

Been waiting for this chapter for some time. Enjoy..

Jeremy's next appointment at The Thirteenth Floor came and went, leaving him once again unsatisfied. Even as inexperienced as he was he was already outlasting his clients. He went home after cleaning his studio and indulging himself to take the edge off. He was tempted to ask Jenna about his performance but still felt too uncomfortable in bringing the subject up than the effort was worth.

When Jeremy came into the apartment his brother was sitting on the couch with a drink sitting next to his feet resting on the coffee table. He looked up from reading one of Jeremy's books that he'd bought on Jackson Buttons' recommendation. Jeremy smiled on seeing the title.

"That's a good one." Jeremy said. His brother had looked up with a concerned expression. It had always been the family tradition that anything left out was considered family property. Jeremy had made no secret of having the books or who had recommended them. He sat next to his brother and added "I learned a lot from that one."

Sam nodded. "Its not hard to follow and once I get the concepts it seems like common sense."

"I felt the same way." He looked away from his brother wanting to ask but knowing the timing was wrong. He waited a few seconds before speaking but Sam anticipated him.

"Things aren't going all that well." he said shifting in his seat. "Its kind of hard to get another job when you can't use the previous one as a reference."

Jeremy looked to his brother. Sam looked back at him. Jeremy was tempted to ask how he'd lost his job but refrained. His brother would tell him when and if he was ready. Nothing more needed to be said by either. They'd already gone through the subject as much as they needed to and each knew the other's thoughts and position.

Sam turned to the blank television and asked "So what's going on with the night job?"

"What makes you think its a job?" Jeremy asked automatically, only realizing after he spoke what door he'd just opened.

Sam snorted his amusement. "Let's see. You dress like its a job. You come back and don't need a shower so its not one of your work outs or training sessions. You go out almost every night at the same time and at least half the time come back at the same time. So, what else can it be?"

"Okay, Detective Clever, you tell me what I'm doing."

Sam looked at him and after a few seconds replied. "Its got nothing to do with Nicholson."

After searching for a reaction from Jeremy he continued. "It's not anything you would normally discuss."

Again watching for a reaction Sam again pointed out. "You're a bit embarrassed about it."

"You're not embarrassed because its less than the Nicholson job."

"Its something personally embarrassing." Sam shook his head. "No. Thats not right."

His brother looked away and stared at the ceiling. Jeremy recognized the action. His brother was mentally tugging at the clues he'd gathered together. Sam looked at him with an odd look and leaned over to sniff at him.

"You leave for hours and come back just as fresh as when you left, but not a workout. Why would that be." He stated to himself still staring at Jeremy.

Sam frowned, gave a tiny shake of his head and muttered. "No, that makes no sense."

Jeremy, despite the uncomfortable feeling that Sam had actually tried dismissing the right answer said "What?"

"Its just, well, I thought that maybe you're sleeping with someone. But that makes no sense, not that often."

Jeremy found himself staring at his paws. "It has to do with being a dominant my age."

"What?" Sam asked sitting up and turning to look at his larger brother fully. "What? You mean thats it?"

"In a way, yes."

"So, what, you're sleeping with a female friend? Why try keeping it a secret?"

Jeremy sighed and after a deep breath explained. Sam sat staring at him openmouthed the whole time. Once Jeremy finished Sam stared at him blinking for several more seconds.

"You get paid for it too?"

"Yes."

"Lucky fucker." He said with a smirk.

"From what I'm told I won't feel so lucky soon enough."

"How's that?"

"Its a sensitive subject, but at the age I'm approaching dominants get to the point of being insatiable sexually. I'm starting to believe it too."

Sam stared at him. Jeremy knew he was trying to tell if he was joking.

Judging his brother to be telling the truth Sam said "Damn. Is it really going to be that bad? I mean, fuck Jeremy, too much sex? I don't mean to joke but that's fucked up."

Jeremy glanced at him and found he couldn't maintain eye contact. "I'm not at that point yet."

"But you're getting close?"

"It feels like it, yeah."

Sam shook his head. "There's not much I can do to help you there, obviously, but if you need someone to talk with I'm there for you."

Jeremy heard the empathy in his voice as he'd started and heard the change of tone at the end. A thought had come to his brother as he spoke. Looking at Sam he could guess. They stared back at each other until Sam couldn't hold back a grin.

"So, yeah, don't hold back the stories either." Sam said and busted out in with laughter. "Sorry, but its just that after thinking on it... sorry." he said still laughing.

Jeremy shook his head smiling despite his situation. He'd had time to reflect on his situation and was sure he would also see the humor of it were it not happening to him.

"So, does mom and dad know?"

"No. I don't know how to explain it to them."

Sam shook his head. "Just like you did to me. This weekend would be a perfect time."

Jeremy turned away from his brother's stare. He'd been so busy with everything happening he'd all but forgotten Celebration Day week kicked off the upcoming weekend. He was also uncomfortable with the idea of telling his parents of his job at The Floor. Doing so at a family gathering seemed even more awkward. Jeremy stared at his paws as the silence became almost as awkward.

Sam took mercy on his brother and changed the subject. They chatted for a little longer before Sam called it a night and went to his room.

Jeremy sat on the couch listening to his brother make the usual preparation for bed. He was going over his plans for the rest of the night. Once he was sure Sam was settled in for the night he went to his room and pulled his pack from its hiding place. He'd already prepared for his next excursion.

Leaving the apartment Jeremy made his way to the stairwell. Deactivating the alarm he slipped into the stairs and made his change to Dominic. At the bottom floor he slung his pack under one of the stairs for safekeeping. He doubted anyone would be taking the emergency stairs in the short time he would be gone. Momentarily deactivating the alarm he stepped back into the hallway. Deactivating the back door alarm as well he slipped into the alley.

As Dominic he made his way to the subway and traveled to Center Park. There was still activity even as late as it was. His escapade in stealing the maintenance keys had given him insight into how unfit his rat body was. He intended to remedy the situation as fast as possible.

He knew enough from his time as a gym trainer that the results he wanted would only come if he allowed his rat body to recover from any exercise he put it through. That would require him to perform a workout and allow his body to recuperate for almost a full day to have any affect. With him working two jobs as Jeremy, there was no time to spend such time training the rat body. Even if he could find the time it would take months at best for him to get the favorited rat body in decent shape.

There was another problem to consider. Any time spent as Dominic was time spent not wearing his own body. Considering he was about to go through an intense period of the dominant version of puberty any time spent in another body would extend that period. Predictably by the exact amount of time out of his own body. With that to consider it perhaps wasn't the best idea wandering around as Dominic too much.

He shook his head at the thought. He wasn't at that point yet. There was still time before what Jenna had described happened to him. Still once that started he'd have to watch how much time he spent out of his own body. Arriving at his favorite out of the way part of the park Dominic crossed to a bench and sat to think through his idea.

He had learned how to change individual organs in his body with PATOMES. Why couldn't he delve deeper and alter the structure of muscle tissue? He'd already gone through the required training for his own body. Why not use a sample of his weasel muscle and adapt his rat body to the same fitness level? He opened PATOMES and started searching.

Bringing up his own profile and comparing it to Dominic he tried several tactics to get PATOMES to recognize the difference between the fitness of the two samples. He had no idea how long it took but he finally found success. He made several adjustments before he thought he had the right command ready. He activated the command and felt only a slight shudder go through his body.

He looked at his arms. They seemed the same to him. The rest of his rat body didn't seem to have changed. Standing he took a few steps to the center of the path and started running. He felt a difference right away. In his dash after the much larger maintenance workers he'd been winded almost from the start. It now took several hundred yards before he even started to breath faster. He smiled at the success.

Dominic paused after about a quarter mile. He'd spotted a pair of large carnivores standing over a pair of rats sitting at a bench. Curious and more than a little concerned for the rats he walked over to the confrontation. As he got closer Dominic could see the two rats were both staring up at the ocelot and jackal in fear.

"Excuse me, what's going on here?"

The ocelot barely glanced back at him. The jackal turned and with a dismissive tone ordered "None of your business. You'll want to move on if you know whats good for you."

Dominic stopped a few paces from the bench. He'd already added both profiles to PATOMES and was ready to execute the command. "I guess I don't know whats good for me then. I asked what is going on here."

The jackal reached into his pocket as he asked "Do you have any identification on you?" Pulling his paw out of his pocket the male displayed a badge.

Dominic felt his ears fold back. "No. I left it behind." His tone of voice sounded completely submissive even to himself. As Jeremy he would have found the situation amusing. As Dominic it was a bit of a shock hearing and feeling the sudden compliant attitude. It took a moment for him to overcome the almost reflexive reaction.

The ocelot handed something to the two rats and said "You two can go, but don't let me see you in the park again." She then turned her attention to Dominic.

The jackal said "Really, and just what are you doing in the park at this hour?"

"Walking. That is what the park is for. Besides, walking helps me think." He answered watching the two other rats slink off.

The ocelot ordered "Don't get mouthy with us, unless you wouldn't mind spending a night in detention for obstruction."

Dominic crossed his arms over his chest and stared at the female. He kept the defiance he felt toward the officers from his face.

"Now, since you seem to have finally gained some sense, this park is now closed to rats. If we see you or any of your kin in here after tonight they'll regret it."

"And be sure to let your friends know this is all due to a certain rat that goes by Dominic and his actions."

"What actions?" He asked. He did his best to conceal his sudden rush of adrenaline.

"That's confidential. Just make sure your friends know Dominic is a wanted person. I understand that's an unusual name for a rat so he should stand out. Any help in finding him would be appreciated. As soon as he's in custody the park will reopen to rats."

Dominic stood before them for a few seconds staring back up at the two officers. "Is that all?"

"Yes," the female said "you're free to go. Just stay out of the park until further notice."

He turned and started walking away. On the one paw he was shocked that the police were already searching for Dominic. He'd only taken care of a few predators. Sure he wasn't about to stop, but to have this much attention focused on his alter ego at this stage was more than surprising.

He also did not like the way the police were persecuting rats. To go to such lengths as barring them from the park made him wonder what else they were doing. Sure, rats had it bad in some sectors of the community, but to take such punitive action on the basis of one individual's crimes was beyond overkill. He felt something had to be done to stop this overreaction.

"Halt."

Dominic looked up from the path at the shouted order. A pair of uniformed police were approaching him. He stopped and shook his head in dismay. "I've already been ordered out by another pair of your compatriots."

"Then why are you going in the wrong direction?" Asked the raccoon.

"I live over--"

"The rat quarter is to the west. You'll have to leave the park in that direction." The weasel said.

Dominic looked up at the two incredulous at the treatment he was getting as a rat. A dominant weasel would never be treated with such disrespect and outright abuse. He gritted his teeth and turned to the west. Glancing back at the two officers he saw they were watching him. Both were smirking. It only took a few more glances behind him to add their profiles to PATOMES.

Finally back in his own apartment as Jeremy he put his backpack away and turned on the television. Sam wasn't awake to comment on the unusual behavior. He searched through the channels to find the all hours news. He sat through the half hour cycle and found nothing about rats being ejected from the city's parks and open spaces. Jeremy turned the news off and sat staring at the blank screen.

He wondered just how many times this had happened before with none of the rest of the population even knowing. He was sorely tempted to go out again and track down the police officers that had forced him to leave the park. He got up and paced thinking through several ideas on how to approach the situation.

With two different pairs of police sending every rat they came across out of the park Jeremy was sure they had been ordered to do so. They also felt free to abuse their authority to the point of sending

Dominic out of his way to obey their orders. He'd never heard of anything like that happening before. He'd find out just how often such a thing had been happening, and soon.

He sat back on the couch somewhat calmer. He knew they would still be out scouring the parks of every rat for some time. His Dominic alter persona would have to wait until they were stationary to track them down. He'd wait until they were at home. Perhaps he could time it so they were sleeping. Jeremy opened PATOMES and stared surveilling the profiles of the four police officers he'd added on his way out of the park. They were all still in the park and moving slowly.

With a little experimentation Jeremy found he could set PATOMES to record the movement of all four profiles. Smiling he prepared for bed. PATOMES would have all their movements stored when he woke up. Jeremy could make his plans for Dominic's next actions then.

He hadn't yet managed to get to sleep when he heard Sam moving around the apartment. If Jeremy hadn't still been awake his brother wouldn't have woken him. He remembered far too many times when they had still been living as a family that Eric wouldn't have been as considerate.

Jeremy rolled to his side thinking that perhaps Eric hadn't really changed all that much. There had been other small things in his past behavior that only on thinking back signaled the lack in his character. With a sigh he forced the thoughts from his mind. It was far too late to do anything about his brother now.

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It was good to see you lot accepted the literary trick of using Dominic as a separate persona for Jeremy. Now you all see why I did it. It was also fun revealing a bit more of what PATOMES could do.