
UNBOUNDARY SEMPLES

by eighthwarf2002



Part 4: Josie

Disclaimer:

This is a story about body transformation into other shapes, including gender. It contains scenes of bondage and other things which are not suitable for minors.

This entire series is a work of pure fiction, although inspired by a lot of other stories written by talented authors.

All institutions, people and situations are fictitious, and any similarity to real institutions, people and situations is purely coincidental.

So have fun reading my musings - hope you like it.

eightdwarf2002

Thanks to all who inspired and helped me to write this story.

*And special thanks to **Ed K.** You know why.*

"Copyleft - All rites reversed."

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Author's Note to Part 4:

This part begins like a spin-off, introducing new characters, but comes back to the main theme soon enough.

A young couple has to undergo more changes than expected after having moved into another town, and this will change their lives completely.

Chapter 1: Changing Opportunities

1.1 Bad Luck

Joseph and Anna Clarksen were a happy couple. They had known each other from their studies: they met the first time in a Subway's-branch, where both of them had worked to finance their studies. At this time Joseph (called Joe) was in his 3rd year of Management studies, and Anna in her 2nd year of Laws studies. Very soon they had fallen in love and married each other. After his studies Joe always commuted between his job as Staff Manager at Limb And Skin Prosthetics Inc., and their apartment, while Anna still was finishing her studies. But as Anna got her call to work at a well-known Lawyer office in the town Joe worked, they moved there immediately. There they had rent a little house, and bought two used cars: a Toyota limo for her, and a used Chevy Blazer for him, that each one of them could reach their job sites independently. Their live began to become great. In their jobs they earned enough money to be called wealthy.

But before three years went by, their luck turned to the worse. Joe's company closed down after a Hostile Takeover, and Joe became unemployed. And Anna got a job offer at the Toledo based parent company of the lawyer office she had been working for until she had a heavy accident last year. This meant, if they wouldn't move, Anna had to drive a five hours way each to and from her new office, or to stay in a hotel meanwhile. Or she had to remain unemployed. Okay, both of them could afford an entire year off, but to stay home wasn't satisfying enough. They needed something to do. And Anna was more than eager to work again.

So they decided to move as soon as possible. In a newspaper Anna saw a pretty house there in the Toledo suburbs, just ten minutes away from Swan Creek. It had 4 bedrooms, a double garage, and a garden: ideal for founding a family. After having seen it, they grabbed all their savings and bought it immediately cash for quite a bargain.

1.2 The Night Before

Now was the night before moving. All clothes and textiles has been laid inside a huge chest Sutton (their neighbor) had given them as a good-bye present while helping them to pack and uninstall. The electrical devices and the china now was put in wadded boxes, and boxes, chest, and the furniture they wanted to bring with them to the new house stood stapled in the hall, ready to be transported, or were stowed in the cars. Even the plastic Christmas tree, a present of Anna's late mom, and Anna's favorite, 4 ft. huge Teddy bear had found a place between the piles.

Joe and Anna themselves cleaned up from sweat, and Anna said then: "Joey - darling, let's go to the cinema a last time. You know how I liked to go there. The truck doesn't come before 9am tomorrow morning. And this quarter is too nice anyway."

"You're right, honey. I also don't like sitting here like being lost in a snowed-in station. So let's go to the cinema and stay overnight anywhere else."

So they stepped onto his van, which could handle to be loaded much better, and went away. On the way to the cinema, they told each other how they liked the places they just were passing, for

each place had a little story in their past. Joe even drove a round-about tour to get to see the whole quarter. So they could only see the late performance, but had their fun, too. Finally they spent a wonderful night in a cozy hotel.

A Simple Exchange

Their neighbor smiled as he saw the Clarksen's leaving on a detour. "I love to see a plan working", he said to himself. No-one here knew that he wasn't only the little computer seller he appeared to be. And he had his peculiar plans with Joe and Anna. Thinking at this he smiled again, when he called his helpers: "The exchange can start."

Soon a small truck arrived, laden with a chest, equal to that standing in the hall of the Clarksen's. Two men stepped off the cabin, and carried this chest, and a huge teddy bear to the Clarksen house where they met that neighbor. He unlocked the door, and said, whispering: "Be quiet, and let everything look like before. The quicker you are ready the better for you. Five minutes is what I expect."



"You're the boss." one of the movers said while going inside.

The "boss" replied hissing: "I know. But what do you think I told you to be quiet for? Just for fun? So shut up and hurry! You have about four minutes left."

The other mover followed his colleague, sharply whispering "Idiot!"



As they arrived back at the truck, and loaded the exchanged chest and teddy bear, the man came aside the second mover, asking him, "Excuse me, whom did you mean to be an idiot?"

Without looking at the asker the mover pointed to his colleague, just saying: "Him, Sir."

Clarksen's neighbor nodded, then asked again: "And, everything exactly like before?"

Still fixing the chest against falling or moving, the mover answered: "Yes Sir. Made Polaroid. All like on the photo and faster than wished."

"Wonderful", replied their employer. "Here is your salary. And this is a special benefit for you for being such a silent worker." And he reached two envelopes, and a \$50-bill to this mover. The man stuffed the bill and one of the envelopes in a pocket of his jacket, and, entering the cabin, gave the other envelope to his colleague, then they drove away.

1.3 Moving Day

As Joe came into the hall, a feeling of having lost something seized him. He controlled everything again -- except the closed chest. "Is anything wrong, darling?", Anna asked, wondering.

"Well, I don't know. It may be nothing. I just suddenly felt like missing something important."

"Oh, come on, darling. Look, the piles are as chaotic as last evening, and everything else still is the same. Maybe you are just missing all the good times we had in here?" Anna suggested.

"Maybe it's this ..." But Joe wasn't sure.

“Joey - I always knew that you are much more romantic than each other man I know. But this mood of nostalgia makes me love you even more.” said Anna.

“I can't love you more than I do.” Joseph said, and kissed Anna. “I only hope that the truck comes soon.” he added.

And it came. Point nine in the morning a 12-ton truck and a bunch of helpers with their cars stood in front of the house. They loaded everything from the hall onto the truck, and some of the things already stuffed in the cars, too.

Anyhow the chest seemed to be quite a bit heavier than when been put in the hall, but Joe didn't say anything about it, for he didn't want to be seen as a wimp.

After having finished loading the truck, they started. The Clarksen's with their two cars drove first in the line, then followed the truck, and three cars full of helpers behind. At lunch-time they arrived at a truck stop, where Joe invited them all to have lunch. Then they left again, so that two hours after meal they arrived in that suburb of Toledo. The unloading began. As the first half of the stuff has been brought inside the house, some of the new neighbors asked to help, and grabbed some of the boxes to bring them from the truck inside the house. So the truck became empty in the afternoon instead of the evening. Joe and Anna invited all of their helpers again to a little snack, and thanked each of them for their help, then the same convoy except the first two cars returned to the town they came from.

One of the new neighbors stayed there, asking: “Hi, I'm Paula Webster, your closest neighbor on this side of the street. I'm sorry to appear nosy, but do you have enough food and beverages to reach Tuesday? Almost all shops around here will be closed through Monday because of the holidays. If you haven't I'd be glad to offer you what you need.”

But Anna could truly answer: “Thank you, Paula, but if I remember right, you brought our food until Monday inside yourself. It was in that long box you carried in first.”

Paula smiled, and wished them their welcome in this neighborhood.

And Anna said: “This your help meant much more to us than the obligate cake often brought to new neighbors, for you shared your time and power with us. We will give our Move-In Party on 17th, Saturday over the next, to have enough time in between to settle in here in this house. You, and all helpers from here are welcome.”

Paula thanked for the invitation, and left the scene. Anna and Joe put all of the boxed things and devices to the places where they belonged to, they were to shattered to also empty the chest. So they only showered, and decided to care the textiles the next day - after a first nap. Naked as they were, they laid themselves on the sheer blankets of the bed.

1.4 Surprise At Sunrise

“Joey-darling.”

“Hm?”

“Open your eyes my hero.”

“What's the matter, honey?” Joe opened his eyes and looked at Anna, who sat on her side of the bed. The bedroom was like dyed in a golden red.

“Sorry to have woke you up, darling. But: have you ever seen such a beautiful sun-rise?”

Joe crawled to Anna, sat own beside her, looking to the window like her. “Wow!” he said. “Beautiful. Anyway not as beautiful as you, because that red golden light made you even more beautiful than you are anyway.”

“Joey, you shouldn't say such things to me,” said Anna, and her face turned red - which really looked marvelous in this early morning light. “But isn't this beautiful sunrise like an omen?”

“Oh yeah.”

After making love the first time in the new house, they showered and made breakfast as naked as they were. None of them really wanted to dress the dirty, sweaty clothes of yesterday again, and the laundry machine was not yet installed.

So, freshly strengthened after breakfast, Anna went to open the chest to get something clean to wear.

The very moment she tilted the lid open, she began to scream, panicking: “Oh, **NO!**”

She walked rounds in the bedroom, like a tiger in the cage, then she crawled onto the bed in a corner most far from the trunk which stood threatening between bed and the door. Sitting there with her arms wrapped around her bend legs, she yelled: “Joey!”

And again: “Joey!”

Immediately Joe left the kitchen where he was putting the just washed dishes away, and ran into the bedroom, wondering what was up with his spouse. On the way to his shivering wife he went past the trunk without even looking at it, and sat down beside her to comfort his darling.

“What's happened, my dear?”

Anna only cried. “Oh, damned.” she sobbed. “I so hoped never to see or smell such stuff ever again.”

“Come on, honey.” Joe still had no clue at all. “What's the matter?”

But Anna only cried even more bitterly, sobbing, “Our clothes - all exchanged ...”

“What's up with our clothes? Isn't this our trunk? The same trunk where we put in our clothes ourselves? And didn't we even lock it? And - see the key you used had fit, so it's the same lock, too.” Joe couldn't help, something was wrong here - either with his girl, or his feeling yesterday was right.

“Even though the lock fits to our key, and the trunk looks like ours, it's not the same trunk we have packed and locked. Darling, I'm really scared.” Anna was right. She looked scared. Scared to death.

“I'll have a look inside to see what scared you so, okay?” And Joe went to the chest, and looked inside: a black, strangely shining sheet laid above, covering the content. It smelled like latex rubber and silicone oil.

“What the heck!” He said, and turned to Anna. “You're right, that's not the sheet we laid above to cover our cloths. But wait - here's a letter. Maybe, it'll explain what's going on here”, Joe said, and began to read loud:

The Letter

Dear Joseph, dear Anna,

you may be wondering why this chest suddenly doesn't contain any textile clothes anymore, but only outfits made of rubber, latex or leather. Well, I have exchanged it - and by reason. I know from several tests I let you go through that both of you are keen on rubber and even bondage, and that you're struggling to remain as "normal" as others over the years (you, Anna) or being short before a coming-out (means you, Joseph, though I know of some experiences in your past).

I only gave you the objects of your hidden desire, and I could send you the conclusions of the tests to prove it. Well, as long as you don't buy other - more common - outfits, you can feel free to wear these ones 24/7, every time. The outfits and accessories here in the trunk are measured to fit you exactly*, and are a gift to you.

Joseph, I know that you urgently are searching for a job. But I strongly recommend that you should not sell yourself below worth. You're told to be one of the best persons in your subject, so don't even think about working as an Unskilled Worker. When I heard that you'll move to Toledo Ohio, I started listening around a bit, and found out, that you could immediately get a job in your profession according to your qualifications.

But, there is a high price to pay: **You have to become a woman!**

The problem is, as the male person Joseph Brent Clarksen you won't get any job better than unskilled worker. But being Josephine Brenda Clarksen, every door will open almost by itself to get you employed.

Well, living as a female is not that new for you if I remember correctly. So just slip into the skin-suit inside the trunk, and you'll be lucky Josephine instead of poor unlucky Joseph. If you don't remember anymore how to be a woman, just ask Anna.

By the way, Anna: You also have to dress a skin-suit for your new job at Wesson, Smith and Co. You'll see the reason why after checking the documents and the contents of this trunk. Do you remember your accident one year ago? And your time-off since then? That's why.

There is another skin-suit for each one of you in there - for an alter-ego of you. But pay attention! Your alter-ego's are armless. But there are prostheses at the bottom of the chest.

All of your skin-suits are to be time-locked. Means, you have to dial a time between 1 hour and 6 years before you seal it, else the maximum time, 6 years, will be chosen automatically. And as long as you are sealed inside it, not even a medical surgery can tell that you're not what you appear to be. But the longer you wear your armless skin-suits, the longer you'll need to get control over your arms again after being relieved again, so be careful.

There are valid I.D.'s and documents to each of the skin-suits, so feel free to try out each one of them - and don't miss to try out the prosthetics, maybe you need to get used to them.

Shouldn't you have removed the covering sheet yet, please note that there are four big envelopes right underneath, containing the skin-suits, and the documents for each of your new identities:

Anna Mary Jackson: - complete (you will wonder how complete, Anna), but slightly changed from the date of your last accident to match your new identity.

Mary-Ann Jones: - though being totally invented, the identity and written past of Anna's limbless twin sister can be proved - so know the files before becoming her.

Josephine Brenda Clarksen: - the female version of you, Joe, and the evidence that you are the lesbian partner of Anna.

Jocelyn Brittany Carmichael: - Josephine's armless twin sister - know her biography before becoming her, each of the files can be proved like those of Mary-Ann.

You positively need to read and check over each document if there be a mistake inside, for they become really valid from the very moment you open these envelopes. So you really should get used to the skin-suits: since the documents are the only valid ones, your drivers licenses still being in your purses, and your other cards will become just printed pieces of plastic if you open the envelopes and don't use the identity therein. That's meaning, that inside the envelopes, there is not only documents, but drivers licenses, bank accounts, credit cards, and other ID related stuff.

Again: Opening the envelopes makes your normal identities invalid, and you become the person according to the documents inside these envelopes. And by opening the envelope but not putting on the skin-suit, you'll become an illegal person: The documents are matching the skin-suits, they don't fit if you stay as you are now. Don't forget that. By the way: the clothes and accessories and stuff in the trunk are measured to fit you - but only while wearing the skin-suits. So sorry, but your life as it was finishes then.

And don't forget: the skin-suits are temporary, with a locking time between 1 hour and 6 years. So just dial the durance into the transmitter first, else it chooses maximum.

I wish you all the best.

Good luck

A former neighbor

Questions And No Answers

What did this mean? How could any of their former neighbors know their secrets, since Joseph and Anna hadn't told their secrets to anyone but tried to forget or push away their former experiences? - Even Sutton, the computer seller next house who gave them this trunk to put their textiles, could have no idea. And how should both, Joseph and Anna, furthermore live with those fake identities? And why should Anna dress a skin-suit to appear as herself? So many questions, and they wondered how they could be answered by reason.

So they tried to find things out by just emptying the trunk but not yet opening the envelopes. Each cloth-bag, each shoe-box, each smaller box for accessories was labeled with a name so they stacked four piles. Strangely, the piles of Josephine and Jocelyn had the most shoe-boxes, while there was a disassembled and folded wheel-chair and a box of leg prostheses, both labeled with "Anna & Mary-Ann" on the bottom of the trunk, together with the arm prostheses for "Mary-Ann" and "Jocelyn".

"What the fuck!" Joseph couldn't prevent to say.

Well, the question why Anna had to dress a skin-suit to remain herself was answered: she was to become a leg amputated person, with both legs cut off above the knee! And Joseph couldn't get dress his new outfits without being sealed into a skin-suit, because he was at least eight inches to big to fit into them.

But the main questions remained: Why? And how? Why could anyone have an interest that Anna lost her legs, and how could anyone produce valid documents for fake identities?

They couldn't imagine that anyone of their former neighbors would be powerful and influent enough to organize that. Neither Sutton with his little computer shop, nor the Drummonds who owned a nice bar and restaurant, and of course also neither the Brewers nor the Hacklers who were medical doctors, not even the Arnolds from the other side of the street who were architects. No, it was impossible. This must be such a sick game of one of those half-legal but influent companies, or even some secret service. But why? And why was this happening to just them?

After gulping, Anna and Joseph took their first envelope, the one of the identity which was not armless, and Joseph said, "Okay, lets get along with their nasty game. I need something to dress, and those clothes won't fit otherwise."

"Okay, let's open them." Anna agreed. "Though I will miss my beautiful feet, even for a while."

Making a Lie True

A text message appeared at Sutton's cell-phone:

09:40:30 Operation Double-Ace:
Person JBC opened envelope 1

He now knew that the person Joseph Brent Clarksen would now appear as non-existent, because he was totally replaced by Josephine Brenda Clarksen. Sutton knew, that in this moment everywhere, in all official archives, all IDs and photos would be exchanged from Joseph to Josephine. No chance for an average person to make this undone.

"That early?" He asked himself. "It's not even ten yet. Oh, how I love to see a good plan working. There's no way to refuse playing my game." He laughed.

Once more the cell-phone showed up an incoming text message:

09:45:10 Operation Double-Ace:
Person AMJ opened envelope 1

Again Sutton laughed. “Well, dear Anna. No more spying and sneaking around my facilities pretending to do a jogging and work-out exercise! The wheel-chair will make jogging impossible!” He sat down on his living room arm chair, and said, “I really wish to see what you'll do to keep your slender figure without legs.” He turned to a side-table, and pulled an anonymous letter out of a drawer. “This, my dearest Anna, will remind you that uncomfortable people deserve an uncomfortable life.” Now his laughter was really devilish.

1.5 Decisions

“But you'll never be legally my hubby Joey anymore - this Josephine identity will replace your male one totally!” Anna tried to stop Joseph, but it was too late. The envelope was already opened.

“Well, I love you, honey. So it doesn't matter anyway. But do we really have a chance? Is there another choice than playing along with their game?”

Joseph poured the contents of that envelope over the bed. And opened the bag with the female skin-suit. But - it was after having it dressed and activated, and while going through the sharp pain of transformation, that Joe realized to have forgotten to dial a time into the transmitter. “Oh my gosh!” (s)he cried.

“Joey? Everything okay?” Anna asked in sorrow.

But the naked person who now stood up again, was not her Joey anymore. Instead of her 6'3” tall husband, it was a woman of 5'5” in length, with long brown hair and dark eyes, and an athletic figure.

“Oh Anna darling, I made a mistake.” the woman said.

“Oh, Joey, Do you regret not having listened to me?”

“No, much worse. I forgot to dial a time first - so I'm trapped female for the next six years now.” The girl began to cry.

“Oh, darling...” The two women hugged each other for comfort.

Then Anna opened her envelope, knowing that she was to become officially handicapped now. “Well - when you play along, I'll do as well.”

“But Anna -” Josephine tried to protest.

“It's too late anyway.” Anna cut her off. “I can't get it undone anymore. You did read it loud by yourself: once it's open, it's valid...”

Josephine looked at Anna in shock. “You really want to do this?”

“Sure, as long as you don't mind a cripple as your lesbian wife...”

“Oh, honey, I'll always love you, healthy or not, wealthy or not. But you really don't have to do this...”

“Sure I have to. Look, the envelope is already open. - here is my ID certifying me as a handicapped person. And look, I'm already half into the suit. And once you are dressed, you can

help me afterwards.” Anna had slipped knees first into the skin-suit already, and pulled it further up.

So Josephine dressed one of her new catsuits, and began to assemble Anna's wheel-chair. When she was ready, she wheeled it to the bed, where Anna laid on the bed, suffering the transformation pain.



“So you really done it.” Josephine stated.

“Don't hate me, please.”

“I never hate you, honey pot. You know that I love you.”

“So sit down, darling.”

Josie sat down right beside Anna, looking sadly at Anna and trying to avoid looking at her new stumps.

Anna took Josie's hands, and said seriously: “I also ignored the time. Now I'm also trapped for the entire six years. Well, now that it's revealed, berate me, beat me up, leave me, but ...” Anna began to sob, “... stop looking at me so sadly, my dear. This is a thing I can't stand.”

Both of them cried and hugged each other, and out of their hugging, they started their first lesbian love-game.

1.6 *Strange Revelations*

Josie and Anna laid on the bed, hugging each other.

“Do you feel your shanks and feet anymore?” Josie asked curiously.

“And you?” Anna asked back, “Do you still feel like a 6' 3" big hero-man, now that you're a woman quite as tall as I've been before I slipped into my skin-suit?”

“No, I don't. I even don't feel male anymore. I can't explain it.”

“Well, I can. That's because of these transforming nanites of the suit. They change the entire body. It's a Chastilock patent which is now on General Public License. Just touch my stumps and tell me if you feel shanks and feet there, because I feel that my legs end right there where you see them end.”

“But before I went to assemble that wheelchair for you, I saw your feet peeking out at your butt, ...”

“Right. So tell me you faithless Thomas, how is it possible to become a woman eight inches smaller only by dressing a skin-suit? Isn't this right as strange as my stumps? And those documents here,” she pointed on the documents still laying on the other side of the bed. “Aren't they as strange as our transformation too?”

“Mentioning the documents - let's have a look into them”, Josie suggested.

And so they did.

The Documents #1

Josie's entire documents showed now, that she was born female, as sister of Jocelyn. The documents were the same Joseph knew as his own - except they were in the female version. No matter what: from birth certificate to the removal at Limb And Skin Prosthetics Inc.; drivers license, bank account, credit card, passport - really everything was replaced with the female, Josephine version of it. Even in sport, and this disciplinary measure, according to the files it was because of pretending to be a boy for 2 weeks, instead of the wrestling according Joe's memories...

Joseph Brent Clarksen now never had existed.



There were even family photos with two girls, then - after the divorce - only Dad and a girl, then a photo with two girls, one of them armless, and even his cousin Betty with two other girls, both similar to how she looked now, but one of them with arm prostheses ... Josie knew that this could never be real. But it looked real.

But at least, there was one document showing that she was married to Anna three years ago.

Then they looked through Anna's documents. They were really more complete than Anna had even hoped. Not only her qualifications and certifications, but also her time as latex devotee at the Junior Bond Club, and as patient at Chainsman Institute was documented. Even a photo of the show "Armless Mary" where she played the title role, was among the documents.

And, of course, there were two medical files: the first, real one when her entire lower body was cast in plaster because she shattered her legs in an accident just one year ago; and a faked one, mentioning complications causing both her legs to be amputated above the knees almost five months ago (when in fact she just was able to use her legs again), with her having been sent home last month, able to cope with her legless state and to walk with her new leg prostheses.



According to the documents Anna even never had sold the wheelchair at ebay after she didn't need it anymore. As Josie checked the number imprinted she saw that it really was the same Anna had used last year.



Another file stated the payments of an insurance, giving her the opportunity to pay back several debts both of them made to afford Anna's treatment and have enough money to save.

"Wow - somebody has been very busy here with photo and document manipulation." Josie said. "One could easily think this would be us."

"Yep. But at least we are still officially married - here, look." Anna said.

"Right. This at least", Josie agreed.



Then Anna suggested to have a look into their "twin"'s documents. Reluctantly, Josie played along. They couldn't lose more anyway...

The Documents #2

They started with Mary-Ann, the "twin" of Anna. Grown up at her divorced Dad, she had her education and even College files, and was keen on bondage.

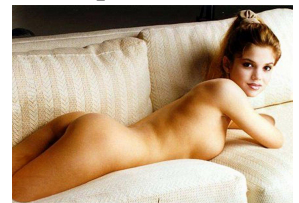
Then there was a strange accident where she lost all her limbs: She was put in rigid bondage, and stuck in a huge teddy bear to be hidden in public.



Her friend, being brought to the hospital with heavy injuries, insisted to have her teddy taken with her. The doctors agreed, though the plush animal was quite heavy. When that friend woke up shortly after three days, she urgently insisted that the teddy needs be X-rayed.

It took the heavily injured girl an entire hour to talk the doctor into X-ray the teddy, and when they finally did it, the half-starved Mary-Ann was found and finally relieved from her bondage. But her now necrotic limbs had to be amputated down to stumps to save her life. Even during the amputations of Mary-Ann's arms and legs, her friend died.

After a long therapy, making her conviction fade, that only being bound and put inside that teddy bear had saved her life, Mary-Ann improved her not really low income by modeling on a pay-side.



Jocelyn, the "twin" of Josie, grew up at their divorced father after her injury, She lost her arms by a stroke of lightning during Junior High School. After some ambulant therapy because of depression, she learned to cope with arm-prostheses.

With her hooks, she finished College, and even studied management at a university, but with her handicap nobody wanted to hire her. So she was now a free-lance motivation trainer for amputee rehabilitation centers.



Anna, Addicted

Josie put all those documents into a drawer. Anna's and her own ones were the last ones she put in. As she wanted to put Anna's stuff into the drawer, the file of Chainsman fell out.

"Anna? Um, that Chainsman-file?" she asked. "Is this also a fake, or have you really been there?"

"Well, I've really been there. For about one year, ten years ago." Anna replied sadly, working her self onto the wheel-chair, and began to tell what she had tried to forget all this time.

"Yes, I was patient at Chainsman. My mother brought me there - and it has something to do why I've panicked when I opened this damned chest." She explained, thoughtlessly scratching the ends of her stumps as if there were phantom pains.

Then she began:

"In Senior High School, just at the beginning, I was invited to the Junior Bond Club. Very quickly I rather became addicted to latex. Of course, Mom didn't like it, but accepted it as a fashion whim of mine."

"Well, while my Mom only thought I would wear skirts and tops made of latex, I used to wear catsuits there, I liked to be totally covered from neck to toe."

“In my sophomore year I even was into bondage: armless bondage like Venus corsets, even armless skin-suits, which took me a month's pocket money to lend them for a weekend. I also liked those puppy suits making me like limbless. It was like - um - relaxing for me to hang around like that for a while after school, before I did my homework there in the club.”



“Then, a girl in the Club, who was at her last year of College, but in our Campus Theater, too, came up with the idea to play »Armless Mary« there. And for she was older than most of us other actors, she wanted to do the second cast of the title role and so they searched a younger actress for the first cast. I was bold enough to handle the need to wear armless skin-suit on stage.”

“You know that play?”

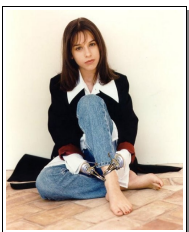
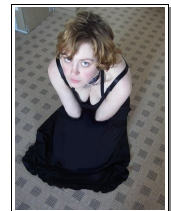
“Sure,” Josie replied, “I saw that during College. It was the last one with Sarah Follett playing Mary, before she became the singer Sarah Armless.”

“So Sarah Armless is Sarah Follett? Well, I've never seen her singing, else I would have known it. Well, her first playing was after I was sent away. So she played this role not that long time. May be other times before me. But anyway.”

“I was the only candidate for this role - beside Sarah, who rather stayed behind, or helped us with the texts - and I prepared really hard for this role. I also played this role at the premiere on the Campus theater. Boy I was so nervous. And our parents were sitting in the first row, right in front of the stage.”

“But - do you remember the last scene of the first act, where Mary gets her arms between the mangler barrels, and is pulled out by a paramedic, just being there by incident to wash his laundry? My Mom was the only one who cried out loud. Embarrassing, isn't it? Man, before the play actually began, the director had been standing in the laundry where the first act would start, introducing the play as a narrator and said that everything was stage-tricks and costumes, that there was no real danger...”

“Well, when Mom saw me on the hospital bed, first scene in the second act, with those empty sleeves, she had tears in her eyes. By the way, the stumps of that skin-suit really were short: half the length to the elbow - so it looked absolutely real.”



“After the show, the director invited the entire crew - actors, technicians, helpers - to a party. Of course all of us were so excited from our own premiere that we insisted to stay in our last costumes. That meant, that I was to stay armless until after the party, at least. Mom of course didn't accept that. She even didn't allow me to enter our home unless I had my arms again, because she refused to see me faking an amputee. O my Gosh was she angry.”

“Hey, I had arms at that moment - though false ones, with hooks, but it was arms. But she didn't accept that argument. She refused to let me in, in case I wouldn't be normal, and I refused to get rid of my skin-suit.”

“Well, the party was absolutely great, but anyhow I got drunken faster than everyone else of the gang. Maybe it was because I used straws to drink.”



“Still I can't remember how I arrived at my friend Sarah's apartment. I even didn't know anymore why I had no arms when I woke up naked on her bed beside her, after twelve hours of sleep. And after Sarah explained it to me, and dressed me again, we went to the theater to pick up the locking card of

my skin-suit. When I still refused to get rid of it, we went to the club. There another party was started, and I remained armless - I even had me dressed into a Venus corset to let the stumps disappear.”

“Well, half past nine in the evening, my mother came to the Club, and wanted me to come home. Teenager who I was, I refused, telling her, that I wanted to stay like that until the next day, and that I wanted to stay overnight in the Club. Mom gave me a dead-line. I should be ready to go home - and with arms - at noon the next day, or I had to learn consequences.”

“Well, I stayed in the Club, and slept there, too, and even had me undressed the armless skin-suit the next morning. But then - having had me bound with a mono-glove arm-binder since breakfast - I forgot about the dead-line, and suddenly I saw my mother standing in front of me. I tried to get up and flee - but try to stand up quickly while wearing bondage ballet boots and being restrained by the arm-binder: it doesn't work.”



“After a slap in my face, she stepped aside, and had her husband coming in. He took me on his shoulder, carried me out and to his car, and they brought me right away to the Chainsman Institute to admit me there.”

“Short after that I was dressed into another outfit. The staff dressed me a transparent latex suit, covering me all in all with that latex, then I was dressed in a latex catsuit, plus a straitjacket. I was totally encased into latex for a real long time. Anyway, the therapies I went through during my time there made me have a loathing for the smell and feeling of latex.”



“I was glad when I got a textile straitjacket about a month before getting discharged after almost a year. And I voluntarily refused to dress that rubber catsuit again.”

And she concluded: “During all the entire ten years since I left Chainsman, I never ever have dressed or even touched or smelled latex stuff again. And until today, I was sure to be entirely over it. And now here is nothing but rubber and leather in this chest. Anyway. I still love you, despite you being female now, and I know our love will help us to get over this challenge.”

Josephine, Part Time Girl

“Thank you, Anna for your love and for sharing your secret with me.” Josie kissed Anna. “I really appreciate that. And so I will share mine with you.”

And she began:

“Well, that letter even mentioned it: I do have some experience with being female, even with wearing rubber and bondage. I made these experiences when I was in Junior High. At that time I was playing handball, and was in an Aikido class. Though our team was quite successful, and I had won some cups, I had the image of a loser in my class. I suspected that Jackie, my cousin was reliable on this image. She was in my class, too, and I knew that she used to write diary. It was so, that only Jackie knew that I did Aikido. And that the trousers of the Aikido uniforms look very similar to long wide black skirts. But in my class, I was often pranked and treated like a girl pretending to be a boy - especially by Jackie's sorority.”

“Eventually, one of my friends told me about a training partner of him who was in his last College year, and who would have a girl's skin-suit which would transform me into a girl, if I dressed it.”

“This made me curious. If this were possible, I could win Jackie's trust while being a girl, and check if this pranking was from those diaries, and I could take her to Aikido to show her that

this was no bimbo stuff.”

“My friend introduced me to Andrew, his buddy, and I told him my considerations. Andrew absolutely reacted in opposite to my expectations. He laughed and admitted that he really had such a skin-suit. And he helped me to plan my operation: eight weeks before the first semester holidays, I officially went to a training camp in the Rockies. In fact I dressed the girl skin-suit, and returned as 15 year old Josephine Myers, contortion artist at the arriving circus.”



“Okay the skin-suit was that of a 16 year old, but it made me look young enough to fit. Strangely, the skin-suit enabled me to flex my body like a real contortionist. Appearing the right age, I attended the last High School months as long as the circus stayed there near the campus - until the holidays began. Of course the girls were fascinated by my spandex and latex costumes, which I even dressed on 'Family Days' right after the last lesson to start my exercises punctually.”

“Well, when all sororities courted my favor, to get me as an honorary member, I chose the sorority of my cousin. They gave me a really strange initiation: I was bound mummy-wise totally immobile to a chair with duct-tape. And because I suffered it until being freed, instead of protesting or screaming, I passed that test.”



“Strangely, I wasn't the freak I expected to be, I rather was commiserated for my never-settling live. It took me only days after that

test to become friend to the entire sorority, including Jackie, though my day was very planned. I had exercised before and after school, then the shows, then 'post-processing' - meaning: cleaning up everything - then my work day was finished at about 11pm, and I could do the homework I hadn't done during my little spare-time between 5:30pm and 7pm when I met 'my' sorority sisters.”

“After only two weeks in High School I almost forgot to be Joey Clarksen underneath. Oh, I liked school, and hanging around with the girls as long as I was allowed, and enjoyed to be a teenage girl in that sorority - being 'in' and all that. But it took me two more weeks to get back to my task I had started this adventure for. So when I saw Jackie - as expected - spreading new rumor, and faking photos of my male me to make me appear as a cross-dresser, I asked her why she did that to her cousin. The answer she gave me I didn't expect: she simply was envious for his success and his handball and Martial Arts cups!”

Well, while I was so happy to be that limber circus girl, pretty and respected, I began to feel sorry for that poor guy Joseph who was there in this camp in the Rockies. And I enjoyed to be friend with the girls of the sorority. So I was really sad when the time was over, and the circus - with me - traveled back to where I should get rid of the skin-suit.



“When I was in the hostel the night before I had to deactivate it, I sat on the bed, and saw my reflexion in the mirror, I pondered about simply to keep that skin-suit on. I really liked to be female, but I also knew, that everyone would miss me, Joey - well, everyone except Jackie. So I finally decided to get rid of it before going to sleep; and when I slept, having my male body again, I still dreamed of being female.”

“I created a second e-mail address to stay in contact as Josephine, and bought this marvelous skin-suit from Andrew, to dress it now and then. Well, having been a girl for two months myself, my habit against girls had changed with starting Senior High, and also Jackie's pranks had no success anymore. May be, the topic was getting boring, maybe it had other reasons, but even the girls thought I had changed. It even happened that some boys of my class got envious against me.”

“Well, each month I took a weekend off, to let Josephine appear in the next county. And two

years after my becoming me again, I got an invitation from Jennifer, she invited me because of her good-bye party into a Club in Erie, Pennsylvania. She had finished Senior High, and was up to move to a College there.”

“So I took two weeks off (well, three weeks - one of them I went to a training camp) and traveled to Buffalo where I checked in at a hotel as Josephine Myers. There I bought my first own latex outfits, to be prepared for the party night three days later.”

“Oh, I loved wearing rubber, though it was between 90 and 95 degrees in the shade, and I had to change clothes and shower three times a day. I even bought a chastity belt, just for the case.”



“Well, it has been intuition to wear it underneath my rubber catsuit when I went to the party. Because, on the way home from the party (which by the way was really great), some guys caught me and another girl from Buffalo who was walking with me, and tried to rape us. Well, the other girl wasn't as lucky as I was, but also I woke up in a hospital, where we were told what happened; and that it was easy, thanks to the latex outfits, to find the rapists: Just using the finger prints and body liquids visible for every-one on the shiny surface. I've heard, after the trial, that these men were transformed into pony-girls, pulling rickshaws for the tourists all day long.”

“Hell, although I had enjoyed being a girl until then, to be raped was nothing to think about. So after having become my male self again, I asked Andrew to take the skin-suit back. Despite of having interviewed me when I bought it, he now just said 'Okay', and took it back; he even gave me the same amount of money back. He even offered to buy all of the clothes from me which I bought fitting that girl, and asked me whom she knew... it was the day of my quickest earned money. And since this day, I never ever tried another skin-suit again. I even have never worn rubber anymore, up to today.”

After a moment she added, “But as I heard on the grapevine, Andrew has been fighting against Chastilock even at that time, and still is said to be kind of legend. So, I think he would have no interest to tell such a thing to others. Otherwise I can't see any connection between me, the girl I appeared to be as a teenager, my unemployment due to the Hostile Take-over by Chastilock, and the author of that letter here.”

Conclusions

Anna had other ideas: “Wait, these suits are on a Chastilock patent. I had my accident and these months time-off during an investigation for a law-suit against Chastilock. Maybe that's a punishment for that? A kind of cruel reminder? Like, you know: 'We are able to do that with ease, so let this be a warning, we can do worse thing to you likely!' - I know, sounds a bit of paranoid, but when you imagine that Chastilock people are everywhere, they even own a huge part of Chainsman, then you see, that's not that paranoid at all.”

“But what about Sutton? He is just a computer seller, both of us have seen him in his shop.”

“I have no idea.” Anna admitted.

Comforting each other, they began to hug and kiss each other, culminating in another love game. Hours later, they laid aside each other naked on their bed, sweating because of exhaustion.

“You can't be the same person who dressed that skin-suit: you're way too female for a pretender!” Anna stated, smiling.

Josie looked puzzled. “Somehow, I think you're right, hon. I'm a 100% female right now, and I'm feeling like that, too.”

Well, for both were trapped in their suits for the next six years, they had to get used to their new life. Anna had the more difficult part. She had to get used to both, her wheel-chair and her leg-prosthetics. But Anna did it. She used the wheelchair as if she never left it during the last year, and even could walk in the prosthetic legs as if she really had had the training.

She only needed help to get china from the cupboard to prepare the lunch table. “We have to re-order the stuff here,” she said, “that I can reach the things needed daily while sitting in the wheelchair.”

And so they did after lunch: all the china and spices they would use more or less daily, came in reach of a sitting woman, and all the stuff they would use only now and then, came up into the cupboard.

Then, Josie and Anna began to put their clothes, which still lied on the bed and around it, into the closet. Finished, Josie put the box with Jocelyn's arm-prostheses into the closet, and got an idea.

“What if I try that 'Jocelyn' skin-suit?” she asked Anna. “Well, you would be hands for me, and I'd be legs, but I'm nosy enough to have me sealed until tomorrow morning.”

“Not yet, li'l girl”, Anna said. “Still it is afternoon - we should see if there is a way to get more common clothes, even today.”

So they went to the garage, and Josie helped Anna to get on the passenger seat of her van, putting the wheel-chair into its trunk. Then she drove to the next Mall. As hoped, but not really expected, some of the shops had opened, so they could use their new credit cards to get a few most needed clothes.

After their shopping invasion which cost more than a grand, Anna's wheel-chair didn't fit into the car's trunk anymore, but still there was a tight space at the back seats for it. So they went home and dressed some of their new outfits and did textile sheets on the bed. “Everything looks much nicer this way,” Anna stated, and hugged her wife.



Chapter 2: *The Start*

2.1 *Brittany*

“What do we do with this late afternoon?” Anna asked.

“No idea.” Josie replied. “But you could organize that your car gets adapted to your actual - um - handicap. And we could go to the next cinema or somewhere else to grab some flier or magazine to get some info where to go tonight or tomorrow.”

So the girls took their PDA's and searched in the world wide web - Anna for the next garage, and Josie for the next cinema. Next Anna called the garage, and told them that she needed to have her car adapted, because she couldn't drive it herself because of her handicap. The man at the garage promised to send someone to her address, but it could take half an hour or so.

Then Josie said, “The next cinema is just two blocks away. We could make a stroll to and fro, the weather is not that bad this late afternoon.”

“Two blocks?” Anna replied. “That's really comfy.”

“Yep.” Josie stated. “But can I be Britty tonight? I want to get used to those hooks of mine.”

“Britty?” Anna wondered.

“Yeah - these names are too similar. So I rather want to be called Britty when being - um - challenged.”

Anna thought a moment, then she said, “Okay, then strip. I'll help you with the suit and the clothes.”

So Josie undressed and began to dress the other skin-suit. When Josie was about slipping her folded arms elbow first into the sleeves of the suit, Anna pulled the sleeves up and closed the suit, making sure that she had set the transmitter gadget to H for “hours” and dialed 040 into it.

Halting her finger above the seal button, she asked again, “Do you really want to learn to use your hooks? This is the last moment you can decide otherwise.”

“Yep.” Josie replied. “I want to try them out. And to be able to do that I need to be armless, and this is what I want to be right now.”

“Okay - but,” Anna stated, “just one night won't be enough to get a hint into it - I suggest to give you one day longer: tomorrow and the day after tomorrow are free, so is it okay, when I give you time enough to practice until Monday morning?”

“Well, okay. One day without arms won't kill me. Though - with the hooks I have arms anyway, even with something like hands. And I trust you to be caring when I don't have my hooks on.”

“Sure, darling, I'll always do,” Anna responded. “But don't make a fuss when I'm a bit slow - remember, I'm also challenged nowadays.” And she pushed the seal button.

“Ah-ouch!” yelled Josie as her arm stumps suddenly began to shrink to the thickness of normal arm stumps, and to a length of 4 inches shorter than before.

“Wow!” Anna was fascinated. “I never saw that shrinking process before. When this was happening to my legs likewise I was too distracted to watch it myself. How do you feel now? Do you feel that pain anymore?”

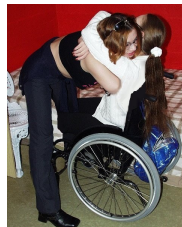
“Oh - my arms, they don't hurt anymore, they feel absent though there is kind of numb feeling in my finger tips. But I don't feel them on my shoulders anymore where they ought to be but anywhere in front of my stumps”, Britty, how Josie wanted to be called now, rubbed the tops of her stumps against her legs. “Only two inches smaller and I'd have four tits when pointing the stumps forward”, she lamented.

Anna giggled, and started to dress Britty the same clothes like before her transformation.

“Hey Josie, don't make such a fuss - you seem to forget that I can't stand up to dress you.”

“Okay I'm holding still - but now I'm Brittany, or Britty, because Jocelyn is too similar a name to the my non-challenged twin Josie. Now I'm your sister-in-law, and Josie will be very jealous if you do more than kissing me.”

“And you are a schizo as well. But I love you too.” Anna stated, and hugged her now armless best girl friend.



Car Trades

Suddenly the door bell was ringing. The girls giggled, and Anna wheeled to the door. Outside stood a mechanic who introduced himself as Sam, and wanted to pick up the car.

“Hi, I'm Anna Jackson,” Anna said. “Thank you that you could come so fast.”

“Oh, that's normal service for us. But, I hope you won't need your car during the next week - it'll take us a while to change the accelerator and brake controls from pedal to manual.”

“Well, Sam, that's okay. Should they need me in the office earlier than expected I can call a taxi to get there. Just take the time needed to get it right.”

The mechanic was perplexed. “So you're working? May I ask where?”

“Sure. I work at Wesson, Smith & Co. Well, I used to until my accident, and am expected to start again next Monday. But I think I'm about to meet my new partners earlier.”

“Smith and Wesson? Oh that's nice...”, he replied.

Anna felt the mechanic's sudden uneasiness, so she added: “Well, I know to separate private from professional stuff. And I am just an attorney, helping my clients to get less trouble if any. So if you or your friends get into trouble just contact me...”

The mechanic was visibly relieved. “Okay, Mrs. Jackson. We'll do our best. Which car is yours?”

“The Corolla,” Anna replied and wheeled out. Britty followed her.

“Good- Good afternoon,” the mechanic said to her, surprised.

“Good afternoon,” she replied. “Don't worry, I'm only visiting my non-handicapped sister. This big car is hers.” She pointed her left stump to the Blazer. Then she got an idea. “How long would it take you to fix a knob to the steering wheel that I can drive it using my prosthetics? My own car has been stolen some weeks ago, and my sister offered me to let me use it as long as she doesn't need it.”

“Oh this is a matter of minutes. I even have such knob in my service car. You don't know how many of them are needed these times...” Sam stated. But then he saw a little problem: “Mrs. Jackson? Do you have anyone to put your wheelchair into the trunk once you sit on your driver's seat?”

Anna almost jumped up. “Why?”

“Well, there is no other place in that small car. If you owned that Blazer I could change it into a car for handicapped like you - but this one is too small.”

“Oh, then I have to speak with my spouse first. Just a moment.” She wheeled into the house again, and returned ten minutes later, Britty's arm prostheses and two sheets of paper in her lap. Meanwhile Britty told Sam that she's been an amputee since she was teenager, and that she was glad to have such a loving family like Anna and Josie. She smiled when talking about her own non-handicapped self as an entire different person. “*Josie, you're getting schizo*”, she thought.

“We made up contracts”, Anna stated as she arrived back at Sam and Britty. And she showed her documents. There, signed by Anna and Josie, was written, that Josephine Brenda Clarksen sold her Chevrolet Blazer to Anna Mary Jackson just for the momentary worth of her Toyota Corolla, accepting that car as payment. And that Anna received the Blazer and sold Josie her Corolla for it.

So, the mechanic assembled the knob on the steering wheel of the Corolla, and prepared the Blazer to tow it to his garage, while Anna helped Britty into the “hooks”. After some trials Josie alias Britty managed her hooks as if she had used them for years. She was astonished herself.

When the mechanic was towing the Blazer away, the two girls entered the house again.

Inside, Britty said: “Well, Mrs. lawyer, you know that you have broken a law? It's called document forgery. If this came out, the least trouble you could get for this were losing your lawyer's license. And you never know how it comes.”

“Sure, but I know your writing good enough, and I know how you would sign with your new name, if you had to.” She said, smiling. “And because all of the signatures here in the files are fake, this on the contract can't be a valid falsification of signature, so it is as valid as the other ones - means it is true.”

Josie couldn't help it, she had to giggle: her law-abiding spouse, the lawyer Anna Mary Jackson, falsified a signature and found nothing about it. Her giggling grew into laughter, and became infectious - and both were still laughing when preparing their supper.

At the Disco

When they got home from the cinema, the girls decided to go to a disco. It was not far away, just fifteen minutes by foot, and it was strict dress code tonight: rubber or black leather. Josie was glad that they were just a part of a rubber wearing crowd. So nobody starred at them because of their outfits. They only got some sympathetic comments about their handicap. The disco had four “zones”, each one with different music styles and performances. After looking around a bit, Josie and Anna found themselves in the “Chill-Out Zone”, where a soft music style was performed, and a fashion show was to happen.

At the bar they met a man in his 30's, wearing shirt and a pair of trousers made of black latex together with a woman with a half shining-through cat-suit.



“Hi,” said the man despite of the angry look of his female company. “I am Brent. Brent Chapman.”

Britty just said shyly “Hi”, so Anna replied to him, “Hi, nice to meet you, Brent. My name is Anna Jackson, and this is my sister-in-law, Britty Carmichael.” She smiled inwardly how easy it was to adapt, to call her spouse by her alter-ego name.

“Nice to meet both of you too. Meet my, um, friend Sue Michaels. Sue, meet Anna and Britty.”

Sue only bowed her head, so Brent explained: “Please excuse her. She drank a silencer one hour ago, so she's mute at the moment. But this can change each moment.”

“A silencer?” Britty asked.

“Yes, silencer. It's a drink to get someone mute for a while. And poor Sue drank it by incident when we were at the bar. But so I had my peace a while. Now I can't wait any longer. Pardon me, but haven't I seen you at Smith and Wesson?”

Anna replied, “You mean Wesson, Smith and Company?” It was the second time she heard this variation of the company's name.

“Sure. Here they are called after the gun, since this company is as tough as a gunslinger. Mostly their opponents can look for a place at Saint Paul's.”

“Saint Paul's?” Britty didn't understand.

“What kind of place is Saint Paul's?” Anna replied.

“Cough... It's a Community Center,” Sue suddenly answered with a rough voice. “The Saint Paul's Community Center is an emergency shelter for temporary homeless people. And - Brent, I don't think that this was by incident.” Her voice was getting better, she now sounded like a younger version of Janis Joplin.

“Sure it was. Your glass was the long one with the Margarita, not the short one with the white wine.”

“Oh, Brent, if you weren't my boss and married, I would marry you immediately right here.”

They sat down in a private niche, and chatted. During the conversation Brent showed up to be the boss of ArtiSkin Incorporated, with Sue as his lover and private secretary/ receptionist. Anna told Brent that she had a wife, and that this wife was looking for a staff manager job, for she had lost hers due to a company close-down.

“Oh. That's great,” said Sue. “We're looking for a woman doing this job. We don't have any applicants yet, since the job will be advertised in the Internet tomorrow, and in the newspapers on Tuesday. Our last staff manager left us involuntarily last week because of corporal incompatibility.”

Anna laughed out loud. “What did you say, Corporal Incompatibility? My gosh, that's the latest and most peculiar circumlocution I ever heard for saying that somebody was fired for being an asshole. Corporal Incompatibility - wonderful!” Her infectious laughter filled the niche and almost drove tears in her eyes.

“Well,” Sue continued after they calmed down, “This guy has shown up to be a sexist. You know, most of the employees in our office building are women. But this guy always used to say, that he accepted only a handful of jobs made by women: typist, hairdresser, ...”

“... cook, health-care, and most important: mother if there are any kids to care,” Britty added, interrupting Sue and stealing the words right from her mouth. Open-mouthed she starred at Britty.

Then she gained speech again. “Can you read my thoughts?”

“No, but I've heard these so-called arguments too often for the last twenty years. That's like a reflex, to continue this baloney list when hearing the beginning. I must say your former staff manager seemed to have been a typical M.C.P., with all complexes a son of a dominant mother could develop.”

“Britty, please, what do you mean by M.C.P. in this your psychological analysis?” Brent asked smirking, knowing the answer already.

“M.C.P. has only one meaning in this context: Male Chauvinist Pig. Someone who don't want to see women to be independent.”

All four of them laughed. Then Brent said: “Indeed this was the reason why I fired him lately. The moment he was away I did what he always had blocked: I opened a corporal children day-care center for our employees' children. Now the ladies can have a look after their kids during their breaks. But nevertheless I actually do need a new staff manager. I can't manage everything by myself. It's too much work to do both jobs in such a big company. And it was your wife who searched a job, Anna?”

“Yes, Brent. I'm happily married to Britty's twin sister Josephine - well, kind of. Would it be a problem to employ a lesbian female staff manager?”

“No, quite the opposite: so no-one can suspect her to climb up the ladder by sleeping with the boss. When do you see your wife again?”

“Oh, tonight, after having brought Britty home.”

“Okay. Tell Josephine -- that's your wife's name, isn't it? -- tell her that I look forward to see her at the ArtiSkin Incorporated Office building, on Tuesday morning ...”

“... not before ten.” Sue helped out. “You have that meeting between 8:30 and 10:00.”

“Oh Sue, my sweet walking Filofax. You know, when I am with Sue I don't need to note any appointments. She remembers everything. Sometimes this is also an advantage.” He smiled at Sue, then he rummaged around in his purse. “Here is our business card. Don't lose it. Josephine should be there at... a quarter past ten. Else you would disappoint me.”

Britty needed to go to the bathroom, so she asked Anna to help her. So they said their good-bye and went to the ladies' room, where Anna opened Britty's cat-suit and let her sit down on the toilet. “A quarter past ten.” She stated. “So we have enough time for you to buy some clothes first.”

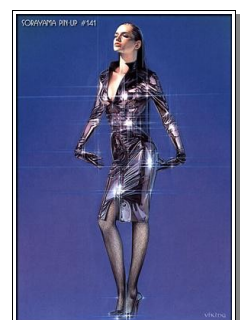
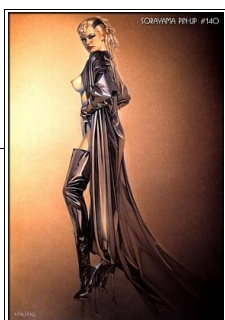
“Yes. I've seen a shop opening at point eight.” Britty replied. “So we could go there shopping, and back home for hair-do and make-up.”

“At least we can try it. As far as I know I have to be in my office at half past ten.” Anna said, while cleaning Britty up, and closing her cat-suit again. “So I can bring you there. Call me when your interview is over. If I have time enough, I pick you up there to bring you home.”

Then both of them returned to their table. Early enough. For as they arrived, the voice of the MC announced: “... And here she comes: The long awaited. The most beautiful. The one and only. Our top star among the rubber latex models: - **JONA!**”

One could even hear the name written red, big, bold, and italic. And everyone laughed when a female voice from backstage yelled: “Aaargh, shut up!”

But then she really came, Jona. Wearing a black dress with gloves and high-heels, she proudly walked the catwalk as if she were a princess giving an audience.



After some rounds she disappeared behind the stage, and returned, now wearing a body which was black at the lower half and transparent at the top half, thigh-high boots, and an extremely long coat.

At last she came as cat, wearing a cat-suit in the word's literal meaning. With fake diamond wrist cuffs and a leashed collar she acted like ready to submit to someone for pet play.

On the way to the stage she detoured passing the bar, and said there to Anna, "Wait here, please, until I've finished."



Jona the Cat

"Hi, both of you, and welcome to this club." the cat-costumed woman said as she sat down at the table. "Wait, I think I know you from my past. You look similar to a girl I remember, from the Junior Bond Club in Topeka, Kansas. Anna was her name if I remember correctly."

"Well remembered, Jona. I am this Anna. Okay, some years older and now legless, but as you see, in rubber again after having lived for years sure to be healed from it ."

Britty only wondered. This Jona looked similar to a girl she as Joe knew from High-school. Was it Josie Fletcher? Josie wasn't sure. She tried to follow the remembering chat of these two women. While she thought about that, she almost startled, as she was spoken to by Jona. "A hundred to one that you are not arm-amputated for real. If I'm right, you are wearing a temporary skin-suit, and because of that you're either very courageous or very reckless."

"What do you mean by that?" Britty asked.

"Well, in this club I'm not the only one who can tell the difference between really being arm-amputated and just wearing a temporary armless skin-suit. Well, actually it's just a few people in this club who can, but anyway. I heard you are planned to become a liquid latex statue model tonight ..."

"What the ..." Britty started but was cut off by Anna.

"That means...?" She wondered.

"That means, that your lady-friend here would be plastered with liquid latex, one layer upon the other, until she becomes a stiff limbless rubber statue looking like made from marble or brass; immobile, blind, mute and almost deaf, until the rubber layers soften enough after hours that she can be relieved again. And sorry, but I don't believe that you are originally amputated or trapped permanently", she turned to Josie again.

"Well, as you suppose, a skin-suit it is, and of the temporary kind. At least it ought to be. But you're right, we should avoid such games. How do we get out of here without such trouble?"

"No problem. I'll invite you in my room now. From there I'll bring you directly to your car. But before: Do you have anything left at the checkroom? Jackets, keys, anything?"

Both shook their heads no, and Anna said, "No. And we're not here by car. We walked the few blocks from home. And the keys are here in my purse."

"Okay then. Follow me." She led them backstage, wheeling Anna by herself, and into a niche besides her room. There she pushed a hidden knob, and a part o the wall opened, showing up to be a customized fire safety door. On their way to the parking house she told them, that she knew from the way Britty had moved her hooks that she was not really used to them and the stumps; and that she knew others who were watching each handicapped person likewise.

And Anna told Jona that she was a lawyer meanwhile, and about the trunk and the skin-suits and all of these fake documents, and that she had wondered if she could sue the group or person who did this to Joe and her.

Jona's answer on this was terrible: "Be glad that Wesson, Smith and Company are open to lesbianism, as well as Josie's new boss seems to be. What happened to you is indeed awful. You are victims in a game of a very influent group. So influent, that at least ninety percent of them officially simply do not exist."

"I can only recommend, that you keep everything like it is for the moment. I try to get in contact with some help who is able to trick the mighty. But meanwhile don't get too used to be armless. I've been armless a while myself. It began with some hours for a ninety minute photo shootings -- you remember, Anna --, and ended with more than nine weeks non-stop being such armless. And if I hadn't had helpers, who risked their lives and souls to get me and others out there, I would be armless now for eternity. Be careful to be armless as seldom as possible, and to not use the document of your armless alter-egos if you can't avoid it anyhow. Each use of a document lays a track about the where, what and when. I'm serious be absolutely careful. Once you have to lie against the authorities about the actual staying of your imaginary twin, they can catch you, and I can visit you at Chainsman. And often people whom I knew to be brought to Chainsman, return from Chastilock, transformed in many ways permanently. -- So here is where I leave you now."

And they said good-bye, as Anna and Josie left the parking-house at a side exit.

2.2 *The Next Morning*

Shopping

The girls woke up early. After breakfast, Ann helped Josie to prepare for the interview. Make-up, hair-do, finger-nails, and outfit - well the outfit had to be bought first. So they only put on the most presentable of their new outfits and went to the close Mall, entering a boutique.

The sales personnel was not really excited about these two cheaply clad ladies who pretended to be wealthy enough to buy those high-quality business clothes. But how eager the same salespersons became, when Josie and Anna showed their Golden American Express credit cards! Each fashion *faux pas* was forgiven, and the two ladies were served in a rush.

Less than ninety minutes and two more grands later, Josie and Anna did not only have their new business suits, but some matching blouses, some casual wear, and underwear, shoes, boots, even cosmetics. Most of it all had to be delivered home by the Mall's service.

At home they quickly changed clothes, then Anna drove Josie to ArtiSkin Inc. Sitting in her car, she said, "We don't have time enough to show you how to drive with high heels. Call me when your interview is finished. If I can't pick up the phone, take a taxi home."

Josie knew, that Anna never picked up the phone when she was in a conversation with a client or her partners and bosses, but hoped she would be at home anyway. So they bid their farewell and Ana left to her new office.

The Interview

At point 10:12am, Josie opened the door to the secretary office.

“Good morning, Miss - um - Michaels? My name is Josephine Clarksen. I am expected to meet Mister Chapman.”

Sue looked at the arrival. “Good morning, Miss Clarksen.”

“Josephine, or Josie please,” Josie chimed in.

“Thanks, Josie. Wow! You look really equal to your handicapped sister. Welcome to our company. I'm Sue - Well,” she bowed over the intercom: “Mister Chapman, Ms Clarksen is here.”

“Let her come right in!”

In the same moment when Josie arrived at Brent's office door, it swung open -- and only one inch was missing that the door caught her. She entered Brent's office. *“In my old company my office was a bit bigger than this one”*, she thought. *“But I was male that time.”*

After the usual talk, Brent asked: “After having worked in such a huge company like Limb And Skin Prosthetics Inc., why have you changed your level starting in such a small company like ours?”

“This was good,” Josie thought, and answered: “Well, as you may found out yet, Limb And Skin Prosthetics Inc. was big on the turnover, but small in staff. Only hundred and seventy-eight persons were permanently employed in the company. In your company here, I would be responsible for over three hundred permanent employed and up to one hundred fifty temporary employed persons, as I read on your web-site. That's more responsibility and more work to do.”

“So you've looked in the web last night?”

“No, I haven't. I read it the night before, hoping there would be a place for me, and I was glad when my wife woke me up last night to tell me about your offer. And this morning the size of your company was mentioned in the ad.”

Brent nodded. Her informations were right. Limb And Skin Prosthetics Inc. really had less than two hundred permanent employees, but a huge amount of free-lancers, and a high fluctuation of temporary workers. Well, not to mention these was either understatement, or the free-lancers really went besides the staff management. But anyway. As Staff manager of Limb And Skin Prosthetics Inc., she had been a member of the board, and earned a quarter Million bucks. He knew it. His company has been involved in the takeover process. Clarksen could demand the same here.

“Let's try it”, Brent thought, but he asked Josie: “What do you imagine to earn here getting this job?”

Josie looked at him, and said: “Suggest a salary what ever you think my job is worth it.”

“Nice trap”. thought Brent. *“This girl is smart, may be too smart. I need her on my side. Her and her wife also as well. Both are a huge help for me, even more than Suzie could ever guess.”* So he took a card, wrote something on it and handed pen and card to Josie.

It read:

\$ 15 K PER MONTH

Then she smiled, took the pen, and added something on it. When she handed him the card back, he smiled, reading:

\$ 150K PER MONTH YEAR

+ ALL BENEFITS! ✓

She was smarter than he thought. Well, on the first look it was cheaper than expected, so he accepted, thinking: *“Either she is so desperate to get employed, or she has enough money on her bank account.”*

When both of them then left the office, he gave this card to Sue. “Prepare a contract, please. I show our new Staff Manager the company and her office.”

While Brent led her around the company, Sue turned to the computer, clicked on “Contracts” and “New Employees” and “Permanent”, and began to insert name, address, position, and suggested salary. But then the benefits were shown to be confirmed. She was shocked when it showed up that the salary to be paid plus benefits was worth about \$250,000 each year! Still a bit cheaper than Martin, this M.C.P., but could they still afford this expensive day-care? She had to talk to Brent about it later.



Then Josie and Brent came up again, to have a look in her new office, Josie wore the Corporal business suit: white trousers and blazer, with that small symbol on lapel and sleeves, like Brent and Sue.

“Can we be glad hat Ms Clarksen here is on the other side, else she would really have a hard life over here. Like a bunch of hungry wolves the men, and the ladies -- total envious!” Brent said as they arrived back at the reception of his office.

Sue handed her boss the contract for signing it, and he looked it over. Then, after a slight, but perceivable raise of his eye-brow he signed it, and handed it to Josie.

Signing it too, she smiled. *“Old poker-face,”* she thought. *“I’m a bit more expensive than you thought, but you need me. Me and Anna. I know it. So you would even risk your free day-care to keep me in here. But each other applicant would be even more expensive -- and male.”*

“Okay”, Brent said. “The rest of your corporal clothes will be brought to your address before noon. Your new office will be prepared for you to start next Monday. But if you wish, you nevertheless can join our semi-annual corporate party tonight. It takes place in the spa and indoor pool, over there in Orange right half an hour away from here. Spouses and kids are welcome. We start at 7:30 pm.”

“Okay, thank you. I’ll try to be there. See you then.”

“See you there”, Josie heard the reply, while she turned to go to the lift downwards.

Later, in the taxi, Anna was unable to reach, Josie recapitulated everything. After a look on all the benefits mentioned in the contract, she counted everything together in her head -- and came to a monthly salary worth more than 20,000 bucks, the working climate seemed also to be okay. But no chance to work as Joe.

“Well, I will survive it.” she sighed. At home, she undressed and hung her new business suit on a cloth-hanger at the coat rack, and dressed a pullover and pants they also had bought this morning.

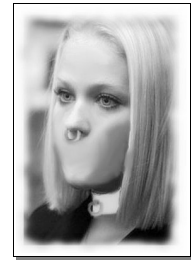
After she prepared lunch, the telephone rang. Wondering, Josie lifted the receiver. "Hello?"

"Good morning, this is Jeff Webster, Customer Service, American Telephone & Telegraph. I just wanted you to know that your telephone and DSL is now connected and on-line. The letter with your number and all tariffs should be in your mailbox tomorrow. Thank you for choosing American Telephone & Telegraph." Click.

Josie asked herself: Did Anna order the telephone connection? Sure, the telephone was already hanging at the wall, and the connection for DSL was prepared, but should they really be so fast? It was three days ago when they moved here, and yesterday was a holiday... She had to ask Anna.

When Anna came home in the afternoon, she happily told Josie how her day was. She really was engaged as Junior Partner of Wesson, Smith & Co. Not just an employee - one of the partners.

And she had her first case: A father who wanted his daughter to become re-transformed: This girl had been kidnapped three years ago, and meanwhile transformed into a mute neuter slave, with cuffs, choker and piercings welded permanently closed. It seemed to become an easy case. Her father only could free her because he bought her back on a slave auction. He dressed her into a proper outfit, and tried to get her civil rights back; but first she had to be re-transformed.



After discussing the fact that slavery was legalized and widely used again for a dozen years already (which both were discontent with), Josie told her about her interview, and asked about the telephone. Anna also wondered, and said, "I think it was included in buying the house. But I'm not sure. I have to look for the papers."

Suddenly Josie's view fell at the watch hanging over the kitchen door. "What? Is it really six already? Phew, if I want to join the spa evening of my new company, I should prepare now. Do you like to come with me there? I was told that family members are also invited."

"I'd like to. But if you don't mind, I'd like to accompany you as Mary-Ann. If you want, you can put me into armless right after shower."

"If you want ... Then start now to undress, that I can put you into that quad suit later." Ann undressed fully, and took everything needed out of the closet. After both of them had a shower, Josie trapped her into the limbless skin-suit, and dressed her into her chosen outfit. She prepared her spouse's hair and make-up, then her own. Finally both of them were ready to go, and entered Josie's "new" car.

2.5 A Night in the Spa

Mary-Ann

Though Mary-Ann was the only limbless woman, she was not the only female amputee in the fun-bath, but the only amputee wearing a bikini, ready to swim. The other armless women were Sarah Armless, the famous singer who sang some of her actual hits on the stage, and an employee of the company who obviously didn't dare to even get her feet wet.

Mary-Ann decided to join this woman who sat on a bench, so she wheeled there, and began a conversation with her. "Hi, I'm Mary-Ann. You don't enjoy the water?"

"God knows how I would like. But unfortunately I can't. By the way - I'm Chris. Nice to meet you, Mary-Ann."

“Nice to meet you too. But, if it's not too nosy, why can't you go into the water?”

Chris began to speak, only too glad to tell her story.

Chris

“Actually, I've not always been female. Neither I've been armless all my life. I also don't wear such an armless skin-suit which is so easily available nowadays. I'm permanently armless because of Chastilock.”

“In my - well, I almost can say: former life - I was a man. Secretly I used to wear tight clothing like cat-suits and body-stockings. Latex and Lycra were my favor. But one day it happened during a medical check that I was caught wearing a female slip and catsuit underneath my business suit, and I was warned. To remain in the job I ordered via Internet a skin-colored skin-suit, not knowing that I thereby contacted Chastilock. When I finally got this skin-suit, I dressed it immediately.”

“Oh, it was great to wear that skintight suit; to look and feel like a woman. The attached face-mask even hid my still masculine face and made me look like Jona, the famous bondage model. Well, not exactly, but similar enough to be beautiful in my eyes. I wore this full-suit twenty-four/seven for entire three weeks on a stick, during my vacation, went to parties, and even had me dressed into bondage gear by my friend Sonya. Once I had me put into an armless skin-suit, and stayed in it for a week. Well, three days were planned, but when Sonya went to her own home to stay there the second night after she prepared me for bed, I fell asleep and slept three days non-stop.”

“When Sonya wanted to remove the skin-suit, there was nothing to remove: my armless skin-suit had become permanent while I was sleeping. I became the armless woman I still am. I hardly can remember anymore how I reacted, I must have been panicking. Anyway. While Sonya tried to calm me down, the door-bell rang, and a Chastilock Official was there, wanting me to come with her to an 'After-Transformation Therapy', which happened to take place in a subterranean area beneath the close mountains.”

“There I was dressed into the dress I also wear right now, and was chained to other women who looked right like me, like being twins or clones or something like that. Even our, well, trainer was similar to us though she had arms in opposite to us. Each of us got a number to use instead of our names, and we had to learn how to walk, how to use our feet as hands, how to act submissively, how to flirt, how to satisfy men without having arms, even how to defend ourselves.”

“But this was not the strangest. I saw that two of us became armless eel-like mermaids as soon as their legs became entirely wet. Well, nobody - not even I - wanted to try out if this were only these two, or all of us... But it's rather probable that we all were concerned. So I've rather tried not to bath since then.”

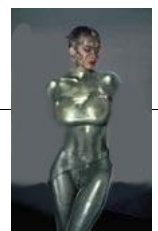


“So how have you come free?” Mary-Ann wanted to know. “They must have held you as slaves, I suppose?”



“Well, sort of. We had to serve as so-called walkers at the airport, you may have seen some of us: silver-dressed hostesses, messengers, and pros in one person. And also as a pony-girl, every second weekend. That meant, we were dressed into full rubber suits with hooves instead of shoe-soles and had to pull sulkies or coaches for 7 hours a day.”

“The most obedient ones of us were allowed to serve as special



messengers: wearing green suits, we had to bring messages from one company manager to another. And so I met Brent: He was Junior Manager here, and I was sent to his home with a message from his late CEO. As usual, I knelt down in the door-frame waiting for him to speak to me. I didn't have to wait for long - especially, since this was a very new situation for Brent.”

“He told me to stand up and enter, and asked me for my name. He was very astonished when I answered as I was trained: 'Number seventy-two at your service, Sir!' Oh my -- I still have it....”

“In the following time, Brent contacted Chastilock, and kind of bought me from them, gave me a job which I can do with my feet, and gave me my name back -- well, the female version of it. Thank him I became a legal person again, and not just a slave with a number anymore. He made a contract with me, giving me the opportunity to sort of buy me my freedom back to a small percentage of the price he, or the company, had paid for me, and two months ago, after only four months of work in this company as an office messenger and for some special tasks, I officially became a free person again. But -- I still have to worry about the water.”

Mary-Ann was becoming scared. What if her quad suit also became permanent? She rather tried to change the subject, when she lost the track with her wheel-chair - and slipped into the pool. Panicking at first, she struggled to get rid of her heavy hooks, then she managed to swim - well, kind of. So she pedaled like a dog to the shallower part of the pool, where she could sit up easily and call Josie.



Sarah

Josie came, and the singer with her. Mary-Ann told what happened, and where her wheel-chair and the prostheses were, and immediately Josie went into the water, and swam to find Mary-Ann's wheel-chair and her hooks.

Meanwhile, the singer started a conversation. “Glad to meet you again, Anna. How did you like my performance?”

Anna reacted quickly. “Well, I liked it. But, I'm not Anna. I'm her twin sister Mary-Ann. We grew up divided, at our divorced parents. She lived with our Dad, and I with our Mom.”

“Oh, that's why I didn't know about a sister of hers. I'm really sorry. By the way, I'm Sarah. Sarah Armless is my artist's name, but in reality it's Sarah Follett. Is it too nosy to ask you what happened to you, and if you know about your sister?”

“Oh, I don't mind. I had a terrible car accident when I was just over eighteen, and my arms and legs got so damaged that they had to be amputated. So I'm used to be a quad. But eight weeks ago my sister also lost her legs because of a car accident. She just got over it, - well, sort of - and is now preparing for her new job as Junior Partner at Wesson, Smith and Company here. When Josie informed me about it, I decided to come over here immediately and visit my sister to cheer her up a bit. I met her and her wife first four months ago, when our Dad died, and the rest of the family had gathered to say good-bye and to fulfill his last will. Before, I hadn't even a clue of having a sister, not to mention a twin-sister. And what about you? You seem to know her from earlier times?”

Sarah was shocked.

In this moment Josie came back. She put Mary-Ann's soaked wheel-chair and her artificial limbs out of the water, and also helped her out of the pool. Then she took a seat between Mary-Ann and Sarah.

“Sarah, your show was great. I look for the next part in half an hour. By the way, I'm now the Staff manager of this company here. Oh, you met my sister-in-law Mary-Ann already?”

“Thank you,” Sarah replied. “Mary-Ann is your sister-in-law? So you are the wife of Anna?”

“Sure. She's such a nice person. We met first in University when I pretended to be male, and we fell in love to each other the very moment we met. When my acting was found out, she forgave me and loved me almost more than before. And now we've been married for three years already.”

“Poor thing,” Sarah answered. “Mary-Ann just told me about her terrible accident. Do you have the house fitted for wheel-chairs already?”

“Sure.” Mary-Ann said. “Almost everything is in reach of a person sitting in a wheelchair. And even fit to be handled by me □ with my hooks. I'd be glad to have had such a house during the first years.”

“So you've been Joseph Clarksen?”

“Yep. I got a lot of troubles when this came out. But you still had your arms at this time. Since when are you armless, when I may ask?”

“Well, since I began to sing in front of people.” Sarah started to tell. “During College I played 'Armless Mary' – this is where I met your sister, Mary-Ann. I also played it in my first years on university – until it was canceled because there was no younger student willing to take the role. But, I missed being armless. So I bought such an armless skin-suit on a whim to please me and surprise my husband, just six years ago. Actually he knew me from the theater group, and so, as soon he saw this skin-suit, he dressed me into it, got us nice outfits, and we went clubbing.”

“The tenth time we were in a really expensive club. After the performance of a live band, there was a karaoke stage, and I sang some songs just for fun. Right after my performance, an agent came to our table, and gave me an invitation to his office - he offered to sign me on as a professional singer. But: I had to come armless. I as the normal Sarah Follett was not hip enough, it seemed.”

“But anyway. The offer was too tempting, and so my husband brought me to the appointment at this agency. I not even got my skin-suit removed to sign the contract and to get my first check, - I had to take the pen into my mouth to sign it.”

“Since then I've always been armless when I appeared as Sarah Armless. From the first day of working on my first album 'Black and White' until today, I've only got rid of my skin-suit when I've been at home and without any appointments or work - no matter if it means photo-shootings, signing autographs or checks, studio records, radio performances, performances on stage, or anything else. My contract even stipulates that I have to make sure to look different to Sarah Armless when I'm appearing as myself.”



“Right now, I've been wearing this skin-suit for entire six weeks on a stick, because my calendar doesn't allow me more than six hours a day between two appointments - as always during my album promotion tours - and during these six hours I'm so tired meanwhile, I even sleep armless like that. Unfortunately my husband prefers me being armless, but if I don't make a break after this tour, my career will be singing as Sarah Armless forever, because then I will probably be so used to my being armless that I will have nothing against having them really amputated.”

“Don't say that too loud, Sarah,” a voice came from behind. It was Jona, who was engaged to perform a fashion show here after Sarah's next performance. “It could be

possible that you wake up - and there's no way to get rid of your skin-suit anymore because it's suddenly permanent.”

“Why should this happen?” Sarah said, scared.

“Ever heard of Chastilock?” Jona simply asked.

“Sure, they're one of my tour sponsors. I always thought these horror stories were told to simply talk people out of such ultimate bondage ideas.”

“Sure, Sarah. Do you see Chris over there? The armless woman so desperately avoiding the water? She once tried an armless skin-suit just for a bondage fun. Now she's permanently armless, and have to fear that if her legs become wet she becomes an armless mermaid. That was Chastilock. Or have you seen the android MLE 1.1?”

“That moderator of the documentary channel? I thought this were a costume suit to keep the person of the moderator in private ...”

“Unfortunately that's no costume or skin-suit. This would be great, but it isn't that way. She simply became inconvenient to Chastilock, and so they tried to get her out of the way. When she ordered a simple catsuit, Chastilock smuggled a suit full of preprogrammed nanites to her instead of the ordered one, and this transformed her entire body into the android she is now. Well, this didn't work their way. MLE is more active and famous than never before.”

“Phew, I really didn't know all of that. So I've been very reckless, haven't I? From today on, I will stay armless only as long as needed, and be careful with my appointments. Better I finish after this tour and try to become a singer with arms, what do you think, Jona?”

“Right. Much better than being a slave of your actual agent like you seem to be now.”

Anna was only glad to not have been transformed, and that her suit has not become permanent after her involuntary bath. Even though she and Josie had enjoyed the evening, the talks with Chrissie and Sarah gave her a lingering after-taste. From the moment Josie helped her out of the quad suit at home, Anna had it only put on for during nights - and not more often than one night a month.

2.6 *Normal Life?*

Josie and Anna kept their new identities. Well, it wasn't possible otherwise - firstly, they were trapped in their suits anyway, and secondly, the identities were just too valid. So Josie went to work in her new company, and the handicapped Anna was becoming successful as the Junior Partner at her lawyer company. They got friends with their closest neighbors, who were twins with their partners and kids. Just a hundred yards away lived Joanna Webster with her husband Paul and his twin Paula; and directly on the opposite side of the street Joanna's sister Jona with her bride Nicole. Both had kids: Joanna had four kids: two pairs of twins, and Jona and Nicole had two kids. Jona and Joanna were family-related people. Just the next house behind Jona (seen from the place where Josie and Anna lived) was the house of their father and his wife, which they had bought them.

Josie and Anna had less time for each other than ever, but when they had, they enjoyed it. They even bought a used catamaran boat to ship and sail and fish on the Lake Erie and the Great Lakes in general, and it had to be a catamaran because of its plain floors - so they could take Anna's wheel-chair with them. And when they had the time for it, they enjoyed the time on the lake,

independent of public areas: fishing, relaxing, swimming, or landing on other harbors on a whim. It was fun to have this ship, and they renamed her to “**JOSANNA 1**”.



And they also often invited their friends together with their kids to have a trip on their boat. They really loved those guys, and even became more involved into each other's life.

If they weren't among such loving and caring friends, they would have got their first crisis after just half a year - but then, both of them managed to organize their work better that they could spend more time for each other, and so they could avoid heavy arguments.

Chapter 3: *Victims of Wickedness*

3.1 *Worse than Expected*

One year later. Again Josie and Anna visited the Latex Club - this time Anna appearing as Mary-Ann. Somehow she really looked and acted more naturally handicapped than Josie did when she was Britty.

Jona was also there - this time as guest, together with her twin Joanna, who wore a bondage costume, a so-called plain coverall bondage dress, and her brother-in-law Paul. All three of them were guests of Anna and Josie for the weekend. Well, in fact all four: but Jona's bride Nicole was absent at the moment, and no-one wanted to tell Josie and Mary-Ann where she was. The kids of them were in Europe to a holiday camp together with their grand-parents and their great-aunt Myra. Their guests had become their best friends, and even knew the secret alter-egos of Anna and Josie meanwhile - as well as both of them knew that the twins Paul and Paula were in fact one person, so it didn't matter whether or not one of the couple appeared as her armless alter-ego. Well, actually it did matter, since their friends didn't like it, and thought it to be too reckless.

Mummy Mary-Ann

The five friends chatted and drank, then Jona was identified by the actual MC. He left his place, and came to their table, begging Jona to make an exception and perform once again here in the club since she hadn't done it anymore for a year or so. Well, Jona felt blandished, and finally had her talked into a performance. So Jona left the friends going backstage led by the MC, and Mary-Ann wheeled herself to the rest-rooms.

Suddenly the spots went on, and Jona was announced.

Josie went to the restrooms to pick up Mary-Ann, that she also could watch the show. But it was for nothing. Mary-Ann was not there. Josie went through the entire disco, and couldn't find her. She only could find the empty wheelchair and the hooks -- right on her way back to the niche where her friends were sitting.

“Joanna, something's happened to Mary-Ann”, she said. Strangely, only Joanna was still sitting there. So the two women started to search for their disabled friend - a woman with just stumps as limbs couldn't go that far.

But then, Joanna saw her: gagged and mummified with red tape, she wriggled her helpless body desperately on a huge leather arm-chair, not able to prevent to be covered with a full body plaster cast. Unfortunately, the cast was finished as Joanna and Josie reached the place.

There was another soon-to-be “statue” standing there: a latex-covered male person, whose legs and arms were folded into stump-like sleeves, and who was blind-folded and gagged.



Paul, the Rubber-Pet



As the women learned, this was Paul, who had quoted and lost a bet that he never - neither willing nor unwilling would appear in bondage here in this club. So he was tricked and talked into the right posture, and as soon he was holding his limbs as asked he quickly was taped and put into this suit - and gagged when he started to protest.

Of course Joanna and Josie protested loudly.

Suddenly Jona was behind them. "What's up here?" She asked.

Joanna told her everything. So Jona went to that "performer" and said sharply: "Hey Arnold! Release these two! Immediately!"

"Sorry, I can't", said Arnold. "The plaster here at the mummy needs another three minutes, then I can take it off easily - I don't want to hurt her. And with the pet here, he talked too big and trapped himself with a bet, and now he is time-locked, for the next 100 minutes. If you want, you can remove the mummy-tape and the suit here or when you're at home. But first you have to wait until I remove this plaster-cast."

Jona was fuming. She immediately finished her performance, and waited until Mary-Ann got rid of the plaster-cast. Then, she and Josie put Paul into the wheel-chair, while Josie carried the mummified Mary-Ann in her arms, and they left the club, heading to Josie's car.

Joanna, with Hooks



Joanna was not only a little behind. And as Jona turned around to look after her sister, she knew why: during all this furor at Arnold, the plasterer, someone had secretly pumped up her plain-coverall suit rock-hard, so that her upper body was as hard and round as a soccer ball.

Joanna huffed and puffed to catch up with her friends, only capable to make tiny steps because of this now inflated dress. She was absolutely fed up. Fed up with this club, with bondage, and everything. She just wanted to get home (okay, at Josie's home was close enough) and get rid of this thing.

Everyone of the friends was glad when they left the club area and arrived at Josie's home.

Finally arrived, Jona and Josie brought Paul and Mary-Ann into the house from the garage entry. Both victims were placed on the couch. Knowing that Paul had another forty minutes to stay trapped, they first cared about Joanna and Mary-Ann. Joanna was the easiest: Jona simply cut the valve off with pincers, the air streamed out by itself and Joanna could be undressed. So they both could release Mary-Ann. While Josie tried to unwrap the tape, Jona simply took scissors, and cut the tape cocoon open. "Now you can unwrap her", she said.

Josie released Mary-Ann, and dressed her again, and helped her into the prostheses, then they heard something incredible: "I'd like to try out how it is with those hooks. Could you please get me into your Brittany-suit?" Joanna begged. She already had a shower meanwhile and now stood there only in underwear.

"Are you serious?" Both, Jona and Josie asked simultaneously.

"Sure. Well, just for tonight. Since these suits are temporary, nothing ought to happen," she said.

“Okay, then undress,” Josie said, and took the skin-suit out of the wardrobe while getting some outfit for Mary-Ann.

Joanna did, and was dressed into the skin-suit. The transmitter was programmed on nine hours - until breakfast - and she was sealed into the suit. Then the hooks were fitted, and she dressed herself - almost without help. It also worked immediately with Joanna, that she didn't have to learn how to use them: she simply could it.

So instead of being helpless and incapable to do anything, she helped her sister and her hosts to prepare the table.

Then they served Paul. Well, since the time of his locking was not over yet, they couldn't undress him this suit, but the blindfold and pump-gag was removed, so that he was able to see and speak and could be fed.



3.2 *Experiencing the Enemy*

“Wow,” Jona said finally, “I never thought that the sadists could adopt and take over that club. That used to be one of my favorite clubs.”

“Sadists?” Joanna asked doubting.

“Sure. That club was known for long time to be one of the lighter kind of bondage. Your dress was the upper limit, so to speak. But now it's as good as nothing: it isn't enough to be mummified, you are to be cast in plaster to be bound absolutely. It isn't enough to be helpless, you have to be totally helpless - even suffer pain. You can be glad to have not seen what they prepared back-stage as the performance after me. But though these are people you can sue for that, they're only bait compared to the really big fish which are to be fought and trapped.”

“What do you mean by that?” Mary-Ann asked, though she had a sudden apprehension what the answer would be.

“Well, think about it. Last year you weren't handicapped yet, and had no alter-ego. Where do you have your waterproof new documents from? Believe me, they are all genuine as documents can be, and only one institution is influent enough to have their tentacles deep inside the authorities, managements, police, secret services and government: Chastilock. They take control over them by blackmailing, bribery, threatening or simple take-over with the help of front men.”

“Yep,” Joanna fell in. “Chastilock and associates use Mafia methods. Like: 'We do what we want else you or your family are transformed anyhow.' Look at the both of you. I wouldn't be surprised if ArtiSkin were a partner company or at least a supplier of Chastilock. And Anna, hasn't your former lawyer company closed down because of corruption after you left them?”

“Wait,” Josie said. “My last company was bought and closed down by a company which came out to be a hundred percent daughter of Chastilock. And ArtiSkin - well, as far as I know, they are not connected to Chastilock anymore since the death of their old Senior boss. We just produce skin-suits and medical skin replacements, though they were originally invented by ...” She stopped, thinking. “Damned, they still can say: Hey Brent, you bought a slave from us and you're using our research results, so do as we want! Anna, they changed both of us, then they gave you a leading position at your lawyer company, and me in a leading position at ArtiSkin. All this with those skin-suits which we're trapped into for the next five years, transformed to what we are now. As if someone wanted to ease a threat against us like in the fairy-tale of the Sleeping Beauty ...”

“Aw, come on,” said Mary-Ann. “You remember this bull-shit all too well, like me. This chest we got from our neighbor the day when we told him that we wanted to move away, where we put our clothes into, and which must have been exchanged later. The letter, just signed with 'a former neighbor'. These are evidences that he could have something to do with that.”

Joanna wondered, and asked: “Who was that neighbor?”

“Oh, just a computer-seller in his late fifties - a quite nice person.” Josie said, but was cut off.

“I meant, what's his name?” Joanna asked impatiently.

“Paul Sutton senior.” Mary-Ann replied. “Why do you ask?” And she wondered as Paul groaned. So she continued. “Well, we didn't know him too well, just a hello here and a good-bye there, some favors then and when by both sides ... What's up with him, for Heaven's sake?”

“Well, Paul Sutton senior, formerly known under several other names, is my former step-father, temporary husband of Jona's former step-mother, and a very influent person at Chastilock. To be precisely: he seems to be the gray eminence behind the bosses of Chastilock, much more intriguing and influent than these bosses themselves. When he wants something done, he just calls, and Chastilock does it.”

Mary-Ann and Josie were shocked. Josie was the first who gained speech again: “But why? I mean ... what have we done to him? We just did our jobs and didn't offend anyone.”

“Josie - they do such things just on a whim, as a fun. You remember Chris, Mary-Ann? This armless woman last year in that spa who fears to be transformed into a mermaid when her legs get wet? She was a simple book-seller before her transformation. Far beyond any threatening. But they made their fun and took her into slavery, just as I wipe a fly away. It's a kind of experiment for them. Josie, did I understand it right, that you have to be in skin-suit to fit in your now only valid documents? That everything about Joe is like he never existed?”

“Yes you're right. Everything, from birth certificate to my last dismissal - and of course everything what happened since we moved here - is on the name Josephine, instead of Joseph Clarksen. My origin male self has now officially never existed. I and Anna we are the only ones remembering me as a genuine male.”

“And you wonder why we, and even more our friends, are fighting against them? They change entire lives on a whim and don't care even the slightest bit about it.”

Nicole, Relieved from Helplessness

Suddenly Jona's mobile rang. She went to the kitchen door to take the call, but what the friends could hear was strange enough. “Okay, that's fine. So bring her over here, it's better for her to transform back when we are with her. Yes, the garage door is free. I think we have clothes for her. Thank you. See you.”

Then she came back to the table, and said: “Tom comes in a couple of minutes bringing Nicole. She was kidnapped three days ago and brought back in the state you'll see soon enough, together with a note that she won't be changed back if their demands are fulfilled. But Bill and Tom found a way to open the suit, and it is unlocking in about ten minutes he said. And believe me, I'm almost more glad to see her out of it than she will be ...”

So, Josie went to open the garage door, and a man with a huge travel-bag came in, introducing himself as Tom, and opened it after the garage door was closed. Then he took the poorest thing out of it Josie had ever seen...

She led him into the living room. In his arms, naked, Tom carried a mere torso: tiny stumps where her limbs should be, a smooth surface where her mouth,



eyes and ears should be - she was blind, mute, deaf and unable to even move. The only things she still could do were struggle and breathe, nothing more.

“Lay her down here on the couch”, Mary-Ann said. Wearing her prostheses, she was as mobile as the rest of the ladies. Still they waited for Paul's time-lock to open that they could relieve him, too.

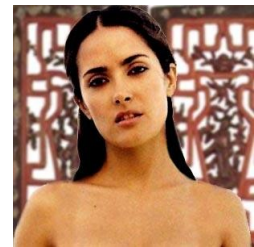


Right in the moment this torso laid on the couch, the figure changed and she transformed to another form: expanding, inflating. When her transformation was finished after one, two minutes, Nicole was a normal, not handicapped woman being trapped inside a deflated transparent balloon looking like latex, and wearing a skin-colored mask and a black wig.

Jona released her from both, the balloon, and the wig and mask, and Mary-Ann put a silk dress onto the table for her, saying: “Wow, that's really strange.”

With the help of Jona, Nicole went to the bath-room, and said, leaving the room with this dress in her hand: “Huh? Oh, believe me - this was not strange yet.”

Right after Nicole was showered and dressed and returned to the newly-prepared table, the time-controlled pad-locks closing Paul's prison sprang open. Immediately Josie and Jona went to him and relieved him from his pet-suit and the tape his arms and legs were bound with. He needed a while to get feeling in his arms and legs again, so he just sat there, and slowly moved his limbs to a less folded position. “Ouch.” he said. “That was enough time in such a suit!”



Then he saw that Nicole was near him. “Oh my sweetest of all sisters-in-laws is also free already. I'm glad to see you again, and also glad that you can see me again.”

“Well, I don't know yet if this is such an advantage,” she mocked back.

Chapter 4: The Secret Meeting

Preparations

Nobody had realized that Tom had vanished. Suddenly, there was a knocking at the door to the garage. It was Tom, and again he carried his huge travel-bag. But now, he opened it besides the living room table, and put some electronic devices out of it. One of them was clearly a scanner, to receive outgoing electronic signals. About the others he said that those were “jammers”, devices to make rooms mute to the other rooms, killing the frequencies of it by producing an interference, so that they became sound-proof. With Josie's and Mary-Ann's permit he placed them everywhere in the house, and activated them.

When he was finished with this task, he looked at his wristwatch and said: “Just one more hour, then the meeting can start. I suppose Jona and Joanna told you about it, and that you were invited as hosts and guests of honor? No? Sorry, I thought this were clear already, else I would have changed the meeting place appointments.”

4.1 Gathering

It was 2am, and both, Joanna and Jona, had apologized a couple times for their lack of information against their hosts, and all of them had emptied two more cans of coffee, when the door-bell rang. A mechanic stood in front of the entrance-door, and said: “Bill Deacon, Delivery Service for Jona and Joanna Webster. I was told they are here?”

“Just a moment”, said Mary-Ann who had opened the door only a bit. “I'm right back.”

Back in the living room, she said: “There is an old mechanic, saying Delivery Service, and that it is for you, Jona.”

Jona replied: “Is his name Bill Deacon?” and when Mary-Ann nodded yes, she added: “Please let him park in your garage. He brings the first guests and they may have to remain unseen from the street's view.”

So Josie stood up, and drove her car out of the garage, while Mary-Ann went to the door again, and - glad that this Bill still stood there - she told him that he could park his van in the garage.

Meanwhile Josie was in again, and watched how Mary-Ann closed the garage-door behind the van. Bill came off, and apologized: “I'm really sorry for that acting out there. But it had to be realistic, just for the case. By the way, my name is Bill Deacon, and I'm a good friend of Jona and Joanna.”

“I thought so,” Mary-Ann replied, “when I saw the reaction of those guys. Come right in.”

“Oh, not without my passengers. I have to apologize that I arrived not alone.”

The first Guests

So, out of the van came - in the order of their stepping out or being carried out - six more persons: and Bill introduced each one to Mary-Ann. Two men: Toby, an FBI-agent, and Andrew, a gifted hacker; the famous android MLE 1.1 of channel 4, carried by her was Rebecca Jackson who was helplessly cocooned in rubber, and behind came Christine Peters who had kind of horse-legs instead of human ones, and a woman totally coated with red rubber: Vera Grabo, a German woman.

These persons entered the house behind Mary-Ann, and introduced themselves again to those who didn't know them: Toby, whose wife was kidnapped by Chastilock and who found out that she's been seen as a slave anywhere but when he wanted to travel there and free her, he was thwarted by his corrupt FBI colleagues. Andrew, who was the youngest of the present group, was a student and a hacker - and searched with reward by Chastilock. Now he hitch-hiked through the States, and lived mostly in the underground. Rebecca - this helplessly cocooned woman was a former psychologist, and now a medium, and a hacker as well. She has just been saved from a raided Chastilock transport. Christine, a former sportswoman and spare-time documentary filmmaker has been transformed to that satyr-like figure when she made a documentary about Chastilock victims. MLE had been the aunt of Jona and Joanna and a paediatrician, and has been transformed because she had become too inconvenient to some of the Chastilock bosses. Vera -- she was a German M.D. who had become a victim of her own nosiness: she opened an anonymous package which was in front of her hotel bedroom door, saw the red catsuit in it, believed it was a gift of her closest friends among her colleagues, so she dressed it -- and the following day she was incapable of undressing it again: it had become her second skin, but destroyed every other outfit she kept dressed over it for longer than five minutes, so she had to stop practicing and remain "naked" all time. And Bill - he lost his family due to Chastilock: his sons transformed into girls, his wife and one of the former sons even to quadruple amputees. That's why he did everything possible to help those who were in need and tried to free the victims of these criminals.

When Becky was brought in, Jona grabbed in her purse and came up with a spray. She said: "Bring her right up into the bath-tub, that I can get her face free at least." And so she did. When MLE and Jona brought Becky back, she still was helpless, but at least her face was free of rubber, and that terrible gag was not in her mouth anymore.

Gathering Complete

Suddenly the door bell rang again. In front of the door stood two bikers, an obviously rich man who could be the owner of the convertible beside Josie's Corolla, and a young couple, looking like High School students. Jona welcomed them, and introduced the five of them to the others. The arrivals were: the software billionaire Geoffrey Winter; the older biker was the famous Martial Art master Jack Blumfeld; the younger one was calling himself the Night Hawk; and the two young guys only were known as Neo and Lizzie, who were gifted hackers and programmers.

Now the group was completed. Well, everyone in two hundred miles radius was aboard who was not either involved in an actual fight, or otherwise engaged. So, Bill took the word and introduced their hosts to each of them. He could tell the raw points what happened to them, so Josie and Mary-Ann just had to tell merely the little details. Nonetheless it was enough to make the group angry against their enemy again.

4.2 *The Recruitment*

“Before we really begin,” said Bill, “I want you both, Josie and Anna, to not tell anyone about what is spoken here. Some of us are searched by authorities for what we do or did to Chastilock, others can lose more than just their family. Like me, Geoffrey and the Night Hawk already lost their family to Chastilock -- well, one daughter of Jeff is living with a false identity anywhere in the States to be not found out... Jack has now daughters instead of sons, one of them armless. And Neo and Lizzie - they lost their parents, brothers and sisters too, who now are at least amnesiac slaves. Others - like Becky - are actual fugitives. So will you remain silent about our meeting here?”

Josie and Mary-Ann answered simultaneously: “By God, I will.”

“And will you help us, no matter what, either by hosting victims or fighting, working or other services? Will you join us in our fight against Chastilock even though this help could cause you more problems than you already have?”

“Yes, I will.” Again they answered simultaneously.

“Well, my friends,” Bill concluded, after embracing both women, “hereby our group has become reinforced by a top-lawyer and a staff-manager. Please welcome our hosts as new members!”

The group applauded, and embraced and kissed the two women, and cheered.

Then Vera was asked to speak up. She told the group who was absent because of work or sickness, who died and who got caught. It was a shock for Josie and Anna to hear that this fighter group was losing thirty people every month - no matter if members, supporters or just relatives of them.

But Vera was cut off by MLE: “Just a moment, I got news from Kirk. Sorry, but you know that I can receive our radio signals. Well, Mac is caught at Chainsman after having rescued a full truckload full of prisoners from the Grimbor Ward. Our Golden Girls will have a load of work to produce more antidote against this special rubber covering. I think the rescued ones are safe soon. Actual News. They are brought from trucks to boats and are on the way to hide number seven, Kirk said. Due to him it's almost forty people.”

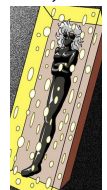
Jona interrupted her, cheering: “Is Mac the devil himself? Man, forty people out of the Grimbor Ward!”

Becky sat absently on her place, moaning, then she said with a dreamy voice: “There are fifty people in the boats. Twenty-five on each boat. Ten helpers, three of Kirks team, and thirty-seven bound people in the same state like me and worse. Right now they are speeding through the creeks, hidden by wood and bushes. Mac was caught just in the moment when he closed the last truck, and is - moment - in the covering machine right now. They're putting him into Boing.”

Anna, Joanna, Night Hawk and Christine swallowed. They knew from own experience what Boing meant: being cast into an entire block of transparent stuff like latex but permeable to air.

“Well, thank you, Vera, MLE and Becky for your informations.” Bill said suddenly, to break the silence. “Now we need a new strategy. Jack, please, it's your turn.”

“Well,” Jack stated, “of course these thirty-seven people plus Becky need to be cared and relieved first. Then, they need a secure life, may be new identities. So I'd say the team of Kirk should continue their work on them, you know, that they have some persons they already know as rescuers. I will do what I can to free the folks from the Open Ward and the nearby prison to have more helping hands. My team will help me with that.”



Then the group discussed what could be done by whom, who was ready to fight where and when - and the more experienced agreed to a meeting point to gather and strike.

Suddenly Josie and Maryann realized that they had become part of a real paramilitary group, fighting a real war with losses and wounds. If they hadn't seen and heard of the crimes of Chastilock and Chainsman themselves, they would have thought that this bunch of people were some kind of terrorists. And Josie said that loud.

Bill just laughed, and said, "Yes, my lady, actually we are considered as terrorists by the authorities. But you do know we are on the right side, and as you heard, we do care that we don't hurt others if we can avoid it. Even though they fight for the evil side."

Both, Mary-Ann and Josie were relieved, and Josie asked: "What can we do for your troops and the rescued?"

"Well," Bill answered. "What about helping us at week-end caring the helpless? Or being ready to let friends of us sleep here overnight. That'll be a great help."

"All right, we are ready", Mary-Ann stated.

4.3 Unexpected Victims

Jona just said, "I'll prevent to be sick, that I can have time enough to care ...", then she was cut off by the ringing of Joanna's cell-phone.

"From Great Britain", she said after a look at the display and asked Jona to pick up and hold it for her, since she couldn't do it by herself due to the hooks. "Webster speaking ... What have you done to them?! ... What? ... So you want Jona and me in exchange for the kids? ... What kind of losers are you that you only dare to catch pre-school kids who can't defend themselves? And did you at least bind them yourself or did you shoot the mummy-tape on them like the coward you are? ... Oh, shall we fly over to London, or do you bring the kids here? You know it's a five hours time difference here? And an eight hours flight at least ... Oh Paul has to bring us, and straitjacketed? Fine! You don't know our security personnel, and neither you know those of yours ... Alright, the closest international airport is Chicago. - By the way it's half past four in the morning around here, and we need at least two hours to the airport, not to speak of purchasing tickets ... Oh, you know that? So I suppose you also know that children need to move meanwhile, and to eat and talk and go to the restroom as they want to, else they will need a head-shrinker all their life? ... Okay, I note it: arrival tomorrow morning five minutes to six your time at London Heathrow, both of us in handcuffs. We'll be there ... If the children are injured anyhow, either physically or mentally, you will have no secure place on earth anymore, I promise."

Josie had been at the computer meanwhile, and printed out the flight connection with arrival at 05:55 London time. "Well, as I found out, here it is: start from Toledo airport 10am Eastern Time, landing Chicago five past ten Central Time; depart from there eight past six - eight hours later - and arrival in London Heathrow at five to six Greenwich Time. Poor guys ..."

"I have another idea", Jeff said. "I have some business in England anyway - so it doesn't matter if I arrive there earlier. So what if the four of us go to the airport right now, we enter my airplane and travel directly there. But to London City Airport instead Heathrow -- so the element of surprise is on our side because we arrive there in about ten hours, I only have to call my folks there from the airplane. So if we start at seven from the airport we arrive there at around half past eight this evening Greenwich Time. The entire night to surprise these kidnapers."

"That'll be great", Paul, Jona and Joanna replied in unison.

But then Joanna remembered her actual armless state and said, "Wouldn't there be a problem when I arrive there with these hooks instead of hands? The skin-suit won't come off until nine in the morning, which is in four and a half hours."

"Well, no problem with that, my dear," Jeff said. "We're in the air at that time - as you said, it's an eight hours flight. You'll have your arms and hands again when we arrive. And when we get back here, you'll just return the skin-suit and the prostheses back to Josephine."

Then Becky said, "please take me with you. I could sense where they are, and help you that way. Bill has a wheel-chair in his van which you could use for me."

"All-right," Jeff answered. "Bill, the wheel-chair, please. Sorry guys, but we have to rescue some kids. It was an honor to meet the two of you. By the way, Anna - what's your subject at Smith and Wesson?"

"Um, Real-Estate and Civil Law," she replied.

"Good." Jeff said. "I'll release my own lawyers from their tasks and let you take on their jobs. I hope you don't mind. You'll hear from me the next time."

After this comment he, together with Paul, Joanna, and Jona who was wheeling Becky, said good-bye to each other one of the group, and left.

This was the signal to finish the meeting: the group helped Josie and Mary-Ann clean the dishes and put away everything, then they also left: Jack and the Night Hawk on their bikes, and the others in Bill's van.

Now Anna and Josie were left alone. It was Saturday morning, and all things were clarified. Now they simply felt tired, and went to bed. Josie removed Mary-Ann's prosthetics, and they immediately fell asleep.

Chapter 5: The Weekend Job

5.1 Boat-trip to Help

It was past eleven when they woke up by the ringing of the telephone. Josie looked on the display, it was Bill's mobile phone number. So she received the call, switched to loud-speaker, and said: "Hello?"

"Here's Bill Deacon. Good morning, ladies."

"Oh, Bill, hi," Mary-Ann managed to sit up at the head of the bed, and whispered to Josie: "He needs us, you can bet on it."

And Bill truly said: "I'm really sorry to wake you up, but I want to ask you to come over to Isle St George to help us, this weekend if possible."

Josie nodded, so Mary-Ann replied: "Sure, we're coming. We're already getting up. I'll call you back from on the way."

"Thank you very much, ladies. See you there", was Bill's answer before Josie quit the call and picked up the wheel-chair.

Mary-Ann looked at the clock, saw that it was about time to remove the skin-suit in order to become Anna again, and had Josie remove it. They showered, dressed, and had breakfast; then they went to Josie's car.

So they drove the ten minutes to the landing peers at Swan Creek and entered their catamaran. Well, having been a smuggler ship once, the "JOSANNA 1" was rather fast when they didn't erect the mast - almost a speed boat. Of course they mostly had used her with full sails, even on their long trips to Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, but both ladies wished to try out the full power of the lately discovered turbine engines, which the former owner had applied to her.

So after loosening the rope, they passed Swan Creek and Maumee River to Lake Erie, and headed east to reach that island. As fast as the shore was out of side they started the engines. Full speed they drove the boat in direction of that island. It was a hell of a ride, but adventurous. Just two miles left to the Isle St. George they took gas away, and let only the normal engine run.

Then, after a while, Anna called Bill's number. "Hey, Bill, that island is only half a mile ahead. We already can see the coast. Lead us to the right place, please."

"What? Half a mile ahead? Have you flown here? You have to, because the ferry has not even left the opponent harbor."

"Well, kind of", Anna replied - her wide grin must have been sensed through the phone. "We're coming by boat, decided to save time by just crossing the Lake."

So Bill explained, Anna made notes, and Josie took these notes as a guide. "I only hope," she said, "that our ship is small enough for those ways - she's a catamaran at the end, and wider than those normal ships."

Bill's explanations led them to a totally hidden, tiny harbor, along waterways just wide enough for the "JOSANNA 1" to get through, until they came to the landing stage where Bill waited for them.

“Oh what a beauty,” he said, as he helped to fix the ship to the landing stage. “But I see you have re-named her. I knew her former owner, he was a real savvy guy. According to the time between my call and your arrival you must have discovered her extras?”

“Oh yeah,” Anna agreed while she was helped to step off the ship. While she greeted Bill, Josie went back and picked up the wheel-chair, in case Anna would need it. Then she greeted him as well.

5.2 *The Cash*

Near the landing stage there was a low building, just like an industrial hall. It looked strange though, just like if it was hiding. Green grass and bushes grew on it's kind of plain roof, and its front was half overgrown with ivy.

“This is the place where we need you this weekend”, Bill stated, and led them into it. Inside it was much lighter than expected. They entered a huge meeting hall and cafeteria, and crossed it, heading to a hallway which led to a hospital Bill called a CaSH.

In Need for Help

Bill explained: “This is our very own Combat Support Hospital, called CASH. Here we not only take care for the fighters but also of those who were freed by them.”

He had Anna and Josie look through door glasses: in some rooms there were latex-covered people laying on the beds, slobbering, helpless, most of them resigned. In another rooms laid soldiers or para-fighters who were injured or wounded, some of them also rubberized. In a next room a couple of naked patients were being covered with sheets by nurses: these had been previously released from their latex covering, according to what Bill explained. And they saw a nurse wiping some foam from another patient's free face and put it into a plastic bag.

“Why is she doing that?” Josie asked.

“Well, we clean and dry it, to prepare it as a part of another portion. We have to, because we have not yet enough of the antidote to release even those who are here □ just a lack of voluntary workers, now that we have enough machines and base. I'm glad that we got them last week. I'll show you what I mean.”

So they went down a ramp-way and after passing a hall with storage rooms on either side, they arrived at a metal door. Bill opened it, and they were in kind of laboratory. A lot of apparatuses were there, a dozen out of them already working, some almost ready, but the most of them were still assembled.

5.3 Helpful Work

“Here the antidote is produced.” Bill said. “It's not much, just this amount each turn from one machine.” And he showed a little pot in the size of a coffee mug. “This, and the fiber here”, he showed a bucket filed with raw fiber, like raw wool, “is what each machine produces.”

“That's all on the antidote?” Anna was wondering.

“Unfortunately yes. If we take bigger apparatus or more basic material, we reach a kind of critical mass anyhow and everything is lost. This cupful is the only stable maximum amount even for storage, until it's prepared to solution or spray.”

“And that wool?” Josie asked.

“That's a fiber, elastic like rubber but strong and resistant like noble steel. We even have to use laser to cut it one it's woven twice. Don't ask for the name of this stuff, we don't have one yet.”

“Get one and sell this stuff, and you can become rich like hell.”

“Well, I do not decide that. But to your task, why I asked you to come.” Bill showed around again. “You see, many machines are not yet complete, but the antidote has to be produced. So we need you to monitor the apparatus, and exchange the cup and bucket when the yellow lamps are on.” He showed them where to put the cups and buckets, and what to watch and which button to push and which to avoid, then he said: “Any questions?”

Both women said, “No, thank you, all is fine. We got it.”

So he asked, “Can you imagine to monitor two of these machines? I'll keep our best man there in sight to jump in when needed.” When the two of them said their okay, Bill stated: “Okay, your first three hours begin... now.”

Suddenly the machines were on, and they were surrounded by people who either were monitoring or building at the other apparatuses. Quickly Jona and Anna got into the rhythm of the apparatus: preparing new cup and bucket, setting the full one out, and the empty one in, pushing the OK button, bringing the full stuff to the shelves, going back to the machine. An Easy job, but necessary. After three not too stressful hours a break was ordered: A voice spoke through the wall-mounted loud-speakers: “Please finish all running processes without starting new processes, and go to the canteen. We make a break now.”

At the cafeteria, they got something to eat and drink, and Bill went to the podium, saying: “Folks, thank you for your efforts. You're really great! But we have news for you, good ones and bad ones. Which one do you want to hear first?”

“The bad news,” a man in military look said. He worked beside Josie and was one of the Kirk team.

“Okay, Sir,” Bill replied. “Then the bad news first. After a one hour break we need you to run three machines each to get enough antidote.”

No mourning nor protesting. Just a lot of “Okay”, and “No problem”.

So Bill continued and told that due to the produced antidote five of the patients already were entirely free, and the state of eight more could be eased at least; then he changed subject and told about that fiber which was the by-product: they spun and wove some of them, and learned that it would be bullet-proof despite being as flexible and light as two layers of Lycra clothes. And that it would be resistant against mummy-tape and the Beta-Latex covering. So it would be the ideal fiber to use for the fighters. The crowd cheered.

So, after the break, the workers ran three machines each now. It became quite stressful, and Josie and Anna were glad when the next break was announced after the three hours. Like at the beginning of the last break, also this time Bill made the first announcements at the podium. He thanked the volunteers, and told that now fourteen of the thirty eight people who arrived here totally covered were free - the youngest of them by now just fifteen; and that five of them who were recovered already had volunteered to help with the production. When he asked for additional three hours, all of the helpers agreed.

Then Vera entered the podium. She still was entirely rubberized like a living rubber statue. She told that the kids of Jona and Joanna would have been found and their kidnappers defeated, but that the kids and they had been coated with three layers to make them completely immobile. And she said that they were on the way now and would arrive in about eight hours, then they would be treated with highest priority. "I spoke with the patients already," she said. "No-one of them disagreed to take care of the kids first, because they have realized that we, no, you guys!, produce antidote as much and as fast as possible."

Vera was cheered also, then Cathy, a R&D Team member took the word. She told that they were working on making this antidote formula more effective, and also thanked the volunteers.

The last three hours went like in a fly, and when they gathered in the canteen again to their next break, it was full of people.

Bill went to the podium again, and said: "Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen! The antidote powder produced on the machines has reached to free everyone who is actual here in our little Combat Support Hospital from their covering. That's why we want those who worked three entire turns to finish for today. 9 hours on these machines are enough for a weekend day. If you wish you can stay here on our hostel floor to continue your job in 11 hours again. Thank you for now. Those who had two or even one turn we want to ask to fill up to 9 hours as well. But it's up to you and your health whether or not you do it, however you decide, you helped us a lot! Anyway we have seventy-two machines now, the entire production hall, but we have only a limited amount of basic material. It has to be brought here from one of Jeffrey's chemical factories without trouble."

Now the night shift came. Twenty-five people meanwhile, enough to run all of the machines. If they produced the antidote at the same speed, tomorrow an amount to relief more than a hundred people from one layer of Beta- Latex would be ready to use!

Bill and Joanna showed Anna and Josie the way to the bed-rooms. They were underneath the roof, but amazingly comfortable for a garret, it was more like a hostel room. Two single beds, a shower cabin, a mini- bar and TV and radio, table, cozy chairs, everything was quite homely. Even Anna's wheelchair already stood in the corner.

When Anna and Josie entered the room, they realized how tired they were. Sitting on their beds, Anna needed to get rid of her prostheses. "My leg stumps feel so sore!"

"Oh my, darling, why didn't you rest them, sitting on your wheel-chair?" Josie asked.

"And get out of the rhythm of work? I could rest enough during the breaks, but I'm not yet used to have them on that long time, remember?"

"Sorry, darling." Josie took the artificial legs from Anna, and laid them on the foot end of her bed, as she went to bring her the wheel-chair.

After a shower they sat on their beds and watched the news on TV, but the boat trip and the long working day paid their tribute: they very quickly fell asleep.

5.4 Reports of Success

Next morning, Josie and Anna wondered where they were for a moment, but when they remembered, they made themselves up, Anna put her legs on, and they went downstairs to the canteen. Though the shift couldn't be over yet, the canteen was almost half full of people. Most of them unknown: half of them was mummified or wearing straitjacket, the other half was either in full combat uniform and being checked for injuries, or taking care of the helpless ones.

One of the uniformed men came over to the girls. "Hi, the both of you!" It was Jack who greeted them.

"Hi Jack, nice to see you well. I see you've been successful again," Anna said smiling.

"Yap, we totally emptied the local Chainsman Institute tonight. Each of the patients were carried out, and the staff's got their own treatment. The medical team is just relieving those who were covered with Beta-Latex, and even try to help those who were transformed. The kids are relieved already. And Becky, too. Vera is still in treatment."

"The kids are here?" Josie was gladly surprised.

"Yes, they are. You can find them up there in Dormitory two. And you have plenty of time to meet them anyway, because the shift previous to yours is not even half over."

"Okay, then let's meet them right now," Anna suggested. "Thanks for this news, Jack, and thanks also for your readiness to fight for these people. But you should better go and have your wound treated."

But now Josie and even Jack realized that there was a bloodstain spreading out on Jack's sleeve. Jack said his Good-bye, and went back to the nurses who still were busy to treat his comrades. Josie and Anna watched him go back, and head to the dormitories.

On their way through the CASH they met two ambulance persons carrying a stretcher with a man lying on it. It was Tom, who was brought into the next dormitory. He recognized the two women and greeted them.

"Hi Josie and Anna. Nice to see you here." he said almost whispering, and: "Sorry that I'm so tired." Closing his eyes, he fell asleep.

At the door to dormitory two they met Mike. After they greeted each other, Josie asked: "What's up with Tom?"

"Oh, he was shot in the back after he helped the kids onto the airplane. We could help him a bit with first help until we reached this island, now he is treated alright." He opened the door to the dormitory. "Look who's visiting you", he said to his grand-children.

"Aunt Josie, aunt Anna!" the six kids yelled in unison. They all sat around Jona and Joanna, only covered with soft silk sheets. Then Tina began: "The evil men trapped us and wrapped us to a mummy and put us into a machine that we became a worm with a head on each side."

And Tim continued: "And we've been very brave. Not even Tina cried when we suddenly became blind. But I don't think that I like to repeat that adventure once more."

"Neither do I. That was awful," said Tina. "I couldn't move a bit, and even less when we were transformed to that worm."

Stroking the head of Tim, his mother said, "They had mummified all of them, and put the children together two by two into Beta-Latex, with their legs connected to each other: the feet of the one child against the hip of the other. But the London team could overwhelm those devils, and remove two layers of Beta-Latex, and we could load the machine onto the plane as well."

Unfortunately Tom was hit in the back as he entered the plane right after the children, but he'll get over it. During the flight we removed the last layer, but the mummy tapes were removed here. We're only glad that our darlings are alright."

"So are we," Josie seconded. The two women felt that it was not the right time to stay any longer, so they decided to leave the young family. As they went out to go to back to the canteen, Mike accompanied them to pick up a meal for his family.

While closing the door, he said: "Being so immobile sure was not good for the twins. I think they will need psychological help. Thank God we have some righteous shrinks among us."

Back in the canteen they had breakfast, and after that it was the time that the other workers finished their three hours shift and crowded the canteen, together with a lot of other people, former patients who have been relieved from the Beta-Latex here and who were recognizable by their uniform-like soft coveralls.

And some minutes later it was time again for Bill's speech. He again thanked everyone, and told that the local Institute was emptied, so thirty more people had to be treated with that antidote. Then he said that the fight would continue until all Chainsman Institutes and Chastilock facilities would be emptied and the responsible ones be punished. When he told that several units of the National Guard had deserted and joined this little task-force, the cheering and applauding seemed to have no end.

After a while, when the cafeteria became more or less silent again, he continued and said that so many of volunteers and former patients would be ready to help today, that they now had difficulties to get useful work for them to do. This surprised even the volunteers, since all of them had believed that the others would be somewhat hesitating; so the cheering started again.

Leaving the podium, Bill came over to the table where Josie and Anna were sitting, asking them: "Could you come to the treatment area after breakfast, please? Thank you." Without waiting for a reply he left them again, heading to the hospital in a hurry.

So Josie and Anna left the cafeteria and went to the treatment area. When they reached the dormitories, they met the Websters. Jona said silently: "Hush, the kids are sleeping at last. Let's go to the chapel."

So they left the dormitories and turned around a corner, in opposite to where the op-rooms were. On their way, Joanna said: "We thank you so much that you came here, three hours away from home, working that hard to help us, an organization you haven't heard from until yesterday."

Junior Saviors

"Oh, don't mention it," Anna said self-consciously. And, with real concern: "Is everything okay with the kids? How are they doing? And Vera, and Becky?"

"Thank you, the kids are well, all of them - they're just sleeping, they are too exhausted from jet-lag and their treatment. Becky is fine, too. But Vera has problems. She either needs to remain rubberized or an entire new skin."

Anna swallowed at that, but Josie replied: "Tomorrow I'll see what my company can do about that. I'll call you tomorrow evening to tell you what I can obtain."

"Oh, thank you for that," Mike said. They reached the door of the chapel. Mike opened the door, and Josie and Anna entered the room first, as it was intended by the Webster and Burton family.

Suddenly they were surrounded by a large crowd. Bill with the volunteers of their first 3 working hours, and twenty more people who were patients; plus Jona, Joanna, Paul and Nicole were around them to celebrate them.

Then one of the patients, easily identifiable by the outfit typical for the patients, began to speak: "Dear Josephine, dear Anna. My name is Diane Singer, and I am an Evangelical preacher and a member of the Friends of Justice here. I don't know you yet but that you were willing to sacrifice your weekend to help an organization you joined the night before almost by surprise, to save people you never met before, that's the greatest thing I ever heard. You earned many points up there in Heaven. Let me please hug you to thank you for that, Junior Saviors." And she hugged each one of them, saying thank you again. Josie and Anna flushed red.

Then each single one of the 20 patients went to Josie and Anna to hug them as well. As embarrassing as it was in the first moment, it was a moving scene, and everyone had tears in their eyes.

Then Becky said: "You did more than each other one who still is in the job, and we appreciate this very much. But to keep you back on the bottom, this here will be no other honor you'll get then the knowledge to have helped people in need. Look at them. Each one of them was coated at least like me. Your readiness has relieved all of them, because without knowing it you served as a shining models to your colleagues. Especially you, Anna." Anna got pink in her face, Josie looked down.

Then Andrew added: "Unfortunately there is a rub in it. Each of these our friends here only could be relieved because of kidnapping. We kidnapped those who were kidnapped before, and we kidnapped the kidnappers. We even injured and killed people, and talked others into ignoring orders and doing things considered as illegal. And by this we made ourselves guilty before the law. I'm really sorry to tell you that by helping us you have become accessories to handlings which are morally right but legally wrong. I hope you can cope with that."

But Anna had another opinion: "Stop it, please, Andrew. I'm lawyer enough to be able to tell you that there was no real forbidden stuff in what you and we did. On two reasons: Firstly, to work on weekends is allowed. To work without a salary is also allowed, even without a working permission. Secondly, when people are in deadly peril it's even legal to break into a house and get them out of the danger. Let's say there is a house burning, and you learn or know that there are people sleeping inside, it's neither burglary nor kidnapping when you break into the house and take these people out, saving their lives. Even if you kill another person it's not murder when it happens in self-defense or in saving a helpless person's life. You, boy, why have you been in there?" Anna asked a teenage boy, hardly fourteen, who wore the same coverall as the other patients.

"Well," the boy said, "I made some trouble in school after my mom was put into a metal straitjacket."

"What have they done?" Anna asked.

"Well, she was a lawyer, and she was tricked by her partner. One day she was attacked and came back overly covered with metal, her arms behind her like in a straitjacket. And nobody can do anything to take her out of it!" His eyes became wet.

"Young man, did you think you deserved to be rubberized like that?"

"I don't know, Ma'am. I either truanted or made trouble in school, and when the Sheriff took me in the other day, he said I either had to go one year in jail or two months in the Chainsman Institutes, Grimbor Ward, to learn to behave again. I'm fourteen, Ma'am, and didn't want to go to jail. So I choose Grimbor Ward. I rather had chosen jail."

Anna hugged him, then she took his shoulders, asking him: "When did that happen? I mean, when have you been put in?"

"Why, that was in March..." saying that the boy was surprised that everyone around him reacted shocked. So he asked: "What's up? Did I say anything wrong?"

"No, my dear. The only thing is, it's late August now. You've been there for about half a year." Now the boy was shocked. But Anna continued. "Besides this, firstly you never get a year in jail in



your age, except when you've been really criminal; on your expression I see that you've never been; and secondly only a judge can tell you after a trial what's your punishment may be, no Sheriff has the right to do that. So this Sheriff can be charged for wrongful detention and pretension to have an office he doesn't have. Can you follow me?" The boy nodded eagerly, with a hopeful face. Anna added: "As far as I have learned, these folks here are working on a way to release people who are captured like your mom. It may take a while, but I am optimistic. You should be it also, and while you wait that they find a solution, try to be the best son to your mom as you can be to help her through this hard time." Again she hugged him.

Returning Home

So Josie and Anna were given a farewell party, and after this they went to their boat. Anna's wheel-chair was already at its place. One of the men waited on a little motor-boat, and said "I'll be the vanguard for you to see if everything is secure enough. It is not necessary that everyone knows that there is a harbor here. Follow me when you're ready. So they followed him along the creeks until they reached the open water of Lake Erie.

"What now?" asked Josie. "Shall I steer her home, or do you like cruising around a bit?"

"Oh, well, darling," Anna replied. "Why don't we just sail home? We're in no hurry, the weather is nice, so we can enjoy the day a little bit more."

And so they did. Josie hoisted the sail, and they had the entire afternoon for their way back to Toledo. It was late in the evening, but still light, when they steered the catamaran along the Maumee river to the mound of Swan Creek. After they fixed their boat at its landing place they made a detour on their way home, to the nearest church, where they lit some candles for the victims of Chastilock. When they arrived home, it was dusk.

Only four days later, on Thursday, the office of Wesson, Smith and Company got a new, huge client for Real Estate and Civil Law affairs: Geoffrey L. Winter, software and hardware tycoon, and billionaire.

And Becky as front woman purchased a dozen of ArtiSkin's most developed artificial skin replacement equipment, and some of their medical skin-suits, and she acquired vouches of a lot more of that. She also invested a huge amount of money into the company to improve their R&D division.