. On one of his trips to the men's room to readjust his bra, he finally realized that he couldn't hold out much longer. He had to do something to try to pee! Pulling his pants down in the stall, he started searching the diaper for some way to get it loose. But she had not only put the first tapes on in longer strips than the original tapes, she had also wrapped the tape all the way around several times and pulled everything much tighter than he had this morning. There was no way to pull the tapes up and remove the diaper. He tried desperately to pull the whole thing straight down, but the tape around it was so tight that he could barely move the thing. There was no way he could really lower it at all.

Totally frustrated in so many ways, he was forced to leave it in place and go back to the classroom. He actually made it through the next class, but not by much. After class he again visited the men's room, and again he tried to pull the diaper down. But once again he had no luck at all. Growing more and more desperate, he went back to his last class of the day. Could he make it? He prayed he would.

He tried to stay seated during class again, but the urge to pee was too strong. It was making him too antsy. Again and again he got up from his seat, hoping the movement would relieve the pressure and the need to pee. And again and again he sat back down, hoping for the same thing. But then a little tiny bit leaked out. He froze, every muscle in his body locked in place as he fought to regain his hold on everything. It was only a little bit – fortunately. But the battle continued and soon more leaked out, and again he tried to hold it back. Then it happened again! Each time, a little more leaked out of him than before.

By the time the class was over, he still had to pee desperately, even though his diaper was already somewhat wet. He could feel the extra little bulk of the wetness between his legs, but fortunately the technology of the diaper kept it from showing on the outside. He wanted to go home, desperately. He wanted to rip the diaper off so he could pee normally in the toilet like he should. But then he remembered something she had said… they were going to be busy after school today. She couldn't even guarantee him dinner! The need to pee was driving him crazy! What was he going to do?

Carol showed up in his classroom faster than usual. This time he was actually grateful. "I've got to pee something fierce!" he hissed desperately as soon as she arrived.

She just smiled knowingly at him. "Tough!" she said like it was no problem at all. "We've got things to do and we need to hurry." He wanted to cry.

Once in the car, she told him to drive directly to the newspaper office, which really didn't surprise him. It was about half an hour's drive and all the way there he squirmed and fidgeted in his seat. A few times he heard Carol giggling at him, although she said nothing. Twice, more of the pee escaped into his diapers, and each time he let out a long closed mouth scream as he tried desperately to stop it. And each time, Carol realized what was happening and started giggling again.

They finally pulled into the parking lot and Roger was anxious to jump out of the car, hoping the physical movement would help to keep him from wetting further.

"Stop fidgeting and wait a minute!" she ordered, stopping him before he could even get the door open. "I need to tell you exactly what you're going to do."

"But I've got to pee so bad," Roger told her.

She smiled again, "Like I said, tough! Now this is one of the most important things you're ever going to do, so don't screw this up! Got it?"

Roger had no idea what could be so important about placing an ad in the newspaper. Mostly though, all he could think about was his desperate need to pee. He let out another almost silent scream as yet more escaped from his body into his diaper.

Carol waited until he seemed to calm down a bit again, guessing that something was forcing its way out of him whether he liked it or not. Once he was calm again – relatively – she pulled out his wallet and handed it to him. "You're going to need this." Roger gratefully took his walled and opened it. His credit cards all appeared to be there as was his driver's license. The only thing out of the ordinary was the amount of cash in it, which wasn't all that much, but more than he usually carried around. Still fighting the urge to pee, he put the wallet away

in his back pocket. With the diaper under his pants – now wet – his wallet felt very strange back there.

Carol pulled a piece of paper out of her purse. She had carefully recopied the ad her mother had written down for her in her own handwriting, and had added his cell phone number. She handed the note to him. You've got to arrange for that ad to start Wednesday – that's tomorrow! The ad has to run for one week and one week only! Got that?"

Roger looked down at the short ad and read it. And that's when he got his first clue. He had briefly wondered about it once before, but other than that he really had no inkling. But now the note made it very obvious. It was the wording really. No high school kid, even one as bright as Carol, would word an ad like that. It was too sophisticated. Too perfect. And the obvious conclusion? Carol wasn't working alone! Someone else was pulling the strings behind the scenes! But the note only added more mystery to the pot. Was he about to get a housekeeper? And would the housekeeper be the mysterious string puller?

He didn't get a chance to think about it much more. "Okay, now let's get this done! And so help me, you better not screw anything up!"

Roger finally got out of the car, wondering what could be so difficult about placing the ad that Carol would be so insistent on it being done perfectly. Still struggling with his need to pee, he went into the newspaper office with her.

"May I help you?" a woman asked from behind the tall counter.

Roger looked briefly at Carol before answering. "I'd like to place a classified ad please?"

"Sure," the woman replied as she went to the computer on the counter and started moving and clicking on the mouse. She asked for Roger's name, his address, and his phone number. Finally she asked. "Now, what do you want the ad to say?"

Instead of answering, Roger simply handed over the handwritten ad. The woman looked at it briefly, then started typing it into the computer.

"Please make sure that it's worded exactly like that," Carol spoke up.

The woman looked at her and smiled. "I've got it," she said. Then she handed the note back to Roger. "And when did you want this to start?"

Roger started to answer, but Carol beat him to it. "It has to start tomorrow please. It's very important."

The woman looked at Roger. He just nodded. She typed in the start date. “And how long would you like it to run?”

This time Roger answered. “One week, please.”

The woman typed that in as well.

“Will it start tomorrow?” Carol asked, anxiousness clearly in her voice.

“No problem at all,” the woman replied.

Roger looked down at Carol, hoping she was satisfied. What was there about the ad that was so important to her? The woman quoted him a price and he pulled a couple of bills out of his wallet. She gave him a receipt. And they were done. Very simple. But Roger noticed that to Carol, every step seemed to be overly important. Why? What had the mysterious string puller told her?

As soon as they were back in the car, Carol seemed to give a small sigh of relief, yet she still seemed anxious. Why? But she wasn’t nearly as anxious as he was since his need to pee was practically driving him totally mind–blowing insane!

“That didn’t take as long as I was afraid it would,” Carol said as he started the car.

“There’s really not much to it,” he replied. She said nothing.

Roger’s foot was very heavy on the gas as he drove toward home. His need to pee kept driving him as he was driving the car. Several times he lost the battle again and had to regain his foothold on his bladder. He was getting wetter and wetter, but that didn’t seem to matter. Only that he didn’t want to give it all up.

Carol was silent during the trip, seemingly lost in thought. It wasn’t until he was nearly home that she spoke again. “Look,” she said. “That didn’t take as long as I was afraid it was going to, and I can’t stay long tonight. So let’s go to Burger King and you can buy some dinner.”

But Roger’s need to pee was too great. “Can’t we just heat up another TV dinner when we get to the house?”

For some reason, Carol was perturbed by his question. “No! I want Burger King. Now take me there!” Roger, and his bladder, weren’t the least bit happy.

More and more often Roger was losing the battle with is bladder. And while the pressure let up more and more, his tired aching muscles were growing weaker and weaker. Carol told

him to just go through the drive through and she told him what she wanted. The drive through was maddening slow however, at least it seemed that way to Roger and his diaper… which was getting wetter and wetter. He began to worry about it leaking all over his seat. Finally, he got his order. But after he paid for it, Carol asked for his wallet back. He could only watch as it disappeared into the depths of her large purse.

By the time Roger got home, he had very little urge to pee anymore. But now his primary concern was getting out of the wet diaper!

Once in the house, Carol ordered him back to the guest bathroom again. She also ordered him to strip completely again which Roger didn't mind at all. He couldn't get rid of the diaper too soon. The moment it was off of him, he stood in front of the toilet and tried to pee, but nothing came out. Nothing at all. He had completely lost the battle. Carol quickly locked the cuff around his ankle again and he felt totally defeated.

He expected Carol to bring him back his dinner now, but instead she showed up with the plastic container once again. "Don't take too long with it this time," she told him. "I can't wait around all night!"

"I can't make any guarantees," Roger replied.

"Well I can!" she snapped back angrily. "I can guarantee that you'll be spending all your time in those diapers for a very long time, and you'll be doing everything in them!"

Roger was surprised at her vehemence. What did she have going on tonight that she had to be out of there so soon? He picked up the container. "I'll try," was all he said as he took the lid off and turned his back to her.

The difficulty factor was even greater tonight than it had been before. His body was too tired from fighting with his bladder. But he did manage it – although not until she began threatening to tie him up like her little doggie once again and also keep him in diapers at work all the time. Her images scared him, but also somehow stimulated him… at least enough to get the job done.

Once again she took the container from him like it was radioactive and once again he figured she was scrubbing her hands in the kitchen.

Finally she came back and brought him his dinner and a drink. A few minutes later she showed up with his expandable case which also held his laptop. "I've got to go," she said. "Plan on being very busy tomorrow night."

And she was gone. Roger was alone in his house again, naked and chained to the toilet. He ate his dinner, he graded the tests – noting that Carol had done better than usual on it. He

played games on the computer, then he took a long hot bath. And finally, he went to sleep – naked on the floor with only his towel for a blanket once again.

Chapter 07.

One more day! Just one more lousy day! One more day till her mother would be out of that miserable prison and they could get on with their lives again – sort of. Unfortunately, there was a long list of problems standing in their way that had to be sorted out. But things were moving now… "rolling" as her mother often put it.

A big gust of wind suddenly howled around the outside corner of the house, sending ghostlike whistling sounds into the upstairs room. It always did that when the wind blew from a certain direction. Carol noticed for the first time that it was raining again, and it sounded like it was pouring pretty hard! She hoped it wouldn't be raining tomorrow! Tomorrow had to be special!

The two other girls in the room were still sleeping. She got up quietly and looked at the clock. A little early for the others, but she had been leaving early every day this week. As a bonus, the earlier time had meant that she had less competition for the only bathroom on the floor. She headed there again, glad that she wouldn't be fighting for the little bit of privacy.

When she was ready, she headed downstairs. Mrs. Faye was in the kitchen taking care of two of the younger kids. "Going early again?" she asked.

Carol grabbed a pop tart that had just popped out of the toaster. It nearly burned her hand. "You bet!" Carol replied enthusiastically.

"Better take your raincoat. It's a wet one today."

"I plan to," Carol replied as she headed into the mud room behind the kitchen. There were coats and raincoats hung up on hooks all along one wall. She grabbed hers and slipped it on. Still munching on the pop tart, she pulled the hood firmly up over her head and stepped out into the driving rain.

Roger had finished shaving and showering a while ago, although he had no idea what time it was since the rain kept things much darker than usual. Plus with the lengthening days, it was hard to tell exactly anymore. A noise from a distant part of the house signaled that she had arrived. He peered out into the hallway. A moment later, she was there again, Burger King bag and all. Her raincoat still looked wet despite the fact that she had been driving his car.

"It's horrible out there," she said as she saw him looking out into the hallway. Knowing that he was still where he was supposed to be, she turned and headed straight back to the

kitchen. She set the bag of food on the table and hung her raincoat over the back door knob. Then she went to get him.

The routine was becoming familiar now. She unlocked him from the chain, then led him naked out to the kitchen. He was allowed to sit at the table and eat again. She didn't even tell him this time. Then it was back to his bedroom to get dressed.

As they entered the bedroom, he silently prayed that she wouldn't hand him another diaper to wear. It had been too much for him to handle yesterday. He had to wait to find out though since she grabbed another bra and threw it at him. He actually managed to get it on a little faster than before. Once again, she adjusted the straps, snugging them tightly. He wished there was some way she could adjust them so that they wouldn't keep falling down off his shoulders. That was a big nuisance all day.

His heart fell the moment he saw her heading for the large bag next to his dresser instead of pulling one of the pairs of frilly panties out of the drawer. He shook his head as she turned around and held the disposable diaper out to him. "No… please… not again!" He wondered how she could manage to make her smile look so wicked.

"Yes again! And don't bother complaining. It won't do you any good."

Reluctantly, he took the offending diaper. Figuring out how to put it on went easier than yesterday too, at least the mechanics of it. But remembering the difficulties he had yesterday made the horror of it seem all that much worse. Hating every little movement of the process, he somehow got the thing onto him and taped it in place. "Can I get my other clothes now?" he asked, anxious to cover both the offending bra and the more offending diaper that was so bulky between his legs.

She shook her head with a puzzled look on her face. "Not yet. Yesterday we had to put a bunch of tape on it. I don't want to have that problem again. Where's your scotch tape?"

He thought about it for a moment. "I don't think I have any here."

"Well, there's got to be something we can use."

"I have some masking tape, but it's out in the workshop."

"All the way out there?"

He nodded.

Ugh! "Wait here," she said as she hurried out of the room. But she didn't get far before she remembered the roll of silver duct tape in the unfinished room. She ran and grabbed it, then hurried back to him. "I found this instead," she said triumphantly as she ran into the room.

Roger wasn't the least bit glad to see it, but he had no say in the matter. Before long, she was wrapping the tape all the way around him. But the extra strength of the glue on the duct tape made the job much more difficult, so she had to pull harder to unroll the tape as she stuck it firmly all around his diaper – which pulled the diaper tighter and tighter against him. Finally she ripped the tape off. "There! That should hold it!" Roger had no doubt that it would.

He finished dressing with his usual jacket and tie and was soon driving towards the school. The rain was still coming down, but it had let up quite a bit. She got out again two blocks away and walked while he drove on.

Like yesterday, Roger had trouble with his bra straps, but not as much as before. He found that if he was careful and didn't move his shoulders or arms too much, then they seemed to stay in place longer – which fortunately meant a few less trips to the men's room between classes to fix them.

His bigger problem though was the damn diaper. Yesterday he had ripped the tapes open to pee normally. But today he couldn't do that – although he tried. He had gone into one of the stalls and pulled his pants down, but the super strong duct tape didn't leave him any way to pull the diaper open. And the fact that it was even tighter around his waist than yesterday left him no way to pull it down at all. It wasn't long before he gave up and headed back to his classroom, wondering what he was going to do about it all day.

The urge built in him all morning, distracting him more and more, making him suffer more and more. By lunchtime, he was positively miserable. And that was when she walked into his classroom once again. "Having a good day today?" she asked – so innocently.

"No!" he said. "I'm not!"

"Aw. Why?" Again so innocent.

Damn her! "I have to pee again – bad! Real bad!"

"So? What's your problem?"

He was growing angrier with her and her "so–innocent" tone of voice. "You know what my problem is!"

She only shrugged as her reply. "How about your bra? Are you still enjoying that?"

"Enjoying it? No!"

She giggled and leaned across his desk. "Are you wet yet?" she asked.

"No!"

She nodded as she stood back up. "Well, maybe you soon will be." She left him then to get her lunch.

Roger decided to skip lunch. He was too preoccupied with trying not to wet himself, and anything he ate would only make matters worse. He tried to busy himself instead with yet more lesson plans, but the distraction of having to pee so badly was making the work go very slowly. He fidgeted more and more. He got up from his chair to pace around then sat down again, all the while fighting to not lose control.

Just before the bell rang, she was back again, hurrying in. Again, she had a big grin on her face. "Still dry?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"Completely? Not even a little bit wet?"

"Not even a little bit!" he replied, clearly agitated.

Her face registered a moment of disappointment, but her grin quickly came back, then was replaced just as fast by her determined look. "I suggest you wet that thing thoroughly before our class is over with, because I intend to check. And if it's not real wet, then peeing in your pants will be the least of your worries!"

Roger was shocked. More so because she had already proven that she could carry out her threats with no hesitation at all. "But…"

"Just do it! Or else!" She turned as the bell rang and went back to her seat.

Or else? Roger wondered what she meant by "or else." But after thinking about it for a moment, he decided he didn't want to wonder about it too much. She was capable of coming up with the most miserable ways to punish him. And worse, he was fairly sure now that there was someone else out there who was helping her!

When class started, the first thing he did was to return the tests from yesterday. As he handed the tests to the kids in the front row to pass back, he told the class he was generally pleased with how well everyone did. He was looking straight at Carol as he said it. Carol

looked at her test as it was passed back to her. He had given her a 'C' and had written 'Much better!' on it. She was a bit angry at him for it. Okay, so she hadn't answered all the questions correctly, but he still should have given her an 'A'.

She watched him closely after that. He seemed to be moving around a lot more than usual, his movements were almost quick and jerky. She could also see something of a tightness in him that never went away. One time, as he was raising his arm to write something on the board, she saw his shoulder hitch a bit and he paused, lowering his arm slightly before bringing his arm up the rest of the way. She almost laughed knowing it was his bra strap giving him trouble again. But would he be wet after class? He better be! And just how was she going to find out for sure?

Roger struggled more and more as the class progressed. But now he was not only struggling with trying not to pee, he was struggling with her command that he had to pee – before class was over with. It was the last thing that he wanted to do… but if he didn't… Worse, it meant that he would have to do it while standing up in front of everyone – although maybe it would be better if he sat behind his desk. Yes, that would definitely be better.

With one little decision made, Roger finished up what he was talking about and wrote a bit more on the board. Then he sat down to continue with his lesson. Trying to teach while wrestling with a huge problem was not easy. Especially since he didn't want to let anyone know that he had any problem at all. He kept talking and explaining, but now that he was seated and he had decided on a course of action, at least somewhat, he didn't want to get up again – which was a problem because the urge was fighting him harder than ever. He felt himself lose a little bit again and cringed as it leaked into his diaper. He wanted to look down at his crotch so badly to see if any of it had leaked through, but he dared not. Thinking about it though, he seriously doubted that any had leaked out at all. Wasn't that what these adult diapers were made for?

He finished up what he had been trying to explain, not that he thought he did a very good job of it. The urge was again so imminent that he couldn't talk anymore. Teaching was pretty much out of the question just then. "Please turn to page one ninety eight and do the first ten problems." He saw them all turning to their books, more than a few of them groaned. He didn't care, he had too many problems of his own to work on.

He had leaked a tiny bit, yet the pressure hadn't let up much at all, and now he felt himself leaking again. He clamped down, but not as hard this time, and the leaking seemed to continue, and continue, and continue. It wasn't a huge rush of pee, but he could feel it trickling down all over his skin, all the way down to his bottom where it was being absorbed by the diaper he was wearing. It was a totally miserable feeling and he looked back at Carol with nothing but hatred in his eyes. She was looking at him, watching him. He saw that sly wicked smile return to her face. He looked away from her again, unable to meet her eyes as the leaking continued to go on… and on… and on.

It was all Carol could do not to laugh out loud. It was also all she could do not to share his problem with her friends. While they were busy working the math problems, she had done none of them. She was too intent on watching all the changes that had gone across his face. She especially enjoyed the last one, the one where he had looked straight at her. She could easily see how miserable he was, even though he was trying to hide it. She had no doubt that he was probably peeing in his pants right then and there.

So now her big question was, how could she manage to check him without anybody seeing?

The leaking finally felt like it was stopping, but surprisingly, it was hard to tell. He decided to chance relaxing those muscles just for a second to see what would happen. But there was no difference, he couldn't tell if he was still peeing a little or not. He could tell that his diaper was now very, very wet! He chanced looking down – down toward his crotch. No wet spots – yet – that he could see anyway. The bottom and crotch of his diaper felt wetter than the front because of the way his pee had run down that way.

He had purposely given his students more problems than they could finish in the time left so he was glad when the bell rang and they started hurrying out. All except Carol that is. Unfortunately.

Carol wasn't sure yet how she could check his diaper right under the noses of everybody else. But as she approached his desk, she had a sudden inspiration. "Mr. Brinkley," she started as she came around behind his desk and stood right next to him. She pulled her algebra book out and opened it to a random page. "Can you explain this problem to me?" There were still kids leaving the room, and more would be entering in a moment. She set the book down in front of him and whispered, "Open your fly. Hurry!"

Roger couldn't believe it. She actually intended to check him, and it looked like she had actually found a way that she could do it without anyone else seeing – something he wasn't sure he was grateful about. He wouldn't put it past her at all to humiliate him in front of everyone else. In fact, she had already tried it a few days ago with the panties. She was bending over the book now, right next to him, both of them behind the desk. She was pointing at something in the book and talking, but what she was pointing at was a lot of nothing. Having little choice, he pulled his zipper down, trying as much as possible to make it look like he wasn't doing anything at all.

She had stopped talking and was looking at him, waiting for something. He managed to get his fly all the way down. Looking at the book, it was his turn now to point and talk. And the moment he did, he felt her hand snaking its way down to his crotch, then working its way right through the fly of his pants. Then he felt her feeling as much as she could reach. Finally, she pulled her hand out again and she stood up. "Thank you, Mr. Brinkley. That was

so helpful." Other kids were streaming into the room now. She picked up her book. "Have a good afternoon," she said as she flashed him a big grin. See you later."

Roger hated her so much. And now he was stuck here with a very wet diaper. What was he supposed to do all afternoon? Did it leak anywhere? He couldn't tell. Did it show anymore under his clothes? He couldn't tell that either. He had classes to teach. What was he going to do? As quickly as he could, he zipped his fly up again, trying to hide what he was doing. Did any of the wetness show on the outside of his pants? Did his wet diaper show through at all?

The worry drove him crazy! He had to know! He looked down at his crotch, but he couldn't see anything. He felt what he could with his hand and didn't feel any wetness – on the outside anyway. But the worry ate at him. "I'll be right back," he told the student's who had already come into the room. Throwing caution to the wind, he got out of his seat and hurried out of the room. He forced his way through the herd of students all the way to the men's room. There, he went directly into one of the stalls and closed the door.

He looked down at his pants, but couldn't see any problems. He felt all around and couldn't feel any problems either, at least not any leaking problems. The crotch and backside of his diaper were much thicker now, he had noticed that all the way down the hallway. He opened his pants and pulled them down. No sign of leaks as far as he could see. Unable to removed the diaper or do anything about his situation, he pulled his pants back up again. Unfortunately, he had to get back to class.

He felt so embarrassed over his situation and worried constantly about whether or not anyone could tell that he was wearing a diaper under his pants – and a wet diaper at that. The damn thing had felt bad enough all day, but now that it was wet it felt horrible and at least three times its former size. Unfortunately, the class he had now required that he do a lot of writing on the board again – at least in the beginning of the class. Praying that nobody would notice anything, he did his best to ignore his problem and act like there was nothing wrong at all. And so far, nobody looked like they had noticed anything out of the ordinary. But would things stay like that?

Carol knew that she had taken a big chance with him – one that she probably shouldn't have. Her mother had explicitly told her not to do anything to make anyone think anything out of the ordinary was going on, and what she had made him do carried an awful lot of risks. But the temptation was just too much to ignore. Besides, she had made him wear a diaper yesterday and he had wet it before they got back to his house – and nothing had showed through at all. So she felt like she was fairly safe.

As soon as school was over for the day, she hurried to his classroom. He was still at his desk explaining something to one of the student's from his last class. The student soon left. "Have a good afternoon?" she asked, almost laughing.

He didn't reply, but the look he gave her was pure hatred.

"Any leaks?" she asked, more than a bit concerned about it.

"Not that I know of," he replied, still clearly angry with her. She didn't care.

"Stand up and let me check," she told him.

He stood, then a moment later he turned all the way around. "Anything?" he asked anxiously.

Carol was relieved to see no sign of any leaks, but in a way, she felt a bit disappointed about it too. But over all, no leaks was for the best. "Nope!" she replied. "You're still good to go."

Roger didn't exactly see it that way. "Now what?" he asked.

"Now you meet me at your car as soon as you finish here." she replied. "Do you think you'll be very long?"

Roger looked at the materials on his desk. "I shouldn't be. No more than five minutes."

"Good. We have things to do again."

"What?" he asked.

She leveled her angry look at him again. "Things!"

Carol went outside to wait for him. The rain was coming down again, but it was only a light drizzle. She could see where the periods of heavy rain throughout the day had flooded parts of the parking lot and grounds around the school. But that was all normal and it would all soon run off or soak in. She hoped again that tomorrow would be nice and sunny – a real spring day. She wanted everything to be perfect for when her mother got out of prison.

Roger hurried out of the building into the light rain and ran to his car to keep from getting any wetter than he had to – to his outer clothes anyway. He jumped into the car and unlocked the passenger door for Carol. "Where to?" he asked, hoping it would be home. He really wanted out of the wet diaper he was wearing, and worse, he had to pee again.

"We need a newspaper," she replied. "We've got to check that ad."

That figured. The mysterious ad for a housekeeper. Would the housekeeper be the string–puller behind her? He had no way of knowing. But he figured he'd soon find out. The ad was only scheduled to run for a week.

"Did you enjoy wearing a wet diaper all afternoon?" she asked as he drove, obviously teasing him about it.

"You know I didn't!"

She did laugh a bit then. "Aw! I'm surprised you didn't cry like a little baby again when you wet it in class – right in front of everybody. Next time though, I think you should be standing up where everyone can see you when you do it."

He made no reply, but he turned his head to level a very dirty look at her.

She laughed at his discomfort over the idea. "Yeah, I think that's a great idea. I'll bet you will cry like a baby – and everybody will see you. Maybe you can even suck your thumb for them too."

He knew then that she was really teasing, but with her, teasing could lead to all too many other possibilities.

He stopped at a convenience store that he knew carried newspapers. She started to get out, then stopped. "You may as well come in too. I may be a while."

Roger couldn't see any reason why just getting a newspaper should take so long, and he really didn't want to go anywhere else with a wet diaper on. "Can't I wait here for you?"

She smiled her wicked smile at him. "Either go in with me right away, or you can take your pants off first – and then go in! Either way… it's up to you."

Roger got out of the car quickly.

"Get us a paper," she told him as soon as they were inside. Roger wandered over to the stacks of newspapers, found the one they needed and picked one up while Carol began wandering up and down the aisles. She seemed to be looking at everything – way too slowly. His need to pee was getting worse again, much worse. As she slowly made her way up one of the aisles toward him, he saw her pick up a few different things. When she turned the corner, he saw her arms loaded with snacks. Then she disappeared down another aisle. He rolled his eyes, wishing she would hurry up!

Carol looked for things that she knew she would like. Mostly sweet things. From the cooler she added a large bottle of her favorite soft drink to the load in her arms. She now had more

than enough, but that didn't mean that she couldn't just look. She didn't get out to the stores very often, even to convenience stores like this one. She turned down another aisle and kept looking. But halfway down the aisle she stopped and stared, transfixed by something on the shelf. It was the baby section. It carried a little bit of baby food, and formula, and wipes, and diapers… and there in front of her… a baby bottle! She couldn't resist. She grabbed it quickly and headed back to the front of the store where he was waiting. "I found you a present," she said as she walked past him to set her things down on the counter. Roger saw the bottle and groaned. This wasn't going to be a very good evening! Of that, he was sure!

As soon as they were back in the car again, Carol grabbed the newspaper. Roger started the car, but she told him to wait and not go anywhere yet. She turned page after huge page, searching for the ad. She found the want–ads and looked through them. Finally, she saw it. She read it over several times, making sure it was exactly the way it was supposed to be. It was. She breathed a small sigh of relief. "Do you have a pen?" she asked.

"There's one in the glove box," he replied.

Carol quickly found the pen and circled the ad. Then she folded the paper so that she wouldn't have to search for it again. "They got it right," was all she said as she finally looked up from the paper. "Let's stop at Burger King again."

"Again?"

She looked over angrily at him. "Are you going to start giving me trouble?" she asked angrily.

"No, Miss Carol," he replied quickly.

"Then just do as I say!" Roger started to put the car in gear. "Wait a minute!"

"Yes, Miss Carol?" He looked over at her. She still looked angry.

"Pull you pants down so your diaper shows!"

"Now?" he asked, clearly horrified.

"Do you want to go back into that store in just your diaper?" she asked menacingly.

Roger quickly unfastened his pants and started working them down. It was difficult since he was sitting down. He got them as far as his knees and stopped. "If I drop them any further, I won't be able to drive," he told her.

She was staring at his diaper now with a smile on her face. “It’s good enough.” She reached over and grabbed the edge of his sport jacket and pulled it to the side, tucking it under the seatbelt to hold it out of the way. Then she lifted his shirt and rolled the front of it so that wouldn’t hide his diaper either. Finally, she put her hand on his diaper and started feeling how wet it was. “When was the last time you wet it?”

“In class!” he replied a bit angrily.

“So I’m guessing you have to go now?”

He nodded. “Very much!”

Her only reply was, “Good! Now drive us to Burger King.”

Roger was very burned–out on Burger King, but telling her that wouldn’t do any good. He was glad when she ordered him to go through the drive–through. At least there he had a chance that nobody would notice what he was wearing. She allowed him to order whatever he wanted for his own dinner – he chose chicken. She ordered the same thing for herself. Then he drove around to the window to get the order.

Even as overcast and rainy as the afternoon was, there was still plenty of light for anyone to look in the window and see what he was wearing. He was glad to note that the girl manning the window wasn’t one he recognized and was probably older than the High School students he usually saw there. The girl seemed busy as she yelled something to the people behind her about orders. Then she turned around and quoted him the price.

Carol handed him the money to pay for it, then she leaned way over to where she could see the girl at the window better. “Can you try to get them to hurry up – before he wets himself again!”

Roger felt his face going very red as Carol sat back and he handed the girl the money. But she wasn’t looking at the money he was holding out, her shocked face was looking straight down at his diaper. He suddenly wished he had his old truck back again that would have been high enough that nobody could see inside like this! The shocked girl at the window finally turned to the cash register and got his change, but Roger couldn’t help but notice her gaze once again going straight to his diaper as she handed it to him. It took another few minutes for their dinner to be ready, and when it was, Roger again noticed her doing everything she could to see the diaper he was wearing as she was handing the food to him.

Roger handed everything to Carol to hold. “Make sure you thank her,” Carol told him.

He turned to the girl at the window. She was still staring… and was she laughing? "Thank you," he said. Then he quickly put the car in gear and got out of there as Carol burst out into laughter.

As soon as they got back to Roger's house, Carol let him pull his pants up long enough to get into the house. She set the food on the table and sent him to his bedroom to remove all his clothes – except his wet diaper. That, he wasn't allowed to touch. Roger wasn't happy about that at all. His growing need to pee was starting to get the best of him.

When he came back from the bedroom in just his diaper, Carol was in the process of pulling the food out of the Burger King bag and setting it on the table for both of them. "Sit down," she said as she continued what she was doing. As Roger sat, he noticed his cell phone was on the table too. He reached for it. "Don't touch… yet!" she said as she put a straw into her drink. "We have to get something straight about that first."

Roger wondered what, but didn't say anything. She picked up his drink and took the lid off of it. She started rummaging through the bag of snacks from the convenience store. "If that thing rings," she said, "you need to answer it right away. Put it on speaker phone when you do." She found what she was looking for and pulled the baby bottle out of the bag. Roger wasn't happy to see it at all. "If it's somebody asking about the ad in the paper," she said as she began pulling the packaging away from the bottle, "I need you to tell them that the position has already been filled." She looked up at him. "Got that?"

Roger briefly wondered why, but it sounded simple enough. "No problem," he replied.

"Good!" She put the packaging from the baby bottle into the now empty Burger King bag and set it aside. Then she took the bottle over to the sink where she took it apart and briefly washed it out. She carried all the pieces back to the table. "Just remember. Be polite, but the position is taken! And don't screw it up!"

Roger again didn't see any reason why she should be so concerned over something so simple. "I won't," he replied as he watched her carefully pouring his drink into the bottle. She screwed the nipple back on and set it down in front of him. Roger stared at the thing with pure distaste. He resented very much what she was obviously wanting him to do… but then he also resented very much everything she had been making him do for a week now. She had ruined his entire life, and he saw very little hope of ever getting it back again.

He watched as Carol unwrapped her meal and began eating. He did the same, but he left the bottle alone. She said nothing else as they ate, barely even looking at him. And then his phone rang.

Carol quickly glanced up at the clock in the kitchen. It was still a little before five. Whoever it was, had called early! "Remember what I said!" she cautioned.

Roger opened his phone and pressed the speaker button. “Hello?”

“I’m calling about your ad for a housekeeper,” a woman’s voice on the other end replied.

Roger noticed the intense stare from Carol at him. “I’m sorry,” he said, his own eyes still on Carol, “but things have changed and the position is no longer available.” He heard the caller hanging up and he closed his own phone.

“Things have changed?” Carol asked.

Roger shrugged. “I thought it would be more polite to word it that way,” he replied. Geez! What did she expect, that he would use her exact words?

She took another bite of her sandwich and pointed with one finger at his bottle. “Don’t ignore that thing!”

Roger rolled his eyes just a bit but he didn’t touch it, opting instead for another bite of his own sandwich.

“You’re not drinking,” she said.

“I have to pee too badly,” he replied.

“You’re wearing a diaper! There’s nothing stopping you!”

Roger only glared at her but still didn’t touch the offending baby bottle.

She suddenly smiled. “You don’t want to drink from the bottle like a little baby, do you!”

He hesitated before he replied. “Not really.”

Her wicked smile came back. “I suggest you get busy with it then, because I’m going to keep you drinking from it all night. And if I’m not satisfied with how much you’ve finished, then you’ll be spending the rest of the night in that diaper.”

Roger groaned at the very thought of it, but he finally picked the thing up and put it to his mouth and began sucking on it. Just getting anything out of it at all was more difficult than he thought. He had to suck, and suck hard to get the drink in the bottle out. And worse, the moment he felt the liquid entering his mouth, his need to pee grew that much more. He began squirming in his chair trying to hold it back.

He saw her smiling that wicked smile of hers again. “Give it up. You might as well just wet yourself and get it over with.”

“I… can’t!” he replied as he suddenly had to fight even harder to hold it all back.

“Keep drinking,” she said, delighted with his distress. She watched him for a moment, then added, “Get up and stand over there. Bring your bottle. I want to see you wetting yourself while you drink from that thing!”

Roger didn’t want to do it at all. He didn’t want to do any of it.

“Hurry up!” she said.

Roger finally got out of his seat and carried his bottle over to where she had told him to stand. He put the bottle back to his mouth and started drinking again. His distress over having to pee grew much more now that he was standing up. He began to squirm around where he was standing.

Carol laughed as she watched him. He looked so funny! “Keep drinking!” she ordered. “Don’t take it out of your mouth!”

Roger was quickly losing the battle and he knew it. He swallowed another mouthful of his drink and lost it – totally. The dam burst and he started flooding the diaper. With the bottle still in his mouth. He closed his eyes and whimpered as the stream of hot pee began spreading all around him, sinking down further and further, filling the crotch of his diaper. He had to spread his knees a little at the awful feeling. This was much worse than having it leaking out a little at a time!

Carol was laughing hysterically. “You look just like a little baby,” she declared. He hadn’t actually broken out crying, but she could see from the look on his face that it had been close. He was still just standing there, bottle in mouth, looking totally miserable. “Now come sit down again and finish your dinner!”

Roger slowly made his way back to the table, walking with his legs spread wider apart. The crotch of his diaper was still a big puddle because it all hadn’t soaked in yet. It felt awful! He stared at his chair. But he couldn’t sit down yet. He just couldn’t! He wanted out of the horrible diaper!

Carol grinned from ear to ear. “Sit down!” she ordered, realizing that he didn’t want to sit again in the soaked diaper. She saw him still hesitating. Since the bottle was no longer at his lips, she saw his bottom lip quivering a bit. Not crying… but close. “Sit down!” she ordered again.

Feeling totally miserable, Roger slowly moved in front of the chair. He put the bottle on the table. He put both hands on the edge of the table and slowly bent his knees, sending his bottom closer and closer to the chair under him. He felt his diaper making contact with the chair, sending the feeling right up to his backside. Slower than ever, he gradually sank down to sit in his saturated diaper. Yuck!

Carol couldn't stop giggling. This was turning out to be more fun than she thought. "Finish your dinner… baby," she said.

Roger just stared at the food still in front of him. He no longer felt like eating anything at all, but eventually, he picked his sandwich back up and took another bite.

"Don't forget to keep drinking your bottle," she teased.

Miserable and defeated, Roger picked up the bottle and started drinking again. And then the phone rang.

Once again, Roger had to put it on speaker phone. "Hey Roger Dodger!" a familiar voice called happily from the phone speaker. "I didn't see you at lunch today."

Roger saw the look of alarm on Carol's face. "Hi Stew," he replied. "I had tests to grade. You know how that is."

"Don't I ever," Stew's voice came back. "Hey listen, I was thinking of checking with my cousin to see if we could use his cabin again for First Day. What do you think?"

Any other time, Roger would have jumped at the opportunity. Stew's cousin had a really nice fishing cabin right on one of the better trout streams. He and Stew had spent the night there on many occasions. But now? "Uh… listen Stew, I don't think I'm going to make it this year."

"What? The guy who uses all his sick days to go fishing is going to miss First Day?"

"Uh… what can I say? I'm afraid it's kind of looking like it."

"Well, the offer is open," Stew replied. "You know that. Just let me know if you want to go."

"Thanks Stew. I appreciate it. I'll get back to you if I can."

"Okay Roger. See you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow Stew."

"Who was that?" Carol asked as soon as Roger had ended the call.

"Stew Franklin." When he saw the look of unrecognition in Carol's face, he added, "History teacher."

"Oh, him. I know who he is but I've never had him. So you two go fishing together?"

"Fairly often," Roger replied.

Before Carol could say anything else, the phone rang again. Roger pushed the button for the speaker. "Hello?" The call was from another person calling about the newspaper ad. Roger basically repeated what he had told the last person who had called. At least this time, Carol didn't act so worried about it.

His bottle still wasn't finished by the time they had eaten everything else. Carol got up and grabbed his bottle – he hoped she'd take it away – permanently. But instead she opened the top and poured more of his drink from the original cup into it. Then she gave it back to him. "Keep drinking," she said. "I've got a whole bottle of drink in the refrigerator that has to be finished tonight."

Roger was shocked. He had seen the bottle she had bought earlier. It was a two liter bottle. He couldn't imagine drinking all that – under any circumstances!

"You don't get out of that diaper tonight unless it's gone," she said with another of her wicked smiles. She looked around the room. Her mother was coming tomorrow. The entire house needed tending to. "Clean the kitchen up!" she ordered. "And do a good job of it! Then start on the rest of the house. I want it all sparkling before I leave tonight!"

Roger cleaned up the table and stuffed the bags into the trash – that was already loaded with bags from Burger King.

"Isn't there a trash can outside or something to put that in?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Out back."

"Make sure that it gets there tonight when you're done." Actually, Carol didn't really want her mother to see that many bags from Burger King in the house. Her mother had other ideas about proper meals.

Roger cleaned up the kitchen and wiped down the counters while she carried his cell phone and the bag of snacks into the living room. He thought he heard her talking on the phone, but he wasn't sure since the TV was on too. He spent a few minutes finishing his bottle –

which he then brought out to show her. She immediately took it back to the kitchen where she opened the larger bottle from the refrigerator and refilled the baby bottle. Then she got a glass and poured herself a drink from the same bottle. She put the cap back on the bottle and held it up for him to see. Despite pouring some of it into his bottle as well as her glass, the level of liquid had gone down depressingly little. She shook her head. "You've got a long way to go… baby!"

When the kitchen was finished, he moved on to the rest of the house, picking up, straightening up, drinking from his bottle. There really wasn't all that much to clean in the house. The phone rang a few times and he went through the same procedure under her watchful eyes each time. But as the evening wore on, the calls became fewer and fewer. His bottle got filled twice more, and her glass once more. The bottle still held half of its original contents though. And his need to pee was growing desperate again.

He did some laundry and generally went around the house looking for things that needed doing. Actually, with the exception of having to keep drinking from the bottle, it was a familiar routine that he did once in a while anyway to straighten up the house.

When she wasn't watching him, Carol was sitting in front of the TV while munching on the snacks she had bought. Roger silently hoped they would make her sick. Maybe not… she might decide to take her misery out on him!

Roger finished yet another bottle and showed it to her. His lips felt like they were swollen from all the sucking he had to do. His mouth was definitely tired.

She grabbed his bottle and took it from him. She glanced at the clock. "Have you peed any more?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Not yet."

She smiled. "But I'm betting that you have to go again, don't you."

He nodded. "Very much!"

She giggled and carried his bottle back into the kitchen where she refilled it once again and handed it back to him. "Get down on the floor and crawl now," she said. "No more walking, only crawling like a little baby." She giggled.

Roger groaned. She was still pushing it! Slowly he sank down to the floor and tried to crawl out of the kitchen with the stupid bottle in his hand. The position seemed to emphasize the feelings he was getting from his soaked diaper all the more. He followed her back out to the living room where he finally sat on the floor and put the bottle back to his mouth.

Carol watched him drinking from the bottle for a few minutes, but her time with him was running out for the evening. And there were still a few things that had to be done. But first… She got down on the floor with him and took the bottle from him. "Do you still have to pee?" she asked.

He nodded. "Desperately! Please can I take this diaper off now. The damn thing is saturated and very uncomfortable!"

She giggled. "No! Crawl around the room for me now instead."

Hating her more than ever, Roger began crawling around the room.

"Now start talking in baby talk."

"What?"

"That's not baby talk. I want to hear baby talk coming out of your mouth!"

Roger didn't know the first thing about baby talk, but he tried just saying "goo–goo" and "ga–ga" as he crawled. She seemed happy with it though since she was giggling at him again.

"Now," she said, "Wet your diaper again while you're doing that!"

Roger actually stopped crawling and stayed silent as he tried to digest her order.

"Get to it!" she commanded angrily.

Gulping, he began crawling again and letting out his little bits of baby talk. And he did have to pee – badly.

"I'm waiting! Are you peeing yet?"

Roger didn't answer her. He just kept at what he was doing. He knew he wasn't going to get out of this without wetting himself – again. He concentrated on doing that and found it to be much easier this time. The flood gates opened again and his eyes went wide. He could no longer speak.

"Baby talk!" she ordered.

Roger began trying to say the nonsense words again, but it was difficult. His attention was totally taken up but the horrible feeling of his pee now pooling in the front of his diaper. He arched his back against it and stopped crawling.

"Keep crawling, baby, and keep talking!" Carol was enjoying every second of his discomfort. The look on his face was priceless. He obviously still hated wetting himself. He wasn't crying, but she could see his lower lip trembling a bit again. She laughed. "Just like a baby!"

Roger was miserable – totally. His diaper now felt even heavier and it was now thoroughly wet all over. He kept crawling and babbling his nonsense. But at least he didn't have to pee anymore. He saw Carol suddenly get up and run to the kitchen. He stopped talking and crawling and just stayed there – on all fours… afraid to move because of his overly saturated diaper.

Carol grabbed the plastic container out of the refrigerator and brought it back to the living room. "Crawl to the bathroom now, baby," she said with a giggle.

Roger saw the container and nearly groaned again, but the container meant that she would have to let him get rid of the stupid diaper – finally. He wasted no time in crawling into the bathroom where she immediately fastened the chain back to his ankle. He wasn't going anywhere again. She let him finally remove the diaper which proved to be far more difficult than he thought. All the duct tape on it held all too firmly. But perseverance eventually won.

She handed him the plastic container without a word and he said nothing in return. It was a familiar routine now but it still took him a while. His task was made all the more irksome because he smelled so badly down there from the diaper. But eventually, he did manage the task.

Surprisingly, she grabbed his overly soaked diaper herself and carted it off as she took the plastic container back to the kitchen. She came back a little while later with his cell phone in hand. "There's been no calls for a while now," she said. "If anyone else calls tonight, they'll just have to wait." She was gone for a few minutes again and returned with his expandable case which she set at the bathroom door where he could reach it. "I'll see you in the morning."

A few minutes later, Roger thought he heard the door leading out to the garage opening and closing. And then the house seemed to get very quiet again. He jumped into the shower to clean himself up. It felt so very, very good!

Chapter 08.

"You're up awfully early," Mrs. Faye noted as Carol came running down the stairs and into the kitchen. "Excited about seeing your mother today?"

"You bet!" Carol replied happily.

"What time does she get out?"

"Not till ten."

"So what's your hurry? It's early yet."

"I know. I can't wait."

"And Michelle is still letting you borrow her car?"

"Yeah. She's trying to talk her mother into letting her go too, but so far, she's had no luck."

"I'm not surprised," Mrs. Faye noted. In fact, she seriously doubted that Michelle's mother would let her daughter go anywhere near the prison. Michelle was Carol's best friend and had been here to the house many times. She had also met her mother once or twice. Both seemed to be very nice. "But you're still leaving awfully early, aren't you? I know it's a bit of a drive, but it's not that far!"

Carol only shrugged. "I can't wait!"

Mrs. Faye smiled. She understood only too well. "Well, good luck, and give my best to your mother for me. Tell her I'm glad she's out. And drive carefully!"

"I will, Mrs. Faye," Carol replied as she ran out the door. Actually, she had told Michelle several days ago that she no longer needed to borrow her car, but Mrs. Faye didn't need to know that. Roger's car was again parked a little distance from the foster home and her first order of business was Burger King again – and then him.

Since he had no access to a clock, Roger had no idea what time it was. But the light coming through the little frosted window in the bathroom had been steadily growing brighter for a while now. He heard a noise and looked out the bathroom door. She came in again, Burger King bag and all. And… was there something different about her today? She seemed to be a bit more excited than usual.

Carol went straight to the bathroom where he was chained to the toilet. He was still there – perfect! She noticed that he appeared to be clean and already shaved again – also perfect. So far, things couldn't be going better. Even the weather seemed to be cooperating. While it wasn't exactly the bright and warm spring day she had hoped for, at least the weather appeared to be clearing up and she had hopes for sunshine later. "All ready?" she asked as she set the bag of food and his coffee on the bathroom counter.

"Yes, Miss Carol," he replied.

She smiled. She really did like hearing him call her that. It showed respect! She unchained him and handed him his coffee to carry while she grabbed the bag of food. Together they went back to the kitchen again. She leaned against the counter while he ate at the table. The normal routine now. Roger wondered how much longer it could last though. She said nothing to him, only watching him the entire time as if she didn't trust him – which he was fairly sure she didn't.

The minute he was finished with his breakfast sandwich, she hurried him off to his bedroom to get dressed. He hadn't even finished his coffee! She went straight to his dresser and pulled out another bra. Ugh! He got the thing on with a minimum of difficulty and she quickly adjusted the straps for him. Was it his imagination or was she in a hurry today?

He fully expected her to hand him another diaper to wear, but she didn't. She went back to the drawer and pulled out another of the fancy panties for him – white with tons of pink lace all over them. He actually considered them fairly ugly. He hesitated at putting the frilly thing on, but it was a lot better than the diapers she had been making him wear. A whole lot better!

"Get dressed!" she ordered the minute he had the panties in place.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it, she was hurrying him this morning. Why? They still had a lot of time before school started.

The minute he was ready, she rushed him out the bedroom door. She herself stopped in the bathroom and grabbed his expandable case which she handed to him.

"Are we in a hurry for something today?" he asked as he accepted the case from her.

"Don't worry about it," was her only reply. On the way through the kitchen, she paused long enough to look around the room. She quickly grabbed the food wrappers that were still on the table and stuffed them into the trash can. She grabbed what was left of his coffee and handed it to him. "You might want that today," she said. Then she opened the door leading out to the garage and let him walk through. "I'll drive today," she said as she headed for the drivers side. Roger's head was practically in a daze from all the hurrying and the little changes.

He didn't want to tell her to slow down as she drove toward the school, but as they got to one of the larger intersections he did say, "Watch out for the police up here." Fortunately, she got the message and seemed to take things a little slower after that.

"I'm not going to be in school today," she said as they pulled into the parking lot, "so I'm just dropping you off."

"You're not?"

"Don't worry. I already left a note with the office. I have something important to do today."

"Will you be back after school to get me?"

"Definitely!" She bit her lip. "It's possible I may be a bit late though. So wait for me if I am!"

He said nothing. She pulled the car up to the curb in front of the door and he got out, his coffee cup still in his hand. The moment the door was closed, she took off again. He shook his head. Something was up! He could just smell it!

Carol got to the prison a full hour earlier than she needed to be. She hoped that maybe her mother would be released early. Eventually, a few other cars pulled up and parked near her as she waited in the parking lot. Then a small bus parked too. She watched the time on her watch. Almost ten o'clock. Obviously they weren't letting anyone out of there even one minute early.

It was actually ten minutes after the hour when she saw the door opening and several people came out. Carol quickly got out of her car, scanning the faces. There! Her mother! With no conscious thought, Carol was off and running straight to her. Their embrace was joyous and loving and intimate, all at the same time. The best moment Carol could remember in a very long time.

Her mother carried a small bag which Carol grabbed from her as they walked back to the car. "This is it?" Janice asked after seeing what Carol was driving.

"It's the only car he has."

Janice walked all the way around the car. It was old and small and ugly. The trailer hitch sticking out of the back of it didn't help matters either. She shook her head. "We've got to get something better than this… and soon!"

Carol only laughed as her mother opened the driver's side and got in. Carol threw her mother's bag into the backseat and got in next to her.

They talked animatedly and excitedly the entire way back. Much of the conversation though was Carol telling her mother the intimate details of what she had done with Roger – especially about making him wet his diaper over and over again and then making him drink all night from the baby bottle. Janice made little mental notes about it all. The things Carol was telling her reminded her of when Carol had been little. She had loved playing with her baby dolls. She would spend hours and hours playing with them.

Their first stop was at the foster home – Janice insisted on it. They could have gone straight in, but Janice also insisted on walking up to the front door and ringing the bell – formally. The door eventually opened.

Mrs. Faye saw Carol out on the doorstep with another woman and immediately recognized the resemblance. With a huge smile on her face, she said, "Mrs. Stokley! Welcome! Come on in!" She turned to Carol. "You didn't need to ring the bell. You could have just walked right in."

"Actually, it was my idea," Janice replied. "I wanted to come by and thank you for taking such good care of Carol. She says you've been very good to her… considering."

Mrs. Faye blushed. "Well… I try to be good with all the kids." Her demeanor changed abruptly. "But you know, I can't just release Carol to you yet. Child Services has to approve it and…"

"Yes, I know," Janice replied quickly. "And trust me, getting Carol back quickly is my first concern. I'll be calling child services as soon as I can."

"That's good," Mrs. Faye replied with a smile. "I'll be waiting to hear from them." She looked over at Carol. "We're going to miss her around here. She's been an absolute angel since she got here."

Carol beamed at the compliment but said nothing.

Janice beamed as well. "Thank you. That's very kind."

"So where are you going?" Mrs. Faye asked.

"Actually," Janice explained, "I'm already looking for a job locally here. And Carol has been helping me find some promising prospects."

"That's excellent," Mrs. Faye returned, obviously pleased. "I certainly wish you luck, although I don't know when she has found the time. Between her school projects and her friends, I've hardly seen her all week."

Janice smiled. "My daughter can be very resourceful when she needs to. Would you mind if I kept her with me today until Child Services can release her to me?"

"No. Not at all," Mrs. Faye replied. "Just please keep me posted on what's happening."

Once they were back in the car again, Carol gave her mother directions to get to Roger's house. Janice loved the location and the huge lot, but wasn't too pleased with her first sight of the house itself. "Oh dear!" was her only real comment at seeing the shabby looking house. And in the back of her mind was another worry. This wasn't exactly the type of house where someone would hire a housekeeper. But there was little choice now. She would just have to make do… and perhaps she could eventually turn the place into something… at least a little better. At Carol's suggestion, Janice drove straight into the two–car garage and pushed the button to close the door behind her.

Janice was actually fairly pleased with the kitchen. Yes, it was smaller than she would like, but it looked like everything, including all the appliances, was new. The laundry room where the back door was located was also acceptable. She noticed that the washer and dryer weren't brand new however but they didn't look more than a few years old. Not a big problem to her.

The living room was both a pleasant surprise and a disappointment. She loved the hardwood floors that gleamed under her feet – beautiful! But the furnishings left a lot to be desired. They were not only sparse, they weren't her style at all. The only major thing of interest, furniture wise, was the large flat–screen TV that dominated the room. She was sure her daughter probably loved it. She shook her head. "This place certainly needs a woman's touch!" Well, she would change things fairly soon to suit her needs, whether he liked it or not!

From the living room, she entered the hallway that led to the bedrooms. She could see the main bathroom ahead of her and the chain lying on the floor still attached to the toilet. Without looking into any of the rooms, she went straight to the bathroom. Not too bad really. Like most of the rooms, it was smaller than she would like, but overall she couldn't complain.

The door to the master bedroom was right next to it. She went inside and looked around closely. Again, the room was smaller than she would like. The master bathroom looked new and very nice, but it too seemed small. There was a walk–in closet in the room that she could hardly call a closet at all. And the furnishings… She let out a small sigh. She'd have to make do for a while.

She left the master bedroom and went back out into the hallway. There were two more doors off of it. She opened the one closest to the bathroom and got an immediate shock. There were no walls, or ceilings, or floors. An unpleasant odor assaulted her sense of smell. Obviously, this was where Carol had said she had kept him for a few days. She braved the odor and walked all the way in. Only a row of wall studs separated the two rooms. She turned to her daughter and shook her head. "You told me, but I was hoping for better. We'll have to make getting these rooms finished a very high priority."

Carol had somewhat known that. But Mr. Brinkley and this house were the best she could come up with for them.

Janice led the way back out of the unfinished rooms… securely closing the door as soon as they were in the hallway because of the smell. She went straight back to the kitchen. "Now," she said to her daughter, "what was that number you had for your case worker, Mr. Fitch?" A minute later, she was listening to his phone ring… and ring… and…. "Hello, Mr. Fitch? This is Janice Stokely, Carol Stokely's mother. … Yes, I got out this morning and I'd like to have custody of my daughter as soon as possible. … Very good. I'll see you there at two. Thank you, Mr. Fitch." She ended her call and looked to her daughter. "He's going to meet with us at Mrs. Faye's house at two o'clock."

Carol hugged her mother. "I can't wait. It will be so good!"

Janice could only agree. "Let's go get some lunch somewhere," Janice suggested. "And then, there's a bit of shopping I want to do."

Roger was hungry. Carol had been in such a rush that morning that she hadn't remembered, or bothered, to give him any money. He had to settle for a small cup of coffee out of the teacher's lounge and that was it.

He tried to spend his lunch hour instead working on lesson plans and creating the upcoming tests, but more and more his mind returned to Carol. Why wasn't she in school today? Not that he minded that – he was actually glad he wouldn't be seeing her in class. He only wished he'd never have to worry about seeing her ever again!

But the more he thought about her, the more he wondered just what she was up to. He gave some serious thought to trying to fight back… something he probably should have done long ago, but he quickly remembered that she had all those pictures of him. No matter what, he would probably wind up in jail – and that was without a doubt, something he wanted to avoid for as long as possible!

And then there was the string–puller! Fighting back was going to be even harder because of that. He had no doubt that whoever the string–puller was, that person already had all the

pictures that Carol had taken safely hidden away somewhere. He was screwed – totally! His only hope was to avoid going to jail sooner rather than later.

FBI Agent Ted Jacobs walked into his colleague's office. "Hey, guess who got out of prison today?"

"Who?" Sid Forsyth asked.

"Remember Janice Stokley?"

Forsyth wracked his brain. There were so many cases. "The name sounds awfully familiar, but I can't place her."

"Suspected of stealing close to eight million in a number of places between here and Louisiana. A year and a half ago we picked her up, but we couldn't prove anything and couldn't find the money. Best we could do was a lousy drug charge that she probably didn't have anything to do with anyway."

Things finally clicked in Forsyth's head. "Oh yeah! She's out?"

"This morning!"

"Where'd she go? I'm still betting she's got all that money stashed somewhere. And now that she's out, she might lead us straight to it."

"That was my thought," Jacobs replied. "I don't know where she went, but I have a feeling she'll head for her daughter first."

"Damn! After that, she could head straight for the money."

"That's kind of what I thought!"

"See if you can get a line on the daughter. We need to find some way to slow the mother down till we can get some eyes on her."

Ted Jacobs smiled. "I'm on it!"

Edward Fitch didn't particularly like his job, but as jobs went, he knew it could be worse. Basically, to him, it was just a job. But in today's job market, any job had to be considered a good job.

He was just getting ready to walk out the door to head for the meeting with Carol Stokley's mother, when his phone rang. He knew Janice Stokley had been in prison. His calendar even

recorded the date she was expected to get out… today, so he had been expecting the call from her. He was glad to be meeting with Mrs. Stokley because after today he would have one less child in the system to worry about. Not that Carol had ever been a problem at all, but he counted every child in his case load as a potential headache.

He picked up his ringing phone before walking out. “Hello?”

“Mr. Fitch?”

“Yes.”

“This is Ted Jacobs with the Atlanta FBI office.”

Fitch immediately raised his eyebrows. Just what he needed another headache kid to handle. “What can I do for you agent Jacobs?”

“You have a teenager in your files named Carol Stokley. Her mother’s been in prison on a drug charge.”

“Yes,” Fitch replied. “I was just on my way out the door to meet with her.”

“Oh good,” Jacobs replied. “Listen, is there any way you can slow her down a bit?”

“Slow her down? What are you talking about?”

“We’d like to find a way to keep her in the area for a few days if possible.”

“Keep her in the area? Why?”

“Let’s just say… we’d like to keep an eye on her for a while.”

“Do you think she’s any threat to her daughter?”

“No. Not at all.”

“Then I don’t see how I can help you. She’s out of prison now and every judge in the nation would back me up with turning her daughter over to her.”

“Yes, we know that. We’re just hoping you might find a… loophole of some sort so we can get a better line on her before she takes off for who knows where.”

“I don’t know Agent Jacobs, it doesn’t sound very likely. I’ll keep an open mind on the subject, but I’m fully expecting to turn Carol over to her mother right away.”

"Okay. Then can you at least try to find out for us what her plans are then."

"Hey, this all sounds like your job, not mine!"

"Mr. Fitch, we're all government employees trying to keep the best interests of the people in mind. So there are times when we all have to work together."

Fitch wasn't too sure about any of it. In fact, it all sounded like one more big headache! "I'll do what I can Agent Jacobs, but don't expect much. What's your phone number?"

Janice and Carol sat in Mrs. Faye's living room anxiously waiting on Mr. Fitch to arrive. Mrs. Faye came back from the kitchen carrying two mugs of coffee and a coke for Carol. She set the drinks down on the scared coffee table and handed Janice one of the mugs. Carol grabbed her drink herself.

"So you actually managed to get a job already?" Mrs. Faye asked. "That's amazing! I'm so glad for you."

"Yes!" Janice replied. "I only spoke with Mr. Brinkley over the phone, but thanks to Carol's work beforehand, he's agreed to give me a try." Actually, she hadn't done anything of the sort. In fact, as far as Janice knew, Roger Brinkley didn't even know about her yet.

The doorbell interrupted their conversation and Mrs. Faye went to answer it. A moment later, she was ushering in Mr. Fitch. Janice stood to shake his hand and exchange a short greeting. Then Fitch sat on the sofa with Mrs. Faye and pulled a stack of paperwork out of his briefcase.

"I can't tell you how happy I am every time I get to turn one of our kids back over to their parents," Fitch said to Janice.

"And I can't tell you how happy I am to have my daughter back again!"

"I have no doubt!" Fitch said with a big smile. Thoughts of what Agent Jacobs had asked for rang through his mind. "Um… if you don't mind me asking, what are your plans now? Carol is in school here and the school year is almost over. Are you going to move her right away?"

"No, Mr. Fitch," Janice replied. "Carol will be able to stay in school right here for now. I've been lucky enough to take a housekeeping job in the area."

That surprised Fitch a bit. "A housekeeping job. Good for you! And so soon after getting out of…" he was reluctant to say the word prison in these surroundings.

"Well, my daughter was helpful in finding the position for me."

"Oh." Fitch turned to smile at Carol. "That was certainly good work on your part."

Carol beamed at the compliment.

"So where will you be staying?" he asked as he sorted through the paperwork to find the form he wanted.

"That was all part of the job agreement. Mr. Brinkley will be providing room and board right there in his house for both Carol and myself as part of my payment."

Lucky lady, Fitch thought to himself. She gets out of prison and immediately moves into some rich guy's house. But again, Agent Jacob's requests rang through his mind, along with a possible course of action. Not to mention that he was just plain curious! "Um… Mrs. Stokley, since my primary concern has to be for Carol's continued well–being, I think I should take a quick look at where she's going to be staying."

Janice was shocked. There was really no reason for this. "But Mr. Fitch, I can assure you that…"

Fitch raised his hand. "It's just a quick formality, Mrs. Stokley, believe me. It will look much better on my report if I can honestly put down that Carol will continue to be staying in a suitable environment."

"But Mr. Brinkley won't be able to be there," Carol argued. "He's working."

"That's alright. I just need a quick look at the house." Before Janice could argue further, he was gathering up all his paperwork and putting it back in his briefcase.

Having been given no choice in the matter, Janice and Carol were again in the car heading to Roger Brinkley's house. Fitch was following close behind. The last thing that Janice needed now was for this… man… to see where she and Carol would be living. Not to mention that there were certain other problems that could all too easily present themselves. One of which would have to be addressed immediately. She turned to her daughter. "Carol, as soon as we get there, I need you to run to the bathroom. I'll try to stall Fitch in the kitchen. Get rid of that chain around the toilet and hide it somewhere. Just be quick about it."

Fitch was shocked when they pulled into the driveway. The house was nothing like what he expected. In fact, to him, the place looked like a dump – and a small one at that. And this guy needed a housekeeper? He got out of the car in a state of shock. Carol and her mother

had already gotten out of the car and Carol was hurrying toward the open garage door. "Mrs. Stokley," he said to the waiting woman, "this isn't quite what I expected."

"I'm sure it isn't," Janice replied, "but this is the place. I know it doesn't look like much on the outside, but wait till you see the inside."

Fitch had his doubts, but he followed Janice toward the open garage and soon found himself in a surprisingly nice kitchen – where everything looked brand new. "Oh, I must say," he started as he looked around, "this is a far cry from the outside of the house."

"Mr. Brinkley is rebuilding the house, and as you can see, he's been doing an absolutely beautiful job with it. He hasn't had time to get to the outside of the house yet."

"Is Mr. Brinkley married?" Fitch asked.

"No, he's not."

"And he still needs a housekeeper?" Fitch asked, somewhat surprised at the circumstances.

"That's his business!" Janice replied sternly. "I'm only glad for the job and a place for Carol and I to live."

Fitch backed down quickly. "Um… do you mind if I look around a bit? I'd like to see the room where Carol will be staying."

That was the last thing that Janice really wanted. But… "There's a small temporary problem with that," Janice explained, "Carol's room isn't quite ready for her yet. But that shouldn't be any concern."

A big red flag was suddenly raised in Fitch's head. "Not ready yet? Maybe I better see!" He himself took the lead and headed toward the living room. "Nice floors," he noted as he looked around. He spotted the hallway leading back toward the bedrooms. "I take it her room will be back there?"

With no way to stop him, Janice followed behind. She noticed the bathroom door was closed at the end of the hall. Before they got to the first doorway leading into one of the unfinished rooms, Carol came out of the bathroom looking fairly happy. Janice saw no sign of the chain that had been wrapped around the toilet.

"And which room is Carol's?" Fitch asked.

Having little choice, Janice opened the door to the unfinished room closest to the bathroom.

Fitch was immediately assaulted by the smell. The smell plus the sight of the totally gutted room backed him out of there quickly. Wanting to get away from the horrible odor, he headed straight back out to the living room. Agent Jacob's request was running through his head. It looked like the FBI was about to get their wish. He turned back toward Janice. "Mrs. Stokley," he started. "I think that in this case it will be in Carol's best interest to stay at Mrs. Faye's house until such time as her room is completely ready for her. There's not even a bed for her to sleep in there."

"But she can stay in my bed with me," Janice argued. "And Mr. Brinkley has assured me that it won't be long until he can have those rooms totally finished."

Fitch shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm going to insist. Carol will remain with Mrs. Faye until such time as I can verify that she has a proper place to stay. I will apprise Mrs. Faye of the situation though and tell her that you will have complete visitation rights with Carol anytime you want. She'll just need to stay there at night."

"But Mr. Fitch," Janice wanted to argue further.

"No, Mrs. Stokley, that is my decision! Call me as soon as her room is ready. With that, he let himself out the front door. As he walked to his car, he knew that he didn't have to make that particular decision, but it was still a very good decision as far as Carol's welfare was concerned. The fact that Agent Jacob's request would be satisfied as well was only secondary.

Janice was livid. The nerve of the man! If it wasn't for having to be so careful about the way she did everything right now, she would have strongly considered taking "other" measures with Mr. Fitch. But for now, everything had to look – perfect!

"Momma, does that mean I have to stay at the foster home?"

Janice tried to smile at her daughter. "Only at night dear, and only for now, until we can get your room ready for you. And I promise, I'll make sure that Mr. Brinkley does his very best to get it ready – fast!" Once again a stupid man had done something to come between Janice and her daughter. And once again she had no way to do anything about it. Her mind was quickly racing ahead though. As irritating as the situation was though, it was only a very minor setback in a much bigger plan.

The bell had just rung signaling the end of the school day when Janice drove into the school's parking lot. As the kids all ran out of school, Janice and Carol got out of the car. Together, they waded past everyone going the opposite direction and entered the building. Janice insisted in stopping at the school office first – things had to look exactly right!

The secretary there greeted her warmly and Janice introduced herself as Carol's mother and asked to see Mr. Brinkley to see if anything else could be done to help Carol with her work – a common enough occurrence. The secretary simply directed her back toward his classroom.

Roger was wondering how long he was going to have to wait for Carol when the door to his room suddenly opened and Carol walked in with a woman he had never seen before. Closer examination revealed an obvious resemblance between the two. He was very surprised since Carol had been living in a foster home and he had somehow assumed that her mother was dead. Obviously not!

The woman approached boldly. "Hello Mr. Brinkley," she said. "I'm Mrs. Stokley. Carol's mother."

Roger was still trying to get over his shock at seeing her. Was she the string–puller? Roger stood up to shake her hand, but she didn't offer her hand in return. He sat back down as she stood next to his desk.

"Let's be perfectly clear about something, Mr. Brinkley," she said. "I own you! I own you body and soul! And there's nothing you can do about that! All those pictures that Carol took of you doing… naughty things… I now have them safely put away where only I can get to them. I have more than enough proof to send you to prison for a very long time… and trust me, Mr. Brinkley, I don't think you would like prison very much. I just got out of there today and I can tell you that much for a fact!" She could see the frightened look on his face – exactly what she wanted to see.

Before he could make any reply, she reached into her purse and pulled out the plastic container he had been forced to jerk off into every night. "Do you recognize this?" she asked. "You should!" Roger nodded nervously. She opened the container and held it up so that he could see that it was empty – washed clean. "I'm sure you know what was in here. All that miserable sperm of yours is now in another container safely stored away with the pictures. What do you think would happen, Mr. Brinkley, if I injected a bunch of that semen up inside of Carol and then took her to the police claiming that you raped her?"

Before she could continue, Carol let out a small scream. "Momma!"

"Don't worry dear, it's all dead! There's nothing there that can possibly harm you at all. And as long as Mr. Brinkley does as he's told, hopefully, we'll never have to resort to that. But Mr. Brinkley, do you think the DNA they would find inside of her would match yours? What would the police do then?"

Roger's mouth was totally dry as he tried to swallow. He tried to answer, but words were beyond him. All he could see was a cell door closing in front of him and life as he knew it, ending. He had no chance at all. He never imagined that he could get set up so thoroughly.

Janice let a hint of a smile cross her face. "Your only hope, Mr. Brinkley, is to do exactly what I tell you to. Then, eventually, when this is all over, you can have your miserable life back… what will be left of it that is."

Was she throwing him a lifeline? Giving him hope? He wasn't sure. And what did she mean by what would be left of his life? He searched for something to say, but his mind came up blank. He still only saw the cell door closing on him.

"Come along now, Mr. Brinkley. It's time for you to drive us home."

The odd thing that Roger noticed about the drive back to his house, was that she seemed to be perfectly pleasant. She sat in the passenger seat while Carol sat in the back. Her main topic of conversations seemed to center around what a beautiful part of the country it was. She loved all the rolling hills and general ruralness of the area. If Roger didn't know any better, he would have thought she was the most pleasant person on earth.

He drove straight into his garage, but when he went to close the door, she stopped him. "Don't close it yet, Mr. Brinkley. I'd like a tour." She turned around to talk to her daughter. "Carol dear, why don't you go in and watch TV or something while Mr. Brinkley shows me around his house."

"Yes, Momma," Carol replied, clearly a disappointed that her mother didn't want her around just then.

Janice got out of the car at the same time as Carol. Roger took that as a sign that he should do the same. "Your house could use a little work, Mr. Brinkley," she said as she watched her daughter going inside.

Roger shrugged. "I bought a fixer upper. I'm still working on it."

Janice led the way out of the garage. "You do have a beautiful lot. Plenty of space. How big is it?"

"Just over two acres."

"So you have plenty of room to expand if you wanted to?"

He nodded. "Yeah, but the idea was to fix this up and then sell it. Try to make enough to buy another one and then do it again."

"I see," she said as she slowly walked further out toward the middle of the front lawn. She finally stopped and turned around to look back at the house. "It needs paint!" she said.

"I haven't gotten that far yet. Since I'm replacing all the windows as I go, I decided to wait till after I finish the inside before I start on the outside. Besides, it's been winter!"

"Of course," she replied. "Why are you replacing the windows?"

"The house not only came with a cheap price tag, it also came with lousy windows and a lead paint problem. The windows included."

"So that's why you ripped out all the walls and ceilings too?"

"Exactly."

She nodded. "You're thorough. I like that."

He was tempted to say thanks, but then he remembered just how wicked this woman was capable of being. She started walking back towards the house and he followed next to her.

"Do you do all the work yourself?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's kind of my hobby."

"Nobody helping you?"

He shook his head. "Just me. It takes longer, but I know I'm getting the quality of work that I want."

She stopped for a moment to look at him. "I noticed how nice the floors look inside. Your work?"

"Yeah. Everything that's finished is my work."

"So you pride yourself on your craftsmanship?"

"I guess you could say that."

"That's good, Mr. Brinkley. I approve." She started down the long side of the garage where there were no windows. "Why haven't you finished it yet?"

Roger grunted. “Money! And time. I’ve only been working on it a little over two years now.”

“You’ll excuse me, Mr. Brinkley, but I’ve had a quick look at your bank accounts. You don’t have much in there.”

He was surprised, but he realized he shouldn’t have been. “Not much for you to steal!” he replied with more than a hint of anger in his voice.

She laughed. “Mr. Brinkley, I’m not interested in your money at all.” Then she corrected herself. “Well… not mostly. I’m afraid we’re going to be needing access to your accounts for another few days until I can make other arrangements. And of course, I’ll be keeping up with all your bills from now on.”

Roger had no idea what she was talking about. Other arrangements? Was she leaving? He could only hope.

Once they reached the back of the garage, she headed straight for his workshop. She hadn’t bothered to look in there before. She reached out and tested the side door, expecting it to be locked. The handle turned and opened to her touch. “Not locked?”

He shrugged, “I don’t think thieves have ever been a problem around here before.”

She walked inside and found the light switch. She spent a few minutes looking around. “You have a lot of tools.”

“I inherited most of them from my father.”

She thought about that for a moment. “So I take it he’s dead?”

“Three years now.”

“And your mother?”

“A few years before him.”

She nodded. “Any other family?”

“No. Not really.”

“And you’ve never married either?”

“I was engaged once, but it didn’t work out.”

"Family is important. Carol is the most precious thing in my life. You have no idea how much pleasure she brings me."

All Roger could think about was how much misery she had brought him. "Your daughter is a monster!" he replied.

Her voice was shear ice! "I will thank you to never refer to my daughter as a monster again, Mr. Brinkley!"

He made no reply, but his eyes narrowed and they stared at each other as if they were both engaged in as test of wills. He gave up first, knowing that his situation was useless. "Why don't you just kill me now and get it over with?"

"My dear Mr. Brinkley, I have never killed anyone in my life, and I have no intention of starting now."

He didn't believe her. "Isn't that what they always say, just to get the victim to do what they want? And then they kill him anyway when they're done with him?"

Her eyes narrowed to mere slits. "Let's get one thing straight, Mr. Brinkley. I have no use for men at all. As far as I'm concerned, you're all nothing more than the lowest form of sludge that infests this planet! And don't think you can win me over by being nice. I'm way past that point. I've destroyed more men than you'd want to think about Mr. Brinkley. And most of them still wish they were dead instead! But I have no intention of actually killing you!"

She turned quickly then and left his workshop. It was a moment before he could follow her, closing the door in their wake. She walked all the way back to the house and tried the back door handle. This one didn't turn. "Do you have the key?" she asked.

Roger hadn't been carrying his keys for a while now, but they were once again in his pocket since he had driven them home. The door unlocked easily and she led the way inside. She walked right past the washer and dryer and entered the kitchen. "You did a nice job in here," she noted. I like your choice of appliances.

"Thank you," he replied. "I figured they would only help the resale value."

"That they will," she replied. She went out to the living room where Carol was watching TV. "My first thought when I saw the inside of your house was that it needs a woman's touch. My thinking hasn't changed one bit. You're a terrible decorator, Mr. Brinkley. Terrible!"

Roger was tempted to laugh, and he might have with anybody else. “What can I say? I don’t need very much.”

“You’re going to be very glad of my housekeeping services,” she told him as she headed for the hallway.

The mysterious housekeeper ad. “Why bother with the ad?” he asked.

She stopped and looked at him. “Things have to look… perfect!”

There was more going on here than he knew about. Of that, he had no doubt at all.

She went directly into the master bedroom and looked around. “I’ll expect all your things removed from my room right after dinner, Mr. Brinkley. Everything! I want nothing left in the closet or in the dresser. And check the bathroom too. Nothing of yours belongs here anymore! Understand?”

He didn’t miss her reference to “my room.” And unfortunately, he understood all too clearly what she was implying too. “Yes,” he replied, clearly not happy about the matter. “What am I supposed to do with it all?”

“I don’t care. But it doesn’t belong in here anymore. You can put it all in one of the rooms across the hall if you like.”

“But those rooms aren’t finished! There are no beds, no furniture… not even walls!” he complained. “Where am I supposed to sleep?”

“Have you slept in a bed at all this past week?”

Her icy tone left him no reply at all. She could be seemingly nice at one moment, but then the next… Somehow he doubted that she would be doing any housekeeping work.

She pushed past him and went back out into the hall. She ignored the main bathroom and opened the door to one of the unfinished bedrooms instead. “I need these rooms finished immediately!”

He shook his head. “I don’t have the money!”

She looked at him. “Do you have enough in your account to get started? How about credit?”

He shrugged his shoulders. “My credit is fine. But I’ve been trying to do this without running up my cards. I can’t afford the payments. I do have an account with the building supply store

that I can use. But it has to be paid off every month. And like I said, I don't have that kind of money anymore."

She looked at him with steel in her eyes again. "I need these rooms finished immediately, Mr. Brinkley. As it turns out, Family Services won't release Carol to me until they're ready. The longer you keep my daughter away from me, the more you're going to suffer. Of that, I can guarantee. And I will turn the screws tighter and tighter and tighter! So I suggest you get busy right now, Mr. Brinkley, and get these rooms finished! And don't worry about the money. Come next week, I'll be paying for everything anyway."

Roger quickly found himself standing openmouthed – but alone, as she immediately turned and walked out. She would be paying for everything? Somehow, he doubted that! He walked up to the stud wall and pounded his fist against one of the boards. He looked around. The smell from his stale urine that had soaked into the floor stank terribly. He'd probably have to replace the subfloor. No, make that he would definitely be replacing the subfloor there.

He wondered if she really was serious about what she had said earlier, that when she was done with him she would leave him alone – or how had she put it? "You can have your miserable life back… what will be left of it."

Before Roger could get back out of the room again, she returned, this time, she was carrying his cell phone. "Do you know the number for the newspaper office?" she asked. "We've got to cancel that ad now that you've hired me."

"I've hired you?" he asked sarcastically as he took his phone.

"Of course. And you'll be paying me a weekly wage too. It will be tiny of course, but you will be paying it."

Roger only wondered how he would be able to pay it. And hadn't she just said that she would be paying for everything? Fortunately, he had a good head for numbers and he remembered the newspaper phone number from calling a few days ago. The ad was quickly cancelled, although the woman reminded him that there would be no refund for the days it wouldn't run now.

He started to hand the phone back to her. "Keep it, Mr. Brinkley. If anyone calls about the ad, well, I'm sure you can handle it properly by now." She looked around at the unfinished space. "Isn't there anything you can do tonight to get started on this? At least make a materials list or something? Like I said, I want it done immediately. And I will make your life more and more intolerable the longer it takes."

Roger looked around. "Yeah, I can make a list. It's going to take a lot of sheetrock all at once, but that's really not a problem. I just hope the hoist is available."

"The hoist?"

"Yeah. I have to rent a machine to help me get the sheetrock up to the ceiling and hold it in place till I can get it screwed down. I'll have to see if I can rent one for a few days starting tomorrow. I'm pretty sure I can get them to deliver the sheetrock tomorrow sometime while I'm at school – if you're going to be here, that is. They won't just leave sheetrock out in the open though in case it rains. They will leave it in the garage though. My bigger problem is going to be the windows. I have to special order them and that can take up to two weeks."

"You don't have two weeks, Mr. Brinkley. And if it takes that long, you're going to find your life very uncomfortable. And I'm not going to be here tomorrow. I have other things that have to be done. Just leave the windows as they are! You can change them later – after Carol moves in!"

He wasn't happy about that. If the job was going to get done right, then it should be done right away. "Well, I guess we can just leave the garage door open," he mused, "and let them leave the sheetrock there. I've done that before. But even if I take off from school, it's going to take me more than a week to do it all."

"Then be prepared for a miserable life, Mr. Brinkley, because you're not going to be missing school! There can be no change in what anyone else sees you doing! And like I said, the longer you keep Carol away from me, the worse things are going to be for you – and I guarantee that!"

He threw his hands up. "It's impossible! I'm only one man!"

"That's your problem, Mr. Brinkley. I don't care!" Her tone of her voice changed immediately. "Dinner will be in an hour, Mr. Brinkley. And don't forget to wash your hands." She turned around and left him again. He was totally bewildered. Dinner? Was she fixing dinner?

Agent Jacobs didn't get the message to call Fitch back until it was almost time for him to go home for the day. But he was very glad once he had a chance to talk to the man. Once he hung up the phone again, he hurried over to Forsyth's office. "Hey Sid," he said happily as he entered.

"What's up?" Forsyth asked.

"I just got off the phone with the case worker for Stokley's daughter. We caught a big break. Stokley took a… get this… a housekeeping job for some guy who lives out in the county not far from where her daughter is right now. And since the guy didn't have a room

that was livable for the daughter yet, the case worker isn't going to release the daughter to her custody until it is finished."

"A housekeeping job?" Forsyth asked incredulously. "That's a far cry from banking!"

Jacobs shrugged. "What bank would hire her now after she's been in prison?"

"That's certainly true! So it sounds like we don't have to hurry quite as fast on this thing."

Jacobs shook his head. "I disagree. My bet is that she'll head straight for the money – maybe tomorrow, that is, if she's not already on her way there today."

Forsyth thought about that. "Yeah, you're probably right, but with all that's going on here right now, it's going to be a few days before we'll have time to check on an old case like this."

Jacobs knew that his partner was right. They had been out most of the day on something big and the next few days looked like they would be tied up with it as well. But Stokley had been a special passion for Jacobs for many years now. There was no way he would let things go very long without getting back to the case.

Roger was a little shocked to realize that Janice really was in the kitchen fixing dinner. And the few times he left the rooms where he was working, he noticed that it was starting to smell pretty good. As he made notes and took measurements, his cell phone suddenly rang. Another person asking about his ad. He quickly disappointed the caller and hung up. When he turned around, he saw Carol in the doorway watching him. She just smiled and left him again. The monster!

A little while later, Carol was back. "Dinner time. And Momma says to make sure you wash your hands!"

"Thank you," Roger replied as he set his pad and pen down. As he walked out of the unfinished bedroom, the smell of her cooking again hit his nose… a much better smell than the rooms where he had been working. This time, he closed the bedroom door behind him to keep the bad odor away from the rest of the house. A few minutes later, hands freshly washed, he entered the kitchen. His small table was set for three. Everything including napkins and a full setting of silverware at each plate was in place. He saw a glass of milk out for Carol and Mrs. Stokley was just carrying over two freshly filled cups of coffee.

"Have a seat, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said, nodding her head toward the chair across from her.

Roger sat, his face full of surprise. The food was already out on the plates – fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and green beans. He was beyond surprised. "This looks… amazing!" he finally finished.

"Fried chicken is Carol's favorite," she replied. "Mine too, I have to confess." She saw Roger starting to pick up his knife and fork. "Ah… ah… ah… Mr. Brinkley. We say grace before dinner in this house!"

Grace? This woman? She had to be joking! But she and Carol both bowed their heads as she began saying her short prayer of thanksgiving – adding a few comments about being grateful for being out of prison and back with Carol again. Finally, they both picked up their forks and started eating. Roger did too.

The meal was as good as it looked. Since he lived alone, it was the first time he could remember having such a meal in his own house. He had built the kitchen and installed the appliances, but cooking wasn't his strong suit. He mostly ate silently as Carol filled her mother in on innocuous school stuff. It all seemed so surreal!

And then his cell phone rang again. "Speaker phone, if you please, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said.

Roger pulled his phone out and pushed the button. The caller was one who had called yesterday. "Yes, I'm sorry," he said to the phone. "The ad was supposed to have been pulled but they didn't do it. The job is no longer available." He ended the call and saw her smiling at him.

"Very good," Mr. Brinkley. "Just keep doing that."

Roger didn't know what was so important about what he had done, but with a dinner like this in front of him, he really didn't care.

When dinner seemed to be over, Janice looked straight him. "Have you removed your things from my room yet?"

He shook his head. "Not yet."

"I suggest you get busy with that right away. Do you have a materials list yet for the work that needs to be done?"

He nodded. "Yeah. It's going to cost a bit I'm afraid."

"As soon as you clear out my room, I'd like to go over it with you." She turned to Carol. "Carol, dear, since Mr. Brinkley is going to be busy, you can wash the dishes."

"Me?" Carol asked, totally shocked.

"Yes, you!"

"Oh Momma!"

Roger was being thrown out of his own room. That's the only way he could look at it. Some of his things got stuffed into large trash bags to keep things together. He carried everything into the unfinished room directly across the hallway and started piling it all against one of the outer walls. What was he going to do with everything when he started working in here? Over and over again, Mrs. Stokley kept coming in to check on him, making sure he removed every last tiny piece of his life from the master bedroom and bath. Nothing could remain, not the tiniest scrap of paper. Even the bag of diapers that Carol had purchased was removed.

As he finished emptying the closet, she was there behind him with a rag, wiping the shelves clean. As he finished emptying his dresser, she was right behind him, cleaning that too. It was like she was totally erasing his presence from the room. He just hoped she wouldn't be erasing his presence from the land of the living. There was no telling what the woman was capable of.

His cell phone only rang twice while he was working, and both times he noticed her watching him closely. She made no comments, other than to smile each time he finished.

As soon as Janice was satisfied that the master bedroom was clear of his presence, she sat down with him at the kitchen table to go over the list of things that he needed. She was surprised to see an estimated amount next to each item. And the list was long and complete, right down to the paint he needed. It even included boxes of screws and the rental amount for the hoist he had to have. "This looks most complete," she noted as she looked over it.

"You said it had to be done fast. The less running I have to do for materials, the faster I can get it done."

She looked up at him and smiled. "I appreciate that very much, Mr. Brinkley. You just keep thinking that way and things will be much easier on you, I can assure you."

"But it's still going to take a few weeks. Especially if I have to be in school every day."

Her demeanor changed quickly. "Then like I said, be prepared for your life to become more and more miserable!" She looked down at his list. "Why so much for flooring? Wouldn't it go faster if you just carpeted it?"

"I was trying to make it match the rest of the house."

"Would carpeting be faster?"

He nodded. "Sure, it would probably save me a day or two, but it would have to be installed by professionals. I don't have a truck anymore to pick the carpeting up and I can't do it by myself as well as a team of professionals. And someone would have to be here when it got done."

"Carpeting, Mr. Brinkley. I'll be here by then. We want this to go as quickly as possible!"

Roger was trying to reorganize his clothes in his new bedroom when Janice came back to him. "I need your car keys again. I have to take Carol back to the foster home." He fished the keys out of his pocket and handed them to her. She looked around at the unfinished space. "Isn't there anything you can be doing tonight to get started on all this?"

Roger shook his head. "Not much." His eyes fell on the stained area that smelled so badly. That wasn't going to be pleasant to sleep near. "I guess I could start by cutting the bad patch of floor away. It would probably help the odor in here a lot too."

"I suggest you get busy then, Mr. Brinkley. Think of it this way, time relates directly to your life. The longer this job takes, the more miserable the rest of your life is going to be."

Roger shook his head as she walked out of the room. He had no idea what she meant, but one thing he did know however was that one way or another, he was probably going to wind up in prison. And that would definitely be miserable. It was a prospect he still wanted to put off as long as possible!

Janice hugged Carol as she dropped her off back at the foster home. There were tears in her eyes. "Don't worry dear, I'm doing everything I can to get you out of here as soon as possible."

"I know you are Momma."

"And I fully intend on contacting Family Services again tomorrow to see if anything can be done right away."

"Good!" her daughter replied.

"Now remember, you'll have to walk to school again tomorrow… probably most days until we can be together again, but I'll be there for you every day after school."

"I know, Momma. I just hope it won't be for long."

"It won't be dear... or your math teacher is going to be very miserable indeed!"

Janice could hear the loud screaming of his saw before she even pulled into the garage. Progress, at last! She went directly to the room where he was working. There was a large dark square in the floor that signified a fairly good size hole. He pulled away another piece of board from the hole and threw it into a pile of them. Then he stood up. "That's the last of it," he said. "I can't do anything else till I get the materials to fix it."

She looked him over. He was dressed in his work clothes – old jeans with a few paint splotches on them, an old long–sleeved flannel shirt, and the ugliest work boots she could imagine. Ugh! She resented this display of increased masculinity in her house. It was something she was going to have to do something about – and soon! A thought occurred to her. "Mr. Brinkley, my daughter told me that she's been making you wear a brazier under your clothes to work every day. Are you still wearing it?"

He shook his head. "No, I took it off when I changed. The bra straps would have been a major nuisance trying to do this stuff."

"Were they a major nuisance all day at school?"

"Major! The damn things won't stay up at all!"

"Please watch your language around me, Mr. Brinkley. I don't like swearing!"

"Sorry!" he replied with a hint of sarcasm.

"Mr. Brinkley. If the brazier is a major nuisance at school, then I see no reason why it cannot remain a major nuisance here at home too. From now on, when you get back from school, I'll expect you to leave your brazier in place. I see no reason why you should ever be dressed without one."

Roger was shocked. "You mean, I have to keep wearing one to school too? Even though Carol is…"

"That's exactly what I mean, Mr. Brinkley. I see no reason to stop now. Maybe your bra troubles will help remind you of who's in charge of your life now… namely me… and Carol!"

Roger was clearly upset, but there was nothing he could do about it.

"Now then," she continued. "Are you finished here?"

"Yeah. Not much more I can do tonight."

"Then I want you naked as quickly as possible and back in your bathroom. You can chain yourself to the toilet."

Roger was shocked. "Again?"

Janice only shrugged. "Until you get these rooms finished. After that, I'm sure I won't have to worry about you anymore."

Roger was left alone with more questions again. What did she mean by her last statement – she wouldn't have to worry about him anymore? Was she going to kill him despite what she had said? She just needed him to finish the rooms first?

Chapter 09.

Roger heard his old alarm clock ringing. Of course, he was naked, sleeping on the bathroom floor, chained to the toilet, while the alarm clock was in the master bedroom – next to his old bed. He opened his eyes. The house was still dark! He had no idea what time it was, but he could hear her stirring already. He pulled the bath towel off of him that he had been using for a blanket and got to his feet. The door to the master bedroom suddenly opened.

"Time to get ready, Mr. Brinkley.," she called from still inside the room. "Are you awake?"

"Yes," he replied, still wiping the sleep from his eyes. "What time is it?"

"Early!" was her only reply.

The bedroom door closed again. He turned on the light so he could see what he was doing and started getting washed and shaved for work. It was probably a good half hour later when she opened the bedroom door again. She was fully dressed. She unlocked the cuff on his ankle, freeing him from the chain that held him in the main bathroom all night. "Hurry and get dressed, Mr. Brinkley. I have things to do today."

She followed him into the unfinished room where he had stacked all his clothes. He searched around a bit and finally picked up a pair of his old underwear.

"Panties! Mr. Brinkley. Not those ugly things. In fact…" She walked over and took the underwear from him. Then, noticing a pile of it on the floor. She gathered every pair she could find into her arms. "Panties from now on, Mr. Brinkley… and bras too!" Then she left, carrying his underwear out with her – his old underwear.

She was back again a few minutes later. He had managed to get the last new bra with a small cup size on, but he was struggling to adjust the straps so they would be tight. She turned him around and did it for him. He was tempted to say thank you, but he stopped himself. He wasn't about to thank her for making him wear the damn thing!

"No pantyhose or stockings?" she asked as he continued getting ready.

He looked shocked. "What for? Isn't what I'm wearing enough?"

She merely shrugged. "I'm just surprised, that's all."

He was glad she didn't push that issue any further. She left him while he finished getting dressed. He found her a little while later out in the kitchen. She had poured two bowls of

cereal and had made coffee. He was actually grateful. “You went grocery shopping yesterday,” he noted, trying to find something to say.

“Of course. You don’t think I’d let Carol eat all her meals from Burger King, do you? I saw all the bags in the trash.”

“She’s a kid,” was his only reply.

“Yes, and growing all too fast. It seems like only yesterday when she was a little girl playing with her dolls.”

When breakfast was over, she cleared the table. Then she handed him his cell phone back again. “Make whatever arrangements you need to for the materials. As you suggested, we’ll leave the garage door open, but if I’m back before any of them arrive I’ll watch out for them. I put both my new number and Carol’s phone number in there for you, Mr. Brinkley, so you can call either of us if you need to. I also left some of the pictures that Carol took of you. You might want to review them and think about what they represent. Let them remind you that your only ticket to freedom is doing whatever I want.”

As she drove him to school, the streets were mostly empty. “You might want to mention to a few people at school that you’ve hired me as your housekeeper. It will look much more natural then when I come by to collect you or Carol.” She pulled up to the school. “It doesn’t look open yet,” she noted.

“It probably isn’t. It’s still awfully early.”

“You’ll just have to wait then. I have an appointment in Atlanta I can’t miss.” She reached into her purse and pulled out his wallet. She handed him a ten dollar bill. “I’ll see you after school, Mr. Brinkley. Have a good day.”

Roger watched her driving off in his car. She still had his wallet, but at least he had his cell phone back again. Not that it would do him much good. Since he couldn’t get into the school building, he pulled his phone out along with his list of materials. The building supply stores opened very early. He started ordering his supplies.

“You can go in now, Mrs. Stokley,” the receptionist said.

Janice thanked her and opened the door to her lawyer’s office. “Hello, Mrs. Branson,” she said as she walked in.

“Janice!” her lawyer returned with a big smile on her face. “Welcome back! How is everything?”

"So far, so good. I've taken a housekeeping position for now. My big problem though, is that I need to get my daughter back as soon as possible. But Carol's case worker won't release her to me until some of the rooms in the house are finished. That's going to take a few days I'm afraid."

The lawyer nodded. "Is there any way I can help with your daughter?"

"Any help you can give me there would be appreciated. Her case worker is a Mr. Fitch." She pulled a piece of paper out of her purse. "And here's his phone number."

"Fine," her lawyer said. "I'll call him in a little while." She looked back up at Janice. "So you took a housekeeping position? I'm surprised. That's not your usual line of work."

Janice shrugged. "It's a temporary but necessary position for now. In the meantime, I need my things. Do you have them?"

Mrs. Branson pulled a large closed envelope out of her desk. "It's all here. The keys to the storage room and everything else you need. I'm afraid there isn't much there, just clothes mostly and the few things you specified. Your instructions did say that I should sell your house and everything else to pay all your expenses. The locker is paid up for the next three months so you won't have to worry about that right away. Your bank account information is in there also, but of course, after all the fees, there's very little left."

Janice smiled as she took the envelope. "I understand. I'm just grateful for what you've done."

The lawyer frowned. "Mrs. Stokley, I'm still angry about what was done to you. I have no doubt in my mind that you were set up. I just don't see you selling drugs."

"I've never had anything at all to do with drugs in my life!" Janice replied. "Somebody planted them there just to get at me. And I'm not sure, but I have my suspicions as to who it was!"

Her lawyer nodded. "Just don't get any foolish ideas. You just got out of prison. You don't want to go back again!"

The bank account didn't have much in it, but Janice withdrew a thousand dollars, mostly because anyone looking for her would expect her to. Then she went in search of the storage locker. Her lawyer's office had been in downtown Atlanta. She had to travel a short way back up the interstate to get to the suburb of the city where she used to live. She found the storage company easily since it was located fairly near the highway.

Inside, she found a jumble of professionally packed boxes. With no way to know what was in each one, she used one of the car keys to cut tape and began going through them. She didn't want to take much, just a few clothes she wanted. She left all of Carol's old clothes alone. Carl was older and bigger now than when these clothes had been left behind. She found her old computer in one of the boxes and left it alone as well. It would have to be gotten rid of. There was no incriminating evidence at all on the thing, but she still wouldn't ever touch it again. There was always that small chance that the FBI had planted some kind of bug in the thing to track what she was doing.

She continued searching through boxes until she found the one other thing she was looking for – her old photo albums. Selecting three, and one in particular, she closed the box they had been in and loaded everything she had taken into her car.

Once the storage locker was closed and secure again, she went directly to the local Wal–Mart. Once inside, she purchased a pair of rubber boots, a small camping shovel, a trendy backpack with the logo from the University of Georgia on it, and two cheap pre–paid cell phones. Then she got back into the car to head north.

The scenery in this part of the country was spectacular. It was just barely spring, but already she could see the trees beginning to come back to life. The area was one of her favorites in the fall. She, along with millions of other tourists, often drove the roads just to see the colorful fall leaves of the Smokey Mountains.

The State Park was a bit of a drive, but once past the Atlanta area the traffic thinned. She only wished she was driving a better car so she could enjoy the ride more. Well, that problem would be corrected tomorrow!

Once she reached the State Park, she began checking in earnest for any signs that she had been followed. She seriously doubted that the FBI would be on her case so soon, but she was a very careful person. She had to be! She took several turns and backtracked a few times. She stopped at a few overlooks and got out to view the scenery, but mostly, she was watching the other cars in the park. She was relieved to see no sign at all that she was being followed. Back in the car again, she drove to a remote section of the park and easily found the little parking area she had been searching for. The only thing near it was a hiking trail.

She took her shoes off and replaced them with the rubber boots. All the spring rain had left the area very muddy. The boots were a necessity. She selected one of the photo albums she had taken from the storage facility and put it into the backpack along with the little shovel. Throwing the backpack over one shoulder, she headed up the trail. Ten minutes later, she stopped and checked for any sign at all that someone might be following her. As she had expected, she was alone. She pulled the photo album out and found the series of pictures where she and her daughter had once travelled this trail before. The pictures were all of Carol, but each picture was taken either near a special landmark that she could look for or at

a fork in the path. And in each picture, Carol was subtly posed in such a way as to point out which direction she needed to go.

It was a long walk, but she had always enjoyed hiking through the forests. The walk was made all that much more enjoyable by reliving all the fond moments through the pictures of her daughter. She took her time as she walked, constantly watching for signs of anyone else in the area. As she had hoped, since it wasn't a weekend and there would be less people out for exercise, she was alone. Half an hour later, she spotted the boulder where the Carol in the picture had been sitting on with her left arm crooked, her elbow pointing to the right. She glanced around again and made sure that she was still alone. She left the trail and headed deep into the woods.

As per her map of pictures, she went over a little hill, then down into a little gully behind that was well hidden from view on all sides. She found the spot she was looking for and set the shovel and bag on the ground. She had to move several rocks out of the way to clear the spot. Then she began digging. It took a little while, but eventually, she uncovered a large plastic container. She uncovered the lid completely and undid the plastic fastening locks on it that kept it sealed against the elements. Then she opened the lid. She smiled. Over a million dollars in neatly wrapped stacks greeted her. She had seven more caches like this one scattered all across the south.

She counted out half a million dollars – five hundred thousand, figuring that it should be enough to last her a little while. The good thing about this cache of money was that she knew for a fact that this money was all clean. Untraceable. For all the money in front of her, none of it was on any watch list. She couldn't say that about some of her other caches. But then, she had plans for those other caches.

She covered the plastic container once again, sealing the lid and double checking it. Then she buried it and covered it with rocks and leaves again, trying to leave everything just the way she had found it. The University of Georgia backpack she was carrying was heavier now with the money in it, but she didn't mind at all. The hike back to the car went quicker than the hike up the trail. Downhill was always so much easier.

Before getting back into the car, she removed the now muddy rubber boots she was wearing and carefully put them and the shovel into the large plastic Wal–Mart shopping bag that the store had placed them in when she had purchased them. The two cell phones she had bought at the time got removed from their packaging and went directly into her purse. She closed the shopping bag so that none of the mud could escape and wind up on the floor of the car. Only then did she get back into the car for the long drive home.

She stopped for lunch at a busy fast food chain along the interstate. But before she left the parking lot, the bag containing her muddy boots the shovel, and the packaging from the cell phones, found its way into the store's dumpster. Only then did she resume her journey back

to Roger's house… or her house as she now thought of it. She made one last stop before arriving home, a large pet supply store that she had noticed along the way.

As she pulled the car into the dirt driveway of her new home, she was surprised to see a large truck backed up to the house. She continued on and parked the car in the middle of the lawn, well out of the way. The name of the building supply company was printed on the door of the truck. By the time she got out of the car, there was a man walking toward her with a clipboard in his hand.

"We've just finished unloading all this stuff into the garage like the order said we should," the man said. "Do you want to sign for it?"

Janice took the clipboard from the man and looked at it. It was a long list – the same list she had gone over with Roger last night. "Everything is here?" she asked.

"All of it," the man replied.

She walked to the garage. It was stuffed to overflowing inside and some of his materials were outside too. In the corner of the garage she noticed a small orange machine of some kind. She was guessing that it was the hoist he claimed that he needed. One by one, she started going down the list, asking the man to point each item out. She had to take his word on some things because she didn't know one type of screw from the next. She also noticed that the orange colored hoist wasn't on the list. Once she was satisfied that everything was there, she signed the paper and the man gave her a receipt. Then the truck left. Janice took one more quick look at all the building materials, including several huge stacks of wallboard. More than she thought the job should take. But then, what did she know about such things?

She grabbed the backpack of money from the car and went into the house. She hid most of the money in one of the dresser drawers along with her "burner" phones and threw some of the clothes she had gotten from the storage locker on top of them. It wasn't a very good hiding place, but she would need time to find someplace better. She left the rest of the money in the backpack for now. She had plans for it later.

Roger's day at school was almost normal… if you could call having to go to the men's room to adjust bra straps a dozen times a day normal! Carol didn't do or say anything in class to irritate him, other than to smile at him once in a while. And he thought he did a fairly good job of teaching all day. He even found the courage to announce a major test for next Tuesday to several of the classes, including Carols.

Two minutes after the last bell rang, signaling the end of the school day, he jumped when his cell phone rang. "Hello?"

"Are you going to be long, Mr. Brinkley?" Mrs. Stokley's voice asked. "You have a lot of materials overflowing the garage."

Roger smiled. It sounded like everything he had ordered had gotten there. Well, he had called early enough. "No, Mrs. Stokley, it's Friday. No meetings or students to work with after school today. I should be ready to leave in just a minute."

"Good, Mr. Brinkley. Because I'm waiting out in the parking lot… and I see Carol coming out of the building now too. Pot roast for dinner tonight, Mr. Brinkley. I need to get back to the kitchen."

"Pot roast!" Roger's mouth suddenly began watering. "I'm on my way, Mrs. Stokley." He closed his phone and grabbed his expandable bag, quickly throwing his books and materials into it. Then he half ran for the door. The fried chicken last night had been excellent… but pot roast was a rare treat!

There was a fairly stiff breeze blowing, although the sun was shining and the day had turned warmer than it had been for a while now. Mrs. Stokley parked his car in the driveway, well back from all the materials spilling out of the garage. Roger carried his case out of the car with him, but he set it down as he surveyed the materials in front of him. Despite his situation, he felt nothing but the thrill of expectation at seeing it all. It meant that he was about to start building something again.

"I checked off what I could on the invoice, Mr. Brinkley," Janice told him, "but I'm afraid there are a few things that I couldn't tell if they were what you ordered or not. You'll have to check them. And that orange thing in the corner… I didn't see that in the list the man showed me at all."

"That's the hoist from the rental company," he explained. "They usually deliver a lot faster than the lumber company."

"I suggest you get busy then, Mr. Brinkley. Time is wasting. I'll call you for dinner." What she didn't add was that, unfortunately, Roger wasn't going to get much work done tonight at all. She had other plans for him that couldn't wait any longer.

Roger hurried into the house and found the work clothes he wanted amid the jumble of his things in one of the unfinished bedrooms. Reluctantly, he left his bra and panties in place. Since the weather was warmer and he would be working mostly inside, he opted for an old tee–shirt instead of the heavier warmer shirt he had worn the day before. Since he wasn't planning on going anywhere, he wasn't as worried about his bra showing under the shirt.

Once he was dressed, he surveyed the two rooms again. He had everything he needed to get started. He saw the hole in the floor where he had cut out the urine soaked subfloor last night. First things first – that hole needed to be fixed!

"Mr. Brinkley!" Carol yelled for the second time over the noise of his saw. The saw noise stopped and she tried for a third time. "Mr. Brinkley!" Finally he turned. "Momma says it's time to wash up for supper."

Roger smiled. "I can't wait! It smells great!"

Carol wrinkled her nose. "I don't know how you can smell anything in here with all the sawdust!"

He laughed as he removed his tool belt. "You get used to it." A few minutes later, washed and ready, he entered the kitchen. Carol was already seated and the food was mostly on the plates again. Mrs. Stokley was pouring iced tea into his glass. "Thank you, Mrs. Stokley," he said as he sat down. It all smells great!"

Mrs. Stokley put the pitcher of tea back on the counter and sat down. Following the example that she had set last night, Roger didn't make a move to touch any of the food. He noticed that Carol hadn't either. "Let's bow our heads for grace," Janice said. Her short prayer was the same as last night – minus the extended part about being grateful for being back with her daughter again.

Roger dug into the food on his plate. The roast was tender and moist and perfect. "This is wonderful," he said with his mouth still full of food.

"Thank you, Mr. Brinkley," she replied. But her eyes stayed locked on him. This was the first chance she had to see him today since he changed out of his school clothes into his work clothes. And what she saw bothered her. Somehow, the tee–shirt he was wearing showed off way too much of the manly body he had underneath. Yes, she could definitely see the outline of the bra he had on, but it did nothing to disguise his male shape. She tried eating a few bites, but she simply hated seeing so much masculinity at the table – right in front of her. "Carol dear, will you excuse Mr. Brinkley and I for a moment? We'll be right back." Roger was surprised. What was going on? "Come along, Mr. Brinkley. You can finish your dinner in a few minutes."

Roger got up from the table and followed her into the unfinished room where all his clothes were. He watched while she searched through his clothes for a few moments, finally finding two pairs of socks that were rolled up into balls. "Pull your shirt up, Mr. Brinkley." The moment his shirt was pulled far enough out of the way, she inserted each sock ball into the cups of his bra. "You can pull your shirt down now, Mr. Brinkley."

Shocked and outraged, Roger pulled his shirt down. He now had two distinct bumps on his chest resembling breasts.

Janice smiled. “Much better, Mr. Brinkley. From now on, I’ll expect to see those little breasts on you whenever you’re working around the house here.”

Roger wanted to scream his indignation, but he was well aware that it would probably only bring him more misery. Feeling more than a bit sheepish, he followed her back to the kitchen where Carol burst out into a giggling frenzy the moment she saw him. Just great! He didn’t enjoy his dinner half as much after that.

As their dinner wound to an end, Janice looked to her daughter. “Carol, do you have any homework that needs to be done?”

“No, Momma. I did it all in study hall earlier.”

“Then you can do the dishes again while Mr. Brinkley goes back to work on your room.”

Carol sighed obviously. “Do I have to?”

“Yes dear, you have to.”

“I know I probably shouldn’t be mentioning this,” Roger suddenly found himself saying, “but I did announce a test in her class for next Tuesday.” Roger was surprised that he had found the courage to bring the test up. Hastily he added. “Of course, I know you’ll want me to give her a passing grade anyway, so I’m sorry I mentioned it.”

“No, Mr. Brinkley. I’m glad you mentioned it. Carol is in your class because she failed the subject last year and she didn’t do very well in math the year before either. I suspect that my situation is to blame of course, but I insist that she learn some subjects thoroughly. And math is one of those subjects.”

“Momma!” Carol protested. “But you know I hate math! Why can’t you just order him to pass me and leave it at that?”

“No Carol, and that’s final. From what you’ve told me, Mr. Brinkley here has been the first teacher you’ve had in a while to do anything at all to help you.” She looked up at Roger. “Mr. Brinkley, I’d like you to continuing giving Carol some extra help, perhaps a just a few minutes each evening after dinner. That shouldn’t take up too much time for either of you. And I will expect to see every test and quiz that she takes!”

Roger was very surprised. “I’ll be glad to, Mrs. Stokley. Um… we can start right now if you like.”

"A very good idea. And when you're done, then Carol can do the dishes."

Before anyone could move though, they were interrupted by the ringing of Roger's cell phone. Noticing that both Janice and Carol were watching him intently as he pulled his phone out, he pushed the speaker button when he answered it. "Hello?"

"Roger?" An older woman's voice replied. "This is Elaine Whittaker."

"Yes, Mrs. Whittaker," Roger replied. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, but I'm afraid that poor Frank has gone and nearly broken his ankle. He was out on the deck when one of the boards broke and his foot went right through it. Fortunately, it's only a sprain, but the poor dear is in horrible pain."

"I'm sorry to hear that Mrs. Whittaker."

"We'd like you to come out and give us an estimate on a new deck as soon as possible. You told us last time that it needed to be rebuilt, and I'm afraid we can't put it off any longer."

"Uh… Mrs. Whittaker, I can't do that right now. I'm sorry, but not only is school still in session, but now I have…" he looked at both Janice and Carol, "other commitments."

"Oh dear," Mrs. Whittaker replied. "Are you sure? We really don't trust anyone else and I wouldn't have the slightest idea of who to even call about it."

"I can recommend Mike Clemmons. He'll do a good job. Besides, he's licensed and I'm not."

"But someone like that will charge an arm and a leg. Are you sure you won't reconsider?"

"I'm sorry, but like I said, right now I have… other commitments."

With a large sigh, Mrs. Whittaker replied, "That's so disappointing."

"Yes, I know it is," Roger replied, "for several reasons."

When the call had ended, Janice was the first to speak. "You do work for others as well?"

Roger shrugged, "Sometimes. Mostly in the summer months when there's no school."

"And I take it you've worked for this Mrs. Whittaker before?"

"Several times. I think the last time was to repair a door that had come off its hinges."

Janice nodded. "I'm sorry you won't be able to help her this time, Mr. Brinkley. But right now, I'm afraid my needs have to come first. And your top priority is to finish those rooms… right after you help Carol with her math."

With a nod, Roger went and got his expandable case while Janice went to her bedroom – and Carol fumed at the kitchen table.

Janice pulled out her cell phone and phoned the foster home. "Hello, Mrs. Faye? This is Janice Stokley. I just wanted to tell you that since it's Friday night, I'll be bringing Carol back a little bit later. Will that be okay?" She listened for a few moments. "Thank you, Mrs. Faye. We'll, see you later tonight then." She hung up the phone. Things had to look perfect!

She went back to the kitchen and watched as Roger worked with Carol on one of the problems. "Good! You've got it," he said as she finished. "See, that wasn't so hard now, was it?"

Carol shook her head. "Maybe not. But it's still confusing."

Roger smiled. "You'll get it. It just takes practice."

"Are you finished yet?" Janice asked. "Mr. Brinkley has a lot of work still to do."

"We've just finished now, Mrs. Stokley," Roger said as he started shoving his things back into his case. He got up and headed back toward the unfinished rooms he was working on.

Janice followed him. "I appreciate you taking an interest in Carol and helping her," she said as soon as he reached the work area."

Roger looked at her, not happy at all. "You've got a funny way of showing it," he replied with more than a bit of frustration. He thumbed the bumps sticking out of his chest for emphasis.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brinkley, but desperate times call for desperate measures. And I'm afraid you are simply caught in the middle."

"That doesn't mean I have to like it!"

"No, it doesn't. And I don't expect you to."

Roger searched for something else to say. “You know, I believe your daughter is really very bright… much brighter than her grades reflect. I think that somewhere along the way she’s had some bad teachers who not only couldn’t teach, but I think they actually did more harm to her understanding of the subject than good.”

“That, plus all the legal proceedings against me, Mr. Brinkley. It all hurt Carol very much.” She smiled, but it was a cruel smile. “And now we have you to help us fix all that.” She turned and walked out on him then, leaving him to get back to work.

Janice watched the clock. It was getting later than she would like, but she wanted to give Roger as much time as she could to work on the rooms. She had a lot to do with him tonight… and tomorrow morning for that matter too. But now, she couldn’t wait any longer. She watched as he came in through the wide–open front door, carrying in yet another huge sheet of wallboard from the garage. Carol was being kind enough to open and close the door for him since it was starting to get colder outside. He disappeared down the hallway and into the room with the material. Janice followed after him.

She was surprised to see no change in the appearance of the room at all. Instead, he had been carrying in sheet after sheet of the wallboard and stacking it in the corner of one of the rooms. “No progress, Mr. Brinkley?” she asked.

Roger looked around. “I have to move all this out of the way to get the hoist out of the garage. Besides, moving it in here lets me grab it quickly as soon as I’m ready.”

His reply made sense to Janice. The hoist had been back behind everything. But she needed him for other things now. “Mr. Brinkley,” she interrupted. “I need you to put your tools up for a little while. I need you for something else.”

Roger looked at the stack of wallboard. He was almost done bringing it all inside, and now another interruption. And she wanted this finished fast? But he nodded his head and followed her out of the room all the way to the kitchen. His eyes couldn’t help but see the backpack on the kitchen table, along with a box of band–aids.

“Have a seat,” Mr. Brinkley, Janice said.

Roger sat, wondering what was in the bag in front of him. And why the band–aids?

Janice picked up a knife she had ready next to the kitchen sink and carried it over to him. She set it down on the table in front of him. “This is a very sharp knife, Mr. Brinkley. Believe me, I know that for a fact because I accidently cut myself a bit with it earlier.”

Roger looked at her hands, but didn’t see any sign of a bandage on them.

"Don't worry, it was a tiny cut and didn't need much attention. But now, I want you to prick your thumb and make it bleed a little bit too."

Roger looked at her in horror. She couldn't mean it! "Just because you…"

"No Mr. Brinkley, I have another reason entirely. But if you won't do it yourself, rest assured I will have no problem cutting your finger for you. But if I do it, well, it may hurt a bit more and it may bleed a bit more too. But the choice is up to you."

Another reason? Once again, he didn't understand. But he did understand that if he didn't cut his thumb himself, then whatever she did to him was likely to be much worse. Reluctantly, he picked up the knife. He expected her to back up the moment he did, but she stayed right next to him, hovering over him.

"Just a little slice about a half inch long across your thumb should be enough," she prompted.

A half inch? That was more than just a little prick! He examined the knife. It was one of his sharp paring knives. Since he didn't cook much, he was fairly sure that he himself had never actually used it. He glanced up at her again. She was hovering… waiting. He carefully touched the knife blade to the pad of his left thumb. He took a deep breath to brace himself and held it. Just a little cut… And he quickly drew the knife across. His thumb instantly sent him pain, but not too bad. It also instantly started leaking blood. But he hadn't cut it very deep so he was sure it was nothing much to worry about. He dropped the knife on the table quickly and grabbed his injured thumb in his other hand.

"Very good, Mr. Brinkley. Very good!"

Praise was the last thing Roger wanted to hear just then. Why had she wanted him to do it?

"Just hold it there for a moment and I'm sure the bleeding will stop soon," she said. She went back to the counter and ripped off a piece of paper towel. She wet the towel in the sink and brought it over to the table, but she didn't give it to him yet. "Let me see," she prompted. Roger held his injured thumb out where she could see it. Yes, it was still bleeding a little. Good. He now also had a little blood on the fingers of his other hand as well. Also good. She grabbed his injured thumb and squeezed it to make it bleed a bit more, then she dropped it and wiped her own hands on the wet paper towel.

Roger was surprised that she didn't give him the towel. "May I use that?" he asked.

"Not yet, Mr. Brinkley. Let your thumb stop bleeding a bit more first." She glanced at the backpack on the table in front of him. "I'm sure you're wondering what's in that thing."

Roger looked at the backpack and nodded tentatively. “I guess so.”

Janice just smiled. “Go ahead, open it and find out,” she said with a hint of amusement in her voice.

Curious, Roger tried to ignore his injured finger as he dragged the bag a little closer to him. He stood up where he could see into the bag better, and grabbing the zipper, tried to pull it open with just his one uninjured hand – which didn’t work very well. He had to hold the bag still with one hand while pulling the zipper with the other. The zipper opened easily. He spread the opening wide, and got a huge shock. The bag held money! Lots of money! More cash than he’d ever seen in his life! He looked up at her with surprise.

Janice’s grin never left her face. “Take it out and count it,” she told him.

Roger mostly forgot about his injured finger as he pulled bundle after bundle of hundred dollar bills out of the bag. He did notice though that he had gotten a tiny bit of blood on a few of the bundles. So as he started counting them, he tried to wipe off the blood. But he didn’t bother to count all of them as he quickly realized that all the bundles were the same. He looked at her with astonishment. “There’s eighty thousand dollars here!”

She smiled. “That’s right, Mr. Brinkley. Now kindly stack it all back into the bag again.”

Roger did as he was told then asked, “Where did it come from? What’s if for?”

Janice pulled the bag of money away from him – all the way to the opposite side of the table. Then she handed him the wet paper towel to clean the blood off of his hands. “Where did it come from?” She laughed a bit, but it was a cruel laugh. “From you! Don’t you recognize it? This is the money you stole from a bank!”

“I what?” Roger was shocked. “I never robbed a bank in my life!”

“Maybe not,” Janice replied, still highly amused, but you just left your blood all over both the bag and the money. And I can assure you that this money was indeed stolen from a bank somewhere.”

“Where?” Roger asked, totally shocked.

She shrugged. “Actually, it doesn’t matter, because I’m sure the authorities will have no problem tracing those serial numbers to the bank they came from.” These bills were really clean, but he wouldn’t know that. She enjoyed the look of horror on his face.

“Why?” he finally asked.

Her smile left her face and she was all business now. “It’s possible that certain… authorities… may come to you asking about me. I need you to tell them that you’re totally delighted to have both me and Carol here. You must never give them any hint that there is anything the least bit wrong going on, or anything the least bit shady about me… or my daughter! Remember, your job from now on is to protect us – totally! Both of us! If not… then I’m sure the authorities will find all this money very interesting, along with all the other evidence we have against you!”

Roger was horrified! “Why?” he asked again.

“I just told you. All you have to do is to make sure your first priority is to always protect us, and this money will never see the light of day.” She handed him the box of band–aids. “Now take care of your thumb, we still have other things to do tonight.”

Other things? Roger sat down, totally numb. As if the pictures and the sperm she had weren’t enough… now she had just framed him – thoroughly – for bank robbery too! What next? What more could she possibly do to him? Jail was now a certainty. He just didn’t want to go there too soon. Of course, he also still believed she would probably kill him when she was done with him, despite the fact that she had said she wouldn’t.

Janice headed out toward the living room, but without bothering to look back, said, “Mr. Brinkley, when you’re finished there, please be kind enough to bring one of those kitchen chairs with you when you’re ready.”

Roger shook his head. Once again, all he could see was the cell door closing in front of him.

Carol was watching TV again as Janice entered the living room. She went over to her and quietly said, “Carol dear, I need you to turn the TV off now. I can’t have anything going on that might be a distraction.”

“Distraction for what, Momma?”

“From what Mr. Brinkley and I will be doing. You can watch if you like dear, just don’t make any noise please and try to stay well out of the way.” She stopped as Roger brought the chair into the room. “Just place it right there, Mr. Brinkley. Thank you.” She continued talking quietly to Carol, “Now dear, I need you to be a bit careful tonight. If you feel the least bit dizzy or lightheaded at any time I need you to get up and walk back to the bathroom for a few minutes till your head clears. Okay?”

“Sure, Momma. But why?”

"You'll see dear. All in good time."

Janice turned back to Roger, "Please sit down there, Mr. Brinkley." Then she turned and walked away going back to her bedroom where she retrieved the items that she needed. She carried them back to the living room, knowing that both he and Carol were curious about what would be going on. Well, neither of them was going to have a clear understanding until much later. This next part was potentially the most devastating level of protection she could arrange. It was another layer of protection on top of previous layers. Layers that backed up and strengthened the other layers.

Roger was curious when she left, but when she came back with a dog collar in her hand, he was both fearful and angry. "What is that for?" he asked with more than a hint of anger.

"As I've told you before, Mr. Brinkley, I'm a woman who has very little regard for men. I detest every one of you. But as long as I have to be around you, then I am going to insist on absolute obedience from you. And in order to ensure that obedience, then I'm afraid we're going to have to work on it. So we're going to do a little practicing now, and you're going to get used to obeying me – implicitly and immediately!" She held the dog collar out to him. "Now, put this on… now!"

Roger hesitated, fearful of what she wanted. But he took the collar in his hands. "I don't think anything like this is necessary," he said.

"You have no idea what I have in mind, Mr. Brinkley. And your job right now is not to think, but to obey! Now put that collar on your neck… right now!"

As Roger looked at the collar, he noticed a small square box attached to the inside of it. "What's that?" he asked.

"Did I tell you that you can ask questions?" her voice lashed out angrily. "Put that collar on!"

Roger finally brought the collar to his neck and began buckling it in place.

"Tighter, Mr. Brinkley. That box must stay in contact with your neck at all times."

Roger pulled the collar tighter until the little square box was pushing into his neck, just a little to the side of his Adam's apple.

Janice smiled. "Very good." She held up the other device she had brought from the bedroom, the remote control. "As I'm sure you may have guessed, that little box is a training device for dogs. All I have to do is to press one of the buttons on this controller and it will

deliver a very nasty shock to you. Every time you make a mistake, you will receive a shock. The bigger the mistake, the worse the shock will be."

Roger shook his head. "That's not necess…." He suddenly yelled as pain exploded on his neck. He grabbed for the collar.

"Don't touch!" Janice commanded. "You are never to touch the collar!" When he didn't comply, as she knew he probably wouldn't, she gave him another shock, then again, then again. "They don't stop until you pull your hand away, Mr. Brinkley!"

Roger finally got the idea. There were tears falling from his eyes. The shocks had been horrendous.

Janice smiled. "See. All you have to do is obey and everything will be just fine. As you noticed, the shocks were very painful. I can make it send smaller shocks, just as easily. Here, I'll show you."

Roger jumped again as his neck was suddenly jolted by pain, but not nearly as bad as what she had been sending him.

"I'm sure you would rather have the little reminders than the big ones," Janice observed with a cruel smile on her face. "Now that you see how the collar works Mr. Brinkley, you're going to practice obeying me… totally! Stand up, Mr. Brinkley."

Roger hesitated, trying to register what she was saying. Before he could get out of the chair, the collar shocked him. "Ow!" he cried bringing his hand back up to his neck. Immediately he received a series of more intense shocks before he could think to bring his hand back down again.

"You disobeyed, Mr. Brinkley," she said angrily. "And the first little shock you received was for not moving fast enough. There can be no delay. When I tell you to do something, then you do it immediately! No thinking about it, no deciding! Just do it! Now, we'll try it again. Stand up, Mr. Brinkley."

Roger's hesitation was less and he stood up quickly, although she was already bringing up the control to hurt him again.

"Now sit down, Mr. Brinkley." Roger sat quickly. She smiled. "See how easy that was? That's all you have to do." Fearful of her and getting more shocks, Roger's entire attention was now focused on her. But she wasn't giving him more commands, fortunately. She was turning toward her daughter instead.

"Carol dear, will you please get me a large glass of iced–tea. I'm afraid I'm going to be needing it. Oh, and lot's of ice dear."

"Yes, Momma," Carol replied, unable to take her eyes off her mother and Mr. Brinkley. Awed by what she was watching, she hurried off to the kitchen.

Janice turned back to Roger. "Now, Mr. Brinkley, stand up." Roger tried to do it faster, but the shocking pain came as he was halfway to his feet. "Sit down," she ordered. He sat faster. "Stand up!" He stood as quickly as he could. "Sit down!" He sat, relieved that he had done it with out receiving any shocks. "Stand up!" He stood as fast as he was able to. But then she threw him a curve. "Hold out your left hand." It took him too long to process the new request and he received a shock for the tiny delay. His hand came up. "Put your left hand down," she ordered. He dropped his hand. "Put your right hand up." Again he got a small shock before he could bring his hand up. And he got another one when she told him to bring his left hand up too. "You don't have time to think about it, Mr. Brinkley. You only have time to do as I say… immediately. You must obey me immediately. You must obey!"

Over and over again she had him sit down, then stand up. Raise his left arm, raise his right arm. Lift his left leg, lift his right leg. Over and over. Stand up. Sit down. Raise your left hand, lower your left hand. Raise your right hand, lower your right hand. Stand up, sit down. Roger was so busy trying to desperately do as she said, that he didn't even notice when Carl brought the drink out for her mother and set it on the end table near by.

Janice finally stopped. "You're getting there, Mr. Brinkley. But we have a long way to go." She paused to pick up the glass of tea and took a long drink from it. "Now then, Mr. Brinkley, let's try it again… only faster this time!"

Again she launched into giving him her little orders, constantly telling him that he needed to obey her. Every time he moved the wrong arm or the wrong leg she gave him a little shock and made him do it right. Over and over again, she gave him simple little commands, commands that with the speed he needed to process and obey them, weren't so simple. "Obey me," soon became, "You need to obey me." Over and over again she told him that the only way that he could succeed was to let go and not think anymore. Let her do the thinking. Let her mind control him. Just obey… obey… obey!

Roger was getting desperate to not get shocked anymore. He was starting to succeed because the shocks were coming less and less, but it was still impossible. She was throwing commands at him so fast his head was spinning. And she wasn't stopping! Obey! Obey! Obey! Don't think… obey! You need to obey me. Let my mind control you. Don't think… obey!

The fast barrage of commands never let up or even slowed down. Janice was sure he probably didn't even notice it when her phrase that he needed to obey gradually changed to telling him that his deepest, innermost need was to completely obey her. She never stopped

giving the commands, never let him stop to think. Thinking was what she needed to erase from him. It took a very long time, but eventually she was shocking him less and less. As she issued her commands faster and faster, she saw his eyes finally begin to glaze over, but then by that time, he had already become hers. Eventually she instructed, "Every time I say sleep and obey, your mind will immediately enter this state, ready to do whatever I tell you to. Sleep and obey. Sleep and obey." Over and over again, she kept at him and she could see him becoming more and more lost.

It was a technique she had used many times before, but this was the first time she had used the dog training shock box. She rather liked it because it was much easier to control him with. The last few men she had done this to she had used a more elaborate system connected to a car battery where she could control the intensity of the shocks with a small dial. She could have continued with him, driving him more and more under her control – like she did with every other man who fell victim to her, but he was not her usual victim. He had done nothing wrong and he had nothing she wanted to take from him. He was only a victim of desperate last measures… a way for her to start getting her life back again. So she stopped, well short of where she usually did. He was pretty much under her control anyway. But she didn't want to strip his brain from him completely as the brainwashing technique was capable of doing.

He was sitting, staring blankly ahead, waiting for her next command. She leaned in close to him and spoke quietly. "Remember Mr. Brinkley, from now on, protecting Carol and I is your first concern, the most important thing in your life. You must make sure that no harm comes to either of us in any way. You will protect us with your life if necessary. If anyone asks about us, you will always tell them how happy you are to have both of us around. You will never say anything derogatory about either of us. You will convince everyone that you are nothing but completely happy with our presence in your life and with everything that we do. You must protect us. And since you must protect us, you will never try to escape… never try to leave. You must do as I say. You must protect us. That is my will, Mr. Brinkley. And obeying my will is your deepest most inner need. My will is now your will."

That was the important part that she had to get across to him. The part to make sure he couldn't do anything to ruin her plans. She just needed to get him to this point in order to make sure he was deep enough for it to stick. She would reinforce it all over and over again as time went on, working with him over the next few weeks. Tonight was only the start.

She looked at the clock. It was getting late. She had to get her daughter back to the foster home soon. "It's time to end this now Mr. Brinkley. Just remember what I said. Your most important need from now on is to protect us, completely! Wake up now Mr. Brinkley. Wake up!"

Roger stirred, but slowly. It was like coming back from someplace far off. He remembered everything – clearly. Unfortunately. What had she done to him? He was awake now, but he still felt wooly headed.

"You can put the chair back in the kitchen now, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said.

Immediately, Roger found himself moving, reacting, carrying out her will. Even though he knew he was now wide awake. He could still feel the collar buckled around his neck, he could still feel the miserable little box pressed into him. He yearned to remove the collar, but he didn't even think of touching it. And unfortunately, he also knew that removing the collar wouldn't remove the instructions that were now coursing round and round in his head. Obey! Protect! Obey! Protect! Obey!

Chapter 10.

All night long Roger dreamed about her giving him the same constant series of commands. It was so stressful that he barely got any sleep. The dog collar was still attached to his neck along with the shock box. He never once reached up to touch it… despite how much he would have liked to remove the whole collar. Once again he had slept naked, chained to the toilet with only his bath towel for a blanket. But the collar around his neck felt just as heavy and cumbersome now as the chain attached to his ankle… as if he now had a chain attached to both ends of his body.

The night darkness had already turned fully to dawn when through his troubled slumber he heard his alarm clock going off in his old bedroom. He woke immediately and fully. A minute later she was opening his old bedroom door. She came out with a light robe wrapped around her. "Time to get up, Mr. Brinkley. We have things to do today." He stood immediately, the grogginess in his brain equaling the grogginess in his body. He was surprised when she came fully into the bathroom. She removed the collar from his neck – thankfully, and then she unfastened the shackle on his ankle, freeing him completely. "Get washed and dressed now, Mr. Brinkley. And hurry up about it. As I said, we have things to do. I suggest that you wear one of the suits that you wear to school. The clothes you had on yesterday should be good enough… that is, unless you want to wear some of your work clothes and have those darling little breasts showing when we go out later." She turned with a mischievous smile still on her face and left him.

Roger shook his head. He was still trying to come to grips with how she could possibly have so much power over him. First she had Carol set him up – brilliantly. Then last night she had tricked him into getting his own blood all over that stolen money. But it was the ordeal she had put him through last night with the collar that was mostly running through his head. Obey! Obey! Obey! And… protect. But as he thought about it, or tried to think about it, he didn't pause once in the task she had set him to get washed and dressed. After all, her will was really all that mattered.

He showered and shaved and dressed as if for school, bra and panties included. When he finally got to the kitchen, he heard her on the phone talking with someone. A bowl of cereal was out on the table and waiting for him along with a cup of coffee. She motioned for him to sit down and eat while she spoke to whoever it was.

"Yes, thank you so much dear," she finally said into the phone. "We'll be there later this morning." She hung up her phone and made a mark on the page of her notepad. Only then did she turn back to Roger. "Please try to hurry with your breakfast," she said. "We have some banking to do before we can pick up Carol." Then she grabbed her notepad and left him alone while she went to get herself ready for the day.

Before they left the house, she handed Roger his wallet. “You’re probably going to need this today,” she told him. He didn’t even bother to look in it before he put it into his pants pocket. What would be the point?

A short while later, he drove them out towards his bank – the only branch of his bank in the area that had Saturday morning hours. “I need you to have me added to your checking account, Mr. Brinkley.” She said as he drove. “After all, I can’t very well pay your bills for you if I’m not authorized.”

Roger wasn’t at all sure why she wanted to handle that little chore, but she seemed to now be thoroughly in charge of every other aspect of his life, so why not that too? Besides, there was still something in the back of his mind that told him she was after his money. What little there was.

Arranging for her to be authorized and included on his checking account was a simple matter, it just involved both of them signing on a few lines. Janice then “suggested” that maybe they should order some new checks that included both their names, just so there would be no questions. Of course, the checks were ordered.

Roger thought they were finished, but Janice had more business to take care of. She reached into her purse and extracted a stack of hundred dollar bills. “If you don’t mind,” she told the bank officer, “I’d like to deposit this in the checking account right now.”

The man seemed a bit surprised at the stack of bills, but he took them and counted them. “One thousand, five hundred dollars,” he declared.

“That’s correct,” Janice confirmed. As the bank representative was depositing the money into the checking account, she turned to Roger. “What do you think,” she said, “perhaps it would a good idea to move an equal amount from your savings account into the checking account as well.”

Roger’s eyes went wide at that for a moment. He only had about two thousand in his savings account… if that money was even still there. Since Carol had ruined his life, he had no idea of what money he had where. But what choice did he have with anything? “Of course,” he replied… having no other option.

Janice turned to the bank representative, “And would you please move an additional fifteen hundred from the savings account into checking as well.”

Three minutes later, Janice was holding a computer receipt showing that all the additional money was now in their checking account.

Roger was now completely bewildered as to what was going on with his money… or was it really her money? Who was he kidding? She owned him!

"Finally!" Janice exclaimed as they left the bank together. "Now we can pick up Carol."

Carol was already outside the foster home and was waiting for them. "What took you so long?" she asked the moment they drove up.

"We had some business to take care of dear," Janice replied as she hugged her daughter dearly. Carol got into the back seat.

"Head for the interstate, Mr. Brinkley," Janice ordered in a happier tone of voice. "You're getting another car today. I've managed to locate a dealer that I think has exactly the kind of vehicle we're going to need – at a rate you can afford."

A rate he could afford? He could barely afford the junker he drove now! But he headed his little car for the state highway that would eventually lead out to the larger interstate.

"If you'll pardon me for asking, Mr. Brinkley. I'm surprised that someone who does so much work on his house doesn't have a bigger vehicle than this."

"I used to have a pickup," Roger replied. "But it died. This was all I could afford. He turned his head to look at her slightly. "I don't know how I'm going to afford buying another one."

"You let me worry about that, Mr. Brinkley. That's part of my job now. Your job is to just finish those rooms as quickly as possible."

What Roger wanted to say, but didn't say, was that – how could he finish the rooms quickly if she didn't let him work on them! Today, a day when he would have had the time to do a lot of the work, she was dragging him off to who knew where – to buy a car of all things! And last night… last night had been a total horror!

Once they reached the interstate, she had him drive towards Atlanta until she spotted the exit they needed. As advertised, they could see the car dealer from the highway. "I think we need to make a small adjustment here," Janice announced as they were still on the exit ramp. "While we're here, Roger, I am going to be your wife – and you will refer to me as such. And you Carol, are our daughter. Got that?"

Carol giggled. "Yes, Mom… and Daddy." She giggled again.

"Do you understand that, Mr. Brinkley?"

All Roger could think about though was the fact that he'd never marry someone like her! "Yes… dear," he replied.

Carol giggled again as Janice replied, "Good!"

A few minutes later, Roger pulled his small elderly car into the lot full of big bright expensive Cadillacs. Before any of them could get out of the car, two different salesmen were already hurrying in their direction.

"Can I help you?" the first one asked with an overly broad smile on his face. The second salesman slumped off in another direction.

Before Roger could answer, Janice replied for him. "We're looking for Andrea. I spoke with her on the phone this morning."

The salesman looked somewhat crestfallen, but he very politely directed them inside.

Roger realized that he should have known in advance that she'd insist on a female saleswoman since she hated males so much. "Dare I ask what kind of car I'm buying?" he chanced asking as they headed to the door.

"That's a fair question," Janice replied. "I spoke with the saleswoman earlier about a SRX model. And technically, you won't exactly be buying it, you'll be leasing it."

"Oh," Roger replied softly. But even leasing it, how was he going to afford it?

Andrea turned out to be easy to find. She immediately led them back outside toward a row of the small crossover vehicles. "I believe you said you were looking for an all–wheel drive model?" she asked as they walked.

"And plenty of comfort," Janice added. "As many of the nice add–on's as possible."

Andrea smiled. "I don't think you'll have to worry about that with any of these. And I think you mentioned that you wanted it in black?"

"Yes, definitely!" Janice replied.

It was all Roger could do not to grunt. A black car? In Georgia? Didn't she know how hot black cars got in the summer? They absorbed way too much heat!

Andrea led the way past several different vehicles in the row and stopped in front of a black one. "I think you'll find that this one has everything you're looking for. It has all–wheel

drive, heavily tinted windows, all the power you said you wanted, Bluetooth, GPS, leather seats, everything you could possibly want."

Janice smiled and turned to Roger. "What do you think dear? I think it's beautiful!"

Roger couldn't disagree with that. But then he had never owned a new car in his life. He walked up to the window and peered inside. He couldn't really see inside very well since the windows were so heavily tinted – which was a good thing in the Georgia summer heat. He glanced at the sticker price and felt a bit queasy. Very expensive!

Andrea unlocked all the doors and they all began looking at everything.

"Would you like to test drive it?" Andrea asked.

"Could we?" Janice replied excitedly.

Roger just did his best to smile. Andrea held out the keys to Roger and he took them, then he looked at Janice who just smiled and climbed into the passenger side seat. Carol was already in the back seat looking around at everything. Just like a family, Roger thought… a family of monsters though!

Andrea climbed into the other side of the rear seat with Carol and Roger carefully drove it off the lot. It was a distinct pleasure for him to test drive the vehicle. At Andrea's suggestion, he turned and followed the short route that seemed to lead around in a big circle.

"Maybe it would be a good idea if I drove it too," Janice suggested. "I have to make sure it will fit me."

Something in Roger felt a bit disappointed as he realized that he probably wouldn't get to drive the thing very much. "Good idea… dear," he replied as he pulled over to the side of the road so they could switch places.

"Can I try it too… Daddy?" Carol asked from the back seat.

"Not today," Janice answered for him. "We don't want to take up too much of this nice lady's time."

Daddy! She had actually called him 'Daddy!' The monster!

Janice seemed delighted with the vehicle. "I think we should take it!" she said to Roger.

Roger, already knowing that it was a done deal, agreed. Shortly afterwards, he was signing paperwork like crazy while the new car was being prepped for them to drive it home. At one

point, Janice and Andrea were talking about a three thousand dollar deposit that would bring the lease price down to where she wanted it, and as required, Roger wrote out the check. Well, that money didn't last in his account very long at all.

Once all the paperwork was signed, Andrea got the keys and handed them to Roger and shook his hand while Janice looked on approvingly. Once outside again, Janice suggested that Carol drive the old car while she and Roger rode in the new one. Carol wasn't too happy about that, but she did as her mother requested. "I noticed there's a Burger King just a short way up the road. Why don't we all meet there," Janice suggested. Carol immediately brightened.

Roger got to drive the new vehicle just the few blocks to Burger King and park it in the lot before Janice took the keys from him. "You'll be driving your old vehicle home," she told him. "And most of the time too, for that matter."

Roger was a bit resentful at first, but he quickly reminded himself that the more time he spent away from her, the better! Once they finished with Burger King, he got into his old car and headed home. He really would have liked to drive himself in the opposite direction, far away from his house, but since she had told him to drive home, that's exactly where he went. He really had no choice.

Since the garage was still full of construction materials, both vehicles were now parked on the front lawn. "How much longer till I can park this in the garage?" Janice asked as soon as she got home.

"I just need to make a few more trips with the sheetrock and then there will be plenty of room," Roger replied. "I got most of it in the house last night before…" He paused, not wanting to add any more.

"We had other things that had to be accomplished last night," Janice finished for him. "Please see to it that space gets made in the garage as soon as possible."

A short time later, Roger was once again clad in his work clothes, prominent little breasts and all. He felt totally ridiculous having them sticking out of his chest as he worked. It was a good thing that nobody could see him… other than Carol and her mother of course.

He finally got the last three sheets of sheetrock moved inside. Roll after roll of insulation followed. By mid afternoon, he was installing insulation in all the walls, working happily alone and totally in his element. His pert little breasts were only a minor nuisance as he focused on the job he was doing.

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice's voice interrupted him as she walked into the room where he was working. The difference in the room surprised her and she immediately stopped to look around. "Oh, I must say, things are looking very different already."

"I've just started," Roger replied as he shoved more insulation into a wall cavity.

"Well, it's already an improvement," she replied. "Mr. Brinkley, I gave you your keys back earlier. I'm afraid I need them again. Since Carol and I will be living here now, I need to have duplicates made."

Roger barely thought anything of handing over his keys once again. At least she didn't ask for his wallet back too.

"Where do you recommend I go to have the new keys made, Mr. Brinkley, the building supply store?"

"You can," Roger replied, "but it's a little out of the way for something so simple. There's a hardware store that's closer and they can do it a whole lot quicker. Carol should know where it is."

"Thank you, Mr. Brinkley," Janice replied with a smile. "We should be back before long. Pork chops for dinner tonight."

Roger raised his eyebrows. She might be his absolute worst nightmare, but she could certainly cook. He had never eaten so well in his entire life!

He had managed to fill most of the wall cavities of both rooms with the insulation when Carol poked her head into the room. "Dinner time, Mr. Brinkley. Don't forget to wash up."

Roger looked up from the wall outlet he was currently cutting around and just nodded. He got to his feet and looked around the room. He had only a little to finish up on the wall he was working on, which only left the stud wall between the two rooms and the ceilings that still needed insulation. The insulation made the rooms look darker, smaller. But at the same time, it represented a lot of progress. He felt his usual sense of accomplishment as he headed out to wash up for dinner.

Once again, he sat and waited through their usual prayer before he even thought of touching any of the food.

"Carol tells me that you've made a lot of progress already," Mr. Brinkley, Janice said as they all started eating.

Roger just shrugged. “Some. I’m almost finished with the wall insulation. I’m going to wait to put any in the stud wall until after I get most of the sheetrock in place. That way I can move the materials easier between the two rooms.”

“In this case, I take it that easier is the same thing as faster?”

Roger nodded as he stuffed a large forkful of mashed potatoes into his mouth. “Actually, much faster.”

“Faster is good,” Mr. Brinkley. The sooner you get done with those rooms the better – for all of us!”

Roger got the point immediately. She had aimed that last statement directly at him. “I’m trying, Mrs. Stokley. Believe me, I’m trying.” But all he could think about was how much further along he would be if she wouldn’t keep preventing him from working on it!

As soon as dinner was over, Roger once again spent a few minutes tutoring Carol with her math. As they were just finishing, Janice came back into the kitchen and set his keys back on the table for him. Then, surprisingly, she set one of the keys to the new Cadillac down next to them. Roger looked up at her, totally surprised. “I don’t want to have to give you my key every time you need to drive it,” she explained. “Besides, technically, it is your vehicle, and like it or not, you’re going to have to be seen driving it… occasionally.”

Roger wasn’t sure if he was grateful or not that she had given him the key. But he picked it up and attached it to his key ring along with the rest of his keys.

“Now Momma?” Carol suddenly asked, sounding very hopeful.

Roger had no idea what she wanted, but Janice merely replied. “No dear. Right now, you have dishes that need to be done and we’ve got to let Mr. Brinkley get back to work.

“Aw Momma. Dishes again?”

“We’ve got to earn our keep dear,” Janice told her. She looked back at Roger. “I hope your work continues to go quickly.”

Roger took the hint and headed straight back to the rooms where he was working.

Two hours later, his neck was beginning to ache from looking up as he stapled insulation into the ceiling. He really felt like he could use a short rest but fear of Mrs. Stokley kept him going. As he surveyed the work ahead, he decided he would keep going and try to get the entire ceiling insulated tonight. He grabbed another length of insulation, and noticed Mrs. Stokley standing in the doorway, surveying his progress.

"I must say," she said as she stared around, "it certainly looks much different."

"I'm making progress, Mrs. Stokley," he replied with some satisfaction.

"Yes, I can see that and I'm very glad of it." She turned her attention fully at him. "I'm afraid I'm going to need you again Mr. Brinkley." Without another word, she turned and left.

Curious, Roger followed her out to the living room. But when he got there, he stopped dead still and stared in horror at what he saw. She was standing behind one of the kitchen chairs that she had brought into the room. Distinct and horrible memories of the night before flooded his thoughts.

"Please have a seat," she said as she motioned toward the chair.

Roger didn't want to do it at all, but there was no way he could seem to defy her. Fearfully, he walked over to the chair and sat down.

She held out the dog collar again to him. "Please put this on, Mr. Brinkley."

He really didn't want to do that, but her hand continued to hold the collar in front of him… and eventually, his hand reached out and took the hated device. He was almost shaking as he buckled the dreadful thing tightly around his own neck, but he couldn't seem to stop himself from doing it.

"Very good, Mr. Brinkley," she said with a small smile of satisfaction. "Now, let's see what you remember from last night. Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley. Sleep and obey."

Roger almost felt like his head was spinning as his mind started to process the suggestion and drop down toward the trance she wanted him in. But before he could get very far, he heard her giving another command.

"Stand up!"

But in dropping into the trance, he was too slow to execute her instruction and suddenly his neck was alive with pain as she pressed the remote control to trigger the shock box on his collar. Out of reflex, he reached for the collar and received a much more painful shock instead of the milder one she had given him first. It took two more of the severe shocks before he pulled his hand away from the collar again.

"Sit down!"

After the shocks he had just gotten, it took too long for his brain to process her command and he received another shock – fortunately a mild one. He sat as fast as he could. His attention was entirely on her now though, waiting anxiously for her next command.

"Stand up." He stood as fast as he could. "Sit down" He sat down fast again, paying rapt attention to her. Over and over again she gave him the various commands she had given him last night. And over and over again she told him to sleep and obey, sleep and obey… to let her mind control him. Sleep and obey… sleep and obey… stand up… sit down…

She could have done it the easy way – to simply tell him to sleep and obey over and over again and then constantly coax him down deeper and deeper, but this way reinforced her commands and her control over him in a much stronger way. Some people couldn't be hypnotized at all. With most people, they couldn't be made to do anything that they really didn't want to do. But this method was much stronger. When done correctly, it couldn't be resisted. And the brainwashing could be taken to devastating levels. Yes, it took longer this way and was much more difficult, but the method insured that he would obey her every command. And coupled with the suggestions she would start giving him tonight, he would never be able to break free... after enough sessions anyway.

It took a while, but eventually she once again had him to the trance level she needed him to reach. Fortunately, it didn't take nearly as long as it had the night before.

She spent a few minutes reminding him that every time she told him to sleep and obey he would sink into the trance as he was now, and every time he would strive to go deeper and deeper… more and more under her control. She reminded him over and over again that the only thing that really mattered to him was what she wanted. Her will was all that mattered. His one and primary concern was to follow her will.

Janice paused and took a slight drink from her iced–tea. It was time now to start cementing things – permanently. "Mr. Brinkley," she began, "I want you to picture a steel wall – strong and impenetrable. Nothing can break through it – absolutely nothing. Do you see the wall, Mr. Brinkley?"

"Yes," he answered. "I see it."

"What color is it, Mr. Brinkley?"

He shrugged. "Metallic. Grey… Not very shiny."

"Good, Mr. Brinkley. It doesn't have to be shiny. It is too strong to be shiny. Now, Mr. Brinkley, I want you to mentally step back from that wall a few feet and look left and right and up in the air. You can't see the end of it in any direction – it has no end. You can't see the top of it – it has no top. If you dig down into the ground you will never find the bottom

of the wall – it has no bottom. The wall is complete… and totally impervious. Can you see that?"

Roger's head had been moving all around at her suggestions as his eyes tried to take in the entire expanse of the grey metallic wall in front of him. "Yes," he replied. The wall has no end… and I can't see the top."

"Very good, Mr. Brinkley. What you need to understand now, is that all your ability to even try to override my will is on the other side of that wall, and it will always be on the other side. Totally out of reach to you. Totally blocked from you. Totally locked away where you can't even sense its presence anymore. As long as that wall exists, there will never be anything you can do to not follow my will. My will is all that matters. Your ability to fight it is now permanently locked behind that impenetrable steel wall. Do you understand that, Mr. Brinkley?"

Roger's reply was slightly hesitant and held a touch of fear. "Y…Y…Yes," he replied out loud.

"Very good, Mr. Brinkley. That steel wall will be with you for the rest of your life. Over time, you will get very familiar with it. It will be forever with you, locking away all your ability to not do as I command. You must follow my will now. There can never be any other way for you."

She paused again to take another small drink. She glanced at her daughter who was watching raptly, but she could tell that Carol was impatient too. Well, her daughter would just have to wait. This was too important.

"Mr. Brinkley," she began again, "I want you to understand something. Even though that wall is impenetrable, it is still very thin. But over time, that wall is going to grow thicker and thicker, stronger and stronger. Making it even more impenetrable… more unbreakable." She paused again, but only slightly. "Mr. Brinkley, from now on… for the rest of your life… every single time you sit down, you are going to see that wall get a little bit thicker. Every time you stand up, you are also going to see that wall getting a little bit thicker. When you stand up, when you sit down – the wall get's thicker and thicker, stronger and stronger. You will always see it happening… always… for the rest of your life. You can't escape it, you can't not see it. It may be brief and at the edges of your vision, but it will always be there. And every time you see it, you will be reminded that my will is all that matters and that all ability to go against my will is locked away behind that wall… forever!"

"Momma…" Carol's voice called softly but impatiently.

Janice turned to her daughter and quickly put her finger to her lips, signaling her to remain quiet. "Not yet, dear," she replied softly before turning back to Roger. It was time now to

go back over some of the important things. But first, a tiny bit of deepening. “Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley, sleep and obey. Remember, whenever I say those words to you, you will immediately drop into as deep a trance as possible. Every time I repeat them, you will go deeper and deeper, always striving for a deeper level, because my will is your deepest most important need. Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley… Sleep and obey.”

Now for his prime directives again. “I need you to remember, Mr. Brinkley, that protecting Carol and I is your first concern. You must make sure that no harm comes to either of us in any way. You will protect us with your life if necessary. If anyone asks about us, you will always tell them how happy you are to have both of us around. You will never say anything the least bit bad about either of us. You must convince everyone that you are nothing but thoroughly happy with our presence in your life. And in order for you to continue doing this, you will never try to run away. Do you understand that, Mr. Brinkley?”

“Yes,” he replied easily and with seeming certainty.

“Very good, Mr. Brinkley. Very good.” She looked over to Carol, who looked back with a sudden hopeful look on her face. But it wasn’t quite time yet. Because of Carol, the situation with him had to be… fixed… just a bit more… like it or not… for both of them. And without a doubt, neither he nor Carol was probably going to like it. “Mr. Brinkley… my daughter is beautiful, is she not?”

Roger turned his head to look at her. “Yes,” he replied. “Very pretty.”

“Mr. Brinkley, I know that men have a certain response whenever they see a pretty woman, and I have no doubt that you are the same way. Even though your primary concern is the protection of Carol and I in every way, I can no longer allow that normal male response in you. It is my will, Mr. Brinkley, that whenever you see a pretty girl or a pretty woman, you will still be able to fully appreciate her beauty… and you may still be internally sexually aroused… but you will never again be able to have any outward sexual response unless I say so. That means, Mr. Brinkley, that as of now, you are unable to get hard and your male organ will be unable to grow even the slightest bit, unless I give you permission.”

She looked briefly over at Carol and saw the shocked look on her face. Well, it was for her own protection.

She turned back to Roger. “Now, Mr. Brinkley, I will be allowing you sexual release once in a while, but it will only happen when I say it can happen, and never any other time. Do you understand that?”

“Yes,” he replied dully.

"Good. Now to help make sure you will never grow hard when you shouldn't, this is what is going to happen. Right now, Mr. Brinkley, I want you to notice that your cock is feeling cold… like someone just put it into the freezer. It's getting colder and colder now." She saw the sudden look of discomfort on his face. "Tell me what happens, Mr. Brinkley, when your male organ gets cold."

Roger's hand moved to cover his crotch as if trying to protect it from the cold. "It shrinks," he replied, but he sounded very distracted by his own discomfort.

"That's right, Mr. Brinkley. The colder it gets the more it shrinks. Shrinks and shrinks… down to nothing. That is what you will feel from now on whenever you feel even the slightest bit of sexual arousal. Your mind can be sexually stimulated all you like, and you can enjoy being mentally stimulated, but every time your maleness will experience intense cold. The more intensely you feel sexually stimulated, the more frozen it will feel and the smaller it will get. That is my will, Mr. Brinkley. And there is no fighting it. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Roger replied, both hands now covering his crotch as he still felt the intense cold inside. He wasn't the least bit sexually stimulated, but since she had told him earlier that his cock would feel the cold, he was still locked in the grip of it.

"Good, Mr. Brinkley, that is my will and unless I say otherwise, that is how it will be." She looked back at Carol again and this time, smiled. That was enough business for tonight. She would be continuing it for some time to come. It was time to give Carol a play toy.

"Okay, Mr. Brinkley, we're going to practice obeying again. Even though your male appendage is currently freezing, you will ignore it and obey me. Quickly now, Mr. Brinkley, stand up!"

Roger could barely stand the intense cold he was feeling but he immediately stood up, even in his trance state he was mindful that he didn't receive a shock from her. But as he stood up, at the corner of his vision, he got another glimpse of the grey steel wall. He literally saw it growing a tiny bit thicker… a tiny bit stronger.

"Sit down!"

He sat again, and again he glimpsed the wall growing that tiny bit stronger. But he didn't have time to think about it, she was firing commands at him quickly again, and even in his trance state, his only option was to drop further under her control and not think at all, let her do the thinking, his job was just to do it.

Janice finally stopped again. He was standing now in front of her, totally in her control. She glanced briefly over at her daughter one more time and smiled. Then she turned her attention back to him. "Okay, Mr. Brinkley. I'm going to release you in a few moments. But

first, it is my will that whenever Carol or I say the phrase, 'Doggie Time,' you will immediately drop to all fours and become a dog in every way possible. You will no longer speak like a human, you will no longer stand like a human, you will no longer act like a human in any way. You will still think completely like a human, but you will be totally limited to doing everything only like a dog. You will continue to act completely like a dog until Carol or I tell you that you can be human again. Nothing else can stop you from being a dog except Carol or myself. Do you understand?"

Very dully, Roger said, "Yes." There was no other thought about the situation for him, especially not in the trance he was in.

"Very good," Janice replied. "Wake up!"

Roger's head suddenly started spinning as he came out of the trance. It took him a few moments of dizziness before he could even focus his eyes properly.

Before he had a chance to think about anything else, Janice said, "Please return the chair to the kitchen now." Immediately, Roger picked up the chair and carried it away. Janice turned to her daughter. "He's all yours as soon as he comes back," she said with a broad smile on her face. "Remember," she said softly, "Doggie Time."

Roger's head was still woozy and confused as he set the kitchen chair back under the table. His stupid cock felt like an ice cube – and it hurt! And strangest of all, off to the side of his vision, he had the impression of a huge gray wall, not really there, yet its presence seemed all too real. His brain was still trying to register these things and come to grips with it all when he walked back through the doorway into the living room. But he barely passed through when he heard Carol suddenly yell something. He wasn't even sure what, but his body instantly reacted and he found himself falling down toward the floor where he wound up on his hands and knees. He realized that she must have said, "Doggie Time." The grey wall to the side of his vision became much more real and imposing as he realized that he would have to act like a dog in every way possible until one of them released him. It was her will. And as much as he didn't like it, he would have no choice but to obey. The grey wall made sure of it.

Carol laughed and clapped delightedly as she watched Roger immediately fall to the floor to become her dog. The bewildered look on his face was priceless as he knelt there on all fours, trying to figure out what to do next. She ran over to him. "Hello again little doggie," she said as she petted his head like a dog. "Can you bark for me? Come on, bark."

Roger immediately barked like a dog – even though he didn't really want to. He was rewarded by Carol clapping her hands in delight and again petting his head.

"Come on, little doggie, follow me," Carol said as she ran off toward the other side of the living room.

Roger crawled after her as fast as he could. When he reached her, she again petted his head.

"Good doggie!" Carol said, praising him. "We need a ball or something for him to play with," Carol said to her mother who was looking on, happy to see her daughter's delight.

"All in good time," Janice replied. "Maybe we can get him one for next time. If you like though, why don't you look around and see if there's something else you can use instead." But as she saw her daughter glancing desperately around the living room, she had a small idea. "Perhaps a pair of his rolled up socks?"

Carol laughed delightedly and ran off toward the unfinished room where all his clothes were stored. "Chase me, doggie. Chase me," she called. And again Roger took off after her, crawling as fast as he could.

Roger hated being forced to act like her damn dog. Did she have any idea how demeaning this was? But then he realized that it was a silly question. Yes, she probably did realize it, but at the same time, she didn't care. And like it or not, that weird grey wall in his mind was somehow totally keeping him from doing anything but what they wanted. And to add insult to injury, he really wished his damn cock would stop feeling so cold! And it was inside his pants where it should be nice and warm!

Carol gleefully searched through his mountain of clothes and found a pair of socks. She adjusted them into a better ball and ran back out into the hallway with them. "Here doggie! Fetch!" She threw the sock ball back down the hallway.

Roger had no choice but to go after it as fast as he could. And when he did catch up to it, like it or not, he bent his head down to try to pick up the sock ball with his mouth! At least they were clean socks. Doing his best to hold it in his mouth, he carried it right back to Carol, who was laughing at him. Ugh! Could things possibly get any worse?

Janice let Carol play with her "doggie" for over an hour before she finally put a stop to it. "I'm sorry Carol, but we need to get you back soon, and he still has work to do on your room."

"Oh Mom!" Carol complained. "Can't I play for just a little while longer?"

"No dear. I think it's time." Janice could clearly see the disappointed look on her daughter's face. "Tell you what though, maybe we can do one other little fun thing with him tonight."

Carol's face brightened quickly. "What?"

Janice smiled. “Take his shoes and socks off of him and I’ll be back in a minute.”

Roger had to stay still while he felt Carol fumbling around behind him pulling his shoes and socks off. Janice came back before she was finished. But what he wasn’t happy to see was the length of rope in her hand.

“Here,” Janice said as she handed the rope to her daughter. Tie one end of this to his collar.

If Roger felt indignant about what he was being forced to do before, that indignity grew a whole lot as he realized she was attaching a makeshift leash.

“Now hold his head up with the rope for a minute while I do something else here,” Janice told her daughter.

Carol stood up with the rope and pulled on it, holding his head up tightly. Then she watched as her mother stood over him, and reached under him, and unfastened his pants, finally pulling them off of him. His frilly panties soon followed leaving him naked from the waist down.

“Okay dear,” Janice said. “Let’s take him outside.”

Carol was shocked. “Outside? Really?”

“Of course, dear. I’m sure that after all this time he must need to go to the bathroom.”

Carol’s shock doubled. “You mean… have him go…”

Janice only looked back at her daughter as if it was the most normal thing in the world. “Why not?” Then she turned and led the way back toward the kitchen.

Carol pulled on Roger’s makeshift leash as she followed her mother. Inwardly, Roger was going crazy, but outwardly, he only followed meekly along where Carol led him. And he thought things couldn’t get any worse?

Janice held the back door wide open, and Carol led Roger slowly down the steps into the yard. Negotiating the steps on his hands and knees wasn’t all that easy, but fortunately, Carol didn’t make him try to go any faster than he was able. The floodlights were on, illuminating much of the yard between the house and the workshop. Roger felt all too visible, all too humiliated being outside in the open where anyone could see him – no matter that his house was fairly isolated and protected on three sides by deep woods.

Carol led him around the yard a little bit. “Okay doggie. Go potty now.”

But going "potty" as Carol had called it, was the last thing that Roger wanted to do. At least not like a dog. And besides, his damn cock was freezing!

"He's a male dog," Janice called after her daughter. "Perhaps he needs something to pee against. Take him over by that tree where he can lift his leg as he does it."

Carol led Roger over to the nearest tree. Roger knew now that he would have no choice. Not only did whatever she had done to him make him act like a dog, but he knew that he wasn't about to get out of this predicament until he peed like a dog too! Hating the act very much, he lifted his leg and tried to pee. Fortunately, as freezing cold as his cock was, he was able to do it… at least somewhat. He was rewarded by Carol dancing around and laughing at him, her antics occasionally pulling slightly at his collar.

"And there," Janice said to her daughter, "you see how easily men can be reduced to their true nature."

They didn't take Roger back into the house again for several minutes. Not until Carol had finally finished laughing. Only then did Janice untie the rope from his collar and release him from being a dog so he could go back to work on the unfinished rooms. But the collar stayed in place and despite the clothes he was able to wear again, his damn cock remained painfully frigid cold!

Chapter 11.

He lay huddled on the bathroom floor, his bath towel wrapped around his naked body for warmth. But the towel did nothing at all to ease the icy cold feeling that still resided in his cock and balls… a cold that far surpassed the cold steel of the cuffs and chain that held him captive to the toilet in the room. His hands were clutched over his cold cock, as if they could somehow transfer warmth into it. It had definitely warmed somewhat since last night… but it still felt all too cold.

The bathroom had been growing steadily lighter for a while now despite the rain he occasionally heard beating against the house. He had no idea what time it was. As miserable as he felt, no matter how late it might be, it was still all too early. He had worked as late as he could last night… until she had told him to stop and chain himself naked to the toilet once again. And her will was all that mattered. But he hadn't slept well at all. As tired and weary as he was… the cold in his cock had been a constant distraction. Not to mention the nightmares when he did sleep. Nightmares that centered around one enormous grey wall… and the words obey, obey, obey.

From the master bedroom… his old bedroom… he again heard the alarm going off. Two minutes later, she was out the bedroom door. "Are you awake, Mr. Brinkley?" she asked as she headed for him.

He was still huddled under his towel, his hands still wrapped around his cold cock. He looked up at her, weary and miserable. But he made no other reply.

She stopped in the doorway and looked down at him. The towel draped over his body couldn't hide where his hands were. "Does it still feel cold, Mr. Brinkley?" she asked.

He nodded… pleadingly.

"I think that now you have a better understanding of just how much I am capable of controlling you. For your sake, I hope you don't force me to increase that control."

Increase it? Roger couldn't even fathom that it could get worse than it already was.

Janice paused a moment as she looked down at him. It was time to get things moving again. "I'm releasing the cold… for now, Mr. Brinkley. Your stupid male appendage can return to normal again… at least until some pretty woman crosses your path."

Immediately, Roger felt blessed warmth flowing back into his freezing cock and balls, and with that warmth, much needed relief! His whole body seemed to relax at the warmth and he laid back on the floor to enjoy it.

She came fully into the room, bent down, and unlocked the chain from his ankle, freeing him… physically, but not mentally. "It's time to get up and get moving now, Mr. Brinkley. We have things to do again." She headed out the bathroom door to leave him, but she paused before she got very far and turned to say brightly, "It's Sunday, Mr. Brinkley. Church!"

Church? Roger's head went spinning at just the mention of it. How could this demented woman even think about going to church? He pondered that thought even as his body immediately went through the motions of getting shaved and showered.

A short while later, he was standing naked in the unfinished bedroom where he had all his things piled – now in the middle of the room since he had been working on the walls and had to move everything last night. The room seemed darker now, more closed in because of the insulation that now filled all the wall and ceiling cavities. He knew it would brighten some when he added the sheetrock on top of it. Hopefully today.

The only underwear he had now was all frilly women's panties. He searched among his jumbled clothes and found the stack. He selected the first pair his hands landed on… pink with white and pink lace. He didn't really care which pair he had to wear, one pair was as bad as another. He pulled them on. At least they were briefs and not bikini style or even, heaven forbid, a thong. So as long as he was able to cover them up and forget about them, they were perfectly comfortable.

His eyes now searched the pile in front of him for the one part of his required wardrobe that he was the least happy about – a bra. He found a pile of freshly cleaned ones not far from the pile of frilly panties and pulled one out, but the one he selected was one with overly large cups. He threw it aside and grabbed another one instead – fortunately, it was one with a very small cup size. As usual, getting the darn thing on was a struggle.

"Here, let me help you with that."

Roger turned and found Janice entering the room toward him.

"I know that fastening a brazier can be difficult when you're just learning," she said as she hooked the straps together behind him.

Roger wasn't about to tell her that he was grateful. Especially not after she bent down and retrieved the two sock balls from the floor that she had been making him stuff his bra with. He looked at her incredulously as she handed them to him. "To church?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Brinkley. As far as I'm concerned, the only place we need to be concerned with is when you go to school… for now anyway. Please make sure that you wear you're nicest suit, Mr. Brinkley. We want to put our best foot forward for church."

Roger didn't even get to sit in the passenger seat as Janice drove them back toward the foster home where Carol was staying. She told him to sit in the backseat instead… so that Carol could sit up front next to her. The rain had fizzled off to a fine misty drizzle as they pulled up in front of the foster home.

Almost immediately, Roger saw the front door open and Carol ran out. He was surprised to see her wearing a dress. As far as he could remember, it was the first time he had ever seen her wear one. But then, most of the girls at school usually dressed casually – which most of the time meant jeans… or camouflage. As Carol got closer, he was surprised to see how nice she looked… and somewhat sexy he realized. He was forced to look away from her as the old male twinge unconsciously hit his loins… followed immediately by what felt like a small ice–cube pressed up against his balls. The cold didn't dissipate until Carol was in the car and they were halfway down the road. How was he going to get through life?

"You look lovely dear!" Janice told her daughter as she drove away from the foster home.

"Thank you, Momma," Carol replied.

"Doesn't she look lovely today, Mr. Brinkley?"

Roger wanted to scream! "Oh yes, definitely!" he replied, forcing himself to look only at the back of Janice's head. At least Janice didn't stir any sexual urges within him.

Once again, Roger found himself traveling down the interstate highway toward Atlanta. It was a bit of a ride, but Janice finally turned off into one of the suburbs and it wasn't long before they pulled into the parking lot of an old strip mall. Roger read the sign on top of one of the large store fronts… "Free Spirit Nondenominational Church." Whatever that was. He guessed he would soon find out.

There were a surprising number of cars already in the parking lot and Roger could see several groups of people heading for the makeshift church. Janice parked the car, but he delayed getting out.

"Come along, Roger," she told him. "I think you're going to enjoy this. The minister here is so.." She paused to shake her head and take a deep breath. "Inspirational!" she finally finished.

Before he dragged himself out of the car, Roger glanced down at his chest. Did his jacket completely cover the "breasts" he was wearing underneath? Unfortunately, no. He could still see the bumps pushing his jacket out. They were only slight bumps, but they were defiantly there. Once he was out of the car, he glanced down again. He wasn't sure if they showed up more than when he was seated or not. As they walked toward the building, he buttoned his

jacket… and unbuttoned it. It appeared that pulling the material tighter only showed off more of what he didn't want to show off!

As they got closer the building, Janice was excitedly greeted by several people that she obviously knew… and Carol was continuously told how big and beautiful she was growing. Roger was quickly introduced to several of them as… a friend. Ha! He didn't bother to try to remember any names though. He noticed a few of them briefly staring at him… or were they staring at his chest? He said nothing about it though and did his best to ignore the situation.

There were many rows of folding chairs inside with a wide aisle down the middle. People were standing and talking everywhere and naturally Janice walked right up to several of the groups to talk – where she was greeted and hugged excitedly. While Janice and Carol talked, Roger glanced around. He was surprised to see several obvious transvestites and more than a few obvious gay couples. The racial mix in the room appeared to run a wide gamut as well. Some of the people, like Janice, were dressed quite nicely while others looked like they could use not only a good change of clothes, but a bath as well. The atmosphere seemed to be… very friendly… and overall, Roger approved… despite his tiny breasts.

Someone up front announced that it was time for everyone to take their seats, and Roger soon found himself sitting next to Carol in about the middle of the room. A woman took the stage at the front and started speaking, and Roger soon figured out that she was the minister of this little flock. And knowing what he did about Janice now, he wasn't surprised at all that Janice had picked a church with a female minister.

Surprisingly, the woman spoke quite well and despite how tired he felt, Roger not only didn't fall asleep during the service, he actually enjoyed it… somewhat. The entire service wasn't exactly what he would have called – religious. Maybe as Janice had put it, "inspirational" was a better term.

When the service was over, Janice was greeted by more than a few old friends who all seemed to be glad that she was out of prison… unlike Roger. The woman minister hugged and greeted Janice… and she did the same with Roger, who was more than a bit worried that she would feel the balled up socks filling out his bra. But if she did, she didn't mention it.

As soon as they were back in the car, Janice headed in the direction of home, which pleased Roger, until she turned off the highway at the next exit. "I've been cooking dinner for you every evening, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said. "I think it's only fair that you treat Carol and I to a nice lunch today."

Roger said nothing. He wasn't going to have a choice anyway… and her simple request did sound totally reasonable. The only thing he was really concerned with… was the darn

little “bumps” sticking out of his chest. But hopefully his jacket covered them enough that they wouldn’t be too visible. He hoped.

Roger got the impression that Janice seemed to know the area very well as she drove straight to one of the nicer family restaurants. Despite it being Sunday, and lunchtime, they only had to wait a short while to get a table. The one thing that stayed on Roger’s mind, other than his tiny breasts, was the fact that she seemed to be going out of her way to make them look like a normal… family. If he didn’t know both of them better, he would certainly have thought of them more like a family himself. Except he did know them better. They were both absolute horrors. Something that she proved just before he sat down in the booth across from them.

“I think, Mr. Brinkley, that you should remove your jacket while you’re eating. You might as well be comfortable.” What Janice didn’t tell him was that, even as little as his “breasts” appeared, it still helped to diminish the appearance of his masculinity somewhat and would allow her to enjoy her meal better. Besides, as little as it was, it was also a visible reminder of just how much control she now had over this… man.

Roger reluctantly removed his jacket and threw it into the bench seat ahead of him. He “casually” glanced down at his chest before he slid into the seat. Yes, there was no doubt that he could see the bumps from his bra pushing out his shirt. And… did his tie make things look worse since it hung down right between them? He wasn’t sure, but he got that impression.

Other than that, once again Janice seemed to be the very epitome of the nicest person he could imagine. She discussed everything from how nice it was to finally be out of prison, to how much she loved the woman minister in the church they had just attended, to possibly planning a little outing with everyone to go… of all things… hiking!

Surprisingly, despite the bumps pushing out his shirt, Roger enjoyed himself. It wasn’t even until they were all back in the new car and heading home that he realized that once again she had kept him from finishing the rooms that she claimed she so desperately needed him to finish. He worried about that mostly because she had threatened to make his life more and more miserable the longer it took him to finish the job. So far, he wasn’t sure if making him wear the bra and stuff the socks in it now was part of what she had in mind or not. But to him it was certainly constituted making his life more miserable. The frightening gray wall that now appeared at the edges of his vision every time he stood up or sat down was another major misery… not to mention that he didn’t dare look at any woman for more than a fraction of a second.

As soon as they had pulled the car into the garage and had gotten out, he chanced asking, “Can I get back to work on the rooms now?”

Janice raised her eyebrows a bit at his question. “It’s Sunday, Mr. Brinkley. Normally I wouldn’t consider Sunday to be a day of work, but in this case I think finishing those bedrooms would be a very good idea. That is, unless you want to spend the rest of the day as Carol’s little pet doggie again.”

The very idea of it sent fear straight down Roger’s spine.

It was late afternoon when Janice and Carol were sitting in the living room watching an old movie on TV. In the background, Janice could hear the tiny sounds of progress being made by Roger in the bedrooms. Progress that would permanently reunite Carol with her once again. She couldn’t wait!

As she sat, she happened to glance up during one of the commercials to look through the large living room window out toward the road… and her breath caught in her throat. She saw very few cars drive by the house, and when they did, they were usually travelling fairly fast. But there was a car out there now, and it was stopped, out on the road, right in front of the house. Her bigger problem was… that she was fairly sure she recognized that car. It was the same car she had seen so many times over the last few years… before she had been sent to prison. It was the same car that FBI agent Ted Jacobs drove.

Anger and a bit of fear descended on her immediately. Her mind quickly remembered the money that was not very well hidden under the clothes in her dresser and she panicked a bit. But reasonable thinking quickly prevailed. The FBI had no reason to come into this house at all… at least not without a search warrant. And she wasn’t going to let them in without one. But she was fairly certain that Agent Jacobs out in that car didn’t have a search warrant. He had been hounding her unreasonably for many years now and had long ago become a major nuisance. He would show up at the most unreasonable times and just watch her from a distance. And it looked like he was up to his old tricks again. Damn the man!

Jacobs stopped in front of the house and looked at it closely. He checked the number on the mailbox once again. As far as he could tell, this was supposed to be the place where Janice Stokley had taken her housekeeping job. But obviously the damn Child Services agent had given him the wrong address! All he could see was a small battered old house… with an equally small and battered old car parked on the lawn out front instead of in the driveway… or the garage which was closed… and probably full of old rusting junk. This was not the kind of place that would need the services of a housekeeper!

Cursing, he punched the gas and drove further up the road to see if there were any better looking houses where Janice might be staying. He had tried entering the address in his GPS unit, but this far out, none of the houses were listed there at all. In fact, many of the roads weren’t even in there. So he was traveling completely by what little information he had been able to dig up… which was obviously wrong information!

Janice breathed a small sigh of relief as soon as she saw the car drive on again. But she gave up all pretense of watching the movie anymore, her eyes remained glued to the road out front of the house!

Jacobs drove quickly up the road for ten minutes before turning around and going back again. He almost missed the house as he drove past it, but he slowed down and stopped one more time to take a last look. No, Edward Fitch from Child Services had certainly given him some bad information and he was major pissed about it. Today was Sunday, his day off. He was coming out here on his own time to check on a criminal. And it didn't help when a stupid civil servant couldn't get his facts straight!

Janice saw the car come back again… and stop. She barely breathed for the few seconds it sat in front of the house. And then it was gone again… and she breathed. The money! If Agent Jacobs was up to his old tricks again, she had to find a way to protect her money. And just hiding it in the dresser drawer wasn't going to work!

"Excuse me, dear," she said softly to Carol. "I think I should just peek in and check on Mr. Brinkley." Carl barely turned her head as she got up and left. Her mind on the money, she went first to her bedroom where she looked at the dresser the money was hidden in. But she didn't bother opening it. She turned around and went across the hall and opened one of the doors to the area where Roger was working. She found him up on a small ladder, his head bent backwards as his drill quickly put a screw into the large sheet of wallboard that was being held in place against the ceiling by the orange hoist that dominated much of the room.

Once the screw was in place, Roger turned his head to see Janice standing in the doorway. His mind immediately became fearful that she would call him out for more… training.

"I just thought I'd see how you were coming along with things," Janice explained as she stood in the doorway. Actually she wasn't even sure why she was there. She was simply nervous because of Agent Jacobs. But seeing the big sheets of board now covering up most of the ceiling area was quite surprising. It was another major change.

"As you can see," Roger said as he climbed off of the ladder. "I'm almost done with the ceilings now. After that, I can start on the walls. Tomorrow, I'll call the rental company and have them pick up the hoist again."

Janice nodded as she walked further into the room, still staring at the ceiling. Finally she looked all around. The room looked far different than it had a few days ago, even with just the insulation filling the walls. As she looked around, she noticed the obviously new boards that he had used to repair the floor. Something about that repair made her stare at it for a moment. As she finally moved her eyes again, the heating system in the house kicked on and out of the corner of her eye she noticed some dust kicked up by the floor vent further down the wall. She stared at that vent, then back to the repaired section of the floor.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brinkley, but exactly what is under the floor where you did the repair?"

Roger was a bit surprised by the question. "Just empty space… and the floor joists of course."

She nodded, not quite sure what it was that she was considering. "Thank you, Mr. Brinkley. It's looking quite good as far as I can tell."

Despite himself, Roger replied, "Thanks. I'm trying."

She nodded and walked out again, closing the door behind her to keep the dust and the noise away from the rest of the house. She wandered back to the living room where Carol was still watching TV… then back to her bedroom again where she sat on her bed and stared at the dresser that held all the money. How was she going to hide it? It had to be something that even the FBI wouldn't be able to find if they searched the house. She strongly considered burying it outside in the woods, but she would rather have it handy if she needed it. Besides, she knew for a fact that in the future, she would have to go to that hiding place frequently and burying it in the woods wouldn't work for that kind of access. So that left hiding it somewhere here in the house.

In the quiet of the room, she became aware of when the heating system turned itself off. Most of the time she never even realized when it went on or off, but she noticed it this time. She didn't even know where the system was… nor did she really care. Her eyes did fall to the air grate in the floor though. Getting up from the bed, she went over to stare down into the darkness of the small grate. She couldn't see anything inside. The grate was screwed down so she couldn't pry it up. But that heating duct had her curious. She went back to the room where Roger was working – now putting screws in a different part of the same board up against the ceiling.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brinkley."

Roger turned again, now more worried than ever that she wanted to do more "training" with him.

Janice walked over to the small vent in the floor. This one was not screwed in place. She pointed at the vent. "How big are the pipes that carry the air to these vents?"

Her question really surprised him. He climbed down off of his ladder and held his hands out about a foot apart. "About ten inches wide," he told her. "Why? Is there a problem?"

She shook her head as she considered that. Ten inches. "Are they round or square under there?" she asked.

Why was she curious about the heating vents? "They're square," he replied, "but they're only about four inches high. If you like, I can take you outside and you can see one under the house."

"I'm not going to crawl underneath this house, Mr. Brinkley!"

"You won't have to," he replied. "You should be able to see a few of them from the side easily enough."

Janice considered that, "Very well," she replied.

"We'll grab a flashlight from the laundry room," Roger told her as he headed for the door, "so we can see under there better."

Janice followed Roger into the laundry room where he grabbed a flashlight and then went out the door. It was threatening to rain again and the ground was very wet, but it wasn't raining just then. Roger went to one of the panels that lined the bottom of the house and pried it up, then hefted the thing entirely off, leaving a gaping hole under the house.

Fearful of snakes or any other thing that might jump out of the darkness at her, Janice stood back a bit further and bent down to look inside.

Roger knelt down and turned his flashlight on. The beam quickly picked out a long grey metal shape. "There's one of them," he said as he held the light on the air duct.

Janice finally moved forward so she could see it better. What she saw was basically a long square box running out toward the side of the house where it turned and disappeared up into the floor from underneath. She stood back up. "Thank you, Mr. Brinkley." Without another word of explanation, she left him and went back into the house.

Mystified, Roger closed up the hole and went back to working on the bedroom.

Janice again sat on her bed and stared at the heating grate in her room. How hot did those things get? She was fairly sure it didn't get hot enough to actually catch anything on fire, so that wasn't going to be a problem. Could she somehow hide the money in the heating system? But as she stared at the grate, she realized it that it was so small, she could barely get her hand inside of the thing. No, she was going to have to come up with a better solution.

She went back out to sit with Carol in front of the TV. But she barely glanced at what was on. Most of the time her eyes looked out the window toward the road… while her mind was occupied with how to hide the money. She was smart enough to realize that when it came to this house, she might be the housekeeper, but she wasn't the expert. But the real

expert on the house was only a few steps away. But the discussion she needed to have with him was going to have to wait… at least until after Carol had left for the evening.

It was pitch dark as Roger carefully maneuvered the orange hoist out the front door and down the steps. The only light he really had to work by was the dim glow of the light over the door. But it was enough. As he finally got the thing down the final step, headlights turned into his driveway and he heard his garage door open. He watched as Janice drove the new Cadillac into the garage. But instead of the garage door closing again, she walked outside instead.

"I see you've finally finished with that thing, Mr. Brinkley," she said as she walked toward him.

"Actually," he replied. "I finished with it earlier this afternoon. I just didn't want to leave it out in the rain."

"So what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, I was hoping to put it in the garage now that you're back."

"And what time do you think they'll pick it up tomorrow?"

Roger shook his head. "No telling. It could be anytime."

"I won't be here all day tomorrow. I have shopping to do and errands to run."

Roger had been afraid of that. "I guess I can leave it here and throw a tarp over it to protect it," he finally decided.

"Whatever you need, Mr. Brinkley. But when you're done, I need to have a word with you please." She didn't wait for an answer, but went directly into the house instead.

Roger stared after her for a moment. "A word" didn't sound good at all. He could suddenly feel that dog collar of hers tightly encircling his neck again.

When Roger finished, he went back into the house and finally found her at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee. There was a mug of coffee in front of the chair he usually sat in across the table from her.

"Sit down, Mr. Brinkley," she told him. "I've poured some coffee for you."

Despite himself, he told her thanks as he sat down… warily… in the chair.

"I'm afraid I have a problem," she said as he picked up his cup.

Roger's first thought was, "Good!" But even as he thought that, he worried more about himself.

"And it's a problem that I'm going to need your help to solve."

Roger wasn't at all sure he wanted to help her, but he said nothing.

Janice waited a moment before continuing. "As you know, I have a great deal of money in this house right now. And unfortunately, it's not very well hidden."

Roger clearly remembered the money she had managed to get his blood all over a few days ago. Money he wasn't the least bit interested in ever seeing again.

"I'm afraid that there are certain… people… who are very interested in that money."

Roger immediately thought about other criminals… shadowy and dangerous figures who he had no doubt would want to steal it for themselves.

"What I need from you, Mr. Brinkley, is a way to help me hide it better… in this house."

Roger was about to ask what was wrong with where it was now, but he suddenly remembered her odd interest in the heating ducts under the house. "That's why you were interested in the heating system this afternoon."

She nodded her head. "Yes, exactly. Unfortunately, the ducts in the floor are too small for me to get very much into… and I have no doubt at all that someone… let's say someone like the FBI, will have no trouble at all finding it there."

Her mention of the FBI suddenly brought things into an entirely different light.

"I need something better," she continued. "Something more secure, and something no one will be able to find. And unfortunately, I'm going to need something I can easily get into over and over again as the need arises."

Roger drank his coffee for a few moments while he took that all in. "You want the perfect hiding place."

"Exactly, Mr. Brinkley. And you know this house and how it's built better than I do. So unfortunately, against everything I'd rather do, I'm forced to ask for your help."

Roger realized that she was as averse to asking for his help as he was to giving it to her. But could he refuse to help her at all? He briefly thought about all that money he had counted… and gotten his blood on. And the fact that there was little chance the FBI wouldn't blame him for the robbery instead of her… especially since it was here in his house. No matter what, he still had hopes of somehow getting out of this mess and never going to jail at all.

But did he want to help her? After everything she had already done to him? And she was still threatening to do worse? He was both not wanting to help her… and afraid not to. But he soon realized that she had only asked for his help – she hadn't ordered him to do it. So maybe… After pausing to consider it further, he plucked up his courage. "If I help you," he began, "then I want something in return."

Janice was totally taken by surprise. What also surprised her was that he had managed to come up with the will power to defy her at all. But then, at this stage in the game that was still a distinct possibility. It would take many more training sessions with him until the compulsions would become entirely permanent and he would never even think of being so bold. But even still, as little as she had worked with him already, she knew that only one or two of her victims had been able to break through her training… even a little. Obviously he was going to be another one. Yet… it amused her. With a rather obvious smirk on her face, she replied, "Let me get this straight, Mr. Brinkley… you're trying to bargain with me?"

Praying it wouldn't get him in more trouble, he answered. "Yes!"

"I see," Janice replied, still somewhat amused. "You know of course, I can easily compel you to do anything I want. Absolutely anything! Perhaps you need to spend a few days living as a dog… day and night… to convince you."

Roger fully remembered being forced to act like Carol's pet dog last night, and the threat immediately frightened him. There had been no way for him to not do as she willed. But even knowing that, he still tried to stick up for himself. "If you do that, then I doubt you'll get my best work, which is what I'm betting you really need. You might force me to come up with something, but there's no way it will be as good as if I have a more… personal motivation."

Janice's eyebrows went up at his reply. She paused to consider his words. Unfortunately, while she could easily force… or compel… him to do what she wanted, she also knew that he was right. He wouldn't necessarily come up with the best solution for her that way. His brain also wouldn't exactly be working at its best. And the more she worked with him, the worse his thinking would probably get. It was a very fine line she was treading with that already. And he was right, with a bit of motivation he would probably come up with something much better.

She stared at him for a long time before she asked. "What is it that you want, Mr. Brinkley?"

Roger didn't know whether to breathe a sigh of relief or not. "I want the grey wall to go away," he replied. "I want all my free will back again."

Janice shook her head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Brinkley, but I absolutely cannot do that. That is for Carol's and my protection. That point will be non–negotiable I'm afraid. No matter what!"

Roger's face hardened at that as he stared back at her. It was the darn compulsion to do her will… and his inability to fight back that bothered him the most. And he knew perfectly well that if she ordered him to do this he would… but he also knew that whatever he wound up doing for her he would purposely try to do something that would be second rate… at best.

"Is there anything else you'd like to bargain over?" she asked.

Anything else? He could think of a lot of things! But would she grant him any of it? He picked one of the newest atrocities. "Freezing my cock and balls isn't exactly pleasant," he replied.

Janice shook her head again. "I'm sorry, Mr. Brinkley, but that will have to remain as well. As with your constant impenetrable wall, that is for Carol's… and I guess my… safety as well.

She had shot down another one. He knew immediately that she wasn't going to cut him any slack with anything. His anger at that forced him to quickly suggest one of the items from his list that irked him the most. Angrily he asked, "How about this stupid bra you've got me wearing all the time. I want to be rid of it! It's not only humiliating, it's damn inconvenient and just a plain nuisance! I'm a man, not a woman… however much you seem to dislike men. That's what I am! You seemed to have some kind of need of me, so I don't see why you shouldn't get used to that fact!"

"Be careful, Mr. Brinkley, you're quickly trying my patience. I'm merely asking for your help with something we both need to worry about. And don't forget, your blood that's all over that money!"

"I haven't forgotten about it," Roger replied, his anger still raised. "Just as I haven't forgotten about one single demented thing you or your daughter has done to me in the last few weeks. And I still don't have a single inkling as to why you've done this to me in the first place. Why me? What is it that you want?"

Janice smiled and shook her head. "I'm afraid, Mr. Brinkley, that you are simply a victim of last resort. We were desperate, and you happened to be… available. As to why I'm doing all this in the first place, I'm afraid I won't tell you that, Mr. Brinkley. In fact, it's better for you if you don't know. But trust me, I have my reasons."

"Reasons?" he spat sarcastically. His voice dripping with anger as he added, "When are you going to leave? How long do I have to put up with you? How long before I can have my life back?"

"I have no answer to that, Mr. Brinkley," she replied rather simply and calmly… despite his ire. "It will take as long as it takes." She leveled a more intense gaze at him. "And the longer I have to fight with you, Mr. Brinkley, over anything at all, the longer it's going to take!"

Roger glared back at her… even as she glared across the table at him. He finally saw her face soften and smile a bit. "Now, Mr. Brinkley," she said much more calmly, "perhaps we can discuss some of the aspects of you having to wear a brazier."

Huh? Roger was surprised. Was she giving in on something? "So I won't have to wear one anymore?" he asked.

"I didn't say that," Janice replied. "I said we could discuss it."

"Discuss what?" Roger asked. "Either you're going to force me to wear one or not!"

Janice shook her head. "I'm afraid I'm not going to simply let you go completely unfettered, Mr. Brinkley."

"Unfettered?"

Janice smiled. Her voice started calm and quiet, but quickly grew more and more of a menacing edge. "I tell you what Mr. Brinkley, if you come up with a hiding place that will hold… let's say… ten times the amount of money you saw before, and it's a place that I agree will be completely unfindable by anyone… then I will allow you to go to school without wearing a brazier. But all the rest of the time, you will wear one, and you will fill it with whatever I decide will be appropriate at the time. Is that understood? That is my final offer, Mr. Brinkley. Take it… or take a week living naked and chained to a tree outside as a dog!"

Despite his newfound ability to show his anger at her, her threatening voice frightened him all over again. After last night, he could all too easily see himself in just that position – outside, naked, chained to a tree… and unable to react in any way at all except as a total dog! The prospect frightened him completely. But he was still grasping at straws. "No more bras… at school?" he asked.

"Only if I am suitably impressed with your solution. And until then, you will continue to wear one as you do now."

He tried something else. “Do I still have to be chained to the toilet in the bathroom every night?”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Brinkley, but for now, that situation will remain the same as well. For now.”

Feeling more and more defeated, he nodded his head. “How long do I have to think of something?”

“I’ll give you a day or two at most, Mr. Brinkley. Don’t take too long. There are forces that can make life far more miserable for both of us, and the sooner we solve this problem the sooner we both can sleep easier.”

Sleep easier? He knew without a doubt that he would never sleep easy again.

Chapter 12.

"No! Not just no, but hell no! Absolutely not!" roared Phil Goodman, head of the Robbery division at the FBI offices in Atlanta. "I remember this case from a couple of years ago, and it was nothing but a dead end and a bad decision on our part!"

Jacobs' ire was raised by his boss's emphatic decision. "But she's got to get that money now!" he argued. "She sold everything she had while she was in prison."

Goodman shook his head. "Look, as far as I'm concerned, the last time you went after this woman it was nothing but a big embarrassment for us. After all your work, you had nothing but wild conjecture and circumstantial information. Besides, if I remember correctly, we already know who stole the money in each of those robberies… and it wasn't her!"

"But the money was never recovered. None of it! And her own husband was one of the men who stole the money!"

"And as far as I know," Goodman shot back, "the Stokley woman has never once shown the first sign that she's got it. Nothing!"

"She has it hidden away somewhere and you know it!" Jacobs argued back.

"No! I don't know it! You're barking up the wrong tree. Now leave her alone and concentrate on the stuff that matters now! Not some old case where there isn't the slightest bit of evidence against her at all."

"But she was there!" Jacobs argued. "She worked for all three banks while it was happening. We know she was involved."

"No we don't know that!" Goodman replied. "It's circumstantial! Everything we have on her is nothing but circumstantial. And I let you look into it way too long last time. So now, stay out of it and get to work on something else! And that's final! Now get out of here and don't let me hear about it again!"

Totally frustrated, Jacobs looked over at Forsyth who had remained silent through it all. Forsyth just shrugged and headed out the door. Jacobs followed. When they were far enough away, Forsyth said, "He's right, we never had anything solid on her anyway."

"Hey! You know as well as I do that she's behind it… every damn one of those robberies."

Forsyth shook his head. “Yeah, it’s possible. But we’ve yet to see the first bit of proof for any of it. As he said, it’s all just circumstantial stuff and a bunch of conjecture. We’ve really got nothing.”

Jacobs shook his head. “I’m not going to leave it alone. I’ve been after this woman for too many years now. I know she did it!”

“But you can’t prove it.”

“Not yet… not yet.” But he would never let it go. He had followed the damn woman way too long to ever give up. He knew without a doubt that eventually he would prove it.

Roger sat in front of his class… going quietly crazy. It was all he could do not to place his hands on his chest and rub furiously – everywhere! The damn woman! She had again been there when he was getting dressed this morning, but instead of helping him fasten one of the usual bras, she had insisted that he wear one with the humongous cup size instead. Even without anything stuffed inside of it, he had easily been able to see the outline of it under his shirt. Now he kept his jacket buttoned so no one could see it… and he dared not unbutton it. But the darn extra–large bra with the bigger cups and wider bands was irritating his skin to no end today!

“Perhaps this will give you a bit more incentive,” she had said as she handed the dreaded thing to him this morning. “Look at it this way, if I like what you come up with for hiding the money, then you’ll have more to gain… by losing your bras while you’re at work.”

More to gain? He wasn’t sure if he was gaining anything at all here. So far, she had only made things worse than before. So he guessed that overall, he did now have more incentive to come up with a solution for her. The damn woman! What did she have against men?

As he watched the members of his class taking the practice quiz, he allowed his mind to again roam over the problem of where to hide the money. He had spent a lot of time thinking about it last night. So far, all his thoughts ran along the lines of the air ducts under the house. He supposed that was because she had mentioned them in the first place. But the air ducts wouldn’t work very well for what she wanted to do. They were the wrong type and you really couldn’t hide much of anything in them.

His thinking was interrupted as he saw the first heads of some of his students looking up. The quiz would be over soon and he’d have to go back to teaching… and trying to ignore the extra–large bra fastened around his chest. Ugh!

Janice checked her watch. She wanted to go shopping, but not until she had made a phone call first. It was the start of a new week, and it was time now to get things rolling again

toward the future. She had a lot of time to plan things while she was in prison, and this phone call would be the start.

At ten thirty, she finally decided it was late enough. She activated one of the pre–paid phones she had bought a few days ago, then dialed a number she had memorized a long time ago.

"Lucky Dragon Imports," a woman's voice answered.

Janice dove right in. "Hello, I'd like to place an order please."

"What is it you would like?" the voice asked.

"Three boxes of rice cakes, twelve boxes of noodles, and seven boxes of fortune cookies. And I'm afraid I accidentally burned the beautiful apron you had sent me last time and I'd like to replace it please."

It was a moment before the woman on the other end replied. "I'm sorry, Ma'am," but all of our sales agents are busy right now. Can you perhaps call back in about four or five minutes?"

"Of course," Janice replied happily. She ended her call… and removed the battery from the cell phone. The contact had been made. The order for three of something, then twelve of something, then seven of something else was her code to get through, the code that identified her. Mentioning that she had burned something told them that she was calling from a burn phone. And the request for her to call back in four or five minutes meant that she would receive a return call in about two and a half hours. She was lucky. Sometimes it took a day or more for them to call her back.

With that little chore done, she borrowed one of Roger's raincoats she had found in the laundry room and headed out to go grocery shopping. Whenever possible, she always used a different store than the last time she had been shopping. She liked to cover as many different stores in the area as possible so she would leave no pattern as to where or when she went shopping. Fortunately, she didn't have to go far to find a different grocery store since the recent influx of business to the area had also brought in a lot of different stores as well.

It was raining cats and dogs when she got out of the car, something that irritated her a bit, but there was little she could do about it. This seemed to be one of those years when they were going to get a lot of rain. Already the news had reported flooding in many of the rivers and streams in the area. She was thankful that there were no rivers anywhere near Roger's house… that she knew of. She relaxed a bit once she got into the store and could pull the hood off from the raincoat she was wearing. That was something else she would have to buy herself, a new raincoat! Maybe later today.

She wandered up and down the aisles selecting foods for meals that she thought would be good for dinner in the next few days. She didn't hurry the process, but she did try to plan menus that would be well balanced and nutritious. She was sure that Carol would prefer Burger King, but there was no way she would let that happen. At least, not too often. She did like indulging her daughter whenever possible. And Burger King was a very minor thing.

She didn't buy a lot of food, just enough to last a few days. But buying the food was only part of what she was after in the store. She didn't rush to get there, but her sense of anticipation increased as she turned down the aisle… the pet food aisle. Roger had shown a lot more spunk last night than she had figured he would. A lot more! It was almost as if she could see her conditioning wearing off of him. She was sure the conditioning was still there – the fact that he had particularly asked to have the impenetrable wall removed confirmed that. But despite that wall… and his will power to not do whatever she wanted being locked away, he had still somehow managed to fight back a bit last night.

Normally, her first instinct would have been to put him right back in training last night and program that kind of behavior right out of him. But she dared not… at least not last night. She actually had two reasons for that. First, it was too soon. If she kept at him too often too fast, he would lose too much of himself and people would quickly notice. She couldn't have that at all. And secondly, she really did need his best work right now. And too much training would definitely affect that ability within him. Like it or not, she needed the darn man to be able to think… and think clearly. So she would have to walk a very fine line with his training from now on. Which meant… she would still work with him, but she wouldn't be able to take him nearly as far as she did everyone else she had done that with.

But that didn't mean that she couldn't take him down a peg or two and remind him a bit more clearly exactly who was in charge of him now.

The first thing she looked at in the pet aisle, were the dog bowls. She looked at everything the grocery store had available and finally selected the largest one they had. It was purple plastic, but she figured it would work just fine. The next thing she picked up was three large cans of dog food, checking the labels on each of them… just to acquaint herself with the ingredients. It was dog food, not people food, so she wasn't overly concerned with how nutritious they would be for him… if she made him eat them. Of course, that was going to ultimately be up to him.

Before leaving the aisle, she also selected a red woven nylon leash to go with his dog collar at home along with a cute stuffed duck dog toy that she was sure Carol was going to love far more than he would.

The rest of her time at the grocery store was far less interesting and it wasn't long until she was heading home once again.

Roger watched as Carol entered the room along with the rest of her classmates. Did she know about the monstrosity of a bra that her mother was making him wear today? He hoped not. Otherwise, knowing her, she might be tempted to do something that would be all too embarrassing for him. So far, she was just eyeing him curiously… as she usually did in class now.

He dared not look at her too long. In fact, today he wasn't looking at anyone too long. He was doing his absolute best to keep his mind firmly away from anything that might stimulate him sexually at all – even the slightest bit. The quick burst of icy cold against his privates earlier when Jennifer White had simply said hi to him out in the hallway had been enough to frighten him away from not only her… but any possible sexual stimulation.

The problem that worried him more now, was that his sexual need would be growing quickly since he hadn't had any release since sometime last week – before Janice Stokley herself had come into his life. What was he going to do? He did his best not to think about it at all.

The large bra he was wearing had stopped itching somewhat. Now it was just hot and bulky and very uncomfortable! He spent the class period going over some of the material for the test he had prepared for tomorrow, and letting the class take a little practice quiz on the material.

Janice watched the time closely until the two and a half hours was nearly up. Grabbing the little pre–paid cell phone, she put the battery in it once again and turned the thing on. Then she waited. She dared not connect the battery to the phone too soon. She was taking every precaution she could for this call to not be traced.

Her wait was less than five minutes. She answered as soon as it rang. "Hello?"

"Mrs. Stokley," the thin oriental voice on the other end replied. "I was pleased to hear last week that you had finally gotten out of prison. Welcome back."

"Thank you, Mr. Wu. I can honestly say that it's good to be out again."

"I'm sure it is," he replied. "Now, what can we do for you?"

Janice had dealt with Mr. Wu in the past. He was the main person to talk to, but she had also dealt with someone else. "Is Susan available for me to talk with?" she asked hopefully.

Wu paused. "I'm sorry, but my daughter is away from home right now. I understand your reluctance to deal with me, but I'm afraid that right now, I'm the only one you can talk with."

Janice was disappointed. She and Susan had gotten along very well in the past. “Very well, Mr. Wu, I appreciate whatever help you may be able to provide.”

“Excellent, Mrs. Stokley. So what is it you would like today?”

“I’m afraid I have a list, Mr. Wu.”

“A list! Now this is sounding very interesting. Let’s start at the top, shall we?”

A short while later, Janice removed the battery from the phone. It was very unlikely that anyone had been able to listen in on their conversation since Wu always called back on a “safe” line. But she didn’t take chances. The battery was removed. The card inside the phone was removed and destroyed and she broke the phone into as many pieces as she was capable of doing before she drowned the thing in water and threw the pieces into the trash. Wu now had her new cell phone number. In a few days she would receive a call that would be a wrong number. That would be her cue to call back on another burner phone.

Mr. Wu was a very rare commodity in the world. It had taken her years of working through a go–between before Wu had trusted her enough to give her the code to reach him. His services cost a lot – an awful lot, but what she received in return was always worth it.

There was more shopping she wanted to do, but one look at the rain coming down outside dissuaded her from going anywhere. It was a wet spring for sure! Instead, she walked slowly around each room of the house, trying to plan just what kind of furniture she wanted to replace everything with.

Roger was soaked! The run from the building out to his car after work was all too far in the pouring rain. Carol had been right behind him, but Carol had been smart enough to wear a raincoat to school today. Why hadn’t he? Now his damp body was shivering from the cold as he drove home in the still pouring rain with Carol sitting in the front seat next to him. It was a while before the ancient heating system in the car warmed up enough to feel any kind of a difference. It didn’t help matters either that he had to park on the lawn in front of his house when he got home because the “new” car was occupying the garage. Together, he and Carol dashed up the front steps to the house. Fortunately, Janice had been watching for them and opened the door so they could hurry inside.

“Don’t go anywhere… either of you!” she ordered. “Get those muddy shoes off first.”

Roger was trapped between Carol and the closed door so he couldn’t get further into the room until she moved. He kicked his shoes off as Carol did the same. Then he had to wait while Carol removed her wet raincoat and gave her mother a long close hug. He couldn’t get past them until they both headed for the kitchen. Then he headed directly for the

bedroom where all his stuff was piled. He couldn't wait to get out of his wet clothes. More importantly, he was looking forward to getting out of the monstrous bra she had made him wear this morning… even if it meant changing out of it for a smaller one… even if he did have to stuff some of those stupid socks in the thing.

Carol had started to tell her mother a little about her day at school as they walked into the kitchen. But the moment she spotted the purple dog bowel in the corner of the floor with the toy duck in it, she stopped and stared. All thought of what she had been talking about went quickly out of her mind. "Momma!" she squealed excitedly, "does this mean I can play with him again tonight?"

Janice looked at her daughter with somewhat of a disappointed look on her face. "Probably not," she replied. "I'm afraid I put them there to act as an encouragement for Mr. Brinkley. There are things he needs to get done, and I want to make sure he's going to give it his best effort."

Carol was clearly disappointed. "I understand, Momma."

Janice smiled. "I know you want to play doggie with him again. I promise we'll make that happen. But right now I need him to do some other things for me." A thought suddenly hit her. "But maybe you can cheer yourself up this way. Go back and make sure that Mr. Brinkley doesn't take that bra off that he's been wearing to school all day. And while you're at it, make sure that it gets filled with something."

Carol smiled, but it was a weak smile. "Yes, Momma," she replied as she turned and headed for the bedrooms. She didn't bother knocking, she simply walked right in. He was standing in the middle of the room with his shirt off, trying to unfasten the bra he was wearing. But what surprised her, was that it wasn't the usual small bra that he wore to school every day, it was one of the big ones she had bought him instead. She giggled.

Roger stopped what he was doing the moment the door opened. He saw Carol walk in and giggle at him. Let her! It wasn't his fault he was stuck wearing the stupid bra. "Do you need something?" he asked, trying to sound polite.

Carol came further into the room. "Momma asked me to make sure you don't take that bra off. She also asked me to make sure the cups get filled before you get dressed."

He couldn't take the darn thing off? Oh geez! Roger shook his head, totally frustrated with life. He searched the floor and quickly found the balled up socks that usually filled his other bras. While Carol watched, he grabbed them and started stuffing them into the cups of the bra he had on.

"I don't think those are going to work," Carol told him.

"Why not?"

"They're not even close to big enough," she replied. "Here, let's see if we can find something better."

Roger had no doubt that "something better" would mean something far worse! He wasn't surprised to find out that he was right. The first time he had been forced to wear a bra… which had been one of the big ones… Carol had found a couple of his t–shirts and wadded them up to stuff inside of the big cups. The t–shirts had actually been a bit too big for the bra, but that hadn't stopped Carol from using them. But in the jumble of plastic bags and clothes in the pile on the floor, his t–shirts weren't easily findable. So instead, Carol grabbed two of the flannel shirts Roger used as work shirts and forced as much of them into his bra cups as possible. Roger soon found the overly inflated bra putting more force against his chest and back than ever… which was not nearly as bad as having to deal with the massive protuberances now sticking out from his chest. How was he supposed to work like this? But he said nothing. He knew he wasn't going to have a choice in the matter. And after pushing things with Janice the way he had last night, he wasn't about to complain too much about something like this. It was her "training" sessions that really scared him now. And after what he had gotten away with last night, he knew that the next one would be coming up soon.

As Carol giggled again and walked out of the room with a mischievous smile on her face, Roger grabbed anther of his flannel shirts from the floor. He slipped it on, but his stupid bra was so over stuffed this time that he couldn't fasten the buttons over top of it at all. Giving up, he only fastened a few of the buttons at the bottom. The stupid bra was so big there was no way he could button any others. Shaking his head, he finished getting into his work clothes.

"Mr. Brinkley," Carol called as she entered the room where Roger was screwing a piece of sheetrock into the closet area. She started giggling as soon as Roger looked over at her. He had been forced to leave his enormously stuffed bra completely on display. "Dinner's ready," she said. "And don't forget to wash your hands." She giggled again as she left him to go back to the kitchen.

Roger put one more screw in the wall to make sure the board wasn't going anywhere, then he put his tools down and brushed his clothes off somewhat. Working with sheetrock was always a dusty affair… but not nearly as bad as the next stage of the process – the mudding and taping of the joints. He went directly to the bathroom where he stepped over the chain still on the floor and washed up as best as he could. Then he headed for the kitchen. The one and only good thing about Janice Stokley was the dinners she cooked for him. And he would gladly trade every last one of them if she would just go away!

He entered the kitchen, but his eyes were immediately drawn to the bright purple dog dish on the floor… filled with food cut up into small pieces. He looked up at Janice angrily, but before he could say something, she was already speaking.

"I must say, Mr. Brinkley, showing off a bit, aren't we?" She and Carol both giggled at his huge breasts.

Roger ignored them and pointed at the dog dish. "What's this?"

"Your dinner, Mr. Brinkley. I bought that bowl today as a small incentive for you. I had planned though on letting you eat from the table tonight and letting that bowl be just a reminder of what could await you should you fail me. But Carol tells me that you became very adept at eating from the floor without your hands while you were in her care. So at her suggestion, for the time being, I think we'll continue that little tradition that Carol started. So until I decide otherwise, Carol and I will eat from the table here, and you can eat like a dog from the bowl on the floor!"

Roger was horrified. "But…"

"There are no buts, Mr. Brinkley. You've become far too argumentative in the last two days. I think you need to remember exactly what your place is in this household."

What his place was? His place was hopeless! And all she did was to make matters worse and worse. Was this another aspect of what she had meant about his life becoming more and more intolerable the longer it took him to finish those rooms? "But I'm trying to finish the rooms as fast as I can," he pleaded.

"I understand that, Mr. Brinkley, and I appreciate the effort you've already put into it. But I simply won't allow you to behave as you did with me last night at all. Now you will eat the dinner I worked so hard to prepare for us… the way I demand that you eat it… or… I also purchased several cans of dog food while I was at the store that you can eat instead. And if you give me any more problems, that is what you will be eating from now on… dog food! Are we clear, Mr. Brinkley?"

Roger was shaking inside. Shaking from outrage, and anger, and fear… and defeat. He hung his head and shook it slightly first, then he nodded and continued to stare sullenly at the floor.

"I'll take that as a sign of your agreement," Janice said. She turned to her daughter and said, "I think we can sit down now." She turned toward Roger. "You can take your place as well, Mr. Brinkley."

Frustrated and defeated, Roger sank to his knees over in the corner near the bowl. At least it contained what appeared to be a very nice chicken dinner… all cut up for him already.

"Remember, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said from her seat at the table, "dogs don't use their hands."

Ugh! Roger positioned himself on all fours with his head above the bowl. He hated having to do this. He was just about to lower his head into the bowl, when he heard her say, "Now let's bow our heads and say grace."

Later that night, Roger was working on the wallboard in the second closet. The closets were always the most difficult to finish because they required much more cutting and fitting. He worked, but his mind was mostly on the problem of how to hide Janice Stokley's money. If he didn't solve that problem, then he could easily see now that she could find all too many ways to make his life far more miserable than it already was.

He was putting another screw in near the bottom of one of the boards, when an idea hit him. He stopped working and sat back staring at the unfinished wall in front of him while his mind began to picture exactly what would be needed… and what he would have to do. He sat developing the plan for a long time, his mind making tiny little improvements over and over again. Oddly, it was something very similar to what Janice had already thought about… only much better. And as far as his mind could see, it just might be perfect… if he did it right. Would she go for it? He was sure that she would.

Leaving his current project behind, he left the room to find her… and he couldn't. She wasn't in the house. He realized that she had gone to take Carol back to the foster home and hadn't bothered to tell him she was leaving. He was about to head back to the bedrooms to continue working when he heard the garage door opening. He waited for her in the kitchen.

Janice opened the door from the garage into the kitchen and saw Roger standing by the table, waiting for her. Immediately a tiny twinge of fear ran down her spine. She didn't let it show at all. He did look ridiculous with that bra so outrageously sticking out from his chest. "What is it, Mr. Brinkley?" she asked as she closed the door behind her.

"I think I've come up with a solution."

"For hiding the money?"

Roger nodded. "Yes."

Janice smiled. She removed the jacket she had been wearing and draped it over the back of her kitchen chair. She gestured toward the chair opposite her… the one that Roger usually

sat in when he sat at the table. She sat down and waited until he was sitting opposite her. “Tell me,” she said.

Chapter 13.

Confident! Somewhat anyway. That's how Roger felt as he passed out the tests to his first class of the day. Confident! But only because he wasn't wearing another of the huge bras like he had worn to work yesterday. Instead, he was once again back in one of the smaller bras that he had been wearing for a while now. But the difference was enough to bolster his ego… and of course, his confidence. The fact that he had to eat his breakfast cereal this morning out of the dog bowl without the use of his hands didn't even factor into how he felt. That little episode was something he didn't want to think about.

He and Janice had talked for quite a while last night. She had asked many good questions, but in the end, she had been happy with his plan. Not enough to let him go without a bra completely… yet. But enough that she had agreed to allow him to wear only the smaller bras… until the project was completed and she thoroughly approved it. Only then would he be allowed to no longer wear the stupid feminine garment under his shirt… to work anyway. But it was a start!

He was still having his same problem with the cold invading his cock every time an overly pretty girl crossed his path, but even that didn't seem to be as bad today. About the worse case of that so far was when Jennifer White had said hi to him this morning in the teacher's lounge. But then, he used to have a thing for Jennifer. He guessed he still did… somewhat.

Another thing he realized this morning, was that he wasn't noticing the grey wall as much anymore whenever he stood up or sat down. In fact, sometimes he wasn't noticing it at all. He worried the most about that one because that wall made not doing whatever Janice wanted almost impossible. But in the last few nights he had managed to bargain with her over her hiding hole and just being able to do that much had seemed like a major thing. Could he rid himself of her compulsions completely? He was beginning to be hopeful about that… at least as long as she didn't force any more of her "training" on him again. If that happened, he had a feeling that all would be lost. But today, he was hopeful… and confident!

Janice hummed to herself as she opened the back door and stepped out onto the small deck. The weather had cleared up and promised to be a beautiful spring day. She was only outside now to find out if it was still too cool to go without a jacket. The nip in the air answered that question quickly. Jacket weather for sure! But at least the sun was shining brightly.

After hearing the details of Roger's plan to hide the money last night, she was feeling more confident about things… somewhat anyway. The hiding place still had to be built, and from what Roger had told her, it wasn't going to be something that could be done in just a few minutes. In fact, he suggested that it might take two or three days. Not only that, but since she wanted it in her bedroom she would have to put up with the construction in there until

it was done. But that was a small price to pay for what she would get – peace of mind. And once the hiding place was built, she would feel much more secure and confident about things.

But the better news was the one thing she hadn't realized before, school would be on spring break starting Friday and they would be off all next week. Roger would be able to concentrate on finishing everything… and he was fairly sure he could do that before the end of next week.

So with a smile on her face and her purse full of cash, she grabbed her light jacket and went through the door to the garage. A few minutes later, she was heading out to go shopping again. Yes, things were definitely rolling now, on many fronts. Mr. Wu had been contacted, Carol's new room was looking like it wouldn't take much longer, and the hiding place would soon be in place. It was now time for her to look into more pleasant things. Today she was going shopping. She had to buy herself a new raincoat… among many other things. After being in prison for a year, her wardrobe wasn't exactly what she'd like it to be. Her daughter needed a lot of new clothes too, but she would rather do that shopping with Carol. And since Carol was still stuck going back to that foster home every night and her room in Roger's house wasn't finished yet, that little trip was going to have to wait. But there was no reason why she couldn't get a few new things for herself first.

She just had one minor little stop to make before she could relax and enjoy the day. She had to stop at the building supply store where Roger had ordered all his materials from and put some money on his account. She wasn't going to pay the entire bill now, especially not in cash. Since his bank accounts weren't overly large, it would look much better if she just paid part of it today and then the rest over several payments… most of which would come directly from his accounts now.

She just had to find the place first. He had ordered from a company that specialized in providing materials for professional home builders instead of going to someplace like Lowe's or Home Depot. Roger had told her about where it was on the way back toward Gainesville, but that left a lot of territory to search.

Thinking about paying that money though, reminded her that she still had one big problem to solve. If she was going to occasionally be using some of her money to supplement Roger's income to cover her expenses, then everything had to look like Roger had the money to buy everything… when he didn't! Somehow, she was going to have to find a way to launder her money into his. She had to come up with something that even if the FBI scrutinized Roger's bank accounts, they wouldn't find anything amiss at all. That was going to be a bit difficult since he didn't seem to make that much money as a teacher.

It was the truck loaded with lumber turning out onto the highway that tipped her off as to where the lumber yard was. Once she saw the truck, she easily spotted the store. She felt very out–of–place going inside. It was like a foreign world to her. She didn't know the first thing

about any of the equipment, or tools, or wood that was all around her. Not far from the entrance, she found a desk with several cash registers. She walked up to it and told them she wanted to pay some money on an account. The man was polite, but since it was for a builder's account, he sent her to the back of the store to pay the bill there. It took her a while to find the place, and when she did, she was happy to see that it would be a woman that she would be dealing with. Unfortunately, there was a man and another woman in line ahead of her.

The man's business was quickly finished, but when the woman ahead of her stepped up to the counter, instead of wanting to pay a bill, she asked if the store had any contractors they could send out to repair some storm damage to her house. The woman behind the counter said they did, but all of them were very busy right now. The best she could do would be to take her name and someone would giver her a call as soon as possible. She also warned the woman that it could be several weeks before someone might be available to help her. The woman seemed very disappointed, but she gave her name and phone number.

The woman left, and it was Janice's turn. As she stepped up to the counter with the paperwork from all the materials that had been delivered for the bedrooms, she asked, "Does that happen often… people coming here and asking if there's someone who can fix things?"

"All the time!" the woman replied rather emphatically. We've got a few crews on staff for that kind of thing, but lately they can't seem to keep up with the requests. It's all the storms we've had lately. Too much damage that needs to be fixed. Of course, even without the storms our crews seem to stay awfully busy. If you need someone sooner, we have a bulletin board over there with contractor business cards on it. But I'm afraid I can't recommend any of them. Store policy."

Janice smiled and pointed toward the account paperwork in her hand. "I don't need one, but thanks. I was just interested." As Janice paid part of the bill, she also remembered the call Roger had gotten from the woman who needed her deck rebuilt. And now it seemed that there were lots of people looking for someone with the skills to build or repair things. Skills like the ones that Roger possessed. From what little she could see, he might be able to make a lot more money doing that kind of work than by being a teacher. So why didn't he?

She pondered that concept as she headed for the stores to do her shopping. Was there a way that that might help her?

Even Carol walking into his classroom didn't faze him… not since she was only entering with the rest of her classmates. When everyone was seated, he passed out the tests and did his best to not pay any more attention to her than to anyone else. Then he sat down to continue grading the tests from the previous class. He glanced up occasionally at the class, carefully taking in Carol each time as he did, but each time she seemed to be hard at work on the test. He tried to put her out of his mind. Confident!

There was something different about him, and Carol wasn't sure what it was. He seemed to be… more sure of himself today. Was he? Before her mother got out of prison, she had worked hard to keep him "off balance" as her mother had put it. But today he seemed more like his old self. Of course, she couldn't really tell. Maybe he just liked giving tests. She wouldn't put it past him. Some teachers really liked to cause nothing but misery for the students by giving them tests. Why couldn't her mother simply make him give her a good grade and that would be it? She hated math… and algebra was the worst! Not sure of anything… including the algebra problems she had to figure out, she bent her head down and concentrated again on the test. Why did her mother insist she learn this junk?

It was getting near the end of the class period when Roger started watching the kids in the room more seriously. From what he could see, he figured that about half the kids had finished the test already. And then he noticed another head look up… Carol's head. She looked straight at him, and he smiled, trying to show that he was glad she was among the students who had finished the test already. They were the ones who usually did the best on the tests.

Carol finally finished the test. With an audible sigh, she looked up again… and locked eyes with him. She was irritated to see him smile at her. Damn the man! He did like making kids suffer with his stupid tests! Was this some way he might be trying to get back at her for the things she had done to him in the past? She certainly wouldn't put it past him. She decided she would have to have a talk with her mother about it tonight. As she saw things, if she had to be so miserable taking the stupid tests, then there was no reason he shouldn't feel just as miserable! Or worse!

Janice was looking at shoes in one of the larger department stores. She wasn't having a lot of luck spotting anything she wanted, but the presence of a large "sale" table caught her eye. She wandered over and began glancing through what was on it. She found several pairs of shoes she was actually considering, but none of them were available in her size. From what she could see, it looked like most of the shoes on the table were all in the larger sizes that the store couldn't sell out of. She kept looking though, hopeful that she might find something.

Near the far end of the table were several stacks of much larger boxes. Boots. All closeouts from the winter styles that the store was getting rid of. She wasn't interested in boots, not with warmer weather approaching. But she glanced at them all anyway. Her eyes lingered though on a rather plain looking pair in brown. They were nothing really fancy, just a pair of women's boots with a somewhat wide practical heel that was probably about two inches high.

There was no reason for it, but her mind immediately remembered the boots that Roger wore every evening when he was working on the bedrooms. Ugly! And then her mind pictured something, and she almost giggled out loud. What if she replaced the boots he wore now… with these? The man definitely needed to be put in his place again, and something

like this just might be a good way to do that. Besides, she had promised him that she would make his life more and more miserable the longer it took him to finish those rooms, and she hadn't done much of anything yet toward that.

She looked at the sizes available for the boots. Like most of everything else on the table, they were all in very large sizes. But what size did Roger wear? She had no idea at all. She wanted to buy a pair, but she couldn't unless she knew what size to get for him. Frustrated, she decided it was another little thing that would just have to wait.

Roger noticed that Carol was silent as they rode home in his car. But then, she was often silent. He had graded her test during the class after hers, and despite himself, he was somewhat proud of how well she had done. Not fantastic, but far better than any of the other tests she had taken so far this year. He wanted to tell her that, but he decided he should wait and let her find out with the rest of her class.

He pulled up into his usual spot on the lawn and they headed inside. He went directly to the bedroom where all his stuff was on the floor and changed into his work clothes… including adding the stupid socks inside of his bra.

"How was your test today, dear?" Janice asked her daughter.

"Awful!" Carol looked up at her mother as they entered the kitchen together. "Momma, I think there was something… different about him today."

That surprised Janice. "You mean Mr. Brinkley?"

"Yeah! He seemed… different today. Like he was happier… or proud… or something. And I'm convinced that he really does like to make everyone miserable with those tests he gives!"

Janice's lips pursed as she listened to what her daughter had said. But other than the bit about the tests being miserable, the rest was more or less what she had been afraid of. She suspected that somehow, Roger was managing to throw off all that conditioning already. And that wasn't a good sign at all. Something would have to be done, and it would have to be done right away. Her problem was, because she needed him to retain full use of his mind and work ability, she was reluctant to put him through any more of her regular "training" sessions just now. So she needed some way to firmly remind him of how things worked while she was around. She had plenty of ammunition, she just had to remind him of that. And perhaps the best way would be to have him look down the barrel of that imaginary gun.

"Momma… are you listening?"

"Hmm? Oh, sorry dear, what was that again?"

"Mr. Brinkley! I think we should come up with some way to make him as miserable as everyone else while we're taking his tests!"

Roger crawled under the house. Setting his flashlight down where it would do the most good, he started measuring carefully and taking notes. It took him a long time since he needed to be very precise in what he was doing. There were two types of air ducts under the house, large trunk lines that carried a lot of air and the smaller duct lines that branched off from the trunks and carried that air up into the rooms. He was interested in both. A short while later, he crawled back out from under the house and closed everything up again. Now he needed to call someone who could build him the piece that he needed for Janice's little hiding place.

He pulled out his cell phone and went through his contact list until he found the name he needed. He dialed with the punch of a button.

"O'Conner Heating and Air," the voice on the other end answered.

"Hi Mike. It's Roger Brinkley."

"Oh, hi Roger. Is that system we put in for you last year still running all right?"

"Just fine Mike. No problems."

"Good. So what can I do for you?"

This was the part that Roger wanted to be careful about. "I was wondering if you could custom make a piece of trunk line for me."

"I guess so. For where? Are you working on another house somewhere?"

"No, it's for my house. I'd just like to make a small change in something."

"You want to change what we put in? Why? Isn't it working well enough?"

"No, it's working just fine. It's just something I'd like to change now… for the future… in case I decide to expand."

"Oh, hey, that makes sense. Yeah, I can probably come out and do it for you later in the week… probably Thursday sometime."

"Actually Mike, I was wondering if you could custom make the piece for me and just deliver it. Then I can install it myself when I get around to it."

"Yeah, I can make something for you easy enough, but I don't think you should install it. And if you do, I can't guarantee something else will go wrong. My warranty isn't going to cover any changes you make yourself."

"I know Mike, but I'd still like to do it this way. Really, I'd much prefer it."

"Okay, suit yourself," Mike said. "Want me to come out so I can measure what you need?"

"No, I've got it all figured," Roger replied. "I can give you the measurements right now."

"Okay, just a sec… let me get something to write with."

Carol opened the bedroom door to call Roger for dinner, except there was no sign of him in the room. She only saw all his junk piled in the middle of the floor. But she stared at the room with more than a bit of surprise. No longer could she see through the wall into the other room. It had finally been closed off so now there were two separate rooms.

She closed the door and went down to the next room. He was standing bent backwards on his ladder spreading some white glop all along one of the seams in the ceiling. "Mr. Brinkley," she called. "Dinner time."

A short while later, with his hands freshly washed, Roger entered the kitchen. His gaze immediately fell to the purple dog dish on the floor… already containing his dinner for the evening – all cut up into bite–sized pieces. The sight of it made him angry. But saying anything about it would do him no good. This was another situation he wanted to find a solution for… and fast!

"There you are, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as she quickly looked him over. Yes, his tiny breasts were just noticeable under his shirt. She shook her head at the ugly boots on his feet. She and Carol sat down at the table, Roger simply stood where he was. Janice looked over at him and waited for him to move. When he didn't, she said, "Your place is on the floor in the corner, Mr. Brinkley. We're waiting."

Growing angrier, Roger finally knelt down near the dog bowl.

"Now, let us bow our heads," Janice said.

Roger didn't even try to join in any of the conversation between Janice and her daughter at the table. Instead, he tried to eat as quickly as possible so he could get out of there and just forget the whole humiliating situation. He would much rather be anywhere… doing anything… instead of… this!

But before he could finish eating, the phone in his pocket began ringing.

"Speaker phone, if you please, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said from the table.

Roger had to struggle a bit to get the phone out of his pocket before he could answer it. "Hello?"

"Roger," Stan's familiar voice replied. "What's happening?"

"Hi Stan," Roger replied, somewhat sorry his friend had called.

"Hey," Stan said, "I just wanted to let you know that there's still a bed left for Friday night at the cabin if you want it."

"Thanks Stan, but I still can't make it this year. I appreciate the offer though."

"Well, I just wanted to let you know," Stan said. "What are you doing anyway? I can't imagine anything that would keep you away from the first day of fishing season."

"Finishing my house!" Roger replied. "Spring break is coming up and I'd like to get it done before school starts again."

"It still doesn't sound like you," Stan said. "Why finish that thing now. You've been doing pieces of it since you moved in."

"I just need to finish it right away," Roger told him. He looked up at Janice and Carol who were both watching him intently. "I need these rooms for my housekeeper and her daughter."

"Okay, Roger," Stan replied somewhat conciliatory. "Maybe next time."

"Yeah, next time," Roger replied. "Bye Stan." Roger ended the call and put the phone back into his pocket. Janice and Carol were still looking at him. He was about to bend back down over his dog bowl, when Janice stopped him.

"Do you have a lot of friends?" Janice asked.

Despite his position on the floor, Roger shrugged. "A few."

"Are they all teachers from your school?"

"Most of them," Roger replied.

Janice thought about that as she turned back to her own dinner. She realized that, for the future, it would be better to separate Roger from as many of his friends as possible. Which made another good reason for him to not teach anymore.

Later that evening, Janice returned from taking Carol back to the foster home. After removing her coat, she headed directly for the bedroom where Roger was working. She opened the door and quickly backed up. The air was thick with white particles from where he had been sanding on the walls. Looking further, she saw that Roger himself was covered in the fine white particles. "Mr. Brinkley," she called from the other side of the hallway.

Roger turned from where he was sanding the wall.

"I need to talk with you, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said, "but I didn't realize what a mess you would be. Perhaps it would be best if you stopped working now and immediately took a shower. Then you can join me in the living room for a few minutes. Don't bother getting dressed after your shower, when we're done you can chain yourself to the toilet again. And please try not to make a mess when you come out of there." With a shake of her head, Janice retreated to the living room where the air was much cleaner.

It was a good twenty minutes before Roger finished cleaning up and headed… naked… out to the living room. He was glad to see that the blinds had been closed on all the windows.

"There you are, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said brightly. She motioned toward one of the chairs across from where she was sitting and watching TV. Pressing a button on the remote, the TV went silent and black.

Nervously, Roger sat… naked in the chair. He looked around, but he didn't see any sign of her collar or even one of the kitchen chairs that she used during her other "training" sessions. He breathed a bit easier. Maybe she did just want to talk.

"What do you do during the summer months, Mr. Brinkley?" Janice asked.

"What do I do?"

"Yes," Janice replied. "How do you support yourself? School isn't in session all year long."

"I teach summer school," Roger replied.

"Does that last all summer?"

"No, only a few weeks."

Janice nodded. "And then what do you do?"

"I have several friends in the construction business that I usually try to work for. Sometimes I do a few odd jobs for myself, but building houses pays better."

"Does it pay better than teaching?"

"Sometimes," he replied. "It depends on the weather… and if there are jobs available. The economy isn't what it was," he told her, "but in this area of the state there's still quite a bit of construction going on."

"But you still prefer to teach," she confirmed.

"Of course," he replied. "I like it. Besides, the paycheck is much steadier. You don't have to worry about the weather preventing you from working."

Janice nodded and thought about that. It made perfect sense. But it didn't go along with her future plans for him… her new future plans. "I'm afraid Mr. Brinkley, that I'm going to need you to tell the school that you won't be able to teach summer school this year. In fact, since I can't tell yet how long Carol and I are going to be here, I think it would be best if you told them you won't be available to teach next year either. After that, we should be out of your hair and you'll be free to do whatever you like."

Not teach summer school? And not teach next year either? Roger was shocked. "Why?" he asked. "What am I supposed to do?"

Janice smiled. "Now that is an excellent question. I think, Mr. Brinkley, that you can make far more money doing repairs for people, than you can make teaching school. So that is what I'd like you to concentrate on instead."

Roger thought about that. It was certainly possible, but… "But the work isn't steady. You never know what jobs are going to come along… or when. And I'm not a well–known contractor, so nobody would call me with jobs that need to be done. Besides, I'm not a licensed contractor. I just handle things for people once in a while and I make sure that they're all well aware of that."

"All that is fine, Mr. Brinkley," Janice told him. "And you let me worry about finding you work. However, I think we can start by calling back that woman who called you a few days ago to fix her deck."

"Mrs. Whittaker?"

"Whatever her name is," Janice replied. "Please call her tomorrow and see if the job is still available."

"But I can't do contracting work and teach at the same time," Roger argued.

"You can at least give her an estimate for the job and do what you can until school lets out. Then you can devote more time to it."

Roger thought about it. "I guess it's possible," he replied rather sullenly. He wasn't exactly fond of the idea of not teaching school. But could he get out of this somehow? His mind started thinking hard about that option. Could he argue further with her so he could continue teaching? But another thought hit him first. "I can't," he suddenly said.

"Why's that?" Janice asked.

"I don't have the right equipment!"

That really surprised Janice. "Mr. Brinkley, you have a whole workshop out there full of tools. What more could you possibly need?"

Roger smiled. "A truck! The little car I have now won't hold the kind of tools or lumber I need to have with me all the time. And while I've got a tow hitch on it and a trailer out back, it won't pull the kind of loads I need to carry up the mountains around here. So I can't do it. I'm sorry." He knew he shouldn't have said that he was sorry, but it just kind of slipped out.

Janice was momentarily angry… but she quickly composed herself. He had come up with a very logical problem that would have to be overcome. But that obstacle was only a minor one. "Then we're just going to have to get you a truck of some sort," she replied. "Cancel your teaching schedule, Mr. Brinkley," she said much more firmly, "because you won't be teaching this summer… or next year either! Do I make myself clear?"

Reluctantly, he gave in and nodded. And he remembered something that she had mentioned earlier. She and Carol would most likely be here through the summer… or longer. Sometime next year they would be gone. And that sounded like a very, very long time.

Janice lowered her voice, and much more kindly said, "Now, Mr. Brinkley, listen to me please. Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey. Sleep and obey."

Roger suddenly felt like his head was spinning. He tried to fight her words, but she kept telling him to relax and listen to her… and to sleep and obey, over and over again. Even though much of her conditioning had worn off, he realized he was losing control again and all will to do anything but follow her commands soon took over… as did the total trance he quickly fell into.

Janice was pleased to see him fall into the trance so quickly. She saw him trying to fight it for a few moments, but there was still plenty of her conditioning left in him that he hadn't managed to shake off yet. And ambushing him by surprise with it this way didn't give him any chance to mentally prepare to fight her. The collar worked much better for this, but the conditioning with the collar was much more total brain–washing… something she needed to avoid right now. Like it or not, for the future… at least until it was time for her and Carol to leave, she needed Roger and his entire brain. But that didn't mean she couldn't control him at least somewhat. Slowly and steadily, she coaxed him deeper and deeper.

When she felt he was ready, she said, "Stand up, Mr. Brinkley."

There was very little hesitation on Roger's part as he stood up from his chair.

"Sit down."

Roger sat.

Janice leaned in. "Mr. Brinkley, do you still see your impenetrable wall every time you stand or sit?"

Surprisingly, Roger's answer was somewhat delayed. "Mostly," he replied.

That was what Janice had been afraid of. He was indeed shaking off the conditioning. She had gotten to him just in time. "Mr. Brinkley, it is my will that you will continue to see that wall every time you stand up or sit down. It is an impenetrable wall that has no end in any direction. There is no way around it in any direction and it is totally impenetrable. And it will grow thicker and thicker every single time you stand up or sit down. All of your will to not do as I command is still locked behind that wall, Mr. Brinkley, and there is nothing you can do to stop it. My will is your will, Mr. Brinkley. My will is your will."

She sat back for a few moments and stared at his face. Despite his trance, his face looked troubled. Doing this with the collar would have been a better option. He had a much stronger mind than most of her victims. She would have to watch him closely in the future. Deep inside, he was still trying to fight her. But her small efforts tonight would definitely help.

"Mr. Brinkley," she said, "what are your primary concerns?"

"To protect you and Carol at all costs."

"Very good, Mr. Brinkley. Very good. You will always protect us, no matter what. You will do whatever either of us tells you to do no matter what. And you will not try to run away or escape from us. For now, Mr. Brinkley, our futures and lives are linked. We must stay together, no matter what. Do you understand, Mr. Brinkley?"

Again, it was a moment before his reply of, "Yes," was heard. And while she noticed that the command had registered with him. He still had enough ability left to not like it. Well, he could not like it all he wanted… as long as he couldn't fight against it.

But since she wasn't going to work with the collar on him for a while and he was so head–strong, she decided on one last measure to help keep him in line. "Mr. Brinkley, do you want to go to jail?" She was rewarded to see him look startled.

"No," he replied with more sureness than anything else he had said so far.

She leaned forward toward him again. "Then I want you to think tonight about all those nasty pictures of you that Carol took and what would happen if they got released." She saw the troubled look on his face and continued. "And I want you to think about all that nasty sperm of yours that I have as well and what they would do to you for raping my daughter." His troubled look became one of fear. "And finally, don't forget about all that money that you got your blood and fingerprints all over. There's no way you can deny any involvement with that money Mr. Brinkley."

He was definitely scared now. "Mr. Brinkley, remember this, if you don't do whatever I tell you to do, or you don't do whatever Carol tells you to do, then you can be sure that the authorities will find all that evidence against you, and you will end up in jail for a very, very long time. Do you understand that, Mr. Brinkley?" He didn't reply, but she saw him nod his head. Actually, it looked more like he was too afraid to reply.

She sat back and smiled. "Now, Mr. Brinkley, I have just one more question before we finish tonight. What is your shoe size?"

Chapter 14.

Depressed! Depressed and defeated… and disappointed with himself. That's how he felt as he sat at his desk and watched his first class of the day filing into the room. Depressed and defeated. Yesterday he had such high hopes of clearing all the fog from his brain and grabbing the courage to fight back… at least somewhat against Janice Stokley. But today… after last night… it seemed that the will power to do anything at all toward that end was simply not in him. Depressed… and defeated… and stuck! And that was the problem. He was stuck. Because as much as he didn't like anything Janice Stokley had done to him, he absolutely could no longer even think about doing anything against her wishes… totally. Just as it was a few days ago. Ugh! And even if he did somehow manage to go against her wishes, then he would be looking at a very long and miserable stretch in jail… and that prospect still scared him more than he wanted to think about.

All day long he passed back tests… and taught – somewhat, but today his heart wasn't really into teaching. He had to tell the school system that he would no longer be teaching there anymore after this year. It seemed so depressing. He was putting off telling them as long as he could… praying for some kind of miracle. He might not be able to do anything against what Janet wanted, but he could still hope. Of course, he was fairly certain that whatever happened, in the end, he was going to wind up in prison – and he still didn't want that. So maybe that was part of the reason he couldn't really fight against her will. Her "conditioning" was one thing, but landing in prison was an even bigger problem.

Janice packed her purse, making sure she had plenty of money again… and she double checked her phone to make sure it was turned on and had plenty of charge on the battery. It had been charging all night so there was no problem there. She also checked to make sure she had the other "burner" phone she had purchased last week. She was fully expecting to hear back from Mr. Wu today since he hadn't called her back yesterday.

With a plan in mind for all the things she needed to get, she headed out shopping once again. And first on her list was to buy those boots she had seen yesterday! After that, she had plans to buy a computer and a printer. She didn't want to use Roger's computer, and for some unknown reason, he didn't even have a printer.

Sid Forsyth plopped himself down in the chair across from Ted Jacobs' desk. "What'cha looking at?" he asked.

Jacobs threw the file he had been holding in his hands onto his desk with some disgust. "The Stokley file," he replied.

"I thought we weren't supposed to go there anymore."

Jacobs made a face. “You know me better than that!”

Forsyth just smiled. He did. Jacobs wouldn’t let go of anything, especially when it frustrated him so much. “So what are you going to do?”

Jacobs shook his head. “I don’t know.” He leaned forward toward Forsyth. “It just doesn’t wash!” he declared.

“What doesn’t wash?”

Jacobs held up the file again. “Remember I told you about that child welfare agent giving me the wrong address? Well, he didn’t! Turns out it was the right place after all. And the place is a dump! And I still can’t figure her working as a housekeeper. But she’s now working for some guy named Brinkley who teaches math at the county high school.”

“It does sound different,” Forsyth noted. “If I remember correctly, she’s always worked in banks or investment firms before.” He thought about things a little more. “Of course, she did just get out of prison. She probably can’t get a job at someplace like that now.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.”

But Forsyth was thinking about something else now. “How can a school teacher afford to have a housekeeper? If that’s the case, then I’m quitting the FBI. Teaching must pay better.”

Jacobs grunted a laugh. “I think anything pays better than what we get.”

“So how did she hook up with this job… and so fast?”

“Actually, that was easy to find out. She answered an ad in the paper.” He dug through the file for a moment. “Here it is. Housekeeper wanted. Live–in possible for reduced compensation. Call between 5 and 9 PM only.”

“Live–in possible?” Forsyth asked. “I guess now we know how he can afford her. He pays a pittance, and she gets a place to live.”

“Her and her daughter,” Jacobs corrected.

“And most likely the arrangement will include a little sex somewhere along the way as well.”

“With her?”

“It’s possible,” Forsyth insisted. “Or at least he may think it is… or will be.”

Jacobs shrugged. “I guess,” he replied, although he clearly didn’t believe it. “You know what I’d really like to do now? I’d like to go out there and talk to this Brinkley guy… only away from the house somewhere where she won’t be around.”

Forsyth shrugged. “Sounds like a plausible idea. How about at the High School? We know where he’ll be at least.”

Jacobs nodded as a smile crossed his face. “Say, don’t I remember someone telling me we should look into something else out in that direction?”

Forsyth pried himself out of his chair. “I do think I remember that… clearly! And who’s to know the difference if we just happen to stop in at that school today.”

Janice looked over all the boots on sale again, but she still kept going back to the pair that had caught her eye yesterday. They really were the best style for what she had in mind. She started searching the sizes. Roger had said last night that he wore a size nine and a half, but in all the boxes in front of her, she didn’t see a size nine and a half. She saw several size elevens and a box that said size ten, but not nine and a half. Hoping they would fit anyway, she grabbed the box that said size ten.

She opened the box to make sure what she wanted was inside. Yes… perfect! They certainly looked a lot better than the boots he wore now! But that thought made her remember what a mess he had been last night… along with his boots. Before leaving the store, she found a can of shoe polish to go with the boots. What good would it do to buy him new, better–looking boots, if he just messed them up?

With that done, she went off in search of a good store to buy computer equipment… as well as a few more burner phones.

After lunch, Roger handed back the tests to Carol’s class. He particularly tried to note the look on Carol’s face as he handed her the test back, but he couldn’t tell if she was relieved to have passed, happy because she had done much better than usual, or angry because he didn’t give her a perfect score. He was fairly sure that an eighty–nine was perhaps the best math grade she had seen in a very long time. He went through the motions of going over each of the problems on the test so everyone would know what they had done wrong. But as with his morning classes, his heart wasn’t in it today.

The bell rang and the students began filing out of the room. As Carol left, she had to force her way around the school’s vice–principal who was entering the room. “Mr. Brinkley,” he called as he finally got through the doorway, “there are some gentlemen in the office who need to talk to you. I’ll watch your next class till you get back.”

That startled Roger. Someone needed to talk to him? "Who is it?" he asked as he got up from his desk."

"I think it would be better if you just went yourself to find out."

Strange answer! And to Roger, something about the way he had said it sounded ominous. He went, but it was with a touch of fear. When he got to the office, the secretary immediately sent him through to the Principal's office. As he opened the door, he saw two men in with the Principal that he didn't know. Something about the way they were dressed made him even more nervous. "You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Mr. Brinkley?" one of them asked. Roger nodded. "I'm Agent Jacobs with the FBI. This is Agent Forsyth."

The two agents held up their ID's and Roger glanced at them briefly. Protect Janice and Carol immediately went through his mind. It took very little thought to realize that he now needed to add himself to that protection list as well. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Are you currently employing a housekeeper by the name of Janice Stokley?" Jacobs asked.

"Yes," Roger replied a bit tentatively. "What of it?"

"We've just got a few questions, that's all," Jacobs replied.

"What's wrong with hiring a housekeeper?" Roger asked, a bit more defensively.

"Nothing!" Forsyth replied. "Nothing. It's just that…"

"We're keeping a close eye on Mrs. Stokley," Jacobs finished.

"Why?" Roger asked.

"She's robbed some banks!" Jacobs stated rather flatly.

Roger was shocked by how bluntly he had put it, but before he could reply, Forsyth jumped in. "We've got no proof!" Forsyth added quickly. "It's just that we think she may have a connection to some robberies."

"So are you going to talk to her about it?" Roger asked uncertainly.

Both agents shook their heads. "No. In fact, we'd rather you don't even tell her that we were here," Jacobs told him.

"So why are you here? What can I do for you?"

"Have you seen any sign of her having a great deal of money?" Jacobs asked. "Or perhaps she's made mention of having money at some time?"

Roger's mind immediately pictured the stacks of money that he had gotten his blood all over. He shook his head. "No… she's made no mention of anything like that to me," he replied.

The two agents stared at him for a moment before continuing. "Mr. Brinkley," Forsyth said, "when you hired her, were you aware that she had been in prison?"

Roger nodded, this was an easier question. "Yes, I know. But is there a reason I should hold that against her?"

"No, of course not," Forsyth replied. "We were just wondering."

"I put an ad in the paper," Roger continued, "and it was her daughter Carol that persuaded me to give her a try. Carol is in one of my math classes. In fact, now that her mother is out of prison, Carol has just had the highest math test grade she's gotten so far this year. She was in danger of failing previously."

"You'll excuse me for asking," Jacobs continued, "but why would someone like you need a housekeeper in the first place?"

Roger grew a little defensive at the way the question was asked. "Someone like me? What's wrong with me? And what's wrong with me having someone to help take care of my house? I work hard teaching all day long and I often go out and work a second job doing home repair work for people when they need something done to their houses. I see nothing wrong with me having someone to help me with my own house!"

"We're sorry, Mr. Brinkley," Forsyth replied quickly. "We meant no offense by the question. We were just wondering, that's all."

"Does she do a good job?" Jacobs asked, totally ignoring what Forsyth had just said.

"She keeps the house clean. She does my laundry. And I can tell you one thing for sure, she's a hell of a cook!"

"As I said, we meant no offense," Forsyth repeated, looking over at his partner, willing him to back off a bit. Forsyth dug out a business card and handed it to Roger. "Tell you what, Mr. Brinkley, if you see or hear anything the least bit suspicious in anything she says or does, please give us a call. We'll be happy to talk to you anytime."

Roger looked at the card and then stuck it in his pocket. “What bank did she rob?” he asked.

“Banks!” Jacobs replied flatly. “There were three of them. One in Jackson, one in Mobile, and one in Birmingham.”

“But as I said,” Forsyth added, “we have no proof she was actually involved. She’s simply a person of interest.”

“So you want me to spy on her for you,” Roger stated.

Jacobs nodded happily. “Something like that.”

Roger shook his head. “Don’t expect to hear from me anytime soon. Since she’s taken over my house, I’ve been nothing but totally happy to have her there.” It was perhaps the biggest lie he had ever told in his life. But it was what she wanted and he had to protect her. Besides, he now also had to keep himself out of prison!

“Well, if you do come up with anything, you have my card,” Forsyth replied.

Roger nodded. Then he looked over at the school’s Principal who had been sitting behind his desk listening to everything. “Actually, now that I’m here, I was going to come see you later anyway. I’m afraid you’ll have to cross me off the list to teach summer school this year. In fact, I won’t be able to teach school next year either.”

The Principal looked shocked. “What? Why? This is awfully sudden.”

Roger shrugged. “Yeah, I know. I’m sorry. But I think I’m going to try going more into the home repair business than I have been so far. I think I can make a lot more money doing that than teaching right now.”

The Principal stared at him for a few moments before he nodded his head. “If you’re sure about it,” he replied.

“I am,” Roger stated, even though he really didn’t want to give up teaching at all.

“I’ll put the paperwork in,” the Principal said, although he certainly didn’t look happy about it.

Roger looked at the two FBI agents. “Do you two have anything else for me?” he asked.

“No. Just let us know if you hear anything,” Jacobs told him.

Roger nodded and turned his back on them. He opened the door and walked out. But as he headed back through the hallways, his hand went to his pocket and pulled out the card that Sid Forsyth had given him. If only there were some way he could tell them what was really going on. But even if he could do that, it would only land him in more trouble than he wanted to contemplate. Still, he carefully stuck the card away in the middle of several other business cards he always carried in his wallet. Maybe someday the card would be of use.

"The guy defiantly knows something," Jacobs said for the tenth time as his car approached Roger's house.

"I agree," Forsyth replied. "It was obvious. But he's also obviously not talking." He noticed as Jacobs quickly slowed the car down and he glanced over at the house they were passing. "That's it?" he asked, wondering if Jacobs had made a mistake.

"That's it," his partner confirmed.

"Geez! You're right. It's not much, is it?"

"No, not from the outside at least. That child welfare guy, Fitch, says it's a lot different on the inside. He said Brinkley's been fixing it up and it's real nice in there."

"So what happened to the outside?" Forsyth asked.

"I guess he hasn't gotten that far yet."

"Either that, or by keeping the place looking like this, he doesn't have to worry about thieves."

"I'd sure like to take a look inside," Jacobs muttered as the car slowly cruised past the property.

"Yeah, but she's probably in there and I don't think we should let her know we're still watching her," Forsyth replied.

"Unfortunately, I agree," Jacobs grunted as he punched the gas and the car sped quickly around the corner… where they couldn't see the new black Cadillac come around the bend behind them… and turn into the dirt driveway… and go into the garage… and the garage door closing behind it.

For Janice, the hard part was lugging the big box into the house. Not the box from the boots, the box from the darn printer. Even the box the new laptop came in wasn't nearly as big as the printer box. And the printer itself wasn't all that big… but the box certainly was!

Getting everything hooked up and setup wasn't all that difficult, but the irritating part was waiting for the computer to go through all of its update processes. While it was doing that, she carried the box with his new boots and the little can of shoe polish she had bought him into the room where all his things were stacked in the middle of the floor… the room where he hadn't been working yesterday. At least this room was somewhat clean. She opened the lid of the box to reveal the new boots and set it on the floor where he would easily see it. Then, she carefully reached down and picked up his old boots. They were surprisingly heavy. They were also horribly filthy. Not just from old paint and dirt, but they were still mostly covered in white powder from where he had been sanding on the walls last night. Holding the heavy boots as far away from her as possible, she carried them straight outside and dumped them into the trash can. Whew! Darn those things were heavy! He might not exactly like the style of the new boots she had gotten him, but she was sure he was going to appreciate how much lighter they would be.

Once the computer had finally finished all of its setup and update processes. She got down to work. She downloaded some of the pictures from her cell phone into the computer and selected several that she thought would be the most appropriate. She printed them and carried them into the room where Roger's clothes were. By the time she left the room, all the pictures were tacked prominently up on the wall where he could see and "appreciate" them.

The only thing that bothered her now, was that she still hadn't heard from Mr. Wu. She really wished he'd get back to her.

Roger noticed that Carol was staying awfully quiet as he drove the two of them home after school. He was glad. His mind was still preoccupied by his visit from the FBI. They were watching her! As far as he was concerned, they should have been watching her closer… her daughter too! Of course, now he had to worry about anything that they might notice affecting him too… and consequently sending him to jail… for things he didn't do! It was maddening! But there was no way out… as far as he could see.

To get his mind off of his problems, he glanced quickly over at Carol. "You did well on that test. You should be proud of yourself."

"I didn't get an 'A'" Carol replied a bit sullenly. "Momma was hoping I would do better."

"But you almost got one," Roger replied as he pulled into his driveway. If she had scored just one point higher, she would have gotten the grade she wanted.

"Almost isn't good enough!" she said rather flatly. "I wanted to do better for Momma." A moment later, she was out of the car and heading into the house. Roger let her go. There was no doubting the way Carol nearly worshiped her mother. He, on the other hand, felt nothing but revulsion… for both of them.

As he got out of the car, he thought briefly about the FBI visit again. There had been nothing in Janice's instructions to him about notifying her if anyone asked about her. So unless she forced the issue, that little visit was going to remain his secret. He went into the house to get changed so he could work on the bedrooms again.

"I'm sorry, Momma, I tried. I really did! But I didn't make it," Carol apologized as she showed her mother the test grade she had gotten.

"Well, you almost made it," Janice consoled her daughter. "And at least you tried, and you obviously tried very hard. Isn't that the best grade you've gotten yet this year?"

"Yeah," Carol replied. "But like you always say, close isn't always good enough."

Janice pursed her lips at that. "That's all too true, I'm afraid. In the world we live in, there's all too many times when nothing less than perfect will do. It's something we have to keep striving for dear… all the time."

"Why couldn't he have just given me a better grade?" Carol complained.

"You didn't earn it," Janice replied kindly.

"But you'd think he would still have given me some extra credit or something. Something that would have been enough to just give me the 'A'. You don't know how frustrating it is to try so hard and then not make it. I'd like to take him and… and… I don't know what!"

Janice smiled. "Tell you what, dear, unless I miss my guess, I think we're going to be hearing from Mr. Brinkley any moment now."

Roger walked into the bedroom where all his things were piled on the floor. His eyes were immediately drawn to the open box prominently displaying the pair of women's boots. "What the heck?" He walked closer and stared directly down at them. There was a can of shoe polish on the floor next to them but no note or anything else to explain why they were there. Was she trying to tell him something?

As his eyes quickly glanced around the floor, he almost missed it… or more accurately, his eyes did miss something. They missed seeing his work boots. He looked around the room further for his boots. A little panic as well as anger filled him as he didn't see them anywhere in the room. His eyes did notice the pictures now hung on the wall though. He walked closer

to inspect them better… and wished he hadn't. He saw several of the pictures that Carol had taken of him naked and playing with himself in his classroom. And there was one other picture as well, a picture of a small glass jar with what looked like some milky liquid in it. The outside of the jar was labeled, "Brinkley." She did indeed have all that semen of his stored away somewhere… but where?

The message of the pictures was clear. They were nothing but a warning of what would happen to him if he didn't do what she wanted. But that didn't explain the women's boots. And where were his work boots?

He picked up the box of boots and carried it out to the kitchen where Janice and Carol were. "What's this?" he asked as soon as he got there.

Janice smiled. "New boots, Mr. Brinkley."

Roger shook his head. "Where are my old boots?"

"Gone, Mr. Brinkley, gone. I want you to wear these new ones instead."

Carol started giggling as Roger stared at Janice incredulously. "But these are women's boots!" he argued. "I can't wear them."

"Of course you can, Mr. Brinkley. And you will!"

Roger's voice held more than a bit of anger. "I'm not a woman!"

Janice's voice gained a stern edge. "Much to my dismay, Mr. Brinkley."

"Even so, I'm not a woman, so stop forcing women's stupid… things at me!"

"I'll do what I like, Mr. Brinkley! And you will do what I like as well! If I want you to do something, then you'll do it! I don't have to remind you what's in store for you if you don't. And I can see that once again we're going to need another session with the collar."

That backed Roger down fast. The last thing he wanted was another session with her miserable collar. "Please… no…"

"If you don't want to spend the rest of the evening in training again, then I suggest you sit down right there and put those boots on now!"

Wanting to scream, Roger stared at her for a moment, before he slowly sank down to the floor.

"Put them on, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said in a no–nonsense tone of voice when he didn't move fast enough.

Roger's brain was at war with itself. Part of him was reacting because she had ordered him to do it, part it was overly fearful of her "training" sessions, while another part of his brain was cursing vehemently. But despite hating it, his hand reached out and pulled one of the boots out of the box. The leather… if it was leather… felt very soft to his touch. The boot itself felt surprisingly lightweight. He kicked off the shoes that were on his feet. The boots had a long zipper that ran down the inseam. He unzipped it and found some packing material in the bottom of the boot. He pulled it out. With his mind silently cursing up a storm, he flung the boot down toward his left foot and jammed his foot into it. He had to wiggle things around a bit and then pull hard on the boot to get his foot all the way into it. "It's pretty tight," he noted sullenly as his foot finally got fully into the boot. He pulled his pants leg up out of the way before trying pull up the zipper – which went up, but he had trouble getting over his calf.

"You said they're tight, Mr. Brinkley?" Janice asked. "I'm a little surprised at that since you said you wear a size nine and a half and they are a size ten. How bad are they?"

"How bad?" Roger wanted to tell her the boots were nothing but stupid and miserable. But he knew she was referring to how tight they were. "They're pretty tight, but I think I can manage," he replied sullenly.

"A good decision, Mr. Brinkley." Janice watched as he prepared to pull the second boot on. "Wait a moment, Mr. Brinkley."

Roger stopped and looked up. He dared not think that he could get out of this somehow.

"You were wearing your socks with the first boot. Perhaps if you tried it without those heavy socks."

It actually made sense to Roger. He pulled the sock off of the foot he was about to slip the boot on. He was about to try to pull the boot onto his foot, when Janice stopped him again.

"One moment, Mr. Brinkley. I may know a way to help this situation a little more. Please wait here."

Roger watched as Janice got up from her seat at the table and walked out through the living room. He knew it was useless, but he was praying she would never come back. But she did come back a few minutes later and dumped something very lightweight and fine down into his lap.

"Here, Mr. Brinkley, try these instead. I think they should help."

Roger took the thin bits of material and quickly figured out that they were a pair of women's knee–high stockings. Feeling even more stupid, he took one of them and managed to get it onto his bare foot. Then he pulled the boot over it. The boot went on easily.

"It looks like that's going to be a perfect solution, Mr. Brinkley," Janice declared happily. "I suggest that tomorrow, before you come home from school, you stop and buy yourself a large package of them."

Roger said nothing as Carol giggled again. It took some effort to finally pull the first boot off of his foot again, then swap out his sock for the remaining knee–high stocking. But this time the boot went back on with very little effort. Darn the woman. She had indeed found a way to make the stupid things fit! And he wasn't exactly happy about it.

Having little choice now, he climbed to his feet and tentatively stood up in the new boots. The tall heels felt weird. His pants legs which were bunched up above the boots felt uncomfortable. He took a careful turning step toward the living room. No, the boots were definitely not as easy to walk in as his old boots were. And while they weren't exactly comfortable, he knew they were at least manageable. He took a few more slow tentative steps, the heels making an oddly loud clopping sound against the hardwood floor. But it was the sound of Janice's voice that stopped him again.

"Mr. Brinkley."

He turned.

Janice smiled. "I like them on you. They're a vast improvement over those ugly old boots you used to wear. Definitely a huge improvement!"

Under normal circumstances, Roger would have said, "Thanks," but this wasn't any kind of normal circumstance, so he said nothing. He turned to continue walking, and her voice stopped him again.

"Mr. Brinkley."

And again he turned.

"I put some shoe polish in your room for you. I won't have those new boots getting messed up in any way like your old ones. From now on, I expect you to polish them carefully every single evening before you go to sleep. Otherwise, I'm sure I can find far worse footwear for you to wear instead. Do I make myself clear?"

Roger nodded. “Yeah,” he replied sullenly before continuing back toward the bedroom. Once again, his life had gotten worse than before. What would be next, a dress? The damn woman!

“Feel better now, dear?” Janice said to Carol.

Carol giggled. “Yeah, some.”

But as Carol got up from the table to go watch TV for a little while, Janice’s thoughts were again on Roger… and they were troubling thoughts. He had tried to argue with her again. There was no doubt that she was going to have to give him another treatment with the collar. And it would have to be soon. Maybe not tonight, but soon. His mind was simply too strong for the easy methods.

The bra was bad enough. The bra with the socks stuffed in it was worse. The frilly panties he was wearing were just plain silly! But now adding the stupid women’s boots with the high heels was just beyond dumb! Not to mention what a nuisance they were. How was he going to work in them? How was he going to climb a ladder in them? How was he going to do anything in them? He did notice though as he examined where he had sanded the walls, that he was taller now… he was looking at a slightly higher part of the wall with no problem. But that was the only good thing that he could see about the boots. And he wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or not.

They weren’t sturdy enough for construction work. They were too lightweight. What kind of protection would they be for his feet? None at all! That was for sure. His old boots had steel toes to protect him. These had… nothing. Well, he supposed that the high heel might protect the heel of his foot from something, but he certainly wasn’t sure about that at all. As far as he could see, the stupid boots weren’t safe for working in at all! But what choice did he have? She had threatened to put him through another training session with her collar. And he feared that almost more than going to jail. Or maybe he did fear it more. Both situations were nothing but frightening.

He thought again about the little interview he had been through earlier with the FBI. If only he had been able to tell them the truth. If only he had dared to tell them the truth. But he knew with a certainty that doing so would have been impossible. And because of that, the FBI could no longer help him. He would have to find some way to help himself.

But how?

When dinner time came, Janice and Carol were treated to the sound of Roger’s heels walking precariously through the house all the way into the kitchen. Carol stared at him and giggled once again. He was wearing his work clothes now, with the pants pulled over the tops of his boots, but you could still tell what kind of shoes he was wearing the moment you

looked below his pants. And somehow, Carol thought the new boots went well with the tiny breast that now stuck out from his chest.

Roger entered the kitchen and stood there looking down toward the purple dog bowl in the corner… already filled with his dinner. His heart sank even more. "Again?" he asked.

"Of course, Mr. Brinkley," Janice replied as if she was surprised at the question.

"How much longer?" he asked, not just his heart, but his soul sinking at the prospect of continued humiliation.

Janice actually had to think about that question for a moment before she could answer it properly. "Let's just say, Mr. Brinkley, that you will continue to eat that way… until I no longer have to worry about seeing a man at the table across from me."

Her answer irritated him. He wanted to ask what she meant by that, but he dared not. Maybe she did intend to make him wear dresses while he worked. He hoped not, but the way things were going, it now seemed entirely possible. The very idea still rang nothing but major stupid in his mind, but obviously whatever he thought about things didn't matter in the least. He resigned himself to the fact that he would be eating like a dog from the floor for a very long time. Ugh!

It was getting close to time to take Carol back to the foster home again when Janice walked back through the hallway to find Roger. To get there, she had to carefully step around much of his belongings that were now piled along one side of the hallway. She heard sanding sounds from the room with the closed door and carefully opened it, well remembering the mess she had found the evening before. She wasn't surprised to find the air in the room filled with the same white powder from the walls that had assaulted her before. "Mr. Brinkley!" she called.

Roger stopped sanding, and turned.

"I was just wondering if you had any idea how much longer it would be until these rooms are finished?"

Roger turned and moved closer to her so he could talk easier. She retreated as far back from the mess as the new obstacles in the hallway would permit. He considered her question. "We're getting there," he finally said.

"Mr. Brinkley, this weekend is Easter. It would be nice if there was some way Carol could be living here by then. Is there any chance at all?"

Roger had to think about that one. "Well," he said as he thought about what needed to be done, "When I'm done with the sanding, I still need to install all the trim and baseboards before I can start painting. I figure the trim will take me most of tomorrow night, then I can start painting on Friday. Of course, we still have to find some carpet and arrange for that to be installed. Then there's light fixtures we still have to buy and the closets that have to be set up and the closet doors installed. But overall, we're getting there."

"So you think we can move Carol in before Sunday?" Janice asked.

Roger shook his head. "It's going to be pretty close. Of course, since there's no school on Friday, that should help me a lot. I think it's really going to depend on how long it takes to pick out some carpet and arrange for it to be installed."

"Suppose you let me worry about finding the carpet and arranging for the installation," Janice suggested.

"That would help a lot," Roger admitted.

"And while I'm at it, I'm sure I can find you some lights for the ceilings as well," Janice added.

"Anything you can do to help will make the job go faster."

Janice smiled. "Then you let me take care of those things, Mr. Brinkley, and I'll call Child Services and arrange to have Carol moved permanently to my custody either Friday or Saturday."

Roger thought about that, but his only reply toward finishing the rooms was to nod and say, "I'll try."

"Very good, Mr. Brinkley. And how about the things we discussed last night. Did you put in your resignation as a teacher?"

A small wave of anger over that subject swept through Roger… as did another remembrance of his talk with the FBI. "Yeah, I took care of it this afternoon."

"Excellent, Mr. Brinkley. I'm sure that in the long run you will make far more money helping people with their repair problems than with teaching. It may take a little while. But I'm sure we can make it happen."

Roger didn't share her optimism.

"And how about the woman who needs her deck rebuilt… did you contact her?"

Roger shook his head. “I tried once this afternoon and couldn’t reach her. I haven’t tried again. I can try right now if you like.”

“That’s a little disappointing, Mr. Brinkley.” She was about to tell him to call her immediately, when she glanced over the way he looked once again. “Tell you what, Mr. Brinkley, give me her phone number and I’ll call her for you tomorrow. I’m sure you have a lot of other things on your mind right now that you need to concentrate on instead.”

Roger thought about that and shrugged. “Sure,” he replied. “I’ll find her name and number for you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Brinkley. I’m just trying to help any way I can.”

Roger wasn’t exactly sure about that at all!

Before she left him, Janice glanced down at his new boots, noticing how dusty they were… very much like the rest of him. “And please don’t forget to clean those new boots tonight, Mr. Brinkley. I may have to deal with cleaning the rest of your filthy clothes, but I see no reason why you can’t deal with your new boots yourself. And I will insist that they stay… perfect!”

Chapter 15.

For Janice, her morning was incredibly busy, yet the business helped her get past the growing anxiousness over not receiving a return call from Mr. Wu. It wasn't like him to go this long without getting back to her. She was beginning to worry about there being some kind of a problem.

It took her only three phone calls to find a carpet store that could send a crew out to install the carpeting on Saturday morning… if she got it ordered within the next few hours. It only took one phone call to find out that even though it would be the day before Easter, the rental furniture company could indeed deliver some furniture to the house on Saturday morning as well… if she picked out what she wanted sometime today.

And her most important phone call of the morning went to the Child Services agent, Mr. Fitch… who wasn't entirely happy with the situation, but finally agreed to meet her Saturday afternoon to arrange for her to have full custody of Carol. Finally! Things were rolling again, and they were rolling fast. Now if only Mr. Wu would get back to her!

By lunchtime, the carpeting had been picked out, the temporary furniture that would occupy the rooms was ordered, she had purchased two light fixtures for the rooms, and she was home again… where she found a rather large metal sculpture blocking the entrance to the garage. Obviously the piece that Roger had ordered that would be part of her secret hiding place he would construct for her. But why did they have to block the garage with the thing?

She had begun spending more and more time in the afternoons in front of Roger's TV set… just to relax for a few minutes. But even there, what she watched on TV had a goal toward her future with Carol. Among the many stations that Roger's TV got that the TV in prison didn't get, was the stations that carried all the home–buying programs… particularly the programs where people were hunting for new homes in other parts of the world. These she found particularly interesting… especially when they dealt with homes on tropical islands. However, the part that appalled her was the price that the people in the programs were paying for what they bought.

Many years ago, Janice had set a target figure of ten million dollars as the amount she figured she would need for her and Carol to live comfortably. In the last few years that figure had gone up. It was now at twenty million dollars, and after seeing the prices of the rather moderate looking homes on TV, she was starting to wonder if that was going to be enough.

She now had money stashed in many different places, hopefully in places where only she could find it. Her current total for it all was a little less than sixteen million. But the bigger problem there was that much of it was currency that if she simply took it to a bank somewhere, it would quickly show up as bills on the stolen money watch list. Mr. Wu could

launder it for her, but the cut he wanted was an unthinkably large amount. So she had done nothing with any of it. She had simply let it sit and wait until she could figure out a way to deal with it all.

But now, after draining the money from five banks plus three investment firms, she was worried that things might now be getting too chancy for her to continue. That had been made very clear by the false drug charge she had gone to prison over. She still didn't know where those drugs had come from… but she knew where she wanted to plant the blame.

So now she was planning to move out of the country to someplace nice while she still could. The only problem was that the unlaundered money was totally worthless until she could safely deal with it. But then, that was all part of why she had taken over Roger Brinkley's life in the first place. He simply didn't know it… yet.

The TV program she had been watching ended but she stayed where she was. There was nothing else she wanted to take care of just then anyway. Instead of changing the channel, she simply watched the program that came on next – a program that dealt with rebuilding homes with problems. She was mildly interested because it was what Roger would be dealing with. However, a short way into the program, one of the workers caught her eye, and she could no longer tear her gaze away from the show. When the program ended, she searched the surrounding channels for more programs like it, and over the course of the afternoon she found several. Most of the programs didn't have anything that interested her, but several held her attention raptly.

The programs she was watching were supposed to help inspire ideas in people so they could try them in their own homes. Janice wasn't sure if she was inspired or not, but the seed of an idea was definitely planted in her mind… and she was having trouble shaking it.

With the germ of an idea still forming in her mind, she finally got around to picking up the phone and making the last phone call she needed to make for the day. She called the number Roger had given her for Mrs. Whittaker, the woman who needed her deck rebuilt. "Hello, Mrs. Whittaker?"

"Yes?"

"My name is Janice Stokley. I'm calling on behalf of Mr. Brinkley about your deck problem. We were wondering if you had found someone to help you yet?"

"You're working with Roger Brinkley?"

"Yes I am. I'm trying to help manage some of his business for him. He's decided to try to do more to help people like yourself who are in need of his carpentry skills."

"Oh my. Well, that would certainly be most helpful to a lot of people I know. But as far as our deck problem is concerned, when I spoke with Roger earlier, he gave me the name of someone else I could call instead. When I called, the man seemed to be fairly busy, but he promised that he would try to get out here sometime next week to give us an estimate."

"So you haven't actually hired anyone to do the job for you yet?"

"No, I guess not really. We're still looking for estimates."

Janice was pleased to hear that. "Mrs. Whittaker," she said, "I know you called Mr. Brinkley for help first, but he was unable to help you at that time. Would you still consider a quote from him to compare with what you get from the other contractor?"

"But I thought he wouldn't be able to do anything until after school let out?"

"Yes, that's true, but in light of his trying to go full time into this business, he's going to make an effort to do as much as he can until he finishes his teaching responsibilities."

"You mean he's quitting teaching?"

"I'm afraid so. But from what I've seen, he's quite a skilled worker, and I think he could make much more money from helping people like you."

"Well, that's certainly possible. I know a number of people who need help fixing all kinds of little things. And finding someone you can trust to do a good job without gouging you on the price is all but impossible. It's a shame that he's quitting teaching though. I had the impression that he really liked it."

"He does, Mrs. Whittaker," Janice replied, "he most certainly does. But he's also just as passionate about building things and doing it correctly."

"Well, he's always done a good job for us before, so I have no doubt that he can be successful with whatever he's trying to do. Yes, if you would please ask him to come out and give us an estimate, we would be very grateful."

"Excellent, Mrs. Whittaker, excellent!" It was then that her mind pictured Roger going out to the woman's house to speak with her over an estimate for the work she needed done. And her mind also pictured Roger just as he looked now when he was working on the bedroom for Carol… including his pert little breasts and his new women's boots. And the image he had gotten from the TV shows fully overlaid itself on what was in her mind. "Um… Mrs. Whittaker…"

"Yes?"

"There's just one more little thing you should be aware of."

Roger raised his arm to write on the board, and immediately felt the tug of his errant bra strap… again. Ugh! Forcing his arm up all the way… and hoping the stupid strap would break… he continued writing and explaining how to solve the math problem. But his mind was only partially on the subject that he should have been focusing on completely. His mind was more worried about the long spring break from school that was now rapidly approaching… officially at the end of this class since it was the last class of the day.

He glanced at the clock. Ten minutes left… and school would be over for the day… and for tomorrow… and for the weekend… and for the entire next week as well. He turned to fully face the class. "Tell you what," he said, since he knew he was having trouble thinking about what he was doing. "Why don't we stop for the day and we'll start again after we come back from break? Sound good?" He didn't have to get any kind of verbal answer. The relief on all the kid's faces was plain enough. "Just stay quiet and in the room until the bell rings!" he added before he headed back to his seat. The class didn't exactly stay quiet, but they didn't behave all that badly either. The commotion in the room was enough to help keep Roger's mind off of worrying about being totally under Janice Stokely's thumb for such a very long time.

When the bell rang, he watched the pandemonium as the kids all hurried excitedly out of the room while he gathered his things and packed his expandable case. The long spring break was about to start, and with Janice Stokley now ruining his life, he was more worried than ever about how things would be when the break was over. Of course, by then, he would no longer be required to wear the stupid bra under his clothes to school anymore. That was going to be a vast improvement over the way things were going now. But he also knew that school would only last two more months. And then he would have no refuge from her demands at all.

Ten minutes later, he met Carol out by his car. The only stop they made on the way home, was for Roger to buy a package of women's knee high hose to wear under his new "work" boots… which earned him a giggle from Carol over the fact that he had to buy them. As soon as they got home, he retreated to the "safety" of the rooms he was working on… if only to try to hide away from Janice Stokley as much as possible. Could he hold up here until school started again and never see her? Unfortunately, he knew it was only wishful thinking. He quickly changed into his work clothes, including adding the balled up socks inside his bra, a new pair of knee high hose, and of course, his new "work" boots.

To Roger, one of the great things about work boots, normal work boots anyway, was that you never had to bother cleaning them… unless of course they were covered in mud that you didn't want to drag through the house. Of course that wasn't something he was really counting. But the new stupid women's high–heel boots that Janice was now requiring that

he wear as work boots instead of "real" work boots was another matter. They got just as dirty – quickly, but because she had specified that they had to be kept "perfect," he was required to polish them every night before he went to sleep. Not only were the boots a pain to have to wear since they were women's boots instead of men's boots… not only were they a pain to wear – literally – because of the high heel they had that made his feet tired quickly… but they were also a major pain because he had to clean and polish them every night! Stupid, stupid, stupid! Almost as stupid as having to eat all his meals without the use of his hands from a dog bowl! Stupid, stupid, stupid! And he had no choice in the matter at all! Ugh!

The small knock on the door alerted him to company as he finished zipping up his boots, and a moment later, Janice walked into the room. So much for hiding out.

"There you are Mr. Brinkley," Janice said with a smile. "I just wanted to let you know that I got a lot accomplished today. The carpeting is all set to be installed on Saturday morning and the furniture for these rooms will be delivered Saturday morning as well. And I put the two new light fixtures in the other room for you."

Roger realized that Janice had accomplished everything she said she would… which in one way was a great help to him… but on the other hand, it also meant that her daughter would be living here in the house full time all too soon. "And when is Carol going to move in?" he asked.

"Saturday afternoon," Janice replied with a smile. "I've arranged with Mr. Fitch of the Child Welfare Service to inspect these rooms Saturday afternoon, after which Carol will finally be transferred fully into my custody again."

He would have said something like "congratulations" to her, but underneath, he wasn't all that happy about it. As far as he was concerned, Carol was nothing but a monster under that sweet exterior! "I'll try to get it all done," he said… although as he said it, he realized that what still had to be accomplished before Saturday morning was a lot!

"Oh! One other thing," Janice said.

Roger immediately became concerned.

"I spoke with Mrs. Whittaker earlier and she's agreed to have you go out there on Monday to give her an estimate. If I can, I'm going to go with you so I can try to learn a little bit about the process and so I can speak with her further." She smiled. "She mentioned on the phone that she has several friends who might be in need of your services as well. That could be very good for your business."

Roger nodded. "It would be, but I'm still tied to teaching school for another two months."

"Two months that I have no doubt will absolutely fly by, Mr. Brinkley," she said brightly. "Before you know it, summer will be here."

Roger didn't say it, but his only thought was that summer would be there… and so would she and her damn daughter!

Once Janice had left the room, Roger started looking around again at what he still had to do. He was feeling much more rushed now that he knew when everything was going to happen. If they were going to be installing the carpeting on Saturday morning, and the new furniture for the rooms was also coming on Saturday morning, then he had to get everything done before that… which only left him tonight and tomorrow. He was somewhat sure he could do it all, but it was going to be close. Very close! Of course, if she decided to surprise him with another of her training sessions, then all bets were off!

Installing the baseboards and trim molding was his first order of business for the rooms… almost. The walls had to be wiped down first to get rid of all the dust from sanding the wall mud.

Roger was trying to work late… well, as late as he possibly could before Janice made him chain himself naked in the bathroom again. The baseboards and molding were now finished and he was trying to get a start on the painting. His feet for once weren't hurting him at all since she had made him start wearing the stupid women's boots instead of regular work boots. But that was only because he had become so irritated at the boots that he had taken them off a little while ago. Now as he was rolling primer paint onto the walls, his feet weren't doing badly at all – in just the knee high stockings. But that of course was when the door opened and Janice came into the room.

Janice was surprised to walk into the stark white freshly painted room. "Mr. Brinkley, you're nearly done!" she exclaimed happily. "But I thought you were going to paint everything beige, not white."

"This is only the primer," Roger replied. "I still have to finish this room and I haven't even started painting in the other room yet. Tomorrow I'll do the ceilings in a better white and then put the color on the walls and paint the trim."

Janice nodded as she looked around. It was hard to believe that just a short time ago these rooms were totally gutted. They looked nothing at all like they had just a few days ago. "But it still looks like you should be finished easily by Saturday morning."

Roger shook his head. "Not really. It's going to be awfully close. I've also got to set up the closets and hang the closet doors and light fixtures. And as I said, I haven't even started priming the walls in the other room yet. I'm still worried about getting it all done before then."

Janice nodded as she continued to gaze around the white expanse of the room. And then her gaze fell on him… and his bootless feet. “Mr. Brinkley. Where are your boots?”

“They were hurting my feet,” he replied, “so I took them off.”

“That will never do!” Janice declared sternly with a shake of her head. “I bought you those boots to wear, and wear them you shall! Now go put them on… immediately!”

Oh hell! Roger put his painting tools down and walked out of the room he was working on and into the other room… followed closely by Janice.

Janice watched him closely as he sat on the floor and put the boots back on again. As he was zipping the second boot up again, she said, “Mr. Brinkley, since you don’t seem to be as attached to those nice boots as I hoped you would be, I think you need a little more time in them to become more attached. You will sleep in those boots… and you will continue to keep them on your feet until I say otherwise. The only exception of course, is when you are in the shower. But at all other times, I expect to see those boots on your feet! And since I get the feeling that you don’t appreciate the practicalness of those boots, then tomorrow I shall look for some alternative footwear for you to wear this next week as well. Perhaps a few days in something with a much more delicate heel will change your thinking about those boots!”

Alternative footwear? “I’m sorry, Mrs. Brinkley,” Roger said quickly. “I simply didn’t realize that you didn’t want me to remove them when I’m still working. I won’t do it anymore. I promise.”

Janice shook her head. “Get back to work and finish what you’re doing, Mr. Brinkley. It’s getting late and I want to go to bed. You of course, still have to polish those boots before you can go to sleep. And as I said, you will continue to wear them whenever you’re not in the shower!”

Before Roger could protest, she was gone. Wear them all the time? Alternative footwear? He shuddered at each thought.

For the first time in weeks, he didn’t sleep naked. Well, not exactly naked. He was naked… except for the knee–hi hose and the freshly polished boots on his feet. Because of those boots, his ankle was free from the chain for once… although the rest of his body wasn’t free from it at all since it was now cuffed to his right wrist instead. She simply wasn’t going to let him go unchained at night.

But in the very early, still dark hours of the morning, he was awakened by pain. Those freshly polished boots on his feet began hurting like nothing he ever imagined. It was as if they were suddenly way too tight!

His brain was at war with itself. He wanted desperately to remove the boots so he could get some relief… but as she herself had chained him up for the night, she had expressly told him he could not remove the boots for any reason. So now, despite how badly he wanted to remove the stupid boots, he simply couldn't. As much progress as he seemed to be making toward ridding himself of her miserable compulsions to do whatever she wanted, he still could not defy her orders. Not yet at least. But he was still working on it. The grey wall had diminished to just a sometime thing again, and even the girls in class hadn't sent quite so many cold pains into his tortured cock every time he looked at one of them. Although Jennifer White still had that dreaded effect on him.

The pain in his feet wouldn't let him sleep. He had to have some relief. In desperation, he got to his feet, and discovered that standing up in the boots helped to relieve much of the pain. The new position was somewhat of a relief. He wanted desperately to straighten out his foot… or better still to bend his toes. But the miserable boots prevented that kind of movement totally. He stood and paced the bathroom for about five minutes before he laid back down on the floor again… and covered his naked body with the bath towel. The brief change in position had helped… somewhat. But could he go back to sleep now? Restless, he tried.

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice's voice called from the bathroom doorway. "Wake up!"

"Huh?" Roger jerked at the sound, realizing that he had actually managed to fall asleep.

"You said last night you needed to get as early a start as possible on those rooms to finish them." She came all the way into the bathroom and unlocked his wrist from the chain. "I suggest you get yourself cleaned up and get busy."

"Yeah," Roger managed to mumble sleepily as he tried to lever himself to a standing position. His mind was totally foggy, and his body felt much the same. For Roger, the long lingering shower he took that morning was an extra welcome treat… if only because it was a few minutes when he could be out of those miserable boots! And just the chance to bend his ankles and toes a little bit was a very welcome opportunity. Unfortunately, all too soon, he was back in the silly boots again.

"Oh Carol, I think that one looks lovely on you! What do you think?"

"Yeah, Momma," Carol agreed as she looked at herself in the mirror. They had been out shopping all morning now while Roger was painting her new room. First they had picked out new bedding for the temporary bed that would be in the room and now they were

buying her a new dress to wear to church Easter Sunday. Actually, Carol only somewhat liked the dress, but since her mother liked it on her so much, she was more than willing to wear the thing. Besides, it did look pretty good on her. She would just prefer something a bit more… sexy.

Once the dress was purchased, Janice took her daughter to a large shoe store to find shoes to go with the dress, a delightful process that took a very long time. But while they were there, Janice kept a close eye out for a new pair of shoes for Roger as well. And as Carol was trying on another pair, she spotted some that she deemed – perfect! As soon as Carol was satisfied with the shoes she wanted, Janice grabbed a box of the type she wanted for Roger in his size.

"What are those for?" Carol asked a she saw her mother grabbing another box of shoes.

"For Mr. Brinkley," Janice explained. "He doesn't seem as fond of his new boots as I hoped he would be. So I thought that making him wear these for a while might help him see the light."

Carol stopped her mother long enough to open the box and peek inside. She giggled all the way to the register.

Roger was sorely tempted to hurry the job along by just putting one coat of paint on the walls. But he knew that if he did that then the white primer underneath would show through all too much for his taste once the paint dried – and shrunk. Besides, if you're going to do the job at all, then it should be done right. And two coats of paint was the right thing to do. So it took him all day to properly paint both rooms… all day of shifting his weight back and forth to try to relieve his aching feet. Obviously, Janice had no clue as to what "work" boots really were.

By the time Janice herself chained his wrist to the bathroom toilet again late that night, with the explicit instructions that he still couldn't remove his boots, he had completely finished everything in the room next to the bathroom – the room that would be Carol's bedroom. The only things left to do in the other room were to install the closet shelf, the bar for the clothes, and hang the closet doors. The work of less than an hour.

He was very tired, but his feet weren't just tired, they were numb. Of course, in the middle of the night, his feet went from being numb to showing just how much pain they could cause him as those stupid boots on his feet put him in total agony – again.

"Wake up time, Mr. Brinkley," Janice announced as she came into the bathroom and unlocked his wrist from the chain. "It's a special day today," she said brightly, "and we still have much to do before Carol gets here. You get yourself cleaned up, and I'll get breakfast ready." With that, she turned and headed directly for the kitchen.

Ugh! Breakfast. Breakfast eaten like a dog – from a dog bowl on the floor – without the use of his hands. Ugh! Roger wasn't sure what time it was as he climbed to his feet, but it seemed like morning came a lot faster than he thought it would. But then, chained to the bathroom toilet as he had been, he had no access to any kind of clock to actually see what time it was. The dim light filtering through the small frosted window wasn't much help either as Roger noted the light rain tapping against it. It was proving to be an amazingly wet spring. He didn't think he could ever remember one like it. He consoled himself over the fact that he wouldn't be going fishing with his friends by the fact that all this rain was going to make the fishing miserable – if they could even get into the streams. The rivers had to be getting close to flooding stage. But still, he would much rather be out there trying to fish… than having to endure being at the mercy of Janice and her daughter.

All that went through is head, as his body automatically began going through the motions of getting shaved before jumping into the shower – the only time he was allowed out of his stupid new "work" boots.

As he rinsed his body clean under the water spray, his mind started to remember what was going on today. Carol would be moving in for good later today. That was bad. But before that could happen, the house was going to be full of people. The men were coming to install the new carpeting in the bedrooms… as well as the men who would be delivering some new furniture for the rooms as well. And then there would also be the guy from the Child Welfare agency sometime this afternoon. With all those people coming into the house, would Janice still make him keep his stupid new "work" boots on? Not to mention his equally stupid bra with the socks stuffed inside of it. He didn't see Janice allowing him anywhere near any of them in his silly attire – especially the guy from the Child Welfare agency. He just didn't see it at all! So he was hopeful that he would soon be out of his stupid boots again – at least for a little while.

As he was getting dressed, his mind roamed over another possibility. They were delivering new furniture today as well… for both rooms! Would he actually get to sleep in a bed after this? He was hoping that with Carol living in the house that Janice would much rather have the bathroom free for her in case she needed it during the night. He could only hope about the bed!

Once he was dressed to finish working on the rooms, he made his way out to the kitchen, where he found his dog bowl already filled with breakfast cereal. Ugh! It was awfully demeaning to have to eat all your meals like a dog. And now with school out, he didn't even have the respite of being able to eat normally during lunch. No, eating like a dog was definitely getting old. But he was also glad that she was feeding him normal "human" food. He had seen the cans of dog food she had just waiting for him on the shelf. When his dog bowl was empty, he climbed to his feet, and gratefully accepted the cup of coffee she handed to him… which he carried straight back to the bedroom area to drink as he continued working.

He was still hanging the closet doors when a noise outside made him glance through the window. There was a van pulling into the driveway with a trailer behind it loaded with the new carpeting. He hurried out and found Janice already looking through the living room window at the approaching workers. “Mrs. Stokely,” he said to get her attention.

“They got here early!” Janice said excitedly. “I was hoping they would!”

“Yes,” Roger replied. “But now that they’re here, wouldn’t it be better if I took off these boots and removed the socks from my bra?”

Janice looked at him with and expression of mocked surprise. Mocked, because she had actually been expecting the question from him. “Not at all Mr. Brinkley. Those items will remain – both of them! I’m afraid you’re going to have to get used to other people seeing you in them.”

Roger was horrified! “Other people?”

“Of course, Mr. Brinkley. As I’ve told you before, those items will remain from now on… except of course for your bra during school hours… once you finish my little hiding place that is. But at all other times, those items are now a permanent part of your wardrobe.” The smile she leveled at him was positively evil. “So get used to it!”

Nearly shaking with nervousness, Roger retreated to the safety of the room he was still working in. As he entered the hallway though, he could see that the chain was now missing from the bathroom at the end of the hall. Well, that was one good thing that was gone. But would it stay gone?

Pure chaos reigned in the house from that point. Total chaos! Since it was lightly raining outside, the workers carried all the plastic wrapped carpeting into the house and set it down in the living room. Janice directed them to start in the room that would be Carol’s room first… while Roger tried to stay out of sight in the other bedroom. But staying out of sight wasn’t all that easy. He couldn’t miss some of the odd stares he got from both the carpet layers every time they saw him.

While they were working in one room, Roger finished in the other bedroom and then just “hid out” for a while. But he couldn’t hide that long because in order for the carpet layers to do their job in the room he was in, all his things had to be removed from the room first. And the only place he could put all his belongings was in the living room. So bag by bag, armload after armload, he carried everything he owned out of that bedroom and stacked it into the living room where it would be out of the way, having to step over mounds of carpeting and carpet padding in his high heeled boots in the process. Fortunately, the carpet layers mostly stayed back in Carol’s bedroom where they didn’t have to see him… as much.

But before he could finish with that, a knock on the door hailed the arrival of the new furniture. With the carpet not quite done yet in the first bedroom, they had to bring the new furniture into the living room as well… and Roger was forced to move his belongings into the kitchen instead – where he used everything to hide his dog bowl from the sight of anyone who happened to walk in that far.

There were now four strange guys in the house who had all seen his "pert" little breasts and the women's boots on his feet. Fortunately, they were all fairly busy with their work so they didn't have time to linger at the strange sight of him.

Carpet laying in a small room doesn't take very long, and shortly after Roger got all his things moved from the living room into the kitchen, the workers started laying the carpet in the second bedroom and since the furniture movers were still there, they carried one bed and mattress combination, and one dresser back to the now finished bedroom where they set everything up. Roger hid out in the kitchen while Janice was directing operations in Carol's room. He took the opportunity to pour himself another cup of coffee.

The furniture movers soon finished and it was just down to the two men laying the carpet in the second bedroom… and the furniture in the living room that still needed to be moved. By the time Roger had finished his coffee, the carpet layers were packing everything up. Unfortunately, Janice came looking for him then, asking him to please move the furniture that was still in the living room to the second bedroom. Roger had no choice but to take his "pert" little breasts and his shiny women's boots and start assessing the job he needed to do… while the carpet workers were still there.

Once again, both workers looked him over all too carefully as Roger did his best to ignore them while he checked out the rooms with the new carpet and took a look at the furniture that needed to be moved. The carpet layers delayed leaving for a few moments as they watched him carrying the bed frame pieces back through the hallway in those high–heeled boots. When all the workers were finally gone, Roger breathed a small sigh of relief… before tackling carrying the twin–size mattresses back to put on the bed frame. Surprisingly, his boots weren't proving to be any hindrance to him at all as he moved everything. And fortunately, they weren't even hurting him today.

Janice directed Roger as to where to put everything, just as she had directed the men who delivered the furniture where to set it up in Carol's room. Not that it mattered too much. In a few days, all this furniture would be gone and would be replaced with brand–new furniture… well, at least in Carol's room. She wasn't sure yet what she was going to put in Roger's room, but she had some faint ideas for that.

She had desperately wanted to go and pick up Carol earlier, but things had gotten so hectic that it had been impossible. But now that the workers were all gone and the furniture was

all in place, she had nothing to stop her from finally going after her daughter. She phoned Carol quickly as she grabbed her new raincoat and headed for the car. Over the phone, Carol told her she was all packed. Everything she owned that was at the foster home, which wasn't much, was sitting by the front door and was ready to go. Finally Carol was going to be officially transferred into her care again. Finally! Mr. Fitch had promised that over the phone!

Once Janice had driven off, Roger wandered back and forth between the two bedrooms. The carpeting looked nice… but in a way, it was a bit out of place since the rest of the house had all hardwood floors. But he supposed that if any rooms in the house should have carpeting in them, then the bedrooms would be a good choice. The furniture that Janice had picked out was… cheap. And he noticed that it looked used. He didn't really care that much. He was betting that he would be sleeping in the front bedroom from now on, and that room now contained a bed… and he was very much looking forward to sleeping in it – no matter how bad the mattress might be.

Now that he had seen the rooms finished, he started lugging all his stuff from the kitchen back to "his" bedroom. And once it was all in the room, he started to put some of his things in the dresser. He supposed that the bras and panties he now owned should go in the top drawer, so that's where they went. He would have hung up some of his clothes, particularly the things he wore to school, but there were no hangers in the closet yet.

He didn't get very far with his unpacking, when he heard Janice coming in through the kitchen door once again. And he could hear Carol's voice as the two of them talked. He decided to avoid them and continue putting stuff into the dresser. He tried that, until he heard Janice calling him. And he had no choice but to immediately go and see what she wanted.

"Mr. Brinkley!" Janice called. "There you are," she said as he finally came into view. "Carol's things are all in the car. Please bring everything in and carry it all into her room for us."

Roger found himself quickly ignored as the two of them headed back toward her new bedroom. He went out to the garage. The back of the car had a suitcase and a few other bags in it, but not all that much. It only took him two trips to carry it all back to her new bedroom where Janice simply asked him to set it all on the bed for them. Then while the two women discussed where to put everything, Roger headed back to his own bedroom to finish putting things into his dresser.

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice said from his doorway just a few minutes later. Then she paused as she noticed what he was doing. "Don't bother putting anything into that dresser, Mr. Brinkley," she said. "All this furniture is going back to the store in a few days."

It was all going back? Roger was a bit surprised at that. And then he wondered if she meant just the furniture in his room, or the stuff in Carol's room too. He didn't want to ask about it though.

"We're heading to the store for a few minutes," Janice continued. "We just need to get some clothes hangers for the closets."

Roger nodded. "I don't have any here either."

"I was fairly sure you didn't," Janice replied. "We'll get you some too. So while we're gone, I suggest you empty that dresser again." Without waiting for any kind of answer, she and Carol headed toward the garage while, slightly bewildered, Roger removed everything from the dresser that he had just put into it.

Janice and Carol returned a while later. Roger not only heard them coming in, but he heard Janice calling him to lunch a few moments after that. As he entered the kitchen, he noticed the bags from Burger King sitting on the table… and Carol was in the process of breaking up a hamburger and dumping the pieces into his purple dog bowl. Oh great! He stood there and watched as she finished, then took a container of fries and dumped them on top of everything.

Carol carried his purple dog bowl back to the corner. "You're lucky I don't make you beg for it," she said with an all too vicious smile.

"Not today, dear," Janice interjected. "Mr. Brinkley has worked very hard to get your new room ready for you."

"Yes Momma," Carol replied, but the glint of mischief was still in her eyes.

Roger appreciated the interference, but he would have appreciated it more if Janice had said he could eat from the table for once! A few moments later, Roger was forced to his hands and knees, where he lowered his head into the dog bowl… feeling nothing but revulsion and defeat.

Carol and her mother were in the process of hanging up her clothes when Carol happened to notice a car pulling into the driveway. "Momma!" she exclaimed, "I think Mr. Fitch is here."

Janice glanced out the window as saw the car slowly coming down the dirt driveway. "Excellent!" she declared. "And he's early!" She hurried out of the room to go meet him, but in doing so, she passed by Roger's new room and saw him putting some of his suits onto the hangers she had bought him earlier. She stopped dead and looked at him… realizing that he would never do. She wanted no excuses at all this time over Carol finally being transferred into her custody, and the way Roger was dressed might raise a few… questions. "Mr. Brinkley," she said. "I need you to remove those boots right away. Just put some of your

regular shoes on for a little while, and hurry up about it. And I'm afraid you're going to have to remove the socks from your bra as well."

For once, Roger was nothing but delighted to do as she had ordered.

Edward Fitch glanced quickly, but carefully at the house as he approached. It still looked like a rundown dump on the outside. But he was well aware of the work that had gone into it on the inside. Before he could knock on the door, he found Mrs. Stokley opening it for him and inviting him inside. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Stokley," he said as he wiped his feet as best he could before stepping onto the gleaming hardwood floors inside. He saw Carol standing anxiously nearby as he entered.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fitch," Janice replied as she closed the door behind him.

Fitch looked carefully around the room. Everything looked perfectly clean and tidy. But that wasn't why he was here. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'd like to get this over with as quickly as possible. It's a long ride home for me."

"Absolutely!" Janice agreed happily.

"I just need a quick look at her room, and that will do it," he said.

"Of course," Janice replied happily. "Right this way." She led the way toward the hallway and the bedrooms off of it. "I'm afraid it's been somewhat of a busy day today. The rooms have just been finished and we're still getting things in place."

Actually, Edward didn't care. He just wanted another kid off of his worry list. He noticed Roger in the first bedroom, and nodded his head as he followed Janice to the second bedroom. Once there, he looked around carefully. He could tell immediately that the room was more than adequate. But what he was really looking at was how good everything looked. "Was that Mr. Brinkley in the other room?" he asked.

"Why yes, why?" Janice asked.

"Because he does nice work." Fitch replied as he turned around and walked out again. But he stopped at the doorway to the other room where Roger was now standing in the doorway. "Your house looks great," he told Roger. "On the inside anyway."

Roger smiled. "Thanks," he replied. "I haven't started the outside yet."

Fitch nodded. "You should go into business doing this stuff. I've seen professional work that doesn't look half this good."

“Actually,” Janice interjected, “that’s exactly what he’s doing. As soon as school ends, he’s planning on doing this full time instead of teaching.”

Fitch nodded. “You wouldn’t happen to have any business cards, would you?” he asked Roger. “I know a few people who are always needing help with stuff like this?”

Roger shook his head. “Sorry, no cards.”

“Not yet anyway,” Janice added. “We’ll be getting some for him. We just haven’t gotten to that point yet.”

Fitch nodded. “Well send me one if you ever get any. I’ll be glad to recommend you to some of my friends.”

“Thank you,” Roger replied kindly.

“We’ll do that,” Janice added with more certainty than Fitch was prepared to hear out of her.

“Can we sign this paperwork now?” he replied. “Then I’ve still got to call Mrs. Faye and let her know that we’ve taken care of it.”

Ten minutes later, Roger watched as Janice ushered Fitch out of the door, and then watched as his car drove out of the driveway and disappeared… forever. And he knew that now Carol was a permanent part of his household just as Janice was. Or was it more like Carol and he were a part of Janice’s household. That made more sense to him.

Janice closed the front door after Fitch had left and immediately hugged her daughter. “Finally!” she declared. “All that is behind us now and we can finally be together all the time again.”

“And no more foster homes!” Carol added as she hugged her mother.

As their embrace ended, Janice noticed Roger standing in the hallway watching them. “Mr. Brinkley,” she said, “I think it’s time for you to get those little breasts of yours showing again!”

Oh darn! Roger took the hint and headed back to his new room. The sock balls were right where he left them, but what he really wanted to do was to throw the stupid things out the window. Still, not having them in his bra for even a few minutes had been a small relief. The bigger relief was getting out of those stupid high–heeled boots for a few minutes as well, but he had no doubt that she would be requiring him to put them on immediately too.

With his shirt once again showing two small bulges – where there shouldn't be any, he sat down on the bed to put his boots back on. He had just zipped up the first one when Janice and Carol both made an appearance in his doorway… and his eyes immediately noticed the shoe box that Janice had in her hands. And he immediately became more nervous.

"You can take that boot off again, Mr. Brinkley," Janice told him. "Since you're not as fond of those boots as I hoped you would be, as I told you before, I've found you some different shoes to wear for a while instead." She came fully into the room and handed the shoe box to Roger. "Maybe a few days of wearing these all the time will make you see how practical those new work boots I bought you really are."

Nervously, Roger opened the lid on the box… and died a bit as his worst fears were confirmed. Inside the box was a pair of women's high heel shoes. They were all black leather, with a thin strap going up the middle to meet another strap that would buckle across the top of his foot. And there as a second strap as well to go around his ankle. But the biggest horror of all, were the very high, very thin heels on them. The heels looked like they ended in points that couldn't be much more than a quarter inch across. And high… he figured at least five inches! He looked up at her and spoke nervously. "I can't wear these to work in. I don't even think I can stand up in them."

"I'm afraid you're going to have to learn," Janice told him in no uncertain terms. "Because those shoes are going to remain on your feet at all times until I decide otherwise… just as with your work boots. Now put them on Mr. Brinkley. Carol and I both can't wait to see how they look on you."

As if to punctuate that thought, Carol giggled.

Roger's body went through the motions of removing the boot he had just put on, even while his brain was trying to cope with this new outrageous order. He simply didn't know what to think about the situation – other than the fact that it was stupid… and dumb… and… totally ridiculous! And yet, there was still no way that he could not do as she commanded. As much as her last little "refresher" session on his brain had started to wear off now, he still found himself pulling one the women's heels out of the box… and slipping it all too easily onto his left foot… and struggling to fasten both the buckle over the top of his foot as well as the buckle at his ankle. And all too soon he was repeating the process for his right foot.

"I'm so glad they appear to fit so well," Janice noted as she saw how the shoes went onto his feet. "Those knee–hi hose you're wearing were definitely the right solution for you. Now stand up, Mr. Brinkley so we can see them as they should be."

Stand up? Roger wasn't entirely sure he could stand up in the things. He was still trying to come to grips with how strange they felt on his feet. But since she had told him to stand, he immediately began the process of trying to figure out how. Bracing his hands on the bed on

either side of him, he slowly rose to his feet. He immediately felt his feet wobbling and his arms went straight down to the bed again to balance himself. He tried to stand again, and was somewhat more successful. At least he wasn't holding onto anything. It still took him a moment to get everything under control… well, maybe not totally under control. His feet still kept wanting to wobble like crazy… and he hadn't even tried to move them yet. The shoes felt very strange to him. His feet were held at a ridiculous angle, and there was no shifting that position if he wanted to stand up. And the whole thing simply felt totally precarious.

And of course that was when Janice said, "Let me see you take a few steps in them now."

Yeah right! Nervously, he did his best to "shuffle" his left foot in front of the other, then bring his right foot past that. He was too afraid of the stupid shoes to do much more. He heard Carol giggling at him again. Let her! He doubted she could do much better in the stupid heels. He took another step… slightly better this time, then another, then another. He was walking… sort of.

"Wonderful, Mr. Brinkley!" Janice exclaimed. "I'm sure that you'll get the hang of those things in no time."

Roger turned to look at her, and almost lost his balance. He had serious doubts about ever getting the hang of "walking" in those shoes. And to make matters worse, he was already noticing how tired his toes were getting. He "walked" over to the closet door where he held on and balanced himself as he raised his left foot off of the carpeting and flexed the ankle. It felt good to do that, but what he really wanted to flex was his toes – except that he couldn't. Not at all! As he put his foot back down on the floor again, his thoughts were completely centered around one thing – he couldn't remove the shoes for any reason at all – except to take a shower. He was suddenly wishing he could spend the entire day in the shower!

"As soon as you can, Mr. Brinkley, Carol and I need you to get a ladder and help us hang some curtains in her room."

Roger watched them both leave. Get a ladder? How the heck was he supposed to climb a ladder in those shoes? For that matter, how the heck was he supposed to just carry the ladder? He could barely walk! Bracing himself wherever he could, he started slowly "clomping" his way toward the back of the house, then out onto the small back deck… where he was faced with trying to get down the stairs. Holding onto the railing for dear life, he inched his way down to the ground. But then there was nothing for him to hold onto as he slowly made his way across the yard to his workshop where he kept the small ladder. The heels on his feet kept sinking into the rain–soaked ground, making his trip all that much more difficult.

By the time he got into his workshop, he had to sit down on the stool he had near his workbench for a few minutes. He flexed his ankles over and over again, continuously feeling

the tug of the ankle straps as he did so. Once he had rested for a few minutes, he got up and grabbed the ladder, and began the arduous task of trying to carry the thing across the soft ground of the yard – without falling down. He was seriously wishing he had thought about hanging curtains before he had put the ladder away yesterday. But then, he hadn't counted on Janice Stokely forcing him into another pair of shoes… if you could even call them shoes. Torture devices was much more accurate.

The simple task that should have taken no more than three or four minutes, took far, far longer. Roger was actually proud of himself for making it all the way back to Carol's room, carrying the awkward ladder, without falling on his ass and breaking his neck!

"There you are, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as he breathlessly entered the room. "My, it certainly took you long enough!"

Roger chose not to answer!

"Did you think to bring a screw driver?"

If Roger thought his toes were hurting before, it was nothing compared to having to stand on the ladder while he screwed the curtain hardware in place. Actually, with the stupidly high heels he was wearing, the only thing he needed the ladder for was to hang the valance over top of the window. The heels made him tall enough to do everything else without the ladder. Unfortunately, he did still need it for the valance. But standing on the ladder in those shoes meant he could only stand on his toes – which were tired enough already as it was. But… having no choice, he managed it. The curtains got hung as fast as he was able and he carried the ladder back to his room so he could hang the curtains there… only to discovered a few minutes later that Janice didn't buy any curtains for his room. Oh well, at least he had a bed now. He sat down on it to ease his aching feet.

Roger was still sitting on his bed, staring down at the torturous shoes on his feet, when Janice made another appearance. "There you are, Mr. Brinkley. If you have nothing better to do, I would appreciate it if you could get started on… that special project I asked you to do."

Roger immediately knew she was referring to the hiding place he had promised to build for her. With a sigh of frustration, and his feet still hurting, he got to his feet again. At least he could stand better in the stupid shoes now. But how the heck was he supposed to get any work done in them? He supposed he was about to find out. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Since he wouldn't be hanging any curtains in his room, he carried the ladder outside since he was heading that way anyway.

Roger was currently having no problem at all with walking in his new shoes. But that was only because he was crawling around on the ground underneath his house. The really difficult part had been trying to lug the big piece of ductwork around that had been specially made

for him. That had been a real exercise in stupidity. The shoes didn't allow him to get nearly the traction he needed to pull the thing to where he needed it to be – despite the way they continually dug all too deeply into the ground.

It had taken him a long time to cut the giant hole in the top of the ductwork, but that wasn't the fault of the shoes. Something like that would have taken him a long time anyway. One end of the thing was already completely open, but the other end was totally closed. The second hole that he cut in that closed end was just slightly bigger than the small ducting that was already running underneath the master bedroom of the house. And now that he had modified the thing the way he wanted it, he was crawling under the house, trying to get the thing at least close to where he needed it to be.

"Mr. Brinkley!"

He turned and looked out the opening under the house to see Carol peering at him.

"Dinner time, Mr. Brinkley. And Momma wanted me to remind you to wash your hands."

Roger nodded. "I'll be right there," he said as he started crawling back out from under the house. He was getting a lot better now at walking in the stupid shoes. He still held on for dear life going up the back steps, but he did it much, much easier.

"How is it going, Mr. Brinkley?" Janice asked as he started through the kitchen towards the bathroom.

He paused to nod his head. "Pretty good so far. It's not going to be an easy job though by any means."

"Just so long as it gets done right," Janice replied. She stared at him. "Mr. Brinkley, I do hope you have some black shoe polish. Those beautiful brand new shoes of yours are getting filthy!"

"It can't be helped!" Roger complained. "The ground is all muddy. It would be much better if I didn't have to wear them."

"But you do have to wear them Mr. Brinkley. And you will continue to wear them. So I suggest you wipe them off as best you can while you're washing your hands, then tonight you're going to make sure they're perfectly polished… just as you're going to do with your boots as well."

Roger wanted to roll his eyes, but he forced himself not to. He merely nodded his head instead and headed for the bathroom. He wiped his shoes off a bit and washed his hands, then made his way back to the kitchen where he found his food already cut up and waiting

for him in his dog bowl. He didn't have to be told anymore. He sank to his knees in front of it and waited for Janice to say grace. Then he lowered his head to the bowl and without the use of his hands, ate his dinner as quickly as he could. He simply wanted to get out of that humiliating position.

As soon as he could, he got up from the floor and grabbed the cup of now semi–warm coffee that Janice had left in a mug for him. He carried it outside to his workshop to drink – where he could sit to take the strain off of his toes.

Roger was just preparing to drill some "marker" holes up through the floor of the house when he heard Janice calling him from the back door. He crawled out from under the house to see what she wanted now.

"Mr. Brinkley," she said when she saw him finally appear, "Will you be working much longer? It's going to be getting dark soon."

Roger nodded. It was getting late. He hadn't noticed because he had several lights rigged up under the house so he could see better. As much as he'd like, it would probably be best if he stopped for the night before going any further. What he needed to get into next would be better done during the day. "I just need to turn the lights off and close up the opening here," he replied. He saw her nod then leave. He was ready to stop for the evening anyway. He was really looking forward to going to bed tonight – in an actual bed for a change. He was definitely tired of sleeping on the hard bathroom floor.

He soon made his way inside and went directly to the bathroom where he washed his hands and did his best to clean his new shoes – that had turned his toes totally numb now. If he could just flex his feet a bit! But they were locked into the most hellish position possible. And women wore these things all day? Ugh! Since Janice didn't seem to need him for anything, he found his black shoe polish in the laundry room and carried it back to the bedroom where he sat on the floor and stared working on polishing the shoes he was wearing – and couldn't take off. He would still have to do his boots next.

Once his new shoes were gleaming, he started working on the boots he had been wearing earlier. Since he wasn't wearing them and could more easily reach them, he sat on the bed instead of the floor. But as he worked, he wondered if he could ask about blankets and possibly a pillow for the bed. Leaving the boots unfinished, he got up and made his way into the living room where Janice and Carol were watching TV.

Janice saw Roger waiting to talk with her. "What is it, Mr. Brinkley?" she asked softly so as not to disturb Carol watching the program.

"I was wondering if I could have any blankets or maybe even a pillow for my bed."

Janice pursed her lips. Then she got up from her chair and led the way back to his bedroom. She saw that most of his clothes were now hung up in the closet, but there were still bags of things that should go into the dresser – that she couldn't allow him to use yet since it would be going back to the store soon. Carol's dresser and bed would also be going back, but as far as she was concerned, Carol could use them all she wanted while she had them.

She sat on his bed. "I see you've been busy," she said. "Most of your things are hung up nicely and your new shoes look very good again. Are you done with your boots yet?"

"Not yet," he replied. "I'm still working on them."

She nodded and said, "Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley. Sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley. Sleep and obey."

Roger's head suddenly went spinning. He had no defense… not that any defense was even possible as his brain suddenly started sinking deeply into trance… even as Janice kept saying those dreaded words over and over again. Then she was saying other words to sink him deeper. Deeper and deeper… deep into a hypnotic trance.

She had taken him by surprise again. As strong as she suspected his mind was, it was much safer to do it this way. He would have no chance at all to fight her… just as he had no chance tonight. She was glad to see how well his conditioning had immediately taken over and how easily she had been able to take full control of him. She worked with him for a while, making sure he was deeply hypnotized. She switched places with him so that he was the one sitting on the bed and she was standing. Then she went through every bit of his former instructions, making sure that everything was still firmly set in his mind – and that it would remain firmly set.

It took a little while, but going over everything he was supposed to remember was something that had to be done… once again. Soon, very soon, she would be giving him more instructions, but tonight wasn't the time. Now that Carol was living full time in the house, she spent a few extra minutes on his instructions to freeze his cock whenever he became sexually excited. She also reinforced the idea that he had to follow all of Carol's orders just as much as her own… with the caveat that Carol's orders would always be secondary to her own orders.

Once she was sure that everything was firmly planted in his brain once again, she woke him up.

Roger's head was spinning again. That always seemed to happen after one of Janice's little "instruction" sessions. Every time he started to get hopeful about breaking out of some of the things she had imposed on him, it seemed that she was right there, reinforcing everything

again, and making everything that much harder for him. His head finally cleared, but all he was capable of doing was to stare up at her.

"Now, Mr. Brinkley," she said. "I'd like you to take the mattress and box spring off of that bed frame and lean them up against the wall. You won't be using them. Until I decide otherwise, you will continue to sleep naked on the floor… like an animal."

Roger's body was already moving to do as she ordered, even as her words sank in… and she walked out of the room. Like an animal? Well at least the carpeted floor would be a lot softer and much more comfortable than the tile bathroom floor had been. And at least there was no chain anymore to fasten him to the toilet. He might not be able to sleep in the bed, but he would be much more comfortable.

It was growing late when the TV show Janice and Carol had been watching finally ended. Janice looked over at her daughter. "Bedtime dear. Tomorrow is Easter Sunday. And after the busy day we've had today, I'm hoping that tomorrow will be much easier."

"I'm just glad to be with you all the time," Carol said as she got out of her chair and hugged her mother."

"Carol dear," Janice said as soon as their embrace had ended, "would you do me a favor please. I know how much you enjoy putting Mr. Brinkley in some very… uncomfortable positions. We can't chain him in the bathroom anymore since I want you to be able to go in there anytime you like. But I'd still like him to be confined to his room a little more than he is now. The chain is still under the bathroom sink, will you take care of that little chore for me?"

Carol beamed. "Gladly, Momma!"

Janice had thought that would be her answer. Everything had gone so perfectly all day. Well, almost everything. The one thing she was still worried about was that she still hadn't heard back from Mr. Wu. And that was beginning to become a much bigger worry to her.

Roger was naked again… except for the painful and stupid high heel shoes that might just as well have been locked onto his feet. For all he wanted to remove the crazy things, he simply couldn't do it. Giving up on that possibility, he laid down on the soft carpeting. He pulled some of his flannel shirts over top of him to use as a blanket. A couple of his old sweatshirts were folded up for him to use as a pillow. He laid down. It was the best bed he had had in quite a while.

He was just drifting off to sleep when his door opened. He quickly raised his head as Carol switched on the light… and he could see the heavy chain in her hands. Oh no!

Carol was enjoying herself. She didn't know why… in fact she didn't even bother to wonder about the whys… but she simply enjoyed tying him up in whatever interesting ways she could think of. She saw him raising his head up from his makeshift pillow as she entered the room. He had some shirts pulled over top of him instead of a blanket. Those really high heels were still strapped on his feet – where she knew her mother wanted them to remain. "Just stay there," she told him.

She set everything in her hands down on the floor. Then she grabbed the shirts from his body and threw them aside. She didn't have any rope tonight, so she couldn't get very creative in what she would do with him. Besides, her mother had kind of sprang this on her quickly so she didn't really have any time to think about what she wanted to do, but foremost, she figured she should keep his hands away from his feet so he couldn't remove those shoes. "Roll over," she ordered.

Fearful, Roger rolled over onto his stomach. Why? Why couldn't Janice just let him sleep without being chained up?

Carol went back to her pile of things on the floor and grabbed just the handcuffs. She brought them back to him, then sat down right on his back. She grabbed his left arm and pulled it behind him and fastened the cuffs to it. A moment later, both his hands were fastened behind his back. He couldn't easily get at his feet now to remove the shoes. With that taken care of, she got off of him and grabbed the heavy chain she had brought in with her. She wrapped it several times around parts of the bedframe, then brought the rest of it over to him. Not knowing if it would work or not, she bent his knees and tightly wrapped the chain several times around his lower legs, then she let his legs drop back to the floor before running the chain up through his handcuffs and pulling the chain tightly back to his ankles again. Then she took the lock and fastened the chain that way. Nodding with satisfaction, she was fairly sure he would stay that way all night.

"Good night, Mr. Brinkley," she said with all too much delight in her voice. "Sleep tight!"

Ugh! Roger watched the light go out and the door get shut. Sleep tight! Tight was right. He was very uncomfortable. And he had a feeling that just trying to get out of however she had wrapped him up was going to prove impossible. He wanted to pound his fists against the floor in frustration, but that was also impossible. He was tempted to pound his head against the floor instead, but he figured that would only hurt him more than he already hurt. He laid his head down on the floor. When he had rolled over, he had rolled slightly away from the sweatshirts he was going to use as a pillow. Now he couldn't even reach them.

It was going to be a long, difficult night!

Chapter 16.

Tears fell from Roger's eyes… not that anyone would notice. His room was dark since it was the middle of the night… or perhaps all too early in the morning. But the sun wasn't up yet, so to Roger, it was still night. The tears were from many things. Defeat. Humiliation. Frustration. Agony. To name just a few.

Defeat because she had once again reinforced all those horrible things he now lived with: the miserable steel wall that held all his will power to disobey her on the other side, the command that made his cock freeze miserably every time he saw a pretty woman… or girl, and the added knowledge that no matter what, his first concern would always be to protect them… despite how much he would rather kill both of them.

He felt humiliated by so much of his life now as well. Having to eat all his meals from a dog bowl on the floor without the use of his hands. Having to wear silly frilly panties instead of his normal underwear all the time. Having to wear a bra all the time with balled up socks inside of it to give him the outer illusion of breasts. Having to wear the stupid high–heeled boots she had bought him as work boots… and now of course the new horror of the miserable high heeled shoes strapped to his feet – that he wasn't allowed to remove for any reason at all. Not to mention the humiliation of having to sleep naked and chained up every night.

He had so much frustration in his life. Frustration over all the many things that had been done to him… things that had insured his cooperation no matter how much he hated it. Frustration over not being able to tell the authorities what had been done to him, not only because her conditioning had made that impossible, but because if he did, he would soon find himself in jail for things he never did in the first place. A total no win situation! He also felt frustration over having to quit teaching – a job he really loved. And of course, right now he was frustrated by being chained horribly and very uncomfortably… as well as frustrated over not being able to remove the miserable high–heeled shoes from his feet.

And then there was the agony. The agony of being unable to fight Janice Brinkley. The agony of having to endure whatever torments she decided. The agony of having his entire life ruined. And right then, the very major painful agony from the shoes currently destroying his feet.

If only he could just move. If only he could just remove those stupid shoes… even for a few minutes. But he knew perfectly well that even if he wasn't chained like he was, the shoes would remain strapped firmly to his feet… as if they were glued there. Only while he was in the shower – it was the only time the shoes could be removed from his feet. He wondered if he should feel lucky to get even those few minutes… but somehow he didn't feel lucky about that at all.

He thought briefly about crying out… asking for help. Asking them to please release him… or at least please do something to relieve some of his pain or discomfort. But he had seen first–hand what Carol was capable of doing if he annoyed her in any way. And her mother was even worse. He didn't want to face what either of them might do to him if he disturbed them in any way.

With his hands chained behind his back… the chain from the cuffs stretching down to his ankles where his legs were wrapped in the chains that went from there to the bed frame a few feet away. He couldn't move very well at all. He had discovered during the night that he could roll over onto his side, but the change of position quickly grew just as tiring and he rolled onto his stomach again… only to roll to his other side a few minutes later… only to roll onto his stomach again. It was a never ending battle. Every few minutes he tried to relieve the hurt by moving some, only to find that it didn't help at all. It made for a very, very long night.

He had dozed though. A little. Full sleep was nearly impossible, but at least he had managed to doze some. He was praying now for morning… praying for Janice or Carol to come and release him. Praying for the time he could get into the shower when he could finally remove the shoes that now had both his feet feeling like they were filled with pins and needles. That is, he would get into the shower if he could still walk to get there. But even crawling was now acceptable to him. In fact, in might even be preferable. He just wanted to be free. Free from the shoes. Free from the chains. Free from Janice and her monster of a daughter. Free!

But freedom was impossible.

He closed his eyes and tried to sleep again. And soon rolled onto his side. A bit later, he rolled to his other side. But at least he dozed… some.

With no curtains on the window, he was more aware than ever of the sun coming up. But as much as he prayed for a quick release, it wasn't happening. It seemed like hours before he heard the alarm going off in a distant part of the house – his old alarm in his old bedroom… now Janice's bedroom. Would she come in and release him now? But instead he heard her going into Carol's room and lovingly waking her. He expected to be released then, but nobody opened his bedroom door. He was stuck right where he was. Were they ever going to release him?

He heard Carol come out of her bedroom and go into the bathroom. He waited and waited. She was in there a very long time – probably taking a shower… or a bath. But when she came out, she didn't come release him. She went back to her own room instead and he was stuck waiting again. And waiting. And waiting. He heard a door opening, then a moment later, his door was opened – finally!

Janice peeked inside Roger's room. He was still chained up the way Carol had left him last night… unable to move. The position didn't look very comfortable, but she didn't care in the least. He was still where he was supposed to be and that's all she cared about. Not saying a word, she closed the door again and headed to the kitchen. It was Easter Sunday. A holiday. More, it was the first full day that Carol would be back with her again – forever! She decided a special breakfast was in order.

Roger died when Janice never said a single word to him. She just left him there and closed the door again. Ugh! Why wouldn't she release him?

He heard Carol come out of her room and pass right by his door. Then he heard nothing at all for a while. Finally, he heard footsteps coming back down the hall again and his door being opened. He saw Carol come in. Would she finally release him? Please???

Carol was glad to see Roger still trussed up exactly as she had left him. She was glad because he looked so uncomfortable, and she was glad because she hadn't had time to really think up a good way to secure him. Maybe the next time her mother asked her to do it she could come up with something better. She bent over him and unlocked his handcuffs, then she went down to where the lock was on the chain and opened that as well. "Momma says to get your shower now and get dressed. And you better hurry up about it because we've got church today." She giggled slightly. "Momma said to remind you not to forget your little breasts under your suit… and of course you'll still have to wear those very pretty shoes you've got on. I'm sure you must really love them! Now hurry up!" she commanded. With a giggle, she left him and headed back to the kitchen.

The command to hurry up couldn't be ignored, just as he couldn't ignore any of her other commands. But could he even stand up now… let along walk into the bathroom? His feet were totally numb, but by holding onto the bed frame, he was able to climb his way to his feet. It was a moment though before he attempted walking.

He usually shaved before he showered, but today he was considering taking his shower first – just to get out of the shoes a few minutes earlier. But doing that would only land him in the shoes again sooner rather than later. So since it wouldn't make that much of a difference, he shaved before taking the time to sit on the toilet seat and finally work on unstrapping the miserable torture devices from his feet. Once he had the left shoe unstrapped, he grabbed it and had to pull it off of his foot. His foot didn't hurt any less. He tried to bend his toes, and for a moment, he couldn't. But painfully, his toes did finally bend. Painfully, and wonderfully. He flexed his entire foot over and over again, loosening the muscles up until they worked once again. And then he finally attacked the right foot where he had to repeat the entire process before he could get into the shower.

A white shirt with a dark red tie. His charcoal sports jacket and a slightly darker shade of pants. He would have felt almost normal if it wasn't for the frilly pink panties he was wearing

underneath – coupled with a bra with balled up socks in each of the cups… and lest he forget, women's knee–hi hose and black very high heeled shoes strapped to his feet. And she expected him to go to church this way? Of course she did!

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice called as she headed down the hallway. She got to his room and opened the door. "There you are." She took a moment to look him over. "I must say, you did a good job of selecting which clothes to wear to day. Those trousers go very nicely with your new shoes. They could be an inch or two longer, but other than that, I think they go very nicely."

Roger also felt that his pants could be longer – so that they would completely cover the stupid shoes he was wearing so they wouldn't be seen as much. As it was, his pants only came down just below his ankle, hiding the top strap around his ankle, and not much more.

"Come along, Mr. Brinkley. Carol and I have already eaten breakfast and yours is still waiting for you. You're going to need to hurry and eat while we're finishing getting ready."

After her little "refresher" training last night, Roger's body was already moving before he realized it. A minute later, he was dropping to his hands and knees and lowering his head into his dog bowl to eat – pancakes! With maple syrup! Very good – and very messy! Despite how he was forced to eat, his breakfast actually tasted good.

The long ride to church was the same as it was the week before, except this time Roger was overly anxious about getting out of the car in the shoes he had on. He absolutely couldn't understand how Janice would want him to go to church dressed as he was. It was… unthinkable! Yet it appeared that he was doing it. But as tired as he was from not sleeping well all night, it was the fear over what he was about to be doing that kept him awake through the entire drive there.

The parking lot of the "Free Spirit Nondenominational Church" was far more packed today than it had been last week. He figured that it was so crowded only because it was Easter Sunday and everyone had come out for the holiday. Despite the cloudy skies, Roger could see a lot of people standing around and talking outside of the place. Couldn't they get inside… where they wouldn't have to see him walking up there in his stupid shoes?

The closest parking spot that Janice could find was quite a ways from the entrance to the makeshift church. She and Carol got out of the car happily. Roger forced himself to get out… not so happily. He hung back, following nervously behind as they headed across the parking lot. He could hear his stupid high heels making similar sounds to the shoes both Janice and Carol were wearing. Hopefully, the noise of their shoes would hide the sound of his. He felt so embarrassed it wasn't funny… and they hadn't even gotten close to the place yet.

As they approached, he saw more and more heads start to turn in their direction… and more and more smiles on the faces of the people. Fortunately, he was sure that they were only looking at Janice and Carol. But that didn't last long as he saw a few faces suddenly looking all too strangely at him. He could feel his face turning red as he now stared mostly down toward the pavement that his stupid high heels were traversing.

"Janice!" a friendly female voice called.

Roger looked up to see a woman and a man looking at them. The woman was holding her arms out toward Janice, who immediately went up and hugged her. Roger held back, ashamedly, while the woman and her husband spoke briefly with Janice and Carol. But shortly after that greeting, the woman turned toward him.

"Oh," Janice told her, "this is a friend… Roger Brinkley."

Roger was forced to say hi, and oddly, shake the hand of the man with the woman.

"Always nice to see a new face here," the man told Roger.

"Thanks Roger replied as he took in how carefully the man was assessing his appearance – from his head all the way down to his feet. But fortunately, other than that, nothing was said about the "odd" way that he was dressed.

Following Janice, he gradually made his way into the building itself, which was even more crowded. Inside, he was again very aware of the large mixture of people there. People of all types – including the obvious transvestites who he noticed were all looking him over all too interestedly.

He was hanging back again, while Janice was talking with yet more friends, when someone suddenly patted his arm. He turned and found himself face to face with… a group of those transvestites… or transsexuals… he wasn't sure which.

"We saw you here last week!" one of the "less" obvious ones said to him – in an all too breathy voice that sounded mostly gay to Roger. "We're so glad you came back again."

Roger nodded. "Yeah, I was here last week," he confirmed. Then just for something else to say, he added, "I was quite taken by how well your minister spoke."

"Oh she is good!" another of them replied.

Roger noticed one of them staring all too intently at his shoes. Of course "he" was wearing a very colorful dress and high heels himself… not to mention that he was made up totally as

a woman… more or less convincingly. Since the "person" was staring so intently at his shoes, Roger braved shoving his left foot forward a bit so the "person" could see it better.

"I really, really love your shoes," the "person" said as he continued to stare at them.

Roger was saved from saying thanks, when another of them spoke up. "You know, one of the great things about this church is that nobody here judges anyone else. Everyone is different – all of us. And we seem to celebrate that spirit here. So honey, I can see that you're trying to be brave and go slow about what you're wearing, but if next week you'd like to show up in a dress, honey, nobody will say anything bad about it at all. Trust me!"

Roger saw the others nodding their agreement… and he could feel himself blushing again. Not knowing what else to say, he replied, "Uh… thanks." He certainly hoped that Janice wouldn't make him wear a damn dress next time, but he never knew what she would do. The damn woman was capable of absolutely anything!

Despite it being a holiday, and the church being much more crowded, the service itself was much as it was last week. And once again Roger found what the woman preacher talked about to be both interesting… and inspirational. Not that any of it would do him any good.

There was more greeting and a few more nervous handshakes after the service… and a few people commenting about his new shoes… and another person who told him not to worry about feeing self–conscious there – yeah right! And when it was over, Roger was more than glad to get back into the car again – and out of sight.

"I noticed you're starting to collect some friends, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as she started the car. "I think that's wonderful!"

Friends? That was the last thing that Roger wanted to think about the people he had met. He wasn't sure he wanted that kind of "friends" at all. But at least they had all been somewhat kind to him and as they all had said, nobody there had seemed to laugh or even look down at him in any way at all. And that thought was very comforting.

"I'm afraid that since this is Easter Sunday," Janice said as she turned the car onto the interstate, "that most of the restaurants will be either closed or overly crowded, so I'll just fix us something light for dinner when we get home."

Roger was glad. The last place he wanted to go was somewhere else in public. Especially since anywhere else would only be that much more embarrassing. Now that church was over with and all the worry was behind him, Roger fell sound asleep in the back of the car for the rest of the trip home. He didn't wake up until Janice herself woke him – after she had pulled into the garage.

"Mr. Brinkley," she said as Roger was heading, still foggy–headed, toward his bedroom to change into his work clothes. Roger turned back to hear what she wanted now. "Don't bother putting your work clothes on," she told him. "This is Easter Sunday and I'll not have you working today."

Roger was very surprised. And immediately he started hoping he could get in a good nap!

"Since you won't be working," she continued, "just take those clothes off and you can stay naked all day. Except for those pretty shoes of course," she added with an all too obvious grin.

Naked? All day? Why not? It was no worse than much of what he had been through lately. In fact, it was no problem to him at all. He just wished he could get out of the stupid shoes he was wearing. Once he was totally undressed, and since Janice hadn't given him any instructions, Roger laid down on the new carpeting in his bedroom once again – and this time using his sweatshirts for a pillow and a flannel shirt for a blanket, fell sound asleep – despite how uncomfortable the shoes were on his feet. Ahhh!

Carol had gone into the bathroom shortly after they got home. As she was coming back up the hallway, she noticed that Roger's door was still closed. He had gone in to remove his clothes as soon as they got back, but that had been a while now. Why was his door was still closed? What was he doing in there? She opened the door just to look and was surprised to see him sleeping. She was very tempted to wake him up, but decided to check with her mother first. As soon as she got to the kitchen she said, "Mom, Mr. Brinkley is sleeping."

"Are you sure?" Janice asked.

"He's snoring!"

"Oh dear," Janice said with a bit of a smile. "Did he remove his clothes like I asked?"

"Yeah. As far as I can see he's just got his shoes and those knee–hi stockings on. But he's got a shirt thrown over top of him like it's a blanket and he's using some other clothes as a pillow."

Janice thought about it and nodded. "Let him be for a little while," she decided. "I suspect that the way he was tied up all night he didn't get much sleep. And after we eat, I don't think he'll be able to do much sleeping while you're working with him."

Carol smiled broadly. She knew exactly what her mother was talking about. It was something she was very much looking forward to.

Janice allowed Roger to sleep a while longer while she and Carol enjoyed a light meal together. In fact, she left him to sleep after their lunch while she and Carol spent some time making a few "preparations." But finally, Janice decided it was time to wake him up. He did need to eat lunch after all.

"Mr. Brinkley!" Carol called from the doorway to his room. "Mr. Brinkley!" she called again, much more sternly when he didn't stir. She was glad to see him starting to wake up. "Wake up, Mr. Brinkley. Momma wants you to eat your lunch now!"

Roger, his head still very groggy, slowly came awake. Lunch? He realized he was somewhat hungry. Still somewhat sleepy, he started to work his way to his feet.

Carl smiled, but it was a wicked smile. "Don't bother getting up, Mr. Brinkley," she said. "Since you're going to be eating like a dog anyway, you can just crawl like a dog into the kitchen instead."

Oh hell! Roger's body never even paused as he found himself crawling behind Carol all the way out to the kitchen… where he found his dog bowl full of cut of chicken, and pieces of bread and… he wasn't sure what else. Not even caring, he lowered his head and began eating.

Carol watched him closely as he crawled to his bowl, then lowered his head right into it. Perfect! As far as she was concerned, the position really did seem to suit him. She sat down at the kitchen table and continued to watch him eat. She could hear her mother turning the TV on in the other room, but her mother had promised that she could have some fun with Roger today… after she took care of a little chore with him. But that was a chore that was very much part of the fun she planned. And in a way, it was the part she was looking forward to the most.

As she watched him eating, she realized that he didn't have anything to drink. Usually, after he ate, her mother had a cup of coffee or something ready for him to grab – that he usually took with him to wherever he went. But that wasn't going to work for her as well today. The solution to that little problem was easy. She grabbed a bowl from the kitchen cupboard and filled it with water. Then she set it down next to his dog bowl. "Make sure you drink all that too!" she ordered.

Roger stared in horror at the bowl of water next to him. Drink it? Like a dog? Of course like a dog. He shouldn't have expected anything different – especially from Carol. He would have liked a drink to help wash down his lunch just then, but having to drink it from the bowl was another matter. He ignored the water and finished his food first. But that didn't take all that long since he always tried to get this humiliation over with as soon as possible.

But now he had to figure out how to drink the water. Moving his head over the water bowl, he lowered it again… and tentatively reached out with his tongue to try to lick some of it up. It worked – but mostly, it didn't work. He lowered his head further, and managed to purse his lips and suck some of it up. It took a while, but he managed to get the bowl about half empty before the sides of the bowl prevented his face from going deep enough to finish the water. Having little choice, he was forced to stick his tongue out and try to lick up what he could again. Which mostly didn't work at all.

Carol was having a good time watching Roger trying to drink the water from the bowl. She wasn't as happy when he started to suck it up, but she said nothing about that. But now he was back to using his tongue again, and she liked that so much better. She saw him raise his head and look questioningly at her. "Keep going," she commanded. "I want you to drink it all!"

Ugh! Having no other choice, Roger braced himself, and shoving his face a bit harder into the too small bowl, began licking at the water once again – over and over and over and over. It seemed like forever before he managed to finally reach the bottom. He looked up at Carol, hoping that what he had finished was enough.

Carol was smiling broadly. "You did very well," she told him as she got up from her chair. "It took you long enough, but overall, you seemed to manage okay. Maybe you'll get better if you have more practice. I'll talk to Momma about that for you. I'm sure you'd like to improve your drinking skills so that they're just as good as the way you eat now." She let out a giggle at Roger's expense.

Roger was nothing but terrified by what she was saying. The damn kid was nothing but cruel! Very, very cruel! He only hoped that this time she was joking! Now that he was finished, he started to get to his feet.

"Don't get up!" Carol commanded. "You can crawl back to your room and wait for me. I'll be in to see you soon."

Ugh! Roger wasn't happy to continue crawling around like he was, but the part that worried him now was hearing that she would be coming in to see him. His plans to hopefully get in a little more sleep today suddenly weren't looking too good!

Roger reached his room again and seriously eyed the pile of sweatshirts he had used for a pillow… and seriously wished he could go back to sleep again. But knowing that Carol was on her way would spoil any chance he had to gain some rest anyway, so he sat in the middle of the floor and waited. And when Carol did come into the room, his stomach gave more than a little lurch of protest – as he saw the pile of rope she brought in with her.

Carol looked around the mostly empty room. She needed to tie him up in a specific way, but that wasn't looking too good right now. Her eyes finally lingered on the empty bedframe and a smile crossed her face. There were wooden slats running across the frame to support the mattresses that were now leaning against the wall. She dropped all her rope in a pile and started pulling the bedframe out toward the center of the room more. "Give me a hand," she told him as she struggled to shove the bulky piece of furniture around. Even with Roger on his knees, the two of them were able to move the bedframe much more easily. "That's good right there," she finally decided.

She herself removed the slats that ran across the frame, tossing them aside where they would be well out of the way. "Lay down in the middle there," she ordered.

Still on his hands and knees, Roger climbed over the low sides of the bedframe and did as he was told – nervously and unhappily, but he did it. Before long, his arms were pulled tightly and secured to each of the legs on the headboard and his legs were secured to the legs of the footboard. She had tied him spread–eagled. And then he watched as she simply walked out. Oh well, at least he was lying down and was somewhat comfortable. Closing his eyes, he did his best to relax and try to find some more sleep.

Carol stopped in the doorway and almost giggled. He was snoring again! Quietly she entered the room and set the things in her hands down on the carpet. She went back out to find her mother, who was watching another of those home repair shows on TV. "He's sleeping again!" she said quietly and with a giggle.

Janice smiled. "Oh my. Are you going to wake him?"

"I think I just start working on him. I have no doubt he'll wake up fast then."

Janice nodded and watched as Carol headed back to the bedrooms. But she was curious to watch, so she got up and followed. She didn't go fully into the room. She just stopped in the doorway – just to watch. Roger was indeed sound asleep, despite being tied the way he was to the bedframe. She watched as Carol silently grabbed her supplies and took them all over near him. As she suspected, the moment he felt the hot wax being applied to his chest, he woke up fast!

"What?" Roger exclaimed as he felt something hot suddenly hit his chest. The sensation had jolted him out of the light sleep he had been in.

Carol giggled slightly. "Shh! Just lay still," she commanded as she continued to spread the wax further. "Oh, I guess you can't do anything except lay still like that, can you?" She giggled slightly again at her own little joke.

Roger pretty much ignored her words as he bent his head to watch in horror as she continued to spread the hot wax. He fully remembered the last time she had done this to him – that had been one of the most painful things he could ever imagine having to endure. And now she was doing it to him again. His nervousness increased as she took the long strip of material and pressed it down on top of the wax. He saw her look at him with that totally delighted evil look. And then the pain erupted as she ripped the wax off. He yelled at the sudden pain, but he was quick to note that while it hurt, it wasn't nearly as bad as it was the last time. After the second strip didn't hurt as much either, he quickly figured that this time his hair hadn't had time to grow out all that much so the whole process, while bad enough, wouldn't be nearly as bad as the last time. He mentally breathed a sigh of relief – even as he jerked in pain once again as the next strip was ripped off.

Carol slowly worked her way down the entire front of his body, spending some extra time around his very sensitive genital area – that she decided to do twice even though it only needed one application. But gee, he didn't like that so much so why shouldn't she do it twice? And when she got to his feet, with her mother's permission, she removed his shoes and the knee–hi hose as well. Then she waxed the front of his feet before turning him over and securing him so that she could do his entire back as well.

Roger wasn't exactly having fun. This certainly wasn't his idea of a way to spend a holiday. Carol, on the other hand, seemed to be loving it! But then he had known from the start how cruel she could be. He was very glad though to finally have those stupid shoes off of his feet. Carol had been able to easily do what he couldn't do himself – remove the damn shoes! Now if they could just stay gone – forever!

Janice had watched the entire process, silently from the doorway. Her daughter had taken great delight in tormenting the poor man, yet she hadn't really hurt him at all. It was no more than what any woman going to a salon would have to endure. But she had promised her daughter some fun with him today – just as soon as this little chore had ended. And as she had suspected, her daughter had enjoyed this little job quite a bit.

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as Carol was beginning to tackle the knots that bound his legs to the bedframe, "I've given you to Carol to be her plaything today. I suggest you do everything you can to keep her very happy. I'm starting to get very concerned about not having another training session with your collar."

It was all she had to say. Roger immediately grew more afraid than he had been. Whatever demented things that Carol wanted to do with him today, he had better do everything he could to please her… like it or not! The last thing he wanted was another session with Janice and that dog collar. Just the thought of it frightened him nearly to death!

"Now Mr. Brinkley," Carol said as she finished untying him, "I think I'd like to see just how good a doggie you can be again."

Roger's spirits sank even lower. But then he should have expected this.

"But I think that I'd like to see how well you can manage it… without me having to resort to using those magic words to make you behave that way. So until I say otherwise, I suggest that you start thinking of yourself as my pet doggie, and that you so everything you can to act that way!"

Her pet doggie again? Ugh!

With a laugh, Carol jumped up and ran from the room. "Come on, doggie. Follow me!"

Ugh!

The TV was on, showing yet another of the home repair shows, but Janice wasn't really watching it. Her attention was focused instead on Carol playing with Roger… although to be honest, her attention was focused more on Roger himself. She had plans for him now. Drastic plans. Plans that she had never even thought of trying before – and she was quite sure she would never try again. But Roger wasn't one of her usual victims. He had never done anything to warrant the treatment she was forcing on him. She and Carol had simply forced themselves on his life – ruining it in the process. But desperate was desperate, and she had been desperate. And despite everything else, now they were here and her plans were proceeding.

She was going to have to have a talk with him soon. Unlike with her other victims, she was going to have to tell him what she wanted of him. And she knew without a doubt that he would fight it to the very end. The intense brainwashing she did with her other victims made the conversation she would have with him soon, unnecessary. Every last one of her prior victims had no chance to avoid their fate – a fate far worse than what she now hoped for Roger. She would work with the collar somewhat intensely with him – soon. But she wouldn't go nearly as far as she did with any of the other men she had ruined.

This was the first time she had used the dog shock collar for the brainwashing. She liked it a lot, but it wasn't as intensely painful as her previous methods. But there was no doubt that it did work well. Roger simply had one of the stronger minds that she had come across so far. Unless she found a way to make him accept his fate – willingly, she would have to rip that strong mind right out of him. And from everything she had seen so far, he didn't deserve that. However, leaving him as he was… as he had been before she and Carol had come into his life was simply unthinkable. She could never take that chance!

So she needed some way for him to not fight it. She needed him to, if not embrace his new fate, then at least he needed to accept what the future would hold for him. She watched as Carol threw the stuffed duck across the room again and Roger was forced to race after it and

pick it up with his mouth… and attempt to chew on it in the right spot to make the thing "quack." She smiled at the silly sight of it… and realized that the answer to her problem was staring her right in the face.

She got up from her seat and headed to her bedroom where she retrieved her notebook and a pen… and the dog collar for Roger. She carried them back to the living room with her.

Roger saw Janice coming back… and he particularly noticed the frightening collar in her hands. With the toy duck in his mouth, he stopped dead… fearfully unable to take his eyes off of Janice and that collar.

"Doggie… What are you doing?" Carol complained.

"Just give me a moment, dear," Janice told her as she approached Roger.

Roger wanted to run. He wanted to hide anywhere. He wanted to protest. But his body was locked in fear – of that collar. With wide, fearful eyes, he sat back, the stupid toy duck still in his mouth, and he stayed still as Janice herself buckled the horrible collar around his neck. And then she walked off, and the collar was still on his neck. Would she start shocking him now?

"Sorry for the interruption, dear," Janice said to Carol. "But I just thought that a dog should be wearing his collar."

Janice giggled yet again. "Thanks, Mom. I should have thought of that before." She turned her attention back to Roger. "Come on, doggie, fetch the duck."

Still not recovered from the shock of having the collar on his neck again, Roger continued bringing the stuffed duck back to Carol… where he dropped it on the floor in front of her… sat like a dog… and barked. What fun!

Janice sat in her chair again to watch Roger and Carol playing, but this time she opened her notebook. As the afternoon wound on, she occasionally jotted down notes for the future in her book. She had a lot to think about… a lot to consider… a lot to plan. Her lazy afternoon became time well spent.

Roger sat like a dog… with his hands on the floor in front of him. The stupid duck was once again in his mouth… it had been there for much of the afternoon. The stupid toy was now mostly covered in his slobber, but that was something that he couldn't do anything about. But now he was sitting – duck in mouth – staring at the closed bathroom door. Carol had demanded that he "wait" for her to come out… just as he was… and so he did. He didn't want to do anything that would cause Janice to grab the remote control for his collar. As

demeaning as it was to pretend to be Carol's pet doggie all day, he simply feared another session with Janice far, far more.

Knowing that Carol was on the other side of that door… peeing, only made his own need very apparent. But since he was completely forbidden to use any human words, he had no way to really tell Carol that he probably needed that room more than she did. And so he was starting to suffer a bit as he held his bladder back. He fully remembered the last time he had to play her "doggie." Before that had ended they had taken him outside to pee – on a leash!

The door finally opened and Carol came out. She walked right up to him and stopped, and he again dropped the duck at her feet… and barked. But this time, Carol was only looking down at him. "Get your duck, doggie," she said as she started to walk past him. "And follow me."

Roger once again had to bend down and struggle to get the stupid toy duck into his mouth. Then he turned on all fours and followed Carol out to the living room where he saw her talking to her mother. He waited patiently… well, somewhat patiently.

"Come along, doggie," Carol said again as she now headed for the kitchen.

As Roger crawled after her, he noticed Janice now getting up from her chair again. He had to follow Carol all the way out to the laundry room before she stopped. But when she stopped, he saw her open one of the cupboards over the washing machine and pull something out. Something red. He was shocked to see that it was a leash! Nearly shaking at the humiliation, he stood there – on all fours – with the stupid duck in his mouth – as Carol clipped the damn leash to his collar. And then he watched in horror as she opened the back door and headed out. And with the duck still in his mouth… and no choice now but to follow, he crawled out the door as well.

The afternoon was cool. There was a light mist in the air as if the weather couldn't decide if it was raining or not. Roger dropped the duck on the deck before he attempted to navigate down the stairs on all fours like he was.

"Get your duck," Carol ordered. "You certainly don't want to leave your favorite toy behind."

Favorite toy? Not likely. But Roger again grabbed the duck in his mouth, before feeling the pull of the leash on his neck, pulling him down the steps. At least she wasn't pulling hard. Crawling down the steps like he was wasn't exactly easy.

The ground was soaked from the rain that had fallen just a little while earlier… and was threatening to fall soon again – if it wasn't already raining. The mist in the cool air was making him far more uncomfortable than he had been just crawling around naked.

Duck in mouth, Carol led him around the yard a bit, before "walking" him up to one of the trees further back in the yard. "Okay, doggie. Now's the time to do your business. Pee for me like the good doggie I know you are."

It had been bad enough last time when he had been forced to do it because of the trance that Janice had put him in, but this time he wasn't in any kind of trance at all. He was just following Carol's orders out of fear of what he was afraid would happen if he didn't. Knowing he wasn't going to have a choice in the matter, he raised his leg that was closest to the tree, and peed. Fortunately, he did have to pee pretty badly, but that didn't do anything to lessen the humiliation of the act one little bit.

"Good doggie," Carol crooned.

Yeah right! Roger shivered. But was it from the cold wet weather – or the stupid humiliating way he was forced to behave?

Janice pulled the rolls out of the oven, pausing to turn the oven off before she did anything else. She dumped the dinner rolls out onto a separate plate that she set down in the middle of the table. Everything was now ready for dinner. She could hear Carol and Roger still playing in the living room. She was very glad that Roger was behaving so well today. Otherwise she would have wasted no time at all to put him into some serious training! Facing the living room, she called, "Carol! Dinner time, dear."

Carol headed for the kitchen as soon as her mother called. The smell of the food was making her hungry. She was glad to see Roger, with his toy duck, following right behind her. As she entered the kitchen, she glanced toward the corner where Roger's usual bowl was… and noticed that it wasn't there. "Mom, what happed to his dog dish?"

"It's on the counter dear," Janice explained. Since he's doing such a good job today of being your little pet, I thought it would be more appropriate for him to eat after we were finished."

Carol smiled. "Good thinking, Mom!"

Roger rolled his eyes at hearing that – in a direction where they wouldn't see it. He chanced dropping his "duck" and laid down on the hard kitchen floor for a bit of a rest. His knees were getting bruised from all the running she had him doing and his mouth tasted awful from that stupid duck. Yuck! He was glad to see that he was being totally ignored while they ate. He really needed a rest. Carol had been relentless all afternoon in keeping him busy with playing fetch, along with "teaching" him to bark on command and roll over on command.

And the worst part was, that despite how humiliating it had been, at times, Roger had almost enjoyed the little games. At times anyway. Mostly, it was all simply demeaning.

Janice was all but finished eating when she glanced over toward Roger in his corner on the floor. With a wicked smile on her face, she called, "Here doggie…"

Roger was suddenly pulled out of the nice resting period he had been enjoying. The sound of Janice's voice calling him… as if he was a dog… brought him nothing but fear. But he didn't dare not obey. Especially since she was looking at him all too intently. He got to all fours again, and crawled over toward her. He stopped a few feet away and "stood" there looking up at her to see what she wanted.

Janice picked up an uneaten morsel of food from her plate and held it up in her fingers toward Roger, only she held it too high for him to reach it. "Here, doggie," she said. "Show us how well you can beg for your food."

Once again Roger was shocked and outraged. But what choice did he have? Hating having to do it, he sat back on his haunches like the dog they were making him pretend to be, and put his "paws" up in a typical dog begging position.

With a smile, Janice slowly lowered the morsel of food down to Roger's mouth and fed it to him. He sat there just as he was and chewed it and swallowed it. Then he stared at her for a moment before dropping back down to all fours again.

"Can I try?" Carol asked with a giggle.

"Of course, dear," Janice replied.

"Here doggie," Carol called delightedly.

Roger was forced to go through the whole demeaning process three more times only with Carol this time.

Janice watched Roger carefully as he "begged" and ate the food treats. But the whole time she was making more mental notes to add to the list in her notebook. "I think it's time to feed him his dinner now, dear. We don't want to completely spoil his appetite."

"Yes Momma," Carol said, slightly annoyed that the game was done.

"Since he's your dog today, you can have the honor of feeding him," Janice told her.

Carol got up and went to the counter to get his dog bowl. But then she had to figure out what food to put into it. “Momma, what do you want me to put in here? We’ve eaten most of what you made.”

With a smile, Janice got up from her seat and opened one of the cupboards. “This of course,” she said as she pulled out one of the cans of dog food. “He’s a dog today. Isn’t this what a dog is supposed to eat?”

Carol’s eyes went wide with surprise… which quickly turned to delight. “Really?” she asked.

“Why not?”

As Carol went about opening the can of dog food, Roger stared in horror at what she was doing from the floor. Dog food! He couldn’t even begin to imagine how horrible it was going to be. He suddenly found himself seriously trying to figure out how he could get out of it. Could he protest? If he did, what would Janice do to him? He looked up at her… and saw her staring all too intently down at him… as if she was just daring him to do anything at all to avoid eating what they were about to serve him. Under her menacing gaze, he cowered inside. She wasn’t giving him a choice… again.

All too soon, Carol delivered his “dinner” to the floor in his usual corner. Roger stared at it without moving any closer to it. It was all a rather putrid light brown color and it all looked to have the consistency of mush. He could see specs of… other things… mixed in the food that he had no idea at all what they were. And it smelled awful! Even from where he was!

“You will eat every bit of that,” Janice told him in no uncertain terms.

Roger forced himself to crawl over to the bowl. The smell of it was stronger now. Just thinking about eating – that – made his stomach lurch. He lowered his head to the bowl… but not quite far enough to grab anything in his mouth yet. It was a moment before he could find the courage to force himself to try to eat any of it. But eventually his head went a bit further down and his mouth opened, and he took some of it into his mouth. And the taste was just as horrible as the smell! Oh yuck! Yuck! Yuck! Yuck! He forced himself to stay there and chew the mushy food. And with great effort, he forced himself to swallow it. Ugh! He had eaten dog food! He was eating dog food! Yuck! How was it possible that even real dogs liked this stuff?

He momentarily turned his head back toward Janice. She was still staring intently down at him… now with a bit of a smile on her lips. Damn her! He turned back to the bowl on the floor in front of him and lowered his head once again. Yuck!

And three bites later, Carol delivered another bowl of water for him to "drink" as well. Ugh! But he found that constantly going from bowl to bowl… eating then drinking… helped him manage to eat his "dinner."

"You're very right," Janice noted to her daughter. "He is getting quite proficient at eating that way."

"I told you, Momma," Carol replied, her voice full of delight.

It took nearly half the bowl of "food" before Roger's taste buds gave up and he no longer found it quite so bad. But his brain never got over the fact of having to eat it… not even after he had actually managed to get all of it into his system. And when he was done… and his water bowl was empty too… he continually prayed that he wouldn't be throwing up all night!

And of course, that was when Janice "suggested" to her daughter that he might need to be walked outside again. Ugh! Two minutes later, Roger was once again leashed and heading down the back steps toward one of the trees in the yard – where he could lift his leg to pee like a dog. Totally… unquestionably… demeaning!

Chapter 17.

Janice woke up Monday morning with a lot on her mind – foremost of which was why Mr. Wu hadn't contacted her again. That was beginning to scare her more than a bit. She could only hope that he would get in touch with her sometime today… sooner rather than later!

She also needed to go with Roger today to "help out" with giving that woman an estimate for repairing her deck. That was business that couldn't be helped. Like it or not, Roger was about to start a new career… because of her, and she had every intention of making sure that he succeeded. He might not like her "business plan" for him, but she was fairly sure that in the end, he would be quite successful. He just didn't know about that business plan yet… at least, not the full plan. But he would soon – just as soon as he finished building her secret hiding hole – that hopefully he would get back to working on later this morning.

There were other minor things in the back of her mind as well… things that didn't matter quite so much. She was now looking forward to doing some serious shopping with her daughter. Shopping for both clothes and new furniture for the house. Now that Mr. Fitch was out of the picture, it was time to make the inside of the house more suitable to the things she liked instead of the stark way that Roger had decorated it… which was in truth, not at all. She and Carol would be living there for a while, and while they were there, she had every intention of making it a proper home for herself and Carol!

With her mind already at work, she got out of bed and headed for the bathroom to take her morning shower. She would let Carol sleep a while more. There was no school this week and no reason why Carol couldn't be allowed to sleep in for a change.

Roger moved his neck a bit to move his head to a more comfortable position on the pile of sweatshirts he was using for a pillow. The sunlight streaming in through the window bothered him, but not enough to make him open his eyes. He wasn't chained to the toilet. He wasn't chained to the bedframe. In fact, the chain itself was piled out of the way under the window. But that didn't mean that Roger could get out of the room. He could move around somewhat, but only on his elbows and knees. When Carol had put him in his room last night, she had again folded his arms and legs and tied them off that way. He couldn't stand on his feet and his hands couldn't reach anything beyond his shoulders. Unfortunately, Carol had then done something worse when she stuffed his feet back into those miserable high heeled shoes and buckled them tightly onto his feet again… just before closing the door to his room and saying, "Have a good night, doggie!"

But he had now slept in far worse conditions, so this wasn't that much of a problem at all. The stupid shoes on his feet were irksome, but they hadn't bothered him all that much during the night – for which he was very grateful. Maybe he was getting used to the stupid things. And since he could move around… somewhat, on his elbows and knees, he had no trouble

at all with once again laying his head directly on his pile of sweatshirts that he had fixed as a pillow the day before. He just didn't have a way to adequately pull any of his other clothes over top of him for a blanket. But at least he had a nice soft pillow now… and the freshly carpeted floor was soft under his body. Compared to the night before, it was almost heaven.

Breathing a somewhat satisfied sigh, he did his best to try to go back to sleep… while he still could! Who knows what horrors the coming day would bring to him?

Janice softly opened the door to Carol's room. She was still sound asleep, so she left her daughter to sleep. She went to the next door, Roger's room, and opened that one. She saw Roger sound asleep as well, his head resting on a pile of his clothing. She had no problem with that. Actually, she was glad to see him able to sleep well for a change.

The way that Carol had tied him up last night was the same way Carol had tied him when she had first played "doggie" with him – back while she was still in prison. It was that delight in her daughter that had prompted her to put those "dog" commands into his brainwashing program. She had plans now to increase those commands and make them many times worse… but only as a means to convince Roger to take the path for his life that she would rather see.

Despite how she treated him, she was somewhat convinced that Roger was a "relatively" decent man. At least she had not yet seen anything to convince her otherwise. And the way she and Carol had robbed him of his life – or the way he was living – was somewhat regretful. But it was also very necessary to her. Things were happening now that required her to remain fully in control of him. And there was simply no way she could let him go back to his old life when she and Carol were finished here. No… way! It would be far too dangerous to her… and Carol. Besides, he was a man, and she really had no problem at all with destroying any man she came in contact with.

As she entered the room, her eyes focused on the high heeled shoes she was making him wear. It looked like Carol had put them on him last night without any of the knee–high hose. That was certainly fine. Just as long as they were on his feet – one way or another! She herself wasn't sure she would ever want to try to wear such heels. She was sure they would be most uncomfortable. But she had noticed recently that many of the younger women were wearing heels like that, and worse, very frequently. She wondered if her daughter ever wanted to wear shoes like that. Carol was certainly old enough now to be interested. She supposed she would find out later – not that she'd let Carol actually buy shoes like that – ever!

"Mr. Brinkley," she called softly, so as not to wake her daughter in the next room. She saw him startle and open his eyes. She began untying his legs. "If you think you can be quick… and somewhat quiet… you can go into the bathroom now and shave and shower. I'm letting Carol sleep in a bit."

Roger only nodded. A good hot shower would be very welcome to him. Not to mention a chance to get out of those stupid shoes for even just a few minutes. He waited patiently as Janice removed each of his bindings.

"Please try to hurry up in there," Janice told him. "I don't want Carol to be too inconvenienced. And when you get dressed, please keep in mind our appointment with Mrs. Whittaker this morning. Just don't forget your pert little breasts… and for now, I want to see you wearing those same shoes." She left him then to start getting breakfast ready, while Roger hurried into the bathroom.

"Momma," said Carol while they were sitting having breakfast together. "Can I please go see Shelly today? I haven't seen her in a long time now."

"Oh," Janice said as she considered the question. "I had thought the two of us would spend the afternoon shopping together. But…"

"I could come back early… right after lunch," Carol suggested. "Please, just for a little while?"

Janice smiled. "Of course, dear. "Mr. Brinkley and I have to go out this morning to see a woman about repairing her deck. But I'm sure you would much rather see your friend than be stuck waiting around while we take care of business."

"Oh thank you, Momma," Carol gushed.

"You can take Mr. Brinkley's car," Janice suggested as she glanced over at Roger… on all fours with his head currently in his dog bowl eating the breakfast cereal she had put into it earlier. "We'll be taking my car anyway."

"Thank you, Momma," Carol gushed happily again.

With a smile, Janice glanced back at Roger again and saw his head lifting out of the bowl… which was now empty. As usual, he had done his best to hurry through his meal. She really couldn't blame him for that one bit. "Mr. Brinkley," she said, "Please give Carol your keys. Then make sure your boots are shined very well… top to bottom! I'll be allowing you to wear them when we go out this morning."

Roger didn't know if he should be shocked, or outraged, or grateful. He wasn't too happy though to hear that he would be going to Mrs. Whittaker's house – still wearing those stupid women's boots. But at least they would be a whole lot better than the crazy shoes he was wearing now!

Roger was sitting in the passenger seat of the Cadillac while Janice drove. He was giving her directions as they went, but he was barely glancing out the window. His eyes instead were

planted on the sight of the women's boots he was wearing – over top of his pants legs. Before they had left home, Janice had insisted he put the boots on – over top like this so that they would be fully exposed. She also hadn't allowed him to remove the sock balls from inside his bra. That was troublesome too… but not nearly as much as the full sight of the boots he was wearing.

"When we get there, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as they got close to the address, "it would do you well to act very proud of those boots."

How could he possibly act "proud" when all he felt was ashamed? He forced himself to glance up to the houses they were now passing. "It's just ahead on the right," he told her. A minute later, Janice turned into the crumbling macadam driveway of an elderly house.

"Goodness!" Janice exclaimed, "I hope they can pay for this!"

Roger grunted. "They're house is old… just like they are. But trust me, they've got plenty of money. I think that Elaine is not just careful with their money… I think she's just plain cheap as well. But they're both nice people. Good people."

"So it's Elaine who controls the family finances?" Janice asked.

Roger had to think about that for a moment. "Most likely. At least, she's the one who seems to primarily handle the business. Of course Frank used to be at work all the time so she probably started handling things back then. But he's been retired now for years."

Janice considered that information while she parked the car. Inwardly, she was glad that she would "most likely" be dealing with another woman here. "Out of the car now, Mr. Brinkley," she said as she opened her car door. "You're not going to hide those lovely boots while we're here. And as I suggested before, I recommend that you behave as if you're very proud of those boots – as you should be!"

Roger still didn't know how he was going to manage that little feat… just as he didn't know how he was going to manage to get out of the car in this condition. But a moment later, he had grabbed his notepad, and he was not only out of the car, but following Janice up the front steps to the front door.

Elaine Whittaker opened her front door and found two people on her doorstep… one of whom she knew. "Roger," she said brightly as she opened the front door to her visitors. "Please come in."

"Hi Elaine," Roger replied somewhat embarrassedly. "This is Janice Stokely," he said as he turned briefly in Janice's direction. "I think you talked with her on the phone."

"I did indeed," Elaine replied a she shook Janice's hand. "It's nice to meet you in person." She turned toward Roger and immediately stared down at the boots he was wearing… before turning her attention back toward Janice. "I didn't believe it when you told me over the phone, but now that I see it in person, I must say I'm still quite surprised."

Roger immediately realized that he had missed something somewhere… but did he really want to know what it was that he had missed?

Before replying, Janice turned to Roger. "Why don't you get started on whatever you need to do while I talk business with Elaine here."

Roger needed no further encouragement. He just wanted to get his embarrassing boots… not to mention his embarrassing little breasts – out of sight! Unfortunately, he had to pass Elaine's husband Frank along the way. Frank was sitting in an elderly overly stuffed chair with his feet up on the footstool. Roger did his best to ignore the boots on his feet. "How's your ankle, Frank?" he asked as he went past.

"It hurts!" Frank replied as he stared directly at the boots Roger was wearing. "How about those things you're wearing?"

"They hurt too," Roger replied, and kept on going straight out to the back deck so he wouldn't have to discuss his boots anymore. It took him no time to spot the hole in the deck where Frank had gone through and twisted his ankle. He was lucky he didn't get hurt worse.

"They are lovely boots," Elaine was saying to Janice. "But are you sure he can work in them? I mean, it just seems so… unusual!"

"It is unusual," Janice agreed. "But yes, I'm quite convinced that he'll have no trouble with those boots at all… and as he has decided, eventually he's planning on moving up to an even higher heel as well."

"And he's going to wear them for all his jobs… all the time?"

"That's his plan," Janice confirmed. "And I must say, I think it's going to make a marvelous calling card for him. Once people see him… or quite possibly even hear of him… then hopefully their curiosity will make them remember him whenever they have a little odd job that needs to be done."

Elaine had to consider that. "Well, yes," she finally agreed. "I can see that it would. But isn't he rather… embarrassed about it?"

Janice nodded. “For now,” she replied. “But he is determined. And I have no doubt that once he gets more used to it, then he will have no trouble about it at all. Especially if it keeps the money coming in.”

Elaine could only shake her head in wonder. “It just seems so… unusual.”

“Now Mrs. Whittaker,” Janice said, changing the subject, “didn’t you mention something over the phone about having friends who need work done as well?”

Roger carefully measured everything… and just as carefully recorded everything in his notebook. But even more carefully, he stepped around the deck… and climbed down the stairs… and inspected everything top and bottom. He was extra careful because he didn’t want to fall through the thing like Frank had done. And from what he was seeing, it’s amazing that nobody had fallen through the thing sooner. Using the camera on his phone, he also took many pictures of the deck and its supporting structure. Only when he was sure he was thoroughly finished… and couldn’t really delay anymore, did he go back into the house. Frank was still seated in his same seat of course. This time, Roger only nodded as he went past. He found the women in the kitchen drinking tea.

“Of course, I know perfectly well that Frank’s ankle isn’t nearly as bad as it was,” Elaine was saying, “but I don’t mind humoring him one little bit. It makes me feel useful!” She and Janice both giggled as the saw Roger entering the kitchen.

“All done, Mr. Brinkley?” Janice asked.

“I’ve got everything I need,” Roger replied before turning to Elaine. “As I told you the last time you were here, it’s really in bad shape. I’m going to have to rip everything off and rebuild it from scratch.”

“Oh dear,” Elaine replied. “Are you sure it’s that bad?”

Roger nodded. “If I don’t, then most likely, it’s going to collapse one way or another.” He paused before continuing. “It looks to me like it was built about the same time as this house… and that was a long time ago. It’s simply time to replace it all.”

“Well, when you do the estimate, can you at least try to find a few ways to save us some money?” Elaine asked.

Roger nodded. “I’ll keep that in mind. But I also don’t want to build you anything that’s second rate or even the least bit dangerous. If I build it, then I want to do it right.” He glanced briefly at Janice before continuing. “But at the same time, I don’t want to overcharge you for anything you don’t need… and I don’t want to try to gouge you on what it’s going to cost.

I am trying to build a new business here, and quite frankly, I don't want any bad comments should anyone ask you about my work."

His words seemed to pacify Elaine's fears and she nodded. "When can I expect to receive the estimate from you?" she asked.

"Please give me about a week. Hopefully, I can get it to you sooner. But I have to figure up all the materials as well as how long it's probably going to take me to do this. I'll make sure you get it as soon as possible though."

Elaine nodded. "Well thank you. And thank you for your honesty as well. Frank and I look forward to seeing it. And may I say, I think you should do very well in this line of work Roger. Especially if you're planning on making those boots of yours your trademark. It's such a unique idea that I think it's simply a marvelous. I have no doubt that people will remember you quite well for that."

Her words suddenly sent Roger's head spinning. Trademark? "Uh… thanks," he replied… unsurely.

"I think that went exceptionally well," Janice exclaimed as she was pulling out of the driveway.

Roger was just glad he had gotten through it without it being even more embarrassing.

"And while I was there," Janice continued, "Elaine mentioned the names of several friends who need work done on different things as well. Mr. Brinkley, I have no doubt that we will be hearing from some of Elaine's friends very shortly. Especially once she tells them all about your boots!"

Roger glanced down at his boots once again. His trademark? Ugh! How embarrassing! And he realized that nothing had even been mentioned about his "pert" little breasts!

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice said a moment later. "As soon as we get home, I want those boots off your feet and your new shoes on instead. And then I hope you're planning on spending the rest of the day building my little secret hiding place!"

Roger sighed. Back to the even more uncomfortable stupid high heels.

With Carol gone to visit her friend, Janice only had to fix lunch for herself and Roger. Roger was currently working under the house… and she had noticed that there were now several small holes drilled up through her bedroom floor. Well, at least he was making progress. She was just about to cut his lunch up into bite sized pieces to put into his dog bowl, when her cell phone rang and she had to hurry to answer it. "Hello?"

“Mrs. Oakley?” the woman’s voice on the other end asked. “This is Imperial Imports.”

Janice immediately recognized that the call was Mr. Wu trying to get in touch with her. “I’m sorry,” she replied, but you have the wrong number.”

“Oh dear,” the woman on the other end replied. She then recited a slightly different number than the one that had been called.

“I’m sorry,” Janice told her, “but you’ve dialed the wrong number.”

“I’m very sorry,” the woman replied before hanging up.

Janice immediately found the burner phone she had been keeping handy just for this occurrence and dialed Mr. Wu’s number. She ordered the required number of nonsense items to signify who it was that was calling and was told to please wait a moment so that one of the salesmen could handle her order. It was several moments before someone came on the line. But when the line was answered, it wasn’t Mr. Wu on the other end.

“Mrs. Stokley?” the voice asked.

Janice recognized the voice. “Susan?” she asked, surprised to hear her voice.

“Yes, Mrs. Stokley,” Susan Wu replied. “I’m back to work again.”

“Oh, I’m so glad,” Janice replied. “I mean, your father is wonderful, but I simply…”

“I understand,” Susan Wu interrupted her. “Your preference for dealing with women is well noted.”

“Thank you,” Janice replied.

“Mrs. Stokely,” Susan said, “father told me last week that you had called. I must say, I was not only surprised but very interested to hear that.”

“Well, I’m afraid I’ve been stuck in prison for a while… for something I did not do!”

“We’re well aware of what went on,” Susan replied. “But whether you were guilty or not is of no consequence or interest to us.”

“I understand,” Janice said after a moment. “So will you be handling my request now?”

Instead of replying directly to that, Susan said, “According to my father, you’re now living in northeast Georgia? Is that correct?”

“Yes it is. For the time being anyway.”

“Mrs. Stokley,” Susan continued, “Would you be available to meet with me sometime this week?”

Janice was shocked. “Meet with you?”

“I realize it’s a bit unexpected,” Susan replied, “but I’m afraid that in this case, it will be necessary.”

“I see,” Janice said softly. She thought for a moment. “Do I need to be afraid for any reason?” The last thing she needed was for Mr. Wu to be so angry with her that he would possibly have her killed. And he was well capable of that.

“I don’t know, Mrs. Stokley,” Susan replied. “Do you have reason for that concern?”

“Not that I’m aware of,” Janice told her. “I’m simply trying to transact a bit of business.”

“Which is exactly what I want to talk with you about.”

Janice immediately felt relieved. “Then I see no reason why I can’t meet with you whenever you like.”

“Excellent,” Susan replied. “When was the last time you had lunch at the Chattanooga Choo–choo? You should be able to get there within a few hours from where you’re living.”

“The Choo–choo? Um… I haven’t been there in many years.”

“Can you meet me there for lunch on Wednesday?” Susan asked.

“I can be there,” Janice told her.

“Very good,” Susan replied, her voice showing her obvious pleasure. “Just give the reservation desk your name. They’ll take you to my table. Let’s say… twelve noon?”

“I actually look forward to it,” Janice replied honestly. “But how much money should I bring with me. I know what I asked for is going to be quite expensive.”

“Yes it will,” Susan replied. “But this time, don’t bring anything. This time, we just need to go over some information.”

Janice knew very well that Mr. Wu's organization would need further information, but not until they had received a major portion of the money she would owe them. "Then I look forward to speaking with you on Wednesday," Janice said.

"Very good," Susan replied. "I too am very much looking forward to meeting you Mrs. Stokley."

Janice ended the call and began the tedious process of destroying the burner phone she had just called from. Susan Wu wanted to meet with her – in person! To the best of her knowledge, that was something totally unheard of! And despite what Susan had said on the phone, meeting her in person was a very worrying thought.

The almost constant banging and noise underneath the house… and especially underneath her bedroom floor were irritating Janice. But that noise meant progress on something she needed very much. She figured that she was mostly annoyed by it because she was still worried about the phone call from Susan Wu. Meeting her sounded troublesome! Another big bump came from the floor of her bedroom and she hurried out. Carol was home now and was waiting in the kitchen for her. Leaving the house to do some shopping right now seemed like a better idea than to be irritated by the work that was in progress.

As she was passing Roger's bedroom however, she heard the sound of his cell phone starting to ring. She was surprised that he didn't have the thing in his pocket with him. Curious, she went inside and found it amid a small pile of his things on the floor. It was still ringing. She picked it up and pushed the button. "Hello?"

"Um… is this… um… Roger's housekeeper?"

"Yes," Janice confirmed. "This is Mrs. Stokley."

"Oh. Is Roger home?"

"He's here, but he's working right now. Who may I say is calling?"

"Oh. Sorry. This is Stan Franklin."

"Oh yes. How are you Mr. Franklin?"

"Um… I'm fine. Hey look, will you just tell Roger that I'm on my way there right now. I should be there in a little bit."

"Oh," Janice replied, concerned that he was already on his way. But before she could try to head him off, she heard him say, "Thanks," just before he hung up. She was only a bit

concerned about Roger's friend coming over just then. But the problem was that she knew this friend worked at the school with him, and right now, she had to keep things looking at least somewhat normal for anything that involved the school.

She hurried out of his room and went straight outside to peer under the house where he was working. "Mr. Brinkley," she called urgently.

"Yeah?" Roger yelled back from under the house where he was currently working up a sweat to hold the large ductwork in place so he could fasten it where it belonged.

"Mr. Brinkley, you just had a call from your friend Stan Franklin. I'm afraid he's on his way here right now. So I suggest that unless you don't mind him seeing those lovely shoes you've got on, that you come out and change them right away."

Stan was on his way? Panicked, Roger let the ductwork drop down to the ground again before he scrambled as fast as he could for the opening. He was very relieved that Janice was letting him out of the stupid shoes he was currently wearing. Did he dare ask about the equally stupid sock balls in his bra?

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as he finally got out into the open air. "May I suggest you wear your new boots instead. You can pull your pants legs over them this time, but your friend might be interested in knowing about your new plan for your repair business."

Roger was totally shocked. She wanted him to wear the boots – in front of his friend? "Um… must I?" he found the courage to ask.

"It's either that," Janice replied in no uncertain terms, "or you can leave those nicer shoes on that you're wearing now."

Roger was faced with no choice at all.

"Since the rain looks like it's going to start again," Janice continued as they hurried up the back steps, "you can cover up your cute little breasts with a raincoat or something else… if you like."

That was something at least, but it totally paled in significance next to having to wear the women's high heeled boots – in front of his friend! And she was giving him no way out of it! Still wondering how he was going to handle things, he practically ran for his bedroom to change out of the dumb high heels he was currently wearing.

"Mom?" Carol asked. "What's going on?"

"Mr. Brinkley has a friend coming over," Janice explained. "And his friend is about to see him in a whole new light." With her shopping trip slightly delayed, she started a fresh pot of coffee.

Roger barely had time to get his boots on before he heard Carol calling from the living room that his friend was here. Getting out of the stupid high heeled shoes would have normally been a big relief… but were the boots he was now wearing any better? He supposed they really were a lot better. With his pants legs covering most of them, was there any chance that Stan might not notice? Did he dare hope? He quickly grabbed an old rain poncho he had among his things and threw that on in hopes that it would hide the stupid bulges in his chest.

"Mr. Brinkley…" Carol called again from the living room. "Mr. Franklin just drove up."

Cursing his life, Roger hurried out of his bedroom… making sure to take the time to close the door behind him. Stan was just coming up the front steps when he got to the door. Bracing himself for the unknown, he opened the door and said, "Hi Stan."

"Roger!" Stan returned cheerily. "Still workin' on the house?"

"Yeah, I've been crawling underneath it all morning," Roger replied as he stood back to let his friend inside.

"What the heck are you doing under there?"

"Moving some of the air ducts." Roger started leading the way toward the kitchen where the two of them often spent their time when Stan was visiting. As normal, he walked right next to his friend. "How was fishing?" Roger asked, changing the subject.

"Awful!" Stan replied. "You should be glad you weren't there!"

"Trust me, I'm not!" Roger said rather emphatically. "I would have much rather been there with you!"

"Mr. Brinkley?" Janice interrupted as she purposely came out of the kitchen toward them. "Would you two like some coffee?"

"That sounds great," Roger replied. "Oh, Stan, this is my housekeeper, Mrs. Stokley." He noticed Carol standing just behind her. "And I think you've seen her daughter Carol around the school."

"Glad to meet you," Stan replied politely to Janice. He turned to Carol. "You haven't been in my classes… yet… but I've seen you at the school many times."

"How are you Mr. Franklin?" Carol asked politely.

"Good, thanks," Stan replied.

Roger was starting to hope that maybe he could get by without Stan noticing his boots. It wasn't until they were actually entering the kitchen that Roger remembered his stupid purple dog bowl. But by that time it was too late. He glanced at the corner… and was surprised and relieved to see it missing. Whew! But as they approached the table, he noticed Stan suddenly catch sight of his boots. Damn!

Stan stopped, somewhat in shock. "Damn, Roger. New boots?"

Embarrassedly, Roger admitted, "Yeah." He started for his usual seat at the table where his boots would hopefully be out of sight.

"But Roger," Stan continued, "they look like women's boots."

"Aren't they lovely?" Janice commented as she poured a mug full of coffee.

"You mean… they are women's boots?" Stan asked somewhat shocked.

"Uh… yeah," Roger was forced to admit.

"Mr. Brinkley is going to use them as a gimmick to help get more customers for his repair business," Janice added as she stared pouring another mug of coffee.

"A gimmick?" Stan repeated, totally shocked. "You've got to be kidding!"

"Uh… no," Roger replied. "It looks like I'm actually going to give it a try." He cast a worried glance over toward Janice before he sat down and hid his feet under the table.

"Carol dear," Janice said, "please take them their coffee."

"But… dam!" Stan exclaimed. "Women's boots? What the heck brought that on?"

Roger shrugged. "It just kind of… came to me."

Stan shook his head as he pulled out another chair and sat down. "I would think you would be ashamed of yourself."

"I am, kind of," Roger admitted. "It really is very embarrassing."

"But you're still going to do it?"

“Uh… yeah.”

“Mr. Brinkley came up with the idea to wear the boots whenever he’s working,” Janice added as she set a bowl of sugar and two teaspoons on the table. “He thought that it would catch people’s attention so they would remember him better. That, and it looks like the novelty of it is already attracting interest. We were at one customer’s house this morning, and I know she was planning on calling her friends to tell them about Roger as soon as we left. We’re expecting to hear from a few other people who need work done, very soon. Would you like some cream for your coffee?”

Stan stared at Janice for a moment as he digested what she had just said. “Uh… no thank you… no cream.” He turned to Roger. “So this wacky idea if for real?”

Roger shrugged. “Evidently, it’s already working.”

Stan shook his head as he stirred some sugar into his coffee. “I still don’t get it. I mean… you! I never would have imagined that you, of all people, would be into something like… this!”

“Actually, I’m not,” Roger told him. “Like I said, it’s just something that kind of… came to me.”

“Well, I don’t buy it!” Stan replied. “To even contemplate something like this would mean that you were already interested in… oddball things!”

Roger shook his head. “Trust me. I wasn’t.”

“But you are now?”

“I really don’t know,” Roger finally admitted as the best way he could answer. His real answer would have been a definite “No!” but the way things looked just then… because of Janice… it was the best answer he was capable of giving. Then to try to change the subject away from himself he asked. “So how was the fishing trip?”

“Ugh! Wet!”

“Excuse me, gentlemen,” Janice interrupted. “Will you be needing anything else from Carol or myself? We have a little shopping we need to do.”

Roger shook his head. “No thank you, Mrs. Stokley. Go right ahead.” What he didn’t add out loud was the part he was thinking the most. “And don’t come back!” Now that Stan had seen his stupid women’s boots, he was sure that the word would quickly filter all through the faculty at the school… and no doubt even further!

It was dark outside and well after dinner time. But Roger wasn't bothered by the dark at all since he was now working inside… in Janice's bedroom – his old bedroom. He had carefully marked the floor and was now using a rotor tool with a very thin blade to cut the floorboards carefully along the seams between the boards. It was slow going since he had to be so careful. This was a critical part.

He realized that Janice and Carol still hadn't come home yet and he began to hope that they would never come back. But though he wished it, his brain also knew that just like some terminal type of cancer, they always seemed to come back – eventually. But the more they were gone from his life, the better!

He turned a corner, following the seam between the ends of the boards, then turned another corner to continue the long jagged shaped cut. Thirty minutes later, he had worked his way all the way around and had come back to where he started. He shut his saw off. Whew! It was tedious work. Now he just had to get those floor boards out without doing too much damage. But that was when he heard Janice calling from a distant part of the house. Oh hell! They hadn't been killed in a deadly car wreck after all!

"I'm back here!" he called out in reply.

Janice was still wearing her raincoat as she made her way back to her bedroom. She found him in there on the floor, where he had obviously been working. She just didn't see much progress in there yet. "It doesn't look like you've done very much," she noted as she looked carefully at the floor. "But whatever you've been doing, I can see that you've certainly made a mess! Just how long did your friend stay here?"

Roger shook his head. "Stan didn't stay very long at all. I got the impression he was suddenly rather disgusted with me."

Janice nodded her head. "I'm sure that's quite possible. Perhaps even preferable!"

Roger only looked at her like she was crazy… which he already knew she was. "Actually," he said, "I've done quite a bit in here. You just can't see what I've done yet because it was very tedious work. And I don't want that work to show when it's done."

Janice looked around again. "And was it necessary to make such a mess?"

"It couldn't be helped," Roger replied. "Anytime you do any kind of construction you're going to have a major mess."

Janice only looked at him and pursed her lips in frustration. "Come along, Mr. Brinkley. Carol and I have already eaten, but we brought you back some dinner from Burger King." She

turned to walk out, but stopped before she got out of the room. “And please replace those boots of yours with your other shoes before you come. And don’t forget to wash your hands, Mr. Brinkley.” Then she walked back to the kitchen.

Roger wanted to throw the little saw that was still in his hand across the room!

His Burger King meal would have tasted a lot better if he had been able to eat it normally. But he was so used to eating like a dog now that he still rather enjoyed it. He chalked that up to being hungrier than he thought! Fortunately, this time, Janice hadn’t put a bowl of water down next to him so he didn’t have to drink like a dog this time as well. Fortunately!

He finished his meal, and licking his lips as best he could, he sat back on his knees and wiped his face with the sleeve of his shirt.

“All finished, Mr. Brinkley?” Janice asked.

Roger nodded. “All done,” he confirmed.

“I took the liberty of pouring you a cup of coffee,” she told him. “Come join me at the table.”

Warily, Roger got to his feet, and gratefully sat down at the table. There was a steaming cup of coffee at his place in front of him. He picked it up and sipped it carefully before setting the hot cup back on the table again. “I take it you want to talk to me?”

Janice smiled. “Indeed, Mr. Brinkley. I need to know a little more about you and the construction business.”

Roger shrugged before picking up his cup again. “What do you want to know?”

“You said that you’re not a licensed contractor. So can you still call yourself a contractor? Is there such a thing as an unlicensed contractor?”

“Yes,” Roger replied. “I haven’t really thought about it that much, but I guess that’s what I am. Although to be honest, since I often handle much smaller jobs than a contractor would usually take, I guess I’ve more often thought of myself as a handyman.”

“A handyman!” Janice exclaimed, mulling that thought over in her mind. “What do you mean by smaller jobs?”

“Well… I’ve fixed things like windows and doors. I’ve even hung blinds for one woman. Just about anything I guess that would bring in a few bucks.”

Janice nodded. “I think that could be very useful,” she decided. “Handyman! I guess the term fits. It would probably work well on a business card as well.”

Roger nodded. “It could,” he agreed.

The only problem for Janice, was that she didn’t completely like the entire term – handyman. Especially the “man” part. But… she supposed she could work with it… for now.

“The estimate you need to do for Mrs. Whittaker,” Janice asked next, “how long do you think it will take to get it ready?”

Roger considered that. “I’ll work on it some tonight. Then more tomorrow. I have to do a few drawings, then make some phone calls to check prices. There’s really quite a bit involved. But her project, while it’s going to take a while, is really very straightforward. I’ve built a number of decks now and hers doesn’t look to be all that different. So I don’t think it’s going to take that long to come up with an estimate.”

“Very good, Mr. Brinkley. I’d like to see that estimate and go over it with you before you send it to her.”

Roger nodded. “No problem,” he replied.

“And how are things going with my little project?” she asked.

“Good, Mrs. Stokley. Actually, so far, it’s going very good!”

A few hours later, Janice was a bit perturbed to find part of her floor missing… well at least some of the nice floor boards on top… and her bedroom was even more of a mess! To celebrate the state of her bedroom, she asked Carol to spend a little more time making Roger “comfortable” when she put him in his room for the night!

Chapter 18.

Misery! A long, long night of misery. Just then, Roger would have given anything for the time when he had simply been chained by his ankle to the bathroom toilet. He was lying on his side… and Carol had even been "kind" enough to stuff some of the sweatshirts under his head again to use as a pillow. But that was the only bit of comfort he had.

His ankles were tied together and his wrists were again cuffed behind his back… which wasn't so bad. It's everything else that was so bad. He was bent at the waist, his head being pulled down by the rope around his neck… that was connected tightly to his cock! Carol had found some thinner rope and wound it around and around his cock, tying it firmly, then she had stretched it around his neck, pulling his head as far down toward his aching cock as she possibly could. Every time he tried to even think about pulling his body back into a more comfortable position, his poor tortured cock got pulled that much harder.

But Carol wasn't done yet. Oh no, not by a long shot! After that, the monster had tied more of that thinner rope around just his ball sack, and then bent his ankles up as close as possible and tied his ball sack to his ankles. The constant pulling from his ankles along with the constant pulling from his upper body felt like it was trying to rip his cock and his balls in different directions – out of his body!

Misery!

He finally heard someone moving around… although for once he hadn't heard the alarm in his old bedroom. And a moment later, someone opened his door and came in… although bent as he was, he couldn't move his head to see who it was. He just wanted to get untied! A moment later, Janice herself came into his limited field of vision as she knelt down next to him… and he heard her chuckle slightly.

"Did you have a comfortable night?" she asked as she started working on the knot that held his body bent in two.

Darn the woman! "Please release me," Roger pleaded. "Please…" She said nothing in return, but the moment the rope was loosened, his body automatically pulled backward on its own. He groaned loudly at the relief… and then bent forward again as the relief to his cock caused it to flare up in pain. "Owwwww."

Two minutes later, the rope connecting his balls to his ankles was released. And his balls began aching in harmony with his cock. But he could now stretch his legs and move his body, and despite not being fully untied yet, he did just that. A few minutes later, he was completely free of his bindings… accept for the stupid very high heel shoes strapped to his feet… that he no longer even thought about. Whew… what a horrible night!

“Get your shower now, Mr. Brinkley,” Janice said as she got to her feet. “And like yesterday, please try not to take too much time in case Carol needs to get in there. And don’t make too much noise either. There’s no reason why she can’t sleep a bit longer today.”

Roger immediately wondered what she had against him being allowed to sleep. At least to sleep comfortably.

“You can continue to wear those lovely shoes again today,” Janice told him. “And I expect you to be hard at work on my little project as soon as possible. I’ll get your breakfast ready for you in the kitchen.”

With that, she walked out, and Roger found his body struggling to get to his feet. A good long hot shower would feel awfully good right now. A good long hot bath might feel even better. And a long, long… unfettered… comfortable night’s sleep would be the best of all!

Despite being so tired, Roger worked tirelessly on Janice’s little hiding place. It was a somewhat challenging and interesting project that easily held his full attention. Half an hour after starting to work on it again, he pulled a large piece of the floor completely away… the piece that he pulled out still had most of the finished floorboards attached to the subfloor. What was left was a perfectly rectangular hole that went completely though the floor, but the outer sides of that hole were missing the finished flooring that would usually cover the subfloor that was now exposed.

The hole itself perfectly exposed the large hole he had cut in the ductwork he had installed under the house yesterday. He could now see the original smaller air duct running through the bottom of the new larger one. From the outside, there was no hint that the large trunk line was only a false shell, hiding the original smaller duct inside of it. Anyone looking underneath the house would only see the small feeder duct coming out of the end of the trunk line before turning and going straight up to the floor vent. And now the left over space in the large trunk line was going to be Janice’s handy little secret hiding place.

But there was still a lot of work to be done. It took him over an hour to insulate the area that would become the hiding place… putting sheets of stiff insulating material over the bottom as well as the two ends… forming an enclosed box on the inside where nothing she put into it could accidentally get anywhere where it shouldn’t as well as insulating the box against either the heat or the cold that would radiate up from the true air duct just below.

But then he had to attack the floor itself. The hole had been cut directly over top of the middle of the floor joists that supported the flooring. All he had to do was to replace the finished flooring he had ruined in creating the hole with new boards… in such a way that nobody could tell they had ever been removed. And it had to be done – perfectly! That was the most challenging part. Everything had to fit exactly right!

It was midafternoon when he finally declared the project finished. He stood over it and looked down at his work. If he didn't know where it was, he probably wouldn't be able to find the thing. He gathered up his tools into a pile in the room and took a moment to wipe some of the dust away from a good portion of the floor. Then he inspected his work again… and smiled. Pretty good if he did say so himself!

And then he went to find Janice.

He found her… dusting the furniture… in the living room. "Mrs. Stokley…"

Janice turned at Roger's voice and saw him standing there. It was the look on his face that interested her the most. And she wasn't sure if she should be concerned by it or not. "Yes, Mr. Brinkley?"

"It's done," he said very simply.

Janice could only raise her eyebrows and stare at him for a moment… before a smile lit up her face. "Wonderful, Mr. Brinkley," she declared as she immediately headed for her bedroom. Roger led the way.

Once inside, she could see that most of the floor in that entire part of the room had been wiped free of the offending sawdust that was literally everywhere else in the room. She stared at the floor… and after a moment, became confused. "Where is it?"

Roger smiled. "Actually," he said, "I'm standing on it." He moved a few steps away so she could see better.

Once Roger had moved, Janice searched the floor again. "I still don't see it!"

"I'm glad," Roger replied. "You said you didn't want something that could easily be found."

"I did indeed!" Janice said, the pleasure in her voice was evident. "So… how do I get into it?"

Roger grabbed a tool from the pile he had on the floor. It was a small somewhat U–shaped bar with two suction cups attached to the ends of it. "This is a suction glass handler," he said. He knelt down on the floor and pushed the suction cups against the smooth floor boards. "Once it's in place, you lock the suction cups to the floor with these levers here… then you just pull it up. I'm afraid it's a bit heavy, but that can't be helped. Um… can you back up a little bit? You're standing on part of the hiding place."

Janice was a bit startled at that, and quickly backed up a few steps.

Once the floor was clear, with a bit of an effort, Roger pulled up on the bar and lifted away a rather long piece of the floor, exposing the now finished cavity underneath.

Janice's eyes went wide as she saw what Roger had finally created. She peered intently into the hole and then got down to examine it closely. It was… perfect! "Mr. Brinkley," she said, "this is wonderful!"

"Thanks," Roger replied, somewhat pleased with it himself.

"And then you just have to pull the floor back in place when you're done," Janice said, more to herself than to him. "May I try it?"

"Of course," Roger replied. "I'll warn you though, it's a bit heavy."

It was indeed heavy, but with a bit of struggling, Janice managed to get the floor completely back in place again. The cover looked… and fit… much like a jigsaw puzzle piece. But once it was in place, there was very little sign that the hiding place even existed. Roger showed Janice how to release the suction cups, then she tried the entire procedure herself to open the thing… which was just as difficult as closing it up. But she figured that maybe that was a good thing. It would only make it more difficult to find. She also figured that maybe a small throw rug to put the floor piece on when it was open would be a good idea so the floor around it didn't get scratched… and possibly indicate where her hiding place was.

"Mr. Brinkley," she said when everything had been closed up again. "I am very pleased. Very, very pleased!"

"So I can go without the bra at school now?" Roger asked.

"Absolutely," Mr. Brinkley. I'm a woman of my word. No more brazier while you're at school. I'm afraid though that once you return home, you will once again have to put one on, but as we agreed. No more brazier at school."

Roger said nothing. He only felt relief. Although it was a very small relief. School would only last less than two more months! Since Janice seemed so happy with his work, Roger chanced something else. "Since this came out so well," he started, "any chance I can take these shoes off now?"

Janice looked at him and raised her eyebrows. The fact that he had asked about it registered somewhere in the back of her mind. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Brinkley. Those shoes will remain on your feet until I decide otherwise. By the time you go back to school again, I want the heels on those boots of yours to feel very comfortable indeed."

Oh hell! Well, he had tried.

Roger was somewhat surprised that Janice made no demands of him for the rest of the day. He did his best to stay in his room where he would be out of the way… out of her sight… and consequently, out of her mind. He knew she was spending a lot of her time in her room… probably filling that secret hiding place. The money that now had his blood on it came prominently to his mind.

He worked on the estimate for the Whittakers, he worked on lesson plans for school, and best of all, he napped – comfortably and unfettered for much of the afternoon and evening. Now that was a better way to spend his holidays off from school!

Janice hummed to herself as she went about thoroughly cleaning her bedroom. Roger had gotten the sawdust literally everywhere – including the ceiling! But she was so pleased with the hiding place he had created for her that she didn't mind the dust so much anymore. She figured she needed a way to hide the little suction cup tool he had given her to open the thing with. That in itself could be a clue that there was a secret place under the floor. She solved that problem by sticking it to the tile wall in the shower… and then hanging a washcloth over it. And best of all, she actually needed something like that in the shower. It was a double bonus!

She was so pleased with everything, that when bedtime came, she asked Carol to please secure Roger in some way that he could be as comfortable as possible, while still making sure he couldn't leave the room. Roger slept that night with his ankle cuffed to the chain again, but the chain was only locked around the bedframe. He figured that if he really wanted to… or had to… he could break the frame apart and be free… somewhat. The stupid chain would still be attached to his leg.

The drive was a long one. But this time, Janice was riding in a much nicer vehicle, so she enjoyed it much more. All the way up the interstate highway, through Atlanta, then north on another interstate toward Tennessee. Chattanooga was just over the border. The drive took her a major part of the morning, but she was still there well before noon.

The Chattanooga Choo–Choo hotel and restaurant was somewhat of a tourist place in Tennessee, but not so much anymore as it used to be. Back in the hey–day of train travel, it was a major train station, the Chattanooga Choo–Choo itself was somewhat of a luxury train for passengers. Later, it was all turned into a hotel and restaurant and even some of the old dining cars were fitted out where people could come and enjoy their meal inside them. But eventually, the cars were used less and less and now it was mostly just the station that served the meals while the train cars became nothing but static displays of a by–gone error.

As was often the case, the place was somewhat crowded by the time that Janice arrived. Heading for the main restaurant in the station house, she easily found the reservation desk and gave them her name.

"Yes, Mrs. Stokley," the girl behind the counter said as she consulted the information before her. "You'll have to wait a few minutes please. We'll call you when your table is ready."

Janice moved back out of the way. Evidently Susan Wu wasn't there yet.

About ten minutes later, one of the waiters found her – Chinese, she noted. "Mrs. Stokley?" he asked.

"Yes?"

"Right this way please."

Janice followed him, but not into the restaurant. Instead he led her along the rows of old train cars, and finally up to one where there were two rather large Chinese men standing outside. The waiter motioned her to go up the steps into the car. Janice thanked him, and glancing at the two guards who were both watching her intently, she climbed the steps up onto the train.

The car was well lit, but after being outside, it seemed fairly dim. There were dining tables and chairs lining both sides of the long car, although the tables were all bare… except for one table in the very back where she saw a woman sitting, waiting for her. The woman looked to be in her mid–twenties. Janice made her way down the center aisle of the train toward the woman. As she drew near, she noticed that the shades on the windows near the woman were all drawn so nobody could see them from outside the car. The woman had a feminine briefcase on the table and what looked like a file folder sitting in front of her. "Miss Wu?" she asked as she stopped just short of the table the woman was sitting at.

Susan Wu smiled. "Please call me Susan, Janice," she said kindly as she motioned toward the seat on the other side of the table.

"Thank you, Susan," Janice replied as she sat down. "How is your father?" she asked.

"Quite well, thank you," Susan replied. "How is your daughter?"

"Growing way too fast," Janice replied. Then she paused uncertainly before saying, "I hope the rest of your family is also well."

Susan's smile broadened. "They are all fine, Janice," she replied, "and I do thank you for being kind enough to ask."

Janice breathed a small sigh of relief. Sometimes it was the little things… the little "formal" things that meant the most. "What can I do for you Susan?" she asked, knowing that the time for business had come.

Susan opened the file folder in front of her before continuing. "You've given father a rather interesting list of things you're interested in. A rather unusual list if I may say so."

"Yes, I realize that, but your organization has been so… helpful… to me in the past, that I thought you would be the best people to help me with what I require."

Susan nodded. "Indeed. We appreciate your business. Let us start at the top, shall we?"

"As good a place as any," Janice replied.

"The first items are very simple," Susan said. "The anti–surveillance tools can be found all over the internet and are easily obtainable. There are a wide variety of devices out there that do a wide variety of things."

"Yes, I know," Janice agreed, "but since I'm not familiar with any of them, I thought that you might know the best devices for what I need. As I told your father, I'm worried about both my home and my car being bugged as well as locator beacons possibly being installed on my car."

Susan nodded. "Your concern for these things is much appreciated by us. I know you are well aware of how discrete we are about our company's existence. Therefore, we have several devices we recommend over other brands, one in particular that I'm personally quite fond of should you be interested."

"Definitely," Janice agreed. "I have no doubt that if it's one that you like, then it will suit my purposes adequately."

Susan nodded and made a small tick on the paper in front of her with a pen. "Now then, this next item, the information on the two FBI agents you asked about… this is all information you could get from a private detective if you so wished."

"Yes, but since they are FBI agents, then I feared that it would raise too many red flags with a regular detective. I don't want any chance of this possibly getting back to the FBI at all. One agent in particular, Agent Jacobs, has hounded me for far too many years. He is the one that I blame for the drug charge that landed me in prison. At least, he's the one I want to blame. I really have no proof that he was behind it at all. But either way, he's hounded me for too many years. I saw him just last week again outside the home where I'm living now, so he's up to his old tricks again. I need to know more about him… and his partner of course."

Susan nodded again. “A wise decision, I think.” She made a short note on the paper in front of her.

The next item is more in line with what we would usually expect to hear from one of our clients. We can of course provide complete new identities for both you and your daughter. Driver’s licenses, passports, bank accounts, and credit cards are all part of the usual mix. Do you have any special requirements for those identities, or can we let our people simply provide what we feel will be the best for you based on our experience?”

“Just nothing too exotic,” Janice replied. “I think our new identities should be as close to the ones we have now as possible.”

Susan smiled briefly. “Of course,” she said as she made another note on her paper. “The next item is also one that you wouldn’t normally need us for. The off–shore banking suggestions can easily be set up by you as well.”

“Yes, but I’d like your opinion for the best place to do it. I know you know about my laundering needs. I’ve discussed it several times with your father.”

“Yes,” Susan replied, “and you’ve decided against our services each time.”

“I’m afraid your cut is a little too high for me,” Janice explained. “I’ve set a goal for retirement that seems to keep getting larger and larger based on the price of land these days. The cut you want would make that goal completely out of reach.”

“You get what you pay for, Janice,” Susan told her.

“Yes, I’m aware of that, and everything I’ve paid you for in the past has been more than worth it… which is why I came to you again. But I simply can’t afford your rates for laundering the money.”

Susan nodded. “And so I take it that the last item on your list has to do with that prospect?”

“Of course,” Janice replied with a smile.

“But… setting up a company for disaster relief in the islands?”

“Based on the requirements I gave your father,” Janice replied.

Susan nodded. “You need a legitimate front company set up for receiving goods as well as a trusted working relationship with an already established company.”

"Yes, exactly. I need a company that can handle receiving the goods that will be shipped, and then hold them until they can be picked up and transferred to my new company. Eventually, the goods will most likely be transferred back to the original company for distribution."

"I see," Susan replied as she again made another note on her paper. "You know that customs are a most difficult organization to get around if you're going to try to ship the money out of the country that way."

"Customs can go through those boxes all they want," Janice replied. "I will only be shipping legitimate items over there and nothing else! There will be nothing at all for customs to complain about. And if there is, then I know that someone somewhere will have tampered with my goods! And that won't make me very happy. And I have no doubt that you're aware of what I'm capable of doing should I find that someone tampered with my goods."

Susan looked at her for a few moments, then nodded. "Yes, Janice, we're well aware of that as well." She made more notes on her paper before looking up and continuing. "Mrs. Stokley, I'm sure that you're aware of how much all this is going to cost you. Is it worth all that over what our company would charge you to simply launder the money for you?"

Janice nodded. "Yes. I've had a lot of time to think about this in prison and I have it all well planned. I'm quite sure that this is the best course of action for everything I intend to do."

Susan studied her for a moment again before asking, "Everything you intend to do? So I take it there's more to this than just getting your money out of the country."

Janice's eyebrows went up. "Of course," she replied… but she didn't offer any more information. That was business that Susan Wu didn't need to know about.

Susan looked at her for a few more moments hoping to learn more, but Janice wasn't forth–coming at all so she moved on. She closed the folder in front of her and put it away into her case. Then she pulled another folder out of that case and held it in her hands a moment as she considered what was in the folder. Then she passed it across the table to Janice.

Janice opened the folder in front of her that appeared to hold a number of documents… and saw a large picture of a young woman. She noted the slightly oriental features that suggested that perhaps this woman could have been the result of the union between an American man and a Chinese woman. "She's quite beautiful," she remarked. "Who is she?"

"My best friend in the world," Susan replied… and the real reason I wanted to meet with you personally today."

Janice had been somewhat sure that there would be an ulterior motive for this unprecedented meeting. And now she was about to find out the details. She was somewhat relieved that Mr. Wu didn't seem to have a real problem with her. She studied the picture for a moment before again asking, "Who is she?"

Instead of answering directly, Susan started from another direction. "Mrs. Stokley," she said, "when father told me last week that you had called, it seemed at the time to be a very precipitous bit of information. You see, at the time you called, I was in Augusta, not all that far from where you're living right now… looking into her death."

Janice looked up quickly. "Her death?"

"Yes. She was murdered!"

Things were rapidly going in strange directions for Janice. "Murdered! How awful!"

"Yes! Her name was Leila Rivers. She was my roommate all through college and we remained very close friends ever since."

"Leila Rivers," Janice repeated as she studied the picture again. "A pretty name for a beautiful woman. What do the police say about the crime?"

"The police are useless!"

Janice looked up at her quickly. "And why is that?"

Susan paused before continuing. "Leila was engaged to a man in Augusta for almost a year. A businessman of very good standing. But towards the end, she had some… concerns. Then suddenly, I received notice that she had been murdered. The police of course investigated rigorously, but came up totally blank as to who had done it. There was not one bit of convincing evidence at all. And now the case has been shoved aside in favor of… newer or perhaps more promising cases for them."

"I see," Janice replied as she went back to studying the picture again. She looked back up at Susan. "But you have your suspicions?"

Susan nodded. "Yes. If you'll turn to the next picture please."

Janice turned the picture in front of her over, revealing another large picture… this time of a man. He was a fairly handsome man that she guessed would be in his late thirties or perhaps early forties. Much older than Leila Rivers appeared to be.

"That is Joseph Halifax. He is the man that Leila was engaged to. He was a very prominent entrepreneur for a while but now he mostly concentrates on venture capital initiatives."

"And this is the man you suspect killed her," Janice noted as she continued to study the picture.

Susan paused for just a moment before speaking. "Yes! But even I wasn't able to come up with anything conclusive."

"I see," said Janice as she set the folder down on the table and looked up at Susan. "And why are you showing this to me?"

"Mrs. Stokley… Janice," Susan corrected herself, "The cost for the list of items you've requested will be quite large. What if I offered to pay that entire fee for you… out of my own personal funds?"

"That's a very generous offer," Janice noted. "And what do you want from me in return?"

"You're aware of course, that if I simply wanted that man dead, he would already be dead… I could either have someone take care of it for me, or in this case, I was more than prepared to handle that little chore myself."

"I have no doubt," Janice replied.

"But when father told me you had called, it came at a time when I was trying to decide exactly how to handle the situation. And the moment he told me of your call, I immediately thought of you to handle it for me."

"You want me to kill him? You know I've never killed anyone in my life… and I'd rather not start now!"

"No!" Susan replied. "That's not what I want at all. Father and I have discussed this a few times over the last few days. We're very aware of what you've done to other men in the past. You're… talent… is rather… unique… and it could quite possibly be of further use to us in the future. So we'd like to look at this as a test case. A trial case if you will. If we're satisfied, then perhaps we can continue to do business this way in the future."

"I see," replied Janice thoughtfully…. dragging the two words out just to give her a few more moments to digest that information. "So what is it exactly that you want from me?"

"What I want from you… is to get the truth out of that man. If he isn't the man who killed Leila, then I need to keep looking until I do find who killed her. But if it turns out that he was the killer, then simply murdering him will be far too easy for him! Which is why I thought of

you in the first place. I want him to suffer! If he killed her, then I want him to suffer for the rest of his life! And you have a talent for making that happen."

Now Janice fully understood. She picked up the picture of Halifax again, then set it down and turned over the picture of Leila to study that again. "And if it turns out that he didn't kill her?"

Susan shrugged. "The man is of no concern to us. You can do what you like with him. In fact, either way, if you can get at his money, you're welcome to it. That is no concern to us either. I'm simply interested in whether or not he murdered Leila. And I want absolute proof of that! Then if he did kill her, then I want to know that he's going to suffer for it for a very, very long time!"

Janice nodded. "I see," she said again. She thought things through for a moment. "And if I don't do this?"

Susan shrugged. "Then you'll have to pay for what you ordered of course… and this meeting never took place."

Janice nodded. Her words were a relief. She looked down at the picture of Leila again and picked it up. "She was a beautiful woman," she said again. "It would be a horrible crime for her killer to go unpunished."

Susan could have replied, but she remained silent.

Janice put the photo down and quickly dug through the other papers in the folder. "I take it everything I need to know is in here?"

"Everything you should need," Susan confirmed, now somewhat sure that Janice would accept the assignment.

Janice closed the folder in front of her and sat back in her chair and looked at Susan. "All money I can obtain from him is mine?" she asked.

"All of it," Susan confirmed. "I only want the killer punished… if it is him. If it's not him…" she shrugged, "then I don't care what happens to him. He's no longer of any concern to us and he can be… shall we say… another of your conquests."

Janice nodded. A moment later, a smile broke out on her face. "Perhaps my retirement fund can grow a bit healthier. I would imagine that a venture capitalist would have plenty of money available."

Susan smiled. “I would imagine,” she agreed. She dug back into her briefcase and pulled out a box and pushed it across the table to Janice. “A little token of my appreciation. I took the liberty of bringing one of the anti–surveillance devices we spoke of earlier. I have no doubt you will put it to good use.”

Janice was very surprised. “Thank you,” she said. “I appreciate that.”

“I think then, that our business here is concluded for now,” Susan said. “At least until you can find out if Halifax is guilty or not. Do you have any questions?”

“No questions,” Janice replied, “but I do have one more minor request.”

“Another request?”

“Another,” Janice confirmed. “I believe I’m going to need a doctor.”

“A doctor?” Susan asked. “And naturally, this doctor will need to be a woman,” she stated.

“Naturally.”

Chapter 19.

It was nearly dinner time, but Roger was sitting at the table drinking coffee, while Janice was carefully going over the estimate he had prepared for Elaine and Frank Whittaker. Since Janice had gotten home a little while ago, she had made no move toward preparing anything to eat. Carol had taken off with his car earlier in the day to visit her friends, and Roger hadn't seen or heard from her since. Having the house to himself all day, with nothing to do, had been a wonderful experience. He had spent much of it taking the strain off of his aching feet by napping on the couch. If only Janice would let him sleep on the couch like that every night… minus the stupid shoes of course.

"Once again this appears to be remarkably complete," Janice commented as she looked through his materials list that was on a separate sheet than the one the Whittakers would get.

"Thank you," Roger replied.

"I'm only concerned that our estimate may come in higher than whatever other estimates Mrs. Whittaker may receive."

"I don't think you'll have anything to worry about there," Roger replied. "I work alone. Anyone else will have a crew of at least three or four guys that have to be paid. And since I'm not a licensed contractor, the rates I used for my fees aren't as high as what the others would charge."

Janice nodded. "But are your rates high enough then?"

Roger considered that. "I have no way of knowing. I think they're… fair. Especially since this little business is just getting started."

Janice nodded. "Sounds good," she said as she dropped the paperwork on the table. She was tired. It has been a very long day and a lot of driving. And now she had this new task to think about that she had taken from Susan Wu. An interesting… but troubling task. Still, it could possibly prove to be very lucrative, and it wasn't all that much different than things she had done many times in the past.

She watched as Roger took another sip from his coffee. "Mr. Brinkley, I'm very tired. I'm tired and I have a lot I still need to accomplish tonight. Since Carol is having dinner with her friend, and since I'm too tired to cook, I'd like you to go get dinner for us." She smiled. "Even though Carol isn't here, Burger King or anything else you may like will be fine. You can simply get me some form of chicken. Don't bother getting me anything to drink, I'll make coffee. Get yourself anything you like, just bring it all back here to eat."

Roger was surprised. “You want me to go get dinner?”

“Isn’t that what I just said?” Janice asked with more than a bit of irritation.

“Sure,” Roger replied quickly. “No problem.” He quickly got up from the table and realized something. “Uh… Mrs. Stokley, is there any chance I can take these shoes off before I go? I don’t think I can drive in them.”

“Learn, Mr. Brinkley!” Janice ordered in no uncertain terms. The way she was feeling just then, even a little complaining about anything was the last thing she needed.

“Uh… sorry, Mrs. Stokley,” Roger said quickly, before hurrying away as fast as his heels would let him.

For some unknown reason, Roger found that going down a flight of stairs was much more difficult in high heels than going up the steps. Fortunately, there were only a few steps leading down from the kitchen to the garage. He got into the new Cadillac and was immediately aware of how different the heels on his feet were for working the pedals. He had to experiment a bit before he even tried to start the car. But having little choice, he was soon slowly backing out of the garage… very much aware of how difficult it was going to be to press the gas pedal very far in order to get any kind of decent speed out of the car. He was two minutes out of his driveway before he figured out that he had to put the overly high heel to the side of the gas pedal. Things went much easier after that.

Janice sat at the table and stared blankly at the papers in front of her. Most likely, she would deliver the estimate to the Whittakers herself… tomorrow if she had the time. She really was a bit weary, but that was just from all the driving she had done. It had been a strange day. On the trip home, she had tried to think about the task Susan Wu had given her… but without studying the folder Susan had given her first, she didn’t have enough information to even start planning what she needed to do.

But as much as she wanted to think about that, her mind instead kept going back to Roger… and his little carpentry business. And on the way home, she had come up with a wonderful idea for his business card. Of course, he wouldn’t like it very much… yet. But she had a feeling that it would work out quite well for him in the long–run.

But tonight, as she had told him earlier, she had a lot to do. And all of it concerned him. She had already spent a lot of time planning and making notes on what needed to happen. And she needed to start it tonight. Unfortunately. Time could no longer be wasted.

Roger pulled into the garage and pushed the button to close the door behind him. He had gone to Burger King as she suggested… mostly because he could just go through the drive–

thru and not have to worry about anyone seeing the silly heels on his feet. He grabbed the bag of food and carried it into the house… where Janice was still sitting at the kitchen table.

"That didn't take long," Janice noted as he came in and set the bag on the table for her.

"There were no cars ahead of me, so I didn't have to wait," Roger replied.

Janice said nothing. Instead she got up from her seat and poured herself a fresh cup of coffee. Then she stared at Roger for a moment. "Do you want a refill on your coffee?" she asked, "or did you get yourself a drink with your meal?"

Was she going to let him sit at the table to eat for once? "Um… I bought a drink… but… if there's any chance I can sit at the table to eat…"

"Bring me your cup," Janice replied.

Roger grabbed the coffee cup he had been drinking from earlier and held it while she poured fresh coffee into it. A minute later, they were both sitting at the table eating their dinner. Roger remained as quiet as possible while he ate so as not to say anything that might upset her. Eating at the table was far better than eating from a dog bowl on the floor!

"Would it surprise you, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as she was nearing finishing her meal of chicken strips, "to know that I'm married?"

Roger's head suddenly went spinning at that concept.

Janice smiled. "I can see that it does. But why else would I use the term 'Misses' in front of my name? Not only that, but where do you think Carol came from? No, I am definitely married. Although, to be honest, it is a marriage in name only. Any judge in the country would grant me an immediate divorce… if I decided to simply ask."

Roger didn't know what to think. Her hatred of all men was obvious! "So… was he mean to you?" Roger asked hesitantly.

Janice considered that question. "In a way," she finally replied. "My husband was vice president in charge of a large bank in Mobile, Alabama. He considered himself to be a very smart man… something he lauded over me constantly. I worked under him in the investment department for five years. I learned a lot from him… and awful lot! I know more about banking and investing now than you could possibly believe."

"So… what happened?"

Janice smiled. “As you’ve aptly noted, I do not like men, Mr. Brinkley. I won’t go into the whys of that tonight, but I do have many good reasons for that. I’m afraid I married Thomas for reasons other than love… although he never had the first inkling about that. I married him in order to learn from him and to gain a better position within the banking community.”

“So… where is he now?” Roger asked.

“In time, Mr. Brinkley. Let me finish what I have to say first.”

Roger only nodded. He was now all ears as to what this demented woman might tell him.

“As I said a minute ago, Thomas considered himself to be a very smart man. A genius! And… I suppose he was… to an extent. I put up with his ego for years as I did everything I could to learn what he knew. And in the process, Carol was born… the absolute light of my life! I can’t tell you what a joy she is to me.”

All Roger could think about as far as Carol was concerned, was what a monster she was… along with the murderous things he’d like to do to her.

“But I digress,” Janice continued. “I didn’t intend to talk about Carol right now. I was telling you about my husband.” She took another sip from her coffee. “Thomas Stokley was a bastard! A real, true bastard in every sense of the word! Make no mistakes about that. Perhaps he didn’t hit me, or force me to do unthinkable things, but he was a total bastard never the less! He abused me with words instead of physically. For years I had to put up with him telling me how totally stupid I was while he was so superiorly intelligent. He took great delight in hounding me with it constantly. I won’t say more, other than that I put up with it for a very long time, only so that I could continue to learn more about the banking industry. And learn I did, Mr. Brinkley. I learned everything I possibly could!”

“So… what happened?” Roger chanced asking.

Janice nodded. “A fair question, and the real point of what I wanted to talk with you about. Mr. Brinkley, you’ve had a small taste of my methods for controlling men… brainwashing to be honest. A skill that I’ve grown rather adept at over the years. My husband was my very first victim… and by no means… my last.”

Roger was suddenly shocked… but he quickly realized that he shouldn’t be.

“As with any skill,” Janice continued, “you must learn from your mistakes. I made a lot of mistakes with Thomas I’m afraid. A lot!”

“So… what happened?” Roger asked cautiously.

Janice smiled. “The doctors proclaimed that he had a brain aneurism. But that’s not quite correct… or if he did, then I think you can guess what most likely caused it. I’m afraid my methods were rather a bit too crude back then. That, and coupled with my lack of knowledge and experience, let’s just say I went a little too far. Actually, more than a bit too far. Since then, Thomas has been in a facility for brain–dead people… who haven’t died yet. There is nothing wrong physically with him at all. But his brain barely functions anymore. I guess he’s not quite brain–dead… but close enough that they treat him that way.”

Roger was horrified and could only stare at her in shock.

“I guess he was as close as I’ve ever come to actually killing someone. And I really am very glad that he didn’t die.” She smiled at Roger for a moment. “After lauding over me for so many years how smart he was and how stupid I was, I guess he’s not so smart anymore!”

Roger couldn’t reply. He could only shake his head… slightly.

“But before I went that far with him,” Janice continued. “I had him steal three million dollars from the bank for me. Two days later, I was trying to fix things so he couldn’t tell anyone I had made him do it… and I’m afraid I went too far with him. I’m afraid the authorities were very perturbed at his sudden aneurism. Especially since the money was never found.”

Janice picked up her coffee cup and was somewhat frustrated to find it empty. “But he was my first, Mr. Brinkley,” she said as she got up from the table to refill her cup. “I’m happy to say that I’ve learned a great deal about my little hobby since then.”

Roger wasn’t sure he wanted to hear any more about her “hobby.”

Janice poured herself a fresh cup of coffee, then leaned back against the kitchen counter. “In the ensuing years, I’ve perfected the art of tying a man’s mind up in knots. And lately, I’ve even been getting quite creative with it.” She smiled. “I’m afraid my last victim now firmly believes he is a toad. He has barely any memory of his human life anymore, and doesn’t even have the capacity to want to attain it again. He firmly believes he is a toad and will only be a toad… and he behaves as much like a toad as the facility he is in will permit. All he does now, is to sit around in the insane asylum where he lives, and he spends his days watching for flies he can catch with his tongue and then eat them.” She smiled. “I gave him a goal of fifty flies. It is the only way he can count… and the only thing he does count… and he never forgets how many flies he’s eaten. Whenever… if ever… he gets to fifty, then he will immediately experience a rather strong and wonderful sexual orgasm… and orgasm he wants very badly. But once he’s experienced it, then his count goes back to zero, and he begins all over again. He is doomed to remain a toad like that for the rest of his days.”

Roger was totally horrified.

"He was the first toad I've done, and I think he came out rather well. He used to be a rather fat old investment broker, but after a few days with me… and of course, converting a few million dollars of his investor's money into cash for me, he is now no longer concerned with things like clients, or money, or anything else from his old life. He is only concerned with catching flies with his tongue."

Roger remained speechless… and horrified.

"Most of my other victims are in similar positions," Janice continued. "Except that all the other ones I got creative with I turned into bugs of some sort instead… bugs that I can step on! But rest assured, not one of them is capable any longer of being human in the least."

Roger didn't know why the words came out of his mouth, but the words were what his fear was centered around. "And why are you telling me this?"

"An excellent question, Mr. Brinkley. I'm telling you this because it's something I just want you to think about… for now."

It was the "for now" part that caught most of Roger's attention. "For now?"

"Put it this way… sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley, sleep and obey."

Roger's head went spinning again. He had no chance to even think about fighting the conditioning she had already done with him. Not that he even had time to think about fighting it. There was no time to think about it because she had taken him by surprise and so fast.

Janice coaxed him down into a semi–deep hypnotic trance once again. She had only done it this way as a precaution. Once he was deep enough… which was not nearly as deep as she could have taken him, she left him to sit in his chair and simply rest for a few minutes until she returned. She went to her bedroom where she retrieved her notebook… and his dog collar and the remote control for the shocking device. Back in the kitchen, she handed him his collar and had him put it on. Then, she woke him up – completely.

Roger blinked a few times. She had done it to him again… sent him into that quick hypnotic trance. He fully remembered her handing him the dog collar and buckling it around his own neck. But he found it strange that he was once again fully awake. What new demented game was she about to play now?

Janice gave him a few minutes to collect his wits. She sipped at her coffee until she was sure he was fully awake and cognizant. Then she picked up the remote control for his collar and checked the time on the clock. "Push your chair back further from the table," she instructed.

Roger's eyes went wide at hearing that because he was now sure she was going to do another training session with him. And after hearing what she had just told him, he was more fearful of it than ever. But he had barely gotten those thoughts through his brain before her finger hit the button and he was wracked with pain because he hadn't moved fast enough.

"Push your chair back!" Janice ordered again.

This time, Roger was quick to push his chair away from the table.

"Stand up!" Janice ordered, before pushing the button to give him just a minor shock for not being fast enough. "Sit down!" Over and over again she worked on him. Over and over she gave the same simple commands. Stand up. Sit down. Raise your right arm. Raise your left arm. Lower your right arm. Raise your left leg. Lower your left arm. Lower your left leg. Sit down. Over, and over, and over again. Her instructions coming faster and faster. "Don't try to think. You don't have time to think. My will is your will. Let yourself react to my will alone."

She watched him carefully as she worked with him. But unlike other times, this time she never used the commands to sleep and obey to help sink him into a trance faster. It was important now to not use that command. She was going to need to do more with him tonight than she had done in the past, and the raw brainwashing technique she was using was a much stronger method than the simple hypnotic suggestions. And when he was finally under her control again, she stopped and checked the clock. It had taken nearly twenty five minutes… and this wasn't the first time she had done this with him… by a long shot! He did indeed have a very strong mind. "Wake up, Mr. Brinkley," she said, "Wake up fully."

Roger's head was still going around as he climbed his way to full consciousness again. He as fully aware of everything. She had done nothing more than to bring him under her control again. As far as he could remember, she hadn't even reinforced any of the commands she had given him before… not even to put him under with just her words to sleep and obey.

Janice watched him carefully as he came around. She picked up the coffee pot and poured a tiny bit of fresh coffee into his cup. "Have a sip," she suggested. She was glad to see how fast he picked the cup up and drank from it… before putting it down on the table again. And when she was sure that he was completely recovered, she started all over again. "Stand up! Sit down! Raise your left arm. Raise your right arm." All over again from the beginning, and again not once did she use the commands to sleep and obey to make him go under faster.

Two minutes into this go–around with him, Janice heard the front door opening and Carol calling, "Momma?" But she couldn't stop what she was doing. She kept right on issuing the commands as fast as she could. When Carol came, wide–eyed, into the kitchen, she only paused long enough to put her finger to her lips to urge her daughter to remain totally silent.

It took less time this time, just over eighteen minutes, but that was still way too long – by a lot! But the problem was, that even doing it once was now dangerous toward affecting his mind so that it would possibly show more impairment when he went back to work next week. And tonight she had done it not only once, but twice! With most of her victims, she usually got them down to ten minutes in the first weekend. But Roger wasn't like most of her victims. She had taken over his life as nothing more than a last resort toward a greater end. And because of that, she definitely needed him to remain normal... or at least somewhat normal. Mentally anyway. But eighteen minutes! She was tempted to do it again, but even as tired as she was, she knew better.

Now that he was under again, she began reinforcing every single command that she had given him before. She reinforced his prime directive to always protect her and Carol. She reinforced the grey wall keeping him away from all ability to not do as she wanted. She reinforced the cold that would invade his privates any time a pretty woman crossed his path. And she especially made sure to reinforce the commands to sleep and obey… that would immediately sink him into a hypnotic trance any time she needed it.

So far, she had added nothing new to what she had already put into his brain. But now it was time for her to move on. Now it was time to address the real reason she was doing this with him tonight. She looked briefly over at Carol before she began. Her daughter was sitting at the table now, watching everything raptly. Well, she supposed she would.

She picked up her notebook before sitting down at the table. This was going to take a while. "Mr. Brinkley," she began. "I want you to think of your mind as one big filing cabinet. A cabinet with many drawers. A cabinet where all those drawers are totally open so you can access what's in them." She paused for a moment to let that fully register with him. "Now we're going to add a new drawer to your system, and we're going to put it somewhere at the bottom in an out of the way place. I want you to picture that new drawer as being completely closed right now, but you know that because it's a new drawer, it will be totally empty since we haven't put anything into it yet." Again she paused to let it all sink in.

"Now, Mr. Brinkley, we're going to put a label on the front of that new drawer. And the label will say, 'Boots the Dog.' Do you have that, Mr. Brinkley? Do you see a label like that on the front of that drawer?"

"Yes," Roger said, with a slight nod of his head.

"Very good," Janice continued. "Now we need to fill that new drawer. Open the drawer labeled 'Boots the dog,' Mr. Brinkley, and we will begin putting things into it for you.

Inside Roger's mind, he could see the new drawer opening revealing a blank interior.

"Now, Mr. Brinkley, whenever I say, 'It's time for Boots the dog,' you open this drawer and you will immediately become a dog named Boots. You will have no choice in the matter. You will not even consider that there ever was a choice. As soon as I say those words… 'It's time for Boots the dog,' you will only know that you are a dog. As your body becomes Boots the dog, you will immediately remove every bit of your clothing. Dogs don't wear clothing. You will not be able to stand the feel of clothing on your body unless someone puts it on you… after you become Boots the dog."

Janice paused to consult her notebook. "Stand up, Mr. Brinkley," she instructed, and watched as he immediately rose to his feet. She got up and went over to him. "Hold your right hand out toward me." Roger's arm immediately came up with his hand held out toward her. She grabbed it and turned his palm so it was facing down. "Curl your fingers under," she commanded. When he had done that, she took his thumb and pressed it alongside of his hand. "Now put your left hand in this position too," she told him. She watched as his left arm came up with his fingers already in the required position. "Now get down on the floor on all fours." As soon as Roger was down like she wanted him to be, she got down as well and closely examined his hands. "Very good, Mr. Brinkley," she told him. "Whenever you become Boots the dog, as soon as you have removed all your clothing, your hands will immediately assume this position. Your fingers will not just glue themselves together, but each hand will become fused together into one inseparable paw. Your paws! Since dogs do not have hands, you will have paws instead. And you will never even think of trying to open your paws into a hand again."

She left him in that position on the floor as she got to her feet and went back to her seat at the table… where she again consulted her notebook. She looked back down at him… now on all fours on the floor. "Mr. Brinkley, as soon as you become Boots the dog, with the exception of a few key words, you will immediately be unable to understand any human speech. Human words will have no meaning to you at all – other than the few commands I will tell you. You will be able to learn other commands after you become Boots the dog, but those commands will have to be taught to you.

The words you will be able to understand will be these. Stand… in which case you will assume the standing position you are in right now. There is no other way you will be capable of standing. Standing on two legs like a human will not only be impossible, you will never even think to try it. Dogs do not stand on two legs, they stand as you are now. And whenever you stand like that, just as happens when you are a human, you will again notice that your impenetrable wall will continue to grow thicker and thicker, holding all your will to do other than what I say on the other side.

The next word you will be able to understand is to sit. Do it now, Mr. Brinkley. Sit like a dog… like a good dog… with your paws still on the ground in front of you." She watched as Roger lowered his backside down to rest on the backs of his legs. His front "paws" remained on the floor in front of him. "Very good, Mr. Brinkley. And just as when you stand,

when you sit, you will also notice your impenetrable wall growing that tiny bit thicker and thicker."

She quickly consulted her notebook again before continuing. "The other commands you will be able to understand are to lay down, to come when you are called, and to speak. Whenever you are commanded to speak, you will of course bark like a dog. All human speech will be impossible for you as Boots the dog. The only sounds you will be capable of making will be dog sounds and dog sounds only. But then, even understanding human speech will be impossible for you anyway, so you will have no need of any other sounds. From time to time, either Carol or myself may train you to understand other commands. But you will learn those commands gradually… as any other dog would since your intelligence will be completely diminished to that of a dog and nothing but a dog."

She consulted her notebook again. "As I said, Mr. Brinkley, other than those few command words I just gave you, you will no longer be able to understand human speech. But there will be with one additional exception. "Whenever I say the words, 'Bonjour Boots,' you will immediately be fully able to understand all human speech. You will be incapable of making any human sounds yourself, but you will be fully able to understand what is being said. But as soon as I say, 'Au revoir Boots,' human speech will again become incomprehensible to you."

She looked at her notebook again and her finger found the next item on her list. "Just as with human speech being incomprehensible, you will no longer have any concept of numbers at all. Counting will not only be impossible, you will not even be able to consider it. You will be able to realize that something is there, and if there is more of that something, then there will simply be more."

Her finger on her notes moved slightly down the page. Then she looked over at the wide–eyed look on Carol's face and smiled briefly before turning her attention back to Roger, still "sitting" on the floor like a dog. "Mr. Brinkley," she said, "as a dog, you will pay far more attention to your sense of smell than you ever have before. Your sense of smell will become one of your primary senses. You will actively smell everything you can, including your own pee and feces."

She returned her attention to her notebook where her finger moved slightly again.

"Mr. Brinkley, whenever you are Boots the dog, you will be the perfect loving companion for both Carol and myself. You will play happily like a dog whenever anyone wants you to and you will crave being petted like any good dog. You will eat, drink, sleep, pee, and defecate like a dog. All of your interests will be limited to the interests of a dog… and nothing else. Nothing else will even be comprehensible to you. Basically, you will be a dog in every way possible."

One more time she checked her notes before continuing.

"Whenever you are Boots the dog, Mr. Brinkley, You will act like a dog in all ways, and you will think like a dog in all ways. There will be one exception to that. At all times, Mr. Brinkley, a small pocket in your mind will constantly remember that you were once human. You will be completely unable to remember anything useful about your old human life, but you will constantly compare the life you have as a dog with the life you used to have as a human. But no matter how much you may yearn for your old life, you will know that you can never have it. You will only know that you are now a dog and will always be a dog. Since you are no longer human, you can no longer be human. You can and will be only a dog. But the memories of being human will remain… and you will constantly compare your dog life with your old human life."

Her finger moved down the page one final time. She looked briefly over at Carol. "Almost done, dear." Then she turned her attention back to Roger.

"Now, Mr. Brinkley. Remember that filing cabinet drawer? All these instructions I have just given to you are now in that drawer – and nowhere else. Once that drawer is closed, you will have no knowledge of those instructions at all. You will remember nothing at all of the instructions for Boots the dog. It will be as if they don't exist. They will only exist should you hear the phrase, 'It's time for Boots the dog.' At that time, that cabinet drawer will open… and whenever that cabinet drawer opens, all of the other drawers that your mind can access now will close and lock tightly. As Boots the dog, you will only have access to what Boots the dog needs to know and nothing else."

She paused one final time before continuing. "Mr. Brinkley, after you have spent some time as Boots the dog, should someone decide that you may become human again, only someone speaking the words, 'It's time for Boots to be human,' can return you again to a human being. As soon as you hear those words, 'It's time for Boots to be human,' you will immediately stop being a dog. You will be able to open your hands into human hands and use them that way. You will in all ways return fully to your life as a human being. But you will still remember your life as Boots the dog so that you can fully appreciate what being a human being means."

She looked down at him, still sitting the same way… like a dog... on the floor. "We are done with putting instructions into that cabinet drawer now, Mr. Brinkley. In a moment, we will close that drawer. After that, every time that drawer opens, all the other drawers will close and lock shut. When the Boots the dog drawer closes, all the other drawers will open fully again. You will either be able to be fully human, or you will be able to be Boots the dog. There will be no in–between."

She stood up from her seat at the table. "Stand up now, Mr. Brinkley. Stand as a human." She waited as Roger immediately got to his feet. "Close that drawer in your mind now, Mr.

Brinkley. Close the drawer that is labeled, 'Boots the dog.'" She waited only a moment for the look on his face to change somewhat.

Finally, with him still deeply in his trance, she said. "When you go into your room in a few minutes, close the door. Remove all of your clothing except the shoes on your feet, and go to sleep. There is no need for you to be bound or chained tonight. There is no need for you to polish your boots or your shoes. Get naked except for your shoes and then make yourself as comfortable as you can. Go to the bathroom first if you wish, then enjoy a good night's sleep for once, and sleep deeply and well. Tomorrow when you awake, your mind will be completely clear and you will feel happy and well rested." She walked over to him and removed his collar herself. "Go to your room now, Mr. Brinkley, and have a very good night."

Carol watched Roger immediately leaving the room. As soon as he was completely out of sight, she could no longer wait to ask. "Momma, what was that all about? Are you planning on turning him completely into a dog now?"

Janice shook her head. "Only if I have to dear. Only if I have to. And even then, hopefully, it will only be for a short time to scare him into doing what I want."

"But Momma, why can't you just hypnotize him into doing what you want?"

Janice had to consider how best to answer that one. "Because what I want him to do is going to require his complete cooperation and commitment. And, because what we're doing to him now has nothing to do with anything he's ever done in the past. We've invaded his home and his life and we're stealing both. In this one thing, I think it's only fair that we let him decide which way his life is going to go. But, in the end, I will do what I have to do. And should the situation require it…" She said nothing more on the subject.

She went over and hugged her daughter. "Did you have fun today?"

"Yeah. We just hung out. Momma, can we invite Shelly here some time? I mean, I always go there. Is there some way we can let her come here once in a while too?"

Janice looked at her. "Not quite yet, dear. Let's wait and see. I'm sure we'll be able to arrange something though… eventually."

Janice yawned. "Oh dear, it really has been a long day for me. I think I'm going to bed. Tomorrow is going to be a busy day for us. Our new bedroom furniture is coming tomorrow."

Carol brightened visibly. "That's going to be great!" she replied.

“Yes it will,” Janice agreed. She kissed her daughter. “Goodnight, dear,” she said before heading off toward her bedroom. Yes, tomorrow would be a busy day. The old bedroom furniture had to get hauled away. The new bedroom furniture had to be delivered. And Roger Brinkley had to be told what she had decided on for his future.

Chapter 20.

Blessed comfort! Half awake, half asleep, Roger's mind could only register how well he had slept all night… and was continuing to… mostly… sleep. Not tied up in any way. Laying on the nice soft new carpeting. His head resting on a pile of surprisingly comfortable sweatshirts, and his body covered by several of his flannel shirts. Yes, the stupid shoes were still stuck on his now mostly numb feet, but that was such a minor thing compared to everything else that he barely thought about it. Wonderful, wonderful, comfort. Wonderful, blessed comfort. He breathed in deeply and let it out in a silent sigh… and rolled over to another comfortable position so he could go right back to being fully asleep again. Mmmmm.

Still mostly asleep, he wasn't too asleep to not hear the distant ringing of his old alarm clock – in his old bedroom. But only something small in the back of his mind registered the sound. He didn't move… he still had no reason to move. Unfortunately, his door soon opened and he heard Janice calling him.

"Mr. Brinkley? Are you awake yet?" she called softly so as not to wake her daughter in the next room.

Roger immediately rolled over. "Yes," he replied quickly with no thought at all. "I'm awake."

"Please get your shower and get cleaned up again while Carol is still sleeping," Janice told him. "And as you have been, don't be too long about it so she won't have to wait for the bathroom when she does get up. And when you're finished, please don't forget to wear those same pretty shoes you have on now."

Roger was already getting to his feet by the time the words even registered in his brain. As he stood, the solid grey wall in his mind seemed more ominous than ever. He automatically headed straight into the bathroom to shave and shower.

As he shaved, his mind finally tried to return to last night. That much thinking though, seemed to be a difficult exercise, but eventually he managed to drag up remembrances of wearing her collar again and all the stand up, sit down, do this, do that, exercises she had put him through. But as good and as well rested as he was this morning, his mind soon stopped thinking about that… or anything else as his body seemed to automatically go through the motions of getting shaved and brushing his teeth.

Almost blankly, he removed the high heeled shoes and stretched his aching feet, getting the blood flowing in his toes again. The pain of being able to move his feet once again stimulated his blank mind into a working state. He remembered a little of what went on last night… but that was all wiped out again as his body automatically stepped into the shower. A few minutes later, under the strong hot water soaking his body, his brain began functioning again.

This time he was able to hold onto those horrid images from the night before a little longer. He remembered having to endure the physical motions of her training, but he now realized that he couldn't yet remember anything else that happened. And by the time he walked naked back to his room to get dressed, those memories had once again faded to nothingness as his body seemed to act on its own without his brain being much aware of anything.

Once he was dressed, the very high heels on his feet carried him straight out to the kitchen, where he found his dog bowl filled with his morning cereal. He barely even paused before kneeling down and lowering his head to begin eating. The act of eating… especially eating the way he was – like a dog from a bowl on the floor, once again kicked his brain into partial thinking. And once again, as he ate, he only thought of what had happened last night. What had happened between the time he stopped remembering and the time he woke up this morning? He puzzled over that, even as his mouth continued to dive deeply into the bowl and grab what food it could, and chew it. But his mind still wasn't functioning well enough to hold onto any of those thoughts for very long. By the time he finished eating, his mind had shut down once again.

Janice had watched Roger come into the room. He didn't say good morning or anything. But then she never asked him to do anything like that. But he did go straight to his corner to begin eating like he should. A moment later, Carol came in, still wearing her nightgown and a robe, and took her mind completely off of Roger as the two of them hugged before sitting down at the breakfast table together. As she usually did, she kept an occasional eye on Roger as he ate by himself in his corner. But most of her attention was usually on her daughter.

Before she and Carl were finished eating, she saw Roger's head come up out of his dog bowl. He had finished eating. The milk that she had poured over his cereal was now all over his face. "Mr. Brinkley," she said, "please go wash up. Then I'm going to need you to make sure that your chain and any ropes or other bindings in your bedroom are completely hidden out of sight this morning. There will be men coming from the rental company to pick up the bedroom furniture. Then later this morning, the new furniture is being delivered." She was a little concerned by the lack of reaction on his face, but at least he immediately got up and left to do as he was told. She put him out of her mind and went back to chatting with Carol.

Carol soon left to go get her shower and to get dressed. But Janice was surprised when she came back just a few minutes later. "Momma?"

"Yes dear?"

"Momma, he's taking another shower."

Janice blinked. "He is?"

"You can hear the water running from outside the bathroom."

Concerned, Janice headed straight for the bathroom. She could indeed hear the shower running as she opened the door without knocking or announcing herself. She saw his shaving supplies out on the bathroom counter and he was indeed taking a shower. “Mr. Brinkley,” she called out. “Didn’t you take a shower earlier?” she asked.

Roger had heard Janice entering the bathroom, but it was only information that his brain had processed… and done nothing with. However, her question once again kicked his brain into functioning. Had he taken a shower earlier? He was shocked and somewhat embarrassed to realize that he had. “Um… yes, I did,” he replied. “I guess I forgot that I had taken one. Sorry, I wasn’t thinking. I’ll be right out.”

Janice stared at his shaving supplies out on the counter as she heard him turning the water off. Had he shaved again as well? “Kindly hurry up getting dressed again, Mr. Brinkley,” she said as she walked out the door. But now her mind was worried. Doing the training twice in a row last night may have affected him worse than she thought it might. With most men, it would definitely do that. But Roger’s mind was stronger than most men. She needed to have a very serious talk with him later this afternoon. And she would prefer it if his mind was functioning properly!

Roger was fully dressed, including the high heels that had been on his feet for most of the last few days. His eyes searched his bedroom for anything else that might have to be moved. The act of putting the chain and the ropes into his bedroom closet where they couldn’t be seen had kept his brain functioning again, but again he couldn’t remember what had happened during that “blank” time. Now as he stood searching the room for anything else, he tried again to face the memories of her training from last night. This time, he was able to remember her reinforcing the horrible grey wall and all the other indignities he was forced to live. But again he realized that there was still something missing, because the next thing his brain was capable of remembering, was waking up this morning and not being bound in any way at all.

But puzzling over the missing pieces, was still beyond the capabilities of his tortured mind. He stood there trying to think about it for a few minutes… until without realizing it, his brain went blank once again, and he just stood there in his room – not thinking at all.

It was the doorbell that jogged his brain back into a semi–working state. Janice had said that there were men coming to pick up the rental furniture. His brain was functioning enough to realize that he was still wearing the stupid high heel shoes. It was also functioning enough to realize that he would rather not be embarrassed by being seen in them. With little time for better options, he quickly decided that remaining in his room where he wouldn’t be seen was the best thing he could do. He quickly closed his bedroom door. Then he stood in the middle of his room as he listened to the sounds of what was happening outside of his room.

His mind was working, but not well enough.

Janice led the workers down the hallway and was surprised to find Roger's bedroom door closed. "The first bed and dresser is in here," she said to the men as she opened the door. She saw Roger standing in the middle of the room. She was surprised to see the look of surprise on his face… as if he hadn't expected the men to need to come in there. In a way, she was somewhat glad to see that look on his face. With those shoes that he was prominently wearing, he had to feel some kind embarrassment over them. But the fact that he was trying to hide out in the room suggested that he wasn't functioning well enough to realize that half of the furniture the men were after was in this room.

"Mr. Brinkley, the men are here for the furniture. Kindly wait out in the living room while they're here."

Roger's mind was only working well enough to realize what a blunder he had made, and to feel the embarrassment of the looks the workers were giving him. As his body immediately pushed past the men, he couldn't help but wonder why he hadn't realized that the men needed to get into his room. What was wrong with him?

Janice watched as Roger headed for the living room… the shoes on his feet making a very distinctive sound the minute he hit the hardwood floors of the hallway. She stared after him for a moment before she noticed the surprised looks on the two men's faces as they watched him leave. She moved aside to let the men into the room to grab the furniture. "Gentlemen…" she said to get their attention off of Roger and back on what they were supposed to be doing. "This bed and this dresser have to go." She was glad to see her words bringing them back to reality. She briefly wondered what was going through their minds about Roger, but she quickly decided that it didn't matter and that she really didn't care.

Roger's brain was now working well enough again that he decided to wait while sitting in a chair that would affectively hide his feet from sight… as long as the workers didn't come all the way into the area where he was sitting. He was still very embarrassed to be seen like he was… wearing the stupid heels. Why hadn't he realized that they would have to come into the room to get the furniture? Why hadn't he thought about that? He wondered about that the entire time the men were there… and fortunately, before long, they were gone and their truck was leaving the driveway. What was wrong with him today? But as he sat there waiting and wondering, his mind went mostly blank again. And it stayed blank until Janice walked up in front of him with an odd look on her face.

Janice studied Roger's face as she stood in front of him. "Mr. Brinkley," she said, "how much is thirty–three plus forty–eight?"

Roger's head immediately went spinning. Thirty–three plus forty–eight? But instead of processing the problem as it should, all his brain did was to mentally repeat the two numbers over and over again without doing anything else with them.

Janice watched his face as it registered his confusion. "Never mind, Mr. Brinkley." She decided to ask a much easier question. "How much is eleven plus ten?"

Again Roger's brain took the two numbers and mentally repeated them over and over again. But something in there finally started to click and he attempted to process the information. And from somewhere an answer appeared. "Twenty–two," he replied. And immediately he realized that wasn't right. "No, that's not right!" he said quickly. His brain reprocessed the question. "Twenty one," he corrected himself. Why had he made a stupid error like that?

Janice pursed her lips. This wasn't a good sign. It wasn't nearly as bad as it could be, but even still, it wasn't good at all. She had no doubt that he would recover fully, especially since his mind was so strong. But she had gone a bit too far last night with his training, and now only time and rest would allow his mind to fully recover… as much as the conditioning she had instilled in him would allow. She had made a small mistake. It was a mistake she had first learned about with her husband – her first victim. As strong as his mind was, that didn't mean that it also wasn't fragile.

"Mr. Brinkley," she said. "Please lie down on the couch and make yourself comfortable. And I want you to fall asleep until I wake you up." It was all she could do for now. She needed his brain to get all the rest it could… and hopefully, recover quickly from what she had inadvertently done to it.

Lay down on the couch and go to sleep? Roger pondered that, even as his body reacted automatically to her words and moved to the couch. But laying down and taking a little nap sounded like a great way to spend the day… at least as much of the day as she would allow him to relax. He had no doubt that later she would find some little task to torture him with. And maybe later his brain would function a bit better so he could remember what had happened before he went to bed last night. But right now, going to sleep on the nice comfortable couch sounded like heaven… even as his badly functioning brain conjured up happy memories of many past naps on the couch. Those were his last thoughts as his body, just as Janice had told him to do, fell asleep.

"Momma… what's wrong?" Carol asked.

Janice pursed her lips. "I fear I went a bit too far with him last night," she replied. "Now I hope his mind is indeed as strong as I thought it was. Otherwise, he's not going to fully recover the way I want him too."

"So what do we do?" Carol asked.

Janice tried to smile. “We let him sleep… and we wait.”

Even though he was no longer hypnotized, Roger remained sound asleep on the couch since she had told him to sleep until she woke him up. Remaining sound asleep, he was therefore totally oblivious to the sounds and commotion of the new bedroom furniture being delivered and the old furniture being hauled away. Although not all of Roger’s bedroom furniture got carted off. Janice had the men move his old dresser into his new room. But that was all that she allowed to be put into there. No bed… for now. He would have to earn that privilege… eventually. That is, if he recovered from her mistake, which she was still fairly certain that he would.

Janice allowed him to sleep through lunch. And after lunch, she allowed him to stay asleep while she carefully used the new device that Susan Wu had given her to thoroughly check the house – and the cars – for hidden bugs or trackers of any kind. Fortunately, she found none at all. She also allowed Roger to remain asleep while she and Carol joyfully put the bedding on their new beds and helped each other stock their new dressers, putting everything where they wanted it to go. It was several hours past lunchtime when Janice finally went into the living room to wake him up. “Mr. Brinkley,” she called, gently nudging his arm to help jostle him awake.

Roger’s brain fought to bring itself out of sleep as fast as it could… which still took a few moments. “Yes,” his voice finally managed to get out… even as he was still waking up. Janice gave him a moment to fully come awake. “I’ve put some lunch in your bowl for you,” she said. “Go and get something to eat.” She noticed that he was moving to do as she said the moment she had finished saying it… which was good. But the question was, how was his brain now? She was hoping the meal she prepared for him and put into his bowl… along with the cup of coffee she would give him afterwards, would help to mend what hadn’t been functioning within him earlier.

Roger already had his head in his bowl and was chewing his food by the time his brain fully woke up. He lifted his head a bit as he was chewing and looked into his bowl. Cut up chicken, green beans, French fried potatoes, and… what were those small whitish things mixed in among it all. He stuck his head closer and managed to get one of those white things onto his tongue and into his mouth. He chewed it. Apples! Cut up apples! Surprisingly, the entire thing tasted darn good when mixed all together. His head went back down and he took another large bite of everything he could get into his mouth. His head came up again so he could chew and swallow it. Then he moved to the side to lick up some of the water in the bowl she had set next to his food bowl. Then it was back to his lunch again. The woman was an absolute nightmare! But darn if she couldn’t cook!

But thinking of her as a nightmare again stimulated his thinking, and this time it dredged up another memory from last night. This time he remembered the little talk they had been having

just before she had hypnotized him and started all his training. In one big rush, his mind conjured up images of what she had said she did to all her victims. Bugs! And her latest… a toad that now spent his life trying to catch flies with his tongue! The very thought of it made him sick. He tried to put those images out of his mind, but now that they were there, they refused to go away. They were all he could think about as he continued to eat the rest of his food.

When he was done, he stood up and headed back out toward the living room… where he found Janice and Carol watching some home repair show on TV.

"All done, Mr. Brinkley?" Janice asked as she got to her feet.

"Yes," Roger replied.

"Come," Janice said, "let me pour you a cup of coffee. I made a fresh pot just a little while ago." A moment later, as she was pouring the coffee for him, she said, "Why don't you take this into your bedroom? I've had your old dresser put in there for you. You can put your things into it now."

Roger was surprised to hear that he now had his old dresser back again. And he quickly wondered about his bed as well. Without saying any kind of thank you for the coffee, he took it and went straight back to his room… where he did indeed find his old dresser… but no bed at all. He took a sip of the coffee and set the mug down on top of his dresser. But before starting to put his things into it, he headed for the bathroom. And in doing so, he passed the open door to Janice's room – his old room. He noted the brand new bed there among all the other very nice furniture in the room. He briefly looked into Carol's room and saw all new furniture there as well… including a brand new bed. So why didn't she move his old bed into his room? The meaning of that wasn't something he wanted to think about.

Janice gave him almost an hour. Actually, she gave him until the next program on TV finished. Then she went straight to his room to see what he was doing. She found him still putting things into his dresser. But the pile of clothes he had on the floor was now all but gone. "Nearly done, Mr. Brinkley?" she asked as she came into the room.

Roger nodded. "Yeah, just about."

Janice noticed his coffee mug on the dresser and looked into it. "I'll pour you a fresh cup while you're finishing up. Come find me in the kitchen when you're done."

It was less than five minutes before Roger walked into the kitchen. Janice had just poured him a fresh cup of coffee as well as one for herself. She stood leaning against the counter, but she had set Roger's cup on the table for him, in front of his usual seat… when he was allowed to sit at the table.

“Have a seat, Mr. Brinkley,” she said. She waited until he had sat down. She glanced briefly out toward the living room where Carol was still watching TV before she turned her attention back to him. “Feel free to drink some coffee if you like,” she said as she came over and sat down in her usual seat. “We need to talk again.”

Roger was instantly worried about more training and nearly backed his chair away from the table so he could get up… and run!

“Don’t worry, Mr. Brinkley,” Janice told him as she noted the reaction on his face. “We simply need to finish the little discussion we were having last night… before I so rudely… ripped the rug out from under you, so to speak.”

Roger’s fear didn’t dissipate at all! Once again his mind drudged up those memories of what she had said she did to her past victims. A toad? Ugh!

“Before we begin,” Janice said, “please let me ask you a few simple questions.” She saw the look on Roger’s face change slightly in anticipation, but he said nothing. “Mr. Brinkley, how much is twelve plus eleven?”

Roger blinked in surprise. “Twenty three,” he said, totally surprised that she should ask such a thing.

Janice nodded, but inwardly she was breathing a sigh of relief. “And how much is forty–two plus sixty–seven?”

Roger’s mind had to think for a moment to process the answer but it wasn’t long before he was able to say, “A hundred and nine.”

This time, Janice’s sigh of relief was audible. She nodded and took the time to take a sip of her coffee.

“What do those numbers have to do with anything?” Roger chanced asking.

“Nothing at all,” Janice replied. “I was just checking, that’s all.”

Roger still didn’t know what that had been about. He took another sip of his drink as he continued to watch her… warily.

Now that she was sure Roger was back to his old self, Janice was happy to move on. Even though she knew that shortly, Roger was going to be anything but happy. But the time had come, to discuss his future. She was only glad that he was fully cognizant now so he could fully understand what she had to say.

“Mr. Brinkley,” she began, “do you remember what I told you last night about… what I do with the men I come across?”

Roger nodded warily. “You… brainwash them into thinking they’re… bugs… or a toad… or so you told me.”

Janice nodded. “I do indeed,” she said with a small smile as she took another sip of her coffee. “And as I told you last night, I’m very good at what I do. But that brings me to the subject of you… and what I should do with you.” She paused for a moment to study his face, she could easily see the uneasiness there. She switched directions. “Tell me, Mr. Brinkley, what do you think of my little idea of you wearing the women’s boots to all your jobs? Do you think it will keep you in people’s minds enough to bring in more business?”

Roger blinked. “I’m not overly happy about, to say the least,” he chanced replying.

Janice nodded. “I’m sure that’s the case. But none the less, you will be wearing those boots to your jobs… and eventually, you will be wearing other boots as well. Although I intend to see to it that the heels on your boots continually get higher and higher as you become more accustomed to wearing them.”

Roger looked at her with a totally aghast expression on his face. “That’s… crazy!” he said totally incredulously.

Janice smiled. She had thought that would be his reaction. “Never the less, that is what’s going to happen. Eventually, you should have an absolutely marvelous collection of women’s fashionable boots… that you will wear to all your jobs. I have no doubt that eventually your boot collection will be the envy of many of the women you meet.”

Horrified, Roger didn’t know what to say. The only word he could get out of his mouth was a rather horrified, “A boot… collection?”

Janice merely nodded and took another sip of her coffee. But it was time now to get down to the part he was really not going to like. “Of course, Mr. Brinkley, but I’m afraid those signature boots of yours are only going to be the tip of the iceberg.”

Now Roger became even more afraid. What more could this demented woman want?

It was a moment before Janice continued as she chose her next words carefully. “Mr. Brinkley, I told you last night about my previous victims for a reason. I never… and I repeat… never… leave a man I have been working with… let us say, unchanged. But you Mr. Brinkley, present me with an interesting problem. You have nothing I want to steal from you, and I’m afraid that Carol and I have simply uprooted your life as a means of last resort to our greater end.

And from everything I've seen so far, for a man, you're at least somewhat of a decent person. So the question remains, what am I going to do with you?"

Roger could no longer remain silent. "Why do you have to do anything with me? Why can't you simply let me be as I am and just leave? You know with all that… conditioning in me that I won't tell anyone about you and Carol. Not only that, but with what you've done to blackmail me, anything I say would only land me in jail as well."

Janice smiled. His mind had indeed recovered. And it was obviously just as strong as ever! "A fair question, Mr. Brinkley. But all I'll say to that is that much of it has to do with my… and Carol's… continuing protection. Plus… I think that I simply feel better knowing I've eliminated one more stupid male mind from the planet." She saw the look of sudden horror on his face and she smiled. "Like it or not, Mr. Brinkley, that's the way it is, and that's the way it's going to continue to be."

Roger could no longer delay asking. "So… do you intend on eventually turning me into a bug as well?"

"No, Mr. Brinkley. I have another direction for your life altogether. Although to be honest, I actually have two very different directions for you… and I'm even going to allow you to choose which fate will be yours."

Roger didn't know what to think. He knew he was definitely afraid! Fearfully, he sat wide–eyed and waited for his doom to be spelled out.

"I guess," Janice continued after a moment, "I got the idea from Carol and what she did with you while I was still in prison. As you can probably guess, one of those possible fates for you is to spend the rest of your life as a dog. And trust me, I've already made a lot of plans toward that end for you, so that you would really and truly get the full benefit of believing you are and always will be, nothing but a dog… for the rest of your life."

Now that it had been said, Roger realized that being turned into a dog was a very obvious conclusion. His eyes momentarily darted toward his purple dog bowl in the corner. He couldn't imagine spending the rest of his life living that way though. His words were almost choked as he forced himself to ask, "And the other possibility?"

Janice smiled. "That… is the solution I would really prefer for you," she said. "Of course, I do think that a dog would be very interesting as well. I've never done a dog before, but I do think you would come out rather… interesting."

"I don't want to be a dog," Roger managed to croak out.

"I'm sure you don't," Janice replied. "But I'm afraid it's either going to be that, or… something that will go much better with your new line of work… as well as your new marketing gimmick of wearing the high heeled boots."

Roger was quickly confused, but whatever it was, it certainly sounded much better than being a dog. He just didn't know what that something was yet. "And… what is that?" he asked cautiously.

"Mr. Brinkley, along with you collecting a very admirable boot collection to wear, I'd like to see other changes as well, including beautiful long hair and a rather sexy body to go with it."

Roger's head went spinning again. "Sexy body?"

"Yes, Mr. Brinkley. Instead of you becoming a canine for the rest of your life, you have the option to choose to become a beautiful, sexy woman instead."

"A woman?" Roger asked, totally aghast. But his mind wouldn't let him stop there. "What is it that you have against men?" he asked again. "Why can't I simply stay as I am?"

Janice shook her head. She had been sure he would react this way. "Those reasons are mine, Mr. Brinkley. "You have no need of the answers."

"But I don't want to be a woman," Roger said.

"I'm sure you don't, Mr. Brinkley, but would you rather be a dog?"

"Definitely not!" Roger replied, totally horrified by the prospect.

"Never the less," Janice said, "those are your only two choices. You will either become a loving pet for someone for the rest of your life, or you will do everything possible to quickly change yourself into a beautiful and sexy woman for the rest of your life. Those are your only choices, Mr. Brinkley. Your only choices!"

Roger could only stare at her with wide–eyed horror. "You're really not giving me much of a choice, are you?"

"No, not really, Mr. Brinkley. In fact, I'm so sure that you will eventually choose to be a woman instead of a dog, that I've already come up with another marketing idea for your business… and a new name for you a well I'm afraid."

Still completely shocked, Roger could only ask, "What?"

Janice smiled. "I'm not fond of the term 'handyman' very much. I guess because of the 'man' part of it. So I've changed that a bit. Eventually, should you choose to go this way, your new name will become 'Candy.' And your business cards will all say… Candy girl, the handy girl." She beamed at the thought of her idea. She really did like the little slogan for his new business title.

Roger's mouth dropped. Candy girl the handy girl? She had to be kidding! But he knew perfectly well that she wasn't kidding in the least!

"Have you finished your coffee yet?" Janice asked before he had a chance to say anything.

Almost unconsciously, Roger glanced at his cup, and took another large swallow to finish what was left.

"Very good, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as she got up from the table. She noticed Carol standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Carol was smiling broadly. Janice turned her attention back toward Roger, who was still staring at her with a somewhat shocked and horrified look on his face. Well, she supposed he would react like that.

"Mr. Brinkley," she said as she grabbed his now empty cup from the table. "Since I am at least fairly sure of which path you will decide to take… and… because I simply think it will be interesting… I'm going to give you just a small taste of what the other path will be like." She paused, but only momentarily. "In hopes that it will further convince you of how much more desirable the path I'd rather you take will be."

A small taste? Roger was still too much in shock by everything she had just told him to know what to say. But saying anything just then didn't seem to matter as he heard her saying something… and his mind seemed to latch onto those words as if they were the most important thing in the entire world.

"It's time for Boots the dog."

Roger had a sudden small vision of a filing cabinet drawer sliding open… and many other drawers closing at the same time. But that vision was very brief as he quickly found himself out of his chair and down on the floor where he was furiously trying to remove the high heel shoes from his feet. He had to get his clothes off! All of them! Everything he was wearing felt nothing but horrible against his body! The shoes were quickly gone and thrown out of the way, the knee–hi hose he was wearing quickly followed. With his only thought being that he had to get the clothes off, he quickly attacked his pants, unfastening his belt and sliding them down and off of his legs. The frilly yellow panties he was wearing came off at the same time. He started to unbutton his shirt, but he was so desperate to get it off that he finally grabbed the material and ripped the last few remaining buttons apart, throwing the horrible shirt out of the way as soon as he managed to get his arms out of it. Now on his knees, his body bent

down toward the floor as his arms fought with the bra fastenings behind his back. Why was the thing so hard to unfasten? He had to get the horrible thing off! But eventually the bra with the balled up socks in it went the way of his shirt and he breathed a small sigh of relief… as his hands fused themselves into paws… and he found himself on all fours… and all other thoughts were suddenly erased from his mind.

Total confusion – that's all Boots knew. His body stiff with uncertainty and fright, he stood where he was, staring around at everything. Still trying to figure things out, he sniffed the air, turning his head this way and that, as if the odors around him would clear the confusion. He had seen the tall… whatever they were. They were making noises to each other, but he couldn't understand the noises so he paid them little attention. His eyes caught sight of the water bowl in the corner and he cautiously made his way over to it. He sniffed at the water closely. Then he sniffed at the empty bowl that was next to it… before going back to the water bowl and cautiously chancing a short drink. But the drink didn't clear his confusion any at all.

The tall things were making more noises, almost as if they expected him to be able to understand them. He sat… noticing a flash of some type of grey wall at the edges of his vision. He turned his head quickly to the side to see what it was… but he saw nothing. Then one of the tall things said something that completely caught his attention because he understood it. The thing had said "Boots." And he knew that was his name. He got up… noticing that grey flash again, but again as he turned his head to see what it was, he found nothing. He moved over closer to the tall thing that had spoken his name and looked up at it… wondering why it had spoken his name. And as he looked up at… whatever the thing was, he remembered that he used to be one of those tall things too. He used to make those same strange noises. But he also knew that he wasn't one of those tall things now. He was a dog. And he would always be a dog. His brain didn't bother thinking or worrying about that any further. He was what he was.

Carol laughed as Roger stared up at him… so much like a dog. So much like a real dog. She had gotten a kick out of watching him sniff the air… and then going over to his water bowl for a drink. "Come on Boots, let's go find your toy," she said. She ran off toward the living room, but when she looked back, Roger was still in the kitchen, staring after her.

"You may need to teach him some things now," Janice told her. "He doesn't understand anything you're saying anymore other than a few basic commands such as sit and stay."

That was a little frustrating for Carol. This wasn't going to be quite as easy as she thought. But after a moment's reflection, she figured it shouldn't be all that difficult… and it might even be a lot of fun. Imagine, he really thought he was a dog… and he couldn't even understand someone speaking to him anymore! She ran off to her room to find the stuffed duck dog toy for him.

When she returned, she found Roger slowly sniffing around all the furniture in the living room. She watched him for a moment. “What’s he doing, Momma?”

“I think he’s exploring and trying to figure out his surroundings,” Janice replied. “It looks like he no longer even remembers that information.”

Carol watched him for a few moments more, but with the dog toy in her hand, she wanted to play. “Here doggie,” she called. “Here boy!” But Roger didn’t do anything more than to briefly turn his head toward her… before going back to his sniffing.

“Try calling him Boots,” Janice suggested.

Carol only looked at her for a moment before turning her attention back to Roger. “Here Boots. Here Boots!”

Boots, hearing his name being called the way that the tall thing had said it, turned immediately. There was something urgent about the way the thing was calling him. He headed for it to see what it wanted. The thing was holding something out towards him. He approached it cautiously and sniffed at it. The tall thing kept making sounds at him… but there was something inviting about the sounds it was making, as if there was something the thing wanted him to do. The tall thing was still holding whatever it was out towards him. He sniffed it again… and taking a chance, he gingerly took it into his mouth and the tall thing let go of it. The sounds the tall thing made then somehow made him feel good. The thing in his mouth felt very soft there… but it didn’t taste like food at all. He chewed on it a few times, then holding it firmly, he shook his head back and forth. He heard more sounds coming from the tall thing that suggested it was pleased somehow.

He chewed it a bit more before dropping it to the ground. The tall thing was still making noises toward him, as if it wanted him to do something more with the soft thing. He bent down and took it in his mouth again, deeper this time than before. Then he chewed on it again. And the thing in his mouth made the most surprising noise! He dropped it immediately and backed away from it, watching the thing intently. It didn’t look alive. He cautiously moved his nose closer and sniffed at it again. It still smelled the same. Just to make sure, he barked at the thing… then he barked again! No change. Whatever the soft thing was, it was just staying there. Had he killed it?

The tall thing was making more noises, but since he didn’t recognize any of them, he continued to ignore them and concentrate on the soft thing on the floor. Then the tall thing suddenly picked the soft thing up … and threw it! The tall thing was saying things again and he heard his name in the middle of what it said, but he had no idea what else the tall thing wanted. His entire concentration was on that strange soft thing that had made the strange sound when he had chewed on it. The tall thing had gotten rid of it. Threw it away from him. And now he saw the tall thing going after it again.

Boots stayed where he was and watched as the tall thing picked the soft thing up. Then she was holding it out toward him and calling his name again. Should he go? Did he dare go? But curiosity got the better of him and he went… and cautiously approached the soft thing that was being held out toward him again. It still smelled the same. He barked at it. No reaction, but the tall thing was making more noises now. Cautiously, he sniffed it again, then taking a chance, he took it in his mouth again, and the tall thing immediately let go of it… and started making more strange noises that again made him feel somewhat good.

He violently shook the soft thing in his mouth again, then chewed on it a few times again. But suddenly as he chewed it, the thing made that same noise! And he was sure it was dead! He shook it again violently, then chewed it again, and again it made that noise. Every time he chewed on it, the thing made the strange noise. He dropped it to the floor and growled at it. Then he barked at it. But the thing didn't move. The tall thing was making strange noises at him again, but since he couldn't understand the noises, he ignored them and concentrated on the strange soft dead thing that had made the noise when he chewed on it.

Janice watched her daughter playing with Roger… now Boots… for a few minutes. Seeing that the two of them were now getting on pretty well, she left them and went back to her bedroom. She grabbed Roger's dog collar and removed the shock box from it. Then she found the file folder that Susan Wu had given her. With Roger and Carol busy for a while, it was now time to start doing some serious studying and planning. As she headed back to the kitchen, she paused only long enough to buckle the collar around Boots' neck.

Boots wasn't sure at all about what was happening when the other tall thing grabbed him and held him still. He was less sure as it wrapped something around his neck. And when the tall thing let him go again, whatever it had put on him… stayed. He shook his head, and the thing remained. He shook again, and the thing was still there. The tall thing had done something to him, put something on him that he couldn't get off. But now the other tall thing was calling him again. He supposed that since the thing now around his neck wasn't bothering him any, it would just have to stay till he could figure out how to get it off. The tall thing was again holding the soft thing out for him to take… and he had every intention of grabbing it again and shaking it violently… and maybe even seeing if it would make that strange noise again when he chewed on it.

"God he's slow, Momma!" Carol complained as she sat down to dinner.

"Well he's not a real dog, dear. He can't move like a real dog can."

"That's not what I mean," Carol replied. "It took me forever just to get him to chase after his duck. And I still can't get him to bring it back to me all the time."

Janice smiled. “He doesn’t understand what you want him to do. I suspect that it will simply take patience and a lot of repetition to teach him what you want him to know.”

Carol looked down at the floor where Roger was laying and chewing on different parts of the toy duck. Every once in a while, he hit the spot that would make it quack. He seemed startled every time the thing made a noise. She did her best to ignore him and concentrate on her own dinner instead… and talk with her mother of course. Roger wasn’t eating yet because her mother had said that dogs should wait until after dinner was over.

When Carol had finished eating, she asked, “Momma, do you want me to cut up some food for Mr. Brinkley now?”

“You mean Boots,” Janice corrected her. “He’s certainly not Mr. Brinkley at the moment. And no, don’t cut anything up for him. He’s a dog. We’ve still got several cans of dog food in the cabinet. Give him some of that. We’ll get more dog food for him tomorrow.”

It was a moment as Carol took that in, then she couldn’t help giggling a little.

Roger sniffed carefully at whatever it was that the tall thing had put into the bowl on the floor. It smelled… interesting. And then the tall thing grabbed the bowl of water that had been there and took it away, only to bring it back again. He sniffed at the water, it smelled subtly different… more like new water. He licked at it. Good! But his attention was turned back toward whatever was in the other bowl. He was hungry. The tall things had been eating something that smelled very good, but this didn’t smell anything like what they had been eating. But since he was hungry, and since it did smell interesting, he reached out with his tongue and licked it a bit. It tasted… interesting. Throwing all other thoughts aside, he slowly began eating whatever it was in the bowl. Food he decided. He turned his head and saw the tall thing that had been playing with him earlier watching him. But the tall thing wasn’t making any kind of noises just then at all. So he continued to eat whatever it was that was in the bowl.

Janice was still cleaning up the kitchen when she heard Roger’s cell phone ringing. She had retrieved it from the pocket of his pants after he had removed them in the process of changing into Boots. She quickly wiped her hands on a dish towel before answering the phone. “Hello?”

“Is Mr. Brinkley there?” a woman’s voice on the other end replied.

“I’m sorry,” Janice replied, “but Mr. Brinkley is a bit… ill tonight and can’t answer the phone.”

“Oh dear. I’m sorry to hear that,” the voice replied.

"May I ask who's calling?" Janice asked.

"Yes, this is Rebecca Adkins. I'm a friend of Elaine Whittaker. Elaine told me about… um… Mr. Brinkley's strange little thing he's trying to do with the women's boots, and I… well… We've got this window that's been broken for I don't know how long now. But, well, after talking to Elaine, it kind of reminded me that we really do need it fixed. So I was wondering if he did that kind of work?"

"I see, Mrs. Adkins," Janice replied happily. "Yes, I'm sure that Mr. Brinkley can handle something like that for you. I'm just afraid that it may be next week before he can call you back. The doctor said he needs to just stay in bed for a few days to get over this… flu bug he seems to have picked up."

"Oh dear," Mrs. Adkins said. "The flu can be terrible! Especially with the kind of weather we've been having this year."

"Why don't I just make a note of what you need, and I'll have Mr. Brinkley call you next week sometime. Will that be alright?"

A few moments later, Janice hung up the phone and stared at the notepad in front of her where she had written down Mrs. Adkins' information. It looked like her idea of the boots for Roger was already starting to pay off already. But just wait till everybody got a good look at all the other things she had in mind for him!

Her happy spirits were suddenly interrupted by her daughter yelling vehemently, "Boots… no!"

Janice hurried into the living room where they were. She was just in time to see Carol hurrying over toward where Roger… Boots… was now cringing around the other side of the sofa. "What happened?" she asked as her daughter caught up with the "dog" and grabbed his collar.

"He was just about to pee against the sofa!" Carol exclaimed.

"Oh dear! Better get him outside quickly!" Janice ordered.

Boots didn't know what was happening. He had been about to relieve himself, when the tall thing had suddenly shouted his name, and then came at him like it was angry… although he had no idea why it should be. And now the tall thing had grabbed that thing that was around his neck, and it was choking him. And he was frightened again! He felt the tall thing starting to drag him by that thing on his neck… and if he didn't try to keep moving the way it wanted, the choking got much worse.

He was forced to follow along all the way into a very small area where the tall thing stopped, but didn't let go of whatever it was that was around his neck. He felt the tall thing doing something with that thing on his neck, and finally, the tall thing let go of him. Frightened and nervous, he turned and headed back the way they had come. Only he didn't get far as he felt whatever it was that was around his neck, choking him again and pulling him to a stop… and it was still pulling him back… and the tall thing wasn't even near him! He yelped at the pain and surprise of what was happening. And now he had to pee even worse!

In order to keep from choking, he was forced to return to the tall thing, where he saw there was now some kind of long thin thing attached to the thing around his neck and the tall thing was holding and pulling on the other end. And then the tall thing did something, and the whole end of the small area changed… revealing a new place to go that hadn't been there before. He felt cold air hit him… and he sniffed at it tentatively. But before he knew it, the tall thing was dragging him now through to that other area where it was darker and he couldn't see as well.

"Come on, Boots! Don't make me drag you all the way down the steps!" complained Carol as she pulled on the leash. Geez what a dumb dog!

Boots, having little choice because of the pulling was forced to approach the steps, where he had to figure out how to get down them because he was being pulled by the tall thing from below. But as soon as he did get down them, he found himself in a totally new kind of area… where the ground below him was somewhat… damp. But as he stood there once again tentatively sniffing the air all around him, he remembered that he had been in this big place many times when he had been one of those tall things himself. But his memories of this new big place were few and very fuzzy.

Carol finally eased up on pulling the leash. Geez! It was as if the dumb dog had never seen the outside before. And then she realized, maybe he hadn't! Once Boots stopped sniffing around so much and seemed to calm down a bit, she slowly led him out toward the trees in the yard. She stopped under the first tree she came to and tried to coax Boots to "do his thing." At first, nothing much happened except that Boots continued to sniff around… before truly discovering the tree and spending a lot of time sniffing it… before finally lifting his leg to pee against it… before going back to sniff at where he had just peed. Yuck! She dragged him away back toward the house, where the dumb dog seemed more than eager to go.

As far as Carol was concerned, when her mother had "programmed" Roger, she could have done a few things to make everything a lot easier. Turning him into a dumb dog was one thing, but to her, this was too dumb!

Chapter 21.

Just how much money could she steal from Joseph Halifax? That was the question that woke Janice up the next morning. He was a millionaire several times over, that much had been clear in the documents that Susan had given her, but while she'd like to take everything he had, she would have to do it in such a way that wouldn't arouse the suspicions of anyone else. And that was her biggest challenge.

Unable to sleep any longer, she forced herself out of bed, her mind not only preoccupied with the problem of stealing money, but also with the concept of now having a "dog" in the house. And a dog that most likely had to be taken care of more than she had anticipated. Her daughter had been right, she could have done a few things differently to Roger to make life easier on both of them… but her primary motivation in what she had done with him was to remove as much of his humanity as possible, leaving him with only a vague memory of that humanity. Evidently, she had succeeded more than she thought. Her notebook already had a few more notes in it for the next time she might have to do such a thing. No doubt, her notes on the subject would continue to expand over the next few days.

Quickly throwing some clothes on, she left her room and quietly opened the door to Roger's bedroom… where Boots now resided instead. She saw the "dog" quickly look up at her as she opened the door. "Come Boots," she said softly, so as not to wake her daughter in the next room. She was rewarded to see Boots immediately get to his feet and head towards her.

Boots had jerked awake at the sound of the door opening and the sight of one of the tall things looking in at him. He hadn't liked being closed into this place… all alone. Especially when all the light had suddenly gone away and he could no longer see. After yelping to complain a few times… followed by barking for a little while… he had been forced to give up and just lay down on the soft ground that seemed to cover the entire area. He didn't like being closed in this place alone… but he did like the soft ground to sleep on. With the command to "come" quickly registering in his brain, he followed the tall thing out of the place and back through other places that he had spent a lot of time in yesterday. He didn't see the smaller tall thing anywhere around. Where was it?

He followed the tall thing out to the area where he remembered the food had been. He immediately went over toward the bowl where he had eaten from before, but there was nothing in it. He took a quick drink of water from the other bowl instead.

"Boots!" Janice called from the entrance to the laundry room. "Come!"

Understanding the command to "come," Boots headed for the tall thing again, but he stopped when he saw the tall thing holding the thin thing that had been attached to whatever was around his neck last night. He didn't like the thin thing at all!

"Boots!" Janice said more forcefully. "Come!"

Slowly, Boots made his way over to the tall thing, where he quickly found himself being held firmly while the thin thing was again attached to him. And then the tall thing did something and the way to get into the big open area was there again… and he was being pulled through to that big area again. He went more willingly this time, but as he got out into that new area, he found that he could hardly see. Everything was a misty white and the air itself seemed to be almost wet. He shivered as he sniffed around… before allowing the tall thing to pull him down to the ground below… where the ground too was somewhat wet.

Boots let himself be led back out to the same tree he had peed against last night. He sniffed all around carefully, and even more carefully at the tree itself. He could still smell where he had marked the tree before. Once again, he lifted his leg and peed against the tree… only to hear the tall thing making noises that made him feel somewhat good about it. When he was done, he was more than glad to let the tall thing lead him quickly back to where they had been before… to the place where the food had been. The air wasn't so cold here… and the ground wasn't wet either. He had to wait for the tall thing to remove the thin thing from whatever was around his neck before he could again head over to look into the food bowl across the room. Empty!

Janice had no intention of allowing Roger… as Boots… to find too much to enjoy about living the life of a dog. And the first thing she tackled was to have Carol attach the heavy chain around the tree in the backyard where they had taken him out to pee against several times already. A length of rope was added to the end of the chain to both extend it and as a way to attach it to Boots' collar. And once it was ready, Boots was promptly left outside in the backyard… in the semi–rainy weather... for the rest of the day. Hearing him barking in complaint as she and Carol went back into the house after leaving him attached to the tree, was both irritating and gratifying at the same time. From inside the house, she continued to hear his barking for a while… before he mercifully gave up! But by that time, both she and Carol were ready to leave the house to run a bunch of errands… that would most likely take a major portion of the day.

Boots stared at the place where the tall things had disappeared. He had no way to follow them. The thing that was now attached to his neck wouldn't let him go more than a short distance from the tree. It was a major irritation that he hated. He sat down on the wet ground, still staring at where they had gone… back into the nice warm place where there was sometimes food. All he had gotten to eat today had been a few small scraps that they had stuck into his bowl after they had eaten. But they were very good scraps!

He shivered in the damp cold… and barked again. But it did no good. He felt trapped and defeated… not wanted. Having little choice, he laid down on the cold damp ground and

continued to stare at where they had gone… hoping that they would come back for him soon.

As soon as Janice started the car, she pulled the little anti–surveillance device out of her purse and turned it on. As she had expected, it showed no tracking devices of any kind. Only then did she pull the car out of the garage so that she and Carol could spend the day taking care of business, much of which involved shopping.

Their first stop of the day was at the building supply store to pay off Roger's account. While they were in there, Janice took a good look at the business cards that were attached to the bulletin board inside. Yes, her idea of "Candy Girl the Handy Girl" was going to work out quite well! She could just see the card prominently displayed on the board already. Unfortunately, she still had to get Roger into the position where she could officially start calling him Candy first… and before that could happen, school had to finish. But it was all just little things that would simply take time. And things were rolling there toward that end already.

After the building supply store, they stopped to drop off the estimate for the Whittaker's, then it was on to do some clothing shopping for Carol and some furniture shopping for the house… including looking for one particular item in several pet shop stores.

Their errands did indeed take up most of the day, and by the time they got home to check on Boots, he had been officially rained on several times… and was shivering horribly! Carol held onto his collar as she led the way back to the house, but she could have let him loose completely since he was trying to make a bee–line to get inside as fast as he could.

Boots was overjoyed to be back inside again… where one of the tall things promptly dried him off with a towel before finally letting him go. He headed straight for the water bowl and drank deeply… before sneezing once… and drinking again. He was still cold from being outside in the rain, but the feeling of being cold didn't last too long as he suddenly heard that odd sound that the soft thing he had played with last night made. He quickly went to investigate, only to see one of the tall things throwing the soft thing. He chased it! Yes, it was great to be out of the cold and wet… and even better to be playing again and not be left alone!

It wasn't until after dinner when Janice and Carol together tackled their final project of the day. With Roger sniffing all around all too curiously, they began assembling the large dog cage they had bought for him to sleep in. The irony of the situation was, that Roger… in his normal state… would have been a great help in the endeavor. And Boots… as a dog… had no idea in the world what they were really doing. But between Carol and herself, they finally managed to get the huge thing put together correctly… at least they hoped it was together correctly. And to finish the job, they placed a large dog bed into the bottom of the cage for Boots to sleep on.

That night, it took a little shoving, and a rather nasty swat to Boots' backside to get the dumb dog into the cage and close the door behind him. And with the door firmly closed and latched, there was no way he could get out to roam around… not that Janice had any intention of opening the bedroom door either. But she found the dog cage to be somewhat… fitting for the situation.

With Boots yelping his dislike, Carol turned off the bedroom light and Janice closed the bedroom door behind them. Several times, both Janice and Carol had to go back into the room to yell at Boots to try to get him to stop all his noise… which only seemed to set him off more. Finally, they had to both go back out to watch TV, purposely ignoring him and his noise for another hour, before the sounds of Boots' anger finally dissipated. And when they walked down the hallway later to go to bed, they did so quietly so as not to disturb him. Dumb dog! Janice was now seriously considering making some changes to Roger's programming as Boots… just to make their life a bit easier!

Boots had no concept of numbers, so he had no idea how long he had been a dog now… not that his brain even contemplated thinking about that. He was what he was and that was all there was too it. He could simply remember small things about being one of the tall things before. But after spending so much time stuck outside yesterday, and now being stuck in this new thing they had put him in, he was spending more time than ever trying to dredge up those memories from when he had been a tall thing too. And he wasn't liking much of what he remembered.

When he had been a tall thing, he remembered walking around without a long thin thing attached to his neck, preventing him from going where he wanted to go. He remembered being able to go in out of the rain and be warm when he needed to. And he remembered being able to get the food he wanted… when he wanted it. The horrible things that had happened to him since Janice and Carol had come into his life, never entered what was left of the tiny human corner of his mind. There was simply no room for miserable memories like that.

The sound of Janice's bedroom door opening caught Boots' attention. The sound of the door opening to his room caused him to get to his feet in his cage in hopeful anticipation. He couldn't get out of that horrible cage fast enough when Janice finally did open the door. And before Janice could even grab his collar or say anything, he was already moving as fast as he could to get out of that room. He headed for the kitchen where he checked his food bowl first. Empty. He took a quick drink, but the moment he lifted his head he heard the tall thing calling him.

"Boots!" Janice said to get his attention. "Come!"

Knowing that command, Boots headed for the tall thing to see what it wanted.

"Sit!" Janice commanded.

As programmed, Boots immediately sat, totally ignoring now the usual flash of grey at the edges of his vision. He stared up at the tall thing, waiting to see what it wanted.

"Bonjour Boots," Janice said after a moment's hesitation.

Boots recognized the phrase as something he should know but he made no other sign of recognition because he didn't know what he should do about it.

"Can you understand me now?"

Boots blinked, but it was the only reaction he could make at first since it took him a moment to realize that he had actually understood the sounds that the tall thing had made. But when he did fully realize it, he immediately stood up and turned around in a circle. If he was a real dog, his tail would have been wagging furiously. As it was, he happily barked once and he panted a few times in happy realization before sitting back down again. The tall thing had talked somehow in a way he could understand! Why couldn't it do that all the time?

"I can see that you do understand me now," Janice said. "Good! And I hope you understand this… your incessant barking is driving us mad! If you don't stop the noise when we want you to, then I'm going to make sure that this new life you have will be even more miserable! And I do hope you're not enjoying it much already."

Boots understood the words, but what was the thing talking about… all his barking? The only time he had really barked much was when they had left him alone… because every time they did that, he had been trapped and unable to go anywhere. And all last night in that horrible small thing they had put him in… he still figured it deserved all the effort he had given it to get their attention to let him out of it. He didn't like that thing one bit at all! Of course, he didn't like having something attached to the thing around his neck either that prevented him from going where he wanted. That was just as horrible too… not to mention not being able to get out of the cold and wet. How could anything be more miserable than not being able to go where he wanted to go?

"Just remember," Janice added, "the more you make us miserable, the more miserable you're going to be!"

Make them miserable? Boots had no idea how he was making them miserable. But before he could give that much more thought, the tall thing said something again that totally caught his attention… although he didn't really know what it meant.

"Au revoir Boots."

Not knowing what the tall thing had said, Boots continued to sit there and stare up at it, waiting to hear more.

“Do you still understand me?” Janice asked.

Boots continued to stare up at the tall thing. It had made sounds again that he couldn’t understand… so he sat there waiting for more sounds he could understand.

“I’m guessing that you don’t,” Janice added with a slight smirk on her face. “Come on, let’s put you back outside for the day.”

Before Boots knew it, the tall thing had grabbed the thing around his neck again and was pulling him in a direction he didn’t really want to go. A minute later, the thin thing was attached and he was being pulled by it… forced by it… to negotiate his way down toward the ground outside. And a few minutes later, he started barking up a fuss again as he found himself attached to the tree and unable to follow the tall thing back inside.

The tall thing had spoken in a way that he had understood. Then it had stopped. And now he was back out in the cold wet place again where he couldn’t go where he wanted and couldn’t get food. So he barked and barked, hoping desperately that the tall thing would come back again and set him free.

Janice entered the house, mumbling angrily at the dumb dog under her breath. It seemed that as a dog, Roger didn’t have the common sense to truly understand anything of what she had just told him. Dumb dog!

Janice took a call a little while later from Elaine Whittaker, accepting Roger’s estimate. Elaine had heard from her friend Rebecca Adkins that Roger was sick. She was very sorry to hear that Roger was still very sick and couldn’t come to the phone. Naturally, Janice didn’t tell her that Roger was chained to the tree outside at that time and had just finally stopped barking to try to get back in the house… for which both Janice and Carol were grateful. Janice purposely left Boots outside for the entire day, and she and Carol paid as little attention to him as possible.

Boots wasn’t allowed back into the house until after they had finished eating dinner, by which time, he was hungry enough that even the dog food tasted amazingly great to him. He ate almost all of it… almost because he had lost one bite full that he had taken into his mouth, and then had to suddenly sneeze… and everything in his mouth went all over the floor. And he couldn’t understand one thing that any of the tall things were yelling at him about after it happened and he ran from the room in terror at their unexplained anger. He didn’t even try to go back for the rest of his dinner until a short while after they had seemed to calm down… and even then, he went back to it somewhat frightened that they would yell at him again.

But shortly after he did finish eating, he again heard one of the tall things making that soft thing that he liked to play with make that odd sound. And he happily ran to play. Boots loved it when the smaller tall thing played with him with the soft thing that sometimes made the odd noise when he chewed on it. It was the greatest thing in the world to be played with and petted… not to mention not being hungry… especially not to mention being cold and wet and stuck where he couldn't get warm and comfortable. But the play time he loved so much didn't last very long, and before he knew it, he was being forced again into that small thing that he couldn't get out of… for which he again desperately barked his displeasure… despite the yelling that both tall things were doing at him for it.

All night long he again had to endure being stuck in the tight confines of the small thing he was inside of. And once again, early the next morning, he got taken straight outside again and was fastened to the tree… and again left alone… where he again barked his displeasure.

He never did hear the sound of Janice and Carol getting into the car and driving to church without him.

Ted Jacobs only slowed down a little as he drove past the house. From what he could quickly see, it still looked exactly the same… right down to the battered old car sitting out front. He continued on for a short ways past the bend in the road, then carefully pulled his car off the side of the road where hopefully, no other cars driving by would hit it. Wearing a camouflage patterned poncho to protect him from the light rain that was still falling, he walked back toward Roger Brinkley's house. When he started to get closer, he entered the woods where his poncho let him blend perfectly into the background. Slowly and cautiously, he made his way closer to the house.

He had two simple goals in mind for this visit… get a better lay of the land, including the inside of the house if possible… and to try to find a good spot where he could come back to in the future to observe anything he could. For this trip, he wanted to try and see if he could look through any of the windows to see what he could of the inside. That little information alone could often tell him many things. Of course, if it looked like there was nobody home… well he figured he would have no problem at all getting into the house… one way or another. But the sight of the battered old car sitting outside wasn't giving him much hope of the house being empty.

He was just starting to pick out bits and pieces of the front of the house when the sound of a car approaching caused him to stop dead so he could remain hidden better. He expected the car to continue on past the house, but a moment later, the small gaps in the tree branches showed him a black SUV turning into the driveway… and he was very surprised to see the garage door opening and the black car driving inside. After which, the garage door closed again. Roger Brinkley had gotten another car! Not really surprising given the obvious state of the junker sitting out front of the house. But now he knew that the garage wasn't filled with

junk at all. Unfortunately, he also knew that he wasn't going to get his chance to look inside the house today either. But that had always been a major possibility. His chance to do that would come soon enough.

After seeing the new car, and then thinking about things for a moment, he reversed his tracks and made his way back to his car again. He opened the trunk and found one of several tackle boxes he kept there for handling any kind of situation. From the box he pulled a small round disk and a small electronic device with an antenna. He turned the device on and checked. Yes, it was working perfectly. If Brinkley had another car, then most likely he was letting Janice Stokley use his old one. The small tracking disk he had in his hand now would let him keep an eye on just where she went all the time.

Heading back toward the house again, he entered the woods at the same point he had earlier, and slowly continued on closer and closer to the house itself. Still hidden in the trees, he headed deeper until he was even with the front of the house, then quickly, he dashed out to hide against the side where he couldn't be seen from the windows. Crouching low, he made his way around to where he would be closest to the battered old car. This would be the trickiest part. Praying he wouldn't be seen, he ran the short distance and hid behind the battered vehicle. He removed the tracking disk from his pocket and crawling under the car, attached it to the bottom of the gas tank.

He was just crawling back out from under the car when he heard someone's voice yelling from behind the house… and then he heard a dog start barking continuously. Cursing his luck, he made a mad dash for the side of the house again where he couldn't be seen from the windows. A damn dog in the house would make spying on Janice Stokley that much more difficult!

Cautiously, he made his way around the side of the garage toward the back of the house. The dog was still barking… but it sounded like a very strange bark to him. He didn't know what breed of dog he would be up against, but the dog certainly wasn't a Chihuahua that was for sure! It had to be something much bigger. But the barking sounded… simply strange! He also realized that it sounded a bit hoarse! The hoarseness most likely meant that it was another one of those stupid dogs that barked too much, which made things that much worse for him in the future.

Halfway along the side of the house, he froze as he heard someone's voice in the backyard again… the daughter he quickly figured. And then he heard a big sneeze… and another big sneeze. Not just the girl, but someone else too since the sneeze didn't exactly sound like something a teenage girl would do. So most likely Brinkley himself was out there with the girl… and the dog. Slowly and even more cautiously he continued down the side of the house toward the backyard. He just wanted to catch a glimpse of the dog he would have to deal with later.

"Ready to come back in the house, Boots?" Carol asked, for which she got more enthusiastic barking… and another sneeze which was quickly followed by a second one. She untied the rope from the chain instead of the dog's collar and using it as a leash, led him toward the house… where the dog was pulling all too enthusiastically to go. "Slow down Boots!" she yelled… to no avail. The dumb dog had a mind of his own, that was for sure.

Jacobs reached the back corner. He could just see the chain attached to the tree. A fairly heavy chain! That didn't bode well. A big chain like that meant a big dog. He could hear the daughter still in the backyard, now going up the steps. He waited as long as he dared and then quickly poked his head around the corner for a brief glance… and all he could see was the daughter just entering the house and closing the door behind her. He hadn't seen the dog at all, but another longer look at the size of the chain only solidified in his mind that the damn dog had to be a big one. Not good. Whenever he came back, he would have to be more cautious than ever!

Knowing he didn't dare look through the windows now, he made his way cautiously back to the woods near his car… where he quietly hunted around for a while, and found several possible positions he could come back to later… just to watch.

Janice was in the kitchen and watched as Boots practically ran into the room the moment that Carol let go of him. But she also watched as the dog paused to sneeze several times before continuing across the floor to his water bowl… and drinking deeply. And after he sneezed several times again, Janice knew she had another problem now. Boots… or rather Roger… had a cold! Well, she would just have to deal with that as well. The dog was wet! She could also see that he was shivering uncontrollably as he drank deeply from the water in the kitchen. She or Carol would have normally dried him off right away, but this time that wasn't going to be necessary. "Boots!" she called in a commanding voice.

Boots, once again hearing his name called, made his way back toward the tall thing… where he again sneezed violently. Still shivering with cold, he sat and looked up at the thing, hoping that once again it would make sounds that he could understand.

Janice was disgusted to have her leg sneezed all over by… Boots. Ugh! She had planned on turning him back into a human much later in the day, but she and Carol had simply had enough of his dumb dog incessant barking! Plus, now that it looked like he had a cold, that was another major consideration. Roger had to go to work tomorrow and teach! She looked down at the human–turned–dog. His nose was running horribly. His beard that hadn't been shaved in several days now made his face look awful. He was basically filthy all over. He looked simply… disgusting! And then he sneezed again – all over her foot! Ugh! Wasting no more time, she said, "It's time for Boots to be human."

Roger's head went spinning again and he had another brief vision of filing cabinet drawers… this time opening. As the dog programming in him rapidly fell away, he fell to the floor and

rolled in misery for a few moments as all the memories of both Boots and his real life began to merge together. His hands unbound themselves and he stretched his fingers painfully. Still shivering, he sneezed again… and then again.

His brain and memories finally fully merged. He looked up at Janice from the floor as he realized how grateful he was to be back to himself again… to be human. He sneezed rather violently again before looking back up at Janice… and as much as he hated saying the words, he had no trouble getting them out of his mouth. "I'd rather be a woman," he managed to croak out… before sneezing once again.

Janice smiled down at him. "I thought you might feel that way."

Chapter 22.

Chicken soup! That was what the situation called for! Janice was a firm believer in the power of chicken soup to help cure colds and flus. Of course, a good dose of cold medicine went along with the soup. But she was convinced that the soup probably did at least as much good as the medicine… if not more. While Roger was in the shower cleaning his body, she got into the car to get the ingredients she needed for her homemade chicken soup… and a couple of different cold medicines as well.

Before she started the car, she momentarily fought with herself over checking for any bugs that might have been planted in the car since she had just gotten out of it a short time ago. But she was trying to "train" herself to get into the habit of always checking now before she went anywhere, so she opened the garage door and started the car. She quickly took the anti–surveillance device from her purse and just turned it on to quickly check it. She was about to turn it right back off again, when the darn thing let out a soft faint beep. Startled, she looked at the thing more closely and saw a small faint dot of light on the screen as the machine beeped again. Now what? Was the thing working correctly? Concerned, she turned the engine off and got out of the car.

With the device held carefully in her hands, she began slowly walking around her car. The beeping grew a bit louder and faster as she neared the back of the car, but not by much. As she got to the very front of the car, the faint little light and the beeping almost disappeared altogether. She moved toward the back of the car again where it was the strongest. She couldn't see anything on the back of her car, but then bugs were usually planted where they couldn't be seen. She carefully got down on the ground to peer under the back of the car. She saw nothing there either, and holding the device under the car didn't cause any change in what it was detecting.

As she was getting back to her feet, she momentarily held the device further away from the car toward the outside, and she noticed that it beeped a bit faster. Startled, she looked in that direction, but all she noticed was Roger's old car sitting in the front yard. But her eyes didn't leave that car for a few moments as she stared at it intently. She headed back toward the kitchen watching the device carefully. The moment she closed the garage door behind her, all signs of any bugs left her device.

"Momma?" Carol asked as Janice entered the kitchen. "Did you forget something?"

"Not exactly," Janice replied. Slowly and methodically, she began working her way around the entire house. She had done this once before when she had first gotten the device, but she hadn't really checked it closely. And at that time, she wasn't even sure if the device worked or not. But this time, after seeing the reaction on the device, she checked everywhere very carefully.

The device didn't beep again until she got near the front door, and then it was only faintly. She continued on all around the house. She went down the hallway. Nothing in any of the bedrooms, including hers. She heard the shower water starting to run in the bathroom. Not bothering to knock, she simply barged in. Roger's shaving things and toothbrush were still out on the counter. Her eyes never left the device as Roger quickly turned the water off. Nothing in the bathroom.

"Do you need something?" Roger asked cautiously.

"Not now," Janice replied, turning to leave. She stopped momentarily before going out the door and looked at him. "When you're done there, I'll have Carol get you a blanket. Wrap yourself up in it to stay warm. You can lay down in your room if you like. We'll talk later." She left the bathroom, her concentration fully on the device in her hands again.

She walked all the way back to the living room, where the device once again faintly beeped as she got near the front door. She looked out through the living room window, but all she saw was Roger's battered old car. She stared just as hard at that car now as she had earlier.

"Momma?" Carol asked, fully concerned that something was wrong.

"Carol dear, please do me a favor."

"Sure, Momma, anything."

"Put your raincoat on dear, and then I'd like you to please check all around outside, especially near the trees. Let me know if you see anyone… or any sign that anyone has been here."

"Sure, Momma," Carol replied. She was very concerned… not to mention a bit frightened by the prospect that someone could be out there right now that might… get her.

"Take your cell phone dear," Janice called. "Let's stay in touch."

Carol felt a bit better about that. "Sure Momma."

A few minutes later, Carol was outside checking everything carefully, while Janice guided her by cell phone from the inside. Glancing all around, she didn't see any sign of anyone at all. She found nobody in Roger's workshop… for which she was very relieved. Under her mother's direction, she started walking slowly and carefully all around the tree line that bordered the property. Fortunately, she sighted nobody.

Before coming back into the house though, Janice sent her to have a close look at Roger's car. It took her a few minutes, to find it, but the clean round disk sticking out from the bottom

of the gas tank was in stark contrast to the dirty metal all around it was hard to miss. And she couldn't miss the additional signs where it looked like someone had scratched at some of that dirt before attaching the disk.

"Don't touch it, dear," Janice told her quickly as she listened to her daughter describing what she had found. Just leave it alone!"

"What does it mean, Momma?" Carol asked over the phone as she got back to her feet after crawling under Roger's car.

"I'm afraid it means that Agent Jacobs is up to his old tricks again," Janice replied with more than a bit of frustration.

While Carol returned to the house, Janice sat and considered the situation. And foremost on her mind was Roger. Had Jacobs seen Roger outside… chained to the tree… acting like a dog? If he had planted the bug on Roger's car, then she couldn't see how he could have missed the "dog" in the backyard. And if he did see Roger, then why didn't he do anything about it? She found it very strange that he would just leave Roger in the position he had been in. So… did he see him? Or not? That was her primary worry.

A series of sneezes from the bathroom, brought her back to reality. She had to get Roger some medicine… and for now, she could only hope that Agent Jacobs hadn't seen Roger chained to the tree out back… something she still found difficult to believe.

"What do we do?" Carol asked as she came back into the living room.

Janice smiled at her daughter. "We do nothing… for now. We leave that little bug right where it is."

"You're sure, Momma?" Carol asked.

"Yes! Very sure!" Janice replied. "Now please put a blanket in Mr. Brinkley's bedroom for him while I go to the store. She hugged and kissed her daughter. "I'll be right back."

This time when Janice left the house, she took Roger's car to the store. If Jacobs was keeping track of her, then he might as well see her running the kind of errands he would expect to see.

Roger felt miserable. He was very grateful for the blanket Carol had brought him. He was also grateful for the box of tissues she brought him a few minutes later. As he lay wrapped up in the blanket on the carpeted floor, his mind couldn't leave the nightmare he had just lived. A nightmare that he hadn't even been aware was a nightmare. As Boots the dog, he had simply… and totally… thought he was a dog. End of story. He had remembered small

parts of being human, but there had never once been any kind of thought of again becoming human. A total nightmare! And the fact that Janice could do that to him by just speaking a few words was nothing but frightening! What else was the woman capable of?

And now she wanted him to become a woman? With the kind of power over him that she had just exhibited, he had no doubt that very soon that nightmare would become a complete reality. But even as he realized how much he didn't want to become a woman, he also realized that there was absolutely nothing in him that had the will–power to fight back. If it was her will, then it was also his will. Except… that it wasn't really his will. Not deep down. In reality, it was only what he knew he had to do… and would do. There was simply nothing in him to not do whatever she wanted.

The hot homemade soup burned his tongue a bit as he sipped carefully at it. It was very hot… and very, very good. The woman may be his worst nightmare, but she could still cook awfully well! There was something about the soup that was absolutely… comforting, despite how tired he was. Tired… and drugged. The dose of nighttime cold medicine she had given him a while ago was making him feel that way. At least his nose wasn't running so bad right now. He just felt… drugged and sleepy.

He was sitting at the kitchen table, his body still wrapped up in the blanket. The bowl of hot soup sitting in front of him was not only good, but a few spoonfuls later, he decided that it was also quite comforting. That was, until Janice sat down at the table across from him.

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice began, "how much do you remember about your time as Boots the dog?"

It was a subject that Roger would rather not think about… yet it was also a subject he still couldn't get off of his mind. "Everything!" he replied.

Janice nodded. "Good. I hope you don't forget that little episode in your life."

The only thing that Roger could think about that, was that it was something he would never forget… even though he wanted to spend the rest of his life trying to forget it! "You didn't have to do that to me," he said. "You already had me in a position where I knew I would have no choice but to… become a woman as you wanted."

"True," Janice replied. "But it… amused me to put you through it. Of course, I'm afraid you may have had the last laugh though since your eternal barking and complaining pretty much drove us insane!"

A small smile nearly came to Roger's lips, but before he could say anything, he remembered a small episode from his time as a dog. "I remember… there was one time when you talked to me and I could suddenly understand everything you were saying. You mentioned the

barking." That hint of a smile did touch his lips momentarily. "I'm afraid that as a dog, I simply didn't have the intelligence to fully comprehend what you were talking about. As a dog, I thought the barking was totally justified."

"Rest assured, Mr. Brinkley, should I ever have to resort to turning you into a dog in the future, then that little problem will be accounted for beforehand!"

Roger had no doubt about that, but he still smiled a bit as he spooned some more soup into his mouth. "So how's this going to work?" he asked after another spoonful of soup. "Am I supposed to go out and buy a bunch of dresses now?"

"You can if you like, Mr. Brinkley. You certainly can if you like. In fact, I think getting something nice to wear to church next week would be a very good gesture on your part toward this endeavor."

A good gesture? He tried desperately to picture himself wearing a dress to church… and the resulting picture was so ludicrous that he simply couldn't conceive it. "You'll excuse me if I'm having a hard time fully picturing myself wearing a dress to church… or anywhere else for that matter."

Janice smiled. "Of that I have no doubt." She leaned forward toward him a bit. "So here's how this is going to work. Eventually… hopefully fairly soon, I'll be taking you to a doctor to get… treatments started."

"Treatments?"

"Yes, Mr. Brinkley. You will become a woman in every way that modern science can make you… like it or not! And to tell the truth, I'm actually quite happy that this is something that you don't actually want. But never–the–less, I'm not stupid enough to think that just putting on a dress and some makeup will make you a woman. No, we're going to change your body physically as well. And for that, we need to work with a doctor."

"A doctor? I have to find one that will do this to me? I thought that took a lot of different consultations with a psychiatrist or something first."

"It most likely does, Mr. Brinkley. But in this case, we're going to find a doctor who will help us out… and bypass all that unnecessary garbage."

Unnecessary garbage? Roger had tons of comments he'd like to make about that, but none of them would do him any good. "So where do I find this doctor?" he asked.

"I'll let you know," Mr. Brinkley. "Just as soon as I have it all worked out." She watched as he carefully looked away from her and silently ate several more spoonfuls of soup. "Listen to

me carefully, Mr. Brinkley, because this is how it's going to work. Like it or not, you will continue to eat your meals from your dog bowl… and like it or not, you will continue to sleep in that dog cage every night. Tonight, you may sleep on the floor instead since you are sick, but starting tomorrow, you will be back to sleeping in the cage. The more I see you backsliding on this… or the more I see you dragging your feet and not making progress, the more your life will be that of a dog… and nothing but a dog… in every way that I can arrange and still permit you to do your construction work. But every bit of progress I see towards you becoming a woman, will result in rewards. Some things will allow you to spend a night or two outside of the dog cage… some things will permit you to eat at the table. Eventually, when you progress far enough, you will be permitted to have a regular bed to sleep in like everyone else… and a completely human lifestyle to go with it. A female lifestyle… but it will be completely human. The faster you attain that goal, the sooner you can leave your life as a dog behind you… totally. But screw up… and you will find you can do nothing but bark whenever you open your mouth. And you will become very, very familiar with that tree out back that you will be chained to. Do I make myself clear?"

Roger's head was spinning… and not just from the medicine or his cold. But as far gone as his mind was, it wasn't totally gone. "I understand," he replied after a moment. He paused a moment before adding. "You could have warped my brain to want this badly… and to go after it much faster… yet you didn't."

"No, Mr. Brinkley, I didn't. Purposely! And for two very good reasons. First of all, an endeavor such as this is going to require that you spend a lot of time talking with doctors. I can't afford the slightest chance that they might notice something more than the fact that you're not doing this totally by choice. I've already come frighteningly close to damaging your mind more than I'd like already. I don't want to chance doing further damage… unless it is necessary."

She had damaged his brain? Somehow, he could believe it. He wondered if the slight fogginess in his head was more than just the cold medicine at work.

"And secondly, Mr. Brinkley, I find it highly amusing that you… as a man… will have to subject yourself to this course of treatment… despite the fact that you don't want it."

"Another words, you're simply being cruel," Roger chanced.

"Yes, Mr. Brinkley, I am. And I will make no bones about that fact. You're a man, and as far as any man goes, I have no problems with whatever level of cruelty I feel is necessary. No problem with it at all!"

Of that, Roger already had no doubt!

Janice leaned back in her seat. It was time to move on to another subject. “Tell me, Mr. Brinkley, earlier today, while Carol and I were out at church, did you see anyone else around here?”

Roger raised his eyebrows at the question. Anyone else around? He thought hard. “Not that I remember,” he replied. “Of course, I think I spent most of the time trying to sleep since I couldn’t do much else. Besides, it was freezing cold out there and staying as huddled up as I could seemed to help.”

Janice considered his words. He hadn’t seen anyone, but then, he also hadn’t been looking. Still, it seemed unlikely that if Jacobs had seen him chained to the tree like he was, then the FBI would have stepped in and done at least something. But then this was Agent Jacobs she was dealing with… and she already knew he would go to any ends to make life as difficult as possible for her. She would just have to keep a much more careful watch on everything from now on. It was all she could do… for now.

Janice got up from her seat and poured herself a cup of coffee while Roger continued to eat his soup. “The Whittakers have accepted your job estimate,” she said as she was still pouring the coffee. “I told her you would get started as soon as humanly possible.”

Roger nodded. “I thought they would take the estimate. It was a fair price… plus, they know me from my past work.”

“Indeed,” Janice replied. “And, it seems that she’s told some of her friends about you as well. While you were otherwise indisposed, you received a call from a Mrs. Adkins who wants to know if you can fix a broken window for her. Evidently, she’s a good friend of Mrs. Whittaker. I do hope you can fix a simple broken window!”

Roger shrugged. “Shouldn’t be any problem,” he replied.

“Good!” Janice replied. “So that just leaves us with one more piece of business to discuss today. You claim you need a truck to handle your new business affairs. Do you not?”

Roger nodded. “Yes. I really don’t see any way I can do much of anything without one.”

“Very well then, Mr. Brinkley. Under the circumstances, I think that you have a very reasonable request. So tell me, Mr. Brinkley, exactly what requirements do you have for such a vehicle?”

Chapter 23.

The intense cold that invaded his private region didn't hit all at once, but it grew rapidly as his eyes took in the long flowing blond hair, the beautiful features of the pale skinned face, and the deep blue eyes of Jennifer White as she sat down across from him at the table in the teacher's lounge. His breath caught at just the sight of her. And then he turned his head quickly to the side as he sneezed violently. After wiping his nose with a tissue he had pulled from his pocket, he turned his head back to her again. The excited impish expression that had been on her face was now replaced by one of concern.

"You have a cold!" she exclaimed somewhat horrified.

Roger finished wiping his nose. "Yeah," he agreed. "A bad one."

Jennifer caught a whiff of the soup in the thermos that Roger was eating from. "That smells good! Chicken soup?"

Roger nodded. "Yeah." He was totally undecided though as to whether or not he wanted Jennifer to leave. On the one hand, he was still terribly hung up over her… but on the other hand, the reaction he got because he was so hung up over her was currently causing his cock to feel like it had been dipped in dry ice! And that was despite him having a terrible cold.

"What kind?" Jennifer asked.

"Homemade."

"Wow! I heard you had a housekeeper now. And Stan told me you said she was a great cook."

Roger nodded as he spooned some more of the soup from the thermos and stuck it into his mouth – mostly because by doing that he wouldn't have to look at her… pretty face. "Yeah," he said into his thermos, "That's one thing I really like about her." He didn't bother to mention that it was the only thing he liked about her… and that he'd gladly trade that for some way to just get rid of her – permanently!

Jennifer leaned closer, the excited impish grin back on her face. "So tell me," she said, "Is it true… what you're doing with the women's boots?"

Roger was forced to look up at her. "Who told you about that?"

"Stan."

Roger nodded and went back to his soup. “I should have guessed. He’s really the only one who knows… other than a couple of new clients I have already.”

“You mean… it’s working? Already? People are calling you to fix stuff just because of the boots?”

“Seems to be,” Roger replied as he spooned more of the soup out of his thermos. Why couldn’t the hot soup thaw out his totally frozen cock? Maybe he should just dump the whole thing in his lap! Unfortunately, he knew perfectly well that it wouldn’t work. But that didn’t mean he wasn’t tempted to try it. He was starting to really wish that Jennifer hadn’t sat down in front of him.

“Can I see?” she asked.

He looked up at her, surprised at her question… and totally captivated by her beautiful flowing hair that framed her even more beautiful face… that instantly made his cock hurt even more. “What do you mean?”

“I want to see them sometime… I mean… you wearing them!”

Roger shook his head. “Please don’t,” he replied. “It’s embarrassing enough.”

“So why are you doing it? That’s what I don’t get. You have to admit, I know you pretty darn well Roger, and I just can’t seem to even imagine you doing anything remotely like this.”

Roger stopped eating his soup and chanced gazing into her face again. His cock was so painfully frozen now that it couldn’t get any worse. He gazed at her, because he didn’t know how to answer. Finally he looked back down into his thermos again. “Believe it,” was all he said.

“Why? It’s not you!”

“I guess it is,” he replied. “Or it soon will be.”

Jennifer shook her head. “I just don’t get it.”

Roger ignored her comment and went back to his hot soup. If only his ice–cold cock could feel just a little bit of the warmth coming from the soup. It would feel so much better. As it was, he was afraid that if he stood up too fast, the darn thing might crack and fall off!

“So can I see sometime?” she asked again.

Roger was forced to look back at her again. “You want to see me wearing the boots?”

Jennifer giggled a bit. “Yeah!”

Roger shook his head. How could he get out of this? “Let’s wait a while first,” he replied. “I don’t think I’m ready for close friends to see it yet.”

“You let Stan see,” she replied.

“Give me some time,” he replied. “Please!”

Jennifer looked at him seriously. “Is it because you’re still mad that I dumped you?”

It was a moment before Roger could answer. “Maybe,” he replied. Actually, he didn’t really know what the answer should be.

“I had my reasons,” she said.

“What did I do wrong?” he chanced asking.

“Nothing. It’s not you at all. In fact, I really like you Roger. It’s just… me!”

“That doesn’t tell me much,” Roger replied as he went back to his soup.

“Sorry,” she said. “You’ll just have to take it for what it is.”

Instead of answering, he quickly turned his head to the side and sneezed again.

“You really do look pretty miserable,” Jennifer noted with concern. “And the fact that it looks like you haven’t had a haircut in several months isn’t helping the way you look either. And now you’re quitting teaching… something I know you loved doing! I just don’t get what’s up with you lately!”

“Nothing is up!” Roger replied testily. And then he sneezed again. “Damn cold!”

Jennifer White wasn’t all that sure about things. She hadn’t really believed it when Stan had told her about what Roger was doing with the women’s boots. It didn’t make sense at all… something that Stan was totally in agreement about. Yet it seemed that Roger was going to do it. And yet… he was also without a doubt very embarrassed by it. So… why was he doing it? No, things simply didn’t add up! As soon as she got a chance, she decided she would have another little chat with Stan. Maybe between the two of them they could figure out what was going on with Roger.

Roger quickly plucked a tissue from his pocket and sneezed into it again… then went back to writing on the board.

"Mr. Brinkley," one of his brighter students called. "Shouldn't that be forty–two instead of thirty–six?"

Roger looked at what the student was talking about. He had to study the problem for a minute before he realized that the student was correct… and he was wrong. With a smile, he looked at him and said, "You're exactly right!" This was the second time… in this period alone that he had made an error like that. His cold was affecting him worse than he thought! "Tell you what," he said to the class, "it seems my cold… or maybe the cold medicine I'm taking, is clearly messing with my head. Why don't you all just study for the rest of the period and hopefully tomorrow I'll be doing at least a little better." His students needed no further encouragement.

Roger sat back down at his desk and blew his nose again into a fresh tissue. Darn cold medicine. And it was the daytime version of the stuff he had taken last night so it wasn't supposed to cloud his brain or make him sleepy. Well, he wasn't exactly that sleepy, but his brain was sure foggy! He had been making stupid mistakes like that all day! The only bit of comfort he really had today was that he wasn't wearing a stupid bra under his clothes. Hooray! He was sick of dealing with errant bra straps!

But now that his brain was a bit more idle, it again brought up a vision of Jennifer White sitting across from him while he had been eating. And he again felt the cold starting to invade where he didn't want it to invade. He wasn't all that happy that Stan had told her about the boots, but he wasn't surprised by it either. Since she had broken up with him, he had heard that she was going out with lots of different people… and Stan was a likely candidate. He was simply jealous of Stan, that's all… and all the other guys she went out with too! He had gone out with Jennifer for several months before she had broken it off. And he still didn't exactly know why.

And now he was sitting here thinking about her again… which only made his stupid cock start to feel like it was freezing again. Damn the curse that Janice Stokley had put on him! Because that was how he thought of it now – as a curse! A damn curse!

She had surprised him a bit this morning by telling him to take the new car to work instead of his old car. Was that because she felt bad for making him sick? Somehow, he doubted it. One minute the darn woman could be the nicest person on earth… but then the next… She was simply a nightmare!

He realized that after thinking about Janice for a few moments, his cock no longer felt frozen at all. Hooray! A cure!

Foremost on Janice's list of things to accomplish, was finding Roger a new truck. Or in this case, a used truck that didn't cost too much. And that was the biggest problem she was facing right now. His latest paycheck was now in the bank, but his new business hadn't brought in any money at all yet. There was the money he should be getting from the Whittakers, one third of his estimate for the job that he would be doing for them, but he hadn't gotten that money yet. And the other job to fix the window was one he hadn't done anything with yet either. She was going to have to juggle his bills around a bit to make it all work. Of course, she would also be "loaning" him some money to get things started, but she expected to later take that money back once things got rolling with his new business. But in the meantime, she was going to have to be careful.

She stared down at the list in front of her. The top of the page specified a few models of trucks he was interested in. Four by four was prominently spelled out on the list and underlined. He had insisted that he needed that here in north Georgia, and she knew without a doubt that he was right. Many of the places he could be working at would be on steep mountain roads… and many of the driveways in this part of the world required four wheel drive no matter what time of the year it was. But winter was the worst to deal with by far.

She had mentally added another item to Roger's list of requirements for the vehicle – a large car dealer. Once they traded Roger's old car for the truck they would buy, a large car dealer would be more likely to ship Roger's old car off to an auction house somewhere instead of putting it on the lot to sell right there. And she wanted the little bug attached to the car's gas tank to go to the auction house as well. Hopefully somewhere very far away!

She picked up the phone and called yet another car dealer that seemed to meet her requirements. "Hello," she said to the receptionist on the phone. "I'd like to speak with a saleswoman please. Someone who knows something about used pickup trucks. And if you don't have a woman I can speak with about it, please just tell me now so I can call somewhere else."

After school… and also after Roger "had" to change clothes so he could again wear a bra with the socks stuffed into it along with his new boots, they all piled into Roger's old car and drove it down the highway toward a car dealer in Gainesville, Georgia. Roger was very torn over the trip. He wasn't looking forward to "proudly" displaying his new boots or his little breasts either… not to mention the fact that his cold still had him feeling pretty miserable. Fortunately, the jacket he was wearing somewhat hid his breasts, but it did nothing to hide the heels on his boots that would be constantly on display. But despite all that, he couldn't help but look forward to trading in the battered little car that he was driving now for a new truck. Well, a used truck of course. But it would be a truck!

When they got there, they were quickly approached by one of the salesmen, and once again Janice asked for the saleswoman she had talked with on the phone earlier. Roger wasn't the least bit surprised by that. The only problem this time, was that this time it was Roger who

was really looking for a vehicle and not Janice. And consequently, Janice pretty much stayed out of everything so that the saleswoman paid all her attention to Roger. And Roger couldn't help but notice how often she looked down at the boots that he was wearing. He also noticed her looking more than a few times at his chest where the "bumps" were still just barely noticeable under his jacket. He just hoped there was some way he could avoid removing his jacket so she wouldn't get a better view of his "pert" little breasts. Fortunately, the woman didn't say one word to him about either his breasts or his boots.

Roger wasn't too sure about the money situation at all, but two hours later he had signed the paperwork for a loan to buy a five–year–old, dark blue, Dodge pickup truck. The truck seemed to be in great condition. It even had a good set of tires on it so he wouldn't have to worry about that problem too soon. And the extended cab, while small, also provided him with a place to keep some tools… not to mention a place for Carol to sit on the way home. He didn't care that Carol would be sitting in a "cramped" space one little bit! In fact, as far as he was concerned, it wasn't nearly "cramped" enough!

Once the deal was finally done, Roger, Janice, and Carol all climbed into the new pickup truck and Roger was allowed to drive it home. It felt good to him to be driving a truck again. It made him feel more like a man… a real man! Okay, so he was wearing women's high heeled boots, panties, and a bra with balled up socks in it to give him the illusion of breasts, but it still made him feel more… masculine!

Roger's good feeling of masculinity ended that night when Janice proclaimed that he once again had to sleep naked… and in the dog cage. He hated Janice forcing him to crawl into the hated thing. He hated everything about the cage. It was difficult to turn around in the cage, but he did… and he wasn't happy in the least to see Janice taking the lock that had so often been attached to the chain that had once held him captive in his bathroom… and putting it through the lock on the cage so there was no way he could possibly get out of the darn thing. Captive! He looked up at her with a pleading face… but there was no mercy there at all. And when the light was turned out and his bedroom door was closed, he could barely see anything at all.

He rattled the cage a bit. Pushing at it in various places, trying vainly to see if he could break out of it. But he wasn't nearly strong enough. The cage designed to hold a very large breed of dog, was just as capable of holding him as well. He sneezed again. He didn't even have any tissues to wipe his runny nose with. Hopefully, the nighttime cold medicine would kick in soon and would put him mercifully asleep. He curled up in the dog bed that lined the bottom of the cage and did his best to go to sleep. Fortunately, the cold medicine did its job well.

But his final thoughts of the night were centered around only one thing – how could he avoid sleeping in the cage in the future? He knew the answer to that one. But it involved doing

things he'd rather not have to do. But then, he already knew that he would have no choice in the matter at all. Turning himself into a woman was already a foregone conclusion.

His medicine drugged mind woke in the early hours of the morning, he tried vainly to stretch out… but that privilege was denied him by the bars of the cage that confined him. He tried again and again to push at the bars of his cage… only to be denied what he wanted so desperately to do – to stretch out full length and be comfortable. His frustration over the matter grew and grew… and so did his hatred toward Janice. But there was nothing he could do about either situation.

Horribly frustrated and miserable, he tried to curl up into yet another position where he could go back to sleep. As his brain tried to reach once again for that little bit of peace that sleep would bring, he remembered once again the many ways he had been forced to sleep since Carol and Janice had come into his life. He had been chained and tied into the most torturous positions possible… and been forced to sleep that way. And now, in the cage, where there was nothing holding his limbs to anything at all, the tight confines of the cage seemed almost worse to him that many of the other miserable things he had already endured. Almost as if the cage had triggered a claustrophobia in him of some sort. It was simply maddening.

Sleep finally came again, but it was a very restless and uncomfortable sleep. And when full morning finally arrived, and Janice herself came into the room to unlock and open his cage, he crawled out of it as fast as he could. He looked up at her with a pleading expression on his face… and sneezed. "What do I have to do to not sleep in that thing anymore?" he asked desperately.

Janice looked down at him. "You know what you have to do, and I'll be glad to lend whatever assistance I can to help you with it. But you're going to have to put forth the effort and actually do something. Otherwise, I can assure you, that a few days from now, every time you have to use the bathroom, you'll be going outside to do it like a dog instead." She continued to stare down at him… and the expression on his face never changed. He simply continued to stare up at her… until he sneezed again. "Come along," she said, "It's time for another dose of your medicine."

Agent Ted Jacobs went into work and as he had done the day before, he checked the logs of where Janice Stokley's car had been as well as where it was right then. He noticed that it was currently in Gainesville instead of at their home. Well, he knew that most people from all over that area did much of their shopping in the big city. Evidently Janice was no exception. He put it out of his mind and went to work on more immediate matters.

Roger's tortured brain functioned somewhat better in school that day. His cold was slightly better as well. But both were far from perfect. Both Jennifer and Stan sat with him while he ate another thermos of chicken soup during lunch… and both of them mentioned him

wearing the women's boots for his jobs again. And he had to admit one more time that he was indeed planning on doing it. But he didn't mention anything else that was, or would soon, be happening. One nightmare was bad enough. No use making matters worse.

Once school was over, Roger drove Carol home where he changed clothes… unfortunately adding a bra with the balled up socks in it and his women's boots to the work clothes he put on. He spent a few minutes speaking with Janice before getting into his new truck and travelling up to the Whittakers house to pick up the down payment for the job he had to do for them. He told them that most likely he would be able to start demolishing their old deck on Saturday. He also warned them about the large dumpster he was going to order to hold all the debris.

From there he travelled to the Adkins' home where he was supposed to fix the broken window. Fortunately, their home wasn't far from where the Whittakers lived. Rebecca Adkins turned out to be a very tiny and somewhat frail old woman. Her husband looked to be in even worse shape. But Roger noticed that they both stood there and watched him intently the entire time he thoroughly checked out what needed to be done with their window. He was mostly sure that they spent a lot of time staring at the boots he was wearing. He didn't dare remove the loose jacket he was wearing and expose what his chest looked like. No use adding more fuel to that fire!

The window had a single cracked pane. One simple piece of glass that was still in place but really should be replaced. The cracks in the pane though had been sealed with some kind of clear plastic tape – what looked like years ago. And then he noticed a further problem with the window. It had been painted shut, most likely multiple times. Plus, the window was in an out of the way location where he was sure nobody ever used the thing. He realized then that the only reason he was really there was so that Rebecca Adkins could see if he was indeed wearing women's high heeled boots to work in like Elaine Whittaker had probably told her. For that one reason alone, he decided to raise his rates for the job.

"I can fix the window pane fairly easily," he told them. "But since the window is painted shut and won't open, do you want that fixed as well?"

Roger saw her husband starting to shake his head and say no, but his wife was just a little quicker. "Yes, please, Mr. Brinkley. We would like that very much."

Roger nodded. In other words, she wanted a chance to watch him longer. He was definitely going to charge extra for this job! He surveyed the window more carefully before figuring about what it would take him to do all the work, and then quoted them a price that was half again what he would have charged them. Rebecca Adkins didn't even blink an eye. She accepted it on the spot. Roger promised to be thrr tomorrow after school to fix their window. He warned them that it would probably take him about three hours to repair and repaint

part of the window frame. He was fairly sure he could do it in less time, but he was going to make sure that they got charged for plenty of his time!

On the way home, as per Janice's suggestion, he stopped at a store where he bought several pairs of pantyhose, and then spent a very embarrassing ten minutes in the makeup aisle picking out stuff that he wasn't totally sure what it was… or did. All he knew for sure about it was that it was makeup… various items that he hoped would probably be the basics of what he would need… and would enable him to sleep outside of his cage later that night.

When he got home, he turned the check from the Whittakers over to Janice, and then spent a very embarrassing hour going back and forth between the bathroom and the living room as he tried to work with the various makeup items he had bought. He tried to apply the makeup… then each time he had to go out to show Janice and Carol how he looked.

He felt like a child! Like a little girl playing with her mother's makeup. He had no earthly idea how to use any of it at all. And the only suggestions that Janice or Carol were giving him didn't help a whole lot. He got the impression that they were just enjoying laughing at him too much to give him any real help. But his efforts though were rewarded when Janice did allow him to sleep outside the cage… and without anything binding him in any way.

Freedom! Sort of.

Chapter 24.

The door opening and someone coming out through it snapped her awake. She had almost fallen asleep. Janice watched the woman carefully. She was young and beautiful. Sexy! Just the kind that Joseph Halifax liked. The kind of woman that Leila Rivers had been. As she watched, the woman walked up to a car parked along the street not far from the door and got in. She drove away shortly afterwards.

The sun hadn't been up long now, but Janice had been sitting in her car, down the block and across the street from Halifax's loft apartment, for almost an hour. The woman coming out had been the first sign of life that she had seen. This was only a fact finding trip… her first chance to get a look at the lay of the land. She would make several more trips before she even attempted to make contact with Halifax. But before that could happen, she had to find and eliminate as many… complications… as possible.

It was almost an hour later when she saw his red corvette suddenly pop out of the small driveway from between buildings. As she expected, it turned right and drove down the street. She quickly started her car and followed him. She only slowed down when he turned into a parking lot. The sign over the building indicated that it was where his office was. She kept going.

She spent several hours driving all over the city of Augusta, Georgia. She had several maps of the city in the car with her, but she rarely consulted them. Among the details in the file that Susan Wu had given her, was a list of all his properties. She drove to every single one that was in the area. None of them appeared suitable for the purpose she would need. But then she didn't expect any of them to fit the bill.

Over and over again, she drove past his office, or parked a short distance away for a while. But his car never left the parking space where he had left it. There was always a chance he could go somewhere in someone else's car, but she wasn't really concerned about that today.

Shortly before noon, she caught him leaving his office building and getting into his car. Once again she followed him… this time to a nice upper–scale restaurant. She saw him meet and shake hands with two men who were waiting for him as he approached the door to the restaurant. Business lunch, she figured. She drove a short distance up the street to a fast–food restaurant and got some lunch for herself… which she ate in her car as she continued to watch Halifax's car sitting waiting for him to come back out.

His lunch was long. Almost forty–five minutes. When he came back out again, she saw him shake hands with the men again and then get back into his car. She followed him back to his office again. A typical day, she guessed. But was it really? Only time would tell.

She drove around some, retracing many of the places she had already driven to… just to make sure she was familiar with the area. She even took the chance to drive into his driveway to check that out. It went to a small parking area behind his building with several large garage doors along the building's wall. Another normal door was set off to the side. She drove out again, back to the street. She went back to his office… where his car was missing. She had missed him leaving. But no matter, that was unimportant. She drove back to his apartment where she again parked down the street and across the block.

And she waited. And waited. And waited. She had to leave to go to the bathroom and get herself a fast–food dinner, but she returned again as soon as she was able… where she waited some more. It was dark when she saw his car finally drive up and enter the driveway between buildings. A few minutes later she saw the lights on his third floor loft apartment come on. And still she waited. An hour later, another car parked at the sidewalk in front of the building and she watched as another woman got out. The woman walked up to the door and pushed the buzzer. A moment later, Janice watched as the woman entered. Half an hour after that, the lights in the apartment mostly went out.

Janice started her car and turned it in the direction of home. It would be a long drive back, but she had accomplished a lot today.

Agent Jacobs had noticed early that morning that the car Janice Stokley drove was still in the same place in Gainesville. And now it was still there, unmoved, late in the day. What was she doing there? He wanted to go find out, but he didn't have time. Their present case load was keeping him far too busy. But since the car wasn't all that far from where she was living, he wasn't that concerned about it. He picked up his phone and started making more inquiries about one of his newer cases instead.

"Do those boots bother you at all?" Rebecca Adkins asked.

Roger turned his head toward her. "Not really," he replied. But as he said it, his thoughts immediately turned toward the other "shoes" he had worn all too much the week before – the very high heels that he hadn't been permitted to remove. Compared to those, the heels on these boots seemed practically flat!

"It's an awfully strange thing you're doing," the frail woman noted as she watched him running a sharp razor edged blade along the seam in the window.

"I know," Roger replied, unable to turn his head away from the job just then.

"And Elaine didn't mention you wearing a bra either. Especially one that's so obviously padded."

"I don't think she noticed it under my jacket when she saw me," Roger replied, still concentrating on his task.

"So… this is not the first time?"

"Nope!" Roger replied with a bit of a grunt as he finished scoring the old paint along the seam.

"And I guess it's not the last either?"

Now Roger could look back at her. "No, not the last," he confirmed with a hint of sadness. He really wished that the old woman would just leave him alone and let him work. But she had sat right where she could see him perfectly, since he had started working… as he had figured she would do.

"So you wear the boots and the bra all the time?" Rebecca asked.

"When I'm on the job, anyway." He didn't add that it was only while he was teaching school that he didn't have to wear the bra… now.

"Anything else?" she asked.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Any other… women's clothes… that you wear?"

"Uh… no," he replied. He only thought about the panties he was wearing after it was too late to reply. But she didn't need to know about those.

"How about at other times?"

Yeah, Roger figured he was definitely going to charge her every bit of that inflated estimate he had given her! "Um… not really." He purposely didn't tell her that very shortly he would be. But she didn't need to know that either.

"So… if you don't wear women's clothes at other times… then why are you doing it now?"

This time Roger looked at her and smiled. "Isn't that the real reason you asked me to come fix this window?" He was rewarded to see her face light up in a smile.

"Touché, Mr. Brinkley!"

Roger nodded and went back to work. He didn't have to do everything he was doing to the window. In fact, much of what he did he made an extra effort to make it look like it was difficult and he was having a hard time with it. And in fact, some of it was. Scraping the old paint wasn't exactly fun or easy! But Rebecca Adkins sat in her chair the entire time and watched him carefully as he worked... all too often, asking questions… mostly about why he was wearing the women's clothes to work in.

In truth, it took Roger all of the three hours he had estimated that the job would require to finish working on the window and get much of it repainted. But a lot of that extra time was due to the time he took answering Mrs. Adkins' questions. It was almost as if she was hounding him about what he was wearing! He had been very self–conscious and embarrassed about his boots when he had arrived – even though she had already seen his boots. And when he had removed his jacket and displayed his padded chest, he was twice as embarrassed. But he figured he needed to get displaying it all, over with. And it hadn't taken neither Mrs. nor Mr. Adkins long to see the protuberances sticking out of his chest! And then the questions had begun – by Mrs. Adkins. After a few minutes, Mr. Adkins had simply looked disgusted with him and had left. Unfortunately, Mrs. Adkins had stayed. But then, he never had a doubt in the world that she wouldn't.

But the constant attention and questioning by her had left him not only no longer as embarrassed by his "condition," but her questions were starting to make him more than a bit resentful. He always stayed as carefully polite as possible with her, and even paused often in his work to speak with her… which made the job take so much longer.

He had eventually become so resentful of her questions that by the time he started cleaning and packing up his tools, he was wishing he had some of that new makeup he had bought the day before with him. He wondered what she would think if he stood there right in front of her and applied a coat of lipstick while looking in a small compact mirror… just before presenting her with a bill. Would it shock her? He honestly wasn't sure if it would. But it would certainly shock him! Rebecca Adkins had really only hired him to fix her window for the show! He figured that something like applying the lipstick right in front of her – for spite – would certainly amount to a good show. Probably a memorable one! He wondered though if maybe it might not be a good idea to try in the future. Maybe not! He really wasn't that brave!

He wrote out the bill as soon as he was done packing things up. It was only written up on a piece of notebook paper, but he carefully listed every single item that needed to be listed. And the total amount did indeed come fully up to his estimated price. He made sure of that! He presented the bill to Mrs. Adkins and asked if she wanted to pay it all now or just mail him the check. He was surprised when she asked him to wait while she got the checkbook. A few minutes later, he walked out with his first bit of profit for his new business.

Surprisingly, he felt totally good about it. In fact, he no longer even cared that he had to display himself wearing women's boots and a stuffed bra through the entire ordeal. Yes, it had been embarrassing. Very! But Mrs. Adkins had been such a pain about it all with her constant questions that he no longer cared! Would he be embarrassed by his attire in the future? Absolutely!

He purposely spent almost an hour that night applying lipstick with only the aid of a tiny round mirror in the face powder compact he had bought. He did it somewhat angrily as he remembered Mrs. Adkins hounding him with the questions about why he was wearing the women's clothes. And just as she had asked the very same questions over and over again, he applied the lipstick, then wiped it off – over and over again. For a while there, he had thought that perhaps she was so old that she may not have fully remembered asking him some of those questions the first time. But he didn't really believe that. She seemed to be too mentally sharp otherwise.

He hadn't seen Janet all day long, not even when Carol had woken him up that morning… for which he was eternally grateful. If only she would just stay away – permanently! He had no such luck though as she came dragging in shortly before he went to bed.

"Ah," she said after she had hugged her daughter, "playing with your makeup again. Very good, Mr. Brinkley." She looked at him closer and a slightly puzzled expression crossed her face. "But why are you only working with your lipstick?"

"Mrs. Adkins made me a bit upset tonight with her constant hounding questions about what I was wearing – the entire time I was there. I was tempted to stand there and put the lipstick on right in front of her – just for spite!"

Janice smiled. "Now that might be a very interesting idea. Why didn't you?"

"I didn't have any with me."

Janice let out a short snort of a laugh. "I hope you weren't rude to Mrs. Adkins."

"No worries there. I was polite as hell! Too polite!"

"Please watch your language, Mr. Brinkley. It's not ladylike to talk like that."

Roger didn't care one bit!

"Did you get paid for the job?" she asked.

Roger fished the check out of his wallet and handed it to her. "I charged her every single bit of the inflated estimate I gave her. She paid without batting an eye!"

“Excellent, Mr. Brinkley. Excellent! I think your little business is off to a very good start now.”

Roger only nodded. “Can I sleep outside the cage tonight?” he asked.

“Let me see you in full makeup first,” Janice told him. “And I think that tomorrow I should have some time available to go shopping with you. You do need a new outfit for church… if you’ll remember.”

A new outfit for church? He now remembered that Janice had already mentioned that once. He still couldn’t imagine himself wearing a dress to church on Sunday. But then he also couldn’t imagine himself buying a damn dress! Not to mention that he never would have imagined himself playing with makeup either! But here he was… playing with makeup like a stupid little girl. And he supposed that tomorrow he was going to be faced with going shopping with her… to buy himself a silly dress!

Unbelievable!

Chapter 25.

Jacobs had a list of things he checked on every morning when he came into work, and one of those things that had been added to his list was checking on where Janice Stokley's car was. He wasn't sure if he was surprised or not to see that it was still in Gainesville – unmoved. Was something wrong with the car? Was it being repaired or something? Having no answers, he was forced to put it out of his mind and check on the next thing on his list.

Now that his cold was easing up some, Roger was starting to feel more like himself. Mentally anyway. He was still on all the cold medicine, but at least today the daytime version of the medicine didn't seem to be clouding his head as much. Today, he was much more able to appreciate standing up in front of the class and writing on the blackboard – without the damn bra causing him problems.

His biggest problem of the day wasn't the students, and it wasn't his cold. His biggest problem was the fact that he couldn't stop worrying about having to go shopping later… with Janice… for a dress that he could wear to church. He was still having trouble wrapping his mind around that. That was his biggest problem of the day, until… Jennifer White sat down in front of him during lunch.

"You don't have to look so disturbed to see me!" Jennifer stated as she saw the look on his face.

"Sorry," Roger replied, but all he could think about just then was the frigid cold that was already starting to make itself known in the most sensitive part of his groin.

"Chicken soup again?" she asked as she leaned over the table to try to smell it better.

Roger nodded. "Yeah," he replied as he felt the cold still growing down below. Did she have to wear her hair down like that? It made him want to reach out and caress it… not to mention caressing the rest of her too. How long had it been now since he'd had any sexual relief?

"Please can I try a little taste?" she asked.

He almost said yes, but he as he stared at the spoon in his hand he remembered, "I don't think you want to… I have a cold, remember?"

Jennifer quickly dug into the large purse she had hung on the back of her chair and produced a spoon. "Ta–daaa!" she sang as she held it up.

Roger gave in and handed over the thermos.

"Oh… this is good!" Jennifer exclaimed as she stuffed a spoonful of the hearty soup into her mouth. She handed the thermos back to Roger. "She really can cook!" she exclaimed. "Do you think that maybe she would show me how she makes it sometime?"

Roger was doing his absolute best to not show any sign of distress as his now totally frozen cock lurched in pain. It wasn't that he didn't want Jennifer to come see him, it was just that he liked her… an awful lot… and her coming to the house would not only be painful for him… physically, thanks to Janice's little curse… but Janice Stokley was a nightmare! He simply feared for Jennifer's safety! "Ummm… I don't know," he was finally forced to admit. He watched as she started in on her own lunch that she had bought from the cafeteria. As tired as he was starting to get of the chicken soup, it was miles better than what she was eating.

"So how's your new business going?" Jennifer asked with her mouth full of food.

"Pretty good right now," Roger replied. "I got my first bit of profit last night."

"Oh yeah? What did you have to do for it?"

"Other than fix a broken window? Put up with three hours' worth of questions from an old lady who couldn't seem to get tired of the show!"

Jennifer almost spit her food out of her mouth as she laughed. "You're kidding!"

"Not one bit!" Roger replied.

"What's so funny?" Stan asked as he sat down with his own tray.

"Some old lady paid to watch Roger fixing a broken window last night," Jennifer replied.

"She paid to watch?"

"Well, actually, she paid to have the window fixed," Roger replied. "But the only real reason I was there was so that she could see if I would actually show up and do it in those boots… and she kept asking me stupid questions the entire time I was there. A job that should have taken me less than two hours easily stretched into three!"

"Huh," Stan replied as he bit into the hamburger he had just bought. "I'm not surprised."

"So do you have any more jobs lined up?" Jennifer asked.

"I'm starting on a big one this weekend… rebuilding a deck."

“Oh? Where is it?” Jennifer asked.

“Down on the way to Gainesville,” Roger replied.

“If you give me some directions, I might show up,” Jennifer said.

Roger was shocked. “Not… a good idea,” he replied.

“Why not?”

Roger had to think of a good reason. “Because I’ll be doing nothing but deconstruction. It could be dangerous.” It wasn’t a good reason, but it was all he could think of. The last thing he needed was to be putting on a show for his friends too… especially Jennifer White!

Jennifer looked briefly over toward Stan. She had struck out.

“Need some help?” Stan asked. “I may not be the best with a hammer, but I should be able to tear something apart well enough.”

Roger didn’t know if he was scared or shocked. First Jennifer had wanted to stop by to see him working, and now Stan was asking if he could help. “Um… I don’t know what I could pay you,” he replied. “I didn’t figure the cost of extra labor into my job estimate.”

“Did I ask to get paid? Look, I’m just trying to help out a friend, okay? And face it, you haven’t exactly been yourself lately. You look like you could use a little extra help.”

Roger shook his head. “Please don’t!” he said as he grabbed his things and got to his feet. “Don’t worry about me, okay?” He quickly got out of there. He didn’t want to involve any of his friends in any of his problems. The situation was simply… too dangerous!

“Well, we tried,” Jennifer said as she watched Roger’s back disappear out the door.

“Something is going on,” Stan stated. “I’m even more convinced of it now than ever!”

“So what do we do?”

Stan shook his head. “I don’t know yet. But I’m open to ideas.”

Roger was shaking… especially inside. He was sitting in the back seat of Janice’s car as they pulled into the parking lot of the store. It was a store Roger had never been into before… one where he was certain that more women shopped than men.

He was again wearing a bra with the socks stuffed into it under his clothes. He was also wearing a pair of the pantyhose that Janice had told him to buy a few days ago. And… he was again wearing the crazy high heeled shoes strapped to his feet. And that of course didn't even count the frilly yellow panties he had been wearing all day as well. All of that was what he was wearing along with the clothes he had worn to work… minus the sports jacket and tie. His fake breasts would be on display from the moment he got out of the car. He supposed he should be glad that Janice hadn't mentioned anything at all about makeup for his face. He purposely didn't bring that little subject up at all!

Janice parked the car, then turned back toward Roger. "Mr. Brinkley," she said, "I expect you to cooperate fully while we're in there. We are investing in your direct future this evening so it's in your very best interest to not only cooperate, but to show as much interest as you can tonight. Learn something here, Mr. Brinkley. Take advantage of the opportunity while Carol and I are here to help you… because soon you'll be on your own to do things like this without our help. And Mr. Brinkley, I won't hesitate to put you into a trance at the first sign that I see you not cooperating. Do I make myself clear?"

Roger, shaking even more, nodded his head. "Yes," he replied. He didn't chance trying to even say another word.

As they entered the store, Roger wanted to walk behind Janice and Carol. He was hoping they would act as a shield so he wouldn't be so much on display. But Janice insisted on walking right next to him and Carol lagged behind… all too often stopping to look at something that she was more interested in. Which left Roger feeling nothing but totally exposed from all angles. He didn't spot many men in the store, but most of the ones he did see were almost always in the company of women. Their wives he figured. Before he knew it, he was surrounded by a world of women's clothes. A world he knew nothing about. But he was guessing that he was about to learn a lot about that world… and soon. In fact, starting now.

He knew he had to be causing some raised eyebrows or some very curious looks, but what could he do about it? He did his best to ignore everyone else and pay most of his attention to Janice.

"Now Mr. Brinkley," Janice said, "Have you given any thought to what kind of dress you'd like to look for?"

"Not exactly," Roger replied. "I was having too much trouble all day just picturing myself buying any kind of dress… let alone wearing one to church."

Janice smiled. "I fully understand," she replied. "But now I'm afraid it's time to move past the point of worrying about it happening, and get on with things. So, what kind of dress would you think would be most appropriate for you?"

“Appropriate? Other than none, I don’t know. I guess something very conservative. I don’t think I’m ready to make much of a fashion statement yet.”

“Good point, Mr. Brinkley. Something conservative would be a very good idea for church. And as for the fashion statement… I have no doubt that we’ll get there in time, Mr. Brinkley. No doubt at all.”

That was not something that Roger wanted to think about! A few minutes later, he was standing next to Janice as she briefly looked through rack after rack of dresses… only spending a few glances at a few of them as she pulled them out for a better look.

“Do you have any preferences as to style or color?” Janice asked.

“Something dark?” Roger replied questioningly. “As I said, I don’t think I’m ready to make a fashion statement yet.” What he didn’t say, was that he figured that something dark wouldn’t be quite as noticeable as something bright and colorful.

“It’s spring, Mr. Brinkley. We’re not going to find a lot of dark clothing this time of year. And I think you should start wrapping your head around the concept of wearing things that look pretty instead of muted and uninteresting. You’re becoming a woman Mr. Brinkley. Get used to that idea.”

Get used to it? How? But Roger held his tongue and said nothing.

Janice moved on to another rack of dresses and started looking more closely at them as she slid the hangers around on the rack. “Now see, these are all lovely. Any one of them would be very appropriate to wear to church. What do you think?”

What did he think? What did he know about any such thing? “I guess they’re okay,” was all he could reply.

“Why don’t you pick several out and try them on,” Janice suggested.

Roger’s panic increased by a lot. It wasn’t just that he would have to try some on, but now she wanted him to pick something out by himself! He started to slowly look at a few of the dresses. “Um… what size should I be looking at?”

“A very good question,” Janice replied. “I think we’ll start with the size sixteens. You’re a bit big in the shoulders and arms… not to mention the rest of your body… so we’ll start there and see if we have to move up a size or two.”

Not really knowing what he was doing, Roger pulled one off the rack in an orange and white print pattern where the material didn't seem quite as flimsy or thin as some of the other dresses seemed to be. The neckline was mostly square except for a small cutout in the center that didn't plunge down too far, which he figured was a good thing. It had short sleeves, which wouldn't hide his arms at all, but then all the dresses in front of him seemed to have short sleeves… or no sleeves at all. The skirt of the dress appeared to be somewhat full… and didn't look to be too short. He examined it, then held it up for Janice to see.

"It's certainly a good selection," she said. "Why not choose a few to try on. They're all going to fit differently."

Roger was looking for ways to get this over with fast, not prolong the agony. But after draping the one dress over his arm… which made him feel funny inside, he continued to look through the dresses in front of him.

"There are other racks as well for you to choose from," Janice told him.

But instead of looking anywhere else, he pulled another dress off the rack. This one was black with white polka dots that seemed sparse on top, but continually grew more and more numerous as the pattern continued down toward the hem of the dress. This one had a rounded neckline and just small cap sleeves that would probably just barely cover his shoulders. It also had a very thin but prominent red belt encircling the waist. But it was also mostly dark in color instead of something more colorful. He held it up for Janice to see.

"You like that one as well? Excellent. Any others?"

"Can I just start with these and see how they fit?"

Janice nodded. "It might be a good idea. That way we can see if we're looking at the right sizes or not."

A few minutes later he was in one of the dressing rooms while Janice and Carol were standing waiting for him to change his clothes and show them the dresses – on him! He removed his pants and shirt and slipped the orange and white dress on first. It was more fitted in the waist than he expected. But then he was faced with trying to zip the thing up in the back. He tried several different ways, but couldn't manage to get the darn zipper up more than a few inches – only because he couldn't reach the darn thing. Cursing women's clothes in general and praying that there were no other customers around, he shyly stepped out of the changing room. Fortunately, the only people he saw in the limited area were Janice and Carol. Whew!

"Ah… Mr. Brinkley," Janice said in a very pleased voice as she heard a slight giggle out of her daughter. "That didn't take you too long at all."

"Only because I can't reach the darn zipper on this thing," he replied. "Maybe I'd do better with something that wouldn't be so hard to fasten."

"Nonsense! You need to get used to all these different types of clothes. And I'm afraid that dresses that zip up the back may be bothersome, for all of us, but they're also all too common. So it's probably a good thing that you get the chance to learn and get used to them. Here, turn around and I'll help you."

Roger turned his back to her, where he didn't have to see the all too delighted smile on Carol's face… that he'd love nothing more than to wipe off of her – permanently! He felt Janice grab the zipper and tug. Slowly, the dress became much tighter around his chest as she continued to move the zipper upwards. Then all of a sudden it seemed to go much easier and faster, and she finished pulling the zipper completely into place.

"There," she said, sounding somewhat satisfied. "Now turn around so we can see better."

Roger turned around again, feeling more foolish than ever. He was very aware of how tight and clingy the dress felt against his entire body… well, his upper body anyway. Since the dress had a fairly full skirt, he couldn't feel much of anything of it below the high waistline the dress seemed to have. "Too tight?" he asked… or suggested.

Janice looked closely at the fit to consider that point. "I don't think so at all. It's a very fitted style that's designed to hug your body. I think that's all you're noticing. If anything, it almost looks too big in some places, particularly the length. But then in areas, like your upper chest and shoulders, it doesn't really look big at all. How does it feel?"

"Weird!" For which he heard Carol laugh. And he couldn't blame her one bit for that!

"I have no doubt at all that it feels that way to you," Janice replied. "But give it time and I'm sure you'll get quite comfortable with it. Now, how about the other dress? Let's see that one on you as well."

After letting Janice pull the zipper down for him, he went back into the changing room to try on the black dress. This one also zipped up the back, but he could tell immediately that this dress also felt different on him. The material was a little heaver… yet softer. And the skirt wasn't nearly as full as the other dress, so he was more aware of how the entire dress caressed his body… more so than the other dress had. He wasn't sure if that was good or bad. And he hadn't even zipped up the zipper in the back yet! Once again, he cautiously stepped out of the changing room to show Janice.

"My, Mr. Brinkley," Janice declared, "that dress looks somewhat good on you already. Here turn around and let me zip you up."

Roger turned his back to her, and a moment later felt all too much of the dress encasing his body – all over! He turned back to her so she could see. This time he was much more aware of the narrower skirt around his hips and legs.

"Yes, that one is lovely on you. I'm afraid it shows off how unfeminine your shoulders are, but at the same time, it… somewhat… gives you a better figure. Like the other one, it looks a bit too long as well. I'm sure that's because the size is a bit too big for your height, but that's something that can't be helped yet. Still, it's a lovely dress and it should suit you perfectly for church."

Roger didn't want to be reminded of wearing a dress to church again, but he supposed that if he had to, he'd rather wear one that looked better on him than one that didn't. "So can I just get this one?" he asked.

"If that's all you want to buy tonight," Janice replied. "But you're more than welcome to continue shopping. You're going to need many more things in the future, Mr. Brinkley."

Roger was aware of that, but he really just wanted to get out of there. "I'm aware of that," he replied. "But right now, I'm still having problems… adjusting."

"Very well, Mr. Brinkley. If you just want to get that one dress tonight, that's fine. But may I also suggest you get yourself a slip to wear under it… and a purse to carry your things in would certainly be a very good idea as well."

Roger stared at her for a moment as his head wrapped itself around those concepts. "Where do I find them?" he asked.

"Right this way, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said with a small smile as she turned and headed toward another section of the women's wear department.

It didn't take them long to find the right size and type of slip for him to wear under "his" dress, but it did take a long time to pick out a pocketbook for him to carry… only because Janice refused to help him in the endeavor. "You have to learn to do these things for yourself, Mr. Brinkley," she told him. Which left Roger faced with a seemingly endless display of purses in all types, sizes, colors, and configurations. He had no choice but to try to go about selecting something – logically. And he was more than aware that he would soon probably be carrying the thing to more than just church!

Realizing this, he took the time to open more than a few and examine not only the way they were configured – inside and out, but also how the darn things opened in the first place. He figured he wanted something that would be secure – so not only things wouldn't fall out of it… or thieves could easily steal things out of it… but he still needed to get into it easily himself. He finally settled on one in black leather with a large flap that came over the main

inside pocket and fastened down near the bottom of the front. It had several pockets both inside and outside… and most importantly, it didn't appear to be too eye–catching!

Fifteen minutes later, he walked out of the store with a new dress, a new purse, and a slip to go under the dress. And the reality of having to wear it all to church on Sunday was starting to sink in. And he was still trying to picture himself doing it… but it was something he still couldn't really picture yet at all!

That night, in order to sleep outside of the cage, Roger had to put his dress on over and over again… and remove it over and over again… each time trying to get the zipper on the back of the dress up or down – by himself. It wasn't long before it was all he could do to not rip the dress to shreds – in totally anger and frustration!

"What are we going to do about Roger?" Jennifer asked.

Stan's rolled his eyes. Thinking about Roger was the last thing he wanted to do right now. They had just made love. She was still cuddled against his body, her head was resting on his shoulder. How the hell could she possibly think about Roger at a time like this? It didn't exactly make him feel very good! "I don't know," he finally replied. "But I can tell you this, he's definitely not himself lately."

"You can say that again!" Jennifer replied. "He looks like hell!"

"Yeah, he does," Stan agreed. "But it's more than that. I mean, he's usually the most money conscious guy you could possibly imagine. Cheap in fact!"

"Yeah, but he spent most of his money on that house. And I happen to know that he's got almost nothing left of the little inheritance he got from his father. It's all gone into rebuilding his house. But you have to admit, he's doing a real nice job with it."

"Yeah, real nice! But now, all of a sudden, he's hired a housekeeper? That's weird enough to begin with! And I know you had to see that Cadillac he drove to school in. And now he's finally traded that old beater of a car he was driving around in for a new truck? Well, he needed the truck. I don't see why he ever bought that piece of junk he had before in the first place. But the point is… did he win some kind of lottery? I just don't see it. Mister – all too careful with his money – is suddenly spending it like it's going out of style. And he's quitting teaching as well!"

"Yeah," Jennifer agreed. "So… what's going on?"

"I don't know," Stan replied. "But something's not right!"

Chapter 26.

It wasn't until late Friday afternoon that Jacobs had a chance to check on the location of Janice's car again. He was fully expecting to see it in the same location where it had stayed in Gainesville for some time now – most likely being repaired. But when he saw that the car wasn't there… and it wasn't anywhere near where he expected to see it, it took him a few minutes to figure out where it was – moving… and just outside of Birmingham, Alabama.

"Damn!" he swore as he hurried to Sid Forsyth's desk. "She's going after the money… right now!" he exclaimed before Sid barely registered he was there.

"Who's going after what money?" Sid asked, totally confused by his partner's statement.

"Stokley! She's going after the cash, right now!"

"How do you know?"

"I planted a bug on her car… and right now it's approaching Birmingham!"

"You planted a bug? Does Phil know?" referring to their direct superior.

"Of course not!" Jacobs said with a bit of a grin. "I'm going after her. Cover for me if it's necessary!"

Before Sid had a chance to say anything else, his partner disappeared, heading for the door. He remembered that Janice Stokley had worked in Birmingham before moving to the Atlanta area a few years ago. And if she was indeed heading in that direction, then it was possible that she could be after some of the money she had stolen. If… she had actually stolen any. There was still not one bit of actual proof about that. Only a lot of conjecture. But it was all very interesting conjecture.

He wished his partner luck as he started moving file folders around on his desk in preparation for going home – hopefully for the entire weekend.

On Saturday morning, Roger stared up at the Whittaker's deck from the ground below. The large dumpster he had ordered to hold all the debris from the job was placed almost where he had hoped it would wind up… just off to the side of the project. Whoever had delivered it hadn't brought it as far into the backyard as he had hoped, but that was a minor inconvenience.

As he looked up, he saw the two deck boards that he had already pried up, blocking the French doors that led from the house out to the deck. It was a safety issue that had to be

taken care of. He had pried the boards up then screwed them across the doorway to make sure that nobody would try to go out of it until he was completely finished rebuilding the deck. He was also hoping they would keep the Whittaker's a little further away from him so they wouldn't ask too many questions about what he was wearing. Even now, he could see both of them looking out through the wide French doors, watching him. He had only knocked on the door to politely let them know he was there… but he hadn't said anything else to them as he went straight to work.

And now it was time to demolish the deck… before it fell down on its own! The thing was that bad! He had his regular hammer in his tool belt that encircled his waist, but he also had a sledge hammer on the ground next to him. He wasn't sure how well he could swing the sledge hammer with the high heels on his feet, but he had no doubt that he'd find some way to manage it. But he wasn't about to waste much time demolishing this deck. The sledge hammer stayed on the ground as he pulled the starter rope on the chain saw in his hand instead. The tool roared to life in his hand. A few seconds later. He stared cutting railings into manageable size pieces… while he was more than aware of the Whittaker's watching him trying to do it all – in his freshly shined high heel boots.

As he worked, his mind again went back to the fact that he had to wear a dress to church tomorrow. He still couldn't comprehend that fact. And he had no doubt in the world that he would wind up actually doing it.

Janice had been mysteriously missing again that morning… gone long before he had gotten up. Once again he said a little prayer that something major would happen to her and she would never come back. But he knew it was useless wishing.

Wear a dress to church? Inconceivable! He tried his best to put that thought out of his mind… but it was simply so bizarre that not thinking about it was all but impossible!

Jacobs stared at the junky looking fence… surrounding an even junkier looking piece of property… filled with junk cars. It had taken him a long time to find the property last night… even guided by the small tracker he had for locating the bug attached to Janice's car. Or rather, the car that used to be the one that Janice drove. Because he was now looking at a business that proclaimed to be an automobile auction house. Obviously, Roger Brinkley had not only bought that new car he had seen for himself, he had now traded in his other old junker car for something newer. And Jacobs was pissed!

It had been too late last night when he had gotten here and discovered exactly where the car was to retrieve the little bug he had planted. But since it was "technically" government property, he had no choice but to wait until the place opened to get inside the fence and find the damn thing. He had been forced to spend the night in a cheap hotel. But now the place was open – finally. And now he could get his little tracking bug back. And even though

he had no just cause for feeling that way, he once again decided that Janice Stokley was going to pay extra for putting him to this inconvenience!

The red Corvette paused at the end of the driveway as the driver checked the oncoming traffic, then it turned out onto the road and roared away. Janice cursed her luck as the thing whizzed right past her… in a direction that she would have to turn around so she could follow it. She wasted no time though and got lucky as a series of traffic lights helped her to at least keep the thing in sight. She almost lost it again when it hit an open road and accelerated far past the legal speeding limit. She prayed there were no police around so she could keep him in sight. Ten minutes later, she saw the car pull into the parking lot of a golf course… which surprised her because the weather report was calling for rain again – as it did every day lately.

She pulled into the parking lot herself and watched as Halifax got out of his car and walked into the clubhouse. He wasn't carrying any golf clubs, but Janice knew from experience that most likely he was a member of the club and probably had a locker there to hold his equipment. She got out of her car and went inside to look around. She saw him signing in and talking with several other men… then they all went out through one of the doors that led outside.

She had dealt with many men in the past who had played golf. To many of them, the game was an important business necessity as most of them discussed business while they played. Janice didn't know exactly why that was since she didn't play herself, but she had come across the issue many times in the past. Knowing that Halifax was going to be tied up for many hours, she went back to his apartment where she again drove into the parking area behind the building. She studied the garage doors… and she studied the one regular door off to the side as well.

Getting out of her car, she walked over to that door for a closer look. She tested it… locked! She tried pulling up on several of the garage doors… but she couldn't budge any of them. Most likely they were all on automatic door opening systems that kept them totally secure.

With nothing else she could do that day, she got back in her car and headed home. It was time to plan another trip. A trip to dig up another buried box. A trip to get her equipment from past dealings with the men she had ruined.

The only reason Roger didn't sleep in the cage Saturday night, was because he had been up extra late the night before studying internet how–to videos for makeup. He tried a few of the things that he saw over and over again, but all the videos really did was to point out how pitifully inadequate his makeup supply was. Every single video called for the application of product after product, to either small areas of his face, or more often to his whole face. And he didn't have even one of the products each of the videos had shown him.

The only reason he had really spent so much time studying the videos… was panic! He had been hoping for some kind of miracle video that would show him how to do something to his face so he could at least pass a little better as a woman… and not get laughed at when he went to church in the morning. But it quickly became apparent that there was no such miracle… at least not for him. He was doomed to go to church looking like a man in drag… who didn't know the first thing about passing or even looking anything at all like a woman.

He had been allowed to sleep outside the cage all night. But that didn't mean he had been able to sleep. Worry over the issue kept him awake through most of the night.

He had finally gotten up early and gone into the bathroom to shave and shower… and to shave his legs and arms once again to make sure there was no hair there. Janice hadn't even mentioned that to him… but he knew how bad any hair in those places would look, so he made sure there wasn't any. Then he went back to his room and stared at the clothes he would have to put on… very shortly.

When breakfast time came, he wore his usual jeans and an old shirt – over top of his filled out bra and panties of course. And as usual, he ate his meal from his dog bowl on the floor. But after breakfast, he went back to his room where he immediately pulled on the same pair of pantyhose he had worn to the store… and then added the slip that would eventually be covered by his dress.

Having no mirror in his room, he went to the bathroom to do the best he could with what little makeup he had. He knew without a doubt that he would have to go shopping for more – very soon. If he wanted to look even remotely better, then he needed more stuff – and most likely, help as well! But the kind of help he really needed, as far as the makeup went anyway, was not something he wanted to dwell on, because it would mean discussing the issue with someone – in person.

Once back in his room, he sat on the floor and buckled the high heeled shoes onto his feet. Then he stared at his dress in his closet for several minutes before finding the courage to pull it out… and put it on. It took some doing, but thanks to the practice he had several nights ago, he managed to get the thing zipped all the way up in the back.

He had no mirror to see how he really looked… and he wasn't sure he even wanted to know. He threw the things he normally would carry in his pockets into his purse and finally slung the thing over his shoulder. He opened his bedroom door… and went out into the hallway. He stopped on his way to the living room and turned around, and went all the way back to the bathroom where he checked what he could see of himself. Bad! Forced to face the awful inevitable, he headed for the living room.

"Ah, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as she caught sight of him. "Or perhaps, we should call you Candy today instead."

Roger didn't reply. He simply felt too stupid.

Janice looked him over carefully, then smiled. "I'm afraid you have a very long way to go Mr. Brink… I mean, Candy. But still, I'm pleased with what I see today. This is definite progress you're making today. Definite progress!"

As far as Roger was concerned, it was the wrong kind of progress! A short while later, he found himself sitting in the back seat of the black Cadillac SUV, pulling out of the driveway, and on the road to total humiliation. He was doing it. He was actually doing it. He was going out to church – wearing a dress! Yet he still couldn't conceive it!

And ten minutes later, after they had left the driveway, a pickup truck pulled in.

Stan was glad to see Roger's new truck sitting in the yard. That meant he was home… where he expected to see him. That is, unless he went back to work on that deck he said he was rebuilding. But since the truck was in the yard, he was sure that Roger would be home.

He knocked on the door, and got no answer. Nothing. In fact, the house seemed all too quiet. So despite the truck in the yard, nobody was home.

Where the heck would Roger go on a Sunday morning? Most Sunday mornings in the past, he and Roger had gone fishing together. In fact, that was the pretense he was using this time to talk with Roger. The back of his truck was even filled with all his fishing gear. But unfortunately, it seemed that Roger had taken off somewhere. And since the house was so quiet, evidently he had taken his new housekeeper and her daughter as well.

Where in the world would he take them both on a Sunday morning? He certainly didn't see Roger taking them to church somewhere. Roger wasn't exactly the church–going type!

Frustrated at finding nobody home, he got back in his truck and headed off to go fishing – by himself.

Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! And scared. That's how Roger felt as he rode in the car toward the church Janice seemed to be so fond of. "The Free Spirit Nondenominational Church." He had heard that such open–minded churches existed, but he never expected to actually go to one. And today wouldn't be his first time going there either. But it would be his first time attending in a dress! Ugh! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! He was just glad that it was such an open–minded church. Heck, even the cross–dressers he had already met – sort of – had told him to feel free to wear a dress to church if he wanted. Well, he may not exactly want to, but he was wearing one now. And no doubt, he would be wearing more of them in the future. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

The butterflies in his stomach grew worse as they exited off of the interstate highway. But surprisingly, they were almost nonexistent as they pulled into the parking lot of the strip mall where the church was located. He didn't feel ill… not exactly. But he wasn't feeling all that anxious to get out of the car either. Especially since the parking lot was already somewhat full. Not nearly as bad as Easter Sunday, the last time he had been here, but there were still all too many people around.

Janice parked the car, but Roger didn't even open his car door until after both Janice and Carol had gotten out of the car. Then, blowing out a forced breath to steady himself, he too got out of the protective safety of the black SUV.

"Come along… Candy," Janice said as she turned toward the church. She and Carol barely glanced back at Roger as they began walking toward the people ahead of them.

Feeling embarrassed, stupid, defeated, and resigned, Roger put one high–heeled foot in front of each other and followed Janice and Carol toward the door of the church – never once looking up from the parking lot pavement below his feet.

"Oh my goodness!" he heard a "queer" voice loudly proclaim. Roger figured that was his sentiments exactly – oh my goodness! He still didn't look up. He simply couldn't. He did hear Janice let out a bit of a chuckle. Well, he supposed he was a somewhat funny joke. Strangely, he didn't feel like laughing himself.

"Oh my goodness!" the voice rang again… far closer this time than it should have sounded from the short distance he had walked since the first time. This time he did chance to glance up… and wasn't sure if he should have kept his eyes back down at the pavement instead. One of the cross–dressers he had met here before was practically running right toward him! Now the butterflies in his stomach were back – full force!

"Oh my goodness!" the voice called again as the… person… went right around Janice and Carol and pulled to a stop right next to Roger… who stopped moving himself.

"You did it!" the person said excitedly as he looked Roger over very carefully. "You actually did it!"

Roger tried to grin, but it wasn't working very well. "Yeah," he admitted sheepishly. "I guess I did."

"Well, honey, you look fabulous! Trust me, absolutely fabulous!"

Fabulous? Roger had no doubt that was a lie if he ever heard one! All he really looked was ridiculous! "Uh… thanks," he managed to get out.

The "person" linked his arm though Roger's, which somewhat scared Roger, and started walking him toward the door. "Why don't you sit with us today?" the "person" asked.

"Uh…" Roger didn't quite know how to answer that.

Janice had heard the question though and stopped to look back at the two men – dressed as women… sort of. "I think that's a wonderful idea," she said to Roger. "That was so nice of you to offer," she said to the… person.

Roger wasn't all that happy about the idea, but he managed to reply, "Sounds good."

"Oh wonderful!" the "person" replied. "I can't wait till the others get to see you!"

He couldn't wait? Roger wasn't all that sure he wanted anyone else to see him.

"My name is Bethany, the "person" said. "How about you?"

Realizing that the game was going to be played with female names only, Roger replied, "Candy." Ugh!

"Candy! Oh… I love it!" Bethany replied fairly breathlessly. "It's just… adorable!"

Yeah right! Adorable! Just like me. Roger could almost throw up!

With his arm still linked through Roger's, Bethany led Roger through the crowd of people in front of the door – all of whom turned to get an all too careful look at him. Roger's embarrassment grew over that – by a lot. Once inside, Bethany took him over toward the side at the back of the room, where Roger now saw two of the other transvestites he had seen before – both of whom looked over at him and suddenly looked all too excited.

"Look at you!" one of them practically screamed as Roger and Bethany approached.

"Honey, you look great!" the other one said as Roger stopped in front of them.

Roger shook his head. "Trust me, I don't feel great!"

"Don't worry about it one little bit," the person replied with a wave of his hand. "Just the fact that you're here and dressing as you want, makes you look great!"

"It's a little hard for me to look at it that way," Roger replied.

"I know honey. We all do. We've all been there – done that! And I for one and very excited for you."

"Me too!" the other "person" replied.

"Ladies," Bethany said, "This is Candy. Don't you think that's simply an exquisite name?"

Exquisite? Roger could just barf over it!

"Oh it is indeed!" one of the two in front of him replied. "And my name is Cass… Cassandra to be accurate."

"Hi," Roger replied.

"And I'm Tracy," the third one said.

"Hi," Roger said again. He didn't have to say anything else as Bethany suddenly grabbed him in a tight bear hug.

"Oh, I'm so excited for you!" Bethany exclaimed before finally releasing Roger.

It wasn't exactly the way that Roger would have put it.

The woman preacher was just as good as ever, but Roger didn't really pay that much attention to her. What occupied his mind instead, was that he suddenly had three new friends. Strange friends indeed, but they were without a doubt – friends. And they had all gone out of their way to make him feel as comfortable and at ease with the situation as they possibly could – for which Roger found he was actually very grateful.

He was grateful enough that after the service, as they all got to their feet, he tried to get their attention. "Uh… guys… I mean, ladies," he corrected himself, trying to play the game right.

"Whatever you're comfortable with," Cassandra told him as they all turned to pay attention to whatever it was that he wanted.

"Uh… thanks," Roger replied quickly. "Um… I need to thank you all for not making fun of me today, when I'm obviously in need of more help than any of you can imagine."

"Make fun of you?" Tracy replied, "Candy, we've all been there! Trust me, nobody here is going to make fun of you. And as to needing more help than we can imagine? Trust me on that one too, we've all been there. And if there's anything any of us can help you with, believe me, none of us would hesitate a second to do our best to be there for you."

Roger shook his head, but he couldn't explain anything about why he was really dressing as he was. "I… appreciate that… a lot," he replied.

"So what is it?" Cassandra asked. "Family, friends, your own personal feelings? Or do you just need a good psychologist? Honey, we can help with all that! Trust me."

"Um… none of that, I'm afraid," Roger replied somewhat sheepishly. "At least, not yet. What I really need help with is…" He paused to take a breath to steady himself. "Looking better!" he finally blurted out. "I look awful!"

"No you don't!" Bethany told him.

"Yes I do!" Roger insisted. "I've been trying to figure out how to do my makeup better, but after looking at about a thousand videos last night, all I discovered was how little I really know about it. And do you know how many products are out there for women to use?"

"Millions!" Tracy replied offhandedly.

Roger nodded. "I'm afraid all I got was more confused and frustrated."

"Welcome to the club!" Cassandra laughed. "Don't you think real women get just as frustrated over the same thing?"

"Real women don't have to work as hard at it," Roger replied. "Most of them don't even need makeup. They just think they do."

"Huh!" Bethany grunted. "Just try convincing any of them of that!"

Roger looked at … him… and nodded. He knew exactly what he had meant. "I think what I really need is someone to show me… in person… just what I need and how to use the stuff. I simply have no idea in the world!"

Tracy reached out and put her hand on Roger's arm… and looked him straight in the eye. "Honey, admitting you need that kind of help is the first step in getting exactly the help you need."

Roger shook his head. "Any ideas for it though?"

"Lots!" Bethany replied. "You need to go to the same place that most women go for the same reason – to the experts! Well, somewhat experts I guess."

"You can go to the malls… to the makeup counters and ask for their help," Cassandra told him. "That's what I do. And honey, I can't begin to tell you how much fun I have doing it!" He leaned a little closer and whispered. "I go a lot!" Then he added in a more normal voice. "Just don't worry about if anyone is going to make fun of you or not. Just go do it! The girls

there all just want to sell something. And if they don't want to help you, then just go somewhere else. Most of them though are going to absolutely jump at the chance to do anything and everything to you! Trust me on that honey. That's why I think I have so much fun with it!"

Roger smiled while the other two "ladies" chuckled.

"Another thing you can do," Tracy said, "is to go into one of those makeup stores… any one you want, it really doesn't matter. "Just go in and tell them what you need. Personally, I find them to be at least a little more private, and I get really good advice there."

"But they're not nearly as much fun!" Cassandra noted.

"Maybe not," Tracy admitted, "but I learn more there than I do in the malls."

"Who cares?" Cassandra asked. For which the other two "women" laughed.

"Uh… thanks," Roger replied. "That's probably good advice. I'll have to see what I can do." But in reality, he couldn't see himself doing anything of the sort. But then, he also had trouble picturing himself wearing a dress to church… yet here he was.

Happy… and VERY relieved! That's how Roger felt as Janice pulled out of the parking lot and headed toward home. He had done it. He had gotten through it. And thank God that everyone there had been so understanding and kind towards him. None of them could really help with his true situation, yet everyone there had acted nothing but totally accepting toward him. Relieved! That is, until Janice pulled the car off of the highway again and declared, "Candy, you're buying us all lunch out again. I think Carol and I both have worked hard enough for you all week to have earned it."

Roger could have cried.

The restaurant was the very same one that Janice had taken them to once before. One he noted that she seemed to particularly like. And also one that always seemed to be very crowded on Sundays after church – unfortunately. Once the car had been parked, Roger again grabbed his purse and got out of the car. This time, there would be no "friends" around to make him feel more at ease. This time, everyone in sight would no doubt laugh at him.

Feeling totally foolish, he followed Janice and Carol to the door – and inside. He waited while Janice gave the hostess her name, and then they all waited – a long time – in direct sight of an awful lot of people. People that Roger could easily see never stopped staring at him. And Roger could just as easily see that none of them were happy to see him there – dressed the way he was. And he couldn't blame any of them one little bit! If he could have,

he would have gladly left and just waited in the car. As it was, he was so grateful when the hostess finally led them to their booth… where he felt at least a little more hidden.

It wasn't until they had all sat down together that Janice decided to get friendly and really speak with him again. "So did you enjoy church this morning?" she asked.

The question nearly sent Roger's poor head spinning. Enjoy church? Dressed the way he was? She had to be kidding! He quickly searched for a polite way to answer. "I still think the preacher is very good," he replied.

"Oh, she is marvelous!" Janice agreed. "Absolutely… marvelous."

Roger was only surprised that she didn't say "inspirational" as well. That was how she usually characterized her. "The church is… very accommodating, I noticed."

"Indeed, it is, Mr. Brin… I mean, Candy. Indeed it is! I seriously doubt you would have found so much acceptance in any other place. At least, not around here."

"I have no doubt about that at all," Roger agreed.

"So… how are you getting along with your new friends?"

Roger thought about that for a moment. "Better than I expected. They did everything they could to put me at ease… from the moment I arrived… sort of."

"Sort of?"

"Well, I could have used a little less of Bethany running at me and yelling as excitedly as he did."

Janice chuckled. "That was a bit of a sight, I'm afraid."

"But otherwise, they were all nothing but nice. And they did their best to be helpful."

"Helpful? In what way?"

"Well, after the service, I told them about my makeup woes. They had several suggestions for going places to get advice directly."

Janice nodded. She was somewhat surprised at that, but she realized she shouldn't have been. They were the kind of… men… who would most likely know things like that. "What kind of advice did they offer?"

"One of them suggested I go to the makeup counters at the malls."

"Sounds like good advice to me," Janice replied. "That's where I usually go. Most women I know do that."

"One of the other ones suggested I go to a store that specializes just in makeup and ask them there. He said I'd probably get better advice in a place like that."

Janice considered that. "No doubt you would… Candy. No doubt. So what are you going to do?"

Roger sighed a bit as he considered that. "I think I'll try one of the specialty stores. I need all the help I can get!"

Carol giggled slightly. "I definitely want to be there to see that!"

Yeah right! She would!

"Roger dodger!" Stan's voice called over the phone line. "Where were you? I stopped by your house this morning to see if you wanted to go fishing, but you weren't there. Nobody was there!"

"Hey Stan," Roger replied. "Yeah, we went to church this morning, then out for lunch."

"You went to church? Since when did you start going to church?"

"Uh… since just recently," Roger replied.

"And you're taking your housekeeper and her daughter too?" Stan asked.

"Uh… yeah. We're all going together."

"Roger… what the heck do you think you're doing? It sounds like you're totally playing house with that new family of yours! And Roger, they're not your family… unless you married her and didn't bother telling anyone. Is that the case?"

"No Stan! Of course I didn't marry her. And I have no intention of marrying her – believe me!"

"So what the heck are you doing?"

"What's wrong with me going to church with them?" Roger asked testily.

"Nothing, I guess. Except it's not you!"

"Well… maybe it is me now."

"Shit, Roger. It's like I hardly know you anymore! What the heck is going on with you? Huh?"

"Don't even go there, Stan. Just don't go there!"

"Don't go there? Look… whether you think so or not, you need help. At least I think you do. Jennifer too for that matter."

"How would you know what she thinks?" Roger asked angrily.

"Because she told me, asshole!"

"Sorry," Roger replied a little less testily. "Look, just stay out of it, okay? I'm fine! Just… stay out of it!"

But Stan knew perfectly well that Roger was anything but fine. And Roger, no matter how he was behaving now, had been his best friend for several years now. And a really good friend at that. "Roger," he finally said, trying to sound as nice as he could, "the weatherman says that we've still got a few hours until the rain moves in again. What say we go toss some lines in the water? As far as I know, you haven't been fishing even once yet this year."

Roger appreciated what his friend was trying to do for him. And he really did want to go fishing – badly. But there was no way that Stan could help him in his present situation. And knowing Janice, Stan's interference would most likely be very dangerous to him… and Roger absolutely couldn't allow his friend to get hurt. He needed to keep Stan away from the situation – and far away from Janice Stokley. "Look Stan, I really appreciate it," he replied. "And I'd really love to go fishing today, but I've got to go back to the Whittaker's place as soon as I can this afternoon and lay out the foundation for that deck I'm building. I've got to keep working on it whenever can find a few extra minutes."

"And I suppose you don't want any help there either," Stan replied.

"No, sorry. I can manage it just fine by myself."

Stan was frustrated. His friend was doing everything possible to prevent him from helping. "Sorry to hear that, Roger," he finally replied. "You told us at school who you were building the deck for, but I don't remember who that was."

"The Whittakers," Roger replied. "They're my first really big client."

“Never heard of them,” Stan replied. But in the back of his mind, he was making serious mental notes.

“I’m not surprised,” Roger said. “I met them when I did some odd jobs for them a few years ago.”

“Well look Roger, if you change your mind, call me – please! In fact, anytime you just want to talk, I’m here for you. You know that.”

“Yeah, sure, Stan. I appreciate it. But really, I’m fine. Don’t worry about me.”

But as Stan hung up his phone, he was very sure that Roger was anything but fine.

“You handled that very nicely,” Janice said from the other side of the room where she had been listening.

Roger turned, surprised to see her there.

“Normally, I wouldn’t have you go out and work on a Sunday, but since you told your friend that you would be working, then maybe you better… just in case he takes it upon himself to show up here unexpectedly. I take it you really do have things you need to accomplish for that job?”

“Yeah. Absolutely! The sooner I can get the foundation laid out and the footings poured, the better. As soon as they’re ready, I can actually start building the deck itself.”

Janice nodded. “Then I suggest you change your clothes and get to work… Candy. You have a business to attend to.”

Roger looked down at the dress he was still wearing. It was all he could do to not smile so Janice could see. She had told him as soon as they got home that it would probably be good for him to spend the rest of the day in his dress – to start getting used to it. But now he finally had a way out of it. Now if he could just find a way out of the stupid boots and stuffed bra he had to wear as well! That would be much better!

“The Whittakers?” Jennifer asked.

“That’s what he said,” Stan replied.

“Sorry, I don’t know them at all,” Jennifer told him. “And I have no idea who even might.”

“Okay,” Stan replied. “It was worth a shot.”

"So what are you going to do?"

Stan paused for only a moment before answering. "Find him! We know he's working for someone named Whittaker. And in school he said they live somewhere on the way down to Gainesville. How many Whittaker's can there be?"

Eight! That was the number of addresses that Stan copied off of the bit of internet research he did. People used to go to phone books for that kind of information, but since this would involve more than just one city to look through, he went to the major phone company websites instead where they offered their directories on–line. Eight different addresses to check – all between where he lived and the city of Gainesville.

He got lucky – very lucky he realized – when he spotted Roger's new truck at Whittaker residence number three. Roger's truck was parked off to the side of the house, right in front of a large dumpster. He pulled in and parked directly behind Roger's truck.

The sound of a vehicle door closing caught Roger's attention. The fact that it sounded so close worried him a bit. But it wasn't until he saw Stan coming around the corner of the house that he became really concerned. "Stan! What are you doing here?"

"Trying to help out a friend!" Stan replied as he approached. His eyes immediately noticed the boots Roger was wearing. They still looked just as new and shiny as they had the last time he had seen them. And… they still looked just as out of place on Roger.

"But I told you, I don't need any help!"

"Roger, whether you admit it or not, I think you do. So here I am. Talk to me!"

"Stan… please… just forget it. I don't need help!"

"I'm not leaving," Stan replied. "So whether you talk to me or not, I'm not going anywhere!"

Roger shook his head. Part of him wanted badly to tell Stan all about his problems, but the phrase, "protect Janice and Carol" was currently coursing round and round through his head… as was the fact that he wasn't allowed to tell anyone about what was really going on. And unbidden, he had a sudden image in his mind of that impossible steel wall that locked away all his ability to override Janice's mental programming. "Stan… please… you can't help me. There's nothing to help me with!"

"Like I said, I'm not going anywhere, whether you like it or not. So get used to it."

But now Roger's mind was becoming worried about what could possibly happen if Janice found out that Stan was being all too inquisitive. He literally feared for his friend's life… or at least his mental sanity! "Please Stan… just leave me alone. You can't help me!"

"Tough, buddy! I'm here, and I'm staying. Like I said, like it or not!" He looked around at the job site where Roger had already marked the ground in several places. "So if you won't talk to me, then at least put me to work, because like I said, I'm not going anywhere!"

Roger sighed. Most of him appreciated what a good friend Stan was trying to do. It was just that Stan was now treading in very troubled waters. "It's not a good idea Stan," he said again with a shake of his head.

"Like I said, tough! Now what are you doing?"

It took a moment for Roger to get past his trepidation over the situation and calm himself enough to think. "I've just finished laying out where the footers need to go. Now comes the hard part – digging. And you know what the ground in this part of the state is like."

Stan smiled. "All rock!"

Roger just nodded.

As far as Stan was concerned, this was without a doubt a two–man job… in fact, a few more than two would have been appreciated. It was very hard work digging holes two feet straight down into the ground – and trying to pull out or find a way to break through so many small pieces of rock that the ground seemed to be composed of. And Roger had laid out where he needed seven of the footers to go. Mission impossible, as far as Stan was concerned. How could Roger have possibly thought he could do this by himself?

Just as Roger had done, Stan had arrived wearing a jacket to protect him from the cool temperatures earlier and possibly the rain as well if it was needed. But shortly after the two of them started working, he was forced to remove his jacket as the hard work made him feel much warmer. It was then that he noticed that the front of Roger's jacket didn't look right. He stared at it more than a few times trying to puzzle out why it looked like Roger had breasts underneath. "Damn this is hard work," Stan said as he took a short breather while working on the hole next to Roger's. "How can you keep that jacket on and continue to work like this?"

As much as Roger would have liked to remove his jacket just then, with Stan working next to him, it was the last thing he was willing to do. "I'm fine," he replied as he attacked the hole in front of him again with his shovel.

But Stan just stood there and watched his friend. And as he watched he found he could no longer refrain from asking. “Roger… what the hell do you have under your jacket?”

Panic immediately set in for Roger. “What do you mean?”

“What the hell do you have under your jacket?” Stan asked again. “From here, it looks like you’ve got tits sticking out under there.”

Roger’s panic immediately went up… and his face immediately grew red. He turned to work in a position where his back was to Stan instead. “I’m fine!” he replied.

“I didn’t ask if you were fine,” Stan said as he strode over toward Roger. “I asked what you’ve got under your jacket!”

“Nothing!” Roger replied as he turned away from his friend again.

“Bullshit!” Stan replied as he physically grabbed Roger and turned him around.

“Don’t!” Roger exclaimed angrily, but by the time that single word left his mouth, Stan was already reaching out and his hand fell right on top of the breasts Roger was sporting underneath the loose jacket he had worn.

Stan just nodded. “Thought so!”

“Don’t!” Roger said again as he pulled away.

“Roger, what the hell is going on?”

“Nothing!” Roger replied angrily as he turned his back to his friend again. “Just leave me alone.”

“Roger… first the boots… and now breasts? What’s happening?”

But Roger was to the point now where he couldn’t deal with Stan’s questions anymore. “Nothing!” he angrily replied again. “Just leave me alone!” he shouted. Then in a fit of frustration, he dropped his shovel… and leaving everything right where it was where the rain would most likely ruin it, he quickly stalked off toward his truck.

“Roger… stop!” Stan called. But Roger wasn’t stopping. Stan hurried after him. “Talk to me!” he pleaded to Roger’s retreating back.

Roger hurried to his truck, and climbed in. He started the engine, but he couldn't go anywhere. There was a very large dumpster right in front of him… and Stan's truck had him blocked in the back. He was stuck!

Stan walked up to the side of Roger's truck. His friend was just sitting inside staring straight ahead… not even acknowledging his presence just outside the truck door. He finally knocked on the window.

Roger turned his head, then rolled down his window slightly. "Move your truck," he said.

"No," Stan replied… as calmly as he could.

"I can't get out of here with you blocking me in."

"I know."

"Move it!" Roger said again, much more forcefully.

"No," Stan replied again. "What's going on?" he asked one more time. And don't tell me it's nothing, because I can see perfectly well that something is going on… and whatever it is, it's major!"

"Stan," Roger said, then he paused. He looked back at the dumpster in front of him… then back at his friend. "You can't help. So don't ask. Please… don't ask! Just leave me alone!"

"So what is it that I can't help with?" Stan asked.

"Nothing!" Roger replied with more than a hint of anger in his voice. "Nothing at all! Now please… move your truck… and just leave me be." He rolled up his window again and turned his head away to look at the dumpster instead… and just stared at it, purposely ignoring his friend.

Stan shook his head and gave up. He climbed into his truck and backed it out of the driveway. Something was going on with Roger, and whatever it was, it was far, far worse than he thought it might be. Whatever it was that was wrong.

In a fit of worry, Roger drove toward home. Stan was going to be trouble! He had no doubts in the world about that. And if Janice ever got wind of what Stan was doing… He suddenly slowed down at that thought. There was a street where he could turn off of the road just ahead. He took it and a few moments later, pulled over to the side of the road to think. If Janice ever got wind that Stan was trying so hard to help him, then he simply feared for what Janice might do to his friend. And there was no doubt at all that Stan was a very good friend. He hated treating him as he just had, but the situation meant that he couldn't do much else.

Another thought piggy–backed its way onto the first one. If he came home too early, then Janice would want to know why. And he dared not let Janice know that Stan was getting in the way of things! Forcing himself to calm down, he turned his truck around and drove back to the Whittaker's house again. He went straight back into the backyard where he again picked up his shovel and began digging. Stan had only dug part of one hole… in the time it had taken him to dig not just one, but almost finish another one as well. But with a total of seven holes to dig, that left an awful lot of work still to do.

This time, with no one else around, other than the Whittakers, to see the breasts sticking out of his chest, he removed his jacket that was starting to get in his way. The digging was hard work, but it had to be done. And Janice had to be kept in the dark about Stan wanting to help.

Chapter 27.

Janice poured herself another cup of coffee while both Carol and Roger were finishing their breakfasts – Carol was sitting at the table of course, while Roger was eating from his dog bowl on the floor of the corner… as usual. She finally saw Roger lifting his head and starting to move away from his bowl. She waited until he managed to get to his feet. His face was still somewhat a mess from the way she forced him to eat… but that didn't matter one bit to her. "Mr. Brinkley," she said to get his attention. "I have to take another little trip today, and this time I'm going to be gone until sometime tomorrow."

"Where're you going, Momma?" Carol asked.

"It's a business trip, I'm afraid," was the only answer Janice gave her. She turned her attention back to Roger. "While I'm away, I'm putting Carol in charge of you again. Of course, I needn't have to mention that."

Roger wasn't overly surprised to hear it. He was mostly surprised because she had bothered to mention it in the first place. He nodded that he understood.

"Are you still planning on trying to find someone to help you with your cosmetics today?" Janice asked.

"I was thinking about it," Roger admitted.

Janice nodded. "I think that's a very good idea. While I'm away, Mr. Brinkley, I'd like you to take Carol with you – wherever you go." She turned to her daughter. "Do you understand as well, dear?" she asked. "I need you to stay with Mr. Brinkley the entire time I'm away. Is that clear?"

"Yes Momma," Carol replied. "No problem!" What she didn't say was that it was no problem – especially if Roger was going to go somewhere to get a makeup lesson. That was something she'd really like to see… and maybe take a few unnoticed pictures of with her phone.

"Excellent, dear," Janice replied somewhat brightly. "While I'm gone, I'm sure you two will have a perfectly good time together then. And you Mr. Brinkley can get in plenty of good practice towards your endeavor to become a woman." She paused and looked a little more seriously at Roger. "I'm afraid however, that since I'm not going to be here tonight, then you will have to sleep in your cage once again… like it or not!" She could see the possibility of Roger protesting, but she spoke first. "That is my will, Mr. Brinkley. The cage tonight! And Carol will lock you in herself!"

Roger's face fell. He didn't like the cage at all. Not… at… all!

“He what?” Jennifer asked incredulously.

“He blew me off! Totally!” Stan replied. “No matter what I said, or what I did, he wouldn’t talk to me at all! He just climbed into his truck and sat there. I couldn’t get through to him at all. And it gets worse!”

“Worse? In what way?”

“He was wearing some kind of breasts under his jacket.”

“Say what? What do you mean?”

“Women’s tits! He had women’s breasts under his shirt. I could just barely tell under the jacket he was wearing. I didn’t even notice it at first.”

“So how do you know?”

“I felt them!”

“You… felt him up?”

“Not like that! And let me tell you he wasn’t too pleased about it either!”

“I’m not sure I would be either,” Jennifer replied.

“You know what I mean! I just touched him to find out if what I thought I saw was real! And trust me – it was!”

Jennifer shook her head trying to imagine it. “So first it’s the boots… and now he’s wearing some kind of breast forms too? Both?”

“Both!”

“He’s really going over the deep edge,” Jennifer noted.

“It’s worse than that. He’s in trouble Jennifer. Big trouble. Major trouble!”

“I thought you said he wouldn’t talk to you. How do you know?”

“It’s the way he said it. He’d say either I can’t help him, or there was no way I could help him… then he followed it by saying he didn’t need any help. Every time he tried to tell me not to help, all I could see was that he really needed help more than I thought! He’s into

something bad, Jennifer. Something so bad he can't handle it. Something really major. And whatever it is, it's eating him up inside."

"So what do we do?"

"I haven't a clue. He's totally shutting me out!"

But after that little conversation, Jennifer had it stuck in her mind, that where the masculine brawn couldn't help, maybe a little bit of feminine caring might.

Roger always felt perturbed at having to come home from school and put the bra on under his shirt and then stuff it full of socks. He was even more perturbed by it today because Carol had stood there and "delightedly" watched him doing it. And to make matters worse, she had insisted on checking to see which panties he had been wearing all day. Dumb! Not to mention demeaning. And once he was dressed, just because he was going to be looking at makeup for his face, he quickly shaved one more time so his beard wouldn't show or get in the way.

As quickly as he could manage it, he got himself ready, then did his best to hurry Carol out to the truck so he could get to the makeup store as soon as possible. What he didn't mention was that he was hoping that by getting there as early as he could, then hopefully there would be fewer women in the place to witness his embarrassment.

Carol was taken a bit by surprise at the way Roger rushed her out of the house. She had seen him putting his bra on and while she was at it, she satisfied her curiosity by checking his panties as well. But he had rushed her so much that she didn't remember something she had thought of much earlier in the day. Something she had wanted to do before they left… or rather, something she had wanted Roger to do. "Oh darn!" she softly swore as soon as she did remember it. "I meant to have you wear your pretty shoes tonight for this too! Darn!"

Roger didn't reply. But he was glad that she couldn't see the smile that crossed his lips. This was going to be bad enough. He didn't need to be going into the store wearing super high heels as well!

It took a little while to get there, but it was a place that the back of Roger's mind remembered seeing, so finding it wasn't all that difficult. Getting out of the truck and going into the store was difficult… at least for Roger. Carol was somewhat delighted – with everything.

As they walked in, Roger was very glad to see that there was only one customer in the store, and two saleswomen... as far as he could see anyway. So his plan to get here as early as possible seemed to be a good one.

“Can I help you?” one of the saleswomen asked Carol as they approached the main counter of the store.

“Not me… him!” Carol replied

The woman looked a bit startled but turned her attention to Roger instead. “Is there something I can help you find?”

Roger was still trying to figure out how to ask for what he needed. “Yeah,” he replied. “Everything!”

“Excuse me?” the woman asked.

Roger took a deep breath. “I need to learn how to make myself look as much like a woman as possible. I came in hoping someone could work with me a bit and show me how.”

The woman was more than a bit startled as she looked unbelievingly as Roger. “Is this for some kind of a bet… or a dare or something?” she asked.

“No. I just need to know,” Roger replied. “And I’m serious about it. I need help.”

“Trust me, Ma’am,” Carol added, “he really needs a lot of help!”

The woman just continued to stare at Roger for a few moment more, before finally collecting herself. “Of course,” she finally said. “I guess I’ll be glad to help in whatever way I can.”

“Thank you,” Roger replied. “I really appreciate it.”

The woman nodded. “Right this way please,” she said as she led the way toward the back of the store.

Before long, Roger found himself sitting on a stool while the woman was pulling products out from under the counter – while doing her best to study Roger’s face. Seeing all the stuff she was pulling out, Roger started to grow even more nervous than he already was.

“What kind of wig will you be wearing?” the woman asked.

“Wig?”

“Are you going to be wearing a wig?” she asked again.

Roger hadn't even thought of that. "Uh… I don't have one. I hadn't even thought of it. But now that you've mentioned it, maybe it would be a good idea. But I don't have it yet, so I don't know what kind it will be.

"We have a number of them on the back wall if you'd like to consider one of ours."

Roger nodded. "Thanks. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to at least look." He got up from the stool… glad to postpone the makeup session for at least a few minutes… but feeling just as embarrassed about searching for a wig.

The wall held a lot of different wigs, all of them sitting on plastic head forms the lined much of the entire back wall. So many varieties. How was he supposed to know which one to pick. He got lucky as the saleswoman jumped right in.

"Now this one," she said as she pulled one off the shelf, "is a very close match to your own hair color. It would probably work very well for you."

Roger, not wanting to prolong the agony, said, "Okay, sounds good enough."

"I think you should try it on first," Carol stated. "You have to see how it's going to look on you!"

"Uh… right!" Roger reluctantly agreed. "Can I try it on?" But the saleswoman was already pulling the wig off of the dummy head to hand to him. Roger took it from her. The thing looked and felt weird as he grabbed it… kind of like some kind of a dead animal or something. He turned it around in his hands as he tried to figure out how to put the thing on. Finally, he threw the longish hair over his head and tried his best to settle the thing in place.

The saleswoman helped adjust it for him and brushed the hair around with her hand to arrange it better. "There!" she exclaimed softly. "There's a mirror right over there where you can see how it looks."

The wig felt weird. The hair tickled his forehead and simply seemed strange over top of his ears. He walked over to the mirror the woman had pointed out and dared to take a good look. Stupid! Definitely stupid! Like a man wearing a wig – what is exactly what he was. But not being an expert, he figured that the thing was good enough. Anything at all would probably be better than just his own hair. Anything at all would probably make him look at least a little more like a real woman so – hopefully – he wouldn't get noticed quite so much. "Looks good," he finally said. "I'll take it."

"I think you should try on a few of them," Carol suggested. "You might find one that looks better on you."

Roger looked to the saleswoman who replied, “It’s a good idea.”

Before long, Roger’s agony was prolonged as he tried on five different wigs – ones that either the saleswoman suggested, or Carol suggested. And he was forced to look at his image – a man’s face with a woman’s hairdo – over and over again. He felt totally stupid. But at the same time, he had to admit, the different wigs did make him look… different. He himself narrowed the suggestion down to two different wigs before asking both the saleswoman and Carol for their opinion. They both agreed on the one with the longer, more softly curled hairstyle. “I guess I’ll take it then,” Roger agreed as he looked at his image with the thing on one more time. He left the wig on as he made his way back to the stool where the saleswoman was going to work on his makeup. The saleswoman brought the plastic head form with her and set it on the counter before taking the wig off of Roger’s head.

“You don’t want me to wear it now?” he asked.

“No, the hair will only get in the way.”

“Then why did you ask about it?”

“So I could get an idea of how you were going to wear your hair. It makes a difference!”

Roger only blinked in bewilderment. “If you say so.”

The woman brought out a white headband.

“What’s that for?” he asked as she slipped it over his head.

“To hold your hair out of the way,” she explained.

Roger made no more comments about it.

“Okay,” the woman said as she studied his face closely and carefully. She picked up a jar and some white pads. “The first thing we need to do is to clean your skin thoroughly.”

Before Roger knew it, she was attacking his skin and cleaning.

“I guess I should write all this stuff down so I can remember what you’re doing,” Roger said as she wiped his face off.

“Don’t worry,” Carol said as she held up her camera. I’m taking pictures of all of it. Maybe you can use those to refer to.

"That's a very good idea!" the woman said. Roger didn't think so at all!

Carol was having fun! She had already managed to get a bunch of pictures of him trying on the wigs. But now she didn't even have to try to hide what she was doing. In fact, she moved around so she could see his face even better as the woman worked with him. And she took picture after picture… and more than a few short videos as well. She knew her mother probably wouldn't approve, but she was going to show some of her friends some before and after pictures of her dumb math teacher getting a makeover like a woman!

As much as Roger hated it, he forced himself to pay close attention and to ask as many questions as he could think of… which surprisingly wasn't all that many – only because he didn't know enough yet to know what to ask. Skin cleaner and astringent. Some kind of industrial strength concealer to cover up his beard that the woman insisted was still visible – despite the fact that he had shaved before coming. Different types of makeup brushes. And makeup in more types and color's than he could ever fathom… many of them just a slightly different color or shade than some of the other things he already had on his face – which the woman insisted that he needed. All of it piled… or rather layered on top of each other.

Through most of it, Roger had very big doubts as to how feminine he could possibly look. He constantly checked his image in the mirror that was propped up right next to him and continually thought that as the woman was adding product after product, blending this and that, that it wasn't helping much at all. He did look a lot different though. He had to admit that.

The entire ordeal took almost an hour! Through it all, Roger was vaguely aware of many other women coming into the store and getting waited on… but he was so preoccupied with what was happening to him that he couldn't pay that situation more than a passing thought. And all through the ordeal, he was very aware of Carol constantly taking picture after picture. He didn't know if that was a good thing… or bad!

It wasn't until about the last five minutes that he suddenly got a better look at himself in the mirror… and his breath caught. All of a sudden, his face not only looked much different, it seemed to look more feminine than masculine. It was no longer easy for him to look away from that mirror as the woman continued to do things to his face.

A few minor adjustments later, and the woman stood back one more time to look at him carefully. "I think that's about all I can do," she said. "Surprisingly though, personally, I don't think you look half bad."

Roger was still staring at his face – that wasn't his face in the mirror. He was finding it very difficult to believe that he was looking at – himself. It wasn't that he couldn't speak, it was just that he hadn't thought about saying anything.

"So what stuff does he need to buy?" Carol asked the woman… which helped pull Roger away from the mirror and back to reality.

The woman sorted through the things on the counter and pulled most of the things there into one large group. "This is what I used. Of course, you don't have to buy all of it."

Roger shook his head. "No, I'll take everything. In fact, maybe I better take two of everything. I think I'm going to need a lot of practice with this stuff."

The woman nodded and smiled broadly. It was going to be a very big sale!

"And do you have a good mirror I can use too?" Roger asked, remembering that he didn't have a mirror in his room. He'd rather not have to do this in the bathroom if he could help it.

"Of course," the woman replied. She went to one of the shelves and brought back two different ones for Roger to choose from. He chose the largest – with lights on it. Then she asked. "Do you need some makeup remover as well?"

"Remover?"

Before they left, Carol insisted on taking one more picture of Roger's face – this time with the wig on. Roger found the difference to be very startling. And… he almost thought he looked somewhat – pretty. Well, maybe not. But he didn't think he looked nearly as bad as he thought he would. But the big question now was, could he apply the makeup to himself… and look this good? He seriously doubted that!

Carol scanned through picture after picture as they rode home in the truck. Yeah, Shelly was going to go nuts seeing some of these. And long before they got home, Carol emailed a few of the pictures to her mother so she could see as well. She was pretty sure that her mother was going to be very pleased!

Janice was up before dawn. It was raining again… but the weatherman had said it would rain so she was prepared for it. She had also spent a while at the local Walmart the night before buying some of the things she would need as well – rubber boots, large backpack, a camp shovel, and a rain suit that had pants as well as a hooded top. The mud was going to make the last item a necessity. She wore the rain suit over top of her clothes when she left the hotel.

She was in Tennessee this time, in a small town not too far from the Appalachian Trail. And once again she had her photo album with her that held precious memories of some of the hikes she and Carol had taken in the past.

From the dirt–cheap hotel room she had rented, it was another thirty minute drive to get where she needed to go. The small dirt parking area was completely deserted – as she expected it to be – especially in the rain. Once again guided by the pictures and memories of her previous hikes with her daughter, Janice followed the trails and made the appropriate turnoffs to get her where she needed to go.

It was a forty–five minute hike to get there. It took her another ten minutes to dig up the large plastic container she had buried in the ground. It took her a few more minutes to unseal the container so she could get at what was inside. Once she opened the container, no money at all greeted her. Instead, only hardware filled the plastic box. Item by item, she transferred everything to her backpack, then she once again sealed the plastic container and buried it right where it had been. She might need it again sometime.

The walk back to the car went far faster than the hike to find the box. She stripped off her rubber boots and the rain suit and put them into the plastic bag from Walmart that she had gotten the night before. The camp shovel went in there as well. Damp from the light falling rain, she finally got into the car and started for home. The Walmart bag got left in the trash can outside of a McDonalds restaurant along the way.

Roger tossed and turned within the small confines of the cage he was locked into. Over and over again he pushed at the bars… but getting out of the darn thing was impossible. He hated the cage. He hated it even more than having to eat like a dog from a bowl on the floor. And he hated that an awful lot too. Everything about it was simply demeaning.

From his cage, he could see all of the… junk… he had purchased last night, all laid out on his dresser top. The new lighted mirror was propped up against the wall. The plastic head form was off to the side with his new wig on it. Carol had made him drive home last night wearing the wig along with the makeup that the saleswoman had put on him. But once he had gotten home, he had removed the makeup she had done, and started trying to figure out how she had done it. Every once in a while, Carol had come into the room with a few pictures that she had printed out from her phone so he could see and remember what had been done to his face. The pictures helped a lot! There was now a large pile of them on the dresser as well.

He finally heard Carol getting up and going into the bathroom. He prayed she would come release him – soon! But it was a very long time until he heard her open the bathroom door again. And still she didn't come in to release him. By the time she did open his bedroom door, he was no longer surprised to see that she was fully dressed. She came in and unlocked his cage. As he was crawling out, she said, "You're going to have to hurry this morning. It's getting late."

It was so late in fact that Roger didn't get time for breakfast before having to leave for school. But then, since he would have had to eat it like a dog, he really didn't mind that one little bit.

Roger was already in the teacher's lounge eating his lunch by the time that Jennifer walked in with her lunch. As she approached him, she carefully looked at his chest, but with that sport jacket on that he was wearing, she couldn't see any sign of any feminine breasts… but then she couldn't tell if he was even wearing just a bra. But did she dare bring that subject up now? She figured maybe she better not… not while there were so many other teachers around. If Roger had a problem, then he was doing his best to not let anyone else know about it.

"Hi!" she said brightly as she sat down across from him again. She was irritated to see him wince at seeing her. She was more irritated to see him looking more uncomfortable with her being there the longer she sat across from him. Did he hate her that much? She had left him… not because of anything at all wrong with him. It had all been… her!

She watched him eating… never once looking in her direction or saying anything to her. She was getting totally ignored. And that irritated her too. "What the hell is wrong with you?" she finally asked. "You can't even say hello?"

Roger looked up at her briefly. "Hello," he said dully before looking back down at his lunch tray. She had no idea how beautiful she was. And she had no idea what that did to him… because of Janice's curse.

"Well howdy to you too," she said sarcastically… for which she got ignored again.

She ate part of her lunch, all the while noticing that not once did he look up at her. She finally couldn't take it anymore. She hadn't wanted to bring any of this up where anyone else could hear her. "What the hell is wrong with you?" she finally blurted out. "Can't you at least be civil toward me?"

Roger looked up briefly, said nothing, then looked back down again. But Jennifer noted the distress on his face. "Damn you," she whispered now. "What's wrong Roger? What the hell is going on?" Again no answer. "Stan told me about what happened this weekend. He told me everything!"

Roger looked up, even more distressed. "Stay out of it!" he said, before looking back down at his lunch.

"No! I won't stay out of it," she hissed as quietly as she could. "Roger… whatever is happening, I want to help. So does Stan!"

"Stay out of it!" Roger said without looking up from his lunch.

"I'm not going to do that, Roger. Like it or not, I'm going to find some way to help you."

This time she did see Roger look up. Yes there was definite distress on his face, but there was also something else… something she couldn't read because she had never seen a look like it before. It almost looked like – fear!

"Stay out of it!" he said again. "You can't help me! Nobody can!" and then he looked back down at his lunch again… closing her out.

Jennifer knew without a doubt that Stan was right. Something major wrong was going on with Roger. He just wasn't letting anyone close enough to him to find out what it was.

"I'm not going to give up on you," she said quietly. "I won't!"

Roger looked up at her again. "Don't!" was all he said before shaking his head and getting up from the table.

Jennifer watched him walking out. He had said, "Don't." But did that mean don't try to help him… or don't give up on him? No matter what, she was now more concerned about him than ever before!

Carol knew her mother wouldn't approve, but this was just too good to hold back. She wouldn't tell the real truth, but what she would tell her friends… and show them… would be more than good enough. So while she and her girlfriends were all sitting around at the lunch table, she brought out her cell phone. "You've all just got to see this!" she said excitedly.

The excited shrieking and laughing from all the girls at the table a few moments later drew the attention of almost everyone else in the cafeteria. And therefore, everyone wanted to know what was so funny! And by the time school was over that day, everyone had heard that Carol had pictures of a makeover that Mr. Brinkley had gotten on a dare… that turned him into a woman!

Everyone had heard about the pictures, including Jennifer White and Stan Franklin. Everyone had heard that is… except Roger.

Chapter 28.

Roger was really hoping that he would be able to start cutting wood and constructing the Whittaker's deck itself next Saturday, but between the rain and Stan… and the rocky ground, it wasn't looking like he would make it. So far, he was only half finished digging the holes for the footings. To solve that problem, he asked Janice if she minded if he started going out to work on the deck every day after school.

"I have no problem with that at all, Mr. Brinkley… just as long as you are dressed properly each time you go out there. However, since I am working hard here every day to prepare a decent meal for you in the evenings, then I expect you to be here every day at dinner time to eat it. Six o'clock, Mr. Brinkley. I will expect you to be home every evening by six o'clock for dinner."

All that Roger's mind could conjure up about eating dinner though, was having to eat it like a dog on the floor. Her time seemed a bit early considering the work he had to do, but otherwise, he had no problem with it. He nodded. "Thanks. I'll be home by then."

He went to his bedroom and changed into his working clothes… including the stuffed out bra and the boots he had shined again last night before going to bed. At least he'd have a little while each day to make some progress on the job… and he'd be further away from Janice for that bit of time as well. He had no doubt however that every evening after he ate his dinner, that he would be expected to continue making more "progress" toward becoming a woman. And with nothing better to do in the evenings, he was fairly certain that he would be getting in plenty of practice with his new abundance of makeup supplies.

He drove out to the Whittaker's house and went straight back to the backyard to go to work… not even bothering to let them know he was there. Twenty minutes later, the skies opened up and the rain began pouring down on him. And despite the dregs of a cold he was still nursing through, he ignored the rain and continued to work. It wasn't just that he didn't want to go home to where Janice and Carol were, it was just that his mind was too besought thinking about things. And one of the main things that preoccupied his mind was Jennifer… and Stan.

The last time he had been out here, Stan had shown up. How the hell did he figure out how to get here? And Stan was overly concerned about him? He really wished that Stan would have just stayed away! It was too dangerous. Not to mention too embarrassing for him. And now Stan knew about his stupid little breasts he was supposed to have while he worked the jobs as well. That wasn't just embarrassing, it was troubling! Troubling because now obviously Jennifer knew about it too! Those two were suddenly awfully chummy lately. Why? But he didn't want to dwell on the why of that one too much. He had a sneaking suspicion as to

why they were so close lately, and he wasn't all that happy about it. Especially since Jennifer had simply dumped him. Right out of the blue – dumped him!

And now both Jennifer and Stan were on his case – a little too much. They were both way too concerned about him. And that spelled trouble! He did suppose that if either of them were acting strange, that he would do everything he could to help out in any way possible. That's what friends did! So he supposed he should be grateful. But the situation had him caught between a rock and a hard place. Thanks to Janice, he literally couldn't tell them anything at all about what was really going on… and at the same time, the more they poked into his problems, the more afraid he became – for them! It wasn't safe! But how could he explain that to his… friends. And they were without a doubt – friends.

He worked in the rain as long as he dared. And by the time he climbed back into his truck again, he was soaked to the bone and starting to feel like his cold was coming back full force again. Not good. He hurried home, where Janice berated him terribly for not having the common sense to come in out of the rain.

"Carol…" Jennifer called as her early morning art class was about to end.

"Yes, Miss White?" Carol replied.

"Can you stop by my desk for a minute after the bell rings?"

"I guess so," Carol replied uncertainly.

A moment later the bell sounded and everyone started filing out of the room. And Carol stopped by Miss White's desk. "You wanted to see me?" she asked.

Jennifer crooked her finger to get Carol to move over closer. "I understand that you have some pictures of Mr. Brinkley getting a makeover after a dare," she said softly.

Carol's eyes widened in shock. "You heard about that?"

"I think everyone has heard about it," Jennifer replied.

"That wasn't good news for Carol. If her mother ever found out, there would be hell to pay!"

"Uh… yeah," she replied uncertainly.

"Can I see them?"

"You want to see them?"

"That's what I asked."

Carol shook her head. "It may not be a good idea."

"Why not? You let all your friends see them."

"Yeah but…"

"Please?" Jennifer asked.

"You won't tell Momma about them, will you?"

Jennifer was totally surprised by that request. "No, I won't tell her. I promise."

Hesitantly, Carol found her cell phone and turned it on. A minute later she was scrolling through the pictures on it until she got to the ones for Roger's makeover in the store. She was very careful not to let Miss White see any of the earlier pictures on her phone! She showed her two at the beginning… then the last three pictures.

It was all Jennifer could do not to laugh when she saw them. But she had to admit, he did look fairly good at the end. Surprisingly good! "Any chance I can get a copy?" she asked.

"I don't know," Carol replied. "I really shouldn't have shown them to anyone. That was probably a mistake."

Jennifer nodded. "Maybe, but it's all over with now, so what's the harm in letting me have a few of them?"

With a few misgivings, Carol finally agreed. And a few moments later, she hit the button to send five of the pictures to Jennifer's cell phone.

"Thank you Carol. And I promise not to tell you mother anything about it at all."

Carol was relieved as she hurried out of the room and on to her next class.

Jennifer watched Carol running out of the room. She had been very concerned about her mother finding out. She had mentioned that showing the pictures might have been a mistake. Something told Jennifer that there was more to the issue than she knew. She had promised Carol that she wouldn't tell her mother about the pictures. But she hadn't promised not to tell… or show them… to anyone else… like Stan… and then Roger!

"Geez!" Stan exclaimed softly as Jennifer showed him the pictures she had gotten from Carol.

"Yeah," Jennifer replied, "But you've got to admit, he looked surprisingly good at the end there. Whoever did the makeover on him, did a really good job."

Stan just shook his head. "Something is going on there with him… and every time we turn around, it gets worse!"

"Yeah, it does," Jennifer agreed as she put her phone away.

Together, the two entered the cafeteria line to get their lunches. As they entered the back of the line, they could both see Roger just paying for his lunch and leaving.

"What do we say to him?" Jennifer asked.

"Who knows?" Stan replied. "Does he know that everyone is talking about those pictures?"

"He must!" Jennifer replied. "If I heard about them… and you heard about them, how could he not know?"

Roger knew he had to find somewhere else to have lunch… he knew it just as soon as both Stan and Jennifer set their trays down at the same table where he was eating. And he immediately started worrying about how painful his cock was about to get. But surprisingly, he barely felt anything from it this time. He supposed that was because he was simply too worried about his friends… and annoyed that they wouldn't leave him alone.

He saw Stan sit down, but Jennifer set her tray on the table, then hung her purse on the back of her chair… and then came around the table behind him.

"These are absolutely… priceless!" she exclaimed as she started finding the pictures on her cell phone. She leaned over his shoulder and held the screen in front of him.

The quick sexual rush from Jennifer leaning over him… and the cold aching in his cock because of it… vanished in an instant as Roger saw the first picture – and he recognized one of the first ones that Carol had taken of the makeover he had gotten. "Where… did you get those?" he managed gasp out as Jennifer flipped to the next picture. There was no way that Roger could take his eyes off of the screen.

"Wait a minute!" Stan interjected before Jennifer could reply. "You mean, you didn't know about those pictures?"

"I knew that Carol was taking them when it happened," Roger replied, still totally in shock as he now looked at his face… or really… the female version of his face. "But how did you get them?" he asked Jennifer.

"I asked," Jennifer replied as she carried her phone around to the other side of the table where her tray was. "Actually, I had to plead a bit to get them… and agree not to let her mother know I had seen them."

Roger's head was spinning a bit. "But how did you know about them in the first place?"

Both Stan and Jennifer looked at Roger incredulously. "You mean, you didn't know that probably every kid in the school… and most of the teachers as well, have either seen those pictures… or they know about them?"

Roger's jaw dropped. "Every…kid?" he stammered.

"As far as I can tell," Stan replied.

Roger looked to Jennifer, who just nodded, then leaned closer. "So… who dared you to do it?" she asked excitedly.

"D… dared?" Roger asked.

"That's what Carol told everyone. You did it on a dare. So… who dared you? Was it her?"

"Wait a minute!" Stan interjected again as he looked at Roger's shocked face. "You mean, this wasn't done on a dare?"

Roger started to shake his head… then thought better of the idea. "Um… yeah, it was. Totally! I just didn't think anyone else was going to find out about it." He was relieved to see Stan sit back and seem to accept that.

"Well, I guess the cat's out of the bag now," Jennifer replied as she started eating. "So who dared you?" she asked again, this time with her mouth full of food. That new housekeeper of yours… Carol's mother? I'm only guessing that because obviously Carol was there to take the pictures."

"Uh… yeah, it was," Roger agreed, hoping that the "dare" angle would hold up.

"Why'd you do it?" Jennifer asked as she shoved more food into her mouth.

"What do you mean, why?"

"What brought up a crazy dare idea like that in the first place? And damn, I wish I had been there to see it!"

But Roger wasn't at all sure how to answer that question. "Uh… I don't know. It just kind of came up. You know how these things go. We got to talking about something I guess, and… one thing led to another. Something like that anyway… I guess." He was glad to see Jennifer nod as she continued eating. He did his best to continue with his own lunch, but his stomach was so tied up in knots, it was difficult to get anything down. All the kids knew! And most of the teachers too? Evidently… the whole school knew about that makeover!

And one other tiny little thought finally registered in his shocked brain – Jennifer had said she had to plead with Carol to get the pictures… and then agree not to let Janice know she had seen them. Carol had been afraid of her mother finding out!

"I think he was lying," Stan said as soon as Roger had left the table.

"About what?" Jennifer asked.

"About that makeover being done on a dare."

"Obviously," Jennifer agreed.

If Roger had any doubts about all the kids knowing about his makeover, they were all put to rest by one of his students in his last class of the day. "Hey Mr. Brinkley," the kid had called out just before the period had started. "You looked awesome as a woman!"

Roger's face turned beet red as all the other kids in the class laughed. Yeah, there was no doubt, everyone knew. Everyone!

After school, Roger had to walk into the building supply store – with his women's boots on full display. He considered himself fortunate that his jacket mostly hid the breasts sticking out from his chest. But he considered the boots to be hard to miss. He had been in this store many times in the past. He was somewhat acquainted with everyone who worked there. And his embarrassment over his situation bordered on extreme!

He was embarrassed as he ordered the supplies he needed to get right away. He was embarrassed as he walked back through the store to get back into his truck and drive it around to the back of the store. He was embarrassed to get out of his truck again to direct the loading of the cement and other supplies he had just purchased. And he was very relieved to finally drive away from the place. Very, very relieved!

He was a man… and the store was basically a man's world… and he had dared to trespass across that world wearing women's boots. It was practically a slap in the face of the whole masculine image of the store. But he figured that it was nothing compared to the feelings he had to face as he had done it… and would continue to do it in the future… most likely many

times. He didn't want to think about the fact that his situation there was only going to get worse as time went on.

As he finished digging his final hole, his thoughts ran back to his day at school. Everybody knew about his makeover… but they all thought he had done it on a dare. The dare angle was actually okay as far as he was concerned. Everyone seemed to accept it. But it was that other tiny little thought that he now remembered… Carol hadn't wanted her mother to find out that she had shown everyone the pictures!

Would it be dangerous to Jennifer and Stan if he mentioned it to Janice? He wasn't sure. If he did it right, he didn't think there could be any trouble for them at all. If… he did it right.

And if Carol was so concerned about it, then he decided that he was going to make it a point to let Janice know. What would Janice do when she found out? He was hoping that telling Janice about it would be a little way for him to get back at Carol a bit. And… he was hoping that whatever he did – wouldn't bounce back and hurt him!

Roger waited, but he didn't wait long. While Carol and Janice were sitting at the table eating dinner – a rather very good stew – he had his face stuck in his dog bowl eating the very same thing – without the aid of any utensils or even his hands. Consequently, his face was far messier than usual. He didn't care. The stew was very good, no matter how he had to eat it. But the entire time he was eating, his mind was trying to figure out how to let Janice know that Carol had shown all those pictures around… and… would she even care?

As usual, since he never took part in any kind of conversation, and because he simply did his best to eat as fast as he could to get the humiliating and demeaning exercise over with, he finished long before Janice and Carol were done eating. He got to his feet, and did his best to ignore the mess all over his face that his arm was just aching to wipe off. He needed to wash his face – soon. Should he tell Janice now? But he didn't have the courage.

Doing his best to ignore the way his messy face felt, he walked over to the counter and poured himself a cup of coffee to take with him back to his room… as he usually did.

"Are you going to practice with your makeup again?" Janice asked before he got out of the kitchen.

Roger stopped. "Yes, that was my plan."

Janice nodded. "Very good, Mr. Brinkley. I'm looking forward to seeing the results later."

Roger nodded and started walking out again. But he stopped at the doorway to the kitchen and turned around. "You know," he said, "I know I probably shouldn't bring this up, but I didn't appreciate Carol showing all those pictures of my makeover to all the kids at school."

Roger's reward for that little statement was the look of shock on Janice's face… and the look of fear on Carol's.

"She did what?" Janice exclaimed.

"From what I learned from the kids in my classes, she told them I did it on a dare." He paused before adding, "I only found out because some of my students decided to tell me how good I looked afterwards."

Janice was still surprised… and angry. Carefully controlling her anger, she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Brinkley, I hadn't intended for those pictures to get out… or even for your little makeover to be made known like that. However, it's done now and I don't see how it can cause any real harm or damage to either you or what Carol and I are trying to do here, so while it's regrettable, in the end, I see no harm done."

Roger nodded. "Yeah, that's kind of the way I saw it, but I still didn't appreciate it."

"Understood, Mr. Brinkley. Understood and noted."

Dismissed, Roger turned to leave, but before he had taken his second step, he heard Janice say angrily to Carol, "Go to your room young lady. Right… now!"

Carol ran past him before he had taken another two steps. Mission – accomplished!

The pictures were carefully numbered with the order he needed to apply each product. And the name of each product itself was neatly written on the page below each number. The bottom of some pages contained a few brief notes as well… such as which makeup brush was best to use with it or how it was best applied. He had no doubt that his notes would continue to grow as he figured things out, but for now, he needed all the help he could get!

He had noticed that Carol's bedroom door was closed when he went into the bathroom to freshly shave his face. It was still closed when he came out again. Good!

He started with picture number one… and product number one – the stuff that was supposed to clean his face thoroughly and tighten up his pores. It felt cold and weird against his skin as he rubbed the pads over his skin. Step one down… then on to picture number two… and product number two.

A full half hour later, he examined his face closely in the mirror… and compared it with the picture of how he was supposed to look when it was all finished. Not… even… close! Ugh! He went back to the bathroom to wash his face instead of using just the makeup remover he had bought. He would use that after he washed his face. Then he would start all over again.

How had that woman done it? How had she managed to turn his masculine face into something that looked… all too feminine?

As he headed to the bathroom again, he noted that Carol's door was still closed.

It had been over an hour since Janice had sent her daughter to her room – without finishing her dinner. In the time since, she had cleaned the kitchen and put everything away. Then she had purposely sat in the living room and mindlessly watched TV for a little while.

She was undecided as to if she needed to do something to punish Roger or not. It was her daughter that had perturbed him, and to be honest, she didn't care one way or another if Roger didn't like what had happened or not – especially since Carol had been the cause of it. Roger was a man… and she didn't care one little bit if he was upset by something her daughter had done. No, the problem wasn't that at all. The problem was that Carol had inadvertently done something that could possible put what they were doing in danger. Even as remote a possibility of it as that was… it was still something to worry about. And Carol should have known better!

She had a pretty good idea as to why Carol had done it… she simply couldn't help herself. It was only natural for her to want to "show off" to all her friends. But Carol showing off at this stage was simply too dangerous.

Fortunately, Janice knew just how to deal with the situation. A little bit of motherly love was all she was sure that Carol needed.

Getting up from her seat, she went to Carol's bedroom. She paused in the hallway to look in on Roger. He was standing bent over his dresser to look closely into the mirror he had propped up against the wall there. She saw him look up at her. His face was a mass of white makeup shades that still needed to be blended together… or at least better than they were so far. She left him and continued to Carol's door. She didn't bother knocking, she opened it and walked in.

She saw her daughter sitting up on her bed reading… a textbook. Most likely homework. It couldn't get better than that. Putting a smile on her face, she went in and sat down on the bed with her daughter. "I'm sorry I yelled," she said as kindly as she could. "But you know you shouldn't have shown those pictures around like you did."

Carol let her book flop down onto her lap. "Yeah, Momma. I'm sorry. I just … I don't know."

"You just had to show off a bit for your friends, didn't you?"

Carol nodded slightly. "Yeah, Momma. Sorry."

“You know why doing something like that could be dangerous, don’t you?”

“But I told everyone that he did it on a dare! I didn’t mention any of the reasons he really had to do it!”

“I know honey. But even little things can sometimes cause us trouble. And we don’t need any more trouble right now.”

“I know, Momma. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

“Good!” Janice said, then she held out he arms. “Come give me a hug.” As her daughter moved into her arms, she kissed the top of her head. Her daughter was the most precious thing in the world to her. Nothing at all came above her love for her daughter.

Their hug finally broke. “Do you want me to apologize to Mr. Brinkley?” Carol asked.

“Not on your life!” Janice exclaimed. “He’s a man. He doesn’t need apologizing too!”

Carol giggled as she saw her mother smile again. She moved in and gave her mother another hug.

“Hey,” Janice said. “Are you done with your homework yet?”

“Yeah, Momma. I finished it a little while ago. I was just doing some extra reading, that’s all.”

“Good,” Janice declared. “Why don’t you come out and watch some TV with me for a while. Okay?”

“Thanks!” Carol exclaimed as she pulled her legs over the side of the bed. She was more than ready to get out of her room for a while – and she was more than ready to put the school books away for the day!

“Here,” Janice said as they got to the living room together, why don’t you lie down on the couch… rest your head in my lap like you used to.”

Carol smiled. “Sure, Momma.” She waited until her mother had sat down at the end of the couch, then she laid down with her head in her mother’s lap. The TV was showing another of those stupid travel shows that her mother had been so interested in lately. She didn’t say anything about that. She just laid there and enjoyed her mother lightly running her fingers though her hair. She loved her mother so much! Her mother meant everything to her!

Janice watched as her daughter relaxed more and more in her lap. Carol had always liked her playing with her hair like she did… and Janice enjoyed it too. She felt very close to her daughter just then. After a little while, she stopped paying attention to the TV and began humming very softly. Just the same short little melody… over and over again. And a few minutes later, her humming became very soft singing. "Momma love's her baby… baby… baby. Momma loves her baby… baby girl." Over and over again she sang that one soft sweet melody.

Carol never knew what was happening… other than the fact that she was feeling very relaxed and very happy, and very, very good. Her mother's soft singing always made her feel that way… especially that little song. She had been singing it to her for as long as she could remember, and right then, she hoped she could continue to hear it for as long as she lived.

Janice watched her daughter carefully as she sang. It didn't take long at all for her daughter to enter her trance. And the longer she kept singing, the deeper her daughter's trance became. She kept singing softly… lovingly taking her daughter into a deeper and deeper trance. Finally, she knew Carol was more than deep enough. Only then did she lean over to whisper into her ear.

"Momma loves you more than anything in the world," she whispered to her daughter. "And you love your Momma more than anything in the world. Everything will be just fine. Everything will be perfect, if you just trust your Momma and do everything that Momma wants. You love your Momma and want to stay with her. You want to do everything you can to be with Momma and to help Momma. Your Momma loves you so much, and you love Momma so much. Just listen to Momma, and do everything that Momma wants. Everything Momma wants. Everything exactly as Momma wants."

Chapter 29.

Janice sat in her car, down the street from Halifax's apartment building, watching the driveway. She hadn't gotten there quite so early this time, but she still had to wait about half an hour. At roughly the time she expected, the front door opened and a woman came out… a different woman than she had seen before. The woman walked down the street a short way to one of the cars there and left. And as expected, about half an hour later, she saw his red Corvette come out of the driveway, pause for a moment, then turn in the direction of his office.

Janice didn't waste any more time. Removing a few special items from her purse to keep in her hand, she threw the purse itself over her shoulder and got out of her car. She walked the short distance to Halifax's building, then went down the driveway to the area behind the building. A minute later she was at the doorway that was off to the side of the garage doors. She immediately put the lock picks in her hand to use. The lock on this door was old. The door itself was probably left over from before the building had been renovated and turned into apartments. Consequently she was fairly sure that even her daughter could pick this lock… and she had only shown Carol how to do it once, back before she had been sent to prison. She gave herself ten seconds to open it. The fact that it took fifteen told her she was way out of practice. But then, lock picking wasn't her specialty. It was only a necessity.

A moment later, she opened the door and walked through, quickly closing it behind her again. She was momentarily startled as the lights suddenly switched on inside. Slightly frightened, she looked all around but didn't see anyone. Motion detectors, she realized, "set up to turn the lights on by any motion in the area… in this case, her coming in through the door.

She looked around the large open garage area. She was only slightly surprised to see that the area wasn't separated into separate units for each of the three apartments that the building now held. There was only one car in the garage now, but she had no idea what apartment it belonged to… nor did she really care. The garage stretched most of the entire width of the building, but it wasn't all that deep, which told her that the bottom apartment wasn't as big as the ones on the two floors above it. But she wasn't interested in the bottom apartment.

She took her time walking all around the garage area, just to see what was there. Not much worth noting. Not much, but she did find something very worth noting in the far corner of the same wall the garage doors were on. An elevator! Through the glass door, she saw that it was fairly large. Probably done that way to make moving furniture up and down easier. She continued her tour and discovered two more doors along the back wall. One obviously led straight into the downstairs apartment. The other one led to a staircase. The staircase door wasn't locked, so she entered and went up.

There was a door on the first landing, as she expected there to be… and the door didn't have a lock on it. Cautiously, she slowly opened the door a crack and peeked through. Another hallway. Somewhat narrow. She poked her head though further and saw a more ornate door at the other end… right across from where the elevator would open. She went back into the stairway and continued upstairs to Halifax's floor.

After cautiously opening the door to check again, she went into the hallway and down to Halifax's door at the far end. The elevator was indeed right across from it. Instead of having a normal keyed lock, there was a keypad on the door. Her lock picks would be useless.

She had barely had a chance to examine the keypad though, when her cell phone started ringing. "Damn!" she swore softly as she dug the thing out as fast as she could to shut it up. The last thing she needed right now was for someone to hear her! "Hello?" she whispered as quickly as she could.

The voice on the other end paused before speaking. "Um… is this the Zen Restaurant?"

Janice was quick to realize that the wrong number meant that the call would be from Mr. Wu. Most likely from Susan. "I'm sorry," she said softly into the phone. But you have the wrong number."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," the voice responded.

"That's quite alright," Janice replied before hanging up her phone. Susan… calling at this hour of the morning? Setting her purse on the floor, she dug into it until she found one of the two burner phones she now kept with her all the time. Two minutes later, she had placed her order for the required number of nonexistent items… and was waiting to be transferred to another "salesman."

"Janice?" Susan Wu's voice finally came over the line.

"Hi Susan," Janice replied quietly. It wasn't likely that anyone would hear her… especially not up here where she was fairly sure that Halifax's apartment was empty, but she still wanted to stay as quiet as possible.

"Janice? I can hardly hear you."

"That's because I'm standing in Halifax's building right now, staring at his doorway. I dare not make too much noise."

Susan was surprised. "You're there? Right now? That's why I was calling in the first place, to see if you had made any progress yet."

"I'm working on it," Janice replied. "But I have to go slowly. I'm still trying to get a handle on anything I may need to worry about later. The more I can take care of things before I get started with him, the easier it will be."

"I understand," Susan replied. "Anything I can help with?"

"No, I think I'm making fairly good progress. It's just going to take a little time."

"I understand," Susan replied again. "I'm afraid that I'm simply anxious to get this resolved – one way or another."

"I'm doing my best," Janice replied, still in her nearly whispered voice.

"You're sure there's nothing I can do to help you along?"

Janice's mind was running through some of what she would most likely be doing in the near future. She had everything she needed… except for one thing. One thing she hadn't even thought of asking Susan's help for. "Well, since you're asking, I had a supplier in Mobile that I used for a certain drug I need. What little I have left now is old and I dare not use it again."

"A drug? You?"

"Not for me!" Janice hissed quickly.

"What is it you need?" Susan asked.

"I need an injectable form of Rohypnol… you know, the date–rape drug? It's what I use to control someone until I can get them into more suitable surroundings. And Halifax is a fairly big man. I don't want to have to pick him up and try to move him if I don't have to."

Susan was somewhat relieved that Janice wasn't looking for any kind of drug for herself. In fact, she had never imagined Janice using any kind of drugs at all! "Yes, I'm quite familiar with the drug," she replied. "If you give me an address, I can have some delivered right to you by tomorrow. Will that be soon enough?"

"I don't need it that fast. Most likely, not for another week or two. I'm still not done checking things out."

"Another week or two? That long?"

"As I said before," Janice said, somewhat annoyed, "I have to account for as many unforeseen consequences as I can!"

"I'm sorry," Susan replied. "As I said, I'm simply anxious to get this resolved. One of the things my father and I like about you Janice, is how careful you are. We both appreciate that greatly. It's a paramount necessity in our business."

"I know it is," Janice replied. "And I appreciate that just as much as you do."

"I can still have the drug delivered to you tomorrow, or any other time you require. I just need to know where to send it."

Janice thought about that for a moment. She considered giving Susan a post office box number somewhere… just to protect her location somewhat, but she didn't really have any other address than where she was living in Roger's house just then. Besides, with the Wu's contacts, they could probably find out exactly where she was living in a matter of days… if not hours. That is, if they didn't know already! She gave Susan Roger's address. A minute later, she was pulling the battery out of the burner phone. She would dismantle and destroy the rest of it later.

She stared at the keypad for a moment more before going back down the stairs into the garage area. She went over to the elevator and pushed the button. The door opened revealing a very nice interior. She pushed the button for the third floor and rode it up. At the top, she pushed the button to ride it back down to the garage again.

She had seen enough. She now had a pretty good idea of what she most likely would need to do. She wasn't happy that Susan Wu was trying to rush things. Something like this shouldn't be rushed. It was too dangerous! But instead of staying in Augusta to poke around further as she originally intended, she headed back to her car, where a few minutes later she was heading for home. A day later, she wasn't at all surprised when a young oriental man knocked on her door… and simply handed over a small box. Susan Wu had been as good as her word.

It wasn't the first time that Roger had worn his boots into the building supply store, but it was his first time wearing them there on a Saturday morning. Early mornings were always the busiest time of day for the place as many contractors stopped there to pick up any supplies they needed… if they hadn't stopped in the evening before. And on Saturdays, the store often had many customers who weren't contractors, they were do–it–yourselfers who needed the same kind of materials for whatever projects they were trying to tackle. So this time, the parking lot was somewhat crowded by the time Roger got there… and so was the store.

He was always horribly aware of the women's high heeled boots he wore now – especially when he was out in public. But wearing them into a place like this… a place where he knew many of the people, both employees of the store and customers… kept him more aware of his embarrassing boots than ever. And the way Janice made him wear them, with his pants tucked into the boots so they were always fully on display, made them somewhat hard to miss. It was all simply… embarrassing! Especially in a place like this!

“Hey Roger!” He looked and saw another contractor that he knew. “What’s up with the boots?”

Roger shrugged. “It’s a gimmick,” he replied.

“A gimmick?” the guy asked uncertainly.

“To get me more customers,” Roger explained.

“You’ve got to be kidding!”

Roger shook his head. “I’m going to quit teaching and go into the handyman business full time now.”

“And you need a gimmick? Especially one as stupid and embarrassing as that? Shit, I get so many calls from people needing dumb stuff done all the time, stuff that I don’t have the time or interest to handle, that I could have steered a few of them your way. But this?” he shook his head. “So what makes you think something like that is going to help you?”

Roger did his best to smile. “I started with one customer, who told someone else who called me to do a job for her… and last night I got a call from that woman’s daughter to do yet another job. And I charged the mother extra… just because I realized that she had hired me as much for the show as for the simple job she needed done. I’ve just started my business, and it looks like the jobs are already starting to pile in.

The guy shook his head. “I just don’t see it. Not you doing something so dumb!”

Roger could only agree!

Nearly an hour later, he arrived at the Whittaker house and started unloading the heavy lumber from the back of his truck. It was far more difficult to carry heavy materials in the boots he was wearing. It was far more difficult just to walk in the damn things. But he had spent a lot of time in the boots so it was getting much easier for him now… and was starting to feel frighteningly more normal.

As he neatly stacked the boards on the ground where he could easily get to them, he saw the Whittakers looking out through the French doors at him. And a moment later, he saw Elaine Whittaker opening the door. The boards he had screwed in front of the doors prevented her from coming out and falling or getting hurt.

“Would you like some coffee?” she asked.

“Sure!” Roger replied gratefully.

“I’ll just be a moment,” Elaine replied before closing the door again.

Roger went back to his truck for more boards. By the time they were stacked with the others he had moved already, Elaine had opened the door again. He could just reach high enough to grab the coffee cup she was holding out for him where she had reached through the bottom underneath one of the protective boards. “Thanks,” he said as he took the cup from her. He took a sip. The hot liquid felt good going down his throat.

“Do you do any painting?” Elaine asked him.

“Sure, no problem,” Roger replied.

“I only ask because I heard that Rebecca’s daughter was looking at remodeling a few of the rooms in her house.”

Roger nodded. “Her granddaughter called me last night and said she was working on it with her mother. I told them I probably couldn’t start working on it until after I finished here. They didn’t seem to mind that it might be a few weeks.”

“Good,” Elaine replied, but she didn’t take her eyes off of Roger. “Mr. Brinkley, Rebecca told me that you were showing breasts as well as just wearing the boots. Is that true?”

Suddenly more embarrassed, Roger nodded. “Yeah,” was all he could reply.

“Are you planning on wearing them here as well?”

Instead of answering, Roger set his coffee cup on the ground and unzipped his jacket to give her a brief look. There was no use denying anything. She would see them soon enough anyway. After a moment, he zipped his jacket up again. He was surprised to see Elaine smiling delightedly. He had expected her to berate him for it instead.

“I look forward to seeing you finish the deck,” Elaine said as she stood up and closed the door.

But as Roger went back to grab more boards from his truck, his mind was thinking that what she really wanted to see was him working with not just the women’s boots, but now the breasts as well. Well, he had no doubt that before he finished, she would get to see plenty. But right now, the morning air was still far too cold to remove his jacket. But later? Well, maybe it would rain again.

Building things always made Roger feel good. And this job was no exception. It was man's work he was doing, and working with his hands like he did always made him feel more like a man. But today, that feeling was tempered with troubled thoughts. He was doing man's work… at least work that was usually done by or associated with things a man would do… yet he was wearing women's boots… and breasts… not to mention the frilly pink panties he had on under his pants. Not… exactly… masculine. And this morning at the building supply store he had tried to convince some of the others that what he was doing was just a gimmick? He felt bad about having to do that. Yet… he had no choice. He wasn't able to tell anyone at all about why he really had to do it.

As he worked, his mind went back to the night before, and the night before that, and most of the week for that matter. He had stood in his room every evening after dinner – for most of the evening – and played with makeup – trying his best to make himself look more… feminine. But if he didn't keep trying to do something to further feminize himself every day, then he would be forced to sleep in that damn dog cage again. And if he kept dragging his feet, he had no doubt that he would soon be naked and chained to a tree in the back yard again. And that was something he definitely didn't want.

Another troubling thought was on his mind as well. Tomorrow… Sunday… he would have to wear his dress to church again. Only this time with the wig and the "improved" makeup. He was still stressed out over having to do that, but at least everyone in the church had been nothing but kind. The people in the restaurant afterwards hadn't been so understanding… but at least he had gotten through it.

A small knot of fear now resided almost permanently in his stomach. And that knot had been growing stronger with every day. It wasn't just that he had to go out and embarrass himself in public like he did. It wasn't that his friends now knew about his boots and breasts and could likely get hurt if they interfered too much. And it wasn't that if he didn't continue to make progress feminizing himself – every day… work at it every day, then Janice would make his life more miserable.

No, the knot of fear in his stomach was there now, because as unlikely as it seemed… as frightening as it actually was… Candy–girl the Handy–girl, was becoming more and more of a reality.

Chapter 30.

The long hair falling down all around his head felt strange against his face and neck. It wasn't real hair of course, but the stupid wig looked real enough… at least to him. He shook his head as the all too strange and irritating feeling of the hair bothered him. The realization of the movement he had just made, that he had seen real women doing all too often, bothered him almost as much as the strange feeling of the wig. He was sitting in the back seat of Janice's car again on the way to church, wearing his dress, his face made up fully, and this time he was wearing a wig on his head. Whenever he looked at the wig, he couldn't decide if it needed brushing or styling… or if it simply looked the way it was supposed to – with soft curls that seemed to give the hair volume and shape… and make it look all too haphazard – as he had seen on thousands of women in the past. But he wouldn't know how to style the thing even if he had a brush… which he didn't!

Up ahead of them… not far off now… was people. All too many people. He was out in public again – as Candy. The only saving grace to the whole thing was the attitude of everyone he had met in the church so far. Understanding and supportive – completely. Understanding, yet none of them understood his real motive for dressing the way he did. None of them knew how he had absolutely no choice in the matter at all. And none of them would ever know. A very defeating thought in itself.

He thought about his makeup this morning… far better than last week. Far better than the crude attempts he had made working on it earlier in the week. Yet far short of the goal he had set for himself… the picture of what he had looked like after the professional makeover he had gotten. Far short! Yet… he did look better. At least Janice had seemed pleased.

And what would his newfound friends think of how he looked today? He had no doubt they would all be excited and pleased for him. As his mind pictured his new friends: Bethany, Cassandra, and Tracy, he thought about not only the way they looked, but the way they behaved… not really overly outrageously drag queens, but certainly not like real women. And how should he behave now when he got there and got out of the car? He just didn't see himself parading around even remotely as overtly feminine as they acted. And yet, he was supposed to be turning himself into a real woman… or as much as possible – according to Janice. So should he take a cue from them and behave a bit more like them? He wasn't totally sure if that was a good idea or not. He decided that maybe it would be better to just take things as they came. Besides, he didn't know where to even begin to act like they did. Especially Bethany!

He stopped thinking as the car pulled into the parking lot of the strip mall where the church was located, but there was still a big feeling of nervousness in the pit of his stomach. And oddly, it quickly passed through his slightly panicked brain that he was wondering what his new friends would think about his "new and improved" look. Did he want their approval?

Incredibly, he realized that he did. He guessed it was because he had worked so hard on it all week. He wanted someone other than Janice to notice the effort.

“Candy,” Janice said as she parked the car, “are you planning on finding your friends again?”

Roger’s reply was almost sheepish as he admitted, “I was thinking about it. If you don’t mind that is.”

“I think its wonderful idea!” Janice exclaimed. “Church should be all about finding and making new friends.”

That wasn’t exactly how Roger had always thought about church, but he supposed that it could be a big part of it. A minute later, his purse slung over his shoulder, he was walking far more boldly toward the door of the church than he ever had before, straight toward the usual crowd of people outside. Would they laugh at him? They hadn’t before, but he looked much different today… at least his face did. He searched the crowd, but he didn’t see any of his new friends, so when Janice stopped to talk with someone she knew, he kept going and went directly inside.

He found Tracy and Cassandra in that same back corner where they had talked last week. He saw Cass glance quickly in his direction as “she” was talking with Tracy, but it was only a quick glance. His footsteps stopped right next to the two transvestites who both stopped talking and looked in his direction to see who had walked up.

It was a moment before Tracy muttered. “Oh my God!” Cass said nothing, her jaw was wide open in shock. “Candy!” Tracy exclaimed. “I didn’t even recognize you!”

Roger felt his face turning red. “Do I look okay?” he asked.

“Honey, you look fantastic!” Cass replied. “Love the wig, but your makeup! Who did it for you?”

“I did,” Roger replied embarrassedly. “I’ve been kind of… working on it all week.”

“Fantastic!” Tracy added.

“You look like an entirely different person!” Cass stated.

“Yoo–hoo!” an oddball voice called from the distance.

All three of them turned at the voice, all three of them immediately knowing it was Bethany who had just arrived. And all three of them watched as she hurried over.

"Who's the newcomer?" Bethany called before she had even gotten to them. And then she suddenly stopped and stared, still a good six feet away. "Candy?"

Roger nodded. "What do you think? Any better?"

Instead of replying, Bethany hurried over and gave Roger a really odd hug… that felt all too weird… yet at the same time, he appreciated. "You look fabulous!" Bethany exclaimed.

"Thanks," Roger replied.

"Honey, you have made vast improvements over last week! Vast!" Bethany stated as she kept her hands holding Roger, but took half a step back to study the way Roger looked… especially at his face.

Roger didn't know why he said it, maybe it was just for something to say to the complement. "Um… I'm kind of trying to keep improving the way I look."

"Well, you're definitely going in the right direction!" Tracy replied.

Roger swallowed before asking his question. "I'm not sure what I need to do next though. I kind of would like to look a little more… real, if you know what I mean."

"We'd all like that!" Cassandra said. "I guess the question for you though, is just how real do you want to get?"

"Um… completely!" Roger replied. "I need to change completely to look as much like a woman as possible."

He wasn't prepared for the look of seriousness that seemed to descend on all his friends. "Well honey," Cassandra replied, "There's wanting to… and then there's determined… and then there's absolutely needing it. Which one are you?"

That wasn't the kind of remark that Roger had ever imagined being asked. And it was a hard question for him to answer. But all his brain could conjure up was that he had absolutely no choice but to turn himself as completely into a woman as he could. Absolutely no choice! As Janice had said, as much of a woman as modern science could make him. "Um… I guess, the answer is probably somewhere between determined… and needing to," he replied. He just couldn't tell them that none of that need came from his own wants at all. The looks he got from all three of his friends were even more serious.

Just as the others did, Tracy stared at Roger for a few moments. "You may think you're that determined," he said, "but that could all change quickly. I advise you to just try to enjoy it as much as you can instead."

"Why?" Roger asked.

"Because what you just said, almost sounds more like you're thinking about a total sex change."

Roger looked down toward the floor, before bringing his head back up… somewhat. "That's most likely where I'm heading." He saw thoughtful nods from both Cass and Tracy.

Tracy craned her neck to look around the room. Finally she spotted who she was looking for. With one finger, extended by a very long fingernail, she pointed to someone in the distance. "See her?"

"Who?" Roger asked.

"The woman just sitting down. The one wearing the orange and white dress. Gorgeous long black hair."

Roger spotted who he thought Tracy was talking about.

"That's Carlita. You need to talk to her. And I mean seriously talk to her. She's transitioning. She hasn't had the big operation yet… only because I don't think she can afford it yet. After the service, find her and talk to her!"

"It wouldn't hurt to do it today if you can," Cass added.

"Oh hell!" Bethany exclaimed. "As soon as the service is over, I'll introduce you! You need to meet some of the others here anyway!"

Roger looked again at the woman they had all claimed was in the process of transitioning from a man into a real woman… well, somewhat real. He could only see the back of her head now, but from what little he had seen already, she did look like a woman. But as they all took their seats for the church service to begin, he couldn't help but wonder why everyone had seemed so insistent on him talking with that… person. Carlita. He supposed though that Carlita would be able to give him far more advice on how to go about things than any of his other friends… who were more obviously just men wearing dresses… just like he was.

It wasn't ten seconds after the service was over before Bethany grabbed Roger's wrist, and literally dragged him out of the row of seats. "Come on honey. We need to catch her before she gets out of here."

Roger wasn't at all used to someone holding his hand… or even being pulled along by his hand as was the case here, but he followed. What was so important about meeting this transitioning… woman?

"Carlita, darling!" Bethany called out as they got close.

Roger saw the woman turn… and he was struck by the feminine beauty of the woman he saw. He was grateful that his cock gave him only a small twinge of cold warning. "She" looked somewhat Hispanic he realized, which explained a bit about the name she had chosen. Her long black hair reflected the lights. Her face could only be described as feminine and beautiful. Her smile lit up that face when she turned and saw Bethany.

"Hi Beth," Carlita said as her eyes turned now toward Roger.

The faint twinge of cold hit Roger's cock again as he locked eyes with the "woman" in front of him.

"Carlita, this is Candy," Bethany introduced.

"Hi Candy," Carlita said kindly, with another flash of a smile. "I saw you here before, but… I have to admit, you look a whole lot better this week than you did last week. I almost didn't recognize you."

"Uh… thanks," Roger replied.

"Carlita," Bethany said, "we all thought that Candy here should have a little talk with you. And I mean… a serious talk."

Roger noticed the sudden dark clouds that rushed over Carlita's face. And he saw her nod slightly… then look over at him… while trying to smile a little more brightly.

"Do you have a few minutes now?" she asked.

Roger looked around. Most likely, Janice would be talking with her friends for a few minutes. "Sure, why not?"

"I'll just leave you two to get acquainted," Bethany said quietly.

Carlita motioned toward the chairs next to them, the row of chairs she had just left. Not the front row, but only three rows back from the front. Roger moved in and took a seat several folding chairs over. Carlita followed and sat next to him.

"I take it you must be thinking about doing something… radical… to your gender?"

"Everything seems to be pointing in that direction," Roger replied. "I'd be grateful for any help you might be able to offer."

Carlita nodded. "I don't know how much actual help I can be. I think that Bethany back there just wanted you to hear a little of what I've been through… to give you something to think about."

"Sounds good," Roger replied.

Carlita shook her head. "No, it's not good." She looked straight at Roger, who now noticed dark clouds in her face. "I have no family," she said. "And I have very few friends. The day I came out to my family, three years ago, they disowned me and threw me out of the house… literally! I barely had time to grab just a few things before my father grabbed me and dragged me to the front door, and literally threw me out. Since then, every time I even try to phone any of them, they hang up on me. I'm dead to them now. I can't tell you how much that hurts."

Roger was stunned. "What did you do?"

Carlita looked sadly down toward the floor. "Most of my friends wouldn't talk to me once I explained why it had happened. But I finally got lucky with one friend who let me stay at his place for a while. I slept on the couch, which wasn't so bad. What was bad though was when he raped me."

Roger was shocked. "Raped?"

Carlita nodded. "Raped! Right there on the couch where I was trying to sleep. And afterwards, I ran out of there, still in my underwear, and I never went back. I got lucky and got picked up by the police. I wound up in a shelter two nights later."

"My God!" Roger breathed.

"I never did get any of my stuff that I left in his apartment. I was too afraid to go back." She took a moment to collect herself and take a deep breath before continuing. "I tried very hard to commit suicide… twice, while I was in that shelter. And twice I almost succeeded."

"Why?"

"Because my family wouldn't accept me. Because none of my friends wanted me anywhere near them. Because I couldn't find a job to support myself. And mostly, because I didn't want to continue having to live my life as a boy. I've always wanted to be girl instead… from my earliest memories. And having to be a boy just finally got to be too much for me. Everything

got to be too much. I was a total failure at everything… especially life. I hated it. Nobody loved me… or even liked me… and I wanted to put an end to the misery. And so I grabbed a sharp knife from the kitchen at the shelter and tried to slit my wrists. I only got one actual cut made though before someone walked in on me and called for help. They made me start seeing the psychologist after that."

Roger wanted to comment, but there were no words that would come to his mouth.

"Eventually, the shelter helped me find a job – as a guy of course since I was a guy and had only just told everyone what I was intending to do someday. But I guess everyone knew I was serious about it because of trying to kill myself over it… and… well, I did grab mostly whatever girl's clothes I could scrounge to wear at the shelter instead if boy clothes, but back then I couldn't pass as a girl to save my life."

"But you look fantastic now," Roger replied. "Really… beautiful!"

Carlita smiled shyly. "Thanks," she whispered. "But that's only because I've been on hormones for the last two years."

"Two years?"

She nodded. "I can't wait to have my operation so I can be as much of a woman as possible. I just can't afford it yet."

"How much does it cost?"

Carlita smiled again. "A lot!"

Roger had to accept that. "So… what happened?"

"The shelter got me in touch with some shrinks, and some other doctors, and eventually I got put on testosterone blockers… then eventually hormones. But not before I tried to kill myself yet again. And that was only because I got raped again."

"You what?"

She nodded. "The job they got me was at McDonalds. The evening shift. We had just finished cleaning up and were getting ready to leave. And it was just me and the guy who was the night manager at the time. He knew of course that I wanted to become a girl. Everyone there knew. I guess I kind of made it more obvious than I should have by the way I dressed and acted." She laughed a little. "I actually wore more girl's clothes to work than boys'! Well, sort of, I guess. More often than not, I started wearing a bra under my uniform shirt and the black

pants we all had to wear were usually girl's pants or jeans… even though I had been hired as a guy!"

Her face clouded again. "But anyway, that night, after we finished cleaning, he grabbed me and forced himself on him. I tried to fight him off, but… well… he was a damn big guy. I never had a chance. So on the way home that night, I walked out onto the highway and literally threw myself in front of a car."

Roger was so shocked he didn't know what to think. "But you survived," he managed to say.

Carlita nodded. "Yeah. Unfortunately… or fortunately, I guess. The driver saw me and swerved. But the corner of the car still hit me and sent me flying. Broke my hip and fractured my left leg." She tried to laugh a little, but it didn't really sound much like a laugh. "It still hurts sometimes."

"So you got lucky," Roger noted.

She nodded. "Luckier than at any time in my life. As I said, after that, the shrinks got a little more serious with me… and sent me to some doctors… and, well, here I am today."

"And you look… beautiful," Roger told her.

She smiled at the compliment. "Well, it wasn't always that way. It took a while."

"So things got better once you were on the hormones?"

"Actually, things got better before I started the hormones. The shelter found me another job once I could walk again… working in the stock room at a small printing company." She briefly turned her head to look toward the back of the room. "Bethany's company."

"Bethany?"

"Of course, I didn't know 'Bethany' back then." She paused. "Um… did Beth ever tell you her real name?"

"No, I only know… her… as Bethany."

She nodded. "Well, I met with… the owner of the company for an interview that lasted maybe two minutes, after which he said I was hired. And that was even after I explained to him that I would probably be showing up to work wearing more girls' clothes than boys'. But he hired me anyway, right on the spot! So I went to work every day… and he started riding me… constantly."

"Riding you?"

She nodded. "Carl, do it like this! Carl, think before you act! Carl, take pride in what you do. Carl… you can't get anywhere in life if you don't put some effort into it and try!"

"Was he… mean to you in any way? Did he try to… force himself on you at any time?"

She shook her head. "No. And don't think I didn't worry about that a lot! He just… took an interest in me. I didn't know why back then. I do now of course." She looked straight at Roger for a moment before looking away and continuing. "One of the things he hounded be about a lot, was to come to church with him on Sundays." She shook her head. "Yeah right! Can you imagine someone like me… going to church? All I saw in front of me was total disaster! But he kept hounding me and hounding me over it, and told me he wasn't going to stop until I at least tried it. So I finally went, and he brought me here." Once again, she looked straight up at Roger as she said, "This church is what really saved me. This church gave me the first real friends I'd had in many years. This church was the one and only place where everything seemed to make sense to me. And I've been nothing but grateful ever since."

"It does seem to be kind of an… unusual church," Roger admitted. "And to tell the truth, I'm kind of impressed with it I think. Everybody here has been unusually nice… and understand… and completely supportive to me. Nobody here has seemed to judge me badly… yet!"

She smiled. "Most of them won't," she said. "I don't doubt that there are a few who would rather not see people like you, or Beth… or even me. But most of the people who come here have their own problems that they're trying to find solutions to, so they tend to be a little more open minded about everyone else. That, and the preacher does her best to foster an accepting attitude in everyone."

"It seems to be working," Roger replied with a smile. "So Beth gave you a job and brought you to church. Do you still come with… her… every week?"

She shook her head. "No, I come on my own now," she said with a small smile. Once I had saved a little bit of money, I found a place of my own to live. That first place sure wasn't much, and it was a lot more dangerous to live there than I liked. But I needed out of that shelter. I had been lucky that they let me live there as long as I had."

"You did get lucky," Roger agreed.

"Yeah, lucky… because not long after that, I got put on the blockers, then eventually on hormones. And one day… the boss… came to me in the stock room and asked if I'd like to try one of the jobs upstairs in the office instead of working in the dirty stock room. The job came with a small raise that I wasn't about to turn down. But it also came with another strange demand. He said that if I was on hormones and wanted to transition, then I'd have

to show up at work every day as a woman – completely. It was the only way I could have the job." She smiled. "You can imagine how fast I jumped on that!"

Roger smiled and nodded.

"The job wasn't much, just doing this and that. Handling some paperwork. Things like that. But… the boss… kept riding me again, just as he had done down in the stock room. "Carlita, you can do better than this. Carlita, take some pride in your work. Carlita, why don't you attend night school and learn something about computers?" She laughed. "Yeah right! Me, go to school and learn something!" She looked up at him. "But he kept hounding me. And then he offered to pay for one of the courses… if I tried to learn something. So I took him up on it." She smiled briefly again. "I'll have my associate's degree in computers at the end of next semester."

"Wow! You've done really well for yourself!"

She nodded her head a little. "But not without a lot of help. His help to be exact."

"Did you ever ask him why he pushed you so much… did so much for you?"

She nodded. "Yeah. I did wonder about that a lot. And mostly it was because I figured that eventually he'd want to… have his way with me too. But one day I got the courage to actually ask him about it. I asked him why he did things for me that he didn't do for any of the others. And like I said, I was really afraid that he still might want to have his way with me someday – despite the fact that he was still bringing me here to church every week."

"What did he say?" Roger asked.

"Humph! He said to meet him Saturday night at one of the bars not far from where we work. You can imagine how I felt about that! But every time I asked, he kept insisting that I had to go there if I wanted to know the answer. So I finally decided to take a chance and go… and that was despite the fact that I was still pretty sure that he was going to make his moves on me once I got there! You can't imagine how scared I was when I walked into the place. I looked all around and didn't see him. And then this… weird guy in a dress and wig came up and said hello to me and started talking to me. And it was almost five minutes before I realized I was talking to my boss!"

Roger managed to chuckle. "So Bethany came out to you."

She nodded. "Bethany… has been trying to help me, because he wanted to see me do what he would never be able to do. So he's been kind of my emotional support ever since then."

Roger's estimation of Bethany went way up just then. "I'm surprised at that. Bethany doesn't seem the type."

She nodded again. "Yeah, well, he is. Trust me! The only thing is, that now he's hounding me to start doing transgender outreach programs, to start helping others with the same problems I have. But I'm the last person on earth those people need to listen to!"

Roger shook his head. "Actually, I think you may be the very first person any of them should listen to. Just like with everything else, I think that maybe you should reconsider not doing those programs and consider what Bethany has suggested for you."

She shook her head. "I just don't see it."

"Think about it," Roger replied. "Bethany hasn't steered you wrong yet, has he?"

"No, not ever."

"Then maybe you should think about that some more." He watched as she nodded thoughtfully. "So," he said, "now you're trying to save a bunch of money for your big operation."

She nodded. "Yeah, I want it bad!"

"How much longer do you think till you get it?" he asked.

"Huh! A lifetime! By the time I pay rent, and now car expenses, and groceries, and everything else in my life right now, I'm totally out of money every month. It's all I can do to survive. Sometimes I get pretty desperate waiting for my next paycheck. There just isn't anything left over for something like that."

Roger almost laughed. "Welcome to life, Carlita. Welcome to life!" He was glad to see the small smile that came to her face. But now it was time for a more serious question. "Carlita, why did Bethany… and the others… think it was so important that I talk with you? I mean, your story is amazing. Inspirational. But right now, I need a more… physical kind of help."

That look of trouble crossed Carlita's face again. Instead of answering, she looked toward the back of the church as she had before. "Oh my gosh!" she exclaimed. "Everybody's gone! We better get out of here!"

Without warning, Roger suddenly found himself engulfed in a tight but brief hug. "I gotta go!" she exclaimed as she released him. "Good luck… Candy."

"Uh… thanks," Roger replied as she retreated out of the row of seats and hurried away toward the back of the church. He now saw Bethany standing in the back of the church along with Janice, Carol, and the woman preacher. Carlita gave both Bethany and the preacher a quick hug… and tossed off a quick greeting to Janice and Carol… and then hurried out the door. And Roger was left wondering what he had said to make her run off that way.

"What did you think?" Bethany asked as Roger approached.

"It was an amazing story. But now I'm still wondering, why did you really want me to hear it?"

Bethany nodded, and suddenly Bethany's voice was no longer the voice Roger was used to hearing. Instead, what came out of that lipsticked mouth, was a deep, totally male voice. "Candy, I don't know your real name… and to tell the truth, I never want to know it. As you can imagine, Bethany, only exists at certain times and in certain places. Places and times that are all too few for what my soul would really like. I wanted you to hear Carlita's story, because you need to be aware that life will undoubtedly be very hard and difficult if you choose the path you were thinking about.

"From what I've learned, some of the problems that Carlita has faced can seem like almost nothing compared to what others have had thrown at them. But just like I often told Carlita, if you don't work hard at something, or at least try hard, then you'll never succeed.

"Carlita was at the bottom. She tried to commit suicide, not once, but twice. She didn't find any happiness or success until she committed herself to trying new things… and to commit to the advice and caring of friends… not just myself, but also the many friends she now has in this church. It's because of those caring friends she now has, that she has found the only happiness she's really ever known in her life. And I'm still not sure how much she realizes that.

"But what I'm trying to say, Candy, is that you need to learn to trust in your friends. Trust the ones who will stand by you no matter what. Only with people like that in your life will you ever find success… and real happiness. Actually, no matter what sex you finally decide on."

Before Roger could comment, Bethany's voice changed again – back to the more outrageous voice he had come to associate with… her. "Well, I've said more than enough I think. Time for me to get out of here!"

Before Roger knew it, he was engulfed in a quick hug from Bethany, before she tossed a quick goodbye to Janice and Carol. Then she hugged the preacher briefly before hurrying out.

"I take it, it was an interesting conversation?" Janice asked as they walked out of the church.

"Not so much a conversation, as a story. Carlita's story."

Janice nodded. "I've heard bits and pieces of some of it. I haven't really seen her since before I went to prison, but I must say, she seems to be looking very, very good now."

Roger nodded. "Yeah, really good! I don't think I could even come close to looking that good."

"She didn't always look like that, Candy. I have no doubt that it took a lot of effort and commitment. The same effort and commitment I expect from you – every day."

Roger shook his head as he opened the car door. "I'm trying. I really am!"

"I'm aware of that, Candy. And I appreciate it. But as I've said before, your continued existence in humanity depends on you constantly striving toward that goal. And any backsliding or even non–effort on your part will quickly result in you losing… human privileges."

Roger said nothing to that. It was one of the biggest nightmares in his waking life!

"Now, Candy, if I may make a suggestion," Janice said as she pulled the car out of the parking lot and onto the road, "you've worn that dress to church two times in a row now. I expect you to wear something different next week! And please don't forget, the sooner I don't have to see a man sitting across from me at the table, the sooner you may eat there. So you may want to think about investing in other things besides just something to wear to church. Just something to think about, Candy. Just something to think about."

"Momma, you mentioned something else earlier. Did you still want to do that too?" Carol asked.

"Oh yes. Thank you dear. Candy, when you go shopping for some new clothes this week, if you'd like to get yourself a short nightgown to wear at night, I will allow you to wear that. I think the effort you've put into yourself this week has earned it. But the minute I stop seeing that effort, you'll be naked and back in the cage again immediately. Do you understand, Candy?"

Roger's reply of, "Yes," was not exactly whole–hearted.

"Excellent, Candy!" Janice exclaimed. "Now, let's see how crowded that restaurant is!"

The restaurant again! Ugh!

Chapter 31.

"Damn all this rain!"

Roger stared out his bedroom window at the early morning pouring rain. He couldn't remember the last time he had seen the sun. Since last December, it had rained at one time or another nearly every single day. He hadn't seen a newscast about it for a long time now, but from everything he had heard from the other teachers talking, this was quickly shaping up to be the rainiest year in history for the area.

And the gloomy weather did nothing at all to help brighten the gloomy disposition of his soul!

He thought back to church yesterday. "Trust in your friends." That had been the message from Bethany that now lingered in Roger's mind. Trust in your friends… only then will you find success and happiness. Roger wasn't sure if he was all that worried about success, but he certainly wasn't happy. And yet, because of the situation, his friends were the very people he needed to drive away. Because of that, he literally had no one that he could trust in or even turn to. And he certainly wasn't about to start trusting Janice… or Carol either! No, they were the sum total cause of all his problems!

He had spent the entire day yesterday as Candy. Since it was Sunday… and it had started raining before they got home, Janice had insisted that he not do any work and remain in his dress the entire day. He had spent much of the day sitting at the kitchen table creating lesson plans as Candy… he had created a couple of quizzes for his classes as Candy… and he had watched more than a few makeup videos as Candy. And at dinnertime, he had been allowed to sit at the table and eat like a human… as Candy.

Candy! Candy! Candy! It seemed like with each passing day now, Candy was growing into more and more of a reality… and Roger Brinkley was starting to disappear more and more. Was he losing himself? Undoubtedly! But what the hell could he do about it?

He lightly pounded his fist against the wall next to the window. Damn all the rain! Turning, he headed out of his room. It was time to go to school.

"Hiiii Roger," Jennifer White sang as she set her lunch tray down across from him.

Roger gulped as he watched Jennifer sitting down… and he felt his cock responding to her presence… in a most unwelcome way. Cold! And damn… did she have to wear a top that revealed so much of her breasts? This was school! It was nearly indecent! But he said nothing and took another bite of his hamburger instead.

"You could at least say hello!" Jennifer complained. "You don't have to look so upset every time I come near you anymore."

How could Roger explain about the icy condition of his cock just then? He couldn't! And he didn't want Jennifer around him anymore… not only because of the cold in his cock, but mostly because he needed to protect her from Janice! "Hello," he managed to grunt out.

"Well hello to you too!" Jennifer replied sarcastically. "Look Roger, it wasn't you! You weren't the reason I broke up with you! Okay? Get over it. The problem was something in me… not you. I still like you though… a lot! And I see no reason at all that we can't stay friends!"

Roger looked up at her. No reason? He wanted to throw in the fact that he was fairly sure that she was sleeping with Stan. And Stan was his best friend! He shook his head. "Just leave me alone," he said in a completely disheartened voice. "It would be better if you just leave me alone and forget about me."

"Why?"

"Because…" But Roger couldn't explain it. He couldn't tell her that it would be for her own good! "Because… it would just be better," he finally said again.

"Humph!" Jennifer grunted, choosing to ignore what was coming out of his mouth. She started eating her lunch, noting that Roger was trying hard not to look at her. Did it hurt him that much that she had dumped him? But there was something major wrong going on in his life right now… and like it or not, she was going to get to the bottom of it!

She glanced briefly over at another table and caught Stan's eyes. She shook her head very slightly. Stan had purposely sat at another table to give her chance to get something useful out of Roger. But so far, things weren't looking too good. Roger's rather gloomy disposition today wasn't helping matters at all.

She tried to lighten the mood. "So… how is it working in those boots of yours?" she asked as lightheartedly as she could.

Roger looked up at her, totally surprised that she would ask something like that… and his damn cock received another jolt of cold… and it had just started to die down to normal again. "What do you mean, how is it?"

"I mean… are you enjoying it?"

Roger shrugged. "Not particularly."

"Then why do it?"

"Look!" Roger complained angrily. "Don't ask. Just don't ask!"

Jennifer was taken aback by his attitude, but she wasn't about to give up now. She pressed the issue. "So… are you finding them more difficult to work in than men's boots?" Dumb question! But it was the only thing she had been able to think to ask.

Roger shook his head, frustrated that she wouldn't leave the subject alone. "Actually, they seem to be okay. I've kind of gotten used to them now."

"Used to them?" Jennifer was surprised. But he had at least answered something without telling her to go away. She kept pressing. "So… if you're more used to them… can I see you in them sometime?"

Roger wanted to scream! "Jennifer… don't!"

"Don't what? I'm really interested! I really want to see how they look on you! I'd love to see you in a bra as well," she said, completely surprised she had said it. But it was just another thing that had been on her mind about him too.

Roger was speechless. He shook his head and searched for anything he could say. "Don't!" he finally managed to get out.

"Don't what?" Jennifer pressed again. She leaned in closer to him. "You know I'm going to keep hounding you till you show me, don't you? And I can't help it, I'm just finding it so funny that you… would do something like this. I mean, women's boots… and breasts? It's just outrageous!"

Roger couldn't have agreed more, but what could he say? She was pushing and she wasn't going to stop. Once again leaving his lunch unfinished, he got up from the table. "Just leave me alone!" he said before turning away. "For your own good, just leave me alone!"

"What do you mean, for my own good?" Jennifer asked. But she was talking to his back… that was quickly heading out of the room. For my own good? What was that supposed to mean?

She caught Stan's eye again, and saw him getting up from where he was sitting to come over to her.

"What happened?" Stan asked.

"You can probably guess," Jennifer said reluctantly. "He still won't open up. But when he left, he said something weird. He said, for my own good, I should leave him alone. What the heck would that mean?"

Stan shook his head. "I have no idea. But it sounds more like some even bigger kind of trouble." He was startled as a thought hit his brain. "For your own good? Does that mean he could be into something dangerous? Maybe with someone dangerous?"

Jennifer could only stare at him for a moment before replying. "I don't know."

The thunder clap made him jump with fear… as did the lightning flash that he realized was all too close. He heard a gasp of fear from Carol as well from the passenger seat of his truck as he drove home. His windshield wipers were on maximum, yet he could hardly see through the pouring rain that had been falling all day. He had already driven though a few flooded areas that he was fairly sure he wouldn't have gotten through in his old car.

"Geez, I can hardly see!" Carol complained.

Roger said nothing, he just did his best to try to see what little of the road in front of him as he could… and keep going. It was with great relief that he finally turned into the driveway of his house. Or was that Janice's house now? His raincoat was the only thing that kept him from getting totally soaked as he got out of the truck and made the short dash to the front door of the house.

"Get your wet things off immediately," Janice proclaimed as she hurried toward the two waterlogged people who had just rushed into the house. "Here, hand me your wet coats, I'll take them to the laundry area to dry." She grabbed the soaked raincoats from both Carol and Roger and rushed them though the house before they dripped too much water on the hardwood floors.

Roger headed for his bedroom to change. But what should he wear? If he wanted to eat at the table tonight like a normal human being, that would mean that he would have to wear his dress, and most likely, his wig and makeup as well. He would have to spend the entire rest of the day as Candy once again. He didn't want to do that. In fact, he didn't ever really want to do that again. But he knew that he would now be spending more and more time dressed as a woman. And Janice had already told him to go buy more clothes so he could do just that. But one glance out the window… and one major thunderclap later, and he knew that going anywhere today was pretty much out of the question.

Knowing it was going to be inevitable… only because he didn't want to sleep in the damn dog cage again tonight, he started dressing… as Candy. He put one of his bras on and stuffed the cups with two pairs of balled up socks. He put on another pair of pantyhose to cover his legs. He put his slip on over the bra… and then he pulled a sweatshirt on over top of that to

help keep him warmer while he stood in front of the mirror propped up on his dresser and did his makeup.

Half an hour later, he was sitting on the floor buckling the very high heeled shoes onto his feet before grabbing his one and only dress… that wasn't going to be his one and only for much longer. As he was buckling his second shoe, the whole house suddenly shook… accompanied by an absolutely horrible crash… immediately followed by a very ominous "whump" that again shook the house… that was all followed by a very desperate and frightened scream from a distant part of the house. Rushing to his feet, Roger did his best to run in those stupid shoes to see what had happened, but the clothes he was wearing, including the shoes, were the furthest thing from his mind. What had happened?

By the time he got to the living room, he saw a very frightened Janice and Carol running toward him. "What happened?"

Wide–eyed with fear, Janice could only point toward the kitchen.

Roger hurried on. It wasn't the kitchen that was the problem. The problem was the laundry room… or rather what was left of it. Through the broken doorway, he saw branches and young leaves that were just beginning to grow with the warmer spring weather. A tree had fallen and had just caught the back of the house. And it had to be one enormous tree to reach that distance from the edge of his property. But then, most of the trees that ringed the area that had been cleared around his house were enormous trees.

He quickly surveyed the damage. The door was broken in. He couldn't tell from the inside, but he was betting the roof was damaged as well. If the tree had fallen just a little bit further forward, it would have totally destroyed the house! He was lucky. Or was he? If it had fallen in a slightly different direction, would it have killed Janice? She and Carol had been in the kitchen. There would have been a good chance of that. So maybe he wasn't so lucky after all.

He needed to go outside and assess the total damage. Not to mention he needed to block the doorway somehow to keep the rain from coming in. He turned and headed back to his bedroom to change. He saw Janice and Carol huddled at the entry to the kitchen. "A tree just missed us," he said as he headed to change. "A really big one."

He left his makeup on. He never even thought of removing his bra. He even left on the slip and the pantyhose he had been wearing. And the sweatshirt he had put on over top of everything to stay warm stayed on as well. All he removed were the high heeled shoes from his feet. He grabbed a pair of pants and pulled them. And then stuffed his feet into the high heeled boots and zipped them up with his pants legs stuffed inside. Dressed like that, he headed for the back door once again.

Janice was doing her best to continually mop up the rainwater that was coming in, but it was a constant battle. She was glad to see Roger finally come back. “Can’t you do anything about this?” she asked rather desperately.

“I’m working on it,” was the only reply Roger thought to make. He grabbed his rain poncho and a baseball hat before heading for the garage door instead. There was no way he could get through the mess in the laundry room. A minute later, he pulled the hood up over his head as he stepped outside into the still driving rain… and wind.

The tree was indeed huge. And unfortunately, it was also one of the ones he had always particularly liked. Maybe because it was so big. But now it stretched from the very edge of his property to somewhere behind his house. He walked over and examined the root ball. The howling wind had simply blown the tree over. The all too soaked ground could no longer hold it. And the tree had fallen… coming all too close to taking out his house. He had seen many trees fall like that in his life, but this one was the first to fall on his property.

He climbed over the trunk and headed for his back yard. He couldn’t get close to his house for all the branches. It was the outlying branches that had hit his house… and as far as he could tell, they had just barely brushed it. But a tree of that size, with that much weight, was going to destroy anything that any part of it hit. It wasn’t hard to see that the small deck off of the back door and the steps going down from it were history. He couldn’t get close enough to see just how much damage was done to the back door area. He also couldn’t see just how bad the roof over it was. The only way he could even begin to do anything… or even see anything, would be to cut away that part of the fallen tree right away.

Knowing it was going to have to be done – rain storm or not, he headed for his workshop and grabbed his chainsaw. Fighting his way past as many large branches as he could, he started cutting a path to his back door.

It was almost an hour and a half before he completely cleared the doorway – the doorway that was nearly level with his chest now because of the deck that had been destroyed.

“Mr. Brinkley,” Janice shouted out to him from the laundry area inside, “isn’t there some way you can block this rain?”

“I’m working on it!” Roger declared rather angrily. Damn the woman! He had been working like crazy, doing difficult hard work just as fast as he could! What did she expect, a miracle? It was a miracle that she and Carol hadn’t been killed when the tree fell! Or was that the real catastrophe.

He ran back to his workshop where he grabbed a ladder and a large tarp. Twenty minutes later, he was finishing nailing the tarp in place so that the wind wouldn’t blow it away. It

was the best he could do for now. In doing so, he discovered that the roof over the doorway and part of the garage would have to be rebuilt as well, but it was holding for now.

Knowing he could do nothing more until the rain stopped, he went back into the house for a much needed rest.

"How bad is it?" Janice asked as he entered the kitchen again.

"We got lucky," Roger replied, thinking that he would have been far luckier if Janice had been killed. "The deck is gone and the whole back door area including the roof will have to be rebuilt. But that's all the damage I was able to see. I'll know more when I get into it. But I'm going to have to cut that tree up and move it first. And that's going to have to wait for better weather than this."

Janice nodded. "Into every life a little rain must fall, Mr. Brinkley. In this case, quite literally I guess."

Roger knew she was trying to make the situation a little lighter, but the rain that had fallen on his life, was far more than a little bit of actual rain. A major storm had descended on his life, and it was threatening to wash him away completely!

Despite the desperate work he had done, Roger was still forced to eat his light dinner from his dog bowl on the floor. And afterwards, he went back to his room where laid down on his carpet and stared at the ceiling for a while. His life was in shambles. He was losing his identity as Roger… and was being forced to see more and more of Candy instead. He was losing… himself. Majorly depressed and not meaning to, he fell asleep.

"Mr. Brinkley!" Janice's voice cut through the room. "What are you doing?"

"Huh?" Roger woke with a start.

"I was just doing some thinking," Roger managed to reply as he rolled over and got to his feet.

"The dog cage for you tonight, Mr. Brinkley. You've been in here all evening and I see no evidence at all that you've done anything toward your goal of becoming a woman! The dog cage!"

Oh hell! "But…"

"No Buts!" Janice said angrily. "Now get undressed… now!"

Five minutes later, Roger watched – from inside the cage – as Janice closed the lock… locking him in. He wanted to cry. There was no way he could stretch out at all. He hated the cage. He hated having to eat his meals from a dog bowl on the floor. And mostly, he hated Janice Stokley!

He pushed vainly with his back and legs against the bars of the cage to try to break it… but all he got was pain for his effort. Even more frustrated, he did his best to curl up into a ball and try to go to sleep. He didn't vow it… he didn't even fully think about it… but in the back of his mind, he knew he was going to have to make an even bigger effort… a constant effort… to avoid sleeping in the cage again. Not to mention being allowed to eat like a real person at the table. And the only way he could do that, was to turn himself into Candy even faster.

He was losing himself. He was losing who he was… Roger. And there was nothing he could do about it. He rolled over in the cage and again tried to push with his feet to stretch his muscles a bit. And again he was denied. He hated the cage! He hated being caged like… an animal.

"Roger dodger," Stan said as he set his tray down across the table from where Roger was eating.

Roger looked up to see not only Stan, but also Jennifer now setting her tray down next to him. Yeah, he was just betting those two were sleeping together! He did his best to ignore them… particularly Jennifer… and eat his lunch.

"You have gotten to be the most unfriendly person around!" Jennifer complained after a few moments.

Roger glanced up at her, then back down toward his lunch.

"Roger!" Stan said sharply to get his attention.

Roger looked up.

"What the hell is going on?"

"Just leave me alone." Roger replied before looking back down at this lunch again.

"Hell no!" Stan replied angrily. "Not till I know what's been eating at you!"

"Roger," Jennifer's voice added, "yesterday you told me to leave you alone… for my own good! What did you mean by that?"

Roger looked up at her… and Stan. He wasn't happy that she had asked that question. They wouldn't leave him alone. It was dangerous for them to keep prying into his life. And now they were starting to get into even more dangerous territory.

"Yeah," Stan said. What did you mean by that? Roger, are you into something dangerous?"

Before they could make matters any worse, Roger again got up from the table. But he stopped before walking out on them. "Just… leave me alone!" he said one more time. "Don't ask any more questions! For your own good – both of you… just drop it and leave me alone!" He hurried out, knowing he might have done more damage just then than he should have.

"What the hell?" Stan exclaimed as he watched Roger walking out. "Roger!" he called. "Roger!" But Roger didn't turn around, and a moment later, he was gone.

"He's afraid for both of us!" Jennifer noted as she still watched the door where Roger had disappeared.

Stan nodded. "Why? What's he gotten into that's so dangerous?"

"And what does that have to do with the weird way he's been behaving lately?" Jennifer added.

Roger fumed all the way back to his classroom. His friends just wouldn't leave him alone. Obviously they were better friends than he had ever thought. Friends who seemed to care about him more than he ever thought. But for this… caring about him could get them hurt. And because they were his friends, he had to protect them. Even if it meant driving them totally away, which is just what he knew he needed to do.

The rain had stopped falling… for now… as Roger stood in his backyard and surveyed the job ahead of him. The tree had fallen at a slight angle so it had just barely grazed the back of the house. He had cut some of it away yesterday, but that was only a tiny portion of the job ahead of him now. The entire tree needed to be removed before he could properly get to work fixing the damage to his house. He briefly thought about hiring a tree service to handle the job for him, but this was work that he was fully capable of doing himself, so he never gave that option another thought.

He went into his workshop and gassed up his chainsaw. Then, because he would be working with very heavy branches, he tightly strapped his back brace around his waist. Slipping a pair of work gloves onto his hands, he went out to work on the tree. His chain saw roared to life, and he went to work.

Jennifer saw the fallen tree as soon as she turned into Roger's driveway. She heard the sound of his chainsaw as she got out of her car. But the ground was so wet she was reluctant to

walk all the way around to the back of the house. Roger had a housekeeper, she quickly decided to see if the housekeeper would let her go through the house so she could go down the back steps to where Roger was working instead. She went up to the front door and rang the bell.

Janice was in the kitchen working on dinner when she heard the doorbell – a strange thing since nobody ever came to the house – fortunately! "Carol… she yelled to her daughter watching TV in the living room. "Will you get that please? I have my hands full here."

Carol immediately got up and opened the door. "Miss White!" she exclaimed, shocked to see her art teacher at the door.

Jennifer was equally surprised to see Carol open the door, even though she knew that Carol's mother was Roger's new housekeeper. "Hi Carol," she said. "I just stopped by to see Mr. Brinkley for a few minutes. Would you mind if I came through the house? It's a bit muddy out there."

"Who is it?" Carol heard her mother calling from the kitchen.

"Miss White, my art teacher, Carol yelled back." She turned her attention back to her teacher. "Uh… going through the house isn't going to help you," she started to explain.

"Your art teacher?" Janice interrupted as she walked quickly from the kitchen toward the front door. She was still wiping her hands with a dishtowel. "I'm Carol's mother, Janice Stokley," Janice introduced herself as she walked up. "Is there a problem with any of Carol's work?"

Jennifer shook her head. "No, I just stopped in to see Roger. I can hear him working out back, but it's a bit muddy out there and I thought I'd try going through the house instead."

"Oh!" Janice replied, forcing a smile to her face, but she was anything but pleased. Her mind instantly reviewed the way that Roger was currently dressed… just as she always insisted that he dress for his construction jobs now. But this was someone that he worked with at school. "Um… I'm afraid that the back door is completely unusable right now. We had a tree fall on the house yesterday."

"It hit the house?" Jennifer asked incredulously.

"Yes. Carol and I were in the kitchen when it happened. I can't tell you how frightened we were!"

"I don't doubt it!" Jennifer replied, her voice still shocked by what had happened.

"And the mess!" Janice continued. "The rain just wouldn't stop coming in. I mopped and mopped just to keep it from continually getting worse! It was hours before Mr. Brinkley managed to put a cover over it and keep the rain out."

"God!" Jennifer exclaimed, completely wide–eyed. "Was there much damage?"

"Evidently the back deck is completely destroyed as is the back door. And Mr. Brinkley told me that there is some roof damage as well. But he hasn't been able to assess things fully yet. He needs to remove the downed tree before he can do much more. And as you can imagine, he's quite busy with that." Janice was hoping that telling her how busy Roger was would convince this woman to just go away! But she didn't get any such luck.

"Sounds like Roger has a lot of work on his hands. I'll just go around and see him then."

That was the last thing that Janice wanted, but she wasn't going to have much of a choice in the matter. She was, "technically," only the housekeeper. It seemed that Roger's friends were about to see his new boots… and perhaps his pert little breasts as well. She only wished she could see out into the back yard to watch what happened, but that darn tree had taken that possibility completely away!

Jennifer walked carefully around the garage side of the house… stepping cautiously across the soft, overly soaked ground. She was glad she had bothered to go home and change… and had worn flats today. The sound of the chainsaw grew louder with each step. She came to the fallen tree itself. The thing was huge. She had no choice but to struggle a bit to climb over the thing. She heard the chainsaw stop. And now she saw him dragging some overly large branches out of the way toward the back of the yard. And… she saw the boots he was wearing. Not overly fancy boots, but without a doubt women's boots.

She walked closer and stopped as she watched him drop the branches in a pile with many others.

"Damn!" Roger grunted. Even the small branches were heavy! He did his best to throw the branches on top of others in the pile, but it was all he could do to just get the waterlogged branches up against the others he had already put there.

He turned around, and was totally shocked to see Jennifer standing by where he had been working. He was totally shocked… and panicked! "What are you doing here?" he asked as he hurried toward her.

"I came to try to talk to you," Jennifer replied as he got closer. She smiled… mischievously. "Nice boots by the way."

"What are you doing here?" Roger asked again.

"Like I said, I came to talk."

Roger shook his head. "I don't want to talk," he told her. "You really need to just leave… just go home. Forget about me. Okay?"

Jennifer shook her head. "Not on your life!" she replied stubbornly. "Are you wearing a bra today too?" she asked. "Stan said you were wearing one the other day when he saw you."

Roger didn't want to answer that. "Look, please just leave me alone," he pleaded.

"No Roger! I want to get to the bottom of this! I want to know why I need to stay away from you… for my own good! Stan too for that matter."

Roger shook his head. "Look Jennifer…"

"You are wearing a bra!" Jennifer suddenly exclaimed. "I can see your little breasts quite plainly now. Of course, that belt you're wearing makes them a bit more obvious."

Roger wanted to scream. "Yes! Okay? Yes, I'm wearing a damn bra. Now just leave it be! Leave me alone."

"Why? Both Stan and I get the impression that you think that being around you is dangerous. Why Roger? Why?"

"I didn't say that," Roger replied, trying to cover up the truth. He realized that Janice might be inside listening to everything… not that his mental conditioning would let him say anything out of place anyway.

"Then what the hell is going on?" Jennifer asked yet again.

Roger was so frustrated he couldn't speak. Why wouldn't she just go away? "Look, I've got work to do!" he said as he turned his back to her.

Jennifer watched him pick up his chainsaw. "I'm not leaving!" she called. His reply was the roar of the saw.

Inside the house, Janice had been doing her best to hear what was happening on the other side of the tarp. The two had been arguing about something. But she couldn't make out enough to tell what was going on. Neither of them had sounded happy about it though. Hearing the sound of the saw again, she decided on another plan.

Jennifer stood near the front of Roger's workshop as she watched him working. The boots he was wearing didn't have all that high a heel, so she wasn't that surprised that he didn't appear to be having any problem working in them. The boots were actually, somewhat practical… for a woman. But certainly not for a man. And certainly not for the kind of work he was doing just then. And, he was wearing them today… when he wasn't working for a client. So it was looking to her like there was more to this boots thing than just a gimmick to get customers. The bra too since she had seen the small breasts sticking out under his jacket. And because of all that, she was more determined than ever to not leave… and to get to the bottom of it all.

She was surprised to see his housekeeper, Carol's mother, coming around the far side of the house. She was carrying coffee mugs in each hand. She left her spot and headed toward her.

"I thought you and Mr. Brinkley might need some coffee," Janice said as Jennifer got near enough to hear over the sound of Roger's saw.

"Oh, that sounds great! Thank you." Jennifer replied as she took one of the hot mugs. She took a small sip from it immediately, then warmed her hands on the hot mug. She turned as the sound of the chainsaw ended again.

"Mr. Brinkley, coffee!" Janice called as she headed toward him.

Roger was surprised by the offer. He saw Jennifer drinking and got immediately frightened for her. Janice wouldn't have poisoned Jennifer's drink, would she? He certainly hoped not. He gratefully took the hot cup from Janice.

Janice's attention though was more focused on the odd very wide belt strapped tightly around Roger's waist… that forced his tiny breasts to be a bit more noticeable. "What are you wearing?" she asked. "I've never seen a belt like that before."

Roger looked down at the belt. "It's a back brace. This is heavy work. I don't want to hurt my back."

"Do you wear that often?" Janice asked.

"Not as much as I probably should," Roger admitted. "Mostly just when I know I'm going to be doing a lot of heavy lifting."

"I see," Janice replied thoughtfully. But now she suddenly remembered her real reason for being out there in the first place. "I just came out to see if your friend, Miss White, would like to stay for dinner." She turned toward her daughter's teacher. "I've cooked a large roast so there's plenty for everyone."

Jennifer immediately remembered tasting the chicken soup that Roger had brought to work last week. She glanced briefly at Roger who had a somewhat horrified look on his face. Why? "Sure. If you don't mind that is," she replied.

"Oh, it's no trouble at all," Janice told her. "No trouble at all."

Roger wanted to scream! Totally frustrated, he turned his back on them and headed back to his chain saw. He took another sip of his coffee, then set the mug on the ground. A moment later, he was angrily cutting branches again.

Since Roger was working… and also doing his best to ignore her, Jennifer decided try something else. "Mrs. Stokley," she said, "since Roger is a bit busy right now, is there any chance you might be willing to give me your recipe for that chicken soup he had last week?"

"My chicken soup?" Janice asked, somewhat surprised.

"Roger let me have a tiny taste of it at school one day. It was heavenly!"

Janice was pleased by the compliment. "Of course," she said as she turned to head back around toward the front of the house. "I don't have an actual recipe for it, but if you want to write it down while I finish preparing dinner, I'll be glad to tell you how I make it."

"That sounds perfect!" Jennifer replied.

Roger turned his head and saw Jennifer walking all too chummily next to the biggest nightmare he had ever met. He feared for his friend just then, but he didn't know what he could do about it. Janice wouldn't really hurt her, would she? She wouldn't poison her during dinner, would she? But Janice had claimed that she had never killed anyone in her life. And Roger now suspected that was true. She didn't actually kill her victims. What she did was far, far worse! Yes, he feared for Jennifer just then, but he was hoping that Janice wouldn't do anything to her tonight. At least, he didn't think she would.

"So how long have you known Mr. Brinkley?" Janice asked as she rinsed some vegetables in the sink.

"Several years now," Jennifer replied. "I guess I should tell you, Roger and I were… very close not that long ago."

Janice turned a bit toward her. "Very close?"

Jennifer blushed. "Very!" she replied.

"I see," Janice said as she turned back to her cooking. "What happened to end it? What did he do to you?"

"Roger? He didn't do anything. In fact, I broke off our relationship because I was afraid he was about to do something!"

Janice turned back to look at her again momentarily, then turned back to her task.

"I had a pretty good idea that he was getting ready to ask me to marry him," Jennifer explained.

Janice turned back to her again, and this time, kept looking at her. "And you didn't want that? It seems to me that a man like Mr. Brinkley would be a very good catch for any woman."

Jennifer nodded. "Yes, and you don't know how much I hated doing it, but… I had to break it off… for personal reasons."

"I see," Janice replied as she turned back to her work. "So Mr. Brinkley didn't do anything… wrong then."

"No, he was great. And… I'm afraid… I still do love him. Somewhat anyway. I don't know what's gotten into him now though with those women's boots and the bra he's obviously wearing as well. That's just downright weird! I never would have seen that coming!"

Janice wasn't sure how to reply to that, so she picked up on something else instead. "You still love him, you said?"

"Well, I at least have some pretty strong feelings for him."

"And yet, you dumped him," as you said.

"Yeah, like I said though, it was for personal reasons."

"Does Mr. Brinkley know those reasons?"

"No! And he doesn't need to know."

"I see," Janice said again as she grabbed a dishtowel to wipe her hands dry. "And now you're wondering why he's behaving so… strangely lately."

"Yeah. It's not him! I know him! And it's just… not… him!"

Janice nodded. “Maybe, just as you have personal reasons for not telling him your problems, he has personal reasons for what he does as well.”

“Do you know what’s going on?” Jennifer asked. “You’ve got to know something! You live here with him.”

“Miss White, what I may or may not know is of no consequence. I am merely Mr. Brinkley’s employee. It’s not my place to divulge any of his private concerns. You’ll have to ask him about that yourself.”

Jennifer just shook her head. “I keep asking, and all I get is the silent treatment.” A look of determination crossed her face. “But I’m not going to give up! Something major is going on with him. I don’t know what it is yet, but I’m going to find out what it is! What’s got him acting so… totally weird?”

Roger dreaded dinner. He wasn’t all dolled up as Candy today. Would Janice make him eat from his dog bowl like she always did… with Jennifer there? He prayed that wouldn’t be the case. He came back into the house through the front door and headed straight to his bedroom where he removed the jacket he had been wearing. His breasts were now fully on display. But because of Janice, he could do nothing at all about that. He was sure that Jennifer would bring the subject of them up again during dinner.

As he headed to the bathroom to wash his hands, he wondered for the millionth time what Janice and Jennifer had been discussing while he had been outside working. What had Janice told her about him… or about anything? He dried his hands on a towel and headed to the kitchen to find out. But every footstep was accompanied by dread.

As he entered the kitchen, he saw both Jennifer and Carol sitting at the table that had been fully set. His eyes automatically glanced to the corner where his dog bowl usually was. He saw no sign of it at all and breathed a silent sigh of relief. As was usually the case when Janice cooked, the kitchen smelled good. He did his best to smile and appear… happy. “It smells good in here,” he said, more as a greeting than anything else.

“Doesn’t it?” Jennifer agreed.

“What have you been talking about?” Roger chanced asking as he sat in his usual seat… when he was allowed to sit at the table.

“Oh… just this and that,” Jennifer replied. “I’ve just been telling Mrs. Stokley a bit about how Carol’s latest art project appears to be coming.”

Roger wasn't buying any of it. It all sounded… too normal… too friendly. And he knew better! But he played the game anyway and opted for the small talk. It was certainly better than talking about the silly breasts sticking out from his chest.

It was the nicest that Roger had talked with her in a while now. Jennifer made particular note of that as they discussed school stuff. Once the food was all on the table, she was about to start eating when Janice herself stopped her.

"If you don't mind, Miss White, we say grace in this house before we eat."

"Oh!" Jennifer exclaimed. "Of course." Grace? But she watched out of the corner of here eye, as Roger bowed his head as well, and listened as Janice thanked God for the food on the table, and the friends in their lives. But her thoughts were mostly on the fact that she doubted that Roger had ever said grace before a meal in his life!

Dinner was over, and Roger realized that it was as wonderful as ever. The one and only thing he liked about Janice Stokley was her cooking. He was quick to note that Jennifer had commented on it a number of times during the meal as well… for which Janice had looked pleased. But now the question was, how could he quickly get rid of Jennifer? And if he didn't do it soon, he wouldn't have much time to do anything at all toward becoming Candy – which would land him in the dog cage once again. And he didn't want that at all!

Before he even got up from the table, he turned to Jennifer. "So… you need to go home and get ready for school tomorrow or something?"

"Nope!" Jennifer replied laughingly. "I've got nothing I've got to worry about tonight at all."

Roger wished he could say that, and his worries were piling up the longer that Jennifer stayed. He tried another idea. "Well, I'm afraid I have to go out to the shop and sharpen that chain saw blade. It got more than enough use the last two days and it's getting pretty dull."

"Great!" Jennifer exclaimed. "I'll come out and watch you."

Once again, Roger wanted to scream.

Fifteen minutes later, Jennifer was perched on the old barstool that Roger kept by the bench in his workshop, watching as Roger took a file to each of the teeth on his saw. "Your Mrs. Stokley seems very nice," she said. "She's a great cook too."

Roger really wished Jennifer would just leave. "Yeah, I'll give her that, she can really cook!"

"Your house looked nice and clean too," Jennifer noted.

"Yeah, she does a good job with that too," Roger agreed without looking up from his work.

"So… what's really going on Roger?" Jennifer finally asked. "Look, it's just the two of us out here now. Nobody else from school is around. What the heck is really going on?"

"What do you mean?" Roger asked, somewhat horrified as he now looked up from his work.

Jennifer shook her head incredulously. "I mean… like with the boots, and your breasts. Face it Roger, you haven't exactly been acting like yourself lately!"

"Don't ask!" Roger said, purposely turning back to his work. "Please don't ask."

"Well I'm asking!" Jennifer demanded as she got up from the stool to get closer to him. "I'm asking right now. And I want an answer!"

"No!" Roger replied angrily. "Don't ask!"

"I'm asking!" Jennifer stated again. "Now what's really up with the boots and the breasts? Huh? There's got to be a reason for it, damn it! What the hell is going on?"

Roger was angry. He didn't know what to say. He looked over at her, and the words somehow tumbled out of his mouth. "I'm becoming a woman," he said as he looked away from her again.

"You're what?"

But Roger refused to answer.

Jennifer grabbed him, physically turning him around to look at her. "You're what?" she demanded again.

"I'm… becoming a woman," Roger said again, although much more sadly. He wasn't able to look her in the face.

Jennifer shook him a bit to get him to look at her. Then she released him, but she couldn't look away from his eyes. Sad eyes she realized. Very sad. "Why?" she asked.

"Because… I have to," was all that Roger was capable of replying.

"What do you mean, you have to?"

"Just… because… I have to. That's all there is to it," Roger told her. "Now don't ask anymore. Please! Just leave me alone!"

“I can’t Roger,” Jennifer replied much more calmly. “I still care about you.”

He looked over at her. “Then why did you leave me like you did?”

“I told you, I had my reasons. It was all me. Not you.”

“And yet you can climb into bed with Stan pretty easily.” Roger was almost as shocked that he had said it as he saw Jennifer was to hear it.

“That’s… not quite the way it is,” she replied. “We’re just… friends.”

“You’re not in bed together?”

“Well… I can’t say we haven’t been.”

Roger shook his head and turned away from her again. “He’s my friend too,” he said as he picked up his file and began scraping at the chain again. “Or at least… he was.”

“He still is, Roger! Damn you! Why can’t you see that? We both just want to help you!”

“Help me how? You can’t help me! Nobody can,” he added more quietly.

“Why not?”

“Because… you just can’t. That’s all.”

“That’s not an answer!”

“It’s all I have,” Roger replied, still trying to direct his attention to his task.

Jennifer was silent for a while as she watched him closely. “So tell me about this woman thing,” she said. “What brought that on?”

Roger looked at her, but only briefly. “Don’t ask,” he said before going back to work with his file.

Jennifer was silent for a few minutes more before she asked. “So how far do you intend to go with it?”

“With what?”

“With the woman thing. How far do you intend to go?”

He looked at her again. “As much of a woman as modern science can make me!” he repeated Janice’s demand for him.

Jennifer was a little shocked at how quickly and seriously he had said it. “You mean you intend to go all the way? A complete sex change?”

“As much of a woman as modern science can make me,” Roger repeated again as he turned back to his work.

Jennifer shook her head. “I’m afraid I never saw that coming! I thought I knew you better than that.”

“Well…” But he didn’t bother to add any more.

“So… how far have you gone with this thing?” she asked.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean… is it just the boots and the breasts, or do you wear other things too? Have you been to see a shrink yet?”

Roger sighed inwardly as he purposely kept working in his task. “No doctors… yet. But probably soon.”

Jennifer still couldn’t believe it. She was still having trouble even grasping that he would want anything like this. No matter what he said, she just couldn’t see him wanting to do something like this at all! “So… I guess you wear a bunch of dresses and stuff around the house all the time now? I mean, you obviously aren’t all that concerned with everyone knowing about it… other than at school… since you wear the boots and even show some breasts when you work a job somewhere.”

Roger looked up from his work again. “No,” he said quietly. “Not yet at least.”

“So those boots and the bra are the only clothes you have?”

He shook his head. “I wore a dress to church last week… and the week before too.”

“You what? To church?” Jennifer couldn’t even begin to comprehend that!

Roger smiled as he looked over at her and nodded. “To church.”

“What did they say?”

“Actually, everyone there was very accepting. They’ve been nothing but supportive of me since I started going there.”

Jennifer just shook her head, trying to picture Roger Brinkley wearing a dress – to church. It just wasn’t coming into focus for her. She went back to her earlier question. “So you’ve got a lot of other clothes then?”

He shook his head as he went back to his work. “Just a few things. I was planning on going shopping for more sometime this week.” He looked up and smiled at her again… almost mischievously. “I need a new dress for church. I’ve worn the same one twice in a row now.”

Jennifer was absolutely speechless again for a moment. It almost sounded like he really did want to become a woman. Why hadn’t she ever seen it in him before? She gulped before she was able to say anything at all. “So… you’re going shopping for more clothes this week?”

“Uh– huh,” he replied, still at work.

Jennifer continued to watch him working. Her head was spinning. She didn’t know what in the world to think. And finally, she simply asked. “You want some company?”

Roger looked up quickly. “Company? What do you mean?”

“For shopping. Do you want to go shopping together?”

Roger’s stomach gave a major lurch. “Um…” He shook his head. “Maybe I better not.”

“Oh come on,” Jennifer pushed. “It will be fun. Besides, maybe I can help you with something.”

If Roger thought his stomach felt bad before, it just went from bad to worse. Much, much worse!

Chapter 32.

"You won't hurt her, will you?"

"Why Mr. Brinkley, whatever do you mean?" Janice asked.

"Jennifer," he explained. "You won't hurt her, will you?" He had just spent the last few minutes telling Janice about how Jennifer had hounded him until he finally told her that he was becoming a woman. The only part that Janice had really seemed to be concerned over though, was what he had told Jennifer about why he was doing it… Why he had to become a woman. The fact that he couldn't tell her anything at all about that had seemed to ease Janice's concerns.

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice said, "as I'm sure you're well aware of by now, I'm a very great advocate of women. Miss White seems to be a beautiful young woman who genuinely cares about you." She smiled just a bit. "I probably shouldn't mention this, but she still harbors strong affectionate feelings for you."

Roger grunted. "She has a funny way of showing it."

"Perhaps," Janice replied. "She did tell me though that she had to break off your relationship… for personal reasons, as she put it. So just as you are unable to tell her the real reasons behind you becoming a woman, it appears that she is keeping her reasons for leaving you, to herself as well. I'm afraid that you're just going to have to settle yourself with that and take it as it is."

"It doesn't help," Roger complained.

"I'm sure it doesn't. But does it help her, that you can't fully explain why you are becoming a woman?"

Roger shook his head. "I guess not."

Janice nodded. "Good!" She looked at him standing in front of her. He looked sad and concerned. Defeated. And he had good reason to be. "Mr. Brinkley, I'm not foolish enough to think that you can succeed in this little venture entirely on your own. You're going to need help. A lot of help I'm sure. There are friends at church that I'm hoping you will take advantage of. I have no doubt that you can learn a lot from several of them. And if your Miss White is willing to aid you toward this goal as well, then I have absolutely no problem with that… just so long as she never finds out the true reason behind your transformation. I'm afraid that she came as somewhat of a surprise to me," Janice admitted. "I never foresaw the interest she seems to be showing toward this."

“It’s coming as something of a worry for me!” Roger interjected.

“Why is that?”

“Because… I was worried about what you might do to her if she gets too close!”

“Mr. Brinkley, as I said, I’m a great advocate of women. I would go out of my way to not involve or hurt another woman in any way at all… unless it was absolutely necessary.”

That last part worried Roger. He also noted that she had said nothing at all about men in her statement.

“So you don’t mind that she knows?”

“You becoming Candy, has to get out to the world sooner or later. It’s inevitable. And perhaps she can help you more than you think. I have no doubt that she could be quite helpful to you on that little shopping trip you two have planned.”

Roger nodded. “It scares me to death though.”

“Why is that?”

“It’s just… going to be embarrassing! And I guess because… I still like her so much.” He tried to look at Janice a bit more boldly. “Is there any way you can remove this curse from me?”

“Curse, Mr. Brinkley?”

“Where my stupid cock turns to ice every time I look at her!”

Janice nearly laughed. “Every time you look at her? It seems you do still harbor a lot of feelings for her as well! I’m sorry Mr. Brinkley, but that… curse as you called it, will remain. Think of it this way… as you become a woman, whatever would you do with her anyway with that silly thing between your legs? No, I’m afraid you’re going to have to get used to dealing with women on a much different level now than you ever have before. And perhaps this… curse, as you called it, may be a great of help toward that.”

Then she did let out a bit of a laugh. “I’m afraid Mr. Brinkley, that I’m actually finding your situation with Miss White to be quite funny. You love her… and she loves you too. Or as least she cares for you a great deal. And the very woman you love, and who loves you, will now be aiding in turning you into something she can’t love. She will be helping to turn you into a beautiful, sexy woman… just as she is. She will be aiding in the process of ridding you

of any possibility of having a sexual relationship with her at all… despite the fact that right now, I'm quite sure that that's all you really want from her."

Roger… didn't find anything funny about the situation at all! He didn't care if the scowl on his face over it bothered Janice one bit… which he could see that it didn't.

"Time to get ready for bed now, Mr. Brinkley. I'm afraid it's the cage for you again tonight since you were unable to spend any time at all toward your future goal. Crawl into your cage, and I'll be in in a few minutes to put the lock on it myself."

Roger wanted to scream! There was just no winning! Defeated, he turned away.

"Mr. Brinkley!" Janice called, turning him around again. "I'm going to be away tomorrow afternoon and evening again on business. Most likely, I will be away at those hours for most of the week. Just so you know, I will be leaving Carol in charge of you again. If you wish, you may go shopping with your Miss White… without Carol being present. Hopefully, I should be home before you go to bed each evening, but in the case that I'm not, it will be Carol who decides where and how you sleep. Understood?"

All Roger's mind could picture though, was how cruel Carol liked to be. He nodded that he understood. The cage again tonight. And if Carol had any say in the matter, he was sure she would lock him into it every night – no matter what he did toward becoming Candy!

"He's what?" Stan exclaimed.

"He says he's going to become a woman. Surgery and all!" Jennifer replied through her phone.

"What the hell is going on with him now?"

"I think it's the same thing that's been going on with him all along."

"I just don't see it!" Stan replied. "I simply can't believe it!"

"You can imagine how surprised I was… still am for that matter. I was nearly engaged to him!"

"You were?"

"Don't go there!" Jennifer warned.

"Shit! Why the hell would he want to do a stupid think like that?"

"I don't know. He still won't really tell me anything at all!"

"But at least you got that far with him," Stan noted. "It's a lot more than I've been able to pry out of him."

"We're going shopping together after dinner tomorrow night."

"Shopping?"

"For clothes!" Jennifer added. "Get this… he needs a new dress for church. Claims he wore the one he has now – to church – twice already!"

"Geeezusss…" Stan swore. "I still can't believe it!"

"Well, I'm going to try to get something more out of him tomorrow. If he claims he wants to be a woman so badly, then maybe I'll push him a bit. See just how much he likes shopping for feminine things. Maybe we'll see then if he's serious about this or not."

"Good!" Stan replied… then he thought better of the idea. "Jennifer…"

"Yeah?"

"Are you having dinner with him too tomorrow? Or just shopping?"

"Good night Stan!"

Janice had a lot to do. She had to be in Augusta tonight to observe Joseph Halifax again. But before she could do that, she had planning that still needed to be done, arrangements to make, money that had to be spent, and of course, the laundry that still had to be taken care of. But she wasn't tackling any of the items on her list at all. Instead, she was walking around the side of the house heading for Roger's workshop… where he kept his tools.

As usual, the door to the workshop was unlocked. She didn't understand how Roger could be so trusting about his tools. She went inside and found the switch to turn the light on. The item she was looking for was lying on top of a pile of boards across from his workbench. She picked it up.

The back brace he had worn while working on the fallen tree was even wider in the back than it was in the front. To her, the thing almost resembled a short form of an old–fashioned corset. She was surprised to note how rigid the thing appeared to be and upon further examination, discovered that the thing had what felt like very rigid boning going all the way around. As far as she could tell, the thing actually was… a corset!

Setting the thing back where she had found it, she went back into the house. She had planning still to do… arrangements that still had to be made… money that would have to be spent… and that still didn't include the laundry that was still waiting for her to do. And of course, none of that included the corset she was going to order for Roger – before she did anything else!

Stan wasn't sure if he wanted to set his lunch tray down in front of Roger or not. What he really wanted to do was to yell at him and beat some sense into him for the dumb–ass ideas that were suddenly screwing up his head. Not to mention that he suddenly wasn't all that sure he wanted to be anywhere near Roger anymore. But a friend was a friend. And he was still convinced that there was something major wrong with Roger's life… beyond this idiotic idea that he wanted to become a woman. That was just plain stupid! So against his better judgment, he plopped his tray down on the table in front of Roger… and sat down. And all he got from Roger for it was a brief look of annoyance… before Roger buried his head in his lunch and refused to look at him.

He wanted to confront Roger about this idea of his to become a woman, but Jennifer had told him about that on the phone last night in confidence. So he held his tongue… for now.

"Move!" Jennifer said from behind his shoulder.

"Say what?" Stan replied… surprised to even see her there.

"I said move. Go sit somewhere else."

"Why? I just sat down!"

"Tough, now move!"

"What for?"

"Because Roger and I have things to discuss that I'm fairly sure you won't be interested in. So move."

"Who says I'm not interested? You know perfectly well that I'll do anything to help him."

Jennifer just shrugged a bit. "I guess you can stay if you want. In fact, it should be interesting to find out exactly how you feel about the latest spring fashions that are out in the stores now?"

"The what?"

"Do you, or do you not want to sit here and discuss dress styles with us?"

Stan looked at her like she was crazy… which he was fairly sure she was. But he quickly picked up his tray and walked away. Jennifer happily set her tray down where his had been. "That was easy," she said as she took his seat. She saw Roger looking at her with a shocked expression on his face. Was he frightened too? She actually hoped so. She leaned forward a bit toward him and giggled. "Girl talk time!"

Roger's lunch nearly came up.

"So what are you wearing tonight?" Jennifer asked as she picked up her fork.

"What do you mean?"

"What are you wearing? It's a simple question. What clothes are you going to wear to go shopping in?"

"Oh. I don't know. Probably just what I've got on. Maybe without the tie and jacket though."

Jennifer looked at him like he was crazy. "Roger, how are you going to try on dresses if you don't have any… breasts to see how well they fit?"

Try on dresses? "Uh… I guess I'll be wearing a bra too," he replied. Actually, thanks to Janice, that much was a certainty. He noticed at least that Jennifer looked a lot more satisfied.

"So you're not going all out tonight?" she asked.

"All out?"

Jennifer just looked at him for a moment. "Do I have to repeat everything twice? Get with it! You're not dressing totally as a woman tonight… to go shopping for women's clothes?"

"Uh… I hadn't planned on it," Roger replied.

"Okay, at least we've gotten that far. Why not?"

"Uh… because it's embarrassing?"

"And you think trying on dresses, while dressed as a man, won't be?"

"Uh… I have no doubt it will."

"Suit yourself," Jennifer said nonchalantly before she stuffed a forkful of lettuce into her mouth.

Roger couldn't eat. He just sat there and stared at Jennifer for a few moments while she ate. He noticed his cock was becoming cold again, but he did his best to ignore it. That was certainly a no–win situation! Despite the subject, he felt like he should say something else. "Um… one of the main reasons I need to go shopping," he started, "is because I need more things to wear. All I really have is that one outfit I've worn to church, and that's it."

"Outfit?" Jennifer asked, seizing on the word.

"Yeah. I only have one dress."

"You said outfit. What do you wear with it?"

"Nothing, really."

"You mean you go to church wearing just the dress… and otherwise you're naked?" she kidded.

"Noooo! I wear underwear and shoes… and a bra of course!"

"Are the shoes you wear the same boots you wear everywhere else?"

"Huh? Uh… no. I have another pair."

"Well what are they like for heaven's sake! Describe them to me. You can't want to be a woman without being interested in details like that!"

"Uh… okay," Roger replied somewhat uncertainly. "Um… they're black, and they have this strap that I have to buckle across my ankle. And the heels on them are pure hell!"

Jennifer laughed. "They sound divine! So why aren't you going to wear them tonight?"

"Um… because they won't go with the rest of what I'm wearing?"

Jennifer giggled. "I guess not. So… does your dress have pockets, or do you have to hold everything in your hands?"

Ugh! Roger just knew he was going to be in for a very, very difficult evening.

Joseph Halifax pulled his red Corvette into his driveway and drove quickly and carelessly around to the back of his building. He pushed the button in his car to open his garage door and slowly started to pull in before the door was even fully open. He turned off his engine and pushed the same button again to close the garage door after him. Getting out of his car,

he walked the few steps to the elevator. He was happy to see that it was already on the ground floor so he didn't have to wait for it. Entering it, he closed the elevator door and pushed the button to take him up to the top floor where his apartment was. He never noticed the door to the stairway at the other end of the garage closing. He had never even thought to look in that direction.

Janice raced up the stairs. She was panting by the time she got to Halifax's floor. She didn't have time to stop to catch her breath, but very slowly and carefully, she opened the door leading out to the hallway on that floor. Carefully poking her head partially out, she was just in time to see Halifax starting to punch in his security code before opening his door and disappearing.

This wasn't going to work. She needed more time. She needed a better way. Fortunately, she had a pretty good idea of just what she would need to do. Quietly, she headed back down the stairs to head back home again. Such a long trip for such a tiny amount of information. But it was necessary. And she would be doing it again tomorrow. But as her mind replayed over and over again what had occurred during her little experiment, she realized that maybe she wouldn't need to come back tomorrow at all. Her "plan" just needed a little more… refinement.

Carol's head never moved, but her eyes did. She sat at the kitchen table and watched as Roger put one of the dishes her mother had prepared earlier for their dinner, into the microwave. Her mother was gone on business again. She had a vague idea of what that business was, but of course, she knew no details at all. The only thing that kept this trip of her mother's foremost on her mind, was something that her mother had told her earlier this morning – that she would need her help with something later in the week. Her mother had never asked for her help in these matters before. And now she was looking forward to it.

She studied the way Roger was dressed… the stupid fake breasts were fairly easy to spot under his dress shirt, but they weren't nearly as noticeable as she would have liked… noticeable enough to embarrass him far more than she knew he already was. She was still a bit upset over the fact that her mother had told her that Roger would be allowed to go shopping without her. And that he would be going with Miss White. She desperately wanted to see that. But her mother had said…

The bell on the microwave dinged, and she watched as Roger pulled her dinner out for her. She watched as he set the dinner on the table in front of her. "You know where you have to eat!" she said, still never taking her eyes off of him. And she watched as he sighed disappointedly, and dumped his dinner into his dog dish… and carried it to his corner… and bent down to eat it – like the dog he really was! The sight brought a cruel smile to her face.

Carol picked up her fork and began eating, but still her eyes stayed on him. His breasts weren't as noticeable under that shirt as she thought they should be. Her mother wasn't letting her

go along on the shopping trip with him like she wanted to. And she was totally in charge of him otherwise. Her mind churning, her eyes never once leaving him, she started eating.

As usual, she saw him finish eating before she did. He ate amazingly fast all the time – even without the aid of any utensils. Much like a real dog would eat she supposed. She saw him get to his feet. She saw him pour himself a cup of coffee. And she saw him start to walk out of the kitchen with it as he usually did.

"Wait a minute!"

Roger turned.

"I want you to wear something else," Carol told him.

Warily, Roger asked, "What?"

Leaving what was left of her dinner, Carol led the way back toward his room. "Get those clothes off," she ordered without even looking back at him.

The fear in Roger's stomach grew immensely… and it prevented him from pulling his clothes off right away.

"I said get undressed… now!" Carol said much more forcefully. "Momma put me in charge! You have to do whatever I tell you to! Now get those clothes off!"

Roger's mental conditioning forced him to start removing his clothes quickly. That same mental conditioning told him he had no choice but to do whatever Carol wanted him to do. He had to do whatever Janice ordered. And she had made sure to include Carol in that mind warping conditioning as well. He… had… no… choice. And Carol… was downright cruel!

"Take that bra off as well," Carol instructed as she opened his dresser and started searching the top drawer. She found what she was looking for at the very back, and at the very bottom of all of his bras. She pulled one out. Perfect! "Here, put this one on instead."

Roger took the bra, although he'd much rather not. It wasn't one of the small ones he always wore now, it was one of the very large size that Carol had bought for him while Janice was still in prison. Reluctantly, he fastened the thing around his chest.

Carol looked him over. He was naked except for the pink and white panties he was wearing and the bra she had just given him. She would have liked to overstuff that bra to immense proportions, but something told her that wouldn't be a good idea this time. The last time she had made him wear one of the extra–large bras, she had stuffed some of his shirts into it to overly fill it. This time she needed something much… smaller! But the usual sock balls he used

with his smaller bras every day weren't going to be big enough. Searching his dresser, he pulled out two pairs of pantyhose from his drawer. Since they weren't rolled overly tight, they would work better than the socks he usually used. They weren't as big as she would like… not even as big as they needed to be, but it was all she could come up with at the time.

Unhappily, Roger stuffed a rolled up pair of pantyhose into each of the cups of his bra. At least it was better than some of the things he had been forced to wear there. Unfortunately, as soon as he had finished with that, Carol was handing him another pair of pantyhose! "Put these on too!" Carol told him. Ugh!

Thirty minutes later, Carol checked him over carefully and smiled. The light blue short sleeved pullover shirt she had pulled out of his closet stretched tightly over his larger breasts. You couldn't miss them now. His pants hid the pantyhose he was wearing… until you got down to his feet that were now encased in his very high heeled shoes. She had made him put on just a tiny bit of makeup… not like he usually wore, but enough that if you looked at him, you could tell he was wearing it. She had seriously considered making him wear his wig, but decided against it because there was too much of a chance that someone might actually mistake him for a woman. But to finish his "look," she had handed him his purse and made him put everything from his pockets into it. "Okay, now you're ready," she said. "Have fun tonight," she added with an overly delighted smile.

Roger simply wanted to die. He no longer wanted to walk out the door at all let alone go shopping… let alone go shopping with Jennifer. He was desperately trying to find some way to argue… or at least get out of something, but the darn brain–washing Janice had warped his mind with wouldn't let him. He simply looked pleadingly at Carol for a moment, not enjoying the cruel smile on her face at all.

"Go!" she ordered in no uncertain terms. And Roger found himself turning and opening the door, and leaving to go shopping… with Jennifer.

He was already late. He knew that. But Carol had made him late. Carol and her cruel games. He dreaded pulling his truck into Jennifer's driveway. He dreaded letting her see him dressed as he was even more. And he certainly wasn't looking forward to going shopping dressed like this either! Carol hadn't even given him a chance to grab a jacket before he left the house. A jacket might have hidden his larger breasts at least a little bit.

As he parked his truck, he saw Jennifer rushing out of her door to meet him. She ran to his truck and stopped next to his door instead of going around to the passenger side to get in. He rolled his window down.

"Why don't we take my car?" she asked. "That way I don't have to climb…" And then she stopped speaking for a moment. "Are you wearing makeup?" she asked.

Roger felt his face growing red. “Just a little,” he admitted.

Jennifer wasn’t sure what to think about that, so she forced herself to smile. “Nice,” she said… even though she couldn’t really see it that well. “Anyway… let’s take my car.”

Roger had a lot of grave misgivings about letting her see the way he was dressed, but he knew she was going to see him one way or another. Slowly, he opened his door… and grabbed his purse… and let his high–heeled feet slide down toward the ground below.

“Roger,” Jennifer exclaimed, “you wore your other shoes too?” But as he got further out of his truck, she now couldn’t help but notice his larger “breasts.” And you’ve certainly padded your top a lot more as well! To tell the truth, the bigger size looks a lot better on you. Your other bra was much too small for your frame.”

“Uh… thanks,” Roger replied sheepishly as he stood there and let her look him over.

“So… I take it this is all you have other than your one dress?” she asked.

“Pretty much,” Roger replied.

“And you decided to wear all of it this time?” she asked.

Roger just shrugged.

Jennifer continued to look him over. He looked ridiculous! But if he was willing to go out in public looking like this, then maybe he really was serious about becoming a woman… eventually anyway… because he had a very, very long way to go! “You look silly,” she said.

“I know.”

“But… at least I guess, you tried.”

Roger said nothing again.

Feeling somewhat unsure about being out in public with him, Jennifer turned toward her car. “Let’s go,” she said. “I like your purse by the way.”

Roger declined to thank her for the comment. He felt foolish enough.

“Did you tell Stan?” Roger asked as soon as she had backed out of her driveway.

“Tell him what?”

"About what I'm doing?" Roger asked.

It was a short moment before Jennifer replied. "Yes."

Roger wasn't happy about that. But he knew it would be inevitable. More so after tonight. "I'm kind of hoping this doesn't get out too soon," he said. "It wouldn't be good for the kids to hear about this before school gets out. After that… I won't be there anymore."

"I'll let him know," Jennifer replied. "But I don't know if he told anyone else already."

"Let's hope not."

"Where to?" she asked brightly, trying to lighten Roger's seeming gloomy mood.

"I don't know. You probably know better where to shop than I do. I'd rather not be too close to home though if possible. I'd rather not run into anyone I know."

That made sense to Jennifer. Besides, she wasn't sure she wanted anyone she knew to see her with him! She headed for Gainesville instead of anyplace closer.

"Roger," Jennifer stated flatly, "I'm not going to pick out a dress for you! You're going to have to look and find what you like yourself. I'm more than willing to let you know what I think about it, but you're going to have to shop for yourself!"

"I'm trying," Roger replied. "I just don't know… what to look for."

"A dress! You've got a whole store full of them to choose from."

Roger rolled his eyes, but he moved closer to one of the racks of dresses that surrounded them. For the middle of the week, he wasn't all that happy to see so many people in the store. He wasn't sure how happy they were to see him either. But he didn't have much choice in the matter. Jennifer had said he looked silly. He knew without a doubt that he looked just plain stupid! Well, he guessed he better start getting used to doing this kind of shopping anyway. No doubt in the future he would be doing a lot more of it. Summoning up his courage, he did his best to ignore everyone else around him and started rummaging through the dresses in front of him, trying to figure out if each dress would be something decent that he could wear to church.

"What happened to that wig they put on you when you got your makeover?" Jennifer asked as she watched him shopping – finally.

"It's at home," Roger replied.

"You wore everything else, but you left the wig home? You didn't think it might make you look more like a woman so at least some of these people here might not stare at you so much?"

"I didn't think about it," Roger replied. There was no way that he was going to tell her that it was Carol who insisted that he dress as he did. And in fact, he never even considered wearing the wig.

"Yet you wore makeup and everything else," Jennifer noted.

"Not everything," Roger replied, a bit sarcastically. "I didn't wear my dress."

"Well you might have worn that too… as well as the wig! Damn, Roger. I saw the before and after pictures from that makeover you got. I was surprised that whoever did it made you look that good!"

"Me too," Roger agreed.

"Well if you could learn to do your makeup like that, then if you just dressed a bit… more consistently anyway instead of half man and half woman, don't you think that at least some of the people around you might ignore you instead of everyone thinking you're the center of attention?"

"I'm working on it," Roger replied, although his tone of voice was anything but happy.

Jennifer came up behind him and put her hand on his shoulder, which earned him a rather uncomfortable frigid jolt in the usual expected place. "Sorry," she said. "I know this has to be embarrassing for you. And probably somewhat difficult too."

"You think?" Roger replied, still not happy with the situation. "I'm sorry too. This is all something I have to learn to do. I just have no clue how to go about any of it or what it is I need to be looking for. This is all so new to me and I haven't exactly had much help."

"And I still can't understand why you're doing it," Jennifer said. "Like I told you before, I never imagined you doing something like this."

"Me either, I guess," Roger replied. "But I'm doing it."

"I just don't get the why's of it?"

Roger just shook his head. "Don't ask. Please don't ask."

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying that! It doesn't help!"

To change the subject, Roger pulled one of the dresses out further. “What do you think of this?”

Jennifer looked at it. “It’s as nice as any of the others. Are you sure you want that style?”

Roger looked carefully at the dress. “What’s wrong with it?”

“Nothing at all. I just figured that since you really don’t have that much of a figure… not counting your bigger breasts tonight, that you might want to go with something with a belt instead. That would help give you more of a waistline than what you’ve got now… which is none.”

“See, that’s why I need help. Little things like that are what I don’t know.” Smiling, he put the dress back and searched out ones with belts instead.

Ten minutes later, Roger carried two different dresses into the changing room to try them on.

“Want some help?” Jennifer asked before he entered.

Roger was about to say no, but he thought of something first. “If I say yes, will that mean that I won’t have to come out here to show you how they look?”

“Of course! I mean, you can stay in there and decide it for yourself without coming out, but I’d really like to see them… on you!”

Roger had a lot of misgivings about that. But one glance around showed him several people who seemed to be looking at him. He’d rather not let them see him coming out of there with a dress on. So against his better judgment he said, “Okay, I guess.”

Jennifer didn’t need any further invitation.

Roger’s first problem to overcome was the intense cold that invaded his groin the moment he even thought about undressing in front of her. And since the room was so small and she was so close, that made things even worse! Gritting his teeth, he did his best to ignore the outright painful cold that still seemed to be growing.

“Are you okay?” Jennifer asked. “You look like you’re in pain.”

“It’s nothing,” Roger replied.

“Sure?”

He nodded and began removing his shirt. A minute later, his top was only covered by the large size bra he had on.

"What's in there?" Jennifer asked before he could get any further. She turned him around so she could see his bra cups better, and then she pulled one out to peer inside. "Pantyhose!" she exclaimed softly. "They don't fill that bra very well," she noted. "There's a lot of empty space left over. You really need something better to put in there."

Roger couldn't say anything yet, because her touch was nearly killing him with frigid cold pain. No, there was certainly no danger of him getting a hard–on with her tonight! "Like what?" he finally managed to grunt out.

"Like better breast forms. You know, like the kind that women use if they get a mastectomy. But you know what you really need?"

"What," Roger managed to get out of his mouth where his jaw was practically locked in position.

"You need a different bra!"

There were a number of things Roger thought of saying… or asking… but the shortest reply was the easiest to get out of his mouth. "I do?"

Jennifer turned him around and pulled out the back strap of his bra and checked the tag inside. "I thought so. That bra is way, way too big. I don't know what warped kind of fantasies you were thinking of when you bought it, but if you want to look somewhat normal, I wouldn't go trying to sport that kind of breasts all over the place. And obviously those 'A' cup bras you wear everywhere else are really too small for your size."

"So?" Roger got out, easier than he expected.

"So… for you… maybe you should consider something more the size of a 'C' cup instead. That's just my opinion though. It's your figure that you'll be showing off. But if you want to show overly large boobs, then go for it!"

Roger blinked as he felt himself starting to get a little more used to the pain in his very sensitive area. "Will you help me find one?"

Jennifer smiled. "I'll be happy to. Now let's see that red dress on you first. I think that should look really nice on you!"

Nice? On him? Roger had some serious doubts about that!

Janice raised her eyebrows as Carol delightedly told her how she had dressed Roger for his shopping "date." The words, "poor Roger" sprang to her mind, yet she really felt no sympathy for him at all. The fact that she was home but he hadn't returned yet had her somewhat concerned. "It sounds wonderful, dear. I can't wait to see him. I'm really only surprised that he hasn't returned yet."

Carol's face clouded a bit. "He's been gone quite a while now. Maybe we should call him," she suggested.

Janice nodded and headed for her purse to grab her cell phone. But as she did, she saw the lights from his truck turning into the driveway. "Here he is now," she said, somewhat relieved. Two minutes later, she held the front door open so he could come in. He had several large bags in his hands. "Have a good trip?" she asked.

Roger wasn't sure how to answer that, so he held up the bags and replied, "At least I got more stuff." For which he heard Carol giggle.

"I'd love to see what you bought," Janice said as she closed the front door again.

Roger had no doubt at all that she would. Carol too for that matter!

"And how did things go with Miss White today?" Janice asked as she studied the way Carol had dressed him. "Did she find the way you look… interesting?"

Roger rolled his eyes as he headed for the couch in the living room. "She thought I looked silly!" he stated. Then he added, "But at the same time, I think she appreciated some of what I wore. I think she just thought that if I was going to dress as a woman, at least somewhat, to go out and buy women's clothes, then I should have gone a lot further with it so I wouldn't have been the center of attention for most of the other shoppers. She wasn't too happy about that." He looked over toward Carol. "Neither was I." The only reaction from Carol for that was her giggle. She would!

"All the more reason for you to continue making progress on your journey toward becoming Candy," Janice noted.

Roger purposely didn't reply to that. Instead, he took one of the bags in his hands and opened it, and simply dumped the contents out on the couch. He picked up three white bras. "Jennifer suggested that I go with 'C' cup bras instead of the small ones I usually wear… or the extra–large ones like I've got on now. She thought I might look more normal with the 'C' cup. So I went ahead and got some. And we found some of these breast forms to go in them," he added as he set the bras in a pile on the couch and then set the forms on top of

them. He wasn't sure how either Janice or Carol would take that… since Carol had purposely gotten him the extra–large bras to begin with.

"Sounds quite reasonable to me," Janice replied. "A woman of your age and height would most likely have far bigger breasts than you normally show."

"I like the really big ones on him, Momma," Carol said.

"Yes, I'm sure you do dear. And for special occasions I'm sure they will undoubtedly be quite interesting. But Mr. Brinkley is in the process of becoming as much of a woman as we can possibly make him. We don't want him to become a mockery of women instead. That would reflect badly on not only us, but all women."

"I still like the bigger ones," Carol replied, only less determinedly.

Roger noticed Janice simply rolling her eyes before turning back to the items on the couch. He picked up a simple cotton nightgown, but he left it folded. "You said I could wear one of these at night now," he told her as he held up the still folded gown."

"Open it up," Janice requested, "so we can see it."

Roger let the folds fall out of it as he found the shoulders to hold it by. It was a simple cotton nightgown with just a tiny flower print on the material.

"Very nice," Janice said. "And you may wear it tonight when you go to sleep," she confirmed.

Roger was glad. More so because it meant that he wouldn't be sleeping in the cage tonight! He turned back to what was on the couch and opened another bag and pulled out several items. Setting the pile on the couch, he held up and displayed a short sleeved patterned pullover top and another pullover top done in a bold multi–colored flower pattern. "I figured these would be good to wear around the house here… and maybe allow me to eat at the table now," he added.

"That of course depends on what else you're wearing along with them," Janice replied.

For his answer, Roger grabbed and held up a tan denim style skirt. "How about with this?" he asked.

"That should go quite well with those pretty tops," Janice agreed. "However, you're still going to have to make an effort with your makeup… and I think your wig will need to be included as well."

Roger just nodded. He set the skirt down and picked up the last thing he had pulled out of the bag. “I wasn’t sure if you would let me go with any pants yet, but I got these just in case,” he said as he held up a pair of women’s jeans with silver designs stitched in the back pockets.

“Mr. Brinkley,” Janice replied, “other than for church, how often have you seen Carol or myself wearing dresses and skirts? Well, I admit that I tend to wear them far more often than Carol does, especially comfortable ones around the house. But either way, pants are very much an acceptable form of dress for women, and I see nothing wrong with you wearing them either.”

Roger felt much more relieved. He also made a mental note to get more pants. A lot more pants!

“And how about something different to wear to church?” Janice asked. “Did you manage to find something for that as well?”

For that, Roger opened his final bag and withdrew his new dress. “Jennifer said she really liked this on me,” he said as he held the thing up so they could see it better. It was a dark red dress with black showing inside each of the pleats on the skirt. There was also a thin black belt encircling the waist.”

“Very nice, Mr. Brinkley. Very nice indeed! I can’t wait to see you in it.” Her face clouded just a bit. “But I’m afraid that Carol and I won’t be here to see you wear it to church this coming Sunday. You’re going to have to go without us.”

“Can’t I just skip going this week?” Roger asked hopefully.

“Of course not, Mr. Brinkley! There is no reason at all why you can’t attend without us being there! You even have several new friends there now who I’m more than sure are looking forward to seeing you there. No, you will have to make the journey yourself. Carol and I will simply have to wait until we get home that night before we can see how you look in your new dress.”

Roger nodded. He wasn’t happy about that at all. But at least everyone in the church had been very kind to him. And… he wouldn’t have to worry about going to that stupid restaurant afterwards!

“Mr. Brinkley,” Janice said as he was putting the clothes back in the bags. “I will be keeping Carol home from school on Friday. I’m afraid that I’m going to need her with me. We will be leaving here sometime Friday morning and will most likely not return until Sunday evening sometime. I expect that whenever you are here in the house, you will endeavor to become Candy as much as you possibly can. I expect you to continue to find ways to improve yourself

every single day. There can be no let–up Mr. Brinkley… whether Carol or myself is here or not. Is that understood?"

Roger just nodded sadly. Even without them there, he was still doomed to becoming – Candy. A small thought occurred to him. "Carol is going to miss school on Friday. You know we have a major test in that class next week."

"Fear not, Mr. Brinkley. I will make sure that she stays on top of her studies while we are gone."

Roger just nodded. Actually, despite the fact that he had to continue to be Candy as much as possible, he was very much looking forward to having both Carol and Janice completely out of his life… if only for just a few days.

"Now," said Janice. "There is just one other thing."

"Yes?" Roger asked.

"Do you have a ladder I can borrow for a few days?"

"A ladder?"

Stan checked the clock. Jennifer hadn't called yet to tell him how things went with the shopping trip she was supposed to take with Roger. Of course, she never said she would call. Were they back yet? He was tempted to call her to find out if she was home. He knew he was fretting about it more than he should, but he couldn't help it. Was she home yet… alone? Or were she and Roger in bed together… picking up the romance they once had and starting it up again?

Roger was still dressed exactly as he had been while he was out shopping. He was glad that Janice had readily agreed that he had done enough so that he wouldn't have to sleep in the cage. But he barely gave that nightmare another thought. He was staring at what he could see of himself in the makeup mirror that was propped up on his dresser. He really couldn't see much of the clothes he was wearing at all, but he wasn't worried about seeing them. He was looking at himself, but he wasn't seeing the image reflected in the mirror. His mind was looking elsewhere.

His mind conjured up a picture of himself as Roger, but the image was becoming more and more faded… while at the same time, a still vague and foggy image of Candy was starting to superimpose itself over top. But how much longer would it be before that vague foggy image of Candy became much clearer… and the image of Roger would be all too difficult to see?

Chapter 33.

"So when can I see you in your new dress?" Jennifer asked excitedly as Roger set his tray down on the table where she and Stan were already sitting.

He was later this time since one of his students had needed a little extra help, but suddenly Roger was starting to regret his decision to sit with them again. He had only made the effort because Jennifer had been a really good friend and a lot of help to him last night. "Um… I don't know," Roger replied. He didn't bother to say that he never wanted her to see him in that dress at all… or any dress for that matter. "Besides," he added, "you got to see it in the changing room last night." He didn't miss the sudden distasteful look that covered Stan's face.

"That doesn't count! And I barely saw anything at all. I want to see you all dressed up… completely. And after last night, I think you owe me enough to let me see you that way now."

"After last night?" Stan asked.

"Shopping," Jennifer stated.

Stan knew they had been shopping. It was the part about the fact that something had happened between them so that now Roger seemed to owe her something. He said nothing… but he continued to listen carefully.

Roger shook his head. "I don't know," he finally said.

"Oh come on!" Jennifer exclaimed. She leaned over across the table to talk more softly. "Nobody from school has to see it… just me! And like I said," she stated as she sat back again, "I think you owe me at least that much now."

Roger shook his head again. "I don't know," he said yet again.

"Look," Jennifer said as she tried to push the issue, "when are you planning on wearing the thing?"

"Most likely to church on Sunday." He noticed Stan suddenly pushing his plate away and turning away with a somewhat distasteful look on his face.

Jennifer noted Stan's reaction too, but she chose to ignore it. "Well, maybe I can come by after church to see it. We can have lunch together or something."

Stan couldn't take anymore. He got up and left.

Roger and Jennifer both watched him leave. “What’s up with him?” Roger asked.

“I’m not sure,” Jennifer replied, almost as mystified. She had a vague idea though that Stan might be jealous of Roger, but since Roger was about to turn himself into a woman, why would he possibly feel jealous? She turned her attention back to Roger. “So how about it? You call me as soon as you get back from church on Sunday. That way I can see how you look when you went out.”

Roger searched desperately for a way out of it… and his brain quickly conjured up a perfectly good way to put a stop to Sunday – completely. “Uh… as soon as I get back from church, I’ve got to start fixing the back of my house. The rain is still leaking in around that tarp somewhat.

“Oh phooey! Can’t you just hold off for a few hours?”

“I need all the time on it I can get! It’s going to take me most of the day just to get it partially sealed up. It will most likely take me several days to rebuild it all.”

Jennifer scowled and went about eating her lunch, but she wasn’t happy. Neither of them said anything at all for nearly five minutes. It wasn’t until they were both nearly finished eating that she suddenly looked up at him and said. “Why don’t I just come to church with you?”

Roger nearly had a fit as he tried to keep from spitting out the food in his mouth. “You probably wouldn’t like it,” he said, trying to persuade her away from the idea.

“Why? You seem to like it an awful lot.”

“Because… it’s a very, very different kind of church. A lot of the people there are just plain… different!”

“Like you?” Jennifer asked with a slight giggle.

Roger nodded. “Exactly!”

Jennifer smiled. “Now you’ve got me really intrigued! I can’t wait! And you can tell your housekeeper that I won’t bother to stay for dinner afterwards… that is, unless you both want me to stay.”

“Um… she and Carol won’t be there this week,” Roger said. “They’re… visiting friends,” was all he could think to explain why they wouldn’t be there. Actually, he had no idea in the world why Janice and Carol were going to be away. He was just glad they would be gone!

Jennifer's smile brightened. "There!" she exclaimed. "All the more reason why I should go with you. That way you won't have to go alone!"

Roger was about to complain, but she beat him to it. "I'm very glad we've got that settled!" she said happily.

Roger's head was spinning. How had she roped him into taking her to church? Things were definitely going from impossible… to worse!

Using the code that had been emailed to her, Janice opened the lockbox and removed the key that was inside. Taking the key, she opened the front door. The large room in front of her was beautifully decorated… although not in a style that was anything near her personal preferences. Still, viewing the decorating was not why she had used Roger's credit card to rent the log tourist cabin she was now standing in.

Her first priority for the house was that it had to be one in a secluded location… which she was happy to see that it was. Not quite on top of the mountain, but still close enough to afford a gorgeous view that her eyes now took in through the large French doors across the back of the room. But she wasn't there for the view either. The rental cabin sat on a large piece of ground and was mostly surrounded by trees. She could see no other cabins anywhere near. The cabin was simply one of thousands like it… possibly tens of thousands like it, in an area of the state that was famous for being a place where tourists could simply get away from everything. She would be isolated here. There would be no chance of anyone knowing what went on.

The cabin came with a pool table and a hot tub. She was interested in neither of them. What she did like about the cabin was the large wooden support beams that stretched across the vaulted ceiling of the room she was now standing in. She looked up at one of the central ones. It was massive… designed to carry a lot of weight… just like all of them. No doubt Roger could tell her far more about such beams than she wanted to know, but her eyes told her everything about them that she was interested in.

She moved on and checked out the rest of the house – the kitchen that was open to the great room she was in… the three bedrooms, two of them upstairs… and the game room on the level downstairs where the pool table was and the hot–tub outside on the deck. No doubt Carol would appreciate those items.

The house was located only half an hour away from Roger's house. She had rented it from Thursday through next Monday so that she could have plenty of time to set it up in advance as well as clean things up afterwards. Once things got going, she wouldn't be leaving the cabin at all from Friday night until Sunday night. She knew she could easily send Carol back and forth to home if she wanted, but once she was there, she figured that Carol ought to stay

as well. Carol might or might not like that so much, but she figured it was for the best. This would be the first time that she would involve Carol in any of this. But after the way Carol had handled Roger while she was still in prison, she figured Carol had earned this. Carol had shown more talent in a few interesting areas than she figured she would. It was time to teach her more.

She went back upstairs to the main room and back out to her car. She opened the back end. The ladder that Roger had put in the car for her earlier, before he left for school, stretched from the very back end, across the top of the back seat, and nearly up to the front seat. It was the only thing in the car. She pulled it out and lugged the thing into the house. She didn't need it yet, but the darn thing was simply in her way.

Satisfied with everything she had seen about the rental place, she got back into her car and left. She had housework that needed to get done at home.

"But she wants to go to church with me!" Roger complained as he spread some margarine on his dinner roll.

"Why Candy, I don't know what you're so upset about," Janice replied. "I think that's wonderful! It never hurts to bring another person to church. She may very well find that she likes it there and will continue to go every week."

That was not something that Roger wanted to contemplate! "I just don't think it's a good idea," he said sullenly before he took a bite from the roll in his hand. The stupid hair from his wig threatened to get in his way… again… and he tossed his head to move it – which didn't work, so he was forced to use his hand to shove it back behind his shoulder. Stupid long hair!

"Church is always a good idea… Candy. Always!" Janice returned before turning to her daughter. "Carol, have you finished your homework yet?"

"Most of it, Momma."

"How much longer do you think it will take, dear?"

"I don't know. Half an hour at the most. Hopefully a lot less."

"Well don't cut any corners. You need to do well in all your classes. We're almost at the end of the school year."

"I know, Momma."

"Candy can do the dishes tonight instead while you finish your homework," Janice decided. "That way we can get out of here sooner."

Carol brightened a lot at that idea. Roger didn't.

Twenty minutes later, Roger was standing in front of the sink washing dishes. He felt physically funny… all because of the way he was dressed. He wasn't used to standing around the house dressed the way he was. Yes, he had worn the boots he had on as well as the pantyhose many times now. But everything else just simply felt… weird.

He hadn't expected how much bigger, not to mention heavier, the 'C' cup bra would feel with those new breast forms stuck inside of it. As he rinsed dishes, his arms continually brushed against them – definately not something he was used to! Why didn't Janice like to use the dishwasher? Why did she always insist on hand washing everything? Ugh!

He shifted his stance a bit so that the top he was wearing wouldn't get wet. He hadn't tried the thing on in the store before he bought it so he was grateful that it actually fit. What he hadn't expected was that the thing would feel so soft… and clingy… and that it would hug as tightly as it did right under his breasts before it opened out and fell loosely over his hips… over top of the tan skirt he was wearing.

The skirt was another "odd" thing. The dress he had worn to church the last two weeks had a much fuller skirt and came down to his knees. He hadn't tried this skirt on in the store before he bought it either, and now he found that it was shorter than he thought it would be – at least three or four inches above his knees. Not to mention that the stupid thing was also tighter than the dress he had worn to church… not only around his waist, but also around his legs. Note to self – looser skirts are more comfortable!

And then of course there was his stupid wig. Ugh! He had stuck it quickly on top of his head after almost as quickly rushing through his makeup… all in the name of getting dressed enough so that he could eat at the table. But he had made it! Whew!

And now he knew that Janice and Carol would be away for much of the evening tonight as well as the entire weekend. Despite the fact that they would be back later tonight, he considered that to be an extra bonus. The part he wasn't as crazy about was that Janice had told him she would review whatever he had done towards becoming Candy when she got back tonight… before he went to bed. He supposed he would most likely just remain in the clothes he had on. That was mostly all he needed to do tonight… get used to the clothes. But… he did still have to keep working on that damn fallen tree in the backyard. And that couldn't wait!

He was somewhat surprised to see Janice carry a bucket full of cleaning supplies out to the garage where she could put them into the car. Cleaning stuff? What was she planning on

doing? A few minutes later, he saw her carry a mop and some laundry detergent out to the car as well. He didn't know where she was going… and decided he didn't want to know. He only knew she and Carol were going to be gone for a while… and that he was glad!

A little while later, he watched through the living room window as Janice backed out of the driveway, and headed off to… he still had no idea where they were going, and he still didn't really care. Just so long as they were gone! But where would they be going that they would be doing that much cleaning? Visiting someone who was old and invalid? Someone who was sick? Was Janice out to do something nice for someone? He tried to put it from his mind as he turned away from the window.

Needing something to do, his mind immediately remembered the tree in the backyard. But he didn't want to change into his work clothes. If he wanted to stay out of the cage tonight, he needed to remain dressed as Candy for the rest of the night. So dressed just as he was, he headed out the door and around to the back of the house. In his workshop, he buckled his back brace around his waist, gassed up his chainsaw, and headed out to do battle with the giant fallen tree.

Before he started his saw, he stood staring at the darn tree. He had barely made a dent in the job the last time he had worked on it… the time when Jennifer had shown up. The breeze blew his stupid long hair across his face. He had to pull it back out of the way with his hand. But the breeze only blew it back in his face again. Damn it! The long hair was irritating. He started to kneel down to the ground to start his saw… and felt the restriction of the stupid skirt he was wearing… as the breeze again blew his equally stupid hair across his face again. "Shit!" he cursed out loud. He stood up and returned to his workshop where he put his saw away and removed the back brace.

He went into the house where he found his cellphone… another reason he wasn't happy with the skirt he was wearing. It had pockets, but they were too small for his phone… or his wallet… or most anything else for that matter. A few minutes later, he dialed the number of a tree service he had looked up. Let them deal with the monster tree. He would deal with the house damage later… when they were done.

With the chance to have the house to himself, he stretched out on the couch and turned the TV on to relax for a little while… and tried to put his whole impossible life, totally out of his mind.

"There it is, Momma," Carol said as they walked down the aisle of the building supply store. She looked over the choices in front of her. "I think this is the same size chain I bought here before."

Janice nodded. "It looks like it, dear." What she was looking at, was a large drum with chain rolled around it. "How do we get what we want?" she asked.

"You have to have someone cut it," Carol explained. "They have to use that machine over there to do it. Why didn't you just use the stuff we have at home?"

"Because it's not nearly long enough," Janice replied with a smile. "Now how do we find someone who can help us?"

Half an hour later, Carol pushed a shopping cart out of the store. Her mother had bought twenty feet of the chain. She had no idea why they needed so much. The cart also contained a very large roll of heavy duty plastic sheeting. Why they needed that she also had no idea. Her mother had also bought a selection of different sizes of padlocks… although she could possibly guess as to why they might need some of them… but she wasn't really sure.

From the building supply store, they went grocery shopping… where they completely filled the cart with everything they might possible need to see them through the entire weekend. By the time they were done, the entire back of the car was heavily loaded.

Janice headed for the cabin she had rented earlier. There was a lot of work that needed to get done tonight. She was glad that she had decided to include Carol in her plans.

Roger sat at the kitchen table, noting that the skirt he was wearing was tight enough to force his legs together as he sat. He wasn't trying to sit primly, the skirt was making him sit that way. The laptop computer in front of him held one of the tests he was putting together to give to his students next week. He thought about Carol. He hadn't given her any special "tutoring" in a while now. But she had done extremely well on the few practice quizzes he had given in the last few weeks.

He stared at the test and decided he was done. It would be good enough. It was now time to turn his attention toward creating the final exams for his classes. The exams that he would spend the next few weeks preparing everyone for. The exams that would usher in the end of the school year. But would those exams also usher out his identity as Roger Brinkley? He could only hope not.

"There!" Janice exclaimed as she stared at the room and surveyed their work. "I think that should just about do it for tonight."

Carol looked at what they had accomplished as well. All the furniture in the large room had been pushed way back out of the way, clearing a large area in the middle of the room. Most of the floor in the room was now covered by the heavy duty sheet of plastic they had put down. And hanging from the rafter in the very middle of the room was a long piece of chain. Even with Roger's stepladder, they had had a difficult time getting the chain over top of the rafter and then putting one of the padlocks through it in just the right place to keep it there. The bottom of the chain just reached the floor with less than a foot to spare. And of course,

padlocked to the end of the chain was Roger's dog collar – complete with the shock box training device. Carol herself had replaced the batteries in it with fresh ones. There were plenty of spares if they needed them as well.

One of the most difficult things Carol and her mother had worked on was to enlarge one of the holes in the dog collar so they could get one of the smallest padlocks through it. But eventually they had managed the feat. Everything now stood ready for them to bring in their guest.

"Time to go dear," Janice said as she turned toward the kitchen where their purses were. "Mr. Brinkley will be late going to bed if we don't get back soon."

"You mean Candy, don't you?" Carol teased.

Janice smiled. "Let's hope so!"

Roger was already in his room, already in his new nightgown, when he saw the lights from Janice's car coming into the driveway. Not wanting to go out to meet them wearing just the nightgown, he stayed right where he was… with his bedroom door closed. He turned out his light and laid down on the floor to go to sleep. He expected the thin nightgown to make a big difference to how naked he felt when he wore it to sleep in now, but the truth was that he felt almost just as naked. It certainly didn't do anything to make him feel any warmer at night, that was for sure! He propped his head on a pile of sweatshirts as he listened to the faint sounds of Janice and Carol coming into the house.

Two minutes later, his bedroom door opened… and his light was turned on. He half sat up to see what Janice wanted now.

"Already in bed, I see," Janice said. "Sorry we were so late. Things just took a bit longer than I expected."

Roger made no reply, no motion to that statement at all.

"Candy," Janice said to the man wearing the nightgown, trying to use the name she was going to have to get used to using for him… or rather… her. "I need you to do something for me please."

"What's that?" Roger asked.

"Sleep and obey," Janice replied. "Sleep and obey."

Roger's head went spinning once again as the irresistible words dropped him quickly into a trance. He never had a chance… not that there was any way he could fight it either.

It had been a while now since Janice had hypnotized him. She knew she didn't need to, but he simply had such a strong mind. And after the last time when she had over–done things with his collar, she was afraid to use that method on him again. All indications were that the conditioning she had put into his brain was there to stay now – permanently. But because he had that strong mind, she simply didn't want to take any chances – especially now that it looked like his lady friend would be more and more involved.

She didn't spend a lot of time on it, she just went over point after point, reinforcing everything she needed him to remember. He had to protect Carol and herself at all costs. And he couldn't let anyone know what was really going on. And before she finished, she told him that she wanted him to be Candy as much as possible while she and Carol would be away. He could dress as Roger when he went out to work, but even there, he would have to comply with the way he was supposed to dress now. At all other times, she expected him to work on becoming Candy… and to work hard at it.

Leaving him still in his hypnotized state, she had him lay back down on the floor again with his head on the pile of sweatshirts. He wouldn't wake up until tomorrow morning.

Chapter 34.

Carol was fighting sleep as her mother drove through the back country highway down toward Augusta, Georgia. It was a long ride. A very long ride. They had already been to the cabin again that morning and deposited their luggage they had packed earlier before leaving home. Now they were heading toward Augusta… for business.

She was about to become an accomplice to kidnapping. Her mother would technically be the kidnapper… but her mother had made it graphically clear that as an accomplice, Carol would be held just as responsible. Her mother had carefully explained all that to her when she had asked if she was interested in going. But that decision was an easy one for Carol. She trusted her mother implicitly! And… she loved her more than anything else in the world. If her mother was involved in it, then she wanted to be a part of it too… no matter what it was. Besides, this guy they would be kidnapping was a man, and as her mother had taught her, she saw nothing at all wrong with destroying any man at all. The jerk probably deserved it anyway… whoever he was.

Her part in the actual kidnapping would be easy. She would be blocks away when it actually happened. The most difficult part for her today was that she was going to have to drive all the way back to that cabin… and find it again – in the dark. She had no doubt that she would manage that just fine.

It would normally be a four hour drive from the cabin to where they were going, but the ride was made even longer by the rainstorms that continued to blow through. And after stopping for a nice lunch along the way, it took them nearly five hours to get there. They filled the rest of their time in a Burger King until it was time to leave.

Janice parked the car along the side of the road, a few hundred yards away from Halifax's apartment. Halifax would have to drive right past the car on his way home. "Are you ready dear?" Janice asked after turning the engine off.

"Sure, Momma. No problem."

Janice reached out and caressed the face of her daughter… then leaned in and gave her a kiss. "Good luck dear," she said lovingly.

"You too, Momma. You've got the hard part."

Janice nodded. "I'll mange. You just do your part and everything will work out just fine. Okay?"

"No problem, Momma," Carol replied.

Janice nodded and pulled the hood of her raincoat over her head before stepping out of the car into the pouring rain. She opened the back door and grabbed her leather case and threw the strap over her shoulder. “Love you!” she called to Carol in the front seat.

“Love you too, Momma,” Carol replied.

A minute later, Janice was hurrying across the street and back toward Halifax’s apartment. If everything went the way it usually did, she figured she had about half an hour before Halifax would get home. After that, then she would just have to wait and see. It was entirely possible that they wouldn’t be able to do this tonight. It all depended on the situation when Halifax got home.

Carol was getting antsy. It was five minutes past the time that Halifax should have driven past her now. Another car approached from the distance. A red one! “Momma! He’s coming!” she said anxiously into her phone the moment she saw what kind of car it was.

“Is he alone?” her mother’s whispered voice came back.

“Wait a minute,” Carol replied. She ducked back toward the middle of the black SUV a bit so as not to be seen as easily by the driver of the red car. The car went past and she tried to look into Halifax’s car as best as she could. The rain made it very difficult to see though. “Momma, he just passed me. I don’t think he has anyone with him, but it was a little hard to tell in the rain.”

It was a moment before Janice could reply. “Understood dear.” She had the option of abandoning the plan now, or continuing on. If Halifax had company, she would have to abandon it. Carol wasn’t able to tell and there wasn’t time for her to get back down the stairs to find out. She would just have to wait where she was and hope for the best.

Joseph Halifax was overly annoyed by the rain as he pulled his car into his driveway and then around the back of his building. It had rained all too much this year. He was looking forward to his evening. One of his favorite girls would be around in a little while and he would take her out for an evening of fun. After that, he was looking forward to an entire weekend of fun with her. It would just be a lot more fun without all the rain!

He pushed the button to open his garage door as soon as he got close, and as usual, began pulling slowly in before the door was fully open. A moment later, the garage door was closing behind him as he got out of his car. He was slightly annoyed to find the elevator up on the second floor instead of down at the garage level, but that happened often. It was only a short wait for it to come down. He got in and pushed the button to go up to his apartment. The elevator ascended in its usual stately manner.

Finally the elevator stopped. Finally the doors began to open. And… who the hell?

Janice pulled the trigger and shot Halifax the moment the elevator doors were open wide enough to give her a clear shot! She was hunched down on the floor where it would be unlikely that he would notice her through the window in the elevator. The Taser sent Halifax flying to the floor at the back of the elevator where his body continued to twitch and spasm until she decided he'd had enough. Quickly she grabbed the hypodermic needle she had prepared and rushed in. It took her only moments to administer the Rohypnol drug directly into his system.

As the twitching from the Taser stopped and the hypnotic effects of the drug took over, Janice reached over and flipped the "Off" button on the elevator. If anyone called for it now, she'd never be able to fully explain what happened. She watched her victim carefully. It was going to take a few minutes for the drug to get adequately into his system.

While she waited, she picked up her phone. "I've got him!" she said to her daughter on the other end.

Carol was relieved. "Great, Momma!" She had heard nothing but a bunch of background commotion while it was happening. She had been scared to death for her mother.

"Turn the car around now," Janice told her. "You know where to meet us. I've got to go now. I've got work to do here."

"Okay, Momma," Carol agreed quickly.

Janice reeled in the wires from her Taser and set it so that it would be ready to shoot again if she needed to. From her case, she pulled out a pair of handcuffs before going back into the elevator. His body was no longer twitching around, he was rolling his head slightly around on the floor instead as if drunk. The drug was working. Kneeling down next to him, she began removing his sport jacket. "We're going to make you very happy," she said softly and calmly to her victim. "We're going to take you somewhere where you will have lots of fun."

With the jacket now off of him, she cuffed his hands behind his back. She felt much safer now. "We're going to take you somewhere where you can meet a very pretty girl," she told him. She almost laughed as she saw his head, still on the floor, try to look around.

"Pretty girl," Halifax's slurred voice repeated as the hypnotic drug in his body took more and more control.

"Yes, a very pretty girl," Janice said. "Why don't you stand up now and I'll take you to her." She watched as he started struggling to get to his feet. "Let me help you," she suggested as

she did her best to balance him so he could get up. She slipped his sport jacket over his shoulders to hide the cuffs on his wrists in case anyone should happen to see them.

“Pretty girl,” the drugged man said again as his body swayed a bit.

Janice did her best to lean him against the corner of the elevator while she ran out and got her case. “Don’t fall,” she cautioned as if she was his best friend it the world. “You want to meet the pretty girl, don’t you?”

“Pretty girl,” Halifax slurred again as his head rolled a bit to the side.

Janice started the elevator again and pushed the button for the bottom floor. As soon as the elevator opened again, she glanced out at the darkened garage in front of her. Dark was good. Dark meant nobody was around. But the dark only lasted a moment before the motion detectors switched the lights on. As quickly as she could, she shepherded the drugged man around to the passenger side of his car, and with only a minimum of difficulty, managed to get him to sit down inside the thing. His head was starting to roll around a bit more. She noticed that the car only had a button to start it so she didn’t bother to go searching his pockets for the keys. All she needed was for the key to be somewhere in the car and the thing would start… she hoped. It took a bit of fussing to get the seatbelt wrapped all the way across his body and to fasten it. Then she ran around to the driver’s side and got in. The car started quickly and easily with a push of the button. She checked her mirrors and got herself comfortable. It was going to be a long drive. She found the button for the garage door and opened it, a moment later, she was pulling out into the pouring rain.

It was only a five minute drive to the parking lot where Carol was waiting for her. The sight of her daughter waiting there made her glad. She pulled up right next to the black SUV and opened her window despite the rain. “All set?” she called out.

“Ready, Momma,” Carol returned.

“Let me get my cell phone out,” Janice replied. She found her phone in her case and pulled it out so she could get at it in case it was needed. She noticed Halifax’s head hanging limply to the side. His eyes were closed. He had fallen asleep. He would most likely sleep like that most of the night. It was actually a relief. “Let’s go,” she yelled through the rain to her daughter. She saw her daughter smile and roll up her window.

Roger was in his nightgown again. He had spent all evening dressed as Candy… studying makeup videos and practicing what he knew. He had no idea why he decided to spend the entire evening doing that, but he did. It bothered him a little that he couldn’t find anything better to do with his time. He supposed that Janice would be pleased with him… but he didn’t really care.

Ready for bed, he stared at the empty floor of his room. Janice wasn't here. He could find nothing at all in his mental conditioning to prevent him from sleeping somewhere else. With a small smile on his face, he went into Janice's room… his old bedroom… and climbed into her bed. A few minutes later, he was sound asleep… sleeping for the first time in months in an actual bed… with an actual mattress… and an actual pillow… and actual covers over top of him. Perfect!

It wasn't even dawn yet when Joseph Halifax started to wake out of sleep. His drugged mind had to struggle to wake up… and when he did finally open his eyes, his slightly spinning brain was slow to make sense of anything. The light was very dim where he was… coming from somewhere in the distance.

He rolled over a bit… and heard something clank… and was brought up short by something pulling against his neck. His hands reached up and found the collar around his neck… and the chain attached to it. "What the…"

Panic now beginning to flow into him, he sat up quickly. He was naked. Totally stark naked! There was some kind of collar around his neck that he quickly realized was attached to the chain that led… up. The chain made a slight noise as he struggled to his feet. He pulled on it, and discovered it was fastened tightly over top of a large beam high above his head. Where was he? He searched his foggy brain for some kind of remembrance, but the last thing he remembered was getting into his car at work to drive home. He didn't even remember getting home! What had happened?

He grunted as his fingers now tried to tear at the heavy leather collar around his neck… where he discovered a small lock that prevented him from unbuckling the thing.

"Don't… touch… the collar!"

The voice startled him. He looked around in the dimly lit space. "Who's there?"

"Don't… touch… the collar!" the voice said again.

"Hello?" he called, his hands still holding onto the collar wrapped all too tightly around his neck.

"Last warning," the voice said. "Don't… touch… the collar!"

His brain was functioning only marginally better. He turned now and saw a woman he'd never seen before, sitting up on a sofa that had been pushed up against the far wall. The dim light didn't allow him to see her clearly.

"Who are…" The pain fired through his neck and seemed to burn through his entire body as he tore madly but uselessly at the collar around his neck. It was a long time before the pain finally ended. He tried desperately again to unfasten the thing.

"Don't… touch… the collar!" the voice said again.

But his desperation was too much. He couldn't help but try to tear open the collar. The pain erupted once again… just as horribly as it had a few moments before. And over it, he heard the voice repeating, "Don't… touch… the collar! Don't… touch… the collar! The pain will end when you stop touching the collar." The voice repeated it all three times before he finally got the message. And when he finally forced himself to move his hands, the pain suddenly ended. He sank to his knees where his hands automatically went to his neck in relief. His neck, and of course… the collar. And the pain erupted once more. "Don't… touch… the collar!" He got the message faster this time. The pain once again ended when he took his hands away.

On his knees, he let his head bend down to touch the floor in front of him. Plastic sheeting? "Who are you?" he called with his head still touching the floor… his hands held carefully away from his neck. But he got no answer to his question. "Who are you?" he demanded again… now pulling his body up straight to look defiantly toward the woman on the sofa. But she not only didn't answer, she barely moved. "What do you want?" he demanded. But as before… nothing.

His eyes noticed a wooden chair slightly behind him. Not knowing what it was doing there, he ignored it and continued to watch the strange woman on the couch. "What do you want?" he asked again.

"I want you to sit in the chair," the woman told him.

"Why?" And the pain immediately erupted in his neck again… only not as ferociously as before. Reflexively, his hands went to the collar again, and the pain seemed to double.

"Don't… touch… the collar! Don't… touch… the collar!"

It was a moment before he could manage to pull his hands away again. And the moment he did, the pain was gone. He breathed in heavy gasps of breath.

"Sit in the chair," the woman told him again.

He looked at her for a moment. "The chai…" And once again the pain hit him. And once again the moment his hands flew to his neck, the pain doubled. And once again the voice told him not to touch the collar. By the time the pain finally ended, he was rolling on his back as much as the short chain would allow, unable to do anything more. But his hands

were well away from the collar. What little anger had started to fill him, was now replaced completely by fear.

“Sit in the chair.”

He got the message faster this time… although he was physically slow to react. Forcing himself to his knees… and finally to his feet, he sat down in the chair. His eyes now noticed an empty plastic bucket, placed just a short distance from the side of the chair. He had no idea what that was there for and didn’t think he wanted to find out.

“What do you…” And once again the pain hit his neck, and once again his hands flew to the collar. As before, the pain didn’t end until he forced his hands away from his neck… and the collar. He breathed a sigh of relief the moment the pain ended. He was tempted to ask again what the woman wanted, but he had already gotten the message. Don’t say anything!

“Stand up!”

He almost questioned her command, but the fear of the pain made him think better of that idea. But he was still too slow to respond and after a moment, the pain hit him again. Not as strong as it could have been, but it was still painful!

“Stand up!” the voice commanded again… through the pain that was still burning through his neck.

Despite the pain, he managed to stand on his feet… and the pain instantly died. He breathed a silent sigh of relief.

“Sit down!”

“He turned toward the woman in disbelief… and received another round of pain.

“Sit down!” the voice repeated.

He sat quickly… and the pain ended the moment his bottom hit the seat.

“Stand up!”

This time, he got the message. He stood up… and was rewarded with no pain. Relief.

“Sit down!” the voice commanded again.

The small shock he got for being slow didn’t help him at all.

Carol sat at the kitchen table and watched it all. She had been sound asleep in the big downstairs bed when the noise of what was happening woke her up. Staying as silent and unnoticed as possible, she made her way to the kitchen table where she did her best to not interrupt anything her mother was doing. Slowly, little by little, she watched as her mother led Joseph Halifax inextricably along the road to total obedience.

What a pleasure! Roger did his best to ignore the now tiny breasts sticking out from his chest as well as the stupid women's boots attached to his feet. He was otherwise dressed in his work clothes… although the breasts and boots were now part of that uniform. He had woken up early in Janice's bed, proud of the fact that he had slept there. It was as if sleeping there had given him a small way of getting back at her. A very small way. Miniscule actually. But the effort made him feel better. He had remade the bed again afterwards, hoping she would never notice.

He had stopped and grabbed his breakfast from the drive–thru of a fast food restaurant… no way he was going inside with those boots on if he didn't have to. As he pulled into the driveway of the Whittaker house, he shoved the last morsel of his breakfast into his mouth. It had tasted good! Even better since he didn't have to eat it from his dog bowl. Grabbing what was left of his coffee, he got out of his truck and walked around to the back of the house.

As far as he could tell, the Whittakers weren't even up yet, but they would be as soon as he started making some noise. Everything looked soaked from all the rain the day before. It would most likely be hours before everything dried out – if it didn't start raining again. But he had seen on TV last night that the weatherman wasn't calling for any chance of rain until later this afternoon. The way things had been going though, he had no doubt that it would start raining sometime before the day was over with.

He set his coffee cup on top of a pile of wet boards and headed back to his truck to grab some tools. He was hoping to get a lot done on the deck today. That is… if his friends would just leave him alone so he could work.

The woman was standing in front of him now, but that thought didn't fully register as he continued to follow her commands as fast as he could. Stand up… sit down… raise your right arm… raise your left arm… lower your right arm… raise your right leg. Over and over, faster and faster. If he didn't do it fast enough, those quick dreaded shocks would race through him. And the commands were coming at him relentlessly.

"You don't have time to think. Let me do the thinking for you. Let me control your body not you. You don't have time to control your body. Sleep and obey. Sleep and obey." It was becoming too much for him. His brain couldn't process the requests fast enough. In desperation, or maybe it was out of sheer exhaustion, his brain began shutting down more and more, and Janice started to take over.

The signs were small, but they were there. As much as she had to concentrate hard on what she was saying, she barely realized what words were coming out of her mouth anymore. Over and over her words pounded at him. She hadn't pressed the button on her remote control in a while now. She barely gave the device in her hand another thought. Her attention now was more riveted on his face… and particularly, on his eyes.

She knew when he was hers. There was absolutely no doubt about it. The blank, wooden look to his face, the staring, unseeing eyes. His body moved immediately to her commands, but she was moving him, not his brain. "Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax. Sleep and obey."

Her commands came slower now. More purposeful, easier. Yet he remained completely in her control. He never had a chance, not with the way she went about it. "Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax. Sleep and obey." Slowly, she took him down further and further… deeper and deeper. And finally, he was sitting calmly in his chair, looking blankly ahead, just waiting for another command for his body to obey.

Janice stopped and stared at him. It had taken a long time, but then the first time always did. The first time was always the most difficult. She was tired – exhausted! She needed a little more sleep – and even more so, a good drink of something to help her parched throat. It was time to stop for a little while… before she would have to start it all over again.

"There's a bucket next to your chair if you need it," Janice told him. "You can use it to relieve yourself in any way you have to. Don't even think about modesty. You no longer need to consider that at all."

She watched as he did indeed get up from his chair, stand over the bucket, and pee into it. Some of the pee missed the bucket. She was glad she had put the plastic down on the floor. When he was done, he just stood there, his hands still holding his limp penis, his eyes staring blindly straight ahead.

"What plans did you have for Saturday?" she asked him. She saw him suddenly smile with a faraway expression on his face.

"Lisa. Lisa from Friday night to Sunday."

Janice pursed her lips. Lisa would have to be accounted for, but not till later.

"Lay down on the floor and sleep now," she told him. His body immediately began laying down. He had to move to a spot where the short chain attached to his collar would let him get his head down to the floor. "You will not awaken until I call your name, Mr. Halifax. You will sleep soundly until that time. And when you do wake up, you will come completely

awake. You will have full control of your body and mind once again. “Sleep now Mr. Halifax. Sleep.”

That fast, Joseph Halifax fell into a very deep, dreamless, slumber.

Janice headed to the kitchen where she saw Carol sitting.

“You okay?” Carol asked.

“Just tired dear,” Janice replied, her voice slightly hoarse as she walked over and planted a kiss on her daughter’s head. Then, just because she like to, she hugged her daughter for a while… and enjoyed the hug she got back in return. “I’m hungry!” she finally declared as she pulled herself away. “And I need something to drink really bad!”

Carol laughed a bit. “Coming right up!” she said as she jumped up from her chair… and her mother sat wearily down in another one.

The day turned warmer, and Roger removed his jacket. He had to get used to displaying his stupid little breasts off in front of everyone anyway. And the Whittakers were only occasionally looking out the window to see how he was doing now. The novelty of the show was over. He felt a bit of relief at that.

His phone rang and he hurried to pull it out of his pocket. The number wasn’t one he recognized. “Hello?”

“Mr. Brinkley?”

“Yes.”

“This is Thomas McCrary. I’m a friend of Rebecca Adkins. She said you fixed a window for her.”

“Yes I did. What can I do for you?”

“You don’t by any chance fix leaking roofs do you?”

“It depends on the damage,” Roger replied. “I prefer not to do entire roofs if I can help it, but I guess I will if I have to. But minor repairs I can definitely take care of.”

“Well, we’ve got a bad leak that’s now dripping down through the ceiling of our bedroom… and the ceiling is all stained around where it’s leaking. Any chance you can come out to take a look?”

Roger glanced at the job he was currently trying to do. He had been making good progress today. “I guess so,” he replied. But it’s going to have to be later this afternoon sometime.”

“That’s fine,” Mr. McCrary replied. He gave Roger his address.

Roger now had a deck to finish for the Whittakers, some rooms to paint for Rebecca Adkin’s daughter, and now a leaky roof to fix for some friend of Rebecca’s as well. The jobs were starting to pile in on top of each other. And none of that included fixing his own house!

That was why he never did this kind of work until school let out. He didn’t have time!

Joseph Halifax sat wide–eyed and frightened on the floor. The woman had woken him up and handed him a bowl of homemade stew. It tasted incredible! Best tasting meal he had eaten in a while. But then, he was frightened for his life just then. He was sure anything would taste good.

He desperately wanted to ask what she wanted… what she was after, but he dared not say anything for fear of being shocked again. In the back of his mind, he knew the answer had to be money. So why didn’t she just come out and say so?

He still didn’t know how he had gotten here. He still didn’t remember anything after leaving his office last night. At least he thought it had been last night. He wasn’t totally sure of anything.

He watched the woman and a young teenage girl moving around the kitchen, doing dishes together! Was the girl her daughter? What demented things was a woman like that teaching to her kid? If it was her kid. He could see them talking together, but they were keeping their voices low so that he couldn’t really hear them.

He finished eating and eventually the woman noticed. She came over and stood back from him. “Set the bowl and your spoon down and move away,” she commanded.

He did as he was told… obviously she was taking every precaution to prevent him from attacking her. He sat there and watched as she picked up his bowl and carried them back to the kitchen… where the girl cleaned them. And he watched as the woman stayed in the kitchen and started… cooking! She was at it quite a while before she came back to him again. By that time, the house was starting to smell pretty good. He looked up at her to see what she would order next.

“Sit in the chair, Mr. Halifax,” she ordered.

Too late, he saw the remote control in her hand again, and he was too slow to react before he again felt the searing pain in his neck. He hurried to sit down. He never once gave a thought to touching the collar around his neck.

"Stand up!" Janice ordered. And it started all over again.

It didn't take as long this time, but then, Janice knew it shouldn't. Still, her voice had grown more than a bit weary by the time he was once again under her control – the hard way. And once he got to that state, she introduced him to the impossible, impenetrable wall that would lock all his will power to defy her away… and make sure that her will would always override his will… and that he would always remain under her control. Every time he ever stood up… every time he ever sat down… that wall would grow just a tiny bit thicker… a tiny bit stronger… even though the wall had started out as being impossible to break through in the first place. It was simply… insurance. Insurance, just like the commands that he could never do anything to hurt her… or even let anyone else know about her… or even let anyone else know about what went on in the cabin. That was all classified information that he was never allowed to divulge to anyone. Ever!

When she had finished, she didn't wake him up, she kept him hypnotized and completely under her control. She found the cell phone that had been in his jacket pocket. "You said you were supposed to spend the weekend with Lisa?" she asked. She saw a smile and his eyes seemed to focus on something in the far distance.

"Yes," he replied, his mind obviously on the woman he had intended to tarry with.

"Call her," Janice said. "Tell her an important business opportunity suddenly came up yesterday afternoon so you couldn't meet her last night. Then I want you to completely break off your relationship with her. Tell her you're not going to be seeing her anymore. Tell her you have someone else in your life now. Then I want you to hang up on her. Do you understand?" The look on his face was somewhat troubled. Obviously, he liked the woman.

"Yes," he replied, although even under her control, he didn't sound happy.

"Take your phone," she said as she held it out. "And call her.

As much as the normal Joseph Halifax would have balked at doing it, this Joseph Halifax had no choice in the matter. Even though he was disappointed at not seeing the woman again, just as Janice had ordered. He made the call, and quickly broke off the relationship – hanging up the phone in the midst of the woman's complaints. That fast, that easy, the relationship had been broken.

"What other plans did you have for the weekend?" Janice asked.

He shook his head. “None. Just Lisa.”

“Was there anyone at all that you were supposed to call or see this weekend?”

Again he shook his head. “Not till Monday.”

Janice was glad. She had gotten very lucky. “By Monday morning, you will be back once again in your office, and I can assure you that you will be feeling perfectly happy and well rested. I can assure you of that.”

There was no change in his expression as she took the phone away from him again.

The river raged dangerously as Stan cast his fishing line into the water. He was only standing knee deep in the current, but it was already threatening to wash him away. For the last few years, he and Roger had always fished together. He had a few other friends he had fished with in the past, but they weren’t close and he hardly ever actually saw them. As much as he enjoyed fishing, even alone, it was times like this when he would feel a lot more comfortable to have someone else around to fish with. All the rain this year had made fishing a downright dangerous pastime.

But as much as he wanted Roger around just then, he also wasn’t sure if he wanted Roger around at all. Lately, Roger had been acting nothing but crazy. Bizarre! And that wasn’t even considering the fact that he now couldn’t help worrying over whether he and Jennifer were getting back together again. He liked Jennifer – more than a lot! He didn’t want her and Roger hooking back up again now.

What the heck had happened between them when they had gone “shopping” together? What had Jennifer done with him so that she was insistent that he now “owed” her something? He was betting it had something to do with what had gone on in the changing room… or more likely changing rooms! He could just imagine them both getting undressed in those small places and… Well, his imagination was conjuring up all too many things that they might have done in there.

Damn them both!

With the current pushing hard against the back of his legs, he moved his right foot out a little further into the water to try to get to a better location for his next cast. But in the process of shifting his weight across the slippery rocks, the raging water tore his leg right out from under him and he went down fast! The water where he had been standing was only knee deep, but the moment he lost his balance the current started carrying him out toward the deeper part of the river. His waders began filling up with water making it more difficult for him to get to his feet. If it wasn’t for the belt snugged tightly around the top of them, the water would have rushed in and filled his waders in moments and it would have been impossible for him

to get up. He could have easily drowned. As it was, it was all he could do to struggle back to the bank.

He was wet… and scared! He could have easily died, and nobody would ever know! He needed someone to fish with so they could watch each other's back. He needed his fishing buddy back. As much as he hated to admit it, the one fishing buddy he really wanted with him again was Roger.

He could have died a few moments ago. His situation had been somewhat dangerous. Whatever was going on with Roger right now, Stan had the feeling that Roger was equally as scared. He could have used a friend around to help him when he fell. Despite how Roger continued to treat him, did Roger need a friend around to keep him… safe? Sane? Or at least to know that someone had his back if he needed it? Despite everything Roger was doing to drive him away, Stan had the distinct feeling that Roger did need that kind of help. He did need that friend to always stand by him – no matter what!

Damn him! What was going on in Roger's life? And… was Jennifer crawling back under the covers with him again? Damn her too!

With a sigh, he threw his fishing pole into the back of his truck and started peeling off his waterlogged waders. Roger had always been there for him in the past – even at the times when things hadn't been going well for him. Like the time he had gotten drunk and wound up in jail… Roger had been there to bail him out and console him. Like the time when his mother had died… Roger had been right there at his side. Like the time the last woman he had gone out with – and he was considering marrying, dumped him. Just like Jennifer had done with Roger. Roger had been there at his side to try to cheer him up and get him though all of it.

He needed his fishing buddy back. He needed his friend back. Roger was going through something major bad right now. Major weird! And Stan still thought there was a lot more to it than just this business of him wanting to become a woman suddenly. Totally weird!

One way or another, he was going to have to stand by Roger through all of this – no matter what was going on… no matter how much Roger tried to push him away. He was going to stand by Roger and be the friend that Roger needed. And like it or not, he was going to have to get to the bottom of Roger's problems and find out what the heck was going on… and fix it! Or he might never go fishing again!

But how?

He remembered that Jennifer had been trying to get Roger to show her what he looked like in some dress that evidently he had bought with her. And evidently the dress had been one that he needed… for church! As unbelievable as that sounded.

So what the heck time did Roger leave for church anyway?

He had wanted to complain. He had wanted to protest the moment she walked up to him after dinner and told him to sit in the chair. But the sight of the remote control in her hand prevented him from saying anything. But even as the thoughts of complaining were running through his head, his body was already moving for the chair the moment she had told him to go. As he sat, his mind was already conjuring up the feel of the pain from the collar locked around his neck… that he dared not touch. Knowing what was in store for him again, he was gripped with fear. Why was she doing this to him? But he didn't have a chance to dwell on that for long, as the commands started coming again. This time, he gave over to them as quickly as he could. This time, he tried to blank his mind so he wouldn't have to suffer what he knew she was capable of doing to him.

Janice was pleased with how fast Halifax was going under this time. But these concentrated days… or weekends as this case was, often went that way. It was why she always did it this way. The first weekend she always concentrated on nothing but asserting her total control. Next time, if all seemed to go well, she could move into new territory. When he was sufficiently ready, she again reinforced all the commands she had given him before. She reinforced the impossible wall that would grow stronger every time he stood up or sat down, and she reinforced her trigger that would immediately drop him into a deep hypnotic trance the moment she told him to sleep and obey.

She dared not do anything more with him tonight. She dared not do that kind of programming with him again too soon. But hopefully, the hypnotic trigger would give her all the leverage with him that she would need… for now.

Telling him to lay down on the plastic covered floor, she put him to sleep… a sound and happy sleep… for the rest of the night. He wouldn't awaken until she told him to wake up. And then he would be wide awake, no longer hypnotized at all. But that wouldn't happen until tomorrow morning.

She grabbed the plastic bucket that now smelled horribly and carried it into the bathroom and emptied it. She rinsed it clean in the bathtub before bringing it back and setting it in place again. He would most likely need it tomorrow morning after she woke him up.

She glanced around the large room. Everything was moved and jumbled out of the way… yet everything was just as she wanted it. She glanced into the kitchen. Carol had done all the dishes and now the kitchen looked spotless… just as she liked. Carol was sitting at the kitchen table with her school books… although Janice had a good idea that if she wasn't there just then, Carol wouldn't even touch the books.

She walked over behind her daughter and put her arms around her. Kissing her head, she said, “I love you.”

Carol turned her head back some. “I love you too, Momma.”

“Want to try the hot tub for a little while?” Janice asked.

“Can we, Momma?”

“Why not?”

“I don’t have a bathing suit,” Carol noted.

Janice smiled. “Neither do I.”

But Janice’s mind was going far past the little bit of naked time she and her daughter would spend in the hot tub together. Last night, she had slept on the couch while Carol had occupied the large main bedroom. Tonight, she would sleep with Carol in the big bed too. She didn’t allow it often, but when she did, the extra tender loving she would engage in with Carol in the bed was going to be very welcome to both of them. She knew that Carol loved that bit of motherly loving as well. Carol loved the sex with her a lot. Janice had long ago made sure of that.

Chapter 35.

Ted Jacobs sat in his underwear on the old threadbare couch in his living room. He stared at the file folder in front of him – Janice Stokley's file. His personal copy. His copy that had notes that the "official" folder didn't contain. The file was open, but he hadn't bothered to touch anything inside of it. He knew the contents of it by heart.

He was stumped. And frustrated. He had no idea what he could do next to try to catch Janice and put a stop to her stealing. The one biggest thing on his mind was that he had to find all the money she had stolen. The money was his biggest priority – by far. Where was it?

He was still angry at having to chase after that damn locator bug he had put on her car… all the way into Alabama! Damn! He should have known better! But he had really thought she was going after the money! He guessed it was entirely possible that she might have. It was why he had gone after her so hell bent in the first place.

He hadn't checked on her in a while now. He hadn't had time. He was off today. Was it worth it to him to try to check on her? He still hadn't had a chance to look into the windows of that house she was living in… as a housekeeper? That was a laugh! The woman was a banker. An investment broker. One thing he was sure of was that she wasn't any kind of housekeeper at all! But was it worth his time to check on her again?

The answer to that was a foregone conclusion. Although he purposely put off getting dressed and looking into things with Janice too soon. He was off today. He deserved a little down time once in a while. This afternoon would be good enough.

His breakfast had tasted good… even though he had eaten it naked. And now the darn woman and the girl were washing dishes again… like this was the most normal household in the world. Why hadn't she asked him about his money? That had to be what this was all about! Why hadn't she mentioned it? But instead, she had tortured him… bent his mind… until he knew he would do anything in the world that she wanted him to. And worse, even just sitting here now, he knew he didn't have the will power to do anything but what she wanted. There was now this constant grey wall at the edges of his vision… a wall that did nothing but frighten him.

He supposed that if she walked in right now and told him to sign all his money over to her immediately, he would do it without a single protest or question asked. He would do whatever she wanted… because her will was now his will. Or at least, her will far outweighed anything that he wanted.

So why hadn't she asked him about his money? Or… was she after something else? That was a much more troubling thought. Yet, she hadn't asked him about anything… except Lisa. He

was going to miss that girl. She had been lots of fun. More so than some of his other favorites. But as per her will, Lisa was now out of his life – totally. Would he find another girl that he liked that much? For that matter, would he live to see tomorrow? He didn't know if he dared to be hopeful about that or not.

Roger had slept in Janice's bed again. And again he had made the bed as best he could in hope that she wouldn't know. What would she do to him if she found out? Could it be worse than what he had already endured? Unfortunately, he knew that worse was entirely possible where Janice was concerned.

All day yesterday, and now even more so today, he was unable to get Jennifer off of his mind. Jennifer, and the fact that she was insisting on going to church with him today. She had even called late last night to check what time she should be here so they could go together. He wasn't looking forward to it. He wasn't looking forward to showing her how he looked all fixed up in a dress and proper makeup… and the wig. Maybe it was because she was going with him… or maybe he just needed to try extra hard for some unknown reason, but he was now doing his absolute best to get his makeup right… just the way that woman who had done the makeover on him had done it. Because of Jennifer, he wanted it to look – perfect.

Why?

Halifax saw her looking at him. He saw her nod to her daughter. And then he saw her walking towards him. He tensed every muscle in his body, ready to stand up out of the chair he was already sitting in, the moment she gave the command.

As she came closer, he noticed that she wasn't holding the damn remote control. So maybe she wasn't going to torture him this time. Maybe she was going to be nice again. Because that's the way she seemed to be, either a total monster – out to only rape his mind and cause him the most miserable pain imaginable, or she acted nice – serving him good tasting meals and speaking kindly to him. There was never any in–between, only unimaginable horror… or polite as can be.

He saw her approach and stand there looking at him… back far enough that she was still well out of his reach. From all indications, this would be the polite version. He breathed a small sigh of relief at that.

"Mr. Halifax," Janice started. "I'd like you to do something for me please."

His money! He knew now that it was coming, and there would be no stopping her.

"I'd like you to sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey."

His head went spinning as he immediately sank down into a trance. And the longer she kept talking to him, the further down he sank. Deeper and deeper, further and further under her control. And there had been no torture at all… just her words… in the kindest voice possible.

Janice watched him go under quickly. The fact that he went so fast was testament to the long day of training sessions she had been through with him yesterday. Three times yesterday! A dangerous amount of training! From past experience, she had been careful to let him sleep for a while between each session to let his mind recover somewhat. But still, after three sessions yesterday, she dared not do more this weekend for fear of seriously damaging his brain. Even now there could be some residual effects next week. But she wasn't concerned about residual effects at all. As long as he could respond to her commands, that's all that really mattered. If nobody noticed that he seemed a little different, well… that would be a bonus as far as she was concerned. But not absolutely necessary. He was no longer capable of telling anyone about her or what went on. Still, she would further help matters now by giving him some new things to think about.

She took her time with him, coaxing him down, further and further. She didn't stop until she was sure he was as deep as she could take him. Only then did she look back at her daughter and nod to her that she was sure he was fairly safe.

"You're sure, Momma?" Carol asked uncertainly as she approached.

"Yes dear. He already can't harm me, and I'm quite sure he won't even try to do anything to you."

Carol handed over the key she had been holding in her hand. Janice took it and walked over to Halifax, and unlocked the lock that prevented his collar from being unfastened. Then she removed the collar completely. But Halifax barely even moved. The expression on his face never even changed.

"Come, Mr. Halifax," Janice told him. "It's time for you to enjoy a bit of your little vacation."

Carol watched as Halifax got up from his seat and followed her mother… downstairs… and outside to the deck.

"Do you enjoy hot tubs, Mr. Halifax?" Janice asked.

"Yes," he replied with more emotion than Carol would have thought.

"Good," Janice said. "I want you to get into the tub now and relax. I want you to imagine you're in there with a pretty woman. And I want you to enjoy the tub, and enjoy being with the woman, and enjoy the beautiful scenery all around us. Get in the tub now, Mr. Halifax."

As Carol watched, Joseph Halifax gladly climbed into the hot tub, and looked for all the world like he was having an absolutely great time there… which if she read things right, he was!

Janice let him stay in the tub for ten minutes before she ordered him out again. There was still a distinct smile on his face when he got out. "Come, Mr. Halifax. It's time for you to get dressed to go home."

Roger stared out the living room window, waiting for Jennifer to arrive. He couldn't believe how nervous he felt. He couldn't believe how stupid he felt! In just a few minutes, Jenifer was going to see him all dressed up. And then they were going to go to church together. He still couldn't believe that! Why couldn't she just leave things well enough alone?

He saw her car appear and turn into his driveway. It was time to reveal how he really looked to her. Would she approve? He knew that she wouldn't – not as far as the fact that he was a man dressed as a woman. But would she think he looked any better than he did when they went shopping? He guessed that was the best he could hope for today. He had tried.

He saw her car stop. There was no need for her to come into the house. Throwing his purse over his shoulder and pulling the hair of his wig out from under the strap, he opened his front door to go out. Showtime!

Jennifer got out of her car to go knock on Roger's door, but the minute she did, she saw him coming out of his house… and as she expected, he was all dressed up as a woman again. She watched him carefully as he cautiously made his way down the few steps in the heels he was wearing, and walked toward her. Without a doubt, he seemed to look a lot better than the last time. Sort of!

Roger walked partway toward her, then stopped. Damn! Did she have to dress up so nicely today? He could already feel the cold seeping into his under–exercised cock. He only hoped that it would fade away before long or he would be in for an even more miserable day.

Jennifer saw him stop. She was guessing that he was waiting for some kind of verdict from her as to how he looked. Well… She did her best to smile. "You certainly look a lot better than you did earlier in the week!" she told him.

Roger moved closer. "Thanks," he replied, somewhat relieved.

"I'm afraid, you still look pretty bad though." She didn't add that basically, he still looked like a guy in a dress.

That took some of the wind out of Rogers' sails… what little there had been. "No doubt," he agreed as he headed for the passenger side of her car. "You look great though," he told her. "Amazingly great!"

"Thanks!" Jennifer replied, happy that he had bothered to mention it. It was something that in the past, when they had still been together, he never bothered to mention. She got back in her car and started the engine. When they were both buckled in and ready, she backed the car carefully around onto the side of his yard, worried about it possibly getting stuck in the mud, then she pulled slowly forward again. She didn't like to back out of his long driveway if she didn't have to… especially with all those trees blocking the view of oncoming traffic.

Stan wasn't sure what time Roger and Jennifer would be leaving for church, so he decided to head to Roger's house extra early. Roger might not like it that he was going to tag along with them, but tough! He was going to stand by Roger no matter what kind of shit he was going through. The fact that he was so early would give him a chance to talk to Roger a little – before Jennifer got there. Maybe he could find out just how close those two were getting now.

He saw Roger's dirt driveway ahead and slowed his truck. Just as he started to turn in, he saw Jennifer's car heading out. He slammed on his brakes!

Jennifer slammed on her brakes! She wasn't really that close to hitting Stan's truck, but she had just been surprised to see it suddenly coming at her.

"What's he doing here?" Roger asked, annoyed and worried that Stan was there.

"I don't know," Jennifer replied.

Stan stepped on the gas and pulled around Jennifer's car. As quickly as he could, he parked his truck next to Roger's. Then he ran back toward Jennifer's car. He saw that Roger had his window open.

"What's up?" Roger asked as Stan got close enough.

Instead of answering, he opened the back door to Jennifer's car and got in. "Damn this must be an early church service," he said as he closed the door again. "I didn't expect you to be leaving this early." He was quick to note the wig Roger was wearing on his head.

"You're going to church with us?" Jennifer asked, totally surprised by that.

"Sure!" Stan replied like it was something he did all the time.

Jennifer looked at Roger and could easily see how worried he suddenly looked.

“Stan,” Roger started, “I don’t think you want to go to this church.”

“If you’re going, I’m going,” Stan replied.

“But this isn’t any kind of normal church,” Roger tried again.

“Like I said, if you’re going, I’m going! Now let’s get going so we won’t be late. Where is this place anyway?”

Roger shook his head as Jennifer stepped on the gas and pulled out of the driveway. “Halfway back to Atlanta.”

“Geez! No wonder you’re leaving so early. It’s a good thing I wasn’t late!”

Roger had other opinions about that!

Janice had Halifax get dressed in the main downstairs bedroom where she and Carol had spent the night. She wanted him to see the bed with the rumpled sheets and remember it. She was sure that he wasn’t as deeply in his trance as he had been earlier, but he was still in a hypnotic state and thoroughly under her control.

When he was all dressed, she had him follow her out to the kitchen and sit at the kitchen table. Carol was there with the laptop computer. “Do you have it dear?” she asked.

“Sure, Momma. No problem. You want to see what I had to set up though? I kind of had to make some changes to get one that would work.” She waited until her mother came around to look at the screen in front of her. “The name you suggested was already in use. I had to try a few versions of it before it would take.”

Janice looked at the email address on the screen. “That should be perfect,” she declared happily. “I’m sure he’ll have no trouble remembering it.” The fact that since he was hypnotized and she would be telling him that he would remember the address would only cement it into his brain that much more firmly. There was no chance that he wouldn’t remember it.

She took a chair across the table from Halifax. It was time to now give him some final instructions. But first…. “Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey.” Even though he was already under, she took him as far down again as she could. All this had to be – perfect!

It was a few minutes before she was ready to continue… actually, before Halifax was ready for her to continue. The process wasn't difficult, she just wanted to make sure. And finally, he was ready to hear and understand what would be required of him… for now.

"Mr. Halifax," she began. "In a few minutes, we will be leaving here to take you home. I will drive you part way. Once you get into the car, you will fall sound asleep. It's a boring drive anyway and you have no interest in it. You can dream about what a great weekend you had with the pretty woman you met here. You can dream about spending time with her in the hot tub. You can dream about spending time with her in the big bed.

"At some point on the way home, I will speak your name. You will wake up then, but you will still remain hypnotized. From that point on, you will drive home alone. You will not remember where this cabin was, only that you were there and had a wonderful time.

"You will remember me, but the memories of me will be only vague ones. As you already know, you can never tell anyone at all about me. You can never tell anyone at all about what went on here. The only memories of this weekend you can ever mention were what fun you had in the hot tub… and the bed. Enough fun, that you can't wait to do it again next week.

Tomorrow morning, you will completely clear your schedule for next weekend so that you can go back to being with your pretty woman again. No matter what is on your calendar, you will cancel it so that you can get together with her for the entire weekend. And then I want you to get on the internet and book another cabin rental so that you and your pretty woman can spend that time together. You will book the cabin from Friday night until Sunday morning. You will choose someplace that will be secluded so that there won't be any nosy neighbors around to get in the way of you and your fun. And as soon as you have everything booked, you will email me at this email address: pretty woman 111 at Yahoo dot com." She looked at him for a moment. "Please repeat that address."

"Pretty woman, one, one, one at Yahoo dot com," Halifax replied somewhat woodenly.

"Good," Janice said. "Everything to do with this rental, you will immediately forward to that address so that I will know about it. Everything!" She searched his face again, but there was no change. She moved on.

"Mr. Halifax, in anticipation of the fun weekend you are going to have next week, I want you to take out twenty–five hundred dollars in cash from your bank account. That should give you plenty of money so that you and your pretty woman can have a very good time without having to worry about it.

"Remember, Mr. Halifax, you have broken off your relationship with Lisa. She is no longer in your life or any concern to you. You have a new woman in your life now – despite the

fact that you can't quite remember what she looks like or even what her name is. You may spend time with a few of the other girls I know you spend your evenings with, but even those women will all gradually pale in significance to your new pretty girl. As the week goes on, you will find that you have less and less interest in any of those other women.

And next Friday night, as early as you can, you will pack a small bag and drive to the cabin you rented, where you will have a wonderful time all next weekend.

Roger was quietly going crazy! He didn't want Jennifer going to church with him, and now he had Stan along for the ride too! What was up with his screwy friends? Why couldn't they just leave him alone? He was no longer quite as worried about what might happened to Jennifer, although that did remain in the back of his mind, but he was very worried about what Janice could possibly do to Stan. And he had no doubt that she wouldn't hesitate a moment to destroy his best friend if she felt she needed to.

Why couldn't he take the hint and just stay away? Why couldn't both of them just stay away for that matter? But now here they were, all travelling down the highway together – to go to church together– like it was the most wonderful thing in the world. He wanted to scream! More so, the closer they got! "That's the exit," he said so that Jennifer would know where to turn off. A few minutes later, he had directed her to turn into the parking lot of the strip mall where the church was located.

"It's not a regular church!" Stan noted from the back seat.

"It looks like a lot of cars here though," Jennifer replied as she searched for a place to park her car.

"There always seems to be a lot of people here," Roger said. And now there were about to be a few more. At least for this week. Once the car was parked, he got out. He had been here enough now that while he was embarrassed over the way he looked, he knew that none of the others in the church would even question it. He was more embarrassed this time because of Jennifer and Stan being there with him.

Once out of the car, Stan had his first chance to see Roger all dressed up. He looked… dumb! Okay, for some unknown reason his face didn't look all that bad, but he still looked stupid. He didn't look anything like a real woman at all. Basically, he was a guy in a dress. He couldn't imagine how a church would let him come like that. But then Roger had said this place was different. He guessed he was about to find out how different.

Together, they began the somewhat long walk from the car to the entrance of the church where there were a lot of people standing around outside. Jennifer walked on Roger's left side, and Stan took his post on Roger's right. And Roger began to wonder what his two friends would think when they met Tracy, and Cassandra, and Bethany. Especially Bethany!

For that matter, what would the three outrageous cross–dressers think of him bringing two more people to church with him?

“Candy!” the excited voice yelled from the distance.

“Oh shit!” Roger muttered under his breath. He doubled that curse as he saw Bethany start running toward him.

“Candy!” Bethany’s excited voice called again.

“Candy?” both Jennifer and Stan asked in unison the moment they realized the frightening apparition running towards them was yelling to Roger.

“Don’t ask!” Roger told them quietly.

“Candy?” Stan questioned again.

“Nobody uses any real names here,” Roger tried to explain. “I somehow got branded with Candy.”

“Candy?” Jennifer asked again incredulously. “How did that happen?”

Roger was spared from answering by Bethany running up and not stopping until she was hugging him. “Candy! You look great! Love your new dress,” the outrageous transvestite exclaimed. And you brought friends!”

“Uh yeah,” Roger replied uncertainly. “Beth, this is Stan and Jennifer. Guys, this is Bethany.” He wasn’t prepared for the mock grand curtsey that Bethany presented for them.

“Welcome to our humble little church,” Beth said as she stood back up again. “I just know you’re going to love it here. And any friend of Candy here, is a friend of all of us. Trust me on that!”

“Candy?” Jennifer asked quietly again.

Stan was having more difficulty, because Bethany came around and suddenly linked arms with him and began pulling him toward the church entrance. “I can’t wait for you to meet the others,” Beth said to him. “And Candy, you did us all proud by bringing such a lovely woman in to sit with us.”

“Uh… thanks,” Roger replied. Although he wasn’t happy about the situation at all.

“Candy?” Jennifer asked quietly again… for which she still got no answer.

Inside, Bethany led them over to the side at the back of the church. “Yoo–hoo!” Beth called out. “Look what I found!”

Jennifer was shocked to see two more transvestites standing near the back corner. Somewhat outrageous transvestites too. Basically, guys in dresses… like Roger. Well, Roger did hint that there were more like him.

Stan’s head was spinning at the sight of more weirdoes. He only prayed they wouldn’t be as bad as this “Bethany” character seemed to be. He wasn’t sure he could handle much more. And Roger liked this place? Well, he supposed he would. He was here wearing a dress like they were! Fortunately, these few “people” were the only ones that he noted were dressed so… outrageously.

“Candy!” Cass exclaimed. “You brought friends! How wonderful! And I love your new dress.”

“Uh… thanks,” Roger replied. “This is Jennifer and Stan, two of my closest friends.” He wasn’t sure if it was good or not that they were his close friends still, but they certainly had been in the past. “Guys, this is Cassandra and that’s Tracy.” He was glad to see that neither Cass nor Tracy curtseyed like Bethany had done. But then, nobody was as outrageous as Bethany.

“Where’s Janice?” Tracy asked.

“Visiting… I think,” Roger replied. “She loaded the car up with cleaning supplies and took off for the weekend. I image she’s working somewhere else for a bit.”

“She’s always been such a nice person!” Cass exclaimed.

Roger had some serious issues with that statement, but he held his tongue.

“So how long have you known about Candy here?” Cass asked Jennifer.

Jennifer was still trying to wrap her head around all too many things. “Um… not long. Actually, this is the first time I’ve gotten to see him… or is it her…”

“Whatever,” both Tracy and Cass replied together.

“None of us worry about it,” Tracy explained.

“Um… it’s the first time I got to see… Candy… all dressed up.” Candy? She couldn’t quite grasp that name. And why hadn’t Roger told her?

"And she wore such a pretty new dress for the occasion!" Bethany added. "Where ever did you get it?"

"Uh… actually," Roger replied, "Jennifer helped me pick it out."

"It looks great on you darling. Absolute great!" Tracy told him.

"Thanks."

The crowd was now moving toward the folding chairs, so they took that as their cue to take their seats as well. Jennifer sat between Tracy and Roger – Candy. And Stan sat between Roger… and Bethany. Stan wasn't exactly happy about how close Bethany seemed to be attaching herself… or himself… or… oh who cares!

The service progressed much as it usually did and Roger did his best to listen to what the woman preacher was saying, but his mind was more focused on the fact that he was worried that both Jennifer… and especially Stan was there.

Jennifer was very surprised and somewhat pleased as well to find that the minister of this little church was a woman. And despite the fact that it was a makeshift church, the seats were fairly well packed. She realized why shortly after the preacher got into her sermon. It had been a long time since she had been to church, but she couldn't ever remember listening to a sermon that seemed to make so much sense! The preacher was great! No wonder Roger liked this place… not to mention his outrageous friends.

Stan was surprised to find that the minister was a woman. That was something he hadn't expected. Actually, there was nothing at all about the place that was anything at all close to what he had expected. He wasn't sure about what he thought about a woman minister. Ministers were supposed to be men! But then, so was Roger. And now he was finding out that Roger was a lot less of a man than he had ever thought. But he was determined to stand by his friend no matter what. He could just use a little less of "Bethany" rubbing elbows with him during the service. The minister did seem to speak well though. Very well!

"Mr. Halifax!"

Joseph Halifax woke up out of his sleep. He was still in a trance, but he had spent so much time in that state that it made no impression on him. The car was stopped… he didn't know where.

"Mr. Halifax, it's time for you to drive home now," Janice told him. They had driven for a little over an hour… well away from the cabin area. She had stopped at a McDonald's parking lot, just off the interstate, where he could quickly figure out which way he would need to go. She watched as he got out of the car, then she did the same. She stopped him before he could

get into the car again – on the driver's side. "Mr. Halifax. As soon as you get out of the parking lot, you will head for the highway and go east. That will take you home. Once you are on the highway, you will slowly come completely out of your trance. You will be well rested and you will feel nothing but happy. You already know everything else you need to know."

She stood back and watched as he got into the car and drove away. Carol had parked several spaces away. She headed for her own car. Now they had to go back to the cabin and start cleaning it. She hoped it wouldn't take them too long. Fortunately, Carol was there to help her.

Why didn't you tell us about you being called Candy?" Jennifer asked the minute they got back into her car.

"I didn't think of it," Roger replied. Well, he had, but he had mostly hoped that the name wouldn't come up and he would be spared that embarrassment. He should have known better though.

"You didn't think of it?" Jennifer asked incredulously. "How could you not think of something like that?" She shook her head. "So… who came up with that name? Was it you?"

"Uh… no, it wasn't really my choice." Could he tell them that Janice came up with the name? He wasn't comfortable telling them that. "It was… just something they started calling me," he explained.

"So your… friends back there came up with it for you?" Jennifer asked.

"It wasn't exactly my choice," Roger said again.

From the backseat, Stan added, "I would think you could think of something a little less… suggestive." Then he thought better of that. "Then again, if your new friends are all like the ones we just met, maybe the name fits!"

Jennifer rolled her eyes at that as she started searching for the highway signs. "Candy's not a bad name," she said. "But if you're going to go further with this becoming a woman thing, are you planning on changing it?"

Roger shrugged. "It's a name," he replied.

Jennifer pursed her lips thoughtfully at that. She drove in silence for a while. Once back on the interstate highway, she asked. "So what kind of things have you been working on now toward becoming a woman?"

"Mostly just trying to get my makeup right," Roger replied.

"No, I mean… what kind of research have you been doing? Have you looked into finding a psychologist yet or anything? Or have you looked through the internet to see what advice you can get from people who have done this already?"

"Not yet," Roger replied. He realized though that he probably should be doing more internet research. He made a mental note to get started on it as soon as he got the chance… possibly as soon as he could get rid of both Stan and Jennifer today.

Jennifer drove silently, but she was deep in thought. She wasn't any kind of expert, but even she could tell that it wasn't right! It simply wasn't right!

The fact that they had covered the floor with the plastic made everything much easier. Folding the big plastic tarp back up again was actually the most difficult thing they had to do. It was now stuffed into the plastic bucket and was out in the back of the car to take home. They had also cleaned and dusted just about every surface in the house that either of them could remember touching. But that was only a minor concern since these rental cabins got used by so many different people.

Janice had rented the house for an extra day so they would have plenty of time to clean the place up after dropping Halifax off. But with Carol there to help her, the job went quickly and easily. "There," she said with some satisfaction as she and Carol finally managed to get the ladder back into the car… on top of everything else. "That didn't take so long." She checked her watch. It was only a little after lunchtime… although neither she nor Carol had eaten anything since breakfast. "I'd suggest we stop somewhere and get something to eat, but I'm not sure what we'll find between here and home."

"There's always Burger King," Carol replied.

"But that's all the way back past the house. It's not really on the way at all." She smiled. "It's not very far to get home from here. I'll just make us some lunch when we get there."

Carol wasn't as thrilled with the idea.

The ride back to Roger's house was mostly silent as Jennifer drove. None of them quite knew what to say. Roger was simply worried… and glad it was all over with now. But just a short distance from his house, Jennifer thought of something. "Let's have lunch together like we planned," she suggested. "I'm sure we can find something that your housekeeper has left around. If not, then we'll make something."

Roger didn't like that idea at all. "Um… I don't know. What if she's back already?"

"Who's the boss?" Stan asked from the backseat. "You or her?"

The truthful answer was definitely her! But that was something that Roger could never tell anyone. "No, I'm the boss," he replied uncertainly.

"Then what's the problem?" Stan asked.

"Uh… none I guess," Roger replied. Like it or not, his friends were about to stay for lunch.

Since the garage door was closed when they got home, he had no way of knowing if Janice had gotten back yet or not. Once out of the car, he led the way to the front door where he had to fish into his purse to get his keys out to unlock the door. The fact that nobody was there to open it for them let him know that Janice and Carol were still gone. He was relieved at that. Now if they would just stay gone – for the rest of his life!

Once inside, Roger headed directly for the kitchen. There was no way he was going to head for his bedroom since Janice now occupied his old bedroom and he didn't want anyone to know that… or that he didn't have a bed either. He opened the refrigerator door. "Let's see what's in here."

Jennifer stood back a moment and watched Roger. Normally, the moment she got into her house, if she was wearing heels, she would kick them off. Roger wasn't doing that. She was tempted to leave hers on because he was, but she suddenly decided her feet hurt and she kicked them off anyway. Much better! Then she went over to stand next to him to stare into the refrigerator while Stan took a seat at the table. She stared into the refrigerator, but there was something else on her mind. "Roger," she said softly.

"Yeah?"

"What the heck is going on?"

"What?" Roger asked. "I'm trying to see what Mrs. Stokley left in the fridge!"

"No!" Jennifer replied. "I mean… what's going on with you?"

"What are you talking about?" Roger asked, suddenly wary.

"Roger, from everything I've seen today. You don't want to be a woman at all!"

"What?" Roger exclaimed. He pursed his lips up angrily and looked back into the refrigerator. "I'm doing it!" he replied determinedly.

"You're doing it," Jennifer replied, "but you certainly don't want to do it?"

Roger was shocked. “Why would you think that?”

“Because of what you’re doing!”

“I’m looking for something we can eat for lunch!”

“No! I mean with everything else!” She backed off a bit so she could explain. “You’re suddenly wearing dresses and stuff… and you’re declaring that you’re becoming a woman… but you haven’t done the least bit of research yet as to what that involves! I would think that if you were really serious about this, then you would have done tons of research already. And I mean tons!”

Roger shook his head and looked back to the open refrigerator again. “I’m doing it!” he said again.

“But you don’t want to do it!” Jennifer argued.

“I’m doing it,” Roger said determinedly once again.

Jennifer was getting exasperated. “Then why the heck haven’t you even looked into finding out what’s involved?”

“I’ve just started,” Roger replied, still looking into the refrigerator. There was no way he could look at her just then. “I haven’t gotten that far yet.”

“Roger… it makes no sense! You can’t go around declaring you’re about to turn yourself into a woman without finding out what you need to do to go about it!”

“I’m working on it,” Roger replied, his head still in the refrigerator. They were interrupted by the sound of the garage door opening. “It sounds like Janice is home,” Roger stated as he looked toward the door that led from the kitchen to the garage. He wasn’t sure if he was glad that Janice was back or not. He didn’t ever want to see Janice again, but right now, he needed a way out of this conversation!

Too many cars! Way too many cars! Janice wasn’t at all glad to see the extra cars parked in the yard as she drove in. She recognized both of the extra vehicles. The small car she knew belonged to Jennifer… the woman who Roger used to love… still loved. And the truck belonged to his nosy friend Stan. She supposed it wasn’t all that inconceivable that Jennifer might still be here since she was sure that Roger had probably just gotten back from church. But what was his meddlesome friend Stan doing here? Wondering about it, she pulled into the garaged and hit the button to close the door behind her.

Leaving everything in the back of the car, she and Carol headed into the house. She was greeted by three people occupying her kitchen… two of them wearing dresses standing in front of her open refrigerator door. "Hello everyone," she exclaimed, trying her best to put a smile on her face and sound happy. She was glad to see Roger still dressed nicely after church. She wasn't happy about his two friends being there, but she didn't let that show.

"Hi, Mrs. Stokley," Roger replied. "Have a good trip?"

"Yes, thank you. A very good trip." She looked around. "What's going on?" she asked, her eyes mostly taking in the still open refrigerator.

"We were just looking for something to make for lunch," Roger replied.

"Oh!" Janice exclaimed brightly. "Then we got back just in time! I was going to make something for Carol and myself. I'll just fix something for everyone instead."

"Are you sure it won't be any trouble?" Jennifer asked.

"Oh posh, dear," Janice replied with a wave of her hand. I can just as easily fix for five as I can for two. Now why don't you all go sit at the table while I make coffee. Is there anyone who doesn't like pork chops?" She looked around. "Good! I have just enough for all of us." She turned to her daughter. "Carol dear, will you start the coffee while I get lunch started?" Janice had purposely suggested that they all sit at the table instead of waiting in the living room because she wanted a better idea of what was going on.

Roger, Stan, and Jennifer all sat quietly for a few moments watching Janice and Carol working. Stan finally shook off his mood and turned towards Roger. "Roger," he said quietly to get his attention.

Roger turned toward his friend… even though he was really wishing just then that Stan wasn't around. "Yeah?"

"I went fishing yesterday."

Roger brightened considerably. "Yeah? How was it?"

"I nearly died."

Roger thought he was joking and chuckled a bit. "What happened?"

"The current got me and nearly carried me into the middle of the river. It was all I could do to make it back to the bank."

Roger was shocked. “You’re kidding!”

“No. It was that dangerous out there.”

“Geez! You should have been more careful,” Roger admonished.

“What I should have been,” Stan replied, “was with my fishing buddy! I needed someone else out there to watch my back!”

Roger looked away, ashamed and hurt. “Sorry,” he said softly, still not looking at Stan.

“Roger,” Stan tried again. “Are you ever going to go fishing again? I miss having you there.”

Roger shook his head. “I don’t know,” he replied. “Right now, I just don’t know.”

It was Stan’s turn to shake his head. “Whatever happens with you Roger, I just want you to know that I’m going to be there for you. No matter what happens, you’ve been my best friend through a lot of bad shit. I’m not going to abandon you now.”

Roger wanted to thank him for that. But right now, Stan getting that close was far too dangerous for him. “Don’t!” he said softly. “It’s better if you just stay away.”

“I’m not going to do that. I owe you too much,” Stan replied.

Jennifer got up from the table. She didn’t want to hear any more of what was going on between the two men.

Janice had been doing her best to hear what Stan and Roger were saying. She got most of it, and she wasn’t all that happy to hear it. Her listening was interrupted by Jennifer coming over to stand near her.

“Can I help?” Jennifer asked.

“Oh, don’t worry, I’ve got it” Janice said brightly. Carol and I can handle everything just fine. You just go and relax.”

But Jennifer didn’t want to leave. “Have you been to that church that Roger took us to today?”

Janice looked over at her, totally surprised. “Have I been there? I’m the one who introduced Roger to it. I just love it there. Tell me, what did you think of it?”

"It was… different," Jennifer replied. "Pretty good actually. I was surprised to find that the preacher was a woman. And she spoke… wonderfully!"

"Yes!" Janice exclaimed. "We all just love her. I find her to be particularly… inspirational."

"She is that," Jennifer agreed. "Very inspirational." She watched Janice mixing a batch of instant mashed potatoes. "Um… have you heard the name that they call Roger there?"

Janice smiled slyly, but she didn't look in Jennifer's direction. "You mean, Candy?"

"Where did that come from?"

"What does Mr. Brinkley say?" Janice asked uncertainly. She didn't want to say something that might conflict with whatever story that Roger had already told her.

"All he'll say about it is that it kind of just happened. I got the feeling he didn't have much of a say in the matter."

Janice nodded as she stopped and seemed to look off into the distance. "Candy," she said, considering the name. "I actually think it's quite a nice name. What do you think?"

Jennifer shrugged. "I guess it's okay," she replied. "It's just a bit surprising."

"Why?" Janice asked as she went back to preparing the potatoes. "Candy is a wonderful name as far as I can see."

"I don't know," Jennifer said. "I guess it's just not one you hear very often."

Janice looked over at her with a conspiratorial smile on her face. "You know what? I've even come up with a new slogan for his business for… after he changes a bit." She paused just to build the anticipation. "Since he can't very well call himself a hand man in the future, I've changed things around a bit. What do you think of… Candy girl, the handy girl?"

Jennifer couldn't help but chuckle a bit. "That's cute!" she exclaimed.

"I thought so," Janice replied as she went back to work. "I'm thinking of having some business cards made up for him. I think they would be quite useful to his new business."

"I'm sure they would," Jennifer agreed light–heartedly. She forced herself to regain her serious composure. "Janice… tell me… what do you think of all this?"

"All what, dear?"

"Roger… becoming a woman."

Janice stopped working and shrugged. "To be honest, it's his business, not mine. As long as he's no danger to me or my daughter, as far as I'm concerned, if that's what he does with his life, then we should let him. I'm just the housekeeper here… a position I'm very grateful to have. So if that is what Mr. Brinkley does with his life, who am I to stand in his way?"

Too many cars! That was Jacobs' first thought as he drove past Brinkley's house. Obviously, Brinkley had friends over. Between the friends and the dog, he was less sure of learning anything at all. He certainly wasn't going to chance looking into all the windows now. But maybe he could see into a few… if he was really careful – which he intended to be.

Parking his car well past Roger's house as he had done the last time, he started making his way back on foot. Once again, before coming into sight of the house, he turned and entered the woods where he would be much more out of sight. When the front yard came into view, he took a few moments to study the cars on the lawn – two pickup trucks and a smaller car. He didn't recognize any of them, but he would definitely make sure he had all the license numbers before he left today.

Still hiding behind the trees, he moved further back toward the house. No sign of the dog he knew had to be there – yet. Taking a chance, he silently hurried from the trees up against the side of the house. Quietly and cautiously, he looked into the window there through the small crack in the curtains. A bedroom. Looked like a girl's room. That figured. Janice's daughter's room.

Worried about the dog, he crept to the back corner of the house to try to get a peek at it. If there were a lot of people in the house, then there was a good chance the dog would be out in the backyard. But he didn't see the dog. He was instead greeted by the sight of a giant tree that had nearly fallen on the house. Damn! A big one! He was no expert, but he figured that Brinkley had been very lucky the thing hadn't destroyed his whole house. He looked a bit closer around the yard. No sign of the dog.

He checked the closest windows to where he was… another bedroom. Looked like the master bedroom. He couldn't tell much though from what little he could see. He moved back to the front corner of the house again and checked to make sure nobody was in sight. He moved on to the next window – no curtains! It was another bedroom though. He saw a dresser and some stuff on the floor, but no bed. But he did see a very large dog cage in the room. A large dog cage that fit with the thick chain he had seen around the tree in the backyard last time. No doubt, there was a big dog in the house!

Another thought crossed his mind. He was betting that this was only a three bedroom house. But there was no bed in this room… and only the big dog cage – which would make it the room they most likely kept the dog in at night. Three people, but only two bedrooms were

actually being occupied by them. Brinkley was definitely shacking up with Janice Stokley! That was going to take some time for him to think about!

A sudden noise at the front door sent him dashing back around the side of the house. He heard the front door opening and someone coming out. More than one someone. He heard the short innocuous conversation between a man and a woman, then he heard them getting into their cars. He pulled his cell phone out and set up the camera. Laying on the ground at the front corner, he watched as the small car backed up from the lawn onto the driveway in such a way that the driver would be able to pull out going forward. He quickly took a picture of the back of the car in the brief moment where he could see the license plate. He did the same with the pickup truck a moment later.

He was guessing the remaining truck belonged to Brinkley… the replacement for the battered old car he had chased into Alabama. It wasn't a new vehicle, but it was a sure sight better than that last old car he had. He also remembered the Cadillac SUV that was most likely in the garage. Without a doubt, he needed to look into Brinkley's finances. Something was fishy! He could just smell it!

Not wanting to chance being discovered by the dog, he headed back to his car. He had learned more than he figured he would on this trip. Now he needed to process that information and figure out where to go from there. Brinkley was shacking up in bed with Janice… and he just knew there was something wrong with Brinkley's bank accounts! Plus, he had some license tags to check out. Who were Brinkley's friends? Or were they Janice's friends instead? Either way, he was going to check them out – thoroughly!

It was afterwards… after both Jennifer and Stan had gone home. Roger was still dressed as Candy, even though he knew he needed to change so he could do some work on repairing his own house. He fished his wallet out of his purse and carried it into the kitchen were Janice and Carol were still working on the dishes. From his wallet, he pulled a check. "Here," he said to Janice. "I got the second payment from Mrs. Whittaker yesterday. I'm going to need it to buy the rest of the supplies for their deck though."

Janice quickly wiped her hands dry with a dish towel and took the check. "Excellent!" she exclaimed. "I'll see that this gets straight into the bank as soon as possible."

"I also picked up another quick job. A friend of Rebecca Adkins has a leaky roof. I've already been out there and done a temporary patch on it, but I'm going to need to get back to it, probably tomorrow."

"We have a leaky roof here too," Janice reminded him.

"I'm just getting ready to change so I can start working on it," Roger told her. "And I've hired a tree service to take care of that tree. They're supposed to be here Wednesday."

Janice nodded. “That’s probably a very good idea.”

“It’s just too much tree for me to handle by myself.”

“When you go out to work on the house today, are you working as Candy, or as Roger?” Janice asked.

“I guess it has to be Roger,” he replied. “I can’t very well climb ladders and work on the roof in this dress.”

Janice smiled. “Of course not. But you were prudent enough to buy yourself some very useful jeans if I remember correctly. Why not wear them instead? I’m sure that you have enough clothes now that you can put together something that Candy can wear to work in. And that way, I can leave your dog dish in the cupboard where it will remain out of sight.”

Roger nodded. Eating from the table was much, much preferred. “I’ll do that,” he agreed.

“Candy!” Janice stopped him as he started to turn away.

“Yes?”

“Did I hear your friend asking about fishing again?”

Roger nodded. “He tried to go fishing yesterday, but the weather has made the streams much more dangerous. We usually fish together but he was alone this time. The current swept him away and almost killed him.”

Janice nodded thoughtfully, even though half of what she was thinking was that it would have simply been another stupid male out of the way of everyone else in the world. “He keeps asking you to go fishing with him.”

“We used to fish a lot,” Roger agreed. “It’s what we both liked to do the most.”

Janice nodded thoughtfully. “Let me think on it… Candy. Right now, I’m not sure if it would be a good idea for you or not. Let me think on it.”

Was that a possible bit of a bright spot? Roger couldn’t be sure. But he really would like to go fishing… dangerous water or not!

Chapter 36.

Janice stared at the mess in the laundry room – or what was left of her laundry room. Actually, things looked a bit better than they had before she left to take care of Joseph Halifax. The tarp that covered the area where the door had been was now replaced by a sheet of plywood that sealed everything up much better. And according to Roger, the roof over the area was fixed to the point where he was fairly certain it wouldn't leak anymore. Evidently, it still needed a lot more work yet, but he had to get some materials to do the rest of the job. She hoped it wouldn't take him too much longer to fix everything. She hated living with an awful mess like this. At least she could still use the washer and dryer. She had been lucky about that.

As she stared at the room… and particularly at the new sheet of plywood that her eyes couldn't seem to look away from, she tried to remember what it had looked like before. Not much, but still somewhat nice… for a laundry room. The door had led out to a small deck before going down to the yard. The deck though had been very small. Just a landing area really. A smile crept to her face. It would be much nicer out there with a big deck. A place where they could all sit out and possibly enjoy a meal. She made a note to "suggest" it to Roger.

She was interrupted from her musings by the sound of her phone ringing. It wasn't really all that early in the morning, but she couldn't help but wonder who would be calling her. Hoping it wasn't her daughter with a problem at school, she hurried to grab her phone. "Hello?"

"Hi," a woman's voice on the other end replied. "Is this the New China Restaurant?"

"Uh… no, I'm sorry," Janice replied, realizing that it was most likely Susan who was calling her.

"I'm so sorry," the voice said before hanging up.

Janice quickly found one of her few remaining burner phones. She made another mental note to get more of the darn things. She was going through an awful lot of them… and she had no doubt she would soon be going through a lot more. A few minutes later, she had talked with the operator at Mr. Wu's company and told her the numbers of the fictitious items she wasn't interested in purchasing, and two minutes later, Susan Wu was on the line.

"Hi Janice," Susan's voice said brightly. "I'm just calling to see if there's been any progress yet."

"Hi Susan," Janice replied. "Any progress? I guess you could say that. I'm afraid that poor Mr. Halifax has just spent a very instructional weekend with me."

"You had him all weekend?" Susan asked, her voice turning much more serious.

"All weekend!" Janice confirmed.

"And what did you find out? Did he kill Leila?"

"I don't know yet," Janice replied.

"You don't know? But you spent all weekend with him!"

"That's right. But this weekend was dedicated to only one thing – gaining control of his mind! Everything else has to wait until I can control him completely."

"I would think that by the end of the weekend you would have at least been able to ask about Leila!"

Janice was a bit put off by Susan's tone of voice. "You asked me to do this job. You know how good I am at what I do. Don't rush me! I'm already moving much faster than I'm really comfortable with."

Susan wasn't happy, but at least progress had been made. And she realized, that for Janice, it was a lot of progress. "Sorry," she apologized. "You know I'm anxious."

"I know," Janice told her. "But you want the truth, don't you? Let me do this my way, and there will never be any doubt about what information I get out of him."

"Very well," Susan agreed. "How much longer do you think?"

Janice smiled. "If everything goes as I expect, I should know something definite for you by the end of next weekend."

That bit of news pleased Susan greatly. "Are you sure?"

"At least I hope so. It's on my list of things to cover next week with him."

Susan paused to consider the information. "In that case," she said, "we think we've found the doctor you were looking for. If you're going to be home tomorrow, I'll have a messenger drop a file off at your house. We uncovered this one that we think will work for you, but we've made no contact with her at all. I'm afraid you're going to have to handle that part yourself. She knows nothing at all about our company, and we'd like it kept that way!"

“I understand,” Janice replied. “You said you had a file on her?”

“Yes. Everything you should need to know will be in it.”

Janice considered that a moment. “Very well,” she said, “I’ll make sure I’m here to meet your messenger tomorrow. Anytime during the day should be just fine.”

“Just so you know,” Susan continued, “all of your other requests are still being worked on.”

Janice had no doubt that some of what she had asked for was most likely ready for her right now. Susan was just holding it back until she got what she wanted. But there were some items on her list that would, by necessity, take a lot of time.

“Good morning, Mr. Halifax.”

“Goooood morning, Mary,” Joseph Halifax replied cheerily to his secretary as he made his way into his office.

She giggled a bit. “What’s got you feeling so chipper today?”

Actually, Halifax wasn’t sure exactly why he felt so happy today. In the back of his mind were all too many memories of horrible things that had happened to him over the weekend. But layered on top of those memories, were yet other memories that were the only ones he knew he was capable of relating. Basically, his head was a confused mess! “Had a great weekend,” he explained quickly before he disappeared into his office.

He headed for his desk chair and sat… and winced. Every time he sat down now, there was this flash of grey at the edges of his vision. There was no use wondering what that flash of grey was… it was that impenetrable wall that… that woman… had put into his brain over the weekend. It was that wall growing thicker… and thicker… and even more impenetrable – every time he sat down… and every time he stood up. And that wall had him scared to death!

But despite that wall, and despite what he knew had been done to him over the weekend, he still felt fairly happy. And for some reason, he had wonderful memories of spending time with a beautiful woman in the hot tub… and later, he had spent some time with her in that bed as well. It bothered him a bit that he couldn’t remember her name… or exactly what she looked like, but those things didn’t seem to matter. Horrible memories… and wonderful memories… all jumbled together. And still, he felt fairly good.

“Mary!” he called out through the open door of his office. It was a moment before his secretary appeared.

"Yes, Mr. Halifax?"

"Clear my schedule for all next weekend please."

"Uh… as far as I know, you don't have anything scheduled yet for the weekend."

"Good!" Halifax replied. He looked at her for a moment. "Do you know much about all those cabin rentals available up in North Georgia?"

"Cabin rentals? A little I guess. We rented one once for the family and had a great time."

"Good," Halifax said again. "Find me one for next weekend. Something… secluded, I think. Something secluded…" he paused to smile before adding, "and romantic."

Knowing full well the type of man her boss was, Mary just nodded, but she was rolling her eyes as she walked out of his office.

"Why are you so interested in him again?"

Jennifer was instantly put off by Stan's question. "Stanley Franklin! Don't you dare ask me something like that!"

"I'm just wondering," Stan replied as they stood in line to get lunch again. They could see Roger near the head of the line, not close enough that he could hear them.

"Stop asking me that!" she said. "He's a friend! A good friend! And… he used to be someone special to me."

"Used to be?"

"You know perfectly well how close Roger and I were."

"So why did you break it off? According to him, you dumped him."

"Stan, the next time you ask me about that, I swear, I'll slap you!"

Stan backed off, but he still couldn't help wondering about it… and worrying about it. Roger was doing weird things lately. And lately, Jennifer seemed to be showing nothing but increased interest in him again. And… he was jealous!

Yes, things were definitely rolling now! Janice considered some of the latest developments over the last few days as she folded laundry on the kitchen table. There had been a lot of definite progress – and she was nothing but happy about it.

The one little tiny thing that still seemed to stick in her mind that bothered her though, was Roger's friend Stan. She didn't seem to feel any problem with his friend Jennifer. In fact, she felt nothing but amusement at that situation. But his friend Stan was another matter. For some unknown reason, Stan wanted to stay Roger's friend. Not only that, he was determined to stick all too closely to Roger. Something needed to be done about that! But kidnapping the man and raping his mind wasn't exactly a very good option… or a wise option either – as much as she wouldn't mind doing it to him at all since he was just another stupid man! No, but something had to be done… and it had to be done soon!

His friend seemed to be concerned about going fishing – far too much. She supposed that for them, fishing was a nice pastime, but she could think of far better ways to spend that time. Still, she supposed that it was something that many people liked to do. In fact, she had heard of some women who enjoyed the sport as well. She certainly didn't! Imagine, going out and killing some poor defenseless little fish! Ugh! It was positively barbaric!

But never the less, this Stan character seemed to love the stupid sport. And evidently, so did Roger. And the two of them usually went fishing – together. Somewhat like a team, she supposed. Could fishing be done as a team sport? She didn't know enough about it to answer that question – not that it mattered.

Still, it was an outdoor activity that they both seemed to enjoy. Personally, she preferred hiking. She had spent many hours hiking trails all over the southeastern United States. She and her daughter Carol. They had been some of the best times of her life! So she supposed that if these… men (ugh!)… preferred fishing to hiking, then that was entirely within their rights. And as much as she hated to admit it, since she knew of some women who enjoyed fishing too, then it would have to be somewhat acceptable.

So what should she do about Roger's friend?

As far as she could see, Stan didn't like the fact that Roger was now slowly becoming Candy. He didn't seem to like or accept that at all. So if that was something he didn't like…. She smiled. Maybe that would work out just fine. Maybe that was the answer to her problem!

So… one problem down. Now, what to do about Roger sleeping in her bed while she had been gone. Yes, the bed had been made up nicely afterwards, but did the fool think she wouldn't smell his scent all over her sheets? Stupid men!

Roger briefly looked down as he climbed his big ladder. He had come home from school, changed as quickly as he could, and headed out to take care of this leaking roof job for the

McCrarys. Unfortunately, he had to stop at the building supply store on the way to get some roofing materials… for his own house as well. Going into that place now was always an embarrassment, but he had no choice in the matter. He needed materials to work with.

Now he had climbed, nearly to the top of his big ladder, with a heavy bag of roofing shingles on his shoulder. He stopped when he got his shoulders above the roofline. Far down below… on the ground, he could see both Thomas McCrary and his wife staring up at him. Why couldn't they just leave him alone? He did his best to ignore them as he hefted the heavy bag of shingles from his shoulder onto the roof. Climbing the tall ladder with such a bag was always somewhat difficult. Doing it while wearing women's boots was much more difficult. Now he was just glad to get the darn heavy thing off of his shoulder. Very carefully, he climbed from the ladder onto the roof and started making his way up to the area he needed to repair.

He had been out the night before and climbed briefly up here with a small bag of cement mortar – the kind used to cement bricks together. He had easily found the damaged area and had just dumped the small bag of mortar on top of the area and spread it around. The light rain had quickly mixed with the cement as he spread it all out over the entire area in a very thin layer. Cement dries even under water. The wet mortar found its way into any cracks, and as it dried, sealed the leak – temporarily. Now, it only took him about five minutes to chip away the thin brittle layer of cement from the shingles to clear the area where he needed to work.

He wasn't crazy about working on top of roofs. He wasn't all that thrilled about working anywhere high up. But he had done it enough to know what he was doing. The other part of the job that irritated him somewhat was trying to be careful about scuffing his damn boots! He had enough problems to deal with as it was. Fortunately, since he still shined them almost every night, there was enough shoe polish on them now to protect them from a lot… just not scuffs marks from the rough roof surface.

With both McCrary's watching from the ground below, he did his best to ignore them and set about tearing up the area around the bad shingles, and then rebuilding it all with the fresh new ones he had just bought. They wouldn't match the old shingles exactly since they were new and hadn't faded yet, but they would be close enough.

Thirty minutes later, he was finished and carefully climbed down from his ladder – with both McCrarys still watching him. As he put his ladder away into the back of his truck, he was aware again that Mr. McCrary seemed to be looking all too carefully at his boots. And so was Mrs. McCrary, but she seemed to be spending even more time looking at his chest… and boobs that were all too visible under the sweatshirt he had chosen to wear.

As he put his bill together for them, he was reminded of the way that their friend, Rebecca Adkins had watched him. By the time he finished at Rebecca's house, he had been tempted

to pull out some lipstick and put it on right in front of her. It had been a good thing he didn't have any then. It was a good thing he didn't have any here tonight either, because the way they had watched him bothered him almost as much as Rebecca had. At least they hadn't asked him any questions the whole time he was working. He was thankful the job was someplace where they couldn't do that.

A little while later, he was driving off with another check in his wallet for another completed job. Now if he could just get time to fix his own house! But right then, he was more concerned with getting home fast enough to get changed into Candy so he could eat at the table.

He didn't make it.

Janice and Carol had already sat down and were eating by the time he ran in through the door.

"How did your job go?" Janice asked as he hurried into the kitchen – and didn't see a place set at the table for him. But there was no dog dish in the corner either.

"Good," Roger replied. "I've got another check for the finished job."

"Excellent, Mr. Brinkley. Your little business is starting off quite well, I think."

"Let me go change," Roger said, "and then I'll be right back to eat."

"Don't bother, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said quickly. "I'm afraid it's too late. You know what time dinner is and you missed it. I've saved some for you, but I'm afraid you'll be eating it from the floor instead. And this time, not until after we've finished eating here."

"But I couldn't finish that fast!" Roger complained.

"No matter, Mr. Brinkley. Rules are rules!"

Oh hell!

It was a while later when Roger finished eating – from his dog bowl in the corner of the kitchen. He got to his feet to get some coffee to take back to his bedroom. He was planning on spending the evening doing internet research on sex changes. He had no doubt that Janice would approve.

Janice and Carol were still working on cleaning the dishes. He grabbed a coffee mug and filled it with coffee the way he always did.

"One moment, Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as she quickly turned the water in the sink off and wiped her hands. "Please join me at the table for a few moments."

Warily, Roger sat down at the table – a far cry from the way he had eaten his dinner.

"Mr. Brinkley," Janice said as she poured a cup of coffee for herself. "I've noticed that your friend Stanley seems to be determined to stand by you through whatever happens."

Roger shook his head. "I've tried to get rid of him," he explained, but it seems like the more I try to push him away, the tighter he seems to stick. Jennifer too!"

"Yes, I've noticed," Janice replied as she took a seat at the table as well. "As I told you before, I don't mind your friend Jennifer helping you at all. And as I said, I even find that somewhat amusing. But your friend Stan is another matter."

"I've tried to get rid of him," Roger said again. "Believe me, I've tried."

"I'm quite sure you have," Janice agreed. "But he seems to simply be a bit more… tenacious… than I would have expected."

"Me too," Roger replied a bit sullenly.

"He's simply proving what a good friend he is," Janice told him.

Roger nodded. "He's always been a good friend. Always! I'm afraid I relied on him a lot when my father died."

"And I have no doubt that you've been there for him in the past as well."

Roger nodded. "Yeah, a few times."

A good friend is something special. Something to be proud of. Something to carefully maintain. It's simply… regrettable that it has to be the case right now."

"I don't know what to do anymore to try to get rid of him," Roger told her.

"Don't!"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Don't get rid of him. If he's that good a friend and is willing to stand with you through all of this, then let him. You of course, simply can not give him even the slightest indication of my true involvement at all. Just as you can't let your friend Jennifer know either."

"So I should just let him hang around? You won't do anything to hurt him?"

"Not unless I see him becoming a distinct threat," Janice replied.

Roger nodded… and felt more relieved than he thought he would. "Thanks," he said appreciatively. "Thank you very much."

Janice nodded, feeling very pleased with Roger's attitude. "Now, Mr. Brinkley. Since your friend seems so determined to stand by you… and since you both seem to enjoy fishing so much, I see no reason why you can't go fishing with him – once in a while. As long as there is nothing pressing that needs to be done. Although I would prefer it if you limit such activities to Sunday afternoons after church… again, when there is nothing else that needs your attention."

"I can go fishing again?" Roger asked incredulously.

"That's what I just said," Janice replied.

"How about next Sunday?"

Janice smiled. "If you have nothing that you need to accomplish here. I'll even give you this one small break and let you go – provided you get a little more work done on repairing the laundry room this week – before the weekend."

"I can do that!" Roger readily agreed. "I was planning on it anyway."

"Excellent, Mr. Brinkley. Excellent!" Janice proclaimed. "Now I have just one more tiny little requirement for you."

Roger just knew his life was about to go up in flames.

"Whenever you deal with your friend Stanley from now on… for anything at all… I am going to require you to deal with him as Candy… and not as Roger! If he wants to remain your good friend, then he's going to have to be a friend to Candy instead of Roger. Is that clear?"

As he expected, his life had just been ripped out from under him again. "Yes," he finally agreed reluctantly. He tried to look at the bright side – he and Stan could go fishing together again. But that bright side looked nothing but murky and dark when he tried to picture himself going fishing – as Candy.

"Now then, Mr. Brinkley."

Roger just knew that his life was about to get even more difficult.

"Since I noticed that you spent the weekend sleeping in my bed instead of in your own room, then for each of the two nights I'm sure that you slept there, you will spend two nights sleeping in the cage. You didn't think that I wouldn't notice did you?"

Oh hell!

Roger approached Stan about fishing the next day during lunch. He and Jennifer again set their trays down in front of him as they usually did now. And just before Stan was about to start eating, Roger leaned over closer to him and asked. "Are you up for some fishing on Sunday?"

Stan nearly fell out of his chair. "Did you just ask me to go fishing?"

"I think so," Roger said with a slight smile on his face.

"Oh hell yes!" Stan agreed quickly. "Finally you're starting to come out of this weird shit you've been going through!"

Roger shook his head. "Not quite. And I'm afraid you might not want to go with me."

"What the hell do you mean? Why not?"

"Because if I go fishing, then I'm going to go as Candy, not as Roger."

Stan just looked at him like he was crazy – which was definitely the truth. "What the hell for?"

"Because… I need to," he replied.

"What the hell?"

This was something that Roger had already thought about though since he was sure that Stan would react this way. "Look," he said. "I've got to start getting more used to being Candy… especially around other people. And if you're still willing, then I guess fishing isn't that bad a thing. Hell, I miss doing it as much as you do… maybe more. But I need to keep working on trying to become Candy too. So maybe I can combine both. You just have to put up with me wearing a wig while I'm fishing. And maybe some makeup too."

Stan shook his head. He actually didn't know what to think. "You know how stupid this all is, don't you?" He didn't wait for an answer. "But hell, if you're still that determined to turn yourself into a woman – which I still don't see, then as much as I don't like it – and believe

me, I don't! Then I'm still going to stick by you through whatever you need." He shook his head, "At least when we're fishing, most likely nobody will see us together."

"I thought that might be a good thing too," Roger replied.

"You are going to wear fishing boots and not high heels in the water, aren't you?"

Roger just laughed.

Jennifer had listened to the whole exchange. Roger had just surprised her again. Among the things she had noticed was that he was suddenly throwing his Candy name out all too easily. The other thing she particularly took notice of was that this would undoubtedly be a major step he would be taking toward becoming a real woman. This time he would be doing something to merge his old life – with the life he wanted to get to in the future!

She had started researching the subject of sex changes yesterday. She didn't know much yet, in fact what little she did know she found all too incomprehensible. But she still had the feeling that Roger was about to take a major step here. The part that scared her somewhat, was that with each little step he seemed to take, as unrealistic as what he was trying to do sounded, he was indeed working towards making Candy more of a real person. And in the process, he would be destroying… Roger!

Janice sat with her legs up on the couch, looking through the folder that Susan Wu had sent her. The same Chinese man had dropped it off as had delivered the drugs to her a week earlier. He had left with only a small bow and not a single word.

Prominently at the front of the file was a letter from Susan that now had Janice somewhat irritated. Basically, she had the doctor's information in the file in front of her, but she couldn't do anything with it until she had gotten the information out of Halifax. According to the letter, only then would Susan make what was in the file – useful to her. So what was in the file? She turned the letter over and began reading.

Doctor Jessica Parker – Endocrinologist. She wasn't all that sure what kind of doctor that Roger would need, but knowing what little she did about sex changes – which was basically nothing at all, she supposed that an endocrinologist sounded about right. Although she was only guessing as to what an endocrinologist actually did.

As she continued reading, she shook her head. The stupid woman! The stupid, stupid woman! She deserved to be in the kind of trouble she was in. Maybe after this, she would finally learn better!

Jessica Parker – married twice, divorced twice. She had two kids, a thirteen year old boy from her first marriage and an eight year old girl from her second. She had a house with two

mortgages, and a pile of credit cards that were all but maxed out. Yet she made tons of money! From what Janice could see – plenty of money!

But the stupid woman had a gambling problem – and she had it bad! And to make matters worse, she had been stupid enough to borrow from loan sharks… not just once – but twice! Each loan from a different shark! And according to the figures that Susan had supplied, she had borrowed unthinkable amounts – both times! The stupid woman! She should have known better! As far as Janice could see, those loan sharks now pretty much owned Jessica Parker.

She closed the file and closed her eyes as well. She couldn't use the information yet, but she could at least plan on how she was going to approach the doctor. Of course whatever she planned would most likely change once Susan did whatever she was planning – to make the information useful to her. Whatever that was. Right now, the best that Janice could see, was that she was going to have to plan on offering the doctor far more money for her services than she should. But from the pickle that the doctor seemed to be in, it was very likely that the doctor would jump at any opportunity to bring in a little extra cash.

The stupid woman!

Roger was looking forward to going fishing with Stan on Sunday – after church unfortunately. But at least he would be going! He knew Stan was looking forward to it too. Stan just wasn't looking forward to going with him dressed as Candy. Roger wasn't too thrilled about that part either.

Even the weather was… almost… cooperating. All week long the weather forecast called for a smaller possibility of rain every day… although Roger did notice that it did still rain somewhat each day… but only a little. So hopefully by the time they got to the stream on Sunday, the water might be tame enough to actually fish in. But then, a bad day of fishing was better than a good day at work – any day!

On Wednesday, he gave a major test to most of his classes, including Carol's. He noted afterwards that she had just barely squeaked into the 'A' category on the test. And he hadn't helped her with hardly any of her math in a while now. Despite his hatred for the girl, he couldn't help but feel proud of her.

The fallen tree got removed from his backyard on Wednesday as well. Coming home from school and finding it gone was almost shocking. The only sign that the tree had ever been there, not counting the damage, was the huge root ball that they left at the edge of the woods. He wasn't crazy about the thing sticking out over his property line, but there wasn't anything he was going to do about it. Unfortunately, he also came home to Janice that day who had a major headache from the constant sound of chain saws and heavy equipment. He was extra careful to stay out of her way that night!

Each day after work, he dressed up completely as Candy – although it was always with the jeans he had bought. And each evening he continued to repair the damage to his house. He had to rip open the roof to repair the rafters, and he even had to rip open the walls to repair some of the broken studs inside of them.

On Friday morning, he was surprised when Janice announced that she would be gone for the weekend again… but this time, Carol was staying home with him. As far as he could see, Carol was just as displeased at being left behind as he was. He did his best to console himself with the fact that at least one of them would be gone for a few days.

Friday night, he finally installed a new door into the laundry room opening that he had covered with plywood every night. By the time he went to bed that night, all that remained to be done was painting the inside of the damaged laundry room wall… and building the new deck and stairs outside. He supposed that Janice's demand that he build a nice big deck wasn't really a bad one. It would certainly add a lot of value to the house… not that he'd ever see any of it. But he wasn't through with the Whittaker's deck yet… and now he had to build another one!

All week long, when he wasn't working on fixing his house, or handling schoolwork, he was on the internet researching sex changes. He was learning a lot, although he realized that he was only scratching the surface of the subject. He tried to pay close attention to everything, because everything was directly pertinent to what he was about to face. And all of it scared him to no end.

But the more he researched, the more another thought crept into his mind. And the more he thought about it, the more it frightened him. Alone in his room at night, he had the time to think about things more completely. And foremost on his mind was the fact that Janice was forcing him to change his very sex. She was forcing him to become a woman. And because of her and the total brainwashing she had done to his mind, he was doing it – despite the fact that he didn't want to do it at all. He was following her wishes – because it was her will… because it was what she had told him to do. And as much as he tried to find the courage and determination to even think about not doing what she wanted… he couldn't. He couldn't do it at all. He could barely even imagine fighting back or defying her in any way. All because of that impossible steel wall that still hovered at the edges of his vision – every time he stood up, and every time he sat down. All his will power to not do what Janice wanted was locked away – permanently! And he could no longer even imagine finding that power again.

And from those thoughts, he realized something worse. As much as he wished something permanently would happen to Janice to get rid of her… like a major car accident or something… even if she was gone, even if she was no longer in his life at all… she had willed

it. She had told him what she wanted him to do. And because she had willed it, he would be stuck doing it – with or without her there.

Like it or not, even if Janice was no longer around, his existence as a man was coming to an end. Like it or not, he would now be doing everything in his power – to become a woman instead. He would do it all, despite the fact, that he didn't want to do any of it at all. It was her will. Even without her… he had no choice. His existence as a man was going to end – by her will… and by his own hand. No matter how much he dragged his feet and tried to slow things down, eventually, it would still happen!

It would take a miracle now to change the new course of his life. A real miracle! And he wasn't sure if he believed in miracles. As far as he could see… there was no hope for him at all. No… hope.

Chapter 37.

The cabin had been rented from Friday afternoon through Sunday morning, just as she had ordered. She had checked that detail very closely the moment she saw the email from Halifax. She checked all the emails from him just as closely. And since he had been ordered to forward all information on the cabin to her, she got to see the directions to the cabin, as well as the codes for the lockbox where the front door key would be, shortly after Halifax himself had seen them.

An so, by the middle of Friday afternoon, Janice was already in the cabin and setting things up – long before Halifax would even be leaving from work. She expected him to be very late coming in. This cabin was even further away from Augusta than the last one. But that part didn't bother her at all. The house was beautiful, the scenery was fantastic, and she had plenty of work to do. She even took a short while to enjoy herself in the hot tub out on the upper back deck. But not until she had everything well prepared.

She fixed dinner for herself – alone… only bothering to heat up a simple can of soup. And since she figured she still had a lot of extra time, she took out her new toy to experiment with. Earlier in the week, she had spent more money than she would have liked on a decent video camera and a tripod to hold the thing. She had only done it because of the way Susan was holding back some of the information she would need. If Susan wanted to play games like that, then she was going to provide the woman with video proof of everything she discovered. There would be no questioning what Halifax told her.

After she was satisfied with the way she had the camera set up and her ability to work the thing, she put it away. She found an interesting book on one of the shelves in the cabin and sat at the dining room table – as close to the front entrance as she could get. She spent quite a while sitting there reading, making not a single sound, as she waited for Joseph Halifax to finally show up.

The mountain roads were irritatingly dark and difficult to navigate as Halifax drove toward the cabin he had rented earlier in the week. Well, his secretary had actually done the renting, but she had used his credit card for it. He had been looking forward to coming all week long… while at the same time, not that far underneath, he was aware that he was frightened as hell about it. Two distinct impressions, but the one that she had told him would be more prominent was the one that actually ruled his more visible emotions.

His memories were interlaced with images of himself sitting in the hot tub with some beautiful woman… and at the same time there were images of himself being tortured until his brain had simply given up. Not once… not twice… but three times that weekend. And still, his most prominent memories were of the fun he had enjoyed in that hot tub… and the bed. Rumpled sheets – and a beautiful woman.

His irritation at the pitch dark road was further aggravated now because he figured he should be getting close. He actually figured he should have found the place by now. According to the directions, he should have passed the driveway already! He was more worried because he hadn't seen a single house, or mailbox, or any sign of civilization for quite a while now. Even the road he was driving on was nothing more than a dirt trail. Not something he liked driving his car over.

A mailbox in the distance glowed under the bright beams of his headlights. He slowed to check the number. Finally! He turned into the driveway just in front of the box and followed the dirt driveway further up the hill… and around the bend… and up another hill… and around another bend. Until he finally found himself in front of a cabin. Well, he had told his secretary to find something secluded. He couldn't imagine anything more secluded than this.

Grabbing the small overnight bag he had packed, he got out of the car and headed for the door. The lights inside told him someone was already there. And as much as he was looking forward to it, each step towards the front door brought more and more terror to his heart.

He opened the front door. Warm light greeted him… as did…

"Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey."

Joseph Halifax barely had time for his brain to register the woman standing in front of him, than his brain sank immediately down into a deep trance. A trance that only grew deeper and deeper with every word the woman spoke. He wasn't even aware when she took the bag out of his hand. He also wasn't aware of her closing the cabin door behind him. He was only aware of the voice… and sinking deeper and deeper… and totally surrendering to her will.

Janice breathed a sigh of relief as she watched him quickly sink into a deep trance. She finally set the Taser she had been holding behind her down on the table. Fortunately, she wouldn't need it. He was already hers to play with.

When he was deep enough, she brought him further into the living room where she had him get undressed on the plastic tarp covered floor. And when he was completely naked, she had him put on the only thing he would wear until he left to go home – the dog collar – with fresh batteries in it. She made sure that was buckled tightly around his neck. But this time she didn't bother to put a lock on it. Her will… controlling his brain… should be all the lock the thing needed.

When she was sure things were the way she wanted them, she had him sit in the solitary kitchen chair she had placed in the middle of the large plastic tarp. Only then did she awaken him… and she awakened him completely.

Joseph Halifax didn't move, although he knew he was awake – completely awake. Not even in any small bit of a trance. And his heart was pounding in terror as he stared at the woman in front of him… and the remote control in her hand.

"I trust you had a pleasant week?" Janice asked.

Halifax barely nodded. It was all he could manage.

"Good," Janice purred. "No sense in your poor little brain being taxed with burdens it doesn't need to worry about."

"What do you want?" he chanced asking.

Janice smiled. "What I want is very simple. I want you to stand up."

She had been speaking so kindly to him, that he had almost missed it. But her finger didn't miss the button on the remote control as he was a fraction of a second too late in getting to his feet.

"Sit down!"

This time, he sat fast… the terror racing through is mind was at full tilt!

Stand up, sit down. Left leg up. Right arm up. Left leg down. Stand up. Left arm up. Right arm down. Sit down. Stand up. Sit down. Stand up. Command after command. Faster and faster. Each tiny hesitation, each wrong movement, brought a quick jolt of pain from the collar buckled tightly around his neck. Left arm up. Right arm down. You don't have time to think. You only have time to obey. My will is your will. Let my brain control you. Sleep and obey. Sleep and obey. Stand up. Sit down. Stand up. Sit down.

It took longer than the last time she had done it to him last week. But not nearly as long as the first time she had done it last week. Still, she was pleased with how soon he finally completely surrendered to her mind again. The fact that he would, was already a foregone conclusion.

When he was ready, she reinforced his programming as to the impenetrable wall – locking all his willpower to not do what she wanted away where he could never touch it. The wall that grew a tiny bit stronger each time he stood up… and each time he sat down.

She reinforced everything! She started with him having to protect her at all costs… while at the same time he could never ever tell anyone at all about her… or what she had done to

him. And she finally ended with the reinforcing commands that he would immediately drop into a deep trance every time she told him to sleep and obey.

And when she was done with him, she told him to go to sleep… for the rest of the night… until she woke him up in the morning.

Only when he was sound asleep, naked, on the plastic tarp, did she put the remote control down. Walking to the far side of the room, she grabbed the chain that had been fastened around one of the thick posts of the staircase railing. Bringing it back to him, she fastened the cuff attached to that chain to his wrist. She was sure that he wasn't going anywhere anyway, but now she simply felt – safer.

Only then did she take the time to turn off most of the lights and go to bed herself. She was tired. Totally exhausted.

She slept late Saturday morning. There was no real reason for her not to. She had no responsibilities, other than Halifax, to worry about. And he wasn't any concern until she was ready to deal with him. Wearing just a light robe over top of her nightgown, she went out to the kitchen. She could see him still sleeping soundly in the middle of the living room – just as she had told him to. She took the time to set the coffee maker working before she went back to get a quick shower and get dressed.

It wasn't until she was fully dressed and ready to face the day that she went out to the living room. "Wake up, Mr. Halifax. It's time to wake up!" She watched as he came awake, then she left him to prepare breakfast.

Joseph Halifax woke immediately. He remembered all the torment from the night before. The same torment he had been through last week. It took him only a moment to discover the chain attached to his wrist… and to see the heavy post the other end of it was chained around. He was naked, and he wasn't going anywhere. He never once tried to touch the collar that was buckled all too tightly around his neck.

Seeing the plastic bucket off to the side of the chair again, he took the liberty of relieving his very aching bladder. Then he sat warily in the chair and silently watched the demented woman puttering around in the kitchen. What did she want? There was no doubt it had to be his money. So why didn't she ever mention it? She had to know that by now he would have no recourse except to hand over every last bit of it to her the moment she just asked. So why continue to torture him?

Confused and frightened, he sat in his lonely chair and watched her. Ten minutes later, she set a plate full of scrambled eggs, bacon, and a mug full of fresh black coffee on the floor of the plastic tarp where he could just reach them. "Enjoy," she had said with a smile before walking off to eat her own breakfast. There were no utensils of any sort, but the food tasted

just as good eating it all with his fingers. But even as he ate, his eyes rarely left her. What did she want from him? Why wasn't she asking about his money?

After they were both finished eating, he sat and watched as she thoroughly cleaned all the dishes, humming softly to herself the entire time. How could she seem so happy? And when the dishes were done, she brought him another mug of coffee to enjoy at his leisure. As he picked up the hot mug, he watched her picking up a book and heading for the deck outside… where she sat ignoring him for a very long time. What did she want with him? Why all the waiting? Was she waiting for someone else to arrive? That girl from last week perhaps? But his unvoiced questions received no answers. None at all.

Janice sat outside enjoying the crisp morning sunlight… with no sight of clouds for a change. The view of the mountains was even better than the last cabin. But then this place as located much further up into the hills. She breathed in the wonderful air. She breathed in the beautiful scenery. And she breathed in a sense of calming peace. The mountains often did that to her. It was why she liked them so much… why she liked hiking so much as well. Did Roger experience anything like it when he went fishing? Most likely, he did. Hiking would be a much better pastime for him though. It was better exercise… and he wouldn't be killing harmless little fish!

She spent the morning out on the porch enjoying the air, reading the book she had found, refreshing her coffee as well as Halifax's coffee, and just simply killing time. She was killing time because she didn't want to get into Halifax's brain too soon. She enjoyed her time on the deck enough that she continually imagined spending an equally pleasant time on the new deck Roger was going to build for her. Of course, the scenery there wouldn't be anything at all like it was here.

At lunchtime, she went in and made sandwiches for herself and her guest. Never once speaking to him, and never once inviting him to speak with her. She treated him simply as someone… or something that was there, and that was the end of it. And after lunch, she took the time to thoroughly wash what few dishes she had used again.

All while Halifax silently watched her.

When she was done with the dishes, she wiped her hands dry on the dishtowel, picked up her remote control, and headed for Halifax to do business again.

Halifax saw her pick up the remote control and head for him. His panicked brain wanted to run and hide, but his body remained firmly glued to the chair. He was terrified. He was already trying to anticipate her first command to stand up. So when the command came for him to raise his right arm instead, he was far, far too late in making it happen. And the pain he received for his slowness, kick started the entire process into high gear. He was lost again before he knew it.

It may not have been the fastest time Janice had ever seen anyone succumb to her will, but it was definitely up there. But still, she was methodical and patient. Thorough! Leaving no stone untouched, no instruction left out. She had to be thorough and cautious… the stakes were too high for anything else. Especially now!

It was a while before she felt certain he was ready… a while after she had been certain that he was ready… more than ready. His brain was so lost in hers he probably couldn't tell anymore where his left off and hers took over. Her will was totally and completely his will… on a level he had never imagined. The training did that kind of damage to his mind – every time.

She left him to sit in his chair, totally in her control, totally empty minded. While he sat there like that, she retrieved the new camera she had bought and set it up on the tripod. She carefully aimed it, and finally turned it on. The camera caught him clearly, sitting naked in his chair, from just under his knees to just above his head. The angle gave her a clear view of his face at all times. It was as good as she was going to get it. She picked up her notebook and stood in front of him again – well out of view of the camera.

"Mr. Halifax," she started. "Your will is my will. My will is your will. What I want, is what you want. What I will, is what you will do." There was no reaction from him, but then she didn't expect any.

"Mr. Halifax," she said again. "I want you to answer all my questions truthfully and completely. And because I want you to answer that way, you want to answer truthfully and completely as well. Is that correct?"

"Yes," Halifax said immediately. The word hadn't been mumbled in any way. It came out forcefully… agreeably… as if it was what he wanted to do of his own accord.

"Very good, Mr. Halifax." She took a deep breath. "Mr. Halifax… tell me about Leila Rivers." She watched as his eyes seemed to move and gaze off into the distance.

"Beautiful woman. Sexy as hell. Great in bed. Really great in bed! Funny. Fun to be with. Smart. Too smart!" The last part was added with a bit of trouble in his voice.

Janice picked up on the change of tone, but didn't ask directly about it. Instead she asked. "Mr. Halifax, did you kill Leila Rivers?"

"No," Halifax replied immediately.

Janice was somewhat shocked. She had the wrong man! She had raped and destroyed the mind of an innocent man! But still, he was only a dumb man. Feeling only a bit perturbed over it, she moved on to some of the contingency questions she had written in her notebook.

"You didn't kill her," she started, "but do you have any idea who did?"

She wasn't expecting much of an answer, so she was totally surprised when he quickly popped out a name. "Jacob Vesper."

She blinked. "Jacob Vesper killed Leila Rivers?"

"Yes," the reply came immediately. "Jacob Vesper."

"And how do you know this?"

"Because I paid him to do it."

She was no longer surprised. In fact she now felt much more like she was firmly on her feet again. "And how much did you pay him, Mr. Halifax?"

"Twenty–five grand before he did it, then twenty–five after. I told him I would give him an additional twenty five grand six–months after if the cops were sure I had nothing to do with it. Then there will be an additional payment at the one year point. One hundred grand in all."

Janice quickly realized how cautious he had been in the transaction. It was a smart move. She quickly thought up another question to ask. "And where did you find this Jacob Vesper?"

"I've used him before for other things," Halifax easily replied.

"What kind of other things?"

Halifax actually shrugged, his eyes though were still focused somewhere off in the distance. "Strong arm stuff. Making sure deals went through when it looked like someone might give me trouble. Stuff like that."

"But no other murders."

"No."

Janice nodded. The evidence on the video recording right now was enough to probably put him away for life. "And how do you contact Mr. Vesper?" she asked.

Halifax smiled. “I eat at Tolentino’s Italian Restaurant.”

“He works there?” she asked.

He shook his head. “No, he just likes to eat there.”

Janice rolled her eyes. “You don’t have a phone number or an address for him?”

He shook his head. “No. I just go out for dinner, and more often than not, he’s usually there.”

Janice figured that the information they had on the real killer would now be enough for someone to find the guy. She could only imagine what Susan would probably do to him when she caught up with him. Although, after thinking about it, she decided that she didn’t want to imagine what Susan would do to him.

She moved on to another line of questioning. “Mr. Halifax, why did you have Leila Rivers killed?”

“Because she found Victoria.”

That was not an answer she was expecting. “And who is Victoria?”

Halifax smiled broadly now… even as his eyes still continued to gaze off into the distance. “The first whore I ever had sex with.” He chuckled a bit. “The first woman I ever had sex with.”

Now Janice was confused. “You had her killed because she found the first woman you made love to?”

He shook his head. “No, not that Victoria.”

Huh? Janice was somewhat dumbfounded. “What Victoria then?”

“My retirement account. I named it Victoria after my first sexual conquest.”

Suddenly things started to become much more clear. “Mr. Halifax, tell me about your retirement account. Tell me about that Victoria.”

“My account… for my old age… or whenever I decide to retire. Nobody else knows about it. Nobody! My secret. And it will stay my secret. I’ve been skimming off funds since the beginning. Since I was almost a young kid. It all goes into an offshore account. My private account.”

"And how much is in that account now?" Janice asked.

His smile broadened. "Sixteen point five million dollars… as of yesterday afternoon."

Sixteen point five million dollars! Janice nearly had a fit! And it was all in a secret offshore retirement account that only he knew about! She had to take a deep breath to compose herself – before she continued with him. "Mr. Halifax… so you had her killed because she discovered your secret account?"

"Yes," the answer was very plain, and direct, and simple. And loaded with nothing but the truth.

But his answer brought up one final question. "Mr. Halifax, you were engaged to marry Leila Rivers. Wouldn't you have wanted her to know about that account?"

He shook his head. "Definitely not! Yeah, maybe we'd get married, but maybe not. And if we did marry, I'm sure that in a year or two I'd divorce the girl and send her packing. I don't want my style cramped like that for too long!"

Janice suddenly felt nothing but disgust for the beast in front of her. She had enough… for now. And she was sure that the information she had for Susan would be more than enough. She also realized she had another problem to worry about with Susan.

"Mr. Halifax. Lay down on the floor now and go to sleep. You will sleep soundly. You will not wake again until I call your name. Sleep now, Mr. Halifax. Go to sleep."

She watched as he immediately laid down on the plastic covered floor… and fell sound asleep. She walked over and turned off the video camera. Then she went into the kitchen to pour herself a much needed cup of coffee. She needed to think. She needed to think hard! Thirty minutes later, she carried yet another cup of coffee, her cell phone, and a burner phone out to the deck to sit again. But this time, she had no interest in the view before her.

"Janice?" Susan Wu's anxious voice came over the cheap burner phone. "What's happening?"

"I've got what you want," Janice replied somewhat dully.

"So… did he kill her?"

Janice didn't answer right away. "I need to know something from you first," Janice replied.

"Did he kill her or not?" Susan insisted.

"Not until you answer my question."

If Susan had been there with Janice just then, she probably would have nearly killed her. "What?" she asked angrily.

"When we met in Chattanooga, you said that any money I can get out of him would be mine. That you had no interest in that at all. Is that still true? Do you still intend on letting me have it?"

Susan was very surprised. "Yes, of course. That was our agreement. Why?"

"It doesn't matter. I'll take you at your word. You and your father have always been nothing but honest and trustworthy… to me anyway. So I'll take you at your word."

"Janice, what's going on? Of course we'll honor our agreement. Our honor is very sacred to us!"

"That's what I thought," Janice replied. "But I had to make sure."

"So what did you get out of Halifax? Did he kill her or not?"

"Yes and no," Janice said. "He paid someone else to do it. I've got the whole thing recorded on video."

"Can I get a copy?" Susan asked.

"You can have the whole camera if you want," Janice replied.

"Does the camera record on disk or on a memory chip?"

"The salesman showed me some kind of a small square card of some kind that he said held all the memory."

"I don't need the camera, just that SD card. But I need it – intact!" Susan told her.

"No problem. After some of the stuff I just heard, I'd just as soon have the whole video off my hands as soon as possible."

"I'll send a messenger to wherever you are immediately!"

"No, don't bother. I'm probably going to cut this visit short and leave here tonight. Besides, I don't think I could accurately describe how to get here anyway. Can he reach my house by sometime tomorrow instead?"

"I've got someone on standby down there. He can probably be wherever you are in a matter of hours… including wherever you are right now if you like."

"No, it would be better if he came to my house sometime tomorrow. Sometime in the afternoon would be best since I'll be at church in the morning. Perhaps around two o'clock? Just my daughter and I should be home then."

"Two o'clock," Susan confirmed. "I'll make sure he's there then." She paused. "And Janice, thanks!"

But Janice's mind was still preoccupied with something else. "Susan," Janice said before hanging up, "you're going to hear some interesting things in that video. I'm counting on you honoring our agreement."

Susan paused for a moment before replying. "Understood. And yes, we always honor our agreements."

"Good!"

Janice took the time to finish her coffee before going back into the house where she immediately put the video camera into the bedroom where it would be out of sight. Then she went back to the living room where Halifax was still sleeping.

"Mr. Halifax!" she called to wake him up. His body moved immediately as his eyes opened and he looked up at her. "Sit in the chair, Mr. Halifax," she ordered. His reaction was nearly instant. And as soon as he was settled in the chair, even though he was still in a trance, she said the magic words, "Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax. Sleep and obey."

Once again she made sure he was well hypnotized. Only then did she drag another kitchen chair over so she could sit in front of him.

"Mr. Halifax," she began, "Your little vacation this week is being cut short. The beautiful woman you were to spend it with wasn't feeling so well this week. You will remember that and you will feel somewhat disappointed about it.

"Next week, you are to book another cabin rental. You will only need to book it from Saturday afternoon until Sunday morning. One night only. Again, you want to book someplace secluded. Choose someplace other than here. You want to see someplace new. And like last week, you will forward the information to me at that same email address. You are very much looking forward to going there next weekend. You almost can't wait. So you should do your best to be at that cabin as soon as the rental contract allows. And when you come next week, Mr. Halifax, I expect you to bring another fifteen hundred dollars with you – top pay for any fun and expenses you and your beautiful woman will have next week."

She stared at him for a few moments, considering what she wanted to do next. She needed a way to punish him… a way to destroy him completely. She had several ideas in mind for it, but she hadn't settled on any of them yet. She decided to go with just a little bit of the easiest for now. "Mr. Halifax, do you like dogs?" she asked.

"Not really," he replied.

"Why is that?"

"They bite!"

"Not all dogs bite," she replied. "Most do not. Most are wonderful family pets." She smiled despite herself. "Mr. Halifax, next week, you will find that you are very interested in dogs. You don't want one yourself, you only want to see how they behave. You are going to find yourself spending more and more time researching how dogs behave."

She stopped to consider what she wanted to say next. "As always, Mr. Halifax, what happened here this weekend is something you can never talk about, just as you can never tell anyone about me. Over top of your memories of what really happened, you will mostly remember that you were here with a beautiful woman, but you had to cut your weekend short because she wasn't feeling well. You are very disappointed about that, but you are looking forward to seeing her next week instead."

She was done with him… for now. Next week, no doubt she would have a ton of stuff to hit him with, but this was all she would handle this week. She had already put his mind through the conditioning process twice this week, and she dared not do any more.

She walked up to him and removed the collar from his neck. "Get dressed, Mr. Halifax. It's time for you to go home. And before you leave, I believe you should have a little bit of money for me?"

Chapter 38.

Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! That's how Roger felt as he drove his truck toward Stan's house. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! But at least he was going fishing again.

He had been surprised last night, not to mention dismayed, when Janice came home from her trip early. Carol of course had been delighted. As usual, though, Janice never mentioned a single thing about her trip. By this morning, it was almost as if she had never left… other than that she had Carol and him unloading all the cleaning supplies out of the back of her car before they could all go to church again. And after church, she had surprised him, and delighted him, by declaring that she wasn't feeling up to having lunch out that day. Fantastic! So now he was off to go fishing with Stan a bit earlier than he had planned.

The bad part was that the only clothing he had changed since he got home from church, was to remove his dress and shoes, and put on his jeans and a top and his women's work boots instead. He was still wearing his 'C' cup bra with the breast forms, his makeup from church was still in place – with his lipstick refreshed, and the stupid wig was still on his head. And he felt just plain… stupid dressed like that. But at least he was going fishing again.

As he pulled into Stan's driveway, he saw Stan putting his fishing gear into the back of his truck. He parked off the driveway where his truck would be out of the way. He grabbed his purse… another stupid thing… and got out. "Hey Stan," he greeted his friend as brightly as he was able."

Stan looked Roger over. He looked – dumb! "Hey," he returned, trying to sound at least somewhat civil. "All set?" he asked.

"Just as soon as I can get my stuff into your truck," Roger replied. He slung his purse over his shoulder and lowered the tailgate of his truck to get his stuff. A minute later, everything was transferred to Stan's truck and he was climbing up into the passenger seat where he set his purse on the floor at his feet. A purse! What a nuisance! But at least he was going fishing again.

Stan pulled his truck out of the driveway and headed down the road. He purposely didn't say anything to Roger because he didn't want to tell him how totally stupid he looked, so he held his tongue and said nothing. He was hoping that once Roger got his big waders on they might hide some of what he was wearing. They weren't going to hide Roger's wig or makeup though, that was for sure!

He headed for one of their favorite fishing spots first. It was way back in the woods where no tourists ever dared… or even thought to go. As they hoped, there were no other cars

around, for which Stan was grateful. He really didn't want to be seen with Roger out in public more than was necessary. And this far back in the woods was only marginally public.

Roger got out of the truck, and then had to stop to think. His fishing license and all his IDs were in his purse. He certainly wasn't going to carry the purse while he was fishing! He quickly grabbed the damn thing and started digging out all the documents he might need… just in case – not that they were expecting the game warden to come around and ask, but it was always possible. He stuffed everything into the pockets of his pants – at least they were big enough. Only then did he go around to the back of the truck to get ready to go fishing.

"What the heck were you doing?" Stan asked as Roger finally got to the back of the truck.

"I needed to grab my fishing license," Roger replied. "It was in my purse."

Stan rolled his eyes at that and purposely turned away from his friend to finish getting ready.

Roger pulled his big waders out of the truck before he bent down to unzip one of the boots he had on. He pulled the boot off and stuck his foot into the boot of the waders instead. Then he repeated the process for his other foot. Then he began pulling the chest–high waders up his body. The tops of the waders came just over where the nipples of his breasts would be… if he had real breasts. He pulled the suspender type straps over his shoulders and fastened them so the waders wouldn't fall down.

Stan was ready. He turned around to see Roger now fastening the straps on his waders. He was a bit disappointed to see that they didn't cover more of Roger's body… like especially those fake tits he was sporting. "Make sure you tighten that belt extra tight!" Stan cautioned him, referring to the belt that would keep the water from filling the waders too fast if he happened to fall in the water. After his last little fishing trip, his own belt was pulled tighter around his chest than ever!

Roger's belt was set for the way he always wore it. He grabbed the ends and pulled them together to fasten them… only he was having a little more trouble doing it than he usually did. It seemed that the way his stupid breasts were pushing things out, they were making it a bit more difficult to get the ends of his belt to meet. But with a bit of extra effort, he got the thing fastened.

Stan just shook his head as he looked at Roger's chest now. The belt was fastened just below Roger's fake breasts, and it made them stick out that much more – as if Roger was now trying to flaunt them. "You couldn't have gone with the small breasts you wear when you're working around the house?" he asked disgustedly.

"Um… I just came home from church," Roger explained, "and I was in a hurry to get ready." Actually, he was quite sure that Janice wouldn't have approved of him wearing the smaller

breasts for this at all. She wanted him to deal with Stan now as Candy – as much as possible. Well, Stan was just going to have to get used to it.

"Are you ready?" Stan asked.

Roger grabbed his fishing vest and pulled it on. His net was already fastened to the back of it. He grabbed his fishing creel to put any fish in that he caught and slung it over his head and shoulder and rotated it around to his back. Then he grabbed one of his fishing poles out of the back of Stan's truck. It was already put together and already set up to start fishing right away. The only thing he didn't have that he normally would, was his hat. He had left that at home because of the wig he was wearing. "Now I'm ready," he replied happily.

Stan just shook his head and headed for the edge of the water. At least Roger's vest hid his breasts – a little.

"Geez!" Roger exclaimed as he stood at the edge of the stream. "It's really high… and it looks pretty rough."

"It's not nearly as bad as it was last week," Stan said as he started easing his way into the water. A moment later, Roger followed.

Stan carefully worked his way over to the right side of the river, and Roger stayed closer to the left. They had fished together for years. Each of them knew exactly what the other would do. Not a word was spoken between them. No words were needed. Stan was able to put the way Roger was dressed out of his mind as he totally concentrated on his fishing. Roger was back! Sort of. And the two of them were again moving through the water like a well–rehearsed team! Finally!

Roger cast his line and patiently worked the small area where he had caught fish in the past. He breathed in the clean fresh air and took a brief moment to look around at the woods that surrounded him. This was living! This was what life was all about. This is what he lived for! The feeling of being back fishing with his best friend was close to ecstasy. It would only be better if he wasn't dressed so stupidly. And… if only the stupid hair from his stupid wig would stop blowing across his face! It was a major irritation!

He cast his line in a different spot, carefully working the entire left side of the stream. The water was pushing hard against the back of his legs, all the way up to his waist. The water was definitely much higher than he was used to… and much more dangerous. And Stan said it was better than last week? It must have been awful! Awful enough to knock Stan off of his feet, he remembered.

He suddenly saw Stan's line pull tight. He had one! He watched as Stan expertly played the fish and brought it in. A few minutes later, he watched as Stan grabbed his net and got the

fish into it. A rainbow trout. Not really big, but decent. Good eating size. “Nice one,” he said with a smile. Stan was smiling back broadly.

Roger cast his line again and started working his line. And his stupid hair blew across his face again. Irritated with it, he pulled his hand that was holding his fishing pole up to his face to move the hair away with his fingers. And just as his fingers started to grab around the hair. There was a splash in the water where the end of his line was and a major pull that almost yanked the pole out of his hand. Got one! With the hair still blowing in his face, and all too often across his eyes as well, he did his best to pull in the fish. A big one! There was no doubt about it. Despite being hampered by his hair, he managed to get the thing in close enough to get his net under it. A brook trout! A real prize. They were very hard to catch.

“Do you need me to remove the hook for you?” Stan teased from a few yards away… as if he was fishing with a woman instead of Roger.

Roger smiled. “I think I can handle it. Two minutes later, he stuffed the large trout into his creel. He took the time to breathe in happily again. This was living! This was what life was all about! He and Stan smiled broadly at each other. They had both caught a fish – already! Life just couldn’t get any better than this. Unless you count not having to dress so stupidly to go fishing.

Janice was somewhat watching TV, but her eyes were mostly watching out the window. A large black SUV pulling into the driveway caught her eye. She had been watching for it. She glanced at the clock as she got up. Two minutes before two o’clock. Susan’s messenger was certainly punctual. She grabbed the video camera and opened the front door as a Chinese man approached the steps.

She handed over the whole camera, but instead of leaving the man started manipulating the thing and very quickly removed the small squared memory cared. Then, with a slight bow toward her, he ceremoniously handed the camera back to Janice. Without speaking a single word, he turned and left.

“What’s for dinner tonight?”

Janice was so taken aback by the question spoken over the phone the way it was, that she barely knew how to answer. “Candy?” she asked, since the speaker hadn’t even bothered to say hello.

Roger nearly laughed. Despite the way he was dressed, he felt nothing but jubilant… and great! “We’ve got a bunch of trout, fresh from the stream… if you’re interested,” Roger replied happily.

Janice was still trying to collect herself. Fresh fish? She had really been planning on preparing something else for dinner. But with fish that fresh, she had a slight problem. "Um… Candy… I'm afraid I'm not sure how to cook fish very well. I don't serve it often."

"If you can handle making something to go with it, Stan and I will put the fish on the grill. That's what we usually do after a lot after our trips."

His friend Stan was with him… and would most likely be coming to the house. She had to be careful what she said. "So this is a common occurrence for you?" Janice asked.

"Somewhat," Roger replied. "We do it a lot."

"Very well, Candy. I'll prepare some vegetables, if you and your friend can manage with the fish."

"Great!" Roger replied. "We'll be back in about half an hour."

Janice put her phone down. Roger had sounded all too happy on the phone. And his friend Stan was coming for dinner again. Obviously, his friend Stan wasn't all that put off by having to deal with Candy all day instead of Roger. Still, as much as she detested the killing of pour little fish, fresh fish for dinner wouldn't be a bad thing at all. She quickly got her mind started on figuring out what to prepare to go with the fish.

The grill was without a doubt one of the cheaper ones on the market. And it was several years old at that. Roger had to pull it out of his workshop and set it up on the lawn. Now it was filled with a pile of charcoal that was glowing brightly. Together, Roger and Stan spread the charcoal out along the entire bottom of the grill and Stan put the grate in place while Roger grabbed the fish that was now ready to put on it. A few moments later, the entire surface of the grill was covered with fresh trout that had been gutted and cleaned back at the stream. It wasn't long before the aroma was gently filling the air.

Despite the way he was dressed, and despite his stupid hair continually blowing in his face, and despite having to reach up to move the hair back all too often, Roger found himself forgetting about the way he was dressed as he relaxed and enjoyed being with Stan. In many ways, the day had gone much like things had gone in the past… including right now. And despite the way he was dressed, it had been without a doubt – the best day he'd had in a very long time.

And because of that, despite how hopeless his situation was, Roger felt nothing but hope for his future.

Stan batted the fishing jokes back and forth with Roger. The only thing he missed just then was having a beer in his hand. Unfortunately, Roger's housekeeper hadn't stocked the

refrigerator with that necessity since she had moved in. But no matter, this had been the best day he could remember in quite a while. Yeah, Roger was dressed so stupidly it was almost unthinkable. But if he totally ignored the way he looked, his old friend Roger was definitely back. The two of them had enjoyed a great afternoon of fishing, and now the two of them were simply enjoying each other's company as they grilled their catches of the day.

And despite the absolutely bizarre direction Roger was now heading with his life, Stan felt nothing but hopeful that their friendship could continue… because that friendship had been strained lately in ways he simply couldn't believe. But underneath the dumb makeup and wig that Roger was wearing, his old friend was still there. And because of that, somehow, Stan felt nothing but hopeful about the future.

The messenger that Susan Wu had sent to retrieve the video memory card from Janice hadn't been based in Georgia at all. The messenger she had sent had departed from a small town not far from where she and her father resided – just outside of Asheville, North Carolina. Just about the last place anyone would think to look for an enterprise such as theirs. Which was part of the reason their fortress like mansion had been built there. So it was only a matter of hours before the card had been delivered, and not long after, Susan was sitting at her desk watching the video on her computer.

Janice had already told her everything she had been interested in before, but after watching the video the first time, she now knew the reason why Janice had been so insistent in making sure that Susan would honor the bargain they had struck in Chattanooga. And because of the amount of money involved, Susan realized that she may have made a mistake.

She did her best to put the money out of her head for a while as she concentrated on other details. Nothing missed her attention at all… not the slightest little detail. There was no doubt that Janice had delivered everything she had hoped for… and then some! Not only that, but Janice had taken the time to document it all on the video. The few details that Janice had dug out… the few questions that she had asked, were all the pertinent information she really needed. What fascinated her the most, was watching Halifax's face as he answered all the questions. There was no doubt in her mind that Janice controlled him completely. She couldn't even imagine what that must be like for Halifax… but after watching the video, she only hoped that it brought him nothing but total horror!

After reviewing the tape one more time, she quickly thought about the major issues she needed to deal with next. The real killer, Jacob Vesper, had to be found and dealt with right away! There was never any doubt that once her people located him, she herself would be there for his final punishment. She owed him that!

Then there was the case of Joseph Halifax. Janice had promised to find some way to punish him severely. She had no idea what Janice had in mind, but if she didn't think it was good

enough, then she planned on doing some very nasty things to him as well. She was more inclined just then to handle Halifax herself… once Janice got through with him.

And of course she needed to finalize that one issue about the doctor that she told Janice she would handle. What she had planned on was going to cost her big! Very big! But she figured that the price was probably worth it for what Janice had just delivered to her – information she and her people had been totally unable to come up with themselves. Still… it was going to cost her a lot of money.

And then there was the other big issue that now faced her. She had made a mistake. Sixteen point five million mistakes! And she had just confirmed with Janice that she would honor their bargain. But with that much money involved, money that would be so easy to get, what would her father say?

Thinking about her father, she got up and left her office to cross the hall towards his door. She knocked softly.

"Enter daughter," the voice from inside called.

Susan opened the door to her father's office. The room was filled with dark rich opulence… some Chinese, some from other parts of the world. Her father, as usual, was seated behind his desk. He was a small man, and ageing now, but he was perhaps the wisest man she had ever met. And… she worshiped him. She bowed slightly. "Hello, father."

"Daughter," Mr. Wu said with a slight wave of his hand. "Please… sit down."

Susan stayed right where she was instead of moving toward the chairs. "I just finished reviewing the video we got from Janice Stokley."

"And?" her father asked.

"And there's no doubt in my mind that what Janice told me is the truth. Joseph Halifax hired Jacob Vesper to kill Leila."

Her father nodded slowly as he considered that. "So what are your plans, daughter?"

She smiled. "I think you can pretty well guess."

Mr. Wu smiled. "I'm sure you will handle it all in your usual efficient style."

Now it was Susan's turn to smile. But her face turned all too serious right afterwards. "I fear, father, that I may have made a small mistake with Janice."

Mr. Wu was surprised. “And what is that?”

“The deal I made with her. And now I know exactly why she was so insistent on confirming what I told her when we met.”

“And?”

“And I’d like you to see the video she sent for yourself and give me your advice.”

Her father looked at her dubiously for a few moments before nodding. “Very well.” Without another word, he got up from his desk and followed Susan into her office across the hall. He didn’t bother pulling up a chair, he simply stood behind her and stared at her computer screen as she replayed the video once again. And when the video ended, he didn’t move from that position. He stood there behind her, thinking carefully about everything he had just seen.

“What do you think?” Susan asked, not looking back at her father. “Sixteen and a half million dollars is a lot of money – no matter how you look at it. Do I still honor my agreement with Janice… or do I kill her instead… save us even more money.”

Mr. Wu was silent for a very long time, not moving, only considering the best course of action. Finally, he moved around her desk, heading in the direction of the door. He stopped though, not far from the front of her desk, and turned back to his daughter. “I think…” he began slowly and carefully, “that Janice Stokley’s abilities would be a very good addition to our catalog of services. “I think…” he said again before pausing again, “that in the future, she could potentially bring us far more money than the few million dollars you are currently concerned with. That is…” he said before pausing once more, “if she can be persuaded to fully become one of our services. “I believe,” he said, and paused again, “that you should concentrate your efforts on insuring that her services… and loyalty to us… are things that will always remain paramount in whatever she does in the future. Otherwise…” He shrugged. “We may have to determine if it would be wiser for us to have her simply remain a client… or kill her.” He smiled before he walked out. “Goodnight, daughter.”

Chapter 39.

"Mr. Halifax, are you alright?" his secretary asked as she stood in the doorway to his office and stared at him. As far as she could tell, he was just sitting there behind his desk… staring off into space. He hadn't seemed to be himself all morning.

"Excuse me?" Joseph Halifax replied as he tried to bring himself back to reality.

"You signed on the wrong line again. That's twice this morning already! You've never done that before!"

Halifax shook his head… trying to clear it somewhat. But it wouldn't clear more than the murky state it was already in. "Sorry," he apologized. But the truth was, he didn't really care that much.

Ten minutes later, he was still staring mindlessly off into space when his secretary returned with fresh papers for him to sign. This time, she stood there and pointed to the line where he was supposed to sign.

"How was your weekend?" she asked after he had finally signed in the right place.

"Disappointing," he replied.

"Oh? Why?"

"She got sick. We had to cut the trip short." That was his reply, but another part of him was very glad that he had gotten to go home early. His head went spinning again as he – again – remembered all the training she had put him through… again.

"Do you need me to book that cabin for you again next weekend?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Book a different one," he said. "But only for Saturday afternoon to Sunday morning."

She wasn't really surprised by that request. In fact, the only part that did surprise her was that it was for only the one night. She stared at her boss for a moment more. "You really should consider taking the rest of the day off," she told him. "Maybe you picked up whatever little bug your girlfriend had… because you're definitely not yourself today!"

But Joseph Halifax's mind wasn't focusing on how he was feeling anymore. For some reason, he was thinking about dogs instead. Where could he find out more information about dogs?

FBI Agent Sid Forsyth stared at the stack of papers in his hand. He finished reading another page and slid the paper from his hand to the growing stack on his desk. His bored eyes quickly scanned down the next page where he didn't see anything that jumped out at him at all… until he saw the name Janice Stokley appear several times. What the hell? What did she have to do with the case they were currently investigating? He quickly looked to the one place on the page that he hadn't bothered to look at before – the name of the person the financial data was all about – Roger Brinkley! There wasn't anyone named Roger Brinkley associated with the case they were currently working. But he knew perfectly well that there was a Roger Brinkley associated with Janice Stokley – that Ted Jacobs was still investigating.

So why were Roger Brinkley's financial reports mixed up with the stuff for their current case? The answer to that was all too easy to deduce. Grabbing only the pages that dealt with Roger Brinkley, he went in search of his partner… who hadn't bothered to tell him what he had done in the first place!

"Ted!" Sid said as he approached his partner's desk. "What the hell is this?" He threw the papers down in front of his partner.

"Oh hey! They're back!" he exclaimed as he grabbed the papers.

"What are they doing in the middle of the other stuff?" Sid asked.

"I needed a way to get Brinkley's financials without authorization. So I mixed his name in with all the ones for this case."

"You know how illegal that is!"

"Who cares! Hey, look at this. He's writing checks to Stokley every week. Doesn't look like he pays her much though."

"I noticed that," Sid admitted as he now leaned over to study the papers with his partner.

"Well, they're shacking up together in bed, so I guess that might have something to do with it."

"Huh!" Sid grunted. "Don't jump to conclusions."

"I'm not! I know they are."

"How?"

"Three bedrooms in that house… and only two are occupied. The third one is holding the cage for their dog. A big dog!"

“How do you know?”

“I looked.”

Sid just shook his head. He should have known that his partner would have gone out to the house again and snooped around more. He did his best to put that information out of his head as he studied the data in front of him more closely. “I’m seeing a lot of stuff here, but none of it even suggests anything illegal going on,” he finally noted. “Hey, here’s something odd on the credit card page. This is one of those tourist cabin rentals. Why the hell would Brinkley rent a cabin? He lives right there!”

“Huh! That was is easy,” Ted replied. “He had a big tree fall on his house. Monster tree. From what I saw, he got lucky there wasn’t more damage!”

“Damn!” Sid swore. “I guess that one makes sense too then. Still, I don’t see anything that looks out of line to me at all.”

Jacobs shook his head. “I’m not seeing anything either. I see a couple of bigger checks… like this one from Whittaker… and another one from him too, and a few others in cash that could be payment’s he’s getting from some of those handyman jobs he says he working now.”

“None of which look out of line to me. But what I’m still seeing is someone who’s living pretty close to the vest. All his cards are carrying awfully high balances, and he certainly doesn’t have any money in the bank. But he is managing to just meet his bills – despite having two car payments now. So I guess he’s doing okay for himself.”

Jacobs hated to admit it, but he had to agree. He threw the papers down on his desk in disgust. “I was sure there was going to be something in there!” he declared.

“Not from what I saw,” Forsyth agreed. “So what are you going to do next?”

Jacobs shook his head. “I guess I’m down to checking on some of his friends. I got some names from some license tags the last time I was there. I guess it’s time to pay them a little visit. But quietly… if you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I know,” Forsyth replied. “But will they keep it quiet and not tell him?”

Jacobs shrugged. “Why knows. I guess it could work out for us either way.”

“If… they know anything!”

“Somebody’s got to know something!”

Susan Wu didn't eat Italian food. She hadn't been raised on it, and the heavy starches would only put pounds on her body that she worked so hard to keep lean and trim. But she had two men in the restaurant right then that she had sent in to order themselves dinner… and to keep an eye on Jacob Vesper. Chinese men… in an Italian restaurant. It sounded very out of place, but somehow, her families own string of Chinese restaurants often entertained many Italian people. Would anyone notice? Not that she cared. Those men were only there to make sure he didn't leave by a back door and escape without her noticing.

As she sat in the back seat of her long black limousine, she wasn't happy to see that the restaurant was as busy as it was. There were people coming and going frequently. No, she decided, the grab couldn't be made safely here. They would have to follow the guy. Eventually they would find him somewhere – alone. "Tell them we can't do it here!" she ordered, and listened as her driver spoke through his radio to alert all her men.

Thirty–five minutes later, the two men she had sent inside to eat, were coming back out through the door… which meant that Vesper was paying his bill and getting ready to leave. Her two men continued casually on toward their own car without hardly glancing at the large limo parked down the street.

Two minutes later, Susan got her first glimpse of Jacob Vesper – that wasn't from a photograph. He looked as physically fit as her agents had said. But in his line of work, she supposed he had to be. Not that it would do him any good tonight.

Vesper's car left the parking lot, and two vehicles containing her men followed. Her driver didn't even start the limo until they were all well out of sight. Then he followed according to the instructions relayed over the radio. He pulled over to the side of the road, just barely in sight of the bar Vesper had stopped at. Susan waited patiently. There was no use getting antsy and jumping the gun. The time would come… one way or another. It would all happen – eventually. Patience was the only key.

It was after midnight when Vesper left the bar – with two women, one wrapped in each of his arms. He ushered them both into his car, one in the front seat and one in the back, and then he drove directly to a cheap hotel that wasn't very far from the bar they had just left. He never noticed any of the cars that followed him… just as he never noticed the big black limousine that arrived five minutes after he checked into one of the rooms. Susan was only surprised that he didn't take the women to his place. He had taken them to a cheap hotel instead.

An hour and a half later, the two women left the hotel – on foot… to walk back to the bar or to find a ride home on their own. Vesper had briefly poked his head out the door as they left, and all of them had been laughing. All of them also looked more than a bit drunk.

The lights were still on in the hotel room. Was he going to stay there for the night, or go home himself? Either way, it was now the middle of the night and he was alone. "Get him now," she said softly to her driver. The message was immediately relayed.

A dark blue mini–van pulled up in front of the hotel room a few seconds later. Susan could no longer see the door to the room. She saw four of her men get out of the van… as another of her vehicles pulled up near it and more of her men got out. But she didn't need to see what was going to happen. She had enough of an idea to know pretty well what was going on.

Vesper was just coming out of the bathroom when his hotel door was roughly kicked in. The move caught him so much by surprise that the big oriental men were already hurrying through the door before he had time to react. He ran one way, but one of them was already on top of him before he had a chance to get two feet. As he turned to fight his attacker, the second man was already there. Before he could realize that still more men were in the room, the wooden club that hit the top of his head had already rendered him unconscious… and uncaring.

Five minutes later, the blue mini–van pulled up next to the long black limousine. Two of Susan's biggest men got out and transferred to the limo seat in front of her. And the now bound and gagged body of Jacob Vesper was lying on the floor of her limo between them.

The car was nearly to the interstate highway by the time that Vesper regained consciousness. Susan was sure that his head had to hurt terribly. But that little pain was about to become nothing next to what he would soon be "enjoying." She only nodded to one of her men, but that's all the signal he needed. He quickly bent down and slipped a wire garrote over Vesper's head and began tightening it around his neck with the same club that he had hit him over the head with earlier. With his hands bound behind his back, Vesper had no way to fight against the choking wire.

"Good!" Susan said as soon as his eyes were bulging and his face had turned red. The man stopped tightening the wire… and left it just as it was. It wouldn't kill Vesper, but he would have a very difficult time breathing. The wire would stay like that until they got him back to the mansion in North Carolina… many hours from now.

Roger was trying to teach, and he was doing okay, but more and more his mind was having trouble staying focused on what he was talking about. The end of the school year was coming closer and closer, he was now re–teaching much of what he had spent the entire year covering as he prepared the students for the final exams they would all have to face soon. But what about after the finals were over… and more specifically, what was going to happen to him when school finally let out for the summer – and his job as a teacher would be over?

Financially, he supposed he was doing okay so far with gathering the handyman jobs. In fact, at times he had too much work to do there. But would those jobs continue to come in? He had no way of knowing. But then, that was something that every contractor constantly worried about – himself included.

But that wasn't the biggest issue he was worried about. What would happen to him… personally… once school let out? In truth, he had been dragging his feet as much as he felt his could towards Janice's commandment that he turn himself into a woman. But he was sure that once school was out of the way, he would be forced to push things along far faster than he already was. As it was, he was now spending a little while every night practicing some voice training exercises he had found on the internet – with the hopeful intention that someday he would be able to at least sound a little more like a woman.

So despite the fact that he was dragging his feet, he was still moving forward with his unwanted quest. Like it… or not! He supposed that once school was out too, that he would be living his life in a bra. The only time he didn't wear one now was while he was in school teaching… unless you counted when he went to sleep at night. But even there, he was now wearing a nightgown to sleep in. So in some way, unless he was in school, he was always wearing something feminine – besides the stupid frilly panties he wore all the time. But he had no doubt that once school was over, he would be spending much more time wearing women's clothes. Perhaps, all the time.

That thought reminded him that he needed to pick up a few more pairs of women's jeans that he could work in. A few more tops wouldn't hurt either. Damn! He had just bought a bunch of stuff and already he needed more. He supposed that Janice would also probably want him to buy another new dress for church pretty soon as well. Could he put off that embarrassment for a little while… or was it better to just get it out of the way right now? Who knew?

The bell rang and class was over. Lunchtime. He just hoped that Stan and Jennifer wouldn't hound him with any embarrassing questions again. He also hoped that Jennifer wasn't wearing anything too "provocative" today. But at least that cold little problem was starting to bother him less and less… which he found strange since it had now been a rather long time since he'd had any kind of sexual relief. But then, he had a feeling that Janice had planned things that way all along.

It was the middle of the week before Janice heard from Susan Wu again. She was actually becoming somewhat bothered over the issue since she had already delivered exactly what Susan had wanted. Now it was time for Susan to start fulfilling her end of the deal. She picked up one of her burner phones and made the initial call. And that was another thing, she was getting tired of buying burner phones all the time. She appreciated the level of security that the Wu's insisted on, but this was becoming irksome! Two minutes later, her burner phone rang back. "Hello?"

“Hi Janice. Susan.”

Who else? “Hi Susan,” Janice replied, trying to force herself to sound as nice as possible. “Do you have any information for me?” she asked hopefully. She was surprised by the pause before Susan finally replied.

“Yes!” Susan replied with certainty. “But I’d rather give it to you in person. Are you available sometime this week?”

Janice wasn’t sure if she should be surprised by the request to meet again or not. “I suppose I’m available most anytime you need,” she replied. “I’d like to get what I asked for so I can move forward with things.”

“I understand,” Susan replied.

“The Choo–choo restaurant again?” Janice asked.

“Um… we can if you like. But I was wondering if you were up for a little company at your house instead?”

“You want to come here?”

“Why not? From what I’m told, your home is remote… if a bit small. My security can easily manage the arrangements, and neither of us would be seen anywhere near each other.”

Janice realized that her house did provide the perfect meeting spot for something so clandestine. “Just let me know when you’re coming so I can have some coffee made.”

“I’m guessing your daughter will be in school every afternoon?” Susan asked.

“Of course,” Janice replied. “I’m here by myself every afternoon… up until about four, anyway. After that, we’d be chancing someone coming back.”

“Shall we say… Thursday afternoon at two o’clock then?”

“Sounds just fine,” Janice replied.

“Excellent! I look forward to seeing you then.”

Janice ended the call and started stripping down the burner phone… barely even thinking about what she was doing. Her mind was more focused on the fact that Susan Wu wanted to meet with her again – Thursday afternoon… right here! There was something about that

that worried her. But at least Susan had said she had information for her now. Janice was hoping she would have nearly everything… if not everything! Her big worry was only that everything that Susan needed to pass on to her could be sent by a messenger… or provided over the phone. Why come to see her personally?

She was betting it had at least a little bit to do with sixteen point five million dollars!

So… company was coming! She would make sure that the coffee was prepared. And what else? Perhaps she'd do some baking. A freshly made cake or something similar would always be a very good idea.

Roger wasn't sure if it was a good or bad thing. The shear variety of women's clothes – of the same type – was more than a bit daunting. But he was now in Walmart staring at an over–abundant variety of types of women's jeans. On the one hand, all the different styles were nothing but confusing. But on the other hand… he was now staring at a pile of very plain looking women's jeans… no bright fancy pocket stitching or anything else… except that the jeans had very skinny legs. And he figured that if he had to wear his stupid boots over top of them all the time, maybe those skinny legs on the jeans would be easier to deal with… not to mention a lot more comfortable inside those stupid boots.

He was already in the junior department, his little shopping trip with Jennifer had taught him that much. He didn't have the hips for the women's sizes and some of the junior sizes did work fairly well for his… lack of hips. So because of that, he quickly grabbed four pairs of the very plain looking jeans with the skinny legs. Maybe nobody would even realize they were women's jeans! Maybe.

Since he was there, he found himself three short–sleeved tops that he figured he might be able to do construction work in. Nothing too frilly or fancy that would get caught in his saws or would get ruined too easily. And the best part was, they were cheap!

Armed with more work clothes now that he actually felt somewhat good about, he headed for the checkout counter and home. Since he had hurried, he had plenty of time to get home before his six–o'clock deadline… after which he would be forced to eat from his dog bowl on the floor.

But as he stood in line he started wondering, was tonight at dinner a good time to try out his new voice training? According to the videos he had been watching, he needed to find people that he could practice around – live! The videos had suggested that the reactions and input of others could be a huge help. He wasn't totally sure about that, but he did need more practice. So should he start trying out his new voice tonight at dinner? Or not?

When he got home, he quickly showed his new purchases to Janice – just so she would know for sure that they were all women's jeans he had bought. He was glad that she seemed very

pleased… and had even declared the skinny legs to be practical – which was just how he had thought of them.

Thirty minutes later, he was fully dressed as Candy again – wig, makeup and all. He didn't usually say much during dinner. In fact, if he wasn't asked anything directly, he rarely said anything at all. But if he was going to try out his new voice, then he needed something to talk about. "Um…" his slightly higher pitched voice said after they had all bowed their heads and finished grace, "I think I should be able to finish the Whittaker's deck this weekend."

Janice noticed the change in his voice immediately… and so did Carol. Roger wasn't all that happy to hear Carol start giggling. But he was a bit surprised when Janice quickly put a stop to it. "Stop laughing dear," Janice told her daughter. "Candy is making a big effort here. We are not going to discourage her."

"Thanks," Roger said somewhat shyly… in his new voice.

"So you'll be finishing up a big project this time," Janice noted, trying to be polite and prolong the conversation that Roger / Candy was trying to pursue.

Roger nodded. "Yeah, a big project. I'll be glad to get the final check for it and be able to move on to the next thing." Roger was somewhat surprised that he had to speak more slowly and carefully than he thought he would. All the little things he had practiced in the privacy of his room didn't seem to prepare him for maintaining his new voice for the real thing.

"Your bank account desperately needs another big check," Janice noted. "What will you be doing next?"

"Painting. Rebecca Adkins daughter is redecorating and she's been waiting for me to finish at the Whittaker's house."

"Will you make much money on this one?"

Roger shrugged. "I shouldn't do too bad." He cleared his throat. "Excuse me," he said, "It seems my voice isn't holding up for too much conversation yet."

Carol giggled just slightly at that."

"Maybe not yet," Janice declared happily, "but I'm sure that if you continue to use it exclusively around here from now on, it will strengthen and get better and more natural sounding very quickly! I'm looking forward now to only hearing you sound more and more like a woman, Candy."

Use the voice exclusively? That wasn't Roger's intention. But he suddenly realized that he would be doing exactly that! Was it because of Janice's mind–warping training? Most likely. He should have kept his big mouth shut at dinner!

That evening, after Janice and Carol had finished cleaning up the kitchen, Roger was again in his room researching sex transitions. He had learned a lot recently. Tonight he was watching one of the video blogs that he found to be more useful than most. He was interrupted though when Janice came into his room.

"Where are all your work pants?" Janice asked.

"You mean the pants I wear to school? They're hung up in my closet," Roger replied… again in his new voice.

"No," Janice corrected, "I mean the ones you usually wear when you do your handyman work?"

"My new ones are still in the bag here," Roger told her.

"And your old ones?"

Roger pulled out one of the drawers of his dresser. "Most of them are right here."

Janice went to his drawer and started pulling out his old jeans – all his old jeans. When she was done, she picked up the entire pile. "Since you have better jeans to wear now, I'll just throw all these in the trash. I can't see where you should need these anymore.

Roger was totally shocked to see her carry all his old jeans out of the room. Throwing them into the trash? He was about to be stuck wearing only women's jeans… whenever he wasn't actually in school! Could he find a way to wear his school clothes more often? That thought wasn't looking too likely.

But that night, just after he had put his nightgown on to go to sleep, he was visited by Janice one more time. "Candy, since you've made such a large effort lately toward actually becoming Candy, then I think it's time I allowed you a bit more comfort." With that, and a smile, she handed him a blanket and a pillow for him to sleep with. "Just be careful not to backslide at all," Janice cautioned him. "The cage is still there and waiting for you."

Roger didn't want to think about the cage. He absolutely hated the darn thing. But he was very, very grateful to be able to sleep with a real pillow – and a blanket! Almost human!

It was almost like a parade. Janice watched out the window as three large vehicles invaded her driveway. The first and third vehicles were large black SUVs. The middle vehicle was a

black limousine. It didn't take much effort to figure which vehicle Susan Wu was riding in. She went to her front door and opened it, as four men got out of each of the SUVs, while the doors to the limousine remained firmly closed… the dark windows impossible to see through.

She stood there at the door as a seeming army of men quickly spread out around the yard – front and back. Two of them men were holding electronic devices in their hands and were walking around with them to different areas of the yard. Both of the men with the devices met again a few minutes later in the middle of her front lawn and seemed to compare notes. Then they both headed for the front door. Janice opened it again.

One of the men with the devices bowed to her and showed her the device in his hand. It was very similar to the anti–surveillance device that Susan had given her. The man said one simple word as he motioned toward the interior of the house. "Please?" Janice stood back and let the men in. From the doorway, she watched as they quickly went through her entire house, then met in the living room again. She didn't understand anything of the language they spoke as they compared notes. With a smile on his face, one of them approached the door again. "Thank you," he said as he motioned for her to let him out again. She opened the door for him, very much aware of the man still in the middle of her living room. She now saw the other men in her yard checking the surrounding woods very carefully.

The man that had left her house headed straight for the limousine and opened the back door. He spoke to the person inside, and then stood back as Susan Wu finally left the vehicle. She was beautifully dressed in a dark plum colored skirt suit with matching heels on her feet. She carried a nice looking leather case in her hand. And… she was accompanied by four of her men, all of whom looked very large to Janice, especially for Chinese men.

Susan approached the front steps with a broad smile on her face. "Sorry about all the security," Susan explained, "but father won't let me go anywhere without it."

Janice smiled in return. "Quite alright," she replied. "Actually, it's nice to know that everything here is as secure as I hoped it was. Good to see you again Susan."

With all her men in tow, Susan entered the house.

"Um… I had thought that perhaps we could talk over some coffee in the kitchen, but if you'd prefer…."

"No, no!" Susan replied quickly. "Actually, that sounds wonderful! I could use some coffee."

Two minutes later, Janice and Susan were seated comfortable across the table from each other, while the living room was occupied by overly large men. "Mmm! Chocolate cake,"

Susan exclaimed as she took a pre–sliced piece from the tray in the middle of the table. “You’re going to spoil me!”

Janice just smiled a she took a slice for herself. “I don’t get the chance to often indulge myself either,” she replied. “But the occasion was one I couldn’t pass up.”

Susan stuffed a small bit of the cake in her mouth before she opened her case and pulled out a very thick file folder… that appeared to contain other folders inside of it. “The first thing you asked us for was the information on your two FBI agents,” she said as she selected one of the folders. She briefly opened it to check the contents and then passed it across the table toward Janice. “The information in there is correct as of two days ago, so it’s as fresh as we’re capable of managing.”

“Perfect!” Janice replied happily as she took the folder and briefly opened it. There were a lot of papers inside that she would look over later. “The time is long past due for me to do something about Agent Jacobs! He’s been a thorn in my side for way too long now. I should have never let it continue.”

“But as you pointed out to me,” Susan replied, “you’re dealing with the FBI here. You have to be extra careful. You seem to be very security conscious in everything you do, so I have to wonder if you might still do better to leave things alone and let him continue to search around in the dark? He hasn’t found anything yet.”

“No, but I still blame him for being sent to prison on something I had absolutely nothing to do with.”

“But as you said, you have no proof that it was him.”

“No, I don’t,” admitted Janice.

Susan nodded and selected the next folder from her file and passed it across to Janice. This one was much thinner. “We’re ready to move on the new identities for you and your daughter as soon as you’re ready. We are going to need some new photos though to finish the process. If you like, I can hold this request for as long as you like… or you can simply let me know when you’re ready for them and I can set you up with an appointment to have the pictures taken so we can finish it all for you.”

Janice opened the folder and read just a little of the top paper. “Janice Kimberly Edgewater… Carol Alison Edgewater,” she read. She looked up as she considered the new names. “I think I rather like them,” she declared happily. And you kept both my first name and Carol’s first name the same. That will make things much simpler.”

"We aim to please," Susan replied as she stuffed more cake into her mouth. "It might be better for me to hold onto that file until you're ready to finish the process," Susan suggested.

Janice passed the folder back to her without bothering to look at anything else in it. New identities. New lives. The freedom and relief it would bring would be wonderful!

Susan pulled another small folder out of her file and passed it across to Janice. "Our off–shore banking suggestions," she said.

Janice opened the folder. There was a single piece of paper with bank information listed for about a dozen different banks. "This will be a big help," she replied as she closed the folder and set it aside.

Susan nodded. "Especially in light of what you learned from Mr. Halifax," she noted.

Janice nodded. "Yes, especially in light of that."

Susan had more questions to ask about that situation, but she wanted to get all the other business out of the way first. She grabbed the next folder another large one and passed it across to Janice. "The disaster relief company you asked us to create for you."

Janice opened the folder and briefly scanned the top page. "Islands of Hope," she read the name of the company that the Wu's had created for her. She looked up and smiled. "Once again your organization has come up with something that sounds perfect. I look forward to looking through all of this."

Susan nodded. "From what little you told me, it sounded like you were trying to set up a legitimate relief company… so that's exactly what it is. You'll note however the links you asked for with other companies… notably, the International Red Cross."

"Perfect!" Janice declared. "And believe it or not, Carol and I will be doing a lot for disaster relief efforts – wherever we can."

Susan nodded. She knew that the company was going to somehow be a laundering point for the money that Janice had hidden, she just didn't know how that was going to work. And now Janice was declaring again that she was actually going to be doing disaster relief work? Well, to each their own! She pulled one final piece of paper from the folder in front of her and put the large folder back into her case. She looked down at the paper in front of her. "I already sent you most of the information on the doctor you requested."

"Yes you did," Janice agreed. "But you also sent a note that said you had to do something to make it useful to me."

Susan nodded as she looked at the paper in front of her. “I’m afraid however that circumstances have left me with a rather odd decision to make. My initial idea was to pay the loan sharks off and hand over their markers to you. You would then own the doctor’s entire debt.”

Janice heard the unspoken “but” in Susan’s statement. “She’s been a stupid woman!” Janice noted as she waited for Susan to finish what she was about to say.

Susan nodded. “That she has. But she’s just one among millions afflicted with the same disease. I’m afraid that our company preys on more than a few of those individuals every year. They are more than willing to provide us with… information… that we are always in such desperate need of.”

Janice understood the concept. “So what of this doctor?”

Susan took a big breath. “As I said, circumstances have forced me to be faced with a decision I hadn’t anticipated.”

“Sixteen and a half million circumstances?” Janice asked.

Susan nodded. “Exactly. That’s a much larger payday than I ever imagined you would get out of Halifax. Yes, I know he had close to ten million you could eventually get at, but that sixteen million came as a surprise. And it’s easy and clear money.”

“And you want it,” Janice finished.

Susan shook her head. “No, the deal was that you would get whatever you can out of him. But in light of that amount… and in light of the fact that I’m paying for everything else on the table here, I’m not sure I want to pay the markers for this doctor.”

Janice nodded. “I understand. And if it’s any consolation, I guess I can’t blame you either.”

Susan nodded gratefully. “I’m afraid I had some other thoughts on the matter though… if you’re interested.”

“What’s that?”

Susan paused to figure out where she wanted to start. “As I’m sure you’ve guessed, my education has been far more than just the best schools father could find for me. I’ve been trained in some very… unusual subjects, not the least of which is interrogation techniques – one of my personal favorites I’m afraid.”

Janice nodded, but cautiously.

"I'd like to see you work sometime," Susan blurted out.

Janice wasn't sure if she was surprised by the statement, or not. "You want to see me destroy someone?"

"Yes, exactly. I'd like to witness it."

Janice shook her head uncertainly. "I'm sure you'd find it very boring. It's a very long and tedious process." What she didn't add, was that she wasn't all that fond of having someone else as a witness to the criminal acts that she did.

"As are most of the effective processes I'm aware of," Susan replied. "Our business runs on information, and obtaining it by any means possible is part of the way we do business. Jacob Vesper turned out to be a world of useful information once he was properly motivated."

"I'm sure he was," Janice agreed. "So he's still alive?" She wasn't happy to hear that.

"Not any longer I'm afraid. If it's any consolation though, I made sure his last few days on earth were pure hell!"

Janice nodded. She had no doubt that Susan would do something like that. She was just glad the man was dead and no longer a factor that she would have to worry about – as remote as that factor seemed. "I don't know…" she said uncertainly. "My techniques are ones that I've learned over many years and through a lot of trial and error."

"I'm not interested in learning to do what you do," Susan said, "although to be honest, it is another technique I wouldn't mind mastering. But it will be enough to watch how you go about it. I'm sure there is a lot of information about your methods that you would need to teach someone before they could even attempt to do what you do."

Janice nodded. "Yes, that's true," she admitted as she thought about that. "There is a lot someone would have to know!"

"Then may I be permitted to watch you operate sometime?"

Janice shook her head. "I'll have to think about it. Besides, I don't have a fresh… customer… right now. And I'm still very tied up with not only Halifax, but many other things as well."

"We could provide you with someone… just to play with at any time you like," Susan offered, "but actually, I did have someone in mind already."

"Who is that?"

Susan nodded toward the paper in front of her. “Doctor Jessica Parker.”

Janice shook her head. “I don’t do women. As reprehensible as the things that Doctor Parker has done are, I’m still a very great advocate of women. I won’t destroy any woman… unless I had very, very good reason for it.”

Susan nodded. She hadn’t expected that, although she realized she should have. “I can easily arrange for someone else. There are more than a few ‘deserving’ men around that we can tackle.”

Janice took a deep breath as she thought about it. She simply didn’t know. “I don’t know,” she finally said. “Let me think about it a bit. As I said, I’ve got an awful lot on my plate right now.”

Susan nodded, then said, “I would easily be willing to pay the amount of those gambling markers… for a chance to watch another master at work.”

Janice realized that Susan has just upped the ante again. Now she had something else to consider. She also realized that Susan wasn’t going to be denied… and she had no doubt about how dangerous Susan probably was. Her whole family for that matter. Finally, she nodded. “Very well. But please give me a few weeks to get Halifax off of my plate and some other things squared away as well. Not the least of which I guess still needs to be the Doctor here.”

“And in that case, I will send you the paid up markers for her,” Susan added.

Janice nodded. “That would help.”

“How long before you’ll be done with Halifax?”

“Two or three more weeks, I think,” Janice replied.

“That soon? I would imagine that it would take you longer than that to get at the rest of his money? And of course, you still promised to punish the man.”

Janice smiled. “I’m not going to touch the rest of his money. Only his retirement account. That way when he goes… loony, shall we say, the authorities will find nothing at all wrong with his financial dealings… as far as I’m concerned anyway. I don’t know and don’t care about what other irregular things he may be into.”

Susan smiled. “I’m surprised at that, beyond his retirement account, he’s still worth a lot of money.”

“I have no need to get overly greedy here,” Janice exclaimed. “As I said, the authorities will find nothing from that angle to go on and I can be done with the man sooner rather than later.”

“What do you intend on doing with him?” Susan asked. It was one of her primary questions she had wanted to speak with Janice about today.

Janice sighed a bit as she took a sip of her coffee. “I’m not sure,” she replied. “Other than leaving him with the worst case of guilty consciousness the world has ever seen, I’ve personally been kind of leaning toward turning him into a dog. I did a bit of a trial run with that with my current employer here, and I was surprised to find out how well it actually worked out. But my daughter, on the other hand, is trying to convince me to turn the jerk into a pig.”

Susan laughed. “A pig!”

Janice smiled. “Can you just seem him wallowing around in a barnyard, convinced for all the world that he really is a pig and will always be a pig. And of course, the only way he’ll be able to act is as a pig. No matter what situation he’s actually in.”

Susan was still smiling over the thought. “What do you actually intend to do with him when you’re… um… done with him?”

Janice shook her head. “I haven’t thought that far ahead yet. Most likely, I’ll just turn him permanently, and then let him loose somewhere. Perhaps a park or something. No matter what I do with him, a dog or a pig, he’ll firmly believe he’s an animal and will be incapable of acting any other way… no matter what happens.”

“Really?” Susan asked skeptically.

Janice nodded. “Oh yes. In fact, I recently had far more confirmation about that from my last little dog attempt than I had hoped for. He’ll remember that he was once human, and he’ll forever be punishing himself with the guilt over what he did to Leila, so he knows he no longer deserves to be human – for as long as he lives!”

“Would you mind if I have another piece of your cake?” Susan asked as she considered what Janice had just told her.”

“No… go right ahead!” Then Janice herself took a second piece too. She got up and refreshed both of their coffee cups before sitting down again.

The break though gave Susan time to consider her next question. “You said that you were personally leaning toward a dog. Why?”

Janice smiled. “Personal reasons I suppose. If I had sent my current employer, Mr. Brinkley, in that direction, I would have fixed him so that he would be quite useful in certain… um… forgive me for saying this bluntly… sexual situations.”

Susan stared at her for a moment, then laughed outright.

“I would imagine that as a dog, his tongue would become stronger and stronger from use, and I’m afraid I can also imagine just how… interesting… that tongue could be in certain situations. He would have become the perfect… lap puppy for someone.”

Susan laughed again and ate some of the cake in front of her while she thought about things. “Tell you what,” she finally said. “I like the idea of your little… lap puppy. I vote for that one. But instead of just turning him loose somewhere afterwards, I want him instead.”

“You are talking about Halifax and not my current… employer?” Janice asked.

“Of course. I’m not interested in your employer at all. He’s your business. But Halifax is mine!”

Janice nodded. “Give me a few weeks and I’ll have him all wrapped up with a bow for you when I’m done,” she said.

“What are you doing with your employer then?” Susan asked. “You said you did a trial of the dog thing with him?”

Janice nodded. “Actually, as it turns out, he’s one of the more decent male specimens on the planet. We only took over his life as a last resort because we couldn’t find anyone else more… fitting. But I simply can’t leave him as another stupid male to clog up the world. So I’m forcing him to turn himself into a woman instead – as complete a woman as modern science can make him. And believe me, he’s doing just that… although I can tell you for a fact that he’d much rather not!”

Susan chuckled over Roger’s fate. “He’s doing it, but he doesn’t want to do it?”

“He has no choice. My will is his will. And my will dictates that he will turn himself into a woman. Like it… or not!”

“And so he’s the one you need the doctor for?”

“Exactly!”

Susan nodded. No doubt, Janice's mind control techniques were very, very powerful. Well worth leaning! "You said your daughter was trying to convince you to turn Halifax into a pig. How much does she know about all of this?"

"Most of it," Janice admitted. "I'm afraid I needed her help to secure this place… and to secure Mr. Brinkley while I was still in prison. I guess as unlikely as it sounds, I'm rather proud of the way she handled things until I could get here. And… it seems she's showing some talent in some rather… unexpected avenues."

"Such as?"

"Bondage and control. I'm afraid she has a very wicked sense for things to punish people with… um… men in particular, since that's what I trained her for."

Susan nodded. "So… you've been training her for a while now?"

"Not in what I do with the mind control. I'm not even sure where to start to teach something that difficult. But in… other little areas that have been a big help to me now."

Susan stared at Janice for a few moments without saying anything. She had just one more subject to bring up today… the biggest subject. "Janice," she finally said. "I need to tell you something very important. Something that is unfortunately, totally out of my hands."

Janice was suddenly worried. "And that is?"

"Father," Susan said bluntly. "I showed him your video from last weekend. And of course he probably knows more about you and what it is that you do than I do. I wanted to find an easy way to bring this subject around, but I think that you deserve the truth instead. In your own discipline, you're at least as much of a master as some of the things that I'm capable of."

Janice said nothing, but simply looked at Susan warily.

"I'm afraid that father has taken rather a liking to you."

Janice immediately felt a bit relieved.

"But he's insisting that I find a way to persuade you to work for us in the future… contract basis of course. He feels you would make a very… interesting addition to our catalog of services. And Janice, I need to warn you, if you don't decide to cooperate, father might be forced to decide whether to let you stay a client… or he could just as easily decide to kill you… and your daughter."

Janice was aghast! She looked angrily at Susan. “My plan… was for retirement! So my daughter and I could relax and enjoy the rest of our lives!”

“I know… and I’m sorry. You would… mostly be able to do just that… under whatever identity you wish. You would simply be subject to… an occasional call for your services. And… it is entirely possible that you would never get called.”

“How possible would you think that would be?”

“Honestly?” Susan asked, then her face fell, “Not very likely. I fear you would probably get called several times a year. You would be very, very well paid for your services of course. You could probably name whatever atrocious fee you wanted. And, we would be in a position to handle much of the dirty work for you. You could simply come in and… do your thing, if you will.”

“But the bottom line is… you’re not leaving me with a choice in this.”

Susan shook her head. “Sadly, no. Father was most insistent.”

“I just wanted to retire and relax!” Janice said again.

Susan said nothing for a few moments. Finally she said, “Janice… truthfully… would you ever be able to stop doing what you’re doing? Wouldn’t you eventually decide you needed some… spice in your life?”

Janice continued to stare at her. Then she looked down into her coffee. “Most likely,” she admitted. “But it would be under my terms and only when I wish it.”

“And there’s no reason why much of what you do for us can’t be under your terms. We would just have to accommodate… other client’s wishes as well. Think of it as a way to… broaden your horizons.”

Janice shook her head. “I don’t like that I have no say in the matter. And worse, you’re threatening my daughter as well!”

Susan nodded. “Father leaves no stone unturned. He never has. But there could be benefits for your daughter as well.”

“Benefits? What benefits?”

“She could be taught… I myself could teach her some of the things I have been taught. You said she’s shown some interest… and a certain talent for some things. Why not take advantage of that? Her interests could be… guided before they’re expanded upon.”

It was a moment before Janice could answer. “Would you teach her things like that?”

Susan smiled. “I’m guessing that you and your daughter are beginning to become somewhat of a team, am I correct?”

Janice shrugged.

“Then how much more useful could she be if she knew some of the things that I know… or some of the things my people are capable of teaching her?”

Janice sat and thought about that. Although in truth, it didn’t take much imagination to see the wisdom of what Susan had just said. And in truth, Janice knew that she would never give up her little quest to destroy the men of the world. But her problem was just in the way that it had been put to her. “I truly hate that we don’t have a choice in the matter. You know that as a mother, I’ll do absolutely anything to protect my daughter. You have to know that!”

Susan nodded. “Yes, of course I know that. But at least I’m being up front and honest with you. No surprises. Up front and honest.”

Janice stared at her for a few moments. “I don’t like it, but I seem to have no choice. But I’m going to hold you to your offer to train Carol wherever you think she can learn something. And I’m going to insist on some kind of outrageous settlement for my services as well.”

“Nothing would delight both father and myself more. The more you charge us for your services, the more of a take we get on our percentage coming from the clients. We both win.”

Janice nodded. “More coffee?” she asked.

Susan stared at her for a moment. “Why not?”

Chapter 40.

It still seemed to rain most days, but the weather was gradually turning warmer and the trees were now full of leaves, and consequently, despite the rain, the pollen was filling the air. Spring and spring allergy season were in full bloom.

On Saturday afternoon, Roger did indeed finish up the Whittaker's deck, and he was proud to collect the final payment for what he had accomplished – women's jeans, women's boots, bra, panties… and all. No, he didn't apply a coat of lipstick before presenting them with the final bill. They had pretty much stayed out of his way and just let him work. Besides, despite the way he was forced to dress, both Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker had been rather effusive in their happiness over what he had accomplished for them, which made him all that much more glad that he had taken the job. Now if he could just get a few more jobs like it to see him through the next few months.

That night he proudly turned over the final check for the job to Janice, who praised him for his efforts as well. Despite everything, Roger was very happy to get her praise. He wasn't as happy though with her next thought. "Since you've accomplished this big job, then I think you should take the time to reward yourself a bit," Janice suggested.

Roger was all for the sound of that.

"I think it's time you found yourself another pair of boots to wear on the job now. Something with a little higher heel I think. Oh, and don't forget to find something that you can clean and polish every night. We certainly can't have your signature boots looking bad, can we?"

No, Roger wasn't happy with that little… suggestion… at all! New boots? Higher heel? Oh hell!

The gorgeous red silk Chinese dress that Susan wore hugged every curve of her body, from its tight high neck down to her ankles. She had many dresses like it in her wardrobe, but she rarely wore any of them. She did tonight as she softly knocked on her father's office door.

"Enter daughter," the voice from inside invited.

She opened the door and entered, and bowed traditionally.

Mr. Wu's delight at seeing his daughter was broadened at the sight of her in the traditional dress. The fact that she looked terribly sexy in the dress wasn't lost on his ageing body one bit. He left his desk and took a seat in one of the comfortable chairs in the room instead where he could see her better. "Please, daughter, sit with me."

Susan shook her head. As nice as it sounded, tonight she was playing the part of the old traditional daughter. She would stand in his presence tonight. She didn't really want anything special from her father, she was doing this simply… to honor him. He was the greatest man she had ever met. And after spending all afternoon with Janice and her… total hatred of men, she had decided to do this one tiny thing in honor of her father.

"What is it you wish?" Mr. Wu asked.

"Only to tell you that I met with Janice Stokley this afternoon."

"And?"

"And things went better than I hoped."

"Very good," Mr. Wu purred.

"Janice has agreed to let me… witness… one of her little sessions with a man," she told him first.

"That is excellent. I'm sure you can learn much from her."

Susan nodded. "That was my thought. You know my own personal interests. I see her as something of a… master at what she does."

Her father nodded. "My thoughts as well, daughter. So she will work for us?"

"Yes. She's not at all happy that she has no choice in the matter, but I spoke to her of several useful things our relationship can bring."

"Such as?"

"She wants to retire, but she knows she will never fully give up her desire to destroy men. This would give her an occasional outlet. I do need to tell you though. She is rather adamant about not using her technique on women."

"Knowing her, that doesn't surprise me much," Wu admitted. "What else?"

"Her daughter," Susan said. "I suggested that perhaps there were things that we could teach her that would be useful to Janice."

"Her daughter is not Chinese," Wu pointed out.

"No, but it seems that her daughter is already showing talent and interest in some very key areas. If we train her a bit, she could be a very useful operative to us in the future… even without Janice. You know as well as I do that at times we need to… hide our heritage. An operative such as she could be would be of immense value."

Wu considered that. "Point well taken daughter. I will consider it strongly and rely on your judgment in the matter."

"Thank you father," Susan replied.

"Anything else of note?" Wu asked.

Susan smiled. "Only that she makes a very, very good chocolate cake."

Wu laughed.

Stan Franklin got up from in front of his TV set, totally irritated that someone had rung his doorbell at eight o'clock at night – just when all the good shows were coming on TV! He wasn't prepared to see two men in suits standing outside his door holding up – badges! FBI badges! He opened his door. "Yes?"

"Stanley Franklin?" one of them asked.

"Yeah?" Stan asked cautiously.

"I'm Agent Jacobs, and this is Agent Forsyth. May we come in and talk for a few minutes?"

"What about?"

"Janice Stokley and Roger Brinkley," Jacobs replied.

Stan stood back and held the door for the two FBI agents. Something about the two men intimidated him terribly. What the heck had Roger gotten into now? "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Maybe nothing," the one named Forsyth replied.

"But also, maybe something big," Jacobs countered. "Have you heard anything suspicious from Mr. Brinkley's housekeeper? Anything at all?"

"Suspicious? Like what? The woman cooks and cleans. I barely know her!"

"She does cook… and she does clean?" Forsyth asked.

“Uh… yeah! And she’s a damn good cook too for that matter. What of it?”

Jacobs ignored his question. “Have you noticed anything at all out of ordinary with Mr. Brinkley?”

“Out of order? You’re kidding right?”

“No, just asking,” Forsyth replied.

“Roger’s whole damn life is out of order!”

“Say what?” Forsyth exclaimed.

“His whole damn life is going… stupid!”

“In what way?” Jacobs asked.

Stan shook his head. “I guess you guys haven’t heard about him then.”

“Heard what?” Jacobs pressed.

“Roger. He’s suddenly come up with the crazy idea that he wants to become a woman. The dumb guy is now running around in dresses – like to church no less!”

Both Jacobs and Forsyth stared at him incredulously. But Jacobs recovered first. “Is this… way out of line for him? Did you see anything like this coming?”

“No! Not a thing. He just up and announces one day that he’s decided he’s going to become a woman… and he’s actually working on it! Claims he’s going to go whole hog – as much of a real woman as he can be.”

“People do this kind of thing once in a while,” Forsyth countered.

“Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather when I found out!” Stan exclaimed.

“It’s why people like that usually try to keep it to themselves as long as they can,” Forsyth continued.

Stan nodded. “Well, he did his best to keep me away from knowing it, that’s for sure. But something like that is too big for me not to find out!”

“And what does Mrs. Stokley say about it?” Jacobs asked.

"I don't know? No clue at all. You might want to talk to Jennifer though, she's talked with his housekeeper more than I have. Cooking things I guess."

Jacobs looked down at his notes. "And that would be Jennifer…"

"White," Stan supplied for her. "She was Roger's main girlfriend for a long time."

Jacobs had guessed that it was Jennifer White, and now it sounded like maybe this Jennifer White would have all the answers he was looking for.

"Thank you very much for your time, Mr. Franklin," Jacobs said as he held out his hand.

"What's this all about anyway?" Stan asked. "Why are you so interested?"

"Janice Stokley stole a lot of money from several banks," Jacobs supplied.

"Well… we don't know that for sure!" Forsyth quickly countered… for which Jacobs leveled a rather nasty look at him. "We just want to make sure she's not involved."

"I have no idea about anything like that, but she doesn't seem the type to me. You'd have to talk to Roger about that." Stan replied.

"They never seem the type!" Jacobs countered.

"Well… as I said, I have no idea. You'll have to ask Roger."

Twenty minutes later, Jacobs was ringing the doorbell of Jennifer White's house. Having an absolutely gorgeous woman answer the door was one of the few highlights of his day. "Ms. White?" he asked as he held up his badge.

"Yes," Jennifer asked uncertainly.

"I'm Agent Jacobs and this is Agent Forsyth. We'd like to talk with you about Janice Stokley and Roger Brinkley?"

Jennifer's eyebrows went sky high, but she opened the door and nervously let them in. "Mr. Stokley and Roger? Why are you interested in them?"

"Mrs. Stokley is of interest in several bank robberies that occurred a few years ago," Jacobs explained. He was glad that this time Forsyth didn't say anything.

"Um… I don't know anything at all about that!" Jennifer exclaimed. "I mean… are you sure? She really doesn't seem the type."

"We're sure," Jacobs said with certainty.

"Actually, we don't know for sure that she was involved. We just want to make sure," Forsyth added. Jacobs just didn't get the fact that they could be sued over maligning innocent people!

Jennifer shook her head. "You'll have to talk to her," she said. "I just find it hard to believe."

Jacobs nodded. "Ms. White, we heard from a Mr. Franklin that Mr. Brinkley seems to be acting oddly lately. He said he's decided to go through a sex change."

Jennifer nodded. "Yeah, you can imagine how surprised I was by it. I mean, I was almost engaged to the guy once."

"Are you still close friends?" Jacobs asked.

"Not nearly like we used to be," Jennifer replied. "I guess you could just say… good friends now… sort of."

"Sort of?"

"Well the guy is trying to turn himself into a woman. Do you think I'd be able to have the same kind of relationship with him as I used to?"

"Uh… no," Jacobs replied. "So you haven't noticed anything… questionable going on between Mrs. Stokley and Mr. Brinkley?"

"You've got to be kidding! Anything questionable between them? Not a thing! It's just this new direction with Roger's life that I find questionable. Totally questionable!"

"What's up Stan?" Roger asked – in his own voice for a change as he answered his phone.

"Roger, two guys from the FBI were just here asking about you and your housekeeper!"

"Say what?"

"Two guys from the FBI…"

"Yeah, yeah, I got that part. What did they want?"

"They seem to think that your Mrs. Stokley is involved in some kind of a bank robbery. Do you know anything about that?"

Protect Janice! It was paramount in Roger's brain. "Not a thing!" he replied quickly. "In fact, I'll bet they're the same two that met me in school one day and asked the same thing."

"They talked to you already?"

"Right in the principal's office," Roger replied.

"Damn!" Stan swore. "So what did you tell them?"

"Not a thing. What could I tell them? They seem to be way out in left field here."

"That's the impression I got too. Grasping at straws."

"Yeah. Exactly," Roger agreed.

Roger would have put it out of his mind a bit more, if half an hour later, he didn't get a call from Jennifer asking him the same questions. "They visited you too?" Roger asked.

"Two guys from the FBI," Jennifer agreed. "Agents Jacobs and Forsyth."

"Jacobs and Forsyth?" Roger asked.

"That's what they're IDs said," Jennifer replied. "They seem to think that Janice stole some money or something."

Janice was just leaving her bedroom and was passing by Roger's room when she heard the names Jacobs and Forsyth. She immediately stopped and listened carefully from his doorway.

"Yeah," Roger replied as he turned and saw Janice standing listening to him. Something told him to be careful with what he said. "So what did they say?" he asked Jennifer.

"Only that and nothing more. They did seem to be interested in the fact that you're now going through a sex change."

Roger rolled his eyes. "They would be," he replied. "So what did you tell them?"

"Tell them? Other than the fact that I think you're absolutely nuts for even wanting to become a woman, there wasn't anything else I could tell them."

Roger nodded. “Okay, thanks Jennifer. I appreciate you letting me know.” He hung up his phone and looked at Janice. “It seems that the FBI stopped at Jennifer’s house and were asking questions about you and me.”

“And what did she tell them?” Janice asked.

“Only that she thinks I’m nuts for going through a sex change.”

Janice nodded, then smiled. “I guess she would think that? She didn’t mention anything else?”

Roger shook his head. “Like what?”

This time Janice shook her head. “Nothing. Agent Jacobs seems convinced that I did something that I didn’t do,” she explained. Then she walked out and left him. Yes, it was far past time to do something about Agent Jacobs…. And perhaps Agent Forsyth as well. But it was Agent Jacobs that had been hounding her footsteps for so many years!

It was later that night, after Carol had gone to bed, that Janice entered Roger’s room. He was already in his nightgown and had just laid down on the floor with his new blanket and pillow. “Candy,” Janice said, “will you share a cup of coffee with me for a few minutes? I’d like to talk to you.”

Roger immediately got up from the floor and followed her to the kitchen, although he’d much rather not. Talking with Janice, especially at this hour seemed rather… ominous.

In the kitchen, Janice poured them both a cup of coffee. Roger sipped his slowly… warily… as he waited for Janice to sit down and begin the conversation.

Janice sat and took a sip of her own coffee. So good. “Mr. Brinkley… Candy,” she said to get things started. “Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Brinkley, sleep and obey.”

Once again, Roger was lost before he even knew what was going on. Very carefully, Janice brought him down, further and further, deeper and deeper, until she was sure he was deep enough to get what she wanted out of him. Finally she started asking questions. “Mr. Brinkley, when you spoke to Jennifer White a little while ago, did she ask anything else about me?”

“No,” Roger answered right away.

“Did she say anything at all about what the FBI might have told her?”

“Only that they think you’re involved in a bank robbery.”

She nodded. “You’re sure there was nothing else in that conversation?”

“Not that I know of,” Roger replied.

It was pretty much what Janice expected. She just hadn’t expected Jacobs to start questioning Roger’s friends. As far as she could see though, Jacobs had learned nothing new… other than Roger’s new direction for his life, which would be pretty difficult for anyone to miss anymore anyway. So basically, no harm done. Hopefully anyway. She got up and found her notebook and a pen and carried them back to the table. It was time for a new line of questions.

“Mr. Brinkley,” she said. “I’d like you to think back carefully to the time you spent as Boots the dog. She then spent the next half hour questioning his experiences in detail… with particular emphasis on what his brain had thought, and what it was capable of doing during that period. She found it very, very fascinating. His answers were about to become the total ruination of Mr. Joseph Halifax. Soon to be… but she had no name for what Halifax would become. Maybe she’d ask Susan if she had a preference. Susan had said she wanted him when she was through with him after all. Yes, maybe she’d ask Susan.

Chapter 41.

"So what was that all about last night?" Jennifer asked Roger, even before she had set her lunch tray down on the table.

"If you ask me," Stan said as he took the seat right next to her, "it's another case of the government not knowing what the heck they're doing!"

Roger shook his head. "According to Janice, they keep hounding her over something she never did in the first place." Although Roger knew perfectly well now that Janice did have a hand in whatever robberies the FBI was currently interested in. He was also wishing the FBI could find a way to dig even deeper into what was going on in his house since he was currently totally incapable of pointing them, or anyone else, toward the truth.

"Well I have to tell you, it was more than a bit frightening for me to be questioned like that!" Jennifer stated.

"I'm sure it was," Roger replied with a nod of his head. "I didn't like it either."

"Maybe you should consider getting rid of her," Stan suggested. "You really don't need a housekeeper anyway."

Actually, getting rid of Janice would be nothing but a wonderful dream, but Roger no longer had that option. Protect Janice! "No," he said after a moment, "I'm not going to give in to whatever warped things the government is looking into now. Besides, she claims up and down that she had nothing to do with the drug charge she was sent to prison for… and I think she deserves this second chance to get her life together again."

"Admirable," Stan replied, "but I still think you should get rid of her."

Roger shook his head. "It's not that simple… now that I've hired her. Besides, I like her cooking!"

"There is that," Jennifer agreed.

But the subject of getting rid of Janice was one that Roger had thought of many, many times over the last few months. How much longer until she would finally leave on her own? No telling. And even when she did leave, he knew without a doubt that he would continue to change himself – as per Janice's wishes… in every way possible. Ugh! Hopeless!

Janice had two file folders in front of her, one dealing with Jacobs and Forsyth, and the other one for the disaster relief company that the Wu's had set up for her – "Islands of Hope." She

rather liked the name. Especially since it was based in Nassau. Of course the real hope for the company was the hope it offered for getting her stolen cash out of the country. And to do that, well, it was long past time for her to change the furniture in Roger's house anyway… something more in line with the things and style that she liked. Of course, a large portion of Roger's living room was about to be taken up with some very special but necessary equipment. But it was all in the name of… hope. Hope for her and her daughter! Of course grabbing Joseph Halifax's little retirement nest–egg certainly wasn't going to hurt at all either!

Thinking of Halifax though, reminded her that she needed to find out if Susan had a preference for a new name for the dog that Halifax was soon to become. She went to her purse and pulled out yet another of her burner phones. It didn't help that she dared only buy one or two of the darn things at a time, but it was all in the name of security. She dialed the number she had memorized long ago. "Yes, I'd like to order three boxes of your fortune cookies, twelve boxes of egg rolls, seven bags of your noodles, and I'm afraid we had a little fire and I burned that gorgeous fan you sent me. If I can, I'd like to get another one to replace it."

Ten minutes later, her burner phone rang back and she answered it. "Hello?"

"Hi Janice, you called?" Susan Wu's voice came over the connection.

"Yes," Janice replied. "I'm afraid I have just a silly little question for you today."

"A silly question?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I need a name for your… new dog. If you have a preference that is. I need it to help cement Halifax's new future. And since you indicated that you wanted him when I'm done with him, I thought I'd offer you the choice."

Susan laughed openly. "It may be a silly question," she said, "but it's the most delightful question I've had to deal with in a very long time! Can I consider it a bit and then let you know?"

"I'm meeting with him tomorrow afternoon," Janice explained. "Sorry for the short notice, but it would be helpful if you could let me know before then."

"Don't worry," Susan replied happily, "I'll think of something. Tell you what, this is a secure line anyway. Why don't you hang on to that burner phone you're using for a few more hours and I'll call you later this afternoon or tonight."

"That's fine with me," Janice replied.

"And Janice…."

"Yes?"

"Thanks. You just brightened up my day considerably."

It was all Janice could do to not even turn the phone off and tear it apart after Susan's call. She had destroyed so many of the things now!

With that bit of business taken care of, she turned her attention to the folder concerning Jacobs and Forsyth… her two nemeses from the FBI. Yes, it was long past time to do something to fix that situation!

She wasn't all that happy with what she read about Forsyth. He was a family man with two kids. But he wasn't her main interest. She was far more interested in the information about Jacobs. And as she had long ago guessed, Jacobs wasn't married!

FBI Agent Theodore (Ted) Jacobs. Divorced twelve years ago and never remarried. Janice figured he probably drove his ex–wife crazy! Why would any woman want to marry someone like him in the first place? But no matter, he didn't have any kids or other close family that she needed to feel guilty about if she did anything to him… which she planned on. But her plans for Jacobs didn't include her regular mind–bending brain wash. He was a government agent. His life and everything about it would be subject to very close scrutiny. And it was that scrutiny that she was mostly interested in.

There wasn't much in the folder about his social life. The papers noted one girlfriend and included a bad picture of her, but the paperwork also indicated that it didn't look like any kind of serious relationship between them and suggested instead that it might be nothing more than just a sometime mutual benefit type of situation – no pressure from either of them. Janice figured that Jacobs was married to his job now. She had known many other men who had been like that. Shortly after they got married, their wives and family no longer mattered so much and the job totally consumed them. And Jacobs wasn't married, so the girlfriend was probably nothing more than a convenience. But would that bit of information do her any good? She'd just have to see.

One thing that surprised her about him, was that he had a house and didn't just rent an apartment somewhere. Somehow she didn't see him as the homeowner type, but evidently he was. She looked at a few pictures of the outside of his house and yard. It was a small house, tiny actually, and it looked somewhat old and a bit run down. Janice figured it was probably cheaper for him than an apartment. Plus there was always the bonus that it might gain in property value when it came time for him to move again.

As she studied the dull grey exterior of the house, she took careful note of the layout of everything she could see… which wasn't as much as she would like. The house had a detached

garage and what looked like a chain–link fence across three sides of the backyard. But she didn't see any sign that the fence extended across the front or up to the house itself – which most likely meant that he didn't have a dog that she would have to worry about. Not that she figured he would anyway. He seemed far too busy for the dog owner type. Basically, the house simply looked… insignificant.

As she studied the house further, she took careful note of the chimney on the roof. An older house like that with a chimney that big would most likely mean that it had a wood–burning fireplace inside. But would it do her any good? She'd have to consider that too.

She carefully read through the file notes on Jacob's career… particularly on all the places he had transferred to. It seemed like he had followed her purposefully every time she herself had moved to somewhere new. Janice had no doubt that the abominable man probably had. He had done everything he could to stay on her tail – for far too many years.

Well, it was now time to put a stop to all that. She wasn't happy that it was going to cost her as much money as she planned, but… well… Halifax's little retirement account would much more than make up for that little problem.

"So where did it get us?" Forsyth asked.

Jacobs shook his head. "I'm not sure. But something there isn't right!"

"Oh come on! We've both dealt with these transgender types before. And every last one of them has tried to hide what they're doing for as long as they dare. Then it's always a shock to everyone else when they finally come out of the closet. As far as I can see, it doesn't help your case against Stokley one bit."

Jacobs was frustrated. The problem was, he didn't have any more to go on than he did before – despite everything they had learned last night. "It just doesn't add up," he finally exclaimed.

"What doesn't add up? Everything we've found so far, adds up to a big fat zero!"

Jacobs shook his head. "Maybe," he conceded. "But as far as I'm concerned, it just doesn't add up!"

Forsyth shook his head and walked off. Jacobs wasn't going to leave the matter alone, no matter what! He was obsessed with Stokley, and had been for as long as he had known him. As far as he was concerned, whether Janice Stokley was actually guilty or not, there wasn't one little shred of proof that she ever had anything to do with those robberies – and the woman was living in a dump and working as a housekeeper as the proof! If she had actually stolen any of that money, he was sure that she would have shown some sign of it by now. But despite the rather odd facts that might possibly point toward Janice as having some kind

of hand in the robberies, everything they had found so far, only pointed in the opposite direction!

Janice rolled her eyes and did her best to ignore the… singing… coming out of Roger / Candy's room as she passed by in the hallway. Since a while after dinner, Roger had been once again practicing his female voice techniques, and evidently tonight it included… singing. Sort of. As far as Janice was concerned, it sounded awful! But as long as he was working on things, then she was satisfied. And from what she could hear, things could only get better. His voice certainly couldn't get much worse!

As she got near the end of the hall, Roger's… singing… was accompanied by another more musical sound that took her a moment to identify – her burner phone ringing. She hurried to the kitchen to grab it. "Hello?"

"Hi Janice," Susan's voice said.

"Hello Susan. Did you come up with a name?"

"That I did," Susan replied. "You didn't give me much time, but I think I've come up with something that I'll be pleased with, no matter what."

"And what name did you pick?"

"I'd like to call him Ben–Ben. It's a Chinese name that means fool! And I think that's going to work out perfectly for him."

Janice smiled broadly. "Fool! Yes, I think that will work just fine. You said, Ben–ben? Did I pronounce that right?"

"You've got it. It's not a difficult name like some others might be."

"I appreciate that," Janice replied. "Yes, I think Ben–ben will work out just fine for Mr. Halifax. And tomorrow is when I'm planning on beginning that little crusade with him."

"I look forward to seeing the end result."

Janice smiled. "I've been working hard on my plans for him. I think you'll be very pleased. By the way, have you done anything yet with the Doctor?"

"Not yet, but I'm working on it. It will probably be the beginning of next week before I can finalize everything there. I'll send you the information as soon as I'm done."

"Very good," Janice replied happily. "I look forward to getting that so I can move on with that too. Can I destroy this phone now?"

"It might be a good idea," Susan replied. "I can always contact you the usual way if I need to. Just watch for my messenger on Monday or Tuesday… probably Tuesday."

"I'll be waiting," Janice replied.

"Ben–ben," she repeated to herself. The name meant nothing to her, but in Chinese it meant fool. Well, Halifax was about to become one big enormous fool for sure!"

The painting job that Roger had contracted for was a bit bigger than he first thought. But that wasn't any kind of a problem. He spent almost an hour Saturday morning with Rebecca Adkin's daughter going over everything she wanted him to do, as well as studying all the paint swatches she had. If it wasn't for Janice's requirements to go to church on Sunday and the fact that she didn't like him working on Sunday afternoons, he figured that he could possibly knock out the whole job in those two days. But Janice's restrictions made things much more difficult. Especially since he needed to be home in plenty of time for dinner!

Instead of tackling the whole job at one time, he was going to have to break it up into small segments… one or possibly two rooms at a time – at the most. It was going to take a little longer, possibly several weeks since he still had to teach school and wouldn't be able to work on it during the week. But overall, he still had high hopes that the job would go quickly.

With the first initial check already in his wallet, Roger headed off to buy painting supplies before going back to start actually doing some painting – right after he moved all the heavy furniture in the first room out of the way. It was a good thing he was now very used to the heels on his boots, otherwise he figured he would have a lot more difficulty with that little task. And Janice had told him to buy some new boots with higher heels? He wasn't looking forward to that! It would make everything even more difficult.

The paint store was in some ways like the building supply store that Roger usually used, only much, much smaller. And he was somewhat known there as well. He wasn't too worried about someone noticing that he was wearing women's jeans, and the jacket he was wearing hid "most" of his tiny breasts, but his boots were still a dead giveaway. And the looks and raised eyebrows that he got in the store over them were more than a bit embarrassing.

He had to wait while other contractors were being helped first. He was very aware of many of them turning their heads to look at him… and his boots. Each time he caught the eye of someone, he just nodded and then looked away. How bad would things be when he had new boots with an even higher heel? Would people look at him even more strangely?

When it was his turn to be helped, he couldn't miss the raised eyebrows and different looks he was getting from the man who was helping him. He considered himself very fortunate that neither the salesman or anyone else in the store said anything to him about the way he was dressed.

While his paint colors were being mixed, he took the opportunity to stroll casually around the store for a few minutes to look at some of the things they had on display. And on one counter against the far wall, he found a selection of cheap white coveralls. Painters wore them frequently when they worked. He realized immediately that the baggy garments would help to hide his little breasts when he was working, and since they had to be worn over top of everything else he had on, they would help to cover most of his boots as well. Not to mention their main purpose which was to protect his other clothing and keep the paint off of that as well. He quickly picked up three of the coveralls. Now, was there any way he could hide the rest of his boots that would still be showing as well?

With that thought still on his mind, he paid for everything he purchased and carried several bags of painting supplies as well as gallon after gallon of paint out to his truck before heading back to the job site. He had high hopes of finishing at least one room today… maybe even two.

Janice half expected Halifax to already be at the cabin before she got there, so she was fairly pleased to not see his car when she pulled up. Of course, it was still half an hour earlier than the rental contract said that anyone was supposed to be there, but she figured that there was a good chance that the place had already been cleaned and she would have no problem getting in. A few minutes later, she had the key from the lockbox and opened the door to yet another rental cabin up in the mountains. Again, it was very nice, but she didn't consider this place as nice as some of the others. Still, it was more than adequate.

Carrying her stun gun in her hand in case she needed it, she did a very fast inspection of most of the house. She didn't look into too much because she was more concerned with meeting Halifax the moment he arrived. Eventually she chose a chair where she could easily watch for his arrival. Once she had him taken care of, she could take all the time she wanted to do whatever she liked, but until then, she had to watch for his arrival.

She had told him to get there as close to the cabin's check–in time as possible, still, he was nearly fifteen minutes late. Janice considered that fairly good considering the distance he had to drive. She was on her feet and facing the door, her stun gun again behind her back, when he opened the door. Before saying a word, she took a moment to study his face. He said nothing as he stood there in the doorway looking back at her. Janice noticed that his face looked dull… and resigned. She took careful note of that before she said, "Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax. Sleep and obey."

His reaction was almost instantaneous, but she took her time and carefully took him down into a deep trance, then she had him get fully undressed before putting the dog collar back on him and putting him soundly to sleep in the middle of the living room floor. She hadn't bothered to move the furniture this time, just as she didn't bother to chain him… yet. She knew he would sleep now until she decided it was time to wake him again.

Only then did she take the time to do a more thorough inspection of the cabin and bring her things in from her car. Before doing anything with Halifax, she took the time to make herself a fresh pitcher of iced tea. She figured she was going to need it this weekend. Perhaps not as bad as previous times, but with the weather gradually turning warmer, the tea would be a welcome treat while she was there. She had a list of things to cover with Halifax this week, but she wasn't ready to deal with any of it quite yet.

With his naked body occupying a space in the middle of the living room floor, she pushed the coffee table out of the way and moved one chair and the end table next to it a little further back. Then she spread out part of her plastic tarp, folding it just behind Halifax's body so that she could spread it out more after she woke him up. She placed one of the kitchen chairs in place on top of the plastic sheet and the bucket next to it. The chain she again attached to the stairway post, but she didn't bother to attach the cuff to him yet. She just wanted it to be ready.

She got her notebook out where it would be handy. She got her laptop out and connected it to the rental house's internet system. She found the remote control for the dog collar and put that where she could grab it easily. And she took the time to pour herself a large glass of iced–tea with plenty of ice. She downed half the glass before she figured she was ready to deal with him.

"Wake up, Mr. Halifax," she said as she grabbed the remote control. "Wake up fully."

Halifax opened his eyes, and immediately saw the dreaded woman. His eyes also noted the remote control in her hand. It wasn't because he was naked that the shiver ran through his body. It was from fear.

"Have a seat," Janice said to him, as she stood back and watched him closely.

Halifax moved quickly to the chair before looking warily back up at her. He knew what was coming now – torture! And even though he hated it, he also knew he had no way to fight against any of it. He would do absolutely anything she told him to do – even now, before she began ripping his mind apart again. He swallowed nervously.

Janice studied his face… and the fear that she saw. She smiled at him. "Do you need to relieve yourself?" she asked. "I know you had a long trip."

Halifax searched the feelings in his body. Yeah, he did need to pee. "May I?" he asked.

"Go right ahead," Janice said somewhat kindly.

He got up and relieved his full bladder into the bucket. Then he sat down and stared up at her again… waiting for that first command to stand up – that would signal the beginning of the torture all over again. He was somewhat surprised when she started talking to him instead… asking him questions.

"How was your week?" Janice asked.

He tried to formulate an answer. "Not one of my best," he told her.

"Why was that?" she asked.

Again, it was a few moments before he could answer. "I… made mistakes," he said. "Dumb mistakes. Things I've never done before." Then his voice blurted out stronger. "I can't think! Whatever you've done to my mind… I can't think straight! Everything is all… dull and… I just can't think straight!" he echoed again.

Janice nodded. As smart as she was sure he was, his brain wasn't holding up under the onslaught of her brainwashing methods as well as some others had. She would have to be careful with him. But, she was also almost done with him, so she didn't have to worry… overly much. She smiled at him. "You'll have a better week next week," she told him.

Halifax wasn't too sure about that at all. Since she had kidnapped him, his life had been nothing but miserable! He wasn't even interested in seeing any of the women he used to visit with – every night! He wasn't interested in anything lately… except dogs now. It seemed like he had spent and eternity this past week studying videos of dogs.

"Did you bring me the money I asked for?"

Halifax nodded. "Yes, it's in my jacket pocket."

Janice found his clothes and searched his jacket. She found a bank envelope in the inside pocket and pulled it out. A pile of hundred dollar bills greeted her. She took the envelope and laid it on the kitchen table. She was careful to watch Halifax the whole time she was doing it, but he never moved from the chair he was sitting in. He only followed her closely with his eyes.

Still carrying the remote control in her hand, she walked back to stand in front of him again. "Last week, Mr. Halifax, I asked you to start researching dogs. Did you do that?"

"Yes," he replied and Janice noted a slight roll of his eyes.

"And what do you think," she asked, "do you think you'd like to own a dog?"

He looked at her. "Truthfully?" he chanced asking.

"Of course!"

"Not really," he told her.

Janice nodded. "So you still dislike dogs."

"Somewhat," he replied. "I never really liked them to begin with. They're dumb animals that have to be cared for and they don't return any real monetary value at all… unless you're making money breeding them or something. Then they have value, but from what I see, not all that much."

Janice smiled. "Spoken like a banker, Mr. Halifax. So the bottom line is that they don't bring in any money… in most cases?"

He nodded. "Pretty much."

"And are you still afraid of them? Last week you said you didn't like them because they bite."

He nodded. "Somewhat."

She nodded. "So as far as you're concerned, dogs are pretty much useless."

He nodded. "Yes," he replied uncertainly. Why was she just talking with him… somewhat nicely? Why wasn't she torturing him again? And why was she so interested in dogs?

"How about as a loving companion for someone?" she asked. "Doesn't that have any value?"

He shrugged. "I'm sure it does to most people, but you asked for my opinion, and I'm not interested."

"So I did, Mr. Halifax. And you've answered my questions honestly."

"Why the interest in dogs?" he chanced asking. "What's the point?"

She smiled. "We'll get to that later."

"You want me to invest in some… or bet on the dog track races?"

"No, Mr. Halifax. Nothing like that at all. As I said, we'll return to that subject later. Right now, I'd like to know if you've ever been on a cruise ship."

Halifax was a bit stunned by the big change in direction. "Yeah," he replied. "A few times."

"And did you enjoy the trips?"

"A lot! Loved them!" he replied.

"Good," Janice purred. "I know your poor tortured brain has been somewhat confused lately," she told him. "So I know you'll look forward to a nice relaxing cruise for a while instead. Tell me, Mr. Halifax, can you get off of work for a nice vacation for a few weeks? I'm sure you need it."

He shrugged. "I own the company. I can go whenever I like."

"Good, Mr. Halifax. That's pretty much what I expected. We'll talk more about that later," she said, "but I want you to start looking forward to a nice relaxing vacation somewhere… perhaps with some pretty woman to keep you company. Wouldn't you like that?"

He nodded. "Very much!"

"Good, Mr. Halifax, very good. And in the meantime, I want you to stand up."

The command came so off–handedly that he missed it completely. He didn't miss the quick and painful jolt of electricity delivered through the dog collar though. Through the pain, he managed to stand up… only to be told to sit down again… which he tried to do as fast as he could. The torture had begun once again.

With the white coveralls covering almost everything he was wearing, Roger spread the white paint across more and more of the ceiling. His footing was a bit precarious, not because of his boots, but because of the slippery plastic bags he had taped over top of them… before putting his coveralls on. With one of his battered work baseball caps on his head, the only thing he would have to worry about cleaning up now when he was finished, was his face and his hands. He was rather proud of himself for this little solution – that hid most of what he was wearing.

Painting didn't take a lot of mental effort, so as he worked, his mind seemed to go from one thing to the next. For a while, he thought about all the voice training he had been working on. He knew he was bad at it, and overall he still didn't want to do it, but it was something long term that he could work on that he figured would keep Janice happy… and consequently off of his back. Of course, there was the fact that someday, he didn't know how

soon, he knew without a doubt that he would need everything he was working on – if he didn't want to stick out like a sore thumb and be recognized as a man every time he opened his mouth.

From his voice lessons, his mind wandered on toward church tomorrow. Janice wouldn't be there, but Carol would. Carol was spending the day today with her friends. He had no idea when she would be home, but he still dared not be late for his six o'clock dinner deadline. He had a feeling that Burger King was going to be on the dinner menu for tonight. Actually, he didn't mind that at all. He was going to have to take Carol to church with him tomorrow. Well, that shouldn't be a problem. Which dress should he wear tomorrow? If he was going to be going to church every week and wearing dresses there every week, then he figured he was probably going to have to get another one… or two.

But those thoughts reminded him that Janice had told him to buy some new boots – with a slightly higher heel. And he knew that he had put that little shopping trip off for about as long as he dared. He would have to do that soon. Maybe even tonight. Would he have to take Carol with him when he went shopping? He already wasn't looking forward to the embarrassment of that little trip – with or without Carol.

Thoughts of church soon led to thoughts about after church. Janice had said she would be home early – possibly before lunch. He had hoped to go fishing with Stan again tomorrow afternoon, but Janice had killed that idea quickly. "Maybe next week," she had told him. So now he was planning on spending tomorrow afternoon working on his new deck out back. Well, that was another project that needed doing anyway.

So where was Janice going every week now?

As she had suspected it would, the process to again rape Halifax's mind didn't take all that long. But she had reached the stage now where she had to be more careful than ever. Once she knew without a doubt that he was ready, she picked up her notebook and began going down her list of subjects to cover again. Old subjects, such as the fact that he could never hurt her and especially that he could never tell anyone at all about her or about what she did to him. The impenetrable wall was reinforced again as well. Everything she had worked into his brain so far was revisited and reinforced.

Only when she came to the end of her old list did she stop to rest and take a much needed drink of iced–tea. Halifax was sitting unmoving in his chair, his face as blank and impassive as it could possibly get. But then the only thing really working in his brain anymore was the ability to process the commands that came directly from her. She refreshed her glass of iced–tea and took another long sip as she opened her laptop to work with it. Only then did she call him over to the table where she was.

She watched as he walked over to her, totally unmindful that he was stark naked. His face was still a blank uncaring canvas. Perfect! "Mr. Halifax," she started, "What bank is your Victoria retirement account in?"

"Cayman Bank and Trust," he said dully.

Janice was surprised to realize that it was among the recommended banks on the list that Susan had provided her with. Well, that only made things that much easier. "What is the website address?" she asked as she positioned her fingers at the keyboard.

With his mind in the hypnotic trance, there was no information she could ask about that he couldn't easily dredge up. A few seconds later, Janice was waiting for the site to open… which it did fairly quickly. She hunted around on the web page and soon found the login button. "Your account number?" she asked. A moment later she was typing numbers as he relayed them. "And your password?" she asked. Again she typed them as he spoke. A few seconds later, she was staring at the records of his secret retirement account. She was happy to note that there was indeed a little over sixteen and a half million dollars in it. Perfect!

"Mr. Halifax," she said. "Go sit down again and wait for me. I'll be with you in a little while." She watched briefly as he went back to his chair in the living room.

She had no intention of transferring the money anywhere. There was no need. And no transfers meant less of a trail for anyone to follow. Instead, all she did was to change his password to get into the account. With that one small action done, she was now sixteen and a half million dollars richer than she had been a few minutes ago. Feeling happy and very satisfied, she closed the website, and closed the cover on her computer as well. She took another long drink from her iced–tea. It was time to get back to business with Halifax again.

She went back to stand directly in front of him. His face was just as blank as it had been. Good! "Mr. Halifax," she said, "I want you to think about your retirement account… your Victoria retirement account. Think of the amount of money in there, think about your account number, think about your password, and I especially want you to think about sitting at your computer and transferring money into that account." She stood there and watched his face. Something was going on that mind of his just then, and she had no doubt at all about what it was. She let him think about it all for several minutes.

"Mr. Halifax," she said, "I'd like you to concentrate your thoughts now on just the money transfers. I'd like you to only remember doing that." She waited just a few seconds for his mind to do just that before she continued. "Now, Mr. Halifax, I'm going to start counting down from ten to zero. The further down I go, the more trouble you will have remembering transferring any money at all. As I count down, your mind will erase every single money transfer you ever did with that account. By the time I get to zero, you will no longer have any memories of transferring any money at all with that account." She waited a moment

before she began, then very clearly she said, "Ten… nine…." Slowly, placing several seconds between each number, she counted down from ten all the way to one. And then, still watching his face intently, she said the final number. "Zero!" It was almost as if his face was suddenly showing relief. She figured he probably was relieved since he no longer had any memories there to worry about trying to dredge up.

"Very good, Mr. Halifax. Now I want you to think about typing in your account number and password. And again I'm going to count down from ten to zero. And when I reach zero again, all your memories of ever doing that will no longer exist. Here we go, Mr. Halifax. Ten… nine… eight…." Again she went all the way to zero, erasing every memory of him ever logging into that account.

"Good, Mr. Halifax. Very good," she said. "Now I want you to remember setting up that account many years ago. We are not going to count down from ten this time," she said. "Instead, I want you to simply erase that memory from your mind. Wipe it clean now, Mr. Halifax. Wipe it so that that your memory of setting up that account never existed in the first place."

She waited a few moments for his brain to do just that. She was almost done. Just one more thing to go. "Mr. Halifax," she said, "I now want you to go through your mind and instruct it to erase every remaining memory of anything at all to do with that account. You will erase all knowledge that the account ever existed from your mind… you will erase every thought that you ever had about even having such an account from your mind. You will erase all thoughts that had anything remotely connected to that account from your mind. As of right now, that account no longer exists. That account never did exist. As of now, you no longer even know what I'm talking about if I mention the account. You are free now from the burden of carrying that knowledge – knowledge that you no long know what I'm speaking of. You only know that you feel relieved to be free of the knowledge of whatever it was."

There was an unmistakable look of relief on his face, even though Janice had no doubt that he had no idea why he should even feel that way – other than that she had told him he would. As of now, that retirement account was not only hers alone, as far as Joseph Halifax was concerned, he had never even owned such an account.

She left him like that to enjoy is brief relief while she went back to the kitchen for a much needed drink. She refilled her glass and carried it back to the living room with her this time. And this time, she grabbed and opened her notebook. This was the part now that she knew would be the most difficult. It was now time to begin the process of setting the new direction for the rest of his life.

"Goodness, Mr. Brinkley. You've come a long way already!"

Roger smiled at his client. “Yeah, I’m making good progress today,” he replied. “It’s all the trim though that’s going to take the most time. And of course, you’re only looking at one coat. Most likely, it’s going to need a second coat on the walls before I can call it finished.”

“Well the difference is amazing. And I’m so pleased with the color. I think it looks… calming,” she finally decided.

Roger nodded. “Yeah, it does look nice,” he agreed. “Good choice I think.” He noticed her scrutinizing the way he was dressed.

“Aren’t you awfully hot dressed like that?” she asked.

Roger shrugged. “A bit,” he agreed. “But it saves me a lot of cleanup work… not to mention that I don’t have to worry about the splatter getting all over my clothes.”

But she was looking now directly at his plastic bag covered boots. “And that includes your lovely boots as well?” she asked.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “They seem to need cleaning more than anything else I wear. And I try hard to keep them looking good.” What surprised Roger then, was the look of what he thought might be disappointment on her face over not being able to see his boots.

“Of course,” she agreed. “I’m sure they must get like that.”

Roger said nothing back, but only watched as she seemed to leave the room with a disappointed attitude. Well, he had been contracted to do painting, now show off what he was wearing!

Janice started with Leila Rivers. Of course, Halifax could no longer remember the reason he had her killed to begin with, but he could still remember that he had arranged and paid to have it done. She made sure that the memories of Halifax doing that would forever remain close to the surface. Then she began building on all his good memories of the woman… all the things he had liked the most about her. She magnified each of those traits, making them seem like things he could never live without. And when she was done, she forced the concept of guilt over what he had done to her into his brain… over and over and over again. He deserved to be punished for what he did to her. He deserved to feel miserable for the rest of his life because of what he had done. He deserved every horrible, rotten thing that would ever happen to him for the rest of his life! All because of what he had done to the poor woman. Janice was only part way into her script for that when she saw the tears of remorse falling freely from his eyes. He deserved it!

When she was done with that part, she left him again… crying pitifully. Her instructions had made sure that he would always feel that remorse – for the rest of his life. He would always

feel that he deserved to be punished severely… because of what he had done to her. He would always feel… the enormous guilt! She left him to cry alone for a while, while she refreshed her drink. It wasn't until she figured that he had cried long enough that she went back for the next round with him.

"Mr. Halifax," she said, "you've cried long enough now. It's time to dry those tears and face a new future, a future you deserve because of what you've done. Pay strict attention to what I say now… because you deserve this." It took a few moments, but eventually his crying ended and he looked up at her. Was that determination on his face… or resignation? Not that it mattered. She began at the beginning of her notes.

Point after point, Janice instilled Halifax's new life into his brain. The script was similar to the "Boots the Dog" script she had used on Roger, but this one was much more refined and much, much more complete. She had taken the things she had learned from Roger and built upon those things, making them stronger, better, more in line with what she wanted out of him.

She again used the file cabinet drawer images that would close off his old human life and open only the drawer of his new dog life. When that one drawer was open, all access to the rest of his human life was unobtainable… with the exception of only what she wanted him to remember – which mostly dealt with his guilt over Leila Rivers and the fact that she wanted him to remember that he was once a human being – but no longer deserved to be so. But when the dog drawer was closed, she instructed him that he would have absolutely no memory of what was in that drawer… or of ever accessing anything that was in it. If he was human, he would have no memory of being a dog at all. But as far as she was concerned, that one command to turn him human again would be used this weekend and only this weekend. If everything went the way she hoped it would, she would be turning the… new and improved… Halifax, or rather Ben–ben… over to Susan sometime next week. Besides, from everything she could see, his mind couldn't take much more of her training.

Like with Boots, she made sure that even as a dog, he would always be aware of the impenetrable wall getting thicker and thicker each time he sat, and each time he stood up – further insuring that he would remain Ben–ben forever. All knowledge of human speech was removed with the exception of some key commands that she was very careful to make sure he knew what would be expected of him. He might be a dumb dog, but there was no reason for him to make a nuisance of himself the way Boots had done. She also told him that no matter how bad the food he was given would taste, if he was given it to eat, then he would eat everything as fast and completely as he could… and he would always be grateful that someone had bothered to feed him. There would no longer be any savoring how good something tasted, he might still like the taste of something, but he would eat everything as fast as possible so he wouldn't enjoy it very long.

There was one particular area that "Ben–ben's" script differed completely from the script for "Boots." And that area dealt solely with sex. When the proper command was given, Ben–

ben would become interested in one thing and only one thing, licking pleasure into whoever had given him the command. And he would keep at it single mindedly until told to stop. Janice didn't know how good Halifax was capable of being with his tongue, but she had no doubt that given enough time, he could only get better and better.

Another part of the sex area that she put into "Ben–ben's" script, was that no matter what he did or what was done to him, he would no longer feel anything at all in his penis. It would become totally numb. He would be totally unable to feel anyone or anything touching him there. She then took that idea and tied it directly into his guilt feelings over what he had done to Leila Rivers… so that he would always know that he didn't deserve to feel anything at all there anymore – no matter how badly he craved to feel something. And he would always feel that sex drive crave.

But since she had always tied what she did with her victims to sexual relief in some way, she also decided on a method for Ben–ben as well. He would no longer have any concept of numbers or counting, but his sub–conscious mind was allowed to keep track of only one thing – how many times he got "bred" or "used" from the rear. Once that number reached fifty, like her other victims, he would have an immense orgasm, after which the counting would start all over again. Of course since he would have no conscious concept of numbers, he would never know how long it would take to get that relief again… he would only become aware of how he could get that relief.

Just as she had done with Roger, she set the same commands in place that if the right key phrase was spoken, Ben–ben would hear and understand what was said to him, but he would understand them now with the mind–frame of a dog and only a dog. If Susan didn't like that, then tough. As far as she was concerned, Halifax didn't deserve to ever have more intelligence back in his brain than she was allowing him – even if only for a few minutes. He would be a dog, and only a dog – forever!

When she was finally done, she closed her notebook. There was no more that she could instill into him this week. It was now time to see what Halifax had learned during the week about how dogs behaved. She looked at him, and spoke the magic words, "It's time for Ben–Ben the dog!"

Immediately Halifax fell to all fours on the floor. He had no clothes to remove so the process was almost immediate. His hands closed under into two paws and he looked up at her and panted happily with his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Sit!" she commanded, and watched as Ben–ben did his best to sit like a dog. "Lay down!" she commanded, and she watched as he stretched out on the floor… somewhat like a dog might do. She walked to the other side of the room. "Come!" she commanded, and watched as he immediately got up and crawled to her. She pet his head for a few moments. So far, so good.

Leaving him to occupy himself as a dog, she went into the kitchen to pour herself a fresh glass of tea… and then prepare herself some dinner. She had earned the rest. While she was working, she kept one eye on Ben–ben. She watched as he seemed to crawl around the house, sniffing at things. And finally she watched as he crawled back into the kitchen. She reached into the bag on the counter and extracted the duck that Roger – Boots had played with and threw it towards Ben–ben. He got up and sniffed the thing carefully, then eventually took it into his mouth and laid down on the floor again where he happily chewed on the thing. Excellent! Shortly after though, Janice looked over and saw him sound asleep on the floor, the stuffed duck nearby and most likely forgotten. Just like any other dog she supposed.

A short while later, while she was in the middle of cooking, she quickly looked over at him because he was making some small distressful sounds. But she noticed that he was still sound asleep. He was dreaming! It didn't take a lot to realize what his distress was over – guilt! It was as plain and simple as that. Even in his sleep, Halifax… or rather Ben–ben, was going to feel painfully guilty over what he had done to Leila Rivers. Perfect!

After she had eaten her dinner, she pulled Roger's purple dog bowl from a bag on the counter and opened a can of dog food. Ben–ben was awake by then and seemed to be all too interested in sniffing around the kitchen. She set the bowl on the floor with the command to eat his dinner. It gave her nothing but pleasure to see the way he almost attacked the horrid smelling dog food in the bowl. Yuck! And he deserved every bit of what he was now getting just a small taste of.

After he had finished his dog food… along with most of a bowl of water that she had him lap up, she grabbed the leash she had gotten for Roger and attached it to Ben–ben's collar. She took him outside and had him relieve himself, not just raising his leg to peel like the dog he now was, but she made him defecate like a dog as well. The only thing wrong with the scenario, was that Ben–ben now truly believed he was a dog, so there was no humiliation in the act for him at all. It was simply a normal thing for him to do. Oh well, she was still pleased.

An hour later, she was inside watching TV while Ben–ben was napping not far away. But the TV show was uninteresting. It was uninteresting only because she had other things concerning Ben–ben on her mind. Before long, she turned the TV off and gave into what had been on her mind. She removed her shorts and panties. "Ben–ben," she called. It was a moment until the dog came fully awake. "Come," she commanded. She opened her legs, giving him full access to her private parts. Ben–ben came over to her and started sniffing around between her legs, but she hadn't given him the command to do what she wanted yet. Still, she found his interest in that area of her, along with his sniffing of the area, to be more than a bit exciting. She could already feel herself getting wet! "Lick me, Ben–Ben. "Lick me to pleasure!" she commanded. She immediately felt his head diving into her crotch and his tongue going to work – right where she wanted it to. And she was totally surprised by the fact that he

seemed to almost know what he was doing there. His tongue was stronger and more agile than she thought it would be. And the result was quickly driving her – totally crazy!

As she came down from her first orgasm, she reached out and just managed to grab one of her burner phones out of her purse nearby. She had trouble ordering the number of supplies she didn't want because Ben–ben's attentions to her sexual region were all too distracting. And by the time Susan finally called back, she was almost into her fourth orgasm!

"Janice, what's wrong?" Susan asked, her voice full of concern as she listened to the gasping that was coming over her phone.

"Wrong question," Janice replied breathlessly. "You mean, what's right?"

"What do you mean?"

"Right now, Ben–ben is in the middle of proving to me that he already knows something about how to use his tongue to please a woman. And I have to say, he's seems to be somewhat talented in that area. More so than I ever thought he'd be!"

Susan erupted in laughter.

"Look, Susan," Janice did her best to gasp out over top of what Ben–ben's tongue was doing to her, "can you take possession of him next weekend? I think he's going to be completely ready for you by then."

"Of course," Susan replied happily. "Just let me know where and when and I'll make sure to meet you. Do you want me to come to your house again?"

Janice's excitement, not to mention her breathing, was quickly getting the better of her again though. "Hang on," she managed to grunt out before she abandoned herself to the orgasm that had been building so strongly in her. It was a few moments before she was capable of speaking again. "Sorry," she gasped. "I hadn't counted on him being this good."

"Okay, I'm feeling more than a bit jealous right now," Susan told her.

"Well, you can have him for as long as you like starting next week," Janice replied. He won't be fully ready until then anyway. But no, not at my house. It's going to have to be somewhere different, not to mention somewhere private that I can drive to fairly easily with him." The feeling of his tongue still working on her was exquisite!

"I'll come up with somewhere," Susan Wu promised. "You just let me know when to be there."

"I will," Janice gasped out again as she felt another orgasm rising quickly. "Got to go!" she screamed as the waves overtook her one more time.

Susan hung up her phone, then stared at the thing. Damn! Now she really couldn't wait! But in the meantime, after listening to what Janice was going through, she was now very much in need of a little fun and relief herself. She picked up the phone. I need a playmate in my playroom… as soon as possible!" she ordered. "Phone me when he's ready!"

Damn! All she could think about now was whatever Halifax – Ben–ben – had been doing to Janice.

Damn!

Chapter 42.

It's not that Roger minded eating at Burger King, he liked easy fast food as much as anyone else – as long as it wasn't every single meal. And since Janice had moved into the house, fast food meals were far fewer than at any time since he had been much younger and had lived at home with his parents. So he really didn't mind eating there at all. What he did mind, was that Carol had insisted that he go there dressed completely as Candy… and that she also insisted that they go inside to eat! The fact that Carol was enjoying his discomfort way too much was not exactly lost on him.

As he ate, his eyes continually searched around the restaurant… hoping and praying that he wouldn't see anyone that he knew. At Burger King, it was all too likely that some of the kids from school could be there. There were definitely kids eating inside, but none that he recognized as being from the High School. He wasn't too fond of the looks he was getting from many of the adults in the restaurant. He had no doubt that he was much more noticeable because of the stupid wig on his head. Of course his makeup and 'C' cup breasts under his jacket didn't help much either… nor did his boots or the purse he was carrying. At least the jacket hid what his top looked like… other than his beasts of course that were still too noticeable. They were simply too big for the jacket to completely hide. At least he was wearing his jeans and not a damn dress! But in truth, he wasn't sure how much that helped.

He ate fast and nervously, barely tasting his food. Carol on the other hand, seemed to be eating all too slowly – one French fry at a time, while he shoved several into his mouth at once. He just wanted to get out of there… and Carol wasn't hurrying in the least! When they were finally done, he was back into his truck long before she got halfway across the parking lot. He wasn't looking forward to repeating that little bit of humiliation any time soon. Dressed the way he was, he headed his truck directly back toward home.

"I thought you were going shopping for new boots tonight," Carol mentioned when she realized that Roger was heading home and not to the stores.

"Um… I figured that maybe tonight isn't the best time to go shopping after all," he replied.

"Why, because you're dressed as Candy?" she asked laughingly.

"Uh… something like that," he admitted.

She outright laughed! Which irked Roger to no end. "Let's go shopping!" she declared. "Momma said you had to get some new boots, so let's go find some."

Roger felt like dying. "Can I get rid of this wig and the overly big breasts first?" he pleaded.

"Nope! I want you dressed just like you are! Better get used to it."

Yeah right! Nervously, Roger turned his truck around and headed for the stores – driving down towards Gainesville instead of stopping at any place closer. Fortunately, Carol didn't say anything about where he was going. He wasn't sure where he was going to find a shoe store that he dared to go into, but on the outskirts of the city, he noticed the sign for a shoe store in one of the small strip malls along the road. Making his mind up quickly, he pulled into the parking lot. Now he just had to manage to get out of his truck and go inside and shop – dressed the way he was.

He wasn't surprised to find that he wasn't the only customer in the store… not surprised, but he was disappointed. As far as he was concerned, the store seemed to be somewhat crowded! And most of the customers appeared to be women… and he wasn't too sure how much he himself appeared to be a woman. Not much at all he was guessing by some of the looks he was getting. As quickly as he could, he searched out what boots they had for sale, but since the weather was starting to warm up, they had very few… and none at all in his size. Carol was disappointed, but he was very glad to get out of there and back into his truck.

"Maybe we should just go home and I'll call around tomorrow to see what's available," he suggested.

"Are you crazy?" Carol replied. "We've just started. There's a lot of places that sell shoes. Let's find another one."

The ugly remark Roger wanted to utter was purposely kept silent.

Ten minutes later they found another shoe store and Roger pulled into the parking lot. This one appeared to be a lot bigger than the last place, and it too seemed to have a good collection of customers. Roger was beginning to realize that he wasn't going to get away with hunting for new boots without being seen by lots of people.

He hurriedly looked for boots in the store while Carol took her sweet time looking at shoes for herself. Like the last place, this store too had a very small selection of boots. There were some in his size, but they all had either no heels at all, or heels that were not much more than his men's shoes would have – and Janice had told him that they had to have a slightly higher heel than the boots he was already wearing. Roger would have much rather gotten some without any high heel at all, but he knew without asking that such a thing was out of the question. Again he was glad to get out of there… if even to move on to find someplace else to look.

"It's not looking too good," he mentioned to Carol as he drove into Gainesville. "Maybe it would be best if I looked around on the internet instead."

"Don't worry, we'll find something," Carol replied, sounding all too confident. Roger was hoping that she would be wrong.

It was only a few minutes until they found another place. There were customer's there again, but not nearly so many. And again Roger threw caution aside and summoned up the courage to go into the store – totally dressed as Candy. And like before, everybody who saw him, looked not once, not twice, but many times at him. What fun! He had no choice but to do his best to ignore everyone else and take care of the business he was there for. Now… hopefully this place wouldn't have any boots either and they could leave… and maybe he could convince Carol to just give up for tonight.

Unfortunately, the store did have some boots in his size. Not many, but a few. And unfortunately there was only one pair that had more than a very small heel… and of course, it was far more heel than what Roger was hoping for. And the heel was only part of the problem. The boots were black – which was perfectly fine with Roger – but they had decorative straps at both the top and across the ankle… and each of the straps had a large silver buckle attached. Not exactly what Roger would consider stealth boots! They would be far too noticeable – especially since Janice insisted he wear them over top of his pants so they could always be seen! Who's idea was it for him to wear boots like this as a trade mark for his new business. Oh yeah, Janice. Ugh!

"They're not going to work," he declared after Carol had decided they looked perfect.

"Why not?" Carol asked. "I like them!"

"They're not going to work," Roger insisted. "Not only is the heel a lot higher than the ones I'm wearing, but instead of the heel being real wide all the way down, these heels taper a little."

"Not that much," Carol noted. "Not much at all in fact."

"But more than they should for the construction work I do."

"Candy… I'm pretty sure that any heel is not going to be what you'd like for doing that kind of stuff."

"Exactly! Which is why these won't work!"

"Which is also why I think you should buy them!" Carol insisted.

"But the heel is too high… and they're not wide enough!"

The sly smile on Carol's face told him all too much… even before she said, "Buy them! Either that, or we'll go somewhere else and I'll make sure you buy some with an even higher heel!"

Ugh! "Maybe I'd better try them on first," Roger suggested.

Carol's face fell a bit. "Okay. Maybe you better."

Hoping against hope that the boots wouldn't fit at all, Roger bent down and unzipped his left boot. As he did, he was all too aware of people at both ends of the aisle watching him. Shit! But there wasn't much he could do about it. Feeling totally foolish, he pulled his foot out of the brown boot he was wearing and stood balancing himself on just his one still booted foot while he unzipped the new boot and removed the stuffing from inside it. He pulled it onto his knee–hi clad foot, and hated the fact that his foot slid inside so easily. He could already feel how much higher the heel was on this new boot. And unfortunately, the darn thing zipped all the way up over his tight jeans way too easily. If anything, the new boot was easier to get on than his old boots.

His hope fading, he pulled the stuffing out of the other boot and tried that one on as well. Darn, even with the higher heels, they fit! And not too badly at all! He was guessing that the heels on these things were about three inches high – a full inch higher than his brown boots. And the slightly narrower base of the heel was going to make working in the stupid things all that much more difficult. He also wasn't happy about the silver buckles on them that couldn't be ignored. No, he wasn't exactly happy with them, and he wasn't looking forward to having to wear them on the job. Not happy at all!

"I love them on you!" Carol declared happily.

There were a lot of things Roger could have said to her, but fortunately, none of them came out of his mouth.

Janice woke Sunday morning to the sound of Ben–ben barking. "Now what!" she exclaimed as she hurriedly pried herself out of bed. She had left him chained by his back leg to the staircase while she slept. Of course, she had kept him as Ben–ben and not yet returned him back to his human self again. "What are you barking at?" she called agitatedly as she hurried out from the bedroom. The stupid human–turned–dog was pulling at the chain attached to his ankle, trying to get closer to the large glass French doors across the back of the room. "What the heck?" Janice exclaimed as the "dog" excitedly kept barking. She walked past him and closer to the windows to get a better view. There were two squirrels playing out on the back balcony where Ben–ben could see them. The stupid animal was barking at – squirrels!

"Ben–ben! Stop that this instant!" She was glad to see him stop barking, but the two squirrels on the deck still held all too much of his interest. With a shake of her head, she left him there and headed to the kitchen to start making some coffee. She would have liked to go back to

bed for another hour or two, but she had no doubt at all that sleep was now out of the question. As she started the coffee brewing, she wondered if Carol and Roger were up yet and getting ready for church. If they weren't, then they should be soon. She was tempted to phone her daughter, just to say hello, but if they were trying to get dressed to go out, then she'd leave them alone… for now.

With a heavy sigh and a small curse at the stupid "dog," she turned and headed to the bathroom to take a shower.

Roger looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. It was the best mirror he had to see himself… and it didn't show him very much. Did he look like a woman? Could he fool anyone yet? His face, all he could really see, didn't seem to look too bad to him today. He guessed he was actually getting a bit better with all the makeup. But how about the rest of him? No doubt, the rest of him still looked like a man in a dress – which was exactly what he was. With a small sigh, he turned and left the bathroom. Carol was waiting for him in the living room. It was time to go to church.

The drive down the highway was long. For nothing better to talk about, he asked Carol if she felt like she needed any extra help with the math material before the final exams.

Carol considered that for a moment. "No," she finally said. "I think I'm starting to get it pretty good. I'd just rather not take the thing at all!"

Roger smiled, "I know. Nobody likes it. But it's a school policy."

"Why can't you just give me a good grade and not make me take the stupid thing?"

It was a slightly troubling question and moment before Roger replied. "Because your mother seems fairly adamant that you learn this stuff, and she's also adamant about you taking all the tests – fairly!"

"Shit!" Carol exclaimed softly. "I know. I just hate taking tests!"

"Nobody likes them," Roger said again.

"But you like giving them!" Carol accused.

Roger thought about that for a moment. "Not exactly," he replied. "But they do help me to figure out if I'm doing anything wrong in the way I teach. Like… if a lot of people suddenly start failing, then I know I have to go back and fix it so that they all understand everything better. Do you understand that?"

"Shit!" Carol exclaimed softly as she turned to look away from him. But all she really thought about was that he really did like giving tests! She was reminded of something that had crossed her mind a while back – if she had to be so uncomfortable taking the darn tests, then she saw no reason why he shouldn't feel just as uncomfortable when he gave them. With that interesting thought on her mind, she stared silently out the window and searched for some way to make him miserable… whenever he gave students tests to take.

Roger didn't tell her, but he had scheduled a surprise quiz on some of the material for Monday – just so he could see how everyone was coming along with remembering the material. Since Carol said she didn't need any extra help, he decided to let her be just as surprised as everyone else by the quiz.

Janice finished up washing the few breakfast dishes she had created, while Ben–ben was licking his dog bowl perfectly clean of the dog food she had fed him. As she had programmed him to, and as he had already done last night, the stupid dog had quickly devoured the entire thing – ravenously! And now he was licking the bowl totally clean. She bent down and grabbed the now empty dog bowl. Ben–ben moved over to start lapping at the water bowl that had been next to it while she washed Roger's purple dog dish in the sink. When Ben–ben finished with the water, she grabbed that bowl and cleaned it as well. As always, the rental cabin would be left as spotless and as fingerprint free as she was able to make it… not that she was overly worried about it, but it was better to not take chances.

With the breakfast dishes cleared away, she found the leash she had bought for Roger and attached it to Ben–ben's collar. Two minutes later, the stupid dog was pulling at the leash as she walked him outside to do his business there. She watched carefully how he went about it. Mostly, he acted like every other dog would, but there were a few things she thought that could be better. Ten minutes later, she led the "dog" back into the cabin again. She led him into the living room… and onto the plastic tarp that was still laid out on the floor. "Sit!" she commanded. As expected, he sat – somewhat like a dog." She removed the leash from the collar. "Stay!" she commanded before she turned and carried the leash into the kitchen. She attached the chain to his leg again, and tossed him the duck dog toy that she had gotten for Roger… Boots. Ben–ben seemed to like chewing on it more than Roger had.

She left the dog and went back to the kitchen… and her laptop computer there. She spent twenty minutes going to various websites and double checking things she had looked into before. But she wanted to make sure there were no changes needed to the notes she had taken on everything. So far, everything looked… perfect! She turned her computer off and grabbing her notebook, went back to the living room. It was time to return Ben–ben to his human state again. And then move on toward the future.

They were a few minutes earlier getting to the church than usual. As Roger got out of his truck, he still felt embarrassed and out of place dressed the way he was, but like with all his other trips to the church, each time he came it seemed to get a little easier… a little less

embarrassing. Sort of. For once, Bethany didn't come running out to greet him – thankfully. He and Carol went inside, and in the usual back corner, found Cassandra talking with Carlita. No sign of Tracy or Bethany yet.

"Candy!" Cass greeted Roger happily. "And…." But Cass couldn't remember Carol's name.

"Carol," Roger supplied.

"Yes! Sorry, Carol. I've always had a horrible memory for names."

"It's alright," Carol replied. "To be honest, I don't know your name either. We've hardly met!"

"Cassandra," Cass replied. "But just call me Cass for short."

"Cass was just telling me that she's thinking of holding another hen party," Carlita said.

"Hen party?" Roger asked dubiously.

"Oh you'll love it!" Cass replied offhandedly. "Actually, I hold these little get–together dinners a few times a year. We call them hen parties because everyone there is either someone like you and me, or like Carlita here."

"They really are fun," Carlita added. "And… somewhat helpful too. I got some great help in the past from some of the others who usually attend."

"Some of the others?" Roger asked.

"You don't think I'm the only one around who's a trans–woman, do you?" Carlita asked.

"Uh… no," Roger replied. "To be honest, I really hadn't thought about it."

"Well, there are a few others here in the church, and we all have a few friends as well. The parties are kind of a way for us all to get together and have some fun… let our hair down among friends. You know?"

"Sounds good," Roger replied, not knowing what else to say.

"I'm thinking of week after next," Cass told them. "Right after church. If you like, you can follow one of us to my house so you can find it easier."

Roger wasn't even sure he wanted to go yet. Besides, Janice might have a big say in that. "Um…" he started, trying to find a polite way out of it.

“Don’t even think about not going,” Carlita told him as she noticed his uncertainty. “This will be good for you. Trust me!”

“But… I may have to check with…”

“Candy,” Carol chimed in, “I think you should definitely go!” Actually, she couldn’t wait to tell her mother that Roger would be attending a… “hen party.”

Roger thought about it a bit. There would be people there who might be able to help him… well, offer him some advice anyway as to how he could make turning himself into a woman go easier. There was no way anyone could help him with getting out of his predicament! “Uh,” he replied, warming to the idea. “I guess it sounds good.”

“Excellent!” Cassandra declared happily. “Two weeks from today then.”

“What’s two weeks from today?” Tracy asked as she walked up.

“One of my hen parties,” Cass replied.

“Oh wonderful!” Tracy said with a suddenly great amount of enthusiasm. “You’re last one was sooo much fun!”

“Yoo–hoo,” a voice called from the doorway.”

“Speaking of having fun,” Tracy muttered as Bethany hurried in.

“What’s happening girls?” Bethany asked as she hurried up.

“Cass is holding another hen party,” Carlita told her.

“Oh fantastic!” Bethany practically squealed. “I absolutely can’t wait!”

Roger saw Carlita rolling her eyes where Bethany couldn’t see her.

Joseph Halifax blinked and looked around. He was lying on the plastic tarp, still naked, and the damn woman seemed to be watching him all too carefully. Why? What was she expecting him to do? His brain was slow to realize that things in the room looked… different. The last he could remember, she was torturing his mind unmercifully again. And now… something was different. He finally realized that she was dressed differently, but there was something else. The light! The light coming in through the windows was different. Damn! She had kept him asleep all night long! Well, he supposed that was better than more torture, which was what he was now worried that she was about to do to him again.

Warily he stared back at her, afraid of what she might say… yet waiting for her to tell him to do something.

Janice smiled at him. "Have a seat, Mr. Halifax," she said… and watched as he moved as fast as he could for the chair. She almost chuckled. "Relax Mr. Halifax," she told him. "It's time to give your poor mind a break. I think it's time we discussed sending you on that little vacation I mentioned yesterday."

"The cruise?"

Janice nodded. "Exactly. I'm very glad you remembered."

After what she had done to his brain… again… he just counted himself lucky that he was still among the living, let alone that he had remembered it! "What is it you want me to do for you on that cruise?" he asked. Whatever it was, illegal or not, dangerous or not, he had no doubt that he would do it with a single minded determination. Her will was his will, and her will was all that mattered.

"Why… nothing at all for me," Janice replied. "All I want you to do is… sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey." Once again, Janice took his mind down into a blissful, totally controlled state. He went under very quickly, yet she was very thorough to make sure he was as deep as she wanted him to be. Only then did she pick up her notebook and proceed.

"Mr. Halifax," she said, "I want you to spend the next week looking forward to going on a nice relaxing cruise. You want this cruise badly because you feel like haven't been able to concentrate on things as well as you should lately and you need to take a break and clear your mind. You are also looking forward to this trip because you will be spending it with your new pretty girlfriend who is the one who will be making all the arrangements and reservations for you and her both. There will be no need for you to double check any of the reservations because she will be handling all of that for you.

"Mr. Halifax, I'm sure you will be happy to know that you and your pretty girlfriend will be going on a week–long cruise through the Caribbean and will be stopping along the way at many islands for sightseeing and fun." She then told him the exact name of the ship that he would be taking and told him that it departed from Miami. She also told him what airline he would be taking to fly into Miami and what time the flight left. There was no need to tell him of course that he wouldn't be on that plane… or the cruise ship either. She wanted him to look forward to the trip and to let everyone know that he would be gone for a while.

"After the cruise, Mr. Halifax, you and your girlfriend are planning on spending another week enjoying the beach in Miami and just having a good time together. You don't know which

hotel you are going to stay at yet. You are planning on picking a nice one when you get there.

“If anyone asks you about your plans,” she told him, “you can tell them the things you know so far. You will be very excited about the trip and you can’t wait to start it.”

“Mr. Halifax,” she said, “before you leave on this trip, you are going to withdraw ten thousand dollars in cash for the trip. You may need to plan this with the bank early in the week to make sure there will be no problems. You need this much money so that you and your girlfriend can have a good time on both the boat and shopping on the islands. You also plan on using some of it for gambling on the cruise ship as well.

“Next Friday, you will drive to the Atlanta airport. You will plan on getting there as close to five o’clock in the evening as possible to give you plenty of time before your seven o’clock flight leaves. You will have with you the money from the bank and your passport for the trip in case you need it. However, you will not bother to pack any clothes or suitcases. The thought of packing these things or needing luggage for the trip will not even occur to you.

“When you get to the airport, you will park in the long–term parking lot and take the tram to the south terminal which is the terminal the airline you will be flying on works out of. When you get to the terminal though, you will not go inside. Instead, walk all the way down to the baggage claim area and wait for me outside near very last entryway. I will meet you there with the rest of your travel information.

“In the meantime, Mr. Halifax, I want you to continue to be interested in studying how dogs behave. I particularly want you to pay attention to how they eat, how they drink, all the different things they like to smell and the times that they always seem to like to smell them. I also want you to study very carefully how they go to the bathroom under many different conditions. You will find all dog behavior to be very fascinating. You are even thinking of getting yourself some type of dog in the future now, so studying how they behave so closely will make perfect sense to you. You want to be well prepared just in case you do finally get yourself a dog.”

Janice put her notebook down and stared at him. He had the same blank look on his face as when he started, but she had no doubt that every single instruction she had just given him was now thoroughly burned into his head. He would have no possible course other than to follow her instructions exactly.

A minute later, she had removed the collar from his neck and had him get dressed again. It was time to send him home. She instructed him to get dressed and come fully awake from his trance shortly after leaving the cabin… with the happy knowledge that he would soon be going on a two week vacation with his pretty new girlfriend.

The forecast called for more thundershowers later in the afternoon. But in the meantime, the skies were sunny and the temperatures were fairly warm, and Roger was trying to take advantage of the good weather to continue working on the deck behind his house. But he wasn't the only one who was enjoying the good weather for a change. Carol had found his old aluminum folding lounge chair in his shop and had dragged it out and set it up on the part of the deck where he had already finished installing the floor boards. She was currently sunning herself happily.

Roger was enjoying the sunny warm weather and he was enjoying the work he was doing. But there were things that he was not enjoying – his new boots seemed to top that list admirably. The long hair of his wig wasn't exactly a lot of fun either, but at least the wind wasn't blowing and it wasn't getting in his way… too much. As he worked, he just couldn't figure out how Janice expected him to do this kind of construction work in boots with the kind of heel he was wearing now. He had too much heavy lifting to do and the boots didn't offer him the kind of support he really needed to do that kind of work. But since he had no choice in the matter, he persevered. There was no doubt about the difference in the height of the heels on his new boots compared to the brown boots he had been wearing. Just then, he'd give anything to be able to continue wearing the old boots instead of these new ones… especially since the ground he was walking on was so soft from all the rain. The narrower heels of his boots kept sinking in!

A faint sound caught his attention and he looked up towards the back door of his house. A moment later, the sound came again. The garage door opening and closing. "I think your mother's home," he said to Carol.

"'Bout time," Carol replied without even opening her eyes.

Janice entered the kitchen. The house seemed quiet… too quiet. Roger's truck was parked out front, but where was he and Carol? A small noise from out back made her smile. Outside, of course. She went through the laundry room and opened the back door, careful not to go through the doorway so she wouldn't fall through the deck that Roger was still building. But when she opened the door, she was pleasantly surprised to see a deck floor she could walk right out onto… and her daughter was lounging in a chair on the finished portion. She stepped out on the new deck. It certainly felt nice and firm to stand on. "Hi everyone she greeted them."

"Momma!" Carol exclaimed as she got up from her chair and gave her mother a hug. "How did everything go?"

"Just fine dear," Janice told her. "Just fine." But she was careful to not offer any other details. "I must say," she said as she looked around at the deck, this is looking wonderful! The steps are nice and wide too. That will be a big help."

Roger looked up from the other side of the deck where he was on his knees installing yet another board, extending the finished floor length. “It’s still got a little ways to go,” he told her, “but it is getting there.”

“What do you still have to do?” she asked.

“After I finish with this part,” he said, indicating the floor boards he was installing, “I’ve still got to install the railings. That will take a bit of time, but it shouldn’t take too long. I should have it finished up sometime this coming week.”

“That will be wonderful!” Janice exclaimed happily. She took a moment to notice the silver buckles on his new black boots. “Your new boots look very nice,” she told him. “Stand up so I can see them better.”

Roger hated it, but he stood.

“Turn around,” Janice requested.

Roger turned slowly around. “The heels are too high and too narrow for construction work,” he told her, hoping to get some relief.

“Nonsense!” Janice exclaimed. “It looks like you’re managing just fine in them. And if you have any problems, well, I’m sure you’ll be able to handle things one way or another. But I must say, they are exactly what I was hoping for you. They look splendid!”

Roger had a far different opinion of the boots. Far different! He moved closer to talk to her. “Um…” he said as he got near her.

“Yes… Candy?”

“Um… I was wondering if there’s any chance that I can go fishing again next week. The deck here should be done before then and I’d really like to go again.

Janice considered that for a moment. “I think that we can allow it again. I’m very pleased with the work you’ve done here so far. I look forward to seeing it finished.”

Roger was very glad. Almost ecstatic! “Thanks!” he said gladly.

“Candy is going to a hen party the week after that,” Carol told her mother.

“A hen party?”

Roger rolled his eyes. Nothing else was said though because they were interrupted by the ringing of his phone. He hurried to grab it from the finished part of the deck where he had put it so it would be out of the way. “Hello?” A few minutes later, he set his phone down again. “Another job,” he told Janice. “More storm damage to repair.”

“Wonderful, Candy. You’re new business is moving right along!”

Actually, Roger was glad for the call – despite having to wear the new boots to work in. More calls meant that he was still working… and with his teaching career coming to an end, he was going to need that income!

On Monday morning, while the house was quiet, Janice sat with her computer and consulted her notebook very carefully as she typed away at something she had never had to work on before. She spent several hours creating a document for Susan that told her all about what Ben–ben would be thinking and feeling and how the “dog” should behave. It detailed all the commands he would understand as well as the special commands, such as the ones that would allow him to temporarily understand human speech. She even included the special command to turn him back into a human again – although with no knowledge of being a dog at all. She left nothing out. Susan had asked for him, so Janice figured it was only right that she know everything about the dumb… beast.

Carol was fuming as she worked diligently on the test questions in front of her. Damn! Roger could have at least warned her that the quiz was coming. But then, he loved giving tests! He probably enjoyed it even more when nobody knew they were coming… like this one. The jerk!

Surprisingly, she finished the thing easily before the period was over. She looked up from her seat at the back of the room to glare angrily at him, but he was working hard at grading the tests from his earlier classes. She finally saw him finish with the paper he was working on and move it to another pile. She watched as he looked up at the class where most of the kids were still working on the stupid test. She watched him lean back in his chair to rest for a minute. She saw him stretch his legs under the desk. She knew that he had stretched his legs out because she could just see his one foot extending out from under the back of the bottom of the desk. She hadn’t been able to see his feet earlier. Something about seeing his foot there held her attention as she stared at it.

He enjoyed making the kids miserable by giving them tests. She was looking for a way to make him miserable when he gave them. She stared at his still visible foot… and smiled. What if….

Late Tuesday morning, there was a small knock at the door. Janice wasn’t surprised to find the same Chinese messenger standing at the door with another file for her. “Thank you,” she

said and watched as the man bowed slightly to her. “Can you get something to Susan for me?” she asked.

The man bowed again and uttered a single word, “Yes.”

“One moment please,” Janice told him. She found the envelope containing the paper she had made detailing the “dog” that Susan was soon going to get and gave it to the messenger… who bowed yet again before he went back to his car. Janice planned on calling Susan tomorrow to set up where to get Ben–ben. She wasn’t sure if Susan would have the document by then, but that wouldn’t matter. The Halifax business was nearly at an end. And by next Friday night, she would have ten thousand dollars more to spend on… furniture and equipment for her new charity business

Picking up the new file that had just been delivered, she carried it into the living room and sat down to study it. It was, of course, everything else she needed to know about Doctor Jessica Parker – Endocrinologist… and gambler! The only really important information in the file, was the markers that Susan had paid for… and had now given to Janice. As of now, Doctor Parker owed all that money to Janice instead of her usual loan sharks. Her cooperation with Roger’s little transformation was all but assured.

She was about to pick up the phone to make an appointment with the doctor, when the sound of a noisy vehicle entering the driveway caught her attention. Looking out the window, she noticed a brown UPS delivery truck coming to a stop. She went to the door, and a minute later signed for a package, then watched as the truck drove off again. She carried the package into the kitchen and opened it… and smiled.

She wasn’t too sure how much Roger was going to like his new corset. But she had no doubt that she was going to absolutely love seeing him in it!

She finally picked up the phone and called Doctor Parker’s office. Since she didn’t have a referral from another doctor, the process took a little longer, but she finally got an appointment for late the following Wednesday afternoon for a consultation for Roger. Yes, Roger’s life was about to undergo many more changes now. And she was looking forward to having a front row seat to witness all of it.

Susan had not been expecting to get something back from Janice, but when she saw what the paper was about, she read it through with great interest. Then she read it again, much more carefully.

There was much in it that she liked, and a few things she wasn’t as sure of. She really liked the fact that Halifax would forever be feeling remorse over what he had done to Leila. The part she wasn’t so sure about was that basically he would have the mind and intelligence of a dog. He would remember that he had once been human, but that was about it. His

memories of his human life would be limited mostly to things that would feed his remorse… namely, what he had done with, and to, Leila. Susan had to wonder if his punishment to live the rest of his life as a dog would be more painful to him if he had more of his old memories to draw upon. She decided that she would have to content herself with the fact that he would always be focused on what he had done to Leila.

As she read the details carefully, she realized that Janice was being as complete as possible with Halifax. For all intents and purposes, he would possess the brain of a dog and nothing more. The only things he would be capable of doing were things that a dog would do. And… he would be capable of learning new things… but he would be limited in his ability to learn them the same way any other dog would.

She wasn't very interested in the command that would turn him back into a human again. She not only had no interest in using it, but eventually, when she got tired of having him around, she had plans to ship him off to somewhere where he would never hear the English language spoken again.

Overall though, she was now more curious than ever about what kind of… creature Janice would be delivering to her.

"What is it?" Carol asked as her face screwed up into a quizzical expression. "It looks like some of those things you see the stars wearing on TV when they're trying to look sexy, but this one doesn't look that fancy."

"You're quite right, dear," Janice replied. "That, Carol, is a proper ladies corset. "It's not meant to be worn on the outside like the ones you see on TV. It's meant only to reshape a woman's body."

"It is?" Carol asked as she picked the thing up to examine it closer. "They look a lot more interesting on TV." She was surprised at how solid and heavy the thing felt. She looked up at her mother. "I hope you don't expect me to wear this thing! It's got all these long hard things in it and it feels like it would be… very uncomfortable!"

Janice laughed. "You don't exactly need it, dear!"

"So…" Carol asked, looking shyly at her mother.

"No, it's not for me either," Janice told her. "Although some days I'm sure I could probably use it. But no, it's for Candy."

"Oooh! Getting him something sexy to wear?"

"Um… not exactly," Janice replied. "It's to help his figure… to give him a more… feminine shape."

"Cool!" Carol exclaimed. "So are you going to make him wear it now?"

"Not quite, dear. Since he's going to be wearing it more and more as time goes by, I'm afraid I'm going to need you to help put it on him and always make sure it's properly laced up."

"Totally cool!" Carol exclaimed with some delight. "I can make sure he'll definitely find the thing miserable to wear. Let's give it to him now."

"No dear, not quite. First I need you to do a bit of internet research on the proper way to fasten them and especially on how to break them in. If you don't do it right, you can damage the thing."

"You mean, damage him."

"No, you can damage the corset. And we definitely don't want that to happen. That thing cost me a lot of money!"

"It did?"

"Yes! So we have to make sure we use it right. Besides, going too fast with it on him will probably cause more problems than we're trying to fix."

"Why can't you just show me? Why do I have to look everything up?"

"Because, dear, I've never worn one of those things in my life! I've only read about them. I'm afraid I'm going to leave it up to you to become the expert on them. That is… if you're going to make sure that Candy is properly fastened into the thing every day."

Carol smiled. "I'll look it all up!" A moment later she asked, "So… after I find out about breaking it in and stuff, then can I put it on him?"

Janice smiled. "Of course! He's got to start getting used to it sometime."

Carol giggled as she headed for the computer. "Um… Mom?" she asked as she logged into the machine.

"Yes?"

"Um… remember a while back when I said I wanted to find a way to make him more miserable whenever he gave the class a test?"

"Uh… I think so dear. But don't forget, he's a teacher. He's required to give you those tests."

"Yeah, but he doesn't have to like giving them so much!"

Janice had a feeling that Carol didn't quite understand the situation. She also had a feeling that changing her daughter's mind on the subject wasn't going to work. Bracing herself for something outrageous, she asked. "What were you thinking?"

Carol explained her idea while Janice poured herself a cup of coffee and sat at the table to listen. It was all she could do to not roll her eyes once in a while.

"So… what do you think?" Carol finally asked.

"Don't you think it's a bit… unnecessary?" Janice asked.

"Momma! I haven't had a chance to have any fun at all with him in a long time now. I can't even tie him up anymore!"

Janice sighed. Her daughter was right, she hadn't allowed her daughter to have any fun at all with Roger in quite a while now. And she had spent a lot of time over the years preaching dominance over men into her daughter. Never – ever let a man feel superior to you in any way. Keep them underfoot and firmly in your control – always!

She also knew that her daughter had a very big cruel streak in her. And there were times when that cruel streak had been very handy – for both of them. Besides, her daughter wanted to do this and she really hated disappointing her… especially when it came to making a stupid man feel… uncomfortable.

She finally smiled. "Okay," she said. "But let's talk this through a bit more. And maybe we can find some ways to… improve on it a little too."

"Really, Momma?" Carol asked excitedly.

"Yes," Janice confirmed. Then her face became stern. "But not until after you've looked up that information on corsets and not until after you've helped Candy get that corset on!"

Carol's only reply was to giggle. She was looking forward to both putting the corset on Roger – and making him miserable during his next test… which most likely was going to be the final exam. Which would be perfect!

The air went right out of Roger's lungs and his eyes bulged the minute Janice and Carol showed him the corset. "You expect me to wear that?"

"I do indeed," Janice replied. "And eventually, you'll be wearing it for most of the day." She smiled. "Think of it as your new back brace. You did say that you didn't wear your old one nearly enough. You won't have that problem with this new one since you can put it on… and leave it on. It even has steel boning like your old back brace has… only better."

Roger was flabbergasted. He couldn't take his eyes off the thing. And the chuckles coming from Carol weren't helping in the least! He had no doubt at all that the damn thing would be very uncomfortable… to say the least!

"Now get undressed Candy, and let's try this thing on you," Janice ordered. "We've got to start breaking the thing in, not to mention you've got to start getting used to it."

Roger wanted to protest, but he knew it would be no use. Besides, thanks to Janice's mind warping programming, his body had started to remove his top the moment she had given him the order. Finding it difficult to look away from the dreaded corset, he finished removing his top and started to remove his boots so he could get his jeans off.

"Just pull your pants down out of the way," Janice told him. "You don't have to get completely undressed."

Roger pulled his pants down to his knees where they were prevented from going any lower by the tops of the boots he was still wearing. He was immediately treated to some giggling from Carol over the very frilly yellow panties he was wearing. But her giggling didn't last long.

"Um…" Carol began, noticing just his bra covering the upper part of his body, "he's supposed to wear a t–shirt or a camisole or something under this thing so his body oils won't hurt it."

"Go find something to wear under it," Janice ordered.

Roger started to reach for his pants to pull them up so he could move easier, but he was stopped by Janice. "Leave your pants where they are. You can manage to get to your room and back with them like that."

With his pants still at his knees, Roger hurried to shuffle in his new black boots, out of the living room and down the hall to his bedroom… to the sound of Carol laughing at him from behind. Juuuuussst great! Ugh! A corset! Damn! He cursed his stupid rotten luck as he quickly found one of his old t–shirts and pulled it over his head and down over his "breasts." He felt better having his big bra covered. He didn't feel better about the breasts that were still displayed on his chest. With his pants still down around his knees, he shuffled back to the living room where Janice and Carol were.

While Roger had been gone, Carol had taken the opportunity to loosen the laces on the corset all the way. She held it wide open for him to step into as he approached. “Just step into it,” she told him.

Roger moved close in front of her, but with his pants around his knees, and still wearing the damn boots, he couldn’t get his feet up high enough to step into it. He felt a momentary bit of relief… although he knew it wouldn’t last long. Seeing his problem, Carol knelt down to the floor and held the garment open again. With a bit of her help, Roger was just able to get his one boot into it and through it. A moment later, he had managed to keep his balance long enough to get his second boot through the darn thing as well. Then Carol began pulling it up. She had a lot of trouble getting it over top of his bunched up pants at his knees, but that was only a minor little delay that was soon conquered. And all too soon, Roger felt her pulling the thing right up to the bottom of his bra. Ugh!

“Turn around,” Carol ordered.

Roger gave a pleading look to Janice as he turned around. The look bought him nothing though as he felt Carol grabbing the strings of the corset and starting to pull on them. What worried him, was the fact that as far as he could see, the stupid thing was already loosened up about as far as it would go… yet pulled up on his body, it was still fairly tight – from top to bottom! Carol’s tugging wasn’t all that gentle, but Roger felt the corset only pulling tighter by minute amounts… in just as small places. But it still got tighter and tighter.

“Pull your stomach in,” Carol told him.

Roger looked pleadingly at Janice again.

“Pull it in!” Janice ordered.

Roger immediately sucked in his stomach. The moment he did, Roger felt Carol pulling the long central strings as hard as she could, which immediately tightened the middle of the corset by a lot! He felt her adjusting and pulling on the strings in different places, working out from the center in both directions. When he was able to stop sucking his stomach in, it didn’t return outward anymore. It was securely compressed by the damn corset.

As per her mother’s orders… and going by two different sets of instructions on the internet, Carol decided that the thing was tight enough… for now. She tied the thing off and tucked the long strings into the laces in the back of the corset where they would be out of the way. “That should do it… for tonight,” she said as she stood back to see what the corset had done to Roger’s figure.

“Pull your pants up and put your top on again,” Janice ordered.

Roger was more than glad to do both as he started to deal with wearing the very tight confining garment. He noticed right away that it was a bit difficult to bend down to grab his pants and pull them up. Talk about an effective back brace! Too effective! If he had to wear the thing while he worked, he didn't know how he was going to manage! His jeans were suddenly a lot looser in the waist than they were before. He didn't have a female belt to wear with them, but he knew right away that he as now going to need one. Either that, or he'd be constantly pulling his pants up so they didn't fall down.

Pulling his top back on again wasn't the piece of cake he figured it would be either, since the thing held his entire body all too firmly. Every time his body tried to twist or bend at all, he felt the corset preventing him from moving as easily as he wanted to. Everything he did while he wore the thing was going to be all but impossible! Just like his entire life!

"See what a difference it makes already?" Janice noted happily.

Carol was scrutinizing Roger's figure very closely. "I think he's still got a long way to go," she declared.

"Well of course dear," Janice replied. "We've only just started with his figure training."

"Maybe I should have pulled the corset a bit tighter," Carol wondered out loud.

"No dear. I think it's just right. I'm sure that over time you'll be able to trim a lot off his waist, but for now, we've got to go easy with it, remember?"

"Yeah, Momma. No problem. She smiled wickedly at Roger. "At least not for me."

Roger was still somewhat in shock. A corset! And the damn thing was all too tight already! How was he going to survive this new torture device – especially when she started making it tighter? And if he knew Carol, he was sure that she would have absolutely no mercy at all when it came to making him miserable. Ugh!

With the corset holding his body all too firmly… and seeming to weigh a ton because of it, he headed back to his room where he was working on putting together his final exams for his classes. With the corset restricting his movements so much, he was very aware of every little motion his body tried to make. Just walking in the thing without bending brought a whole host of firm reminders that the stupid thing was there.

He went back to working on his school stuff, but his mind was more focused on trying to find a way out of wearing the dreaded corset. He wasn't having much luck with figuring it out. And when bedtime finally came and he was ever so grateful to have Carol untie the thing so he could get it off before putting his nightgown on, he was no closer to having any ideas as to how to get out of wearing the thing at all.

Corsets! Ugh! How did women put up with wearing them in the past?

Chapter 43.

All week long, Joseph Halifax had felt good. Even somewhat happy. Yes, that damn woman had raped his mind again and his head seemed to be more screwed up now than ever. Thinking straight was nearly impossible! But she had promised him a vacation – a cruise! Not to mention that it would be with a beautiful woman and that they would be spending an additional week on the beach in Miami. It couldn't get any better than that! He couldn't wait! When he had told his secretary about it, she had mentioned that she thought he needed it. He couldn't disagree at all. After what that woman had done to him, he did need a vacation – badly! And when he got back, maybe he would buy himself a dog. He had spent so much time studying them over the last few weeks, he figured he was nearly an expert on them now.

He pulled his car into the long term parking lot at the Atlanta airport. Finding an open parking place was somewhat of a chore – as it often was. He had parked here many times in the past. A few minutes later, he was boarding the tram that would take him to the south terminal. He never once even thought about the fact that he was going on a trip – and hadn't packed any luggage.

The tram let him and several others off near the center of the south terminal and he began walking along the outside of the building instead of going inside. He wasn't the only one doing that. Most travelers checked their luggage outside before going into the terminal, so in places, he had to fight past a few crowds as he headed down the length of the building toward and past the baggage claim area. He was intimately familiar with the baggage claim area of the south terminal. He had been through it enough over the years that he should be.

As he had been programmed to do, he continued down toward the very last set of doors. He almost didn't recognize her when he saw her. Her large brimmed hat and sunglasses hid most of her face, but the moment she approached him, he did recognize her, and immediately felt a surge of icy fear wash though his body… along with a bit of anticipation and hope. He really was looking forward to this vacation. He just needed the rest of the travel information that she said she would have for him.

Janice smiled broadly as Halifax approached. "Hello, Mr. Halifax," she said. "I hope you had a good trip to get here."

Foremost on Halifax's mind, was the fact that she was being nice again… as he had hoped. But that didn't wipe the fear away. He had seen all too many times that she could go from nice to miserable in a split second… with no warning at all. "Yes," he replied. "Traffic was heavy, but no real problem."

"I'm so glad you're on time," Janice said as she started walking back along the way he had come. Halifax fell in beside her. "I'm sure you're looking forward to your trip," Janice said as they walked together.

"Very much," Halifax replied.

"Well, I have everything you need in my car. Please follow me so I can give it to you."

Joseph Halifax's mind wasn't working as well as it used to so her request didn't register any warnings in him. And despite that, his brain was now so conditioned that he wasn't capable of anything except whatever she wanted. She wanted him to follow her to her car, so he went.

Janice led him into the parking garage, up to the second level, then led the way toward the middle of the garage. She had searched hard to find a parking place there… amid many other cars. She didn't want to park where there were a lot of empty spaces because that was where more cars and people would be. As she approached her car, she was happy to see that they were somewhat alone. What few people she could still see were nowhere near them and weren't paying any attention to them… not that she was going to give them any reason to.

Instead of going to the driver's side of her black SUV, she opened the door to the front passenger side instead. Then she turned to Halifax who was waiting right next to her. "Mr. Halifax, she said with a kind smile on her face, "I'd like you to sleep and obey now, sleep and obey. Sleep and obey, Mr. Halifax, sleep and obey." Almost instantly, Halifax dropped into a deep hypnotic trance. She only worked on his trance briefly, not wanting to take any time with it just then. When she had him deep enough, she told him to get into the car and fasten his seat belt. She herself closed his car door before going around to get into the driver's side of the vehicle.

In the car, she removed her hat and sunglasses. Halifax was staring straight ahead, still in the trance he had quickly dropped into. With all the mind conditioning she had already done with him, she knew that he was in a somewhat deep trance already, but she took the time to drop him further into that trance. In the privacy of her car she wasn't worried about anyone seeing what was going on… not that there was anyone else around anyway… and even if someone did see them, all they would see was her talking to him… nothing that would seem out of the ordinary anyway. Once she was satisfied, with his level of trance, she told him to stay seated like he was, looking straight ahead out the front windshield. Then she told him to close his eyes and go to sleep… staying just like he was. Satisfied with her preparations, Janice started her car and left the terminal.

Navigating the confusing conglomeration of highways surrounding the airport, she was soon travelling north on Interstate 75. She glanced over at Halifax a few times as she drove, but

he never moved, never opened his eyes – just as she wanted. An hour and a half later, she pulled off the road at an exit that boasted a host of different hotels.

She went down the frontage road a ways and finally selected a motel that looked fairly nice, and that also had rooms that she could see were easily accessible from the parking lot. It was early enough that there weren't many cars there yet. Leaving Halifax still sleeping in the front seat, she went in and registered for a room. She wasn't happy about having to show her driver's license, but that couldn't be helped. The fact that the hotel had no problem taking cash for her night's stay was something she pretty much expected. And fortunately, Halifax had already given her plenty of money on her previous meetings with him. She asked for a bottom floor room at the back of the hotel where it would be quiet and she could park her car right near the door to make it easy to get her luggage between the car and her room. Fortunately, the hotel had plenty of open rooms like that.

A few minutes later, she told Halifax to open his eyes but remain deeply in his trance. She had him get out of the car. She had him take her bags out of the trunk and carry them into the motel room. Still in a trance, she let him use the bathroom since it had been so long since he had a chance to relieve himself. And finally she had him lay down on the floor in an out of the way spot and remain soundly asleep until she woke him again.

With Halifax now taken care of, Janice took the time to go out and find herself a decent dinner. She phoned her daughter just to say hello and check on things. And she basically relaxed and enjoyed herself before going back to the hotel room… and business. When she got back to her room, she found Halifax still sound asleep, right where she left him. She left him like that for a few hours more while she relaxed and watched TV.

At nine o'clock, she finally tuned the TV off and grabbed her notebook. She pulled the desk chair out into the middle of the room and set it where there would be plenty of room around it. She dug the dog collar with the shock box on it out of a bag and put it around Halifax's neck. She grabbed the remote control for it… and woke him up – fully!

Halifax looked around. They were in a hotel room, not on a cruise ship. He was about to ask what was going on, when he heard her say. "Sit in the chair!" He moved quickly, noticing the damn remote control already in her hand. Only then did his fuzzy brain register the collar that was already around his neck. What about his vacation?

"Stand up!" Janice ordered, and watched as he stood quickly. "Sit down!" she ordered. His movements were just as fast. This was the first time she had done this to him with his clothes on. She had no reason to really remove them now. They would be gone soon enough – permanently for him. Command by command, she attacked his brain. Suggestion by suggestion she took over his mind. He was lost before he even knew it. Her mind soon totally controlled him. Every thought she had for him she only had to speak and he carried out the order immediately… almost fast enough that he was reading her mind.

She finally set the remote control down. “Mr. Halifax,” she said, “I believe you should have some money put together for your trip. Give it to me now.”

Halifax immediately reached into several pockets in both his jacket and pants and pulled out four fat envelopes. Janice took them one by one and examined the contents. Each envelope was stuffed with money. She set the envelopes aside. She would count it all later, but she had no doubt that the total there would be the ten thousand dollars she has asked for.

She picked up her notebook and started working on him again. She went over everything – just as she always did. The impossible impenetrable wall that grew thicker each time he stood up or sat down – even as a dog. The fact that he could never ever tell anyone about her or what she had done to him – not that he was ever going to speak as a human again – and he wouldn’t be remembering her either, but she covered the subjects thoroughly anyway. And then she launched into all the many instructions for him to become Ben–ben – the dog! That part took the most time.

It was after eleven o’clock at night by the time she woke him up – fully. She gave him a few minutes to come to his senses before she removed the dog collar with the shock box from his neck. “Do you need to use the bathroom?” she asked, knowing that it had now been a very long time since he had gone. She waited until he came out of the bathroom again. She saw the confused, worried look on his face. She saw no sense in enlightening him. Before he even got back to the chair she had set out for him, she said, “It’s time for Ben–Ben the dog!”

Halifax’s worried and confused brain had a brief vision of many file drawers closing, and one very important drawer opening… as he fell to the floor, desperate to get the hated clothes that were covering his body off of him. In his desperation to get naked, he pulled and ripped clothes, and threw them anywhere where they weren’t in his way. He didn’t care. All he cared about was getting the darn things off of him. He hated the clothes. They felt horribly wrong on his body.

He began having more and more trouble getting his clothes off as he got down to his underwear – because by that time, his hands had started to curl themselves permanently into paws… paws that he would never be able to extend out into hands – something that he would never even think to try. Eventually, he managed to get himself totally naked. He felt much better. Dogs didn’t wear clothes… and he knew without a doubt that he was now a dog. Totally a dog. Nothing but a dog. And he knew without a doubt that he would always be a dog.

Brief thoughts of Leila flashed through his dog’s brain. He knew he had been human, but because of what he had done to her, he now deserved to live the rest of his life as a lowly dog… and he deserved whatever abuse anyone gave to him. All because of Leila… and what he had done to her.

He looked up at the tall thing… the human like he had once been… and he whimpered slightly. The thing said something to him, but none of the sounds that it made were any of the commands that he was capable of understanding. So he just sat there and looked up at it.

Janice smiled down at… the dog… Ben–ben. Because that's all that Halifax was anymore. Halifax was now gone – forever. The animal that was left wouldn't even remember that name. Now there was only Ben–ben. Only a dog.

She went to the paper bag that Halifax had been so kind to bring in from her car for her earlier, and pulled out a new dog collar. This one, like the collar she had attached the shock device to, was also red leather. She fastened it around Ben–ben's neck. "Are you hungry?" she asked the now dumb animal. Naturally, she got no reply. Going back to the bag, she started pulling items out. The first thing she grabbed was the stuffed toy duck that both Boots and Ben–ben had used. She threw it to the dog who tried unsuccessfully to catch the thing in mid–air with his mouth. She wondered if he would ever get any better at that. Only time would tell and she wouldn't be around him long enough to find out.

From the bag, she also pulled out Roger's purple dog dish and a can of dog food. Opening the can, she found a fork in the bottom of her bag and used it to help get the dog food out of the can and into the bowl. She chopped the food up a bit and set the bowl down on the floor for Ben–ben. She watched as the dog sniffed at it carefully, then shoved his face into the food, grabbing large mouthfuls of the foul smelling food and devouring it quickly – just as he had been programmed to do.

It took Ben–ben only a few minutes to finish his dinner. Janice quickly rinsed out the dog bowl a bit and put some water in it and set it down by the bathroom sink. She watched as Ben–ben lapped a bit of it up before deciding he had enough and left it alone.

Her next task was to attend to all of Halifax's now unneeded clothing. She went through all of it carefully, removing everything from the pockets and making sure there were no identifying labels in any of it that could indicate where it came from. His passport and wallet she put into her suitcase. The rest went into a plastic trash bag she had brought with her just for that purpose. She went through his wallet, emptying it completely. Everything she felt safe throwing away she put with his now unneeded clothes, the rest she stuck into one of the money envelopes. She would deal with it all later, most of it would get shredded before being tossed in the trash.

She turned the TV on again and got undressed for bed… not worrying in the least about the dog seeing her. She was tempted to put Ben–ben's remarkable tongue to work on her again, but it was so late she decided to forego that pleasure. She set the alarm on her cell phone. She wasn't going to get much sleep tonight, but that couldn't be helped. She just hoped that

the damn dog wouldn't keep her awake or bark at anything. Dogs weren't allowed in this hotel! With a final glance at Ben–ben, who was happily chewing on the stuffed duck, she turned out the light.

Her alarm woke her at five in the morning… and the buzzing caused Ben–ben to growl slightly and bark once. "Quiet!" she ordered. She was awake, but she felt like she had barely been asleep. With a sigh, she forced herself out of bed. She decided against a shower. She not only didn't have time, she was afraid some noise from outside might make Ben–ben bark and wake up anyone in the adjoining rooms. She counted herself lucky that she hadn't heard any noises before from those rooms that might cause him to bark.

With a quick glance at Ben–ben, who was now on his feet and watching her intently, she worked on getting cleaned up and dressed. A few minutes later, she was making sure that everything was packed away carefully, ready to put back into the car. From the same bag that held all the dog supplies, she pulled out the new leash she had gotten along with the dog collar. She attached it to Ben–ben's collar. "Stay!" she told the dog. She watched as he sat… somewhat like a dog.

Satisfied, she let the leash drop to the floor and grabbed several of her bags. She opened the door and glanced outside. The parking area was very faintly lit by some lights from several sources. At five thirty in the morning, as she had hoped, nobody was around. There were only a few other cars on that side of the building. None of which were all that close to hers. That explained why she hadn't heard any noises from other motel guests.

She carried the bags to the car and put them in. It had been a lot easier when Halifax had been able to handle that chore yesterday. He would never be capable of doing such a thing again though. She considered the trade–off worth it. Halifax was better off in the state he was now in… and would remain in for the rest of his life. It was only a little of what he deserved.

When she turned back to the room to start getting the next load, she saw Ben–ben at the doorway, looking out and sniffing the air intently. She hurried back to the room and shooed the dog back toward the bed where he couldn't be seen. "Stay!" she ordered again. Stupid dog. He should have stayed! She found his toy duck and threw it at him. Hopefully, that would keep him busy.

She grabbed the last of her bags and quickly loaded them in the car, glancing occasionally at the door to make sure Ben–ben was still inside. Fortunately, this time there was no sign of him. When she went back inside, Ben–ben was happily chewing on his duck. She grabbed his leash and started to grab the duck as well. She thought better of the duck though and held it out until the dumb dog took it in his mouth. "Okay, Ben–ben, let's go." With that, she led him out to the car and held the back door open for him to climb into. She was glad to see that he managed to get into the car with little difficulty. Throwing the end of the leash in

with him, she closed the door. Two minutes later, she was driving out of the motel parking lot on her way to meet Susan.

Since they had met last time in Chattanooga, Susan had suggested they meet there again, although not at the Choo–Choo restaurant… not to turn over someone… or something… like Ben–ben. Susan hadn't been all that happy about meeting Janice at six in the morning. In fact, Janice had suggested an hour earlier. Six o'clock had been a compromise for both of them. After a bit of discussion, they decided to meet at the Tennessee Welcome Center rest area off of the Interstate. Susan could get to Chattanooga easily and could have a car take her wherever she needed to go, and Janice could get there easily from Atlanta. Plus, with Ben–ben now being a dog, Janice had suggested that the grassy rest area might be a good idea. Surprisingly, Janice found that she wasn't all that worried about anyone else at the rest area seeing Ben–ben. No doubt, if anyone saw him, they would just consider it one of those dominance submission things that you read about. And the early hour would probably lend itself to that interpretation as well.

It wasn't a long drive from the motel to the rest area. Less than twenty minutes. Janice was actually there well before six o'clock. It was still mostly dark when she got there, but the sky was brightening rapidly. She noticed quite a number of large trucks parked in the back parking lot. Their drivers either still sleeping or just now preparing to depart. She noticed two trucks leaving the rest area further away near the exit.

Driving slowly and carefully, searching for an out of the way area to meet Susan, she happened to notice the signs pointing to the dog walking area. Perfect! Even if there were other people there, Janice still considered it perfect… although she was relieved to find nobody else around when she got there.

Parking the car, she opened the back door and grabbed Ben–ben's leash. The dog climbed carefully out of the car and began sniffing the air all around. She pulled on the leash and led him to the grassy area. She started to walk him on the leash, but with nobody else around, she decided to throw caution to the wind. She went back to the car and grabbed his stuffed duck. Then she led him over to a picnic table just to the side of the area. She unclipped Ben–ben's leash… and threw the duck. "Fetch!" she ordered.

Presented with one of his pre–programmed commands, Ben–ben happily barked and ran off after the duck. A few moments later, he returned with the duck in his mouth. He waited until Janice took the duck from him… and waited until she threw it again. Play times like this were one of the few things he was programmed to enjoy, and Ben–ben was definitely enjoying himself.

Janice was enjoying herself too. It wasn't often she got to really see the results of her labors. More often, she gave the command to turn someone into something and then left immediately. More than once she had given those commands over the telephone. And once

she had pre–programmed the man to simply go into that mode a short time after he had stolen the money and put it where she told him to. So this was a new experience for Janice, and she found that she rather enjoyed playing with Ben–ben this way. But the reason she was enjoying it so much though, was because it was obvious to anyone who looked, that Ben–ben was in reality, nothing more than a stupid man. A stupid man who was completely in her control… and behaving… stupidly. Ben–ben. According to Susan, it meant fool in Chinese. Well, Ben–ben was certainly acting like a fool now!

Another large truck started to leave, traveling along the road at the back of the welcome center that led back out to the interstate highway. But that road also bordered the dog walking area. Janice saw the truck slow… and stop. She saw the driver roll down his window so he could see better. As she threw the duck again and Ben–ben ran off to fetch it, the truck sounded two honks on its loud horn. She saw the driver shake his head before turning back to the road and finally departing. Janice only felt a bit of remorse over the fact that Ben–ben found no humiliation in the situation at all. Maybe that was a mistake. Oh well, too late now.

A few minutes later, a large black limousine pulled up and parked along the curb just past Janice's SUV. But the limousine was flanked front and rear by two large SUVs. Janice had to grab Ben–ben's collar as he started barking at the cars that pulled up. She attached his leash as she saw men getting out of both the front and rear cars. The way they went about quickly looking around for any kind of threat scared Janice a bit and she stayed where she was, holding tight to Ben–ben's leash as he continued to bark occasionally. It wasn't until the men declared the area to be safe before they let Susan get out of the car.

Susan had seen Ben–ben playing with the duck as her entourage had gotten half–way through the rest area. She had seen the truck in the distance stopped so the driver could see better, and she had heard his horn before he pulled away. She marveled at how callous and open with the situation that Janice seemed to be. Totally unafraid. She continued to study Ben–ben closely as she waited for her men to declare the area safe for her to leave the confines of her car. Once the okay had been given though, she hurried over toward Janice… and Halifax… who was now without a doubt, totally Ben–ben. She couldn't help but marvel at the way he was behaving. "He's… amazing!" she declared for lack of anything better to say.

Janice was pleased by Susan's remark. "I think he did come out pretty good, if I do say myself," she declared.

Ben–ben, seeing the new tall thing coming at him, and seeming to be very happy to see him, sat and started panting happily up at her with his tongue hanging slightly out of his mouth. He was especially happy when the tall thing bent down and cupped his head in her hands to see him better, then she petted his head a little bit before standing up. He wondered if this new tall thing would play with him. Searching around quickly, he had just enough slack in his

leash to get to his duck and pick it up. He turned with it in his mouth toward the new tall thing that seemed to like him so much.

Susan was surprised, "You want to play?" she asked the man–turned–dog. She took the stuffed duck from the "animal" and threw it. Ben–ben started to run after it, but his leash was still attached and he didn't get far.

"Wait a minute," Janice exclaimed as she pulled the stupid dog to a stop. A moment later, she unclipped the leash and watched as Ben–ben ran after the duck.

Susan was thrilled as Ben–ben retrieved the stupid dog toy and brought it back to her to throw again… which she did. She couldn't believe how much like a real dog he was behaving! She got a further shock as after Ben–ben retrieved the duck this time, he paused near a bush, sniffed it, and lifted his leg to relieve himself. "Well, I guess that's one thing I don't have to worry about with him for a while," she said to Janice.

Janice was still very pleased at the way Ben–ben was behaving, especially when he went back to sniff the area he had just peed on. Yuck! But it was also so perfectly dog–like. "That reminds me," she said as Ben–ben now hurried back toward Susan, I have Joseph Halifax's passport in the car. Do you need it?"

Susan considered the question. "No, not really, but I'll take it anyway since you have it. It's always possible we can find a use for it later."

Now that Ben–ben was back again with the duck, Janice clipped the leash back onto his collar and handed the leash to Susan. "He's all yours."

Susan smiled broadly.

Chapter 44.

Roger arrived at Rebecca Adkins' daughter's house extra early… as he had pre–arranged the day before. He was hoping to completely finish the job for her today. But that was only one of the major things on his mind as he knocked on her door. The other major thing was his new boots. He was glad when the door was opened quickly and he was able to slip inside. But getting inside put his new boots on direct display to both her and her husband. And he was barely through the door before they were noticed.

"New boots, Mr. Brinkley?" she asked the moment he got through the door.

Roger looked down at his feet. "Yeah," he replied.

"They're… very… nice," she finally finished. "Interesting, but very nice."

Roger wasn't sure how to reply to that so he just said, "Thanks," and changed the subject. "Hopefully, I should be able to finish up today."

"That would be so good!" she exclaimed. "Then I can get on with finishing the decorating. It's been awfully tiresome having my house in such a mess for so long."

"I'm sure it has," Roger agreed. "If I wasn't still teaching school, it would have been done a long time ago. But… well, right now, finishing with my classes has to come first."

Fifteen minutes later, Roger's clothes were covered by his painter's coveralls and his boots were covered by the plastic bags. It was hot and a bit cumbersome to work in, but he felt the trade–off was worth the effort – no clean up to his clothes, and especially to his boots. And there was no way that any of it even came close to how uncomfortable that damn corset was that Carol was tying him into every night. That thing was simply a nightmare!

Agent Ted Jacobs stared at his personal copy of the Janice Stokley file. He was stuck. Badly stuck. But this wasn't the first time he had been in this situation on this case. He needed way to get more information. He needed a lead! But from where? All of Brinkley's friends had turned out to be no help at all… and from what they had told him, Brinkley himself was a total flake! He wasn't sure if he was surprised by that bit of news or not. But no matter, flake or not, he had no doubt that Brinkley knew more than he was telling… or had told when they had met with him at the high school.

Maybe it was time to visit with Brinkley again. Push him a bit harder. Yeah, as far as he could see, that might be his best bet for now.

With nothing better to do, he opened the file folder and started at the beginning, carefully going through every scrap of paper and every note he had ever made. The answer was in there somewhere – it had to be! She was connected to all three banks that had been robbed. The first had been robbed by her own husband! If that wasn't a big red flag then he didn't know what was. But her husband was now lying flat in a special hospital from a brain aneurism. All but dead. No use to anyone at all.

The second bank had been in Mobile. They were pretty sure that the bank had been robbed by one of the managers, but right afterwards, the guy had gone off the deep end and had been in a mental institute ever since. Totally non–communicative. Almost as if he didn't understand what was being said to him anymore. Jacobs remembered visiting with him a couple of times. It had been creepy the way the guy had looked at him… and didn't appear to even see him.

And then there was the bank president from Birmingham. And he was another nut case now. Jacobs remembered visiting the mental institute that he was in too. And while the first guy had been creepy, this one was even worse! Jacobs would never forget the way the guy had just kind of crouched on top of his bed, never moving a muscle… except for his eyes… his eyes that would dart from spot to spot around the room as if watching for something. His arms had been bent up at the elbows and his wrists bent down, his fingers all closed together as if his hands were giant pincers. And as far as anyone could tell, he never noticed anyone speaking to him – ever! And he certainly never said anything at all. But just before he walked out, he had seen those weird pincer–like hands suddenly dart out at lightning speed as if catching something in midair. He had watched in horror as he had quickly brought a fly up to his mouth and ate it! No, there was no way that guy was connected with the real world anymore! And to tell the truth, the guy had reminded Jacobs of nothing but a giant praying mantis! It had to be the ultimate in creepy!

Three bank robberies, three mental institutes, and the last two perpetrators were so far off the deep end that they couldn't even be totally connected with humanity anymore! He had no doubt that there was a pattern there, but it was impossible to prove anything. As far as he knew, neither one had said a single word to anyone since the banks had been robbed. Guilty… but no way to convict them or get a confession out of them.

And either way, how was Janice involved in the second two cases? She had worked for both banks, but that was the extent of her connection to both cases. As far as they were able to discern, she wasn't strongly connected to either guy. Yet she had been there, working at the banks, just as she had when her husband had robbed his bank… and in all three cases, the perpetrators were now unable to communicate – anything at all! Totally maddening!

There wasn't one shred of proof against Janice Stokley at all! But Jacob's gut told him that Janice was at the bottom of all of it. He just hadn't been able to prove it yet. But he would! That was one thing he knew for sure, someday he would! It was only a matter of time… and

finding all that damn money of course! It was all out there somewhere. But where? Millions and millions of dollars… just sitting there unused! Oh how he'd like to get his hands on that money! It would change everything!

He looked again at the information on the two nutso guys. It had been a while now since he had called either of the looney bins where they were now permanent residents. It couldn't hurt to make a few more follow–up calls… just to see if there had been any improvements since the last time. He made a note for himself to phone the institutes first thing Monday morning… and also to figure out when he could go out to talk with Roger Brinkley again! The damn guy was nutso too… just in a different way. But he had no doubt at all that Roger Brinkley knew more than what he had told them last time.

Roger stood in the doorway and carefully looked over the room he had just finished painting. It looked good and he felt nothing but satisfied – and ready to get out of the extra protective clothing he was wearing. With the weather starting to turn warmer, yet still with too much rain, it was becoming hot and humid and he had been sweating for the last few hours. His new boots had his feet hurting more than a bit as well, but pressing on as he had done was worth it. He was done now… except for moving some of the furniture back into place. He pulled the plastic coverings off of his boots and gratefully peeled out of the coveralls he was wearing. The cooler air felt good, even though his new boots with their higher heels were now fully on display.

Most of the furniture and decorations that had been in the bedroom had been moved out of it. Roger wasn't going to worry about moving any of that back in again. But there were also a few of the bigger pieces that had been set in the middle of the room where he had draped a protective tarp over them while he had been painting. Since he had moved those pieces to where they were before he started painting, he decided he should at least get them somewhat back into place.

Bracing himself as best he could in his new boots, he started shoving at the bottom of one of the dressers. It was very heavy – even with much of the clothing that had been in it removed. His old boots had been bad enough to do that kind of work in, but his new boots were making the job all that much more difficult. He had even less traction in them to push with… and that didn't even take into consideration the fact that after standing and working in the boots all day, his toes were totally killing him! It was only through sheer perseverance that he managed to move the heavy dresser, somewhat back to where it belonged.

He noticed right away after moving it, that his back ached a little bit. For that kind of work, he knew he should have been wearing his back brace – that he all too often did without. But that thought reminded him all too well of his "new" back brace that Janice had said he would be wearing to work in all too soon – his stupid corset! Right now, he was more than glad to put up with the little bit of aching in his back from the heavy lifting. His corset would be ten times worse! And of course, he knew that as soon as he got home in a little while, Carol

would be lacing him into it right away. The damn thing was just simply – uncomfortable! Not to mention, a nuisance too!

Bracing what little of his feet that he could, he put his back to work on moving the other dresser. He needed to get the job done and get out of there before Janice made him eat his dinner from his dog bowl on the floor again!

While Janice ate, she did her best to look Roger over while they all sat at the dinner table together, without it being obvious as to what she was doing. As usual now, he was dressed completely as Candy… even though it was in some rather plain looking work jeans. His top that he had been working in all day wasn't too bad, although it looked like he had been sweating in it a bit. But she was sure that the kind of work that he did would cause him to sweat somewhat… even though summer wasn't even here yet.

As soon as he had gotten home today, he had hurried to his room where he had donned his wig and done his makeup. Sometime during that period, Carol had evidently been in to see him too since she could tell that his corset was once again in place. The corset seemed to improve his figure… some, but it would look much better if Roger had bothered to change the small bra he had been wearing all day for the larger ones he wore at all other times now.

But that thought made her pause. Why did he need those smaller bras anymore? As far as she was concerned – he didn't! "Candy," she said, "I'd like you to do me a favor after dinner please."

Roger looked up. Warily he asked, "What's that?"

"Please remove that too–small brazier that you are wearing and put one of your normal ones on instead."

Roger looked at her for only a moment before nodding his head. "No problem," he replied.

Janice turned to her daughter next. "Carol dear, as soon as Candy here had changed his bra, would you be so kind as to get it from him… along with all the other ones that he has with the smaller cup size. I can't see where he needs them anymore. They can all go into the trash now."

Carol only laughed. "Glad to, Momma!"

Roger felt like dying!

Susan heard that same faint whimper coming out of Ben–ben again that she had heard from him many times on the way home in the car. It seemed like every time the "dog" fell asleep, or every time he was ignored for a while, he went into that whimper mode. And Susan had

no doubt what the "dog's" problem was. Janice had made him feel nothing but remorse over what Halifax had done to Leila. So except for the times when someone was actively paying attention to the now dumb animal, he would always feel that remorse. Obviously, that was another bit of conditioning that Janice had put into him that seemed to be working perfectly. She was still totally amazed at how much like a real dog the former "man" now behaved.

Ben–ben had caused something of minor disturbance among the estate staff the moment they arrived. Susan had explained to several of them exactly what was going on – to the huge amazement of all of them. And at the same time, she had explained that from now on, Ben–ben was nothing but a dog and therefore would be treated as nothing but a dog – from now on! And she didn't want to catch anyone acting any differently towards the… animal!

Watching the "dog" sniffing the tire of the car right after they had gotten home… and then peeing on it while she was still explaining about him to the first batch of the staff, had pretty much cemented his status into their minds. From what she could see, the staff was now looking on Ben–ben with more than a bit of humor. All the better!

Since then, Ben–ben had spent most of the remainder of the day in her office with her. She had taken him out on his leash once to walk him… and had one of her staff walk him two other times, as well as feed him his dinner – that she specified would be nothing but dog food for the former… "man." She had no doubt that the staff was getting quite a kick out of Ben–ben.

She heard that soft whimper again. She pushed her desk chair back away from her desk a bit and leaned back. It was getting late and she'd had a very long day. Janice's insistence on the early morning hour hadn't helped matters any at all. But thinking about Janice and when they had met that morning caused her to also remember that one phone call from Janice the week before. Janice had called her – while in the middle of multiple orgasms!

Her eyes fell on Ben–ben who was curled up on the rug right in front of her sofa. He was sound asleep and whimpering – as usual. Curious, she called, "Ben–ben." She watched as the "dog" immediately lifted his head and looked around. "Ben–ben… come!" she commanded. She was still amazed at the way Halifax… now Ben–ben… acted so much like a real dog. She pushed her chair back further as he came around the side of her desk to see her… his tongue out slightly and panting happily since he was getting attention again. She petted his head as he sat down in front of her. So amazingly like a real dog!

But her curiosity about that something else was all too much on her mind. She got up from her seat and removed her slacks and her panties… and pulled her blouse up out of the way. She sat down again as the dog seemed to watch her very intently. All it took was a single command from her and Ben–ben's tongue was hard at work in the very place that she wanted it to be. And all she could think was that Janice had been right – Ben–ben had a very remarkable tongue!

Chapter 45.

On Sunday, Roger couldn't wait to go fishing again. Unfortunately, he had to get through church first. And also unfortunately, Carol had decided that he should be used to his corset enough now that he could wear it for the entire time they would be out of the house. Hours and hours!

As odd as it sounded, he was starting to get used to being in church with all the rest of it – from his high heels, to his dress, to the makeup and wig on his head. Dressed as a woman – for church! Well, sort of like a woman. And yet, it was something of both a comfort and a bit of worry for him to realize that he was actually becoming somewhat comfortable that way! In church anyway. He was absolutely not comfortable dressed like that anywhere else! And of course, even in church, he didn't consider anything at all about his corset as being comfortable. Slouching even a little bit in his seat during the entire service wasn't much of an option.

All his friends there reminded him of the hen party at Cassandra's house the following week, to which he only replied that he was planning on being there. He had no idea what to expect though… other than most likely he would find it to be at least somewhat humiliating. But his life was becoming more and more humiliating by the day. How much worse could Cass's party be?

As soon as church was over, Roger was more than anxious to get home. Stan was waiting on him to go fishing! He couldn't wait! Unfortunately, once they hit the highway, Janice decided that she wanted Roger to buy lunch for her and Carol again before they got home. And once again, Roger found himself at that same family restaurant that she seemed to like so much. Yes, the food was probably good. But dressed the way he was among all those people pretty much prevented him from really tasting anything. His nerves were too overloaded.

"So you're going fishing again?" Janice asked as they ate.

"I can't wait," Roger replied.

"You know there's a good chance of rain again for later today."

Roger grunted a small laugh. "When isn't there this year? That's no problem for us though. We fish in the rain all the time."

Janice nodded. "Last time you brought back enough fish for a small party. Do you expect to do that again?"

Roger shrugged. “You never know. Some days are better than others. Last time was one of the good days. Sometimes we hardly catch anything at all.”

Janice nodded. “Well, just in case, if you’d like to invite your two friends over again tonight, I’ll plan something small to go with whatever you bring back.”

That surprised Roger. “Really? But what if we don’t catch enough?”

“Then I suggest you stop at the store and find something to fill out the menu.”

Roger smiled. “I guess we can do that.”

The extra delay for lunch mostly grated on Roger’s nerves, mostly because he was anxious to go fishing. But the moment he got home, he hurried as fast as his heels could take him to his room where he pulled his dress off. Waiting for Carol to help unfasten his damn corset so he could remove it was another thing that grated on his nerves. Carol’s teasing suggestion that he wear it while he was fishing was totally lost on him. But eventually the uncomfortable corset was gone and he was redressed and out of the house. He drove his truck a bit faster than he should, but he wasn’t the least bit worried about speeding. He was ready to go fishing! A few minutes later, Stan’s gear was stashed in the back of his truck and Roger drove them to another of their favorite places. Before long, they were both fishing the stream side by side like they always had.

Susan was trying to read. She was sitting back on the couch in her bedroom, trying to spend the day relaxing. She didn’t often get the opportunity since business for them was a seven day a week venture. Her reading was punctuated in the background by the occasional soft whimper of Ben–ben’s dreams. While she wanted the stupid “dog” to feel all that misery, it did tend to get a bit annoying at times.

She had been surprised to find out just how right Janice had been about Ben–ben’s talented tongue. She had taken advantage of it earlier that morning again. She knew her staff was more than glad to have Ben–ben around. She tended to go through her playmates very quickly… most of them needing a doctor’s care and a large payoff to keep silent afterwards. But with Ben–ben there, they wouldn’t have to continually find her the type of amusement she craved.

The state of Ben–ben’s condition was a big turn–on for her. Most of what Janice had done with him was nothing but amazing. There were a few things of course that she would have liked better. The only things that he remembered about his former human life was the fact that he was once human but would never be again, and all the remorse he felt over what he had done to Leila. She couldn’t help wondering how much worse his punishment would be if he did remember everything else about his “old” life.

Her musing was interrupted by a soft knock at her bedroom door, for which Ben–ben looked up and growled softly. She quickly shushed the "dog." "Come in," she called. She sat up quickly at seeing her father enter. "Father," she said, nodding her head respectfully. "I hadn't expected you."

"Daughter," Mr. Wu replied with a smile on his face. His eyes quickly fell to Ben–ben, then moved back to Susan. "Business will be taking me out of the country for a few days," he said. "Will you need anything special from me before I leave?"

"Not that I know of," Susan replied. Her father's little business trips were a very common occurrence. "When do you leave?"

"Not until the morning," Wu replied. "But it will be very early."

"I wish you a good trip," Susan told him.

"Thank you," Wu replied with a slight bow of his head. His eyes fell on Ben–ben. "Are you enjoying your new… pet?"

"Very much so," Susan replied. "I'm finding him quite… interesting."

"I've noticed that the staff seems to be very interested in him as well."

"I have no doubt," Susan said.

Wu continued to stare at Ben–ben for a moment… and watched how intently the once human being stared back at him. "It really is quite remarkable," he noted.

"Truly, father. Janice Stokley seems to have done a very good job with him."

Wu nodded. "Indeed. The only thing I regret though, is that we didn't get a chance to question him before he was… changed."

"No we didn't," Susan agreed. "But that is my fault. I didn't specify with Janice that we might want to. I only wanted him punished, and nothing more."

"Just so," Wu replied with a nod of his head. "Still, it is a shame." He looked at Ben–ben again, and was a bit put off when the stupid… "animal" suddenly got up and started crawling happily towards him. Wu easily guessed that Ben–ben was looking for… affection? He watched as the "dog" sat down on his haunches right in front of him, hoping that Wu would pet him. Wu shook his head. "No!" he commanded.

"Ben–ben! Back to your bed!" Susan ordered and watched as he did as he was told.

“Quite remarkable,” Wu noted again. He turned back to his daughter. “Will I see you tonight at dinner?” he asked.

“Of course,” Susan replied.

“Good,” Wu said with a nod and turned to leave.

“Father!” Susan called, stopping him.

Wu turned. “Yes?”

“Father…” Susan said again hesitantly, “technically, Janice did leave us a way to question him… if we so desired.”

Wu turned back, his full interest on what his daughter had to offer. “And how is that? I thought he had no knowledge anymore of his human life.”

“According to Janice,” Susan explained, “there is a command we can give him that will pull him out of this “dog” state entirely. When it’s used though, he will remember his human life, but strangely, she made it so that he will not remember being a dog at all. I’m not sure how well it will work though since according to Janice, his mind was not holding up well to her conditioning process.”

Wu considered that. “Information is our primary business. While I’m sure there is little he can offer us, I’m wondering what your thoughts are as to doing this?”

Susan took a moment to consider that. “You are right of course, father. Information is our primary concern. And while I too feel there is little he can offer, sometimes it is the little things that sometimes mesh with other things we learn elsewhere that become the most useful.”

Wu smiled. “I have taught you well daughter. So do you think it is worth it?”

“Perhaps,” Susan replied. “We won’t know until we try.”

“And what of your affection for him as your… pet?”

“If everything works the way Janice has outlined, I can easily return him to his dog state with another command. And of course, according to Janice, he will once again not remember any more than he does right now.”

“So there is no harm in trying then?”

Susan shook her head. “None that I can see.”

Wu nodded. “I will leave it to you then, daughter.” He turned to leave again.

“Father…” Susan stopped him again.

“Yes?”

“How soon do you need his questioning to be done?”

“Do you have a reason to delay?”

Susan considered that. “Um… there are some things I was… considering,” she explained.

Wu nodded and glanced at Ben–ben. “He’s your pet,” he replied with a smile. “I will leave it to your judgment. Till later daughter.”

“Till later, father,” she replied. Her father left. Suddenly all the things she “wasn’t really” considering, became much stronger possibilities. But… what did she want to do with the dumb… beast?

Jennifer laughed. “Barbeque! This was supposed to be another fish fry!”

“Well…” Roger replied, a bit embarrassedly, “we didn’t have as much luck today as we did last time.”

“Sometimes they just won’t bite!” Stan added.

“Or maybe you two aren’t as good at fishing as you claimed!” Jennifer teased.

“Now wait a minute!” Stan replied. “We’re about the best fishing team in these hills!”

“So you think!”

“So I do think!” Stan argued back.

“Yet you only caught three little fish between you!”

“Like he said though,” Roger added, “Sometimes they just won’t bite, no matter what you do.”

“I think there not all they crack themselves up to be,” Jennifer said to Janice.

Janice held up her hands. “Leave me out of it. I’m just supplying the extras. They were supposed to bring back the main course.”

“And we did!” insisted Roger, good naturedly.

“Yeah, barbeque instead of fish,” Jennifer laughed. “Face it guys, you’re not the world class fishermen you claim to be!”

“Fisher… people?” Carol suggested, searching for a better term. “I don’t think Candy can adequately be called a man anymore.”

Her statement was like a blow to Roger’s stomach. He said nothing about it though.

Carol’s suggestion also took some of the fun out of it for Jennifer. “I’m not sure,” she replied. “I’ve never heard of anything but fishermen, no matter what sex they are.”

“Well, he doesn’t look much like a man anymore,” Carol insisted.

Jennifer looked Roger over carefully. “I guess you do have a point.” Roger had obviously changed clothes since they got back from fishing… although she wasn’t sure why he had bothered. At least he was dressed casually and wasn’t wearing a dress. Although the heels on the boots he was wearing were a bit higher than she would have been comfortable with – under the circumstances. But… to each their own.

“Have you lost weight?” she asked Roger, noticing that his waist appeared smaller than usual.

“Um…” Roger replied, searching for a way to answer that.

“He’s wearing a corset,” Carol replied. “And I think it’s doing wonders for him.”

Roger rolled his eyes. He hadn’t wanted anyone to know that Carol had insisted he wear the damn thing again as soon as he got home.

“A corset!” Jennifer exclaimed. “You’re kidding!”

“No,” Carol replied. “He’s really wearing it.” She was delighted to see how uncomfortable Roger looked over his ex–girlfriend knowing about it.

“Let me see!” Jenifer insisted playfully.

“Um… I don’t think…” Roger began

"Oh come on!" Jennifer replied quickly as she took a step towards him. Before Roger knew what was happening, she had grabbed the bottom of his top and had pulled it up a little. "Oh my!" she exclaimed. Then with a big tug, she pulled it up even higher… and started laughing.

"All right. All right!" Roger exclaimed as he pulled away from her and tugged his top back down. "So I'm wearing a corset. What's wrong with it? I don't have the figure that you have, you know!"

"Yet!" Carol teased. Which only set Jennifer off laughing again.

"I guess you're right," she said to Carol. "He doesn't have a good figure – yet!"

"But he will!" Carol replied laughingly.

"If he keeps wearing that thing, then no doubt about it," Jennifer added.

"Okay, okay," Roger said, trying to get them to stop.

"Did you wear that when you went fishing?" Jennifer asked.

"No! Of course not," Roger replied.

"And it's a good thing!" Stan muttered.

"Maybe that's why you didn't catch enough fish," Jennifer replied, "you weren't sexy enough!" She broke out into worse laughter.

"Sexy?" Roger started. "Oh for the love of…" Then he stopped and watched all three women laughing. He couldn't really help it, and started laughing a little himself. "Maybe that was the problem," he agreed, his laughter a bit more intense now.

"Next time you go fishing," Jennifer joked, "maybe you should do it in a mini–skirt. I'll bet the fish will just jump into your net then!" she joked.

"Or a bikini!" Carol suggested, laughing just as hard.

"And don't forget to add more makeup and…" Jennifer stopped and looked a bit questioningly at Roger's wig. "What happened to your hair… I mean wig?"

Roger reached up and felt around it. "What's wrong with it?"

"It's all wet!"

"Well, it was raining out."

"Why didn't you dry it when you got home… or at least run a brush through it or something?"

"I… never thought of it," Roger admitted sheepishly.

"Candy…" Janice entered the conversation. "She does have a point. Your hair is all wet. Maybe it would be a good idea to remove your wig just this once before you catch a cold."

Looking questioningly at Janice, Roger reached up and pulled his wig off of his head. Actually, he was more than glad to get rid of the thing. It could be very uncomfortable at times. With the wig off, he ran his fingers through his very messed up and slightly damp hair. "I'll be right back," he said as he headed for his room to put the wig away.

"Don't comb your hair!" Jennifer called after him.

Roger stopped. "Why not?"

"Well…" Jennifer started, "let me play with it a bit. It's obviously been a long time now since you've had a haircut and it's getting a bit long now. Maybe I can make it look a bit better for you."

Roger wasn't sure how pleased he was with Jennifer's little idea. It seemed like she was having all too much fun today… at his expense. But he had little choice but to shrug and reply, "Why not?"

Stan was getting uncomfortable. All this feminine talk and joking about Roger… or Candy… or whatever! It was all just not the kind of thing that he was comfortable with. And he could tell that Roger hadn't been too comfortable with it for a while either… but then suddenly he had started laughing and seemed more like one of the women instead of his old friend – his old friend dressed as a woman, but still like his old friend. But these feminine matters just weren't the kind of thing he was comfortable being around. So he did his best to stay out of it and just remain in the background – as far in the background as he could possibly stay!

Jennifer stood behind Roger as he sat in one of his kitchen chairs. The table was all set for dinner, but Janice was still cooking a few things that wouldn't be ready yet for a few minutes. Jennifer had dug her own comb out of her purse and started running it through Roger's messy hair. The dampness in it became much more apparent as she did so, but she knew that it would dry fairly quickly.

She combed his hair in several different ways, searching for some way that would make it look more feminine. She wasn't having a lot of luck though. "You really need a good trim job," she declared. "You've got a good head of hair here, and someone who knows what they're doing could probably make it look pretty nice."

"That was the last thing Roger needed. "Uh… I don't dare do anything with it until school lets out," he replied. He was somewhat proud of that answer. Getting his hair "styled" was the last thing he wanted just then.

"Yeah, unfortunately for you," Jennifer noted. "But you really should consider it as soon as school is out."

"What's wrong with just wearing my wig?" Roger asked.

"Well, for one thing, it is a wig… and it looks like it! You can't go around wearing it all the time. Besides, isn't it a bit… uncomfortable?"

"Sometimes," Roger admitted.

"See!" Jennifer said. "Remind me before school lets out and I'll give you the name of my hairdresser. She does a great job without costing an arm and a leg!"

"I think that's an excellent idea!" Janice exclaimed as she carried a tray full of corn on the cobb over to the table. "I'm sure that Candy will be most grateful!"

Roger wasn't all that sure about it though. To him it sounded more like another nail in his coffin.

Chapter 46.

"Yes, I'll wait." Jacobs set his phone on speaker and started going through their latest case file while his phone droned soft elevator music in the background. It's what he usually did when he called someone and was put on hold. In this case, he had called the mental institute where the perpetrator from the second bank robbery had been committed. It was an annoying five minutes before he heard someone pick up the phone and say hello. Jacobs quickly grabbed the receiver to take it off of speaker. "Hello doctor. This is Agent Jacobs with the FBI. I don't know if you remember me, but I was out there two years ago to visit…"

"Yes, Agent Jacobs, I remember you. We don't get many FBI inquiries here. What can I do for you?"

"Do you remember the man I was there to see, Mr. Goldberg? Is he still there?"

"Yes I remember your visit. And yes, Goldberg is still here, and my guess is that he'll probably die here someday."

That was disappointing news for Jacobs. "So there's no change in his condition then? He's not anymore… communicative?"

"Unfortunately, not. He's a very, very strange case. Nothing we've done with him has brought him out of the odd state he's in. I must say, for a while there he was an interesting case study for several doctors… and there's been some student studies done on him as well. But I'm afraid he's exactly the same as he was since he got here."

"Okay doctor. Thank you very much. Please let me know if there is ever any improvement."

"Of course," the doctor replied.

Jacobs hung up his phone. One down. One more to go. And from the sound of the way things were with Goldberg, he didn't have much hope for the next call either. He looked up the number for the mental institute in Birmingham and carefully dialed. "Hello, this is Agent Jacobs with the FBI. Is Doctor Fielding still in charge of Mr. Hollworth's case?" He listened for a moment as whoever had answered the phone told him she wasn't allowed to give out that information. "Can you please have Doctor Fielding call me then?" A moment later he had given her his phone number and had hung up. The doctor wasn't in just then and wasn't expected until later in the day. He'd just have to wait.

"Oh, I love this!" Janice exclaimed as she ran her hand over the material of the chair she was looking at. She sat down in it and a moment later approved of how comfortable it was. She moved over to the matching sofa and sat on that as well. "I'll take them!" she declared

happily. “I think they’ll be perfect.” An hour later, she had bought not just the sofa and matching two chairs, but end tables, lamps, and a coffee table as well.

Everything she had bought was completely to her taste, and would also take up less room in the living room than the current furniture did… even as sparsely as Roger had furnished it. She had major plans for the rest of that space. As soon as she got home, she was going to order a sewing machine for quilting and a large work table to put it on. Her new disaster relief program, Islands of Hope, was about to go into full swing!

She remembered though that in order for all the new furniture to get into the living room, she first had to make room for it. Right after she ordered the sewing machine… or maybe before might be a better idea, she would arrange for all the current furniture to be donated and picked up.

With those thoughts decided, she was feeling so good about how well her day was going that she decided to shop for furniture for the new deck as well. She had asked Roger… Candy to build the thing and it had come out very nicely. She might as well take advantage of the new deck and enjoy it to its fullest.

The knock was soft, but it was the knock of someone with hard hands and a lot of strength within those hands. “Come in,” Susan called as she sat back in her desk chair. As she expected, the door was opened and Doctor Xiang entered. He looked somewhat elegant in one of the expensive suits he wore all the time. She had called him earlier. He was the one who handled all the medical needs of the compound. He was also the one she went to for information when she was planning on trying a new… interrogation technique. Dr. Xiang had some very bent and cruel tastes. It was one of the reasons why he had been brought over from China to work for them. That, and the fact that he really was a very, very good doctor… despite his somewhat questionable leanings.

“You sent for me Miss Wu?” he asked as he stood in the doorway. His eyes immediately darted over toward Ben–ben who was emitting a faint growling sound from what looked like a dog bed over by the sofa.

Susan ignored Ben–ben. “Yes Xiang. Please sit down.”

“What is it I can do for you?” he asked as he took a seat in front of her desk.

“We’re going to be questioning Ben–ben over there,” she said.

“Ben–ben? I have heard about what you have… acquired, but I haven’t had a chance to see him until now.”

"You'll get plenty of chance in a little while," Susan replied. "But I guess it will really be Ben–ben's human personality that we'll be questioning since as I understand it, only one personality will be present at a time… and his human personality knows nothing of his dog personality… and vice versa."

"Most interesting," Xiang noted. He sorely wanted to turn around to inspect… Ben–ben. "And how may I serve you this time?"

Susan smiled. "I had these… ideas for after we question him. And I'd like to figure out a way to see if any of it is possible."

"Miss Wu, you know how I enjoy exploring possibilities… almost as much as I enjoy turning them into reality."

"That's what I was counting on," Susan replied as she got up from her seat. "Why don't we move to more comfortable chairs? And I'm sure that Ben–ben would just love to meet you."

"And I… him," Xiang replied as he too got up.

Ben–ben spent most of his time confined to his small bed that the one tall thing had given him. The tall thing allowed him to roam around somewhat and she didn't seem to mind if he chewed on his toy… as long as he didn't chew in such a way that it would make any sound. But he had heard his name mentioned by the tall things and now he watched as they approached. He stood up, hoping to get some affection that would take his mind off of some other tall thing called Leila Rivers that he had condemned to death when he had been a tall thing. That had been a very, very bad thing to do. There was no doubt he deserved his punishment to never be a tall thing again.

Susan sat on the sofa while Xiang took one of the chairs opposite. Ben–ben moved close to her and she pet his head. A moment later, the dog set his head in her lap, happily enjoying the feel of her hand caressing his head. "I'm planning on having his hair trimmed very short," Susan said to Xiang as she ran her hand over Ben–ben's head. "I'm not sure if I'll do that before or after we question him."

"I take it though that you have other interests in mind besides his hair."

Susan nodded. "Oh," she said, "before I get into that, you want to see something quite interesting about him?"

"I find everything about him to be… interesting," Xiang replied.

Susan got up and went to her desk where she retrieved a few items and brought them back. She set three large dog treats down on the floor a short distance from where they were sitting.

Ben–ben needed no encouragement to go after them. He grabbed the first one in his mouth and started chewing on it. He was about to lower his body into a laying position while he ate, but he suddenly found the tall thing's paw under his belly, stopping him from going down to the floor. No matter, he could eat just as well standing up.

Once Susan had Ben–ben staying in the position she wanted, she held up a straight pin for Xiang to see. "Watch this," she said. Moving behind Ben–ben, she grabbed his tiny shriveled up penis between his legs and stuck the pin into it. As she had discovered earlier, Ben–ben didn't even notice.

Xiang blinked in surprise, but it was a different thought that raced to his mind than the one that Susan had wanted him to see. "If he feels nothing, it's going to make questioning him more difficult."

Susan laughed and shook her head. "It's only that one part of his body that is doomed to feel nothing at all… and only while he's a dog. When he's human again, I have no doubt that it will feel everything that's done to it."

Xiang's eyebrows went up. "Quite remarkable," he replied. "But what does it have to do with your plans?"

Susan sat back down on her sofa. Xiang's question was as good a place as any to start discussing what she had in mind. During the course of the discussion, Xiang got down on the floor and examined Ben–ben thoroughly. Nothing was missed, from his paws to his rear end and lack of a tail.

Finally, Dr. Xiang said, "Let me do some research. What you ask is something I have no idea of how to do or even if it can be done. And I already see several large problems we're going to have to overcome."

Susan nodded. "I was sure you would need some time for this, just as I'm sure you will find a way to solve all of the problems."

Xiang smiled. "I hope your faith in me is will be deserved."

"It always is," Susan replied.

"I hope this doesn't take too long," Forsyth complained as they stood in the school principal's office and waited for him to return with Brinkley. "We're stretching this little trip a bit too much as it is."

"Don't worry so much," Jacobs replied. "What's the worst they can do, complain a bit?"

“They’ll complain more than a bit if they ever figure out why we’re here. We’re supposed to be staying away from the Stokley case now.”

Jacobs only grinned. “They won’t mind us doing this at all after we finally arrest her,” he told his partner.

Forsyth only rolled his eyes. He was saved any further reply as the principal came back to his office – with Roger Brinkley.

Roger had been annoyed to hear that the FBI guys were back again. As much as he wanted them to help, there was no way that they could. And not only that, they had been bothering his friends as well. That part bothered him the most. And on top of all that, “Protect Janice!” was already coursing through his mind.

“Excuse me, sir,” Jacobs said to the principal, we’d like to speak with Mr. Brinkley in private. Any information he can help us with, is only for us to know. Would you mind?”

The principal looked a bit put out. “Not at all,” he mumbled as he turned and walked out. Forsyth closed the door after him.

Roger shook his head. “Look,” he said, “there’s nothing more that I can tell you! And I don’t like the fact that you’re pestering my friends too!”

“Are you sure you can’t tell us anything?” Jacobs asked. “Because it seemed to us that the last time we spoke, you knew a lot more than what you said.”

Roger was shocked. “If I had something I could tell you, I would!” he said in no uncertain terms. “But there is nothing! I haven’t seen the slightest sign of my housekeeper doing anything wrong at all!” he lied.

They were interrupted by the ringing of Jacob’s cell phone. “Excuse me,” he mumbled as he pulled his phone out to look at it. “Damn,” he muttered. “Excuse me,” he said again, “I’ve been waiting all day for this call.” He went to the other side of the room and answered the call. “Agent Jacobs,” he said.

“Agent Jacobs, please hold for Doctor Fielding.”

“No problem,” Jacobs replied. He looked up at Forsyth. “I called the mental institutes this morning. The one in Birmingham is just getting back to me now.”

Forsyth briefly looked to Brinkley. “Any chance you can put it on speaker so I can hear too?”

Roger saw them both looking at him. “You need me to leave?”

“No,” Jacobs replied, afraid that they wouldn’t get him back. “Just… don’t listen.” He pushed the speaker button on his phone. “We’re waiting on the doctor to pick up.”

The wait was only a moment more. “Agent Jacobs?” the voice on the other end asked.

“I’m here,” Jacobs replied. “My partner Agent Forsyth is with me too. We’re calling to see if there’s been any change in Mr. Hollworth since the last time we were there.”

“Hollworth?” the doctor asked. “Ah! The bug man!” He chuckled a bit after he said it.

“Bug man?” Jacobs asked.

“Sorry,” the doctor replied. “It’s something of a joke here at the hospital. It’s only because he reminds everyone of a giant bug.”

Jacobs well remembered his last visit to the hospital. He had gotten the same impression. “Uh… I know what you mean,” he replied. He saw Forsyth nodding his agreement. “So it sounds like there’s been no change in his… condition?”

“Nothing that can help you I’m afraid. For the most part, he’s been just as he was since he got here.”

“For the most part?”

“Well, I say that only because we were desperate enough to try some shock therapy treatments with him. And the moment we finished, he started yelling something about the walls and how bad they were. I’m guessing he didn’t like that room very much. Can’t blame him, I guess. But the moment we sat him up, he went right back into his original state – totally uncommunicative and not acknowledging the rest of the world at all. We’ve done that twice with him now and gotten no further at all. We believe that further treatments aren’t likely to give us any better results, so we’ve suspended the idea for now.”

“So nothing of any use to us,” Jacobs said.

“I’m afraid not,” the doctor replied. “His case is a really strange one. We’re not very hopeful anymore about him.”

“I see doctor. Please let us know if there’s any change.”

“I will,” the doctor replied. “But I wouldn’t count on it.”

"Understood. Thanks doctor."

Jacobs hung up his phone. "No help," he said to Forsyth.

Roger's eyes were bulged wide. They had been talking about one of Janice's prior victims – a bug! And it sounded like there was no hope for the guy. But the one part of the conversation that came through to him the loudest, was the part about the shock therapy briefly bringing him out of it. And the walls he had been shouting about could only be the impossible impenetrable wall that he himself now saw every time he stood up or sat down. The wall he didn't pay all that much attention to anymore. The wall that he couldn't even remember ever not seeing anymore. But the shock therapy had torn a small hole in that impossible wall, at least for a short while for that one victim. And yet, the moment he had sat up again, the wall had closed down all too firmly once more. So even with a hole somehow torn in the thing, it had healed all too quickly the moment he had sat up. Janice's brain warping had healed itself… and the impossible wall as well. And the poor guy was once again doomed to whatever life Janice had decided for him… evidently some kind of a bug. Roger shivered. His life was doomed too. But compared to the bug that the other victim now was, he considered himself very lucky!

"Sorry you had to hear that," Jacobs said as he saw how shocked Roger appeared to be. "Don't let it worry you."

Roger shook his head. But he was worried for far more reasons than he could ever tell – anyone! "I'm sorry," he managed to say, although he was having a bit of trouble speaking. "Like I said, there's nothing at all that I can tell you. Janice is my housekeeper and she's been doing nothing but a good job since I hired her. And excellent job in fact. So there's nothing more that I can add for you."

Jacobs stared at him for a moment before speaking. "You're sure you haven't noticed anything at all that she's done out of the ordinary?"

"Not that I can think of."

"Has she ever mentioned anything about money?"

"Only as far as expenses for groceries and things like that," Roger replied.

Forsyth asked the next question. "We've heard from a few of your friends that you're going through… some changes."

Roger was a bit put off by the question. "What of it?"

"Nothing," Forsyth replied. "I just wondered how helpful she's been to what you're doing."

"How helpful?" Roger asked, searching for a safe way to answer the question. "She has been… somewhat helpful. Her daughter too for that fact. What does this have to do with anything?"

"Are you sleeping with her?" Jacobs asked instead of answering his question.

Roger was shocked by the question. "Am I…" He stopped. "No!" he stated flatly. "Absolutely not!" Then before they could ask anything else, he said, "We're done here! Leave me alone!" He headed straight for the door, but he stopped as he opened it. "And leave my friends alone too!" He walked out quickly.

"He's still lying!" Jacobs declared as they watched him leave.

"Without a doubt," Forsyth replied. "But it doesn't look like we're going to get anything at all out of him."

"Did you notice that he denied sleeping with her?"

"What of it?"

"Like I told you once before. I know for a fact that he is. There's no way he can share a bed with her and not be having a little sex as well!"

Roger was fuming as he headed back toward his classroom. The two guys from the FBI had been way out of line as far as he was concerned. Way out of line! And besides, there was no way in the world that they could help him. Hearing about that guy in the mental institute, the bug guy, had pretty much confirmed that nobody could ever help him. That guy was still locked in Janice's curse, and the doctor had confirmed that there didn't look like there was much hope for him.

But Roger also didn't forget that other little part that he had heard. The shock therapy had temporarily blown a hole in Janice's impossible wall. He just didn't see how it could possibly help him. It hadn't even helped the bug guy.

When Roger got home from school the next day, the empty living room echoed his surprise to see nothing there. Well, almost nothing. His new TV and the cabinet he had bought to hold it were still there, but they were the only things in the room now.

"Where'd everything go?" he called back toward the kitchen as he stared around at the empty space.

"I donated it all," Janice called back from the kitchen.

“Donated it?” he asked as he turned back toward the kitchen.

“We have new furniture arriving tomorrow,” Janice called as he entered the kitchen.

“New furniture?” he asked, his voice still somewhat surprised.

“Yes,” Janice replied as she pulled a pot off the stove. “I’ve finally gotten around to finding some things that will make a wonderful difference in this house!” She glanced back at him as she continued cooking. “As I’ve noted many times, your decorating skills leave a lot to be desired.”

Having no say in the matter Roger headed for his bedroom to once again transform himself back into Candy. New furniture now! And how were they going to pay for that? He had no doubt at all that if Janice ever did leave his life, he would be declaring bankruptcy. But even still, his life… and the new life she had dictated for him, was a whole lot better than the life that “bug man” now lived. He shivered again at the thought of it. How horrible!

He was spared from thinking about it anymore as his phone rang. When he finally went back to the kitchen… as Candy… he was happily able to report a request for him to do another job. Oddly, he felt relieved by that. But at the same time, the one biggest concern was that now he would be working those jobs with the bigger breasts as well. It wasn’t just the boots anymore. There was no way he could walk out of the house now, except for school, and deny that he was changing his entire life… from male to female.

“It’s time for Ben–ben to be human!”

Joseph Halifax slowly dragged his befuddled brain out of the nightmare stupor it had been in… and back to the land of the living. He was immediately confused. And right after that, very frightened. His muddled confused brain took a few moments to realize that he was lying naked on a cold cement floor. There was a very sexy Chinese woman standing over him, and a moment later, he noticed a rather large Chinese man standing behind her looking on.

Before he could say anything, he saw the woman nod to someone behind him. He immediately cried out in alarm as he found himself being picked up by two strong men he hadn’t noticed before. They shoved him into a hard wooden chair and held him there as straps were wrapped tightly across his chest and stomach. It was only when one of them grabbed the collar around his neck that he realized he was wearing some kind of collar. His head was soon held against the high back of the chair as well.

His arms were strapped to the chair as were his legs and ankles. And then, to make matters worse, his hands were pressed flat on the wide ends of the chair arms and straps were wrapped tightly over his hands as well, leaving his hands fixed flat against the surface.

"What do you want?" he asked, his voice shaking with fear and confusion. The last thing he remembered was being in the hotel room with… that woman who all too often raped his mind. Now he was suddenly somewhere else, and naked, and… in trouble! "Where am I?" he asked next.

"Interesting," the man said to the woman.

Susan ignored Xiang, just as she ignored the stupid questions that Halifax had asked. "Tell me about Ben–ben," she said to Halifax.

Halifax blinked. "Ben who?"

"You don't remember anything at all about Ben–ben?" Susan asked sternly, putting a sneer on her face and getting all too close to him.

"N… never heard of him?" Halifax stuttered, even more frightened now. What had happened to the other woman, the one who raped his mind? Where was he? What was this all about?

Susan backed away from Halifax. "As Janice outlined," she said to Xing, "neither part of him is aware of the other."

"Interesting," Xiang muttered again.

Halifax had no idea what they were talking about. "Please let me go," he pleaded. "Please!"

Susan smiled. "Oh, Mr. Halifax. I have no intention of doing that at all." She bent down close to his face again. "Do you have any idea who I am?"

Halifax tried to shake his head, but the collar hampered most of that. "No."

She smiled. "My name is Susan Wu. Does that ring any bells?"

Halifax remembered that Leila had mentioned Susan a number of times, but he had never met her. "You're… Leila's friend," he replied as a further chill of fear ran up his spine.

"That's right," she said. "And you had her killed."

"No!" he shouted as more fear ripped through him.

"Xiang!" Susan commanded.

Xiang immediately came forward and grabbed the little finger of Halifax's left hand. With an all too practiced motion, he quickly and brutally shoved a thin steel blade underneath Halifax's fingernail, separating it from the nail–bed underneath. He really did enjoy hearing the screams that Halifax let out. And the best part was that it was only beginning.

"See what happens when you don't tell me the truth?" Susan said, all too calmly and wickedly. "I already know that you hired Jacob Vesper to do it. Mr. Vesper spent some absolutely memorable days here in this room because of it. His screams of pain were truly magnificent! But I'm afraid that in the end, what little was left of him, was carried out and burned. But before that, I assure you that he was most informative. Most informative!"

Halifax was still reeling over the pain in his finger, he heard her words, as he tried vainly to pull free from his bonds. But no part of his body was going anywhere.

"Do you like pain, Mr. Halifax?" Susan asked all too cruelly.

"No," Halifax cried, still suffering over his nail being pulled up.

"Too bad, I guess," Susan replied. "But I guess the good news for you is that the faster you answer my questions, the less pain you'll have to endure."

"Please, just kill me," Halifax gulped out as the tears started running down his face.

"Oh no," Mr. Halifax, "I'm afraid I have a completely different future in store for you. You see, just killing you would be too easy for you. I want you to suffer for the rest of your life! And I'm going to see to it that you suffer for a very, very long time! Now, tell me about your retirement account. Victoria, I think you called it."

"My what?"

"Xiang," Susan said simply.

All too quickly, Xiang came forward with a pair of pliers and completely ripped out the fingernail that he had inserted the blade under a few moments earlier. He did so enjoy hearing the screams of pain such as Halifax let out.

It took another blade under another fingernail, and the loss of that nail before Susan was satisfied that Halifax knew nothing at all about any retirement account. She rightly suspected that Janice had something to do with that.

Other than his lack of knowledge about Ben–ben, and his lack of knowledge about his retirement account, and also for some reason denying that he knew anything at all about Janice and what she had done to him, Susan quickly discovered that Halifax was more than

willing to talk about anything else. Anything at all! But despite his willingness to talk… which lasted many hours as Susan drilled down deeper and deeper for the most inconsequential information about so many different things, Halifax lost all ten fingernails that day. And when all his fingernails were gone, he received further pain in each finger as Xiang injected acid all along the nail root in each finger. But then, removing his nails and ensuring that they would never grow back was one of the major objectives of the day. By the time they were done, so was Halifax. The pain and the brutal questioning had left him barely conscious.

He was unstrapped from the chair and unceremoniously dumped into a small holding cell. The lights were turned off with the exception of one very dim bulb across the room, and Halifax was left to recover as best he could. Susan had extracted more than a few interesting things out of him that might be worth some money to other people. Her father had been right, she should have thought to question him before Janice finished with him. She was only glad that Janice had left her this small way of getting the job done after the fact.

But the questioning left her with some other interesting realizations as well. Halifax obviously knew nothing at all about his own retirement account – an account that he had told Janice about in the first place. And the other thing that she was impressed with, was that he seemed to be unable to tell anyone anything at all concerning Janice and what she had done to him. Nothing… at… all! That ability alone could be worth a fortune!

Chapter 47.

The concern had been building in Roger for several days. But from the time he woke up on Wednesday morning, he found it nearly impossible to push that concern aside. His big concern of course, was the pending doctor appointment that Janice had made for him later that afternoon… the doctor appointment for him to start on hormones that would begin his body's physical transformation from a man into a woman. And there was simply no way that he could be anything but very concerned about that.

It now seemed like the closer it got to the end of the school year, the more changes were being thrown at him. Lately it had been the corset, then having to wear his "C" cup bras all the time, and today… today would start the one single biggest thing that would affect his life forever – hormones!

He couldn't help it. There was no way he couldn't feel anything but concerned… and… somewhat frightened.

Just before leaving for school, he went briefly back to the bathroom to check what little of his reflection he could see in the mirror there. How much longer would he be able to see himself as a man? School was now the only time in his life when he could be… a man. Granted, a man wearing frilly panties, but at least the panties never showed. But for all intents and purposes, at school at least, he was still – a man! A man doomed to no longer be… a man. And everywhere else now, there was no longer any way that anyone could look at him at think of him as… a man. Of course, there was no longer any way that anyone could think of him as a woman either. He was simply… something else. Something humiliating. Something in–between. Something that more often than not… people avoided. And he really couldn't blame them all that much.

Would his life ever be simple and comfortable again? With a disappointed sigh, he left the bathroom. School beckoned.

Halifax didn't know how long he had been in the cell. A Chinese man… at least he thought he was Chinese, it was hard to tell sometimes, had brought him a bucket of water. He had tried to sniff the water but he couldn't smell anything. He had chanced dipping one of his sore hands into the water and scooping some of it out to drink. The water had tasted cool and fresh. Once he had drunk enough, he had dipped both of his still sore hands into the cool water and kept them there to soak. The water felt good against his sore fingertips. The pain had died a lot, but the ends of his fingers still hurt.

He couldn't see them very well in the dim light, but as the pain grew less and less, he found it more and more difficult to not rub and touch those damaged areas of each finger. Those areas where is nails had been felt strange and all too soft to the touch. How long would it

take to grow his nails back again? If his circumstances had been a bit better, he would have laughed. Grow back again? Most likely, he would soon be killed. Tortured and murdered… like they had done with Vesper. Now Vesper's body had been taken out and burned so there would never be any sign of it. He supposed that would be his fate as well.

It was a bit of a mental struggle, but he eventually chanced reaching up and touching the collar that was still around his neck. A collar, but he couldn't feel the miserable shock box that had always been there. He was tempted to try to unbuckle the thing, but he left it alone. He was too afraid to do that. Just touching it had taken much of his willpower.

When the need occurred, he peed through the bars of the cell so that most of it would go outside of the little area where he resided. He didn't want to accidently lay in it and he didn't want to pee into the bucket that was his only source of water.

A faint distant noise caught his attention, then the much louder noise of the door at the other end of the room opening. A heavy metal door he noted. The lights were suddenly switched on and he squinted against the sudden glare. That same Chinese woman was back again… wearing a different outfit. She wasn't alone though, two large Chinese men were with her. He noticed what looked like a long red leather strap in her hand. His fear increased with every step they took towards him. Despite the fact that he wanted to be released from his prison, those bars were now the only thing that separated him from… more torture.

He shrank back on the floor against the rear wall as they approached and stood looking at him from the other side of the bars.

Susan stared down at Halifax, taking in everything she could about his condition. He appeared to be doing far better now than when they had finished with him last night. "Let me see your fingers," she ordered.

Hesitantly, Halifax held up his hands, extending them outward toward the bars of his cell a bit.

Susan looked particularly at his fingertips where his fingernails used to be. In theory, he would never have fingernails again. According to Xiang. After a moment, she deemed Halifax recovered enough. "It's time for Ben–ben the dog!" she said.

Before Halifax knew what was happening, he had that sudden vision again of file drawers closing, and one important drawer opening – as he moved to all fours and his hands curled into paws again. He sat up looking at the tall things. He remembered struggling to get down a lot of stairs into this place, but he didn't remember how he had gotten into this little space where there were long things separating him from everyone else.

His paws hurt. He licked them, trying to make them feel better.

Susan smiled and motioned for one of her guards to open the cell. A moment later, she had connected the leash to Ben–ben's collar and she began leading him upstairs.

She had a lot more planned for Ben–ben, but Xiang wasn't ready with any of it yet. But she knew he was working tirelessly on it. He had found the proposed project to be very interesting. But then, he found a lot of things to be… interesting.

In the meantime, Ben–ben needed a bath before she would allow him back into her office!

Janice walked around the living room staring at her freshly waxed floors. Today was going to be a very good day. Today was going to be a day of changes. Her new furniture was due to arrive very soon, and later in the day, Roger… Candy would be seeing the doctor and would finally start taking the hormones that would cement his physical changes into a woman. Yes, it was going to be a very big day… and a very good day! Now, if only that furniture truck would finally arrive!

As the morning ticked away with no sign of the furniture truck, her good mood started to deteriorate toward very irritated. She finally picked up the phone to call the furniture company to find out what the hold–up was… and as she half–hoped, picking up the phone acted like a magical gesture, and the large truck appeared and came slowly down the driveway. Ten minutes later, her new furniture was being carried into her living room and set in approximately the places she had planned for it all. The new furniture came in… along with an awful lot of mud and dirt from the ground outside. Not what she wanted to see! But… it would all clean up after the men left. And in the meantime, her house was looking better and better. More and more like the home she had always pictured it could be. It's a shame that Roger had been such a lousy decorator!

With all the new furniture finally in place and the delivery men gone, she spent a good part of the day arranging everything just the way she wanted it. She moved pieces here and there again and again, more often than not, moving them right back where they had been to start with – all in the name of making her house – perfect!

Eventually she looked around and could find only one thing missing – other than the work table and sewing machine she had ordered for her new disaster relief company. The walls needed decorating. And the one thing they needed the most in order for the house to feel like the home she wanted for herself and Carol – was pictures! Pictures of Carol and herself. And, she supposed that since the house really belonged to Roger… make that Candy… then she better include a few of him… or her… as well. She smiled. Perhaps a few of him… and her!

Roger's hands were sweating as he rode in the back seat of Janice's SUV through the highway system around Atlanta. As usual now, he was dressed completely as Candy – wig, makeup,

corset, and all. Janice had suggested that he wear one of the dresses he usually wore to church, so he figured he was somewhat dressed up. But he would much rather have no–place to go instead of the someplace they were heading.

Doctor Jessica Parker. An endocrinologist. That somewhat surprised him, not to mention scared him more than a bit. He would have figured some kind of a psychologist or psychiatrist would be more likely. But he knew from his research that in many cases, an endocrinologist was the usual next step after the psychologist. So Janice was skipping a step here. A major step! Not that it would matter. He had no choice anymore. Janice had willed it, and he was about to turn his whole body into that of a woman. As much of a woman as modern science could make him. And Dr. Parker was the first major step in that part.

He watched as they turned off of the beltway and headed north up I75 towards Marietta. The traffic was brutal as always. One of the reasons he hated Atlanta. It was too big of a city. He'd take the simple country life any day over this!

He noted that Janice took the exit for Marietta, heading toward the large office buildings that seemed to be everywhere. He watched as she slowed down, searching for something, and then she turned into a parking garage beneath one of the tall buildings. He could feel his blood pressure going up as Janice drove through the semi–dark parking facility and found a place to park. His nervousness increased as he got out of the car. But his nervousness over wearing a dress out in public was overshadowed over his nervousness at meeting the doctor – and what would happen then.

He followed Janice and Carol to the elevator where she pressed the button for the sixth floor. And he followed them out and down the short hallway to the doctor's office where they walked into a large comfortably furnished waiting area.

Janice walked up to the receptionist. "You should have an appointment this afternoon for Roger Brinkley?"

The woman was looking at Roger though instead of Janice. To her credit, she didn't seem to bat an eye over the way Roger looked. She checked her appointment list. "Yes," she said. "I've got... him listed right here." She looked over to Roger. "I take it this appointment is for you?"

Roger nodded and tried to say yes, but his voice didn't seem to be working very well.

The receptionist pulled out a clipboard and held it out toward Roger. "Please fill this out and I'll take it when you're done along with your ID and insurance cards."

Two minutes later, Roger was filling out the forms that detailed his medical history. Lots and lots of questions. And no, he wasn't and had never been – pregnant! He found that question

amusing. He was certainly glad that as much of a woman as modern medicine could make him now, did not include allowing him to have a baby!

Once the paperwork had been done and the receptionist had gathered his insurance information, they had to sit and wait – a long time. Roger figured Carol was the only smart one of the three of them since she had brought a book with her. A schoolbook no less. Not math, but then he didn't see her sitting there reading a math book like she was. As he sat, his eyes continually darted around the room. There were only a few other patients waiting – fortunately, but that meant to him that he was all that much more noticeable by all of them. When his name was finally called, he hurried toward the door that the nurse was holding open for him. Janice came as well. Carol barely looked up from her book.

The nurse weighed Roger and took his blood pressure. Then the next waiting period began, this time with just him and Janice in the small examination room. And finally the doctor came in. Roger was quick to notice that she was tall and slim. She had long brown hair and from what he could tell, she wasn't wearing a lot of makeup – if any.

"Mr… Brinkley?" she asked as she looked from her file folder up at Roger.

Roger blushed and replied. "That's me."

"I see," she said with something of a smile. "And… from the looks of you, it looks like you're contemplating some big changes."

"I guess so," Roger replied somewhat bashfully.

The doctor took a few moments to look over the information on Roger that was in her folder. She flipped a few pages. "I don't see your referral paperwork here," she noted. "Do you have it?"

"There isn't any," Janice answered for him.

The doctor looked from Roger to Janice and finally shook her head. "I can't do anything for you without that psychological assessment and referral."

"We need you to make an exception this time," Janice told her. "There isn't going to be any psychological assessment."

The doctor closed her folder. "I'm sorry, I can't do anything for you. It's a requirement that you have to have before I can do anything at all for you."

"Doctor," Janice said again as she quickly dug into her purse. "I'd like you to look at this." She pulled out several papers and briefly made sure of what she had in her hand, then she handed them over to the doctor.

Doctor Parker took the papers, but she was mostly frustrated that these people just didn't understand that she had rules that couldn't be broken. She glanced at the papers, then suddenly looked a lot closer. "Where did you get these?" she asked angrily. "How did you get them?"

"You've got a problem," Janice told her in no uncertain terms. "A big gambling problem. And as you can see, I now hold all of your markers. And that's a rather large amount. I could ruin you tomorrow if I so chose. So don't waste my time with telling me about your rules. You're going to provide Roger… or Candy as he will now be called, with whatever drugs are required for him to undergo a change from being male to female. And you're going to give him nothing but first class service from now on!"

Doctor Parker was livid. "How dare you!" she spat. "I made no such agreement with you!"

"It doesn't matter who you made your agreements with. I own you now! Banks do this kind of thing all the time. Think of me as another bank who just bought… you!"

"Get out!" the doctor ordered. "I will not be dictated to like that! And as far as I'm concerned, I owe you nothing! And you don't own me at all! Nobody does!"

"I suggest you rethink that," Janice threatened. "You wouldn't like what I'm capable of doing!"

"I don't give a rat's ass what you think you're capable of," the doctor replied. "Now get out of here!"

Roger felt he had to speak up. "Doctor, I highly recommend that you do what she wants. Believe me, you don't want to mess with her."

"Get out!" the doctor yelled as she threw the papers back at Janice. "Get out, and don't let me see you here ever again!"

Janice's face was set in anger. "Come along Candy," she said. "And doctor, I'll be seeing you very soon." With that, she stormed out of the room.

Roger looked briefly at the doctor. "You made a big mistake," he said. "You better pray she doesn't make you wish you were dead."

"Get out!" the doctor hissed.

Roger nodded and followed Janice.

Doctor Parker took a moment to try to gather her composure, then she headed for her office. She sat at her desk for a few minutes just to think. Finally, she picked up her phone and dialed a number. “Felix! Jessica Parker here. Did you sell my loans to someone else?”

“Sorry Parker,” Felix replied. “I didn’t have much choice in the matter. A bunch of major Chinese goons came through here with a boatload of cash and weren’t giving me any options. I got two broken fingers now to prove it! I guess I should have called you about it.”

“Yeah, you could have at least let me know. Wait a minute. You said some Chinese guys?”

“Yeah, why?”

The doctor couldn’t figure where that might fit in with Janice. But the end result was that Janice had those payment markers. And as far as she was concerned, she had made no agreements for money or anything else with that woman, so she could take all those markers she had paid for and just go to hell! “Felix,” she said, “since my tab is now clear, what’s the chance of another loan for this weekend.”

“Your tab with me is clear,” he said. “But I’m sorry Doctor, no dice this time. Not for a long while. My fingers can’t take it!”

Parker was disappointed. “Okay, thanks Felix.” She hung up her phone, but she only paused for a moment before she dialed again. “Fast Freddy? Jessica Parker here.”

“Jessica,” Parker replied. “You got some kind of lucky break I guess… having someone pay off not just part of your bill, but the entire thing! Way to go!”

“So my tab is clean there?” she asked.

“Absolutely!” Freddy replied.

“Then what’s the chance of getting another loan for this weekend?”

“No problem! Starting over again huh? Well, if you can pay like you just did once in a while, it will be no problem at all. How much were you thinking?”

“Let’s start small. About ten thousand.”

“Can do,” Freddy replied. “Will you be here at the usual time?”

“Sounds good,” Parker replied. “See you Friday.”

That woman and her transvestite tramp could go to hell. She had a clear slate with Fast Freddy now, whether the woman liked it or not. And she planned on winning in the casino and doubling that amount of money – at least!

It was late that night when Janice picked up one of her burner phones and placed the fictitious order for things she didn’t need. She had to be very insistent at that hour that someone call her back about her order. It was thirty minutes before her phone rang back. “Hello?” she said.

“Janice,” Susan said. “What’s going on that you had to call me now? And it sounds like you’ve got some kind of a problem.”

“Remember when you said you wanted to watch me work?” Janice replied.

“Of course!”

“Well, I want to go to work on someone special. And I want to do it soon!”

“Okay,” Susan said. “Who did you have in mind?”

“Doctor Jessica Parker. She’s just pissed me off!”

Chapter 48.

When Roger and Carol got home from school on Friday afternoon, they found Janice anxiously waiting on them. In fact, she held the front door open so they could get in the house faster.

"Hurry up, please," Janice said, trying to get them to move a bit faster.

"What's going on?" Carol asked as she went past her mother into the house.

"We have somewhere we need to be this afternoon," Janice replied. She turned to Roger as he got into the house as well. "Carol and I will be leaving soon for the rest of the day. I'm sure you can manage dinner for yourself."

"No problem," Roger replied. "Is there any chance I can go look at one of the jobs I got called about?"

"That's an excellent idea," Janice approved. "And today you won't have to worry about being late for dinner since Carol and I won't be back until very late tonight. So just go to bed and don't wait up for us."

Roger was surprised, but he nodded. She and Carol had taken their little trips before. "Do you need me to load your cleaning supplies into the car for you?"

Janice smiled. "Thank you for asking, but we won't need them tonight." She turned to Carol. "Don't bother helping with his corset tonight. He'll just have to do without it this time." She stood back from her daughter for a second to look her over. "Can you change that top for something nicer before we go out? We'll be taking some pictures later."

That surprised Carol. "Sure, no problem."

"Hurry dear," Janice urged as her daughter turned to hurry to her room. "And you might as well bring your school work with you as well tonight since were going to be there so late."

Carol looked back briefly with a somewhat exasperated look on her face.

As far as Roger was concerned, the problem with life, was that it sucked! He pulled his truck into the driveway of what appeared to be a very middle–class house… in the middle of a very middle–class subdivision. From what he could see, it didn't look like the house had any major problems. From where he sat anyway. Which meant that now he had to get out of his truck and go knock on the front door… and face meeting his clients dressed completely as – Candy.

When he had gotten dressed earlier to meet this client, the larger "C" cup breasts had made it very apparent that he could no longer try to dress even partially as a man. His image in the mirror had seemed to need a more feminine hair style so he had put his wig on, and he was hoping his makeup would improve the way he looked as well.

He was more than a bit nervous as he knocked on the client's door. He was even more nervous as the inner door was opened and a woman appeared behind the glass of the outer storm door. "May I help you?" she asked uncertainly as she looked Roger over.

"You called about needing some damage repaired?" Roger replied.

"My husband called someone," the woman said. "But…"

"That was me, I'm afraid."

She seemed surprised as she looked at Roger rather dubiously. "Is this a joke of some sort?" she asked.

Roger shook his head. "I'm afraid not. I'm going through… a transition."

The woman blinked in surprise. "Oh! You're… one of those."

Roger only nodded.

"You do construction work but you're trying to change your gender? To a woman?"

"I'm afraid so," Roger replied. "Look, if you're not comfortable having me here, I totally understand. I'll be glad to leave."

The woman seemed uncertain and just looked at Roger for a few moments.

Roger finally nodded and turned away. He was halfway back to his truck when she opened the door and called him.

"Wait!"

Roger turned. "You're sure you can fix our problem?"

Roger did his best to smile. "I haven't seen what it is yet, but from what your husband told me, I'm pretty sure I should have no trouble with it."

“And you do this kind of work all the time?” she asked. “I thought my husband said you teach school. But if you dress this way…”

“I do teach school,” Roger replied. “For now anyway. And no, I don’t dress like this for school. Just… all the rest of the time.”

She still seemed a bit uncertain, but after a moment she replied. “Very well. Since you’re here, you may as well take a look.”

“Glad to,” Roger replied.

“Walk around back,” she said, “I’ll meet you there.”

A few minutes later, Roger was looking up at a window where it looked like some of the trim had come lose and water had started leaking into the house.

“I’ve never met someone like you,” the woman said as Roger was trying to see what he would need to fix the problem.

Roger wasn’t sure how to answer that. “Well,” he started, “until a short time ago, I hadn’t met anyone like me either.” He pointed to the window. “It looks like the wind has torn up the trim on top and it’s letting the water in. Most likely either the caulking is old or it got pulled out with the trim board. If you like, I can fix this today. It shouldn’t take me too long at all.”

“If you can do it, that would be great,” the woman replied.

Roger went back to his truck where he buckled his tool belt around his waist and filled it with everything he thought he would need. Then he grabbed his ladder and carried it back to the problem window. The woman was still there.

“Goodness!” she said. “Are you going to climb that thing in those boots?”

Roger smiled. “I do everything in these boots.”

The woman said nothing while he set his ladder up. He climbed up to get a better look at the job.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Roger,” he replied as he took a closer look at the problem. He couldn’t see much so he began carefully prying the loose trim board completely off.

“Do you have… any other name?” the woman asked uncertainly.

The board finally came completely off and Roger carefully dropped it to the ground where it would be out of the way. “You mean, a female name?” he asked.

Since he was now looking at her, instead of answering directly, she just shrugged and nodded her head.

“Candy,” Roger replied. “That’s going to be my new name.” He went back to inspecting the caulking job. “Here’s the real problem,” he said as he poked at the old caulking with a screwdriver, “the caulking is all old and dried out.”

“Can you fix it?” she asked.

Roger looked down and smiled. “Of course! I’ll redo all the caulking around the window. Otherwise it’s only going to start leaking from somewhere else.” He got busy removing all the other trim boards from around the window.

“So you’re going to call yourself Candy?” she asked after a few minutes.

“Yep!” he replied as he struggled with one of the boards.

“Then… would it be better if I called you Candy now instead of Roger?”

He stopped working to consider that. “I guess it is a lot more appropriate now,” he admitted. Something about that felt like he had just lost something. Something important.

The woman stayed and watched him and talked with him the entire time he worked. She made particular note of how well he seemed to manage in his high heeled boots every time he had to move the ladder.

Shortly before he finished, her husband came home. Roger watched out of the corner of his eye as the man kissed his wife, then looked up at him. The man seemed more than startled.

“I had heard that you wore some women’s boots when you worked, but I didn’t realize that you went… all the way.”

Roger stopped working. “This is… a more recent development,” he replied. He didn’t want to tell him that today he had gone further with the way he dressed for these jobs than he ever had before.

“He’s calling himself Candy now,” the woman told her husband.

“Candy?” he asked.

Roger just nodded before he started putting his hammer back to work reinstalling one of the trim boards.

“So what was wrong with the window?” the man asked.

“A loose trim board,” Roger replied. “But the real problem was all the old caulking. I’m betting the rest of the windows are that bad too.”

“So does that mean they’re going to start leaking too?”

Roger just shrugged. “It’s very possible.” He finished nailing the board back in place and climbed down from his ladder. “That should do it,” he said.

“So it won’t leak now?”

“I’m fairly sure it won’t,” Roger replied as he folded up his ladder and picked it up. He carried it back to his truck with both the man and woman following him. He stuck the ladder in the bed of his truck and removed his tool belt as well.

“Will you take a check for this?” the man asked.

“Of course,” Roger replied. “No problem.”

The woman offered to get the check book and hurried into the house. Roger pulled his receipt pad out of the cab of his truck and started writing up the bill. The woman was back quickly with their checkbook. Roger finished writing his bill, but before giving it to them, he looked at them for a moment. They had watched and talked to him the entire time he had worked. On a spur of the moment decision, he reached back into his truck and grabbed his purse. He pulled his lipstick out and a compact mirror. He applied a fresh coat of lipstick while they looked on. He didn’t bother looking up at them while he did it. He knew they were probably surprised by his action. Only when he had finished with his lipstick did he present the bill to them.

The man set the checkbook against the front of Roger’s truck to start writing. “Do I make this out to Roger Brinkley… or Candy?” he asked.

“It’s still Roger,” Roger replied softly.

“For how much longer?” the man asked.

Roger made no reply.

Doctor Parker hurried out of her office after work, waved to a few members of her staff, and got into her car. Moments later, she was quickly heading for the highways that would take her north toward the Cherokee Indian Reservation and the gambling casinos there. She didn't bother even phoning her kids who were again staying at her sister's house until she was well out of the city. And even then, the conversation with each of her kids was fairly short. She was more interested in winning some money than anything else! With her mind totally occupied on that, she never noticed the black van that had followed her ever since she left her office.

It wasn't until she neared the reservation that she pulled off the road and stopped at a rather seedy looking strip mall and pulled into an empty parking space there. She was a bit annoyed as she got out of her car to see a black van suddenly pull up and stop right behind her car. The side door slid open and an oriental man poked his head out.

"Doctor Parker?" the man asked as he got out of the van.

She was a bit surprised that he would know her. "Yes?" she asked uncertainly.

Before she could even cry out, the man was on her, pressing a towel over her mouth so she couldn't cry out as he tackled her to the ground. Strong hands picked her up and quickly carried her into the van where the door was closed the moment they got inside. The van was already moving back toward Atlanta before the side door was fully closed.

It had all happened so fast that Jessica Parker had barely thought of kicking and screaming before she was safely into the van and they were moving again. The entire abduction process had lasted less than ten seconds. Before she knew it, her mouth was gagged and a black bag was pulled over her head. Her wrists were taped behind her back, and her ankles were secured with more tape. She never even had a chance to fight back. Scared out of her wits, she struggled against her bonds on the floor of the van. Her struggles did her no good at all. The men were very good at keeping her subdued.

At a slightly more leisurely pace, her car was backed out of the parking space by another oriental man. Her car too headed back toward Atlanta.

"Smile."

Carol rolled her eyes at the prompting from the little Chinese photographer as he prepared to take yet another picture of her. This was at least the fifth one! And they were all just head shots for new ID pictures. Once again she forced a smile to her face and the bright flash stung her eyes.

"That was a lovely one," Janice exclaimed.

Carol was fairly certain that every picture they had taken of her was identical… with the exception of the photographer draping a silk scarf over her chest in the last two pictures to make them look like she was wearing a different outfit.

"Is that all?" Janice asked.

The photographer bowed and in very poor English said, "Yes. New ID's be ready in a week."

"Thank you," Janice replied happily.

Carol thought about what was happening. Her mother had arranged for them both to get fake IDs. She was soon going to have to get used to going by the name of Carol Edgewater. Carol Alison Edgewater! Actually, she kind of liked the name. Her attention was caught by Susan Wu walking over to them. The exotic beauty of the woman she had just met struck her strongly. She wasn't sure what all the woman had to do with what was going on tonight, but it appeared to Carol that Susan was some kind of a major player in what was happening.

Her mother was going to do another of her brainwashing jobs again. That was about all she knew. And this time, instead of her mother having to abduct the victim herself, this woman Susan was taking care of that part for them. The poor sap. By the time her mother got through with him tonight, she had no doubt he would be reduced to not much more than a lump of Jell–O!

"She's on her way now," Susan said to Janice. "They picked her up outside of one of the places she had gotten loans from before."

Janice shook her head. "She just won't learn! Well, after tonight, she'll think twice about ever gambling again. In fact, she'll think twice about a lot of things!"

"She, Momma?" Carol asked. "Are you doing a woman this time?"

"Yes dear," Janice replied.

"But…"

"Yes, I know. But this woman needs to be taught some serious lessons." She smiled at her daughter. "Don't worry, since she's a woman I'm not going to do much with her at all. And this is the only session I plan on having with her."

Jessica Parker did her best to calm her frazzled nerves. She had no idea what was going on. She had no idea who these men were. She only knew that she had been abducted and was now completely at their mercy. Every time she tried to kick and struggle too much one of

them planted a rather large foot against her neck and pressed down until she stopped. Her only option was to lay there and hope. But she wasn't sure what she should hope for. To live of course. She was guessing that the fact that they hadn't killed her was in her favor. Of course, she knew that they could always kill her later.

The van turned again and she felt her body shift slightly across the vehicle floor. It slowed down and turned again… and again. And then it stopped. She could hear the men talking, but she couldn't understand a word of the language they spoke. She had been kidnapped. Why? She didn't have much money. Even her ex–husband knew that! Had he done this? Had her ex–husband had her kidnapped? He had to be after – her kids! It was the only answer she could come up with.

Strong rough hands suddenly picked her up and she realized they were taking her out of the van. She got thrown over one of their shoulders and she was carried like a sack somewhere before she was set down on the floor. She felt hard cold concrete under her.

"Untie her and strip her naked," Janice ordered.

Before Jessica could react, she felt several men going to work on her. She felt a knife slit the tape that bound her hands and ankles. The black bag was pulled off of her head, but the men pressed her flat down against the concrete as they began pulling off her clothes so she couldn't see much. She struggled madly against them, but they were too strong… and way too many. All too quickly, she found herself completely naked.

She now expected to get raped. She realized she should have thought of that possibility earlier. Well, the rape part was bad, but she knew she could survive it. She suddenly felt one of the men reaching around her head and the tape sealing her mouth was brutally ripped off. She cried out at the pain, even as she gulped in the fresh air.

"Keep holding her down firmly please," Janice directed. She turned to her daughter, "Carol, will you do the honors please?"

Carol smiled as she quickly moved over to where they were holding the woman down. "Excuse me," she said as she had to worm her way around one of the big Chinese men. She fished the dog collar with the shock box on it around the woman's neck and fastened it tightly. Then she stood up. "That's got it, Momma," she said as she returned to her mother's side.

"Thank you dear," Janice replied.

"You can let her go now," she told the men.

The moment the huge goons got off of her, Jessica started to get to her feet to run. But she never made it even to her feet before her neck and head exploded in pain. She cried out in terror and alarm as she fell back to the floor and clutched the collar around her neck.

"Don't… touch… the collar!" Janice instructed.

But Jessica wasn't hearing her. "She was quickly racked by more electric shocks from the collar and they didn't stop.

"Don't touch the collar!" Janice said more firmly. "Don't touch the collar. The pain will only end when you stop touching the collar.

It was a few moments before Jessica could get that concept through her head, but the moment her hands stopped trying to unbuckle the collar around her neck, the pain ended. She breathed a quick sigh of relief as her hands went back to her neck, just to rub the area… and her head erupted in the same horrible pain again.

"Don't touch the collar," Janice said again.

This time, Jessica got the message much more quickly. She rolled over on the floor and looked up at whoever had been talking to her, and was surprised to see the woman who had been in her office earlier in the week. The one who had bought all her gambling markers. "You!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, me," Janice said simply. "You pissed me off, Doctor Parker. And you're about to find out just how much I don't like that."

"What do you want?" Jessica asked. "You know I don't have much money."

Janice laughed. "You don't have any money! Yet you were stupid enough to try to get more from that loan shark and go gambling with it again! You just don't learn, do you?"

Jessica looked up at her for a moment. "You know I don't have any money, so what do you want? To kill me? Maim me?"

Janice smiled wickedly. "Nothing quite so melodramatic I'm afraid."

"So what is it that you want? Why all this?"

"What I want from you Doctor Parker, is for you to sit in that chair over there."

Jessica had to turn around. She saw they were in a large warehouse of some sort with large boxes filling the other end of the gigantic space. She saw another woman – oriental – along

with a younger girl watching what was going on. She also saw a couple of cameras mounted on tripods, both aimed at the area. She had no idea where she was, except that she was guessing some kind of a warehouse somewhere. There was nothing much else around except open concrete floor… and a single wooden chair… with a bucket next to it. Odd.

"Please sit in the chair," Janice told her.

Jessica shook her head. "I'm good." The moment she said it, the pain erupted again and she writhed on the floor at it as she tried to tear the collar loose from her neck again.

"Don't touch the collar!" Janice ordered.

It was a moment before Jessica could get that thought through her head again and remove her hands from the collar. And the moment she did, the pain ended again.

"Now, sit in the chair!" Janice ordered.

Jessica looked up at Janice for a moment, and she saw her raise her hand with some kind of remote control in it. She got the message and got to her feet.

"If you need to pee," Janice said, "there's a bucket for you to use. Just go ahead. Now might be a very good time for you to do it."

Jessica looked around, especially at the large oversized goons who had kidnapped her. "I'm good," she muttered, even though under different circumstances she would have relished the chance to relieve herself.

"Then sit in the chair," Janice commanded again.

She went over to the chair and sat down. "Now," Jessica started to say, but the moment she opened her mouth, she was hit by another electric shock. A much smaller one than she had experienced before.

"I didn't tell you to say anything at all," Janice told her. "We'll get around to that later. For now, I simply want you to stay silent, and do what I tell you."

"What do you want?" Jessica demanded, fully expecting the pain. She wasn't disappointed as the major pain hit her once again. But it stopped quickly since she didn't put her hands anywhere near the collar on her neck.

"What I want," Janice said, "Is for you to stand up now."

Jessica was dumbfounded. “But…” Her neck erupted in the minor pain again. Her hands flew to her neck and the pain changed to the bad pain. She pulled her hands away and the pain ended. She breathed a sigh of relief as she tried to recover.

“Stand up!” Janice ordered.

Jessica finally stood.

“Sit down!” Janice ordered.

“But…” She was again hit by the minor pain. It didn’t end until she was sitting down.

“Stand up,” Janice ordered, holding the remote out again.

Jessica stood, watching Janice warily.

“Sit down!” Janice ordered and watched as the woman sat. “You see, that’s all you have to do. All you have to do is whatever I tell you to do. Now let’s try it again, only faster. “Stand up!”

While her mother went to work, Carol nudged Susan Wu and nodded toward the table further back in the room where her school books were. Susan motioned to the guards and they silently left the area as Janice had suggested they should. Once she and Carol were back by the table she asked. “You don’t want to stay closer and watch?”

Carol shook her head. “From this point on, it gets pretty boring. And if you watch too closely, you’ll probably get dizzy.”

“Dizzy?”

Carol nodded as she pulled up a chair at the other side of the table where she could still see her mother. “Besides,” she said, “you’ve got two different cameras filming all this. It’s probably better if you don’t pay too close attention.”

Susan looked back at Janice and her victim and saw the woman raising her arm, then lowering it again. She looked back to Carol and saw her opening one of her school books. “This is boring?” she asked.

“Trust me!” Carol replied as she opened her purse and extracted a pencil.

Susan pulled up a chair at the table next to Carol where she would be out of the way but could still watch. Half an hour later, she was startled when Carol suddenly nudged her rather hard. It took a moment for her to snap out of the bit of a stuper she had gone into.

"You alright?" Carol whispered.

"Fine now. Thanks," she replied. Carol had been right. It was fairly boring to watch, and the constant orders flying out of Janice's mouth had somehow put her into a stupor. It was hard to look away. She couldn't believe how fast Janice was giving the orders now… and how fast the Doctor was reacting to them. But the one biggest thing she marveled at, was the fact that no matter what she said, no matter how fast things were going, Janice never once made a mistake. She never once gave a command to move a limb in a direction that it couldn't go! She had no idea how Janice managed it.

She realized that Janice was now telling the Doctor far more than just commands to move her arms. She was giving her almost hypnotic suggestions as well. And then, with the Doctor finally sitting with her arms and legs all down, Janice stopped talking. The Doctor's face was totally blank as she stared straight ahead. Susan got up from her seat so she could hear better. She was suddenly nudged by Carol again.

"Here," Carol whispered as she grabbed a thermos her mother had brought with her and poured some iced tea into a glass. Take this to her. I'm sure she needs it."

Susan grabbed the glass of cold liquid. She had no doubt that Janice probably needed the drink. As quietly as she could she walked near Janice but stayed somewhat out of the way. She was surprised to hear Janice talking with the Doctor about some kind of impenetrable wall. And as Janice continued to tell the Doctor what she was somehow seeing in her mind, the Doctor was replying – as if the two were having a simple conversation. But the Doctor's face remained blank and empty.

Janice finished telling the doctor all about the impenetrable wall that she would always see whenever she stood up or sat down. Before moving on to plant the suggestions that she would never be able to tell anyone what had happened to her, Janice noticed Susan standing off to the side with the glass of tea. She backed away from the Doctor for a moment. "That for me?" she whispered.

Susan just nodded and handed her the glass. "Am I in the way here?" Susan asked.

"No," Janice replied. "You're fine. I'm just setting some protection controls now." She took a long drink from the glass before nodding her thanks to Susan for bringing it to her. She took another drink and handed the glass back again. "Can you get me my notebook from the table please?" Janice asked.

Susan took the glass from her and nodded. While Janice was again talking to the Doctor, Susan went to the table. "You mother said she needs her notebook," she said to Carol.

Carol quickly found it and passed it over to Susan. Susan was tempted to quickly open it to read through it, but something stopped her. “Can I look?” she asked Carol quietly.

“Go ahead,” Carol replied, “but it won’t do you much good. Momma writes everything in code.”

“Code?” Susan asked as she opened the book and quickly thumbed through it. She was shocked to see nothing but weird symbols on every page of the book. Not even normal printed characters that could be read! Talk about security! Somewhat surprised by the code, she carried the book back to Janice. It was only a minute before Janice finished talking with the Doctor and came back for her book.

“Thanks,” Janice whispered as she grabbed her notebook. She opened it and thumbed through to where she had last written in it before heading back to the Doctor. It was now time to set some controls in place that would change the Doctor’s life. Controls that would allow the Doctor to do all the gambling she wanted. But Janice had a feeling that the Doctor would quickly decide to put all her gambling behind her.

“Doctor Parker,” Janice said, “You’ve racked up an awful lot of gambling debts. Haven’t you?”

“Yes,” came the wooden reply from the Doctor.

“Debts that have placed you and your children in jeopardy,” Janice said.

The Doctor’s reply was slightly delayed, but again she said a simple, “Yes.”

“Doctor,” Janice said next, “do you love your children?”

“Yes!” Jessica replied quickly and firmly.

“And yet you continually ignore your kids and spend wild amounts of money that you don’t have, all to fill your need to gamble.”

This time, the Doctor made no reply. “Doctor,” Janice said, “I find your lack of control and total disregard for your children to be nothing but reprehensible and childish! You don’t seem to be able to find the moral conviction to stop this nonsense and your own children are suffering for it! You haven’t even tried to get help to stop this problem!”

Again the Doctor made no reply, she just stared blankly ahead – as Janice expected her to.

“Therefore,” Janice said, “since you were so rude to me in your office and refused to even acknowledge that all your gambling debts were now owned by me… And because you’ve

ignored your duties as a mother and continually ignored your children, leaving them in the care of someone else while you so frivolously disregarded their welfare and squandered away your money… And because your stupidity and inability to stop your gambling has given you a rather staggering amount of debt that you have no way of repaying… I am sentencing you to the following punishment!"

It wasn't much of a reaction, but Janice noted a change to the look on the Doctor's face. She looked more frightened now… or at least more concerned.

"Doctor," Janice said, "since you've been behaving so childishly towards your life, I'm going to make you face that childishness head on!"

Janice paused and moved around to the side of the woman in the chair and leaned down close to her ear. "Doctor," Janice said softly, "I want you to notice that right now you are feeling very relaxed. Your whole body is very relaxed. But even more so, you will now continue to relax your sphincter muscles. You will continue to relax them, front and rear, until you can no longer hold your pee. Since you must keep relaxing those muscles, you will have no way of holding your pee back. Keep relaxing those muscles more and more." Janice had no trouble seeing the strong gush of pee come splashing out of the Doctor against the seat of the wooden chair. The stream seemed to go everywhere from there. "Keep relaxing those sphincter muscles!" Janice commanded. "You may not tighten them again no matter how much you want to."

The gushing pee slowed to a small trickle, then ended. Obviously, the doctor should have taken advantage of the bucket earlier.

"Very good, Doctor," Janice said. "Now that all those muscles in you are so relaxed, you're going to keep them that way until I tell you when you can tighten them again. As of now, it is completely impossible for you to tighten those sphincter muscles at all. No matter how much you want to, you have no ability at all to tighten those muscles or control yourself. As of right now, Doctor, you are completely incontinent. You have no more ability to control your bladder or bowels than a tiny baby. Do you understand?"

The doctor nodded. "Yes," she said woodenly. But Janice noted the bit of forlornness in her voice. Good!

"Now Doctor," Janice said, "since we've got that one part of you acting so babyishly, we're going to let you experience some other babyish sensations as well. Starting right now, Doctor, you have a very strong need to suck on something, so stick your thumb in your mouth and suck on it." She watched as the doctor did just that. "Before you get home tonight, Doctor, you are going to buy yourself several pacifiers. From now on, you will keep one near you at all times. You will prefer the pacifiers over your thumb. You will also buy yourself several baby bottles. As long as you're incontinent and acting so childishly, you will find that it will

be impossible for you to drink out of anything but a baby bottle without spilling it. No matter what, no matter where! The only way you can drink anything at all as long as you are acting childishly, is from a baby bottle!

Janice backed away and moved in front of her again… well out of the way of where her pee had scattered. "Now I'm sure Doctor, that since you've had two babies of your own, that you know pretty well how babies behave. You know what they are capable of doing and what they can't do. You Doctor, as much as your situation will allow, are going to behave like a total baby until you're allowed to act grown up again. When you're working, or when you absolutely must do things that only an adult can do, you will be able to do those things just fine. You won't be hindered very much at all by these restrictions, but at all other times, you will be bound by these restrictions and will only be able to do what a baby can do and nothing else.

"However, Doctor, even when you are able to act mostly as an adult, such as when you're working, you will still remain totally incontinent and you will still have an all too strong need for your pacifier. You may remove and hide the pacifier while you're working with clients, but between each client you will have to spend a few minutes sucking on it again before that need diminishes enough for you to remove it. At all other times, your need for that pacifier will be so strong that you will be unable to remove it from your mouth except for eating and drinking… and when you're drinking, as you already know, you will still be sucking on something since you will be restricted to using baby bottles from now on.

"I wonder how your children will feel seeing you behaving this way Doctor? Instead of you needing a babysitter for your kids, if they leave the house, they're going to have to find a baby sitter for you! Your own children will probably have to change your diapers and take care of you instead of you being adult enough to take care of your kids!"

Janice paused to let all that sink in. "Now Doctor," she finally said, "since you're a woman, and I am a firm believer in supporting and helping other women, I'm going to be very lenient with you. In fact, I'm already being very lenient with you in making this the major part of your punishment. But since you must now follow my will over anything you may want to do instead, I am going to sentence you to only two full weeks of this behavior… for now! But know this, every single time you do anything that your mind can even remotely consider some form of gambling, you will find yourself immediately forced right back into this punishment again, and every single time it will add an additional week to your punishment, and you will behave younger and younger and more and more helplessly. Every single time! If you can't control your gambling, then you can't control your bladder or acting like a total infant! This is about as lenient a punishment that I can possible think of to incur on anyone at all. It is only because you are a woman that I am being this lenient!"

Janice paused again. She had one final thing to order her victim to do. "Doctor," she finally said, "there is one more thing that you will make sure of from now on. I'm sure you

remember the person who was with me in your office this past week. His name is Roger Brinkley. The new name he will soon be going by will be Candy Brinkley. From now on, whether it is Roger or Candy, he will be treated by you and your staff like royalty! Whenever he calls for an appointment, you will immediately work him in, in whatever way is the most convenient for him – not for the convenience of your staff! You will give him the very best medical treatment you possibly can, but always with the goal in mind of moving him forward as quickly as possible towards being as complete a woman as modern medicine can make him – in every way possible. And since you seem to be so convinced that he needs some kind of referral documentation, you yourself will see to it that he is furnished with whatever paperwork he needs for anything at all to do with his transition."

Janice paused again for just a moment before continuing on. "Doctor, since you owe me such an exorbitant amount of money, all of his fees will be taken care of by you. That will include all of his medicine and drugs, further treatments, any and all operations, and all treatments from any other doctors. Candy Brinkley will not have to pay one single penny at all for any part of his transition toward being a woman. You will bare that entire expense on your own!"

Janice leaned in a little closer to her. "Roger Brinkley is another person somewhat like yourself… someone that I've brainwashed completely. But unlike yourself, I've done many sessions like this with him. He is far more under my conditioning than you can ever conceive. And I am being very lenient with him as well, because since he is a man and not a woman, by forcing him to turn himself into a woman, I am at least allowing him to remain human." She lowered her voice almost to a whisper. "The majority of my victims don't get that honor."

Janice walked away from the Doctor, leaving her to sit in her pee soaked chair with her thumb childishly in her mouth. She walked all the way back to the table where Carol was.

"Are you done now, Momma?"

"Not quite dear," Janice replied. "Since I'm only doing this one session with her, I need to redo a few things. I'm afraid it's going to be a little while yet. How is your school work coming?"

"It's fine Momma," Carol replied. "I finished all my homework a while ago."

"Very good dear. Hopefully, this last part won't take too long." Taking another long drink of tea, Janice prepared herself to finish with the Doctor. A minute later, she was standing in front of her again. "Now Doctor," she said, we are going to once again let you practice obeying me. Take your thumb out of your mouth." The Doctor's thumb came out just a fraction before Janice would have pressed the button on the remote. "Now Doctor, let us begin. Stand up! Sit down! Raise your left arm. Raise your right arm. Stand up…"

Over and over again Janice gave her commands until she was certain that Jessica Parker was fully under her control. It didn't take very much at all. After that, she again reminded her about the impenetrable wall that she would see every time she stood up or sat down… the wall that completely locked away the Doctor's will to not do as Janice commanded. She went over the fact that the Doctor would never be able to tell anyone what happened there and that the Doctor would always do everything possible to protect Janice.

Then she quickly reviewed all of the Doctor's new rules for behaving like an infant as well as reinforcing the fact that the Doctor would now be paying for all of Roger's treatments and would be giving him special preference over everything else.

"Finally, she said, "Doctor, I'm going to wake you up in a few moments. When I do, you're going to come fully awake. When I tell you, you will be allowed to get dressed and go home. Since it is necessary that you drive your car, you will be fully able to do all that. And you will only suck your thumb to the extent where it will not interfere with your driving. But all the rest of the time, you will suck on it until you can buy yourself some pacifiers. And since you are already fully incontinent, I recommend that you stop as soon as possible and get all the baby supplies you think you're going to need. From the moment you get home though, you are going to be stuck in infant mode until it is necessary for you to do something as an adult again. I suspect you're going to have a very interesting and frustrating weekend… no to mention the next two weeks."

Janice paused again. She was finished. She had poured everything she could into this one session. She had no idea how well everything would work after just the one session, but she was somewhat confident that it would last quite a while. She was actually hoping that Doctor Parker wouldn't be able to break out of her conditioning for at least a year. Hopefully much longer.

"Doctor," she finally said. "Wake up!"

Jessica Parker was still trying to drag her brain out of the murky ooze it had been soaking in when her thumb found its way into her mouth and she started sucking on it. It was a moment before she could look up at Janice… and she started crying.

"Get dressed," Janice ordered.

Still crying, the Doctor got up immediately and headed for her clothes that were strewn over a small area of the floor. Piece by piece she dressed herself, only removing the thumb from her mouth when she needed to.

"You will find your car right outside," Janice told her as she was finishing getting dressed. "Your purse should be in it."

Still crying and again sucking her thumb, the woman turned to Janice one more time before leaving.

"Goodbye, Doctor!" Janice said sternly, and watched as the woman wet her pants right in front of her.

Doctor Jessica Parker had no idea she was going to wet her pants just then, it just happened. She broke down in worse sobs as she turned and slowly made her way to the car. She had been raped horribly. Much more horribly than if it had been a physical rape. A physical rape she knew she could recover from. But this type of rape… she wasn't sure she would ever recover from.

She found her car outside just as the woman had said. She saw the large Chinese men keeping watch over it. They gave her room to get to her car and didn't interfere with her at all. Her purse was there on the passenger seat. She momentarily worried about her car seats since her pants were wet, but there was nothing at all she could do about that. She would have to stop on the way home and get some… baby supplies. She knew there was going to be no way out of it – the woman had willed it. And she was going to need to buy herself some diapers… the evidence as to why she needed them was written all over her pants. And that didn't even count her thumb that she dared not remove from her mouth.

The store she would have to stop at to buy everything would be one thing, but what was mainly on her mind was her kids. What was she going to tell them? How were they going to react? She had no doubt at all that the minute she got home, her own brain would reduce her to total helplessness. An infant… with only minor reprieves to go to work and take care of her job and the daily needs of life.

She had no idea where she was when she drove out of the parking lot of the warehouse. She drove around until she recognized a major street name and followed it. That finally led her to other roads that she recognized more.

She knew she had to stop to buy baby supplies, there was no way around it. And at that hour of the night she could only think of one pharmacy that she frequented that would be open twenty–four hours. She headed straight for it. She parked her car and grabbed her purse, all of it made awkward by her thumb that she continued to suck on. Hating having to do it, she was forced to get out of her car and head into the bright store – still sucking her thumb… and also showing off her wet pants. Buying the baby supplies like that was going to do nothing but show everyone exactly who those supplies were for!

She grabbed a hand–held basket as she entered the store and wandered up and down the baby care area, picking up this and that, anything her brain could think of that she might possibly need. Just sighting the pacifiers made her yearn for one in her mouth badly. She was very tempted to rip one of the packages open so she could start sucking on it right away, but

with a great effort, she managed to put several packages of pacifiers into her basket. She knew she had been able to do that only because she hadn't bought them yet. But she was having a hard time not thinking about them and how badly she needed to suck on one of them. It would be such a huge relief!

After the baby aisle, she went to the adult incontinence aisle where she finally selected two packages of adult incontinence pants. Oddly, she found herself trying to find styles that resembled regular diapers over selecting ones that wouldn't look nearly so bad. She knew exactly why she did that – the others weren't babyish enough. She couldn't suck her thumb now because she needed both hands to carry everything. The yearning for the pacifiers became so much worse!

Having found everything she needed, she headed for the checkout. The store was mostly empty of customers so there was no line, but as she approached the checkout counter, she felt her bladder giving out again. Ugh! She did her best to ignore the pee dripping down her leg – even though she could clearly see the surprise on the face of the guy behind the register.

She paid for her purchases, but as she did so, she found it difficult to take her eyes off of the pacifiers. The moment she handed over her credit card, she couldn't wait any longer. She grabbed one of the packages of pacifiers and nearly went crazy trying to rip it open. She finally succeeded, to the amazed amusement of the guy who was finishing up her sale, and as quickly as she possibly could, she popped one of the pacifiers into her mouth and started sucking on it. Bliss! Total bliss! Not to mention total embarrassment.

She signed for her credit card purchases and had to wait while the guy stuck everything into several bags for her. She was very, very glad to get out of that store and back into her car.

She stared the car engine and left the parking lot. She knew without a doubt that the moment she got home she would become almost totally helpless. She would become – almost totally infantile. The woman had willed it and there was no way she could not do what the woman wanted. The grey wall she saw when she had sat down in the car kept all her ability to not do what the woman wanted locked away. No, no matter what, she knew she would become the total baby that the woman had decreed she would.

But she wasn't home yet. She could still think… even though her thinking was somewhat foggy. Her brain was defiantly not what it usually was… not after what that woman had done to her. But she was still thinking. Her kids were with her sister. Her sister was expecting to keep them for the entire weekend.

Her big question was, once she got home, once the… curse that the woman had placed on her went into full affect, could she take care of herself? How bad could it possibly get? She thought about the fact that she was sucking so hard on her pacifier just then… and about how desperately she had wanted it while she was in the store. She remembered peeing

helplessly in her pants just before she had left that warehouse… and then again a few minutes ago in the store. How bad could it get? Her own brain would be dictating how she behaved. Her own brain would be drawing from all the things she had experienced in the past.

She well remembered how she had loved caring for her babies after they had been born. They were so precious. So innocent. So helpless. Would she be that helpless? That was the thought that worried her the most now. That damn woman had even hinted at it. She would be so helpless that if she was left alone she would need a babysitter. She had said that her own kids would probably have to change her diapers for her. Had the woman actually wanted her kids to change her diapers? That was a very frightening thought. The humiliation of it was beyond belief! Her daughter was only eight! And while her son was thirteen – he was a boy! Neither one of them would know how to do it. Neither one of them was old enough to know anything at all about caring for a baby… a baby such as she was all too sure she would soon be.

There was no way she could put it off forever. She had to stop driving around sometime. She realized how close to her home she was. She turned a corner and headed away from her house… just to keep driving for a while… just to maintain her adult abilities for a little while more.

There was no way around it. She was going to need help. Lots of help! And unfortunately, there was only one person in the world that she could call on for that – her sister. Her sister who was already caring for her children.

But… how the heck was she going to explain her problem? Knowing full well that her sister wasn't going to believe a single word she was about to tell her, she fished her cell phone out while she continued to drive.

She was right, her sister didn't believe a single word of it. But she soon would!

Chapter 49.

No . . . way! No way in hell! Kate watched dumbfounded as her sister Jessica lay on her living room floor, crying like a baby. She hadn't believed one word of what Jessica had told her on the phone the night before. She hadn't believed it to the point where she had refused to head to her house last night to "help her out." All she had agreed to do was to keep her kids away for the weekend – like she always did.

But now this morning, after trying and trying to phone her, she had simply gone to Jessica's house to check on her and to see if she was really home – which she found hard to believe. Jessica always stayed the entire weekend when she went off gambling, so she had been somewhat shocked to see Jessica's car in the driveway… not in the garage where she always put it when she came home, but in the driveway!

She had rung the doorbell several times and gotten no answer. Figuring that Kate might have gotten too drunk last night, she had pulled her key out of her purse, only to find the front door already unlocked. And the moment she had opened the door, Jessica had crawled towards her, laughing and giggling, with a pacifier in her mouth and her pants full of piss and shit. It had been all Kate could do to get around her so she wouldn't get any of Jessica's filth transferred to her. And after several repeated attempts to get to her, Jessica was now crying her eyes out… and acting so much like a baby it was unbelievable.

No . . . way . . . in . . . hell!

The story that Jessica had told her last night on the phone had been ridiculous! Or rather the "lack" of story she had told, because Jessica hadn't been able to say what exactly had happened to her, she had only talked about what would happen… which was all too stupid sounding and unlikely. A baby! Ha! Yet here she was looking at her sister acting like… a total baby!

"Sis!" she yelled. "Stop this! I refuse to believe any of it! Now go get a shower. You're filthy and you stink to high heaven!" But all she got for her yelling was unintelligible crying and babbling out of her sister, babbling that still wouldn't have been intelligible even without the stupid pacifier in her mouth. "Stop it sis!" she yelled. But again her yelling did no good.

With a shake of her head, she headed for the door. "I refuse to give in to your silly delusions. Don't you dare try to make me do anything for you at all! Pull yourself together because I'm not playing your silly game! And since you're home, I'll be bringing your kids back right after lunch! That gives you…" she checked her watch, "three hours to get yourself and this house cleaned up!" With that she walked out muttering curses under her breath. What the hell was her sister trying to pull? Ridiculous!

Since his hands were full, Roger shook his head, trying to get the hair from his wig out of his eyes so he could see. What a nuisance! He had dressed completely as Candy again for this job – boots, wig, makeup, "C" cup bra, and all. In fact, he was wearing exactly the same clothes he had worn the night before for that job. The only difference today was his corset. He hadn't planned on wearing it at all, but Janice had gotten up just before he left the house. She had been very pleased by his appearance for going out to work, especially since he was wearing a bit of makeup again. In fact, she had been so pleased, that she had woken Carol up, just to lace him into his corset as well. He really hoped he wouldn't be doing anything too strenuous on this job… he could barely breathe!

Setting the heavy door down, he kept it from falling with his right hand, while he left hand immediately went to the hair of his wig and pushed it back behind him on both sides. If he was going to continue to wear the wig to work in, then he had to find a better way of containing it. There was no doubt about that! Besides, letting all the hair just hang long and loose all the time could be dangerous around some of his tools.

He propped the door up so it wouldn't fall while he worked on it and grabbed his plane out of his toolbox. He had already marked the areas where the door had swollen and was now keeping it from opening easily. As he worked, he remembered Jennifer's suggestion that he get his hair styled – his real hair. Was it really long enough that they could do anything with it? He supposed it was possible. Many women now wore their hair very, very short. And they still looked great! But he was under no illusions about the way he looked. He considered the long hair to be something that people would associate more with women and would therefore help make him look more… feminine. He hoped anyway. It was hard to tell exactly how he looked in that bathroom mirror.

That was another thing he was considering, getting a larger mirror for his room. Since he was now going out all the time in public dressed as a woman, he was more worried than ever about how he looked. But that was only part of it. The real truth was… he was starting to get darn curious about how he really looked. Plus, with the larger mirror, maybe he could somehow make himself look more feminine than he did now. It would be really nice to go out once in a while and not get so many strange looks from everyone. The way he felt now about how he looked was nothing but downright embarrassing. And the customer he was working for today had almost turned him away when he had arrived because of the way he looked, just like his last customer. It was totally embarrassing!

If he was going to have no choice at all in turning himself into a woman, then in order to be accepted better, he was going to have to put more effort into… his transformation. As much as he didn't want to do it at all, he didn't see any other choice. And with school ending soon, his time being a man in any way at all was quickly running out. He would soon be dressing and living as a woman – all the time! No matter what his body looked like underneath his clothes. Just as he was doing today.

Like it or not, he was going to have to get his brain wrapped around the concept of not just becoming a woman, but being a woman and living his life as normally as he could that way. His biggest problem doing that though, was that he had no idea where to start or even how to really do it.

He remembered Cass's Hen Party that was scheduled for tomorrow after church. Hopefully he could get some good advice there. From what it sounded like, everybody at that party should be able to help him somewhat. Up until now, he had planned on going to that party, not because he wanted to, but because he more or less had to. Now, maybe going would be a very good thing. He didn't have any psychologist he could go to for this, he didn't have any support group to go to either. But he did have his friends. And so far, his friends had been nothing but supportive and helpful. Did he dare lean on them a bit more? Yeah. Like it or not. He was going to have to do just that! If he wanted to be considered somewhat "normal" in this new life… at least some of the time, then like it or not, he was going to have to put more effort into it, and change more than just his clothes.

"Wait a minute kids," Kate said as she parked her car in her sister's driveway. She was having second thoughts now about barging in with Jessica's kids… especially after her last little visit earlier in the day. There was no way she wanted to expose any kids to a mess like that! "Stay here while I go in and check to make sure your mom's… decent," she told them.

She got out of the car and headed for the door. It was still unlocked. "Jessica?" she called as she walked in. She saw no sign of her, but the house smelled even more like pee and shit. "Jessica!" she called a bit louder. But what she heard wasn't what she wanted to hear. She heard her sister crying like a baby. Angrily, she headed for the sound. The house was an absolute mess! Things were strewn all over the place as if someone had just knocked them around.

She found her sister on the floor of her bedroom, crying her eyes out and still acting like a total baby. "Sis! Get a grip! Come on now. Get up from there!" But Jessica only continued to wail away with that stupid pacifier still in her mouth. The room was dim since the curtains were drawn so she switched on the light to see better. She nearly died. Jessica's pants were simply dripping pee all over the place. And it was obvious that she hadn't done anything about the load in the back of her pants either. "Jessica!" she yelled. She shook her head. "Damn you!" She quickly turned around and headed for the door. There was no way she could let her kids into this kind of mess!

As quickly as she could, she drove the kids back to her house. She told her husband that Jessica was sick and she had to go help her. Then she drove back to her sister's house again… to try to talk some sense into the stupid woman! But as she drove, foremost on her mind was the dumb things that her sister had told her last night. None of which seemed believable. Yet now she was left wondering about it. So far, all she was seeing was proof that it might be possible… at least as far as Jessica's brain was concerned.

When she entered the house, Jessica was still crying, but not as desperately as she had been. She headed straight for the master bedroom. Jessica was still laying right where she had been. Kate couldn't stand the look of desperation on her sister's face as she looked up at her. "Damn you Jess," she said softly. "What the hell have you gotten yourself into? Come on," she said, "let's get you into the bathroom and get you cleaned up."

She headed for the master bathroom and turned the water on in the big shower stall there, waiting for it to get warm. "Jessica!" she started to call, but just then, she saw her sister awkwardly crawling towards the entrance to the bathroom. She had to push her some, but she managed to get her disgustingly messy sister crawling straight into the shower stall – clothes and all. The "baby" actually laughed a bit as she sat under the warm spray and splashed some of the water. Kate shook her head and got fully undressed. It was becoming more and more obvious that her sister was almost totally helpless – all too much like a real baby. Wasting no more time, she got into the shower stall with her and undressed her, throwing all her disgusting clothes into a corner of the shower.

She reached down and pulled the silly pacifier out of her sister's mouth… and was shocked at the display of desperate screaming that came out of her. She quickly put the pacifier back in again, and her sister sucked on it strongly, slowly calming down until she was happy and playing with the water again. Kate did everything possible to clean Jessica as much as possible – all while her sister insisted on continuing to act like a total infant.

When she was done, she turned the water off and left the "baby" in the shower stall. Since she was still naked, she grabbed a towel and wrapped it around herself while she went out to see what she could find. She remembered Jessica telling her last night that she had bought diapers and baby supplies. She remembered seeing some of them on the floor by the front door. She grabbed the large package of disposable diapers and also some of the baby lotion and baby powder she found nearby. Then she went back to her sister… who had crawled out of the shower and was now sitting in the middle of the bathroom floor playing with her clothes that she had left there when she had undressed. "Those are mine," she said as she walked over to her sister.

She knelt down and struggled to open the package of disposable diapers leaving Jessica to play where she was for a moment. At least she wasn't crying. She finally pulled one of the diapers out of the package. "Okay girl, let's get you diapered. And I can't tell you how weird this is for me… Jessica!" she suddenly screamed… as she saw her sister peeing all over her clothes that she was playing with. And the strangest part, was that Jessica hadn't even seemed to notice that she was doing it. "Damn you!" she muttered as she pushed her "baby" sister over onto her back and slid the diaper underneath her. Jessica's skin was all red from going so long without being changed. She rubbed plenty of the baby lotion onto her and added a healthy dose of the powder as well before pulling the diaper up and securing it with the tapes. "There," she said, "at least you won't make such a mess of things now… I hope."

She looked down at the clothes she had worn into the house. Her panties and bra seemed to be okay, but her jeans and top were wet with pee. Ugh! Slipping her underwear on, she headed for Jessica's closet and grabbed a light housedress to cover herself up with. Then she pulled one of Jessica's tops off of a hanger and went back to the bathroom where she pulled that onto the top half of her sister. And the whole time, Jessica continued to act like nothing but a total infant! She simply couldn't believe it.

She picked up the rest of her clothes and put them out of "the baby's" reach. Jessica's smelly clothes that she had worn since last night she left in the shower. They could stay there as far as she was concerned. She looked down at her… sister. "I guess you haven't had anything to eat or drink since yesterday either, have you. But Jessica only made some happy baby noises and didn't appear as if she understood anything at all that Kate had said. With a sigh, she headed for the kitchen.

With Jessica sitting on the floor, she handed her sister a glass of iced tea. She watched as Jessica reached for the glass with both hands like an infant would. But the moment she awkwardly brought the glass close to her face, she dumped the contents all over herself. "Damn you!" Kate exclaimed yet again. She took the glass from her and wandered back towards the front door where some of the baby supplies had been scattered. She searched for the bottles that Jessica had said she had bought last night but didn't see them. On a whim, she went outside to her car. It was still unlocked, and in the back seat she found another large package of the disposable diapers and another bag of baby supplies. Still unsure of what had happened, she wanted to guess that her sister had gotten into the house last night with the first load of things… and had simply lost all her marbles right then and there.

She carried everything back into the house. The bag of supplies held a package of three plastic baby bottles. With a sigh, she grabbed them and went back to the kitchen. Five minutes later, Jessica finally allowed the pacifier to be removed from her mouth as she reached out almost desperately for the baby bottle and started sucking on it. "What the hell have you gotten yourself into, sis?" Jessica muttered.

She searched the kitchen for something to feed her and found a box of cereal in the pantry. She poured some into a bowl and set it on the floor by her sister. She was glad to see Jessica reach into the bowl with one hand and pull a few out. The bottle came out of her mouth and she stuffed the cereal in… and the bottle went right back to her mouth again. At least she could feed herself.

Knowing something had to be done about her sister, Kate wandered around a bit. The house was a mess from where Jessica had most probably tried to "play" with things. And there were the things she had brought in with her last night strewn around as well by the front door. She picked up what she could. The baby supplies she would have to sort through later. Right now, she needed to figure out what to do with her sister. She still didn't believe this, not at

all. At least… she didn't want to believe it. But whether she believed it or not, she was somehow stuck with dealing with it. But how? What was she going to do with her… not to mention with her kids?

Having no answers she went back to the kitchen to check on Jessica. She was still sitting there eating and drinking. She watched as Jessica reached a hand awkwardly into the bowl of cereal and pulled out a handful. Most of the cereal went into her mouth, but more than a little wound up on the floor. In horror, she watched as Jessica looked down at some of the spilled cereal and picked some of it up. "No! No!" Kate cried. But it was too late. The cereal from the floor was already in the "baby's" mouth. Ugh!

With a shake of her head, she went back to Jessica's bedroom where she found a fresh top to put on her. She didn't change her though until after Jessica had finished eating… which was when she realized that her diaper was wet again. Double ugh! Twenty minutes later, Jessica was changed and was sleeping with her pacifier in her mouth on the living room floor. There was no way Kate was going to even attempt to lift her up onto the bed.

Hoping she would sleep for a long time, Kate left her. She had to talk to her husband… and most likely Jessica's kids as well. What the heck were they going to do with her?

While Roger was off working… and Carol was off somewhere with her friends, Janice sat alone and looked through the file folder on FBI agents Ted Jacobs and Sid Forsyth. She wasn't exactly worried about Forsyth, but she hadn't seen or heard anything from Jacobs in quite a while now… and that worried her! Yes, it was way past time to do something about that… man! Ugh!

She looked again at all the material Susan had sent on him. She looked closely again at the pictures of his house. Something told her she should start there, with his house. Monday, she told herself. Monday she would drive out there and look around. Maybe take some of her own pictures. She would do it late Monday afternoon – and maybe into the evening. If she was going to check his house out, then it would be best to have as much information on it as possible. She closed the folder and returned it to her room. Monday! So much going on, and this was another thing. But she would feel much better with Jacobs out of her way!

"Um… kids… um… I'm afraid your momma is ill."

"What's wrong with her Aunt Katie?" Jasmine, Jessica's little girl asked.

"Well," Kate replied, trying to find the words. She looked over to her husband for help, she had discussed this with him earlier, but right now, he was being no help at all. "Something happened to your Momma's brain," she said. "I'm afraid your Momma kind of thinks she's a baby again."

“A baby!” Jessica’s son, Jimmy, exclaimed, disbelievingly.

“Really?” Jasmine asked… sounding all too delighted with the notion.

“Um… really,” Kate confirmed.

“What do you mean?” Jimmy asked.

“Well,” Kate said, “as far as I can tell, she doesn’t understand much of what I say at all. She can’t seem to walk or talk except some baby babbling and she literally crawls everywhere. She screams every time you try to take the pacifier out of her mouth, she can’t seem to drink from anything but a baby bottle without spilling it. And she just, plain… um… acts like a baby.” She hesitated a moment before adding, “And, I’m afraid she definitely needs diapers right now.”

“Diapers!” he exclaimed with a look of disgust on his face.

“Just like a real baby, Aunt Katie?” the younger girl asked.

Kate nodded. “I’m afraid so.”

“Does she need a doctor?” the boy asked.

That was a question that was high on Kate’s mind. “I don’t know yet,” she replied. “We’re still considering that.”

“Can I see her?” Jasmine asked.

Kate looked at her dubiously. “Well, that’s what I wanted to discuss with you. We think she’s going to be like this for a couple of weeks.”

“A couple of weeks!” Jimmy exclaimed.

Kate nodded. “We… think so anyway.”

“I wanna see her,” Jasmine said.

Kate looked at her. “Well, that’s what I wanted to find out. But if you do go home, you have to remember that your mother is not… your mother right now. At least, she can’t seem to act like your mother right now. She is still your mother of course.”

“I don’t care!” the little girl said. “I still want to see her.”

Kate nodded, then looked to the boy. “And you?”

The boy seemed to consider it, then he shrugged very uncertainly. “I guess,” he replied.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to. You’re both going to be staying here for the next few weeks until she’s better again. But we do have to get more of your things from home.”

“I’ll be okay,” the boy replied bravely.

Kate nodded. “Okay then. I need to go back and check on her now anyway, so this is as good a time as any. Please just remember, your mother may be big… she still looks just like she always did… she just… can’t act grown up at all right now. Okay?”

The boy nodded.

“Can I play with her?” the girl asked.

Kate smiled. “I’ll bet she’d like that.”

On Sunday, Roger’s corset was beginning to feel like an old irritating friend. At first, Janice had only made him wear it in the evenings or after school. But the amount of time she had made him wear it went longer and longer every day. Then yesterday, instead of wearing it when he came home from work, she had made him wear it all day while he had been working one of his handyman jobs. It wasn’t until after dinner that she had allowed him some blessed relief by letting Carol untie it so he could take it off. Now he was wearing it all day again. He sensed a pattern there. The way it was going, pretty soon she would never let him out of it. He knew it was just a silly thought, but he hoped she didn’t make him wear the stupid thing even in the shower! But with Janice, you never knew.

The church service droned on, and for once he wasn’t paying as much attention as he usually did. He was going to Cass’s Hen Party after the service. Cass hadn’t bothered to show up for church that day. He figured she was still preparing for the party. He would be following Bethany and Tracy to the party so he could find the place. He had driven his own truck to church just because of that.

He looked down at his skirt. He had worn his black dress with the white dots again today. With the corset underneath, he had tightened the belt on it two whole notches more than ever before. But did it help him look more like a real woman? He seriously doubted it, even though he hoped it really did. Besides the corset squeezing his waist… and the breath out of his lungs, he was fairly sure he had lost some weight in the last few weeks. No doubt, the corset had a lot to do with that too. It was hard to eat as much when his stomach was squeezed down to a painful nothing.

He had worn that dress many times to church now. Was it time to get another one? Why did he care? He guessed that if he didn't really care, then maybe he better start caring. He had no doubt that a real woman would care. And like it or not, his life was heading in that direction. As much as he was somewhat afraid of going to the Hen Party later, he was also looking forward to trying to talk with someone and getting some straightforward advice. He knew Carlita was going to be there. If he could even just get with her for a while he was sure it would help.

He was a bit surprised by the sudden commotion of everyone around him. The sermon had ended… and he hadn't heard a word of it.

Jessica giggled as she crawled after the stuffed animal that her daughter was dragging behind her. Over and over again, she would chase the toy, and eventually catch it, only to have it dragged it away again in a different direction. It was a great game and she really enjoyed the fun and the company. She still remembered the horror of the time she had spent the day before when she had been so hungry and thirsty and miserable, and there had been nobody around to take care of her. But now her daughter was there playing with her, and despite how humiliated she felt over the way she was forced to behave, she was actually having fun.

She had seen Jimmy there the day before too. He had tried to play with her some, but she could tell he was too upset over seeing her like she was… plus, he didn't know what to do with her. But Jasmine seemed to really love playing with her. And she couldn't help it, she was truly enjoying the baby games they were playing together.

Thank God her sister had come around and was now taking care of her. It was so demeaning to be stuck behaving like she was. So very demeaning and humiliating. But as that woman had decreed, she didn't seem to have any other choice. Her own brain was actually punishing her for so many transgressions. And now that she could feel the shame of acting like she was in front of her own kids, she realized just how much she had wronged her children by doing what she had. Just as the woman had decreed, she now knew that she deserved this punishment. And if she could ever get back to normal again, she swore she would never gamble again! She also swore she would spend far more time with her kids.

She wasn't totally sure how everything worked… or why everything was working the way it was, other than that her own brain was supposed to be dictating what she could and couldn't do. Oddly, she could think, but not act in any grownup way at all. She could hear things, but just as oddly, for some reason she didn't understand most of what was said to her.

Fortunately, she knew who everyone was, but other than that, her brain had totally locked her into this baby mode and she couldn't seem to find any way out of it. Of course that darn weird grey wall that she saw every time she sat up on her bottom had a lot to do with that. All her ability to do anything but what that woman had dictated was locked away behind

that impossible wall. The woman had willed it, and her brain was listening only to what the woman wanted and nothing else.

She only hoped that she would be able to get to work tomorrow, just as the woman had said she could. She was very much looking forward to being able to be an adult again… at least for part of the day. She didn't know how that was going to work either, she just hoped it would really happen. And in the meantime, she was stuck in baby–mode and totally dependent on everyone else – for everything!

She knew she was going to owe her sister big time for this. She would find some way to make it up to her. Somehow. And despite how she was forced to act, she had learned something more today – her daughter – was a jewel!

"Aunt Katie," the little girl called. "She's wet again!"

Roger followed Bethany's BMW and Tracy's battered Ford into a fairly well–to–do neighborhood where all the homes appeared to be large… and the lots they were on were even larger. It was easy for Roger to see that it would cost a lot more money to live in that area than he made! Eventually they pulled into the driveway of a large Tudor style home. Since there were already a few cars parked on the lawn, Roger and Bethany both parked their vehicles on the lawn as well. A moment later Tracy parker her car right next to Roger's truck. Together, the three of them walked across the lush green lawn toward the front door. Roger had a bit of trouble because his heels kept sinking into the soft ground. He quickly found himself putting all his weight only on his toes to prevent that.

Tracy opened the front door without knocking and the three of them went in… and Roger stopped dead in his tracks. He hadn't been prepared to find a… guy… dressed up in a pink latex French maid's outfit, gaged with a ball gag, his hands cuffed to a silver serving tray holding a number of glasses filled with Champaign, and chains leading from his wrists up to the collar on his neck. Further inspection showed a short chain leading from the back of the collar to a hook on the wall. The poor guy was forced to stand there holding the tray full of Champaign, offering it for anyone to take.

"Good to see you again, Sam" Bethany greeted him as she took one of the glasses from the tray. The reply she got was only muffled sounds due to the ball gag in his mouth.

"Sam," Tracy greeted him as well as she also took a glass.

Roger looked at the guy uncertainly. Then he hesitatingly reached out and took a glass too.

"That's Samantha," Tracy said. "Don't worry about the chains and the gag, most of the time, he'd pay to have someone make him do this."

Roger nodded. “Uh… thanks… uh… Sam.” He got a nod and another muffled response back. He heard Bethany’s flamboyant voice greeting others in the room ahead and he followed Tracy in that direction. He soon found himself in a very large open area where he found quite a number of “women” already there talking with each other in small groups. He paused to look around. It was easy to see that a major percentage of the women there were really men… some being easier to tell than others. But a surprising number of them appeared to be – real women! From where he stood, he could see no sign that they had ever been men… and yet, he knew that everyone at this party was supposed to be a transgendered person of some type.

His attention was grabbed by the appearance of someone wearing a rather sexy French maid’s outfit. The “maid” carried two glasses of Champaign over to one of the groups, where “she” delivered the glasses and took an empty one from someone else. Then she headed back the way she came with the empty glass.

Not knowing where to go or who to talk to, Roger headed for Tracy who had already mingled into one of the groups.

“There you are Candy,” Tracy said as Roger moved in closer. “Ladies,” she said to the others, “I’d like you to meet Candy.” Roger was then introduced to the other ‘women.’ “Candy is doing everything she can right now to transition fully,” Tracy told them. “She’s already looking at the surgery down the road someday.”

Roger could almost feel himself blushing.

“Have you started hormones yet?” one of them asked.

“Not yet,” Roger replied. “I went to see a doctor about it this past week, but… it looks like I need to find a better doctor. This one seemed to have some… personal issues.”

“So you’re definitely ready to start them then?” one of them asked, who to Roger, looked for all the world like a real natural born woman.

Roger nodded. “That’s the plan,” he replied. But as he said it, all he could think about was that mentally, he might be dead set against doing it, but Janice’s will completely overrode any of his own wishes in the matter.

“Are you prepared for the way people will react when they start seeing the changes in you?” the woman asked.

Roger paused a moment before replying. “Well, I’m kind of hoping I either won’t get any reaction at all, or that the reactions I do get will all be good. I’m hoping the hormones will

make me look more… real than I do now. As of now, the only time I'm not fully dressing any more is when I'm teaching school. And as soon as the school year ends, that will be it."

"Are you quitting?" another person in the small group asked, somewhat shocked. "Or are they going to let you keep teaching?"

"Actually," Roger replied, I'm trying to keep what I'm doing as much away from the school as possible. I don't want the kids to know."

"So you are quitting," one of them stated the obvious.

"Yeah," Roger confirmed.

"How are you going to support yourself?" another of them asked. "Trust me, transitioning is very expensive. And you don't even want to talk about the price of surgery later on."

"Um… I've been working for a long time as a handyman… kind of as a second job," Roger explained. "It's now going to be my only job. I've made pretty good money with it in the past. Now I guess I'll see if I can make enough to live on."

"You don't repair house damage from a falling tree by any chance, do you?" one of them asked somewhat sarcastically, clearly expecting a negative answer.

"Lately, I've had a lot of experience with just that kind of problem," Roger replied.

The woman looked at him surprised. "You wouldn't happen to have a business card, would you? Finding someone to help me out has been an absolute nightmare!"

Roger shook his head. "I don't have any cards yet, but I can give you my number if you like or I can take your number and call you later."

The "woman" quickly dug into the small clutch purse in her hand and pulled out a pen and a small pad. "Okay, give!" Roger rattled off his phone number. The woman looked up at him when he was done. "Is it… safe… to call you Candy on the phone?" she asked.

Roger nodded. "Yeah. In fact, since I seem to be doing all my jobs as Candy now, it's probably the best thing to call me." There was something inside him that felt funny about saying that.

"You should really get some business cards," another of the women suggested.

"My… um… someone else mentioned that a while back," Roger replied. "They had the idea to put – 'Candy girl, the handy girl' on them."

"Oh! I love it!" one of them remarked. "You should go for it. And I know I wouldn't mind having one of those cards myself. Good help to fix things is hard to find." She looked around at the rest of them for a moment before adding, "And whenever possible, I do prefer to throw a little work to anyone else like me." The others all nodded their agreement.

"I'll get a bunch of cards to Cass if I ever get them made up," Roger told them.

"You said you're now doing all your handyman jobs… as Candy?" one of them asked.

Roger nodded. "It seems so. All my jobs, and everything else in my life too. As I said, the only time I dress as… my old self anymore, is for teaching school and that seems to be about it now."

"You're awfully brave," one of them noted.

He wasn't sure what the woman meant, but to Roger, it certainly wasn't a complement. Despite all the work Janice was making him put into looking more and more like a woman, he knew he still didn't come close yet, but like it or not, he was trying. "I don't know if I'm brave," he replied, "but I'm doing my best now to try to figure out how to live more… comfortably with my new self. It's not easy when everybody looks at you like you're a lost cast member from a zombie movie or something."

"Honey, it can take years to get past that point," one of them replied. The others nodded their agreement.

"The only advice I can give you on that one, is to just try to relax and enjoy everything as much as you can. Just relax and… let yourself enjoy being… yourself."

"That's where your psychologist should be helping you," another one added.

"Yeah, well," Roger replied, "right now that's not exactly happening."

"Find another one," one of them suggested as Bethany walked up and joined their little discussion.

Roger only nodded, knowing that a psychologist was definitely off of his list.

"Hi darlings," Bethany said. "What are you all discussing so seriously?"

"Candy is dressing almost full time now," Tracy explained, "and as soon as school finishes, she's going to try to live completely as Candy. She's even doing all her handyman… or is that handygirl… jobs now as Candy too."

"Is that right?" Bethany asked with a smile. "I see you're still moving ahead awfully fast, aren't you?"

Roger nodded. "I guess I seem to be," he replied. "Right now, as I was just telling them, I'm trying to find ways to be more comfortable with my new self."

"Just be yourself!" one of them stated with certainty. If you're moving into full–time mode, then you're going to be faced with all kinds of situations where you're going to have to figure out how to act. And none of it's going to be easy. If I knew a few years ago what I know now, it would have all been a lot less nerve wracking for me. So the best advice I can give you is just be yourself… the self you want to be. Be that person and enjoy it fully. The rest will come in time."

"Just go with it," another of them added. "No matter what the situation, just try to deal with it and relax as much as possible."

"Oh darling," Bethany added, "The real secret is to have fun with it! No use worrying about whether anybody likes you or the way you look. Forget what anyone else thinks and just enjoy your life. Have fun with it! That's what I do!"

"And nobody has more fun with it than Bethany!" one of them replied sarcastically with a laugh.

"You've got that right, darling!" Bethany replied all too proud of herself. With that, and her head held comically all too high, she walked off to talk with someone else.

"Dinner's ready," someone called. Roger turned his head to see yet another person in a black French maid's uniform. Everyone started moving toward the doors at the back of the room that appeared to lead outside. A few moments later, Roger found himself on a huge covered deck that stretched the length of the back of the house and looked out over a beautifully landscaped yard. There were two long tables set up and Roger caught his first glimpse of Cassandra as she came out of the house and stood at the head of one of the tables.

Roger stuck close to Tracy and took a seat at the other table. He was glad to see Carlita had wound up sitting right across from him. He was also somewhat glad to note that Bethany had chosen a seat at the other table, very close to Cass's seat. He listened as Cass thanked them all for coming and hoped they all would enjoy the dinner he had prepared. After a small bit of applause, four French maids came out… including Samantha still in his pink latex uniform but minus the chains and the gag… and started delivering food to the tables.

A few minutes later, Roger felt the pressure from a mass of short petticoats pushing against him as one of the maids leaned in to set his dinner in front of him. It looked great and smelled even better. It took only a few mouthfuls for Roger to realize that while Janice was a great

cook, she wasn't in the class that Cassandra was. Of course, Janice cooked everyday normal dishes. The food in front of Roger was more the type he would expect in a very fancy restaurant.

"What's with all the French maids?" Roger asked softly once everyone had gotten their food.

"Oh honey," Tracy replied, "Cassie has a couple of them come in a few times a week just to keep her house clean. Not only are they good workers, but Cass is another one who likes to help out and hire from among us. Besides, everyone here is a transwoman in some respect. Can you think of a better way to get that kind of help to take care of a party like this?"

Roger nodded. "Thanks," he replied. "I guess that does make a lot of sense."

"Besides," another one added, "I hear Cass pays pretty good for their services."

"With a house like this, I have no doubt she can afford it," another one noted.

"What does Cass do?" Roger asked.

"Well… she wanted to be a chef," Tracy explained. "She went to school for it and everything. Cooking I guess is kind of her biggest passion."

"Other than dressing in drag," Carlita added.

"Yeah," Tracy laughed. "But things in her life didn't go the way she planned and she wound up taking charge of her father's manufacturing company instead. So she just cooks for things like this on the side."

"It looks like she's done rather well for herself though," Roger replied.

"Very!" Tracy agreed. "According to Cass, if life had given her the chance, she would have been more like Carlita here, she would have gone all the way and lived her life totally as a woman. Things just didn't work out for her like that."

"You make it sound like something really bad happened. Couldn't she still do it?"

Tracy shook her head. "Not a chance. Not and still maintain her position in the company… not to mention all that glorious money she seems to make." She motioned with her hands at everything around them. "Put it this way, would you give up all of this for a sex change?"

"I would," Carlita said softly.

"Yes," Tracy replied. "But would you still do it if you could have all the money in the world… but only as a man?"

Carlita stared at her a moment to think about that. Then she nodded. "Yes," she replied. "Sometimes, you just have to."

Tracy nodded back. "And sometimes, you've just got to make do with what you can. That's what Cass does. She might want one thing, but life makes her do something else. You've just got to do the best you can under whatever circumstances you have to live with."

Roger could only think of his own circumstances though, because that was what he was trying to do, make the best of what he could with the circumstances life had thrown at him. The problem was, it wasn't all that easy. But then he figured, life rarely was.

After dinner, everyone seemed to quickly break up into small groups again to go back into the house and talk… while the four French maids quickly attacked the job of clearing the tables. This time, Roger noted that Cassandra was no longer in the kitchen and seemed to be enjoying the role of host… or rather – hostess.

Roger found himself talking with a small group of people, this time including Bethany, who had been as outrageously flamboyant as ever – all day long. Roger was surprised to find that he had actually been enjoying himself all day. All these people had something very much in common with him. No, none of them did what they did under the pressure that he had to endure, but never the less, he found he had a lot in common with them. And he was trying to pick up pointers and suggestions everywhere he could.

During a small lull in the conversation, Roger decided to throw out a question. "Um… pardon me for asking… ladies, but… well… I don't know any of you very well… other than Bethany here of course, and then only a little. But… well, some of you are to the point where I really can't tell that you were ever anything other than a woman – from birth! How do you do it? Have you all had the operation already, or are you planning on it soon?"

"Oh, he's nice!" one of them stated.

"I had my operation almost a year ago," one of them said.

"It's been two years now for me," another one added.

It was a moment before another of them spoke. "The rest of us are still waiting… and planning on it."

"All except me," one of them said. "I'm happy living just as I am."

“But… you’re not a woman?” Roger asked. “Because you all look too real already.”

“Like I said, he really is nice!” one of them stated.

“No,” the “woman” replied. “I like living as a woman, but I’m not going to actually change my sex.”

Roger was finding that a bit hard to figure out. “Why not?” he asked.

“Well, for some, the operation is definitely the way to go. But the truth is, it’s not for everyone. And I can tell you for a fact that I’m not the only one at this party that feels that way. There are a lot of us who just want to live like a woman, but we don’t want our… parts… changed. I don’t even take hormones.”

“You don’t?”

She shook her head. “Nope.”

“Lucky!” One of the women stated flatly. “If I could just have been born with a body more like yours!”

“How long did it take the rest of you?” Roger asked, “I know I’ll be starting on hormones soon, but how long before people stop noticing that you’re not really a woman?”

“It’s different for everyone,” one of them replied.

“Candy,” Bethany said, “I’ve mentioned it before, but you’re still too impatient about it all. Give it time. You’re trying to move ahead faster than anyone I know. Relax with it and have fun the best you can and stop trying to worry about it so much. It will all happen in time if you keep working at it. Just slow down and try to enjoy the process as much as you can. And just be yourself! Don’t worry about what anyone else thinks of you. You’re the only one that matters!”

Roger saw the other nodding their agreement. The problem was, he was moving ahead so fast only because he had no choice in the matter. And asking these questions was his way of trying to make the best of what he could. But how could he relax and enjoy being what he was, if what he was… and what he was becoming, wasn’t who he really was… and wasn’t what he wanted to be? Janice wanted him to be a woman. And what Janice wanted, was all that really mattered. So how was he supposed to cope with that?

A few moments later, he noticed all the French maids carrying serving trays of Champaign again around the room. He noted that Samantha was again chained to his serving tray and the gag was back in his mouth. He hoped he was enjoying himself. Even Samantha, as

perverted as it might seem, had a way to enjoy what he was and what he was doing. But what about him? How was he ever going to come to grips with what he would soon be… and find a way to live… comfortably and peacefully with himself?

How? It just seemed totally impossible. Just like… his impossible whole life!

Chapter 50.

Jessica counted herself lucky… relieved and very lucky. She was at work and back to being and adult again. Mostly. She still had the stupid pacifier in her mouth that it seemed she could only do without for so long… as long as she was around other people. When she was alone she couldn't seem to go without the darn thing again. She was stuck in wet diapers still and had no idea in the world when she was going to wet them. She was still worried about what would happen when she needed to mess them as well. She hadn't had to deal with that today yet at all… but she knew she would eventually. But at least she could think and communicate and do everything else perfectly… as long as she wasn't home and was working. She dreaded what would happen after work again – but she also knew there would be no avoiding it.

She had woken up after sleeping on the floor… again. She couldn't blame her sister for leaving her there, besides, if she had somehow made it into her bed, she might have fallen out of it. Not to mention how nasty her bed would be if her diaper leaked. Her brain had come a bit more back to life after she had woken up. The only thing on her mind then had been getting ready for work. After crawling into the bathroom, she discovered that she was able to stand again once she got there. Her balance seemed to get better the longer she continued to get ready for work. By the time she managed to get out the door, she felt almost human again… human, but wearing diapers and unable to remove the stupid pacifier from her mouth. She had packed a bag full of baby supplies to get her through the day.

As soon as she had gotten to work, she had met with her staff. She had told them all that she might be acting a bit… off… for a few weeks, but they shouldn't worry about it. She had also decreed that any calls from a Roger or Candy Brinkley should be handled as quickly and as politely as possible. She had told everyone that he… or she… was to be treated like royalty by everyone. Anytime he wanted to come was just fine. Arrangements would be made to take care of him. And as soon as he got to the office, he was to be taken to an exam room right away and that she needed to be notified. Her staff was quizzical as to why, but she told them to just do it and not worry about the whys. By the time that little meeting ended, she had to get back to the privacy of her office to spend five minutes sucking on her pacifier again.

As soon as she had been able, she phoned her sister and thanked her for taking care of her all weekend. Unfortunately, she couldn't tell her exactly what had happened to her last week, other than it was going to last for two weeks like she had already explained Friday night while she had been driving around. She promised she would make it all up to her… somehow. But for now, she still needed all the help she could get. Her sister hadn't been very polite in the things she had to say back. Jessica couldn't blame her at all.

With that phone call taken care of, she spent a few more minutes sucking on her pacifier, readying herself to go and meet with her first patient of the day.

Susan knocked on her father's office door.

"Come in, daughter," Mr. Wu called.

Susan opened the door and entered. "Welcome back father," she said as she closed the door behind her. "Did you have a good trip?"

"Very successful," Wu replied as he got up from behind his desk and headed for the sitting area in his office. He motioned for his daughter to take a seat.

They discussed business for a few minutes, before Susan said, "I had a chance to witness Janice Stokley in action."

That earned a raised eyebrow from her father. "And?" he asked.

"She relented and decided to do a woman this time… at her request. It seemed, the woman in question really angered her."

Wu nodded. "That is surprising, given her penchant for supporting women and not liking men. But still, how did it go?"

Susan took in a deep breath and let it out before answering. "It was… amazing!"

Wu smiled. "How quickly do you think you can learn her methods?"

Susan shook her head. "I don't think there's another person on the planet who can do what she does."

"That is… unfortunate," replied Wu.

"Yes," Susan agreed. "I have video of all of it. You can watch it if you like, but I strongly warn you to view no more than a few minutes of it at a time… and even then, have someone else to make sure you're not watching too closely."

"Oh?"

"I had one of our tech men sit and watch one of the videos. I left him and came back forty minutes later. He was almost as mesmerized as the woman Janice was working with. I myself was feeling some of the same affects the night she did it. If it wasn't for her daughter snapping me out of it, I don't know what might have happened."

Wu thought about that for a moment. "It sounds… quite powerful."

“It is,” Susan agreed. “But I think we’re missing an opportunity to make far more money with her than we thought.”

“Oh?” Wu said again, clearly interested.

“She plants the ability in their minds to make them do whatever she wants, and also fixes it so they can’t tell anyone what she doesn’t want them to ever say. We could sell that ability alone to customers who would only want someone with certain knowledge to either totally forget it, or to never be able to mention it to anyone else again.”

Wu considered that. “Yes, I can see where that could be quite… lucrative. And if she is indeed the only one who can do this, then I am even more glad we didn’t kill her.”

Susan nodded. “She could be a huge asset.”

“We must make sure though that the asset belongs to us, and us only,” Wu said.

“Of course, father. I’ve already thought of that.”

“Good! Any other news?”

“Only that I questioned Halifax. The report is on the computer for you to see when you get to it.”

“Thank you daughter. I will be sure to look through it as always. And is your… pet, once again your pet?”

“For now,” she replied. “I’m afraid that Xiang and I are now in the process of changing his situation.”

Wu smiled knowing his daughter’s often cruel interests. And that didn’t even bring into play the interests of Xiang that he was also very familiar with.

Janice drove slowly past Ted Jacob’s house. She never stopped her car or slowed down too much, but her eyes tried to grab everything she could possibly see about the house. She continued on to the end of the block and turned the corner, seeming as if she was just passing through on her way to somewhere else.

As good as the pictures were that Susan had sent, they were nothing like seeing everything in person. And they weren’t as good as what she had been able to pull up on Google Earth either. That had been most helpful. As she drove, her hand reached down into her purse and pulled out her cell phone. She turned the corner, and stopped for a moment since there was

no other traffic on the residential street. She set her camera on video and rolled the windows down in her car. She started driving and videoing everything she could see – on the street behind Jacob's house. She turned the corner, went to the next block, and turned again back onto the street where Jacobs lived. Once again she drove past his house, this time videoing his side of the street. Again she never stopped, she just kept going and turned the corner. She drove until she found a small parking lot where she pulled in and parked. She spent a while reviewing the recordings she had just made. She put her phone in camera mode to take some still shots, then she again started with the street behind his house, taking picture after picture of everything she could from that angle – before going back to his street to do the same thing.

Only then, did she head home. She had been there and seen it all in person. Now she had to decide on the next step. But she already had a good idea of what that step was going to be. All the way home, she thought more about Jacobs and what she would need to do, than what she would be making for dinner that night… which she also needed to think about.

After school, Roger didn't even get a chance to get into his room to change before Janice came to him. "Mr. Brinkley," she said to get his attention.

"Yes?" Roger asked.

Janice held out a piece of paper. "Here is the phone number of the doctor's office we were at last week. Please call them immediately and make yourself another appointment. See if you can get in tomorrow if possible."

That surprised Roger. "Are you sure? It didn't sound like she wanted us back last week."

"I wouldn't be telling you to make the appointment if I had any doubts about it. I think you'll find that the doctor has had a sudden change of heart." With that, she turned and headed back to the kitchen to continue making dinner for her daughter and… Candy.

Since Janice had told him to call immediately, Roger's phone was quickly in his hand and he dialed the number on the sheet. "Yes… hello. My name is Roger Brinkley and…"

"Oh yes, Mr. Brinkley," the receptionist on the phone replied. "The doctor said to expect your call. You can come anytime you like. We have standing orders to work you in immediately."

Roger was surprised. "You do?"

"That's what the doctor said. Are you coming today?"

"Um… no, I don't think so. Um… would it be possible for me to come in sometime late tomorrow afternoon instead."

“Of course. As I said, we’ll work you in whenever you like.”

“Okay then. Most likely, I guess I’ll be there sometime tomorrow. I can’t leave here until after school, and then it’s going to take me about an hour and a half to get there, so it will be late in the afternoon before I can get there.”

“That’s fine, Mr. Brinkley. We’ll be expecting you.”

Roger hung up the phone. They would work him in anytime he liked? It seemed that the doctor did indeed have a sudden change of heart. And he could only think of one reason for such a reaction. Janice! He remembered the little trip she and Carol had made last Friday night. Where did they go? Did Janice meet with Doctor Parker? He was suddenly betting on it. But he also remembered Janice mentioning pictures being taken. That didn’t sound like what he would have thought had happened. Bottom line, he just didn’t know… but he was still betting that Janice had a lot to do with the doctor’s change of heart. He headed for the kitchen to tell Janice about his upcoming appointment.

It was shortly after dinner when Roger was startled by his cell phone ringing. Hoping it was someone calling with another job for him, he rushed to grab his phone and answer it. “Hello?”

“Yes,” the voice on the other end replied. “Is this… Candy?”

It felt like an electric shock running from the top of his head down to his toes to be called Candy on the phone. “Yes,” he replied hesitantly.

“We met at Cass’s party yesterday. I’m calling about the damage to my house that I’m hoping you can fix for me.”

Roger now remembered it clearly. “Oh yes!” he replied happily. “You said a tree fell on it.” Three minutes later, he ended the call and went to find Janice. She and Carol were still in the kitchen working on dishes together. “I got a call for another job,” Roger replied.

“Wonderful,” Janice exclaimed as she dried one of the pots that Carol had just washed.

“This one came from someone I met at the party yesterday. When she called, she asked for Candy.”

Janice smiled broadly. “I think that’s a very good sign. Don’t you?”

Roger wasn't sure about that at all. Instead of replying to it, he said, "At the party, several people mentioned that they wanted one of my business cards, but I don't have any. All I could do was to hand out my phone number."

"Don't worry your head one little bit about that," Janice exclaimed. "I'll handle that little chore for you myself."

Roger nodded. "Yeah, I remember you mentioning your idea for the cards when Stan and Jennifer were here."

"And it looks like you've already reached the point where you need those cards. I can't tell you how pleased I am by that."

Roger only nodded again. "Yeah. Thanks," he replied… although he said it somewhat disheartened. As he walked away, all he could think about was that it felt like another major change had just happened to his life… when he wasn't looking.

"It's time for Ben–ben to be human."

Halifax's body went from a dog sitting position to writhing on the floor as his human brain tried to kick in again. As his senses started to register things, he found himself on the concrete floor, this time surrounded by several of the very large oriental men. His eyes didn't miss the oriental woman either. It was a moment before he could dredge up her name. Susan Wu!

Before he had time for any other reaction the men were on him. He was quickly pushed face–down into the floor where the goons held him fast, nearly crushing him into the concrete. He felt someone grab his right leg. He kicked it free, only to have it captured again and held all too firmly. He kicked with his other leg, but someone grabbed it and held it out of the way.

He felt, whoever was holding his right leg bending it back at the knee, bringing the lower part of his leg all too firmly up against the upper part. He felt some struggling as someone was doing something, then he felt a strap of some sort being tightened around his bent leg, holding it in that position so he couldn't straighten it. He desperately tried to struggle, but all his efforts were in vain.

His right leg was released from their grip and he immediately felt someone bending his left leg the same way. He struggled again, but his body had less now to struggle with. Faster than before, he felt his left leg strapped as well. But it seemed that whoever was binding his legs wasn't finished yet as he felt him moving between his legs. He heard someone speaking something he couldn't understand… Chinese most likely. Then he suddenly felt whoever was behind him pushing down hard on his bent right leg, crushing the two halves of his leg together. He screamed in pain as the straps binding the leg were tightened firmly again.

Despite the size of his calf muscle, he could literally feel the heel of that foot touching the top of his leg just under his butt. And once that leg was done and secured just that tight, his left leg was crushed and fastened the same way.

Whoever was behind him moved away. He heard unintelligible words commanded, and the men holding him all too tightly released him. Halifax struggled, but even with his arms free, with his legs painfully bound as they were, he couldn't move much at all. He tried to look around. His eyes locked on the woman. Her gaze scared him. "What do you want?" he screamed in fear. But all he saw was the woman ignoring his question and turning to talk with someone else… another man he now noticed. And the sight of that man made his blood run cold. It was the same man who had tortured him before. The same one who had taken such delight in ripping out his fingernails. Was he the one who had bent his legs so cruelly? He had no doubt that it was.

"Are you done?" Susan asked Xiang in Chinese.

"Yes," Xiang assured her. "You can string him up now."

Susan gave the command to her guards and they grabbed Halifax's hands and pulled them forward. They bound his wrists together with strong rope and attached a hook from his bound hands to a chain hanging from the ceiling. Another of the guards pushed a button on the wall, and the winch slowly began raising Halifax's arms… and eventually his entire body off the floor until he was hanging waist high in midair.

Xiang went over to the helpless man and examined the bindings on his legs again. Satisfied, he picked up a steel bar from the floor. Motioning to one of the guards to help him, he began tying the bar just above Halifax's bent knees, spreading his legs as wide as he possibly could… rendering him totally helpless to move his legs in anyway at all.

Susan handed him a wide strip of very thin leather. He wrapped it around Halifax's leg, just at the thinnest part of the ankle which was now pressed firmly into the largest part of his leg, further binding that area together. The leather was held together with a simple piece of tape. Another piece of leather was attached the same way to Halifax's left leg as well.

"What are you doing?" Halifax asked in fear. But as before, he was ignored. His arms and especially his wrists hurt badly from supporting all his weight as he hung in the air.

Xiang double checked his preparations, then turned to Susan. "We are ready," he said.

Susan turned to another Chinese man who had been seated in the back of the room waiting for Halifax to be readied. He got up from his seat and went over to inspect what had been done. With a nod of satisfaction… not that it would have mattered anyway… he went to the far wall where he picked up a steel bar from the floor. The piece of steel was a quarter

inch thick. Not strong enough for some tasks, but far more than would be needed for this one.

Grabbing his hammer, the man set the bar on an anvil and began pounding on it. The quarter inch steel gradually gave way under the powerful blows of his hammer, and little by little a u–shaped curve was formed in the bar. He brought the steel over to Halifax and measured it against his leg where the leather had been wrapped. Then he carried it back to his anvil to continue working. It took a long time, but eventually the steel was shaped to where he needed it. Then he built another piece matched against Halifax's other leg.

"What are you doing?" Halifax kept asking, his arms and wrists in such pain that he nearly passed out from the strain. But his questions were always ignored. His legs had gone numb from the lack of circulation in them. That too was its own torture.

Eventually, the man put down his hammer and nodded toward Susan who had been watching in the background. "I am ready," he announced.

"Go ahead," Susan told him as she approached Halifax.

The sweat was streaming down off of Joseph Halifax's head as he watched Susan Wu approaching him. The questions he had eternally asked and gotten no answers for died on his lips. Her words were the first English words he had heard since he had woken up.

"You had my best friend in the world killed, Mr. Halifax," Susan said. For that, I could have easily had you killed as well… and very painfully I might add. But I'm afraid that killing you for it would be too easy. Escaping into death wouldn't bring you the amount of suffering I want you to endure for what you've done.

"You'll notice that your legs have been bound back," she said. "As the first part of your punishment, I'm depriving you of the use of your legs. But I'm not going to have them simply cut off. I don't want anyone to look at you and feel that kind of sympathy for you whatsoever because you can't walk since your legs are missing. No. Instead, I've arranged for something else. You'll always be able to see your legs. You'll always be able to feel them. They're always going to be there. You will simply never be able to use them again.

"I will make sure there will be no sympathy for you Mr. Halifax. None at all!"

With that, she nodded to the man with the steel in his hands and stepped back out of the way.

The man with the steel pulled the specially shaped piece around Halifax's leg. He had one of the guards hold it in place right over the thinnest part of Halifax's ankle. The steel band, like the strip of leather, wrapped all the way around both parts of his leg. The man grabbed a

clamp from his working supplies and with it, began tightening the steel band until both ends of it met right at the center of the inside of Halifax's bent leg. The steel was even tighter than the straps used to bind his legs and Halifax screamed at the added pain.

The man left the clamp in place to hold the ends of the steel together. He went back to his tools and grabbed a helmet, and gloves. He adjusted the valve on a large tank and walked back over to Halifax with his welding equipment.

Halifax began screaming as he saw the welding equipment. But as with everything else, nobody paid the least bit of attention to his screams. Chained and bound as he was, there was no way he could defend himself… no way he could get away or even move enough to prevent what he knew was now inevitable. The pain he felt in his wrists and shoulders from hanging in the air, was soon nothing compared to the sudden awful heat as the metal, wrapped all too tightly around his leg, heated up as the ends were welded together… permanently. He was still screaming in pain as the man finished… and grabbed the second piece of steel to bind his other leg the same way.

Ten minutes later, the deed was done. The man took his equipment back over toward the wall, and Xiang and Susan moved in close to inspect his work. The welds were flawless… as Susan expected they would be.

Xiang removed the tape holding the leather together, and began the difficult process of removing the leather out from under the steel bands. The leather had helped protect Halifax's legs from burning too badly. What burns he had been left with would heal… eventually.

With the leather finally pulled free, they could see that the steel bands were tight enough to almost cut cruelly into Halifax's flesh. Even with time and some degree of muscle degeneration, those bands would forever hold his legs in their unrelenting grip.

Satisfied, Susan had her guards lower Halifax to the floor where he passed out as soon as his arms no longer had to bear the strain of his body being suspended for so long. The guards pulled him into the little cell and locked the door. The room was cleared of tools and cleaned long before Halifax awoke.

Chapter 51.

The only light in Halifax's cell came from a dim bulb at the far side of the larger room. He didn't know what time it was. He didn't even know what day… or month… or even what year it was for sure. He had lost track of time somewhere. And the only explanation he had for it was… that woman. That woman who had raped his brain… and promised him a vacation. But this was certainly not the vacation she had outlined for him. This was a vacation in hell!

His legs hurt. The burns from where the steel had been welded together were bad… but that wasn't the worst hurt. The worst hurt was the ache from his legs being held back so tightly. His muscles screamed for release. He fought constantly against the steel holding them folded, but that steel was impossibly thick. He dared not even contemplate the fact that it would never come apart.

Noise caught his attention as someone opened the outer door. He blinked at the brightness as the main lights were turned on. Three men entered – all Chinese he noted. When they spoke, he couldn't understand anything that they said. "Help me!" he pleaded. He saw them look at him, and then ignore him completely. "Help me!" he cried again. But this time, they never even bothered to look.

The men set some large containers on a table at the side of the large room and walked out, but they left the lights on and the door open. Ten minutes later, someone else walked in. Another worker. But this one came straight to his tiny cell. "Help me," Halifax pleaded. But it was as if the man was deaf for all the attention he paid.

The man set a bucket of water and a plastic container down just outside the cell and unlocked the cell door. Halifax desperately crawled toward the opening. But he was greeted by an angry string of Chinese from the man… who quickly shoved and kicked him brutally back into his cell… well away from the door.

Hurting even more now, Halifax watched as the man brought the bucket of water into his cell, then took the plastic container and dumped it out next to the bucket… right onto the floor. Food! But for all Halifax could see, it looked like leftovers from someone's dinner. And it was all food that was almost unrecognizable. But still, it was food… and water. "Thank you," he mumbled as the man walked out of his cell and locked the door again. Halifax paid him no mind as he grabbed the food from the floor and began shoving it in his mouth. As he ate, he saw men coming and going, delivering things and setting things up. It all worried him… a lot. But there was little he could do about it.

And then the woman was there again. Susan Wu. Along with the man that had ripped his nails out. A minute later, four of her large guards were there as well, and Halifax felt a deathly

chill of fear wash over him as they all headed for his cell. He screamed as they dragged him out and across the hard concrete floor. He screamed even louder as they bound his wrists and attached him to the winch hook again where he body was raised up in the air as it had been the day before.

Xiang and Susan both closely examined the steel bands holding his legs together. Fully satisfied, they nodded to a small man who had come in with the workers. The man bowed slightly toward Susan and Xiang, then hurried over to Halifax. He too examined Halifax's bound legs… but only briefly. At his command, Halifax was lowered toward the floor, but only part way. With the help of two of the guards, the man fastened some rope around one of Halifax's now stumpy legs. Then the guards pushed Halifax's body up sideways at an angle and fastened the rope so that he would stay at that odd angle – with one of his bound stumpy legs hanging vertically straight down.

The man grabbed a large plastic container from the table by the wall and brought it back toward Halifax where he placed it directly underneath him. When he was ready, he signaled to a guard who hit the switch for the winch holding Halifax in the air. Halifax found himself being lowered, with his leg going straight into that container.

"What are you doing?" Halifax screamed. But as it had been the day before, nobody paid his questions the slightest notice.

The man left Halifax where he was and went back to the wall where he started removing the lids from several large containers. He had a fairly good knowledge of what he was doing since Xiang had sent him out for training in just what he was about to mix. He dumped part of the contents from those containers into another large container. He grabbed a metal tool and began mixing the contents until he was satisfied. Motioning to one of the guards for help, the two of them picked the container up and brought it back toward Halifax.

"What are you doing?" Halifax screamed again from his tilted position in the air. He no longer expected any answer.

Together, the man and the guard poured the liquid urethane rubber compound into the container surrounding Halifax's leg. They filled the container until it was full and there was only two or three inches of exposed skin between the top of the rubber and the steel band holding his legs together. When they were done, the men moved back and mostly just watched the container of rubber, one of them checking his watch frequently. The man checked the rubber carefully and touched the top of it lightly with his finger, then looked back and shook his head. Again they waited, and again he went back and touched the rubber lightly… then a bit harder. He nodded. "Ready," he said in Chinese.

Halifax found himself being lifted in the air again, this time the entire heavy container and what was in it came off the ground with him. His odd angle was untied and he was retied in

the opposite direction, leaving his other leg extending straight down. Another large container was placed under him and he was lowered so that his other leg was now in the second container. The entire process was repeated until both legs were encased in the tubs of urethane rubber.

By the time Halifax was finally lowered to the floor he was barely conscious. The plastic containers that held the rubber… and his legs… were left on him as he was dragged back into his cell to recover.

Roger was amazed that he didn't get any speeding tickets as he arrived at Doctor Parker's office in Marietta. Without Janice or Carol along, he had hoped to make this trip as Roger, but Janice wouldn't hear of it… just as she wouldn't hear of him not wearing his corset either. So he had made the entire hour and a half drive from his home, through Atlanta, and up to Marietta, as Candy. Except that as he checked the clock in his truck before he turned the engine off, he discovered that it had taken him only a little more than one hour. He had shaved almost thirty minutes off the drive! Maybe he shouldn't have driven quite so fast. It wasn't like he had any reason to really want to see this doctor. And he especially had no reason to want what he was sure the doctor was going to give him – hormones.

Feeling more nervous than he had in a long while, he grabbed his purse and got out of his truck. He was wearing slacks again, but they were nice slacks instead of the jeans he usually wore… and he had the legs of the slacks covering up the tops of his new boots that were again on his feet.

The waiting room had a few customers in it as Roger nervously walked up to the receptionist's window. He didn't even get a chance to ask before the nurse there looked up at him with a quizzical expression on her face and asked, "Brinkley?"

"Yes," Roger replied, feeling somewhat humiliated just admitting that, and surprised that she would know him before he told her who he was.

The nurse grabbed a folder off of her desk and looked up again. "Let me get the door for you and you can go right back."

That surprised Roger. No waiting at all? And there were people waiting that had been there ahead of him. A moment later, a door opened and the nurse appeared. "Is it Candy today?" she asked as Roger approached. Still embarrassed by everything, Roger only nodded as he followed her back to the exam rooms. The nurse weighed him, took his blood pressure, then drew a vial of blood from his arm. "I'll tell the doctor you're here," she said just before she left. "I'm sure she'll be right with you."

Knowing the way he usually had to wait for a doctor, Roger figured he had a good half hour… at least, so he was very surprised when the door opened less than five minutes later.

“I’m so sorry to make you wait this long,” Doctor Parker told him as she came in. “I was with another patient when they told me you were here.”

“You didn’t leave him because of me, did you?”

“It was a she,” the doctor replied, “and no, I finished with her. But yes, I did hurry.” She had noted his voice. Obviously he was doing his best to sound something like a woman. She appreciated the effort, but as with most of them that came through her office, it would take a while.

Roger actually felt bad that she had skipped out early on someone else. “You shouldn’t have,” he replied softly.

“I… had to,” she replied.

Roger looked her straight in the eye, and found her looking straight back at him the same way. The two of them stared at each other like that for a moment. Roger again wondered what Janice had done to make the doctor change her behavior towards him.

Jessica stared into… her patient’s… eyes. She remembered what that woman had said… that this man had endured many of those torture sessions with her. And that he was far more under her conditioning than she could ever conceive. She shivered a moment at remembering the one session she had endured. How bad must it be for this… man if he had endured many of those sessions… only worse? And the woman had said she was being lenient with him? “Um…” she said as she lowered her eyes away from his. “I really need to do a thorough examination of you. I have to give you the best medical care I possibly can… and still move you forward toward being as much of a woman as possible, as fast as possible.

Something in what she said caught Roger by surprise. “You have to do it?” he asked.

“Yes, I have to do it,” she replied.

Roger felt he had to dare asking. “Doctor, the last time I was here, you threw us out. What happened?”

Fear filled the doctor’s face. Protect the woman! Can’t tell what happened! “I…” She struggled to tell him, but she couldn’t get the words out of her mouth. Instead she asked, “You… you… have to turn yourself from a man into a woman?” She was surprised she had been able to ask it that way.

Her question caught Roger by surprise. He was also surprised that he was able to tell her, “Yes. I have no choice. I have to!”

"You have no choice," she repeated. "I… too… have no choice," she managed to tell him.

Roger realized the two of them where fumbling around trying to tell each other the same things. He had to know more, but how could he ask? The words just seemed to slip out of his mouth. "Stand up…"

She stared at him for a moment with her jaw dropped in surprise. She chanced saying, "Sit down." More than a hint of fear crossed her face.

"Obey," Roger said.

"Don't think," she replied as the fear in her grew.

Both of them now knew they had undergone the same treatment at Janice's hands. They were two people with something major in common. Something major that each wanted to talk about… but it seemed that there were limits as to what they could say.

Frustrated and slightly flustered, the doctor looked away. "I need… to examine you, but…" She looked quickly up at him again. "I know I have to treat you well and give you the best medical help I possibly can. But can you please forgive me and let me leave you for a minute or two. I… need to do something."

"Of course," Roger replied. "I'm fine. I didn't expect to be treated so specially."

"Thank you," the doctor mumbled as she hurried out the door. Her pacifier was out of her lab coat pocket and into her mouth before she even reached her office. She was sucking on it desperately by the time she got her office door closed behind her. She leaned against the door and just rested there… enjoying the relief that sucking on the damn thing gave her, while she contemplated the things she had just learned.

Roger Brinkley… becoming Candy Brinkley. And he had no choice in the matter. How bad was it for him after enduring many of those sessions? As she stood there, she felt her bladder emptying yet again. She still had no earthly idea when it was going to happen. And she knew how helpless she was going to be as soon as she got home again after work – all because of the will of that woman. How bad was it for this Brinkley person? She couldn't even fathom how miserable he had to be. And yet… he seemed to be surviving fairly well.

Jessica sucked her pacifier until she felt she had sufficient courage to go out and face him again. And strangely, now that she knew how much they both had in common, she felt a need to see him again. When she got back to the exam room, she found her nurse in the room with him.

"Oh there you are doctor. I just finished his blood work."

The doctor took the written results from the nurse and read through it. "Well," she said, "everything here looks very good. And your hormone levels appear to be totally normal… for a man."

"But all that needs to change," Roger replied softly.

She nodded, then looked to the nurse. "Can you leave us again while I examine him?" she said. She turned to Roger. "You better start undressing or we're going to be here all night."

Her examination of him was perhaps the most thorough exam Roger had ever had. The only thing she didn't do was to have him remove his corset and the camisole he was wearing under it. She claimed she could work around them just fine and it would be a lot easier than undoing the knots and trying to get the corset tightened again afterwards.

It was near the end of the examination that the doctor made a big decision. She wanted to talk with him more. She almost felt like she had to talk with him more. And… she had another motive as well. "Can I call you Candy?" she asked.

"You may as well," Roger replied. "I have to start getting used to it somehow. And lately, I don't seem to be Roger very much anymore. In fact, the only time I get to be Roger now is when I'm teaching school."

Jessica wanted to ask questions about that, but now wasn't the time. "Candy," she said, hoping she would be able to do what she wanted to do with him, "I really want to talk with you more. Besides, since you don't have a psychologist, and I'm fairly sure you're not going to have one in the future…"

"Most likely not," Roger agreed.

The doctor nodded and finished what she had started to say. "Then the more we talk, the more I can help you." What she didn't add though, was that she was hoping he might be able to help her almost as much. Even just a few more answers would be a big help.

"Sounds great," Roger replied, wanting to have a chance to talk with her more as well. He wasn't sure why, but he just felt he had to learn more about her. She was like him. She had endured Janice! "What did you have in mind?" he asked.

She looked up into his eyes. "Maybe… dinner tonight?" she asked.

Roger was taken totally by surprise. More so because it almost sounded like a pickup line to him and he felt the tiniest bit of cold momentarily hit his now useless cock. "Um… I guess

so," he replied. Since it was so late in the day, Janice had said he might need to get dinner for himself before he got home. So he could see no reason why he shouldn't take the doctor up on her offer.

"I have to warn you about something though," the doctor told him shyly. "About me."

"What's that?" Roger asked.

She looked away from him, pretending to be busy when she wasn't. "It's possible that I… may… have some… problems," she managed to get out.

"What kind of problems?"

"Um… well… I don't know if… I can go out for dinner or not… or if something will happen to me if I don't go straight home."

"What do you mean?" Roger asked.

"Last week when…" She tried hard to say that she had been kidnaped. She wanted badly to just talk with him about being tortured. But not one word of it would come out of her mouth."

"Doctor?" Roger asked when she didn't say anything. He didn't know why she refused to look at him.

She changed tactics and tried something more vague. "Something happened to me last week," she explained, still looking away from him and her voice contrite. "Something that I think you've experienced."

"I'm pretty sure," Roger replied, now realizing that she wasn't able to say what she wanted.

She briefly turned and looked at him, then looked away again. "Anyway," she said, "because of that, every evening when I get home from work now, I become… completely helpless."

"Helpless?"

She turned toward him again and nodded. "Actually, I become…" She paused to find the courage to say it. She had told her sister about it last week, but it was even harder now trying to tell this… man that she barely knew."

"You become what?" Roger asked softly.

She looked away from him again before saying, "A baby."

That was somewhat of a shock to Roger. He had actually expected her to say a dog. She was still looking away from him. He could see how troubled she was. He walked up behind her, close to her but not touching. "I understand helpless," he told her. "Better than you think. But how helpless are you?"

"I…" She shook her head and turned around to face him. He was so close to her. She had to look up slightly into his eyes… but then he was wearing heels and she wasn't. And despite the makeup and the clothes, she couldn't help but see the man behind the makeup. And it had been so very long now since her husband had left her. So very long.

"I… lose it all," she said as last. "Everything. I seem to know who everyone is, but I can't understand hardly anything of what is said to me. I can't walk. I can't seem to think of much except the kinds of things a baby less than a year old would think. I can't do anything for myself at all. I… have to have someone taking care of me… just like… a real baby," she admitted. "And… even now… even here… I'm stuck in diapers all day with no knowledge of when I'm going to do anything in them. And I also have to keep leaving my patients so I can go back to my office and stick a pacifier in my mouth for a few minutes. And you don't even want to think about handing me a cup of coffee to drink. I'll only spill it. I can only manage to drink from a baby bottle now and that's it."

Roger smiled. "It sounds like Janice was being her usual thorough self."

"Janice? That's her name?"

He nodded. "She's… my housekeeper."

She stared aghast. "You're kidding!"

"No. But that's a long story."

She nodded. "How… how do you deal with it? She told me that you've been tortured by her many times." She was surprised that she had managed to say that.

Roger closed his eyes in frustration at the question and moved back from her a few steps. "I can't tell you what it's like."

"But how do you deal with it?" she asked again.

He shrugged. "I do the best I can. I'm guessing that you'll get used to it all after a while. Maybe in a month or two, life will all seem normal to you. I really don't know."

“A month or two! She told me two weeks. I would only have to endure this for two weeks! Unless…”

“Two weeks? That’s all?”

“That’s what she said. Unless…”

“Unless what?”

“Unless I… gamble again. Then it would be back, only worse… and longer.”

He nodded. You don’t know how lucky you are. With all her other victims, I’m pretty sure it’s a life sentence. And I know I’m lucky compared to most others.”

“Others?” She remembered her mentioning other victims… and that they didn’t get the honor of remaining… human. The thought made her shudder.

“I’m only vaguely aware that there are others,” Roger told her. “Perhaps it would be better to discuss this at dinner instead?”

She nodded. “If I can have dinner with you without making a total ass of myself.” She shook her head. “Maybe it would be better if we skipped dinner since I don’t know what will happen to me if I don’t go home.”

But now that Roger had found someone who had been through Janice’s brainwashing too, he almost desperately wanted to talk with her more. “It may be worth trying,” he suggested.

She shook her head. “But we’d have to find somewhere where I can sit and nobody will see me drinking from a bottle like a baby,” she said. “Not to mention that there’s no way I can go that long without a pacifier in my mouth.”

Roger smiled. “I don’t care about the pacifier. I’ve been through far worse than that. And I’m sure we can find a quiet corner of some restaurant somewhere.”

She was teetering on the fence between worry of what might happen, and desperately wanting to talk with him. But the worry… “I don’t know if I should chance it,” she finally decided.

“I understand,” Roger told her, “but if it’s any help, a lot of people have told me lately to ignore what everyone else thinks of me, and just go and do what I have to. You have no idea how hard that is for me… especially when I look like… this! But you might want to think about that too. We both seem to have something in common… and because of that, I’d really like to talk with you more about it. I want to know what you’ve been through.”

She found herself looking into his eyes again. Kind eyes. But they masked a world of pain and trouble behind them. What had he been through? She looked away and down at the floor. "Okay," she said softly. "But before we go, maybe we better make plans… just in case."

"Perfect!" Roger declared.

She looked up with a smile on her face. "And in the meantime. Let's finish with you so I can get to the last of my other patients. Otherwise I'll have another reason for being late coming home tonight."

Roger nodded and smiled.

She looked at him for a moment. "If you don't mind, I'll be back in a few minutes again. Okay?" Since he didn't object, she hurried out of the exam room, her hand automatically reaching into her lab coat to grab her pacifier as she hurried to her office. With the door closed behind her again, she sucked on it blissfully while she thought again about the things they had just said. It was a few minutes before she was able to pull her brain back to thinking about business. She had already planned on what drugs to give him, and his lab results showed no problems that she could see. Grabbing the bottles, she pulled the pacifier from her mouth and hurried back to him.

"Sorry that took so long," she apologized.

"It's okay," Roger replied kindly.

She tried to be all business. She handed him the first bottle. "This one is going to block the testosterone that your body is producing now." She handed him the second one. "This is a form of estrogen. Even though I know we need to hurry you along, I dare not try you on anything stronger until I see how you do on this. Okay?" When he only nodded, she asked. "Can I see you again in about a month for a follow up?"

"I have no doubt I'll be able to make it," Roger replied.

She looked him in the eyes again. She really wanted to see him much sooner. Much, much sooner. She forced herself back to business. "You probably won't see too much of a reaction to those pills at first. But after a few days to a week, you may start experiencing some mood shifts. That's perfectly normal. Those hormones can sometimes magnify your emotions making them… a bit hard to deal with. Again, that's normal. In fact, it's kind of part of learning to be a woman."

"I understand," Roger replied. "Actually, I read that."

"Good," she replied.

"How much do these things cost?" Roger asked. "All my friends say it's expensive."

"For you… nothing," she replied.

"Nothing?"

She looked to the floor sheepishly. "That's part of… the other thing we were talking about earlier. I owe a lot of money. A lot… of money!"

"The gambling debts," he said, remembering his last visit.

She nodded. "I…" she struggled to say the words, "have to… pay all your transition expenses. All your doctor visits, all your medications, even any surgeries you have later on. Everything!"

Roger was very surprised. "From what I hear, that could be a lot."

She nodded again. "Yeah." She looked up at him. "But not nearly as much as I owe on those debts. I'm actually getting off very easy. Plus, I won't have to be paying all this at one time."

He nodded. "Thank you," he replied. "I know you have no choice in that, so I won't try to even offer anything else. I know how that works. And to be honest, the expense kind of takes a big load off of my mind."

She looked him in the eyes again. Those eyes that appeared so kind… yet hid so much more. "You're welcome," she said a bit bashfully. "Now, if you like, you can wait in the small kitchen we have for the staff while I finish with the rest of my patients. There's coffee there if you want it. And when I'm done, we can talk about how I'm going to manage to go out to dinner with you!"

Jessica parked her car in the lot at the Italian restaurant and breathed a sigh of relief. So far, so good. But she was already dreading taking the stupid pacifier out of her mouth. She had called her sister to warn her of what she was trying to do. Her sister still thought she was faking most of it. She couldn't help that. But her sister had also said to let her know again when she was on her way home so she could be there for her… eventually. She did have her husband as well as Jessica's and her own kids to take care of.

As she turned her car engine off, she saw Candy Brinkley's pickup truck pulling in right next to her. The fact that he drove a pickup only made Candy seem… more masculine to her. She tried to put that notion out of her head. It would do neither of them any good. She had chosen this restaurant because she knew it would be dark and she could hide a bit better in the booths. Before leaving her office, she and Candy had worked out what they would do

if… if… if she didn't make it. Basically, he would drive her home and take care of her until her sister could get there. She prayed it wouldn't be necessary.

Plucking up her courage, she pulled the pacifier out of her mouth and got out of the car. Candy was already waiting for her. She could see how nervous he looked. She couldn't blame him one bit. Instead of the blind leading the blind, tonight it was going to be the humiliated leading the humiliated. They would try to lean on each other. "Ready?" she asked, trying to sound cheerful.

"I'm doing my best," Roger replied. "I can't tell you how embarrassed I feel right now, but I know I have to get used to it."

"You do," Jessica replied as they walked. "But it also means you have to get better at… blending."

"Don't I know it!"

Entering the restaurant, Jessica's mind dredged up haunting memories of the many times she had been there in the past – with her ex–husband… many years ago. Back before things went bad with their marriage. Now she was here again with another man. Except, she had to stop thinking of Candy as another man. That was one of the reasons she was doing her best to only think of him as Candy and not… Roger.

She sensed Candy holding back, trying to stay behind her as they approached the receptionist's desk. With the need for her pacifier already growing more firmly on her mind, she stepped forward to take the lead and ask for a quiet table where they could be alone… to talk. She saw the receptionist stare a bit too long at Candy, before she picked up two menus and led the way.

Jessica slid into the booth first, while Candy, acting like a man, politely waited before heading to the other side of the booth. But before he sat down, she said, "Wait! Sit over here next to me." Her hands were already desperately opening her purse to find her pacifier as Candy moved into her side of the booth as well… hiding her a bit more from anyone who might look their way. Jessica's hand was firmly locked around her pacifier… out of sight in her purse, as the receptionist took way too long telling them who their server would be and about the new appetizers the restaurant offered. She thanked the receptionist, but her pacifier was in her mouth the moment her back was turned. She felt totally relieved the moment she started sucking on it. And totally embarrassed too. With her hand shyly covering what was in her mouth, she turned toward Candy.

Roger smiled and pulled her hand away, exposing the pacifier. "Don't worry about it," he said softly. "But what I want to know is, what's everybody going to think?"

She didn't say anything, but her eyes told him she didn't understand what he was talking about.

"About two women sitting next to each other like this?" he finished.

If it wasn't for the pacifier in her mouth, Jessica would have laughed for all too many reasons. "I don't care!" she replied softly but firmly. And then she felt her crotch growing wet again. Ugh! And she had changed her diaper just before they left her office. Now she would have to sit through the entire dinner in a wet diaper!

A waitress suddenly appeared seemingly out of nowhere and Jessica quickly pulled the pacifier out of her mouth and hid it in her closed hand. But she couldn't miss the surprised stare of the waitress. She had seen! And then Jessica saw the waitress turn her eyes on Candy… and there was no doubt that the waitress was bothered by Candy's… appearance.

"Should we leave?" Roger asked the waitress, speaking very softly.

"Oh! No! Not at all," the waitress replied quickly, trying to compose herself. "You're fine. It's just…"

"Don't worry about it," Roger replied with a small shake of his head. "Can I get some coffee?"

"Yeah, sure!" the waitress replied. She looked to Jessica. "And for you?"

"Iced tea?" Jessica requested.

"Any appetizers?"

Roger looked to Jessica as he shook his head, signifying that he didn't want any for himself. "No thank you," Jessica replied for both of them. She had noticed that Candy was still trying to use his "female" voice when he spoke. She silently applauded his effort to keep at it. Or did he talk that way all the time now because… that woman – Janice, had something to do with it? The moment the waitress was gone, her pacifier was back in her mouth. Relief… again. This time she kept her hand somewhat in front of her mouth again to further hide her embarrassment.

"The appetizers sound good," Roger commented, "but I can't seem to eat as much with this corset on."

Jessica smiled, not sure if it was an attempt at light humor or not. "I'm not surprised she replied.

"What happened to you last week?" Roger asked.

She wanted badly to reply. She wanted badly to tell him exactly what she had endured at the hands of… his housekeeper. But she had sudden visions of that weird grey wall that separated out what she could and couldn't do. But still, it seemed that there were things she was able to say to him. She guessed she should be grateful for that. "Um… I'm afraid I can't… talk about most of it," she managed to get out. "But I have managed to talk about the results so far."

"I think I understand the part you can't talk about," Roger told her. "Some of it anyway. I can't talk about a lot of things too." He stared at her for a moment before asking, "Can I tell you a story though? Something I… overheard recently."

Instead of replying around the pacifier she was still sucking on, she only nodded.

"I've been hounded lately by two FBI men," Roger told her.

"The FBI!" she blurted out, suddenly not caring about anything that was currently embarrassing her. Would she be in trouble now with the FBI too?

Roger nodded. "Yeah. It seems they've been watching Janice fairly closely for… something." And then his voice just seemed to blurt out, "But she didn't do it! I've been nothing but completely happy with her since she came to work for me. I love having her in my house and she does a darn good job cooking and cleaning and a lot of other things. And I love having her daughter in the house with me too. They've both been really great!" He was almost breathless by the time he got it all out.

Jessica just stared at him in shock. If she wasn't stuck sucking so hard on her pacifier it would have probably dropped out of her mouth. And somehow, she didn't believe a single word that he had just said. Were those things something else that she had done to him? She wanted badly to believe that. "Is there more to the story?" she finally asked.

Roger looked at her a bit sheepishly. "Sorry," he said. "Yeah, there's more. The FBI guys met with me in the school principal's office again."

"Again?"

"Yeah, they had been there once before. They've been kind of hounding some of my friends too."

She was suddenly feeling more hope than she had all day. The FBI were on to her! They would catch that woman and put a stop to all of this… and maybe in the process, they would help her too! "Okay," she said, "so what happened at this meeting?"

"Well, one of them had a phone call while they were questioning me. The call was from a doctor in a mental institute somewhere."

The words 'mental institute' grabbed Jessica's full attention.

"Anyway," Roger continued, "his partner wanted to hear what was said too so they put the phone on speaker. I asked if they wanted me to leave, but they told me to stay instead and I overheard everything that was said."

"So… what did you hear?" Jessica asked, her hand still covering the bottom of her face.

But before Roger could reply, the waitress was back again with their drinks. Jessica desperately pulled her pacifier out again with her hand, but she knew that the waitress had seen her doing it.

"Did you decide what you want to order?" the waitress asked brightly, doing her best to ignore what she had seen the customer doing.

Roger looked to Jessica, then back to the waitress. "Can you give us a few more minutes," he replied, "we forgot to look at the menu."

"Sure, no problem."

"So what happened?" Jessica asked as soon as she was gone and her pacifier was back where it belonged.

"As I said, the call was from a doctor in a mental institute. He told them about one of the patients there that evidently they had checked on some time ago. The doctor referred to the patient as 'the bug man' because everybody seemed to think he acted like a bug of some kind."

"A bug!" Jessica exclaimed. The woman's words about most of her victims not getting the honor of being human suddenly became more clear.

Roger nodded. "A bug. Anyway, the doctor said that they had been kind of at their wits end with him, and they finally subjected him to a few rounds of electroshock therapy."

"What happened?" Jessica asked anxiously.

"Evidently," Roger replied, "he woke up out of his nightmare and suddenly started screaming about how bad the walls were." Roger looked at her more intently. "But the minute they sat him up, he went right back into his non–communicative, bug–like state."

Jessica's face suddenly clouded over at hearing that. "He shouted about the walls?" she asked.

"I think… he was shouting about 'the wall' instead. One wall."

Jessica's eyes quickly searched out his. "The wall," she said breathlessly and watched as he nodded. "Stand up," she breathed, her mind's eye focusing on her own personal wall. And every time I…"

"Sit down," Roger finished for her. Somehow, he felt a tiny sense of relief at being able to say that. And he was certain she understood.

Jessica stared at him. She knew it! He saw that same horrible wall every time he stood up or sat down too. The wall that locked away all her ability to not do what the woman wanted. Her own wall was impossibly thick. How much worse was his wall now? She couldn't even imagine it. Knowing there was nothing she could do about it, she picked up her menu. "We better figure out what we want to eat," she said, forcing herself to look at the menu and not him.

Roger picked up his menu and stared at it too.

"Thank you for telling me that," she said softly, still staring at her menu.

"I figured you might be interested," Roger replied, also staring at the items on the pages in front of him.

The waitress came back with their drinks and they finally ordered their food. Jessica pulled an empty baby bottle out of her purse and filled it from her glass as furtively as possible. She couldn't help but feel Candy's gaze as she did it. She took a quick sip from the bottle, then hid it down on the seat between them where nobody else could see it. When she was done, Roger half turned back toward her again. He wanted to know more about what she was going through. But he didn't get the chance to ask because she beat him to it. "Tell me about yourself," she said.

Roger shrugged. "Not much to tell. And honestly, I don't know what to say."

Was he ducking around more things that the woman wouldn't let him talk about? "Then tell me about Candy," she suggested instead. "I can't help you, if I don't know anything about you and what you're trying to do."

Roger would have rather talked about her, but it seemed she wasn't giving him the opportunity. "I don't know what to tell you. You know why I'm… changing. And I guess you know that I'm doing it as fast as possible."

"In every way that modern medicine can make you," she replied.

He looked at her for a moment. "Exactly."

"So… what have you been… doing lately?" she asked.

He took a big breath and let it out. "Trying to cope." It was a moment more before he spoke again. "I seem to be… Candy… all the time now, except for when I'm in school teaching."

"You mentioned school before. What do you teach?"

"High school math."

"Do you like it?"

"I love it. But… well… as of the end of the school year, I'm going to be a full time handyman… or handygirl… or something like that. 'Candy girl, the handy girl,' he quoted mockingly.

She smiled. "Catchy. So at least you'll have a way to make a living."

He nodded. "But the question is, how do I live with myself? How do I learn to be comfortable with myself as a woman, when…" But he found that he couldn't tell her that he didn't want to be a woman. He couldn't say those words.

"When you don't know how?" she suggested.

"That's a lot of it," he agreed.

"What don't you know?" she asked.

"Everything!" he replied. "Clothes, shopping, how am I supposed to behave? How am I supposed to act? What am I supposed to think? Life!" he exclaimed. "How do I do any of it?"

She smiled. "It's not going to be easy for you… and it's going to take time. But I'm going to try to help you all I can. Those pills I gave you earlier will help some too… eventually. And as for clothes and shopping…" She stopped and smiled. "I guess I could take you shopping sometime and help you all I can. Shopping is something I've always been good at."

"Can we go tonight?" Roger asked, anxious to take her up on that offer.

“Sorry,” she replied. “But even now I’m starting to feel more and more worried about what will happen to me. Maybe we better wait a few weeks until I’m… not so helpless anymore.”

“I may hold you to that!”

“That’s fine,” she replied.

They talked lightly through dinner. Despite their situation, they both seemed to enjoy each other’s company. Roger was desperate for someone to be kind to him and to help him, and Jessica not only found herself forced to do all she could for him, she found she really wanted to help him. She actually liked him. And by the time they had finished eating, she was wondering how he would be in bed – as a man!”

When the waitress brought the check after dinner, Roger reached up and took it.

“I’ll take that,” Jessica told him.

“It’s okay. I’ve got it,” Roger replied.

She looked at him. “I make way more money than you do Candy. And there’s something else too.”

“What?”

“You’re acting like a man. You need to learn to stop that.”

“I don’t think I know how.”

She reached over and plucked the check out of his hand. “This is the first part,” she replied.

Roger relented, but again he had that feeling he had lost a tiny piece of his old life. After she had paid with her credit card, he grabbed his purse and started to slide out of the booth. “This is something else I’m having a hard time getting used to,” he said.

“What’s that?” she asked as she slid across the seat, her wet diaper making the effort feel all too strange.

“Having to carry this!” he replied.

“Your purse?” she asked.

“Yeah. It’s… weird. I hate it!”

"I love purses," she told him as she got to her feet. "They're so… feminine!" She looked at him thoughtfully. "But you don't understand feminine yet, do you?"

He shook his head. "Right now, this thing is just a… necessary nuisance!"

"Momma," Carol said, "next week is finals. Don't forget we still need to find something for Mr. Brinkley."

"Oh dear, I did forget," Janice told her. "Thank you for reminding me. We'll try to go shopping sometime this week, or perhaps this weekend." Headlights from Roger's truck suddenly poured through the living room window. "I think he's finally home. That took longer than I expected."

Roger came through the front door, to find both Janice and Carol staring at him. He looked around uncertainly. "What?" he asked. "Is something wrong?"

Janice shook her head. "No, it just took a bit longer than I thought it would. Did the doctor see you right away?"

"Oh yeah!" Roger replied. "I didn't have to wait at all!"

"Good!" Janice exclaimed. "I want you to have perfect service from her from now on."

Roger chanced telling her. "I had dinner with her too."

Janice was surprised. "You did?"

"She's… trying to help me as much as possible," he told her. "Since I don't have a psychologist that I can see."

Janice considered that. "That's actually… very helpful," she decided. "And how… did your meeting go?"

Roger looked at her for a moment before saying, "It was… very interesting," he replied. "Especially considering some of her… rather peculiar habits that she seems to have acquired recently. And the air was very thick with things neither of us could say."

Janice only smiled.

The next morning, Roger took his first dose of hormones. And three days later, the depression set in.

Chapter 52.

Janice wiped her dusting cloth over the new sewing table that had just been delivered and set up. She sprayed a little more furniture polish on it and rubbed it in. The surface had been gleaming to start with, but she was sure that the wax she had just added made it gleam brighter. She ran her hand over the large sewing machine that sat on the table. The manual for the machine was placed right next to it. She hadn't tried the machine yet. She hadn't even turned it on. She would get to it soon enough. She had other things to do first.

She needed to make a trip. She needed to leave as soon as possible. She had only been waiting on her new sewing machine and table to arrive. And now they were there occupying the space she had left vacant in the living room for them.

Carol and Candy had been warned that she would be gone until sometime tomorrow – most likely late tomorrow. The beds had all been made, the dishes were done, and she had spent most of her morning designing and ordering the new business cards for Candy. She had really enjoyed that little task. She had created a precious new logo for Candy. She was sure he… she… would appreciate it when "she" saw it.

With nothing to hold her back, she began gathering the things she would need for her trip. Some things she would have to buy along the way, but some things she already had. She was heading for southern Alabama… not far from Mobile where she had once lived. Mobile was where Agent Jacobs had first started really hounding her. He had been there in Jackson, Mississippi, but it was in Mobile that he had really started to become a pain.

The minute she got into the car, she checked for electronic bugs very carefully. Fortunately, there were none. Two minutes later, she was pulling out of the driveway. She had a long drive ahead of her… and just as long a drive back tomorrow.

Miserable couldn't even begin to describe how Halifax felt. The monstrous tubs of… whatever was in them and was now stuck to his folded up legs were so big and bulky he could barely move at all. Since they had dragged him back into his tiny cell, he had only been able to lay on his stomach and that was it. He couldn't even roll over because the tubs were so big. When he had to pee, he had dragged himself as far to the side as he could, raised his body as much as possible, and let it out. Then he had been forced to drag his body away from the puddle… although doing that without getting wet from it had proved impossible.

He had another problem too. He was hungry. One of the workers had again brought him food, dumping what had to be leftovers scraped off of someone's plate right onto the floor. He had been so hungry he had grabbed at it and ate it as quickly as he could. But it hadn't been nearly enough to satisfy his hunger. The water from the bucket that he scooped out with his hands and sipped helped some, but not all that much.

The lights in the main room came on again, and he noticed some commotion as workers carried things in and left again. This time, he didn't make a sound. His pleading for help always went unanswered.

He saw the four large guards come in again, but this time they stood around waiting. That same man who had stuck his legs into the tubs came back and talked with them. They spoke Chinese so he had no idea what they were saying, but the fact that they were there again didn't seem to bode well for him. They had already deprived him of his legs. Attached some kind of heavy blocks to them so that he was forced to crawl around on his belly. What more could they do to him? But he knew they would do something, and he wasn't anxious to find out what.

The woman and that evil man suddenly appeared and his apprehension grew worse. The guards headed for his cell. He would have retreated to the back wall, but moving was too difficult. He watched as they opened his cell door… and he started crying in earnest as they dragged him out to the center of the main room where he was dumped unceremoniously in front of the woman.

Susan looked down at the pitiful creature in front of her. She had no pity for him at all. She spoke English, but the words she said were not what he would have expected her to say. "It's time for Ben–ben the dog."

Once again Halifax had a brief vision of filing cabinet drawers closing, and one single drawer opening. He was already naked and on the floor, but his hands clenched themselves into paws that he would never think of opening or using as hands. Part way through the transformation, Ben–ben realized that there was something wrong with his legs. He yelped as he twisted and tried to get to his feet, but there was something stopping him. He yelped several times as his front legs tried to raise his body off the ground. He couldn't understand what had happened.

Xiang quickly moved in and grabbed one of the "dog's" paws, holding it firmly and ignoring the struggles from the "animal." He nodded to one of his helpers who came over with a jar that was opened. A small brush was produced and dipped into the jar, and every inch of the exposed skin on Ben–ben's paw was painted with the surgical marking solution. When that "paw" had dried, they did Ben–ben's other paw the same way.

Xiang got up from the floor and nodded to Susan. "It's time for Ben–Ben to be human." She said.

Once again, Halifax made the odd transition from dog to human. Once again he didn't know what had happened, other than that this time he saw an orange colored dye covering most

of his hands. “What… are you doing,” he breathlessly asked. He was becoming used to not getting any answers.

Xiang grabbed another small bottle and loosened the cap on it. The cap had a brush built into it. He nodded to the guards and they grabbed one of Halifax’s hands and held it out so that Xiang could get to it. Xiang dipped the brush into the bottle again and pulled it out. Then he started brushing the derma bond glue onto every inch of Halifax’s hand that wasn’t dyed orange – all of the skin that had been hidden when his hand had been closed into a paw. He quickly did the other hand the same way.

“It’s time for Ben–ben the dog,” Susan said quickly. And again Halifax went through the transformation. And again Ben–ben found himself horribly hampered by whatever it was that was attached to his legs as he yelped in distress.

They watched Ben–ben struggling for a few minutes before Xiang decided enough time had passed for the glue to be firmly set. At his direction, the dye was then washed off of Ben–ben’s front paws. It was the cleanest his paws had been in a while. Xiang turned to the man who had mixed the rubber compound the day before. “We’re ready,” he said in Chinese.

The man went to work mixing the urethane rubber again. The industrial strength of the compound would render it almost as durable as tire rubber when it dried. Just before he added the final ingredient, he nodded toward Xiang and Susan.

“It’s time for Ben–Ben to be human,” Susan commanded, and once again Halifax underwent the transition from dog to human. But this time, as he became more aware of things, he discovered that he couldn’t open his hands. “What have you done?” he yelled… even as all four guards picked up his body and held him securely.

Xiang grabbed Halifax’s arm, paying most of his attention to the closed and glued hand. The man with the rubber came over with an empty container as well as the compound he had just mixed.

“No! No! No, no, no, no, no!” screamed Halifax to no avail as he struggled uselessly against the much stronger men.

Halifax’s hand was inserted into the container as the guards and Xiang held him firmly. The container was much smaller than the ones used on his legs, but it was still more than big enough. The industrial strength urethane rubber was poured into the container, filling it completely and covering Halifax’s hand and arm, stopping just short of his elbow. They continued to hold him firmly like that, totally unable to move his arm, until the rubber expert declared that it was safe to release him. Halifax was set down on the floor, but they didn’t let him go anywhere… not that he would have been able to anyway.

Halifax had no doubt what fate awaited his other hand. All too soon he was picked up again and his other hand was sealed in a container of the rubber. And when they were done, they set him down on the floor again.

“Turn him over,” Susan commanded.

It took two guards to rotate Halifax from his stomach onto his back. The large tubs on his legs made moving him that way very difficult. The weight of the rubber and tubs on his arms caused them to flop out uselessly on the floor to either side of him.

Susan looked down at the miserable man. This time, she spoke English so he would understand her. Just as I’ve deprived you of the use of your legs, now I’ve deprived you of the use of your hands as well. But I’m afraid we’re not done with you yet. Not by a long shot. There is one more part of your body that you will be permitted to retain… but will never have the use of again.”

With that she nodded to the men around her and moved away from him.

Xiang approached Halifax with a thin metal tube in his hand. He knelt down of top of Halifax as the guards made sure his rubber covered arms stayed out of the way.

“Ow! Ow! Ow!” Halifax screamed as he felt Xiang grab his penis and start sticking the tube right into the tip of it. “Ow!” he yelled again… to no avail.

With the tube stuck several inches into him, Xiang got off of him. The end of the tube still protruded almost four more inches out the end. At his direction, the guards picked Halifax up again and turned him back onto his stomach. A few minutes later a worker who had quickly left, came back with a bowl of ice and water. Halifax was lifted from the floor, and set down again, carefully lowering his penis into the container of ice and water. Halifax screamed! Again. But the guards held him fast so he couldn’t escape the icy cold that now invaded his cock and balls… shrinking them down smaller than they would ever be without the ice.

The rubber expert went back to work. As soon as he was ready, the guards lifted Halifax straight into the air, and eventually set him down so that his now tiny penis with the steel tube sticking out of it went straight into another container. A much smaller container. And this container was already filled with the rubber compound. As usual, all the pleading from Halifax went completely unheeded.

They held him like that for a few extra minutes before the rubber expert decided they could move him. But all the guards did was to put Halifax down on the concrete floor and turn him over on his back. The rubber expert briefly checked the container again that now covered

Halifax's private parts. He was sure it would be fine, and as expected, everything looked perfect. He nodded toward Susan and stepped out of the way.

Susan merely said one word, "Good!" before she and Xiang left. Halifax was left right where he was, helpless and on his back as the workers cleaned everything up and they too finally departed. The main lights were turned off, leaving only the single dim bulb burning. And Halifax was left wondering why they didn't just kill him and get it over with.

The rain was driving down as hard as she had ever seen it when Janice finally arrived at the start of the hiking trail not far from Mobile. There were no other cars in sight, but with that much rain coming down, she didn't expect to see anyone. The rain would be a major nuisance, but there was nothing she could do about that. She would have to manage anyway. With the engine off, she turned around and just managed to grab her rain poncho from the back seat. Slipping the darn thing on in the car was difficult. She finally got out of the car into the driving rain, pushing the button to raise the rear hatch of the car just before she got out. The rain was so thick it was like getting out into a swimming pool.

She hurried around to the back of the car and grabbed her rubber boots. By the time she got them on her feet, her legs were mostly wet… including her feet inside the boots. She grabbed the extra–large backpack she had purchased on the way there and shoved the camping shovel inside of it. She hesitated at grabbing the photo album. She was very worried about what the rain might do to it. It had been a long time now since she had been there and she was worried she might forget where she needed to go. Just to be cautious, she slipped the book into an outer pocket of her pack. Hopefully she wouldn't need to refer to it.

Despite her rain poncho, she felt drenched to the skin as she closed and locked her car and set out along the hiking path. The rain and the mud… and her wet feet inside her boots… made the hiking difficult and miserable, and somewhat painful. But she had no choice but to persevere.

One mile… Two miles… And another half mile. She finally saw the rock formation she had been searching for and turned off of the path at the spot she hoped was where she needed to go. She kept going up and over a small hill, then down the other side. She looked around. Was this the place? It was hard to tell. But something in the sight of several fallen trees caught her eye. Yes, she was sure this was the place. She turned and faced… another tree! Darn! If this was the right place, then that tree had only been a small bush the last time she was here. It had certainly grown! If this was the right place. Pulling her shovel out of her pack, she put it to work in the wet mud a short distance from the tree where she hoped she had buried the money.

She dug mud, and the rain washed more mud back into the hole, but she did make progress. She was grateful when the rain seemed to let up somewhat, but she knew the weather forecast called for hard heavy rain for most of day. Her shovel hit something hard. She paused for

only a moment before attacking the hole with renewed vigor. It wasn't long before she had uncovered the red top to the box she was looking for. It took her another half hour to dig the box out enough that she could open it. The roots from that damn tree were her biggest problem. She didn't even try to remove the box from the hole. She knew she didn't have the strength.

It took some doing to get the lid off of the thing, but when she did, she was faced with the glad sight of money. Lots of money. Tons of money. It was all the money she had stolen from the bank while she lived in Mobile. The one bank where she had worked… and the one job Agent Jacobs had kept hounding her about the most after the robbery.

She began stuffing the money into her backpack. Millions of dollars! Before she was finished, she was very worried about having enough room in the pack to hold it all. She did get it all in, but the top of the pack wasn't closed as tightly as she would really like and every pocket in the pack bulged to the maximum. The shovel she had brought with her she threw into the box. She didn't have room in the pack to bring it back with her. She put the lid back on the box and kicked a little of the mud back on top of it. She wasn't worried much about any of it. She had her money now and she would never be back to this spot again.

She attempted to lift the pack… and couldn't! Damn! But there was no way she was ever going to leave any of it behind. Having no other choice, she literally dragged the thing back to the hiking path… then dragged it the entire two and a half miles back to the car. Lifting the stupid thing into the back of the car was another little exercise that she didn't find fun. Especially since the rain was again driving down as hard as it had been before.

She was soaked to the bone. She was as miserable as could be. But she had her money. She stopped at the first hotel she could find and rented a room. The hot shower felt good. The hot bath she took afterwards felt even better. By the time she had dressed again, three hours after she had gotten to the hotel, she felt like her old self. She got back into the car, a bit annoyed by the damp seat she had to sit in, and started her journey home. She was still hopeful she could make it back before Carol went to bed so she could wish her goodnight.

Completely helpless, there was little Halifax could do but lie there and sleep. The voices of two workers talking pulled him out of that slumber as they walked into the room and switched the lights on. "Help me," he moaned. But he could tell, that while he was the center of their attention, they paid no attention to what he had said. It was the heavy buckets that they each set down next to him that concerned him the most now.

The two workers, a man and a woman, talked a lot, but since they only spoke Chinese, Halifax had no idea in the world what they were saying, and they certainly weren't talking to him. They were obviously friends though because they seemed to be laughing and joking about something… that Halifax got the impression was over something that had nothing at all to do with him. But he cared less about what they were saying when the man pulled a

tool out of his bucket, and with a flick of the man's finger, Halifax saw a heavy razor blade extend out the end of it.

The man sat down right on top of Halifax's stomach facing his folded and bound up legs so he couldn't see what the man was doing, but he could certainly feel him grabbing and pulling at the mass that was now covering his penis and balls. He could feel the pulling and manipulating… but he could feel nothing else there at all. A few minutes later, he saw the two workers look almost jubilant as they threw something off to the side. Halifax realized it was the plastic container that they had poured their mixture into.

The man got off of him, but from his position on his back, Halifax could see little. But when the man pulled a small reciprocating saw out of his tool bucket next he decided he didn't want to see what was going to happen. The woman ran an extension cord from the wall for him to plug the saw in, and the sound of it coming to life was the most frightening thing Halifax had heard in his life. Instead of sitting on him, the man bent down with the saw while the woman got between his legs. Halifax could feel more of the pulling. He could feel the vibration of the saw. But again, that was all he could feel.

The saw stopped and Halifax drew a breath of relief. There was more Chinese spoken and more manipulation down there, and then the man moved away and put his saw down. He reached into the bucket and pulled out his knife again and handed it to the woman. More pulling, more manipulation, but still no real feeling there.

The man and woman suddenly became excited about something. Halifax saw the woman grab something from her bucket… a ruler? He felt them doing something before he saw the man pull another tool out of his bucket… a pair of pliers. The man got down between Halifax's legs and Halifax felt more pulling… worse pulling… and then suddenly a quick monstrous pain that fortunately was gone a moment later. But Halifax could see the man jubilantly holding up the thin tube that had been stuck inside his penis before the stuff had been molded to him.

The workers put their tools back into the buckets and moved them further away. The man went into Halifax's little cell and brought out the bucket of water. Standing over Halifax, he slowly dumped a little of it over Halifax's mouth. Halifax did his best to drink it in greedily. He choked on the flowing liquid almost as much as he consumed, but just getting some water into him was a major relief.

And then the bucket of water was put down and the two workers departed again, switching off all but the one single dim bulb that was his only light. Helpless, Halifax could still do nothing but lie there on his back and wait. After the bit of water he had consumed, he felt the slight urge to pee. He let it out, feeling the wetness running down to pool between his legs at his backside.

He closed his eyes, searching for the only bit of peace he had now – sleep.

Chapter 53.

On Friday, Roger was depressed. More depressed than he had ever been in his life. Just as Janice had decreed, he was now faithfully taking his hormone pills every single morning. He had always hated having to change himself into a woman. He had always hated everything that had happened to him since Carol and Janice had come into his life. But today it all somehow became too much for him. He managed to teach his classes, but just barely. And at lunchtime, he didn't feel like facing anyone at all. He didn't feel like seeing anyone at all. He just stayed in his classroom and brooded over his situation… and eventually started crying.

He had cried very few times in his adult life, but this time he simply couldn't help it. He suspected that the hormones he was taking might have something to do with it, but things in his life were so miserable that he couldn't really be sure. All he knew was that he was depressed and he felt like crying.

It took a great effort to eventually go out and just wash his face shortly before he had to teach his next class… the class that Carol was in. He felt better with his face clean. But he still felt depressed.

As he waited for his next class to come into the room, his thoughts turned to Doctor Parker again. What was she going through with the infantile behaviors that Janice had inflicted on her? He was surprised that he wanted to see her again. Despite their two situations, they both shared something important in common. How was she coping with it all? Did he dare call her and ask? Would he be out of place in doing that? Somehow, to him, he didn't feel like calling her would be wrong in any way at all. He just didn't know if she would feel that way.

As the students filed into the room, he felt a bit better. Oddly, thinking about the Doctor had briefly taken his mind off of his own problems and he was now feeling better than he had all day. So much so, that he decided that he would call the doctor… just as soon as he got home from school… and got changed into Candy again.

The man and the woman were back, and Halifax was glad to see them. They had been in often to work on him… for hours at a time before leaving again and turning out the lights. Halifax could only guess that days were passing, but he had no way to really gauge the amount of time he had been there. Other than one other worker who delivered food to him… always dumping it out on the floor and then leaving, they were the only two people he had seen since his limbs had been made useless… even though they were now "almost" useless instead of totally useless.

The black rubber moldings covering his limbs looked far different now than they did before. The bulky rubber had been shaved down so that now he could roll over and move easily… well on his bent knees anyway. What he could see of his legs, showed him that they were

now rounded and contoured, following the shape of his own legs… somewhat… down to the bottom of his knees where everything had been simply rounded over. Although he could tell that there was now several inches of that rubber extending beneath his knees.

They had worked on the mass of rubber surrounding his penis as well, shaving it down, shaping it, carving it, but not into anything resembling what it used to be. It was all left as a thick round ball, but at least he could pee though it.

The part of him that he could see the best though, was his arms. There, the rubber had been carved down as well. From what he could see, the rubber was now maybe a quarter of an inch thick where it started slightly below his elbows, but it was rounded so that it thickened up a bit more as it extended that thickness down the length of his arms… where it now ended in two round balls… where he knew his hands now resided. He could tell by the weight as well as the sight of it, that the rubber was even thicker there surrounding his hands. The result was that he could now move his arms and his bent up legs. He could once again move… sort of. And the result because of that, was that now the heavy chain attached to the winch on the ceiling of the room was now attached to the collar around his neck with very little room for him to move far. But at least he could move.

He was forced to bend down now and eat the food given him with only his mouth, directly from the floor. The only way he could drink now was to stick his head in the bucket and sip what he could. His hands… as hands… were now useless. Just as his legs now were as well.

And now the man and woman were back again, and he could only hope they would do something else to make his situation at least a little bit easier. But when he saw the tool the man had brought with him this time, fear again ran through him. He had seen pictures… images of that tool, but he had never seen one in person. He wanted to move away from them, but the heavy chain attached to his collar wouldn't let him move more than a few feet.

He watched as the man and the woman stopped right in front of him. They said something in Chinese to him that he didn't understand. But a quick kick from the man and then a harsh shove from his hand and he quickly found himself standing on his hands and knees again… the only way he could affectively move anymore. It was obvious now that from the way they had shaped his new appendages, this was intentional.

Once in position, they spent some time looking over their work carefully. And then they stood again. And Halifax saw the man pick up his tool… and the woman did something… and blue flame blew out of the blowtorch in the man's hand. He watched in fear as the flame was adjusted, making it bigger. And then they approached.

The woman bent down and grabbed his collar… hard. Choking him somewhat and preventing him from moving while the man moved around behind him. He could feel little of what was being done. But eventually he noticed the rubber encasing his legs growing

slightly warmer in places – especially up higher where it was thinner than further down. As usual, the man and woman talked and pointed as they worked, and as usual, he had no idea what they were saying.

He was forced to spread his legs wide. Then wider. Almost painfully wide. And as he stayed like that, the man went back to work with his blowtorch, now on the inside of his legs. Fear really gripped Halifax when he suddenly felt his penis and balls growing hot inside the rubber there. And he knew what part of him they were now working on. He suddenly cried out in major pain as his flesh around his genitals, just outside of the rubber ball, got burned. But all the sympathy it got him was for his collar to be held tighter and a quick painful cuff in the back by the man to make sure he stayed still.

And then they were done… with his legs. He was repositioned, sitting up on his knees. The woman grabbed one of his arms and held it out straight, and the man went to work with the torch on the rubber surrounding his arms. He watched as the flame moved quickly over the rubber, and he watched as the rubber took on a totally smooth appearance. Every inch of both arms was done… just as they had done all the rest of the rubber now attached to his body.

The torch was extinguished. He was placed on his hands and knees again. And they spent a few minutes inspecting their work. Then they stood and moved away to inspect him from further off. And Halifax was guessing that they were done with him.

They left him again. But the lights weren't turned out as they usually were. He sat back on his knees and took the time to inspect their work. Yes, they had smoothed the rubber everywhere. It almost had a bit of a sheen to it now. He spent some time like that, waving his semi–useless arms around in the air for exercise. He could no longer bend his wrists of course, but just moving his elbows and shoulders like he did was a welcome relief.

The weight of the rubber balls at the ends incasing his hands was somewhat hard to get used to. His arms looked more like clubs than anything else to him. Thoughts of actually defending himself with them ran through his head. But trying to fight someone like that from his knees would be somewhat useless. But still, he decided that he had a weapon now in those arms.

He was still waving them around, exercising them, when the woman, Susan Wu, suddenly appeared along with the two who had carved his limbs into their current shape. The woman stopped near the entrance and watched him waving his arms… and he could tell by the look on her face that she didn't look happy.

They approached him and he knelt there waiting. Susan said something to the man and he came over and kicked him back to his hands and knees again. Halifax heard them talking for a while. He saw the woman kneel down and inspect everything they had done to him very closely. But there was an edge to her voice when she spoke that told him she wasn't happy.

Wu stood again and moved away from him as he stood there on all fours and she seemed to look at him for the longest time. She said something in Chinese to the man and woman, and then they all left again. This time, turning off the lights.

Halifax took the opportunity to crawl over to his bucket of water for a much needed drink. After which he moved as far as the chain would allow and peed… raising his leg slightly so that it would go further away from the small area the chain allowed him to occupy.

Later, he was almost dozing when the lights were snapped on again. And the man who frightened him most was there… alone. The man who had brutally ripped out his fingernails! He realized now that they had been removed so that his hands could be encased in the rubber like they were with no danger of his nails causing complications later on.

Fearfully, he rose to his hands and knees… the position he could move the best in to get away, even though he couldn't go far. Thoughts of using his hands as clubs again ran through his mind. But the man merely knelt down and examined all of his new rubber bindings. But he seemed to examine the work for a very long time. Then he stood and left, and again the lights were turned out… and Halifax breathed a sigh of relief.

Jessica Parker sat in her office and sucked on her pacifier… and thought about gambling. It was Friday. She always went to the casinos on Friday… well, she had tried to go last week but her journey had been… interrupted. And now she was cursed with a problem. But her mind wasn't focused so much on that problem just then as it was on what she would do with all the money she was sure she would win. She was way overdue for a big score. Way overdue. It was her time. She could feel it in her bones. Tonight she would win for sure! There was simply no way she couldn't win!

Okay, she was cursed for another week yet with a problem. But… she knew now that it would only hinder her. As long as she kept doing things and didn't go home, she could manage. She had no doubt that if she left tonight for the casinos, she could easily stay up all night and gamble all day tomorrow as well. It would be a chance to win even more money! She had done it many times in the past, gone without sleep so she could stay in the casinos. It was a perfect idea… and it would keep her in adult mode where she could function for much, much longer!

Yes, maybe this little curse that she had been forced to endure would get to her and make things even worse for her. But maybe it wouldn't! She had already discovered a few ways to keep going longer than she knew she was supposed to… as long a she kept busy and didn't go anywhere near home… or even a place to spend the night. She had tried going to her sister's house one evening instead of home. That had been a disaster. She had dropped into baby mode again the moment she got through her sister's front door. Her damn sister had actually spanked her over it!

There was one bright spot though that she had discovered about being forced back into babyhood – her daughter. Many times during the days now her mind thought back to the times she and Jasmine had played together – every single evening. Yes, it was humiliating and their roles were totally reversed, but it was always so much fun! Right now, while she was still stuck with this baby problem, her daughter was the one thing she looked forward to the most.

But not as much as getting back to gambling! That was where her true fun lied. That was where she had to be. Gambling was her life's blood. Gambling was part of her soul! She was born to gamble and she was good at it! And it was Friday, and the casinos beckoned.

She was bothered by her desk phone ringing. Ugh! She picked it up. "Yes?" she asked her receptionist after she removed the pacifier from her mouth.

"Candy Brinkley is on the line for you."

"Candy!" She didn't know how many times she had thought about him during the week. But what did he want now? She prayed there was no problems from the hormones she had given him. She pushed the button on her phone to connect to his call. "Hello?"

"Doctor Parker?" Roger said. "This is Candy Brinkley."

"Yes Candy," she replied quickly. "Is anything wrong?"

"No. I just wanted to check on you… to find out how you're coping with… your problem."

She relaxed and allowed herself to smile. "I'm… trying," she replied. "Actually, I've discovered that I have perhaps the most fantastic daughter in the world. I can't tell you how wonderful she's been with me."

"Your daughter?" he asked. "How old is she?"

"Eight," she replied. "And we play and play together every evening. It's been the height of my life all week. The one and only bright spot for me."

Roger was quite surprised. "Well," he finally said, "I'm very happy for you. It sounds like something is working out for you then."

"It's only a tiny little something," she replied, but I find that holding onto that one good thing helps with all the rest of the shit I have to endure."

Roger knew he shouldn't, in fact, he had no idea what Janice would say about it, but while he had the doctor on the phone… "Um… Doctor," he said.

"Yes?"

"Um… I was wondering if we could get together tomorrow and go shopping or something. You did offer to take me. That is, if what you have to endure will let you."

Her face clouded at the memory. It wasn't that she was against going shopping with him. But… "Oh Candy, I'm sorry! But once I get home, I'm so totally out of it and helpless that I can't even think straight until Monday morning. At least, that's the way it was last weekend… and I suspect it will work the same again this time."

"Oh," Roger replied, surprised to find that he was disappointed about it.

"Besides," she continued, "I'm going to be busy anyway and I don't expect I'll get back till tomorrow night sometime."

Roger was confused. "You what? What do you mean? Don't you have to go home?"

"I don't think so," she replied. "At least, not right away. I'm heading up to the casinos instead. I figure if I stay up all night there, I can delay what will happen to me until I get home, and have a bit of fun while I'm at it."

"But Doctor," Roger replied, totally horrified, "I thought you mentioned that what you have to go through will get worse for you if you gamble again."

"Maybe," she replied. "And maybe not. I don't know that for sure, but I think it's worth me trying to get back to what I do best!"

Roger realized she was crazy! She was addicted to gambling far worse than he thought. "Don't do it!" he practically yelled into the phone. "I can tell you for a fact that what was done to you will ruin your life. Don't take that chance! Don't go!"

She shook her head. He just didn't understand. "I'm sorry Candy. But I think I can do it. Furthermore, I have to do it. I can win this time. I know it for sure! There's no way that anything is going to keep me from winning back that money! No way!"

"Doctor, don't do it!" Roger pleaded again. "Don't do it!"

"Sorry Candy, my mind is made up. I'm leaving right after work today."

"Don't do it! Don't go!" Roger screamed into his phone.

“Candy, stop it! I’m a big girl. I can take care of myself. And I’m going to win some money tonight… and more money tomorrow!”

“Don’t!” Roger tried again. In desperation, he tried the only thing he could think of at the time. “Doctor Parker, I command that you see me tonight!”

It was like a switch was thrown in her brain. “You… you…” But she couldn’t say the word command.

“Doctor,” Roger said again. “I demand that you seem me tonight!”

As much as she desperately wanted to head for the casinos, Doctor Jessica Parker discovered that she couldn’t ignore his request to see her. She had no choice in the matter. She had to give him the absolute best care that she possibly could. She took a deep breath before sadly replying, “What time will you be here Candy?”

“I don’t know. I’ll have to clear it with my housekeeper first. But no matter what, I will be there eventually.” He thought of something else. “You can tell your staff to go home when it’s time. You should be able to take care of me yourself. It may be late, but I’m coming to your office and I expect to see you there! Wait for me!”

Everything he was saying was delaying her trip to the casinos. She would take care of him as best she could. But once she had seen him, she would be off to gamble again. He was only delaying her a little bit. She still had all night and tomorrow ahead of her to do what she couldn’t wait to do. “Okay Candy. I’ll be here,” she replied. “I’ll wait for you.”

Roger breathed a small sigh of relief. Now he just had to clear it with Janice.

Even though the days had been growing longer, it was still completely dark by the time Roger’s truck reached the halfway point driving toward Marietta where the Doctor’s office was located. He had told Janice immediately what was going on and what he wanted to do. Janice couldn’t believe it and had started angrily declaring things she should have done to the doctor instead of what she had done. Roger had pleaded with her to let him handle things. Fortunately, she had agreed… although reluctantly. But Janice made it clear that if she got wind of the Doctor gambling again, then she would make sure the Doctor would be sorry for the rest of her life! So Roger had purposely delayed leaving home… just to keep the Doctor in her office longer and away from the casinos.

The only car in the parking garage when he got there was Jessica’s Mercedes. He parked next to it and headed for her office. The door was unlocked and the lights were on, but the place seemed deserted. “Doctor?” he called. He saw her head poke up from one of the desks behind the receptionist’s window… with her pacifier still in her mouth.

“Took you long enough,” she grumpily told him. “What’s your problem?”

“I… just want to talk,” he finally said.

“And this couldn’t wait until next week?” she asked angrily.

“No! It couldn’t!” Roger replied firmly.

“Oh all right!” she replied with a shake of her head. “Come on back to my office.”

“Why don’t we go to dinner instead and talk?” Roger suggested. Actually, he had already eaten with Janice and Carol, but he was fairly sure that the Doctor hadn’t.

“Why?” she replied, put off that her trip to the casinos might be delayed even longer.

“Because… you need to eat!” Roger declared.

She stared at him with a mixture of anger and exasperation. Yeah she was hungry. She did need to eat. But she could far more easily stop at the drive through of a fast food restaurant along the way… and her damn pacifier and baby bottle wouldn’t even be an issue! She closed her eyes and shook her head. “Candy… what do you want?”

“To talk!” Roger replied.

“About what?”

“I’m having problems,” he finally decided.

“With what? You’ve only been on the hormones for a few days!”

“I know, but I’m still having problems.”

Totally exasperated, she asked, “What kind of problems?”

“I’m… having major mood swings,” he told her. “I cried in school today.”

An image of him crying in a classroom full of kids nearly made her laugh. “Candy, I told you that you would experience things like that. It’s perfectly normal. In fact, you need to experience these things.”

“I need you to tell me about it all again,” he told her. “Over dinner!”

She stared at him angrily… then gave in. “Oh all right, damn you. Let me get my things.” She headed for her office, but her mind was still only on leaving for the casinos just as soon as she possibly could!

They again went to the same restaurant. It was Friday night, but since they were so late, the crowd had thinned and they were able to get a booth immediately – the same booth they had sat together in last time. And just as they had done last time, Jessica slid in first and Roger slid in next to her. The waitress recognized them immediately from the last time they were there.

“So what’s your problem?” Jessica whispered as soon as the waitress had taken their drink orders.

“Don’t go gambling!” Roger hissed.

“Is that what this is really all about?” she asked angrily.

“Yes!” Roger replied.

“Forget it!” she said. “I’m going!” With that, she grabbed her pursed and started shoving her body against his to try to get him to move.

Roger dug in and held her back as best he could. He was still a man underneath his makeup and he was still much stronger than she was. “Stop it!” he whispered.

“Let me out!” she demanded angrily. Her voice now raising in volume to the point where others could hear her.

“No!” Roger replied stubbornly. “You can’t go!”

“You have no say over what I can and can’t do!” she replied as she tried again to shove him out of the way.

“Doesn’t matter!” he replied. “I’m not going to let you throw your whole life away!”

“Move damn you!” she yelled as she pushed him.

“I’m not letting you go!” Roger insisted, his voice too raising… and losing every bit of the Candy voice he had been working on.

“Is there a problem here?”

They both looked up to see the manager quickly stopping at their table.

“Get out of my way!” Jessica yelled at Roger.

“I think…” the manager started to say, but Roger stopped him.

“We’re going,” he told the manager angrily. “She’s and addict and I’m just trying to prevent something really bad.” He saw the light of surprise in the manager’s face. But he also noted the look of comprehension as well.

“Out of my way!” Jessica angrily screamed.

Roger moved out of the booth, grabbing his own purse. He hurried toward the door, and as he suspected Jessica almost raced him for the parking lot. He was simply there first. He stood in front of her car door, blocking her from getting to it.

“Out of my way!” she demanded again.

“No! I’m not going to let you go!”

Totally frustrated, she started swinging her purse at him. Hitting him several times before he caught the thing and pulled her into his arms to hold her fast. “Let me go!” she screamed.

“No. Listen to me,” he said, “Janice is mad that you’re going gambling again. Very mad. She’s sworn to totally destroy you if you even go near that place again.”

She briefly stopped struggling and looked up into his eyes. “You told her?” she gasped.

“I had to,” he explained. “I had to tell her why I was leaving. My life isn’t so open and free as you might think!”

She thought about that for a moment, but her addiction was still in command. “Out of my way!” she demanded again as she struggled in his arms again. “She won’t know anything if you don’t tell her! Now let me go!”

“No! Think Doctor! Think! She’s already put her curse on you. Look what it’s done to you already! How can you doubt one bit that everything she willed won’t happen?”

She stopped struggling again for a moment and again looked into his eyes. “Her will,” she said as that thought focused strongly in her mind.

“Her will!” he repeated firmly.

“The wall,” she said as her eyes lost focus and her mind pictured the grey wall instead.

“Stand up,” he said.

Her eyes lowered to his chest and she leaned her forehead into it. “Sit down,” she replied, her voice turning to defeat.

“Remember the bug man?” he asked.

“She mentioned with me,” she replied, “that most of her victims don’t remain… human.”

“That’s what she has in store for you if she ever hears of you gambling again.”

She quickly looked up into his eyes, searching for some sign that he might be making it all up. But all she saw was the truth. Overwhelmed, she leaned into him and started crying. “I want to go gambling,” she cried into his chest. “I need to go gambling!”

“No you don’t!” Roger said softly. “It’s the addiction.”

“I’m not addicted!” she insisted through her tears.

“Yes you are!” he said firmly. “You need help!”

“No I don’t!” she replied through her tears and still into his chest.

She held onto him and cried… and he held her and let her cry.

“Come on,” he finally said. “Let me drive you home.”

She shook her head. “I’ll turn into a baby again… for the entire weekend! I won’t even know what anyone is saying to me.”

“Yes but… you have no choice.”

“I can just get in my car and keep driving for the whole weekend.”

“You can’t do that,” he replied. “Besides, knowing what I do now, you’ll probably drive straight to a casino somewhere.”

“Damn you!” she replied as she finally pulled her head away from his chest.

He tried another idea. “Think of your daughter,” he said. “Didn’t you tell me earlier that she’s been your one bright spot?”

"Jasmine," she breathed. "She's been… my savior."

"Let me drive you home," he insisted again.

She looked up into his eyes… those eyes so kind… yet so troubled. What kind of a man must he have been? "I'll drive myself," she said at last, tearing her eyes away from his and stepping back from him.

"No," he insisted. "Let me drive you. There's too much chance right now that you'll change your mind and go somewhere you shouldn't."

She looked into his eyes again and felt the defeat wash over her… and the tears starting to fall again. She nodded and let the tears flow one more time.

He held the passenger door of his truck open for her and helped her inside then ran around and got in behind the wheel. "Where do you live?" he asked. She gave him directions and he drove.

"I'll find some way to get your car before I go home tonight," he told her.

"Call my sister," she said, unable to stare at anything but the floor of his truck.

"Your sister?" he asked.

"She's been taking care of me. She's got my kids too."

"Should I take you to her house instead?" he asked.

"No. She won't have me there. The one time we tried it… it wasn't good. Just call her for me." She pulled her purse around in her lap and started opening it to find her cell phone.

"You don't want to call her yourself?"

"I… don't feel up to it right now," she said, her voice still thick with defeat.

Following her directions, Roger finally wound up in her driveway. A very nice house he noted. But she wasn't moving from her seat. She was just staring ahead, not seeing anything. He got out of the truck and went around and opened the door for her. Very gently, he grabbed her hand and pulled a little just to get her going. She got down from the truck, and placed her cell phone in his hand. "Her name is Kate," she said, "call her for me."

As she walked slowly toward her front door, Roger found the entry for her sister and called it. He couldn't tell if Jessica's sister sounded angry or relieved when he talked with her. She

was definitely angry when he told her that they would have to get Jessica's car from the restaurant. But Kate had said she would be there… eventually… to meet him.

Roger headed for the open front door and went in. And was faced with the sight of Jessica crawling away from him on the floor… her purse and key ring lying on the floor behind her where they had simply been dropped.

He had no idea what to do for her. By all appearances, she was acting like a baby. A total baby. He followed her into the kitchen where she sat in the middle of the floor for a few minutes before crawling over to one of the cabinets… and started pulling out pots and pans. Not knowing if that was a good or bad thing. He let her. He decided it was a somewhat bad thing when she started banging them on the floor, playing with them, and making a rather horrible racket… that caused her to giggle and laugh like an infant behind that crazy pacifier she was stuck sucking on.

He heard the front door opening and a woman's voice call, "Hello?"

Roger hurried around towards the front door and saw a woman who somewhat resembled Jessica approaching. And he was surprised to see a girl and an older boy with her. Both kids stopped still and stared at him. And so did the woman.

"Candy?" she asked, sounding rather irritated.

"That's me," he replied.

She shook her head. "One of those!" she muttered angrily. "If I had known, I wouldn't have brought the kids with me." She turned to the girl. "Go check on your mother kids," she said. "It sounds like World War Three in the kitchen." When the kids were gone, she stared at Candy for a few moments. "How did you get dragged into this?"

"She was going gambling again," he told her. "I had to prevent it."

Kate shook her head. "You should have let her go. Nothing ever stands between her and the casinos."

"If she did go," Roger said, "you think she's a problem to handle now? She'd be far, far worse. And I can tell you for a fact that if she ever gambles again, you won't have a sister anymore."

Kate was startled by that. "What do you mean?"

But in trying to explain, Roger found that he couldn't say anything at all about Janice to this woman. He realized that as little as he could talk about it with Jessica, he could say far less

about it with anyone else. “They won’t kill her,” he said… purposely making it sound like more than one person and defiantly not his housekeeper… “but for all intents and purposes, she might as well be dead. They’ll strip her mind from her completely and she’ll be left a non–communicative hulk. Little better than a corpse!”

“How would you know?” Kate asked angrily.

“Because… I’m… a victim too!” Roger replied.

“You gamble?” Kate asked. “Is that what this is all about? Someone taking revenge on gambling debts or something?”

Roger shook his head. “Not with me. Although I suspect that’s what it’s about with your sister.”

“So… you know these people?” Kate asked. “Who are they?”

Roger wanted to tell her, but it was totally impossible. “I… can’t tell you,” he said.

“Bullshit!” she declared. “You know something. Why can’t you simply go to the police?”

“I… can’t!” he managed to say. “Trust me when I tell you that telling anyone anything at all about what I know is impossible. Physically impossible! And… much more importantly, mentally impossible!”

“Bullshit!” Kate said again. “I should call the police right now and have you arrested. Maybe they can get some straight answers out of you.”

“Go ahead,” Roger said, “but trust me, it will do no good at all.”

She stared at him for a moment. “What did they do, brainwash her or something.”

Roger seized on it. “Yes!” he said almost excitedly, “that’s exactly what they did!”

“So you can tell me something! Tell me about it.”

But as much as Roger wanted it. Again he found it impossible to utter a single word. “I can’t,” he finally said in defeat.

“That’s what Jessica’s says on the phone. She can’t tell me anything.”

“It’s true, trust me,” Roger replied.

“Not for a single second!” Kate told him. “I wouldn’t trust you with anything!”

Roger nodded sadly. “You want me to take you to get her car now?”

“In a minute,” she said as she pushed past him. “I have to check on her first.”

It was very late when Roger got home. But at least he knew that Jessica was being cared for by her sister. And he was especially happy over the fact that he had managed to keep the Doctor out of the casinos. He felt very good about that. And it managed to make him feel happy all the way home. It was a far better mood than when he had woken up that morning.

Chapter 54.

Janice flipped through the still images on her phone that she had taken of Jacob's house and neighborhood. It was time to move on her plan… but not until tonight. She knew what she wanted to do. She had everything ready to put into the car. And she had already discussed with Carol what she needed her to do as well. Now she just had to wait.

Carol came into her room. "Momma?"

"Yes dear?"

"Don't forget about what we need to get for Mr. Brinkley… for the exam."

It was all Janice could do to not roll her eyes. "Yes dear. We need to do that too."

"How about today?" Carol asked. "We don't have to go anywhere until later tonight."

Janice thought about that. "Candy is working somewhere right now," she replied. "I think he said it's off somewhere near the church."

"Will he be there all day?" Carol asked.

"I don't know," Janice replied. "Let me call him and ask." A minute later she had dialed Roger's cell phone and was waiting for him to reply. "Candy?" she asked after he had picked up the phone. "Do you expect to be working out there all day today?" She listened to his long reply. "Then we'll expect to see you here sometime after lunch. I think we'd like to do a bit of shopping with you this afternoon." She ended the call and turned to her daughter. "He's mostly just looking over the job and ordering materials today," she said. He should be back shortly after lunch sometime. We can go then."

"Great Momma!" Carol replied, her enthusiasm growing. "This is going to be soooo good!"

As Carol turned her back to leave, this time Janice did roll her eyes.

The workers who had carved his limbs came back and the lights were clicked on. Halifax blinked several times trying to get used to the added light. He saw the man setting a box down on the floor. He couldn't see what was in the box though. He saw them sniffing the air in the room, then looking over toward him and shaking their heads. He had peed a number of times and had also defecated once… the result giving the room a somewhat foul odor.

He was hungry. Very hungry. He didn't know how long it had been since he had eaten last, but he knew it was a long time. He had drunk water from his bucket, but that's all he had. He searched the two for any signs that they might have brought him food, but these two never did. This time they were simply standing around… waiting he realized.

It wasn't long before someone else arrived – the one person he never wanted to see again. His torturer. The man who had taken delight in ripping out his fingernails. His apprehension grew. He watched as the man spoke briefly with the two workers, then he turned and approached him. Fear ran though him. The Chinese words that were yelled at him meant nothing to him, but the kicks and pushing to get him on all fours again pretty much told him everything the man had wanted him to know.

And then the man started positioning his limbs, spreading them out just slightly wider than the way he had been standing. And by the time he had been "arranged" just as the man wanted him, he saw the man who had carved his limbs approaching with a drill in his hands. His torturer pointed to a specific spot on his front arm, right on the back of the ball that encased his hand… and the man with the drill went to work drilling a fairly large hole through the rubber, where Halifax was glad to note that the drill bit never touched his hand that was balled up in a fist inside. His other front limb was done the same way, then his two rear legs. And then, most strangely, the torturer had the man with the drill put a hole through the ball that housed his genitals as well. Halifax breathed a sigh of relief when the drilling was finished.

The woman brought the box over to his torturer. Halifax couldn't see inside that box but he still feared what it might contain. He found out soon enough as he saw his torturer begin inserting a large steel ring through the hole that had been drilled through the rubber on his left front limb. And as he was inserting the ring, Halifax couldn't help but notice someone else now entering the room. The man who had welded the steel on his legs.

He barely paid attention to the conversation the welder had with his torturer. He couldn't have understood any of it anyway. But as his torturer inserted another ring into the hole that had been drilled in his other front appendage, the welder started working on the first ring. Halifax noted Susan Wu's appearance during the procedure. She simply came into the room and stood out of the way and watched closely.

The welder took the most time because he had to close the rings, weld them, and then the weld area was rotated through the opening until it was somewhere inside the rubber. All four limbs got rings. His front ones at the back of the balls where his hands were, and his rear limbs got rings at the front just below where his knees most likely ended. And finally one of the rings was welded in place to the ball encasing his genitals as well.

When the welder had finished, his torturer came back. Halifax heard him removing something from the box, but he couldn't see what it was. He felt something happening on his left leg. He realized that something was being attached to the ring that had just been placed there.

Whatever it was, seemed to take a long time. He suddenly felt something happening with the ring attached to his genitals and then his torturer came around to his front side. Halifax couldn't see exactly what was being done under him, but he could feel the man now doing something with the ring on his right arm.

He suddenly felt a slight tugging on his left knee, his genitals, and his right front limb, and Halifax realized that his torturer was connecting something between them all. Again, it seemed to take long time. It wasn't until his torturer got up from the floor that Halifax could move his head far enough to see. And when he did, he wished he hadn't. There was now a shiny thin steel cable permanently attached to the ring of his front arm. And since the cable seemed to be angled upwards, he had no doubt that it ran up through the ring at his scrotum before going down to the ring at his opposite leg.

Panic set in as he realized his range of motion would be severely hampered. The panic never left as a second cable was run from his right leg, up through the ring in his genitals, and down to his left arm. By the time his torturer finished and got up again, Halifax wanted to run… anyway he possibly could! The only problem was, he no longer knew how!

He heard a short conversation between Susan Wu and his torturer. He got the impression that the woman was very pleased. Halifax didn't care much though, he certainly wasn't pleased. They had bound his legs back permanently. Encased all his limbs in hard industrial rubber so that he no longer had the use of his hands either, and now they had run cables through it all, further limiting what little use of his limbs he already had. Why? The only thing they hadn't done to him so far was to drop him into a block of cement and leave him to die! He supposed he should be grateful for small favors, but he wasn't. He would much rather they had killed him!

His attention was caught by Susan Wu issuing another command to the two workers. The woman worker came over and pulled something that Halifax couldn't see from the box. She came around and stood in front of him, directly over top of him. She grabbed the collar at his neck, and he suddenly heard a loud buzzing noise. A moment later, he felt an electric razor being run over and over against the top of his head, shearing his hair off. The process didn't last long, and when the woman was finished, he felt her running her fingers through what was left of his hair. Hair that he was surprised he still had. He realized she had only trimmed it all down short and to a consistent length.

There was a bit of conversation between Wu and the torturer, and then the torturer came back. He called the man and woman workers over. Halifax soon found his head being held firmly… to the point where he couldn't move it at all. And all too soon he found his torturer kneeling down in front of him, studying his face. At a word from him, Susan Wu pulled something out of the box and handed it to him, and Halifax was horrified when the torturer stuck something into his nose that went slightly into each nostril. He jerked in pain as

whatever it was tightened all too firmly on the septum between his nostrils. He jerked, but his efforts earned him nothing.

The torturer turned a way for a moment and then was back, and Halifax felt a horrible piercing pain at the point of his nose where the torturer had put the first instrument. The tears started rolling from his eyes… even as he realized that his nose had just been pierced. He felt the clamp that had been put into his nose being removed. And all too soon he felt something being inserted into his nose. Something was being done to whatever was in his nose that took a few moments, and then his entire head was finally released.

He could now feel the weight of whatever they had put into his nose, but he couldn't see it. As he moved his head a little he felt something brush slightly against his upper lip. A ring he realized. They had put a ring through his nose! Every time he figured they couldn't do anything to make matters worse for him, he found out he was wrong!

As the workers moved away from him again, he now noticed another man in the room. Someone he had never seen before. His limbs felt like they were rooted in place, not that he could go anywhere anyway. Fear and confusion totally ruled him as he stood there while Susan Wu walked all the way around him several times, taking him in, inspecting him.

And then she was there in front of him. She stepped back where he could see her better. And finally she spoke… English. She spoke to him… so that he could fully understand what she was saying.

"You're magnificent!" she said. "I find that what we've done to you excites me beyond belief!"

Halifax had other feelings about it, but he was too frightened to utter a sound.

"You can no longer use your legs as they were intended. You no longer have hands that you can grasp anything with. You can't even feel anything through all that rubber that everyone assures me is very, very strong. Your genitals have been sealed away as well so that you can never again feel pleasure from them. And now your range of motion has been decided as well by the cables that link everything together. I find you simply… magnificent!"

The part that bothered Halifax the most was that she made it all sound like something wonderful… when in reality, everything she had mentioned was something totally horrible.

"From this point on," she said, "you will now assume your rightful place in life… and in particular, here in this compound. Everyone works here. Everyone has their duties and functions to perform, and you will be no different. You will be put to work in any way we can find a use for you.

From this point on, you are no longer a man. Instead, you will be considered nothing more than an animal. The question is, what kind of animal? And the closest description I can come up with right now is… a sex animal. From now on, your purpose in life will be to give sexual pleasure to everyone else… men and women alike. You will be trained to behave as an animal in every way possible… removing from you all possibility of doing anything remotely human. And… you will be trained in the best ways for you to give everyone pleasure. Yet you yourself will never be allowed to feel pleasure." She smiled. "It would no longer do you any good anyway."

She paused to consider her words before she continued. "From now on, the only food you will receive will be a mixture of dog food and scraps left over from what others eat. You will eat everything you are given, no matter what. And any time you displease anyone, you will be limited to only dog food until decided otherwise.

"You will most likely be beaten and inflicted with pain often… solely for the amusement of whoever wants to give you the pain. And I hope it is often! But again, this is now your lot in life. If giving you pain brings pleasure to someone else, then you will have no choice but to endure it. It is all simply part of the punishment you will live with for the rest of your life."

She motioned to the new man who had come in to step forward. "This is Meng. He will be your trainer. He will rid you of all human abilities and teach you to be an animal instead. And… he will be your primary trainer in ways to bring pleasure to others.

For now, Meng will communicate with you in a mixture of Chinese and English, but the English you hear will become less and less as time goes by. All commands that you learn now will be taught to you in Chinese. Once you learn these commands, you will most likely hear very little English spoken for the rest of your life. You will be rendered as incapable of understanding what is said to you as any other animal would be. I'm sure that with time, you will perhaps pick up a few things, but you will have to learn those words as any other animal would have to learn them.

"And as for your own speaking… I expect that for the most part, you will remain silent… mute! But in the event you do have to make any noise, I have decided that you will be taught to express yourself as a dog would. You will be allowed to only make sounds that any dog would be capable of… and nothing more. I have instructed Meng to be particularly strict in your training with this.

And finally, you need a new name. Since you are no longer a man, I can no longer call you Halifax… or even Joseph. So from now on, you will be known as Ben–ben." She smiled. "The name is most appropriate for you. In Chinese, it means… fool."

She turned away from him then and turned toward Meng. “I will leave Ben–ben in your care,” she said to him in English. “I expect you to teach him quickly the way his life will be now.”

Meng bowed and stood there as she and Xiang departed. The other two workers gathered up their things and left as well. And Halifax shook with fear. All the things that Susan Wu had told him were bouncing around inside his head, yet his brain couldn’t seem to be able to process them or even make total sense of it all. He only knew that he was afraid. So much so, that as Meng turned back toward him, he lost control of his bladder and peed on the floor beneath him.

The sight of Ben–ben peeing on the floor was not lost on Meng. He hurried over and roughly grabbed Ben–ben by the collar, twisting him around and driving him straight down toward the concrete with his weight. The human yell of fear issued by “the animal” wasn’t lost on him either. His voice was pure menace as he hissed, “You will learn that there is only one place where you will be allowed to relieve yourself. And you will do it in that place only! All other times you will learn to wait until you are taken to that area… no matter how long the wait!”

He removed the chain from the ceiling that was attached to Ben–ben’s collar. Halifax immediately was nearly choked to death as he found himself being dragged across the floor by that collar. Meng pulled him over until Ben–ben was right in front of where he had defecated… right in front of his own small pile of shit. “Eat!” Meng commanded.

“No!” Halifax cried, completely repulsed by what Meng was forcing him to do.

Meng pushed Ben–ben’s face down toward the pile of shit. “Eat!” he commanded again.

Halifax fought to keep his head away from what was right beneath the ring in his nose. “No,” he gasped, struggling as hard as he could.

Kneeling on Ben–ben’s back, Meng pulled back hard on the collar, while his other hand pushed down on Ben–ben’s head. Halifax found himself gasping for air as the collar choked the life out of him. His eyes closed at the strain of his neck being pulled back while his head was pushed down. He opened his mouth, trying to gasp in air, and Meng shoved his mouth straight into the pile of shit and held it there. “Eat!” he commanded again as he eased up on the collar, but continued to hold Ben–ben’s head down in his own shit.

Halifax was left with a pile of shit in his mouth that he couldn’t get away from. The pulling on his collar had eased up so he could breathe again… except that now all he could smell… and taste… was his own shit. He gagged. He fought. But all his struggling did was to lodge more of his own shit into his mouth.

"Eat!" Meng commanded again still pushing down on Ben–ben's head, holding it firmly in place. Not seeing the results he wanted, he began pulling on Ben–ben's collar again while holding his head down where it was.

Halifax found himself choking again. He tried to cry out, but the shit in his mouth prevented any sound from escaping.

"Eat!" Meng commanded one more time.

Halifax could stand no more. The only way out of his situation was to do as Meng wanted. Hating even thinking about what he was doing, his jaws went to work as he tried to do the unthinkable.

Meng eased up on his collar as he finally saw Ben–ben eating his own shit. The dog would learn his place if it killed him. And Meng had no problem with that either. He thought of him as a dog, primarily because that had been Susan Wu's original intention. Her declaring him simply an animal did nothing to change his thinking. "Eat… all!" he commanded as he got up off of Ben–ben's back and stood over him. "Eat, and get used to it. You may have to do it in the future."

Halifax didn't even want to contemplate that. Feeling sick to his stomach, he finished eating what was on the floor, even having to lick the remains up before Meng was satisfied. Only then, did his training really begin.

Within minutes, Halifax was taught to stand up… and lay down. They were difficult concepts to master given the way his body was restrained by the cables. The commands were always given in Chinese… that he struggled to remember. And then, once he could stand up and lay down, Meng began teaching him to walk. Right front leg and left rear legs having to move at the same time. Left front leg and right rear leg followed. Over and over. Around and around in a circle, or wherever Meng led him around the room. The soft swish of the steel cables running back and forth through the ring at his genitals seemed to amplify his newfound disabilities a hundred fold.

And finally, Meng gave him the Chinese command to stop, which Halifax didn't know at all. Meng grabbed his collar to stop him. Then he reached into his pocket to pull something out. Going around in front of Ben–ben, he grabbed the ring through his nose and pulled.

"Ow!" Halifax screamed as he immediately tried to move in the direction the ring was pulling to relieve the pain.

"No words!" Meng yelled angrily. "No human sound!" With that, he grabbed the nose ring again and pulled it straight up, purposely hurting… the animal.

"Ow, ow, ow," Halifax cried again in pain, unable to help himself. The pulling up continued until his head was bent up at a painful angle and his mouth was wide open. And then he felt Meng's hand inside his mouth.

Still pulling up on the ring, Meng reached into Ben–ben's mouth and grabbed his tongue. Pulling it out of his mouth and holding it firmly, he finally released the nose ring. His free hand now took the object he had retrieved from his pocket… and clipped it to Ben–ben's tongue. Then he let the animal go.

Halifax felt the sting of something being attached to his tongue… and then suddenly Meng let go of him. His tongue started to come back into his mouth… and then it was suddenly yanked out again as the weight of whatever was now attached to it pulled it back out. He could sort of pull his tongue up a little, but he couldn't get it all the way into his mouth again, and the weight only pulled it back out again. He realized something was hanging down from his tongue. Something heavy. He could literally feel it swaying back and forth as he moved his head, trying to get used to the weight.

"Learn double lesson now," Meng said, sounding satisfied with himself. "No human sound. And tongue learns to get strong!"

Roger wasn't crazy about the idea of going shopping, even though that's exactly what he had been thinking of doing for quite some time now. He was simply embarrassed to be out in public pretending to be a woman again when he obviously wasn't. He wasn't naive enough to think that he could live his life as a woman and not need more things, particularly clothes. But if he was going to live his life as a woman, what kind of clothes would Janice allow him to wear? Real woman didn't wear dresses and skirts and heels all the time. Whenever possible, they wore t–shirts and shorts and flip flops. Comfortable clothes.

He was wearing nice clothes again as he rode in the back seat of Janice's small SUV. Nice slacks, a nice top, pantyhose, the heels he wore to church, his wig, makeup… and of course his corset. Janice had insisted on all of it. No surprise. At least he wasn't wearing a dress… but Janice had mentioned that she would help him find another one that would be suitable for church. Oh goody! But… he knew already that he needed another dress for church. It was one of the things he had been thinking about. He remembered another little item he wanted as well. Well, maybe not so little. "Excuse me, Janice," he called from the back seat.

"Yes Candy?"

"Um… I was thinking," Roger began, "would it be possible… I mean…"

"What is it Candy?" Janice asked.

"I'd like to get a mirror for my room," Roger blurted out. "Something big enough to see myself in. All of me."

The request caught Janice by surprise, and she nearly laughed. "Yes of course, Candy. I think it's an excellent idea."

"Can I have one too, Momma?" Carol asked.

"Certainly dear. You only had to ask."

But now that Roger was making requests… and Janice seemed to be in a fairly good mood, he decided to press his next question. "Um… since I'm going to be living completely as a woman very soon now, I just wanted to ask, what kind of clothes can I buy?"

"What do you mean?" Janice asked, not understanding the question.

"I mean… do I have to wear heels all the time, or can I get something more comfortable? And how about things like shorts and t–shirts, things that I see all the other women wearing."

Janice smiled. "I see no problem with you wearing any of it… as long as it's appropriate dress for wherever you're at. I will expect you to wear a dress to church, and I also think that some kind of heel there would be the best for you as well. But everywhere else, if you're away from the house, then I expect you to look nice and take pride in your appearance as any other woman would. You do know of course the way I want you to dress when you're doing your handy–girl jobs."

"How about at home though?" Roger asked.

"At home?" She thought about that for a few minutes. "Yes, I see nothing wrong with you owning a few pairs of shorts and some comfortable shoes. I just don't want that to be all I ever see you in or I will declare your more comfortable clothes to be off limits! Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," Roger replied. "No problem." To him, by all appearances, Janice seemed to be allowing him a normal life… a normal woman's life. Somewhat anyway. He guessed he should be grateful for that.

A little while later, Roger discovered that buying some of the more comfortable women's clothes was out… at least on that shopping trip. Janice and Carol seemed to have some other agenda in mind as they led him straight past all of the more casual clothes and directly to the nicer clothes.

As much as Roger was trying hard to get accustomed to dressing as a woman, and being in public as a woman, and even buying clothes as a woman, he still found it horribly humiliating to have to go into a changing room and try on a dress. Having to come out again and model it for Janice and Carol didn't exactly make him feel any better about the situation either… especially when he could always see the stares of other customers all too often watching him. As always, he tried to ignore them, which was mostly impossible.

It took very little time to find him a new dress for church, although in a size smaller than he had been buying – to Janice's delight. It seemed that his new corset, along with eating less had already helped him to lose enough weight to go down one size.

After the dresses, Carol and Janice moved on toward the racks of skirts. And Roger noticed that all the skirts they seemed to be considering for him were all fairly dressy looking straight skirts. Only finding a few that Janice thought might be nice enough, she moved on to looking at women's suits for him – skirt suits. And that's where she found what she wanted.

"Oh look at this, Carol," she said as she held up a straight grey skirt and matching jacket. I think it's a lovely outfit. If we pair it with a nice blouse it will be perfect for Candy to wear to church too."

"A suit, Momma?" Carol asked.

Roger was wondering the same thing.

"Of course dear. Every woman needs a nice suit to wear once in a while."

"Not me!" Carol exclaimed.

Janice smiled knowingly. "Give it a few years," she said. "I have no doubt you'll own several by the time you graduate college."

"Not likely!" Carol replied.

Janice only smiled at her daughter's comment. She handed Roger the skirt and jacket combination to take to the changing room. Roger checked the sizes before he got undressed, they were the same as the new dress size they had just found for him. He tried them on, leaving on the casual top he was already wearing under the jacket. The skirt was somewhat tight in the waist and against the top of his legs, although he still had more than enough room available at his hips. Once dressed, he went out to "model" the outfit.

"It needs a nicer blouse," Janice noted right away. "But we can look for one another time." She spent a few moments checking the fit of the jacket… and especially the skirt. "I think this should do nicely," she said to her daughter. "What do you think?"

“I like it,” Carol replied. “As long as I don’t have to wear it,” she added.

Janice only shook her head and smiled. “Go take it off, Candy,” she said. “We’ll take that and the dress we found for you.”

It almost seemed to Roger like Janice was hurrying them out of the stores. He didn’t even get a chance to find the mirrors he and Carol wanted. And before he knew it, they were heading home again. He was strangely happy though that he now had another dress he could wear to church. And he was even happier to be quickly out of the public eye once more.

It was dishearteningly dark as Janice pulled into the parking lot of a small strip mall not far from Jacob’s house. The storm clouds were overhead, blocking out any sign of the stars or moon, but at least it wasn’t raining… yet. “Okay, your turn to drive,” Janice told her daughter. She got out of the car and walked around, passing her daughter going the opposite direction. The both got into the car again. Carol put it in gear, and pulled out of the parking lot and continued on up the road – away from Jacob’s house.

Janice was dressed completely in black. She pulled her tote bag from the floor up into her lap and pulled out two burner phones and activated them. She took a few minutes to set the phone books in them up so they could easily call each other on them. She set the phones aside and pulled out a tin of black face–paint. She began spreading it all over her face and the back of her neck, wiping out most of the area where her skin might reflect light, making it more difficult for anyone to see her.

“Okay, dear, let’s head back now,” she said to her daughter.

Carol turned the black SUV around and headed back towards Agent Jacob’s house.

Janice pulled a small penlight out of her large tote bag and put it in her pocket. Then she pulled black gloves onto her hands. “That’s his street ahead,” she told her daughter.

Carol turned onto the street and drove somewhat slowly down it, never stopping or pausing, but heading all the way to the end of the street. As they passed Jacobs’ house, Janice searched it carefully for any sign of someone home. She half expected to see some kind of light, but the house appeared to be totally dark, almost unoccupied. “Looks clear enough,” she said.

While Carol drove all the way around the block, Janice picked up the cell phones. She placed one in the cup holder for Carol to use, the other she put in her pocket so she could call Carol to pick her up when she was done. As Carol drove past Jacobs’ house again, she stopped very briefly in front of the house while Janice jumped quickly out and pulled her tote bag with her. Not pausing, she softly closed the car door so it wouldn’t make a sound. Carol had the car in motion almost too soon.

Janice didn't run, she walked as if she belonged there. She headed straight for the backyard. She felt somewhat relieved as soon as she reached it since there was less chance of anyone seeing her there. She quickly checked what she could see of the house very carefully. No sign of life. Either Jacobs was sound asleep or he wasn't home. At that late hour, she was betting that he was sound asleep.

She headed directly for the side of the garage… and in particular, the far end of the wood pile that her pictures had just barely shown her from her drive past in the car. She needed to pull her penlight out to see clearly enough to even see the wood pile. Once she found it though, she ran her light over the cut pieces of wood, checking them out very carefully. She was somewhat surprised to note that all the wood looked old and rotten. Bug eaten! She would never allow such logs into her house – even to be thrown into the fire.

Setting her tote bag down, she started pulling the wood off of the pile at the very back end, being very careful to be as silent as possible. With every log that she moved, she worried about spiders and even possibly a snake! The dim light from her penlight didn't show her much detail… something she was grateful for incase there were spiders on the logs… which she had no doubt of.

Piece by piece, she removed the wood until she was down to the bottom and only bare earth remained over several feet of ground where the end of the log pile had been. From her tote bag, she pulled out a small garden trowel. In the middle of the freshly cleared earth, she began digging. The dirt was very soft from all the rain, so the task was somewhat easy, even with just the small tool she was using. She dug down deeper and deeper, then began widening the hole. But her small trowel hit something as she tried to widen her hole in the direction of where the rest of the wood was piled. Cursing, she began moving more of the dirt around whatever it was, hoping that she could move it and get it out of her way.

Realizing that whatever was blocking her digging was actually fairly soft… at least part of it, she stopped and picked up her penlight so she could see what it was better. It was very hard to see what she was looking at in the hole. She reached and tried to feel it. It felt strange. She began moving more dirt from on top of it with just her hands, finally uncovering the top to a large heavy duty plastic trash bag. What was a trash bag doing buried there? And it obviously held something.

Her penlight showed her that the top of the bag was tied into a knot. She had to remove her gloves to slowly work the knot loose. She was afraid of what she might find inside… the most likely thing she expected was the remains of some dead animal that Jacobs might have buried there. The knot opened and she untwisted the plastic. She pulled the bag open. She needed her penlight to see inside. She stared at the contents for a very, very long time.

She had seen something exactly like what that bag held – once. The one and only time she had seen it had been at her trial. The trial where she had been convicted of something she had never done – possession of heroin with intent to sell. She had never even seen a block of heroin like that before… all wrapped up in its own plastic wrapper. But now she was looking at a lot of those miserable little blocks. She had no idea how much all those blocks might be worth, but she was betting it was a small fortune.

The evidence in her hands made everything perfectly clear. The drugs in front of her appeared to match the drugs that had been shown at her trial. It had been Jacobs who had planted that heroin in her car. It had to be. As far as she could see, there was no other answer!

Chapter 55.

"Momma, are you okay?" Carol asked. "You've been awfully quiet since I picked you up last night. You hardly said a word all the way to church and back."

Janice smiled and held out her arm for her daughter to cuddle into her. "I'm fine dear. I just have a lot to think about right now."

"Anything I can help with?"

"Not this time dear. You head out and have a good time with your friends."

"Okay, Momma." Carol kissed her and ran off to wait for her friend Michelle to pick her up.

Janice stared after her daughter. Most times she relished having her daughter around, and she certainly wouldn't mind it today. But with Candy off fishing again, having her daughter out of the house for a few hours would bring her a bit of calm silence so she could think. Her mind had been totally preoccupied by what she had "accidentally" discovered in Agent Jacobs' yard. It literally changed everything! And now she had no clue what to do about it.

Susan Wu stared out her office window, watching Ben–ben in the distance. Some of the staff had managed to make some kind of harness for him and he was now hooked up to a cart full of firewood. She watched as the former man struggled to pull the heavy cart. The men with him certainly weren't letting him rest as one of them continually hit his ass with a stick to keep him moving. The sight brought a smile to her lips. She hadn't taken the pleasure yet of having him spend any time in her room. She would leave him to Meng's instructions for a few more days before she indulged herself that way. But she was very much looking forward to it.

Her phone ringing forced her away from the window. "Hello?" she asked as she picked the receiver up.

"Daughter," her father's voice replied. "Can we speak for a few moments?"

"Certainly father," she replied. "I'll be right there." She headed across the hall to her father's office where she knocked. Like her, even though it was Sunday, he was at work as usual. She entered at his invitation to come in. "Father," she greeted him as she entered and bowed slightly.

"Come. Sit," Wu said as he motioned toward the sitting area and got up from behind his desk.

Susan sat in the chair she usually used… as did her father.

"I have seen… your creation." Wu said amiably.

Just the thought of Ben–ben brought a smile to Susan's face. "I am rather pleased with the way he turned out." She replied.

Wu nodded. "It will be interesting to see what Meng does with him."

"I have no doubt that Meng will train him in everything I asked."

"How long do you intend to keep your toy here in the compound?" Wu asked. "You know it is dangerous. Tongues wag!"

Susan nodded. "I know father. I'm still planning to keep him here for a little while. At least until his training is complete."

"And then you plan on shipping him to China… to a dog breeder?"

"That was my original intention. But now I think he might be more suited to one of our brothels back home instead… especially in light of the training he is now receiving."

Wu nodded. "It seems… appropriate," he replied. Then he changed the subject, "I asked you here to discuss a… opportunity," he finally finished. "One of our clients has a situation… and I am thinking of suggesting the services of Janice Stokley."

Susan's eyebrows went up. "I see," she replied.

"What I am wondering," Wu continued, "is what Janice would need to do her brainwashing?"

"She doesn't seem to need much," Susan replied. "I saw her use a simple dog collar with a shock box attached. That and a plain simple chair. Nothing else."

Wu nodded. "In the past, I am aware that she met with her victims several times to accomplish what she needed. How many sessions do you think it would take her to wipe someone's memory so that he could never speak of something to anyone else?"

The question caught Susan off guard. "I don't know," she replied. "But I will find out. I have to get in touch with her anyway for another reason. How soon will you need the information?"

“I am meeting with the client tomorrow,” Wu said, “but I can put it off a day or two if necessary. I’ll need to know Janice’s price for an operation such as this as well. I have no doubt the client will be mostly concerned with that.”

“I’ll call Janice right away,” Susan replied. “I’ll let you know as soon as possible.”

“Thank you daughter,” Wu replied with a smile.

Janice was a bit perturbed by the sound of her cell phone ringing. Thinking it could be Carol calling with a problem, she hurried to answer it. She was a bit startled when a clearly Asian sounding woman asked if she had reached a Chinese restaurant. Janice quickly assured her that she had a wrong number and hung up. Susan Wu was calling! As she hurried to find yet another of her burner phones – of which she now needed to buy more, the only reason she could think for Susan to be calling her was to let her know that their new identities were now ready. With that thought now happily registering on her mind, she activated the new phone and soon placed her order for totally fictitious items. Less than a minute later, she had said hello to Susan Wu.

“Hi Janice,” Susan said. “I’m afraid father and I have some questions for you.”

“Questions?” Janice asked.

“Yes,” Susan replied. “Father has a client that he’s thinking of offering your services to, but we need to know how many of those sessions you would need and what your price would be.”

Her questions surprised Janice. “So soon,” she said, more to herself than as a reply to Susan’s questions.

“When Father sees an opportunity, he seldom waits.” Susan got the distinct impression from the sound of Janice’s voice that something was bothering her.

“What exactly would you need me to do?” Janice asked. “You know I get most of my satisfaction from ridding the planet of another stupid male mind. To get it right, that can take anywhere from three to six session, depending on the strength of the man I’m working with.”

Susan smiled. “I don’t think it will be anything quite so drastic this time. Father said something about wiping someone’s memory so he can never speak of something to anyone else.”

Janice thought about that for a moment. “Do you mean wiping the memory completely out of their mind, or fixing it so they will still remember but can’t tell anyone?”

“I… don’t know,” Susan replied. “I’ll have to find out.”

“Never mind,” Janice replied. “The number of sessions would probably be the same anyway.”

“And how many do you think that would be?”

“At least three,” Janice decided after a moment. “That would be the minimum I would be satisfied with to get the… person… to the point where I need him and to be sure he would never break free from what I would do to him.”

“And how much money would it cost for your services for this?” Susan asked next.

Janice had to think about that for a moment. “I don’t know,” she finally replied. “Tell you what, since this is my first time working with you on something like this, why don’t you just decide what would be appropriate and then I can decide next time if I need more or less.”

“Sounds perfect,” Susan replied. “I think Father will be pleased.”

“Of course,” Janice added quickly. “I will expect all of my expenses to be taken care of since I don’t think that doing it here in my house would be the best place. Oh, and make that expenses for my daughter too.”

“I don’t think that will be a problem,” Susan replied. She heisted before asking, but decided to ask anyway. “Janice, is there something bothering you today? You sound a bit… preoccupied.”

Janice sighed. “I found out something that took me by surprise and I don’t know what to do about it?”

“Can I help?” Susan offered.

“Maybe,” Janice replied, considering the offer. “Maybe you can at least offer some kind of advice.”

“So what’s your problem?”

“Last night, I went to Agent Jacob’s home to… plant some evidence. And in the process, I accidentally uncovered proof that he had planted the drugs in my car that got me arrested.”

“Proof?” Susan asked.

“I was digging under his wood pile and literally dug up a bag full of heroin. The same blocks of the damn drug that were presented at my trial.” The hiss of breath she heard from Susan let her know how surprised the other woman was.

“And what did you do?” Susan asked.

“I did what I probably shouldn’t have done,” Janice replied. “I pulled all of those blocks out of the bag, put the money I was planting into the bottom of it, then put the drugs back in on top. Then I buried his bag right where it was and stacked all the wood back over it again and went home.”

Susan thought about that for a moment. “Janice, about how much of that heroin was in the bag?”

“I counted nine blocks. A couple of pounds I would guess.” She wasn’t surprised this time by Susan’s hiss of breath. But it was a moment before Susan spoke.

“Janice, can you fix another of those chocolate cakes you made last time? If you don’t mind, I’d like to meet with you again.”

“Yes, I can do that,” Janice told her. “When were you thinking of coming.”

“Tomorrow!”

Early Monday morning, Doctor Jessica Parker sat in her office, sucking her pacifier, and thinking about Candy Brinkley. She was still somewhat angry that he had prevented her from going to the casinos last week. But at the same time, she worried that maybe he had really done her a big favor. If that woman… Janice… Candy’s housekeeper… knew she was trying to gamble again, would she do something worse to her? According to Candy, she not only would, but he had seemed very convinced that whatever she would do would be far worse than what she had to endure now. Thoughts of the bug man that Candy had told her about ran through her mind. She shivered at the thought of it. To be reduced for the rest of her life to something like that? What about her kids? Like it or not, she had to face the fact that Candy had really helped her. And like it or not, she supposed she owed him something for that. She made a mental note to call him and thank him. It was the least she could do… should do.

Once again it seemed like a parade entering her driveway. Janice watched as the black SUV’s surrounding the limousine parked and the guards once again got out and began searching the grounds. She didn’t miss the men with their electronic devices either. And when they approached her front steps, she simply opened the door and let them inside. As usual, she noted that they were most thorough. She approved. Despite going through the house herself with her own device once in a while, it was nice to know she was still bug–free. Well, free

from the electronic bugs anyway. Living out here in the country brought hordes of the tiny pests to the house that she had to constantly be on guard against.

When the house had been declared safe, Susan finally emerged from her car and entered the house. This time they briefly hugged before heading to the kitchen to talk. As before, Janice had prepared the same cake that Susan had requested on the phone. She poured coffee for them both before she sat down with Susan.

"Mmm! This cake is so good!" Susan declared as she chewed a forkful in total delight.

"I'm glad you like it," Janice replied with a smile. "I can give you the recipe if you like."

"Don't you dare!" Susan replied. "I'll get fat before my time!"

With the pleasantries over, Janice could tell it was time to get down to business. "What's happening with that job you asked about?" she asked Susan.

"Father is meeting with the client tonight. I'll have to let you know after that. I should tell you though that Father was most pleased with your proposal to let us set the price. If the client is interested, we should all make out well from the deal."

Janice smiled. "I have no doubt it will be excellent," she replied. "If… his client goes for it." She decided to change the subject to something she was more interested in. "And how about our new IDs?" she asked.

"Mm!" Susan exclaimed as she quickly shoved another piece of the cake in her mouth. "That was one of the things I needed to see you about anyway." She pulled her case from the floor to the table and pulled out a large envelop. She slid it across the table to Janice. "That should take care of everything you need."

Janice quickly opened the envelope and pulled out the contents. Driver's licenses, birth certificates, passports, and even a credit card in Janice's new name. Perfect! "Thank you," she said. "I'm sure these will prove very useful as Carol and I build new lives somewhere." She realized that now with these documents, she and Carol would have to spend time inventing new background stories for themselves. The more elaborate, the better.

But now it was time to move on to the main reason for Susan's visit. She watched as Susan took another slice of the cake. "And what do I do about Jacobs?" Janice asked.

"That, I'm afraid, is a more serious matter," Susan replied. She stuck another piece of cake into her mouth and sipped at her coffee before saying anything else.

"How much money did you put in the bag?" she asked.

“A quarter of a million dollars,” Janice replied. “I wanted it to be enough to make it look like he was a major player in the robbery.”

Susan nodded. “And you said several pounds of heroin?”

Janice nodded. “I can only guess at that. But even I know how much even one of those bricks is probably worth.”

“And what were you planning on doing after you planted the money?” Susan asked.

Janice took a big breath and sighed before she replied. “I have a… contact. I used to get some special drugs from him to use on my victims to knock them out. Last time, with Halifax, you supplied the drug instead.”

“I remember,” Susan told her as she took another bite of cake.

“I’m pretty sure he can spread a rumor around that Jacob’s was actually involved in the Mobile robbery, and possibly in a few more. And that he has the money buried in his backyard. I have no doubt that those rumors will eventually reach the right ears and that the FBI will be very interested in them. I would think that within a month or two, Jacobs would find himself in a very tenuous position… and that the evidence will point to him trying to implicate me so that nobody will look at him as a suspect instead.”

Susan nodded and considered that. “And with him in that position, you would be free and clear of the FBI’s scrutiny.”

“I hope, anyway,” Janice replied.

“It could work,” Susan said after considering it for a moment.

“I had also thought about using his girlfriend,” Janice added, “letting her spread the word somehow… perhaps telling them she had heard about it directly from him after he got drunk or something, but there’s no way to reliably set it up and make it happen… without me going in and messing with her mind – which in this case, I’d rather not do.”

Susan thought about that. “It probably would have helped, but as you said, there’s no way you could arrange it safely.”

“So do I stay with my original plan?” Janice asked. “There’s more than enough in his backyard to land him in prison for a good long time. Or do I pull my money back out and spread just the rumor about the drugs and hope it alone lands him in jail… or do I steal his drugs and

find some way to sell them? I'm afraid though, that I'd rather not have anything at all to do with even touching the drugs."

Susan considered it all. "For now," she replied, "I would stay with your current plan. But what I'm wondering is, is there too much there?"

"Too much?"

Susan nodded. "Too much. We don't want to make it look like it was all planted evidence… which in this case, only some of it is. Let me discuss it with Father and see what he thinks. And… there may be a way that we can get those rumors spread faster to the right people."

Janice stared at Susan for a moment before replying, "That would get him off my back a lot sooner!" She paused to consider that for a moment before adding. "If you can do that, then I'll do that job for you for free… this time. As long as you cover all the expenses for Carol and I that is," she added.

Susan smiled. "I think Father will be even more pleased," she replied as she stuffed the last of her cake in her mouth. "Mmm. I hate that this cake is so good!"

"Hello?" Roger said into his cell phone as he was in the process of changing from Roger to Candy after school. Carol had already tied him… extra tight… into his corset.

"Hi Candy. It's Jessica… Doctor Parker…"

"Of course Doctor. How was your weekend?"

"Frustrating, embarrassing, and wonderful, all at the same time."

"How's that?"

"It was frustrating because I didn't know one thing from the next, embarrassing because my stupid sister spanked me again… not to mention how embarrassing my whole situation is, and wonderful because I have the greatest daughter on earth. God I love that child!"

Roger chuckled. "It's so nice to hear a parent say that about their kids once in a while. Was that your son I saw while I was at your house?"

"You met him?"

"Not exactly. They showed up with your sister and she sent them off to find you while we talked. She didn't exactly approve of me."

"Sorry about that," Jessica replied.

"Don't worry about it. There aren't all that many who do actually approve. I'm trying to learn to live with it."

"I guess you are. Listen, Candy, I just want to thank you for what you did for me… keeping me out of the casinos. I guess you're still sure that woman… Janice I think you said… your housekeeper – and I've got to get that story out of you sometime. But I guess you still think she might have done something worse to me?"

"Let me put it this way," Roger replied. "It was all I could do to convince her to let me try to talk you out of going gambling again. She wanted to head straight for you on Friday and fix you for good. And you don't want to know the long list of things she was thinking of doing to you."

A small shiver ran through Jessica as she remembered what she had already been though. She didn't want to contemplate worse. "I guess I really do owe you then."

"No," Roger replied. "I just don't want to see anyone having to go through what she's capable of. You've only had a mild dose. The more I can keep from getting the full treatment from her, the better!"

"Well, I still appreciate it," she replied.

"Um… Doctor?"

"Yes?"

"Please pardon me for saying this, but no matter what you may think, you definitely have a gambling problem… an addiction! And… you… need… help! Seriously! I couldn't believe the way you fought with me over it."

Jessica sighed. It was very hard to admit, but she did remember how hard she had tried to go gambling. And she had tried to totally ignore what it would do to her… even if Janice hadn't found out she had gone. "Yeah," she replied after a moment. I do," she admitted. "And I guess I've got it pretty bad."

"The debts you racked up should have given you some kind of a clue."

"Not if I win once in a while," she argued. "It's not a problem at all when I win… which I would have if you had let me go!"

"You're pushing again," Roger pointed out. "It sounds to me like that's the addiction talking."

“Damn you,” she said softly.

“You need help, Doctor. I’ll be glad to do what I can for you, but I’m not an expert. You need serious help!”

“Did I say damn you before?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, I meant it,” she replied.

“Call someone,” Roger urged. “Call someone who can help you right away. Like I said, I’ll be happy to help you however I can, but I’m not the one you need to talk to.”

“Shit!” she mumbled again.

“Please Doctor, just do it! No matter what you may think, I’d like to keep you as my doctor… and hopefully, as a friend too.”

It was the friend part that caught her attention the most. She remembered those eyes of his – so kind, yet so troubled. They had both been through something horrible… granted, him far worse than her. And… she remembered wondering how he would be in bed… as a man. And if she didn’t find out soon, within the next month or two anyway, she never would find out. “Okay, maybe,” she replied finally.

“No maybes!” Roger declared. “Do it. Please!”

It was a moment more before she could reply. “Okay, Candy. I’ll try.”

“Good!” Roger replied. “Can I call you later and check on you?”

“Make it tomorrow,” she replied. “I still have a few patients to see and if you call, they’ll let me know and I’ll be forced to call you back right away.”

Roger smiled. “Okay,” he replied. “I’ll call tomorrow.”

“Candy,” Jessica said before he could hang up. “You mentioned you wanted to go shopping. I should be over with this… affliction by this weekend… I hope. And if I am, maybe we can go Saturday.”

Roger thought about that. “I’ll be working a job repairing some tree damage on Saturday,” he told her. “But… maybe we can go later in the day. My job is located halfway to Marietta as it is. Maybe I can leave from there and meet you somewhere.”

“That’s very possible,” she said. “And I won’t know if I’ll be stuck with my problem on Saturday again… until Saturday comes. I just hope I’ll be done with it.”

“Okay Doctor,” Roger replied. “We’ll talk more about it tomorrow.”

Jessica hung up the phone and sat thinking. She had said she would try to call someone and get help. But did she really need help? Was she really addicted? There was no way!

After sitting and sucking thoughtfully on her pacifier for a few minutes she picked up her phone again and called a sometime friend. “Hello… Doctor Gumbolt? This is Jessica. . . . Doctor, I need your help. I’m a gambling addict with a major problem.”

Chapter 56.

Early Wednesday morning, Roger was surprised to be rudely awakened extra early by Carol. "Get up!" Carol exclaimed all too loudly. "It's final exam day and we have a lot to do before your class!"

"Before my class?" Roger asked as he struggled to come fully awake. He looked at the window. The sun wasn't even up yet! He turned back toward Carol who had only looked into his room to wake him, but she was already retreating. "Hurry and get your shower!" she called as she disappeared into her own room.

Roger went to his dresser and found his watch. It was nearly an hour earlier than usual! Why? And why the heck would Carol be so excited about it being the day that he was giving his final exams? He wasn't the only teacher who was giving them that day, the entire school had set aside this week for all the final exams. As far as Roger could see, Carol should be anything but excited about taking his exam. Breathing a sigh of frustration, he headed for the bathroom.

His eyes watched his face closer than ever as he shaved. Did his skin look different? He had been wondering that for the last several days now whenever he did his makeup, but today, shaving, he was honestly afraid that his skin really did look… different. He had been wondering about the way it felt too. There were times when he had brushed one of his arms with his hand and had thought that the skin there felt different too… softer. Was it possible that those changes that the hormones would make in him were already starting? It was nothing but a frightening thought that he could do nothing at all about.

After his shower, he had barely gotten back to his room and gotten his panties on before Carol was there again. "Forget the panties today," Carol ordered. "You're going to need to wear something else instead.

"Something else?"

"Good morning Carol," Janice called sleepily from the doorway to his room.

"What's going on?" Roger chanced asking as he watched Carol walk over and give her mother a hug.

"I'm afraid that Carol has planned something special for you today in honor of your final exams."

"Something special?" Roger asked, now growing more worried.

“Mm–hmm,” Janice replied.

“Is this something special, something I’m going to like… or something else?”

Carol laughed. “I don’t think you’re going to like it all that much.” She moved away from her mother and started looking around his room. “Now, where are those diapers you had?”

Roger was suddenly aghast. “The diapers!”

Carol opened his closet and peered in. “There they are!” she exclaimed.

“Please… no! I have to teach! The kids!” His only reply was to hear Carol giggle as she dug the large bag out of his closet.

Roger looked to Janice. “Please…” He begged.

Janice only smiled. “I’m afraid that you’re going to have to suffer a bit today… Candy. My daughter rarely gets the opportunity to express her more… creative side, so when she told me what she wanted to do, how could I possibly refuse? No, since I like to encourage Carol’s creativity, I’m going to indulge her completely… which in this case means… so will you!”

Roger was growing more nervous by the second. Before he could plead his case again, Carol added to what her mother had just said. “Since you enjoy giving the kids tests so much and we have to suffer through them, then I’m going to make sure that you don’t enjoy it nearly as much today either.”

“Enjoy?” Roger exclaimed. “But… I have to give the tests. It’s a school requirement.”

“Never the less,” Janice told him, “as I said, we will be indulging Carol’s creative side today, and you will endure what she has worked out.”

“And what’s that?” Roger asked, afraid to find out.

“It’s a surprise!” Carol replied with total delight.

Roger merely looked at her as she pulled several of the diapers out of the package.

“If you need to go to the bathroom at all, you might want to do it now,” Carol said as she opened one of the diapers and began spreading it out on the floor.

Roger took off for the bathroom to at least try to go again. Diapers! Ugh! He had no doubt that he would be in misery all day long. Another thought struck him. Carol had said that

whatever they were doing to him today was a surprise… which meant that the diapers were only part of it! With that happy thought, his fear went into overdrive.

A few minutes later, Roger nervously went back to his room. With her mother looking on, Carol was sitting on the floor with a pair of scissors cutting slits into the coverings on one of the diapers she had pulled out of the package. Three diapers he noted. His fear went up another notch.

Carol looked up at Roger with a gleam in her eyes. "Come over here and lay down. I'll diaper you myself this time."

Nervously, Roger did as he was told and laid down near her. Carol grabbed the diaper she had been working on with the scissors and moved to between his legs. "Lift your butt," she ordered.

Roger raised his ass in the air until she had put the diaper in place under him, then he lowered himself again… and felt the horrible feel of the diaper as she pulled it as tight as possible over and around him and taped it in place. He had to do it again as she did the same with a second diaper… and again as she did it with a third. Even laying on his back, he could feel the tremendous bulk now between his legs.

"Okay," Carol said as she got to her feet. "Go find some pantyhose and put them on."

"Pantyhose?" Roger asked, fearing what he thought she had just said.

"That's what I said, didn't I? Carol replied in no uncertain terms. "Put some on!"

Roger moved quickly to his dresser and pulled out one of the pairs that he usually wore to church. The uncomfortable bulk of all the diapers she had put on him hampered his movements. Pulling the pantyhose up over top of the very bulky diapers he was wearing made him realize more than ever how thick the three diapers were. One thing was for certain, the diapers were nowhere near as comfortable as the frilly panties he wore every day. In fact, after this, he would probably never complain about the panties again!

With the pantyhose in place, Roger looked up to see Carol grinning evilly at him… as she held out his corset. "Put a camisole on next," she told him. "Unfortunately, Momma won't let me make you wear a bra to school. She said that was part of the deal she had made with you once and she won't break it."

The fact that Janice was keeping her word about not having him wear a bra to school wasn't lost on Roger, but with everything else Carol was dressing him in, the bra would have only been a minor little thing. He slipped a camisole on and stepped into his corset, and waited as Carol pulled all the strings in place, pulling it tighter, and tighter, and tighter. When she

was done, he was sure she had pulled the darn thing tighter than it had ever been before! He could barely breathe!

"Okay," she said when she had tied his corset off. "Get dressed. Oh, no socks today. You won't need them."

"I won't?" Roger asked, surprised and horrified. But the only reply he got from Carol was one of her devilish grins as she left his room to get dressed herself. What the hell was she planning today? His corset bit uncomfortably into his chest. He tried to pull at it a bit, but the effort was useless. He just hoped he didn't pass out today from being unable to breathe!

It was a half hour earlier than Roger and Carol usually left for school when Janice asked her daughter. "Do you have everything you need?"

"Yes, Momma. I made sure of it."

"Then I guess we're ready," she declared. "My car today Candy. I'll be driving you to school."

Roger's nervousness went up yet again. Why would Janice need to drive them to school… today of all days? But he had long since been trained to do whatever Janice told him to do. There was simply no choice in the matter. Carrying his heavy expandable briefcase… stuffed with exams that his students would be taking all day, he headed to the garage and got into the back seat of Janice's car. He wondered if Carol's backpack didn't look a little fuller today than it usually did. But then he knew she had been studying pretty hard all week so it was most likely full of books… but then he was also aware that there was something odd going on today that he was worried about too.

He was further surprised when once they got to the school, Janice parked in one of the guest parking places and got out of the car with them.

"Will you need to let the office know that I'm going in with you?" Janice asked.

"Are you staying through any of my classes?" Roger asked uncertainly.

"Oh no," Janice replied with a grin. "I'll only be here for a few minutes I'm afraid."

"Then I think we can just go straight to my room." As they walked, Roger was very aware of the fact that he wasn't wearing any socks. He was glad they were early enough that there would be fewer people around to notice the hose at his ankles. He was also more than a little aware of the huge bulk of diapers he was wearing under his pants. The diapers were so bulky he could hardly get his pants on earlier. It was almost a relief when they all got to his classroom so nobody could see him… except that in a little while, his room would be full of all too many people – his students!

As soon as she got into his classroom, Janice closed the door behind them. “Kindly remove your shoes and your pants… Mr. Brinkley,” she ordered.

Roger looked at her horrified, and gulped. “My… pants?” he asked, even as his hands were already starting to unbuckle his belt… that was buckled several notches tighter than usual because of the corset around his waist.

Janice didn’t reply, she simply watched as he nervously removed his pants, kicking off his shoes in the process before lowering the pants and stepping out of them.

“I’ll take those,” Carol declared happily. She grabbed his pants and picked his shoes up from the floor, and she placed them on one of the desks at the front of the room. Then she opened her backpack and pulled out… the skirt from the grey suit they had shopped for last weekend.

“You… want me to wear… that?” Roger asked, totally horrified.

“Put it on!” Carol ordered in no uncertain terms.

“But I can’t wear a skirt to school,” Roger said, even as he took the dreaded garment from her. “The kids! I’ll be thrown out!”

Carol only grinned. “That’s the beauty of what I’ve got planned today,” Carol replied with a big grin. If you do what I tell you, nobody is going to know!”

Roger couldn’t figure that part out at all. All he could think about was that he couldn’t wear a skirt in school… even as he pulled it up over his bulk of diapers and zipped the zipper up in back. The skirt was tight around his legs with only a small kick slit in the back. With the huge bulk of diapers on his rear, it was now very tight around his ass as well. And then he saw Carol remove his shoes from her backpack and hold them out to him – the high heeled shoes that he wore to church every week. “Those too?” he asked horrified. But Carol only giggled.

Having no choice, Roger sat in his chair and buckled the high heels onto his feet. Then he stood up again. He was dressed as a man, on top anyway. He wore a white dress shirt complete with a jacket and tie. He hoped that the jacket hid the corset he was wearing underneath. But he knew that his jacket did nothing to hide what he was wearing below his waist – a skirt, pantyhose, and his high heels! And he was sure that his skirt couldn’t hide the bulk of diapers he was wearing under it.

“How am I supposed to dress like this today?” he asked. “I’ll be thrown out of school!” He briefly wondered if that was Carol’s plan all along, to get him thrown out so that she wouldn’t have to take his final exam.

Carol walked over behind his desk chair. “Sit down,” she ordered.

Worried, Roger sat.

“Now push yourself forward so that you’re as far under your desk as you can get.”

Roger pushed himself forward… a bit more than the point where he usually sat at his desk.

“There. Perfect!” Carol declared happily as she looked at him from the side. “See Momma, you can’t tell he’s wearing a skirt at all when he’s sitting like that. His jacket hides some of it, and his desk hides the rest.”

Janice nodded approvingly. “And how about his shoes under the desk?” she asked.

Carol hurried to the back of the room and sat in one of the desks. She slouched down just a bit to make herself lower. “Put your feet forward more,” she ordered.

Roger pushed his high heeled feet out toward the far end of the desk.

“Now pull them back just a little,” Carol told him. She watched as part of his feet disappeared. “Back just a little more,” she ordered. “There!” she declared happily. As long as you don’t extend your feet any further out from under your desk than that, then nobody will see your shoes.”

“I… I’ll have to sit here all day, just like this!” Roger said, his voice full of horror.

“That’s the idea,” Carol declared happily. “If we have to suffer through your tests, then I don’t see why you shouldn’t have to suffer too.”

“But… I won’t be able to move!” Roger exclaimed.

“Like I said,” Carol replied. “That’s the idea. And now you know why you’re wearing all the diapers. You won’t be able to leave that chair without anyone seeing what you’re wearing.”

Roger was simply horrified. He noticed Janice walking around the room. Inspecting him from all angles.

“It looks perfect!” Janice declared with more than a hint of amusement in her voice as she got back to Roger’s desk. “I’m sure you’re going to have a very interesting day today. Carol will bring you some lunch later so you have something to eat, and I’ll be back with your pants after school.” She picked up Roger’s heavy expandable case and set it on top of his desk so he could reach it.

“But… what if someone comes in? What if I have to get up for any reason?”

Janice shook her head. “You’ll just have to work something out.” Her face turned more serious. “Actually, I’m not overly worried about anyone finding out about what you’re wearing. The school year is all but over, and Candy Brinkley is soon to become a permanent part of the world and Roger Brinkley is being removed!” Her face lit up in a smile that Roger could only call evil. “Have a nice day today… Mr. Brinkley.”

Roger watched as Carol and her mother walked out together, leaving his classroom door totally open. How was he supposed to survive the school day? It wasn’t possible!

Since he could do little else, he pulled all of the printed exams out of his expandable case and set the case on the floor. He sorted the exams into piles that would be ready for each class. As he sat, he was very aware of the miserable bulk of diapers under his skirt. He couldn’t close his legs… even though the tight skirt was trying to force his legs completely together. The tightness of the bulk at his crotch between his legs was more than a bit uncomfortable, yet there was nothing that he could see that he could do about it.

With nobody in the room, he chanced stretching his legs out, aware that his high heeled feet would show below the other side of his desk. But the moment one of his students entered the room, he quickly pulled his feet back again. He had a feeling that he was going to get very tired sitting like he was all day.

When all the students had arrived, he asked one of them to close the door. Not daring to get up or even move in his seat, he told two of the students in front of him to come to his desk where he handed them the exams to pass out for him. Five minutes later, the exam had started and he dared to push his chair back away from his desk for a little while and lounge back in it as much as his stupid corset would allow, while the students took the test. He might not be able to get out of his chair, but with everyone concentrating on the test, he could at least move a little bit to be more comfortable for a while.

“Hi Janice, it’s Susan.”

Janice appreciated the pleasant greeting, even though she knew exactly who was calling. What she didn’t appreciate was that she absolutely had to find more burner phones later. The one she was talking on then was the last one she had. “Hi Susan,” she replied. “What’s happening? Any word on that job for your father’s client?” That wasn’t what Janice was mostly interested in, but she felt it would be better to ask about that first than her own business.

“Evidently, the client is still considering it,” Susan replied. “We’ll have to let you know about it if it happens.”

“That’s fine,” Janice said. “And how about… my problem?”

“That’s what I’m calling about. Father and I talked about it quite a bit. He was most interested in the situation. He is recommending that we remove part of the drugs and part of the money. He sees no sense in having so much of both left for the authorities to simply seize when they do find what’s buried there.”

“I want no part of the drugs!” Janice told her flatly. “I’ve never handled them, and I don’t intend to!”

“That’s perfectly fine,” Susan replied. “I’ll take care of the drugs myself. You can take back some of that money you left there. I’m sure you can find better uses for it.”

“Yes, I’m absolutely sure that I can,” Janice replied. “It was difficult to part with that much money to begin with. I simply felt that the amount was necessary.”

“It was good thinking,” Susan told her. “And we debated that fact for a long time. But Father finally decided that there was no real need for quite that much. And he assured me that once that little stash is taken care of, that he will make sure that the rumors about Agent Jacobs get spread to the right people. He even thinks he can get Jacobs’ girlfriend involved. He feels as you do that it would support your case much more safely.”

“That would be excellent if he can arrange it,” Janice exclaimed. “So you want me to go back and get the money and the drugs?”

“Yes, but I’ll go with you. I’ll need to test the drugs anyway. We’ll do it together.”

That surprised Janice. “Isn’t this something that your… people would do instead? Forgive me for saying this, but from what I’ve noticed, they go out of their way to keep you well protected.”

“You’re absolutely right,” Susan replied. “But sometimes… I find it necessary to do some things myself. Don’t worry, I’m well trained for this kind of work, and yes, my guards will still be close by. Even when I do handle something personally, they still watch my back and help me when I need them.”

Janice figured she had the picture pretty well. “So when do you want to do this?”

“Friday night if you can make it.”

“I see no problem with that,” Janice replied. “Where do you want to meet?”

"We'll pick you up at your house."

Roger's final class of the morning was about to end. He had collected all the tests, having the students drop them off on his desk themselves so he wouldn't have to get up. As he had been doing all morning, he would grade them while his next class was taking their exam. But for the tests from this class, that wouldn't be until after lunch… if Carol remembered to bring him anything to eat.

He was hungry, he wanted something to drink too, but he was more than willing to forego drinking anything so he wouldn't wet his diapers… more than he suspected he would be wetting them fairly soon. He had been battling with it for a good part of the morning now. He suspected that his tight corset was probably not helping that little problem any.

He had to pee and the urge was getting worse! He had no doubt that he would soon be forced to sit there and let it happen. He wasn't looking forward to it at all. He really wanted to be able to get up and walk about for a bit to try to fight off his aching need to pee. Not that it would do him any good. He knew he was doomed as to that little problem before he started. But stretching his legs would still be really nice since his backside was becoming totally numb from barely moving all morning.

The bell rang and chaos was launched as the students all got up and headed out. Roger had been in a state of mild fright since he had arrived that morning. The kids leaving only lessened that fright a little bit. He knew all too well that his classroom would be full again very soon.

But now it was lunchtime. He expected that Carol would be in soon to bring him something to eat. That thought frightened him more than a bit. Since she was being creative today… as Janice had put it, he was more than a bit frightened by what else she might "burden" him with.

He sat there and watched his open classroom door. If it had been closed and he wasn't expecting anyone to enter, he might chance standing up for a few seconds. But as things were, that option was pretty much out of the question. He was too… chicken. A few minutes after the bell had rung for the next class session, Carol entered his room – and didn't bother to close the door behind her. He said nothing as she simply approached with her backpack slung over her arm.

"Having fun today?" she asked brightly.

"Not exactly," Roger replied.

Carol put a mock look of surprise on her face. "And why is that? I would imagine you'd be having nothing but fun today… secretly dressed like a girl from the waist down… right here,

not only in public but in school! I can't imagine that someone like you wouldn't be totally thrilled by it."

"Someone like me?" Roger asked.

"You know… a sissy!" She burst out in a laugh.

Roger did his best to ignore the dumb remark. "Any chance you brought me something to eat?" he asked.

"That depends," she replied.

"On what?"

"Have you wet those diapers you're wearing yet?"

Roger stared at her, trying to control the annoyance he felt. "No!"

"Not yet anyway," she replied, suppressing another laugh. "Well, maybe what I have for your lunch today will help." She started pulling things out of her backpack. "Momma made this just for you," she exclaimed as she pulled out a large thermos. She pulled out a large plastic bowl and a spoon from her backpack as well. She opened the thermos and dumped the entire contents into the bowl… chicken soup!

Roger noted that it was a lot of soup, even for him. And it was an especially large amount given the way his corset squeezed his stomach so he couldn't eat as much.

"Momma said you love her chicken soup, so she made some just for you today."

Roger could smell the soup she had just poured into the bowl. It smelled great… but it was ninety percent liquid! And more liquid in his system just then wasn't what he needed. He could feel the urge to pee getting worse just looking at all that soup!

"Oh… and here," Carol added as she quickly reached back into her bag. She pulled out a can of coke to go with the soup. "You might need something to drink with your lunch as well," she said as she set the coke down on his desk for him.

Roger almost lost the battle with his bladder right then at the sight of the coke being set in front of him. And the only thing that he could think, was that it wasn't likely he was going to need that coke at all. Especially not with that much soup.

"Now don't make Momma angry and not eat it all," Carol said teasingly. "I'll be back a few minutes before class starts to pick up your bowl for you, so make sure you finish it all!" She

looked at him with a stern expression on her face. “And that goes for the drink too! All of it! Before I get back!”

Roger only nodded… unhappily.

Laughingly, Carol hurried out to get her own lunch… once again leaving the door wide open.

Roger stared at the soup. It smelled great! And he was hungry. It was just an awful lot of liquid that he would have to put into his system. He knew that Carol had brought the soup purposely… just to force him to wet himself during the afternoon. The drink she had set on his desk wasn’t going to help matters much either.

Already fighting desperately against the urge to pee, he sighed deeply and did his best to relax his muscles, letting his body relieve his need into the thick diapers he was wearing. It was all he could do to keep himself from breaking out in another crying spell right then and there. The smell of the soup was great… as his body cringed against the miserable feel of his pee spreading out all over his bottom. Ugh! He shivered a bit from the awful feel of it. He absolutely hated having to do that! But he knew there would be no winning at all. And he figured he might as well get that part over with now so he could enjoy the soup. And Janice did make great chicken soup!

Cringing at the miserable feel of his now wet diapers, he picked up his spoon and took a sip. Mmmm! Horrible wet feeling on his bottom, great wet taste in his mouth!

He was nearly done with his soup when an unexpected guest entered his room. “Hi Roger,” Jennifer said as she walked in. “You didn’t come to the teacher’s lounge for lunch, so I thought I’d see what you’re up to.”

“Mm!” Roger replied with his mouth full of soup before he had a chance to swallow. “I’m trying to get some work done,” he replied a moment later as he motioned with his spoon at all the student tests in front of him. Was he pushed into his desk far enough to make sure she wouldn’t notice the skirt he was wearing? He pulled his feet up closer to his chair to make sure she wouldn’t notice his heels either.

Jennifer looked over the edge of his desk at what was in the bowl. “Chicken soup? Oh God that smells good! No wonder you didn’t come to the teacher’s lounge. You wanted to hog it all to yourself!” she laughed.

“Um… something like that,” he replied, trying to smile.

“How’s the exams going?” she asked.

"So far, so good," Roger replied with a shrug. "Nobody has completely failed yet, and I've got all but last period's exams already graded."

Jennifer shook her head. "I don't know why you insist on doing them all in one day. You've got a week. You could break the work up over a couple of days."

He shook his head. "But this way, I get it all over with quicker."

"Whatever you like," she replied. She stared at his face for a moment. "Um… is it me, or do you look a bit… different lately?"

Roger started to panic. Could she tell what he was wearing under the desk? "Different?" he asked.

"Yeah. "Like your skin looks… different."

Roger relaxed a bit. "Yeah, I noticed," he said. "I think the hormones are starting to work already."

"Hormones! Are you taking them already?"

Roger felt himself blushing a bit. "Yeah. Not quite two weeks now."

Jennifer shook her head. She still didn't want to believe that he was doing it… turning himself into a woman. Why would any man want to do that? But it was an old argument in her mind now. "So how long do you think it will take?" she asked.

"How long for what?"

"Before you develop… breasts?"

"I don't know," he replied. "From what I've read, it's different with everyone. Some get them fairly quick, others take a very long time and even then they don't develop much at all."

"And which kind do you expect to be?"

"I have no idea. I'm just… waiting to see." That was only partially accurate. He was really dreading finding out if he might be one of the ones who developed quickly… and a lot. He just hoped he wouldn't be – one of those! He had no desire to have major breasts hanging off of his chest. Woman or not!

"Have you developed any soreness there yet?" she asked.

Roger was a bit bothered by the question. “Not… really,” he replied.

“But it sounds like you might be feeling something.”

Roger thought about it. “Maybe,” he replied slowly. “But most likely, I’m not. What I am noticing instead I think, is that my skin seems to feel a bit softer to me lately.”

“Can I feel?” she asked. Roger held out his arm and let her run her hand over the shaved surface. She shrugged. “It’s a bit hard for me to really compare since it’s been a while since we… really touched. But it feels nice and soft to me. Are you experiencing any other changes yet?”

Roger stared at her for a moment before nodding his head. Every once in a while… I seem to just want to… cry. It’s almost like I need a good cry. I can’t tell you how weird that feels.”

Jennifer laughed. “Welcome to woman 101.”

Roger did his best to smile. The truth was, he had been fighting the urge to cry all day because of what Carol was making him endure. He had no doubt that later tonight he would indulge himself in the privacy of his room. Or better yet, maybe while he was taking a bath. The thought of wanting a nice warm relaxing bath instead of a shower suddenly struck him as something strange. Was that another sudden change? His reasons for needing a good cry just grew by another notch.

FBI Agent Phil Goodman, the head of the Atlanta Robbery division walked out of his office and into the main room where most of his agents had their desks. As he looked around, his eyes fell on the only two agents currently in the room… Sid Forsyth and Ted Jacobs. Well, since they were the only two in the room, they were the only two to be unlucky enough. “Sid… Ted,” he called as he headed toward them.

“What’s up?” Sid asked.

“I need both of you to head upstairs to Missing Person’s and give them a hand checking videos.”

“Oh for crying…”

“Stow it!” Phil said quickly, stopping the complaining that had started out of Jacob’s mouth.

“Why us?” Jacobs asked.

"Because you two are the only ones here. Now get your asses upstairs. Check with Hannah, she'll let you know what's going on."

As soon as his boss's back was turned, Jacobs rolled his eyes. "Damn missing persons work again!"

"I couldn't agree more," Sid replied as he got up from his seat.

"Why can't they hire more of their own people to do this kind of stuff?" Jacobs asked as they headed for the door.

"Budget cuts!" Sid replied.

Jacobs only grunted.

Agent Hannah Montrose was well known in the building. If she wasn't married and so committed to her family, Jacobs would have tried dating her. But she was totally committed to her husband and everyone knew it. "Phil sent us up to help out," Jacobs said as they walked into the large room full of desks and tables in the Missing Person's section.

"Great!" Hannah replied. "We need all the help we can get. Pick a computer and get comfortable," she told them. "We need help checking the traffic exiting the airport."

There were several computers set up on a table along one side of the wall and several seats in front of them. Jacobs and Forsyth both sat next to each other.

"Who we looking for?" Sid asked.

"His name is Joseph Halifax," Hannah told them. She set an eight by ten photo of the man down between them so they could refer to it. "He was supposed to be on a cruise ship vacation, and then he was going to spend some time hanging out in Miami, but he not only wasn't on the boat, there was no reservation for him either. And he was supposed to fly to Miami to get on the ship, but he had no plane reservation that we could find. But he did go to the airport!" she told them.

"So… maybe the guy just wanted to get away for a while."

"Huh!" Hannah grunted. "We can only hope." She moved over to Jacob's computer and pulled up a video. "Here's the footage of him at the airport. We found his car is in long–term parking by the way. He showed up at the airport just as if he was actually going to take a flight to Miami."

Sid and Ted waited until the video loaded. It showed a guy walking along the outside of the Atlanta terminal.

"You'll notice that he doesn't have any luggage," Hannah mentioned. "And yet, he was supposed to be away for two weeks." A minute later she added, "Now here's the interesting part."

Jacobs and Forsyth watched as Halifax met up with a woman. It was hard to tell anything at all about her due to her large hat and sunglasses. It was impossible to identify her at all. But there was something about her build and her manner that had Ted Jacobs stunned. Could it be? Was it possible? He was sure he was wrong. He had to be wrong! There wasn't one piece of evidence to suggest that he was right! But he couldn't get it out of his head that he was looking at Janice Stokley meeting with the missing man – Joseph Halifax!

It couldn't be!

Three diapers! Three soggy wet diapers! He could certainly feel the added bulk between his legs. His bottom felt hot and wet and uncomfortable!

It was his last class of the day. If he could just manage a little bit longer, then he would make it with nobody finding out what he was wearing. Just… a… little… bit… longer! He had done everything possible all day to keep from having to get up from his desk. Fortunately, being the teacher, he had managed most things fairly easily. He had been the most afraid while Jennifer White had been in the room. Luckily, she had soon let him get back to his lunch… and grading his exams.

Another of his students walked up and he again panicked slightly as he waited for him to place the exam in the pile on his desk. He breathed a soft sigh of relief as the student left… only to be replaced by two more heading his way. He unconsciously drew his feet closer to his chair to make sure nobody would notice them. One by one, each of the students finished the test and dropped off the exam. The clock ticked closer to the end of the period. From what he could see, there were only two students still taking the test. If it wasn't for them, he would have dismissed the class already.

Movement at the window in the door made him turn his head in that direction. Carol was already outside waiting for him. She must have gotten out early today. He wasn't sure if he was glad the students were taking so long so they would delay Carol coming in, or if he wanted them to finish soon so that the whole class could leave. Unfortunately for the last two students taking his test, the bell rang before they finished. "Bring me your tests!" he called as the rest of the class headed for the door.

Two more tests landed in the pile on his desk, and the room slowly emptied out. And the minute the last student left, Carol walked in with a big grin on her face… once again leaving

the door wide open. Since Roger wasn't about to get up from his seat – even though he desperately wanted to, he wondered if he should tell her how well she did on the test? He couldn't help but remember her grade. "In case you're wondering," he said as she approached his desk, "you passed."

Carol was a bit taken aback by the subject. She had been expecting him to tell her how miserable he was instead. "I was already pretty sure I passed," she told him.

"Do you want to know your grade, or do you think your mother wants you to wait till everyone else finds out tomorrow?"

She grinned. "What did I get?"

"Ninety six!"

The look of elation on her face was hard to miss… even as she said, "Darn! I was really hoping for a hundred!"

Roger shook his head. "You did pretty darn well!" he exclaimed.

Her face turned almost sheepish. "Thanks," she replied. "I studied hard enough!" she added.

"Obviously," he replied. "And obviously it showed. You should feel really proud of yourself. Two months ago it was all you could do to keep from failing."

"Thanks," she said again fairly softly. "I still wanted a hundred for Momma."

"I think she'll be very pleased," Roger told her.

Carol nodded. "Yeah," she admitted softly. He had taken all the wind out of her sails. She had come into the room intent on taunting him over his situation, but instead he had started praising her instead over her test results. Now she wanted to tease him horribly… and she was finding it difficult to know where to start. "And how about you? How did you manage today?" she asked… a lot more nicely than she had planned.

"I… got through it," he replied. "And I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to your mother bringing my pants back so I can get out of this chair!"

She laughed. "How wet are you?" she asked, knowing it was one of the things he hated the most.

"Miserably!" he replied.

She laughed again. “Did anybody notice anything wrong today?”

“Not that I saw.”

“So you really can’t complain, can you? In fact, you should be grateful!”

“Grateful?”

“Yeah! Because half of you got to be Roger today… and the other half got to be Candy. It’s almost like Candy had a chance to teach school today.”

Roger’s head went spinning at the logic.

“Since it worked so well, we should try it again real soon!”

Roger’s head went from spinning into panic mode. “Let’s not!” he replied. “You have no idea how scared I was all day.”

“Scared! Of what?” she teased.

“Of someone finding out! I could get fired for this!”

Carol only shrugged. “You’ve already got another job,” she replied. “It wouldn’t matter in the least.”

Roger didn’t exactly see it that way. “I wonder what’s keeping your mother?” he wondered.

“Who knows!” Carol replied. “You can feel free to get up and walk around if you need to. School is over now.”

“No thanks! There’s still too many people around!”

Carol chuckled. “Aw! You’re just being shy. It’s a very nice skirt you’ve got on… and it goes really well with your jacket. We made sure of it when we bought it.”

“That’s okay,” Roger replied. “I still think I’ll stay right here!”

Carol looked up at the clock. “I wonder what is keeping Momma? She said she would come right to the room when she got here.”

“Maybe she’s having trouble getting into the building?” Roger suggested.

“I’ll go check,” Carol replied as she hurried out of the room.

Roger really hoped there was nothing delaying Janice… he was starting to have to pee again pretty badly. Damn all the liquid Carol had made him drink at lunchtime… and damn the stupid diapers she had made him wear… and damn the whole outfit she had put him in today – at school! And damn his whole life! It was all getting to be too much! Way, way, way too much! He felt like screaming his head off! His irritation and anger over his situation was growing swiftly by the moment. His irritating thoughts were interrupted by the sight of Carol and Janice hurrying into the room.

"Sorry I'm late," Janice said, "I simply forgot to watch the time!"

Roger was about to move his chair back, when he noticed the classroom door still open. "Can you close the door for me Carol?" he asked trying his best to control the irritation he felt and also trying to sound somewhat polite.

Carol turned and looked at the open classroom door. "Why?" she asked teasingly.

"Carol!" Janice warned. "Please close the door so Mr. Brinkley can change."

It was obvious from the look on Carol's face that she had only been teasing to begin with. Roger breathed a small sigh of relief the moment the door was closed. He gratefully pushed his chair away from his desk taking the time to stretch his legs a moment in the process. Then, very slowly and carefully, he stood up. The bulk of the very wet diapers was not only uncomfortable, it was now making just standing a bit of a chore. And the act of standing up seemed to increase his need to pee. "Can I have my pants now?" Roger asked.

As Janice started pulling his pants and shoes out of her bag, Roger unzipped his skirt in the back. He started pulling it down, but he found that getting it down over top of the bulk of diapers was more of a chore than he thought it would be. Even unzipped all the way, it was a tight squeeze to get the darn thing off. He quickly sat down and unbuckled his shoes and pulled his feet out of his heels, stretching his toes for a moment as he did so. He quickly stood up and grabbed his pants and pulled them up his pantyhose covered legs… and had to fight with them to get them over the bulk of his diapers as well. But once he got them up to his waist, he had a major problem fastening them. In fact, he couldn't fasten them at all! It wasn't even close. He looked up at Janice with a totally horrified expression on his face… while Carol broke out laughing. "I can't fasten them!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Janice agreed. "I can see that."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know, Mr. Brinkley," Janice replied. "I hadn't foreseen this bit of a problem."

“Can I take the diapers off now?” Roger asked.

“No!” Carol exclaimed quickly!

Janice and Roger both looked at her questioningly.

“I want him to wear them for the rest of the day,” she said. “He’s wearing three diapers,” she explained. “That should be enough to last until he goes to bed tonight. I wanted him to… enjoy them all day.”

“Enjoy?” Roger asked… his mind boggled at the concept. And he still had to pee badly! He would be even wetter all too soon! And she wanted him to stay in the diapers?

Janice only smiled. “Well…” she exclaimed. “Since we are indulging Carol’s wishes today, I guess you’ll have to keep those diapers on… wet or not.”

“Indulging?” Roger repeated horrified, and nearly losing the battle with his bladder just then. “But how am I supposed to get home?”

Carol started laughing again. She picked up the skirt her mother had draped across one of the desks and handed it to Roger. “Here,” she said. “We know you can get this on… with a little bit of work.” She truly loved the look of horror on Roger’s face. “It’s either that, or you get to wear just the diapers below your jacket and nothing else.” Carol couldn’t help it, she felt nothing but totally delighted with the situation.

Roger was practically hyperventilating. He looked to Janice for help.

“Please get dressed Mr…. Candy.” She laughed at her little joke. “I’d like to get home eventually today.”

Having no choice at all, Roger stepped into the skirt again and began working it over his mass of diapers. With a final stretch and tug, the waist slipped over top and he was able to fasten it in the back… only to find Carol holding his high heeled shoes out for him to put on again. He was nearly shaking with worry and fear as he buckled them back on his feet. He was going to have to walk from his classroom… out through the halls… outside to the car – wherever Janice had parked it… all the way while wearing a skirt and heels! This wasn’t going to be like when he was dressed as a woman… as Candy! This was totally different. He would be going out there dressed as Roger on top… and Candy on the bottom! He was going to get laughed at! And most probably get fired! And he had… no… choice!

“Come along Mr. Candy,” Janice said as she turned toward the door. “I still have to finish dinner.”

Roger picked up his very heavy expandable case that was stuffed with all the exams the students had taken. He hesitantly started walking toward the door. The huge bulk of diapers between his legs hampered his walking horribly. The way his legs were forced apart was making it even more difficult to not wet himself. The tight confines of the skirt only added to his walking difficulty. He was so used to wearing heels now that he never even noticed if they were bothering him – which they weren't. But he couldn't help but notice the sound of his heels loudly click clacking across the floor… and especially out in the hallway.

Waddling for all he was worth, he did his best to stay as close to Janice and Carol as possible so maybe he wouldn't be noticed as much. He didn't dare look around – he couldn't face the possibility of knowing who else might be watching him. All the way through the halls and out the door into the bright sunshine. Why couldn't it have been pouring rain that would hide him somewhat? Down the steps and out to the parking lot where he saw Janice's SUV. Waddle, waddle, waddle – desperately! How many people were watching him? How many people were laughing at him? Don't look! Don't look! Wait for the car to be unlocked. Hurry in and close the door. Relief!

Only then did Roger dare to look around – out through the heavily tinted windows. There were several small groups of students still on the grounds… and several looking in his direction. He had definitely been seen! He had no doubt at all that his life was now over! The tears started flowing immediately. He couldn't stop them if he tried. Total humiliation! That's what he now felt. That's what he now faced every time he looked at one of his students… every time he looked at anyone associated with the school. Total humiliation! Feeling more despondent than ever, he cried pitifully all the way home.

He was still crying as Janice pulled the car into the garage. His mind could only think of how cruel Carol had been… and how cruel his whole life was now. His mind dwelt on that… and his emotions followed suit as anger over his situation started to build within him again.

With tears still streaming down his face, Roger waddled from the garage into the kitchen, trying his best to keep from wetting himself yet again… and knowing that he couldn't remove his diapers anyway. But the moment he actually got into the kitchen, he felt himself losing the battle with his bladder once again. The warm pee flooded his diapers and he couldn't help but stop and break into worse sobbing.

And then it was as if a major switch had been thrown in him. He turned back toward Carol as total rage suddenly filled him. "You didn't have to do this to me today! You didn't have to be so cruel… again! I had to give that test… whether you liked it or not! I always have to give tests whether you like it or not – because the school requires me to. It's my job to give them, and it's your job to take them!" As the anger still built in him, he said, "You're nothing but a cruel little bitch who only likes to hurt people!"

“Candy!” Janice yelled angrily, totally horrified over the things Roger had just said. “That’s enough! Now go to your room and don’t come out!”

Roger ran for his room. The anger he felt was more than he had felt in a long time and he couldn’t control it… just as he couldn’t control how hard he was crying once again.

“I don’t believe he said that!” Carol exclaimed angrily. “I ought to tie him up and beat him black and blue for what he just said! And then leave him tied up for the rest of the night!”

“No dear,” Janice replied, doing her best to control her own anger. “Not this time. I’m afraid we’re going to be faced with a lot of this for a little while. I read that his body is probably trying to adjust to the sudden total shift of hormones in his entire system now, and he literally won’t be able to control these emotional outbursts for a while. I’m afraid we’re just going to have to be firm with him… and patient at the same time.”

“But for how long, Momma?” Carol asked. “He should never have said that. It was awful!”

Janice nodded. “Yes it was! But hopefully it will only last a few weeks… until he’s able to adjust.”

“I hope it doesn’t last longer than that!”

“It better not!” Janice agreed.

Chapter 57.

Jessica Parker drove to work Friday morning – with her pacifier still in her mouth. By her accounting, it had been two weeks now since she had been abducted and… brainwashed. And she had been hoping that all the baby punishments would be over with now. But it seemed not. Maybe later today? She could only hope. Poor Candy was stuck with his problems for the rest of his life! And from what she now knew, so were all of his housekeeper's other victims – all of them stuck for life. She could only pray that her own little problems would end soon. Her life was hard enough!

Being Friday, her thoughts turned to the casinos again. But as much as she desperately wanted to go tonight, she was now too afraid. Candy had been right, she was an addict. She had known she was an addict for a long time. It was just hard to admit. Besides, what harm could a little gambling do? It was fun! It was a way to get out and meet people. It was… She stopped her line of thinking and sighed. The gambling called to her too deeply.

She knew she needed to break that habit… if for no other reason than for her kid's sakes. And now her gambling had landed her in a world she had never imagined. Brainwashed… where supposedly things would be even worse for her if she ever gambled again. Supposedly. She still wasn't sure if that could be possible or not… despite the evidence of her past two weeks. Well, she would be working with a therapist now… starting next week anyway. There had been no way that she could meet with him this week, neither of their schedules would allow it and there was no way she was going to show up on his doorstep with a damn pacifier in her mouth.

So now it was Friday again, and she wanted to go gambling again… and she dared not. She supposed she still owed Candy a major thank you for what he had done last week. She had promised to take him shopping tomorrow night… if she was done with all the stupid baby stuff. And what worried her now, was that it had been two weeks… and she still couldn't get her pacifier out of her mouth!

How much longer was it going to last?

Janice hummed happily out loud as she stuffed some towels into the washer. She added laundry detergent, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and a double load of liquid fabric softener. She breathed in the scent of the fabric softener. So nice! They really were making those products smell so good. And she preferred the way the liquid softener worked to the dryer sheets that most women seemed to use now. She supposed it was just a matter of preference.

With the washing started, she went back to her sewing table where she had already cut out a number of colorful squares for the new quilt she was making. The floor around the table

was piled with packages of thin cotton batting and bolts of brightly colored fabric that she had thought would all make excellent quilts.

She didn't have a lot of experience making quilts. She had only made two in her life. But she figured she had plenty of experience for what she needed to do. Humming happily to herself, she carefully measured out another ten inch square on her material and began cutting. She figured that ten inches would be the perfect size to allow her to hide two thousand dollars inside it, arranged in two stacks of a thousand dollars each. A little bit of the thinnest cotton batting on each side of the money, and once the squares were sewn to the quilt backing, she should have a nice fluffy comfortable quilt that she would feel proud of. The freshly washed money would be completely limp from the extra fabric softener she was using on it… and it would smell oh–so–good!

"Any questions?" Roger asked, as he finished demonstrating the math problem on the board. As his eyes roamed the room, he thought he was noticing more strange looks from the kids in front of him.

"Did you really wear a skirt to school on Wednesday?" one of the boys in the middle of the class asked jokingly.

Roger put his chalk down on the blackboard tray. He had been afraid of just this. He hadn't heard a word about being seen in a skirt yesterday, but this was a day later. The word would have had more time to spread. He had little choice in his answer. Doing his best to but a big beaming smile on his face he looked at the kid and confidently replied. "I sure did." The startled noise from his students was only to be expected. He went over and sat on the edge of his desk, his face holding something of a conspiratorial look, as he waited for the noise to abate.

"Why?" one of the other students finally asked. The question was basically echoed all over the room.

Roger finally held his hand up to stifle the questions. "Yes, I did wear a skirt to school on Wednesday… and none of you even knew it, did you?" He looked around the room at the surprised faces of all his students.

"So how come?" one of them blurted out.

"The reason I did it," Roger told them, "is for something special. And I'm going to make you all wait to find out!"

The disappointed complaining from the students was evident.

"You won't know until it's time for you to know," Roger called above the noise.

“When will that be?” one of the girls asked.

“Before school ends,” Roger told them. “There’s only a week and a half of school left. But I promise you, you’ll find out the reason for it before the end of school.”

He had committed himself to telling them about his transition now. There would be no holding back. But at least he would be done with the school year before then. Announcing things this way was the best he could come up with… like it or not.

Late that night, Roger was half asleep when a noise woke him fully. No curtains on his window showed him lights… headlights turning into his driveway. He got up from the floor to look out. He couldn’t see much, but there was no missing the three large vehicles that had turned into his driveway. He was surprised to note a limousine as the second vehicle.

He was about to quickly grab some clothes to put on and see what they wanted, when he heard the front door closing… and he saw someone leaving the house. Janice! If it wasn’t for the headlights he might not have seen her at all. Whatever she was wearing was so dark that she was difficult to see.

He saw men pouring out of the vehicles… but they didn’t go far before they noticed Janice and they all got back into the cars… except for one who held the door of the limousine open… and then closed it again after Janice had gotten in.

Roger watched from his window as all three vehicles backed out of his driveway… and took off into the night.

What was Janice up to now? More brainwashing? He was betting on it. He felt sorry for whoever it was that would be her next victim.

But the limousine! Where did that fit into everything?

“Coffee?” Susan asked as Janice seemed to get settled in the seat opposite her and had finished looking around.

“Sure, why not?” Janice replied happily. The dark curtains lining all the windows thankfully prevented her from seeing the world go by backwards. The car almost rode smoothly enough that she could imagine she wasn’t going anywhere at all.

Susan pulled the silver coffee pot out of its warmer, opened it, and poured some into the china cup that was resting on a shelf mounted to the side of the car. She carefully picked up the cup and saucer and held them out for Janice to take. She picked up her own cup and saucer after filling them as well.

“Very nice car,” Janice exclaimed as she sipped at the hot liquid.

“Thank you,” Susan replied. “I travel so much that I’m afraid it’s become something of a necessity.

The two women talked pleasantly during the entire long trip. Not once did either of them mention the job ahead of them. Not once did either of them bring up any other business. The two simply enjoyed talking about life and family. No stress, just pleasant conversation.

Nothing changed until the limousine driver called back that they were entering Jacob’s neighborhood. Susan became all business then. She reached into a bag on the floor and extracted two pairs of gloves and two masks that would cover their entire faces. She held one of the masks and a pair of gloves out toward Janice.

“No thanks,” Janice told her, digging into her own bag. “I’ve got my own.”

Susan only smiled.

The limo parked a few blocks away and waited while the other vehicles drove slowly around the area to check for danger. Susan and Janice both pulled the masks over their heads, pulled the gloves onto their hands, and Susan picked up a tiny hand–held radio. She said something in Chinese, and got back two different replies, both also in Chinese that Janice couldn’t understand.

“I’ve got a small shovel with me,” Janice said, indicating the bag she had brought with her.

Susan smiled and reached into her own bag. “Me too,” she said as she pulled up the handle of her own shovel.

The radio crackled more soft words. Susan replied in Chinese, and the limo began moving again. Janice grabbed her penlight out of her bag and tested it… she noticed Susan doing the same.

The limo slowed to a stop and the driver grunted something. Susan pushed the door open and she and Janice were out quickly. The limo accelerated, leaving them behind. A few seconds later, they were both in Jacob’s backyard, both looking all around for any sign that they had been noticed.

Janice led the way to the wood pile and began quietly unstacking the wood from the back end. Susan began helping her immediately. Removing the wood went far quicker with the two of them. The small shovels came out, and the plastic bag was quickly uncovered.

Susan untied the knot and opened it. Her penlight showed white blocks inside. She reached in and pulled one out. From her bag she extracted a small knife that she used to poke a small slit in the block… the knife blade pulled out a tiny amount of the contents from inside. With the tip of her finger, Susan lightly touched the white powder on the knife, then brought it to her lips to taste it. Her eyes seemed to wander in all directions as she carefully analyzed what they had found. "Woof!" she whispered softly. "Good stuff! Very strong! If the wrong people got their hands on this and didn't know what they were doing, they'd probably kill someone with it."

She began pulling the white blocks out of the bag. She counted nine just as Janice had told her. Then she began pulling out some of the money that had been underneath it. When she had removed a hundred thousand dollars, she asked Janice, "Are you sure you don't want to take more back?"

"No," Janice whispered back. "I'm even worried that what's left won't be enough."

Susan nodded and considered what Janice had just said. "Why don't we do this?" she asked as she separated the money she had just removed into two equal piles. "Just take half of this much back. Would that make you feel more at ease?"

Janice stared at the two piles of money. She finally pushed both piles toward Susan. "Put it all back. I want Jacobs put away… for life! I don't want to take any chances."

Susan put all the money back into the bag. Only three of the heroin bricks out of the nine were returned to the plastic bag on top of the money. The rest Susan stuck into the bag she had brought with her. Together, the two women once again carefully buried the bag and replaced each of the logs they had moved. With their penlights, they carefully searched the area, trying to clean up any sign that they had been there. Susan whispered a single word in Chinese into her radio, and they headed for the side of Jacob's house… to wait up against it where they wouldn't be seen until the limo could pick them up.

The wait was only moments before they were in the limo and heading home. And once again the conversation turned light. Neither woman mentioning what they had just done.

Chapter 58.

Jessica Parker woke up Saturday morning, blinked, shook her head a bit to clear it… and spit the pacifier out of her mouth. She laid back on the floor where she had been sleeping and looked up at the ceiling. She had to pee… and she was holding it. Finally! Finally her ordeal was over with! Excitement filled her almost as much as relief! Working her way to her feet, she headed quickly for the bathroom. She had to pull apart her smelly wet diapers to get them off… to finally sit on the toilet and relieve herself like a normal person for the first time in two weeks. Human again! Finally!

She would have never believed that what had been done to her could work that well… or that powerfully. But she was living proof. And she couldn't tell anyone at all about what really happened to her. She couldn't even mention the woman who had done it to her… except to Candy. But then Candy knew the woman far more intimately than she did. And she didn't want to ever come anywhere near that woman again!

Thinking of Candy, she remembered that she had promised to take him shopping later. He had to work first so shopping during the morning or afternoon was out. She had no doubt that it would be a fairly trying trip. She wasn't really looking forward to traipsing around the stores with a man dressed as a woman. But she owed him, and she owed him big. But it was more than that. He was another victim. A victim in far worse straights than she was… or than she had been… or both. She felt a common bond with him because of that. And… and there was one thing more. Even as a woman, Candy Brinkley was the most decent guy she had met in a very long time.

She wondered again how he would be in bed. Damn, it had been a long time for her now since her husband had left her. At least the gambling had helped take all that edge away. What was she going to do now if she couldn't gamble? But… would the brainwashing that had been done to her really make her act like a baby again if she went to the casinos? There was a chance that it wouldn't…. as far as she wanted to believe. She looked at the smelly diaper she had just taken off. There was also a very good chance that her brainwashing would descend on her worse than ever too. Did she dare try to find out? She sighed. As much as she really wanted to go gambling again, she really dared not. Not yet anyway.

She had just spent two weeks in a totally unbelievable state. And… she had to think of her kids. Her thoughts turned directly to Jasmine. She didn't know that she could come so close to her own daughter, especially through the type of relationship they had been sharing over the last few weeks. That relationship between them had been a total joy. Could she manage to continue it… now… now that she was no longer… handicapped?

She forced herself to think of her son Jimmy. What about him? He hadn't been able to relate to her baby mode over the last few weeks like his younger sister had. In all too many ways,

he was being left out of things. She thanked God for her brother–in–law who was trying to fill the fatherless void, but all too often, couldn't. The bottom line was though, that Jimmy needed a father figure in his life. Someone to teach him all the things that she couldn't. Someone to teach him how to be a man.

With no way to do anything about that sad situation, she forced herself to get moving. She picked up the dirty diaper and gratefully disposed of the horrible smelly thing. Then she jumped into the shower, already thinking about her next order of business… to call her sister and let her know that it was all over now… and to thank her as profusely as possible!

Then she would get her kids back and… maybe just watch them for the rest of the day. She wouldn't be meeting Candy until later. But what was she going to do with her kids while she was out with him?

Roger was silently going berserk. It was all he could do to remain calm and outwardly act like there was nothing in the world wrong at all, while in reality he felt more like ripping someone's head off. And the problem wasn't that he was doing construction work in heels, or wearing a wig that continually got in his way, or even his damn corset that was way, way too tight! No, it was something different that was trying to make him irritable. Something… weird! His problem was… his nipples. They were hurting like blazes!

He had noticed them sticking out a bit more over the last few days. But now there was this little knot of something behind them that seemed to be all too hard. And the result was that his nipples – hurt! Especially with his "C" cup breast forms pressing against them constantly. He desperately wanted to rip his bra off and remove the forms… but he couldn't. Unfortunately, there would be no way to do that. So he was forced to put up with… hurting and sore nipples. Ouch!

His irritation was increased by the sound of his cell phone ringing. He hurried to grab it where he had set it off to the side of his work area. "Hello?"

"Candy?" the voice asked.

It was still somewhat of a shock to be called that… especially over the phone. "Hi Doctor," he replied, recognizing Jessica Parker's voice. "I guess you're… done with your problems now?"

"Yes," Jessica said. "Finally! But not until I woke up this morning. What a relief!"

"I can only imagine," Roger told her. "So are we still on for later this afternoon, or do we need to postpone?"

"No," Jessica replied. "We can do it. It's just that…"

"What? We can postpone if you like, or you don't have to do it at all. It's just a favor for me."

"No," Jessica said again. "It's just that… how would you feel if my kids tagged along? My sister is refusing to watch them any longer, especially since I'm home and I'm well now."

"Oh," Roger muttered. "Um… I guess that's up to you. I saw your kids that one day, but I didn't speak to them. I don't know how they would feel about it."

"Yeah," she said, "but somehow I get the feeling that they're going to have to get to know you… at least somewhat."

Roger wanted to tell her that he couldn't see where it would be necessary, but since they shared the… Janice victim bond, then he had no doubt that they would be seeing each other more. "So… you want to get the introductions over with today?" he asked.

"Yeah, something like that. Can you meet me here at my house? We can leave from here for shopping."

"Sure. Why not? Can I change clothes there too? I don't want to go shopping in clothes I've been doing everything possible to mess up all day."

"Sure, no problem," Jessica replied. "You can even get a shower if you want."

"Sounds like a good plan to me," Roger replied.

"Okay," Jessica stated. "I'll see you when you can get here."

Roger left his job site as early as he dared. He was already halfway to Jessica's house, but the drive was still somewhat long. He pulled into the driveway and grabbed the slacks and blouse he had decided to wear, along with his purse that was a bit overly stuffed with his makeup. He wasn't nervous about seeing Jessica, but he was about being more formally introduced to her kids. What would they think of him? What would they say? For that matter, what would he say to them?

Feeling more than a bit nervous about it, he approached her front door and rang the doorbell.

Jessica already knew that Candy was there. She had seen his truck pull into the driveway. She was simply… delaying things. She had already talked to her kids to prepare them as much as possible. But as always with kids, there were no guarantees. She wasn't really looking forward to dealing with her kids around him… just as she wasn't really looking forward to going

shopping with him… or anywhere else in public. Candy was still at… the totally embarrassing stage to be around. But she owed him… and she owed him big! Besides, the two of them shared a bond together that seemed to draw them together. The fact that she still wondered how he would be in bed didn't even consciously cross her mind. She opened the door with a smile. "Hi Candy. How was your day?"

"Pretty good," Roger replied, trying to smile. "Mostly anyway."

"Problems?" she asked as she stood back to let him in. She carefully noted the way he was dressed. All women's clothes, but she noted that they were definitely clothes that were well suited to the job that he did… other than his boots. She figured he must have changed out of whatever work boots he probably wore on the job and just pulled these boots over top of his pants.

Roger looked around. There was no sign of her kids. "Kind of," he whispered. "My nipples are killing me! They have been all day!"

"I'm afraid that's to be expected," Jessica told him. "You know it's from the hormones. Your breasts are starting to develop, that's all."

"Well they're still painful," Roger complained.

Jessica only nodded. "I'm sure," she replied as she led him down the hall toward her living room where her kids were watching TV. "Let me get the introductions out of the way, then you can go take a shower. You do smell a little."

"Don't I know it!" Roger replied. "That's another thing I've noticed in the last day or two, I seem to be more aware of how I… and everyone else smells!"

"More early hormone affects," Jessica told him as she stopped at the entrance to the living room. "Kids…" she called to get the attention of her son and daughter who were watching cartoons on TV. "This is Candy," she said. "This is who I was talking about earlier."

Roger was a bit surprised to see both her kids stand. "Hi guys," he said somewhat nervously.

"Hey," Jimmy mumbled softly. Other than that, he didn't make a move or another sound. He only stood there with a somewhat uncertain look on his face. But Roger was a bit surprised to see Jasmine moving over to another chair that was closer. She knelt on it looking over the back of it.

"What kind of Candy are you?" she asked jokingly with a big smile on her face.

Roger was caught totally off guard. It was a moment before he could find a suitable reply. "Um… the kind that you like to eat the most, but your mother won't let you." He was rewarded for his answer by Jasmine giggling. "He's funny," she said to her mother.

"She's funny," Jessica corrected her. "Remember what we talked about earlier?"

"It's okay," Roger replied. "I'm not used to anyone referring to me as a she."

"I'm afraid that's another thing you're going to have to start getting used to… eventually anyway."

Before Roger could reply, Jasmine left the chair she was kneeling in and was now walking around it so she could stand in front of him. He looked down at her to see what she wanted.

"Momma says that you helped her when she was real sick."

Sick? Roger supposed that it was a good way to explain things to the kids. "Um… I'm not sure exactly how much I helped her. I just did what I could."

"She said you helped a lot!" Jasmine exclaimed.

Roger looked over towards Jessica with a somewhat embarrassed look on his face. But before he could say anything, he felt Jasmine taking one of his hands.

"Thank you for helping her," she said.

Roger couldn't help it. His eyes immediately started tearing up. It was all he could do to keep from crying outright. "You're welcome," he told the young girl.

"Momma says you're changing yourself from being a man into a woman. How come?"

The million dollar question for everyone that Roger knew… and the one he could never tell the truth about.

"Jasmine," Jessica intervened, "that's kind of a personal issue for Candy."

"No," Roger replied quickly. He looked down at Jasmine again. "Some people are born in the wrong body," he explained. "It used to be that they had no choice but to live their entire life without being able to do anything at all to fix that. But now there are doctors like your mother who can help those people. I'm not sure that I was exactly born in the wrong body, but your mother is doing everything she can to help me with my problems… and I'm very grateful to her for it. I need all the help I can get to learn how to be a woman."

Jasmine reached out and grabbed his neck, pulling him down so she could hug him. “You helped my mother when she needed it. So if she’s helping you, then I’ll help you too. All I can.”

The tears that had started in his eyes earlier, fell full force as he grabbed Jasmine and hugged her back. “Thank you,” he said, trying hard to not sound too much like he was crying… even though it was evident that he was.

Their hug ended and Roger stood up, embarrassed that he was crying. As he stood, he noted that Jimmy was still standing just as he had been, but with an even more uncertain look on his face. And Roger couldn’t blame him one bit. “Maybe I better get that shower now,” he said through the tears that were still falling. “Can you help me with this damn corset?”

It was nearly an hour later before Candy was dressed again – corset relaced and all… although thankfully Jessica hadn’t pulled it nearly as tight as Carol had that morning. But then Carol was a lot more cruel than Jessica was. Surprisingly, the shower… and even the application of some fresh makeup… all combined to help Roger actually feel pretty good – despite the fact that he was going out in public as Candy again.

With his dirty clothes and his purse draped over his arm, he waited as Jessica rounded up her kids and they all headed out the door. Roger went first to his truck to drop his dirty clothes off.

“How come you’ve got a truck if you’re changing into a woman?” he heard Jimmy ask as he was leaning in to set his clothes on the seat.

Roger turned, surprised not only at the question, but at the fact that the boy was talking to him. He did his best to smile. “Because I do construction work and I need it to carry my tools and supplies.”

“If you do construction work, then how come you’re changing into a woman,” the boy asked next. “Are you going to do something else now instead?”

“No,” Roger replied. “In fact, I’m actually a teacher right now. I’m quitting that to do the construction work instead.” Roger could see that Jimmy was having trouble assimilating that.

“But… you’ll be a woman someday anyway,” Jimmy said, sounding confused.

“That’s right,” Roger replied patiently. “Woman can do construction work too. You just don’t see too many of them doing it.”

“But you’re going to do it,” he stated.

“That’s the plan.” Roger watched as Jimmy thought about that then finally tried to accept it.

“So… do you have any tools in your truck now?” he asked.

“Of course,” Roger told him. “I just came from working a job.”

“Can I see?” he asked.

“Sure,” Roger replied, more than a little surprised by the request. As he headed toward the back of his truck, he flashed a questioning look at Jessica… who seemed to be equally surprised. He lowered the tailgate and stood back and watched as the boy seemed to just stare at everything.

“Cool!” Jimmy breathed.

“Climb up,” Roger suggested.

“Can I?”

“Sure,” Roger replied. He watched carefully as Jimmy figured out for himself how to step on the bumper before stepping up onto the tailgate. Then the boy just got down close to some of his tools for a closer look. But the tools only fascinated him for a few moments before his eyes caught sight of something else.

“Is that a fishing pole?” he asked, noticing one of Roger’s spare rods that he always kept in the truck with him.

“Of course,” Roger replied.

Jimmy shook his head. “You like tools and do construction work… and you like fishing too,” he noted. “And yet you’re changing yourself into a woman. Are you going to stop fishing or anything else?”

“Not if I can help it,” Roger told him. “Fishing has always been one of the things I like to do the most.” He could see Jimmy struggling with the concept again. And then he looked up towards his mother.

“Mom, are there other women who like fishing and who work with tools and stuff?”

“Of course,” Jessica replied, obviously surprised by the question. “You just don’t hear about them too much. Those things have mostly been associated more with men than women. But things are changing now,” she said as she looked straight at Roger.

“Why should being a woman, make me not like to fish?” Roger asked the boy.

“I don’t know,” Jimmy replied. “It’s just…”

“Not normal?” Roger suggested.

“I guess.”

“Don’t you like fishing?” Roger asked him?

“I don’t know. I’ve never tried it.”

Roger’s mouth hung wide open in surprise. It wasn’t right for a boy to have never even tried fishing!

It seemed strange to ride in the passenger seat – up front. But Roger’s truck wouldn’t hold them all so Jessica was driving her car. With the two kids occupying themselves in the back seat with electronic devices, Roger and Jessica were free to talk. “You know,” Jessica said, “Jimmy was right.”

“About what?”

“Everything you do is masculine, yet you’re working on being a female. It’s conflicting images. And just like with Jimmy, I think it’s going to confuse people.”

“I don’t know what I can do about it,” Roger said. “I have to make a living. Not to mention that somebody we know is kind of making me go in that direction. And… I don’t really want to give up fishing. I’ve done it all my life. It’s really the one thing that has always made me happy. I can’t tell you how good I feel every time I get out there in the stream and start fishing.”

It was a moment before Jessica replied. “I guess you do need to make a living,” she said. And I know there are a lot of women who enjoy fishing too. It’s just that… you don’t seem to do any feminine activities. Nothing about you is feminine. Everything you do is considered primarily masculine. It’s going to confuse people and that’s not going to help you transition.”

Roger shook his head. “I don’t know what I can do? Take up sewing or something?”

“It wouldn’t hurt,” Jessica replied.

Roger thought about the situation for a moment. “I don’t really know of any feminine activities,” he said. “Not any that I have time for or that I have an inkling of how to do.”

Once again Jessica tried to consider his situation. “You need to learn to think more like a woman,” she said.

“I can’t think like a woman. I don’t know how.”

She looked over at him briefly before looking back at the road. “No you don’t. Not yet. But you will. Give it time. Rome wasn’t built in a day. The hormones will help some with that, but not completely.”

Roger said nothing to that. Basically, thinking more like a woman would be another way that he would be losing even more of himself.

They rode without talking for a few minutes before Jessica changed the subject. “You know, your beard is showing a bit though your makeup. I can see that you’ve got a pretty good amount of concealer on, but it’s still showing a bit.”

“I can’t help it,” Roger replied. “I’ve got a bad beard and I forgot to bring a razor with me to shave again after I showered.”

Jessica only nodded. “You need laser treatments,” she told him. She looked over briefly at him again. “Soon!”

Roger only sighed. “I know,” was all he said. It would be more and more of him would be disappearing.

For lack of somewhere better to take him, Jessica opted on the mall. While she wasn’t all that thrilled about being in that public a place with a man dressed as a woman, the mall offered them one place to go where they could get something to eat, amuse the kids, and do some shopping.

“What kind of clothes do you think you need?” Jessica asked as she tried her best to “casually” stroll the mall with him… while keeping an eye on her two kids who were walking just in front of them. “And please don’t tell me you’re looking for stuff to wear for your construction jobs.”

“No,” Roger laughed. “I need some casual stuff. Comfortable things that I can wear either around the house… and maybe some things that would be good to wear in public too… like tonight for shopping.”

“Sounds good,” Jessica replied. “I’m surprised you’re not just looking for dresses.” She corrected herself quickly. “Of course though, I’m forgetting that you never wanted to be a woman in the first place.”

"It's okay," Roger told her. "Actually, it wouldn't hurt me to have another dress I can wear to church."

While Jimmy was allowed to hang out for a little while in the arcade, Jessica and Jasmine led Roger through several stores. Jessica suggested a few types of items that she thought might help him out, but in all cases, she tried her best to let him decided on exactly which items he was going to buy. Of course, every time he did select something, she always seemed to find some kind of fault with it. "Candy," she said after the third store, "you're still trying to think like a man. You need to think more like a woman when you look for clothes."

"I'm trying," Roger replied, slightly frustrated that she should comment like that. "I thought I was doing pretty well."

"Yeah, what you're picking out is fine… except that most women wouldn't fill their entire wardrobe with stuff that looks so totally drab that if you sat down in the dirt, nobody would ever even see you! Women are interested in color… and pattern. Everything that makes the materials interesting. And the materials themselves can add so much to the interest of what you wear."

"Right now," Roger replied, "I'm trying not to be noticed so much. Face it, I don't exactly look all that good."

"Yet!" Jessica declared. "Yet! Trust me, that will all change. And faster than you think! But if you're trying to not be noticed so much, then picking only dull, drab clothing is only going to make you that much more noticeable since most women wear more interesting clothes. If you're going to become a woman… even if you don't like the idea of it… then you can't be afraid of color and design. You have to embrace them and learn to appreciate and enjoy them. Like it or not!" she finished.

Roger didn't know whether to be horrified, embarrassed that he was doing everything wrong, or angry because she was all but yelling at him when he was really trying hard. Before he could reply though, he felt Jasmine touching his arm.

"Girls are pretty," the young girl told him. "If you're going to be a woman, then you have to be pretty too."

What she said was a bit hard for Roger to completely swallow at that point though… even though he knew what Jasmine meant. Or he thought he knew. "Thanks," he said to the girl as he did his best to smile at her. "I'll try." He looked up at Jessica. "Maybe I should have her pick out all my clothes."

"She'd probably do a great job of it," Jessica said. "But then you wouldn't learn anything. And I have no doubt that a few of the things she might find for you wouldn't be anything you would want to wear out in public… or even to lounge around the house in either."

Roger looked at her quizzically.

"She likes playing dress up with her dolls. Despite her age, she's still into tutus and tiaras."

Comprehension quickly registered in Roger's mind. "No," he replied with a shake of his head. "I really can't see myself needing a tutu for any reason at all."

"Not even for fun?" Jessica asked laughingly.

"Well… maybe," Roger replied, doing his best to laugh as well. "But it might clash with my hammer."

From that point on, Roger tried to pick bolder fabrics and colors, even though he had no idea about mixing and matching any of them. But both Jessica and Jasmine seemed to approve more often.

They took a break not long after, collecting Jimmy along the way, and headed to the food court for dinner. Roger tried to suggest a nicer restaurant, but Jessica put him off that idea quickly, declaring the food court to be a far better choice with two young kids along. A little while later, they were all sitting together at one of the tables, sort of enjoying their dinner. Roger was still doing his best to ignore anyone who might be staring at him. In fact, he had been doing his best since he got into the mall to not meet anyone's eyes. He didn't need to see the disapproving looks he was sure he was getting.

"Where'd you learn to fish?" Jimmy asked him with a mouth full of pizza.

"My father taught me," Roger told him.

"Oh," Jimmy replied sadly. Then he quietly went back to his pizza, not bothering to look up from it.

Roger looked briefly to Jessica. "Would you like me to take you sometime?" Roger asked.

Jimmy's head came up so fast it was almost comical. "Would you?" he asked excitedly.

"I'd be glad to…" Roger started to say, but he was quickly interrupted by Jessica.

"Don't be too fast to think I'm going to let you young man," Jessica warned quickly.

“But Mom…” Jimmy whined.

“I really don’t mind,” Roger added. “Every kid should…”

“I know!” Jessica said, cutting him off. “And I would love it if you… or anyone, could take him. But I’m concerned about something else. Or… someone else!” she said looking Roger straight in the eyes.

Roger immediately knew she was talking about Janice. “I think it will be okay,” he said. “What if… we all went? And if you like, I have some good friends we can invite along too. We can make an afternoon of it or something. Fishing and… a picnic.”

“I don’t want my kid around… you know who!” Jessica stated flatly.

“Suppose I can get her to promise not to interfere or even be there?”

“How can you trust someone like that?”

Roger looked at her for a moment. “As far as I can remember, she’s never once gone against anything she has said. Never once!”

“Don’t stick up for her! She’s… an abomination!”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Roger replied, but he was quickly cut off by Jasmine.

“What do you mean an… aboma… abomamation Momma? Who’s an abomamation?”

“Abomination!” Jessica corrected her daughter while still looking directly at Roger. “It’s’ someone who is so bad, that nobody should ever be around them!”

“Think about it,” Roger finally said. “Every kid should learn to fish.”

Jessica only stared at him for a few moments before finally looking away. She took a deep breath and another bite of her food. Then to change the subject she asked, “Are you still going to look for a dress tonight?”

Roger shook his head. “I don’t know. Maybe we better just call it quits and leave early.

“But you can’t do that!” Jasmine complained. “You gotta have a pretty dress if you’re going to be a girl.”

Roger sheepishly looked back and forth between Jessica and her daughter. He noted the slight smile of amusement on Jessica's face that she was trying somewhat to hide. He turned to Jasmine and replied, "You're so right! Maybe you can help me pick one out."

Ted Jacobs parked his car and got out. Monica Williams got out from the passenger seat. They had sort of dated for several years now, but both of them knew that it was really nothing more than a mutual friendship and convenience for both of them. They both knew they would wind up back at either her place or his house for a good tumble in bed. And… they were both kind of looking forward to it. But for each of them, it was nice to be out having a good time with each other too and let the cares and stress from their busy lives fade way for a while.

Jacobs put his arm around her as he led her through the parking lot and into the bar they often frequented. As was often the case, the place was fairly crowded, but they were still able to find a table where they could sit together. The barmaid came over to take their drink orders. Jacobs noted that she was a new one… oriental and very striking looking. He placed an order for two tap beers and the barmaid quickly departed. When she came back with their drinks a few minutes later, neither Jacobs nor Monica paid her much attention as she set the drinks in front of each of them and left them to their conversation.

They had barely paid her any attention then, and they certainly didn't see her quickly dosing each of their beers before she got to their table with little drops from a tiny bottle she kept in her tip apron. The dosages were very light… two drops for Jacobs, and only one for his girlfriend. But it would be all the barmaid would need… for now.

Jacobs finished his first beer and was surprised to note that he already had more of a buzz than he expected – after only one beer! But he chalked it up to a hard day. He signaled the barmaid again… the new girl really was pretty interesting… and ordered another beer for each of them. He and Monica usually drank two or three before leaving for the rest of their night's business. With the slight buzz he was feeling, he figured her place would be more appropriate since it was a lot closer.

Their second round of drinks arrived and once again they didn't know that their beer had been spiked. Two drops for Jacobs, one for Monica. But Jacobs had been rather annoyed when the barmaid had delivered the drinks… then leaned down and softly whispered in his ear. "You're going to get drunk tonight." She had left before he could say anything angrily to her.

The barmaid's words stuck with him as he and Monica continued to talk and drink their beers. His buzz was far more noticeable as he was close to finishing his second one. And by that time, he was having more trouble keeping the barmaid's words out of his head. He decided that he wanted a third beer before he and Monica left for the evening. They often did that anyway.

Once again Jacobs and Monica didn't know that their beer had been drugged… two small drops for Jacobs, and one drop for Monica. And again, as the barmaid set their beer in front of them, she leaned down to say something softly to Jacobs. "You want to get drunk tonight." It was all she said before she quickly departed. Jacobs stared after her, irritated.

But the irritating thought had stuck. Jacob's mind wasn't exactly working as well as it usually did. Despite the fact that it had been a long time since he had felt that buzzed, he decided that maybe getting good and drunk wasn't really such a bad idea. Hell, he had just been thorough a really difficult week. The stress of the job was getting to him… and he deserved a bit of a let off once in a while. He soon ordered a fourth round of beer for them.

"What are you doing?" Monica asked. "You already seem a bit… loopy."

"I feel like getting drunk!" Jacobs declared. "Why shouldn't we? If we need to, we can actually walk back to your place from here. And I've had a bad week! I just feel like… getting drunk for a change."

Monica was more than a bit surprised, but she decided to go along with him.

This time, the barmaid put four drops in Jacob's beer and she put two in Monica's. The result was that Jacobs seemed very obviously drunk by the time he was halfway through with his drink, and Monica was more than a bit tipsy herself. The two of them were laughing quite a bit and were definitely louder than they usually were. But that much beer in his system made Jacobs have to pee… and so did Monica.

"You go first," she suggested. "I'll stay here and hold the table."

Jacobs got up and made his way unsteadily toward the men's room. He headed straight for one of the urinals for some much needed relief. He was very aware of the man who quickly took the empty urinal next to him, but other than that, he didn't pay him much attention… until he spoke.

"You should be honest with your girlfriend," the man said.

Jacobs looked over at him, noting that he was another oriental looking dude. First the barmaid, and now this guy. The bar seemed to be filled with them tonight.

"You need to tell her all your deepest, darkest secrets," the oriental man said. "It's very important for you to do that," he stressed.

"Blow it out your ass!" Jacobs drunkenly replied as he zipped up his fly and made his way out of the men's room.

The oriental man only smiled. He had done his part.

As soon as Jacobs got back to his seat, he noticed another fresh beer on the table. Had he ordered another one? He didn't think so but he supposed he must have. Well, he did want to get drunk tonight. He watched as Monica quickly got up and made her way to the ladies room. Damn, she really was a fine looking woman. Okay, maybe not as sexy as that little oriental bitch who was serving their drinks tonight, but Monica was a good woman. He sipped at his beer and remembered the words of that asshole who had spoken to him in the men's room. Who the hell talks to strangers in a men's room?

Monica quickly got into the ladies room and relieved herself. God she was getting drunk tonight – already! She could usually handle her beer better than this. And why the hell did Ted suddenly want to get drunk tonight? Oh well, she had been through a lot with him. She would just go along for the ride. She smiled. She was having fun tonight though. It was fun to just get good and sloshing wasted once in a while.

She finished in the stall and headed out to wash her hands and check her makeup. She noticed again how tipsy she felt. Well, if she was going to get drunk she was already a good way there. She was surprised when the barmaid walked in and started checking her makeup in the mirror right next to hers.

"You're having fun tonight," the barmaid said.

"Yeah, I guess so," Monica replied.

"You should talk to him," the barmaid suggested. "You should ask him if he's ever done anything really bad in his life. Ask him if he's ever stolen or taken anything he shouldn't."

Monica just looked over at the barmaid like she was crazy. "Why would I do that?"

"It's good for a woman to know everything about the man she's with. It's important!" she stressed. "Ask him if he's ever done anything he shouldn't. And if he has, you better get all the details out of him… for you own sake!"

Monica didn't know what to make of what the barmaid had just told her. She only watched as the woman left the ladies room. She finished what she was doing and departed as well. The barmaid's words were ringing in her ears.

She came back to the table and watched as Ted took another sip of his beer. She leaned over and asked, "Have you ever done something really bad?" she asked.

"Have I what?" Jacobs asked, surprised by the question.

“I mean… like… have you ever stolen anything… or taken anything you shouldn’t?”

“I’m an FBI agent,” Jacobs replied, slightly put off by the question.

Monica just shrugged. “I was just asking,” she replied.

But the hypnotic effect of the Rohypnol that the barmaid had laced their drinks with had taken affect in Jacobs too. He suddenly decided that he wanted to tell Monica what he had done. He leaned forward and said, “Actually, I did do something once.” He proceeded to admit taking ten kilos of heroin from a major drug bust they had done a few years back, hiding them and only reporting the rest of the drugs that had been found. Since his partner at that time was a rookie, nobody even suspected that he had taken the drugs.

Monica was shocked! “What did you do with them?” she asked.

Jacobs shrugged. “Most of it is still buried under the woodpile in my backyard.”

“Most of it?” she asked.

He nodded and took another swig of his beer. “I used one to get a major criminal off the streets for a while,” he told her. “But the rest is still there.”

“What are you going to do with it?” Monica asked.

Jacobs only raised his eyebrows at that question. “That stuff is worth a fortune! It’s my retirement account.”

Monica was shocked! She didn’t know Ted Jacobs at all!

Chapter 59.

Janice felt a keen sense of accomplishment as she stared at the stack of neatly folded quilts against the wall that was now nearly waist high. Each quilt contained a hidden fortune. She was reminded though that she needed to make a number of quilts with no money inside as well. But for now, she was far happier making them with the money in them. She had run her hands carefully over every single quilt as she made them. She could feel nothing out of the ordinary about them at all. They were each… perfect!

With Candy out of the house most of the time, she was able to get a lot more done than when he was around. Which reminded her of his latest request, he wanted to go on… a picnic trip with his doctor and her family next week. He claimed the trip was to teach her son how to fish! Ha! She couldn't care less about the doctor's son. He was just another stupid male that the planet would be better off without!

But a picnic? Candy had also said he wanted to ask his friends Stan and Jennifer to go along as well… making a party of it. But the part that had ticked Janice off, was that he specifically requested that she and Carol not go because of the doctor. Okay, in a way, Janice guessed she couldn't blame the doctor for not wanting to be anywhere near her… after what she had done to her. But as far as she was concerned, the stupid doctor should be nothing but grateful to her. Not only did she not burden her with the things she did to most of her other victims, but she had made a major effort to keep the doctor away from the gambling tables for the rest of her life!

She had done the doctor a big favor and consequently, the stupid doctor should be totally grateful to her for that! And if she was too stupid to stay away from the gambling after what she had been through for the last few weeks, then she deserved whatever other punishment she got. And as far as Janice was concerned, if she ever learned that the stupid woman had gambled again, then she would definitely put her through another major brainwashing session and wipe her brain clean! Let her start all over again from scratch! Maybe then she'd do a bit better. Maybe!

As she cut out more squares to make more quilts, Janice briefly toyed with telling Candy to set up his… her picnic… and then show up anyway – despite telling them that she wouldn't be there. But no, if she said she would or wouldn't do something, then she wouldn't! She was a woman! It was a matter of honor!

So should she let Candy go… have his fun picnic with his friends? Or should she keep him home and let him finally start fixing up the outside of the house? As nice as she had fixed up the inside of the house now, the place still looked like a dump when you drove up to it. She should have kept him home today after church instead of letting him run off to go fishing again with his friend Stan.

She finished cutting her square and glanced over at her stack of finished quilts. Right now she didn't want to let Candy see how she was hiding the money inside of them. Keeping him away from home would give her more time to keep making the quilts. And she needed to make a lot of quilts. Lots and lots of quilts. Tons of quilts! She had planned for both her and Carol to be spending most of the summer doing just that. Well, she would include her daughter just as soon as Carol stopped spending so much time with her friends. But school was nearly done with now. Her daughter had reportedly done quite well on all her exams. Let her have a little fun with her friends. She deserved it!

So what should she do about Candy and the picnic? The question was still on her mind as she saw the mail truck pull up and drop off the mail. A moment later, it was gone. She put down her work and headed out to the mailbox to see what had arrived today. More bills most likely.

She opened the mailbox and got a bit of a surprise. There was a small box sitting on top of the rest of the mail. She grabbed it and pulled it out to see what it was… Candy's new business cards! Grabbing the rest of the mail, she carried it all back into the house.

She quickly attacked the wrappings on the business card box and opened it. The box was stuffed full of cards. She had to struggle a bit to get one out. She looked at the card carefully, her face lighting up in a smile. The cards had come out looking better than she had hoped. They were… perfect! She couldn't wait to show them to Candy. She had no doubt that he… she would love them.

She set the box of cards aside and went back to her quilt making. So what should she do about Candy and the picnic? She glanced at the stack of quilts that she had finished, and she thought about all the money that still needed to be hidden. Like it or not, it was probably better to keep him away from home as much as possible for now. So she supposed she would let him have his little picnic… but she was going to demand something else from him in return!

Roger felt elated… and completely horrified. Janice had told him he could arrange his fishing trip with Doctor Parker and her family. He could even invite Stan and Jennifer to go as well. And Janice had promised that she and Carol would stay out of it. That part was just fine. It was the other things that Janice had told him that now had him sunk into a major depression and fighting a losing battle against crying. And the things that Janice had demanded, in reality, had nothing to do with the fishing trip.

As he sat on the floor in his room, he stared at one of his new business cards that Janice had created for him. Just staring at the thing made him lose his crying battle and he broke down in tears… the tears fuzzed his vision a bit, but the images on the cards were already firmly burned into his mind. "Candy Girl the Handy Girl." That part was really no surprise. He

wasn't all that fond of the bold pink script font that had been used for it though. The pink script stood out all too prominently and looked all too feminine. His name of course was listed on the card as Candy Brinkley, but seeing it there was like putting another nail in his coffin. Every single day now he was moving faster and faster towards no longer being Roger, and becoming Candy instead. Every single day! He hated waking up in the mornings now and checking his face and body for changes. He was more than sure now that the very contours of his face were starting to change. And that didn't even count the other little changes in his body.

He stared at the little logo picture that Janice had created for the cards. It was both ingenious… and humiliating at the same time. She had somehow drawn a picture of a hammer… and morphed the handle of it into a high heeled boot! Ingenious… and humiliating… and oddly, he couldn't help but kind of like it. But then he was noticing lately that he was starting to look at many things differently now.

The entire business card looked like something for a woman. And yet his business was in reality something associated with men. As Jessica had told him, conflicting images. Something he knew he needed to work on – like it or not. Which would be yet another of many nails in Roger's coffin.

He needed to work on his feminine image, and as part of that he was now looking for someplace to do laser hair removal, not just from his face, but from his whole body as well. That was something else that Janice had demanded just a little while ago. As far as Janice was concerned, the laser treatments were a necessity, but they were also a medical procedure that Doctor Jessica should pay for. He didn't know how well Jessica was going to receive that bit of news.

But the laser treatments and needing to do more feminine things to help bolster his new image were seemingly small things considering the other demand that Janice had just made of him. That demand was almost as big as everything else he had been doing to become Candy. Since school was nearly out, Janice had demanded that he legally change his name from Roger to Candy. And as much as he didn't want to do it, the impossible grey wall that removed his ability to not do it was more firmly intact than ever. Since it was Janice's will, then he had no other choice but to do it. As soon as he finished talking with Jessica in a few minutes, he was going to have to start researching how to legally change his name from Roger to Candy.

Just thinking about it caused him to break down again in an even stronger bout of sobbing.

The tip came into the Atlanta police department early Monday afternoon. One of the drug pushers that they had picked up more than a few times in the past had just made a major buy. They wouldn't have cared so much if it had been a smaller amount, but an entire kilo of heroin was too big to ignore. It took them three hours to find the pusher and arrest him.

The pusher started yelling for his lawyer the moment they arrested him. And this time, he was demanding to call his own lawyer. He completely refused to answer any questions at all until his lawyer showed up so he was sent back to wait in one of their cells.

The police were more than a bit surprised at how fast the lawyer responded to the case. They knew him somewhat from other cases. He was a fairly high profile lawyer of Chinese decent with a very good win record in court. His suit alone marked him as – expensive!

The lawyer was allowed to talk with the pusher for a few minutes… a remarkably few minutes for the seriousness of the crime. Then the bargaining began. The lawyer offered full disclosure of the drug deal in return for the pusher being let go. The District Attorney's office refused to go for it. The bargaining didn't end until the following morning. In the end, the police would get everything the pusher knew about who he got the drugs from, and the pusher would get a minimal three month prison sentence. In reality, the pusher was thrilled. The Chinese men who had offered him the deal to do this had said that he would most likely only get six months. That alone was a small price to pay for the money they were offering.

With the lawyer present, the police interview with the pusher finally started. The police flat out asked him where he got the drugs from. The pusher told them he was approached by a man who had them and wanted to sell them. The police asked him how much he paid for the drugs. The pusher told them a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The police asked if he knew the man's name. The pusher said he didn't, but he had done business with him once before. The lawyer intervened a moment and suggested that in the spirit of full cooperation, the pusher might want to convey what else he knew about the man he had bought the drugs from.

The police detectives waited expectantly. The pusher looked at the lawyer uncertainly. Then he turned to the police. "He's a cop!" he stated. The shocked reaction of the detectives was evident. "At least I think he's a cop," the pusher continued. "I saw a badge attached to his belt when his jacket came open. The gun on the other side wasn't hard to miss either, but then most guys selling drugs carry guns. They just don't usually carry badges too."

"You're sure you saw a badge?" one of the police detectives asked, trying to make sure the pusher was certain about it.

"Yeah," the pusher replied. "And besides, his car had government plates on it too. You want the plate number?"

The jaw dropping reaction of the detectives was almost comical. A moment later, the pusher perfectly "remembered" Ted Jacobs license tag number and had relayed it to the waiting police. After that, he was more than glad to not only verbally describe Ted Jacobs, but he did his best to sit through a session with another policeman where they came up with a composite drawing of the man the pusher had bought the drugs from. The fact that the pusher

had never met or seen Ted Jacobs in his life didn't matter. The pictures the Chinese men had shown him had more than sufficed.

Even with the license number and the composite drawing, it still took the police over an hour to verify that the man the pusher had bought the drugs from had to be none other than FBI agent Ted Jacobs. All too many things matched perfectly!

Doctor Jessica Parker couldn't get Candy Brinkley off her mind as she drove from her office to her home. At least she wouldn't be dropping back into baby mode the moment she got there anymore. She hadn't been overjoyed about Candy telling her that Janice… aka her torturer… had demanded that she pay for all of his laser treatments. She was tempted to tell Candy that he was just making that up to get her to pay for them, but the truth was that the logic was all too true. The treatments were somewhat of a medical procedure… whether they were carried out by a doctor or not, and she did feel obligated to pay for them. She vaguely remembered some of her other patients mentioning "package deals" on the laser treatments. She decided it would be worth looking into.

But the real reason she couldn't get Candy off her mind, was the picnic / fishing trip he wanted to take next weekend with her and her kids. He had guaranteed that Janice would not be there at all! Yeah right! Did she dare believe him? He was also inviting some of his other friends along too. She wasn't too sure about them either. It would be good for someone to show Jimmy how to fish, but was it worth the risk? So far, the cons were outweighing the pros.

But the bigger problem was that she really wanted to get together with Candy again for personal reasons. So any opportunity at all was something she was ready to practically jump at. Even with him becoming a woman, she was having a hard time getting "him" out of her mind. And if she didn't try to get him into bed very soon, it was going to be completely out of the question! Even now, the hormones he was taking were probably taking their toll on his libido. But it was still early enough that she didn't think it would affect his performance that much.

How would that body of his feel in bed? The hormones would be starting to make his skin softer now. Just thinking about the feel of his naked skin rubbing all over her naked body made her mentally start panting.

She blinked as she realized she was turning into her driveway. What had happened to the rest of the drive? She didn't remember any of it? She only remembered… thinking about how Candy might be in bed.

Yeah, there was no doubt she would go on that picnic with him… friends or no friends. In fact, from the way she was starting to get worked up over him, with her kids there too,

maybe it would be better if his friends were along as well. She would just have to find some other way to get him alone again… and very, very soon!

“Mr. Brinkley, you look weird!”

Roger stared at his student in shock… and fear. “I do?” he asked uncertainly.

“Yeah,” the boy replied. “Kind of… different.”

It was Friday afternoon and almost the last week of school. In fact, next week school would end on Wednesday. Would he make it that long? Roger looked down at his clothes. As far as he could tell, he looked just fine. Or was the boy referring to something else? “Is there something wrong with my clothes?” he asked. “I always dress this way.”

“No,” the boy replied. “It’s just… I don’t know. You look different.”

“Yeah,” one of the girls in the class agreed. “But I think it’s your face that looks different. You look… I don’t know. Nicer.”

That surprised Roger. “Nicer?”

“Yeah,” she replied. “Kind of… Sort of.”

Roger just blinked as he noticed a few other kids in the room agreeing. He did his best to not show how frightened he was. He had no doubt that his face was probably very red. “Maybe I’m just happy that school will be out soon,” he tried.

His effort brought laughs from the kids. He breathed a small sigh of relief. It’s a good thing school would be over soon for the year, the changes were already getting difficult to hide.

On Sunday after church, Roger quickly tried to figure out what he should wear. He was going fishing, so that meant one type of clothes, but on the other hand, he was going to a picnic. What would a woman wear to a picnic? Could he get away with wearing the same kind of clothes he wore for fishing… the same stuff he wore for construction work? Or… should he wear something a little nicer? Or for that matter, should he wear something nicer while fishing? He supposed it all depended on what something nicer meant.

The sun was out and the weather was pretty warm. Did he dare wear shorts? How bad would he look in them? And would Jessica appreciate the fact that he wore them instead of the jeans he usually did construction work in? Thinking about Jessica and the fact that she had helped him buy them, he decided to take a big chance and go with one of his new shorts outfits. He could pair them up with his new flat sandals too. They would be better than his high heeled boots.

He had one other disturbing thought as he was slipping the shorts up his legs and over his rear end that seemed a bit bigger than it used to be. What would Stan think?

He wanted to choose a more casual top, but he needed something to hide the corset that Janice insisted he leave on (ugh!). He was forced to go with a new blouse that was a bit more colorful and flowery than he really would have liked. It was really too nice for fishing, but at least it covered him up better. As quickly as he could, he was out the door and heading for the highway.

He and Stan had decided on a public picnic area they knew of to meet. It sat right on a stream where they could fish and had a few picnic tables they could use… as long as they got to one and staked it out before anyone else found it. He had done his best to relay the directions to Jessica, but if she couldn't find it, she could always phone him.

When he arrived, the only vehicle in evidence was Stan's truck. He found Jennifer sitting in a folding chair down by the water with her drawing pad. Stan was already fishing in the stream out in front of her. He waved to Stan who briefly waved back as Roger headed for Jennifer. "Hi Jenn," he called as he walked up.

Jennifer turned around toward Roger and spent a moment taking him in. "Well, don't you look colorful," she said.

Roger stopped in his tracks. "Bad?" he asked.

Jennifer shook her head. "No. Actually, pretty good. It's just… surprising, that's all."

"Is what I wore… okay?" he asked.

"Of course! In fact… it's great," she replied. "Nice blouse by the way. It's pretty."

"Thanks," Roger replied. "I just got it."

"Yeah. I was guessing that," she said.

"What are you drawing?" he asked.

"Guess!" she said as she held her pad up for him to see.

Roger could clearly see that she was drawing Stan fishing out in the stream. "Nice," he told her.

"Where's your friend?" Jennifer asked.

“Not here yet,” he replied. “I hope she finds the place! She has my number if she needs help.”

“Are you fishing today?” she asked.

“Of course!”

“I wasn’t sure from what you were wearing,” she replied, “but if you like, I’ll hold your phone and I can talk to her if necessary.”

“Great!” Roger replied. He quickly ran back to his truck where he pulled his cell phone out of his purse and brought it back to her. Then he ran back to his truck to get ready to fish.

He had always worn long pants for fishing, and always had socks on his feet, so just removing his sandals and shoving his bare legs into his waders was something of a strange experience. He had never been aware before of how strange the inside of the boots felt. The heavy coarse lining inside them rubbed against his bare legs and felt weird. His bare feet inside the boots simply felt wrong. He had felt a bit exposed walking around in just his shorts, so covering it all up as he brought the waders up to his chest made him feel a bit better. He cinched the safety belt tightly just under his breasts, grabbed the rest of his fishing gear, and headed for the stream. Two minutes later, he had his line wet in the water and he and Stan settled into their old familiar routine.

The two of them had worked their way downstream a ways when they both heard Jennifer calling them. “Sounds like Jessica is here,” Roger said to Stan.

The two of them started making their way back to the picnic area as fast as they could… which was actually very slow since they both attempted to quickly re–fish some of the areas they had already covered. Before long, they both noticed two kids watching them from the edge of the stream. “Nice looking kids,” Stan called as he started moving a bit faster toward them.

“Jimmy and Jasmine,” Roger told him.

“Ya catch anything?” Jimmy asked as Roger and Stan finally reached the picnic area and started climbing out of the stream.

“Not yet,” Roger replied. He quickly introduced Jessica to Stan since Jennifer and Jessica had already met now. “Ready to fish?” he asked Jimmy.

“Not yet!” Jessica stopped him. “It’s way past lunchtime and I’m starving. You can fish after lunch!”

Jimmy grumbled a bit, but he had to accept his mother's decision. Disappointed, he followed Roger and Stan up to their trucks where they started to relieve themselves of all their fishing equipment. "Do you need all that stuff to fish?" Jimmy asked.

"Not really," Roger replied, "but it helps."

"What am I going to do?"

Roger smiled and reached over the back of his truck and pulled out a pair of his old hip boots. "I brought these for you. My waders would be way too big for you, but I think you can manage just fine with these."

"Cool!" Jimmy exclaimed excitedly. "What pole am I going to use?"

Roger pulled another fishing rod out of his truck… already set up. He handed it to Jimmy. "Don't hurt yourself," he said with a smile.

"Thanks!" Jimmy exclaimed, sounding fairly awestruck.

Roger watched him walk off with the pole. He couldn't help feel really good and happy about seeing the boy with the fishing rod. Maybe he'd let him keep the thing. He had enough anyway.

He unfastened his waders and peeled them off. The cooler air on his bare legs felt strange. He slipped his sandals back on and awkwardly fumbled to fasten them. When he stood back up again, he saw Stan staring at him. "What?" he asked.

Stan just shook his head and turned away, heading for the picnic table. He didn't want to tell Roger how feminine he had looked just then. The different outfit was somewhat of a shock to see. Before, except for that one time when he had gone to church with him, Roger had been mostly dressed in clothes that were… almost… guy like – jeans and work shirts. But now, the flowery blouse and the shorts, his bare legs with the sandals, not to mention everything else about him… he just looked too damn feminine! Yeah, he was doing his best to stand by his old friend, but it was suddenly getting harder and harder to see his old friend when he looked at him.

Jennifer and Jessica were talking like they knew each other for years as they set the picnic table and spread the food out along the middle of it. Both Jennifer and Jessica had brought all the food. Roger had offered to ask Janice to make something, but Jessica had told him she wanted no part of anything at all to do with Janice. So Roger hadn't brought anything at all… which appeared fine since it looked like each of the two women had brought more than enough for all of them.

The conversation at the table was light and friendly, mostly revolving around kids and school. Roger had cautioned Jessica beforehand not to even mention Janice or either of their… afflictions because of the Janice. But eventually the conversation turned toward Roger… and his transition. "You can't miss it!" Jennifer exclaimed to Roger. "Your whole face is starting to look different!"

"It's the hormones," Jessica explained. "It doesn't take them long to get started. His whole body is changing, but you're only seeing his face."

"Some of my students already noticed," Roger added. "One of the girls said I looked… nicer." His comment drew a few chuckles from the two women.

"I know I probably shouldn't ask about this," Jennifer said softly, quickly eyeing the two kids at the table, but how about your, um, you know."

"They hurt like the dickens!" Roger told her. "You wouldn't believe how sore they are. I won't mention anything else about them."

While Jennifer suppressed a laugh, Jessica said, "You may want to find some different breast forms now… ones that don't put as much pressure on them. That extra pressure is only going to make things worse."

"I had wondered about that," Roger said. "I think I'm going to make that a priority!"

With everyone talking about Roger, Stan remained quiet and just listened as he tried to concentrate on his food. As soon as he was done eating, he wanted to get back to fishing, but the "women" were now all talking about soft skin and lotions to make their skin even softer – including Roger! Disgusted, he looked over at Jimmy. "Want to go fishing?" he asked quietly. Two seconds later, Stan excused himself from the table and he and Jimmy headed for the truck to get set up to go fishing while Jasmine walked down to play at the edge of the water. When he turned back to the table, Roger was spreading some kind of lotion that Jennifer had given him all up and down his arm. He saw Jessica and Jennifer both taking some of it and doing the same.

He found Roger's old hip boots and helped Jimmy into them and showed him how to hold them up with his belt. Once he was ready to fish himself, he led Jimmy down to the water and started to teach him how to cast. They fished in the stream together in front of the picnic area for a short while. Stan glanced up at the "women" often, and Roger was still there among them talking animatedly. He told Jimmy to wait a moment while he left the stream and went back to Roger's truck. When he came back, he gave Jimmy Roger's fishing vest to wear, and handed Jasmine Roger's fishing pole to use from the bank. It looked like Roger wasn't going to need any of it anymore. Stan felt like he had just lost his best friend in the world.

Roger was surprised to find how much he was enjoying himself. Who ever knew that he could ever enjoy talking about the things he was talking about with the women? But he was enjoying himself. He felt guilty for a little while that he was supposed to be teaching Jimmy how to fish, but when he looked back at the water, he saw Jimmy already fishing with Stan. Knowing that Jimmy was in good hands, he allowed himself to get carried back into the conversation with Jennifer and Jessica.

"Can I tell you a secret?" Roger said.

"Now that's a silly question!" Jennifer stated. "You know you're going to tell us anyway, and if you don't we're going to hound you until you do!"

Roger smiled and braced himself. "Wednesday is the last day of school," he said. "And it's only a half day. All the classes are cut real short."

"Yeah," Jennifer agreed. "I don't even know why they have it on the calendar. The whole last week for that matter!"

Roger nodded. "Anyway…." He braced himself again. "I think Candy will be teaching school that day instead of Roger."

"You're what!" Jennifer exclaimed.

Roger just nodded. "Some of the kids have already noticed a few things. And since I'm not moving out of the area, I figured that I may as well explain some things to them before school lets out. So I'm going to school as Candy. Just don't tell anyone beforehand please!" he pleaded. "I'm worried about being thrown out of the school before my first class starts as it is."

The looks on the two women's faces was priceless. It was Jennifer who spoke first, but what she said totally surprised him.

"What are you going to wear?"

Roger blinked. "I'm not sure. Probably not a dress."

With that, they all launched into a discussion on what would be the best things for Roger, or rather Candy, to wear for her debut at school.

"I guess you're going to wear that stupid wig again," Jennifer mentioned at one point.

"I was planning on it," Roger confirmed.

Jennifer shook her head. “I still think you’d look so much better without it.”

“Uh… my hair doesn’t look all that good,” Roger replied.

“I mean, get it cut… styled,” Jennifer said. She quickly got up from her seat and stood behind Roger. Before Roger knew what was happening, she had yanked his wig right off of his head. “Look at this,” she said to Jessica as she started playing with his hair. She started moving his hair around with her fingers, grabbing sections of it and holding them, doing different things with it. “You’ve got a lot more hair than the last time I did this a few weeks ago,” she noted.

“More effects of the hormones,” Jessica offered as she watched Jennifer playing with his hair.

“Your hair is nice,” Jennifer noted, “but a good cream rinse wouldn’t hurt,” she said as she continued playing with his hair. “What do you think?” she asked Jessica finally after she had finished moving his hair around. Imagine if it was trimmed just a bit into a nice wedge.”

“He’s got plenty of hair for it,” Jessica replied. “I’m wondering how he’d look with some blonde streaks in it too.”

“Don’t joke about it,” Roger complained.

“I’m not joking,” Jessica replied. “I’m serious! It might look good!”

“Maybe I better just stay with the wig,” Roger decided.

“Nonsense!” Jennifer stated.

“I agree!” Jessica added. “Get it cut!”

“I can give you the name of my hairdresser right now and you can call her first thing in the morning. I’m sure you can get in to see her right after school on Tuesday. You’ll look so much better… and you won’t have to worry about that stupid wig anymore.”

Roger didn’t know what to say. As much as he had been enjoying himself, he was suddenly frightened.

“Don’t even think about not doing it!” Jessica added.

Roger realized that he was about to get his hair styled into something much more feminine. Yet another nail in his coffin. Another thought struck him, what would Janice think? He realized that was a silly question. If it involved anything to do with turning himself into a woman, then Janice would be all for it.

"I think I better check on Jimmy," Roger said, suddenly needing to get away from his feminine problems. He got up, and noticed that his fishing pole was gone. There was no sign of Stan or Jimmy, they had moved that far downstream already. And Jasmine had his pole and was trying to untangle the line from where it was stuck in a bush. How long had he been talking with the women? It had seemed like only a few minutes, but obviously it had been much longer. He headed for Jasmine and untangled the line for her, then he spent some time teaching her how to cast it properly. At least he had gotten to fish a little bit earlier.

A short while later, he was standing far behind Jasmine, watching her. He had purposely not even looked back at Jennifer and Jessica because he was too overwhelmed by the new feelings he was trying to deal with. He saw Jennifer return to her chair with her drawing pad, and shortly after, Jessica stood next to him.

"Can I talk to you?" Jessica asked rather quietly.

"Sure," Roger replied, his eyes still on Jasmine.

"I want to get together with you… soon!" she said.

"Sure," Roger replied, a little surprised at her request. "You want to check my hormone levels again?"

"No," Jessica told him. "I want to go out with you again. Alone. Just two adults out for a nice evening together."

Roger looked at her, completely stunned. "I… guess it would be alright," he replied uncertainly. "You did say you were going to act as my psychologist as much as you were able. Do I need that much help again?" he asked.

Jessica only grunted. "More than you know! But I'm afraid my motives are a little different this time."

"Oh?" Roger asked.

But instead of explaining, Jessica asked, "How about Friday?" she said. "I seem to have the most trouble on Fridays. That's when I usually… used to go gambling every week."

Roger thought he understood. She needed help staying away from the casinos. "Sure," he replied somewhat happily. "That is, if Janice has no objections."

The excited shrieking coming from Jasmine kept Jessica from saying anything else as Roger had to help the young girl bring in her first fish… and then take the thing off the hook for her.

Chapter 60.

While the wheels of justice may appear to move very slowly, most often the reality of it is that they are moving very fast. The Internal Affairs Division of the FBI had no choice but to take the allegations against Agent Ted Jacobs very seriously. But there was no way they were going to jump the gun and do things they shouldn't when they didn't have all the facts. Especially not with an agent with the distinguished record and reputation that Ted Jacobs had. So Internal Affairs kept everything about the case extremely quiet while they did their own bit of investigating.

The problem was that everything in Jacob's record said that Ted Jacobs didn't do it. He had to be totally innocent! While at the same time, everything the pusher had related said that he did do it. But it was the job of Internal Affairs to sort these differences out. They didn't want to ruin the reputation of an agent like Jacobs unless there was insurmountable proof! And nobody from Internal Affairs was going to do anything at all that might spread a vicious and untrue rumor about Jacobs unless they had that proof! The heroin the drug pusher had been caught with was already being analyzed by the FBI labs now. Nobody was going to make a move until those results came back.

Janice was thrilled when Candy told her that he was going to dress as Candy for his last day of school. Thrilled and excited. She was even happy about him getting his hair styled, although she did tell him in no uncertain terms that she fully expected him to eventually grow it very long. But as far as she was concerned, it was a major step in the right direction. In fact, she felt so happy about it all, that she went furniture shopping again Monday morning while Candy and Carol were in school.

After she had found the furniture she wanted and arranged for it to be delivered, she stopped at the fabric store and loaded the back end of her car with more quilt making materials.

She had one final stop to make that morning. She went directly to the building supply store where Roger… Candy bought most of his… her supplies. She very proudly placed one of Candy's new business cards – very prominently – on the bulletin board there. When she stood back to look at it, the feminine pink theme of the card made it stand out far more than any of the others. She had no doubt it would garner Candy more than a few calls.

From the moment Roger got up Tuesday morning, the knot in his stomach continued to grow. Foremost, that knot was over having his hair styled later after school. The other little matter was one he tried his best to put out of his mind… but couldn't.

"What time is your appointment?" Jennifer had asked during lunch.

"Five o'clock," Roger replied.

"Great!" Jennifer laughed excitedly. "I'm going to be there!"

Roger was surprised. "Why?"

"Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss this for the world!"

All day long the knot continued to grow worse and worse until he almost felt ill by the time school ended. There was only one more day of school left… and a half day at that. Tomorrow!

As usual, Carol was waiting for him by his truck as he left the school building. The two of them got into his truck and he headed for home, driving fairly quickly. He didn't know why he was driving so fast. Maybe it was the knot in his stomach. He had a lot to do though before he could get his hair done, and he had very little time to do it.

As soon as he could, he got into the house and stripped his shirt off. He headed to the bathroom where he did a quick fresh shave to his face. Having no time to worry about letting his skin recover, he went back to his bedroom to do his makeup – as fast as he was able. He was interrupted only minutes after he got there though by Carol coming in to lace him into his corset. As much as he was now used to the darn thing, he still hated it! With his corset firmly laced, he went back to applying his makeup – a little too fast. He finally decided it would have to be good enough and was somewhat surprised that it had come out as well as it did. He didn't have time to play with it anymore.

As fast as he could, he added his bra and breast forms… ouch again to his nipples that were definitely bigger than ever. He pulled on a nice pair of slacks, a nice blouse, and the heels he wore to church. As the last piece, he added his wig that most likely he would be wearing for the last time. He actually had mixed feelings about that.

Running out of time, he grabbed his purse and hurried toward the door. Janice and Carol were there waiting for him. Janice told him to smile and she took a quick picture of him… something Roger could have done without. Then he was out the door and on his way too… the rest of his life?

He found himself driving fast again… although he didn't know why. Logically, he should be trying to go slower to delay what was about to happen. But his foot stayed glued to the gas pedal. When he pulled into the parking lot, he noticed Jennifer's car already there. Was she there to give him moral support, or to make sure he actually went through with it, or to laugh at him? Did it matter?

He walked through the door of the salon, and didn't even get time to take in the feminine atmosphere of the place before Jennifer came up to him to give him an excited hug. "I already talked to Marissa and she's going to be doing your hair today herself," Jennifer told him.

"Uh, yeah," Roger replied as he tried to look around the place. "I talked to her yesterday when I called." He was glad to note that the salon looked fairly small with only half a dozen stylist chairs lined up along the one side. He wasn't happy to note the three other customers in the shop.

"Well, I told her you'd be getting the works today!" Jennifer stated, her eyes still glowing with excitement.

"Uh… the works?" Roger asked.

But his question went unanswered as a woman walked up. "You must be Candy," the woman said.

Roger figured that had to be obvious since she knew he was really a man getting a woman's haircut. "Uh… yeah, that's me," he replied somewhat embarrassedly.

"I'm Marissa," the woman said. "I'll be doing your hair today. And I hear you're getting the works?"

"I'm not letting him out of here any other way!" Jennifer declared.

Roger's eyes darted back and forth between the two women as he searched for something to say. The knot in his stomach was suddenly back – full force! "Uh…"

But he didn't get further than that before Marissa turned and walked back toward the styling chairs. "This way Candy," she said. Jennifer grabbed his arm and led him back.

"You seem awfully excited about this," Roger noted quietly.

"Shouldn't I be?" Jennifer asked.

Marissa was holding a protective cape out for him near the first chair in the row. Since she was the owner of the place, Roger figured that was her main chair. He would have been happier someplace else… like the very back. Before he even sat down, he felt his wig being grabbed from behind and ripped off his head.

"You don't need this anymore," Jennifer said as she set the thing on a small bare spot on the counter that was crammed full of junk.

“Uh… I guess not,” Roger replied.

Once seated, Marissa put the cape over him and tied it around his neck. Then she played with his hair for a few minutes while she and Jennifer talked about possible styles. None of which Roger understood.

“Okay,” Marissa finally said, “let’s get you out of there and get your hair washed.

“I washed it this morning,” Roger told her.

“Just go, Candy!” Jennifer ordered.

Roger got up and followed Marissa to the back of the shop where she had him sit in a chair that leaned back over a sink. “One of the girls will be right with you,” Marissa said before she walked off. A minute later, another woman came over and began washing his hair… several times. When she was done she wrapped his head in a towel and led him over to another seat nearby. As he sat, Roger noted that Marissa was working with another customer. How long was he going to have to wait there?

But Marissa didn’t come for him, another woman showed up instead… pushing a small cart. Roger was horrified to see that it was filled with many colors of nail polish. “Nail polish?” he asked Jennifer.

“I said you need the works today,” she told him, so relax and enjoy it.”

Roger didn’t know how much he was going to enjoy it, but for some reason, he felt like he had no choice in the matter. Why was that? Before he knew it, the woman had removed his shoes and was washing his feet. “My toes too?” he asked Jennifer.

“Stupid question,” Jennifer replied. She and the woman spent several moments deciding on just the right color for Candy… not bothering to ask Candy what color he might prefer. Together they picked out a very soft pink.

With the cape still covering his body and his head still wrapped in a towel, Roger endured having his toes painted, and before long he was watching as the woman started on his fingernails. He was watching the process carefully, when all of a sudden Jennifer asked, “What do you think?”

Roger turned to tell her that he thought the color was fine. Pretty actually. But when he turned his head to say it, he realized that Jennifer wasn’t talking about his nails at all. Instead she was holding up a pair of small gold hoop earrings. “They’re earrings,” he noted.

“Goodness you’re observant today,” she said. “I’ll bet you did really well when you were in school.”

“Very funny,” Roger replied.

“They’re for you, stupid. I bought them and never wore them, but I thought they’d be perfect for you.”

Roger looked at them more closely. “But they’re pierced… I mean for pierced ears.”

Jennifer rolled her eyes. “Like I said, you must have been a genius in school!”

Before Roger could reply, Marissa was back. “Okay,” she said, “let’s make you a little prettier.”

Roger was still trying to figure out if he should protest or not before he realized it was too late. Marissa looked at his ear carefully, marked a spot with a pen, then she interrupted the woman doing his nails on the other side and repeated the process. She and Jennifer conferred for a moment to make sure they both agreed on the spots.

Marissa held out a mirror in front of Roger so he could see. “That look okay?” she asked.

Roger really wanted to say no, he didn’t want his ears pierced at all. But instead he simply said. “I guess so.”

Marissa sterilized his earlobes then grabbed a contraption that Roger figured had to be some kind of a gun. A minute later, the gun was over his right earlobe and he quickly felt a sharp pinch. He could only describe what he felt afterwards as shock. He felt the gun being taken away and Marissa fiddling with his earlobe for a moment, the she moved away to look.

“I love it!” Jennifer exclaimed.

The process was repeated on Roger’s other side all too quickly. Then Marissa happily held up the mirror for him to see. He had small gold hoops stuck in his ears! Still in shock, his eyes found Jennifer’s. “Um… pretty?” he finally managed to get out of his mouth.

“I knew you’d love them!” Jennifer declared happily.

“Uh… yeah,” he chanced replying… although in truth he wasn’t really certain about that at all. The woman doing his nails went back to work and Roger was forced to sit there and do nothing but contemplate the fact that he now had gold hoops in his ears. Pierced ears! The nail polish was absolutely nothing next to that!

As he sat there getting his nails done, he and Jennifer talked about many things – chiefly about earrings and care of his newly pierced ears now… and then the conversation drifted into hairstyles and things he might need to take care of it now. Roger realized that he was going to have to go shopping again, this time for stuff to take care of his ears and his hair. A few different pairs of earrings probably wouldn't hurt either so he could change them out. He was beginning to feel like the life of a woman was one continuous shopping trip – because there was always something else that needed to be bought!

Once his nails were done, he continued to sit there and wait. Marissa was still busy with someone else and he was doing his best to not move his fingers so the nail polish wouldn't get messed up before it dried. He still had no idea if it was dry or not when Marissa called him back over to her chair. He did his best to not let anything touch his nails as he got himself situated in the new chair. The towel was removed from his head, Marissa ran her fingers through his hair, then she grabbed her scissors and went to work. Since the chair faced the large mirror in front of him, Roger had no choice but to sit there and watch as his whole life was being changed… with a simple pair of scissors.

For most of the time, Roger couldn't tell much about what Marissa was doing. He did his best to answer the few questions she asked him, but he was glad that Jennifer was there to fill most of the conversation requirement. He wasn't naive enough to not realize that women talked constantly while having their hair done. He wasn't exactly comfortable with it yet… and wasn't sure he ever would be.

He felt a cold bit of fear when they started talking about highlights in his hair… and when Marissa asked for his opinion, he took a mental big breath and replied, "Go for it!" His ordeal in the chair grew a lot longer!

In the middle of the highlight procedure, Marissa started attacking his eyebrows with a pair of tweezers. Over and over again Roger had to keep himself from yelling ouch as she plucked hair after hair. Ouch!

From the moment he had sat in the chair, Roger's eyes had mostly been locked on the reflection of his own face. Occasionally his eyes focused on Jennifer or Marissa instead, but mostly they were glued to the one primary subject – him. And the longer he watched, the more "he" began to look like a "she" instead. For the first half hour, his eyes took particular notice of the gold spots at his ears. All too noticeable… yet small and not overpowering. Pretty? He wasn't sure he dared call it that… or even if he could handle anything about himself that might be considered… pretty. The concept was simply something that was still too alien to him.

Once the highlights were done though, the spots of gold at his ears became old news and didn't hold his interest as much as the way his new hairstyle was shaping up… and seemed

to be reshaping his face in the process. There was an icy chill in his stomach that seemed to grow stronger and stronger the closer Marissa got to being finished.

"That should be it then," Marissa finally said as she stood back for one last look. "What do you think?" she asked Roger.

The icy chill in Roger's stomach kept him from answering for a moment. "I look…" he started. But he didn't want to say the words. He didn't want to say that he looked – like a woman! Like a fairly good looking woman at that… mostly.

"You look fantastic!" Jennifer exclaimed.

"Uh… Yeah!" Roger agreed. "I kind of… don't believe it."

"Glad you like it," Marissa said. "I think it came out pretty great myself." She removed the cape that protected Roger's… Candy's clothes and let him… her out of the chair.

Roger stood, but his eyes were still focused on his image in the mirror… only now that he was standing, he was able to see more of himself. He looked like someone else. Totally like someone else. The difference boggled his mind… and did nothing to help the icy chill in his stomach. He didn't know if he should smile, or laugh, or… what he really wanted to do – cry.

Forcing himself to move, he bent down to retrieve his purse that he had left on the floor by the counter, and couldn't help but notice the soft pink on the tips of his fingers. Nail polish! So strange! But of course the soft pink color went perfectly with the woman whose image he had been staring at in the mirror. Not Roger's image. Not him.

He turned to head for the cash register, and nearly ran straight into Jennifer.

"Candy," she said, "and I guess I have to call you Candy from now on, because there really isn't much of Roger there anymore… at least not on the outside."

That was the part that Roger kept trying so desperately not to think about… and kept failing.

"You look so different now. Much better. In fact, you're starting to look somewhat pretty."

"I am?" Roger asked, not sure whether or not he wanted to believe it.

"Yeah, you're definitely getting there. I think you're going to have a much easier time passing in public now. At least at first glance, which is all that most people will give you."

Roger was still trying to come to terms with the word… pretty. Was he? He was totally unsure what to think of that concept. Was it a good thing? Or not? He supposed that even to him, it depended on his point of view… Roger's view… or Candy's. And one major thought that had visited his brain all day came to the forefront. No matter how he himself really felt about becoming Candy, everyone else believed he was doing it because he really wanted to change his gender. That's what they all believed. And since he had no choice but to go through with it all, it was best that they continue to believe exactly that. He tried to put a smile on his face. "I really look good?" he asked Jennifer. "Because, I still can't believe what I saw in the mirror." He turned back to look at his reflection again. "Is that really me?"

Jennifer smiled. Her voice was far more serious than since they had arrived. "Trust me, that's you now. And you do look pretty good. Candy, you really are starting to look like a woman."

"Thanks," Roger replied a bit sheepishly. "I just hope everyone else thinks I look good enough now too."

Jennifer reached out and touched his arm. "Confidence, Candy. That's what you need right now. Confidence!"

Roger nodded. "I know. Everyone at church tried to tell me to stop worrying about what everyone else thinks and just let myself be… myself."

Jennifer nodded. "Now maybe that will be a little easier for you."

Roger's eyes searched his reflection again. "I can't believe that's me," he said. "I guess… for the first time it's all starting to become more real. I'm starting to see what Candy really looks like." He paused for a moment. "And maybe who Candy is going to be in the future."

The headlights from Candy's truck pulling into the driveway caught Janice's attention as she looked out the window to see who it was. She quickly looked around. "Carol," she said urgently, "quick, take what's left of the money and get it back to my room. Just stick it in the closet out of sight. Quickly now, before he comes in!" She watched as Carol made a mad dash for her bedroom.

She looked back out the front window. It was dark outside, but not dark enough that she didn't notice Candy walking around to the passenger side of his truck before heading for the house. She saw him pulling several bags out and… something much bigger. Seeing him trying to juggle everything, she hurried for the front door to open it for him.

Carol came back from the bedroom. "All done, Momma," she said.

"Thank you dear," Janice replied as she opened the door and held it wide so that Candy could get into the house. Her eyebrows went up the minute he came clearly into the light… not because of all the stuff in his arms, but because of the way his face looked. "Oh my goodness!" she exclaimed as she closed the door behind him and started grabbing the bags and… two large mirrors out of his hands. "Let me see you," she said as she tried to set everything aside.

Roger stood there, and did his best to smile. He was going to ask what Janice thought, but the words wouldn't come out of his mouth, so he remained silent.

"I don't believe it!" Carol stated in awe.

"You look wonderful!" Janice finally exclaimed. And you had your ears pierced… and they did your nails too! You didn't even tell me you were going to do any of that!"

"I… didn't know myself till I got there," Roger explained. "She even plucked my eyebrows. I can't tell you how much that hurt."

"Oh I know very well. I have to do it myself every week!" Janice replied, still looking him over and still very surprised at the results. "Carol! We need another picture!"

"Must we?" Roger asked dubiously.

"Oh, absolutely!" Janice replied. "Absolutely."

Roger did his best to smile and look happy while Carol took half a dozen pictures of him. And through it all, Janice mentioned several times how happy she was with what he had done and with the way he looked.

"I got two mirrors," Roger said to get the subject off of himself. "Carol had mentioned that she wanted one too. If you don't mind, I'll hang them tonight. I just need Carol to tell me where she wants it."

"No problem," Carol replied excitedly.

An hour later, Roger stood in front of the large mirror that he had hung on the wall of his room, staring at his new reflection. Not Roger's reflection… but Candy's. He stared for the longest time at himself… at his new self… and what he looked like. It was now becoming far more real than ever before. He was now seeing Candy… and not Roger. Roger was slipping away faster and faster, only to be replaced by a woman… by Candy. Was he still himself anymore? He wasn't totally sure.

Today he had gone to school as Roger. Tomorrow he would be going to school as Candy. Would he ever get to be Roger again? Did Roger even exist anymore? It was one of the many things that had run worriedly though his mind all day.

Finally tearing himself from in front of the mirror, he got undressed to get ready for bed. Carol gladly unfastened his corset for him and he washed the makeup off of his face… his face… that with the plucked eyebrows now looked more feminine than ever.

He went back to his room to hang his clothes up… and discovered that every last piece of his male clothing had been removed from his room. Something inside of him died even further. Like it or not, Roger was gone, and Candy was there to stay.

Chapter 61.

Blank! That's what he decided the final sum of his emotions were as he stood in front of the new mirror hung on his wall. Blank!

Nervous. Scared. Depressed. Stressed. Uncomfortable. Angry. Frustrated. Shamed. Self–pity. Apprehensive. Lost. Resigned. Confused.

And surprisingly… Amazed. Determined. Hopeful. Optimistic. Anticipation. Proud.

And of course… Worried.

There were so many mixed emotions that they could only add together to become… blank. That's what he decided he felt as he stood staring at his reflection… his new reflection… Candy's reflection. He was dressed to go to school… for the last time. He was dressed to go to school… for the first time… as Candy. Today, in just a little while, he was going to formally introduce Candy… to the world. Today… would more formally mark the beginning of the rest of his life.

"Are you ready?" Janice asked as she poked her head into his room.

He took another look at his image… Candy's image. He was dressed in nice slacks. The flowery blouse he had worn for the picnic. The heels he always wore to church. His waist cincher was pulling his stomach in despite his ever expanding hips. He was wearing a bra… even though technically for school he didn't need to. His makeup was done as well as he was able. His nails were all a soft pink color. The new gold earrings added a touch of sparkle just below the very feminine hairdo he now had. His hand reached up to touch the necklace that Carol had loaned him… insisting that it would look great with what he was wearing. He supposed it did. He looked like a woman. Even at this early stage in his transition, dressed as he was, he looked like a woman. It was hard to see any sign of Roger there at all. The sense of loss mixed in with all the other emotions came briefly to the fore.

Turning away, he spotted his expandable case that he had carried to school every single day for so long. The case stayed on the floor. He grabbed a different case to carry instead – his purse. He nodded to Janice and followed her toward the front door.

"Smile!" Carol said excitedly from behind her camera as he reached the living room.

He did his best to smile and endured another batch of pictures being taken.

"Okay you two," Janice said quickly. "Off you go! Candy needs to be early today and if you delay any longer you're both going to be late instead!"

With a giggle, Carol turned the camera over to her mother, kissed her goodbye, and followed Candy out to his truck.

Candy's foot wasn't as hard on the accelerator as it had been the day before. But he didn't drive slowly either. He just drove… resigned. Neither of them said a word. He parked where he usually did and got out of his truck, his eyes already searching for anyone around. He saw people… several teachers and a few students. He took a deep breath… and took his first step. He forced his feet to continue carrying him toward the building. He saw a few heads turning in his direction, but nobody said anything.

"See ya!" Carol exclaimed as she left him to find some friends.

He didn't reply. Bracing himself for the worst, he forced himself to walk up the few steps, open the school door, and go in. The hallway was quiet, but not deserted. He walked forward, his heels now making a different sound on the hard school floors… a much louder and more distinctive sound.

Very often he would stop in the office as he came into the building. Today he walked right past it… and right past the man and woman… two other teachers, who were standing just outside the office door discussing something.

"Um… Ma'am!"

He heard the words, but kept going, certain that they weren't referring to him.

"Ma'am!" the male voice called more urgently.

Could they be calling him? He stopped and turned.

"Visitors need to sign in in the office," the male teacher said as he pointed toward the office door.

"I'm not a visitor," Roger replied in his best Candy voice. He turned to continue on to his room.

"Ma'am!" He turned again. "Are you here to see one of the teachers?" the man asked.

Roger allowed himself to smile. He couldn't believe that these two teachers that he had seen countless times before, didn't recognize him. "I am the teacher," he told them, feeling more than a little amused that they didn't recognize him.

"You're…" the man started to ask questioningly.

“Roger?” the woman teacher exclaimed. “Is that you?”

The emotions that hit him were almost overwhelming as he replied. “Not Roger anymore. It’s Candy now.” He turned and continued his walk through the hallway to his classroom, purposely not turning back around.

The word was out now. He would just have to wait to see what would happen.

He turned the lights on in his room and headed for his desk. He set his purse down where he always kept his expandable case. He sat at his desk for a few moments, then feeling too nervous, he got up again. People would be coming in to see him. No use hiding behind the desk. It was better if they saw all of him at once. Instead, he sat on the edge of his desk, facing the door, ready to deal with anyone who might walk in… or walk by. He didn’t know how long he would have to wait. The student’s most likely wouldn’t be entering his room for another twenty minutes.

His wait wasn’t that long. But the person who entered his room wasn’t who he expected to see. And the person who entered made him feel nothing but a brief sense of relief. “Jennifer!” he breathed almost as a sigh of relief.

“Candy!” Jennifer squealed excitedly as she rushed into the room.

Candy stood as Jennifer rushed around to greet him. She actually came up and hugged him. “You look fantastic!” she exclaimed.

“Thanks,” Candy replied. “Most likely I’ll be thrown out before any of the kids get here.”

“Let’s hope not!”

Nothing more could be said though as they were interrupted by two men rushing into the room – the school Principal and the Vice–Principal. They rushed to the front of the room… and stopped dead… gaping in shock.

When neither of them spoke for a few moments, Jennifer broke the ice. “Surprise!” she exclaimed softly.

“What’s…” the principal tried to say, but couldn’t find the right words to complete his question.

Candy smiled. “This is the real reason I had to quit teaching,” he told them. “I’m transitioning. Changing my gender. And it’s time to let everyone know.”

“But… but…” the red–faced Principal started to say.

“The kids!” the Vice–Principal exclaimed.

“Precisely,” Candy replied as he now noted both of the secretaries who worked in the school’s office standing in the doorway, gaping in surprise. “The kids have already been questioning some of the changes in my face and body,” he explained. “I put off all their questions before, but it’s time now to answer those questions directly.”

“But… but… we can’t have this!” the Principal stated.

“Yes we can… and we should!” Jennifer replied, sticking up for Candy.

“We what?” the Vice–Principal asked.

“We should!” Jennifer stated again. “Look, what Candy here is…”

“Candy?” the Vice–Principal asked.

“My new name,” Candy replied. “Very soon to become my legal name.”

“But we can’t have this!” the Principal said again.

Candy started to reply, but Jennifer spoke first. “Look,” she said, “From what I’ve read recently, Candy is just one of many, many people who are now in the process of changing their gender. It’s becoming more and more common all the time. The kids are going to start coming across it more and more often… like it or not. We owe these kids an opportunity to discuss this subject in a decent environment where they can get better answers than if they simply blunder into it in the wrong situation.”

“Good one,” Candy said quietly.

“Thanks. I spent half the night thinking about it.”

“I appreciate it,” Candy replied.

“But…” the Principal tried again.

“Let me do this,” Candy urged. “I’m not Roger anymore. Very soon I’m not even going to legally be Roger anymore. I’m going to be living right here in the area. I’m not moving. I’m going to continue working right here in the area too. A lot of these kids are going to see me at one time or another. They’re going to have questions. It would be better for everyone if I answer those questions now instead of letting misinformation and hate take over later.”

"Good one," Jennifer noted.

"Thanks," Candy replied. "I was up half the night thinking about it."

Jennifer giggled.

"But…" the Principal said again.

"Look," Candy said. "If any of the kids are uncomfortable around me, then they're free to leave the room. Heck, we've got very short periods today and it's only a half day of school. I'm not going to hurt any of them."

"But what will the parents say?"

"What does it matter? It's the last day of school. After today, I'm gone anyway."

The school Principal shook his head.

"Try it," Jennifer urged. "Just for one period. And one of you can even stay in the room to monitor what happens. Then if it doesn't work out, you can always have Candy leave before the next class."

The Principal and Vice–Principal looked at each other, trying to decide what to do.

"Do it!" one of the secretaries in the doorway called.

The Principal stared back at Roger with pursed lips, trying to make the decision. He didn't like it. He had grave misgivings about the whole situation.

"Let him do it!" the other secretary in the doorway called. "He looks fantastic!"

Candy smiled his thanks at the woman… who smiled back.

The Principal continued to stare at Roger, then finally said, "Very well. We'll take it one period at a time. And one of us will be here every period. But at the first sign I see of any problems at all. This is over and you're out of here! Is that understood?"

Candy did his best to smile. "Perfectly."

The Principal nodded. "I'll be back in a few minutes," he said as he headed for the door.

“You better stop in the office and see us before you leave today!” one of the secretaries called.

“Don’t worry,” Candy replied. “I have to turn in my student evaluations anyway.”

The office staff left, and their place was quickly taken by Stan. He just stood in the doorway looking at Candy for a moment, an odd expression on his face. Then he turned and walked away.

“He feels like he’s lost is best friend,” Jennifer explained.

Candy just nodded sadly. “So do I. But I’m still here… just in a different form.”

“But can he deal with that form?”

Candy shook his head. “Thanks for all your help.”

Jennifer smiled. “My pleasure. And I’ll try to stop in when I get a chance today too. Good luck!” With that, she smiled and quickly headed back to her own classroom.

Once again Candy was alone in his classroom. He again sat on the edge of his desk waiting for whoever walked through his door to arrive. The sound of students entering the hallways couldn’t be missed. He saw a few kids walk past his room. He saw one boy backtrack to glance in with a somewhat surprised look on his face before moving on.

And then his first student walked through the door. He stopped dead in his tracks, his mouth gaping wide open in shock.

“Close your mouth or you’re going to get flies in it,” Candy said. But by that time, another student had come in… and another right behind.

The students mostly started entering the room quickly… then dropped into a very slow, shocked, walk as they each headed for their desks. Not one of them could take their eyes off of their teacher… that more than a few didn’t recognize right away.

The questions started fast, but each time, Candy said… in his Candy voice… “I’ll answer your questions after the period starts.” He simply stood in the front of the room, walking back and forth occasionally, watching the surprised looks on all the kid’s faces. The Principal came back in and headed for the front of the room. “I’ve got this,” Candy said to him, “if you want to just watch from the back.”

The Principal looked uncertain about it, but since he had no idea how he should handle the matter anyway, his simply nodded and headed for the back corner of the room. Another woman teacher walked in. “Can I stay?” she asked.

“Of course,” Candy replied. He was somewhat proud of the way he thought he was handling it all. Underneath, he was nervous and terrified, but outwardly he was doing his best to exude an air of total confidence. He was trying anyway. Brave! That was it, he was doing his best to be brave and face this head–on! And always in the back of his mind he had to remind himself that it was best to make people believe he really did want this transition.

The bell rang and all eyes were on him. Roger noted another teacher standing in the doorway. Didn’t they all have classes? He ignored everyone and went to his desk where he opened one of the drawers and pulled out his attendance pad. He knew all his students and usually just glanced down the list of names marking the ones who weren’t there, but not this time. “Jimmy Apler?” he called. When he got no answer, he looked at where Jimmy was sitting. “Are you here today?” he asked.

“Uh… yeah… I guess.” The boy finally replied.

Roger marked his attendance list. “Johanna Boyce?” The girl quickly called out that she was there.

“You’re wearing heels!” one of the students exclaimed.

“Yup!” Candy replied with a smile before he called another name.

“And a bra!” another of the students added. “You’ve got tits!”

“Yup!” Candy said again. “I’m afraid I need the bra now,” he added before checking another student off.

“Your voice sounds funny!” another of the students noted.

“Thank you,” Candy replied. “It’s still a work in progress. Christie Carlyle?”

“Are your ears pierced?” one of the girls asked.

“Absolutely!” Candy replied before calling another name on the list.

“How come you didn’t wear a dress?” another of the boys asked.

“Why should I?” Candy asked before calling another name.

And so it went. The questions came, and Candy gave them each a brief answer as he went through his attendance list. Surprisingly, despite it being pretty much a waste of a school day, most of the students were there.

He finally set the list down on the desk and faced the class fully, looking all around the room. "So," he said. "What do you think?" The room basically erupted in a brief unrecognizable amount of noise as all too many things were said at the same time.

Candy held up his hand to quiet the class. With a brief glance at the Principal in the back of the room he said, "Before I go any further, is there anyone here who is uncomfortable seeing me this way and doesn't want to sit through this class and talk about it?" He looked around the room for a moment, but not one student showed any sign that they were interested in leaving.

"Okay," he said, trying to find the words to begin. "Guess what, I'm not going to be Mr. Brinkley anymore." His statement actually brought a bit of laughter from around the room.

"Are you going to be Miss Brinkley instead?" one of the students asked.

Candy wasn't sure if it was asked jokingly or not. "Yes! Exactly! Well, eventually. But as of now, I'm living my life completely as Miss Brinkley." It was the first time he had thought of himself as being… a "miss."

"Will you be teaching school next year?" someone else asked.

"No. I've already started my own Handyman… I guess we need to call that a Handy–woman business instead."

"But isn't that something that only a guy would do?" one of the boys asked.

Candy raised his plucked eyebrows. "Why?" he asked. "I like to fish too, but I'm not giving that up just because I'm becoming a woman. Women do all kinds of things now that… I guess… they could never do before. Becoming a woman is a… gender choice. It doesn't mean that I have to limit myself with what I can do."

"So are you gay?" one of the guys asked with a laugh. His question brought a few other chuckles as well.

"No," Candy replied as he spotted the Principal about to intervene. He held up his hand to stop the Principal from saying anything and continued. "I guess I'm technically nothing right now. And as much as I'm sure you'd all like to hear about it, this isn't the time or place to talk about that kind of thing. But being one gender or another has nothing at all to do with your sexual orientation. I'll let you all think about that on your own and we won't discuss it

further!" He figured that he especially couldn't talk about it because he himself had no idea about it. He was happy to see the Principal appear to be a bit more relaxed.

"So how come you're doing it?" one of the girls asked.

Candy smiled. "It's about time one of you asked me that! I would have thought that would be the most obvious question of all." He saw the girl actually giggle.

Candy did his best to look serious… which he was. "Look," he said. "Some people are born… and they just know that something in them isn't right. Some boys would rather play with dolls and wear dresses… and some girls would rather play with trucks and they basically want nothing at all to do with anything the least bit girly. Not all of them have gender issues, but some of them do. And sometimes as they grow older, those issues and feelings get worse and worse. Many of them commit suicide since they can't deal with it anymore. But we're lucky enough now to live in a time when science can do something about it… well, a lot about it anyway. Science can't make those who are changing perfect, but it can make them almost perfect. For instance, I'll never be able to have a baby, but in all other ways, I'll basically be the same as every other woman."

"So you liked to play with dolls when you were a kid?" one of the girls asked.

Candy had to figure out what would be the best way to answer that… keeping in mind that he had to make everyone believe that he really did want a sex change. "Mmmm…" he considered for a moment. "I didn't really get the chance to play with dolls since I didn't have any sisters. It wasn't until I was a lot older that I began to have problems." Fortunately, the girl seemed to be satisfied with his answer.

"Are you changing your name?" one of the kids asked.

"Yes!" Candy replied. "In fact, I'm going to be starting that process very soon. My new name is going to be Candy. In fact, my new business cards say, "Candy Girl the Handy Girl." His little slogan brought a few more chuckles from the room.

"So if we see you in the hallway," one of the boys asked, "are we supposed to call you Miss Brinkley now?"

"Yes," Candy replied. "In fact, to be really proper, most people who are transitioning would much rather you call them by their "new" proper pronouns. For instance, since I'm changing from a man to a woman, it's actually more proper for you to refer to me as… she… or her, instead of he… or him." He did his best to smile again. "Although in my case, I'm not worried if you get it wrong… at least for a while. It can often be very confusing… especially with someone you knew before they changed."

Candy looked around the room. “Any other questions?” But there was mostly blank looks on their faces.

“I think you look pretty good!” one of the boys in the back said.

“Thank you,” Candy replied with a big smile.

“Hot!” one of the other boys in the back added.

Candy shook his head. “I don’t think I’d go that far!” Most of the kids laughed.

“But you do look pretty good,” one of the girls in the front added.

“Thank you,” Candy said again. “I can’t tell you how good that makes me feel. Coming out and transitioning like I am is very difficult. Much harder than you think. So when someone tells me I look even… okay… then that pretty much makes my day right now.”

“Are you dating someone?” one of the girls asked.

“Definitely not!”

“So you’re not doing this for some guy?”

“Definitely not!” Candy repeated. “I’m doing this for me. For my own well–being. My own sanity.”

“What made you decide to do it now?”

Candy shrugged his shoulders. “Life. Problems. Things I couldn’t get past.”

“So you felt you absolutely had to do this?”

“Let’s just say it was my best option.”

“Do you want to get married someday?” another of the girls asked.

That one made Candy pause. “I… don’t know,” he finally said. “Right now, I just want to get straight with myself. One step at a time. I guess though that if love ever does find me, I won’t exactly be disappointed.”

“Do you think you’re sexy?” one of the boys in the back called.

Candy's jaw dropped. "I wish!" he finally said. "No, there's nothing sexy about me right now. Maybe in the future, but not now."

The boy laughed. "I don't think you look too bad at all!"

"Aren't you the one who called me hot earlier?"

"Hell yeah!"

Candy shook his head. "You need to get out more!" His remark brought a ton of laughter and a red face to the boy.

With the shortened periods, the bell suddenly rang. Candy quickly thanked all the kids and told them what a joy they had been for him all year. He wished them good luck and assured them that they could come to him later if they had any more questions. The kids all filed out of the room, most of them looking back at him over and over again until they were out of sight. And as soon as the last one was gone, the next batch came in… and the process started all over again.

The questions were mostly the same every period. Some kids were more lewd than others, but Candy handled them all fairly well. At least he thought he did. The Principal and Vice–Principal rotated monitoring his class every period. And it seemed like every period there were more and more other teachers lined up along the back wall as well. They seemed to ask more questions than some of the kids.

None of the kids ever felt uncomfortable enough that they wanted to leave, and Candy was fairly glad about that. It was a strange way for him to say goodbye to the kids… goodbye to the school… and goodbye to his teaching career that he had always enjoyed.

One of the later classes in the morning was the class that Carol was in. Candy was somewhat afraid of any questions she might ask… but he was far more practiced by the time her class came in. And as he was going around the room taking the class attendance again, he noticed Stan walking into the back of the room. He took a moment to smile at him before proceeding.

Again the same old questions popped up. Again a few suggestive comments. One or two minor new things were asked. And then Stan called out, "What do your friends think?"

Candy looked straight at Stan. "I hope… my friends will be able to accept me for who and what I am. I'm still the same person I was before, I just… look a little different. If they can't deal with me now, then I have to accept that, like it or not. But I really do hope they'll come around and at least try. My friends are important to me. I'm doing my best to try to not abandon them. I hope they will at least try to give me the benefit of the doubt."

He continued to look at Stan for a few moments. But Stan said nothing and Candy could tell nothing from his face. He could only hope his friend would stay his friend.

The Principal was back again for his last class. There were more teachers in the back of the room than ever before… Jennifer among them. As he started on the attendance, he noticed the doorway was packed with kids… and a few other teachers. "Come on in," he called to them. The room got positively crowded as they all tried to find a place in the room. There were still kids looking through the doorway as he continued on with the attendance… and started answering a few scattered questions along the way.

As he had done with all his classes before, he did his best to explain what was going on as well as try to educate everyone as to some of the issues that were involved. The questions were fewer this time… most likely because the kids had heard everything from their friends.

As had happened in most of the classes, the girls were all concerned about Candy's love life. Was he doing it for love? Did he ever plan on marrying?

The boys of course wanted to know if he was gay. Same old questions, same old answers.

And then Jennifer in the back of the room put the question more directly, "Do you think you could you ever love another woman?"

Candy was stopped by that for a moment, mostly because it was Jennifer who had asked. "I… I don't know," he admitted. "I never thought about it." Jennifer just nodded and seemed satisfied.

Candy looked around the room, looking for more questions to answer. But it looked like the questions had strangely run out. And that was when one of the more troublesome boys in the back of the room called out, "Steve Jordan thinks you're hot!"

Candy did his best to smile. "I wish!" he said. "Maybe someday, but not yet."

But before he could say anything else, Jennifer spoke up, "What do you think?" she asked the boy. "Do you think she's hot?"

"Me?" the boy asked.

"Yeah! You brought it up."

"I don't think we need to…" Candy started to say to dismiss the issue, but Jennifer held her hand up to stop him from saying anything more.

"I want to hear what you think." Jennifer told the boy.

The boy looked at Candy again. “He’s… okay I guess.”

Jennifer nodded. “Well I think that Miss Brinkley looks a lot better than okay,” she said as she left the back wall and started to head towards the front of the room. “Miss Brinkley… or rather Mr. Brinkley has been a good friend of mine for a long time now. I don’t think any of you know how difficult this was for her to do… to come here and stand in front of all of you like she’s doing… and try to explain it all to you. And she went to a lot of trouble yesterday to get her hair done and make herself look as nice and presentable as she could.”

She reached the front of the room and grabbed Candy’s arm. “And just think, if she looks this good now… when she’s just starting out, how good is she going to look a year from now… or two years from now after her body has gone through more changes than you can ever imagine?” She addressed the boy directly again. “Candy may not exactly look hot to you right now, but give her time. I have no doubt that by next year, if you didn’t know that she had ever been a man before, you’d probably be drooling all over her! And I for one, think she looks great – right now!”

There was a small scattering of applause from around the room and Candy could feel himself blushing. The bell rang signaling the end of the period, the end of the school day, the end of the school year… and the end of Candy’s teaching career.

Most of the students left, but not all. And while the crowd in the room seemed to thin out, it quickly soon grew crowded again as more people entered – the other teachers. Some came because they were curious, and some came to say goodbye to a colleague that they had been friends with and had respected greatly. The only one that Candy took particular notice of as not being there was Stan.

Mostly, the reactions Candy got were good. Some were more than a bit mixed and uncertain. And some were blatantly against what he was doing. But everyone there wished him well and said goodbye. Whether they liked the fact that he was changing or not, so many of them taking the time to talk to him and say goodbye had his tears leaking constantly down his face. But there was little he could do about it except to say tearful goodbye after tearful goodbye.

The women mostly hugged him. The men mostly wouldn’t touch him, but a few shook his hand. The men were easier to deal with than the women. Something about the embrace touched his emotions more than just a few words or a simple handshake. By the time the room finally thinned out and only a few remained, Candy was sure his face had to look a horrible mess.

“I got some pictures for you,” Jennifer told him.

“Oh dear! I have to look awful!”

“You look like you’re supposed to look,” Jennifer said.

“I cried so much, my mascara is probably running all down my face,” Candy replied.

Jennifer nodded. “Yeah, it is, but isn’t that the way most other women would look after something like this?”

Candy shook her head. “I hope not! I would hope that they would have more sense than I did and wear something waterproof!”

Jennifer smiled and hugged Candy again. But that last statement had opened her eyes up more than she expected. Yesterday at the beauty parlor had all been about how Candy looked physically. But now Jennifer was starting to see the mental changes in Candy as well. She was starting to act and think more like a woman! Was Stan right? Did Roger exist at all anymore? Was Roger really totally gone? She didn’t want to believe that. Not at all. But she couldn’t help but think, if Roger was totally gone, then who exactly was Candy? Would she be a whole new person? Or someone that remained totally familiar? Only time would tell. Only time.

Candy’s makeup was only partially repaired as he drove home. And occasionally the tears still sprang from his eyes.

“You okay?” Carol asked at one point.

“Yeah,” Candy replied as the tears came down again. “It’s just all those people, even the ones who didn’t like that I’m changing, stopped to say goodbye.”

“I guess you had a lot of friends there,” Carol noted.

Candy only sniffed as she nodded and kept driving.

“You gonna miss them?” Carol asked.

Again, Candy could only nod. Fortunately, Carol remained silent for the rest of the journey home.

Janice held the door for them as they came into the house. “How did it go?” she asked, seeing the obvious traces of tears on Candy’s face.

“Real good,” Candy said, her voice still full of emotion. “So many of my friends came to say goodbye.”

“And how about the kids?” Janice asked. “How did they take it?”

“Real good too,” Candy replied, her voice seeming to thicken up with emotion again. “They all had great questions.”

“Go on back to your room and get comfortable. Wash your face. I’m sure it will make you feel better.”

Candy only nodded and headed down the hallway to his room. He noted Janice following closely behind, most likely on the way to her own room… or Carol’s. But when he got to his room, he entered it, and stared in shock. There was a bed in his room! With real sheets on it and a real pillow! There was even a small nightstand with a lamp on it right beside the bed. His eyes quickly took in the side wall, There were three large pictures framed there… one of him from a year or two ago that had been taken by Jennifer, one from before he had had his hair done. And the last picture must have been one that Carol had taken of him that morning! The pictures were all arranged in a row, with lots of space for more pictures to continue down the length of the wall.

His feet automatically took him to the edge of the bed. A real bed! He didn’t miss the dog cage still at the end of it, but he did his best to put that out of his mind. Janice was allowing him to sleep in a real bed again and not on the floor! He sank to his knees and the tears came full force again.

“I take it you like it?” Janice asked softly from just behind him.

Candy could only nod tearfully.

“I’m afraid it still needs a quilt,” Janice told him. “And I want you to make that for yourself. Carol and I are spending the summer making quilts for charity. I see no reason why you can’t do the same. But the very first quilt that you make will be all yours. It will be something that you created, and every time you look at it, you can feel proud of it.

Candy only looked up and nodded. He was still crying too hard. First saying goodbye to everyone at school, and now coming home to find a real bed for him to sleep in. The more of a woman he became, the more human Janice was allowing him to be.

There were tears of joy for Candy. Tears of sadness for his friends. And tears of despair over losing… himself. Roger.

Chapter 62.

Aaaahhh! The relief was almost magical. Candy slipped the errant strap of his bra back over his shoulder and cupped his hands over his breasts. The new breast forms he had just slipped inside his bra were nothing but incredible! They were still a "C" cup, but they weren't as heavy as his former pair. The big difference in the new forms however, was the inside. They were concave, giving him plenty of room for his growing breasts. And as a major bonus, they kept anything from rubbing against his sore and itching nipples.

He pulled his hands away and stared at his bra against his body… and noticed again the area where his cleavage would be… actually, it was starting to look more like where his cleavage already was. Not much, but the flesh of his breasts had puffed up enough now that he could almost imagine there was actually cleavage there now.

He briefly cupped his breasts over his bra with his hands again, pushing in on them. No pain at all from the pressure! It was so much better! He should have made better breast forms a bigger priority!

With that happy thought, he finished getting dressed. Work clothes. Comfortable clothes… if you didn't count the waist cincher or the high heeled boots or his bra for that matter. But for all other intents and purposes, they were comfortable. Familiar. Even the damn waist cincher now.

School was out and there was no longer anything keeping him from working his handyman… handywoman jobs full time. The only problem was, he only had the one job to work on that he would most likely finish up today or tomorrow… more likely tomorrow. It was a big job. But what about after that? For a while there he had more jobs than he could handle, but lately his phone hadn't rung at all. He knew very well that it was very common for things to go like that, but now that he wasn't teaching school anymore, it worried him a lot.

"This… is not good!"

The three men from FBI Internal Affairs sat around the small table. All wore serious long faces.

"I'd bet my right arm he didn't do it!" one of them exclaimed.

"I know Ted Jacobs. There's no way he's dirty!" the third one added.

The first man opened the folder again and pulled out the lab report. He threw it onto the middle of the table where none of them were interested in even touching the thing. They

had all seen it… unfortunately. "As much as I'm inclined to agree with you, the evidence though shows otherwise." He got only sad nods from the other two men.

"It's hard to believe," one of them said. "The exact same chemical signature from another haul… years ago! Even the same wrappers!"

"But the kicker is," the third man added, "that he was the one who counted all that dope and signed it all in!"

"Which only makes it more reasonable that he did take some," the first man pointed out. It was a moment before he saw the others nod their agreement.

"But the question is, how much did he take?" one of them asked. He got only blank looks from the others.

"You both know where we have to go from here," the first man said. "As much as we all don't like it, it's our jobs! And it's our responsibility to make sure that our agents aren't the ones breaking the laws. Especially with something like this! Move fast, and move hard. Separate him from his partner and keep them both under wraps for now. Question them both and anyone else you think might know something. As bad as it looks, I'd rather get to the bottom of it all as fast as possible before this gets too far out of hand. Agreed?" He got back only nods in reply. "Move!"

The stir throughout the entire FBI building in Atlanta wasn't just a little, it was enormous! When Internal Affairs came down and grabbed Agents Jacobs and Forsyth, they did it with more than enough men and they had the two agents in separate holding rooms before anyone could make sense of anything. Their boss, Phil Goodman was hauled into a separate room as well. None of them were allowed to talk to anyone else.

Internal Affairs let Jacobs and Forsyth sweat while they tackled Phil Goodman for information first. The open mouthed, unbelieving attitude of Goodman pretty much mirrored the opinions of Internal Affairs, but evidence is evidence, and Phil Goodman was having a very difficult time accepting it as anything but a plant! The minute he was let go, he set three of his best people to quietly look into the business… despite the fact that it wasn't their business to do so and they'd all probably get reprimanded for it later.

There was simply no way that Ted Jacobs was guilty! The guy was a one–track minded bloodhound!

Sid Forsyth was simply scared. He had no idea why he had been arrested and no idea what he could have possibly done wrong. But they were holding him and not letting him talk to anybody! He desperately feared for his family… even though he couldn't for the life of him figure out a reason for it. He got so worked up worrying over it, that by the time the two

agents from Internal Affairs finally came in to talk to him, all he could blurt out was, "What the hell is going on?"

Forsyth listened with disbelief to the questions put to him by Internal Affairs. He was very relieved to find out that the questioning was all about his partner, but the questions did nothing but stir anger and disbelief in him. "Wait right there!" he said at one point, stopping the questioning cold. "There's no way the Jacobs stole anything! No way that he would ever do anything wrong! I know the guy. We've been working together for years now, day in and day out! There's nothing about him that I can't tell you! And I can tell you for a fact… that he didn't… do it! You've got the wrong guy!"

And then they told him about the evidence against Jacobs. Forsyth shook his head again. "It's not him!" he insisted. "Someone is setting him up!"

"That's what we're hoping," one of the men from IA replied. "But you know as well as I how serious a charge like this can be. And when all the facts point in only one direction, we have to look at it very seriously."

Forsyth was only a little more mollified. He allowed the Internal Affairs guys to ask him a long list of dumb but necessary questions. Most of which he knew were from a standard battery of things they had to ask. He pretty much knew the answers to all of it. Most of it was simple. Ted Jacobs didn't have a family to worry about. And as far as he knew, Jacob had only been seeing one woman for the last few years, and that relationship wasn't even anything serious… for either of them.

"And the girlfriends name?" the IA agent asked, just because he had to fill in the paperwork.

"Monica something," he replied, trying to remember the woman's name. "Monica Williams."

Sid Forsyth was kept in isolated holding until very late that night. Only then was he allowed to go home to his frightened family. And he went, it was with orders to stay at home and not go anywhere until he was called.

Ted Jacobs was simply mad. Furious was more like it. He denied everything vehemently, but Internal Affairs only expected that. In fact, it wasn't until they had laid the evidence out in front of Jacobs that one of the IA agents saw the glimmer of recognition in Jacobs eyes… that made him suddenly doubt their theory that Jacobs was being set up. But when questioned further, Jacobs still denied everything… as he expected.

Unlike Forsyth, Jacobs wasn't allowed to go home that night. He wasn't allowed to go anywhere. Like it or not, he was taken to the basement level and put into a small holding cell until they could get to the bottom of it. But by that time, in order to protect himself, Jacobs

had already asked for a lawyer, and wasn't saying another word to anyone until he got one! Internal Affairs didn't like that, but they each secretly decided it was a smart move.

"Hi Doctor," Candy said into his phone fairly early Friday morning.

"Candy!" Doctor Parker replied, actually glad to hear his voice despite the fact that she had been called away from another patient because he had called. But then that was by her own orders.

"I'm just calling to see if you still want to get together tonight," Candy said.

"Definitely!" the doctor replied. "It's Friday and I'm already finding excuses to go to the casinos. As my therapist suggested, I need to find something else to do."

Candy was tempted to laugh, but he refrained. "Where do you want to meet?" he asked.

"I guess my place sometime after work. Will that be a problem?" she asked.

"No, not at all. I just need to figure out what to do with myself till you finish work."

"Why?" she asked.

"I'm finishing up a job today and it's about halfway to your house from here. No use coming all the way back home if I don't need to. I just have to find some place where I can change. Any chance I can use your bathroom again?"

"That's not a problem," the doctor replied. But her mind was already thinking about the situation. "But listen," she added quickly. "If you're going to be early. Why not come here to my office… oh say about four thirty or so. You're going to be due for another blood test soon anyway, we may as well knock it out while you've got the time."

Candy didn't want to mention that since he had still gotten no other calls for work, all he had was time. "Sounds good," he replied. "See you later at your office then."

"Great," the doctor replied. "I'll see you then." She hung up the phone with her mind firmly locked on Candy. As she headed back to her current patient, all she could think about was what he would be like in bed. She could almost feel his body caressing hers. She could almost feel his manhood sliding in and out of her. It might take a bit to get him aroused… she was well aware of that because of the hormones he was now on, but he was still on a somewhat mild dose and he hadn't been on them long enough to really stop him from performing. She couldn't wait! Tonight she was going to do her absolute best to get him into bed, because it might be her last chance! If she couldn't gamble, then she was going to be as forward as she

needed to be to let him see how interested she was. She was fully prepared to strip down and throw herself at his feet!

She stopped herself and looked around. She had been so focused on wanting to get into bed with Candy that she had forgotten where she was going. She turned around and went back to the patient she had left before Candy had called.

Ted Jacobs considered his lawyer to be useless. All the guy had done for him was to tell him that it looked like the allegations against him were serious… which Forsyth already knew, and to not talk to anyone unless he was there… which Jacobs wasn't about to do anyway. So basically, his lawyer had done nothing for him. Especially since he was still going stir crazy in the tiny cell they were holding him in.

Other than that, the lawyer had no news. He was trying to get him released, but the FBI was still able to hold him right where he was for forty–eight hours without charging him. And since they hadn't formally charged him with anything, there was little he could do.

So Jacobs sat, and fumed, and worried about that bag of heroin he had buried in his backyard – years ago. It was so long ago now that he was sure no one would ever find it. The only time he had even dug it up and opened it was when he had set Janice Stokley up to get her off the street! And he still didn't regret that move one bit!

But for now, he just had to be careful not to even think about that bag whenever they got around to talking to him again. If they ever got around to talking to him again. What the hell was Internal Affairs doing?

Every "I" had to be dotted. Every "T" had to be crossed. There were no shortcuts, there was no way around it. Thorough! It was hammered into every agent in every law enforcement system in the world. Cover everything! Completely!

So talking with Monica Williams was in reality just another item on their list of useless things they had no choice but to look into and follow up on. It took them a while to find her.

Monica was clearly nervous when the FBI showed up – at the office where she worked, and pulled her into one of the conference rooms to privately talk with her. And all she could think about was Ted. She actually couldn't wait to call him and tell him that some guys from the FBI had come to see… her! But the question was… why?

"Miss Williams," one of them started after they had sat down. "How long have you known Ted Jacobs?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, trying to figure out the answer. "I guess four or five years now."

The agent made a note on his pad and continued. “In all that time, have you ever noticed anything out of place, ever even suspected that he might have done something he shouldn’t?”

“Ted? You’ve got to be kidding! What is this? Did something happen to him?”

“Please, just let us ask our questions,” the agent replied. “You’re sure he never mentioned anything about picking up something he shouldn’t have?”

“Not that I know of,” Monica told him.

The agent nodded and ticked off another question on his list. “Has he ever mentioned anything about a drug deal… perhaps years ago?”

Something about the mention of the drugs caused a memory from the bar last week to flash into her mind. But she was so drunk! “Um… I don’t think so,” she replied cautiously.

But the agent had seen the look of fear in her eyes. He pushed harder. “Are you sure? Because to me it looks like you did think of something.”

Monica just waved her hand. “Oh, I’m sure it was nothing. I was so drunk that night that I can’t even remember it all straight. I barely even remember waking up the next day.”

“And how about Agent Jacobs?”

She laughed. “He was worse! I’ve never seen him get that hammered!”

“And what did he tell you?”

Her laughing ended quickly. “I’m not totally sure,” she said. “Like I told you, I was really pretty wasted myself.”

“But he did tell you something.”

She nodded. “At least I think he did. But it sounded so outlandish, it doesn’t even make sense!”

The agent said nothing, he just waited expectantly… knowing that his silence would cause her to continue.

“Well,” she said. “I’m not sure why or how it even came up, but I think he said something about taking some drugs or something from a major bust and then keeping them… kind of like for his retirement account. But he was so crazily wasted that it doesn’t sound right at all!”

“Did he say how much he took?” the agent asked.

“I don’t remember. I really don’t even think he took any of it.”

The agent nodded. “And what did he say he did with it?”

She shook her head. “Something that makes even less sense… I think. Like I said, I was pretty wasted that night too.”

“But not as bad as Agent Jacobs?” the agent asked.

“No. I’ve never seen him like that. Ever!”

“And what did he say he did with the drugs?”

“Well…” she said as she tried to remember it all. “I think he mentioned something about using some of it for something. Something about another criminal, but I really don’t remember. The rest… I think he said he never touched. He just left it buried in his backyard or something.”

“In his backyard?”

“I really don’t remember,” she replied fairly flustered. “Like I said, I was really drunk!”

The amount of time it took for the search warrant to come through wasn’t exactly among the top ten fastest times, but it was certainly fast enough that it wasn’t even close to the average amount of time. So by the time the FBI was organized to go out to Jacobs house, they already had their warrant to search Agent Ted Jacobs entire house, including digging up his backyard if they felt necessary – which was a primary item on their list! They even brought in a drug sniffing dog just for the occasion!

While one team ransacked the inside of his house, another team… and the dog searched the backyard. It took the dog no time at all to sniff out the only item of interest that the FBI were going to find. They had to unstack much of his rotting wood pile to find it, and when they did find the plastic bag, they unstacked all the wood and dug up the entire area. But that one bag was all they found. Unfortunately, that one bag was all they needed. And worse, when they opened the bag and counted the kilos of drugs, they found a huge amount of money in the bag with the drugs. And the money still had the bank wrappers on it!

Things were not looking good for Agent Ted Jacobs at all!

Doctor Jessica Parker breathlessly hurried into the exam room where Candy was supposed to be. Even after several weeks, the compulsion to not keep Candy waiting and to give him the best care possible was just as strong as ever… and her impossible grey wall was even thicker than ever. She couldn't believe that she still couldn't stand up or sit down without seeing the darn thing. At least she was mostly able to ignore it now. Mostly.

"Candy," she said as she hurried into the room. And then she stopped dead and stared. "You said you had gotten your hair cut… but I didn't expect you to look so good with it."

Candy blushed. "Thanks," he replied.

The doctor couldn't take her eyes off of him. With his hair cut, and his ears pierced, and… she didn't even know what else, he looked far less like a man now than he did before. Far less! And it had only been a week since the picnic when she had seen him last. "You look… so much more like a woman now," she said cautiously… not to mention, disappointedly.

"Thanks," Candy said again. "I'm trying."

She nodded. "I can see that," she replied. But what she really wanted to see, was the man in Candy, not the woman that he was becoming. Slightly flustered by it, she was all business as she went about giving him another very thorough examination. Before she was done, the nurse came back with the results of his blood work. No problems at all she noted. And his hormone levels where within the range that she had expected.

"I'm going to change your meds," she said. "Since we have to move you along as fast as possible, I'm going to give you something different that will be a lot stronger in your system."

"Stronger?" Candy asked. "Are you sure it's safe?"

"Perfectly. To a point. But your blood work suggests that there are no problems now so I don't expect this to cause you any trouble either."

"Trouble?" Candy replied. "I can't tell you how much my nipples have hurt!"

"All to be expected I'm afraid. And I'm afraid you're going to have to get used to it for a while and just put up with it."

Candy was more than a little disappointed in that.

"Don't worry," the doctor told him, "I'm not doing anything here that I don't do with many of my other patients. I'm just upping the dosage on these new meds just a tad more than I do with most. And actually, some of my patients do get the same thing I'm giving you now."

Candy was only slightly relieved to hear that.

Five minutes later, Candy had the new meds along with instructions for their use in his purse. The doctor left to finish with her other patients, and he headed for the small kitchenette to wait. New meds. Stronger meds. He was already amazed at how fast the changes in him seemed to be going. How much faster would they occur now?

Half an hour later, he was following Jessica from her office to her home. "Where's your kids?" he asked as he carried a change of clothes into her house.

"With my sister. I promised I'd get them later tonight. If I don't, she'll probably never talk to me again."

"Where do you want to go after I get changed?" Candy asked.

"To the casinos!"

Candy chuckled a little. "No seriously, did you have any particular place in mind? You're not… burdened with that pacifier anymore."

"To the casinos," the doctor said again.

"You can't!" Candy replied, still full of shock.

"I know," Jessica replied. "But that's the only place I really want to go. I just need you to distract me… to make sure I don't try to go there."

Candy smiled. "My pleasure," he replied.

"I hope so," Jessica muttered under her breath. "Mine too!" A little louder she said, "Why don't you use the shower in the master bedroom. It's nicer than the other one."

"Fine with me," Candy replied with a small shrug.

Even looking so much like a woman, there was a male strength in Candy that Jessica found hard to ignore. Thoughts of him in bed with her were coursing through her mind as she led the way to her bedroom. "Right in there," she said, pointing to the luxurious bathroom.

"Thanks," Candy replied before disappearing inside and closing the door. He was back a moment later though. "Um… can you help me out of this stupid corset?"

A few minutes later, Jessica sat on her bed and listened to the water running in her shower. Candy was in there right now. Naked! The doctor knew she was supposed to be changing

her own clothes just then, but so far, all she could do was to sit on the bed and think about Candy… and his body next to hers. "Move, damn it!" she told herself. "Get changed! Candy will be out of there soon."

So she pried herself off the bed and started removing her clothes. But she didn't stop there. She knew she had to get dressed again, but she didn't. Instead, she got completely undressed. Completely!

Her mind focused on only one thing, she quietly opened the bathroom door. It was hotter inside, and far more humid. She could vaguely see his body thought the sculpted shower door that diffused the sight of everything inside the shower, yet what she could see only made her more interested. She almost turned back… but what would be the point? Nothing ventured… nothing gained. She opened the shower door. "Move over," she said as she entered with him and closed the door behind her.

"What are you doing?" Candy gasped. Her naked body was right up next to his… she was making matters even worse as she turned around under the warm spray of water to wet her entire body. He stood back to give her room, but when he did, she closed the distance again, continuing to rub herself right up against him. "What are you doing?" he gasped again as he retreated to the very corner of the shower… only to find her right there with him.

"What do you think?" she asked as she now embraced him in her arms.

Before he knew it, she was leaning her mouth toward his for a kiss. "Stop!" he pleaded. "You're hurting me!"

She stopped and moved her head back, looking at him questioningly. "Hurting you? How can I be hurting you? I'm only trying to make you feel good."

He shook his head. "Trust me, you're hurting me. I… I can't do this!"

She was shocked. Not to mention disappointed. "Do you find me that distasteful?" she asked. "Do women turn you off that much? I'm afraid I never considered that you might like men that much," she told him disappointedly."

"No," Candy replied. "It's not that at all!"

"Not that? You don't prefer men?"

"Right now, I think doing something like this with a man is nothing but disgusting. At least I think that's what I think. To be honest, I'm not all that sure anymore."

"So I turn you off that much?" Jessica asked, moving further away from him now. "I'm that far gone? That ugly to you now?"

"No! It has nothing at all to do with you. Nothing! Except…"

"Except what?" she asked disappointedly.

"Except… that you are a woman."

"So you find women distasteful?" She shook her head. "What do you like?"

"Nothing. And you're not distasteful! Not at all! In fact… you're beautiful! A bit too beautiful for me right now!"

She was confused. "You're not making any sense!" she said as she moved into him to try again. "Just let me hold you. Kiss me. Let's see how much you hate women?"

"No!" Candy pleaded, his voice now holding more than a hint of pain.

Jessica moved back and looked at him. "Are you hurting?"

"Yes!" Candy replied, his hands now going to his privates to cover them up.

"You're… actually hurting? But I didn't hardly touch you. And I know I didn't hit you down there. I haven't even touched you at all there!" A sly smile crossed her lips. "Except perhaps with my body a little when I rubbed against you." She quickly backed off as another thought crossed her mind. "Oh no! Did I somehow hurt you when I rubbed up against you?"

"Not like you think," Candy replied, now in even more pain. "Can you please leave the shower so I don't have to see you naked?"

"Leave? You don't want to see me naked?" She was shocked. "I'm sorry, I never imagined you that kind of a prude."

"I'm not!" Candy cried, the pain more evident than ever in his voice.

True concern registered in Jessica's fantasy soaked brain. She quickly turned the shower water off. "Candy, let me examine you. I didn't see anything wrong down there earlier!"

"No!" Candy cried. "Please. You don't understand what you're doing to me!"

"Then tell me! I can't help you unless you tell me."

“The cold!” Candy wailed in real pain now because the doctor’s naked body was still all too close to his. “The cold!”

“What cold?”

“The cold that Janice makes me feel!”

The name Janice sent big red warnings at the doctor. “This is something else that Janice did to you?” She saw Candy, bent now in pain, nod his head.

“What can I do?” she asked desperately.

“Get out and get dressed. The less sexy the better!”

“I don’t understand…” she replied.

“Please!” Candy pleaded.

Jessica wasted no more time. She hurried out of the shower, closing the door behind her. She grabbed a towel and quickly wiped just some of the water from her body. She grabbed a robe and slipped it on. “Okay,” she called. “I’m all covered up. Can I come back in now?” But she got no answer. “Candy?” she called. This time, she did get an answer, but it wasn’t a yes or a no, it was the sound of Candy crying.

She opened the door and found him huddled on the floor in the corner. His hands were still covering his private parts. He was crying pitifully. “What is it?” she asked, only wanting to help.

“The cold,” Candy managed to get out through his tears. “Intense, painful cold! And I can’t…”

“Candy, you said that Janice did this to you? What exactly did she do?”

Sniffing and still crying, Candy forced himself to look up at her. Jessica still looked all too provocative dressed in only her robe… especially after she had come on so strongly to him. It had been a long time now since he had felt the awful cold… other than a few twinges every now and then that quickly set him back in his place. But now, tonight, what she had done… the pain was awful! Most likely made worse since it had been so long for him now.

“Her will,” he said through his tears, as much from self–pity now as from the intense cold. “I can’t get past it. It’s her will.”

She was shocked. But she understood what he was saying all too clearly. “What is her will?” she asked. “What did she do to you?”

“The cold,” he wailed again. “To protect Carol. To protect Janice.”

“To protect them?” She remembered all the things in her own brain that she couldn’t do… all in the name of protecting – Janice! But what else had she done to him? As calmly as she could, she asked. “Is it possible for you to tell me what’s happening?”

“I… think so,” he replied cautiously. “I’ve already managed to say most of it. It seems that with you, I can say more than I can to anyone else.”

“Because we’re both victims,” she told him. “We both understand the other.”

He nodded. “The cold,” he said again, trying to bring his hurting emotions under control. The pain from the cold was one thing, but his emotional pain was even worse. “She did it to make sure I never tried to take advantage of her daughter… or her I guess.” He tried to laugh, but it was forced. “As if I ever would!”

“So what happens?” Jessica asked.

He tried to calm himself enough to talk. “Any time a woman makes me feel the least bit sexually stimulated, I feel intense cold in my… cock. The more stimulated I feel, the worse the cold, and so the worse the pain.” He tried to focus his eyes a little more firmly on her. “And I’m sure you know what happens to a man’s cock when it’s exposed to something cold.”

She sat back on the wet shower floor and stared at him. “She has to be the most diabolical woman I’ve ever heard of.”

Candy only nodded his agreement.

“She’s deprived you of any chance for sex.”

He nodded again.

But she thought better of what she had just said. “No, that’s not quite right. She’s deprived you of any chance at all of sex – with a woman! If I hear you correctly, she’s left the avenue open for you to still have sex with a man.”

Candy only looked at her, totally horrified.

But Jessica was still thinking things through. “But that’s only part of it,” she said, still thinking it over, “I think… that once you’ve had your transition… no, once you’ve had the operation and you no longer have a penis but a vaginal canal instead, at that point, her little curse on you would no longer have any effect since you wouldn’t have a penis anymore. At that point, you would have no problem loving a woman if you wanted.” She looked at him… staring sadly back at her. “Of course, most likely, by then you’d no longer be interested in other women sexually.”

Candy broke down into another major crying bout. Not from the cold, that was fading rapidly. But the heartache of his situation was just too awful to think about.

Jessica moved over against the shower wall and pulled him into her arms, letting him cry on her shoulder. She stared up at the far wall of the shower as she contemplated his situation… and her situation. “I should have gone gambling,” she said.

Candy cried even harder.

“Hello Janice? This is Susan. I just heard the strangest thing. An FBI Agent was arrested today for taking drugs from a major drug bust and keeping them for himself. Can you imagine?”

“Never!” Janice mockingly replied, trying to keep from laughing. “Did they say if they ever found the drugs?”

“Right in his own backyard. It’s simply incredible!”

“It certainly is!” Janice agreed with a laugh. “We can’t even trust our own law enforcement officials.”

“Janice,” Susan said more seriously. “Have you thought about your next move?”

“To wait!” Janice replied. “I’ll give them a few weeks. If I don’t hear from the FBI about this after that, then I’ll have to find some way to casually get the right word out to my lawyer.”

“Good,” Susan replied. “It sounds like you’ve already thought this out.”

“Of course,” Janice replied.

As she hung up the phone, Janice couldn’t stop the broad smile from coming to her face. Agent Jacobs was toast! And very soon she was going to sue the FBI for all she could get!

Chapter 63.

Zap! Ouch! Zap! Ouch! Zap! Ouch! Zap! Ouch! It was all he could do to keep himself from saying ouch… or from saying anything. Whoever said that the laser treatments would be painless was full of shit! Okay, maybe it didn't exactly hurt that much, but it did hurt! Especially when they got to his neck under his chin. Zap! Ouch!

He was now set up for appointments every Tuesday morning – first thing every Tuesday morning. He was having his whole body done… a small area at a time. Starting today with his face. It was literally going to take months to totally rid him of all his hair… if he didn't give up on it before then to avoid the pain. Zap! Ouch!

But they had told him it would get easier each time they went over an area they had already done since there would be less and less hair each time. It had better get easier! He didn't know what he would do otherwise. But obviously the problem with that was that they had to do each of those areas a first time – before they could get to a second time… and the third time… and whatever!

Zap! Ouch!

He was now in the process of waiting for his name to be changed. The paperwork had been turned in. There was even an ad running in the newspaper warning everyone that he was going to be changing his name. Now he just had to wait for a court date to rubber stamp the deal.

The formal name change would be painful, but it would be an emotional pain that he would have to deal with. And the truth of it was, with the way he looked now, the name change was probably a good thing. Since school had ended, he had already been in the stores and been called Ma'am twice now. Bringing out a credit card or his driver's license to show that he was a man named Roger was a bad thing. Well, embarrassing anyway if he wanted to get through life pretending to be at least somewhat of a normal person. He wasn't all that fond of going somewhere and having people point at him and say, "Look! There's a man in a dress!" Ugh!

"Almost done," the technician said as he laid there doing his best not to move… or scream! "Just a little bit more," she added.

He couldn't wait for the annoying pain to end! All he could think about was getting out of there. His mind was already trying to convince himself that he had to hurry. Not that he did. Since he still had no calls for his handyman business, there was no reason to hurry at all. But he did have things to do. And anything would be a lot more fun than getting zapped by a laser. Zap! OUCH!

"So I guess you have job now where they're letting you work even though your… changing?" the technician asked as she zapped another spot.

Ouch! "I'm a handyman… uh… handy woman now," he replied. Ouch! "I work for myself doing whatever odd jobs I can. Mostly I do construction work and fix things." Ouch! It was very hard to think and talk when you're constantly being bombarded by little zaps to the face.

"That's cool," the woman said. "So you don't have to worry about being fired."

"No." Ouch! "Not since I work for myself."

"Is business good?" she asked as she zapped his chin again?"

Ouch! "For a while it was more than I could handle. But things have slowed way down right now."

"Is that…" she zapped him again… "because of your transition?"

"No. At least I don't think so. I hope not!" Ouch! "No, I think business is just slow right now. It gets that way sometimes. It seems to go in spells." Ouch!

"You should talk to the owner here. We've got a couple of things that need fixing that he doesn't seem to want to get around to."

Ouch! "Glad to," Candy replied. "And I can leave him one of my business cards. Candy Girl the Handy Girl."

The technician laughed. "Hold sill!" She zapped him again… then quickly zapped him one more time. "There. All done," she said. "See, that didn't hurt much at all."

"No, not much," Candy agreed. The truth though… it had hurt a lot more than they said it would!

The owner of the treatment center wasn't there when Candy left, but he did leave one of his cards at the desk. The staff seemed to get quite a kick out of seeing it.

After the laser treatment, he climbed back into his truck and headed home. Since he didn't have any paying jobs to work on, Janice had declared that the house needed a new front porch. And she wanted a roof over it. New steps. And a new sidewalk out to the driveway… why? The driveway was all dirt anyway! But Janice had said it would make the house much more welcoming. He supposed it would. And a roof over the entrance to the front door

would be really nice when it was raining… which it still did a lot. Fortunately, not as much as during the previous six months. It was officially the wettest year in history! Already!

So now he was heading back home to climb into his comfortable work clothes and start making a materials list. Since he didn't have anything better to do, he figured he would be spending quite a bit of time at the building supply store later. He nearly laughed. For the last few months, everyone there had always given him strange looks whenever he was there. Wait till they got a look at him now!

Ted Jacobs didn't know what went wrong. He had no idea at all. How had anyone found out about the heroin he had buried in his backyard? It had sat there for years untouched. In fact, the only time he had ever touched it was when he had grabbed one of those bricks and stuck it into Janice Stokley's car. But that too had been years ago now! So how had anyone caught on that the drugs were there?

He was screwed! Totally screwed! There was no way he could really deny it, his signature was all over the paperwork from the original drug bust where he had taken the drugs from in the first place. His life was basically over. He was only hoping that his service to the FBI would help him get a lighter jail sentence. It was the best outlook he had.

He looked up at the large mirror… where he was certain someone was watching from the other side. They had brought him up from the holding cell almost half an hour ago… and he had been just sitting and waiting ever since. He looked up as the door opened and his lawyer walked in. He wasn't sure if that was a good sign or not. So far, his lawyer hadn't seemed to do anything for him.

Before he could even speak to his lawyer, one of the Internal Affairs agents entered. He sat down at the table across from Jacobs. The lawyer remained standing. "We did some checking on the money we found with the drugs," the IA agent said.

Jacobs was suddenly lost. "Money? What money?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

"I didn't have any money out there! None!"

The agent shook his head. "It was there. All of it nicely wrapped with the bank wrappers still on them."

"Bank wrappers? But there was no money. Just the heroin."

"I'm afraid that's not what we found. The bag contained two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in wrapped bills, and three kilos of high grade heroin."

Jacobs was shocked! It was all he could do to keep from exclaiming, 'Only three kilos? What had happened to the rest of it?'

"A Miss Williams remembered you telling her recently that you had used one of them to frame another criminal. So I guess that would have made it four kilos."

"Monica?" Jacobs asked. He didn't remember ever telling Monica anything about the drugs. How would she have found out?

"Just a minute!" the lawyer interrupted. "I need to talk with my client privately for a few moments."

The IA agent was irritated, but he had done this many times before. He got up and left the room.

"I thought you told me there were ten kilos there!" the lawyer said.

"There were! But I used one of them to get a major criminal off the streets."

"So why are there only three? And you didn't mention stashing money there either!"

"There was no money! I never sold any of that junk!"

"But you were planning on it."

"Well, yeah, but not till I'm old and grey."

"So the money wasn't yours?"

Jacobs shook his head. "Not mine. I didn't put it there. And there should have been nine kilos in the bag."

"So someone found it and paid you for the drugs."

Jacobs just looked at his lawyer for a moment. "That's the dumbest thing I ever heard! Who the hell would do that?"

Candy parked his truck at the building supply store and got out. He had been in the place so often over the years that his mind often joked about it being his home away from home. But lately, he wasn't as comfortable going in there anymore. Lately, he was mostly embarrassed. He tried to tell himself that since he was now living the rest of his life as a woman, he had

better get used to being seen that way everywhere… including here. He had to try to act as comfortable as possible… even though he was anything but!

He walked through the familiar doors and all the way to the back of the store where the contractor's desk was. The desk was usually busy, especially early in the morning and late in the afternoon when most contractors stopped by to order materials to be delivered or to pick up things they needed. The rest of the day the desk was usually busy filling smaller orders for things the contractors needed right away. The desk wasn't all that busy when Candy took one of the stools lined up in front of the counter to wait for an available salesman, but all four salesmen were occupied and there were a few others ahead of him. It was often like that. He had already spent hours of his life sitting on one of those stools waiting to be helped.

As he was waiting, another contractor walked up and took the stool next to him. He glanced more than briefly at Candy and then looked away to see how long his wait would most likely be. But he was a contractor that Candy knew well. Candy had worked for the man many times in the past. "Mike?" Candy said.

Mike Clemmons turned towards the voice. "Do I know you?" he asked.

Candy smiled. "You used to. Roger Brinkley. Or what's left of him. I go by Candy now."

Mike's jaw dropped. "Roger?"

"Candy now, I'm afraid. I can't very well keep calling myself Roger when I look like this."

But Mike was still too much in shock to really process what Candy had said. "Damn!" he finally exclaimed.

"Yeah!" Candy replied with a nod. "That kind of sums it all up."

"Damn!" Mike exclaimed again. "I had heard you were going… funny. But I didn't expect to see you looking… like this!"

Candy felt his face turning red. "Well… I'm afraid I'm still a work in progress. I've only been on the hormones for about a month."

"Hormones!"

"Well, yeah," Candy replied. "I can't do this without them."

Mike shook his head. "I never figured you for one of those."

"Me either. But… well… here I am."

Mike shook his head again as he let his eyes take in Candy again… only all of him this time. "Funny thing is… you don't look half bad."

Candy felt his face growing red again. "Thanks," he replied shyly. "That means a lot."

"So what are you doing? I heard something about you going full time into the handyman business."

"Yeah. I'm trying to make a go of it." He quickly pulled his purse open and fished out one of his new business cards and passed it across to Mike. "Candy Girl the Handy Girl," he said.

Mike looked at the card. "So you're the one who put this on the bulletin board."

"It's on the board?" Candy asked. "Janice must have done that when she paid one of my bills."

"You can't miss it!" Mike said as he passed the card back to Candy. "The pink kind of stands out."

Candy was a bit disappointed that Mike had given him back the card. "So how's business?" he asked.

"Huh! Too good!" Mike grunted. "In fact, I had it in my mind to give you a call for a while there… that is until I heard you were… doing something different."

Candy was disappointed. "I fully understand," he replied.

"How's business for you?" Mike asked.

"It was great," Candy replied. "Too good in fact. But now that school's out and I can work full time at it, the jobs have kind of dried up."

Mike nodded knowingly. "That's usually the way it seems to work. Fortunately, I've got enough work right now to keep three crews working on different sites full time."

"Things really are going well for you!" Candy noted.

"Yeah," Mike replied. He stared at Candy for a moment. "It's a shame. I really could have used your help this year. I think you would have made a better foreman than some of the guys I've got now."

Candy was even more disappointed. "I… can't help that," he replied sadly.

"You going to try to get your contractor's license now?" Mike asked.

Candy shrugged. "Maybe. I don't know. Right now I just have to figure out how to get on with my life."

Mike nodded. "I won't even guess what that means."

They were spared any more conversation as the salesman came over and took Candy's large order.

"You're sure about that?" the Internal Affairs agent asked the caller on the other end of his phone. He listened for a moment. "Yeah. Okay," he replied before hanging up. He turned to his partner. "Every one of those bills that we found in Jacob's backyard was from a bank robbery in Mobile."

"In Mobile? How long ago?"

The first agent paused before breaking the bad news. "Back when Jacobs still worked out of the Mobile office."

His partner just whistled. Things were looking even worse now for Ted Jacobs. "I think we ought to talk to his partner again. See if Forsyth can give us any clue."

"Couldn't hurt," the first agent replied. "But I don't think it's going to yield anything."

The second agent could only agree.

Since the materials he ordered earlier weren't going to be delivered until late that afternoon, Candy was getting ready to get on the lawn mower to have a go at the weeds in the yard. He was just about to start the engine when he heard his cell phone ringing. He had to fish the damn thing out of his jeans pocket where he had put it… a task that was made difficult because of the way they had trimmed his fingernails… and the fact that his jeans were now fitting a lot tighter around the hips than they used to. "Hello?" he said as quickly as he could.

"Is this Candy?" the voice asked.

"Yes," Candy replied, hoping it would be a call for another job.

"You left your card here this morning after your laser treatments. You don't by any chance do any electrical work, do you?"

The card he had left that morning! "Yes, I do some," Candy replied.

“How about plumbing?” the voice asked next.

“I do some of that too,” Candy replied.

“Well the women here have been after me to get a few things fixed, and several of them rather pointedly gave me your business card.”

“I can be there in twenty minutes,” Candy replied. A job! The lawn tractor was left right where it was as he ran to grab his purse.

Sid Forsyth was simply depressed. It wasn’t easy finding out that your partner, that you had known and worked with and trusted with your life, was in reality… a crook! He still found that hard to believe. But the guys from IA had both confirmed that he had admitted stealing the heroin. And now they were asking about money!

“I don’t know,” he told them. I honestly don’t know! I’m still kind of floored by it all. It’s all just too hard for me to believe.”

“Yeah,” one of the IA agents replied. “To be honest, we’re all just as surprised.”

“Is there any chance I can talk to him?” Forsyth asked. “We’ve been together a long time. Dirty or not, he was still my partner.”

The two agents looked at each other for a moment. “Tell you what,” one of them said, “you talk to him for us this time, ask him specifically about both the money and the drugs. Then you give us the full report on everything when you’re done.”

Forsyth readily agreed to it, and half an hour later he was sitting in an interview room across from his best friend… and now ex–partner. “I still don’t believe it,” he said to Jacobs.

“Yeah, well….” Jacobs said sadly. “It was just that one time. I did something really stupid. You know how it goes. Sometimes things just get to you and you do something really dumb. I did something really dumb. And now I got to pay for it.”

“How much did you take?” Forsyth asked. “They wouldn’t tell me.”

“Ten kilos.”

“Ten! Wow! How much was in the whole bust to begin with?”

Jacobs shook his head. “I don’t remember the exact number, but it was a lot. Over a hundred I think.”

"So you took ten."

Jacobs shrugged. "My partner at the time was a rookie. Really green. We were way understaffed for the job and nobody even noticed. It was all a bit too easy."

"But ten kilos is still a lot!" Forsyth exclaimed.

"I had this idea that if worse came to worse, it would be kind of like an emergency retirement account if I ever needed it."

The problem with his statement was that Forsyth completely sympathized with him. They didn't exactly make a lot of money for the kind of job they did. "But you did sell some of it," Forsythe prompted. "What happened? You never mentioned that you needed money for anything."

Jacobs leaned forward. "That's just it! I didn't sell any of it. None! I had nine bricks of that stuff buried under the woodpile in my backyard."

"I thought you said you had ten," Forsyth noted.

"I put one of into Janice Stokley's car to get her off the streets!"

"You did that?"

Jacobs nodded. "And to this day, I still don't regret that one bit! The woman is a thief, a big one! She had to be stopped."

Forsyth shook his head. "But there's never been one shred of evidence!"

Jacobs leaned forward with a bit more excitement. "Well maybe there is now! They told me that all that money was from the Mobile robbery. Maybe she planted it in my backyard to frame me!"

Forsyth shook his head. "Not likely," he replied. "Besides, how would she have known you had those drugs in your yard to begin with… let alone where you put them?"

Jacobs didn't look as excited now. "I have no idea. But I'm betting she's the one behind it!"

Forsyth leaned forward and spoke quietly. "Right now, the guys in IA are trying to find ways to link you to that bank robbery in Mobile. The lab guys said the moisture content of the money meant that it had been buried for a long time." He leaned back, but his voice was just

as soft. “And Ted, Janice wasn’t the only one in Mobile at the time of that robbery. You were there as well.”

In any other circumstances, Candy might have been a bit annoyed, but today he was nothing but thrilled. The owner of the Laser Treatment center had only needed a light fixture replaced and a leaky faucet repaired. But before he was done with those, the store next to it asked him to come over and see if he could stop their toilet from running constantly… which meant another quick trip to the hardware store. And before he finished that, he got a request from two stores down the row to replace one of the fluorescent lights in their office that kept blinking on and off. Another quick trip to the hardware store. And he was nothing but thrilled over each trip! Business!

The best part though was that before he got done with that job, he had a request to see the manager of the entire strip mall. The guy who owned all of it! That little meeting had landed him a more permanent job – as the little malls permanent handyman… handy woman! Any little jobs that came up there, he would get called for to either handle himself, or recommend to the owner when a more qualified person should do it.

By the time he was away from there, he had to hurry home to make sure he would be there to receive all the building supplies he had ordered earlier. But as he was pulling into his driveway, he spotted a brown UPS truck sitting there. Once out of his own truck he found Janice and the UPS driver in the garage where Janice was just signing for the delivery of several very large boxes.

“Candy,” Janice said, sounding delighted to see him. “You’re just in time. We need your help bringing all these boxes into the living room.” She turned to the truck driver. “See you tomorrow,” she said to him.

Candy quickly discovered that Janice had no intention of helping him move the boxes… and neither did Carol. Fortunately, there were only four of them and the boxes weren’t quite as heavy as he feared. But still, they were heavy… and large… and difficult to maneuver. In fact, he was somewhat surprised that they gave him as much trouble as they did to move.

“I landed a major job a little while ago,” he told Janice proudly as he got the last box into the house.

“You did?” Janice asked, sounding very happy about it.

“Yeah. I went out to fix some stuff at one store, then another asked for my help, and by the time I got out of there, I had the handyman contract for the entire strip mall. Anytime they have a problem now they’ll call me first.”

"Now that sounds wonderfully promising," Janice replied, totally delighted with the situation. "Now will you please open one of these for me and give us a hand."

"What are they?" Candy asked.

"Boxes," Janice replied.

"No," Candy asked with a smile. "I mean, what's in the boxes?"

"Boxes," Janice replied matter–of–factly. "We're boxing up all these quilts and shipping them out. They're starting to get in the way and we have many more to make."

Shipping them out? Candy figured that would be a good thing. They were literally stacked all over the living room.

"Oh, and Candy," Janice added before he could do anything else, "Carol and I will be taking a little hiking trip tomorrow right after the boxes have been picked up. It's been a long time since we've had a nice vacation together. I suspect we'll be gone for four or five days."

Inwardly, Candy was ecstatic that Janice and Carol both would be away. And if they liked hiking more than anything else, that was just fine with him! "I hope you have a great trip," he told her sincerely… hoping that maybe she would extend her stay… permanently! Of course if they got eaten by a bear, he wouldn't mind that too much either.

What Janice hadn't told him, was that she was shipping all the quilts off because she had now hid all the money she had dug up so far in them. The hiking trip was in reality a chance for her and Carol to dig up more of her money.

"So what do we do about Stokley?" the IA agent asked. "Jacobs set her up… warranted or not. And from everything that both Forsyth and his boss Goodman has said, there's not one shred of proof that Stokley had anything at all to do with that robbery. Jacobs has simply been overly fixated on her for years."

"By rights, legal needs to contact her and make amends somehow. That's not our job."

"Has anyone passed this information on to legal yet?"

"Not that I know of."

"Would it look better if nobody did? If we just ignored it and left it be? The woman already spent her time in jail. Most likely she'd never hear about what Jacobs did. I'm sure it would save the company a boatload of money."

“I don’t know,” his partner replied. “It’s not right. But I do have to agree with you.”

“Why don’t we just leave that bit for a while? We can always claim that we thought someone else had passed the information on.”

“Not only that, but we’re still not done investigating here. The case isn’t closed until Jacobs is convicted.”

“Sounds like a good plan to me,” the other agent replied.

In another part of the building, Agent Sid Forsyth was contemplating the case against Jacobs too. Only for a different reason. It was the one thing that he had discussed with his former partner that he had withheld from the IA guys. The one thing that he had grave misgivings about doing… that he had wound up promising Ted that he would do for him anyway. He had promised to go out and have one more talk with Roger Brinkley. Even though he was more than sure that the guy wouldn’t tell him anything more than he already had – which so far amounted to a total nothing!

Chapter 64.

"Are you coming?"

"Of course," Candy replied to Jessica's question. There was no doubt though that the doctor had sounded very half–hearted when she suggested it.

"Great," Jessica replied. "We'll just have dinner or something and we can talk then. In fact, if you don't mind, maybe we can do this every Friday evening. That is, if you're not busy. You know I'll go out of my way to take care of you anytime you want. But since you don't have any other therapist… and I know you won't ever have one, then I'm going to try to do my best to fulfill that position too. The once a week sessions should be a big help to you."

"I'm sure they will," Candy replied. And Candy knew all too well that the doctor had the most trouble staying out of the casinos on Fridays. It was the result of Janice's conditioning on the woman. "It all sounds fine with me," Candy replied. "I guess you're using me to help you get past your gambling urge?"

It was a moment before the doctor could reply. "Kind of. My own therapist suggested that I find something to do every Friday since that seems to be my worst day."

"Then I'll be more than glad to help. You know I enjoy spending the time with you anyway."

"If you don't count last week," Jessica replied.

"Well… last week was somewhat of a disaster."

"I'm so sorry about that," Jessica told him.

"No, I'm the one who's sorry. In more ways than you can imagine."

Jessica was silent about that for a moment. "I'm sure," she replied. "I can't imagine what you're going through with this… and anything else that she's done to you."

"Like I told you before, right now, I'm just trying to figure out how to live the rest of my life like this. I'm just doing the best I can."

"I know Candy. Forgive me for feeling sorry for you… but at the same time, I'm rather impressed with the way you're handling everything. I don't think I could have done that."

Candy grunted. "I just do what I have to do. It's all I have."

"I suppose so. See you tomorrow?"

"I look forward to it," Candy replied. He hung up the phone. It looked like he now had an appointment for every Friday evening with Jessica… his doctor …and now his therapist. And he had another appointment every Tuesday morning for his laser treatments. If things kept on like that, his schedule was going to get awfully busy. He laughed. Busy? Sure. Working for himself now, he basically had all the time in the world.

As the evening shadows fell and the world outside his living room grew darker, he stuck yet another needle carefully into the quilt material to hold the pieces together. Making a quilt was nothing at all like building anything else. He found it tiresome, frustrating, and more than a little difficult. And as much as he used power tools that were extremely dangerous, he was still somewhat intimidated by Janice's sewing machine. But at the same time, he also found that he was rather enjoying the constant pattern changes of the material. It was all… very pleasing. He had already finished the first quilt for his room, and now he was in the middle of his second one.

The headlights turning into his driveway surprised him. Who would be coming to the house now? And worse, he only had a set of temporary steps going up to the front door because of the new porch he was building. And whoever was out there would have to climb over half his construction materials just to get to the steps!

He put the quilt down and hurried to the door… and was both surprised and irritated to see Agent Forsyth trying to climb over a pile of his boards. The command to protect Janice was immediately coursing through his head. "There's nothing I can help you with," he said as soon as he opened the front door.

"Yeah," Forsyth said, doing his best to take in Brinkley's new appearance. He was more than a bit shocked at how feminine the guy now looked. "I have no doubt that's pretty much the case. Can I come in anyway?"

"I'd rather you didn't," Candy replied testily.

Forsyth only nodded. "That's okay," he replied. He knew this was going to be a wasted trip. "Look," he said.

"Oh hell!" Candy exclaimed. "Come on in for a minute. We're letting the damn mosquitos in."

"Thanks," Forsyth replied as he mounted the steps and climbed into the house. He looked around. The place looked far different on the inside than he expected it would. "Nice place!" he said. "My wife would love this."

"Janice takes good care of it for me," Candy told him.

"It looks like it," Forsyth said, still looking around. He didn't see any sign of the dog that Jacobs had told him about. He saw the sewing center all set up in the living room. "Looks like somebody does some sewing," he noted.

"I'm making a quilt!" Candy told him with more than a hint of irritation since he wasn't happy that Forsyth was there at all. Then he thought better of his attitude. The least he could do was to be a bit a little more polite… whether he liked the fact that the man was there or not. As much as he really wanted to tell Forsyth what was really going on, actually doing it was out of the question. He tried his best to sound a bit nicer. "Do you want to see?" Not waiting for an answer, he walked over to the sewing table and stretched out the quilt he was working on.

"Nice," Forsyth noted. "I think you've surprised me again. I didn't take you for the type that was into sewing."

"Did you take me for the type that would be changing my sex either?"

Forsyth just looked at him for a moment. "Touché," he replied.

"So what did you come all the way out here for this time?" Candy asked.

Instead of answering his question, Forsyth looked around again. "Is Mrs. Stokley here?" he asked.

Candy shook his head. "Sorry, she and her daughter have gone off on a little trip. I'm afraid they're going to be gone a few days."

"Oh," Forsyth replied.

"And if you're thinking of coming back," Candy continued, "I doubt that she'll want to see you."

"Huh!" Forsyth grunted. "I know she won't. But actually, I'm here to see you again instead."

"Me? You already know there's nothing I can tell you."

"Yeah, I know that, but I'm here to try anyway."

"Why bother?" Candy asked.

Forsyth took a deep breath before replying. "Because a friend of mine is in trouble."

“So?”

“So he’s a real good friend.”

“Okay. And what does that have to do with me?”

“He asked me to check with you one more time. He wanted me to plead with you to try and come up with something that might help.”

“Me?” Candy asked, totally surprised.

“Look, Mr. Brinkley…”

“It’s Miss Brinkley now,” Candy told him. “Candy Brinkley. Soon to be completely official… as soon as I get the court date.”

“Uh… okay… Miss Brinkley. Look, you remember my partner, Ted Jacobs?”

“How could I forget? The damn guy wasn’t exactly nice!”

“No, I’m sure you thought that. But he was damn good at his job!”

“Is he the friend who’s in trouble?”

Forsyth nodded. “Yeah. Big trouble.”

Candy shook his head. “I’m not sure if I should be glad about that or not. As I said, the guy wasn’t exactly nice to me.”

“I know, but hear me out.”

Candy shook his head. “Go for it.”

“I promised Ted that I’d ask again if you knew anything at all about Janice and a lot of money.”

“Haven’t we been all through this before?” Candy asked.

Forsyth nodded. “Yeah, several times in fact. But very often more information comes out when we keep going back and checking multiple times.”

“You mean when you hound your victim.”

"I don't like to think of it like that."

"Well that's what you're doing! And not just me, but my friends as well. Think about someone in my position. I'm going through a major life change here. Alienating the only good friends I have doesn't exactly help me."

"I'm sure, and I'm sorry about that. And if it's any help, I can assure you that we won't be talking to them again."

Candy just shook his head, disgusted with the whole situation. "So why is your partner in such hot water?"

"He did something really bad. Crossed way over the line. But he admits that completely. But the funny part of it all is the money. Look, he admits he framed your housekeeper, Janice Stokley. He admits that freely. But somehow, he had these drugs, and then most of them were suddenly gone. And in their place was a pile of money. Money straight from one of the banks that my partner is convinced that Stokley had robbed."

Candy was suddenly going crazy trying to put all those pieces together. "So Janice didn't do it?" he exclaimed. "She always insisted she didn't do it and that she's never had anything at all to do with drugs. Ever! And you know what, from everything I've seen, I totally believe her!"

Forsyth nodded. "Yeah, it looks like she had nothing at all to do with the drugs, but the money is still another matter. And quite frankly… uh… Miss Brinkley, both my partner and I think you're holding out on us. We both think you know more than you're saying."

Candy's mouth hung open – as 'protect Janice' raced through his mind again… along with an image of money he himself had pulled out of a bag on his kitchen table… and gotten his blood all over. Protect Janice! And himself! This time when he spoke, his voice was no longer his Candy voice… even though it didn't sound quite like his old Roger voice either. But there was more than a hint of harshness in what he said. "Agent Forsyth… I've told you everything I can! I've been patient and had to put up with you and your partner over and over again – including in school where it didn't exactly help my position there one bit. There's nothing I can tell you about any money at all! Janice works as my housekeeper, and I know she'd much rather be somewhere else… doing something else. Now get out of my house and leave me alone!"

Forsyth only nodded sadly and headed for the door. He reached into his pocket before he left and automatically pulled out one of his business cards. He turned back to Brinkley. "Here," he said. "Just in case you ever change your mind."

Candy looked at the card in his hand. “No thank you,” he said testily. “Besides, I think I’ve already got one somewhere.”

Forsyth nodded and headed outside, carefully climbing down the steps and stepping over the construction. As Candy watched his car backing out of the driveway, his thoughts turned to the business card that was still stuck somewhere in his wallet. Why had he kept it? He only knew that he wasn’t willing to throw it out yet.

Candy’s first order of business on Friday morning was to phone Stan. He punched the number into his cell phone and waited.

“Hello?” Stan’s voice finally answered.

“Are you up for some fishing tomorrow?” Candy asked brightly. He waited, but he got no reply. “Stan?” he asked after a few moments. “Are you still there?”

“Yeah, I’m here.” Stan replied half–heartedly.

“So… are you up for some fishing?”

“I guess that depends,” Stan replied.

“On?”

“Are you going to fish, or are you going to be more interested in makeup and stuff?”

“Stan…”

“Look man, I don’t even know who you are anymore!”

“I’m still me… just in a different form.”

“Shit man, you’re starting to act all… girly!”

“Stan… I don’t have much choice in the matter. That’s going to be my new life. It is my new life now.”

“Shit!” Stan replied.

“Stan,” Candy said, “you’ve been my best friend for a long time. I don’t want to lose you.”

“But I’ve already lost you!”

"In what way?"

"Shit! You're not a fucking man anymore! I can't look at you and talk about… guy stuff with you anymore!"

"Why not?"

"Have you looked at yourself in a mirror lately?"

"Every day, Stan. Every day."

"Well I can't very well talk about some of the things we used to talk about. I can't very well treat you like I used to anymore."

"What the heck are you talking about? Why not?"

"You know what I mean. You know perfectly well that we both used to deal with women different than with another guy… and I'm not certain yet if you qualify as a woman or a guy. Well, certainly not a guy anymore. That much is for sure."

The problem was, that Candy did know now what Stan was talking about. "Stan… I don't know what to say. I'm changing. I'm going to be a woman for the rest of my life."

"Shit!"

Candy waited a moment, but Stan didn't say anything else. "Stan," he said, then waited a moment again. Still no reply. "Stan, I still want to be your friend. I still value you as my friend too much to lose you… if I can help it. We've both been through a lot together. I can't tell you how much I appreciated your support in the past."

"Shit!" Stan muttered again, but softly.

At least Candy knew he was listening, but the thought that he might be losing his best friend was starting to get to him. "I understand if you don't want to be around me anymore. I hate it like you wouldn't believe, but I understand. And I can't tell you how much it hurts me right now just to think that you don't want to be my friend anymore." As he said it, he felt himself getting quickly over emotional again and his eyes started tearing up. His voice now betraying the hurt, he continued. "I hate that so much. But I have to understand if you can't accept me for the new me that I'm becoming."

His voice clearly showed that he was now crying openly. "You've been my best friend Stan. I've always been able to count on you. But… like I said, if you can't accept who I am now,

then I have to accept that and move on. I don't want to make things worse between us than they are right now."

His emotional level hit the point where he couldn't continue. "I can't talk now Stan. I'm sorry. So, so sorry! Bye!" He quickly hung up the phone. With the tears streaming from his eyes, he ran to his bedroom and buried his face in his pillow. He had just lost his best friend in the world. Stan couldn't accept who he was now. It hurt. It hurt bad! But he had no choice but to accept that.

His phone rang and he ignored it. He couldn't talk to anyone in the condition he was in. It would be too embarrassing. Thankfully, the ringing stopped. But two minutes later, it started again. Frustrated, he picked it up and looked to see who was calling… Stan! "Hello?" he said tentatively, his voice still overly thick with emotion.

"Shit!" said Stan softly. "See, this is what I'm talking about. What am I supposed to do with you if you start crying on me somewhere?"

Candy tried to laugh, but wasn't successful. "Ignore me. Just walk away and ignore me for a while. I'll get over it eventually."

"Huh! Easier said than done sometimes"

"Yeah, I know. But I'm telling you that's all you have to do. Just ignore me."

Stan didn't reply to that. After a moment he said, "You better not ask me to ever bait your hook for you or even to remove a fish from your line if you catch anything!"

This time Candy's forced laugh was a bit more successful. "I think we can safely call that a deal."

"Can you promise you won't break down and cry on me again?"

"I wish!" Candy replied. "I'd like to promise it, but right now these hormones are doing a major number on me. My emotions are almost impossible to control."

"Shit!" Stan muttered again. "I guess since you think you're a woman now that you expect me to pick you up tomorrow?"

"Either way," Candy replied. "If you like, I'll be more than glad to pick you up instead."

"No, better not. I'll come get you. I'd feel funny riding around with the woman doing the driving… even if that someone is you!"

This time, Candy's laugh was more genuine.

A short while later, Candy was outside getting ready to work on the front of his house. One of the best things about Janice and Carol being away was that with them gone, he didn't need to get "tied" into his corset every day. He was consequently enjoying being without it. He was just getting ready to get his sledge hammer to start demolishing the old cement porch when his phone rang again. Getting the phone out of his jeans pocket was getting to be more and more difficult. "Hello?"

"Hey Candy," Jennifer's voice replied.

"Hi Jenn," Candy said. "What's happening?"

"I was just wondering what you were doing this morning?"

"Working on my house," Candy replied.

"Again?"

"I'm building a new entryway," Roger replied.

"Finally!" Jennifer exclaimed.

"I take it that you think my house needs it?"

"Only a lot!"

"Gee thanks! Well, I'm finally getting to it. Why?"

"Um…" Jennifer was silent for a moment. "Candy," she started again. "Stan called me a few minutes ago. He said you were crying."

"Yeah, well, I seem to do that a lot now. I thought he didn't want to see me anymore and it just kind of got to me."

"Yeah," she replied. "He said it's more than a bit confusing for him."

"I guess it would be."

"Candy, since you're going to be home, do you mind if I stop by for a little bit?"

"Sounds great to me," Candy replied. "Anytime."

"Good. See you in a few!"

Candy stuffed his phone back into his jeans pocket and entered his workshop. His sledge hammer was in a pile of other things leaning against one of the corners. He had to move a few things out of the way to grab it. But when he picked it up, he was more than a bit surprised at the weight of the thing. He didn't remember it being so heavy.

He carried the heavy hammer out to the front of his house and surveyed where he wanted to start with it. Bracing himself for a task that he knew was going to be a lot of difficult work, he swung the hammer up, and brought it down. Ugh! Damn the thing was heavy! He did it again… the cement cracked, but it didn't break as much as he expected it to. He swung again. The cement broke more, but it still wasn't as much as he expected. After five more swings, he had to stop for a rest. The hammer was a lot more work than he remembered it being. But in the back of his mind, a more troubling thought started to take root. Were the hormones now taking away his body strength? It was another crushing blow to his manhood. But unfortunately, he knew it would be starting soon. He picked the hammer up and attacked the cement again, fortunately with slightly better results.

Half an hour later, Candy's arms and shoulders were aching as he looked up to see Jennifer's car pulling into the driveway. He gladly dropped the sledge hammer on the ground and walked toward her car. "Good morning," he greeted her brightly as she got out.

"Morning, Candy," Jennifer replied. She looked around at the large construction area. "Wow, you're doing a lot!"

"New porch – bigger porch! Roof over it. New steps. And a sidewalk.

"You're not going to pave the driveway?"

"Um… right now I'm not planning on it."

"You should," she told him. "I hate getting my car all dirty every time I come here."

"It's too expensive," Candy told her. "I'm not even sure I can afford to do this right now."

"But you're building it anyway?"

"I've got nothing better to do. Business is slow right now."

"Sorry to hear that," she replied. She looked at him. "Um… Candy?"

"Yeah?"

But Jennifer just looked at him for a few moments.

“You have a problem with me too?” Candy asked softly.

“No… and yes,” Jennifer admitted.

Candy sighed. “This seems to be my day for it.”

“Sorry,” Jennifer replied.

Candy looked around. “I know we’re in the middle of nowhere here, but why don’t we go inside. That way if I start bawling again at least no one will see.”

Jennifer’s wry smile told him that she thought it was a good idea. Candy led the way through his mess and into the house.

“It sure looks good in here,” Jennifer noted. “Janice does a nice job with the place.”

“It’s part of the reason I’m starting on the outside now.”

Jennifer spotted the quilt on the sewing table. “She’s making a quilt?”

“Actually, that’s one that I’m making. Janice is teaching me. She and Carol have been making tons of them for charity. I’m kind of just learning now.”

Jennifer walked over and ran her hand over the colorful fabric. “Nice,” she exclaimed. “Very nice. I didn’t know you were interested in doing anything like this.”

Candy just shrugged. “Why not? Everything else I seem to do is awfully masculine. And to tell the truth I’m kind of enjoying it. I can’t tell you how different all the colors and patterns in things look to me lately. It’s like I’m seeing life with a whole new set of eyes.”

Jennifer looked at him. “I guess you are.”

Candy only nodded. “Coffee?” he asked. “There’s still some left from when I made it earlier.”

“Sure,” Jennifer replied, “but where’s Janice?”

“Hiking! She and Carol went off on kind of a mini vacation to wander in the woods somewhere. To each their own.”

“Yeah, well you like fishing. Hiking sounds better to me.”

Candy chuckled. “Not me!”

“Yeah, you and Stan have always had that in common.”

Candy poured both of them some coffee and they took it to the table to sit. “So what about me is bothering you?”

Jennifer shook her head. “What about you isn’t bothering me?”

Candy sighed. “This really is my day for it! I had just thought that you had accepted it and you were happy for me… based on the way you acted in the beauty parlor and at school the next day.

She looked at him for a moment. “I am… sort of. It’s just hard not seeing the old you anymore. I was more than a bit hung up on you.”

“But not enough to keep me,” he stated.

“No. I couldn’t.” She took a sip of her coffee as she considered where to start. “Candy…” She looked up at him. To her it looked like he was expecting the worst. Maybe that was a good thing. “You know that Stan and I are… an item now, don’t you?”

Candy rolled his eyes. “How could I miss it? I don’t know what he’s got that I didn’t, but I guess it doesn’t matter now anyway.”

“He’s got nothing that you didn’t have! In fact, I liked you better in a lot of ways!”

“But in the end, you dropped me and wound up with him instead.”

“I had my reasons,” Jennifer replied.

“That you won’t tell me about,” Candy stated.

The two of them looked at each other for a moment. Jennifer looked away and sipped her coffee. When she looked back up at him, he was still staring at her expectantly. “Candy,” she said finally. “I need to know… how do you feel about Stan?”

Candy was very surprised by the question. “He’s my best friend!”

“No, that’s not what I mean. How do you feel about him… sexually?”

“Sexually?”

"Damn it Candy! He's a man. A good man! A fine looking man! And now you're changing your entire sex to be a woman. So how the hell do you fell about him… as a woman would feel about a man?"

It was a moment before Candy could even grasp that concept. "I never thought about it. Honestly, I've never ever thought about it. In fact, to be honest, I've never even considered another man sexually."

"But you're still turning yourself into a woman?"

"Yeah. It's complicated. Sex with someone really has nothing to do with it."

She looked at him for a moment. "I guess that makes some sense. More so than I thought it would. And I guess it means that you're doing this for all the right reasons and not just to get some guy."

"Like Stan?"

"I guess," Jennifer replied. "But to be honest, any guy."

"Like Stan," Candy said again.

Jennifer finally nodded. "Like Stan," she agreed.

Candy took a sip of his coffee. "Are you going to marry him?"

Jennifer shook her head. "Don't ask me that!"

"Has he asked you yet?"

"No!" she exclaimed quickly.

Candy was surprised by the way she had replied. "Do you want him to?"

This time her reply was a bit less enthusiastic. "Like I said, don't ask me."

The two of them sipped at their coffee, neither one of them looking at the other. Jennifer stared into her coffee cup and finally asked. "Do you… still like women?"

Candy's eyes went wide as he looked up at her, but she was still purposely looking down into her cup. "You mean… sexually?"

She only nodded.

Candy let out a big breath. “Do I still like women sexually? Yeah, a bit too much still.”

Jennifer’s eyes came up questioningly. “Too much?”

“It’s kind of a problem for me.”

“She nodded. “You think you have to like men now instead, yet you’re still attracted to women.”

“Not quite, but it’s been worrying me,” Candy replied. “Let’s just say I’d feel better if I wasn’t so attracted to women right now.”

“Are you feeling any attraction to men yet? At all?”

Candy shook his head. “None. Not yet. But…”

“But?”

“I don’t know. More and more lately, I find myself wondering about it.”

Jennifer just looked at him. She watched as he took another sip from his coffee, then he looked back at her. The two of them sat silently like that for a few moments. “I won’t marry Stan if he asks me,” she finally said. “But please don’t tell him that. Please!”

Candy was surprised. “You won’t?”

“No. For the same reason I broke up with you… before you could ask me to marry you, which I was worried you were going to do.”

Candy thought about that for a moment. “I guess that makes sense.”

Jennifer looked down into what little remained of her coffee. She purposely didn’t look up as she asked. “Candy, would you be interested in making love to another woman?”

Candy was shocked by the question. “I’m not sure what you’re asking. Are you asking about me going to bed with another…”

“Me!” Jennifer stated. “I’m asking, if you would ever consider going to bed with me again. You… as Candy… and me!”

Candy could barely breathe… let alone reply. All he could do was stare back as he tried to find an answer.

"I never told you why I broke up with you," Jennifer finally said when she didn't get a reply.

"You would never say," Candy managed to get out.

It as a moment before Jennifer could speak. "Candy, if I had stayed with you, I wouldn't have been fair with you at all."

"Huh? In what way?"

Jennifer had to pause for a moment to find the courage to reply. "Candy, I'm… I guess you would call it… bisexual. Yes, I need a man to make me feel good. Oh God, believe me I need to feel that! But at the same time, I crave a woman's touch as well."

Candy's jaw simply dropped open. "I never had a clue," he replied.

"You weren't supposed to. I hid it. I've always hid it."

"Have you ever…" Candy started to ask.

"Yeah. More often than you would believe. I go a couple of times a month to a club in Atlanta where I can find… the kind of companionship I have to have once in a while."

"I never suspected," Candy breathed, still trying to take it in.

"And I never suspected you wanted to be a woman," Jennifer replied.

Candy would have replied, but there was no good answer. The two of them stared silently at each other for a moment. "You won't tell Stan, will you?"

Candy shook his head. "No. Stan is my friend. I'd still like to think of him as my best friend, but I think that title is going to have to take some work again. But still, as my friend, I should tell him. But I think of you as my friend too. Even though you dumped me, you're still my friend. And because of that, I won't tell him."

Jennifer breathed a sigh of relief. She reached her hand across the table and grasped his hand. "Thank you," she replied. "Thank you. I really don't want this to get out."

Candy only nodded.

"So… would you?" Jennifer asked again, her hands still grasping his.

"Would I?" Candy asked, not sure what she wanted.

"Go to bed with me. Make love to me… woman… to woman."

Candy's face clouded over as he thought about the disaster last week had been with Jessica. "I'd love to… but I can't," he replied.

She nodded, then remembered something and shook her head. "I don't mean like you think. I guess your… man parts aren't working anymore from the hormones, but I'm not interested in that part of you this time. We could still do it… like women."

But all Candy could think about was the painful cold he had endured last week. "I don't think I'm ready for that yet," he replied. "Maybe someday. But right now I have enough to try to figure out. I don't need to add sex to the top of the list."

"Are you sure? I can show you how you can feel… absolutely incredible!" Jennifer urged.

Candy shook his head. "As much as I'd really like that, I better not." He was only grateful that there was no sign at all of that frigid cold in his groin just then. He didn't know why that was, but he was grateful. "Maybe… someday," he added as he thought about the fact that because of what Janice had done to him, he would be seeking out sexual reassignment surgery as soon as possible. Maybe then he could enjoy… some kind of sexual relationship with a woman again.

Jennifer was clearly disappointed. "Okay," she replied softly, looking away. She got up from the table. "I better go then," she added as she threw her purse over her shoulder.

Still sitting, Candy reached out and grabbed her arm as she started to walk past. "Will you still be my friend?" he asked.

She smiled. "Of course. Besides, maybe someday you'll change your mind."

"Maybe someday," Candy replied, thinking again about the surgery.

Jennifer started to pull away, but stopped. "Candy, is there any chance you would ever consider… a threesome? You, me, and a man?"

Candy's eyes went wide and his jaw dropped open again.

Jennifer came over and hugged his head since he was still sitting down. "Think about it for me sometime. Will you?"

Late Friday afternoon, Doctor Jessica Parker sat and thought about Candy Brinkley… and gambling. She was tempted to flip a coin. Heads she stayed and talked to Candy, tails she

headed for the casinos. Her heart told her she wanted tails, but her head told her to not try flipping the coin… in case it landed tails.

Last week had been nothing but a horrible disaster with Candy. All she wanted to do was to get him into bed – just once! It wasn't like he was married or anything. But that woman… Janice… she had ruined that for her too. But how much worse was it for Candy? He had to actually live with the problem… day in and day out. No way to relieve his sexual tension. No chance at all. She also knew quite well how a man's sexual drive could get the better of his reasoning. All anyone had to do was to look at her ex–husband for that fact!

Bottom line? Janice had pretty much destroyed Candy sexually – as a man. Unless of course Candy was homosexual, which in his case he definitely was not. Janice had rendered Candy sexually useless – as a man. In fact, she had rendered him not a man at all! And what she had done to him was such a waste of a good man. Unlike her former husband.

She briefly toyed with the fact that she would like to see her ex–husband afflicted the way Candy was! It would serve him right – the jerk! The best thing about her ex–husband now, was that she hadn't even heard from him in years! Not even for him to contact his own kids! He had claimed that her gambling had driven him away. Ha! His wandering habits had driven her to gamble!

Her phone buzzed, interrupting her thoughts. "Yes?" she said as she pressed the button on her desk phone.

"Candy Brinkley is here Doctor," the voice said.

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm on my way." She hurried out to the reception area, and paused the moment she saw him. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "You look great! I hadn't expected that."

Candy looked down at the dress he was wearing. "Thanks! I hope this is okay. I just didn't know what to wear. I've got only a few pairs of decent slacks. The rest are either shorts or my work clothes, and I didn't think my work clothes would be appropriate."

"I wasn't talking about just your dress," Jessica said, "although it's very nice. Your hair and everything else looks really good. You look great Candy. Really great!"

Candy felt himself blushing a bit. "Thanks," he replied, feeling very pleased by the compliment.

"What have you got there?" the Doctor asked, seeing the large blanket in his arms.

Candy held up the quilt. “I made this for you,” he replied. “It’s only my second one so far so it’s not perfect, but I think it turned out pretty good.”

“For me?” Jessica replied as she took the quilt from him.

“Well, I’m grateful for everything you’re helping me with and…” he lowered his voice, “I’m really sorry about last week.”

“No. I’m the one who’s sorry, Candy. Believe me.” She let the folds out of the quilt so she could see it better. “It’s beautiful, Candy. I’m really impressed. And for once it’s something you’ve done that I think is very feminine.”

“I’m trying,” Candy told her. He didn’t tell her that he had no choice in the matter of making it. Since he had finished his first quilt for his bed, Janice had told him that he would be making as many as he could now for her disaster relief business. He wasn’t going to tell Janice that he was giving this one away though.

Jessica folded the quilt up and looked Candy over again. “I guess we’re going to have to spend a few minutes at my house before we can go out to eat,” she said. “There’s no way I’m going anywhere and there’s even half a chance that I’ll look second–rate next to you.”

Candy laughed.

“Don’t laugh,” Jessica said as she started back toward her office. “I’m serious! You look that good! Totally different!”

It was thirty minutes before they got back to her house. Then Candy had to wait another forty minutes while Jessica got dressed herself. And when she came out, Candy was afraid he was going to have another problem with the cold invading his cock. Fortunately, there was no reaction down there at all. They both got into her car and she drove them out to a different restaurant that he hadn’t been to before. “Are we going to be able to talk in here?” Candy asked, seeing all the cars in the parking lot.

“I’m not worried about it,” Jessica replied. “Besides, with as much trouble as we both went to getting dressed, we may as well show off a little.”

Candy was clearly hesitant about that. “Um… are you sure?”

“Candy,” Jessica replied. “Don’t worry about it. The way you look now, unless somebody really looks at you, they’ll never know! Trust me!”

Candy said nothing, but followed her inside. They had to wait a little while for a booth, but eventually they were seated and the waitress left to find them both a cup of coffee.

“I noticed that your voice is sounding better now,” Jessica noted.

“It is? I wasn’t sure,” Candy replied. “But I kind of thought so myself. I guess not using my old voice for school anymore is forcing me to get better with it.”

“The hormones are helping some too,” Jessica told him. “You’re on a stronger dose now so you should be seeing some of the changes a bit faster.”

Candy nodded. “I thought I would, but to tell the truth, I’m not really seeing anything happening faster.” He lowered his voice. “But my boobs still hurt terribly!”

Jessica couldn’t help but giggle. “Get used to it. They’re going to be growing for a long time.”

Candy only rolled his eyes to that.

“I really like that quilt you made me,” Jessica said. “That was such a surprise. So sweet.”

“Thanks,” Candy replied. “I know it’s a bit warm for something like that right now, but at least you’ll have it when the weather turns cooler.”

Jessica reached down into her purse. “I have something for you too,” she said. She laid an envelope on the table and pushed it across to him.

“What is it?” Candy asked, picking it up.

“Something that a psychologist would have given to you… if you had a decent psychologist. Basically, it’s just a doctor’s letter that states you’re in the process of transitioning in case anyone needs further proof.”

Candy read the letter briefly. “Thanks,” he said. “I’ve read about these letters on the internet. I think I feel more official now.”

Jessica smiled. “I don’t think you can get more official about it since you have absolutely no choice at all.”

Candy nodded and stuck the letter in his purse.

Jessica stared across the table at him. “Well, I guess I don’t need to ask what else is new,” she said. “Your hair came out great. And I like the earrings. Although… um… it looks like you had your nails done to but… the color is chipping off already.”

"Yeah," Candy replied looking at his nails. "It's the construction work. It really seems to be hell on my nails. I don't think I'll be getting any more manicures for a while."

"No," Jessica replied, "wrong attitude! That's when you need to pay more attention to your nails. When they get messed up, then you have to learn to take care of them. No woman wants ugly nails, Candy. You might want to remember that."

Candy let that sink in, and then nodded. "If I did that though, I'd wind up having to do something with them every night."

"Then you work on them every night. It's as simple as that. It may have to be part of your daily beauty regime."

"I don't have a daily beauty regime."

"Then it's time you started one… starting with your nails."

Their coffee arrived and they ordered their meals. When the waitress had left, they discussed things that Jessica thought he should be doing to take care of himself every day now.

It wasn't until their dinners had been delivered to the table that she finally got to the subject she had wanted to talk with him about the most. "Candy," she said, "about last week."

"Yeah. Sorry about that," Candy apologized again.

"No, that's not what I mean. You said that… she… fixed it so that you feel that intense cold anytime you get sexually aroused by a woman?"

"Yeah," Candy replied softly. "A woman or a girl. It was really bad there for a while… especially in school, but… I guess my body kind of learned… or compensated or something. Because last week was the worst I've ever felt it."

She tried to smile. "I guess I should feel flattered then."

He nodded. "Sorry," he said again. Then he laughed a bit. "This is certainly my week for sexual discussions!" he noted.

"What do you mean?"

"I went for months without the subject even coming up – fortunately. Then last week at your house it became a problem. Then I had another discussion about the subject when Jennifer visited me this morning. And now we're talking about it again."

"Jennifer talked to you about sex?" the doctor asked.

"Actually, she tried to get me into bed… kind of woman to woman. And then before she left, she asked me to consider a threesome with a man."

Jessica's eyes went wide. "Did you… go to bed with her?"

"No! You know I can't."

"What did you tell her?"

"Only that it's not something I can do right now."

She nodded and paused before asking. "And what did you tell her about the threesome thing?"

"I didn't tell her anything. She left right after that."

"So… how do you feel about sex with men?" the Doctor asked.

Candy wanted to rub her hands all through her hair in frustration at the question, but she didn't because she didn't want to mess her hairdo up. "The truth? Mostly, I'm against it."

"You said… mostly."

"Yeah. That's just it. It's just that lately… well… I guess because it's been so long for me now… and because I can't think about women that way anymore… and probably mostly because of what I'm becoming and will be eventually, but… every once in a while now, I can't help but wonder what it will be like to have sex with a man."

"You said… what it will be like," the Doctor noted. Does that mean you're considering it?"

Candy blushed. "Not really. It's just that… someday I'm going to have no choice but to get the operation. And after that, well… isn't it only natural that I might have sex with a man someday?"

"Yes it is. Perfectly natural. And there's nothing at all wrong with it. There's also nothing at all wrong with thinking about it now."

Candy shook his head. "It's not that easy. It's still wrong to me right now."

The Doctor waited a moment before she pressed the issue again. "Candy, I've done a lot of thinking about just this subject all week. No matter how you look at it, it's still going to be a

couple of years before you can get your surgery. Well, there are options where you can get it a little faster, but basically we're talking a long time. Do you want to go that long and not experience any kind of sexual relationship at all?"

"If I have to," Candy replied. "I'm not going to jump in the sack with another man right now under any circumstances. No matter what weird things sometimes go through my head. The idea is simply repulsive."

Jessica was a little disappointed to hear him say it that way. She had hoped he might be more receptive to it after some of the things he had just said. "Candy, for the next week, I'd like you to think about that some more. I'd like you to seriously think about having sex with a man someday… and try to picture yourself enjoying it. Please! That's the assignment I'm giving you for next week. Just think about it and try to imagine yourself enjoying it. Okay?"

"What, are you trying to turn me into a homosexual or something?"

"In what way is a sexual relationship between a man and a woman, homosexual?"

Candy shook his head. "I'm not interested," he said again. "There isn't anything at all that I find sexy or even beautiful about a man's body!"

"I'm afraid that you and I have differing opinions about that. Think about it! Imagine yourself as a woman… in bed with a man… and enjoying it! Just do it!"

Candy just looked at her and shook his head.

"Every day!" Jessica added.

Candy stared across the table at her. She was asking him to do something that he found repulsive. But was it repulsive? And would it still be repulsive when he actually had the operation and became a woman? He was a long way from that point yet. He supposed by then he would have a far different outlook on life. Finally he nodded his head. "I'll try," he replied.

"Good!" she said. "Trust me, it's for the best."

He tried to smile. "You and I may have differing opinions about that too!"

Chapter 65.

It felt good to be fishing with Stan again, although a knot remained in Candy's stomach that refused to go away. He was sure his anxiety was due to his worry over Stan remaining his friend… and what kind of friends they would still be. So far, Stan had been unusually quiet all day, and since he didn't want to push the issue, little had been said between them.

There was a distinct tug on his line and he pulled back quickly on the tip of his rod. "Got one!" he declared as he started working the fish in. Two minutes later, he had the fish in his hand and had removed the hook. He held the fish up for Stan to see. "See, no help required," he joked.

"I'm not sure if I should feel proud of you or not," Stan replied.

Just then, the fish gave an unexpected wiggle, and Candy lost his grip on it. The fish fell into the water and was gone in a flash.

Stan just shook his head. "Maybe I should have removed the hook for you after all. You can't even hold onto the thing!"

Candy did his best to laugh, but it was clear that their relationship was still strained. Losing the fish as he just had didn't really help his case any.

As the two continued to fish, Candy couldn't help but remember Jessica's "assignment" that she had given him in the restaurant the night before. He was supposed to picture himself having sex with a man… and enjoying it. Not likely! Well, at least not yet. He had no idea what the future would hold for him… especially after he got the operation. He only knew that right now he wasn't interested in the idea. But would he be interested then? Only time would tell.

He supposed that he should feel a lot more sexually frustrated than he did. But the truth of the matter was that since he had started on the stronger dose of hormones last week, he was feeling less and less concerned over this issue. More like he didn't really care about it at all. He knew the hormones were supposed to have some kind of effect on his libido, maybe this is what it was doing to him. As far as he was concerned, maybe it was all for the best. He just couldn't picture himself in bed with another man… yet.

But that little thought brought up the other side of the coin. How about himself in bed with another woman? As Jennifer had suggested – woman on woman. He found that idea far more interesting than sex with a man. Although just then, that concept too didn't arouse all that much interest in him.

“Got one!” Stan called as he started playing his fish in.

Candy watched as Stan expertly captured the fish and removed the hook.

“See,” Stan said as he held the fish with one hand and opened his creel with the other. “This is how it’s done!” With that, he dropped the fish inside.

“My hero!” Candy joked.

“You wish!” Stan replied.

Candy’s new look was a major splash when he went to church Sunday morning. While he was glad to see his friends there again, he was somewhat surprised to discover that he was feeling slightly out of place with his friends – mostly because next to them, he felt a lot less like a man in a dress than he ever had before. Maybe he wasn’t quite up to the point where Carlita was, but he was certainly heading in that direction. And he now knew why Carlita didn’t sit in church with them anymore. She really didn’t fit in with them. Looking as real… and as good as Carlita did, sitting with Bethany, Cass, and Tracy didn’t exactly make a statement toward being a real woman. Would he get to that point? He certainly wasn’t even close yet, but judging by the way he was starting to feel, he had no doubt that he was getting there.

By late Sunday afternoon, not only had the entire lawn been cut, but the framework for most of the new front porch was in place. Someone trained in looking at such construction work would easily be able to get a good idea of what it was going to look like. Someone not so used to it would have a lot more trouble! Since it was raining again, Candy had given up working outside and was laboring over putting brightly colored pieces of material together to form a quilt. He was finding that the more he did it, the more he seemed to be enjoying the activity.

Though it wasn’t dark, he couldn’t miss the headlights of Janice’s black SUV turning into the driveway through the rain. His eyes tracked the car until his ears picked up the progress as the garage door opened and closed again a few minutes later. Janice was home. Carol too. Evidently they didn’t get eaten by a bear. Pity!

A minute later, he heard the door opening between the garage and the kitchen. “Candy!” Janice’s voice called.

He tried to yell just a minute, but what came out was only a muffled unintelligible noise.

“Candy?” Janice called again as she went through the kitchen to the living room. She spotted him there looking up at her. She laughed as she saw him point toward his mouth… that was full of pins. “Can you take a break?” Janice asked. “We need your help for a few minutes.”

Candy pulled another pin from his mouth and stuck it through the material to hold the pieces together. He reached up and pulled the rest of the pins from his mouth as well. “Glad to,” he replied.

Janice went over and looked at the quilt he was making. She ran her hand carefully over the material, careful not to let one of the pins stick her. “Very nice!” she exclaimed. “Although I would have thought you would be much further along with it by now.”

Uh–oh! Caught! “Actually,” Candy replied, “this is my third one. I gave my second one to Jessica as a gift… for helping me so much.”

Janice thought about that. “That’s very nice. Just don’t give too many away. We need those quilts. And don’t you dare try to give away any that Carol and I make! Am I clear?”

“Of course,” Candy replied. “What did you need?”

“Help with our bags,” Janice replied.

“Momma?” Carol called from the kitchen doorway. “Where did you want this?”

“In my bedroom dear,” Janice replied.

Candy watched as Carol struggled to half carry, half drag a very full, very heavy backpack towards her mother’s bedroom. What were they doing with that much gear? He got up from his seat and headed for the garage.

“Just bring all of it to my bedroom,” Janice called behind him. “I’ll sort the laundry from there.”

The back hatch was open on the black SUV so Candy headed there first. He was surprised to see two more very large, very full backpacks sitting there, just like the one that Carol had dragged into the house. What the heck? He grabbed one of the large packs and he was shocked at exactly how heavy the thing was. He had planned on carrying two of them, but he quickly realized that one would be all he could handle. Hefting one of the straps over his shoulder, he made his way into the kitchen and headed for Janice’s bedroom.

As he got to the hallway, he saw the bathroom door ahead of him closed. He figured that Carol was in there. There was no sign of Janice either but once in her room he noticed that her bathroom door was closed as well. Well, he couldn’t blame them. They were just getting back from a long trip. He dropped the heavy pack on the floor next to the one that Carol had dragged in and went back for the next one. By the time he returned, Janice was out of

the bathroom and was looking in her closet. “What do you have in here?” he asked. “It feels like they’re loaded with rocks!”

Janice looked back at him and smiled a bit wickedly. “Money, Candy. All the bags are filled with money. But of course, you know perfectly well that you can’t tell anyone at all anything about that. Don’t you!”

Candy had no doubts at all about his ability to speak of the money to anyone… as much as he really would have liked to tell Agent Forsyth about it when he was here. And speaking of the nuisance agent. “Um… Janice,” Candy said.

“Yes?” Janice asked as she looked for something more comfortable in her closet to slip into.

“Um… I had a visitor while you were away.”

Janice turned slightly toward him. “A visitor?”

Candy nodded. “From the FBI.”

Janice’s face clouded as she gave her full attention to him. “I hope it wasn’t Agent Jacobs!” Janice declared. Even though she was really hoping it was someone coming to offer her money for the time she had spent in prison. She was simply afraid that somehow Jacobs had managed to get out of the little predicament the Wu’s had gone to so much trouble to get him into.

“Um… no,” Candy replied, remembering that Janice knew nothing at all about the times he had met with the FBI agents before. This was an Agent Forsyth.”

Janice nodded. “His partner,” she noted. “What did he want?”

“Well… that’s just the thing,” Candy said. “It was kind of surprising. Mostly, he wanted to know if I had ever seen any sign that you had a bunch of money.”

“And what did you tell him?”

Candy almost smiled. “Don’t worry, I rather vehemently denied knowing anything about it at all.”

“Good!” Janice exclaimed.

“Yeah, but in the process, there was some other stuff I learned.”

“You learned?”

"It seems that his partner is in some kind of major trouble. Forsyth wasn't all that forth coming with details, but the one thing he did let out was that his partner had admitted that he framed you for something… I'm guessing for whatever got you sent to prison.

Janice blinked in shock. "He actually mentioned that?"

"Yeah. It was the one thing he did say that stuck out the most. The rest was mostly rather irritating and I'm afraid I was probably a bit more rude with him than I should have been. All he was really interested in knowing about was the damn money."

Janice's mind was working quickly as she was still digesting everything Candy had just said. "As far as I'm concerned, Candy," Janice told him, "the ruder you were to him the better. Agent Forsyth and especially his partner, Agent Jacobs, have been nothing but a thorn in my side for very long time now. They don't deserve to be treated decently!"

Candy was about to leave to get more of the packs from the car, but he stopped to add, "For what it' worth, I always knew you didn't have anything at all to do with the drugs. For as long as you've been here… and as much as I've hated everything you've done to me… and still hate it… you've never once lied to me. That I know of anyway."

Janice was pleased by what he had just said. "I appreciate that sentiment, Candy. I'm a woman, and as such I want my word to mean something!" But her mind was still working overtime on the fact that Forsyth had been there and had spilled the beans about Agent Jacobs. She shook her head. "Too bad it's Sunday," she said. "I'll have to wait till the morning to phone my lawyer in Atlanta. I think she and the FBI are going to have a lot to talk about. And I intend on making sure of it!"

Monday morning, it was all Janice could do to wait until a more "appropriate" hour to phone her lawyer. But the minute she felt her lawyer would be most likely in her office, she was on the phone and speaking with her lawyer's secretary. The secretary naturally wanted to make an appointment for Janice to come in next week sometime, but Janice refused. "Please tell Mrs. Branson that the FBI were here at my house a few days ago – admitting that they had set me up and falsely sent me to prison! I'm sure she'll want to see me a lot sooner than next week!"

As she expected, her phone rang less than five minutes later. "Janice?" the lawyer asked. "What did they tell you?"

Janice relayed that she hadn't been home, but that Agent Forsyth had talked with her employer instead and had mentioned that his partner was in hot water and had admitted setting her up to go to prison.

“He actually said that?” Branson asked.

“According to my employer, that’s what Forsyth told him.”

“Okay,” Branson replied. “Let me do some checking and confirm this. We can’t do anything until we get some kind of confirmation. And Janice…”

“Yes?”

“If they show up and ask you to sign anything – don’t do it!”

“I know better!” Janice replied.

It was nearly lunchtime by the time Janice’s lawyer called back. “Janice, are you sure you got that story right? I just talked with the legal people in the FBI office here in Atlanta and they don’t know anything at all about this.”

Janice was very surprised. “I’m only relaying what my employer told me. And I have no reason at all to doubt him. He said it was Agent Forsyth who was here.”

“Okay,” the lawyer replied. “Just hold tight. I’ll try checking again, but I’m pretty sure the people I talked with didn’t know anything at all about it.”

Janice quickly grew worried. She grew even more worried as time went on and her lawyer didn’t call back for the rest of the day. She didn’t call back on Tuesday either. By Wednesday morning, Janice was getting ready to call her lawyer again to try to get an update. But that’s when she heard a knock at the front door. When she opened it she was surprised to see two very official looking men standing there. She immediately grew a bit apprehensive since two of those backpacks of money were still sitting in her bedroom closet. There hadn’t been nearly enough room for all the money in her little hiding place.

She nervously invited the men inside and watched as they seemed to look all around them. “Wow,” one of them said, I guess because of all the construction going on outside I hadn’t expected it to look so nice in here.”

“My employer is rebuilding the outside of his house,” she explained. I’m afraid he’s out at the lumber yard right now getting more materials.”

“Is there some place we can sit down, Mrs. Stokley?” the Agent asked.

Janice nervously led the way into the kitchen. She took her usual seat and the two agents sat across from her. “Mrs. Stokley,” the agent who seemed to do all the talking said, “on behalf

of the FBI, I'd like to offer our profound apology for the time you spent in prison and what you went through."

Janice was inwardly celebrating, but she did her best to not show it. "You're talking about the fact that I was set up," she replied with an edge in her voice.

"Yes," the agent admitted. "And the agent who did it admitted the fact and I can assure you that he will be severely punished. He opened a leather case he had been carrying and pulled out a file folder. "Your record of course will be completely expunged," he said as he opened the file folder. He selected a piece of paper, glanced at it briefly, turned it around, and pushed it toward Janice. "I'm sure that you will find that this amount will more than make up for the inconvenience and time you spent in prison."

Janice looked at the paper… and in particular at the amount of money specified – six hundred thousand dollars. She looked up wide–eyed at the agent. "You're joking?" she asked.

The agent smiled and pulled out a pen. "If you'll just sign at the bottom there, that check will be yours right now."

Janice shook her head. "Not on your life!" she exclaimed. "Inconvenience? This wouldn't come close to covering my inconvenience for anything at all? And how about what it did to my daughter… the foster homes, the trouble she had in school because of it. Not to mention the sheer embarrassment and trauma of having her mother dragged through the courts over something like this and then sent to prison. And how about the fact that I was a very successful investment banker. I can't ever work in a bank again! Even with my record expunged, no bank in the world would ever hire me. I'm working as a housekeeper of all things just to survive! Inconvenience? You're not even close… and I'm just getting warmed up!"

She stood up. "I'm sorry gentlemen. But I'm afraid you can talk to my lawyer… who I have no doubt you're trying your best to go around. And rest assured, the moment you leave here, I'll be on the phone with her. Good day gentlemen!"

The two agents got up from their seats. Janice could see that their faces looked more than a bit troubled. Well, they should be! She said nothing to them and only watched as they collected their papers and walked out. The moment their car was out of the driveway, she was on the phone to her lawyer.

Now it was going to be a waiting game.

The weeks passed and the summer grew hotter and more humid. There was still more rainfall than any time in the past, but it was slowing down now… not so frequent. Of course, the summer rain storms were also more ferocious. Candy got a few more calls to fix things for different customers, but even those jobs were not nearly as many as he had hoped for.

Janice was becoming more and more irritable as the negotiations continued between her, her lawyer, and the FBI. She and Carol had now shipped out another truckload of quilts and she needed to make a trip to Nassau to deal with them. But the damn FBI was dragging their feet and keeping her from her business!

Since there was so much money to be hid, and she was anticipating a very large settlement from the FBI, she was more anxious than ever to get the money into the quilts and out of the country. It wouldn't look right for someone with the kind of money she hoped to get from the FBI to be still working as a housekeeper. Consequently, she was no longer even trying to hide from Candy the way she and Carol were putting the money into the quilts. She and Carol made quilts every day with money in them, while Candy made more quilts without any money… whenever he had time. Janice needed those quilts without the money to pack in the boxes on top of the quilts that had the money… in case anyone got stupid enough to try to cut one of the quilts open. He was working his handywoman jobs, but they weren't as frequent or as lucrative as she had hoped. But at least the new front porch was nearly done now and Candy was getting rather good at making the quilts.

At the end of June, Candy walked into the courthouse… and walked out again – a different person. Literally. He had legally gone into the courthouse as Roger Allan Brinkley… and walked out legally as Candy Elaine Brinkley. Roger Brinkley no longer existed – officially!

Janice and Carol had both gone in with him. And Janice was nothing but ecstatic as they walked out. Surprisingly, Candy realized that there was a small part of him that was somewhat happy about it too. His name now officially matched the way he looked – and he could now get new ID's made so he wouldn't have to be embarrassed by that problem anymore. But it was only a small part of him that was happy.

He had gone into the courthouse expecting to walk out feeling angry and depressed that he had been forced to change his very name… not to mention his very gender. But he was surprised to realize that other than that one tiny thing that he was happy about, what he really felt was… uncaring, as if it was just a little piece of business concerning something else. He wasn't really shocked. He had known all this was coming. And now that it was here, he simply felt… nothing. It wasn't even a sense that he felt resigned. He simply didn't care like he had expected to.

As a celebration, Janice took them all out to lunch. It was while they were eating that Candy finally figured it out. He had been living as Candy for so long now – knowing for so long now that his life as Roger was over, that he had now gone past the "resigned to his fate" point. He had already… moved on. Since he had no choice now but to live his life as a woman, he was going to have to be recognized and accepted as a woman, and part of that meant that he needed a new name. He didn't want the stigma of everyone calling him Candy… only to bring out some kind of ID and suddenly show them that he was… or used

to be a man. It didn't make him feel any better, but at least he understood how he felt. He had moved on… and was continuing to move on. He had no choice in the matter. Just as he had no choice but to fully turn himself into a woman.

But in retrospect, he now knew that life was full of things that nobody would ever have a choice about. Everyone is constantly faced with doing things they would rather not have to do. The things that he faced were simply far different than anything anyone else would ever have to face. He was doing his best to deal with it all… and as Jessica continually told him, she was very impressed with the way he was managing it all… despite all his little problems that she was now trying to help him with.

From the celebration lunch, Janice drove them all out to the Motor Vehicle Agency where Candy could apply for a new driver's license. By the time he walked out, he felt even more official. And his sense of ever being Roger felt far more in the past and lost. Now all he had to do was change his bank account, his social security card, his credit cards… everything in his whole life! Simple! Hardly.

For six weeks Candy had done his best to follow Jessica's advice and try to think "happy thoughts" about himself together with a man. And for six weeks he had done nothing but become more and more irate over the issue. "Stop it!" he finally spat irritably at Jessica as they "enjoyed" yet another Friday night dinner together. "I can't stand it anymore! I'm not interested in having sex with a man… any man! I want to feel a nice, soft, warm, sensitive body next to mine, not some hairy, muscled, uncaring lout!"

"Is that the way you thought of yourself with a woman?" Jessica asked, knowing that much of the frustration she was hearing from him came from the hormones in his system. "Were you that hairy uncaring lout that you just described?"

Candy thought about that. "No… at least… I didn't think that before. Maybe I was."

"And yet there were still women who wanted to be with you." She got no answer from him. "Candy, answer me, weren't there women who wanted to be with you?"

"You know the answer to that," Candy replied despondently.

"No! I want you to say it. Yes or no, weren't there women who wanted to be with you?"

"Yes!" Candy hissed angrily. "You know that! You know that not only did I want to marry Jennifer, but you yourself was interested in me… as a man and not as a woman!"

"Which makes my point," Jessica replied. "It's more than possible for a woman to want to feel a strong, masculine body next to hers. In fact, it's the way the world has worked for thousands and thousands of years."

“But it’s not what I want,” Candy said.

“And do you want to become a woman too?”

Candy just looked at her. “Of course not.”

“Yet here you are, every single week looking and acting more and more like a genetic woman. Did you ever think you would get to this point… and get here this fast?”

Candy shook his head. “Not really.”

“And it took time and effort didn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Candy admitted despondently.

“So this may take time and effort too.”

Candy was silent for a few minutes. “You don’t understand,” he said.

“I don’t understand what?”

“All this thinking about having sex with someone… anyone… it’s too much! I was just fine before, but you don’t know what it’s starting to do to me?”

“And what’s that?”

Again Candy was silent for a moment before he replied. “I miss….” But he couldn’t finish.

“You miss what?” Jessica prompted. “Sex?”

“Yes.” Candy muttered, then looked up quickly. “But it’s not really that. I’m not all that interested in sex anymore. It’s something more important. I miss…” Then he shook his head again. “I’m alone,” he finally said. “There’s no compassion in my life. No one to hold onto… or…” he tried to let out a small chuckle. “No one to hold onto me.”

“Wouldn’t a man fill that bill nicely?”

Candy shook his head. “No. What I yearn for is a nice, soft, feminine body against mine. Not for sex. I don’t feel that need anymore. I just want…” But the words were too difficult to put a definition to.

"Companionship?" Jessica offered. "Someone to care about you? Someone you can care about too?" She paused before suggesting. "Love?"

Candy nodded as tears formed in his eyes. "Something like that. After trying to watch all the videos you made me watch of people together, over and over again… and trying to think about myself with a man for so long… all it did was to hammer home how alone I am. And because of that, now I want that companionship even more. I didn't want it so much before, but I want it worse now. I think about it more and more every day… but it's not a man that I want that way. It's a woman. And you know what happened that one time you wanted to be together with me. Janice has cursed me so that I can't ever have that kind of relationship. And since I can't ever have one, I'm… doomed to a life without… love. Or even someone to care about me."

"So now you're feeling sorry for yourself?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"More than you do. I told you before, I could never manage as well as you are."

"Huh!" Candy grunted. "What choice do I have?"

"So true," Jessica replied. "You have no choice. All I'm trying to show you, is that since you have no choice in this, maybe you have to broaden your options a bit to finally find that love."

Candy rolled his eyes. "Right now, I'm not interested in broadening my options that far. Right now, I think I'd rather just stay… alone."

Jessica watched him for a few moments. There was no doubt that he was feeling a bit too sorry for himself just then. She knew a lot of it was the hormones amplifying his feelings, but those feelings were very important feelings. And eventually he was going to have to come to grips with them. "Okay," she finally said. "I'll lay off the suggestions to think about being with a man… for now! But we will be coming back to that. You're not done dealing with it yet."

"As far as I'm concerned, I am."

Jessica let that remark pass. "For next week, I want you to try to imagine how utterly feminine and girly you can be instead. Overly feminine… overly girly!"

Candy's eyes went wide with shock! Ugh!

Six million dollars. It was the final agreed upon amount that the FBI paid to Janice. But only on the condition that all knowledge of what had happened would be kept completely out of the press. Janice had no trouble with that, but her lawyer had used that threat continually in the negotiations. No bank would ever hire Janice to work again, but with six million dollars, Janice would never have to worry about working again, even after the lawyer got her cut. In truth, Janice was more than pleased. All that money she had gotten from Halifax, plus now all the money from the FBI settlement, plus all the money she had shipped out of the country already… that needed her attention rather desperately… it all added up to a life of luxury that she and Carol would both be able to enjoy from now on.

"So… will you be leaving now?" Candy asked hopefully as soon as Janice announced that the settlement had finally be reached.

"Soon, but not yet," Janice replied. "Carol and I will be taking a trip very soon and I'm afraid we'll be away for a little while. Most likely about a month. But after that, I'm afraid we're still going to need your house for a little while longer… but when we return, we will merely be staying and working from here, I will no longer be your housekeeper. Instead, we will simply be… guests.

Candy only nodded. It was disappointing, but he had no choice but to accept it. What Janice wanted was all that mattered. Still, it looked like it wouldn't be too much longer until they were gone for good!

Janice noted Candy's mood. "I have no doubt," she said, "that you want Carol and I gone from your life as soon as possible – permanently. We took over your life and your home without asking. I've forced you to do something you don't want to do at all in becoming a woman. And you know very well that there is no escaping that goal."

Candy nodded sadly. It was the only reply he could make.

"But rest assured, I believe that you can have a better life as a woman than as a man. Whether you think so or not is of no consequence to me. You know how much I advocate women… and how I dislike men! So as far as I'm concerned, I've done you nothing but a huge favor in that."

Candy wanted to argue with her over the point, but he knew it would be useless.

"In any event," Janice continued. "I think Carol and I should be able to get all the rest of my money with one or two more little hiking trips. Then of course we need to make more quilts and ship them out. Only then will we be finished here."

She was interrupted by the sound of her phone ringing. But when she answered it, she was surprised by another wrong number – asking about ordering Chinese food! How had Susan known so quickly? She didn't even have the money yet!

As Candy headed outside to paint the new porch, Janice quickly found one of her burner phones and called Susan back.

"Congratulations!" Susan said immediately when she got on the line with Janice.

"How did you know?" Janice asked. "We just come to an agreement. I don't even have the money yet."

"Information is our primary business," Susan replied. "Besides, we've been watching for this very specifically."

"Yes, and I thank you and your father again for helping to make it happen."

"You're quite welcome," Susan replied. But then her voice turned more serious. "Janice," she said, "we've been waiting until all this was settled before we contacted you again. We have a client we'd like you to talk with that's very interested in your services."

There were many things running through Janice's mind just then. Near the top of her list was her need to get to the islands and deal with all the money she had shipped out. But she couldn't forget the fact that the Wu's had been a big help to her. And… like it or not… she was stuck working for them – no matter how much money she now had. Not helping them could be detrimental to her health… if not her life. And more than possibly, Carol's life too! "The timing isn't exactly the best," Janice replied. "I really need to get to go out of the country. Islands of Hope is waiting for me to make it more of a reality."

"I'm sorry Janice," Susan replied. "This could be a very big opportunity for both you and us. And unfortunately, this client wants some kind of a demonstration before she asks for bigger things."

"She?"

"Yes, this client is a woman."

"Does she know I prefer not to do this to other women?"

"Yes," Susan replied. "That's certainly not an issue in this case."

"I see," Janice replied thoughtfully.

"What kind of a demonstration did she have in mind? We're still talking about a big deal here, no matter what. And I think I should be paid for my services… even for a demonstration."

"Of course!" Susan replied. "We all make money every time you work for us. What we'd like though, is for you to sit down with her and we can all discuss how to proceed."

"Just talk this time?" Janice said, asking for a confirmation.

"Possibly. But I suspect she may already have a demonstration subject in mind."

"So it will really be more than just a simple demonstration," Janice replied.

Susan hesitated. "Possibly," she admitted.

Janice sighed. "Okay," she agreed. "But after this, Carol and I absolutely have to get to the islands. I've got so much work to do there it isn't funny! And right now I don't dare go anywhere until all that money from the FBI is safely in my bank accounts. Now that this thing with them has been settled, it will look better if I take the trip after I get the money… as if I'm celebrating or something."

"That shouldn't be a problem," Susan replied. "We'll need a few days anyway for the client to get into this country as well."

The fact that the client was coming from another country caused Janice's eyebrows to go up in surprise.

It took three more days before Janice could finally confirm that the money from the FBI was in the bank. She was now "officially" rich without having to hide any of it. Well, not that money anyway. But rich was only a relative term. Compared to all the other money she now had it was practically a drop in the bucket. She "officially" notified Candy that as soon as she and Carol left on this trip, she would no longer be his housekeeper, but she would continue to fill the position until they departed. She also reminded him that they would be back eventually and would expect him to treat them as his guests.

Her meeting with the Wu's was finally set up for a week later, which turned out to be good timing for Janice since she and Carol need to pack… and finish making more quilts and get them shipped out.

"I'm not sure how long we'll be gone," Janice told Candy. "I suspect it will be four to six weeks, but I can't be sure."

Candy was just glad they were going. As far as he was concerned, they couldn't leave soon enough, and he would really prefer it if they never came back again! Although unfortunately, they would be. But after that, he was hoping to never see or hear of them again!

Chapter 66.

The sky was cloudy and light rain showers were falling from the sky as Candy helped them load their luggage into the back of the black SUV. The day was gloomy, but his spirits were brighter than they had been in a long time. He couldn't wait to see that car drive out of sight. The anticipation of it made the actual time it took seem to take that much longer. But eventually he stood inside his garage and watched through the rain as they backed out of his dirt driveway, turn onto the road, and disappear. Finally! He did his best to put out of his mind that eventually they would be back. And when they did come back, he prayed that it would be only a very short time before they were gone again – permanently.

She had left him with very few restrictions while they were gone… on top of all the permanent things she had done to him. He still had to wear his corset… but now only when he was working. And since it was her will that he do so, he had no choice in the matter. Wearing his boots for all his jobs was a given. Another major sticking point was that until they were gone for good, their bedrooms would remain the same. He wasn't even to go into her bedroom unless there was a real need.

In reality, they were small things. Things he was more than willing to accept. He was simply relieved to have them out of his life again… for the next four to six weeks. Hopefully even longer!

His phone rang and despite the rain, he hoped it was someone calling with another job. With Janice no longer supplementing his income, he knew he was going to be more desperate than ever for those jobs. "Hello?"

"Brinkley?"

"Yes," Candy replied.

"This is Mike Clemmons, I'm sorry but I don't remember the new name you told me you were going by."

"Candy," Candy told him. "And it's official now. My name has been legally changed."

"Yeah, okay, whatever," Mike replied.

"What can I do for you, Mike?"

"I need your help," Mike told him.

"My help?"

"Look," Mike replied, "let me say this first so there's no question about it. I wouldn't be calling you at all if I wasn't desperate. I don't exactly approve of what you're doing to yourself and I'm more than a bit worried about how it will go with the rest of the guys. So I just wanted to get that out of the way first."

"Gee thanks," Candy replied. "You really know how to make a girl feel good. So I think you mentioned that you were desperate? It sounds like you must be!"

"Yeah, I'm afraid I am. I need another carpenter in the worst way right now, and you're good at everything I need."

"What happened to all the guys you have? You said a few weeks ago that you were keeping several crews busy."

"One guy went into the army, one is moving to Mississippi, and I had another one just stop showing up. And none of my framing crew are experienced with finish work."

"Geez," Candy said, "You got hit all at once."

"Yeah, well I've got a number of big projects going right now and the guys I have left are spread pretty thin. So how about it, can you help me out?"

Candy was about to say yes, right away, but he stopped. "Mike, I think it's going to have to depend on a few things, and I'd rather be up front with them now than have any problems later."

"Okay, like what?"

"Do you think your guys can work with someone like me?"

"I already talked to the crew you'll be working with. They're not exactly happy, but they agreed to give it a try."

"Fair enough," Candy said. "Another major thing for me is the business I'm trying to build. I have a few customers now that call me… and one of them is a contract for a shopping center that I do all the maintenance work for. If I have to attend to my business, then I need to be able to do that."

Mike was silent for a moment. "How much business have you been getting lately?"

"Unfortunately, not much," Candy replied.

"So you'd still be able to devote most of your time to my jobs?"

"Most likely. Of course there are a few other considerations too. I have two standing appointments that I can't miss for my transition. One is early Tuesday mornings for an hour or so, and the other would mean I would have to leave by mid Friday afternoon every week to see my therapist."

"That shouldn't be a problem," Mike replied. "I'm sure we can work around that."

"Good," Candy said, "And I'm afraid there's one other thing that I'm going to have to insist on."

Mike sighed. "What now?"

"My boots," Candy said. "I wear high heeled boots whenever I work now and I don't want anybody giving me any grief over it."

"You've got to be kidding? That's absurd… and probably dangerous! Why would you insist on doing something so stupid?"

"That's my business," Candy replied. "Take it or leave it!"

Mike was silent for a few moments. "Okay," he finally replied. "Whatever you want. I just need your help."

"Just tell me where and when. In fact, if you need I can leave right now."

"You have no idea who much I would appreciate that!" Mike declared.

Janice only had to drive as far as Atlanta to meet with the Wu's client. She was quite happy about that since she would be right there to catch a plane out to the Bahamas as soon as her business there was done. The hotel was easy to find, and just as fancy as Janice had suspected it would be. She pulled her car up out front and a valet took all their luggage out of the back and put it on a cart. Another attendant took the car to be parked. Check–in was fast and easy and it only took a few minutes before Janice and Carol were in their sumptuous suite. Now all they had to do was to wait for the Wu's to call.

While Janice was checking into the hotel, Susan Wu and her father sat in the back of a large limousine at the Atlanta airport. They, and their accompanying parade of SUVs, were parked just outside of a small terminal for business jets only. They watched as an executive jet pulled up nearby and parked. They watched as two customs officials hurried onto the plane. They watched as the customs officials left the plane and the passengers were allowed to get off. At

a signal from one of the terminal's ground crew, the line of cars pulled closer to the plane. It was still a minute before anyone got off the plane though.

Mr. Wu and his daughter got out of the limo to wait for their guest. She didn't appear however until nine of her men got off the plane first… and had checked the area as well as they could. All nine stayed near the stairs that led up into the plane as an older woman finally appeared. She carefully made her way down the steps to the pavement below.

Mr. Wu stepped forward. "Mrs. Alverez," he said with a slight bow. "It is so good to see you again. I do hope your flight was a pleasant one."

"Better than I expected," Maria Alverez replied. "I just don't like flying."

"Then we appreciate this visit even more for your effort," Wu replied. He introduced his daughter and escorted Maria into his waiting limo. All of Maria's men began grabbing luggage as it came off the plane, and with the help of Wu's people, it was all stowed away into the back of the SUVs. Maria's men got into the SUVs as well, and the entire parade went straight to the hotel.

Before going up to her room, Mr. Wu stopped her for a moment. "Mrs. Stokley is already here in the hotel. She arrived just a little while ago. When would you like to meet with her?"

"Would half an hour be too soon?" Maria asked. "I'd like to get down to business as soon as possible."

Wu bowed. "My daughter will come for you in half an hour then to escort you to the meeting."

Candy pulled his truck into the job site and parked. He had worked for Mike many times before during his summer breaks from school. He had no doubt that there would be at least a few men on the crew that he knew. He was fairly sure he recognized two other pickup trucks already… other than Mike's.

The looks started the moment he nervously got out of his truck. He saw a few heads turn… and one guy poking someone else to take a look as well. Candy did his best to ignore them as he headed directly for Mike Clemmons… who was already watching him approach. He was just glad he didn't hear any wolf whistles from the guys. Neither he nor Mike said the first words though. The first words were said by one of the guys that Mike had been talking with… one of the guys that Candy already knew.

"Damn!" Pete exclaimed. "Is that really you in there Roger?"

Candy did his best to smile. “I’m afraid not much of Roger is left here anymore. And it’s Candy now. Officially in fact.”

“That’s what Mike here said,” Pete replied. “It’s just hard to believe that you could ever look like… that!”

“Take it or leave it,” Candy replied. “I am what I am.”

“Shit!” Pete exclaimed. “You keep showing up like that around here, and I’ll take you out for dinner and something else!” he laughed.

Candy did his best to laugh as well. “If you cleaned up half way decently, I’d take you up on that offer! But you’re such a slob I’m amazed your own wife puts up with you!”

The groans and laughter were immediate. The good natured jesting was all part of the game played between the guys. But Candy was very aware that there was a difference this time. A difference that couldn’t be ignored because he looked so much like a woman now.

“Hey Brinkley!” another voice called.

Candy looked up to see another guy he knew. “Hey Jerry,” he called. “Good to see you again.”

“Good to see you,” Jerry called back. “Especially looking like that! I never had a clue you were a sexy lady at heart.”

“Well aren’t you?” Candy called back. “I got the idea from watching you!” Again the laughter and groans went among the men.

“Hey Brinkley,” Jerry called back, “how come you’re doing construction work if you’re a woman now? I would have thought you’d be more interested in girly things… makeup or something.”

“I’m wearing makeup,” Candy called back. “Want to borrow some? There’s some pretty good moisturizer in my lipstick.”

“Okay, enough!” Mike called. “You can all talk to Candy later. Now get back to work!”

“That went better than expected,” Candy said to Mike a moment later.

“With those two anyway. But Pete and Jerry have worked with you before. It’s a few of the others I’m not totally sure of. But I did talk to them all, so they better at least be nice to you.”

"Don't worry about it," Candy replied. "I'll handle it."

"Hope so," Mike replied. "Hey Fitz!" he yelled to someone in the distance. They waited until a large guy walked over to them. "Candy, this is Fitz… Freddy Fitzgerald. We just call him Fitz. Fitz is my foreman on this job. Fitz… this is Candy."

Candy held out his hand to shake Fitz's hand, but Fitz wasn't interested in shaking hands with him. Instead he said, "How the hell can you work in boots like that? I know Mike said not to give you any problems about it, but I can't have you doing anything at all up high with those damn things on. It's stupid!"

"Fitz! I told you to leave her alone about it! So don't mention it again!"

"But that's going to limit me to where I can use… her!" he spat the last word. "It's not safe!"

"Let me worry about that," Candy replied. "I've been working in these things for a long time now. Most things I can do just fine. There's a few things that I can't do as well. But there's also some things I can do better in these boots than you can in yours!"

"You've got to be fucking kidding!" Fitz replied. "Like what?"

"Can you hook those flat soled boots of yours over a ladder rung so you're more stable up there?"

Fitz looked back angrily… while Mike broke out laughing. "I never thought of that one," Mike replied. He didn't miss the look of hatred on Fitz's face though. "Fitz, show Candy around. There isn't a job here that she hasn't done before and she's one of the best I've ever had working for me, so make use of that!" He turned to Candy, "I'll leave you in Fitz's good hands. I gotta go now and check on another job."

Candy just wasn't too sure yet how good Fitz's hands were.

"Mrs. Alverez," Mr. Wu said, "this is Janice Stokley."

"Mrs. Alverez," Janice said as she shook the hand of the woman in front of her.

She was surprised to see that Alverez appeared to be in her mid–sixties… at least.

"Mrs. Stokley," Maria Alverez replied. "Mr. Wu speaks very highly of you."

"He must think very highly of you too," Janice replied. "He went to a lot of trouble to set up this meeting."

"I have… certain goals in mind for the future," Alverez said, "and Mr. Wu assures me that you can help with them. And please, call me Maria."

"Janice," Janice replied with a smile.

"Please," Wu said, interrupting the two women. "Shall we all sit down?"

The room they were meeting in was a conference room, but the room had a comfortable sitting area arranged at one end filled with brightly colored comfortable chairs. They each took a seat while several of Maria's men and Wu's men stood nearby. Susan came over carrying a silver tray of tea. She offered a cup to Maria first, then Janice, and finally her father.

"Mm! Good," Maria exclaimed after a quick taste.

"Thank you," Wu replied. "We import it directly from China. Would you like to begin this meeting?" he asked Maria.

Maria set her cup down on an end table next to her seat and turned to Janice. "I'm told you can work wonders on someone's mind."

"I don't know if you could call it wonders," Janice replied. "But I can do certain things to someone's mind… although, to be perfectly honest, what I prefer to do is to totally destroy male minds."

Maria smiled. "Sometime I must talk with you more about that. We may have a lot in common."

Janice smiled in return. "Anytime."

"Mrs. Stokley… Janice…" Maria continued. "Mr. Wu tells me you're not very fond of working with drugs."

"I'm not!" Janice replied with certainty. "I never touch them and I make sure my daughter will never touch them either!"

Maria nodded. "Very wise! But I come from a different world where the control of drugs rules everything. And in that world, I'm afraid that I am something of an oddity… being a woman. In my world, everyone else who does what I do, is a man."

Janice nodded. "There are way too many men ruling this world. It's about time we women put them in their place! All they've done is to make a mess of things!"

"A woman after my own heart!" Maria exclaimed. "I couldn't agree more!"

"So I take it you want me to destroy some of your competition?"

Maria smiled. "Not exactly," she said. "I have something much more subtle in mind that will produce far better results."

Janice nodded, "But first you want a demonstration," she said.

"Wouldn't you if you were in my position?"

"Without a doubt," Janice replied. "What did you have in mind?"

"Something small and unrelated," she said. "Mr. Wu has told me of what you did recently to a woman… a doctor I believe. You saddled her with childish behavior for her gambling habits."

Janice's face clouded. "You know, I don't like to work on women unless I have to. What I do can all too easily destroy the brain completely if I'm not careful. That was the one and only time in my life that I've worked on a woman… and it was only because she made me very angry. I will tell you though, that afterwards, things have worked out better with the woman than I ever hoped. So there was a bright side to it all. To be honest, I'm not all that concerned about damaging the brain of a man at all. And more often than not, damaging that brain is my final goal."

"Interesting," Maria replied. "The test I was thinking of is not a woman however, but a man. My nephew to be exact. He is along on this trip as one of my bodyguards, and he has no knowledge at all of what I have in mind."

"Your own nephew?" Janice asked. "I can't guarantee that he will ever recover from what I may do to him."

"All the better if we can come to an agreement as to what you try to do to him," Maria replied.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Eduardo is my sister's child. His father begged me to take him on. He has worked for me for almost a year now. Mostly, he does okay… with little stuff. Things that take no responsibility. But anything else? Pfft! Useless. He's more trouble than he's worth!" Since then, his father has done some things that I'm not at all happy about. Things that involve speaking to the wrong people. Not only that, but since Eduardo has been in my employ, I've discovered that he has too much of a fondness for the ladies. Twice now I've discovered that he has gotten young girls pregnant. But in our world, it's all too common for men to laugh at a woman's plight

after they've had their fun with them. And Eduardo is no different. I do not like to see young women stuck like that with no one to help care for them at all. But such things happen all too frequently in my world."

"I understand," Janice replied.

"Knowing that," Maria said, "what would you recommend as a fitting punishment for my nephew?"

Janice shook her head. "May I have time to think on it? I'm thinking perhaps something that will return your nephew to his father in such a way as to punish the father as well."

Maria smiled. "Take all the time you need. Perhaps we can meet again tomorrow if you are ready? I have no doubt that you and I are already… of the same mind on this."

Candy looked down at his bare chest as he undressed for bed. Cleavage. There was no doubt at all about it anymore… just as there was no doubt about the breasts that had grown from his chest. They were large enough now that even without a bra, hiding them was nearly impossible. He looked in the mirror and fussed with his hair. It was starting to look a bit on the awful side. Did he dare go and get it styled again? Janice had said she wanted him to grow it long, very long. But to him, it just looked… awful.

He looked carefully at his face. He had been experimenting with makeup lately. Trying to find some slightly different looks… especially for the job sites. He needed an easier look. One that didn't require much maintenance. He was now toying mostly with the waterproof makeups because of the heat. He was discovering that the worst part about wearing makeup was the heat. Wearing makeup only made him feel that much hotter. But… he felt like he needed it, so he wore it. Like it or not. Fortunately his face was looking far more feminine than ever before, and after two laser treatments to his face now, his beard wasn't nearly as bad. The best part though was how wonderfully soft his skin felt. All of his skin for that matter. He absolutely loved the feel of it.

As he stared at his reflection in his big mirror, he couldn't help but notice the shape of his body now. Even without his corset, his body was rapidly obtaining an hourglass figure. Well, starting to anyway. There was certainly no doubt though about the way his stomach was curved in… and his hips were curved out. His stupid skinny jeans were getting so tight in the hips now that he needed new ones… ones that were no longer – boy cut! He found that little thought to be positively disturbing. While at the same time, some small part of him was pleased by it as well.

Basically, he figured he was nothing but a study in contradictions.

As he pulled his nightgown over his head to get ready for bed, he realized that there was one other thing occupying his mind now. Something new and different. Sort of. Jessica had finally agreed to move away from continually asking him to imagine himself happily having a relationship with a man. He had failed miserably at that. He simply couldn't imagine it at all. Not yet anyway. But now she had given him something almost as bad – imagining himself being overly feminine and girly. He wasn't! Even his job was the most unfeminine thing he could imagine. Yet that was the assignment she had given him.

The problem was, he wasn't too sure what overly feminine and overly girly meant. Was it possible to be too feminine? Too girly? He supposed it depended on your point of view. To him… as a guy, he supposed overly girly was what he was already… since he didn't really want to be a female in the first place. Yet… at the same time, if he wasn't girly enough, he'd never fit in. So he guessed it depended on if the point of view was a woman… or a man. Of course, there were an awful lot of women who avoided the girly extremes too. But how did the ones who did go to those extremes do it? What made them overly girly?

As he headed to the bathroom to wash the makeup off his face, he supposed that overly girly meant all the trappings that were strictly feminine. Dresses, high heels, bows, ruffles, makeup. Most likely, everything in pink. He tried to imagine himself that way, in dresses and high heels… but he wore dresses and high heels to church every Sunday. He certainly didn't consider himself overly girly because of that! And as for makeup, he wore that every day… yet he didn't consider himself to be overly girly. Perhaps it was in all the ruffles and bows. He didn't own any bows and he certainly didn't own anything with ruffles… other than one of his tops and one of his dresses that were both decorated with a few ruffles around the neckline. Not overly girly!

So maybe being overly girly meant taking it all to extremes. He had a fair notion that that was the real key. Which was no problem at all because he wasn't planning on ever taking it to extremes… which meant that he was in no danger of ever being considered overly girly. Problem solved! Except that wasn't the problem the doctor had posed for him. He was supposed to imagine himself that way. Not exactly easy.

With his face scrubbed clean, and not willing to picture himself in ribbons and bows, he went back to his room and booted up his computer. For weeks now, the doctor had made him watch… basically porn! Videos of men and women having sex. All in the name of trying to force him to imagine himself having sex with a man. But the doctor had failed with that one. Or had he failed instead? He didn't feel like he was the failure. Again, he supposed it depended on the point of view.

Even though it wasn't his assignment any longer, he pulled up some of the favorite videos he had seen. The problem was, he was supposed to be looking at the guy in the videos, but instead he could never get his mind off the women. He didn't care about the guys. They were

ugly. He cared more for the beautiful women. Maybe that was why he had failed that assignment from the doctor. But heck, he simply wasn't interested in the men! End of story!

But even though he felt no sexual interest at all anymore, he still enjoyed looking at the women. If they were clothed, he took note of all too many things he would never have been interested in before. What clothes did they wear? How was their outfit put together? How did they wear their hair? How had then done their makeup? Was their nails polished? But when the women were naked, he was more concerned with admiring their smooth beautiful skin. Would he ever have skin like that someday? He rubbed a hand over his arm. Smooth and soft. It felt so nice. Maybe he was almost there already.

Even though he had no sexual interest at all, he still loved watching those naked women. He remembered the feel of Jennifer's body next to his. How soft she had been. How smooth. How… wonderfully loving. And she had always smelled so good! He closed his eyes and breathed in… imagining her smell as it had been back then. Of course, back then he had barely noticed her smell and then moved on to more immediate sexual feelings. But now his nose seemed to be a lot more sensitive to smells than it used to be. And his mind now lingered on the remembered scent of Jennifer in his bed. So nice.

And as that thought lingered in his mind, another thought slowly forced its way in as well. He was thinking such incredible things about Jennifer. Remembering so many fantastic things. Things that had always aroused him so very much. Yet here he was… still so very interested in her… and not aroused one bit. And since he wasn't aroused even a little, there was no feeling at all of the dreadful cold that would invade his genitals if he did get aroused. He didn't even feel very worried that the cold might hit him.

All other thoughts were immediately banished from his brain. Was it possible? Was it? Had the hormones managed to undo the curse that Janice had placed on him? He remembered vividly the disaster that had occurred in Jessica's house when she had wanted to make love to him. He had certainly felt the cold then! But he had started the much larger dose of hormones right after that and had been on them ever since. Had the larger dose worked a miracle?

He immediately realized though that one miracle… also meant that it would take another miracle for something else to happen. It would take a major miracle for him to get hard and have actual sex again. And he had no doubt that that little miracle was now all but impossible.

But… but… but was it now possible to get close to a naked woman now… to hold her and feel her that close… and not be wiped out by the frigid pain? The more he thought about it, the more he thought it just might be possible! Could he? Could he?

His mind turned again to Doctor Parker and the disaster that had occurred with her. She had tried to make love to him once… would she be willing to try it again? Hardly daring to

breathe, he grabbed his cell phone and dialed her number. “Doctor,” he said as soon as she had answered.

“Candy,” Jessica replied. “What’s up? I’m surprised you’re calling me so late.”

“I know and I’m sorry about that,” Candy replied. “It’s just that I’ve got something strange on my mind that I wanted to ask you about. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Of course not, Candy. What is it?”

“I’d like to try having sex with you again.”

Jessica nearly dropped the phone. “You what?”

“I want to try it again… with you… if you don’t mind,” Candy replied.

“But you know what happened last time. And Candy, those hormones have been working hard in your system for a few months now. Do you still think you’re capable of doing this?”

“That’s just it Doctor. I’m fairly certain now that I can’t do it anymore. And because of that, I’m wondering about the strangest thing.”

“What’s that?”

“When I think about sex now… or even women. Or if I do or see anything at all that would have aroused me before, I get nothing. Nothing at all! No reaction at all!”

“So if you can’t get any kind of reaction anymore, what’s the point? You knew the hormones would do that to you. What are you so worried about?”

“I want to try something crazy… and maybe something wonderful.”

“Candy, what are you talking about?”

“I want to see if maybe Janice’s freeze curse she put on me has somehow been foiled. If my penis can’t react anymore, will I still have the problem?”

The doctor thought about that for a moment. “Candy are you… asking me… to try to have sex with you again?”

“Yes! Absolutely!”

But the doctor wasn't exactly enthused. "Candy, if your penis can't get hard. If you can't get aroused like that anymore, do you fully realize what it is you're asking me to do?"

Candy couldn't figure out why the doctor wasn't so interested… when she sure had been a few weeks ago! "Just try to have sex with me again," he said. "That's all."

"Not quite!" the doctor corrected him. "Candy, if you can't perform as a man anymore, then what kind of sex are you offering?"

That question put a big damper on Candy's enthusiasm. "Um… I guess, sex between two women."

"That's what I see too," Jessica replied. "And Candy, just so you know, I prefer relationships with men, not women. I have no interest at all in making out with another woman. No interest at all! And Candy, I'm afraid that you've reached the point in your transition now where I would find it very hard to view you as a man anymore. Especially in bed to have sex with."

Candy was disappointed. "I'm sorry. I hadn't thought about it that way." He sighed. "Forget I even brought it up."

"Thank you," the doctor replied. "I appreciate that. We'll discuss this more on Friday when I meet with you. Since you find this so important, we'll treat it as such and explore it in more depth. So continue to think about it and we'll discuss it then. Just don't forget the other assignment I gave you."

Candy sighed. "No. I haven't forgotten."

"How are you doing with that?"

"I don't know. I guess not very well. It's kind of hard to picture myself as being overly girly. I'm just not the type."

"But the idea is for you to imagine that you are. Picture yourself that way. And if you imagine you're that kind of woman, then it means that you enjoy being that way."

"Huh!" Candy grunted. "I'm afraid I'm not exactly a girly kind of girl."

"Work on the assignment Candy. Do it! Like it or not!"

"Yeah doctor. I will," Candy replied disappointedly.

"Good! I'll see you Friday then."

"Yeah. Bye Doctor. Sorry I troubled you."

Doctor Parker hung up her phone. But she couldn't get Candy's initial request off of her mind. As bad as that frigid pain had been, Candy was still willing to try having sex again – despite the fact that she no longer was capable of it. Which only made partial sense to her. But evidently it made total sense to Candy… which was more important.

She went to bed that night, still thinking about what Candy had suggested. And she woke up the next morning with it still on her mind. No, she had no interest at all in even trying to get naked with Candy again. She simply wasn't interested and she simply wasn't going to even attempt it. But was there some other way that Candy might at least… experiment and find out?

A possible solution didn't hit her until after she had dropped her kids off at her sister's house for the day and she was halfway to work. And once the idea did settle in, the more she liked the idea. Candy had wanted to try having sex with her again. But she was still unwilling. But she knew someone who "might" take her place. Someone who might be able to teach Candy more about sex between women than she herself knew… or wanted to know. That is, if her friend was willing… which the more she thought about it sounded all too unlikely. Still, it was worth a shot.

The second meeting between Janice and Maria Alverez happened in Maria's private suite with only Janice, Maria, and Susan there. The three sipped coffee while the two older women did most of the talking.

"I didn't have a lot of time to think about this," Janice said, "but I did come up with an idea that should work. It's only a demonstration anyway, so only doing one session with your nephew will require something… more basic than simply doing what I usually do with a man."

"I'm curious about something," Maria said. "You say you require at least three or four of these sessions as you called them. What is the difference with only doing one?"

"There are several big differences," Janice replied. "First of all, with more sessions, I can go much deeper and my suggestions take root that much stronger. After three sessions I believe I've already destroyed a tiny bit of their brain and there is little chance after that of the man ever coming out of the conditioning process again. With only one session, I don't know how long I can make it last. You heard about the woman I gave the baby behaviors to. She is the only one I've only done one session with. Still, I managed to use some devices on her that should keep her in my control for a very long time. Hopefully, years. But with only that one session, I have no way to check or gauge what will actually happen. I did that one session not all that long ago. I can tell you though that it did work out well and is showing no signs

at all of wearing off. The ones I did multiple sessions on are all without a doubt stuck the way I put them for the rest of their lives. And all of them now reside in insane asylums… all of them completely non–communicative with the rest of the world that hardly matters to them anymore."

"So you simply ripped out their brains? So to speak."

"No," Janice said with a sly smile. "Several of them now truly believe they are bugs. They barely even remember being human once. They are bugs that do their best to think like the bugs they are and especially behave like the bugs they are. I'm particularly fond of turning them into bugs that eat other bugs. I think that's only fitting. Of course, I had one fat slob that I turned into a frog instead. He now has a huge appetite for catching flies with his mouth."

Alverez chuckled. "Wouldn't it be easier to just kill them?"

Janice shook her head. "I've never killed anyone in my life, and I don't intend to. Besides, in every case I used them to steal for me. If they were dead, it might point the authorities in other directions. This way, the authorities know who did the robberies, but by the time they go to arrest the person who did it, they are stymied by the fact that the man has gone so completely crazy. There is no way they can get any answers from them at all. And I make doubly sure of that with multiple controls."

Maria sipped her coffee. "I'm impressed," she said. "You've got a good thing going there. You interest me more and more every minute. Still, I need a demonstration and that's what we're here about. So tell me. What have you come up with?"

Janice laid out her idea. It was simple and basic and she was sure she could make it all stick in one session. Alverez asked questions and there were one or two points that the two discussed to slightly change what Janice had come up with. Susan assured everyone that she had a perfect place for it all to happen… where they wouldn't be disturbed. They discussed getting her nephew into position so that Janice wouldn't have to drug him or worry about him. And Susan told them that there were going to be video cameras there to both record it all and so that Maria could see what happened. But that one point was something that Maria didn't like. And Janice had her own problems with the system too.

"I insist on being there!" Maria stated. "I want to see it all for myself."

"Mrs. Alverez," Susan replied. "For your own safety, we insist that you not be in there."

"My own safety? You plan on having my nephew chained by a collar around his neck! My own bodyguards will be with me at all times? How will I not be safe?"

“Trust me,” Susan replied. “You can watch the entire thing on a TV screen that we’ve arranged for. But you being there during it is dangerous to your own mind.”

“Have you ever witnessed any of these sessions she does?” Alverez asked Susan.

“One,” she said. “And if her daughter hadn’t been there to continually save me, I would have been just as lost as her victim. With the TV screen, Janice can be left with no distractions, and we can continually break your concentration so that there will be no danger to you.”

Maria looked skeptical. “It sounds very unlikely,” she said.

“Trust me!” Susan implored.

Alverez clearly didn’t like it, but she finally agreed. But only with the added stipulation that two of her men witness, in person, everything that happened. Only then could she compare what they had seen with what she herself saw on the TV monitor.

“We can do that Susan,” replied. “But there’s a good chance your men may be affected as well. We’d have to make sure they take every precaution to not be affected.”

“I still insist!” Maria declared.

“And I have a problem with it as well!” Janice stated.

“And what’s that?” Susan asked skeptically. “I don’t mind the cameras at all, but I don’t want this recorded. I don’t like that evidence existing for what I do!”

“Hello?” Candy said quickly after nearly ripping his jeans to get the phone out of his pocket. He really did need new jeans!

“Candy,” the doctor said. “How are you coming with that assignment on being overly feminine?”

“Not so good,” Candy replied.

“Then here’s what I want you to do. When you come here Friday night, I expect to see you dressed and acting totally feminine. Overly feminine, or overly girly! Put as much effort into it as you can. Spare no expense. Use all of your imagination. And just do it!”

“Why?” Candy asked.

“Because it’s important. Because I said so. That’s all the excuse you need, so just do it. Borrow some money if you have to so you can buy whatever you think you need. But show me how overly feminine you’re capable of being. Got that?”

“Um… I think,” Candy replied. “I’m just not too sure how to go about it.”

“That’s what this assignment is all about! Figure it out!” With that, she hung up the phone. Jessica now figured that one way or another, Friday night should prove to be very interesting. Very interesting indeed!

Chapter 67.

Before Candy left for work Thursday morning, he dialed Mike Clemmons' number. "Hey Mike! I just wanted to let you know that I need to be gone this afternoon, and most likely I'll need all afternoon tomorrow too instead of just leaving later in the day."

"Another job?" Mike asked.

"Something like that," Candy replied. Well, it was going to be a job figuring out how to be overly feminine. A hard job!

"Okay," Mike replied. "Thanks for letting me know. Now why the hell aren't you at work yet?"

Candy laughed. "It's not time yet. The sun isn't even up!"

"No excuse!" Mike joked back.

Candy's next call couldn't be made until later in the morning. He took a few minutes for a quick break and walked over to his truck to talk privately for a few moments. "Hi, is this Marissa?"

"Yes," the hairdresser replied.

"This is Candy Brinkley. I'm guessing you probably remember me."

"Oh yes!" Marissa replied. "You were something of an item of interest in here before. Although I have to say, I think you turned out quite well in the end."

"Yeah I did," Candy agreed. "Better than I ever thought possible. But I've got this little problem now."

"What's that?"

"My hair looks awful! I think I need some help."

Marissa laughed. "That's what we're here for. I can probably work you in anytime today if you like."

"I was really thinking more in terms of tomorrow afternoon sometime. I've got this… thing going on tomorrow and I need to look good."

"That sounds very interesting! Marissa replied. "I can't wait to hear about it. Tomorrow afternoon will be fine. What time shall I put you down for?"

"About two maybe?"

"Candy… Brinkley," Marissa said slowly as she wrote the entry in her book. "Got it. See you at two tomorrow."

With that, Candy hung up his phone and struggled to stuff it back in his pocket. Yeah, he really did need some new jeans… and maybe some new underwear that wasn't so tight now… and probably a whole host of things he shouldn't spend his money on. Yeah, no doubt about it. Being a woman was one big shopping trip!

Maria Alverez still wasn't happy that she wouldn't get to witness, in person, up close, what Janice was going to do. The multiple TV screens that had been set up simply made her feel like she was looking at a regular TV program and not something that was happening live. And most TV programs generally held no interest for her. But the Wu's were remaining adamant about her not being in there – which simply left her suspicious!

They were in a warehouse somewhere in Atlanta. The room she was in was located just off of the main room where her nephew was already living a nightmare. He had come along on the trip with the rest of her entourage, but shortly after arriving, the rest of her body guards had grabbed him, fastened a collar that the Wu's have given them around his neck with a lock so he couldn't get it off, then that collar had been locked to a chain hanging from the ceiling. The chain gave him some room to move, but he couldn't go far. Her nephew was understandably frightened to death. The sound was currently muted so she couldn't hear anything going on, but she could see her nephew yelling and most likely demanding to know what was going on.

She saw Janice arrive with Susan and a young girl… evidently Janice's daughter. The three TV cameras in the room all showed different angles of Janice arriving and going over to check all the arrangements. Janice stood well back from Eduardo so he couldn't get near her, but Maria had no doubt that the woman was checking every detail carefully.

The area of the warehouse they were in was mostly empty. Janice's working area contained only a single chair near Eduardo, a small table for Janice that held a large glass of ice tea along with her notebook that she set on it, and what looked like a TV remote control of some sort. Two chairs were set well off to the side for two of Maria's body guards to sit in. Three video cameras were set where they could view everything that was happening from all angles, but as per Janice's wishes, none of this would be videotaped.

The door to their smaller viewing room opened and Susan and the girl entered. Maria watched as the girl went over to a comfortable seat out of the way and stuck some earphones

in her ears and seemed to tune out the whole proceeding. Kids! She greeted Susan then said, "I'm surprised at the attitude of the daughter. Doesn't she care what her mother does?"

"Oh she cares very much," Susan replied. "Go ask her what she thinks."

Maria was a bit put off that Susan had spoken to her that way, but the room was small and she walked over anyway. She was glad to see the girl pull the earpieces away from her ears. "Are you not interested in watching what your mother does?"

"I've seen it," Carol replied. "Several times. And I highly recommend that you don't watch what goes on too closely… for your own good!"

Maria backed away. Such impertinence!

"I think they are ready," Mr. Wu announced as he saw Janice speaking directly toward one of the cameras. This would be his first time seeing it all for himself as well, but he already knew how dangerous it was to watch it all too closely. For that reason, he had set several safeguards in place. The two guards that Maria was determined to have watch would not have those safeguards. He wasn't sure what would happen to them. He punched a button near the TV's and the sound came on from two speakers that had been set up in the room. "Did you say you're ready?" Mr. Wu asked.

"Yes," Janice replied. "Can I begin?"

"One moment please," Wu told her. He turned to Maria. "Do you still wish your men to watch?"

"I do!" Maria said determinedly.

Wu bowed slightly. "Please send them in and ask them to take their seats."

Maria motioned toward two of her men and they boldly walked into the main room. The edge of the TV monitors showed them walking over to the two chairs off to the side and sitting down. One of them crossed his legs and leaned back.

Janice watched the two guards come in. She shook her head. She hadn't known that onlookers could be so affected by what she did until Susan had mentioned it. These men had no shock boxes or any other incentive devices attached to them so she didn't see how they could possibly be affected all that much. She did know that it was possible for them to become slightly hypnotized so they could feel a bit disoriented, but that's all she figured. But if Susan was so concerned about it, then let her be. She would simply do her own thing and try to ignore the stupid men looking on.

She turned her attention to the frightened man with the chain hanging from his neck. The moment she turned towards him, he began shouting loud strings of Spanish as fast as he could. "Oh shut up!" Janice commanded. The shock of her statement caused the man to halt his wild tirade. "I know you speak English," Janice continued. "Maria confirmed that you not only speak it well, but that you lived for several years here in the states. So I know you can understand me perfectly well."

"What do you want of me?" the man demanded.

Janice smiled. "A very good question Eduardo. An excellent question. "All I want you to do is to sit in that chair."

Two minutes later, Carol, who had come over to watch the beginning of the proceedings went back to her chair and carefully stuck the earpieces back in her ears. Susan watched her and wished she could do the same.

Ten minutes into the proceedings, a Chinese girl entered the room bearing a tray of drinks. What nobody noticed was the earplugs the girl was wearing. She purposely knocked against both Mr. Wu and Susan, making sure they were unaffected, but at Wu's orders, she stayed away from Maria Alverez. She noted that the other girl in the room, Janice's daughter, was just fine and appeared to be listening to music with her headphones on. Wu nodded his thanks and the girl left. Ten minutes later, she was back. This time, after she had checked to make sure that both Wu and his daughter were okay, Wu grabbed a drink from her tray.

"Drink, Mrs. Alverez?" he asked. But as he suspected, he got no answer. Janice was in full rhythm on the TV monitors and Maria was transfixed watching her. He grabbed Maria's arm slightly harsher than he normally would. "Drink, Mrs. Alverez?" he said more urgently.

Maria jolted back to reality. Her head was spinning. She looked at Wu for a moment before her head could clear. "My God!" she declared.

Wu pressed the cold drink into her hand. "Drink!" he told her, and waited while she took a sip. "I tried to warn you. Janice is… most powerful."

Maria was still too stunned to reply.

Far more cautiously now, they all watched Janice on the monitors. And now whenever the Chinese girl came in with the drinks, she made sure that everyone was fully awake.

Five minutes later, Wu's sharp eyes caught an odd shadow on the main screen. "What is that?"

"Here father!" Susan said as she pointed toward one of the other monitors. Nearly out of sight, they could just see Maria's two guards on the screen. Both of them were now standing up and moving their limbs to Janice's commands… even without the shock collar locked around their necks.

"My men!" Maria exclaimed.

Wu grabbed her arm. "We tried to warn you. We dare not disturb Janice now… we must simply hope for the best for them." Actually, if Alverez had been a little more reasonable about things then he might have gone in and quietly tried to get her men out of there. But this way Maria would see for herself how powerful Janice's conditioning could be. This way he could insure that he would be able to demand a higher price for Janice's efforts in the future.

Movement off to the side of her vision partially distracted Janice, but she dared not stop. Not yet. She did her best to ignore what was happening off to the side and concentrated fully on Eduardo. The stupid man was falling under her control faster than most others. Obviously he didn't have a very strong mind at all. As far as she was concerned, there would be no loss at all if she destroyed his mind completely.

It was a full ten minutes more before she dared quickly glace over toward the men there. The stupid men were mimicking every move that Eduardo made. They had been hypnotized right along with Eduardo! The fools! Maria should hire better men! Or better still – better women! She put them out of her mind for a few moments as she started winding down on Eduardo. Slowing things down. Getting him ready to receive more important instructions.

"Sit down," she finally said to Eduardo. She glanced to the side and saw both the men there sitting down as well, their eyes staring straight ahead, they too were ready to receive more orders. Janice stopped and took a much needed drink. She found the two other men to be annoying, yet she was amused by them as well. She turned her attention back to Eduardo, her primary concern.

She didn't address him by name as she normally would, but instead she told him that from now on, whenever she addressed him by his name, followed by the command to sleep, that he would immediately drop into the same deep hypnotic state he was in now… and it would go deeper and deeper every time she did it.

As she had done with Doctor Parker, she instilled the impossible wall in his mind that would grow thicker and stronger every time he stood up or sat down. And most importantly to her, she made sure that he could never speak about what she had done to him with anyone! She didn't pay strict attention to the men further away, but every time she asked Eduardo for an answer, she noted two more voices answering as well. Stupid men! The planet would be so much better off without them!

Once the business was done she stopped for another drink… and again considered the two men in the chairs off to the side. With a shake of her head, she walked over to them. Very quietly she spoke to both of them. "Until I say otherwise, you will remain just as you are and rest. As soon as I tap you on the arm, you will hear nothing at all. It will be like you are in a wonderful dreamless sleep until I tap you on the arm again. Then you will listen carefully to me and do as I tell you." With that said, she tapped each of them on the arm and walked back toward Eduardo.

She took another sip of her tea, but her attention now was still on the two men. She was going to ignore them completely, but a tiny germ of an idea made its way into her head. It was a silly idea, but she simply couldn't help herself. She walked back over to the two men. One of them was taller than the other, she tapped the arm of the smaller man. "Can you hear me?" she asked softly.

"Yes," the man replied woodenly.

"Good," Janice replied. "What is your name?"

"Luis," the man said.

"And what is your friend's name?"

"Juan."

"Very good," Janice replied. "Luis, from now on, you are going to feel more and more devoted to your friend Juan. This devotion will grow stronger and stronger and will eventually become a feeling of total love and devotion. You will trust Juan completely in all things and do everything he asks you to do.

"In addition, you will slowly develop some new interests in life. As time goes on and you become more and more devoted to Juan, you will find yourself wanting to act more and more like a baby… and not just any baby, but a baby girl. You will have an overwhelming desire to wear and use diapers like a baby, you will have a strong desire to dress and act like a baby girl, and you will have a strong desire to be treated like a baby girl. Eventually, you will start to look on your friend Juan as your mother and you will feel the same devotion towards him as any baby would feel toward her mother.

"Now when I tap you on the arm again, you will go back into your dreamless sleep where you can't hear anything until I tap you on the arm again."

Finished with him, she turned to the taller guard and tapped his arm. With her voice still soft, she asked, "Juan, can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Good. Juan, from now on you are going to feel more and more devoted to your friend Luis. Over time, you will develop a very deep love for him. You will want to protect and nurture him. Guide him in all ways possible. As your attachment to Luis grows stronger, you are going to start wanting to see your friend as a child instead as a man, and soon after, you will have a very strong desire for him to be as a baby to you instead. In fact, you will want him to be a baby girl for you instead of a baby boy. You will want him to be your baby girl all the time and you will love changing his diapers, and feeding him, and taking very good care of him as any mother should.

"In time, all this will make you want to act as Luis's mother. This will become so important to you that you will begin dressing the part. Being Luis's mother and looking like a proper mother will be more important to you than anything else, and you will do your best to dress and look just like a woman… like a proper mother should look.

"Now when I tap you on the arm, you will go back into your restful dreamless state where you won't hear anything until I tap you on the arm again." With that, she tapped his arm and walked back toward Eduardo. Now it was time to program Eduardo's new life.

Out in the booth, Maria was very concerned. "What did she say to them? I couldn't hear?"

Wu shook his head. "I have no idea." He didn't say it, but from everything he knew about Janice, he feared that it wouldn't be good.

Janice took another sip of her iced tea and opened her notebook. She read the first few entries to remind herself of how she had planned to proceed. Finally, she turned her attention fully on Eduardo again. "Eduardo," she said, "I'd like you to listen to me very carefully. What I have to say now is very important and will remain so for the rest of your life." There was no change in the expression on his face, but then she didn't expect to see one. "It is my will," she continued, "that what I tell you now will be things that you absolutely must do. You have no choice in them at all. My will is all that matters anymore." Again she paused to let that sink in… even though as far as he was concerned, he already had no choice.

"Eduardo," she said, "from now on, you are going to have some new interests in your life. As you know they are things that you absolutely must do. And you must do them no matter what anyone else may think or despite how much anyone tries to keep you from doing them. However, none of these things that I am going to tell you now will take effect and begin until after you are released from the chain hanging from your neck. You will only remain aware of them until you are free from that chain."

She continued. “Eduardo, from now on, it is my will that you continually wet yourself. You will always pee in your clothes or in a diaper if you have one. Like it or not, you will live with the feeling of wet pee surrounding your bottom. You will endure this and do this no matter what anyone else may think or try to force you to do. You may no longer go anywhere except in whatever clothes you are wearing – without taking them off!”

She paused to check her notes for the second item. “Eduardo,” she said, “from now on you will never wear men’s clothes. You may only wear women’s clothing, and as part of that, you will never wear any kind of women’s slacks. It must always be a colorful dress or skirt. You will wear these clothes as if you love them, no matter how you really feel about them. And if anyone makes you wear anything masculine at all, you will refuse outright and fight as hard as you can to avoid it. It will be easier for you to go fully naked in public than have to wear anything masculine at all!”

“She didn’t need to see the next item on her list. “Eduardo, along with the women’s clothing, you will always wear makeup, nail polish if you can get it, and have your hair fixed as femininely as possible. In fact, you will do everything in your power to keep your whole body looking as pretty and feminine as you can. From now on, it will be as if you live to be pretty and feminine all the time.”

She consulted her list again before continuing. “Eduardo, from now on, one of your favorite activities is to give sexual pleasure to any man or woman that wants it. Man… or woman! You will go out of your way to provide all the sexual pleasure they may want – any sexual pleasure at all, to anyone and everyone you can. You will positively beg people to let you give them that pleasure if you must. And you will do your absolute best to make sure they are completely happy with your services.”

She checked her list for the next item, even though she didn’t need to. “Eduardo, despite the fact that you will be giving so much pleasure to others, from now on, you are no longer allowed to feel sexual pleasure yourself. Every time your body begins to respond sexually in any way, you will feel a freezing cold invading your genitals. The stronger your arousal is, the more intense the cold will be. The cold will shrink your penis so that it cannot respond and will remind you that you are no longer allowed to feel that kind of pleasure anymore. But that cold will not keep you from giving sexual pleasure to others – even though you will never be able to use your male appendage ever again.”

She checked her list to make sure she hadn’t missed anything, but she already knew there was only one last item left… and she knew what that item was. “Eduardo,” she said, “from now on, whenever you are not giving sexual pleasure to anyone, you will find things to clean. The dirtier and the more disgusting the better. From now on, you compulsively live to clean filth. Other than your diapers, you will do your best to keep yourself and your clothes as clean and pretty as possible, but you will work hard to make sure everything that you can

find that needs cleaning is scrubbed thoroughly. You cannot rest if something needs cleaning and you haven't finished."

She figured that would do it… for this round. It was just the few simple things that she and Maria had worked out together. Now it was time to wake him up and start all over again… from scratch.

"Eduardo, when I tell you to, you will wake up fully. You will no longer be in any kind of trance at all. Eduardo… wake up!"

She watched as Eduardo brought himself fully out of his trance shaking his head to try to clear it… and eventually, his eyes went wide with fright. "Nooooo!" he screamed… much to Janice's pleasure as he fully remembered everything that she had just glued into his head. "Noooo!"

Janice took another long sip of her iced tea. She glanced at the two guards who were still sound asleep in their chairs… oblivious to everything that was going on. She would get back to them later. Setting her notebook down on the table again, she took one last sip of the tea and turned back to the wide–eyed and very frightened Eduardo. "Stand up!" she commanded. And her finger hit the remote control button to give him a shock the moment he didn't react fast enough. "Sit down!" she commanded. And her finger shocked him again.

"What is she doing?" Maria asked. "I thought she was finished."

Carol had come over to watch for the last few minutes. "She's just starting all over again," she replied. "Since she can't do this with multiple sessions, she does two back to back to make sure that her commands stick as firmly as possible. She's just going to do everything exactly the same from here on," Carol told them. "You might want to sit back and relax for a while." With that, she stuck the earpieces back in her ears and went back to her music.

As usual, the second time didn't take nearly as long as the first time. It was made even easier because Janice didn't have the distraction of the two guards. Using her list, Janice was careful to put every single command that she had put into Eduardo the first time, back into him the second time… ensuring that he could never go against her will and that all the odd behaviors she had just given him would be followed to the letter – for as long as the conditioning lasted… which Janice hoped would be the rest of his stupid life. She would be happy though if it lasted just a year or two. With only this one session, she had no way to be sure, but then it was only a demonstration of what she was capable of doing.

Before waking Eduardo up this time, she took a moment to go back over to the guards. She tapped each of them on the arm and said, "When I tell you to wake up, you will come awake fully. You will no longer be hypnotized in any way at all." She didn't bother to say anything

at all about the fact that they would have to follow the commands she had stuck in them. If it stuck, then so much the better. If not, then it didn't really matter anyway.

She walked back over to Eduardo. "Wake up!" she commanded loudly. All three men came awake, and Eduardo collapsed in his chair, buried his head in his hands and started crying. Janice looked over at the two guards. They were sitting there staring at each other, the tall one was holding the arm of the shorter one. She didn't know what was going to happen there.

A door opened in the back of the room and Mr. Wu led the way as everyone else followed behind him. "Magnificent, Janice," Wu exclaimed happily. "Truly magnificent!"

Maria came up and took Janice's hand and held it. "I didn't believe the power of what you were doing. They had to continually make sure I myself did not fall under your spell!" She looked toward Eduardo. "But why does it look like none of it is working?"

Janice smiled. "Because I told him that none of it would take effect until the chain was removed from his neck."

Maria looked around at her guards. Most of them were clustered around the two guards who had remained in the room. "Unchain Eduardo!" she commanded.

Four of the guards went over to the still sobbing man. They grabbed him and held him so that one of them could unlock the collar that was around his neck.

"No! No!" Screamed Eduardo, knowing what would happen the moment the collar was removed.

But removing the collar was a foregone conclusion and the moment it was gone from his neck the man went berserk trying to get his clothes off. Janice noted that the front of his pants were already wet before he could get them off.

"Leave him be!" Maria commanded so her guards would stand back.

In moments, Eduardo was fully naked. He glanced around trying to figure out what to do.

"Eduardo, put your clothes back on!" Maria commanded.

Eduardo looked from Maria to the clothes he had just removed and back again. "No! I can't!" he screamed in fear.

"I said put them on!"

"I can't! I can't!" he cried as tears fell from his eyes again.

"I gave you an order Eduardo!" Maria tried again. "Why can't you put your clothes back on?"

But all Eduardo knew to do was to drop to his knees and plead. "Please. Please. I can't. I can't."

"Why not?"

Eduardo glanced back and forth now between Maria and Janice. "I can't," he cried again. "They're men's clothes!"

Maria walked over to him. "Would you rather wear my dress?"

Eduardo quickly reached out and grabbed the hem of her dress. "Please!" he begged. "Please let me wear it. Please!"

"No!" Maria barked as she slapped his hands away and backed up. Eduardo lapsed into deeper sobs. She turned to one of the guards. "Get the bag we brought with us from the car. Hurry!"

Several minutes later, the bag was retrieved from the car and brought to Maria. From it, she extracted a large disposable diaper. She threw it at Eduardo. "Here! Put this on!" she ordered.

Eduardo stared at the diaper in shock. But it was shock mixed with joy. As fast as he could he labored to figure out how to fasten the thing around him while everyone else looked on. As soon as he was done, a short strange mewing sound escaped from one of the guards. The shorter guard who had remained in the room was staring wide–eyed at the diaper that Eduardo was wearing.

"What did you do to my men?" Maria asked softly.

Janice smiled. "Just a little fun," she replied. "I don't know if any of it will stick at all, but you may want to keep those two together from now on in case it did. I think they're going to be very devoted to each other… if it worked."

Maria looked suspiciously at Janice for a moment. Then she put her hand in the bag again and pulled out a large multi–colored piece of material. She threw it at Eduardo. "Try that!" she commanded.

Janice watched as Eduardo picked up the feminine material and shook it out. It wasn't until then that Janice realized that the material was a large dress… and as expected, Eduardo was doing his best to get the thing on as fast as he could.

Maria smiled and turned to Janice. "Now we'll have to test things and see how well it looks like it will last. But if all goes as well as I now expect it to, then you and I may be doing a lot of business together. And if all goes well, I can see us making history together!"

"And we will be most happy to help you along the way," Mr. Wu added, making sure that Maria didn't forget that Janice was now a part of his organization… not hers!

Overly feminine? Overly girly? Candy stood in the middle of the department store and literally turned around in a circle. Everything around him was overly feminine. But when you picked just one item to look at, it just looked… normal feminine. So how the heck was he supposed to look – overly feminine… or overly girly? Not that he expected there was any difference.

Why couldn't all the clothes be easy, like the pile of new jeans he was carrying in the bag in his hand? Well, okay, they hadn't been all that easy. It was amazing how many styles and different cuts of jeans there were for women… and how many he had to try on to find the ones that fit the best – without being too tight! He wasn't out to look like a sex model, he was a construction worker. Although he had no doubt the guys he worked with would rather see the too tight jeans. Except for Fitz. He still wasn't too sure about that guy. The rest of them had been okay though. Even fun at times. Trying… but fun. Sort of. He wasn't exactly used to the kind of jokes they were banting about now.

He shifted the heavy bag of jeans in his hand. Ugh! If he had to carry the thing much longer his hands were going to give out. Why did he have to lose the strength in his hands of all places? He needed that strength to work! While the other guys picked up three or four boards at a time, he was now diminished to picking up two… and wishing each time he could only grab one! It was… embarrassing! He shifted the heavy bag in his hands again. Damn it! Time to take it to the car and drop it off! He couldn't very well shop with that getting in his way.

Fifteen minutes later he was back in the same spot, with the same dilemma. He stared all around him. How did you do overly girly?

"May I help you?"

He turned quickly. He hadn't seen the salesgirl walk up. "Um… I'm looking for… I'm supposed to find…" But he was too embarrassed to say it.

"You need something for a special date?" the girl asked.

"Uh… something like that," Candy replied. "Actually, uh… believe it or not, my therapist told me I had to dress overly feminine or overly girly when I go to see her tomorrow. And I haven't a clue."

The girl was obviously surprised by that. "Okay," she replied. "That's different. Shouldn't be a problem though."

"For you, or me?" Candy asked.

"Why do you have a problem with it?" the girl asked as she slowly headed back between the racks of clothes.

"I do construction work. I'm not exactly very girly."

"Ooooh!" the girl breathed. "I guess that explains a lot."

What it didn't explain to Candy though, was why the salesgirl wasn't picking up at all on the fact that he was a man dressed as a woman. Was she blind? Or just being nice? Maybe he should hope for nice. Blind might not help him find anything decent to wear.

"Do you want to go formal, or just fun?" the girl asked.

"Um… I don't think I'm ready for formal yet."

The girl smiled. "Good! Fun is much more… fun!"

Okay! That much sounded obvious to Candy. But just how did you do "fun?"

The girl stopped at a rack of colorful dresses and started pawing through them while Candy stood back.

"Oh!" the salesgirl said as she pulled one out. "This one should look great on you with your skin coloring. I wish I could tan like you do." But when she turned toward Candy, Candy was looking elsewhere.

"Like it?" she asked when she saw what Candy was looking at.

Candy quickly pulled his head away from the mannequin he had been looking at. "Oh, sorry," he said as he looked at the dress she had in her hand.

"No, I mean the sundress you were looking at."

"Oh, no. I don't think that would work for me at all." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "I need something I can wear a bra with. I'm not built all that… big yet for something like that."

"Ooooh," the girl said. "You're still working on it."

Candy immediately realized that the girl had figured out that he wasn't a woman. She was just being nice. But he could handle nice. He also realized he had a long way to go. "Um… yeah," he admitted embarrassedly.

"Well if it's any consolation," she whispered back. "I think you look sensational!"

"Thanks," Candy whispered. "Um… what gave me away?"

"Actually I didn't notice at all at first. And after that, I wasn't really sure," she said softly. "But you mentioned you worked in construction, and then I noticed your Adams apple, and then I was wondering if your hands and feet were… um… a bit big." Candy looked at her and saw her cock her head and shrug her shoulders. "Sorry," she whispered apologetically.

"Don't be," Candy replied. "I'm just glad you're being nice."

She smiled. "No problem. And like I said, I think you look pretty sensational!"

Candy let out a deep breath. "Thanks. I think I needed that."

The girl held up the dress in her hand. "Now, how about something to party in?"

Ten minutes later, the salesgirl had three dresses in her hands that she claimed should be fun to wear. As she started to lead Candy toward the changing rooms to try them on, she saw Candy again looking at the mannequin. Saying nothing, she walked over to another rack, searched through the sizes and pulled out one of the sundresses that she thought would fit him. Then she led him back to the changing rooms. "Do you want to try these on privately, or do you want my opinion on them?" she asked.

Candy was a bit surprised by the offer. "Would you mind?" he asked. "I'm… kind of new to the girly stuff."

"Sure," she said. "At this time of day we're not busy anyway, and I'd much rather do this than put stock back where it's supposed to be." As Candy disappeared into the tiny changing room with the dresses, she called in to him. "So how come your doing this kind of change if you're not that interested in the girly stuff. I would have thought that most people like you would be."

Candy was more than a bit surprised that she would be so bold to ask a question like that. The problem was, he couldn't tell her the real reason. He had to rely on his standard supply of… reasonable sounding answers. "I don't think," he called back as he pulled the top he was wearing over his head to get it off, "that being a woman has anything to do with what job you do or even with the fact that you prefer dresses or pants to wear. I think it has more to do with your heart and what you really feel you are on the inside. I'm just trying to make my outside come closer to matching my inside."

"That sounds… profound," the girl replied.

Candy was just glad she didn't continue that conversation. He slipped into the first dress and checked his image in the mirror. Bright pattern. Lace around the neckline. Full skirt – short skirt! And the sight of his bra straps running over his shoulders. Not going to work! He stepped out of the changing room anyway. "I don't think this one will work for me," he said as he let her get a good look at him in that dress.

"Why not?" she asked. "Other than the fact that I think you need a smaller size."

"Smaller?"

"Yeah! That dress is supposed to be a lot tighter than that."

Ugh! "I must have lost more weight," he decided.

"Good for you! Why don't you try on one of the others while I go back and find some dresses in a smaller size?"

"I need something that won't show my bra straps too," Candy called after her.

"Don't worry about the straps!" the girl called back. "You just need a smaller size."

Candy couldn't see why, but he headed back into the changing room to do as she suggested. When he came out again, he didn't see her anywhere around. He had to nervously wait a few minutes until she came hurrying back again with an armload of more dresses.

"I was able to find a lot more in the smaller size," she declared as she handed off the armload of dresses to him. Then she disappeared into the changing room and pulled out the other dresses he hadn't tried on yet.

Candy didn't even ask about the dress he was currently wearing, he just headed back into the changing room to try the ones in a smaller size.

Five dresses later, the salesgirl declared, "You really ought to get three."

“Three?”

“Yeah. That way you have several to choose from and you’ll be ready for any party that comes up.”

Candy looked at her dubiously. “I think I’ll just go with one this time.”

The girl looked slightly disappointed. “Then I suggest the one you’ve got on… only without the bra. They all look great on you though. Just bring out whichever one you like the best.”

She was suggesting the one he had on? Yeah, she had said don’t wear it with a bra, but could he? He supposed the way the cups of the dress were made they would probably support his breast forms along with his own breast fairly well. In fact, with the bra on it was more than a bit tight in there. But that dress? It hugged his stomach like a glove! And then the top of it just came up over his breasts and tied around the back of his neck… leaving a good portion of his back totally exposed! The mottled red and white material hugged his body and then suddenly flared out at his hips into three tiered layers of wide ruffled skirts… with the final bottom skirt being nothing but several inches of the netting underneath that was holding the skirts so wide in the first place. And as far as he was concerned… that netting ended a lot shorter than any of the other dresses he had tried on. His legs were mostly exposed… and he was sure the rest of it just barely covered his backside!

“Are you sure about this thing?” he asked uncertainly.

She shrugged. It looks really great on you,” she replied. “And you did ask for something really girly.”

Candy looked down at what he could see of the dress. Yeah, he couldn’t imagine anything more girly than this. “Okay,” he decided, I’ll go with this one.” He just hoped he wouldn’t be too embarrassed wearing the thing. He headed back to the changing room and put his clothes on. When he was ready, he grabbed the dress he was buying and carried it out.

“How about that sundress that you liked?” she asked. “I found one of those in a smaller size for you too. Did you even try it on?”

Candy shook his head. “No. What would be the point? I’d rather have something that hides my bra a little more.”

“You don’t wear a bra with that dress.”

“Then it’s really no good for me.” Candy replied.

The girl rolled her eyes and grabbed Candy by the arm and pulled him back into the changing room. “Strip,” she commanded as she searched through the pile of dresses in there for the sundress he had liked.

“Here? With you?”

“Don’t worry,” the girl replied. “I don’t bite and I won’t tell.”

Dubiously, Candy got undressed down to his bra and panties again. The girl handed him the sundress and he pulled it up his body.

“Hold on,” she said as she moved behind him. Before he knew it, she had unfastened his bra in the back and was sliding it off his shoulders. He had to catch his breast forms to keep them from falling on the floor. As she came around to the side of him to grab the top straps of the dress, she said, “I don’t know what you’re so worried about with the size of your breasts. I know lots of girls with breasts only half your size.”

Candy was a little surprised to hear her say that, even though he knew that many women did have very small breasts… and he was very aware of how much his breasts had grown already. But Janice had been making him wear the “C” cup bras for a long time now. Would she let him wear something smaller? “Um… I think I just need all the extra illusion I can get,” he told her.

“Why? Like I said earlier, you look sensational!”

“Thanks, but that’s only because of the extra padding.”

“Not at all! Not even close! You really ought to consider trying to be a little more natural now. I’m sure you would be a lot more comfortable without having to worry about that extra padding all the time.”

“Um… I’ll think about it,” Candy told her, then after a moments reflection – looking at his reflection in the mirror he asked, “You wouldn’t be willing to help me find some better bras, would you?”

“Sorry,” she replied. “They won’t let me out of this department.” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “Victoria’s Secret is having a sale. Go there instead. But you didn’t hear that from me!”

“Got it,” Candy whispered back. “Thanks.” He looked at his reflection again. The dress was amazingly light, almost as if he wasn’t wearing anything at all! Could he even feel comfortable in such a thing? But then he realized that maybe that was the whole point. “I guess I’ll take it,” he told her.

“Good!” she replied happily. “I knew you liked it, so you may as well get it and enjoy it.”

Twenty minutes later, carrying a bag with his two dresses in it, Candy forced himself to walk boldly into Victoria’s Secret. There were signs for their sale everywhere. He was immediately lost amid that much femininity. Was this something that Jessica had meant about overly feminine? If so, he didn’t get it. Underwear didn’t show. At least, it wasn’t supposed to – as far as he was concerned.

“May I help you?” and older woman asked as she walked up to him.

“Um…” Candy lowered her voice to almost a whisper. Summoning up his courage he said, “I’m in the process of transitioning from male to female. And I need a little help with some bras and panties that fit better.”

The woman stepped back from him to look him over better. “Oh! Oh my goodness. I hadn’t realized.”

A blind one, Candy decided.

“You look lovely though,” the saleswoman added.

“Thank you,” Candy replied, honestly pleased by the remark.

“So what did you have in mind?” the woman asked as she turned and headed toward the back of the store. All of our thongs are on sale this week.”

“Um… no thongs please,” Candy replied. “I need something a bit more practical.” He decided to amend that thought. “Actually, I need a few other things too.”

“Anything at all,” the woman said. “I’ll be happy to help.”

Candy lowered his voice again. “You don’t mind helping someone like me?”

The woman appeared surprised. “Are you joking? Do you have any idea how many men walk into this store every day looking for lingerie to wear for themselves?”

“You’re kidding?” Candy replied.

“Not only that, but we get a lot of transvestites and transsexuals in here as well. This store doesn’t cater to just genetic women. We sell lingerie and intimately feminine things to whoever would like them. Why shouldn’t the men be allowed to enjoy those feelings as well?”

"Uh… I guess I hadn't thought about it before."

The woman lowered her voice, "I'm guessing you're a transsexual? I mean, I couldn't tell that you weren't a real woman when you first walked in."

Definitely blind! "I've been on hormones for a while now," Candy replied.

"Good!" she stated a bit louder. "Then I'm guessing your breasts are all real then."

"Um… not entirely," Candy admitted.

"Oh. Okay, maybe it we should go into one of the dressing rooms and take a look. We may as well measure you to see what we've got to work with."

As embarrassing as it was, Candy was soon surprised to find out that he was halfway between an "A" and a "B" cup already. The woman recommended that since he was still "growing" he was close enough to it that he should go with the "B" cup size. And after going through such an embarrassingly "intimate" bra fitting, Candy told the woman that she wanted not only a few "B" cup bras, but also more "C" cup ones as well… along with more panties in a size that weren't threatening to rip apart every time he stretched them over his ever growing butt! And since he had gone that far, and since he was already way over his budget, he decided to go for broke. "Um… my therapist gave me this assignment," he said. "I'm supposed to show up there tomorrow night looking overly girly. Any suggestions?"

The woman just smiled. "This whole store is dedicated to girly! I'm sure we can manage that pretty easily!"

Forty five minutes later, Candy walked out of the store with another big bag in his hands. This one full of more underwear and "intimate apparel" than he ever dreamed he could want. He was now a little nervous about the state of his credit cards. And he still figured he needed shoes to go with the dress he was going to wear tomorrow night.

A short while later, with two bags in his hands, he walked into the shoe store. As he was staring around trying to figure out where to go, one of the saleswomen walked up to him. "May I help you?" she asked.

"Um… I need some girly shoes to go with a dress I just bought," he replied.

"Oh!" the woman replied with a smile. "You have the dress there?"

Candy opened the bag and awkwardly tried to pull out the party dress, pulling out the sundress in the process. The woman grabbed the sundress. “Oh, this is lovely,” she stated as she held it up.

“That’s not the one I need the shoes for,” Candy replied as he extracted the other dress from the bag and held it up.

“Oh! I love it!” the woman declared as she pulled on the tiered skirts a bit to see the dress better.

“Do you have something girly to go with it?” Candy asked.

“Oh, absolutely!” the woman replied.

Red shoes. Red high heeled shoes. Red very, very high heeled shoes. Red very high heels with a strap that wrapped around his ankle… and a bow decoration over his toes. And heels that were so tall and thin he was having trouble just standing up in them. But they definitely matched the red in his dress.

“Oh! They look wonderful on you,” the woman declared. She lowered her voice. “If you don’t mind me saying it, I’m glad to know I’m not the only woman around with big feet. I get so jealous dealing with all these girls with such tiny petite feet all the time that it really is nice to be able to help someone who is normal for a change.”

Candy almost fell over when the woman used the word “normal.” Of course, just then, standing up in those shoes was a battle. Didn’t this woman realize what he was? Was she another blind one, or another nice one? He decided not to enlighten her. “I’m just wondering if I can walk in these things?” he said.

“Oh honey, with a dress like that, you need shoes like those. And think of the attention you’ll get!”

That was one thing that Candy didn’t want to think about. “Okay,” he said hesitantly. “I guess I’ll try them.”

“Excellent! Now, what kind of accessories do you have and what kind of bag are you going to carry with it?”

Accessories? Bag? Maybe he should have just stayed home!

After work, Sid Forsyth drove to the prison and went through the elaborate check–in procedures. Half an hour later, he was ushered into a room where Ted Jacobs had been put to wait for him. At Forsyth’s request, the guards left them alone to talk. Forsyth hated to see

his friend stuck in prison. He hated seeing the orange jump suit on him just as much. "How's it going?" he asked as he sat down in front of Jacobs.

"So–so," Jacobs replied. "I won't lie and say it's a barrel of laughs."

"I'm sure," Forsyth replied. "If I had a way to get you out of here, I'd do it in a New York minute!" Forsyth declared.

"I know you would, buddy," Jacobs replied. "So what's new on the outside?"

Forsyth shook his head. "Rumor has it that your friend Janice Brinkley finally got her settlement. I don't know how much it was but I'm betting it was a lot since it took so long for them to settle. And she's been officially declared 'hands–off' by the Bureau. I don't think they even care if there's a chance she was involved with those robberies."

Jacobs grunted. "She's involved alright. I just couldn't ever find the proof."

"Well I heard from one of the guys that he saw her coming out of one of Atlanta's fanciest hotels yesterday. I'm guessing she quit her job as a housekeeper now and is staying at someplace nice until she can find somewhere else to live."

Jacobs grunted. "No doubt! Hey, if she's so hands–off, why were they following her?"

"They weren't. There's this big–deal drug lord, a Maria Alverez, staying in the same hotel. The guys are trying to keep a close eye on her while she's in the country. My friend just happen to noticed Janice coming out of the hotel while they were watching for Alverez and he recognized her from that drug deal you happened to set Stokley up for a few years ago."

"Janice? And a drug lord?" Jacobs exclaimed excitedly. "In the same hotel? How much you want to bet they're working together!"

Forsyth shook his head. "I doubt it. Besides, we've got no proof!"

"Find a way to watch her!" Jacobs insisted.

"What does it matter to you anymore anyway?"

It was a moment before Jacobs answered. "It matters. She's a criminal! Proof or not, I know she is! So trust me… it matters!"

Chapter 68.

Candy left work at exactly twelve o'clock on Friday. He stopped at the drive thru of a fast food restaurant and got something to eat, then he headed for home, stuffing fries into his mouth as he drove. His entire lunch was finished by the time he pulled into his driveway.

Once in the house, he got undressed and took a long scented bath – so nice! One of the best parts of becoming a woman! He shaved every bit of hair off his body that he could still find, bathed his skin in a fabulous moisturizer that Jennifer had recommended, fixed his ratty looking hair as best he could, and headed into his room to get dressed. As he had been doing more and more often now, he stared for a long time at his naked image in the mirror. This was him now. This was the new him. It was hard to accept. Hard to get used to. Even though he saw himself that way every day. But what choice did he have?

His eyes roamed his whole body, his whole image, but they lingered the longest on two places – the small incongruous appendage still sticking out from his groin, and of course, his breasts. The incongruous appendage was beginning to look ugly on him now… now that the rest of him looked so… feminine.

His mind was starting to struggle now with how he was feeling about someday having that part of him removed. On the one hand, he would look so much better. His body would appear entirely just one gender. He would no longer have anything to hide or worry about. He would be… much more complete.

But on the other hand, they would be removing the last of who he really was. Roger Brinkley would forever more be gone… just a memory… all too soon forgotten… perhaps even by him. There would never be a way back for him at all… as if there ever would be now. He knew without a doubt that what Janice had done to him could not be undone… ever!

He forced his eyes up to his breasts. Not just cleavage, but real breasts sticking out from his chest. The woman in Victoria's Secret had said they were somewhere between an "A" and a "B" cup already. Already! It was frightening! Yet at the same time, their appearance seemed to go with the rest of his body… if you didn't count that one important incongruous part down below. He cupped his hands over his breasts. A handful for each hand… already. Unfortunately they were still awfully sore and sensitive to the touch. But then, they were still growing and would likely be growing for quite some time.

He forced his eyes upward, away from his breasts. His neck was longer now… or was it just that his shoulders had lost most of their broadness and masculinity. Feminine. It was the only way he could think of his body now. His entire body. Feminine. If you didn't count that one small incongruity at his groin.

It took a bit of an effort to tear his eyes off of his image in the mirror and find some underwear to put on. New panties. Not quite as frilly as the ones that Carol had picked out for him… ages ago now. But they were still more than a bit feminine. He now had a drawer full of varying styles – but no thongs! He slipped a pair up his legs and settled them into place, automatically pushing his penis and testicles back between his legs as he always did. They had become so small now that for many things he wore it was hardly necessary.

He didn't bother with a bra. Not yet. Instead, he walked over to his closet and pulled out the sundress he had bought yesterday. He had only tried it on in the store. He had looked at it when he got home last night, and then just hung the thing up. It was so light it weighed almost nothing. He slipped his legs into the top and pulled it up his body, pulling the top of it over his breasts… and he let go of it. The dress stayed where it was. The very slight elastic at the top gripped his body and the dress actually hung from his breasts. It was such a strange thing. He grabbed the top straps and pulled them behind his head, struggling to tie them into a bow as best he could.

He went back to the mirror to see himself again. Even without tucking, the dress would have hid his little incongruity completely. But now all he saw in the mirror was a woman. A woman he found hard to accept as himself. Quickly turning away, he hurried over to his dresser to add some makeup. With all the laser treatments he'd had now, he didn't need quite so much of some of it. Just a little of this and a little of that… okay, maybe more than a little of that. Then he was back to the mirror again.

Shoes! He needed shoes! But what shoes was he supposed to wear with a dress like that? On a whim, he pulled out the red heels he had bought the day before, and sitting on his bed, managed to strap them onto his feet. He carefully teetered over to the mirror to see. Sexy! Sexy! Sexy! Well, maybe not. It was still difficult to just stand up in the darn things. He went back to his bed where he could sit and remove them. He found his flat sandals in the closet and put them on instead. Much better. The mirror seemed to approve as well.

He still had time before he had to go get his hair done. Dressed just like he was, he went out and started making another quilt, more than aware that he was doing it this time because it was something feminine to do. And just then, he was in the mood to do something… feminine.

Carol looked out the hotel window at the crystal white beaches below. Her mother's voice in the background, talking on the phone, reminded her that she wasn't going to get out to that beach… yet. She would have to wait until later. They had a list of more important things to do first. She heard her mother hanging up the hotel phone and she turned to find out what was happening.

"The real estate agent says she has several rental properties we can look at," Janice told her daughter. "She's expecting us in a little while."

“Can we go to the beach after that?” Carol asked.

“We have to find a house first,” Janice said. “And then I think a few more bank visits would be helpful.”

Carol’s face fell. They had already been to two different banks that morning – setting up accounts for each of them. One bank had accounts in their current names, but the other bank they had opened the new accounts under their new names – Edgewater. At the rate they were going, they were never going to get to the beach!

Did he dare? Did he? Did he dare go out of the house and get his hair done wearing just that sundress? Candy stared at his image in the mirror again. Other women went out wearing them all the time – everywhere. They were considered casual wear he guessed. But did he dare? He wasn’t wearing any breast forms inside the thing. No bra. Nothing! But his breasts couldn’t be missed. The thing was light and comfortable. Nothing about it felt like any clothing he had ever worn. Not even any of the dresses he had. It was almost like he wasn’t wearing anything! And yet… he was dressed. So… did he dare?

Plucking up his courage before he had a chance to change his mind, he grabbed his purse and hurried out the door. He forced himself to hurry into his truck, and he drove determinedly… for a while. He felt like he was doing something wrong… something illegal. Yet he knew he wasn’t. The sundress simply felt… too light. Too comfortable. Too strange. Too… feminine. It took an equal amount of courage to force himself to get out of his truck and walk boldly into the hair salon. Was he acting too feminine in that dress? He knew it was a stupid question.

“Candy!” Marissa called as she spotted him walking in. “I’ll be right with you.”

Candy waited by the counter as he watched Marissa working on an older woman’s hair. There were four other women all getting their hair done too. The place was fairly crowded. He would have felt so much more comfortable if he hadn’t worn that dress! But at the same time, it was boiling hot outside and he was betting he wasn’t the only one in the place wearing something like it. He just couldn’t tell right then because all the other women were covered by capes so their clothes wouldn’t get messed up. He finally gave up waiting while standing and took one of the seats… being careful to keep his legs together as he sat and pulling at the dress to bring the skirt down as far as he could over his legs… which wasn’t very far! Why didn’t he just wear shorts?

It was a good fifteen minutes before he saw Marissa finish with the elderly woman she was working on. It took another five minutes before the woman had paid and walked out. At a smile from Marissa, Candy nervously stood.

“You’re looking divine today!” Marissa exclaimed. “Love your dress!”

"Thanks," Candy replied, trying not to show that he was nervous wearing the thing. He followed Marissa back to her chair, set his purse down on the floor out of the way, and sat down.

Marissa came up behind him and started playing with his hair with her fingers. "So what's the special party you're going to tonight?"

"It's not a party," Candy replied. "I'm just meeting with my therapist."

"On the phone, you made it sound like something really special."

"Well, it's just that she gave me this really weird last minute assignment for when I go tonight. I have to show up looking as… overly feminine, or as overly girly as I possibly can."

Marissa's fingers stopped in Candy's hair as she looked at him in the mirror. "That's something different. So what did you have in mind for your hair? It does need a bit of shaping."

"I still want it to grow out long," Candy said, "but at the same time, I need a look that's easy to manage. Something I don't have to do much with."

"I see," Marissa said, half to herself as she continued to pull at sections of Candy's hair. "We did highlights on it last time, but I'm thinking that you would look great if we lightened it a shade. Just a little bit. What do you think?"

"Uh… okay I guess," Candy replied. He really wasn't sure at all, but Marissa was the expert. And he did leave the salon looking remarkably good the last time he was there.

"Do you have a special dress for your therapist tonight, or are you wearing that one?"

Candy let out a small laugh. "You should see the dress I found!" While Marissa continued to play with his hair, he went into as good a description of the party dress he had bought as he could.

"Did you get shoes to go with it?" Marissa asked.

"Oh yeah," Candy replied. "Red heels that I can barely stand up in. And I got a red bag to match, and long gold earrings and a couple of gold bracelets as well."

Marissa stopped playing with his hair again. "It sounds like we need to be doing more than just your hair again. How about nails too, and I can clean your eyebrows up again, and if you like, I can do your makeup for you too. How does all that sound?"

The dollar signs continued to go up in Candy's head. "Sounds good," he replied… trying not to show his nervousness.

"Good!" Marissa exclaimed happily. "Along with lightening the color a bit, I'm thinking some soft loose curls. With the permanent you'd have very little to worry about as far as the maintenance goes… for a while at least."

The Villa Janice decided on was actually the second one they had seen that day, but she didn't decide on it until she had visited four different homes. Carol certainly liked it… for the beach it overlooked. The only thing she wished was that the beach had more people. She didn't see any boys her age from the Villa's grand balcony that face the beautiful aqua colored water.

Once the paperwork for the rental house had been signed, it took them an hour to check out of the hotel and get all their luggage moved to the house. Carol was very glad that her mother had suggested they both use just one of the four bedrooms. She had been particularly enjoying sharing her mother's bed ever since they had left Candy's house a few days ago.

"Now can we go to the beach, Momma?"

"Sorry dear," Janice replied. "We have errands to run and shopping to do first."

Carol was disappointed – again. She was never going to get to the beach! Feeling a bit dejected, she followed her mother out to the rental car and they drove down into the busy city again. "More banks, Momma?" Carol asked.

"I'm afraid so," Janice replied as she tried to spot the bank she was looking for. She had a list of every bank in the city and all the branches for those banks, and over the next several days, she intended on opening accounts at every one of them… under two different names!

"Which name are we using with this one?" Carol asked.

"Edgewater, this time," Janice replied.

Carol nodded. "After the banks can we go to the beach?"

"I'm afraid not, dear. I still have to buy a sewing machine, and don't forget, we need groceries in that house too."

Carol sighed. She was never going to feel her feet in the sand and touch her toes in that gorgeous water… that everyone told her was heavenly warm.

Who was she? Who was that woman in the mirror? Candy had to ask himself that because he knew it wasn't him. There was no way it could be him! She was… beautiful. The woman in the mirror had hair that was a light shade of brown… maybe leaning a little bit toward blonde, but defiantly still brown. The almost wild look to the hairstyle seemed modern, and young, and chic, and… simply beautiful. He reached up his hand and saw the fingers on the woman in the mirror reaching up to touch her hair too. The mirror woman's fingernails were a beautiful shade of red that was as close to the red in his dress as he could remember. His toes matched his fingernails. He wondered if the woman in the mirror had toenails that matched as well. He was betting she did, but he wasn't sure because that woman wasn't him. It couldn't be.

And then there was his face. The part of him that he was staring at the most. His makeup was a bit bolder than he had ever done before. His lipstick was a close match to his nails. His cheeks blossomed with a complementing color… and his eyes… they were big, and wide, and gorgeous!

Who was that creature in the mirror? He turned around to search the room behind him. But the only person he saw that was close enough to be seen in the mirror was Marissa… his hairdresser. And he could already see her clearly in the mirror. So where did the woman in the mirror come from?

"What do you think?" Marissa asked.

It was a moment before Candy could reply. "That can't be me!"

"Oh yes it is! I thought you came out good last time, but this time you're twice as good. Of course prettying you up like a prom queen didn't exactly hurt."

A prom queen?

"Tell you what," Marissa said. "After you finish with that therapist of yours, you head straight to some club somewhere and have yourself a good time! From what you told me about your outfit tonight, you're going to look sensational. You go out and have some fun!" She lowered her voice to a more conspiratorial tone. "I'll bet the guys will be all over you!"

That thought shocked Candy! But then, looking at the image in the mirror, he had no doubt – if that was his image in the mirror… which he was still finding hard to believe.

Thirty minutes later, he was staring at his reflection again, only this time in the mirror in his room. How could that be him? If he was still a man, he'd be ogling that woman for sure! And he wasn't even wearing any breast forms. He couldn't in that sundress!

Still in a daze, he reached up and untied the straps to his sundress. It was time to start getting ready to go see Doctor Parker. Jessica. Would she approve of his "overly girly" outfit? He didn't know if she would consider it overly girly… or overly feminine or not. He only thought that he looked pretty darn good just then. And he hadn't even put his party dress on yet.

Pulling his panties down and throwing them onto his bed, he walked over to his dresser and opened one of the drawers. He had some "special" underwear… well, fancy panties anyway, that he planned on wearing tonight. Not that anyone would see them. But… they had seemed like a good idea at the time when he had bought them. How silly!

The phone call was just business as usual. He got calls like that every single day. But this one peeked his curiosity. His warehouse was holding several shipments of boxes for a… 'Islands of Hope' charity that he had never heard of. It just seemed strange that the boxes would sit in his warehouse and not be shipped out to somewhere else. Especially not for some charity organization.

He had tried to look up the address of the organization. But he couldn't find any listing for them at all – which had peeked his curiosity further.

From time to time they got shipments in that he had to hold in a special locked area until customs could come in and inspect them… sometimes bringing their drug dogs. One time he had requested that the officials walk the dogs past the boxes for Islands of Hope… which the officials had been more than happy to do. But the dogs had pretty much ignored the boxes entirely… certainly no drugs in them.

He had even been curious enough that one evening he had gone in and slit the tape on one of the boxes, just to look inside. Blankets! From what he could see, the entire box was filled with handmade blankets. Well, he had heard that charities were often looking for blankets to hand out. The ones he had seen looked like nice ones. A bit too warm for the Bahamas, but then charities usually shipped things out to all over the world.

So the boxes had just sat there. Waiting. Until now. With that last phone call, he had promised to deliver them all to… a house… on the Island. Not to a business somewhere, but to a house. He supposed that the house must be where this 'Islands of Hope' was located. Probably out of someone's living room. If it actually existed.

Getting up from his desk, he walked over to a large chalk board and wrote the delivery down for tomorrow morning. The boxes didn't take up all that much room, but he would be glad to get them out of his warehouse!

"Doctor," the voice on Jessica's office phone said, "Candy Brinkley is here… and you're not going to believe how she looks!"

The statement raised an eyebrow on Jessica's face… along with a big smile. "I'll be right there!" she replied.

She quickly got up from her desk and headed for the front waiting area. She forced herself to slow her pace, even though she was anxious to see. She opened the door, and there he was… there she was. Standing just a short way from the reception counter. Looking… "Wow!" she exclaimed. "I'm speechless!" She took careful note of the party dress, and the shoes, and especially his face and hair. His earrings and bracelets weren't lost on her either. Nor was the red bag in his hand. Obviously Candy had gone to a lot of trouble… and expense for this little meeting. But then she had asked him to. She had wanted him to do just that.

Candy looked down at his dress… that he felt all too uncomfortable in… not to mention his stupid shoes that he could barely stand up in. "It looks okay?" he asked.

"You look… wow!" Jessica exclaimed again. "Come on back," she said. "Let's go talk in the break room for a while." She held the door to let Candy go through ahead of her. "Perfume!" she noted as Candy walked past.

"It was just kind of a whim," Candy replied. "One of the salesgirls suggested it when I was looking for the jewelry. It isn't too strong is it?"

"No, it smells great. Flowery."

"Yeah, I liked it better than some of the others that I couldn't figure out what they smelled like."

"I like your hair," Jessica noted as they walked down the hall. "They lightened it."

"Yeah," Candy replied. "I think the style is a bit wild, but… I also think I like it."

"Looks great," Jessica replied. "I see you went for girly instead of feminine."

"There's a difference?"

"It's slight, but yeah."

"You said to be overly feminine or overly girly. This was the best I could do."

"Well, I'm not sure you made it as far as 'overly,' but you sure do look great."

Candy rolled his eyes. "So this isn't good enough? I don't know what else I could have done?"

"That's all part of the exercise Candy. We'll get to that."

Candy was glad to get off of her feet and sit down at the small table there. He had to carefully adjust his skirt as he sat because there was simply so much of it… despite it being so ridiculously short. Why the heck had he bought that dress?

Jessica sat down across the table from Candy. "So how do you feel being all dressed up like that?"

Candy had to think about that. "Different. Strange," he replied.

"Different – good? Or different – bad?"

"Good. It's just… weird that's all. I'm used to being a very ungirly girl. I do construction work for heaven's sake!"

"And now you're dressed completely different."

Candy leaned forward a bit. "Doctor, it's been so weird all day… well, since I left work at lunchtime anyway. I've felt… I don't know… more… feminine?"

"When did you get your hair done?"

"This afternoon."

"It looks like it. I guess they did your make up too?" She saw Candy nod. "And how did you feel afterwards?"

"Even stranger. I don't recognize myself when I look in the mirror now. I see a woman who can't possibly be me!"

"Why not?"

"It just… can't!"

"But it is you!"

Candy shook his head. "It's just hard to believe."

Jessica said nothing for a moment as a worrying thought hit her. "Candy, how do you think of yourself?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"When you think about yourself, do you think of yourself as a man, or as a woman?"

Candy was surprised by the question. "A man of course. How can I think of myself as a woman? I don't exactly have the parts for it yet."

"And how do you think everyone else sees you?"

"Me? I don't know. I was shopping yesterday. I did a lot of shopping yesterday!" he added. "And some of the people knew I was a guy, but… they said they weren't sure or they couldn't tell right away. And I'm fairly sure that there were more than a few saleswomen who didn't catch on at all! That I could notice anyway."

"Candy, if all those people saw you as a woman, why can't you think of yourself that way?"

"Not all of them," Candy noted. "Not the ones who found out."

"But did you tell them what you are?"

"Of course!"

"But they didn't really know then until you told them, right?"

"I guess," Candy replied uncertainly.

"And after they did find out, did they treat you like a man dressed as a woman, or did they treat you like a woman… a real woman?"

"Um… I guess they treated me like a real woman."

Jessica nodded. "Then why can't you think of yourself that way?"

"Because…" But Candy was having a hard time putting it into words. "Because… I'm not. I'm a fake!"

"Will you still be a fake after the operation?"

It was a moment before Candy answered. "I'll be… less of a fake."

Jessica was getting a bit frustrated. She wished she had a mirror in the room, but she had no such option. "When you look into the mirror now," she said, "do you see a woman, or a man pretending to be a woman… a fake?"

"I see… and Candy stopped."

“You see what?”

“I see.” He paused again. “I saw… a man pretending to be a woman,” he replied. “That is, up until today at the beauty parlor. I didn’t recognize the woman who looked back when they were finished with me. I didn’t recognize her at all. It couldn’t have been me! But… that same woman was staring back at me from my own bedroom mirror afterwards.”

Jessica almost breathed a sigh of relief. “And who is sitting here with me now… a man… or a woman?”

Candy shook his head. “I… don’t know,” he replied. “I’m just… confused.”

Well, it was progress. Jessica was about to push the issue further when her cell phone rang. She pulled it from her pocket and checked the caller ID. “Hi Kate,” she said. She listened for a moment. “Okay, thanks. See you later.” She ended the call and stuck the phone back into her pocket. Then she got up from her seat. “My sister is keeping my kids,” she said.

“Doesn’t she always?”

“Yeah, but we check in more often with each other now… especially on Fridays!”

Candy only smiled.

“Come on,” Jessica said, “let’s get out of here and go to my place.”

“Your place? You mean we’re not going out to a restaurant?”

“No, I thought I’d fix something at home instead.”

“You mean, I got all dressed up for nothing?”

Jessica didn’t reply. It was all she could do to hide the sly smile on her face. The call from Kate was to tell her that everything at home was ready for them.

Candy followed Jessica back to her house. He was a little disappointed that they weren’t going out to eat. He was all dressed up. A nice restaurant would have been perfect. He certainly wasn’t ready for anything more than a restaurant yet. But the restaurant would have worked out well. Of course, dressed as he was, while the doctor was still dressed as she was, well, the doctor would have looked out of place. Or maybe he would have looked out of place. Most likely he would be the strange one.

When they arrived, he was surprised to see Jessica's sister's car in the driveway. He had to maneuver his truck around it so that either of them could leave when they needed to. He was a lot less nervous getting out of his car this time, but it still felt strange. And walking in those heels was just simply painful! How did women put up with shoes like that? Well, they did go well with his dress.

His red purse was smaller than the one he usually used. It was more of a large clutch. With no handle that was big enough to throw over his shoulder he was forced to carry it in his hand. He used it to help balance himself as he walked toward her front door. God, he felt like such a girl walking that way! Ugh! Or was that good?

Candy held the front door open for him. "Aren't high heels fun?" she asked jokingly.

"Don't remind me," Candy muttered as he tottered past and into the house. He got two steps into the hallway and stopped. Jessica's sister Kate was just coming into the short hallway from the other direction. Candy saw her stop dead with a look of shock on her face.

"Va–va–voom!" Kate muttered as she took in Candy's appearance. "Holy cow!" she said much more clearly. "You really don't look anything like what you did the last time I saw you!"

Candy clearly remembered how Kate had been so disapproving of him before. He wasn't sure how disapproving she was of him now or not. "I look better, I hope," he replied.

Kate nodded with a slight exaggeration. "Definitely!" she exclaimed. "Wow, what a dress!"

"Thanks," Candy replied, feeling somewhat embarrassed by the whole thing.

Kate came closer, not taking her eyes off of Candy. "You're sure this is the same person?" she asked her sister.

"That's her," Jessica replied. "She cleaned up rather nicely I think."

"You think? Shit! I need to get my hair done now! I feel awful next to her!"

Jessica laughed and opened the door so her sister could leave.

"Bedroom," Kate mouthed toward Jessica as she walked out. "Have fun you two," she called more normally.

Jessica closed the door behind her. "Come on into the kitchen," she said as she led the way. In those shoes, it took Candy a few moments longer to catch up to her.

In the kitchen, Jessica went straight to her refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of wine that she had put in there that morning. As she picked it up, she noted that half the bottle was gone already. She grabbed two glasses and poured each of them some wine.

Candy stood against the counter and picked up the wine glass. Did he dare sit down in one of her kitchen chairs? His feet certainly wouldn't mind. But Jessica was leaning against the other side of the counter, so he stayed where he was, on his tortured feet. He took a sip of his wine, and noted that there was a slight lipstick stain on the glass. Was he supposed to worry our do anything about that?

"Candy," Jessica said after taking a sip of her own wine. "I want to get back to what we were talking about earlier. I think it's time you made a distinct effort to start thinking of yourself as a woman, and not a man anymore."

Candy shook his head. "I don't think it will be that easy. I've been a man all my life."

"And you didn't want this new life, I know that," Jessica replied. "But here you are and you have it. And you're only going to become more and more of a woman as time goes on."

"But I'm not there yet," Candy argued.

"Don't fool yourself, you're closer than you think! A lot closer! From what you told me earlier, nobody knew that you weren't a woman yesterday until you yourself actually told them."

"But they…"

Jessica cut him off. "They may have wondered a little. In fact, from what you said, I doubt most of them wondered at all. All any of them saw was a woman! And that was before you had yourself all fixed up today." She shook her head. "God, you could walk into some club downtown tonight and pick up half the guys in the room and not one of them would know the difference!"

"I'm not that good!"

"Well, maybe not. But the point is, you look damn good tonight and most of the time that's all anyone is going to see – a woman. Not a man!"

Candy tried to find something to say to that… some way to refute that, but he couldn't. He took a rather large gulp of his wine instead.

"Candy," Jessica said softly. "If everyone else in the world can see you as a woman, then why can't you?"

It was a moment before Candy could answer. “Because I’m not.”

Jessica’s frustration over the issue was back. But she had to move things along now. “Candy,” she said, “from now on, I want you to think of yourself as a woman… and only as a woman.”

“But I’m not!” Candy replied.

“I don’t care what you think. Do it. From now on, try to think of yourself as a woman. All the time. Everywhere! For any circumstances! For all intents and purposes, you are a woman now. And you certainly can’t refute that fact!”

“But…”

“Do it!’

Candy shut up and just stared at the doctor.

“Just try, Jessica urged.

But all Candy could do was to look at her still.

Jessica shook her head and took another sip of her wine. “Candy, remember when you called me and asked to make love to me again?”

“Yeah? Sorry about that, by the way.”

“Don’t worry about it. But I told you it’s important and we would come back to the subject.”

Candy just gave a sigh of frustration and drank another large gulp of his wine.

“Candy,” Jessica said. “Do you still want to try it?”

Candy nearly spilled his wine. “You mean…”

“No! Well, not me anyway.”

Candy was confused. “Not you?”

Jessica let out a long breath. “Candy, I invited someone else over tonight. In fact, she’s already here in the bedroom waiting for you. Kate was here with her until we arrived.”

“Someone else?”

“Candy, you wanted to try to make love to me… as one woman to another. You told me you were definitely still attracted to women and not men. So this is your chance to see how you really do feel about that.”

Candy was still in shock. “You mean… you invited someone else to…”

“Yes. And it took more than a bit of persuasion on my part to get her to agree to this, so don’t back out now!” She softened her voice. “At least, go in and meet her. Talk to her. Try. Or… at least consider the possibility of trying. If you think you really feel this way, then it’s time you experienced it and found out for sure.”

Candy was still speechless for a moment. “But…” And another thought forced its way into his brain like a freight train. But what if I have the same problem again as I had with you? What if the cold hits me?”

Jessica nodded. “I already explained to her that we were worried about that being one of the side effects of the meds I have you on. I told her you had a problem with it in the past, but you were wanting to find out if you would still have a problem with it.”

Candy was a bit surprised by that. And it almost sounded logical. “Is it a possible side effect?”

“I’ve never actually heard of it, but she wouldn’t know that.”

Candy nodded. Another worry hit him. “What about… I mean… does she know?”

“Know what?”

“What I am?”

“Of course she does. Besides, I told her about the side effects you were experiencing. Remember?”

Candy nodded uncertainly. “You really want me to do this?”

Jessica nodded. “I think you have to find out.”

Candy thought about that for a moment. “And she doesn’t mind?”

“She wouldn’t be here if she minded. Now don’t you think you’ve kept her waiting long enough?”

Candy started to turn towards her bedroom, he stopped to ask, “What’s her name?”

"Go find out for yourself. Introduce yourself to her. You need the practice anyway. Just go talk to her."

Candy started to go again and stopped.

"Just go!" Jessica told him.

It was a moment before he moved, but this time his super high heeled feet carried him all the way to the bedroom. The bedroom door was closed. He turned around and saw Jessica far behind him watching from a distance. He turned back to the door and hesitantly raised his arm. After a short pause, he knocked softly.

"Come on in," a female voice on the other side of the door called.

Candy grabbed the doorknob and turned it. He was about to meet another woman… as a woman. And he was meeting her for the purpose of… sex. Sex, not as a man, but sex as a woman. Woman… to woman. And yet, he wasn't a woman. Taking a deep breath for courage, he opened the door.

The room was very dimly lit. Candy noted the three candles spaced around the room before he noted the figure sitting up on the bed, sitting under the soft light of a very dimly lit bulb. The figure pulled a glass of wine from her lips and said, "Holy cow! Is that really you Candy?"

Candy nearly fell over. "Jennifer?"

"My God, let me look at you," Jennifer exclaimed as she rushed from the bed towards him.

Candy was quick to note that she was only wearing a bra and panties… a sexy bra and panties.

"You look incredible!" Jennifer exclaimed. "Jessica said she asked you to get dressed as femininely as you could, but I never expected this!"

"I never expected to see you here," Candy replied, still trying to cope with the fact that Jennifer was standing front of him – in just a sexy bra and panties.

"Jennifer laughed. "Well, that was supposed to be a surprise. But I think the surprise is on me. I feel way underdressed!"

"Um… maybe it's because you're not wearing anything? Well almost not wearing anything." Jennifer giggled and Candy wondered how much wine she had consumed already.

"That's the whole point!" Jennifer replied sexily as she sidled up close to him. "You smell nice," she said as she put her arm around his neck, brushing one of his long earrings in the process and sending tiny tinkling sounds into his ear… along with a host of strange feelings into his body.

"Thanks," he replied. "New perfume."

"It suits you," she replied breathily as she pulled on his neck and brought her own lips up to meet his.

Candy didn't know what to think. He didn't know if he should resist, or just go along with it… or jump head first into it and enjoy himself. It took a moment, but the passion of her kiss, and the taste and feel of her lipstick mingling with his, overcame any reservations he may have had. He had loved this woman once. He had wanted to marry her. He had been hurt badly when she had dropped him. And now she was back again. And despite his new situation, he still held feelings for her. A lot of feelings. Maybe not the same sexual feelings he used to have, but they were strong feelings never the less. And just then, ignoring those feelings was out of the question. Not that he thought that much about it. Once he let himself abandon himself into her kiss, the rest just came easy.

When their kiss broke, the two stood there with their faces only inches apart, and looked at each other. "I'm not who I was," Candy told her softly. "I can't do what I used to do with you."

"That's the point," Jennifer replied. "I don't need you to do what you used to do. I need you to do what I need now. I need you to do this the way I want you to do it. Or at least try."

Candy could only nod. "I think… I'm willing… if you are."

"Oh, I'm willing all right! Especially seeing you in a hot outfit like that! Love your hair by the way."

"Thanks," Candy replied as he felt Jennifer's fingers running through it. He never realized how sensual a feeling that could be.

"Can we get you out of that gorgeous dress?" Jennifer asked playfully.

"Try to stop me!" Candy replied a he reached up to untie the top of his dress from the back of his neck.

"No!" she said quickly. "Let me do it." She started to untie the knot, when her eyes spotted something else. She pushed herself away from Candy and grabbed the open door. She waved

briefly to Jessica who was still watching from the other end of the hallway, then she closed the door.

A moment later, she was back embracing Candy once again. She reached up and kissed his lips… as her hands untied the bow that held his dress up. Her arm snaked around his neck, pulling him tighter into her lips as her other arm pulled the top of his dress down, down… and something falling out of it hit her and distracted her. She pulled away from him to note the breast forms lying on the floor. "You still using them?" she asked.

"Sorry," Candy replied. "I'm not that… big yet."

With her arm still around his neck, Jessica's hand cupped his naked breast. "Silly girl, they're plenty big enough."

Candy gasped in surprise as her hand began massaging his breast. He couldn't believe how her touch on his overly sensitive breasts could feel so… incredible! Locked in another kiss, he reached behind her and unfastened her bra, slowly grabbing the shoulder straps and very slowly bringing them down her soft arms. He had missed her naked body. Now he only wanted to feel more of it.

He gasped again as he felt her hand behind him fumbling for the zipper on the back of his dress. He held his breath the moment she found it and began pulling it down. He never imagined that it could be that sensual a feeling. Was that what Jennifer had always felt when he had done that to her?

With the zipper down, she finally started trying to push the dress down to get it off of him, but it was still too tight over his hips. They had to separate a moment before she could finish pulling it all the way down to his feet. "Nice panties," she noted as she stood up straight again, putting an arm around his neck. Her arm brushed one of his long dangling earrings again. That alone seemed to send incredible sensations through his body. Her other hand trailed from his neck, down across his breast, down his stomach and all the way to the front of his panties… automatically finding that spot that held what shouldn't be there.

"Umph!" Candy grunted a bit as he felt her fingers sliding over his – manhood trapped back between his legs.

She backed away quickly. "Did I hurt you? Is the problem from the drugs causing you pain again?"

It was a moment before Candy could actually think well enough to answer that. "No, not at all. The problem is something… weird."

"Weird?"

Candy just looked at her for a moment. “You probably wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” he said.

“Tell me anyway.”

“It’s just that… when you… touched me like that, it was as if… I was expecting to feel something else and not you touching my… you know what.”

“Something else?” She looked at him sadly. “You were expecting to get an erection.”

“No. That’s just it. I wasn’t. I was expecting to feel…” But it was too stupid to even say.

“What?”

He shook his head. “No, it’s just dumb.”

She pulled him to her again and kissed him deeply once again, rubbing her almost naked body against his almost naked body. Their breasts rubbing and bouncing off of each other causing a sensation like Candy had never imagined feeling. “What were you expecting to feel again?” Jennifer asked.

“You’ll laugh.”

“Good. I like to laugh.”

“It’s just that, when you touched me that way, back then.”

“Yeah.”

“For a moment there… I thought… I mean, I was expecting…” But he couldn’t finish the thought.

“What?” she asked more forcefully.

“It’s dumb,” Candy said again.

“For heaven’s sake. Just tell me!”

“Um… when your hand reached down and you were touching me like that… and we were kissing like that… then… I thought… for a moment there… I… kind of… was expecting too feel something… like…” He paused before he could finish saying, “like your hand was touching my vagina… and not my male parts.”

Jennifer giggled slightly and looked him seriously in the eyes. “Like this?” she asked as she brought her lips back to his, bringing his head down more firmly into hers… and her hand snaking its way down to the front of his panties again. This time, neither of them pulled away as she continued to rub. And a few moments later, his hand found the soft sweet wet spot in the bottom of her panties too.

It was a long time before they backed away. “I guess you’re not having any problems from that side–effect,” She said.

“Not so far,” Candy replied.

In one swift motion, Jennifer pulled her panties down to the floor and kicked them off. She stood there waiting. More hesitantly, Candy lowered his panties down to his shoes. And finally kicked them off. Jennifer moved into him again, this time pushing her now naked groin into his as she rubbed her naked body slightly against his naked body.

“Let me get these heels off,” Candy begged.

“Leave them on,” Jennifer replied. “Your jewelry too. I like it all. It’s sexy!”

“But the shoes hurt!”

“Awwww!” she responded playfully. “Do they hurt too much for you to enjoy this?” With that, she bent down and took one of his nipples in her mouth and began sucking on it and rubbing her tongue over it. Candy immediately went crazy with the new feelings he was experiencing. Never in his life had he imagined he could feel something like that… from doing something like this.

She finally pulled away. “Do they hurt too much when I do that to you?” she asked playfully.

Candy shook his head. “Not even close!” he replied as he pulled her into another long kiss.

When they broke, she took his hand and pulled him over to the bed. “You know, I’ve never done this before,” he said. “This way at least.”

“I know,” she replied. “But there’s a first time for everything. We all have to learn it at least once. And now I get to teach you.”

He moved onto the bed with her and she pushed him down onto his back. “The first thing you have to learn about love between two women, is that it’s all about the giving. We each give love, we don’t take it like a man would. It’s all about the giving.”

Candy was about to ask what she meant, but he didn't have to. She showed him – again, and again, and again. And she was a sensational teacher!

Chapter 69.

Confused and distracted. That's how Candy felt as he stood across the stream from Stan and cast his line into the water again. Very confused. And consequently, very distracted.

Jennifer had begged him last night… made him swear… that he wouldn't give Stan the slightest indication of what they had done together. And he of course, had agreed. He knew she didn't want Stan finding out. For that matter, he didn't want anyone finding out either. He would be branded a… a what? Lesbian? But he was a man? Basically, he wasn't sure what he would be branded as, but most likely it wouldn't be good. But more importantly, he didn't want to ruin the strained relationship he still had with Stan. The relationship between them was nothing like it used to be, but he was still trying… doing his best and hoping that Stan would remain his friend.

Jessica had pretty much ordered him to start thinking of himself as a woman now and not as a man. She had gone through it all again after he and Jennifer had come out of the bedroom. And Jennifer had echoed everything that Jessica had said. Except… it was a lot harder to do than either of them thought. How could you think of yourself as a woman, when you knew perfectly well that deep down, you weren't?

And last night… with Jennifer. Holy cow! He had never expected that. The sex had been great. Wonderful… but oddly, unfulfilling for him as well. Despite all the incredible feelings he went through, he never had an orgasm. He never even started to get hard – which he had suspected would be the case. And yet, it had been one of the most wonderful and intimate experiences of his life. An experience he would be glad to repeat in the future… even though, there was no ultimate reward in it for him. But the feelings themselves had been his reward this time, not the need to obtain an orgasm.

It was all so different. All so… confusing.

Not finding any fish in the area he was working on, he carefully eased his way downstream further.

Across the stream, Stan watched Candy moving further down the river. He was so confused over his feelings about… Candy… Roger! Even after all this time it was hard to think of that… person… as a woman. Even though he was starting to look all too… noticeable. The longer they kept trying to fish together, the less and less he saw of his old friend. This… Candy… was a different person! Despite what Candy / Roger kept telling him.

And this morning when he had picked him up… Candy had somehow miraculously changed again! Last week he had looked one way, and now, he… she… looked totally different! He guessed it was the new hairstyle that was much harder to miss. He didn't miss the fact that

Candy's breasts appeared to be smaller today than they had in the past. He wondered why he… she… was using smaller stuffing in his bra now. Not that he dared give any indication that he cared.

He had another problem with Candy now too. Fortunately, when they were fishing, that problem wasn't a problem at all. His… her… waders covered up his… her entire body. Well, from just below his–her breasts anyway. He didn't have to look at that body when they were fishing. He couldn't see anything except the shapeless form of the waders he–she was wearing. It was all the other times he had to deal with him–her that was the problem. The times when he–she wasn't wearing the waders.

It had been especially bad this morning. He–she had seemed more feminine than ever when he–she came out of his–her house to put his–her gear into the truck. And he–she had looked… too damn… distracting. Those feelings of being around a beautiful woman had come over him again, worse than they ever had before with him–her.

And consequently, he was becoming more and more confused. His old friend was further gone than ever. And he was becoming all too fascinated with the body of this new person. This Candy – who wasn't his old friend at all. This Candy, who without a doubt, wasn't a… he… anymore.

On Sunday, Candy made another big splash in church with his new hairstyle. As he stood talking with all the oddball people who had become somewhat close friends, he couldn't help feeling even more out of place with them than ever before. But oddly, there was a confidence starting to grow in him that let him not care or worry about it so much.

He was still finding it impossible to think of himself as a woman, but despite not being able to do that, he was suddenly feeling more confident and comfortable with his new self than ever before. Was that because of what he had done with Jennifer? He didn't really think so. Maybe it was just an odd side–effect after having his hair done again. And if that was the case, no wonder women liked doing it so much. It was worth every cent he had spent on it!

Carlita came up to talk with them that day, praising the way he had looked as well. That certainly made him feel good. Carlita had even invited him to sit with her during church. Candy seriously thought about it, but declined. He would stay with his friends who had been with him much longer. He might be out of place with them now, but he no longer cared.

He didn't listen to the sermon all that much again. He spent most of his time thinking about the new confidence he felt. Where had it come from? He didn't know, but he knew he was happy about it.

Carol laid on the white sandy beach and soaked up the sun. The sun was terribly hot, but her new bikini was on full display for the guys further down the beach to see… if they would just

come a bit closer. Her mother was sitting in a beach chair only two feet away though, reading a book, which was what was probably keeping the guys away. Damn!

She propped another towel up under her head so she could see down the beach better. She noted the nearly naked bodies of each of the three guys there. Very suntanned… as she hoped to be as well very soon. Oh the things she could think to do to those bodies… if she could ever get her hands on them – which she already knew wouldn't ever happen. But it was such fun thinking up so many different things to do with each of them… separately, or all together!

Janice glanced up from her book and saw her daughter staring down the beach. She was quick to note the boys her daughter was looking at. "What are you thinking dear?" she asked.

Carol looked up at her mother. "Are you sure you really want to know?"

Janice looked briefly over at the boys again. "Go ahead, tell me. Give me all the details."

Carol giggled. "See the one with the long hair and the big muscular body?"

Janice looked. "Yes?"

"I'd love to put him on his knees and then tie his arms back behind him, maybe up to his neck. Then I think it would be fun to take that long hair of his and bend him backwards and tie it to his feet. Then I'd stand over him and make him eat me out like that for about six hours!"

Janice giggled. "Sounds heavenly dear." She stared for a moment at her daughter, still looking at the boys on the beach. "Maybe we should continue this discussion in the bedroom. I have no doubt you have other suggestions as well."

Carol giggled and got up quickly from where she was laying. Yeah, she did have lots of fun things on her mind that she could do with those guys. All of them!

None of the guys on the work crew said a word about his new hairstyle… which kind of disappointed Candy a bit. None of them said anything different to him at all. None of them even mentioned his smaller breasts… or his new jeans that weren't so tight… or anything! But he did notice some of them looking at him more. Maybe they didn't like what they saw now. Maybe he should have worn the breast forms again.

He rethought that idea later in the day. He was working and only half listening to the guys talking with each other… much as he usually did. The guys could often be… so crude when they talked. And he simply felt, out of place doing that now. He had seen some women who acted and talked that way, and he had always been put off by their behavior. He never

wanted anyone to think of him as that kind of crude woman… even though he wasn't a woman at all.

But the guys were joking about sex – again. One of their usual topics. One of them was describing an unfortunate encounter he'd had in a bar over the weekend with a woman who had eventually refused to have sex with him… even after he had bought drinks for her all night.

"You could always get Candy to suck you off!" Another of the guys joked loudly.

Candy was surprised at how his face had turned red. He hadn't liked the comment at all! It was all he could do to totally ignore what had been said.

But that one tossed out remark, was like breaking the ice. As the days passed and whenever he was working with the rest of the crew around, Candy heard more and more comments like that. Lewd remarks. And he wasn't happy about them at all.

He finally brought the matter up to Fitz, his foreman. "Fuck you!" Fitz had replied. "Maybe you deserve all that talk! If you don't like it, then quit!" And then he had walked off.

Candy had been aghast! He didn't like the guy and he knew that Fitz didn't particularly like him, but to be talked to that way… it was simply… wrong! He bit his tongue though and went back to work. But he wasn't happy at all!

Every morning, Janice spent an hour at her favorite hobby… playing a shell game. Not with the shells from the beach, but with the many bank accounts she had in two different names… and that didn't even count the account for 'Islands of Hope.' She also had bank accounts now in Switzerland and a second one in the Cayman Islands beside the one that still held Halifax's money. Every morning she shuffled money around over the internet from bank to bank to bank. She'd pull money out of one bank and send it to another. Later she'd move money into that first bank from somewhere else. It was so much fun! And it would make things more and more impossible in case anyone tried to trace any of the money in her accounts.

After her little shell game, she and Carol usually spent some time relaxing on the beach. But after that, it was back to work. Each blanket had to have most of the seams carefully removed so the money could be extracted. Then those same seams had to be sewn up again so that they looked as good as new… or as good as she was able to make them look. It was more often a bit difficult to make them look totally perfect, but she was getting better at it. Not that anyone would probably notice the difference anyway. Once the quilts were ready, they were boxed up again and eventually shipped out… this time as a gift from 'Islands of Hope' to the International Red Cross.

Later each day, she and Carol both went to different banks and deposited a bit of the cash in each one. Not too much. Just enough to look like they were depositing the money from a moderately successful business. The hard part was making sure each of them used the right identities when they went into each bank. And since they had two accounts in most of the banks under different names but at different branches, that was something else that had to be carefully taken into consideration. It was irksome, but every single day put more and more money into those accounts for her to play with. And that was very, very satisfying!

Candy was becoming more and more bothered by Jessica. Like she had done for so long, asking him to imagine himself being happy with a man, she refused to stop hounding him to start thinking of himself as a woman. If anything, she was being even worse about it. And the part that bothered him the most, was that he was afraid she might be wearing him down. And to make matters worse, Jennifer seemed to be after him about it too! He didn't think Jennifer was talking to Jessica about it, but every time he saw her, she always asked him about it. And she always spent time trying to convince him to change his thinking. But despite all their arguments, it was still difficult. Yet he feared they were starting to get to him… wearing him down.

He didn't see Jennifer all that much though, but he did see her. They got together to go shopping a few times and they had gotten together for coffee a few times as well. Only once did they repeat what they had done at Jessica's house. And that had only come as something that Jennifer had decided she wanted to do while they were talking over coffee at her house one evening. The results had been the same for Candy as it had been the first time, no ultimate orgasm, yet it was a more than satisfying intimate experience. There was no question that it was woman on woman sex, but even that wasn't enough to get Candy to think of himself as a woman all the time. But it was a big part of what was wearing him down.

Most of the crew had moved onto another house, but Candy was left working alone on a project long after the others had moved to the next one. More and more often now, that was the case since he was doing most of the detailed finishing work. The newer guys usually did more framing than anything else, but finishing work took far more skill. In fact, by the time Candy got to a job site now, he rarely saw any of the framing anymore. More often than not, he'd get there and most of the sheetrock was already in place. But less guys around meant less of the lewd comments he had to endure. He found a peace in that along with the satisfaction that he could move a little bit slower and do an even better job. Taking pride in his work was one of the things that had always given him the most satisfaction. Fitz was always on his case though to move faster, but he didn't care. The guy did his job, but he didn't like Fitz much at all!

He finished caulking the window sill he had been working on and stood back. He looked all around, then he walked all through the house. He was done. Time to move on to where the rest of the crew were working now. He packed up his tools and headed out to the new site.

The new job wasn't a whole house, but it was a large addition onto an already large house. When he got there, he could see that the guys were just then hanging the sheetrock. There would be little that he could do if the rock wasn't hung yet. He walked around the site taking a good look at what he'd have to do.

Two of the new guys were just starting to hang sheetrock on one of the walls, when he spotted something that wasn't right. "Hey! Don't hang that yet!" he said quickly. "That door frame isn't right!" He quickly looked down the wall. "And there isn't even a proper header over that window! You've got to fix that before you do anything else!"

"Shut up!" Fitz's voice barked from behind him. "Keep hanging the rock guys!"

"But you can't! That's not right!" Candy argued back.

"It's right if I say it is!" Fitz shot back.

"The inspectors will make you rip it all out!" Candy told him.

"The inspectors will never see it if it's all covered up!" Fitz replied. "Now shut up and let them do their job!"

"No! You can't build something this way!"

"Either shut up, or get out!" Fitz roared.

Candy was shocked! Major shocked. "I can't believe Mike would allow anything to be built like this."

"You gonna leave, or should I just fire you and kick you out?" Fitz yelled.

Candy's jaw dropped. "You're really going to cover all that up?"

"Get out! You're fired!" Fitz yelled angrily. "I never liked having you around anyway. Get your ass out of here you… freak! Get out and don't let me ever see your stupid ass again!"

The tears started flowing fast as Candy hurried back to his truck. He had been fired! He couldn't believe how much that hurt! And he couldn't believe that anyone would build something so stupidly. It wasn't right! He knew Mike! At least he thought he did. Mike watched everything – carefully. He had no doubt at all that Mike knew exactly what was going on! There was no way he couldn't!

Well, if they were going to do such half–assed work, then he certainly didn't want to work for them anymore. He sobbed most of the way home. The job had paid very well. Now he

was going to have a big problem with money again. The one and only consolation from it all, was that he wouldn't have to listen to any more of the suggestive and lewd comments from the guys.

Hurt and disillusioned, he went to his room and cried… like the woman his body was becoming!

He remained angry over the issue all day. How could Mike ever allow any of his projects to be built so stupidly? It made him angry. He had looked up to Mike for years as someone he wanted to be like… only to learn now that his mentor would permit such shoddy work. And he knew perfectly well that it was all done in the name of getting a job done faster so they could get their money and move on to another job. That was the case with all too many contractors. He had seen it a dozen times over the years. Only now did he realize that Mike was another one of those.

He knew he wouldn't have done it when he was a man, but he also wouldn't have run to his room to cry over it either. He knew it was something a woman was more likely to do than a man, but… well… heck, Jessica and Jennifer had been trying to convince him that he was more of a woman now anyway. So that night, feeling the need to give Mike a piece of his mind, he angrily phoned his former mentor. "How could you!" he immediately yelled into the phone the moment Mike had said hello. "How could you!" Yeah, he realized he was sounding like a stupid upset woman, but that's just what he was right then.

"Candy? What the heck are you talking about?"

"How could you build things with such half–assed shoddy work? And then hide it all so the inspectors don't see it? I used to look up to you Mike, but not anymore!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You know perfectly well what I'm talking about! Taking so many shortcuts to finish the jobs faster. There's no way you can't know. Ask Fitz if you need to know the specifics."

"Candy, why don't you come to my house and we'll talk about it?"

"I don't work for you anymore Mike! Other than the fact that Fitz was kind enough to fire me today and throw me off the job site, I couldn't ever work for someone who does that kind of lousy work!"

"Fitz fired you?"

"I looked up to you Mike. I don't anymore!" With that, Candy hung up the phone. He had told him off! Told him off good! He went back to his room and laid on his bed and cried

again. He used to respect Mike. It hurt to find out that someone he respected so much could be so damn… callus!

It was dark, but Mike Clemmons drove out to the house where Fitz's crew had been working. There were no lights in the construction area yet so he had to use a flashlight to see anything. Fitz's crew had been working fast… as they usually did. The framing was done already and the sheetrock was already in place. He looked all around but couldn't see a single thing wrong.

Mystified, he went back to his truck and went home. What the heck had Candy been talking about? And why had Fitz fired her? Candy was probably the best finishing carpenter he had!

Late the following day, Candy was up on a ladder painting the outside of his house. It was long past time that he got around to that little job. The cell phone in his jeans rang and he did his best to free up a hand and dig the thing out of his pocket. "Hello?"

"Candy! I need you to get over here as soon as possible!"

"Mike? I told you, I won't work for you anymore. Sorry!"

He was about to hang up but he hard Mike saying, "Wait a minute!"

"What?"

"I had no idea what was going on there. So just get over here to the job site and let's talk about it. Okay?"

"Mike, how could you not know? You have to visit the job sites all the time! You have to see the corners they're cutting!"

"That's just it! Your crew was doing such a good job I didn't have to spend so much time there. And I stopped looking that closely at everything. You all worked fast and it always looked great. I could trust you!"

"Are you saying you really didn't know?"

"I really didn't know! Now get over here. Please! At least come talk to me about it."

Candy thought about it for a few moments. "Shit!" he sore softly. "Give me some time. I'm up on a ladder with a bucket of paint."

"I'll be here waiting, whenever you get here."

It was nearly an hour before Candy could get to the job site. The thing he noticed first was that the only tuck there was Mike's. He found him inside the construction looking around. What he also found was that he could hardly move because every bit of wallboard they had put up had been ripped down and was lying all over the floor. "Mike?" he said. "What's going on?"

Mike looked at the woman that now approached him. It certainly didn't look like Roger at all. She didn't sound like or act like Roger either. This woman had even been crying when he had talked to her on the phone last night. "I want you to go all around this place with me," he said. "I want you to look at absolutely everything. And I want you to tell me what you see that isn't right!"

Candy looked at him like he was crazy. "How the hell can you not see it?"

"Just do it!" Mike ordered. "Show me where you think we went so wrong!"

Candy rolled his eyes. With all the wallboard gone, he could see all the framing, all the electrical work, all the plumbing that was in place. He had to walk on top of the pieces of sheetrock that had been ripped down. "Well, the first thing I saw was that door over there. It's not framed right. And the header over the window next to it isn't right either."

Mike made some notes on his clipboard. "What else?"

Together, they went over absolutely everything. Candy pointed out what he saw that wasn't right… along with everything that was okay, but could have been done better.

When they were done, Mike handed Candy the clip board. "You noticed a few things even I didn't see. I told the guys to come back tomorrow morning. You're the new foreman. Make sure it's all done right!"

Candy looked at him dubiously. "You're making me the foreman? What about Fitz?"

"Fitz doesn't work for me anymore."

Candy was glad to hear that. Another thought hit him. "If I'm going to be the foreman, than there's something that I need to stop that's been bothering me for a while now."

"What's that?"

"The lewd and suggestive comments. They've been getting worse."

"I'll talk to them all tomorrow. If they can't handle that, then they can leave!"

Candy shook his head. “Maybe I better talk to them instead. I just need them to know that you put me in charge.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure! And I’ll tell them all personally to watch what they say around you, so they know it’s coming from me! But there is one other thing.”

“Yeah?”

“You haven’t had to leave too much for your handyman work… that I know of. If you’re going to be my foreman, then I need you here on the job and not somewhere else.”

Candy shook his head. “The business hasn’t been as good as I hoped it would be.”

“That’s because you’re a woman. Most people would rather hire a man to do that kind of work. They figure a man can do it better.”

“I know,” Candy replied sadly.

“So will you spend more time on my jobs now? You need the experience anyway if you’re going to get your contractor’s license.”

He did have a good point, but Candy still thought about it for a minute. “Depends,” he finally said.

“On what?”

“I need a raise!”

Mike smiled. “It goes with the job!”

Two days later, Candy was at work when his cell phone rang. Getting it out of his pocket wasn’t nearly as hard with the new jeans he was wearing. He just hoped it wasn’t another customer calling for his handyman business. He didn’t know when he was going to find time to take care of them now. Getting the phone out of his jeans faster gave him a second to check the caller ID. Blocked number! With a sigh he realized it had to be another customer. “Hello?”

“Candy?” Janice’s voice replied. “I hope you have the house nice and clean. Carol and I will be there sometime tomorrow. And don’t forget, I’m not your housekeeper anymore! Carol and I expect to be treated like proper guests this time.”

Candy nearly dropped the phone. He was really hoping that she would never come back!

He left the job site early in a near panic. He had to get home and clean the house!

Chapter 70.

He was up all night polishing floors that were already polished and cleaning things that were already clean. All in the name of worrying about what Janice might do if she didn't like something. All the laundry had been done and the bed linens changed. He even polished the glasses in the cupboard and cleaned out the refrigerator. The only thing he didn't do was to finish painting the house. He had just barely started that job. At the rate he was going with it, it was going to take weeks!

He phoned Mike and told him he couldn't come into work. He was having unexpected guests. Mike didn't exactly understand, but Candy held his ground that he wasn't going in to work that day. Early in the morning he chanced going out to buy some groceries, buying some of the things he knew Janice liked.

With the house clean and the refrigerator stocked, he changed clothes, opting for the sundress he liked so much. He really hoped Janice would like it on him. If not, then he dared not think what she was capable of doing. Feeling so feminine in the dress, he sat down and continued with his latest quilt project. A much more elaborate quilt than he had ever attempted before. But he had a book to guide him now and he was enjoying the challenge.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon when he saw Janice's SUV entering the driveway. He expected to hear the garage door open, but she parked in the driveway instead, right near the new sidewalk that led up to the new front porch. He went out the front door to greet her.

Janice got out of the car and saw Candy waiting for them on the front porch. She nearly did a double take as she saw how much Candy had changed.

"Is that?" Carol asked.

"Indeed it is," Janice replied as she headed for the front porch. "Candy!" she exclaimed. "You look amazing!"

Candy could feel his face flush. "Thanks," he replied.

"I love your hair!"

Candy reached up and pulled a few strands of it. "It's getting time to have it done again," he said. You should have seen it when she first cut it."

"It still looks very nice," Janice replied.

Candy glanced at her car. “You’re not going to park in the garage?”

“It’s your house now, we’re just guests. Do you want us to park in the garage?”

Candy was more than a bit surprised. His house? He knew better. He wasn’t sure what kind of game Janice was playing, but he did know he had better figure it out as fast as he could. “I see no reason why you shouldn’t park there,” he replied. “My truck stays out all the time. It doesn’t need to be kept in the garage.”

“Thank you,” Janice said, “I’ll move it later.”

Once she and Carol got in the house, Candy noted that she walked all around it, inspecting everything. “Your house looks nice. Very clean,” she noted. “I can’t tell you how much Carol and I appreciate that.”

“Uh… thanks,” Candy replied. “I try.”

“A woman should always keep a clean house,” Janice added as she continued to look around. “No woman should ever be considered a slob!”

“Of course not,” Candy muttered softly.

“I see you’re still making quilts,” Janice noted as she walked over to the sewing table.

“Well, the stuff was there and I… kind of got interested in it.”

Janice ran her hand over his current project. “Candy! This is beautiful! So elaborate! You could make a lot of money selling quilts like this.”

“I could?”

“Absolutely dear. You should consider it sometime.”

“Maybe I will,” Candy replied.

Janice stopped looking at the house and looked at Candy again. “I can’t get over how good you’re looking, how much you’ve change,” she said. “And it seems like we were gone only a few days.”

Candy felt himself blushing a bit. “I’m… still changing,” he replied.

Janice nodded. “I see your breasts aren’t as big as when we left though.”

Candy's eyes went wide. He had been afraid she wouldn't like his smaller breasts. Fearful of what she might do, he quickly said, "I'll change into something I can wear the breast forms with." He started for his room but he stopped when she spoke.

"Candy?" She saw him turn back toward her. "You mean, you're not wearing any forms at all inside that dress?"

Candy shook his head. "To be honest, I haven't worn the forms for a few weeks now. Everyone kept telling me I should go without them. So I… tried it."

Janice moved closer so she could examine what she could see of his breasts better. "How big are you now?"

"Not quite a 'B' cup," he replied a bit embarrassedly. "But with the breast forms I have now, they're just too tight and uncomfortable with the 'C' cup bras you want me to wear."

"I have no doubt!" Janice replied. "No Candy, I'm not going to require you to wear the 'C' cup bras. You can wear what you think is the most comfortable."

"Thank you," Candy replied sincerely as he looked embarrassedly down toward the floor. "I… appreciate that."

"That dress you're wearing is lovely," Janice remarked.

"Thanks," Candy replied shyly. "I like it. It's… very comfortable. Um… I had to buy a lot of new clothes again. My body… I mean… a lot of the stuff I had before didn't fit anymore. Especially in the hips."

"You got new clothes?" Carol exclaimed.

It was the first thing Candy had heard her say since they got back. He was about to say yes, but she was already heading quickly down the hall toward his room. A moment later Carol was yelling from inside.

"Momma! You've got to see this dress she's got!"

Candy didn't know what kind of game Janice was playing, but he was quickly figuring it out. He had to bring their luggage in from the car and put it in their rooms for them while they relaxed and watched TV. And when he finished that, he got another surprise when Janice asked him what he was cooking for dinner. He had assumed that Janice would do the cooking again, but evidently not. Since Janice had left, he had quickly gotten back into the habit of fast food and TV dinners.

"Um… I thought we'd all go out for dinner tonight," he lied. "I… didn't know what time you might get in today."

"Probably a good decision," Janice noted.

Candy was relieved. He smiled. "And this time, I'm buying," he said. "I've been making pretty good money lately and a few days ago I got kind of a new job. I'm pretty sure it will be the most money I've ever made."

Janice's eyebrows went up. "It sounds like your new business is going very well Candy!"

Candy shook his head. "Actually not. It's not going anywhere. Why don't we all go out somewhere and I'll tell you all about it over dinner?"

Forty five minutes later, the three of them sat across the table from each other in a restaurant, and Candy told them all about how he had gone to work for Mike, and that as of a few days ago, Mike had made him one of his foreman. Candy was quick to add that he needed that experience in order to get his contractor's license. He didn't bother saying anything at all about Fitz firing him or any of the other problems he had experienced.

Janice listened to it all with rapt interest. "So you're the boss now?"

"Not the main boss," Candy replied. "I'm just in charge of one of the crews."

"But you're still a boss. Still part of the management."

Candy nodded. "Yeah. I guess you could put it that way."

Janice beamed. "Candy, I am so glad to hear that another woman is moving into a position that is normally occupied by only men! I can't tell you how happy that makes me! A strong woman can do absolutely anything! Anything at all! And I've seen time and time again that women have accomplished things that men could never do! Ever! So I'm very proud of you Candy. Very proud!"

Candy smiled. "Thanks," he replied… even as his one main thought was that she was wrong. He wasn't another woman. He was still a man! Well, his brain was still a man's… well, maybe not entirely anymore. Lately he found himself thinking less and less like a man and more and more like… a woman. But he wasn't a woman! Yet.

"And how are things going with your doctor?" Janice asked next.

Candy rolled his eyes. "Okay," he replied.

“Is she… gambling again?” Janice asked.

Candy shook his head. “No! In fact, she has her own therapist now to help with that… along with me. We meet every Friday night still for my therapy sessions. She screws with my head and I keep her mind off the casinos.”

Janice smiled. “She screws with your head?” she asked jokingly.

Candy nodded shyly. “Yeah. Kind of.”

“In what way?”

“Well… First she spent weeks and weeks trying to get me to imagine myself being happy with a man.” He shook his head. “I’m afraid I failed miserably at that one. I just can’t picture it. Sorry,” he added, not knowing what Janice might think about that. He should have realized!

“Candy,” Janice said seriously. “Men can be very… distracting and fun at times. Don’t underestimate that. But at the same time, you are perfectly correct in realizing that you don’t need them. This whole planet would be better off without any of them!”

Candy was quick to realize that Janice’s hatred of men was still firmly in place. As if it wouldn’t be!

“What else have you been discussing with the doctor?”

Candy rolled his eyes again. “Lately, she’s been hounding me and hounding me to think of myself as a woman and not a man. And… I try, but I just can’t seem to really do it. I mean… I’m not a woman yet.”

Janice was surprised. “In what way? Candy, from everything I’m seeing of you, you’ve become a lovely woman… more so than I expected to see already. I’m surprised that you can’t see that.”

“I know,” Candy replied sadly. “It’s just that… I don’t know. I just can’t. I guess it’s because I never wanted this in the first place. And now that I’ve got it, it’s just… difficult. Besides, I haven’t had the big operation yet and it’s going to be a few years before I can.”

Janice looked at him seriously for a moment. “Candy, if you like, I can help you think of yourself as a woman all the time. I think it would only take a few moments of putting you into a trance to make you see what I have no doubt the rest of the world is seeing now. It could only help you.”

But the thought of being hypnotized by Janice again terrified Candy. “Please no!” he begged. “I’m sure I’ll be able to manage it… eventually. I’m already getting a lot closer with it.”

Janice nodded. “As you wish,” she said. “But the offer is still there. As I said, it can only help you.”

Candy nodded and said thanks, but he had no doubt that he would have more nightmares that night over Janice hypnotizing him again.

Candy didn’t know if he was lucky or not. Since he had to be out the door to work so early, Janice said that she and Carol would handle getting their own breakfast and lunch, but that she fully expected him to cook dinner for them. But when Candy confessed that he didn’t know that much about cooking, Janice was all too quick to offer to “teach” him. So now he had yet another problem to worry about.

There was one very bright spot though, Janice and Carol would be soon heading out on another of their extended hiking trips. Candy had no doubt at all as to why… they would be coming back with more money. His mind still boggled at all the cash he had already seen her putting into those quilts.

He had to do their laundry for them the night before they went hiking. Janice even made sure that he took the time to iron everything of theirs that needed ironing. By the time they left, he was glad to see them gone again. Unfortunately, it would only be for a few days.

It was a Saturday night, shortly before school would be starting again. Jennifer laid in Stan’s arms, fully sated after the sex they had just had. The sex with Stan had always been pretty good. But lately she had noticed that, particularly on Saturday evenings, Stan was always more… urgent about things. He was different. And the only thing Jennifer could see that was different, was that Stan went fishing every Saturday with Candy. And it made her wonder about something. “Stan, what do you think about Candy?” she asked.

“About Candy?”

“Yeah.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean… what do you think? Are you attracted to her?”

Stan nearly had a fit! “No! Definitely not! How could I be? He’s a guy for heaven’s sake!”

“Not anymore,” Jennifer pointed out.

"But he's still got…"

"Yeah, I know that, but it's got nothing to do with my question. And don't call her a guy. She isn't anymore."

Stan rolled his eyes. "Why don't we get something to eat," he said, trying to change the subject.

"No! I want to know. Are you attracted to Candy at all?"

"What are you jealous or something? I just told you I wasn't!"

"No I'm not jealous! But you're not even a little attracted to her? Because I think she's looking pretty darn good lately."

"How would you know?"

"Stan, we've been shopping together a few times. We even got together for coffee a couple of times too. Stan, women like to talk and spend time with other women!"

"And he qualifies?"

"She qualifies!" Jennifer corrected him. "Definitely! Look, you're a normal, very good looking guy…"

"Thank you," Stan replied quickly with a touch of humor.

"And I find it hard to believe that as a guy you can't look at Candy and feel some kind of attraction towards her."

"Jennifer… guys aren't attracted to all women!"

Jennifer shook her head. "That's not what I heard," she muttered. But there was something in the way he denied it so strongly that made her doubt what he said. She was betting that Stan was at least a little attracted to Candy.

Four days after Janice and Carol left, Candy came home from work, parked his truck in its usual spot on the front lawn, opened his front door, and found Janice and Carol hard at work making quilts again. There was no money in sight, but there were scraps of material all over the living room. "Oh! You're back!"

"Hi Candy," Janice said. "I hope you don't mind, but we moved the quilt you were working on so we could start making ours."

“Um… of course not,” Candy replied.

“What’s for dinner?” Carol asked. “I’m getting hungry!”

“Um… I’ll have to see what I can whip up.” Ten minutes later, he was hard at work in the kitchen, with Janice coming in and out offering suggestions on what he needed to do. Cooking was a lot more work than he ever imagined it was! But he was learning… like it or not.

That night, he finished folding some of their laundry that Janice basically gave him no choice at all in having to do, and carried the folded clothes back to Janice’s room. When he got there, he was surprised to see several piles of money all over the bed and Janice’s little floor safe wide open and completely empty. “Um… I’ve got your clothes done,” he said, holding out the things in his arms.

“Oh thank you Candy,” Janice replied as she came over and took the clothes from him. “I appreciate that very much.”

But instead of leaving, Candy found it hard to take his eyes off of all that cash on the bed. And his eyes now noticed thee more very large and very full backpacks lined up along the wall. “Wow,” he said softly. “That’s a lot of money.”

“Yes it is,” Janice replied proudly as she started sorting the money again.

“Why the different piles?” Candy asked.

Janice smiled slyly. “Of course, you can’t ever tell anyone about this can you.”

Candy shook his head. “I know I can’t.”

Janice pointed to the pile near the head of the bed. “That money is all bills that could be on a watch list. Money that has to be laundered.” She pointed at the other pile. “That money can go into the floor in case I need it for something. I don’t have to worry at all about that money. We need to deal with the other money first and get it out of here.”

Candy nodded. It only made sense. He turned in a daze and retreated from the room. So much money! It gave him something to occupy his mind while he cleaned both bathrooms in the house that Janice was insisting he do every single day now.

Janice watched thoughtfully as he walked out. It had been a long time now since she had put him through one of her sessions. And yet, he was still completely as under her control as he

had ever been. But then, that was only what she expected. She knew he could never get free from it. With everything she had done to him now, he was stuck for life… not matter what!

But for the first time, she wondered if maybe she hadn't made a mistake with him. It wasn't a serious mistake, but a mistake was still a mistake. With every other victim she had worked on… well, most of them until lately… she had firmly made them believe that they really were what they had become. The bugs all believed they were nothing but bugs, and that stupid toad now believed he was nothing but a toad… a frog! Ha! They might have some small recollection of their former lives, but anything beyond that recollection was now firmly locked away behind impenetrable walls that by now were incomprehensibly thick and unyielding. Her creations would now and forever more be those creations.

But with Candy, she now realized she had made a mistake. She had not told him that he would actually be a woman, she had only told him that he would be forced to turn himself into one… in every way that modern science could make him. Perhaps if she had told him that he was now a woman… and that he had to fix his body to match it would have been better. Candy, as good as she looked, still couldn't think of herself as a woman. And the more she thought about that, the more logical it sounded.

And there was only one way she knew of to fix that situation properly. She was going to have to have another session with him. And when she was done, he would have no choice but to think of himself and to view himself as complete woman in every way.

There was also another little advantage of having another session with him. He had seen all the money she had now. He had seen the way they had put it all into the quilts and shipped it out. He might not know where the money had been shipped to, but the UPS records would have all that information and the deliveries could easily be tracked. She and Carol would be leaving for good very soon. They would be starting their new lives… far better lives! And another session could only make doubly sure that Candy would never be able to tell anyone anything. It would be good for him / her… and it would be good for herself and Carol.

She wasn't worried anymore about hurting his mind. He had an unusually strong mind and it had been a long time now since she had done anything with him. She hadn't even done a simple hypnosis session with him in a long time. She could do it all right now with no problems at all, but she knew without a doubt, that the best time for it would be shortly before she and Carol were ready to move on for good… never to return. The conditioning would be that much fresher in Candy's head if she did it just before they left.

She glanced over at the still full backpacks against the wall. She mentally calculated how much time it would take to make that many quilts and ship them out. If she and Carol worked tirelessly at it every day… as she fully intended on doing, then her best estimate would be at least a full month. Most likely longer.

She decided she would watch Candy closely. Maybe even question her once in a while to see how she was coming along with her mindset towards being a woman. She would give him two or three weeks… at the outside. Then she would take over. There could be another interesting advantage in doing it at that point too, she would be able to compare how Candy was now… to how different she would be after the session.

So she would watch Candy closely now and take careful notes… and then see how different she would be after she had corrected… her mistakes.

Chapter 71.

Candy marked the start of the new school year by going to work, getting another cooking lesson from Janice, doing more laundry, and cleaning most of the house all over again. But his thoughts were never far from his old teaching job all day long. He was very tempted to call both Jennifer and Stan to find out how their first day at school had gone, but he simply didn't have the time. Never mind going outside and getting up on the ladder and continue painting the house. That little chore was going to have to wait until after Janice was gone for good!

Being the crew foreman now added a lot of responsibilities onto what he did. He always made it a point to get to the job site early… whenever Mike didn't need him to stop at the building supply store to pick up more materials first. Most days though he started the day with a clipboard in his hand walking around the job site making notes about the things that needed to get done and sometimes who he wanted to put onto some of the jobs.

He wasn't too sure yet how well the guys were accepting him… or how much they really respected him, but thanks to Mike's backing, he had no real problems with any of them. He directed what needed to get done and they did it. He did always try to pass on as much praise and encouragement to the guys as he could though, and he was quickly seeing a change in the attitudes of most of them. That part he found very rewarding and it gave him hope that he could be fully accepted and respected in the future.

Since he was the only real finishing carpenter on the crew and his time was a lot more limited now, he decided to try to pass some of those skills along to other members of the crew. When he asked for a volunteer to learn the detailed work, two men spoke up first – the two he had known the longest… Pete and Jerry. He decided to work with both of them… but not before having a more private discussion with them.

"Look guys," he said. "I know you're not exactly thrilled about what I'm doing with my life. I don't care whether you're happy for me or not. It doesn't matter. All I'm interested in right now is getting the job done here and doing it as well as we can. But this kind of work is a little different than the grunt work you two have been doing for several years now, and I need to know if either of you are going to have any problem with me showing you things constantly and basically riding your case all the time. More so than all the other guys!"

Jerry shrugged and spoke first. "Hell, I don't exactly understand what you're doing to yourself with all this woman stuff, and to tell the truth, it bothers me more than a bit. But I got a family to support and I need this job. And if Mike says listen to you, then I guess I have no choice in the matter. But I'll say this for you though, I knew you before. I seen before how good you were at all this. I guess it's why Mike liked you so much to begin with. And since you've taken over as foreman, things seem to go a lot better than with Fitz… and I'm not

even sure why that is. So if you think you're willing to show me some of what you do, then I'll have no problem listening. Besides, I'm hoping that if I get good enough, I'll get a raise!"

Pete laughed. "That's half my angle too! But mostly I've been doing this stuff for a few years now and I figure if I ever want to try to do anything on my own, then I need to start learning more stuff. And like Jerry said, we know how good you were before and even with all this new junk in your life, we know you still got the touch with the wood. So I got no problem with it either."

Candy smiled. "Guys, I think you're doing this for all the right reasons. And because of that, I'm going to seriously be all over you to learn to do it right! But I'll also promise you this, you learn to do this stuff well, and I'll personally talk to Mike about a raise for each of you. Deal?"

The deal was struck, and Candy realized that by him trying to teach them, word would get around to the entire crew that he was trying to help them all… and hopefully, things would get even better. Maybe he couldn't teach math in school anymore… but he could teach something else right here.

Janice watched Candy carefully. Day in and day out she tried to show Candy the best way to do something… things that even as a man he should have known how to do better. A house was a major responsibility. Just being a woman was a major responsibility. And she was taking a man… basically no more than a mindless lump of clay… and creating something wonderful with it. No, never in her life would Candy ever be more than a man turned into a woman, but it would be the best she could do, and Janice wanted to someday be proud of this accomplishment.

As such, she taught Candy how to do everything she could. How to scrub floors, how to clean the bathrooms, the best way to deal with laundry issues, she even talked with her about how to decorate a home to make it welcoming and inviting for guests. But she spent most of her time with Candy in the kitchen, trying to teach her the rudimentary skills for cooking.

As always, her notebook wasn't far away, and she was now making a list of things she wanted to instill into Candy's head, that used to be male, but she could tell was quickly becoming more and more totally female. Janice often wondered, that if she could see that Candy was thinking more like a woman, then why couldn't Candy? Why couldn't Candy accept herself as a woman and think about herself as such? The first item on her list of things to put into Candy's head, was to do just that. He would forever more know that he was a woman. He would always think of himself as a woman. He would simply be a woman who had once had a male body… that she was in the process of correcting.

Another major item on her list for Candy was Candy's diet. She had seen how the minute she was gone, Candy had gone back to her old habits from her former life and gone after the fast

food and TV dinners! In the future, TV dinners were going to be a thing of the past and forevermore Candy would limit the fast food and at least try to make better decisions about what foods she would choose. Learning to cook better was one of the major items on her list. She could only teach Candy so much, she didn't have time to teach her everything she should know. Perhaps a cooking school would help matters. Candy was going to enjoy cooking smart, delicious, nutritious meals… and she was going to enjoy those home cooked meals more than any fast food she could get!

Another item on Janice's list for Candy was cleaning. When she had been a man, Janice had noted that he had kept a nice house. Actually quite clean – for a man! But a woman should have higher standards and as such, Candy would too. She was currently teaching Candy how to obtain those higher standards. Making it all stick with her hypnosis would make sure Candy would maintain those standards for the rest of her life!

There were other items she was considering too, but she had just started her list. She would continue to watch and observe until it was time to mess with Candy's head again. The list would make sure that when she left Candy, she would be the best woman she could possibly make out of… him!

As the days passed, Candy watched the number of quilts Janice and Carol were making pile up higher and higher. In the past, he had made quite a number of quilts for them… quilts that contained no money. He was fairly sure she was putting them at the top of all those boxes so that if anyone should go in and check, all they would find was normal, everyday quilts. No money. But he didn't have time to make quilts anymore. He was too busy cooking and cleaning – for them. And despite how busy she always seemed to be, Janice still managed to find the time to criticize the way he cooked, and the way he cleaned, and basically, the way he did everything! He was going to be so glad when those two were gone! But… he did have to admit, everything she was doing was only so that he could learn to do it better. But did she have to demand that everything be so perfect all the time? It was wearing him out!

With the amount of hair on his entire body so greatly diminished now, he was only scheduling his laser treatments as he thought he needed them. That made things easier for him to handle the early morning needs of his job. He still had to leave Friday's during the mid–afternoon so he could go and meet with Jessica. Fortunately, Janice thought that was important enough that on Fridays, she and Carol went out for dinner. He was fairly certain that they were going out for lunch more than a few times a week as well. But between Janice and his job, he had very little time for anything else.

The only bit of down time he seemed to have now was on Saturday and Sunday. Saturdays he still managed to go out fishing with Stan… after which he took the opportunity to go out and cut the grass in his large yard. But Janice preferred that he not work so much on Sundays, so after church, and after they ate dinner out somewhere, he had most of the day to himself…

at least until it was time to make dinner. So much for his little break from all the work. But he did at least have those few precious hours on Sunday to do nothing.

It was on the second Sunday after school started. With nothing better to do, and wanting to get away from Janice and Carol for a few hours, Candy decided to call Jennifer. “Hi Jenn,” he said into his phone. “What are you up to?”

“Hi Candy,” Jennifer replied. “Not all that much. Why?”

“I think I need to get out of the house for a bit. Want to do some shopping or something. I don’t have to be back to make dinner for a little while.”

“How much longer is Janice going to be there?” Jennifer asked. “I would think that with all that money she got from the FBI she’d have found a better place to live by now.”

“She’s trying to figure out where she wants to live,” Candy replied. “You should see the living room, it’s positively decorated with pictures of different places she wants to go. And most of the pictures have beaches!”

Jennifer giggled. “Okay, I guess I can’t blame her too much for that. Tell you what, why don’t you come here for a little while. I’ll put some coffee on.”

“Sounds good,” Candy replied. “And you can tell me all about how school is going. I can’t tell you how often I think about that.”

“I know you have to miss it,” Jennifer replied. “And I’ll be glad to fill you in on all of this year’s headaches!”

Candy laughed. “I’ll be right there!”

Twenty minutes later, he discovered that Jennifer had indeed put the coffee on, but she had no intention of drinking any. They didn’t talk about school either. But Candy did get a chance to practice more of his growing list of skills again. This time, his skills in bed with Jennifer.

When they eventually finished, they stayed in bed and held each other closely. Each of their soft bodies still enjoying the feel of another soft body pressed close. The intimate loving embrace of someone else was precious to each of them.

But there was something that had been on Jennifer’s mind for a while now, and she chose that time to ask, “Candy… what do you think about Stan?”

“Stan? He’s my friend. He used to be my best friend, but I think that now you might qualify a whole lot more in that category. Besides, things between us are still a little… tense.”

"Still?" she asked.

"It isn't anything I can really put my finger on," Candy replied. "But I can still feel it. We aren't as close as we used to be. I get the impression he's kind of tip–toeing around me a little."

Jennifer thought about that. "He probably is. Before, you were two guys together. Now you're a woman and he's a guy. I would think that would make a heck of a difference."

"Yeah. It does. But I miss how close we used to be. We could talk about anything and we both could rely on each other like you wouldn't believe."

"And do you think that Stan would be interested in talking about ways to handle frizzy hair?"

Candy laughed. "No, I definitely can't see him interested in something like that!"

Jennifer laughed a little too. "But that's not really what I meant," Jennifer said.

"What do you mean?"

"I meant, how do you feel about him… like a woman would feel about a man?"

"Like a… Jennifer you know what I really am. Still! I can't think about a man that way! Maybe in a few years. Maybe after I have my operation. Maybe then. But until then, I can't. Besides, right now I've got all the wrong equipment for it to do either of us any good."

"I know," Jennifer replied. "But still…. Look you didn't think you would ever be interested in doing something like this with me either… woman to woman… and yet, we've done this a number of times now."

"But doing it with a guy… Stan in particular… that's totally different. Besides, until I get my operation, there's no way I can have sex with him anyway."

"But that's just it," Jennifer said. "What if we could have sex with him?"

"You already are!"

"No. I mean both of us!"

"I told you…"

"I mean at the same time!"

Candy was silent for a moment. “You mentioned that to me a long time ago,” he said softly.

“I still think about it once in a while,” she replied. “You know I love making love to a guy… not just Stan, you were pretty darn great in that category yourself.”

“Not anymore,” Candy replied disappointedly.

“But you’re coming along rather splendidly in this kind of lovemaking,” Jennifer replied. “If I do say so myself.”

Candy hugged her tighter for a moment. “I can think of a few things that I’m not sure any of us would particularly like about it.”

“Like what?”

“Like the fact that you try so hard not to let him know about us… or about any of the other times you go out for more feminine companionship.”

“There is that,” Jennifer replied.

“And how about what it might do to your relationship with him… and my relationship with him for that matter. What about that? I doubt very much that Stan will like knowing that both of us are interested in that kind of a love life… as opposed to having sex with him.”

Jennifer sighed disappointedly. Candy was right of course. And she did need to keep this part of her life a secret. “As much as I like Stan,” she said softly, “I still think about trying that someday. I like doing it with both men and women. What would it be like to do it sometime with both?”

“How would you do it?” Candy asked. “How could you do it? I mean… physically. How do you make love to two people at the same time?”

Jennifer smiled. “I’m sure we’d find a way.”

“Well, I can’t anyway,” Candy replied. “Like I said, I’m not exactly built for sex with a man yet.”

Jennifer giggled. “I’m afraid I’d have to handle that part myself.”

“Then what would I do? What would you need me for?”

“All the things you do to me now!”

Candy shook his head. “I’m too afraid of what it might do to our friendship. All of our friendships!”

More boxes of quilts got shipped out, and the stack of new ones was growing again. Since Candy was spending so much time cleaning the entire house, including Janice’s bathroom, he had a chance to notice each time a backpack full of money disappeared. Each of those packs represented a lot of money. An unthinkable amount! But every backpack that disappeared meant that Janice was getting closer to being out of his life – for good!

He had noticed the night before that there were still two full backpacks in Janice’s room. He didn’t even know how much money she might have in that little hiding hole he had built for her. Not that he would ever get a chance to find out. He was sure that by the time Janice did leave, that money would be long gone too. He didn’t care. She scared him too much. Carol too! He just wanted them gone – for good! And he couldn’t wait!

Early in the morning, he got dressed in his work clothes, including the high heeled boots he always wore… that he cleaned and put a fresh coat of polish on every night. He was so used to them now that he didn’t even think about them. He also didn’t think about the corset he was wearing… that he laced up himself every day. Actually, the darn thing really did make a very good back brace! There were times now when he was grateful to have it, especially with his diminished strength.

Fully dressed, including a dab of makeup, he got into his truck and drove off to the latest job site. This time they were building an entire house. It was a new neighborhood with several houses being built at the same time… just by different building companies. As he preferred, he was the first one on the site. Grabbing his clipboard, he began walking around, inspecting, planning, making notes on everything that needed to be done. Mike was usually very interested in those notes and often gave him pointers to think about for the future. Being a contractor meant you had to think about all too many things that he wasn’t used to worrying about. But Mike was slowly teaching him… just as he was still teaching Jerry and Pete his old job.

As he walked around a pile of lumber, pain exploded against the back of his head. Monstrous pain. He fell to the ground barely conscious.

“You had to go and tell him!” a voice yelled. “You had to go and talk all about it!” the voice added.

Candy experienced a whole new kind of pain as he was kicked in the stomach while he was still holding his aching head. He curled up in a ball, barely able to breathe.”

“You stupid faggot,” the voice said. “I should have killed you!”

Candy's arm and shoulder erupted in pain as a two by four piece of lumber was swung down on him. He worried that his arm might be broken, but it was his aching head that concerned him the most. Through foggy unfocused eyes, he just made out the form of Fitz standing over him with a board in his hand, and he could only watch in horror as Fitz swung that board down on his back and arm again. He screamed and grabbed his arm where he had been hit.

He heard yelling. Voices. But he was in too much pain to understand anything. He only knew that he hurt, and that he was afraid that Fitz was going to kill him. With his eyes closed, he braced himself for the next attack, but it didn't come. He chanced opening his eyes. Fitz was gone… at least he didn't see him. He didn't see anyone. He could hear shouting in the distance though. He forced himself to slowly sit up. His head hurt the worst. He moved his arm a few times. He didn't think it was broken. Lucky! What the hell had happened? The answer to that one was easy. He had been attacked and almost killed by Fitz. But where the hell was he?

Afraid that Fitz might come back to finish him off, he looked around. His eyes still wouldn't focus properly, but they were getting better. He was suddenly too afraid to stay where he was. He tried to get to his feet and had to grab the wood pile to steady himself.

"Candy!"

He heard Mike's voice calling him. He turned toward the voice and saw Mike running toward him. "Are you okay?"

"I hurt," Candy replied.

"Lay down!" Mike ordered as he pulled his phone out. I'm calling an ambulance!"

Candy waved him off. "No. I'm… okay. Or… I will be. I think I just want to get out of here for a while though." He rubbed his aching head where he had been hit by that two by four board that Fitz had been using on him. He was lucky to be alive.

"Let me call an ambulance… or at least let me drive you to the hospital."

Candy shook his head. "No. I just want to go home." But he wasn't totally sure he wanted to go home either. What would Janice do? But home sounded a whole lot better to him just then than work. It took him a moment to realize that the main reason he wanted out of there so badly, was that he was afraid!

"Don't be stupid!" Mike urged.

But Candy waved him off as he stumbled his way toward his truck.

“At least let me drive you!” Mike urged.

Candy ignored him. He really just wanted away from the job site. Away from where he had been attacked. And he wanted his head to stop hurting!

He had to pause a moment to find the strength to open his truck door and climb up into it.

“Are you going to be okay to drive?” Mike asked, his voice full of concern.

Candy nodded. “I’ll be fine. I’ll see you later. Or maybe, tomorrow.”

“Don’t come back today!” Mike told him. “Take a few days off if you need to. Just please call me later! Or better still. I’ll call you!”

“Thanks,” Candy replied as he reached to close his truck door. Mike closed it for him.

“I’m calling the police,” Mike told him. “You can probably expect a call from them later this morning.”

Candy just nodded. He pulled his phone out of his jeans pocket and stuck it into his purse that he had left in his truck. He pulled his keys out in the same motion. His head still hurt but the pain was finally starting to die down. He had been attacked! By Fitz. Out of hatred!

He started his truck. “I’m starting to feel a lot better,” he lied to Mike. “Don’t worry. I’ll be fine.”

“Call if you need anything!” Mike replied.

“I will.” He put his truck in gear and backed it up. He shifted gears and moved it slowly forward. On the bumpy ground, each bump seemed to aggravate the headache he was trying his best to deal with. He was ever so glad to get his truck onto a decent paved road a few minutes later.

He was halfway home when he heard his cell phone ringing. “What now?” he angrily exclaimed. He had half a mind to not answer the damn thing. But his hand snaked into his purse and he extracted the phone anyway. “Hello?”

“Hi Candy. I’m not calling too early am I?”

“Jennifer!”

“Are you okay? Did I call at a bad time?”

“Don’t worry about it,” he finally said. “Hey, aren’t you supposed to be in school today?”

“I took the day off to wait for a delivery.”

“A delivery?”

“Yeah, and they just left already. Geez would you believe it? I was still in my pajamas when they knocked on the door!”

“So you were first on their list,” he noted.

“Yeah. I must have been.”

“So what did you buy?”

“Oh, I didn’t tell you! I finally got a new dryer!”

“Good for you,” Candy replied half–heartedly.

“Yeah. I’ve needed one pretty badly for a while now. So I finally got one.”

“I know,” Candy replied, although with his head aching like it was, he really didn’t care.

“Anyway, I’ve got the thing here,” she said, “but I can’t plug it in. Can you help me?”

“You can’t plug it in?”

“No! The plug that came with the thing doesn’t match the plug on my wall.”

Candy gingerly shook his head. It was a very common problem. Dryers used two–twenty voltage and there were a number of plug configurations available for them. When you bought the dryer you had to know what type your wall socket was. “Do you still have your old dryer?” he asked.

“It’s out in the garage,” she told him.

“No problem,” he said, “I can just take the plug off of that one and hook it up to your new dryer.”

“Could you?” she asked pleadingly.

“Of course. Not a problem.”

“Any chance you can do it sometime this afternoon? I’d really like to get at least one load of clothes dried before I go to bed tonight.”

There was no traffic so Candy pulled his truck over to the side of the road… to think. His head was still hurting. It felt like his brain was totally scrambled. But despite that, he realized that he would rather be with Jennifer than… with Janice! Jennifer was much more compassionate and loving.

“Candy?” Jennifer asked after not hearing anything. “Are you there?”

“I can be there in fifteen minutes if you like,” he finally replied.

“You can?”

“Yeah,” Candy replied as he pulled out onto the road again. “See you in a few!”

Parking his truck in Jennifer’s driveway was no problem. Getting out of his truck hurt his head more than a bit. He saw Jennifer coming out of her door by the time he got to the front of his truck.

“Hi Candy,” Jennifer called, then stopped dead. Then she screamed when she saw that Candy was hurt. “What the hell happened to you?” she yelled as she ran toward him, full of concern.

“I got beat up,” Candy replied as he held onto the front of his truck for support. His head was still spinning a bit.

“By who?”

“A guy named Fitz. Mike is calling the police.”

“And you didn’t stick around?”

“I didn’t want to get sent to the hospital,” Candy replied.

“Maybe you should have!”

Candy shook his head. “No. I’ll be fine. Just let me look at your dryer. A cup of coffee wouldn’t hurt either,” he said as he rubbed the back of his head.

Jennifer grabbed his head and pulled the hair away from where he had been rubbing at it. “Maybe an ice pack would be better than coffee! You’re bleeding a little.” She grabbed his arm to help him into her house, but he quickly pulled it away in pain.

“Not that arm,” he said.

“Candy, why didn’t you go to the hospital?”

“Didn’t want to,” he replied as he started walking toward her front door. She grabbed his other arm to help him instead.

Five minutes later, he was holding an ice pack against the back of his head. “Thanks,” he said. “I appreciate it.”

“Why didn’t you tell me on the phone what had happened? We could have done this some other time!”

Candy smiled. “And miss your tender loving care? Janice isn’t exactly the tender or loving kind.”

Jennifer just looked at him and shook her head. “You’re still as hard–headed as ever!”

Candy smiled and gently knocked his knuckles against his head. “Very hard,” he said, trying to make a joke.

“Don’t be stupid!” Jennifer replied. “You could have been killed!”

“I know,” Candy admitted. “I really left there this morning because I kept seeing him swinging that board down on me. I guess I was… afraid.” It was a bit hard to admit. But it was the truth.

“Who did it?” Jennifer asked.

“Fitz.”

“Isn’t he the one that you said was fired and you got this job?”

Candy nodded. “That’s the one. I guess we know now how he felt about it.” He pulled the ice pack off his head. “Let me look at your dryer. I think I need something to take my mind off of… everything else.”

Jennifer reluctantly led the way to her laundry room, even though he knew perfectly well where it was.

“Nice,” Candy said as he saw the new dryer… and noted it was one of the cheaper models. The dryer was pulled away from the wall some, but he pushed on it and moved it so he

could get further behind it. There was no electrical plug attached to the dryer. “Where’s the plug?”

“Over here,” Jennifer replied as she picked the unattached wire up from a basket of laundry she was waiting to do.

Candy examined it briefly, then he took a good look at the plug on the wall. They definitely didn’t match. “You said your old dryer is out in the garage?”

“Yeah. They were nice enough to stick it there when they brought this one in.”

“No problem,” Candy said. “I just need to get a screwdriver.” He went out to his truck. While he was there, he saw the garage door opening so he could get inside. After finding the screwdriver he needed, he easily found the old dryer and a few minutes later had removed the old plug. He brought it in to where the old dryer was.

With Jennifer looking on, he pushed the new dryer out further from the wall to give himself more room to work. As he did, a large roach ran out from under the new dryer. Jennifer screamed and Candy did his best to try to step on the thing with his boots. He wasn’t having much luck. It took him more than a few tries chasing the thing before he was able to kill it. “Got it!” he finally declared.

“I hate those things!” Jennifer exclaimed.

“They’re hard to keep out,” Candy told her as he turned back to the dryer to start installing the new plug.

But thoughts of the bug he had just killed kept running through his head. Thoughts of the bug… which lead to thoughts about the bug man story he had overheard from the FBI agents – the same story he had told to Jessica. Maybe it was just that his brain was so scrambled from where Fitz had hit him, he didn’t know and he didn’t even dare to stop to think about it. In fact, he barely knew what he was doing. But before he attached the plug to the new dryer, he reached up and stuck the plug into the two–twenty voltage wall outlet and slapped the thing in with his palm. Not even thinking about what he was doing, he grabbed the ends of the bare wires in his hands. The high voltage literally threw him across the room.

Jennifer screamed for all she was worth! She ran to him and knelt over him, tears streaming from her eyes. “Candy! Candy!” she called to his closed eyes.

He stirred and opened his eyes. “Wow!” he exclaimed.

“Tearfully, she asked. “Are you okay?”

That was the part he was most interested in. He tried to do something he had never been able to do before. He tried and said, “Janice is a thief!”

His words startled Jennifer. They weren’t at all what she was expecting him to say. “What?”

Candy took a deep breath. His head hurt horribly, his fingers felt numb and were most likely burned, or at least bruised… right along with his bruised arm and chest. But despite all that, there was a clearness in his head that he hadn’t felt in a very long time. “Janice is a thief!” he said again.

“Candy, what are you talking about? Are you okay? Are you hurt?”

Candy smiled. “I might be better now than I’ve been in a very long time,” he replied.

“What do you mean? Here, let me help you up.”

“No! Don’t touch me!” he exclaimed in alarm. “Don’t even try to move me.”

“I’m calling the ambulance!” she said as she got quickly to her feet.

“No! No ambulance. I need you to call someone else instead!”

“Someone else? Janice?”

“Anyone but her!” Candy replied. He thought quickly, but he already knew who he needed to call. “Get my purse out of my truck,” he said urgently. “Hurry!”

The urgency in Candy’s voice, mixed with her fear over what had just happened to her had Jennifer hurrying for her truck as fast as she could. She grabbed Candy’s purse… noting that she should have never left it in her truck to begin with… and she hurried back to her with it.

“Open it for me,” Candy said as she approached. “Find my wallet!”

“Your wallet?”

“There’s a card in there from the FBI. From Agent Forsyth.”

“I remember him,” Jennifer said with more than a hint of distaste. It took a few minutes for her to find the card in the unfamiliar purse. “Got it!” she exclaimed once she had found the card. “Now can you sit up?”

“No! That’s the last thing I need. If I sit up or stand up, then I won’t be able to tell anybody anything about what’s going on!”

“That makes no sense at all!”

“It will after I explain it,” Candy replied. “Now find my phone and dial that number for me and let me talk to him.”

Agent Sid Forsyth was fuming over the fact that he was again upstairs helping out Missing Persons. But his newbie partner was stuck in another mandatory training session that day. He hated being stuck with someone fresh out of the Academy. Why couldn’t Jacobs have been straight?

“Any luck with that last guy?” he asked Hanna as he sat in front of one of the computers to review more video logs.

“Which one?” Hanna asked.

“Um… I think his name was Hallory, or something like that.”

“Hallifax!” Hanna proclaimed. “Nope. Never found him. Not even a sign of the guy. We’re guessing he’s probably dead and buried somewhere, but we’re not giving up hope.”

“So who are we looking for now?” Forsyth asked.

“His name is…” but she got no further than that as Forsyth’s phone rang.

“Hello?” Forsyth said as soon as he got his phone out.

“Agent Forsyth? This is Candy Brinkley… You might remember me as Roger Brinkley.”

“Yes of course. And I do remember that it’s supposed to be Candy now,” Forsyth relied, totally mystified about the call.

“Janice Stokley is a thief!” Candy said. “A major one! And I can prove it and tell you everything I know, but you’ve got to come here and you’ve got to come fast! Because I can’t guarantee how long I’m going to be able to say anything at all?”

“You can’t come here?” Forsyth asked, already getting up from his seat.

“No! I can’t move at all! If I move, I’ll never be able to tell you anything and you’ll never get anything out of me again!”

“Now that makes no sense,” Forsyth said, already heading down the hallway towards the elevators at a trot.

"I'll explain it when you get here, or I can try to explain it over the phone if you don't hang up. But Agent Forsyth, I recommend that you bring some good recording equipment because I can guarantee that this will be the one and only time I'm ever going to be able to say anything at all about it. Trust me!"

"I still don't understand," Forsyth said as the elevator door opened for him. "Hang on, I'm getting into the elevator, I don't know if the signal will hold or not!" He stepped inside and the elevator door closed. "Brinkley, you still there?"

"I'm here," Candy confirmed.

Forsyth was relieved. "Now start from the beginning. I'm heading for my desk to get the recorders, but it's going to take me a little while to get there."

"First of all," Candy said, "Janice is a master at mind control. She's a master at mental torture! And that's her whole secret. Beware of her Forsyth, she's a lot more dangerous than you can imagine!"

With Candy on the phone, Forsyth got most of the story from him as he drove at breakneck speed to get to where he was… Jennifer White's house. He had been there before with Jacobs. He remembered it. Driving that fast and trying to listen to everything that Brinkley had to say was impossible, so he wasn't able to call in any backup or support. He saw Jennifer holding the front door open for him as he got out of his car.

"Hurry!" she said to urge him on. But he was already hurrying.

He found Candy Brinkley lying on the floor of the laundry room. "Are you hurt?" he asked immediately.

"Yeah, but don't worry about it. Just don't try to move me. The minute you move me, I guarantee, I won't be able to tell you anything anymore!"

"Because of that mind–control thing," he said dubiously. Now that he could free up his phone he started making phone calls. "He turned to Brinkley. "Do you know where Stokley is?"

"She should be at my house right now," Candy replied.

"Do we have your permission to enter?"

"You can enter and you can search. Check the master bedroom where she's been staying. She literally has backpacks full of cash. Big ones!"

Forsyth just nodded and began issuing orders into his phone. It was nearly ten minutes before he could get back to Candy. He pulled out a recorder to tape the interview.

"I've got a video camera if you need it," Jennifer offered.

Forsyth nodded his head. "It would be a big help."

It took another ten minutes to get everything set up. "How you doing?" Jennifer asked Candy with concern.

"So far, so good. But I can't guarantee that something will happen and I won't be able to say anything about it anymore."

"Okay," Forsyth said, "All set, let's take this from the top. Will you please state your name."

"Candy Brinkley is my legal name now. But it used to be Roger Brinkley."

Once again Candy went through it all. From the initial blackmail and torture by Carol to Janice and Carol returning from some vacation somewhere and going off hiking to bring back more money. Forsyth stopped him frequently to ask questions and to clarify things, but eventually the whole story came out.

Janice and Carol were packing quilts into another box when her phone rang.

"Who the devil could that be?" Janice muttered as she hurried off to find her phone. "Hello?" she said as pleasantly as she could.

"Janice," Susan's panicked voice came over the phone. "We just got word. They're coming for you. They could be there any second. Run! Don't stop to grab anything! Just get out of there fast!"

"Carol! Run for the car," Janice yelled as she herself ran for her bedroom. She grabbed her purse which had the car keys in it along with both sets of her IDs. She took only a quick glance at the two backpacks of money still against the wall. And she ran.

She drove as fast as she could, but the minute she could turn off of the road Candy's house was on, she slowed to a more normal speed.

"What's happening, Momma?" Carol finally asked.

"I don't know dear. But somehow the authorities must have found out about something and they're after us."

"What are we going to do?"

Janice's phone rang again. "Hello?"

"Janice, did you get out?"

"Yes, we seem to be safe for now.

"Good." Susan's voice declared, full of relief. "We need to find somewhere we can meet you."

"I'm open to suggestions," Janice replied as she took another turn that would lead her further back into the country roads.

"I think that's about got it," Forsyth said finally. "Is there anything else you can think to add?"

"Only that I'm not the first one she's done this with. That bug guy I overheard you talking about is another of her victims."

"Yeah, I figured that out," Forsyth replied.

"Can we get you up now? I want to have a doctor take a good look at you. And I'm more concerned about that knock on the head you said you got this morning. I'm betting you've got a nasty concussion there."

Candy was clearly concerned. "I'm more worried about what's going to happen when I do sit up. I'm almost positive that my impenetrable wall will heal itself like it did with that bug guy and I'll be back to what I was before."

"Maybe not," Forsyth replied. "Now that you've told us, maybe nothing will happen at all."

Candy was clearly dubious about that. Forsyth reached down and Candy grabbed his arm and let him pull her slowly up into a sitting position. The increase in her headache was immediate…as was her vision of the impossible grey wall, but this time that vision was much more than a brief flash. This time she got a much better look at her wall. There were holes in the wall. As impossible as it sounded, there were holes in it! But as she watched, every one of those holes miraculously healed themselves solid… as her brief vision faded away… and all of Janice's conditioning rushed back at her full force. Protect Janice! Protect Janice! Protect Janice! It was her number one priority!

"No! No! Everything I just said is a lie!" she screamed. "Janice is a wonderful housekeeper. A wonderful woman! She's done nothing wrong! It was all a lie! A lie! Everything I told you was all a lie!"

Completely panicked, she forced her way to her feet despite Forsyth trying to hold her down. As she stood this time, her vision of the impossible wall was more normal… just a very brief flash… and the wall was completely whole. “Everything I just told you is wrong!” she insisted as she grew more agitated. “Everything I said is a lie! Janice is a wonderful person. Carol is a fantastic kid! I love them both!”

Forsyth was unprepared for the sudden incredible change as Candy started thrashing blindly around. “Miss Brinkley, calm down. You’ll hurt yourself again!” He had to grab her and wrap his arms around her to keep her from hurting anyone… especially herself. “Calm down!”

“It was all a lie! She’s done nothing wrong!” Candy yelled again. Another thought struck her. “And you can’t search my house!”

Forsyth was stunned by her desperate need to get free, but he held the overly agitated woman tightly so she couldn’t hurt anyone… especially herself. “It’s too late!” he told her. “Our agents are already there!”

“It’s all a lie! It’s all a lie! Nothing I said was true!” Candy cried as she struggled against his grasp. But he held her too tightly, too strongly, and eventually Candy was forced to give up. “It’s all a lie,” she cried as she sank to the floor again in despair. “All a lie!”

Chapter 72.

Two large backpacks filled with money, and some of the most expensive quilts ever created. They were among the things that the FBI pulled out of Candy Brinkley's house. But as for Janice and Carol, it was as if they had vanished off the face of the earth. The black SUV was found a day later just over the border in South Carolina. The FBI knew then that someone else was helping her… or she at least had contacts that could get her another vehicle. Worries of a mole inside the FBI started to form.

Candy came home from a brief visit to the hospital to find her front door broken open. The FBI had done that before they had discovered that they could have easily gone in through the unlocked door from the garage… which was still wide open. But they had been in too much of a hurry.

Candy had spent most of the day in the hospital being looked over by doctors – at Agent Forsyth's insistence. And Forsyth had refused to take no for an answer. So it was late in the afternoon by the time that Candy walked sadly through her broken front door.

Her house was a mess… and not from what Janice had done. The mess was from what the FBI had done. Protect Janice! But she had failed. Not only had she failed, but she had been the one to strike the damaging blow against Janice! Something inside of her was panicked over that. And something else cheered. She couldn't seem to reconcile the two. She had wanted Janice gone more than anything! But after doing what she had done, breaking free and telling the FBI all about Janice, her mind was now in a confused whirl and going in circles. And she couldn't seem to get it to stop. She couldn't think clearly at all!

Once she got home, her mind shut down and she was simply stunned. All the training that Janice had stuck into her head seemed to go on the attack as it all tried to reinstate itself in her again. Everything! Candy's panicked mind retreated further as she remembered all too clearly everything Janice had commanded… over and over again.

Jennifer and Stan both showed up shortly after Candy got home. There was no answer at the door but the broken door had been left open so they just walked in. They found Candy sitting in the living room mumbling to herself. "It was all a lie," Candy said again as she sat on the couch, her mind now fighting a losing battle with everything Janice had commanded. But the impenetrable wall was whole again, and all her will to resist those commands was still stuck on the other side. "I lied. Janice didn't do it."

Jennifer sat down next to her and held her hand. "No, you didn't lie!" she insisted quietly. "You told them the truth! Finally!"

But all Candy could do was to stare into the distance and repeat, "I lied. Janice didn't do it."

A truck pulled into the yard along with a police car. “What happened here?” Mikes voice called through the broken door. “Candy, are you okay?” The policeman that had come with him was equally concerned as they both rushed inside the house. “What happened?” Mike demanded again.

Candy didn’t even notice them there. “I lied. Janice didn’t do it,” she mumbled, more to herself than to anyone else.

“What are you talking about?”

But Jennifer got up and pulled Mike and the policeman aside and talked to them – for a very long time. Neither could believe anything they heard. Afterwards, the policeman tried to get a statement out of Candy as to what had happed with Fitz, but Candy was too out of it to even pay attention to him.

“She should have stayed in the hospital,” Jennifer told them. “But she was too damn stubborn and insisted on getting out of there. But she wasn’t like this when she left. I think she’s getting worse!”

“Want me to call someone?” the policeman asked.

Jennifer thought about it. “No. I’ll watch her. I know her doctor. I’ll call her.”

“I’ll be back tomorrow then,” the policeman finally said as he gave up. “Maybe she’ll be a little more responsive.

Jennifer took out her phone and called Jessica. As Candy’s doctor and friend, she knew that Jessica would want to know.

Jessica never moved so fast as she did when she got that phone call. She was in her car and speeding towards Candy’s house… a place she had never been to… and a place that she had always shied away from… because of Janice. She had to get directions several times from Jennifer before she found the house.

Candy was still in a total daze when she got there. All Candy would do was to stare off into space and say over and over again that she had lied and that Janice didn’t do it. But after Jennifer had told her everything that had happened, Jessica had a pretty good idea as to why Candy was saying that. Candy hadn’t lied to the FBI at all. Janice’s conditioning had forced Candy to protect Janice at all costs… but now that conditioning in Candy’s head had been compromised. She wasn’t a professional psychologist. She couldn’t imagine what was going through Candy’s mind just then. But she did know what Janice had done to her personally, and she cheered the fact that somehow Candy had found a way to break free… if only for a

little while. But right now, she had no doubt that there was a major battle going on inside of Candy's head. And she was fairly sure that nobody could help Candy with that battle at all.

With Jennifer's help, she put Candy to bed in the spare bedroom – Candy's room. The master bedroom that they now knew that Janice had used looked pretty much like a cyclone had hit it. The FBI had been very thorough! Candy was asleep in moments. And Jessica decided to stay the night.

When Jessica found that Candy was still pretty much out of it the next day too, she took Candy to a hospital in Atlanta… and a few days later, installed her in the guest room in her own house where she could take better care of her.

Jessica set up appointment after appointment with specialists for Candy. But since Candy couldn't tell anyone exactly what Janice had done to her and neither could Jessica, the doctors were at somewhat of a loss. Jessica too was afflicted with the primary command to protect Janice, and so she couldn't even tell the doctors about what information the FBI had since it all was directed against Janice.

But Candy was gradually coming out of it… gradually showing more and more sparks of life!

The FBI started coming back again and again once Candy was well enough to start responding to their demands for more information – which Candy outright refused to give them. Protect Janice! Protect Janice! That primary command seemed to be more in force than ever! The FBI even tried getting Candy to agree to electro shock therapy in hopes of breaking her free again from what Janice had done to her, but Candy was very vehement that she wasn't going to agree to that at all! Protect Janice! The FBI was finally forced to give up. What Janice Stokley had done to Candy was going to completely prevent her from telling them anything more at all.

The evening Candy sat in Jessica's living room and suddenly giggled, was the evening Jessica realized that Candy had finally fully come out of it. She was finally well again. "Candy?" she asked questioningly.

Candy turned to her, her eyes were bright, and clear, and happy. "I'm me!" Candy said.

"You're you?"

Candy nodded. "I'm me. I'm who I always was, and yet I'm different than I used to be too. But I'm still me."

"What do you mean?"

Candy smiled. “I’m a woman now. Maybe not completely, but every day I’m coming closer and closer. And soon I’m going to have an operation that will make me as close as I can get. But all that is secondary now because I’m finally a woman on the inside. I don’t think of myself as man anymore. All that’s in the past. I’m a woman now. Now… and forever!”

Jessica looked at her dubiously. “What brought this on?”

Candy was still smiling. “It happened sometime after the beating that Fitz gave me. I think that loosened things up in my head enough to give me the ability and courage to electrocute myself. And then after I talked to the FBI and told them everything I could about Janice, somewhere in the middle of all that, my mind shifted. Somewhere in the middle of that I saw myself as a woman… and only as a woman. I wasn’t a man anymore… and I knew I never would be. And… I was happy about that. I still am.”

“But I would have thought that what you did, fighting back like that, was something more masculine,” Jessica replied.

Candy shook her head. “Nope! And I think I finally figured that out. It’s something that’s been really bothering me since it happened, but I finally figured out why it happened then.”

“And why is that?”

“It was something Janice told me once. Something she mentioned over dinner. She told me that a strong woman can do absolutely anything! Anything at all! And she had seen time and time again where women had accomplished things that men could never do! Somewhere in all the pain and shock I went through that day, I found the courage to do the one thing that would break the holes in Janice’s impenetrable wall. I found the courage to break free and tell the FBI all about Janice. But it wasn’t the physical strength of a man that allowed me to do it, it was the determination of a woman. Somewhere in that mix of pain that day… I crossed over the line. I’m whole now. I’m me again. Only different. I guess, a new me, but the old me is still all there too.”

Jessica wasn’t too sure at all about anything Candy had just said. She would have to digest it all later. She was more concerned with what was going on in Candy’s head just then. “Can you talk to the FBI now?” she asked.

Candy shook her head. “No. And I’m pretty sure I’ll never be able to do that. Janice’s commands are still too firmly locked into me. I have no choice but to go forward the way she wanted me to. But I can accept that now. I’ve already accepted that. I’ve moved on… and now my mind has moved on with the rest of me. I’m… whole again.”

Jessica wasn’t at all sure about that, but she was hoping it was all something good… at least for Candy. “So how do you feel now?” she asked.

Candy smiled again. “Great! Alive!” She giggled. “Happy!”

The ancient fishing boat pulled up to the dock and was tied off. The unloading of the day’s catch went fast and efficiently. It didn’t really take all that long. The fishing had been bad that day. The boat was long abandoned by the time the sun started setting. Only then did Meng open the cabin door and look around. Nobody in sight. “Ben–ben!” he commanded softly.

Ben–ben followed his master out of the cabin and onto the deck of the boat. He had been transferred onto the boat from a large steamer only that morning. Then had spent the rest of the day hidden below decks. He had no idea how long he had been at sea now. A very long time. And he had done things with the ship’s crew that at one time he would have been horrified to contemplate. Now they were simply his life. His reason for living. Literally. If he didn’t do them, he didn’t eat. It was that simple.

He barely thought of his old life anymore. He rarely had time. And when he did have time he would drop into an exhausted slumber that held only nightmares if he dreamed at all.

Meng was his lifeline now. He understood nothing at all but the commands that had been taught him… and all too often he didn’t always understand those. But without Meng, he didn’t know what he would do. Meng was now his only means of survival. That, and doing as he was told.

He followed Meng out onto the deck of the boat. He was glad nobody was in sight. He was nervous enough about his appearance as it was. He looked around at what he could see. A big city, that was for sure. That made him even more nervous. And the place stank horribly!

“Ben–ben!” Meng’s command came again. And Ben–ben followed. Meng had to help him up the short ladder to the edge of the boat, but from there, it was an easy step down onto the dock. There was no need for his leash… not attached to his collar or even to his nose ring that Meng was all too fond of using. He would stay as close to Meng as he could. Without Meng, he would be lost. He was fairly sure they were in China somewhere. All the men on the boats had spoken what he was sure was Chinese. Not that he could understand a word of it.

He followed Meng up the long ancient dock. An old battered car waited at the end. He saw someone open the car door and step out. Meng stopped in front of him and the man bowed to Meng. They spoke and the man pointed several times at Ben–ben. Then Ben–ben was loaded into the car and they left. Ben–ben became more nervous. He didn’t know what kind of place they were taking him to.

The car drove for a long time. Ben–ben napped for most of it. When the car finally stopped, it was behind a building somewhere. Where that building was, Ben–ben had no idea, nor did it really matter. He was taken inside, to the amazement and delight of more women than Ben–ben had seen in one place in a very long time. He was fawned over and petted. And eventually fed and watered. And his new life began… as an hour later he was led into a room where a man waited. And he was forced to do what he now knew best… give the man pleasure with his tongue… that Meng had trained to do the most incredible things.

It took Ben–ben very little time to realize he was in a brothel… somewhere in China. His new life. And a few days later, Meng disappeared and he had only the women and the few men there to rely on. People who didn't know all the commands he had been taught by Meng, and people he could barely understand when they did say something he had been taught.

"Janice!" Maria Alverez exclaimed excitedly with her arms held wide. "It's so good to see you again! Welcome to Columbia!"

The two women hugged. "Thank you," Janice replied. "It's good to be here."

"I heard about your unfortunate trouble," the older woman said.

Janice shrugged. "Carol and I are just lucky to be out of there." She motioned toward Susan Wu and her father. "I have Susan and her father here to thank for that!"

"And a lucky thing too!" Maria exclaimed. "Where is your daughter?"

"In school," Janice replied.

"That is good!" Maria declared with a nod. But a small laugh from Susan made her turn questioningly. "What is so funny about school?"

"Nothing," Susan replied. "Carol is enrolled to finish high school in a very fine school… part of the time, but the rest of the time she's studying to be a dominatrix with a woman I know. I have no doubt that Carol will be one of the best. She's a natural!"

Maria broke out laughing.

"I take it now that you're satisfied with my methods?" Janice asked, trying to get to the root of this meeting.

Maria smiled. "Come!" she commanded. She led the way down one of the halls, into another room, and stopped at the open doorway on the other side. She pointed down the far hallway. "Eduardo," she said softly.

Janice looked. Eduardo was at the far end of the hallway, on his hands and knees scrubbing the floor. He was wearing a very colorful dress and had a red flower tucked in his hair.

"Beautiful, is he not?" Maria exclaimed softly. "He literally spends all his free time cleaning everything and anything. The maids all love him for it! They even supply him with their cast off clothing. And he in return does many other favors for them… in the bedroom!"

"And whatever happened to those two guards in the room when I worked on Eduardo?" Janice asked.

Maria rolled her eyes and shook her head. "I had to get rid of them. They both became quite strange. The one dresses as a woman all the time and the other seems to enjoy acting like a baby or something. The two are terribly devoted to each other. I only check on them now and then because I'm curious as to how what happened to them is still affecting them. They take in laundry now from other people to support their… strange lifestyle."

"It's strange that they would be affected like that," Janice replied thoughtfully. "That's everything I told them to do, but they didn't have the incentive of the shock box I used on Eduardo. I think it will be interesting to see how long they stay like that. Especially since I only did it the first time with them instead of twice like I did with Eduardo."

"That's why I keep watching them," Maria admitted. "And I have some of my people send their laundry to them so they continue to have at least a little money coming in… so I can keep my eye on them."

Janice nodded. "Please let me know how that goes. With Eduardo too."

Maria nodded seriously. "These are all things I think we both may need to know."

Janice nodded her agreement.

Maria led the way back toward the room where they had first met and asked that cool drinks be brought for everyone. When they had all sat down with the drinks to relax, Maria finally got down to business. "I am more than satisfied with what I have seen of your abilities Janice. And the time is now ripe to begin something I've been planning for many years. Your abilities are going to make this much easier for me and I am sure that they will make everything much safer for me as well. There are things that are possible for me now that I never dreamed were possible before."

"And what is it that you are trying to do?" Mr. Wu asked.

Maria Alverez smiled. “Take control of all of Columbia,” she replied. “Not just the drug trade, but the government as well!”

Wu and his daughter exchanged a quick glance. “That is… very ambitious,” Wu replied cautiously.

“Yes, it is,” Maria said. “But with Janice’s help, I’m sure I can do it. That, and perhaps much more.”

Wu leaned forward. “Please do not forget, that Janice is in our employ, and we insist that she must remain with us.”

Maria waved her hand dismissing the notion. “All the better. There will be no indication that way of any ties between Janice and myself.”

Wu nodded and sat back. “Then it sounds like whatever you are planning could be quite lucrative.”

Maria laughed. “Lucrative? She turned to Janice. “I heard you lost a bit of money when you had to escape. Was it much?”

Janice nodded. “A few million.”

“Ha!” barked Maria. “A few million you say. Janice, I wouldn’t worry one bit about a measly few million dollars. We’re going to make billions Janice! When we’re done, all of Columbia will quietly belong to us… and nobody will be any the wiser! We’re going to make billions!” She leaned forward and her face screwed up into a hungry smile. “And I think we’re going to start with a certain Cabinet Minister….”

Sid Forsyth sat on the back steps of Ted Jacob’s house. Jacobs himself sat next to him. The locator monitor that was attached to Jacob’s ankle was hard to overlook. “So that’s the whole story,” he said. “You were right all along.”

“But you still didn’t catch her,” Jacobs noted.

“Nope. Not yet. But it’s just a matter of time.”

“My guess is she’s fled the country by now.”

“My guess is that you’re right,” Forsyth replied. Rumor has it that she’s been seen in Columbia.”

Jacobs grunted. “Isn’t Alverez from Columbia? If Janice hides out down there, we’ll never get her out!”

“No comment!” Forsyth replied. He changed the subject. “Ted, what are you going to do now? You know they’re not going to keep that thing on your leg forever… just like they didn’t want to keep you in jail any longer than they absolutely had to.”

Jacobs shook his head. “Monica and I are going to get married as soon as this thing comes off. I’ll have to depend on her until I find some way to support myself.”

“Any ideas on that yet?” Forsyth asked.

“Not a one,” Jacobs replied sadly. “All I ever knew was how to be a cop.”

Forsyth understood. Jacobs had been a great cop. A great FBI agent. He had only made that one little mistake. But it had cost him everything.

Jessica finally drove Candy home again. The yard was overgrown and there was a distinct chill in air hinting that the seasons would be changing soon. They entered through the front door that had been repaired, although Candy was quick to note that it hadn’t been repaired well. Not nearly up to her standards. But she had built it all once, she could build it all again.

The house smelled damp and musty from nobody being there for a while. The whole house was still a horrible mess from where the FBI had been through it… several times now. Candy and Jessica both realized that it was a good thing that Candy had stayed with her. The FBI’s multiple searches of the house would have made living there difficult.

“You going to be okay now?” Jessica asked.

Candy nodded. “I’ll be fine. Mike says he’s holding a job for me anytime I want it. I may have to wait though for another foreman position to open up.”

“At least you’ll be working,” Jessica replied.

Candy nodded. “I’m going to need it. No telling what bills I have overdue now.”

Jessica rolled her eyes. “Good luck with that! My gambling debts did a real number on my finances. Strangely though, I have Janice to thank for straightening me out.”

“No such luck for me,” Candy replied. “But I’ll be fine. Mike pays pretty well. And I’m thinking about trying to get Candy Girl the Handy Girl back in business again. I kind of liked working for myself. Even though it didn’t work out so well.”

“Good luck with that!” Jessica replied. “You’re sure you’ll be fine now?”

Candy nodded. “Yeah, just great.”

“See you Friday like we used to do?”

Candy smiled. “Wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

Five minutes later, Candy was alone again in her own house. And she knew there was no chance that Janice would ever invade her home again. She hoped anyway.

The living room was a total mess. She picked up this. She picked up that… and just set them on top of the sewing table where they didn’t belong. She went into the kitchen. The drawers were all pulled out and every cabinet door was open. She briefly walked into the laundry room. The musty odor was stronger in there. She opened the washer and saw towels in the dim recesses of the machine. Janice must have been doing some laundry when the FBI had come in so quickly. She turned the machine on and added more detergent.

Her bedroom… the guest room had been gone through as well. Her closet was open and she could tell her things had been gone through. Her drawers were the same way. Carol’s room was worse than hers. A total mess! The bathroom at the end of the hall smelled a little musty too. She flushed the toilet to put fresh water into it.

Janice’s room… the master bedroom… was by far the worst place in the house. The bed had been turned upside down and the mattresses had been cut open. Every drawer in the dresser was open and now empty. The closet had been emptied as well. There were only a few things in the bathroom. She flushed the toilet there too.

With a sigh, she went back out to the kitchen to see if there was anything at all that she could find to eat. Finding nothing interesting, she went out to her truck, afraid it wouldn’t start after sitting so long. She got lucky and the engine cranked up after only a moment’s pause. She went through the drive thru at Burger King – Carol’s favorite place. Fifteen minutes later, she was home again.

As she set the bag of food down on the kitchen table, she heard the washer kick off. Knowing it wasn’t good to leave the towels in there any longer, she went to the laundry room to transfer them to the dryer. But when she opened the washer, things inside didn’t look right. She reached in and pulled out one of the towels… and pulled out a number of hundred dollar bills that were stuck to it. She needed the laundry basket to get it all out. The wet towels went into the dryer. But the money went into the laundry basket. And there was a lot of it!

She ate her lunch while counting wet hundred dollar bills. One hundred thousand dollars! How had the FBI missed it? How? They had been very thorough everywhere else. Too thorough in cases! But that thought led her to wonder about something else. At a wide–eyed dash, she headed for the master bedroom. She had to push the big mattresses out of the way to get to the hidden hiding place she had created, and then climb over them again to get the glass puller out of the bathroom where it was still attached to the shower wall.

Opening the hiding place required a lot more effort than she remembered. But then, she wasn't as strong as she used to be. But opening that hiding place revealed an amazing sight. The entire space was stuffed completely with money. From what Candy could see, she didn't think another bill could have fit in there!"

And then she remembered something else that Janice had once told her about the money she was going to put in there. It was all safe money. It wasn't on any watch list at all. It could be used anytime she needed it.

She hadn't counted it yet. But Candy realized… she was rich! Thanks to Janice, she had more money at her disposal than she ever dreamed of. She was… rich!

The trees were bare, the leaves still littered the ground, and there was a frosty bite in the air the day that Candy pulled her truck out of the driveway. She stopped to look back. The house looked good. The new paint, the new porch, the sidewalk, even the new cement driveway that had been poured.

She hadn't gone back to work for Mike at all. She had instead restarted her own handywoman business. But this time she begged the jobs that Mike found too small to tackle with his growing company. And Mike was more than happy to comply. But money wasn't an issue for Candy anymore. There had been more than two million dollars stuffed in that little floor space. The space had been removed now. There was no sign that it had ever been there. With careful use, that money would last her a lifetime. But she would only use it when she needed it.

She glanced briefly at the real estate sign on the front lawn near the mailbox. The sold sticker had been put on it yesterday.

With a grin, she stepped on the gas and headed off. She had bought a new house to work on now. A new fixer upper. It was bigger than the last house, but it would be an even better project for her to work on than her last house. She turned the radio on in the truck and sang along to the music.

Candy Girl the Hand Girl was moving to a new home.

The End.