

MAKING TAFFY

DEE DEE PERRI



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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MAKING TAFFY

By Dee Dee Perri

Matter, No Matter and Magic

“Dark matter? Yeah? Heard of it. Fill me in - give me background!” growled the editor. “Five columns in the next edition is hard to justify, um Jeff m’boy?”

“Sir?” The young reporter pulled at his shirt collar in distress as he met the gaze of the rumped old man. *The Old Man* he reminded himself. The owner and Editor-In-Chief of the small LA Daily News was obviously *not* aware of the excitement that was currently sweeping the scientific community. He gulped and tugged again at his collar. Tone of voice he told himself. He had to be careful not to lecture the Old Man and yet... “About fifteen years ago scientists calculated the total mass of the universe.” The old man shrugged as if to say ‘so?’. Encouraged the reporter continued. “The total visible matter in the universe was well short of the amount required. That’s when they- the scientists -developed the concept of ‘dark matter’... matter that was invisible.”

“Invisible? You don’t say.” The Old Man tugged at his chin thoughtfully before nodding to the young man to continue.

“Yes sir. Non-interactive with light. And there had to be an awful lot of this stuff too sir. Thirty percent of the entire universal mass is... Invisible.”

“And now they found some. Is that the point my boy?”

“Er... well... more than ‘some’ sir. The national observatory at Kitts Peak in Arizona discovered that the whole solar system is currently moving through a vast glob of this ‘stuff’. It’s huge sir. Current estimates range between two and ten thousand years before we exit this ah- cloud -of ah- invisible matter...”

“Hum. If it’s invisible how do they know...”

“Thermal, sir. Elevation about one ten thousandth of a degree Kelvin relative to the thermal index of normal space.”

“Okay, son, you have my interest. But why should our readers care, hmm? Invisible cloud and all. Unless there is something more, ah- dangerous perhaps...” He looked at the young man. The reporter shrugged. “Well then! Rework this to... hmm - one col-

umn and not a line more. Understand?" The Editor rolled his eyes as the young man fled the office as he thought *five columns - indeed!*

~oOo~

The Editor-In-Chief of the LA Daily News may have dismissed the discovery that the *world* was on a collision course with a cloud of 'dark matter' but the reporters that worked the Washington D.C. beat did not take the discovery so lightly. Dr. Prelamb Smark, the President's science advisor had been forced into a press conference in response to the almost continuous stream of queries that had flooded the White House ever since the Kitts Peak report had been made public earlier in the morning. The reporters, like a school of sharks anticipating a feeding frenzy, circled him with probing questions. Some questions were down right hostile, like how had they failed to detect this 'cloud' if it was so large? All had grabbed on to the Kitts Peak initial estimate of a trillion mile radius. The science advisor had simply shrugged. No precise numerical estimate of how long they'd be in this 'cloud' was available either, but the velocity of the solar system relative to this cloud, 25,000 mile per hour, passing though a cloud measured in trillions of miles... centuries at least. It was a fact that was better left unsaid. He shrugged again. "It is, after all..." He paused to smile, "invisible."

But more important to the science advisor and his boss, an underlying tone of panic was evident in the voices of some of the reporters present. Thank God the conference hadn't been televised! A reporter from the New York Times, raised his hand and was recognized. "Yes? Simon."

"Doctor Smark," the bald Times reporter nodded his head before asking his question. As was typical of his breed, the question contained a rather lengthy pre-amble. "Dark matter has been described as the very material from which the universe was initially formed. Ah- 'pre-matter' I think the boys at MIT have called it. Left-over 'stuff' from the 'big bang'." Before the science advisor could respond, the bald man hurried on. "It's really neither matter nor energy but rather a... potential, yes?"

"Your question, if you please Mr. Simon?" Dr. Smark said with just a trace of irritation in his voice.

"Exactly how *dangerous* is this 'stuff', Dr. Smark? Could the sun go nova? Will it poison the air we breath..." His voice was drowned out by the hum of voices that rose up from the crowd behind him.

It was obvious that he'd expressed the very concerns that they'd all felt, the very concerns the President Carter was trying to alleviate but the fact was... there were no facts... yet. The science advisor's face grew properly concerned yet thoughtful. "Our best estimate is that our world surely has encountered similar 'clouds' in the past, Mr. Simon, after all there's... a lot of it out there - 'dark matter' constitutes nearly one-third of the total mass of the universe." He paused as the crowd quieted down. "There is no evidence of any change in the behavior of the sun." He shrugged, "And we anticipate very little of this 'star stuff' entering our atmosphere."

"Very little?" Growled the reporter. "More than a thousand tons per day is the estimate I saw..."

Over the abruptly re-stimulated murmurs Dr. Smark replied, “A trivial mass Mr. Simon on a planetary scale. And the majority of that mass will probably remain trapped in the upper reaches of our atmosphere for decades, hum? Not a real source for immediate concern. Any more questions?” A dozen hands went up.

~oOo~

The popular press had been flooded with manuscripts on the ‘dark matter’ cloud through which the earth and the solar system was ‘assumed’ to be plowing. Some were highly technical tomes but the majority were driven by flights of fancy- some dark and some bright. Within days of the Kitts Peak report, no less than three manuscripts and been published and distributed and all had made money. But in the last six months... the assistant to the assistant editor of Wayward Press groaned as he removed the wrapper from the last manuscript in the morning mail. Another ‘Dark Matter’ piece! “Hum?” He muttered thoughtfully. Well the title was better than some he’d seen: “Matter, No Matter, and Magic!” He leaned back in his chair, threw his feet up on the desktop and opened the manuscript.

After a few moments, he grinned. This had to have been written tongue-in-cheek! The author, one Priestly Lyon, Ph.D. in Pre-History at Redlands University. The assistant to the assistant editor giggled as he flipped to the next page, “How droll. Gods?”

~oOo~

“Dad? What do you know about dark matter?” Todd, a fairly typical but bright eighteen year old, ran a hand through his thick short brown hair and looked at his father. His intelligent brown eyes glittered with curiosity.

Norm Taft scratched at his salt and pepper beard for a moment, “Well... It’s real enough I guess.” Now he pawed at his nearly bald dome which was what he always did when ‘talking’ science. “When I was a kid there had been quite a lot of interest in dark matter. Yep. Guess it caused a real scare too, a lot of people worried that the sun would go nova and such. Why’d you ask?” He scratched at his middle aged spread thoughtfully.

Todd held up a much abused hardback book, “I bought this at a used book store. Kind’a neat! You got’ a like a book that starts off ‘There be MAGIC!’” His wide grin brightened an otherwise nondescript face. And, “Magic’s a noun not a verb! Cool huh?”

Todd’s dad grimaced as he snatched the book from his son’s hand, “Let me see. Hmm. Yep! This book was published in ‘79 just about the height of that silly scare Son.” He read the title out loud, “**Matter, No Matter and Magic.**” And then handed the book back to Todd, “Pseudo-science goop I’m afraid. Oh the dark matter’s real enough, invisible and almost without mass but real. And as far as *we...* (*when it came to Science, Norm always used the word ‘we’ not that he’d personally ever discovered anything but as a high school science teacher, well ‘we’ included him in that august community called SCIENCE*) have been able to discern dark matter is inert and totally harmless. Seriously Son, books like that are trash for the brain.”

His son didn't look convinced. "Dr. Lyon, that's the author, said that in the old days the gods were real... well not really gods but people like you and me who had this ability to..."

His dad rolled his eyes, "Oh it's the old '*neither matter nor energy but potential*' line. The fact is, the only potential *we* have discovered is that dark matter takes up space like some of the jocks in my classes, hmm. *Potential!*" He spate out the last word like it was a water melon seed. "How's your history paper going?"

"Ah- -er." Todd quickly put the book down, "I was just starting to work on it, Dad."

~oOo~

"Jim it gets into everything. Our food, water and... it accumulates in our bodies see."

"This -er dark matter," responded Todd's skinny pal who nodded slowly. In most matters, Jim was more of a follower than a leader and this *science* stuff was certainly more Todd's thing than his. Considering that Todd's old man was a science teacher, well that made sense. Anyhow he pretended to be kind'a interested.

"Yeah. This 'potential' as Dr. Lyon calls it."

"Dr. Lyon?"

"The guy that wrote the book."

Jim scrunched up his face, "My dad says one shouldn't believe everything you read." The fact was, Jim didn't read much anyway unless you included the stuff he had to read for school and he had a hardy distrust of books and such. If it wasn't on TV why bother? But he encouraged his pal with a smile.

Todd shrugged. "Anyhow, in the old days, when there was still lots of 'magic' around..."

"Dark matter -er magic?" Now Jim was a lot more interested. *Magic!*

"Yeah. Those who had the talent to use it became like *gods*."

"Gods? Cool!"

"Yep. All those old myths were based on what Dr. Lyon called real events that got distorted over the centuries do to errors in the retelling, -ah oral embellishments. Anyhow Dr. Lyon's believes that a guy called Thor could actually throw some kind of bolt of energy..."

"COOL! -Ah how's this guy Lyon know that Todd? I mean, well there probably weren't any books way back then and..."

Todd shrugged. He didn't know. "That's not the point. Each of the gods had a talent or maybe several but they couldn't do just anything, understand? It wasn't like later day wizards..."

"Wizards?"

"Oh yeah. After a few tens of thousands of years, some people got really good at using their talent."

“Oh. Like Merlin?”

“Yep. He was one of the last.”

“Last? How come?”

“They used up all the magic. Dr. Lyon said, like water in the desert, eventually there wasn’t enough to be useful. Too long since the last cloud of dark matter had hit the earth. Anyhow, it *raining* magic now see. Dr. Lyon doesn’t think we’ll see people like Merlin in the near future, it takes time to re-learn what was lost but... gods, they’ll appear.”

“Really?”

“Yep. Soon some of the ‘wild talent’ will start showing up.”

“When there is enough magic in everything?”

“You got it Jim. And I aim to be one of ‘em.”

Jim laughed, “Right! How?”

Todd shrugged, “I’ll find a way.”

~oOo~

“Way cool! Ah- what is it?”

“A still. See the water flows in here, gets heated and comes off as steam. Then it goes up, around and around through these coils until it cools enough and condenses back into its liquid form. Here.” He pointed. “The water collects in this little chamber and then flows out, into the yard.”

“Yeah?” Said Jim. “So?”

“Well, “ Said Todd with pride, “you see the tube running above the collection chamber? Anyhow, the dark matter has to cool even more than the water before it returns to its fluid form and... way up here,” he pointed to a second reservoir, “this is where I collect the ‘magic’.”

“There’s nothing in it that thingy?”

“Nothing you can see.” Grinned Todd.

“Gosh!”

“Right I got almost a half cup of *it*.” Todd scratched his head, “It takes about one hundred and fifty gallons of tap water to get oh- maybe a teaspoon of dark matter.”

“Gee.”

“Yeah. I figure that’s why nobody has been able, you know, to use *it* yet- not enough. Anyhow, If I distill say a couple of gallons...”

“How long will that take?”

“About a month.”

“And then...?”

“That’s the hard part Jim. Is it important that the magic be inside me or just close by? I figure if it’s like charging a battery, then I need to drink it but...”

“That could be dangerous Todd.”

“Yeah. That’s why I decided to drink just a wee bit now, just to be safe.”

“Huh?”

“Yep. I wanted you to be here just in case I needed help.”

“I don’t know,” mumbled Jim. “Maybe you should think about it some more first. Todd? TODD!”

~oOo~

“Todd? We’re going to get into a lot of trouble if any body catches us here.” Jim stood, hands in his pockets, and watched.

Todd just grunted as he pulled the pipe wrench, tightening the nut. “Who’s to catch us, huh? It’s Sunday for Pete’s sake. There!” He ran his eyes along the length of pipe up to the reservoir- his reservoir that was hidden behind the school furnace. It would hold fifty gallons of ‘magic’. A second line would carry the excess, if there was any, safely away. Exactly where the pipe led, Todd wasn’t sure but it obviously carried water. “It’s a matter of scale Jim. This steam heating system is going to be a thousand times more productive than my still ever could be- besides my Dad just saw the water bill.”

“Oh.” Jim could relate to that. Man if his old man caught him running up the water bill...

“Right! Anyhow with Dad’s building key, we can come in here every weekend and collect- gallons of the stuff and nobody will be the wiser.”

“Haven’t given up yet, huh?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Com’on. You must ‘a drunk a quart of that stuff by now Todd. Maybe you should accept the fact that -ah you’re not one of the -ah *gods*?”

“What? Maybe you think you are?”

Jim shrugged, “What’s it taste like anyway?”

“Nothing. Like nothing at all. Like drinking cotton candy, you know, get a mouthful and then it’s gone.” Todd looked at his friend, “You want to try some?”

“Well...” He looked at Todd. His pal had been drinking it for what, two weeks and nothing- good or bad had happened, “Ah- -er maybe.”

“When my new system’s on line, OK? Sure hope it gets cold soon.”

“For Pete’s sake! How was I supposed to know that the janitors would start locking up the furnace room!” Grumbled Todd. Dad’s building key hadn’t worked on the heavy door. Jim looked downcast when he realized that he’d never get to try the ‘magic’. Todd tugged at the door one more time. “So close and yet so far.”

“What are we going to do?” Whined Jim.

“Nothing I guess. I used up all the ‘stuff’ I made at home.” He frowned, “And nothing. Maybe that book was full-of-it like my Dad said.”

“Maybe.” Jim mumbled as he shoved his hands into his pockets and let his shoulders droop. “You going to just give up, huh?”

Now it was Todd’s turn to shrug, “Danged if I know what to do next.” Todd turned and began walking, “Let’s blow this joint!”

Jim gave one last look at the locked door and then followed. “You going to the Halloween party the week after next?” Now *girls* were another topic entirely, not like this science stuff.

“Hadn’t given it much thought. You?”

“Yeah. I was planning to go as a wizard. You know: gown and pointy hat- the works. ‘course I thought maybe I’d be a *real* wizard by then you know. Wouldn’t that have been a boner?”

“Whatever!” growled Todd. “Whatever.”

Neither young man was aware that the overflow line from the reservoir was about to begin to feed almost pure dark matter into the water supply that served the school showers, drinking fountains and cafeteria. By Monday morning the concentration of magic would exceed two percent, more than a thousand times ‘normal’.

Lacy Kimble’s Boobs and Anglia Hicks’ Tush

Leo Marker had thought about- no- to be precisely correct he’d *dreamed* about the Senior Halloween party for months now. In his wildest fantasies he imagined wearing a full length gown, high heels and long, lush blond hair. And in those dreams he could imagine having a *real* female body underneath all that delightful feminine finery... but, alas it would only be an illusion. He had a good body- for a guy: neither too skinny nor too fat. And his muscle development, adequate for a guy his age. But hardly a body that one could make look feminine easily. But just thinking about those soft imaginary woman curves gave him a woody. He looked around the study hall.

Two rows to the right sat Lacy Kimble. What he wouldn’t give to look like *her*. He pulled his eyes away before she caught his stare. The image of those ‘real’ breasts pushed up and together forming a pair of white half sphere’s that strained the top of her v-cut blouse. Such a waste! There was no way she could appreciate the body she had the way he could. Leo looked down at his physics book but the words were only a blur as he crossed his legs, putting pressure on his prick and enjoying the fantasy for a brief moment.

Like all day dreams, reality was another thing entirely. For starters, there was no way he could act out his fantasies. None of his buds would understand. And the jocks and class bullies would really, really give him a hard time if he came dressed like that

to the party. No, he thought as his hard on began to flag, he'd go as something entirely... boring. Something appropriately *male*. Life was just not fair! *IF ONLY...*

Todd was sitting to the left and one row behind Leo Marker and, like Leo, Todd's mind wasn't concentrated on the math problems that he should be working on. Leo's head movement caught Todd's wandering attention and in an instant Todd was also looking in the same direction. Lacy Kimble! Lot's of luck pal! Noted Todd grimly to himself. Some gals were just for sexy day dreams, at least for guys like Leo and himself. "Oh sweet Jesus!" Todd muttered under his breath as she turned slightly to the side giving him and Leo a profile view of her thrusting cones that rose and fell with each breath. It was Todd's turn to grow a woody.

*IF ONLY...*The hidden talent, the wild, innate ability to utilize the potential of dark matter... 'magic' flared. Leo, driven by the intense, frustrated desires of the boy-who-would-be-a-woman if life had only been fair focused his desires. There was enough dark matter-magic to trigger the potential. The image flashed out at the speed of sound, resonating with all the accumulated dark matter in the immediate space and turning them into... *BREASTS JUST LIKE LACY KIMBLE'S!*

The existing quantity of 'dark matter' in most of the students and faculty was simply insufficient to cause any emergence of breasts. Ironically, Leo was unaffected. The effects on most in that hall would generally go unnoticed. No so for... TODD!

The concentration of dark matter inside Todd far exceeded the minimum needed to create the change commanded. Indeed there was more than enough to have completely transformed Todd into an exact likeness of Lacy except... no such command had been given. The twin fleshy cones erupted and then thrust futilely against the heavy cotton plaid shirt Todd was wearing, squishing them into repressed mounds. The sudden weight, the almost painful compression drew Todd's attention to his transformed chest. "Ah-EEEE!" He screamed.

~oOo~

"Mrs. Taft, I... I just wanted to know how Todd was doing." He stood there looking awkward.

Todd's mother stood blocking the doorway; a forced smile was painted across her face. "You know what happened, Jim?"

"Uh-huh. Well... not really Mrs. Taft but yeah I was there when it happened and..."

"He's afraid to have people see him... like that," Mrs. Taft wrung her hands and then looked hopefully at Jim. "Maybe he'll let you come up. He can't stay in his room forever." She turned and walked to the foot of the stairs. Jim followed.

"TODD! TODD, JIMS HERE!" she yelled. "CAN HE COME UP?" They waited but there was no reply. "Sorry Jim." She nodded sadly as she turned away from the steps. "He's been hiding in his room ever since we came back from the hospital yesterday. It's not... healthy."

"Uh-huh," mumbled Jim. "Does he know that... he's not the only one?"

That startled Mrs. Taft, "Really?"

Jim nodded his head glumly, “Me too.”

Todd’s mother glanced down at Jim’s chest but saw nothing unusual. “Not like Todd’s -er condition.”

Jim blushed, “Yeah... just not so much Mrs. Taft.”

“I heard that!” Called out Todd. He emerged from his room, bundled in a blanket with his chest carefully hidden under the thick material, and looked down. “You’re not just saying that Jim?”

Jim shook his head no.

“Can I see?” Asked Todd who had already taken a few tentative steps down the stairs.

Jim blushed mightily and then gave Mrs. Taft a pleading look.

Mrs. Taft took the hint, eyes flicking down at Jim’s chest and then back to Todd face. “I got things to do in the kitchen.” She said quietly and then hurried away.

Todd took a couple of more steps down the stairs. “Show me.”

Jim looked like a fly caught in honey. He twisted and turned but his feet remained in place. Finally he said, “Here?”

Todd nodded for him to follow as he turned and headed back to his bedroom. He pushed the door shut after Jim entered. “OK, you first.”

Jim fumbled with his buttons and then yanked off his shirt. Underneath, wrapped tightly around his chest was a broad band of elastic material *and* a perceptible mass underneath. “You’re not going to laugh are you?” Whined Jim.

“I’m hardly in a position to...” Todd let the blanket drop to the floor. Underneath his night shirt thrusts hefty boobs, of that there could be no doubt.

“Okay.” Jim unhooked the bandage and began to unwind it. As he did so, the hint of mass became breasts... small, immature but definitely breasts. As the last of the bandage fell away, breasts the size of crab apples emerged. Each was covered by a brown cone, little dunce caps, that dominated the tiny globes.

“There!” Jim said. “So, you’re not exactly alone.”

“At least you can hide yours,” Todd replied as he pulled his night shirt off over his head. Twin volcano peaks emerged, each blunted by two inch wide, tan nipples. “Mom says I’ll need a B-cup at least.”

“Geez - a bra?” Swore Jim as he looked at the twin mounds and then back at his own tiny knots. “Are they... heavy?”

“Let’s put it this way,” he said as his hands cupped and then held the pair. “Ah ...yes! Every time I move, they bounce around so much... I mean, well, there just *there* constantly. I...” He looked embarrassed, “I think Mom’s right, I need to wear a... bra. But... I can’t go to school looking like this.”

Jim poked his own tiny boobs. “Yeah, I guess I’m lucky. I can hide mine and... well I hardly ever feel them except,” He ran his finger across a nipple, “these are so... sensi-

tive you know.” He finally pulled his hand away from the nipple. It knotted into a wrinkled point. “There is another guy affected Todd.”

“Really?” Todd sat down on the bed. “As bad as me?”

“Remember Bill... the custodian?”

“Yeah.”

“Maybe bigger than you.”

“Bill?” He looked thoughtful for a few moments. Was he by any chance in the furnace room when this happened?”

“Huh? You’re not suggesting...”

“Sure, why not? Somebody in that school must be a ‘wild talent’! Follow me so far?”

“Yeah.”

“I figure maybe one of the girls, you know, someone kind’a flat. Maybe she wished for bigger boobs and...”

“Why a girl?”

Todd shrugged causing his breasts to bounce wildly, “It figures. I mean why would a guy...”

“Yeah. Makes sense. What are we going to do?”

“Find the talent and... fix things up.”

“How?”

“Find a girl that recently got, you know, bigger tits...”

“Ah. OK! It’s a start I guess.” Jim didn’t look at all convinced however.

~oOo~

“Gynecomastia?” Leo chewed over the word thoughtfully. He’d not heard of *that* before this afternoon. It was almost too good to be true, except... why that twerp Todd? He’d never forget seeing those breasts trapped inside that plaid shirt and that look of horror on Todd’s face. But then there were rumors, like Todd wasn’t the only guy who would be excused from gym in the future! One thing was certain, if there was something in the air at school that caused this gynecomastia stuff, Leo wanted some... a whole lot really. Gosh if he had breasts the size of Todd’s, he’d have to be allowed to wear girl’s clothes- right?

He wasn’t waiting for school to start in the morning to check things out for himself. Security was and always had been a joke. One could climb over the chin link fence or squeeze through one of several breaks in the fence and the latches on the windows in the boys shower room were easily popped. But when he got there, he found the side gate was unlocked and ditto the rear door on to the main hall. In fact, Leo drew up close to the door and peeked inside. Todd and another kid?? Jimmy... were heading toward the stairs leading down into the basement. Leo waited for them to disappear before he entered. He caught a glimpse of Todd’s silhouette and gulped. He was wearing a

bra and the *breasts*... sweet cones just like Lacy Kimble's! *Why not me!* he thought in despair.

Breathless he clung to the door frame for a few seconds before slipping quietly down the corridor toward the study hall where it had all happened. He hadn't gone more than a few feet when the urge to actually see this phenomenon, this transformed male, *those breasts that by rights should have been his breasts*... He turned and glided quickly down the stair well. He froze when he heard the heavy metal door leading into the furnace room open. A voice floated down the hallway: "Hot damn!" Yelled Todd, "it's unlocked! Com'on Jim." After a few seconds he called out. "I'll be danged! Would you believe, it's filled."

Leo drew nearer and nearer until he stood in the open door way: "Hey? What are you guy's doing?"

Todd's face grew pale. He hadn't planned on *anyone* being here, let alone one of his classmates who would see him like... this. Good old Jim stepped between him and Leo. "Nothing." Todd said, sheltered by his friend's body.

"Can I see?"

"See what?" Todd growled.

"Oh, you know," Leo said as he stood on his tip-toes to get a better look.

That made Todd mad, "It's not a freak show and I'm not on stage."

Leo wrinkled his face in frustration, "Come on, it can't be that bad." When Todd didn't relent and Jim continued to shield his friend from view, Leo shifted his attack: "So why are you here, huh? The furnace room?"

"None of you're danged business."

"Yeah? Maybe I should tell the principal huh?" Leo backed away just a step to be safe.

Todd looked at Jim and Jim returned the questioning look. Todd pushed past Jim. "There! Enough?" In spite of himself he blushed as Leo's gaze locked on to his 'tits'.

"Whew!" gasped Leo.

"Great! Now when you're done gawking, beat it!"

"Geez! What does it feel like?"

Todd just rolled his eyes as he crossed his arms. The movement covered and squeeze his breasts together. Jim advanced in a threatening manner toward Leo.

"Hey!" Leo backed clear into the hallway. "I'm going, OK?" As he turned, prepared to flee he called out: "You lovers probably just want to be alone." He laughed and ran away.

Jim moved as if to charge after Leo. Todd grabbed his arm, "Leave him be, we got more important stuff to do."

"Damn... double damn! LOVERS!" Jim grumbled, "He was saying..."