

The Rehabilitation of Kylie

Written by Max Harper

Part Eight: Freedom

Lori had a new outlook on her job. Her tour and talk with Moira had done a lot to open her eyes about her place within the company and just how small her personal issues were. The world was a much bigger place than she had thought and while she had been shown a glimpse of it, she had still no idea just how far the influence of the Institute spread.

As a small cog in the machine, Lori knew now that many things were beyond her influence now. All she could do is the task assigned to her and her best to not think about everything that she knew. Some things, like the warehouse, were harder to get out of her head, but in time, she had all but pushed it out of her mind. She excelled at her work, as she had approached it from a new perspective and because of such, she had flourished. Shannon had moved (*been moved?*) to another department and Lori inherited her office and position. Shannon's old office was the best on the floor and allotted Lori a great deal of privacy. Now with a slew of her own underlings, she oversaw the decisions made by her old position. Everything was going quite well. Everyone under her command had taken to her leadership with respect and her department's proficiency had improved. Emboldened by her success, Lori had taken her role as a matriarchal boss to a new level. She cared about her employees and did her best to solve their personal problems, or at least be understanding. To the vast majority of them, Lori was just a great, caring boss. But to Isaac, her old assistant, she was something else entirely.

Isaac Summers had fallen into his job by his own misgivings. As a young man, he had bounced from employer to employer for years, unable to find a job that he was good at, or that he liked. A solitary person, Isaac lived with his grandmother and did his best to keep to himself. A strict woman, Isaac's grandmother was not overly fond of excuses or supporting a thirty-year-old man. Isaac did what he could to help out, mowing the lawn and contributing to the financial needs of his grandmother, but he could tell that she was growing tired of having him in her home.

His parents had divorced when he was a young teen. His mother had disappeared into the wind after the separation and his father had done his best to get back on his feet afterward. The separation was hard for him and he worked many long hours to support his son and the mounting alimony bills. On his way home from work one night, he was struck by a speeding car while sitting at a traffic light, dying on impact. Isaac's care was awarded to his grandmother not long after and for the past sixteen years, he lived in her care. Abandoned by his parents, Isaac grew up feeling isolated and inadequate.

He had landed this job after his grandmother had finally had enough of his failures. She'd sent him to the Institute to beg for any sort of employment after losing his twelfth job due to middling performance. She had wanted him to be a janitor thinking that cleaning some toilets for a while would show him some sort of pride in the simplest things. Unable to do janitorial work to their specifications, he was reassigned to being a gopher, an office worker's assistant, who did everything that they demanded. Too timid to stand up for himself, Isaac took all sorts of verbal abuse from everyone, especially the women.

When Ms. Gillis got promoted to Shannon's old position, things got better for Isaac. The ridicule lessened and while he appeared to not miss it, he secretly wanted more of it. Any attention from the opposite sex was attention that he wasn't getting any other time. He had never had a girlfriend or any girl that bothered to give him the time of day. He had cowered his way through high school, and in essence, his whole life. Constantly being told what to do, Isaac was lost without someone with a stronger personality in charge. Lost, and irritable.

"Isaac? Lori wants to see you in her office." Sherry said. She was a nice lady, but not nearly as authoritative as Isaac was used to.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And for the last time, Isaac, stop calling me Ma'am. You're older than me!" Sherry said, curtly. She was politer than she needed to be, but it couldn't be helped.

Isaac headed for Lori's office. It wasn't the first time he had been called there, and it probably wouldn't be the last. While part of him hated getting scolded, he also needed his life to have some form of validation. Even if all he could do was subpar or wrong, at least someone was paying attention to him.

"You needed to see me, Ma'am?" He asked, tentatively. He stood just at the threshold of her office.

"Yes, Isaac. Come in and have a seat." Lori said, without looking up at him. She was busy typing away at her computer and like everyone else, paid him little mind. "Shut the door behind you."

Isaac complied, knowing by her tone that he was in trouble again. He didn't know how he was going to face his grandmother if he lost his job. She had already given him so many chances to get his life in order. He sat down at one of the two chairs that faced her desk and looked around the room. He hadn't been in that office since it had been redecorated. The only windows the office had were behind Lori with a pleasant view of the city.

"Do you know why I called you in today, Mr. Summers?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Well, I've been going over your performance evaluation and looking at the notes from your other supervisors, coupled with the notes that I plan on adding. Do you want to hear some of them?"

"I-I guess."

"Isaac, who has an exemplary attendance record, fails to meet all other expectations in every other field. It is, therefore, my opinion, that Mr. Summers would be best suited in another position."

"That was your custodial supervisor. Here is another.

"Mr. Summers works best when given point by point instruction, and, having no incentive or will of his own, operates more like a drone than a free-thinking member of this country."

"That was Shannon. Do I need to continue? I don't. The point is, Isaac, that your performance is subpar in every aspect that matters. And while your obedience is commendable, your lack of demonstrable skills has led you to be less of an asset to this company than you should be given your time here."

Isaac sat still, knowing full well what was coming. He'd been fired from enough jobs to know her next statement. So many in fact, that he knew when to cut them off at the pass. It helped him secure another job if he quit his job rather than being fired, at least as far as the paperwork goes.

"I'll clean out my desk then."

"Clean out your desk? And do what? Quit? Take the easy way out?"

"You are going to fire me. It works out better if I just quit."

"I haven't said anything about terminating your employment, nor do I approve of your carefree tone in the matter."

"Sorry, Ma'am."

"What I'm trying to do is get through to you that you are in serious jeopardy of losing your job if you continue on this path."

"I understand, Ma'am."

"Stop calling me that. And I don't think you really understand. I don't think that you really care and that's a problem for me. I expect everyone who works for me to care about the job they do and how that job reflects on this department."

"Sorry, Ma'am. I will do better."

"Will you?" Lori stood up and began pacing around her room. "Do you know what is expected of you?"

"Doing what I'm told, Ma'am."

"There is more to it than that, and even that I don't think you understand."

"I do, Ma'am."

“But don’t you see? You don’t. I’ve told you already to stop calling me *Ma’am*, in fact, everyone in this department has, and yet, you persist. You’re like a child that doesn’t understand the meaning of the word *no*.”

“I’m just trying to be polite.”

“There’s a big difference between politeness and obedience. What you lack is obedience. You can do what you are directed to do when it comes to working, but not when it comes to verbal commands.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Are you? Are you really? Do you know what it’s like to be sorry? To be repentant for your actions?”

“I- I guess.”

“You don’t sound so sure. Have you ever been punished?”

“I’ve been fired before.”

“Not at work, at home. Have your parents ever punished you?”

“I live with my grandmother.”

“My question still stands.”

“I would have to say no, then. Most people just yell at me.”

“And therein is the problem. You tune people out when they yell or talk down to you because that’s all you know how to do. You’ve never been truly punished by your parents so you don’t have any concept of respect for authority. That’s something that can be fixed.”

“How?”

“By teaching you what repentance is. By giving you something to be sorry for.” “I don’t know-”

“I don’t care. It’s this, or I file the termination papers right now, your choice. You need to start taking a stand in your life and face up to your choices. Finish out your day and, if you so choose, report to my office and we will go over this matter further.”

“After hours?”

“Yes. I have work to do and so do you. Make your copies, file your paperwork, do what you’re being paid to do. You’re dismissed.”

Isaac stood, his knees weak. He was used to being talked down to, but never had someone so completely controlled the direction of a conversation as Lori. He left her office, his hands trembling. He returned to his work, completely distracted, and didn’t notice anyone looking at him or taking notes. Had he been more aware, he might have been more prepared.

His shift ended and Isaac sat at his desk, unsure what to do. Part of him wanted to just go home and bury his head in the sand. The other wanted to see what lay beyond Lori’s words. As his supervisor, she was a domineeringly authoritative figure on any normal day, but today, she had been something out of dirty fantasy. No one knew about his collection of explicit materials hidden under his bed. DVDs, adult magazines, and even books of various sexual preferences lie in a box far under his bed that his grandma would never find. Everything he knew about sex was in there, but it all amounted to no real-world experience.

Sherry was the last one to leave. A newer employee, she wanted nothing more than to impress her bosses. She often worked late, filing as many folders as she could. She, at last, collected her purse and coat, doing one last scan of her cubicle to make sure that she hadn’t forgotten to do something before she headed for the elevator.

“Isaac? What are you still doing here?” He shrugged, unable to formulate words.

“Well, don’t stay too late or you will be in trouble with the boss. Goodnight!” Her perky tone did little to brighten his mood. As the elevator doors dinged closed and Sherry disappeared from sight, Isaac sighed.

He stood up from his desk, grabbed his things, and looked longingly at the door to Lori’s office. Whatever promise Lori may have to help him, he was too much of a coward to let anyone in. He walked to the elevator and pressed the down button. Sherry was on her way to the bottom floor, and his press bought him some time.

“Ahem!” Isaac froze. Lori’s voice, as crisp and sharp as ever, cut through him in an instant.

“Going somewhere?” She asked. He turned slowly to see her standing in the doorway to her office, her hands on her hips. He choked on the word *home*, unable to find the spine needed to deny her offer.

“I didn’t think so. March yourself over here right this instant.” Isaac’s legs were jelly. He could barely stand, much less walk.

“Do I have to collect you?” She demanded, relaxing her arms but rising to her full height. She wasn’t taller than him, but her presence was. Her heels clicked on the floor as she walked over to him. He felt his body cower as her presence got closer and he let out a small whimper when she stopped in front of him.

“I thought as much. You are nothing but a scared little boy who has been coddled by everyone for far too long. That ends tonight.” She grabbed his ear and pulled him to her office. He dropped his things along the way as he clawed at her arm. Her grip was unbreakable and she pulled with no remorse. In her office, she snapped her fingers and pointed to a corner of the room. “Go, and stand until I say otherwise, and I don’t want to hear a peep out of you!”

He looked at her in disbelief until she took a fistful of his hair and pushed him by the head until his nose was pressed into the corner. He whimpered again, unsure what was going on. He wanted to run, to cry, to do something, but he couldn’t move. She gave his head a shove into the corner and left him to stand there. He heard the click of her heels retreat and the creak of her sitting down at her desk.

“Of all the things you have to explain, I didn’t expect this. But I guess that I shouldn’t be surprised. Dirty boys will always be dirty boys.”

“I-”

“Shut it! I didn’t say that you could talk! But since you are in such a good mood to listen, then you can listen to this. I got a voicemail today. Can you guess from who? Someone found your dirty little secret. It turns out that your grandmother doesn’t take too kindly to this kind of filth being hidden in her house.

“So tell me, is it Pussylickers Volume 3 or Hardcore Boss Bitches that gets you off the most?”

Isaac stiffened at the names of the videos that he had kept under his bed. He had never imagined that his grandmother would find them, much less that she would tell anyone else about them. The only way she would know what they were would be if she found them, and watched them. He shuddered at the thought of his grandma watching his porn.

“And what about this, Panty Wearing Pussies Series Ten. Ten! This implies that there are at least nine others in this series! Is that what you are? A panty wearing pussy? Do you get off wearing women’s underwear? Or is that the only way you get off?”

“The point here, Isaac, is that your grandmother is most displeased with you and your sick habits. She sent me these in hopes that I can talk to you about being more discreet. And if I can’t, then she wants you to move out of her home and take your filth with you. So we need to find a way to elicit some real change from you and judging by your taste, we have a long way to go.

“Or maybe we don’t. Maybe what you really need is to have your sick little fantasies brought to life. Would you like that?”

Isaac shook his head, more terrified of being homeless than of Lori.

“Do I need to be a hardcore boss bitch for you?” He heard her stand up from her chair and the click of her heels on the floor.

“I don’t even know what a hardcore boss bitch is, but I’m sure I can find out. Let me google it real quick.”

Isaac shook his head harder, more frantic. Even a simple search would lead to a rabbit hole of women dominating men in an office setting, much like now.

“Oh. Oh! Oh my. So this is what gets you off, isn’t it?” She played a video clip, one he knew well, of a woman talking down to a sniveling man and slapping his face every time he tried to deny her questions.

“This isn’t it? This doesn’t do anything for you? What about these panty pussies? What’s that all about?” She switched to another video of a man being told to put on various articles of women’s clothing, from brassieres to corsets and a multitude of panties.

“This one isn’t so bad. Everyone plays dress-up at least once in their lives. Usually, boys grow out of it quicker than girls, but hey, I’m not here to judge. Though, I’m not sure what makes these people pussies.” She paused for a second, and Isaac tensed up. He knew what was coming and he could feel her reaction before she said anything. “I guess that would do it, then.

And it brings us along neatly to the last one.”

She was right behind him, and he could practically feel her breathing on the back of his neck.

“So it all comes down to this, huh? Turns out that your lofty goal in life is to be a panty wearing pussy licker. Personally, I’m not too fond of the term *pussy*, it’s a crass, vulgar term, normally used by filthy little boys who want to fit in with their social group. But that’s me. And we aren’t here to talk about me.

“Which leaves me to wonder what am I supposed to do about all of this? Your grandmother sounds like she is at her wit’s end and judging by what she’s discovered, I don’t exactly blame her. Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

Isaac was numb and dizzy. What Lori didn’t know, and Isaac couldn’t believe, was how aroused he was. He was rock hard and more embarrassed by this fact than other things he should be. He wasn’t prepared for her to grab his ear and spin him around.

She looked at him with amused disgust. Even with him trying to cover his groin, he only brought her attention to his situation. He flushed red with what little blood he had left in his face.

Her hand still grasping his ear, any attempt he made to turn away from her was pointless.

“Trying to hide your shame? Why? What do you have to hide? Or are you embarrassed by the confirmation of your sick desires?”

“This is exactly what I’m talking about. You don’t think about the consequences of your actions. You just do, relying on your base impulses, and with no concern for how your actions could affect others.”

She pulled him over to her desk and pulled his face towards the tablet laying on her desk.

“Look at the amount of filth you have! Look at it! Your degenerate urges and desires will leave you homeless, unemployed, and worthless. Is that what you want? Is that what you are? Just a purveyor of filth?”

“N-n-no...”

“Then what?”

“I-I don’t-”

“You don’t know? What do you know? Is this what you like? Looking at women like this? As tools for you to please yourself? Is that how you look at me? Do you think about me like this? Bossing you around or making you wear women’s underwear? And don’t even get me started on the last thing. I doubt you have any idea or experience on how to do that.” Frustrated, Lori let go of his ear and threw her hands up in frustration. “And now, because of all of this, I have to figure out how to have you on my team and in my employ. How am I supposed to trust you or anything you do when your head is filled with all of this degenerate filth. I can’t have you walking around thinking about all of your coworkers like they are portrayed in these so called films. So what am I to do? I could fire you and validate your grandmother’s view of you, or find a way to make all of this work.”

Isaac stood there, his hands on Lori’s desk, unable to think of anything beyond the lecturing. Everything had gone far too fast for him. Cornered, exposed, and humiliated, Isaac was lost. He was numb except for the pounding of his heart, which thudded so hard that he felt his body shake. He was crippled by his weakness and was hanging on Lori’s every word. His fate was in her hands and even with his world falling apart, he was wondering how he was going to face his grandmother.

“I’ve reached a decision. Since your limited, degrading view of women is so unacceptable, we are going to have to do something a bit more drastic. It’s Thursday, so for tonight, we will keep

this to ourselves. Tomorrow night, I want you to bring all of this filth to my house. Every last bit of it! It will get it out of your grandmother's house and prove to me that you want this job and to be a better man."

"Ummm. Okay?"

"You don't sound so assured, but trust me, young man, you will be. Now compose yourself and get out of my sight!"

Isaac fumbled to gather himself and his stuff before rushing out of Lori's office and to the elevator. Nothing had really happened other than the verbal humiliation and yet, as he hid away in his room later that night, he couldn't get the night's events out of his head.

He couldn't face Lori the next day. Not directly. Whenever she talked to him, he always looked down or away. He couldn't admit to his shame, couldn't admit to masturbating to the thought of Lori berating him, or how intense his release was. He kept his eyes down when around any of his female coworkers as well. He didn't know if Lori had said anything to them but he couldn't take the chance of exposing himself to them. Every time he had thought about being put into the corner like some child, he got aroused and once aroused, he blushed every time he was around a woman.

In the trunk of his car was every last bit of the filth that Lori demanded that he bring. He didn't know what was going to happen when she saw the extent of it but he knew that it was going to change the way he lived his life. He debated keeping some of it. Hiding it away better and not being so obvious about it, but change wasn't going to accept shortcuts. He needed to go through with it, no matter what.

The day passed slowly for him and he started to dread each hour that went by. Fear crept into his mind. Fear and excitement. He could think of nothing but the possibilities and hoped that she hadn't forgotten. She hadn't acknowledged anything that had happened the night before or had reminded him of what she had said. By lunch, he had started to feel rejected, that was until he returned to his desk to find a note taped to his monitor. It didn't say anything and he was wondering if someone was playing tricks on him until he turned the Post-It over to see an address written on the back and the words *Don't be late!*

Isaac Summers stood on the porch with the box in his arms. He was trembling. He had just pressed the doorbell and was nervously glancing around to make sure that no one saw him or what he had in the box. He didn't know what compelled him to do what she had said, but he was starting to get cold feet at the whole idea and just as he turned to go back to his car, the door swung open.

"Ahh, just in time. Come in!" Lori was still in her work clothes, holding a glass of wine. "Is that all of your filth?"

Isaac stumbled on his words and more on his steps, but he did manage to nod. He stepped into her house and the door shut with a resounding thud, sealing his fate.

"Bring it in here." She said, swirling her glass of wine, and leading him into the living room. "Let's see it all, then."

"All?"

"Yes. All. I want to see every little bit of your sick desires. I need you to know the extent of your depravity. So pull it all out and show it to me."

Isaac set the box down and rifled through it. He didn't know where to start or what to say about each item. He figured that he could start with the movies. At least the ones she knew about.

"Yes. Yes. The videos. We know all about those, don't we? And what is it that you hope to get out of them now? Hmm? They can't all be as good as the real thing, right?" Isaac shrugged.

"Or is it that you don't know what the real thing is, so you have nothing to compare it to?"

I guess I should let the cat out of the bag, then, shouldn't I? I know exactly what's in that box, Isaac. Your grandmother was very thorough. And more importantly, I know the bits that you don't want me to see. Like the red ones. What were they? Satin? Polyester like? What did you have to go through to get those I wonder? Did you buy them yourself, or did you order them off the internet?

"It doesn't matter. What matters is what we are going to do about all of this. I spent most of last night thinking about it and I think that I have an idea. You see, you aren't the first troubled

young person that I've had to deal with, but your case is different. Sexual deviance is a completely different beast to behavior problems.

"As I've said before, what you lack is discipline. You seem to think that you can behave a certain way and that there will be no repercussions, but you are wrong. I will not allow, or tolerate you viewing women in such a way, is that understood?"

"Is what I'm doing so wrong? It doesn't hurt anyone. I watch this stuff in the privacy of my room and I treat everyone I see with respect, so what's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong is that you have a very twisted and shallow view of women. You view these things and think that this is the normal way to look at things. At us. At me."

"I don't-"

"Furthermore, I think that your proclivity for certain behaviors is troublesome."

"What do you mean?"

"To be frank, how can you know what it's like to service a woman if you've never been with a woman? You watch these things and look at these magazines and you think you know what it would be like to have these things happen to you in real life. And in doing so, you assume that you would know how to handle yourself should it really happen and that's simply not the case."

"Says you." Isaac said indignantly.

"Yes. Says me. And I can prove it. You seem to like authoritative women bossing you around, but do you really know what it's like to be bossed around?"

"I thin-"

"Go put those panties on right now!" Lori barked. "The red one's! What are you looking at? Do you need instructions?!"

Isaac stood there, stammering. He didn't know how to react or what to do. He couldn't tell if she was serious. Her tone and delivery sounded serious, but he couldn't tell for sure.

"See what I mean?" Lori asked, sipping her wine. "I gave you a direct order, one that I'm sure you've fantasized about, and you just stood there like a deer caught in headlights."

"I didn't think you were serious."

"Did I not sound serious? Did I not say exactly what you wanted to hear? In a way that you wanted to hear it? Or do I need to call you a panty wearing bitch who's about five seconds from getting your ass beat?" Her voice grew stern at the last bit as she rose to her feet. Isaac was frozen in position as his boss walked purposefully towards him. She kicked the box over, spilling its contents. She spread it all out with her foot until she found the red panties that she was looking for.

"There they are. Pick them up like the good little bitch you are. Go on." Lori said, pointing at the undergarment on the floor. "I don't have all night."

Isaac didn't move. He couldn't move. It was all too unreal for him, but it became real all too quickly when Lori downed the last of her wine. She set her glass down with measured control before grabbing Isaac by the ear and letting loose all of her pent up frustrations.

"I don't remember giving you a choice! Your hesitation is perhaps the most irritating thing about you! So let's fix that, shall we?" She pulled him down to the floor by his ear and pointed her finger at the panties on the floor. He reached for them, his arms shaking in fear and intimidation.

"You have a lot to learn, young man. A lot to learn!" She pulled him by the ear to her bedroom.

She was lost in the moment, not thinking about anything but Isaac and the stirring in her loins. She took her time with him, making him strip naked while she berated him for being aroused. She made him slowly pull the red panties up to his waist while making him tell her how much he liked to wear women's underwear. She made him apologize for being such a sniveling little wuss and made him beg her for his punishment. She pulled him over her knee and spanked him, first with her bare hand, then with her hairbrush. She wailed on him until his skin matched the color of his panties and he was sobbing in her lap. Content that he had been thoroughly punished, she laid back on her bed, hiked up her skirt, and enjoyed the next few hours of his tongue pleasing her. She kept her fingers locked in his hair and directed him with ridicule and scorn, keeping with his desires of being humiliated by bossy older women. When she was finally seated, she tossed a pillow on the

floor and pointed him to it. She didn't give him a blanket or anything. She just rolled over and went to sleep, years of pent up sexual frustration being released in one long moment was exhausting.

That was three weeks ago.

Lorianne Gillis finished scanning the document in her hands. She read it over one last time, making sure that she had worded everything in the most professional manner. It wasn't the first time she had tendered her resignation, but this time, it was far more personal. Moving on from job to job hadn't been that big of a deal, but when she had to admit her own faults, she took it harder.

Her guilt had overwhelmed her. For the past three weeks, she had been using and abusing Isaac as her personal sex slave. He spent most of his free time at Lori's, answering her every beck and call. No matter how well he behaved or served, she always had some reason to punish him and he loved it. He would do things wrong on purpose, either at her house or work in order to get a response out of her. He loved it, every degrading and humiliating aspect of it. She would watch the porn he had for ideas and feed into his fantasies, using them for future punishments.

Her conscience caught up to her though, as it was becoming more and more obvious to their coworkers that there was some form of relationship going on. She knew that it had to end and that she needed to take responsibility. It was her fault, after all, and she had to bear the consequences, hence the letter of resignation.

The office was empty. It was late on a Thursday night. She had sent an email to Moira requesting a meeting. She felt that it would be best to state her case before turning in her resignation. She left her office and headed for the elevator. The way to Moira's office was automatic in her mind.

Before she knew it, she was knocking on the inner door to Moira's office, paper in hand.

"Come in." Moira's voice sounded through the elegant wood.

Lori entered the office and promptly sat down in one of the available chairs. Moira was typing away at her keyboard. When she was finished, she turned away from the screen to address Lori.

"Good evening Lori, how are we doing today?"

"I...I'm..uh...good. I guess."

"Oh? You don't sound that convinced."

"I am...it's just that there have been some recent developments that I need to notify you about."

"Recent developments?"

Lori handed the paper to Moira, who took her time to read it. Lori had worded it well, covering the pertinent information without overexplaining the situation. Moira was stone faced as she read, her years of managing people had taught her to be hard and unemotional. She neared the end of the paper and set it down on her desk.

"This is certainly some form of development."

"I do have to apologize for my indiscretions."

"I'm afraid that won't be necessary."

Lori was taken aback, completely caught off guard. "I beg your pardon."

"This paper, while well worded, is pointless. I do not accept your resignation."

"But I violated who knows how many rules and regulations."

"According to who?"

"I'm sorry. Isn't there a rule about fraternization among employees?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"I'm afraid that you have me at a disadvantage here. I'm trying to resign from my position due to grossly abhorrent behavior."

"And as I've stated before, I don't accept."

"Why?"

"Because I knew that this would happen. Well, not this exactly, but something like this. That was the point of the tour so long ago. I needed you to find a way to break the ice, so to speak. To awaken yourself, so that you can finally begin to heal."

"I'm sorry, but I don't understand."

“It’s simple really. Ever since we met, I’ve been watching your progress, as I’ve been watching your daughter’s. You both have needed a way to express yourself and you, specifically, needed to see the other side of your mother/ daughter dynamic.

“While you have come to me, shoulders weighted with guilt, you have mirrored the journey that your daughter went on. She had something that you deemed perverse and unacceptable. She brought it to you for you to understand and help her through her journey, but you couldn’t accept what she had become, or what she needed, and so you turned your back on her. Likewise, you have come to me, bathed in your guilt, but instead of wanting acceptance from me, you expect rejection, and here is where the cycle of blame and abandonment needs to stop.

“I accept that you have found the means of unlocking your inhibitions and finding a new calling. Emasculating young Isaac for your own sexual pleasure has given you an outlet for all of your pent up sexual rage.

“So look upon yourself, Lori, and see what you have become. The world is a much larger place than you knew, and the road to self-discovery is fraught with inner turmoil. Would you want your daughter to turn away from you, knowing what you’ve done? Would you prefer her nose be turned up at the thought of your happiness? Will you be able to sleep at night with that level of disapproval? Can you accept that the way things were simply won’t work for you anymore?”

Moirra handed Lori back her resignation.

“Take the weekend to think about it. Reflect on things. Acceptance leads to

Redemption. Accept who you were, who you have become, and who you shall be. Only then can you find the peace you have been searching for and only then, can you truly repair your relationship with Kylie.”