

Tuesday evening came and with it Jeremy's appointment at M Street Tailors. He had been able to make the time between his work at The Bureau and The Floor. His days at The Bureau had become increasingly routine. Even the occasional emergency requiring The Bureau's assistance was now hardly a small blip on his stress radar. It was the small changes to his schedule like his appointment with Hector that he looked forward to now.

Hector was typically happy to see him again and got right to business. In minutes Jeremy was in the nearly finished new suit with Hector on the mobile platform checking every seam for proper fit. His son was in with him and Jeremy saw the young male was clearly being trained in the family business. Hector was commenting about the 'cut' of Jeremy's suit and how to make the final adjustments more to his son than to Jeremy. The rabbit had introduced him as Hector Junior.

The elder rabbit took a surprising amount of interest in how his work would not restrict movement, making sure that Jeremy was comfortable through the full range of movement in his arms and legs. As the rabbit checked over his work Jeremy found himself admiring himself in the mirrors. While the bright yellow marks at every seam were still on the suit he could already see how he'd look when it was finished. He was smiling as much as the rabbit by the time they were both satisfied with the fit.

He'd seen Jackson in similar suits. Jeremy had thought the fox had looked exceptional in them. Until that moment he'd never imagined seeing himself in a suit that fit as well as it looked. Taking a deep breath Jeremy managed to drop the smile as he listened more intently to Hector's explanation. The 'cut' of his suit subtly highlighted his superbly muscular build without being 'showy'. He especially noted where they needed to make very small adjustments at certain seams. He saw what the rabbit meant. Jeremy's ears folded back at the next. He was suddenly more aware that Hector's son was standing behind him also listening to his father's discourse on tailoring technique.

As for his sheath, there wasn't much to be done about the sheer mass Jeremy had there but the technique used worked well. He'd de-emphasized Jeremy's unusual size by keeping the fit somewhat loose, yet managed to make his waistline seem normal. Jeremy watched interested despite the clinically intimate touch of Hector's finger as it slid along the seam just under the belt line. Only after the rabbit pointed it out in his explanation could Jeremy see tiny indications of how he'd bunched along the belt line the extra material he'd needed. Jeremy's 'unusual' size could still be detected but it was no longer so obvious to the casual glance.

Stepping down off the platform and looking up to Jeremy, Hector said "Since you won't be needing it for a few weeks I'll use this as a template for the other suits. I can have them ready for a fitting next Friday. By then I'll have this one ready for one final fitting. Will that work for you, Mister Dawn?"

"Yes Hector, and please, make it Jeremy." He added once again smiling his pleasure at the experience. He took the unfinished suit off and was pulling on a sample of the new casual slacks when he noticed Hector's son staring at him. As Hector checked over the fit he glanced at the young rabbit watching the process. The rabbit was clearly not intimidated by his size as a dominant, and to Jeremy's relief the young rabbit was not tensing his slacks at the sight of him. Jeremy did his best to ignore the young rabbit's presence while still including him as the fitting continued.

Once all the casual clothes Hector had ready for fitting had been tried and accepted as a proper fit they were packaged for Jeremy to take home. Jeremy was used to accepting his clothes purchase in a small hand carry bag but not M street Tailors. Every piece of clothing was on a hanger and covered in a plastic bag. Even the wire hanger was of better quality than expected and coated in white plastic rather than just the typical wire.

Once he was ready to leave Jeremy paused and held out his paw to Hector. "Can we make things a bit less formal, please call me Jeremy."

Hector smiled up at him as they touched paws. "Certainly Jeremy."

Jeremy turned to Hector's son and held his paw out again. "It was a pleasure meeting you."

The rabbit timidly reached up and placed his paw pad in Jeremy's. The young male's paw was less than a third the size of the one he touched pads with. The weasel let him stare up as the contact lingered waiting for the response from the young rabbit. "Hector Sanders Junior, pleased to meet you sir."

"In seeing how well you've payed attention to your father I have no doubt you will be as skilled as him in no time." He smiled as the young male dropped his paw from Jeremy's

"Yes, sir. Thank you, Mister Dawn." He said and smiled up at the dominant.

"Please, Jeremy." He corrected.

With a quick glance in his father's direction he replied "Jeremy."

Jeremy stepped back glancing at Hector Senior. The male was smiling his pride in his son. Jeremy nodded to the older male and turned to leave. It was Hector Junior that locked the door behind him. Jeremy glanced back but the young rabbit had turned his back and was walking deeper into the store. He was intensely curious in what Hector was teaching his son about interacting with dominants.

Back at his apartment he saw Sam was sitting on the couch hunched over his tablet. Coming back out to the living area after tossing his clothes purchase on his bed to launder later Jeremy sought out a snack and started munching on it. He stood in the kitchen watching Sam working on the tablet. He'd not seen his brother so focused since studying for his final exams at the academy.

It was more than a minute before Sam glanced up to see Jeremy watching him. "I'm finishing my application for culinary school."

"Good. Do you need any references?"

"No. Those that can pay the tuition don't need to bother with any of that. What I'm concerned about is the entrance exam." Sam said as he looked back down at his tablet.

Jeremy, after a second asked "Entrance exam?"

"There's a practical exam, done in person. From what I can find out I'd have to cook a meal from scratch."

Jeremy smiled at his brother even though he was still looking at the tablet. "You should be able to do that no problem."

Sam glanced up. "I hope so. It's clearly to see if each applicant has the basic prerequisite skills to even start with." Leaning back he added "It'll be six months of full time classes. I can pay in advance, barely."

"You'd be leaving The Floor?" Jeremy asked.

"Yeah, but I'd have no income in the meantime." Sam said.

"Oh, don't worry about that."

"Well, I thought, well, Dan offered to help with rent..."

"He'd do that for you?" Jeremy asked surprised. After a second he blinked at his brother's facial expression. "Oh, you mean he'll move in?"

Sam nodded. His face was still almost expressionless.

Jeremy grinned. "Don't act so worried. It's fine with me."

Sam nodded and looked back at his tablet. "Okay."

Knowing the discussion was closed as far as his brother was concerned Jeremy finished his snack and went to the couch. He turned the television on with the sound barely audible in deference to his brother. With an ear tuned to the news Jeremy started checking up on Bureau work on his own tablet. He smiled to himself at the somewhat nostalgic situation. There had been so many afternoons growing up where Jeremy and his brothers would sit studying in silence for hours.

Jeremy barely noticed when Sam stood and moved around the island counter into the kitchen. Jeremy had moved on to reading one of the speculative science fiction books Makannish had recommended. Having processed to about halfway through the story he could see why. It was clearly one of the books that had all but predicted the existence of the metals found in Kealuroondea. As entertaining as the book was the almost predictive science involved was even more intriguing.

He stopped reading when Sam sat next to him and turned the sound up on the television. Setting his tablet to the side Jeremy looked at his brother. Sam was looking back with a neutral expression.

"So?" Jeremy asked.

"So, it's submitted."

"Well, good luck."

"From what I know of this college I should be approved without too much trouble." Sam said as he looked back to the television. The news had started recycling the day's events at the top of the hour. Only a few minutes in Jeremy focused on the news with the intention of catching just a few minutes. As the current story ended and the next began it grabbed his full attention.

It was being reported that three nations bordering East Africa had forged an alliance with the purpose of forcing an end to the practice of exterminating non-desirables in their neighbor. There had been a good deal of the typical political finger-pointing but nothing to the extent of this alliance. As Jeremy and Sam listened there were indications that even this was mostly bluff. The three nations combined could barely match East Africa militarily.

Sam sighed as the topic moved on to other stories. "That's not going to end well."

Jeremy just hummed in agreement as he picked his tablet back up. Sam's attention stayed on the news as Jeremy started to look deeper into the politics of the nations around East Africa. He had a feeling this would eventually impact Madagascar, the Bureau need to be just as ready. With half an ear to the news he started with Tanzania. His position in the Bureau and association with Jackson Buttons had caused Jeremy to find sources of information few knew existed.

Jeremy had settled in on his research barely listening to the news through most of the hour long cycle when his brother turned the sound up. It was an obvious ploy to get Jeremy's attention back on the news. He turned back to the television as Sam put the remote back down. It had been part of the

background of events for months but now that the upcoming launch was now within days. Jeremy's heart beat faster. Every time the space programs came up he remembered the first time he had watched a rocket launch.

He'd been six or seven and the whole family had stopped their routines and gathered together to watch. Even though it was Appalachia that was launching the first person into orbit his parents had been thrilled. That excitement from his parent's example had found a fertile place to grow and thrive in Jeremy. While he liked the idea of a space program it was Sam that was the real enthusiast. Jeremy watched the news story with his brother sitting next to him almost vibrating in excitement.

A crew of five were to ride the rocket this time. They were to stay in orbit for three weeks. As had been said before, this was the final test of the program's capability before heading to the moon. The story focused more on the crew than the technology behind the mission. Sam still listened with rapt attention. Jeremy was less fascinated, but he was still interested enough to put aside the tablet and listen.

Once the story finished Sam stood and started pacing. It was clear from past experience that a conversation was required before he would be able to sit still once again. Jeremy indulged his brother for an hour or more. He was only excused by his brother because Jeremy had an appointment at The Floor.

Coming back to the apartment afterward Jeremy instantly knew Dan had been subjected to Sam's excitement while he was out. They were sitting on the couch watching an old documentary on the various space programs scattered around the world. Jeremy had sat through it a number of times while working on other things. Even half an ear from a willing audience was enough for his brother to subject another to his enthusiasm for space programs. With twenty minutes left of a two hour show Jeremy felt it safe enough to sit with them.

When the show finished Sam started cooking a late dinner for everyone. With things back to normal Jeremy sat on the couch reading on his tablet while Dan sat at the kitchen island to watch Sam. He was brought out of his reading at the sound of his name being repeated. Looking up he saw Dan laughing and his brother smirking at him.

"What?"

"I was asking if you will be home for the launch." Sam said.

It took Jeremy a second to understand what his brother meant. "Oh, yeah I think so."

"Good. I've decided to make a party day around it. Feel free to invite a few people."

Jeremy understood that it was not a request. There had been no 'if you like' at the end of the sentence. He thought about how few people he had introduced to his brother and was stunned and a little embarrassed at the omission.

"How many can I invite?" Jeremy asked. On thinking about it he hadn't realized until then, but there had been a separation in his life between people on the Floor and those he worked with at The Bureau.

"I was thinking of inviting about ten myself." Sam answered.

"I'll keep it under ten, then."

Jeremy had the pleasure of seeing his brother's jaw drop. An instant later a pleased grin appeared and he replied. "Great. I'll be sure to have plenty of food."

Through the rest of the week Jeremy invited several of the Bureau members and got nine confirmed attendees to his brother's party. He'd had an idea of how many were interested in the space programs but the response was more positive than he anticipated. There were a number of others that couldn't commit to a full day but offered that they might 'drop by' for a time.

He also helped his brother stock the fridge and pantry for the party. It was going to be an exciting weekend. Jackson's party on Friday night and Sam's on Saturday. As for his sessions at the floor, while not exactly routine they were at the very least a pleasant diversion. Sometimes a bit more than a diversion. Jeremy always left with a smile and in good spirits.

At the end of the week he picked up his formal suit for Jackson's party. As he stood in the finished suit looking at himself in the three mirrors he couldn't help but grin. He looked good. A deep grey colored suit that was just a shade away from black, it gently hugged his body and yet gave just the right amount of space to move. The shirt, an ivory color that just hinted at tan matched the lighter shades of his fur perfectly. He now understood what Hector had been trying to tell him. It felt good on him too.

He watched the rabbit step down from the mobile platform and observed. "This is perfect."

Hector responded with a smile and stepped back still looking the suit over. The male tugged a bit at the edges and finally stepped back and looked up at Jeremy. "Yes. Now that I have your dimensions figured out I can make as many as you need."

Every one of his daily clothes that he'd bought elsewhere and picked out from a folded up pile of similar clothing fit terribly. He'd never really known just how poor that fit had been. Jeremy had accepted the constant poor fit of his clothes and even the occasional bit of chaffing as a result. He'd quickly taken to wearing as often as he could the few pieces of clothing Hector had made. At the size he'd become the selection of clothing was limited to species that did not share his body proportions. It was an amazing difference.

"I'd like to order a lot more casual clothes, but I'm not sure I'm done growing yet." Jeremy said. It was an admission that, had it been to anyone else would have caused a bit of self consciousness.

Hector nodded. "I can make them a bit loose until we know you're at your final size."

"That's fine, I like a looser fit anyway." Jeremy replied smiling at the rabbit.

In walking around the store looking at other samples of clothing he realized he'd forgotten how comfortable clothing used to be. The fit and feel of Jeremy's first formal suit showed Hector's skill. By the time he'd left Jeremy had ordered enough to replace a third of his wardrobe.

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And this completes two years worth of posting Jeremy chapters, at least the 2.0 version. When I started I never actually expected to get this far and still have the motivation to keep going. So...

Thanks to everybody that's been reading along so faithfully. It's that kind of support that keeps artists and writers going. Having come this far I have an even greater understanding of how that support is the fuel to this kind of endeavor, even if its just someone popping in to read that week's chapter every week.

I'll add a special thanks to everyone that made the effort to comment along the way. I've also come to understand how it makes a difference having that little extra support. It's you lot that have kept me wanting to put that extra effort in to make it as good as possible instead of just churning out something to see if I can do it.

I'd have never gotten here without you.