



Reluctant Press presents:

From Jamie With Love

Jamie



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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From Jamie With Love

THE MIXUP

BY JAMIE

In this day of electronic wizardry, and computer-assisted business, there is only a very small chance for a malfunction or a mistake.

A computer can even correct your spelling as you are composing your letter, story or report. The days of being careful are behind us now. We are invincible, unbeatable, and perfectionists, thanks to the marvels of electronics. Nanotechnology will soon be able to produce anything that we need. We can send messages around the world in seconds and have them delivered to the correct recipient; a reply can be returned in barely more than the time needed to compose it.

That means that this short escapade is merely the figment of someone's imagination.

Dayton Fashion Supply, a supplier of intimate and fancy apparel for the fair sex on the main drag in Dayton, Ohio.

Jean Smith lives in Dayton, Washington. She will be getting married in about a month. She has ordered her wedding gown, foundation garment and the rest of her outfit from Dayton Fashion Supply in Dayton, Ohio. Her maid-of-honor's gown, bridesmaids dresses, the dresses for her mother and the groom's mother are also included in that order.

Joan Smith, from Dayton, Tennessee, orders replacement stock for her ladies apparel shop in Dayton, Tenn. from Dayton Fashion Supply in Dayton, Ohio. Her computer tells her just what she has sold and generates the restock list on command; Joan forwards it to the wholesaler by computer, every two weeks.

Jerome Smith lives in Dayton, Kentucky, where he and his wife Lisa own and operate a small but successful farm. In anticipation of plowing and reseeded the meadow in the spring, he takes some of the fall income and purchases the grass seed that he will need in the spring. The order is mailed to Dayton Farm Supply, in Dayton, Ohio.

Jed Smith from Dayton, Wisconsin, likes to dress up as a lady, and in anticipation of attending "First Night," an affair for cross dressers held in Woburn Massachusetts, in January of each year, he orders a pastel pink lingerie set, and black three-inch pumps, size eleven, from Dayton Fashion supply, in Dayton, Ohio. "Jessica Smith" should be quite well dressed for that weekend excursion, her first public adventure.

Dayton Fashion Supply is one of the leading distributors of ladies' fashion needs.

Dayton Farm Supply has all of the feed, seed, tools and equipment for today's farmers. "You Need It, We got It" is their motto. You would have to try hard to stump them; they'll find what you need and have it delivered to you in a jiffy.

The lady in charge of expediting the orders and shipping of the multitude of orders processed at Dayton Fashion Supply is very busy, but she still insists on working only forty minutes out of each hour for D.F.S. Ten minutes goes to socializing, and ten minutes is for break and bathroom time. Consequently she has to rely on her computer to do much of her work, and she is constantly finding ways to shift more of the mundane tasks to the computer. This is commendable as it makes her much more efficient, and her response time is remarkable. She has even shortened all of the customers' mailing info to just the first initial and the last name. So our four clients are all listed as J. Smith with their specific addresses. The fact that they all live in a Dayton is a coincidence.

The order instructions list all of the items to go in the package, then the office lady enters the assembly number and the name. From there, the computer generates the shipping label and packing list, and she delivers it to the shipper.

The first J. Smith is the one in the State of Kentucky.

Jerome Smith received his package. Assuming that it was his grass seed, he placed it in the large metal grain bin where it would be safe from the mice and rats. He didn't immediately open the package, because leaving it sealed would help to keep the seed dry and therefore avoid early sprouting. The label read "Fashion" but with everything else looking right, he missed the fact that it didn't come from Dayton Farm Supply.

A week later, Jerome's wife, Lisa, opened the metal grain bin to get some food for her wild bird feeder. She saw the strange package and, reading the shipping label, discovered that it came from a ladies fashion supplier. She had three possibilities in her mind:

- 1: Jerome had purchased some special lingerie or night gowns for her for Christmas.
- 2: Jerome had ordered a package of lingerie to wear.
- 3: Jerome had a secret girl friend.

The last two choices seemed more plausible because Jerome had never given her any intimate clothing in the ten years of their marriage. Lisa was hot after Jerome in pursuit of a satisfactory explanation for those goodies stashed in the grain bin.

Jerome was inside the closed equipment shed changing a tire on the front of his farm tractor. When Lisa flung the door open, and appeared with a murderous look in her eyes, he almost dropped the lug wrench on his toes.

"What's wrong, Lisa, have you seen a ghost?" Jerome asked.

Lisa answered, "No a snake in the weeds."

“Well,” Jerry said, grabbing an ax, “let’s go kill it.”

“No, Jerry, there isn’t any real snake, your sneaking, cheating self is the snake,” Lisa answered.

“What the devil have I done now?” Jerome asked.

Lisa answered, “It’s that package that you have hidden in the grain bin, you sneaking bastard.”

Jerome said, “Wait one damn minute, that’s the seed for the meadow, for when I re-work it in the spring. I told you that I was ordering it.”

“Seed, my ass,” Lisa fumed, “That package is from Dayton Fashions, you planning on sowing some wild oats?”

“Hold on Lisa, let’s go over to the grain bin. I’ll show you that it is my grass seed.” Jerome invited.

The package did come from Dayton Fashion Supply, and was addressed to J. Smith, Dayton, Kentucky. Lisa was extremely upset.

Jerome carefully carried the package into the house and they opened it on the kitchen table. Lisa carefully unpacked all the expensive wedding clothes.

She looked at Jerome for an explanation, and he was completely mystified.

He said, “I have absolutely no idea why this stuff was sent here. Tomorrow is Monday. I’ll call that company and find out why we received this shipment. In the meantime, would you mind repacking those clothes to protect them from dirt and dust, until we can learn just what to do with them.

“Maybe there is someone right here in Dayton anxiously awaiting the delivery of that package, and we can save them time rather than sending the stuff all the way back to Ohio.”

Lisa said, “I almost believe you Jerome, but I would like to listen in on that call in the morning. If what you say is true, then someone is climbing the wall waiting for that package to arrive. What if the wedding was scheduled for today?”

Monday morning, Dayton Fashion Supply processes Jed Smith’s order, and again the computer generates the paperwork to ship this lingerie and shoes to J. Smith, Dayton Ky.

Two days after Lisa and Jerome mailed the wedding clothes to Dayton, Washington, another package arrives from Dayton Fashion Supply. Lisa is furious to think that the wedding clothes have returned. She insists that Jerry call Dayton Fashions immediately and raise holy hell about all of this foolishness.

Jerome calms her down so that he can have a look at the latest delivery; the package reveals that this is yet another shipment from Dayton Fashion. They agree that this is a different shipment from the one they just sent to Washington.

Lisa carefully opens this package on their kitchen table. When they examine the fancy lingerie and shoes, it is agreed that these pieces of lingerie and the shoes won’t fit Jerome.

This time Lisa calls the wholesaler and registers a complaint for the second wrong shipment. She was afraid that the local delivery people would assume that Lisa was buying

lots of intimate apparel for her self, or that Jerome had developed a desire for all things female.

Dayton Fashions is somewhat surprised to receive a second call from Dayton Ky. They also received two calls from Dayton, Washington, because the wedding clothes had not arrived yet. The complaint department launches an investigation, to try to determine the real cause for these errors.

As all of this is taking place, the bi-monthly order for Joan Smith, Dayton Tennessee is packed and shipped. The girl in charge of shipping delivers the label and packing slip to the shipper, and shortly the package is on its way.

When this third package arrives, Jerome automatically places it on the kitchen table, and goes out to feed the chickens.

Lisa arrives home from her morning four-hour shift at Dayton Lumber Co. and finds this package, and is about to lynch Jerome. He doesn't even have the decency to try to hide his strange desires. He is going to flaunt his passion for lingerie right in Lisa's face. He has had it! Where is he hiding his earlier purchases, and when and where does he wear these intimate garments?

He has to be guilty because his address is obviously on file with Dayton Fashion Supply in Dayton, Ohio. I'll bet that there is no such company as Dayton Farm Supply in Dayton, Ohio. He would have gone to the local feed and grain store, and paid cash for the seed when he needed it, and I would have never known about his lingerie obsession.

Lisa retrieved the baseball bat from the rear of the clothes closet by the back door; seeing Jerome headed back into the house, she stood out of sight just inside the bathroom door. She waited and watched Jerome enter the kitchen.

He went over and read the shipping label on that latest package as it rested on the kitchen table. He knew that Lisa was home, and went into the bedroom to see if she was in there. The baseball bat caught him just above the left ear, and laid him out cold on the bed.

When he came to, he had a splitting headache. He found himself dressed in a bra and panties, spread-eagled on the bed. He was tied down with pantyhose; whoever had done this had tied him very snugly, he couldn't get any slack to work himself free. His head throbbed from the blow that had knocked him out. He was worried about a concussion. He thought he tasted blood, and found that he had bitten his tongue.

The bedroom door was open, if someone comes into the kitchen, they would see him dressed like this and tied to the bed. The bedroom light was on, and the kitchen light was off, they would have to go to the center of the kitchen and pull the chain on the light over the table. In the meantime they would see him hog-tied to the bed. If that shocked them, they might just walk out and disappear, without identifying themselves. They could have a field day telling everyone in town that Jerome Smith loves lady's underwear and has a passion for bondage as well. He and Lisa must play some real risqué games out there on their farm. She is most likely tied to a post in the barn, dressed in a pair of Jerome's jockey shorts and a T-shirt.

Jerome thought, "I must be delirious, where have all of these thoughts come from? I've got to get out of here, out of these pieces of girls underwear and start the evening chores. The kitchen is starting to become dark.

"Help me!!"

Finally, Jerome heard the creak of the dry hinges on the kitchen door, someone had come into the kitchen. The bedroom light really lit up that room, but because the closet door was open, it didn't light up the kitchen at all.

There was a brilliant flash of light, and Jerome had to blink his eyes. Then he realized that someone was taking pictures of him in this very compromising situation.

A second flash, and Jerome was straining with all of his might to get free. He had to stop the photographer, he couldn't allow those pictures to get out of this house. The pantyhose was twisted; both legs were used to secure his wrists and ankles, and tie them to the bed posts. They weren't cutting into his wrists, but they were strong enough so that he couldn't break free.

He struggled with his bonds, but they won out. He had been here about two hours since he regained consciousness.

Who was taking those pictures? Why didn't they come in where he could see them? Were they still in the dark kitchen, or had they left with the camera and the incriminating pictures?

Jerome was desperate to get free, to get out of this lingerie, to stop the photographer and to find out just who had done this.

If it was Lisa, she would have been ripping him a new backside long before this, so it must be someone else. Lisa was here when he was knocked unconscious, where was she now? Did they have her nude and spread-eagled in the haymow?

More struggles to get free, and the light went off, leaving Jerome in the dark. Someone came into the room, pulled the panties down near Jerome's knees, and shoved a bed pan under Jerome's fanny, and directed his penis down towards the bed pan. Then silence and more silence. Jerome realized that the mystery person was waiting for him to use that pan, and he decided to comply by emptying his bladder.

He was wiped with a tissue, the pan was removed, and the panties were pulled back up into place. A wide piece of tape was placed over his eyes, and there was just enough gap near his nose for him to tell that the light was back on again. His right ankle was released, and another piece of clothing was slid up over that foot and ankle. The other leg was released, and that foot was slid into the same article of clothing. It was pulled up over his legs, and his fanny was raised as it was pulled up to fit the same area as the panties. It was pulled up onto his chest, and straps were draped over his shoulders. His body was raised and one of the straps was hooked to the back of the garment near the opposite side of the waist. The other strap was secured in the same fashion. By this time, Jerome became convinced that it was a ladies bathing suit. He was assured of this when the cups were filled with some kind of pads.

His ankles were hobbled, with almost no freedom of movement, A rope was secured around his waist, the knot twisted so as to be located in the middle of his back. The ends of

the rope were crossed through the crotch of the swim suit, and tied together. His left hand was released from the bed post, and brought down to his lap, and tied to the crotch with one of the rope ends, then the right one was done the same way.

Then the two ropes were tied together, the ends passed through his crotch and secured to the loop around his waist at the middle of his back. He was made to roll onto his belly while they are tied.

He was urged to get to his feet, and led hobbling across the bed room, and into the kitchen. The back door was opened and he was escorted out into the yard.

There was a neat little screen house there on the lawn right in the open near the driveway and facing the barn. The driveway passed between the house and barn and continued around the house to the front door, finally curving around to rejoin the entrance driveway. Anyone arriving at the farm would always pass between the house and the barn.

The opening in the screen house is towards the barn, so that they could relax and watch the animals in their pasture or pens. There are two comfortable lawn chairs which Jerry designed and built, and he often bragged that it would take an elephant to destroy one of them.

He was led to one of those chairs and urged to sit down. A belt was wrapped around his neck and buckled behind the tall back of the lawn chair. There was silence for several minutes, then he heard what sounded like someone unrolling tape from its roll. An ice cube is forced into his mouth and the tape was anchored from near his left ear, across his mouth and clear over to his right ear. It was pressed snugly to his lower jaw, and he found that he can't force his mouth open. About that time, he noticed that the melting cube has a strange taste, and in a few minutes he began to get sleepy. He realized he had been drugged, just as he fell asleep.

When he woke up, it was quite light over in the east, the old rooster was busy trying to wake up the hens. His first realization was that the tapes had been removed from his eyes and mouth. He was seated in one of his prize chairs, dressed in a female bathing suit, and his hands were bound to his crotch. He was barefoot, and only restrained by the rope around his wrists, and the belt around his neck. The hobble had also been removed.

He had to get free, he had chores to do, he hadn't eaten since noon yesterday and his stomach was growling. He was angry, and he was going to get even with someone *real* soon.

His neighbors Sam and Frank were due to arrive about seven-thirty to help him clear that new piece of field. Would they find him here like this? What would they do? Would they laugh and tease him and leave him like this, or would they release him and let him change into his overalls and shirt?

What if it rained, and they didn't come over? The canvas roof would protect him from the rain, but if the wind blew he could get completely soaked. That might have been the reason for him being dressed in a girl's bathing suit. If the rope got wet, would it swell up enough to cut off the circulation to his hands? Would they have to be amputated and leave him helpless? Where would this worry lead him? He was really scared, and silently screaming for answers and release.

Who has done this? Where is Lisa? Is she OK, or has someone harmed her?

There are lights on in the house, even this early in the morning. He could turn just far enough to see them, but not enough to see in the windows.

Then the tears started, tears of frustration, humiliation and embarrassment. They lasted for quite some time. Finally, Jerome was able to get himself under control and stop his crying.

He was back at his questions again. *What will Frank and Sam say? What will they do? What if some old busy body comes for a dozen eggs, and finds me like this? Who took those pictures? Where are they now? Have they been developed?*

The struggles to get to his feet, almost strangled him, because of the belt wrapped around his neck and buckled behind the top of the chair.

His feet rested on the ground and he was barefoot. He couldn't kick the chair apart without his farm boots. The bonds on his wrists cut and hurt from trying to free them from where they were anchored through the crotch of the lady's bathing suit, secured at the middle of his back, tied to the rope strand tied tightly around his waist.

He remembered staking the back legs of both of these chairs to the ground to prevent the wind from flipping them against the screening material and ripping it. The small picnic table was fine; the wind had actually moved the chairs around, but the stakes had stopped that danger. He had been proud of his rugged and comfortable chairs and just as proud of his ability to anchor them securely. This now seemed to be his downfall, and was the major cause of his helpless feeling.

He must look ahead. Yes, he was helpless right now, but if he maintained a clear head, there were probably many ways he could prepare himself for action, when and if any window opened up that would give him even a slight chance.

Someone had to feed him, that someone would have to approach him through the zippered opening in the screen house wall. He wasn't blindfolded so he would be able to see his captor. Once he knew what he was up against, he could begin to formulate a plan which would center on that persons weak points. Just maybe he could overpower his adversary.

Dayton Fashion Supply, meanwhile, discovered that Andrea, the secretary in charge of the shipping department, had created the files which placed the four Smith customers in alphabetical order, by States, and further simplified things by using first initials instead of their full first names.

This system certainly was sufficient to locate the correct shipping address, but it didn't allow for more than one J. Smith from Dayton.

The records showed that J. Smith from Ky. had ordered twice about four years ago, that J. Smith from Tenn. ordered every two weeks, J. Smith from Washington placed a single order of wedding clothing, and J. Smith made a single order of lingerie and 3-inch pumps.

Andrea was called on the carpet, and informed of the problems her system had caused.

Her bosses instructed Andrea to call Kentucky and ask that they hold that package for courier pick-up. She must then personally drive to Kentucky, pick up the package and Mrs. J. Smith, drive to Dayton, Tennessee and deliver the supplies to J. Smith's Fashion Boutique.

While there, she must be sure to provide Mrs. J. Smith from Kentucky with a complete outfit from the skin out, and return her to Kentucky. Upon her arrival back in Ohio, they would evaluate her work record and attitude, and determine if she got to stay or if they gave you a pink slip.

Andrea called Kentucky and talked to Lisa. The plan was explained quickly. Lisa agreed and thanked Andrea. Lisa would arrive just before noon, and she promised to be ready to go. Andrea explained that she had caused this whole mix-up and was going to personally correct the situation.

Lisa asked if she could bring a friend along, and Andrea answered yes. They would have to stay overnight in a motel in Dayton, Tenn. They should be back in Kentucky in the middle of the afternoon of the next day. Lisa answered that the arrangements were fine; she needed to get away from the farm for a short break anyway.

Now she understood what had actually happened. Jerome was innocent; she was holding him prisoner in the screen house. She was in deep trouble, for her unorthodox way of getting even.

Jerome was out there in that chair in broad daylight, he had no supper or breakfast; he would see her when she went to feed or release him, and he would be primed for revenge.

"I have two Polaroid pictures, and I could take more," she thought. "They could be leverage enough to force Jerry to accompany me to Tennessee I'll get Jerome to ask Sam and Frank to take care of the chores tonight and in the morning.

"Jerome will be his own twin sister, Jerry. Jerome won't be able to go because of the pressing farm work, so I'll take his visiting sister along for the day. How do I convince Jerome that he is going?

"The photos will have to be enough. I only have about three hours for all of this activity, so it's time to release Jerome and turn him into his sister Jerry," Lisa concluded.

Lisa went to the screen house, entered through the unzipped opening. She smiled at the very frustrated person secured to the lawn chair, and said, "Good Morning."

Jerome was boiling mad, hungry, tired. Now that he knew that she was safe, he could vent his anger on her. He did so for about ten minutes, then ran out of breath and had to stop.

Lisa stood and listened to his tirade, and when he had to stop to catch his breath, she said, "OK, so I misjudged you. The problem was caused by a woman who works for Dayton Fashion Supply.

"I assumed that you were guilty, because that is the only way that your name and address could have been in their computer, but now I remember ordering two night gowns for myself. Shortly after that, I ordered two more for my mom. I used your name when I ordered, and that means that I am guilty of getting your name in their records.

"I have confessed to being wrong about this whole mess. I have paid dearly by doing all of the chores last night and this morning, and worrying about you all night.

"You have been on vacation, and you've had lots of time to rest up. Now it would not be very smart to jump out that chair, grab a bite to eat, put on your work clothes, and go and try to do a full days' work.

"You need to get back into the swing of things at a leisurely pace, so I have devised a plan which will allow you to slowly slip back to your regular routine.

"You will call Sam and Frank and ask them to do the chores tonight and in the morning, then you and I are going to Dayton, Tennessee with Andrea, the lady from the fashion supply company. We will be back home tomorrow afternoon. How does that sound, a mini-vacation, with no expenses for either of us, except returning favors for Sam and Frank. Oh, and one other trivial matter."

Jerome was still very upset that he was the victim of this mix-up, and because Lisa had not released him yet.

He answered, "I have lots of work to do, and more lost time won't help that situation any. Get me out of this chair and these embarrassing girls clothes, then you can go wherever you wish, but don't even think about dragging me along."

"Whoa, Jerome, where do you get off ordering me around? It looks like you need my assistance right now. Are you hungry? Do you need to go to the bathroom? Do you want to get out of that bathing suit? Would you like to spend the next day in the root cellar, in that outfit, restricted so that you couldn't get free, with just enough movement to be able to feed yourself, or will you agree to the trip to Tennessee with Andrea and me?" Lisa asked.

"Well, since you describe things that way, I'll go to Tennessee with you," Jerome answered.

"Good. Now we are getting somewhere, but there are a couple more points to cover. I admitted that I was wrong, that none of this mix-up is your fault. I have asked for your forgiveness, and you have not granted it," Lisa said.

"Lisa Dear, you are forgiven," Jerome stated.

Lisa said, "OK, now number two. Andrea is expecting to find me and your twin sister Jerry when she arrives just before noon. Since I have done all of your chores, and I also have two excellent pictures of you in your lingerie and in bondage, I'm sure that you won't resist in carrying this escapade to its completion tomorrow afternoon, *will* you?"

Jerome was silent, his face was red. He was embarrassed, he wanted to blow his cork, but Lisa hadn't released him, he was still bound to the lawn chair. Lisa was standing there, smiling, holding two Polaroid photos and the camera.

Those pictures could be quite embarrassing if they got out into the public, so they were quite persuasive. If she took more showing him secured to the chair, wearing a lady's bathing suit, that would sweeten the pot on Lisa's poker hand. Being seen sitting there in the wide open yard, dressed and bound this way, could brand him for life as a lingerie and bondage freak. Of course Lisa would act remorseful if someone should happen to arrive

and observe Jerome's present clothing and bound-up condition. Would anyone believe that she could overpower her much stronger mate?

To agree to her plan would get him released and out of the public eye for the moment. "Yes, Lisa, I'll be my twin sister until tomorrow afternoon," Jerome said.

Lisa placed the pictures on the small picnic table, but held onto the camera. She carefully aimed and snapped a third photo displaying this male dressed quite femininely, bound to that lawn chair.

When it developed, she showed it to her captive husband, and said, "Now Jerome, I need your promise to assist me to convert you into a lovely lady. We have to complete this task in about an hour and one half. Do I get your promise?"

Jerome answered, "Yes Lisa, I will cooperate to the best of my ability in completing the transformation."

"Good. I'll be right back, I have to put these pictures in a safe place."

While she was gone, Jerome had a few minutes to realize just how damaging those pictures could be and just enough time to decide that he must follow through with her plan for as long as it might take to find and destroy those pieces of embarrassing evidence.

Right now he wanted to get free, go to the bathroom, get out of that bathing suit, get some food into his stomach, then he would have to assist as Lisa turned him into a lady for the next day or so.

Lisa returned to the screen house and began to release Jerome. The belt around his neck was first and finally, his hands were free. He ran as fast as he could straight into the bathroom.

Lisa put together an adequate breakfast. Jerome came to the table wearing just the panties, but he swung by the kitchen door and slid the bolt closed, thus locking that door.

Jerome did exactly as Lisa had instructed and tried in his inexperienced way to anticipate the next move to get ready for that step ahead of her orders. He could relax a little, because that door bolt was in place and she had also closed the bedroom door.

She was assisting Jerome, but still trying to bathe and dress herself, and packing an overnight bag with enough of her clothes for the two of them for that night in the motel, and for the trip home the next day.

She said, "I appreciate your efforts to assist, and do believe that it deserves a reward. You are going to be Lisa Smith, and I will be Jerry."

Jerome said, "What?"

"Andrea has never met either of us. She is coming to take the package to Joan Smith's Fashion Boutique in Dayton, Tennessee and to repair some of the damages created by the mix-up her computer addressing program has caused. You have had quite a time of confinement, in clothes which could have caused you a lot of embarrassment. So, let's trade places. You can be the recipient of the pretty outfit they are going to present Lisa with. You might as well be sure that they will fit, look and feel right for you to wear home from Tennessee.