



Reluctant Press presents:

Role Changes

B. C.



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Role Changes

By B.C.

It had been a turbulent and difficult couple of years for the Johnson family. It all started with Dad's plant closing two years earlier. Jack Johnson had been a foreman at a large automotive plant in Michigan that moved to a state in the south. Jack's wife Julie found work at a local restaurant but that could not even begin to pay all of their bills. It did however help with the food and the utilities. Everyone had to give up some of the little luxuries they had always taken for granted during the auto manufacturers' hay days.

Jack and Julie had two children. Their first-born was Janet, now 18 years old and a Senior in high school. Then there was Jimmy, 17 years old, a junior in that same high school. Jimmy was a good student and an excellent athlete. He loved baseball, basketball and ran cross-country. Jimmy was small-framed and only stood 5 ft. 6 inches tall but he worked out constantly and kept himself in very good shape. He loved to run. This kept him very trim and fit; it always seemed to relax him and give him time to think. Jimmy had lots of friends in school but he also loved running several miles every day and being alone to his own thoughts. The running helped to tone his body and keep his weight down around 125 lb. most of the time.

His sister Janet was not only one of the smartest girls in their high school but she was also a knockout in the looks department. She was a very beautiful young lady, very popular among her peers. She was involved with gymnastics, cheerleading, choir, and was the student council vice-president. Janet was blessed with beautiful auburn

hair and built like a centerfold Model, amazingly beautiful. Janet stood about 5 ft. 8 inches tall and her 135 lb. were distributed in all the right places!

Where Jimmy was quiet and passive, Janet was just the opposite. She was more outgoing and assertive than her brother. For the most part, they got along well but Janet, being the first-born, always took the lead and had a tendency to take charge when they were home or had chores to do. Jimmy would never admit it of course but secretly he always felt that Janet could take him in a fight. She proved that many times over the years as they grew up together. She outweighed him by at least 10 lb., plus Janet did not fight fair. If Jimmy started to get the upper hand against her, she would just grab his privates and squeeze until he gave up, in a fit of obvious pain and tears. Janet always knew just how to get the better of him, even as Jimmy got stronger with age.

After Dad's plant closed down, many families were forced to move and others were forced into very difficult lifestyle changes. This started many fights as working women and mothers became the bread winners in homes where their men couldn't find jobs paying what they were used to making in the auto plants. The only jobs now available were in the service industry and those didn't pay enough to make a house or car payment.

In many of these homes, the men who couldn't find a good job began to feel worthless and unmanly. Some began to drink after months of looking unsuccessfully for gainful employment. The area had been hit very hard with plant after plant moving to another state because of the incentives being offered which made these companies more profitable and more competitive in the growing market.

In cases where the women had management positions with solid companies, it began to change the dynamics of their families. Some men stayed at home and became house husbands, doing all of the traditional work of maintaining the home and children. Some men adapted to this role reversal in time but many homes were turned upside down by the egos of men who simply could not or would not adapt to these changes in roles and responsibilities. They were made to feel emasculated or feminized by the standards set for them since birth.

Conversely, women were now slowly gaining a feeling of superiority and control. They were starting to take control of the family decision-making and the family purse strings as well. Being in the position of authority in the workplace began to carry over in their personal lives at home. Many women found it thrilling to be in a position of power and control after a lifetime of society telling them that they were to be subservient to their men. The balance of power in society was changing dramatically and power always has a way of going to people's heads.

The Johnson home was just one of many where the dad just couldn't adapt well to these new times and conditions. Jack Johnson couldn't find work and started drinking after months of rejection and disappointment. He had searched long and hard for the first several months but as the interviews came less and less frequently, he stopped looking and began just moping around and feeling sorry for himself. With each passing week, he felt more and more inadequate until he began to drown his sorrows in the bottle. This, of course, only made things worse at home.

He started yelling at the kids all the time as they now seemed to get on his nerves for the smallest of things. He'd never had to be home this much before in his whole life, as it had always been Julie's job to raise the kids and run the household. As the weeks turned into months, Jack did less and less around the house. Julie started feeling upset and angry with Jack for doing little or nothing all day long while she worked her butt off. Also, he was spending what little money they had on booze. As could be expected, this became the source of many arguments and quarrels in their once loving home.

One night, in the middle of a heated argument over work and money, Jack hit Julie quite hard when she grabbed his whiskey bottle and broke it in the sink. He was very drunk and didn't realize at first that he had done this awful thing to the woman he loved. He tried to apologize when he sobered up the next day and realized what he had done.

The next day at work, Julie's boss noticed the shiner at the edge of her eye. He asked her about it. "I ran into an open cupboard door last night in the dark," she lied.

Don Simons, Julie's boss at the restaurant, was a big man. He was gruff and very intimidating. He was all of 6 ft. 4 inches tall, weighed around 280 lb. and had arms the size of most men's legs. Even though he wasn't a bad guy, his sheer size gave the illusion that he was tough and mean. In truth, Don was a good person who had a soft side.

Big Don looked down at Julie, put his huge hand under her chin and turned her face up towards his. He looked her in the eyes and said, "That doesn't look like a cabinet door did that. Looks to me like a hand or a fist did this to you."

Julie was very intimidated by this huge man. He stood there almost two full heads taller than her 5 ft. 6 inches. He held her chin and continued. "Did your old man do this to you, honey?" Don asked.

"He...he didn't mean it, it was an accident. He has really been depressed over not being able to find a job. He had a little too much to drink last night. I got mad at him and grabbed his bottle of booze and broke it in the sink. When I turned around, I kind of walked right into his hand," she said shyly. "Things will be better as soon as he is able to find a decent job again."

"I'll tell you what, Julie. Have him come and see me tonight after closing. I might be able to help him out. I could use some more help around here, as our business has been growing every week," Don offered.

"Thank you Don, that would be just wonderful but Jack is a very proud man. I doubt that he would want to work in the kitchen or wait tables. He just wouldn't think that that was very manly," she replied.

"Let me see if I have this straight. He is too good to do honest work but he will sit around and drink, then beat his wife and give her a black eye, so that she looks bad in front of my customers, most of whom come in here now because of you? I work in the kitchen and make a pretty damned good living from it. Do you think that I look like a sissy or any less a man for it?" Don asked her.

"No, Mr. Simons, of course not. No one would ever think that of you, let alone say anything like that about you. It's just that Jack has always been self conscious because he's small and thin. He has always had to try to be a tough guy to get the respect of others," she offered weakly in her husband's defense.

"Excuse me, honey, but that is just bullshit. Real men do not hit women for any reason...EVER. Tell you what, you just get him here tonight and I'll talk to him. I'm sure that I can use him here at the restaurant. I'm sure that a little extra income would not hurt any right now, would it? Just get him here tonight around 8:30 and I'll make him an offer I'm sure he won't want to pass up," Don smiled.

The day passed quickly. When it was Julie's break time, she ran into the back room and called home to Jack. "Hi, Jack. Honey, I've got some great news for us. Don has asked me if you have been able to find any work yet. I told him that nothing permanent has come up yet, but you were still trying very hard to find something. He just told me that he has need of someone with your experience and that he would like to make you an offer. Isn't that great news? Lord knows that we could really use the extra money right now, plus I know that you would feel much better once you were out doing something productive again," she beamed.

“Doing what? I am not a cook and I’ll be damned if I’m going to wait tables like a dumb waitress, or clean floors like some damned janitor. I’ve been a supervisor for years and I’m not going to start over as a flunky,” he mumbled.

“Oh I see, like what you are currently doing now is so much more productive? I don’t know what Don has in mind for you but listen to me, Jack. Either you come in and at least talk to Don tonight or you can pack up your clothes and get out. I’m not joking. What happened last night will never, never happen again or you will pay, even if I have to hire someone to teach you a lesson. Now I know that you have been down and I’m sorry things have been tough for you but we really need both to be working to get through these hard times. So you be here at 8:30 sharp and for God’s sake, clean yourself up and put on some decent clothes. I have to go now, my break is over and I have to powder my nose and cover the nice shiner that you gave me last night, so that the customers aren’t starring at me,” Julie said, then added, “Jack, trust me on this. If you do not show up here tonight, you had better pack your things and be out when I get home or so help me, I will call the police and have them come and remove you from our home. I’ll just show them the bruises and my big black eye,” she warned him and then hung up the phone.

Jack was somewhat taken aback by Julie’s little speech. He had never heard her talk to him like this. “Bitch! Who does she think that she is all of a sudden? I’ll do whatever the hell I want,” he said out loud to himself, as no one else was even home yet. He walked back over to the cupboard and reached way in the back and pulled out a bottle of Johnny Walker Red.

He started to get out a glass but stopped as he happened to catch his own reflection in the small mirror on the kitchen wall. He hadn’t shaved in a couple of days now, and he was several months overdue for a haircut. His hair was dirty and stringy and hanging down, touching his shoulders. He could smell his own body odor.

“My God, Jack, what has happened to you, man? I hate that she is totally right about just about everything she said to me. I have to snap out of it and change my ways. I don’t like the person I’m becoming. I guess I had better clean myself up and go talk to this Don guy. Hell, maybe he wants me to just do his books or something easy like that. It can’t hurt to at least go and talk to him, and besides Julie sounded so excited about maybe working in the same place together. She also sounded sincere about throwing me out, so if I at least go in and talk to him, maybe it will get her off of my back for awhile,” Jack said to himself while looking at his unclean reflection in the mirror.

He put the whiskey bottle back in its hiding place, then began to clean and pick up the living room. He worked about 20 minutes, then stopped and turned on the TV to rest a minute or two. He was flipping through the channels and came upon one of the soap shows with two really foxy women talking. He tried to pick up what they were talking about but couldn't get over how incredibly beautiful they were, their hair, makeup, shiny, full lips and their sexy clothing. He began to visualize himself being with the both of them at a fancy lake resort. The next thing that he knew, Jimmy was waking him up. He had slept all afternoon.

"Dad, what's for supper?" Jimmy asked.

"I guess that would be whatever you go in there and fix, Jimmy my boy. Didn't Mom leave you a note or something on the refrigerator?" Jack replied.

"Yes but why is it up to me to cook every night lately? What about you or Janet? I just now got home from school and I have homework," Jimmy asked Jack.

"I don't cook," Jack answered, wiping spit from his chin where he had been drooling in the wild dream that he'd just been awakened from. "And your sister doesn't get home from work until after 6:30 now that she has to take the bus to and from work. Besides I've been cleaning and washing all day long. I can see why your Mother is always worn to a frazzle and tired all the time now," he said.

Jimmy looked all around him. If Dad had been cleaning all day, it must have been at someone else's house, because the place was still a real mess and looked just exactly the same as it did when he left for school this morning.

At 6:35 p.m., Mom and Jan came in at almost the same time, both tired and hungry from long days at work. Jimmy had prepared a nice spaghetti dinner with hot rolls and a garden salad. Dad came out of the bedroom dressed for the first time in weeks with clean clothes and a clean shaven face. His hair was clean and pulled back into a loose pony tail. He looked nice for a change. Everyone stopped cold when he walked in, and stared at him open-mouthed.

"What is the big deal?" Jack said. "So I cleaned up and shaved. You all look as though you have never seen me dressed up a little before. Well, I've got a job interview after dinner," he told them.

Julie got up, walked over to him, and gave him a big hug and a kiss. "Good for you, Jack honey. That is really wonderful news. I'm proud of you and I just know that you will get the job," she told him.

"Yay, way to go, Dad." Jimmy chimed in.

"Yay yourself, young man. School will be out in a couple of weeks and it wouldn't hurt for you to find a job and help out until things pick up again and I can get a full-time job. Until then, we all need to pitch in together to get by," Jack told his son.

After dinner, Jack sat and read the paper while complaining all the while about no decent jobs being available anywhere in the state as Jimmy worked away, cleaning the kitchen and doing the dishes. Janet dried them and put them away without being asked.

Jimmy said, "Thanks sis."

Janet said, "You are very welcome, Jimmy dear. That was a very good dinner. You are really getting to be a good cook and you're going to make some lucky person a good wife some day."

Jimmy playfully flicked some water off his fingers on her. She slapped his behind with the rolled-up towel in return.

At 7:30 p.m., Jack left for his meeting at the restaurant with Don. He pulled up and the place looked empty and mostly dark to him. For a minute he thought that no one was there. He tried the handle on the front door and found that it was not locked. He pushed it open and stepped in slowly. "Hello, is anyone here?" Jack called out.

"Back here, come on back, I'm just finishing up in the kitchen and getting a few things ready for tomorrow's specials," Don answered.

Jack walked back to where the voice was coming from. "Hi, I'm Jack, Jack Johnson, Julie's husband. She said that you might need some help around here?" Jack said to Don.

"Yeah sure, come on in," Don said reaching out his hand and sizing up the little man before him. He was a lot smaller than Don had imagined. He guessed that Jack was probably about 5 ft. 6 inches tops and maybe 135 lb. soaking wet. He noted the long dark hair and couldn't help but notice how shiny it was, pulled back into a nice

full pony tail. He was thin and had fair features and Don thought that he could smell alcohol on his breath.

“So, you’re Julie’s husband. She is a really special lady. She works very hard and does a great job here for me. She is my best waitress and brings in a lot of business because of her personality and attitude. Everyone who comes in here asks to be seated at her station,” Don said, looking right into Jack’s eyes.

“Yep, that’s Jules alright, she’s a great girl,” Jack said, looking right back.

“No my friend, you are wrong. She is a great woman, a real first class lady and she really deserves to be treated as one. I don’t believe you actually know what I really mean,” Don said, squeezing Jack’s hand very hard, causing him to pull away from Don’s grasp in pain.

“Wow, you’ve got a really strong grip there, Don,” Jack said, shaking his hand to get the blood flowing in his fingers again. He looked up at the man, wondering what the hell he was trying to prove with that handshake.

“I guess I do, and I can see that you have got a pretty good right hook by the look of Julie’s eye today,” Don said, glaring at Jack.

“Wait a minute. What are you talking about? I don’t have any idea what you mean. I’m not sure I follow you at all, or like this conversation,” Jack said, getting pissed-off by these statements.

“Well, Jack, I think that you do. Your wife’s eye... there is no way in Hell she ran into a cupboard door. It looks like somebody punched her right in the eye and my guess from seeing those skinned up knuckles on your right hand, is that someone is you. Come on Jack, we both know it was you who did this to Julie,” Don said, looking Jack right in the eyes again.

“I didn’t do any such thing and even if I had, that’s between me and Julie. I mean every couple has their little squabbles now and then. Another thing, you might well be her boss around here but I’m the boss in my own house and I don’t work for you fella, so I don’t think that this is really any of your business,” Jack said, feeling a little macho and putting this big guy in his place.

It took a lot of effort, but, Don kept his temper for the time being. “You made it my business when you beat up my employee, and she has to come to work with bruises all

over her face in front of my customers. From what I understand, you don't work at all. Julie deserves a lot better than a drunken, lazy, do-nothing bully for a husband. That is all going to change, starting today," Don said with a big smile.

"I don't need this crap from you, man. I came here tonight in good faith because Julie asked me to. She told me that you needed help and wanted someone to keep the books for your restaurant. I don't need you telling me how to run my home and my life or how to treat my own wife," Jack said. He got up and headed for the door. Before he took two steps towards the door, Don moved to block the exit.

"You, my little friend, are not going anywhere. Not yet anyway. You see, it turns out that I do need help but not on my books. I will be hiring you to work in the kitchen. You are going to start out by washing dishes every day and every evening, then you'll be cleaning up the place at closing time. Your pay will be put into Julie's check each week and you are going to do this until I say that you can stop. Is that perfectly clear?" Don told the angry little man.

"I don't want your stinking job. I wouldn't work here for love nor money. I am going to make Julie quit working for you as well. Screw you, man. Now get out of my way, I'm out of here. You don't own me and I don't owe you anything," said Jack. "Move, damn it. I don't want trouble with you, I just want out of this stinking place," Jack ordered. When Don still didn't move, Jack tried to push his way past him.

With out warning, Don punched him hard in the stomach and it completely knocked the breath out of Jack. He leaned against the wall for a moment until he could catch his breath, then out of instinct, Jack drew his arm back to take a swing at Don. Don easily side-stepped the punch and quickly hit Jack in the throat. Once again, Jack struggled to breathe. Next Don punched the little man in the stomach, then the chest and stomach, finishing with a hard shot to the side of the head which sent Jack straight to the floor. Poor Jack was seeing stars all around him. Before he could regain his bearings, Don kicked him in the side.

"If you ever touch Julie again, so help me, I will track you down and beat you to death, and I will do it very slowly and as painfully as possible. Do you hear me, you little worm?" Don demanded.

"Please stop. She's my wife, I love her and I never meant to hurt her. I promise you, it will never happen again," Jack pleaded as Don drew his arm back for more. Jack instantly fell down into the fetal position and covered his head. Don wasn't done yet though. He reached down and picked Jack up like a child. Don looked at the sorry excuse for a man and punched him again, hard in the ribs and stomach.

“Ok little man, here is the deal. You are going to work here every day that I’m open for business,” Don said and he slapped Jack over and over again, making sure not to break any bones or mark his face. “You will not tell Julie about our little agreement, you will pretend that you are really happy and will do everything I tell you to do. If you tell her anything or go to the police, it will just be your word against mine and when it’s all over with, I’ll find you and beat your ass silly. This was only a very small taste of what I’ll do to you. You will wish that you were dead instead of taking the beating I bring down on your sorry ass. Then I’ll drag you back here and beat you every day until you do the job right,” Don warned. Then he hit Jack again and again. Jack was becoming more afraid by the minute that this big ox of a man really did intend to kill him.

Don walked over to the closet, then threw a white waitress’ uniform dress over to Jack, who was still kneeling on the floor. “You know what? I’ve changed my mind after meeting you. You can wear this everyday to work. Of course we will have to get you a couple of more of these pretty dresses. I can’t expect you to wear the same one every day. Yes, I like that, this will be your new everyday uniform. Here’s a pair of white pantyhose and white shoes that one of the girls left behind. They might be just a little tight but you’ll wear them until you can buy your own.

“I am going to give you until noon tomorrow to report back here to me for your first day of work, tough guy. We will see how tough you are after you walk in your wife’s shoes for a while. Maybe this will make you appreciate how hard she works. You will get your sorry ass out of bed early tomorrow morning and go buy yourself several pairs of panties, a couple of bras and slips and a good pair of comfortable white shoes. I’ll take care of the rest. I know that you don’t have any money at this time, so I’m going to pay for these things up front and I’ll deduct a little at a time from your pay until you pay them off. Don’t even think of running off somewhere and trying to hide because I’ll track you to the end of the Earth and make you pay with your life. So be dressed and back here by noon tomorrow. If you don’t show up and I have to come and find you, you had better be dead, because you’ll regret it for a very long time,” Don warned.

“Please Don, have a heart, you can’t do this to me. My wife and my kids, how will I ever be able to face them again?” Jack begged.

“Now you’re embarrassed? You should have been embarrassed for the last year and a half. You were not a descent husband or father, all that time while you were laying around, drinking and feeling sorry for yourself, while your poor wife ran her legs off, trying to keep your home going. Even your daughter works and helps with the

bills that are your responsibility. Even your son, from what Julie tells me, helps out by cooking, cleaning and picking up after you. Well, now it's your turn," Don told him.

"Won't you at least let me wear my own clothes while I work at your restaurant? I'll do whatever you need but please don't make me wear women's clothes," Jack asked.

"You have not acted like a man and you have abused the woman who it was your responsibility to take care of, so now you will see what it is like to walk in her shoes," Don told him.

"I really am sorry but I just can't wear a dress. It would just be way too humiliating. I know too many people in this town. I would never be able to face anyone I know again," Jack said, completely demoralized.

Don's response was quick. He picked Jack up off the floor and easily put him over his knee. He ripped his good dress slacks right off of his backside, tearing the zipper along with Jack's underwear. Before Jack knew what happened, Don began whipping Jack's bare ass with the leather belt he'd just pulled from Jack's pants. Don spanked his bottom over and over until Jack could take no more and started bawling like a baby. Welts began to show on his little white ass.

"Now, are you going to do as I've ordered you to do?" Don asked him.

When Jack was slow to answer because he was crying, Don dumped him on the floor, then grabbed his arm, pulled him up and hit him over and over in the arms, stomach and chest. Finally Jack couldn't take another blow, he was on the verge of losing consciousness. He now truly believed that Don meant to kill him, so with his last bit of strength, he yelled, "Ok, stop, you win. I'll do whatever you tell me to do, I promise. I can't take any more... please," he begged.

"Then tell me, tell me that you are going to be a good little waitress named Jackie," Don ordered.

"I'm a woman and I'm going to be a waitress named Jackie," Jack said barely audible, completely defeated and hurting all over his entire body.

"NO! I want you to tell me that you are going to be a good little waitress named Jackie," Don ordered. Jack gave in, he sighed and told Don what he wanted to hear.

Then Jack asked, "Don, what..."

Don slapped his face hard before he could finish his question. "It's Mr. Simons to you, Jackie. I demand respect from my employees."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Simons," Jack said, rubbing his sore cheek which felt as though it were on fire. "Mr. Simons, what do I tell Julie about all of this?" he asked

"Don't worry about that, I'll call her myself before you get home and tell her what you volunteered for. I will tell her that you asked me to let you come to work for me as a waitress. As a matter of fact, I think that I am going to give her the morning off so that she can take you shopping to get the things you are going to need for working here. I'll also order her to tell me if you give her any trouble at all. If you complain about anything, you will answer to me again. Do I make myself perfectly clear, Jackie?" Don asked

"Yes sir, Mr. Simons, I fully understand your meaning," Jack said, completely beaten, embarrassed and humiliated.

"Good, then come give me a little kiss, just to show that you appreciate what I'm doing for you and your family. Then get that cute little ass home," Don said.

Jack froze on the spot. This request took him completely off guard, he wasn't sure he had heard the man right. He stood there wondering if Don was serious or not.

Don said, "What are you waiting for, Jackie honey? Do I need to warm that sweet little ass of yours some more? I gave you an order and I expect you to follow all of my orders quickly and thoroughly, without delay or comment."

A nervous and completely confused Jack stood up and cautiously walked over to Don. He stood up on his toes and turned beet red as he gave Don a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you for the job, Mr. Simons."

"You're welcome, Ms. Johnson. I'll see you tomorrow. Now go home and get yourself ready to start your new career," Don said and slapped Jack playfully on his ass. "Don't you forget, if I have to, I will beat you to death if you fail to live up to our agreement. Don't make trouble and do exactly as I have instructed you to do," he said.

Sore and bruised, naked from the waist down, and afraid like never before in his whole life, Jack picked up his torn pants and underwear. He saw immediately that he

couldn't wear them in the condition they were in. "Mr. Simons sir...my pants. I don't think they can be worn this way. What can I do? I can't walk out of here and drive home naked," Jack told Don meekly.

Don picked up the waitress uniform and tossed it over to him. "This is what you will be wearing from now on, honey, so you might as well get used to it, starting right now," he said, taking Jack's torn pants, wadding them up and tossing them into the trash bin along with his torn underwear and shirt.

Red-faced and totally humiliated, Jack stepped into the white silky panties. Then Don handed Jack a silky white cami-sole, followed by the all-white waitress uniform which Jack pulled up his body. He clumsily tried to reach the long zipper in the back. After many unsuccessful tries, he sheepishly looked up at Don who'd been watching him struggle to get it zipped up.

"Turn around and I'll give you a hand but you are going to have to learn to do these things for yourself, Sweetie."



More embarrassed than ever, Jack turned his back to Don and Don pulled the long back zipper up. Next, Don ordered Jack to sit down and pull off his men's shoes and socks. He tossed him a pair of nylon footies, followed by the white leather waitress shoes. Jack was surprised that the foot seemed to slide right into the shoe. The thin nylons he was wearing for the very first time ever allowed his foot to slip right into the shoe easily. He bent down and tied the laces, then stood and walked out the door and got into his car.

As Jack started the car and drove off, Don placed that phone call to Julie. He told her that Jack had been there and that they had agreed that Jack would accept the full time-position as a waitress at the restaurant. "Julie, Jack admitted to me that he was the one who gave you that shiner the other day. He and I had quite the little heart-to-heart and he will never, ever hit you again. I can promise you that," Don told her.

"Now, during the interview he and I got into it a couple of times. Things got a little heated and I had to give him an attitude adjustment. Jack is on his way home right now as we speak. Don't be alarmed when you see him. He is alright, but, he's probably not in a very good mood right now. You see.....he Really.....pissed me off tonight. I ended up spanking him and made him put on one of the uniform dresses that was left here. I told him he was to wear that to work until I tell him otherwise. I also gave him a list of other items that he is to start wearing,. I want you to take the morning off tomorrow and take Jack shopping to get the items on that list and help him get ready to report to work. He's not going to like it one bit, but, he will do whatever you tell him to do. If he complains about a single thing, I want to know about it right away. I have told him what I will do to him if he talks back to you. Mr. Tough Guy is going to see what it's like to walk a few miles in your shoes," Don told her

"What's going on, Don? I know Jack and there is no way in the world he would let you make him wear a dress and wait tables, " Julie said, unable to picture Jack in a waitress uniform or any other ladies wear for that matter.

"Let's just say that I have a strong power of persuasion. Trust me honey, Jackie did not want to wear a dress, but, then again. He just got a little taste of what it's like to be bullied a bit. I'm sure that he will be a little more careful about punching anyone else for quite some time. You see, he is going to be a little bit sore for the next couple of days." Don explained to Julie. "I like you a lot, Julie. That really shouldn't be a big secret to you, and that's not the first time I've seen you come into work with bruises from that jerk. I'm going to give him a chance to see what it's like to be in a woman's shoes for a little while. He doesn't appreciate a great woman like you like he should. Now he will either straighten up or ship out," Don said.