

Cheryl Doe, Episode Two
Sybil Michel

A note to readers

This work portrays a number of themes and concepts, some which may cause discomfort in one way or another. As such, this page contains warnings for content which include, but are not limited to:

Sexism

Jamie smacked her lips and peeled her eyes open. Still smacking, she found herself staring at the morning sky; it was exceptional in its pristine beauty as the violets transitioned to blue hues with flickering tones of indigo. Her eyes then open fully with alarm at the notion that she had overslept – it was at least a thirty minute commute to work for her. But the encroaching panic quickly dispersed as she saw her alarm clock: it read “06:37”. She chuckled to herself, becoming worked up had produced such a shock that she couldn't plop back into bed, so she decided to start her morning early. She almost never woke up to her bedside alarm clock, however; it was set to half-past seven, and Jamie usually woke by the top of the hour. She's had this habit ever since high school, but only since moving into her own apartment has she used this time efficiently. Jamie rolled off to the side and slunk onto the beige carpet – taking care not to disturb those who live below her.

In the bathroom, she went about her morning routine – with a few added steps. Namely, after showering and washing her hair, she took an emery board from her medicine cabinet and looked into her wide bathroom mirror. She jiggled her breasts, shallow and wide, but relatively firm – giddy with its slight give; she never grew tired of that. She then ran her fingers through her hair: black, rather coarse, and soft with gentle, short curls. Between her ears that poked from the top of her head were two stumps – the only part of her past that continued to stay. She had a habit of wincing each time she touched them, there was residual pain from the initial chop. Now, she only frowned when rubbing her fingers on them.

Jamie took her finger around the sharp edge of each circular, eggshell-toned, flattened protrusion. An idea then entered her mind; she came up with a creative way to showcase them. Her emery board got to work, and within ten minutes' time, what came up from the top of her head were now what appeared to be a pair of horns. She giggled in delight with this new look, rubbing the newly whittled stumps mindfully – they were a bit rough. Jamie placed the emery board back into the medicine cabinet, on the shelf above her lines of pill bottles, and closed it. And then something caught her eye: a red sticky note with “Remember your medicine!!!” scrawled on it. Jamie promptly reopened the cabinet and took from the lower shelf a bottle of anti-anxiety pills. She took it to the kitchen where she deposited it into her messenger bag – thoughtlessly taking it and leaving it at her bedside. She came back and took another bottle, but popped open the lid to pour out two white tablets. With some tap water, she swallowed them and returned the bottle to its shelf. It was half-past seven now, as her alarm clock buzzed in the adjacent bedroom. Jamie shut it off, and took some clothes from the closet and bin under her bed. She dressed herself in front of her bathroom mirror: a black lacy bra over her taupe-furred breasts (only slightly obscuring a spot of cream colored fur on her right bosom), matching black underwear, nylon leggings, a t-shirt with images from her favorite Saturday morning cartoon, buttoned over by her white blouse, and the two tucked into black slacks. She finished setting up her look with a wig – black and long with subtle waves.

Now dressed and washed, she went back to the kitchen to prepare her lunch. A tofu sandwich, crumbles, and a small container of kimchi joined her water bottle in a pink lunch box. And now being packed, she took one more trip back to her room for her messenger bag

(wondering how it got there), and took ten minutes to have a modest breakfast of a doughnut with a small bowl of instant oatmeal, apple-cinnamon flavored. She washed it down with a glass of orange juice, sticking her dirty dishes in a sink prefilled with water and dishwashing liquid.

Five minutes until the top of the hour, and Jamie had slipped on her favorite ballet flats. She took her key hung on a pink lanyard, put it around her neck, and stuffed the hanging end down her shirt – joining the one with her ID badge. Closing and locking the door, Jamie headed downstairs from her apartment complex and unchained her bicycle near the parking lot, stuffing the lock in her bag, and pedaled off.

At work, she was going about her usual routine of unhooking her lunch box and turning on her portable gaming device – also making sure to disable the wireless. And although never planned, Jim made his daily visit to Jamie's cubicle, always startling her. He knocked on its outer wall and she squeaked. She turned around around to see his sneer-grin and playfully stuck out her tongue.

"Thank you for yesterday," she said to him. She was smiling, but her voice carried regret and was meek.

"No problem," he replied, his smile friendlier now.

"Did..." Jamie's voice faltered, "Did you get into any trouble?" She frowned recounting the event.

"Nah," he said jovially, "My supervisor's an idiot; he doesn't know shit about computers. I just told him some excuse and said I should have it ready before I was out."

"He had to get the job with some knowledge, at least. Maybe you caught him on an off day."

"Jamie – I told him I had to replace the quantum modem." Jim tilted his head to express his incredulity.

"Maybe he thought you were joking?"

"He then said, 'give it a try, but I used to manage Q2 modems, the newest model, so leave it here if you can't get it working.'" He made another gesture of incredulity with his head.

"Okay, he's dumb," Jamie said quickly, feeling second-hand embarrassment.

"Yeah..." his voice trailed off, then perked back up, "But you should be good! Don't worry about it."

"Thank you."

"Seriously, don't mention it!" The grin-sneer was back, "But off work stuff, you still up for tomorrow?"

"Of course!"

"Cool, cool." Jim turned to leave, but twirled back to her. "Oh, yeah! Jamie – Nat texted me, he told me to tell you to reply."

"Got it!"

"And one more thing," he leaned in close to ask, "Did you remember your medicine today?"

Jamie nodded with a wide smile. Jim returned the gesture and walked off to the IT floor.

A little over an hour into her shift, Jamie got a notification from her supervisor on the office's chat service. "cum c me after ur call" it read. Jamie did so, changing her phone status on her station, as she went to the supervisor wing which smelled of some ambiguous cleaner. She opened the door to a well lit room, a man deep into what was he was observing on a semi-circle of four screens.

"Jamie, great to see you! Please, sit down," said he. Daniel Stamper was his name. He was a tall man with a thinning blonde hairline (with brown roots) and an acne mosaic on his manufactured tan. His tone was pleasant, but rang hollow and paper thin immediately. Jamie took a chair facing his desk. He turned from his semi-circle of monitors, and looked to Jamie with a smile as genuine as an antique coin made from iron pyrite. He paused, holding the discomforting smile, then spoke. "Good to see you made it here! How are you?"

"I'm well, Mister Stamper. And yourself?" Jamie's voice was strained, trying to deduce why she was brought here.

"Good, Jamie," He took an inappropriate pause, "I'm good,"—another pause—"Had a nice trip here?"

"Um, I would say so, sir."

"Good, good." Daniel pressed his fingertips against the shiny linoleum of his desktop. "So, I had a report come in from IT, apparently a quantum modem was busted."

"Ah, yes. Sorry, I didn't know about that." Jamie's blood ran cold as she tried to play along.

"Completely fine, Jamie. We all make mistakes, but it helps us become successful in the end. But moreover, make sure that you *do* know for future reference – those quantum modems are doozies."

"Yes, sir. My apologies."

"Nothing to apologize for, but company assets in tip-top conditions creates synergy, and ensures success – of the employee and his or her machine." He took another pause. "Do you know about synergy, Jamie?"

"Uh, that's a new one for me, Mister Stamper," she affected a smile, even though her jaw wanted to drop in disbelief.

"I don't see my dad working here, do you, Jamie?"

"Um, no, sir."

"Thought so," he guffawed. "Just call me Dan."

"Um, yes, Mis- er, Dan."

"Great! So, as for the computer incident – I'm enrolling you into a computer care and safety course. It's online, so I need it done by Monday, is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Great, great! Nice seeing you, Jamie." Dan returned to his semi-circle of monitors; his eyes became glossy. Jamie interpreted this as her signal to leave.

A number of calls later – she had received one regarding a computer repaired by the

client's retail sector had her in a Chinese VPN – it was time for her first break. Today, she was in a better frame of mind, but hadn't the heart to have a ringside seat at the water cooler. She instead spent it playing a video game while taking intermittent sips of fruit punch from her water bottle, with help from her favorite powdered drink mix. A knock came on her cubicle, which caused the doe to jump in her seat. A fair skinned man that was vaguely familiar from yesterday poked his head in with a plastic smile.

"Hey there, uh—" he lost his train of thought, snapping his fingers to recall this one's name.

"Jamie,"

"Yeah, Jamie," he said with pathetic charisma, "A few buddies of mine wanted to have a little chit-chat. And then I said, 'You know who would be a good fit for this conversation? Jamie!' So I came here to bring you along. You wouldn't mind, would you? No, of course you won't! C'mon!"

"Erm, sorry, got assigned a class by Dan. I need to get it done soon."

"Really?" he seemed disappointed, but it sounded forced. "That's a let down, maybe later?"

"I'll see."

"How about Monday?"

"I'll have to check – I'll get back when I can?"

"Super! Sounds good," he chimed, and then left.

Jamie sighed, rolling her eyes. Cross-examinations only to get the rumor mill going was neither something she found entertaining, nor particularly pleasant. She did spend her lunch break in the break room, however. She often had the room to herself, as most of everyone on their lunch breaks ate out at "Perdu Paradis". Anyone deeply involved in the office's culture would spend their lunch break there, the most favorable time being from 1 to 2 PM – Perdu Paradis' happy hour – making those lunch times heavily sought after during shift bids. Jamie couldn't put much faith in a restaurant with such a name. Jim told her about the one time he went with his team. "Bad prices, worse food," was what he said. Jamie ate her lunch alone, as she always did – Jim's lunch was an hour before hers. She was munching on her tofu sandwich and was halfway through it as Jacqueline sauntered in, filling a noodle cup with water and sticking it in the microwave.

Jacqueline caught Jamie from the corner of her eye and walked over to her. She sat across from the bashful doe – Jamie's cheeks burning at her presence. Her dark fur was her only saving grace against her reddening cheeks.

"Hey, Jamie?"

Jamie sprang to attention – even her ears were perky, twitching. She pointed foolishly to herself with a bemused look on her face.

"Yes, you!" Jacqueline raised her eyebrows and giggled. "You seemed distraught yesterday, and I got worried. Is anything the matter?"

"Yeah, fine! Like, super fine – really fine! Even awesome! Yeah, awesome! Right now! Awesome!" Jamie was nodding uncontrollably.

Jacqueline blinked, making Jamie's heart sink, and spoke. "Well, since you said so, I'm not gonna argue,"—she tittered—"Take care of yourself, 'kay?" Jamie nodded vigorously with her dopey smile, but only the former was intentional. A final laugh – rather nervous – and the squirrel went back to the microwave to retrieve her cup of noodles, then left.

It took several minutes for Jamie to realize the smile still on her face, just as she broke from the reverie of her talk with Jacqueline. But then she was floored as she spoke the thought aloud: "Oh God, she thinks I'm weird." No one else heard her, but it echoed in her skull for the remainder of her lunch.

Jamie's last break of her shift came around. Jim stopped by as his shift was over.

"Wazzup!" he said, pushing the doe on her back. She turned to face him and pouted. "What?" he joked. Jamie stuck her tongue out at him, then smiled.

"So, how you doin'?" he asked coolly.

"Jacqueline talked to me," Jamie was beaming again.

"No way! Miss Frigid talked to you?"

"Please don't feed into those rumors, Jim," she said, with a distinct frown of disapproval.

"No rumor, I had the first-hand rejection. Asked her out about a year ago; she laughed and said my breath stank."

"Did it?"

"Yeah," he said after some hesitation. Jamie stared. "But yeah, she's frigid."

"I don't think so."

"But she *is* pretty frigid."

"I think she's nice!" Jamie huffed. A shush came from a neighboring cubicle.

"Alright, suit yourself. Just don't come crying to me when you're balls-deep in an iceberg." Jamie's jaw dropped at what he had said. "What, you're saying you wouldn't want to do her?"

"It's not that!" Jamie huffed, quietly this time, and leaned in closer to continue in a whisper, "But it's disgusting to only see her for eventual sex!"

"But you'd fuck her?" he asked flatly.

"Well, yeah," Jamie resigned.

"Balls deep?"

"Well," the doe mulled, thinking of how to execute her statement, "More *her* fucking me until I cry."

"This– this was unexpected." There was a silence. "I'm gonna... head out now – see you tomorrow." Jim walked away, dazed as he left the production floor.

As it became Jamie's end-of-shift, she clocked out, logged off her station, and pedaled home. She heard her medicine bottle rattle around in her bag. The day was bumpy, and she might have made the worst first impression ever, but she was leaving sound of body and mind – and she was happy about that.

Like what you've read?
[Follow me on Tumblr!](#)

© 2015 Sybil Michel. All rights reserved.