

Sorry this week is a bit late.

The rest of the week went far more normally for Jeremy. A less reputable news outlet had reports of sightings of a large bird that had been seen flying over the city. The typical hazy picture that could really have been anything adorned the front page of the paper. Jeremy decided to refrain from trying to fly again for a while, he had other things to fill his time anyway.

On Monday he went into work and started the handover with Jean. The bear was more than happy to hand the entire job over to him as fast as possible. At the end of the day Jean called the training in his new job good and said his goodbyes. He would be available by phone but would stay at home until his official final day before retirement.

Jeremy was a little disappointed at the male's attitude, but also not surprised. He stopped by Gakota's office before leaving for the day. In less than two minutes the ocelot confirmed that the Bureau was his now, he could do with it as he pleased. He also let him know that working from home had been Jean's method of operation for some time. Jeremy was more than welcome to continue the tradition since they had no formal offices. In fact, he reminded Jeremy the Bureau was considered a group of consultants outside the company.

He went home thinking on the ocelot's mention of being outside the company. He changed clothes and headed to the Thirteenth Floor still considering the implications. He walked out of the elevator and stepped into the reception area to see a familiar huge squirrel sitting behind the desk. Judy smiled and stood to greet him as he came up to the desk. They shared greetings and she sat back and entered a quick message to Jenna and chatted with him as they waited.

Jenna arrived with Leandra in tow. The tigress stood and watched with a smile as Jenna explained how Jeremy's first week was scheduled. He could look ahead to days of training as a few of the staff would show him some of the shops they had discount partnerships with. He was also to have his room decorated and outfitted by the end of the week. He was given a payment card that he'd use for the expense. He was expected to work off the debt, as a percentage of his pay until it was paid in full.

His first evening of training was an in depth anatomy lesson. Contrary to his expectations the lesson didn't even focus on the sex organs. Instead he was started with learning the basics of how to give an excellent massage. By the time midnight came around he'd given several staff members a full body massage. They didn't hold back in their critique either.

He got back to the apartment frustrated and on edge from need. After satisfying himself and cleaning up Jeremy took a few minutes replying to messages on his work tablet. He was making every effort to become accustomed to assigning other members of the Bureau the issues that came up. He was a little self conscious about giving members of the Bureau tasks when he was their newest member.

Jeremy woke the next morning as usual. He stepped out into the living room to the smell of Sam's cooking. They chatted a bit as they ate. It took Jeremy some time to once again realize he'd come out of his bedroom in only his fur. His brother no longer even bothered mentioning his habit. Once Sam was off to work he cleaned up and got dressed and went to work as well.

With his identification as a member of the Bureau Jeremy essentially had access to every area of the Nicholson Company space in the building. They occupied nine floors. The top three floors were taken by

other occupants but Nicholson had the floors directly under that. The view from some of the open areas were spectacular. His time wandering the floors ended with him not finding what he'd been looking for.

He went to the building management office to discuss a few of the unoccupied spaces in the building. In talking with the building leasing agent Jeremy asked to see the cheapest which happened to be on the third floor. In touring the space he saw it looked out on the street and a parking garage across. It was a huge space considering what he was looking for, but then he was also tasked in recruiting more people for the Bureau. With the details in paw Jeremy made an appointment with Gakota.

He was given an hour the next day to meet with the ocelot. He spent the rest of the workday gathering a bit more information and tasking a few jobs. It was only his second day as the leader of the Bureau but it was already beginning to feel right to him. Even better, everyone else were accepting his new role either with a neutral attitude or with congratulations. He sensed most were hoping the best for him. He was discovering he'd gained a lot of respect in a fairly short time.

His second day at the Thirteenth floor was almost as frustrating as the first. Judy and Dianne took him shopping. First they took him to a store that specialized in fur care products. He was shocked at the prices, and how many products he would need. Jeremy felt his ears flatten at the look shared between the two females. He felt as though he were only digging a deeper hole for himself but he couldn't help question the necessity of the large array of products. By the time they left the store the two females had spent the equivalent of a month's pay.

The next stop was for furnishings to help set up his studio. He was at least spared the trouble of having to refuse buying the pink frilly stuff he had come to expect from movies and television. They actually started with the bedding and even expected him to select the colors. From that they offered suggestions on what would match the bed as to the other furnishings. Jeremy was a bit surprised again on just how much was needed. He and his family had always lived on a lean budget. Until then he'd seen no reason to indulge on anything but the basics. As he was led through another store he actually began to feel his stomach turn sour as the spending continued.

Not only did he need more than a dozen pairs of bed sheets there were bath robes, towels, shampoos, some more massage oils and a vast array of other toiletries. Then they advised him on the best grooming equipment of which they suggested he buy several sets. Everything used on one client was to be cleaned and sanitized before use on his next client. Detergents and cleaning equipment were predictably his next purchases. In all it took more than five hours to complete the outing to furnish his studio. Most of his purchases had to be delivered considering the sheer volume, they only carried a few sets of bedding and some of the grooming equipment back to the Thirteenth Floor. Jeremy went home feeling ill and crawled into bed still nauseous from the sudden overwhelming feeling of having so much debt.

The next day his meeting with Gakota went well for the first few minutes. Jeremy explained his plan to lease space for the Bureau in the same building and the details of furnishing it. The ocelot interrupted after about five minutes and started asking questions. Jeremy hadn't expected any of the questions. After a brief discussion he left with Gakota's advice in mind.

He'd apparently been looking at the situation from the wrong perspective. Gakota didn't shut his idea down, he instead gave Jeremy an assignment of starting from what the Bureau would need in a space of its own. He also suggested Jeremy plan for the growth in the coming years as people were recruited. He was to then find a location that would meet the requirements of the bureau. Jeremy left the meeting feeling a little foolish even though the ocelot had encouraged him to continue his search. It felt as if he'd gone backwards.

He idled in a break room for a few hours taking a few calls and thinking over his meeting. His new senior manager didn't say it but Jeremy suspected he was not required to travel on any emergencies as

the leader of the Bureau. He could only remember Jean making one trip and that had been to Chile. Looking back he had little doubt it had been forced on the bear. It had been a less than gentle push out the door to make way for him. He had even less doubt everyone in the Bureau could also figure it out.

He felt bad for Jean but at the same time he was excited at the challenge he faced. He was appreciative that nearly everyone was openly supporting him. He felt confident that asking many of his team what they'd want in an office space of their own would yield better results than relying on just his own ideas. With a bit of messaging Jeremy found that Makannish was also loitering in another break room a few floors above.

Closing his tablet he made his way to the break room the fox was lounging in. The fox stood when Jeremy came into the break room. It was the first time Jeremy had seen the male since the flight back from Chile. The memory of Mak with his head back and snoring caused him to smile at the fox. As Jeremy stepped closer the fox put his arm out in his typical greeting.

As Makannish touched pads with him he looked up at Jeremy with a grin. "Congratulations by the way, boss."

"Thanks, but don't call me that. Please, I don't want to be treated any differently." He added hoping to act the same he always had. He only noticed after the fact that the fox had stood with a submissive attitude. He'd worked with Mak several times before and had not seen the male act as he had when Jeremy had come into the room. Everyone in the Bureau had become comfortable working with him as a dominant and he didn't want any of that to change.

Once the fox sat across from Jeremy he asked. "So, do you have an assignment for me?" By the way Stessen asked he seemed eager to take on whatever Jeremy had for him.

"Sorry, no. I have a few questions though. I've talked with Gakota about getting us a space of our own instead of hanging out in break rooms and such. Before he commits to anything I need to find out just what our needs are going to be. I'd like to hear from everyone in what they'd like to have as an office for the Bureau."

As Jeremy had explained his intention Makannish had sat back in his chair and started grinning. "Damn, its about time somebody made the effort. No offense but Jean was too lazy to be bothered with any of this."

Jeremy was tempted to join in kicking the retired bear but instead stated "So, you've thought about what we'd need before now. That's good. Keep in mind Gakota expects the Bureau to be about twice the size it is now within five years."

The fox nodded and after the briefest pauses started listing off several things Jeremy had thought of but also many more that he hadn't. They spent almost an hour going over the proposed relocation of the Bureau. Jeremy made plenty of notes in his tablet as they talked. At the end of their meeting he was pleased to know that the desire to have a space of their own had been discussed within the Bureau many times. He'd have the entire staff behind him in any effort to find a place of there own. Makannish even advised him in who to talk with next.

Jeremy had expected Sahar and Ferris to be helpful but after listening to Mak he also added Arnon to the top of his list. He had always intended to talk with everyone but to get most of the detail and broad strokes of the plan done first he'd would talk with those that had the most to say. Jeremy thanked the fox for his help and left the break room. With plenty to think over Jeremy left Nicholson.

Jeremy headed to the Thirteenth floor. With most of the other Bureau members out of town there was little point in staying at Nicholson. As he stepped out of the elevator he saw Sydney at the front

desk. The vixen smiled and turned to the tablet at her side. Jeremy was sure she was sending a note to Jenna. Seconds later her tablet pinged and after she read the reply let Jeremy know he was to meet Jenna in her office.

The cougar was sitting in one of the chairs in front of her desk when Jeremy came into her office. "Today we're going to get you started on how to interact with clients. You can start by taking me to your studio and give me a massage."

Jeremy nodded his head and said "Okay." as he held out his paw to the cougar.

"Jeremy, act as if I'm a client. In fact, I'm a client you just met. How would you greet me?"

Jeremy was taken by surprise. He'd never considered how to greet a client. His training thus far had entirely focused on his learning to giving massages. Taking a deep breath to stall for time to think he again held out his paw to the cougar and said "Welcome to The Thirteenth Floor. I'm Jeremy, um, sorry Jenna I don't know how to do this. I never thought about this part before."

"No, I didn't think so. First impressions are as important as the quality of service we provide. Today we're going to focus on how you greet your clients. Your greeting should be professional but also friendly and somewhat casual." Jenna explained.

For hours Jeremy was run through meeting and introducing himself to clients. Every staff member available took part. By the end of the day he was tired of the role-play sessions but had also practiced his first contact so many times it was almost automatic. Just before he left Jenna let him know his next day would be spent combining his training to run throughs of full sessions. Jeremy wasn't sure if she meant he'd finally get to the obvious but decided it best not to ask. His training had ingrained the attitude of restrained nonchalance that led him to keep his curiosity in check.

Back home Jeremy spent some time releasing his pent up unsatisfied need. When he was finished he came back out to the living area and started catching up on his work in the Bureau. At the Thirteenth Floor he'd been able to check his work tablet for messages that came in but left most for later. He would only respond to the urgent ones or make assignments that needed instant responses. A backlog still piled up. A few were questions from several members asking about his plan to find office space. He confirmed the rumor and asked for ideas of what they'd need. When he was finished he noticed the spare phone he used for his Dominic persona had a voicemail waiting. There was only one person who had the number for that phone.

After listening to the cheetah's message he realized Sam hadn't come home yet. While his brother was usually back from work by then it wasn't unheard of for him to stop somewhere on the way. He could feel his readiness for another round of self gratification rise but turned to reading instead. His brother came home late and chatted for a few minutes before going to his own room.

Jeremy smiled at the idea that he had settled into a familiar routine. If he could just get to the meat of the job at the Thirteenth Floor.

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And I got nothing for here either. I usually work three days for twelve hours but this week I got called in twice on my days off. That sucked up a lot of free time I normally have.