

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..."

“Jim.” Todd let go of Jim’s arm. “This is just the start of it you know unless we find a way to fix things. Jesus with these boomers... Com’on. Lets get a jar from the chem. lab and something to scoop up the ‘magic’.”

~oOo~

Leo entered the darkened study hall, stopping at his desk and then moving to the seat where Todd had been setting that day. A miracle had happened here. He sat down and waited for something to happen to him, but of course it didn’t. He’d read up on it. Gynecomastia didn’t happen over night or even in a few months, it took years to develop and yet... today *breasts* had bloomed on Todd Taft’s chest in... seconds? Yes that was a miracle and it was surely wasted on Todd! That guy had acted like those were tumors that had grown there! *Life was so... unfair.*

Leo eased back. Breasts... hmmm, he remembered Anglia Hicks’ white, almost spray on, latex shorts she wore last summer. Of course it wasn’t the shorts or the teeny-tiny spike heels she’d had on... no! It was the fully round curves of her womanly hips and the heart shaped rear that hung sweetly above long, oh-so-long, round, smooth thighs: legs Leo would kill to have for himself. And then those lush legs ended in those sweet little feet attached to slender ankles. *IF ONLY...*

At that same moment, some sixteen feet below and less than thirty feet as a straight line from Leo to Todd: “Hold still!” ordered Todd as he carefully lifted a scoop of ‘nothing’ out of the reservoir and held it poised over the two liter beaker he’d borrowed from the chem. Lab. At that precise moment, the projected instructions from Leo slammed into and overwhelmed Todd. As his hips and legs reformed, as his pants transformed into a pair of very tight white shorts and his walking shoes into impossibly tiny high heels, the dipper flipped out of his hands covering Jim in a wet... *nothing.* As Todd pitched back and fell on his newly rounded posterior, Jim stumbled back and then...

Jim squealed as he wobbled on his new tiny white heels. “Oh my God!” he groaned as he looked down at slender and very naked girlish legs that emerged from the skin tight shorts. “Look at what you done NOW!”

“ME?” Todd looked at himself and then at Jim. The shorts, the legs, even the tiny feet in those tiny shoes- identical. “Oh this just get worse and worse.” He whimpered.

“Yeah YOU!” Jim cried. He was really upset now. “You and this... damn... *stuff!* I’m out of here!” He stumbled away, awkwardly on his heels, grabbing the door frame as he passed. “No more, you understand Todd! I... I NEVER want to see you again!”

Todd just sat there, his full rounded rump soaking wet with the magic that was on the floor. Dazed he listened to the sounds of his friend in retreat: the click of heels on the hard tile, the random stumbles and the quick curses that followed. There had been *just him and Jim here and yet this had happened!* Perhaps he *was* responsible. Perhaps he was a- god.

“Hmm,” he said as his hands slid down smooth, hairless thighs. If this is a ‘wild talent’ like the book said, well, he could do without it!

He slowly pulled himself up to his feet after removing those ridiculous shoes. “Gads!” He exclaimed involuntarily as he studies *those* feet. They were so... tiny. His hands felt around his waist, then hips and then butt. It was all so- different. Why would I do this to myself? He mused as he pulled the furnace door shut. There was a ‘fleshy’ wobbliness, a feminine swish to his stride. “Gosh, and Dad was only getting used to those breasts. Go figure!”

~oOo~

Todd managed to sneak into the house without being seen. It wasn’t until he was in his own bathroom that he saw just how substantial the changes in his body really were. His height hadn’t changed one inch but that was a small consolation. The whole dynamics of his body had been reworked. There was more of ‘him’ from the waist down then there was from the waist up or to put it bluntly, he was all legs. And even if one took into account the weight of his breasts, the distribution of mass had certainly shifted lower. There was simply no way that ass would ever fit into any of his pants even if those hips weren’t there.

He finally pulled down those skin tight shorts. He was there, old dick and the boys. The forest of hair had been reduced to a small island, a triangle between his legs. He then pulled off his shirt and removed his bra and stared at the reflection. Only little patches of maleness remained. This last transformation had just about done him in. “Matter, No Matter and Magic! I wish I’d never read that... book!” Just then the phone in his bedroom chimed. “Oh bother!”

“Yes! Oh Jim. Uh-huh, yep, same here.” He listened for a while and then, “Yeah. I’m sorry too.” Poor Jim was frantic. It wasn’t like those little tits he’d had, these last changes weren’t going to be so easily hidden. No sir, they were really fucked this time! Anyhow, they were friends again. Todd put on his terry cloth robe. There was no sense putting this off, he had to tell his Mom and Dad *everything* or at least what he knew of everything.

~oOo~

Todd’s Dad didn’t take his latest transformation any better than he’d take those... *udders* as he called them. He continued to try and fit what was happening into something *scientific*. “Some kind of massive hormonal imbalance.” He’d said. “We’ll get you a appointment at the HMO tomorrow.”

Thank god Todd’s mother was a lot more practical. She took one look at his modified body and realized, he’d need new clothes, no matter what the doctors found. She looked at her watch and concluded, “We got time to go to the mall.”

“Huh?” Todd yelped. “In a bathrobe?”

“Come,” she said.

And when he discovered what she was going to do, “Mom! I... I can’t wear that!”

“Well it will only be for an hour or so, honey.”

Todd gulped as she handed him a skirt and some under clothes. “What are we going to get?”

“Clothes that fit.”

“Pants?”

“Why not. But cut for your figure.”

“Figure...” he breathed. There was a lot he didn’t like about that term at that moment. Figure indeed. Something with plenty of room in the hips and bottom. “Girl clothes.”

“Women’s clothing, Dear, women’s.”

~oOo~

Todd was in enemy territory, or at least he’d fallen off the known *male* map. The confused looks of the saleswomen suggested that they knew that an interloper was present, no doubt from his features and hair and yet, there were all too many signs that he or rather ‘she’ belonged. “We go bottom up, Dear.” His mother said as she led him to the shoe department. Her eyebrows elevated when the clerk measured Todd’s feet. “Oh my.” She gasped. She looked at him strangely. “Hormones don’t do this to feet.” She said sagely. She’d listened as Todd had tried to explain about the dark matter, the magic, Todd had called it. “I’m afraid your father is wrong dear.”

Todd blinked in surprise. His Mom, she understood- she *believed* him! “Thank you.” He murmured, “I... needed that.”

“Yes, well your feet have gone from a size nine, male, to a size four, female Todd... that’s not possible without...”

“Magic.”

“Yes. Hmm. We’ll take these low heels and ah-”

“Mom! I... I can’t wear those!”

“You might as well get used to the facts of life honey.” She looked at her watch as she grabbed up a pair of sports shoes as well. “Go to the lingerie department while I pay for these, sweetheart.”

“MOM!” Todd yelped and then, shoulders slumped, headed in the direction she’d pointed. Bras, slips, nylons and... more, so much more.

By the time they finished, Todd had three complete outfits including... a dress. Why exactly Todd couldn’t imagine any more than he could fathom why his mother had bought him a pair of low heels, makeup and a handbag to go with the dress. Todd had the nervous feeling that perhaps his Mom was almost enjoying herself. Like he was the little girl she’d never had. “Oh bother!” He grumbled as she made him go to the dressing room to actually try on these garments.

Going to a Party in Drag

Of course he didn't stay home. His dad made sure of that. And he certainly didn't wear a dress or makeup. He tried as best as he could to hide the various changes in his person. He used a tight strap around his chest, like Jim had done, but with far less success. Even with his Dad's oversized, heavy sweatshirt the presence of that bulk was still all too evident. And worst, if he moved quickly, the boobs still *wobbled!* The jeans were another matter entirely. By their cut and relative tightness, they emphasized rather than hid the underlying form -er *figure!* But oddly it was the over all construction of his frame, the wider hips, the lower center of gravity and those cursed *feet* that gave his movements a feminine *swish* with every stride. Indeed it even bothered his Dad. "Son? Try walking a little more... -er manly."

Oh Todd hadn't needed to hear that! Not as they were approaching the rear entry way into the school. Walk manly? What exactly did that mean? His legs swung from hips slanted out further than they had been, the extra mass in his bottom and the dainty feet... he skittered to a halt. "Dad? I can't do this."

"You're not staying home today Todd."

"But... they'll kill me."

"Who Todd? This is a -er medical condition, the other kids will understand."

Todd shook his head 'no'. Was his Dad that out of it? Had he any idea how *they* would treat him? Oh sure most of them would treat him like a leper. They'd stare and talk behind his back, especially the girls. But the guys... "What if I have to go to the bathroom Dad?"

His Dad paused and thought about it, "I see your point. -Ah -er, you can use the faculty men's room."

Great! Todd thought as his Dad left him standing in the long hallway. A pariah! A thing unclean.

"Todd?"

"Huh?" He turned around, startled. "You again."

Leo was still looking at Todd's tush and legs as Todd returned his gaze. He was obviously fascinated. "Gosh!"

"What's that supposed to mean," Todd growled as he walked away rapidly toward his home room. In his haste to get away, the natural inclinations of his stride screamed *female!*

Leo stood open mouthed as he watched the sweet swing of those hips. Envy and perhaps, a little lust? There was more there than 'just' breasts, that was for sure. Leo tasted the incipient lust. Todd was going to find himself very, very alone here at school. He's going to *need* a friend. It wouldn't be like with Lacy, Todd wouldn't reject him. Not now anyway. The idea of a romantic affair with a *guy* was a novel thought, one that Leo would have to think about.

He could almost feel his hands on those curves and... The idea hammered in his head: *here was someone with whom he could share his passion for women's clothes!* The idea made his legs go weak. He'd always been so alone. His thickening cock confirmed that he was on the right track. He'd woo and seduce Todd. They'd become more than just friends. Lovers, twin spirits... Leo glided an inch above the floor as he headed to his home room. He was in love or at least, in lust.

~oOo~

Todd and Jim were sitting alone at a big table in the cafeteria. All the other tables were filled except this one. "Now I know what cooties feel like." Grumbled Jim as he sat hunched over his plate of beans and franks. He squirmed on the bench, "My ass is going to be one huge welt. I swear the next bastard that grabs..."

"Throw a punch? Bad idea. A couple of jocks grabbed me and started feeling me all over."

"Huh?"

"Yeah. Called me a cocksucker and..."

"You hit one of 'em."

"Yeah. The bastard punched me in the nuts. Man I crumpled like a wet rag. Anyhow, they're going to knock out my front teeth..."

"No way!" Horror rode across Jim's face.

"... unless I suck off the whole football team."

"That's gross... did you tell your Dad?"

"Get real, Jim. It's not like when we were little kids. Hell either one of those guys could beat the shit out of my old man."

"The Principal?"

"You're kidding. We're talking football team like... the heart and soul of the school. Besides," He leaned closer to his friend, "it's what *we* want."

Jim jerked away, "WHAT?"

Todd waved his hand and then said in a normal voice, "You haven't been listening to what they're saying almost to our face. Some of the girls are the worst." And then in a voice too loud he said, "We're faggots who want COCKS!"

The silence that followed in the cafeteria was deafening. Ten seconds elapsed before embarrassed giggles preceded the gradual return of the hum of conversation. All the while Jim slumped lower and lower until his nose was almost in his beans and franks. In a strangled voice he said, "I think I'm going to get sick." And then he fled the table.

Todd sat there, now alone, and stared back at the sea of faces; faces that would not return his gaze. Faces that pretended to be unaware that he was here. Faces that lied! Things were going every bit as bad as he had thought they would.

~oOo~

The concentration of dark matter -magic- increased in the school water supply as the days grew colder and then the night air dropped below freezing. The showers were spraying almost three percent magic, ditto the water fountains and the cafeteria... the large stainless steel holding tank that served the kitchen had reached almost five percent *magic* due to the fact that the system was gravity fed and the dark matter was lighter than water.

The latter fact would not have mattered except someone had turned off the intake valve and as the level lowered, the concentration increased to almost eight percent. As Friday approached, the potential for disaster became a certainty. Todd was no longer the only potential victim of the wild talent inside Leo Marker. And Friday night was the Senior's Halloween party.

"That's a no brainer! I'm not going to the Halloween party," Todd spat as he looked quizzically at Leo. The idea that he'd been *asked out... like in DATE!* Screamed loudly in his mind. He was rewarded with an appalled expression that clouded Leo's face. Gads! Todd suddenly realized, this... weird dude had actually thought that he... Todd Taft would go out on a *date* with him! "YOU SOME KIND OF FRUIT LEO?" he yelled, causing heads to turn. Two could play *that* game.

Leo looked as if he'd bitten into an apple only to find half a worm. He clenched his teeth, worked his jaw and leaned forward until his nose was only an inch away from Todd. He open his mouth to say something but nothing came out. This was worst than being rejected by the likes of Lacy, he was probably the only guy in the whole school that had treated Todd like a human being all week and... his gut twisted, anger flared. He jerked back, glared as he tried to think of a come back, someway to save face but there was none. He stumbled away in confusion. It would have been so... cool. Why was Todd rejecting his attention? *IF ONLY...*

Todd watched Leo's retreating back before turning back into his home room. He hadn't taken two steps until an overwhelming impulse swept over him like a two by four had just slammed on his skull. He turned and ran down the hall yelling: "LEO!" Breathless he caught up with him and grabbed his arm. "OK." He gulped.

Leo's eyes widened in surprise followed by pleasure. "Really?"

Todd grabbed his pounding temple with both hands. "I must be crazy but... yes." He couldn't believe that he'd said it. "But..." There was going to be trouble if he went. There was more than one guy that might beat him to a pulp and the threat of those jocks... he looked at Leo. That didn't give him any confidence either, Leo wasn't exactly someone one could expected to protect you... "You could get hurt."

Leo was too delighted to worry about what other might say or do. "Promise me, you'll come as a girl. A princess or... you know...something sexy."

"Yeah," Todd stammered. "I... I guess that would be... easy enough." WHY AM I AGREEING TO THIS! STUPID! STUPID! I don't even like Leo. "Why?"

"Because I'm coming as Marilyn Monroe, cool huh?"

“Monroe..” Todd mumbled as he turned and headed back to home room. A frightening thought was growing in his mind.

“Seven!” Leo called out. “I’ll pick you up at your place in my Dad’s car.”

~oOo~

“You’re not serious,” Jim moaned.

“Yeah. I’m going to the party *in drag* with Leo as my ‘date’. Jim?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I think I know who is behind all of this *shit!*”

“Huh?”

“Yeah. The wild talent isn’t a gal that wanted a better body. It’s Leo.”

“But...”

“That day this happened to me,” he pointed at his breasts. “I was watching Leo looking at Lacy Kimble’s tits when it happened. Ok, I don’t have any exact measurements but these puppies are a lot like hers.”

“Yeah, so?”

“And that night when I spilled the magic.”

“Yeah, how could I forget.”

“Who was there?”

“We were alone. Just you and me and... oh yeah. We saw Leo earlier.”

“Just a *few* minutes earlier pal. He could have still been in the building.”

“So how come nothing happened to him, huh?”

“Maybe that’s his talent? I don’t know. And I don’t think he knows he has this ‘talent’.”

“Wow.”

“I... think he *made* me say yes today but... and this is important, he didn’t know he had *made* me say yes, ok? He was... surprised when I agreed to go with him.”

“So what are you going to do?”

Todd shrugged, “Play it by ear. See if I can get him to use that power... to fix things.”

“Geeze. Could be dangerous.”

“Yeah, like what more could he do to me anyway. On second thought, don’t answer that. If anything, you know, really bad happens Jim I want you to find someone who knows something about this magic and tell ‘em everything.”

“You mean like that guy that wrote the book?”

“Yeah, that’d work, Dr. Lyon, Priestly Lyon. Com’on, help me get dressed.”

~oOo~

Leo was having second thoughts about going as Monroe. And it wasn't like he'd had a change of heart about dressing up, going fem. Heaven's no! It was Todd or rather the fact that Todd would make him look like a truck driver in drag. Todd with those yummy breasts and hot tush. Todd would be so much sexier than his Monroe... That killed a lot of the excitement. On the other hand... he gripped the bathroom counter as he thought about burying his face between those hot tits. He almost reached an *IF ONLY... and then pulled back*. Maybe some day he'd get a boob job. Maybe some day but tonight...

He went to his Dad's closet and pulled out the tux. Tonight would be *his prom night*. Tonight he'd woo and seduce the fair Todd. *IF ONLY...but the distance was too great. The ripple spread through the ether but most of the force was lost by the time it reached Todd.*

Across town, Todd was stepping out of the bath, freshly shaved, including his arm pits. For some odd reason, those legs hadn't grown any hair at all and it had been what, a week? He looked in the mirror. An odd compulsion touched him lightly, "Hmm." He muttered. He'd have to pluck those eye brows and then went back to drying off. The desire to look good for Leo was unconscious but it was there.

He'd just finished his eyebrows when Jim opened the bathroom door. "Almost ready."

Jim gaped, "You... you plucked your eyebrows."

"Sure."

"Gosh! Tomorrow they'll still be, you know, like that."

Todd jerked his face back to the mirror. What had he been thinking of??? The thin eyebrows formed high arches like... "I... I guess I got a little carried away huh. Maybe you shouldn't -ah let me alone, OK?"

"Yeah. But what about tonight? If Leo is the 'god' wild talent dude, man you could be in real trouble!"

"Not if I make him real happy?"

"You're kidding! Like sleep-his-wanger? Suck his dick?"

"Oh God!" Groaned Todd.

"What?" Said Jim anxiously.

"I...I think he got into my mind... again."

"Huh?"

"Jesus! I want him to *like me!*"

"You're not going Todd. Not like that!"

"Oh my! Oh my!" Groaned Todd, hands at his cheeks. "You're right! What time is it?"

"Six-fifteen."

“I’m not nearly ready...”

“Jesus Todd! You’re not going.”

“-Ah right! I’m not going!” He said with a final note and then started applying lipstick.

Jim snatched the tube away. “Jesus. Stay here, I’ll tell him... you got sick, OK? And... get a hold of yourself for Pete’s sake!”

~oOo~

About ten minutes after seven, Leo pressed the door bell button. “Hi?” he said to Jim as he pushed his way inside past the feminine boy, “Todd ready?”

“Ah no...” Jim sputtered. “He’s not feeling...”

The bedroom door opened and in an instant *she* stood, at the top of the stairs. “Todd?”

Jim spun around as well. The vision at the top of the stairs could *not* be Todd! The face feminine, the hair, a silver blond wig. Her lower lip glowed a frosty pink as the white teeth above them were exposed by a wide toothy smile. The very real

breasts captured by the white micro halter top and the same short shorts that both he and Jim had worn that night of the transformation in the basement of the school. Those long, long legs, all the more obvious covered in only nylon, and the tiny, spike heels. All together, a damn good impersonation of a big city street whore.



“Oh Leo,” Todd cooed in a throaty simper with just a bit of a squeak at the end of ‘Oh!’.

Both men said, “Gosh!”

She fluttered her eyes, “I hope that means I look OK Leo?”

“Gosh!” Both responded again.

Jim sprang up the stairs. “Give us a second alone, OK Leo?” And then without looking back he led this ‘new woman’ into the bedroom and closed the door.

“W...what happened?”

“It’s him all right! I was standing there looking out the window when he pulled up, all but naked and then... this. Wham! Bam!” Both hands went to ‘her’ cheek, “He really, really did it this time.”

“Did what?”

Todd licked his painted lips, “It’s all or nothing tonight Jim. Maybe you need to re-think about going to the party. If we don’t stop him now- tonight, we may never get another chance.”

“Damn it Todd, what did he do?”

“It may be already too late. I... don’t... think... I can... trust myself.” Todd’s lip was trembling now, his eyes wide.

“Todd, you’re not making any sense. What?”

“He’s taking over my mind Jim. I don’t think he means to but... he’s making me *horny*.”

“Oh Jesus! Now you really can’t go Todd. TODD!”

~oOo~

Through clenched teeth, Todd said, “I’m cold.”

“You want to go back, get a coat?”

“That’s sweet Leo but it’ll spoil the effect.”

“Some effect.” Said Leo as he held the car door open while licking his lips hungrily. He watched appreciatively as Todd swung his butt on to the seat and then drew in his long legs. Todd was easily the prettiest gal at school. OK, not a *real* gal, he had to remind himself but... really, really sexy and... He stood there for a second longer than he needed to just to drink in her/his image as his cock threatened to rip out of his pants. Less than two weeks ago this was... just another guy. Amazing. He *wanted her so much and right NOW!*

When he climbed in behind the steering wheel, he took another long visual taste. “I’m a little nervous.” He admitted in a shaky voice as his eyes continued to undress Todd.

“Me to Leo.” Todd cocked his head as he returned Leo’s gaze, “So what happened to Marilyn Monroe?”

“She couldn’t compete.”

“That’s sweet,” Todd said, his heart hammering in his chest. There was a problem that he hadn’t anticipated, certainly not when he got dressed. His penis was making an unsightly bulge in those short shorts. But worst the tape was coming undone because the damn prick had started to grow and the more it grew, the more obvious the boner... “*Huston* there is a problem!”

“Oh,” Leo said as he shut off the ignition. “Maybe we do have to go back to the house.” He looked at the growing lump between Todd’s legs. The illusion was *shattered*. His roaring hard on wilted. Odd: the idea of having a man if he, Leo, was a woman or, conversely, having a woman if he, Leo, was a man was- OK. It was even OK for him to have a boy friend like Todd, if Todd really *seemed* to be a woman. But this... He couldn’t look at that large lump between *her* legs. “I’ll... wait here, OK?”

Todd could feel the distress. “We... don’t really have to go Leo?”

“I want to go,” Leo growled. “Hurry fix yourself up, I’ll be right here. Besides, its still early.”

Todd hurried back to the house, hips swinging. He wanted to just grab the damn thing and jerk off! He couldn’t remember being this horny before. He went through the front door, flinging it shut. BLAMM! Two steps up the stairs and then it came. Like the hammer blow to his nuts delivered by the jocks but without the pain. “Whaaaat!” He yelped and then jack knifed over the rail. *Another IF ONLY* had just been executed.

“Ohoohoo,” Todd mewed, knees together, hands on the rail to steady himself. He didn’t need to check out *dick and the boys* because he knew *they* were gone, vanquished! He eased down on the steps, both hands on the transformed crotch. “The last vestige of manhood- terminated.” If there was any doubt that Leo was the ‘god’, that had been answered for all time.

He pulled down the shorts to examine Leo’s handiwork. “Yep, Ms Taft.”

If Leo was to be stopped... *She* giggled. Stopped? Fat chance in Hell! She slipped a finger into the new opening that had replaced old dick. The hard on was gone but the horniness was still there. A little ribbon of flesh, just above the opening, swelled with blood like his prick was really there just... transformed. And the opening... juicy. She slid her finger in and out a few times. This was something approaching *fun!* Gads, Leo was waiting! A quiver worked its way inside the fleshy barrel of her vagina.

“Errrrr!” No time! She pulled up her shorts and headed back to the car swinging her tush with a little extra energy now.

“That was fast,” Leo said as he started the motor.

“No kidding,” Todd muttered as *she* squeezed her legs together tighter than *he’d* ever been able to do. Leo was one really, really dangerous fuck! If the rest of them *gods* were anything like Leo, then the world was in one hell of a fix. Matter, No Matter and Magic! Doesn’t sound so swell when one is on the receiving end! Gods! Who needs them! On the other hand...

“Leo?”

“Yeah? New problem?”

“My Mom and Dad have already gone to the Party and Jim’s gone too.”

“So?” Leo glanced over at Todd. “You’re not suggesting...”

“Uh-huh.” Todd scissor her legs together putting pressure on her clit. The juices were really flowing now as she brought her arms together and deliberately squeezed her breasts together deepening her cleavage which was already quite well defined.

Poor Leo’s hard on hadn’t recovered. In fact he was sure now that he... well... he couldn’t do anything with *him*. He looked at the crotch, there was no visible lump but still... It had been like eating fish only to chomp down on a bone. The fish still looked and tasted good but... the bone or rather the *boner* had killed Leo’s appetite. “Naw. We’re already late.” He said as he put the car into gear and pulled on to the street.

Todd’s mouth dropped open in amazement. Even cute chicks get rejected, sometimes! *Right!*

“Hey!” Leo squeaked as the car swerved. “What in the Hell...”

Todd had already pulled Leo’s zipper down and was working to free his cock. “What do you think I’m doing... dummy!” Todd giggled. But words weren’t deeds. And the sight of that wilted thing in her hand and the idea that she was about to put that prick in her mouth... she only been a ‘she’ for a few seconds. Her own lust, not stimulated by Leo’s unconscious commands now, chilled and then died. “-Ah sorry.” She said as she pulled her hand away leaving Leo’s cock hanging out of his pants. “Just a crazy thought.”

“Crazy is right!” Leo looked down at his prick and then shoved it back inside. “Maybe this wasn’t such a great idea after all.” He made a ‘u’ turn and headed back to Todd’s house.

“Hey! Drop me off at school. I still want to go.”

Leo make another ‘u’ turn without saying a word and then, as they approached the school, “Date’s off.”

“Yeah, I figured as much. You still going to go Leo?”

“Yeah, why not. Sorry about that.”

“Me too Leo. I figured when I became a chick I could at least get laid when I wanted.”

Leo didn’t say anything until he pulled up by the front entrance to leave Todd out. “But you’re not a chick.”

“Oh.” As Todd slid across the seat and opened the door, “A lot you know.”

“Huh!” He reached for Todd, grabbing her arm, “What does that mean?”

Todd looked down at the hand holding her arm just below her elbow, “I’m all woman now. Got rid of the cock and replaced it with a fully functional pussy. Now let go!”

“That’s *impossible!*”

“Com’on, you’re hurting me Leo. How do you think I got these boobs in the first place.”

“HUH!”

“Magic. Look Leo, I’m a warlock or to be more precise at the moment, a witch- OK?”

“B..b..but...” Stuttered Leo as Todd pulled her arm free and slammed the door. A stunned Leo watched that sweet tush flee into the gym. *Of course the breasts were a miracle, so were the great legs... a pussy... sure, why not! Oh-had-he-screwed-up! A witch! He’d be in there and with her as soon as... he parked the car.*

Lacy, Lacy, Everywhere!

“Psssst! PSSSST! Over here!”

“Todd. Todd! That you?” Jim wobbled on his high heels toward the trash bin behind the gym.

“Get over here,” Todd demanded through clenched teeth, arms wrapped around her chest, lips almost blue.

“What are you doing hiding there?”

“Freezing my ass off,” Todd growled as she grabbed Jim’s arm and pulled him down and behind the smelly metal bin. “I thought you weren’t *ever* going to get here! Now listen up, OK? I got Leo thinking I’m a witch. I want you to go in there, through the front door for Pete’s sake, and amble over to him casual like, OK?”

“Yeees,” Jim replied, now his teeth were chattering.

“He’s going to ask you where I am. You say...”

“I haven’t seen you, right?”

“Right! And then you say, Todd’s turning himself into a ‘herself’ tonight, ‘cause being a girl is so...cool. Got that?”

“You can really do that?”

“Of course not Jim! The bastard already did that to me!”

“HE DID!”

“Not so loud. Anyway he knows that already.”

“You got’a, a pussy Todd? Oh-my, oh-my! It feels funny I bet...”

“Enough! Now listen Jim, soon as you get a chance, tell him how swell being a girl is.”

“Huh?”

“You heard me. I plan to make him turn himself into a girl. This is just a set up.”

“Why?”

“You dolt, he’d got this thing about being a woman, OK? Anyhow.. I hope so. And if he get his wish and especially if he thinks I did it...”

“Yeah?” Jim still wasn’t tracking.

“No more oops... got boobs, dig?”

“-Ah, what’s in it for us?”

“For Pete’s sake... we’re *saving* humanity. Take away Leo’s need to wish for stuff and... well, no more zap! OK now what are you going to do Jim?”

“-Ah Why are you here, I mean behind this trash bin?”

Todd rolled her eyes, ‘cause the twerps that got muscles for brains.”

“The football team.”

“Yeah. Well, not all of them for Pete sake, but yeah, those guys. They want to make good their promise for a gang bang, oral style.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, one problem at a time. Lead Leo over to the women’s locker room and I’ll slip back inside... got me.”

“After I tell him... it’s neat to be a woman and stuff.”

“Yeah. What are you dressed for, anyway Jim?”

“Oh. This? A Jewish Princess.”

“Huh?”

“My sister’s dress.”

“Whatever,” Todd groaned. “Just hurry. I’m freezing out here. Ten minutes and I’m inside... women’s locker room, got me?”

~oOo~

The three of them were in the women’s locker room. Todd had her short shorts and panty hose down around her knees and both Leo and Jim were bent over inspecting... her. “Gosh!” Said both men.

“Confess Leo, you always wanted to be a babe. Com’on.”

Leo looked uncomfortable as he watched Todd pull up those shorts covering that perfectly formed pussy. “Ye-ah. I -er thought about it, you know, like everybody else once or twice.”

“Everybody else?” Jim chimed in. Instantly, Todd’s hand went over Jim’s mouth and then spoke for him. “Yeah. And you can be that woman of your dreams... forever Leo.”

Leo gulped and pulled at his collar, “What if she isn’t, you know ‘hot?’”

“Hot! You want hot Leo? Tell you what. You help me, ok? I want you to fix in your mind *exactly* what she looks like, got me so far?”

“Uh-huh?”

“And then you just concentrate on that image with all your heart and I’ll take it from there.”

“I... I don’t know Todd. What if I get tired of being a girl or decide I want to be some one different or something?”

“Oh brother! What? Life as Leo is so great, huh? Ever been laid? I don’t think so and you’re what, seventeen?”

“Eighteen,” he said, head down. “and -ah virgin.”

“Right! So what’s *not* to like being a babe, huh? You think Lacy Kimble has to worry about getting laid if she wants it? Think about it Leo. Me and Jim are going back out to the party. But the offer’s good only for the night, got it? Tonight or never! Com’on Jim let’s get us some guys.”

“HEY! WAIT! Todd?”

Todd came up short, frozen in mid stride. It was that damn mind thing. He was no more able to over come Leo’s will than to fly to the moon. “Yeah?”

“OK but on my terms.”

“Terms,” Todd groaned. She made like she was leaving not that she could have done so.

“Not a big deal, will you listen, please?”

Todd stopped, arms folded across her breasts: “Shoot.”

“The way I figure it, clothes are going to cost a lot, OK. I want real sexy clothes. Can you do that?”

Todd looked at Jim and Jim looked at Todd, finally they both looked at the would be *god*. “Maybe.” Said Todd. “I’m not sure I could do that.” Leo’s face fell. “But... but, a good chance hum?” Todd quickly responded. They were simply too close to lose Leo now.

“And... I want to be -ah *were-woman*.”

“-Ah WHAT?”

“Maybe on a full moon you know?”

“*Were-woman*? Leo it isn’t a full moon tonight- hell there’s hardly any moon at all.”

“Oh- yeah. Whatever.”

“You don’t ask for much, do you Leo?”

Leo shrugged, “Well?”

Again Todd and Jim exchanged looks before turning back to Leo’s beaming face. “*Were-woman*. OK. That’s an awfully complicated spell. I want you to picture in your mind’s eye *exactly* what you’ll look like and when you’re ready, you still following me Leo? When you’re ready you got to believe it’s going to happen. *Really, really believe.*”

“Uh-huh.” He already had his eyes closed tightly shut. “Really hot! Hot!” He mumbled to himself. He was having trouble fixing an image of a particular gal. It was more important that she be *hot, really hot!*

An invisible blast of energy whirled capturing both Todd and Jim and continuing outward. The steel reinforced concrete wall between the women's locker room and the gym reflected back most of the force of the 'spell'. Unfortunately two young women opened the locker room door before the wave of 'change' had fully passed. They too were transformed. Worst, part of the energy rolled out into the short hallway and was reflected into the main gym floor, rolling over and changing the party goers who were unfortunate enough to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. The spell, rapidly dissipated and became confused as reflections met reflections, change modified change. The intent of the spell, never well defined, swirled chaotically and in some cases became the reverse what Leo had intended.

Leo blinked and there, where Todd and Jim had stood only moments before, were a pair of *Lacy Kimbles*... almost. Her haughty sneer had been replaced by blank adoration projected from two pair of robin egg blue eyes. The twins' full, moist lips parted to allow dark pink tongues to lick hungrily as they both drooled at Leo. Their blond hair, longer than Lacy's had been fell in lush waves across their slender white shoulders. *White shoulders!* Leo looked down at three quarter exposed hooters that had to be double D's that held up the off-the-shoulder and nearly transparent, black cocktail dress. The sheer material followed the exact contours of the svelte body beneath and ended a hands breadth down their thighs. Both *girls* squirmed and wiggled expectantly, their black heels clattering on the tile floor. Both *girls* moaned, backs arching as they simultaneously pulled down their dresses leaving a black pool at their feet. Now dressed in only black thong panties, garter belts, nylons and heels, they kicked away their fallen dresses simultaneously like a well practiced drill team and simultaneously yanked down their tongs. Both were now panting like bitches in heat. Still Leo remained frozen, eyes fixated on the two identical babes with the blond snatches. And then, with an animal growl, both threw themselves at the catatonic male before them!

Leo went down in a mass of breasts and tongues and legs and hair and all sorts of lovely, soft babe flesh. Little hands with long nails groped and wet, pink tongues licked. And then the assault abruptly intensified. The two girls, now babes, who had been at the locker room door a few moments before, had also thrown their passion wracked bodies at Leo not even stopping to undress. Moments later, several more Lacy Kimble look-a-like babes entered the locker room, gaped at the growing pile of bodies and then... dove into the swirling mass.

As the number of 'Lacy Kimbles' increased, the sexual avalanche twisted and transformed into a cat fight; the girls began to fight each other for what they wanted- *Leo!* Nails clawed, hair was pulled and all of this was accompanied by shrill shrieks and guttural cries. Leo pulled himself away from the tangled, writhing mass of femininity-terrified. He had to beat them off to break free.

This wasn't at all the way it was supposed to happen he realized. He stood up, tugging at his torn jacket, ripped pants before wiping away some blood that flowed from scratches on his face and arms and then watched the six? Maybe eight? girls as their love making turned into frustrated rage... -ah the *fight* was transforming yet again... into... an *orgy!* as clawing mutated into fondling, bites into passionate kisses. It was enough to give Leo a raging hard on... And yet *this is all... wrong, so terribly wrong!*

“Todd? TODD! What happened?” Out of the steamy, twisting mass of ‘Lacy Kimble babe’ flesh a head emerged.

A dreamy eyed version of Lacy, mouth open, eyes only half open as another Lacy sucked at her breast, “You screwed up Leo.” And then she groaned for another Lacy scratched and bleeding, was between her legs working her pink tongue...

“But...but I was supposed to change *not* you!”

“Yeah. Weird isn’t it?” Todd mewed as her lips found an expectant crotch. She said something but it was unintelligible as she pushed her face into that coarse curly blond hair between those soft white thighs. It was a little hard to concentrate at the moment.

Leo backed away from the wiggling, confused but very sexy mass. He was completely baffled. He had been completely unaffected and they... at least six-eight of them had become what he *should have become*. Noise from the party in the gym intruded into his awareness as he continued to watch the orgy at his feet. It was ironic. It was ‘his’ orgy but he wasn’t a part of it. Go figure!

~oOo~

Mr. and Mrs. Taft were sitting near the front door of the gym, about as far away from the women’s locker room as one could get, given the physical layout of the facility. Unfortunately, the wave that rolled onto the gym floor had a direct path to where they were sitting though, due to the inverse square law, the force of the spell was but a small fraction of what it had been at ground zero. Norm’s clown suit grew translucent and became a simple black cocktail dress, ditto his wife’s rabbit suit. Both bodies mutated toward some semblance of the Lacy Kimble form, but both retained their essential features and neither were blonds. And their mental-emotional set was also unaffected, that is they weren’t *hot babes*. “OH! DEAR!” Mrs. Taft squeaked, finding herself suddenly almost naked- well that was her view of the vast expanse of double D cleavage that hung heavily from her chest. She frantically tried to cover herself. Modest sized breasts that normally pointed toward her toes now formed horizontal *mountains*. She was much too busy with her own transformation to notice, for the moment at least, what was happening to her mate and husband Norm.

Poor Norm had his hands full at that moment. To be precise, his hands each held a rather heavy, and well defined globe, each of which he was attempting to remove from his chest. A black cocktail dress hung from his waist as he wobbled awkwardly on a pair of spiked heels. Only after he’d yanked and pulled until it hurt did he break into a shrill scream that was picked up and echoed back from other near by males similarly affected. *She* turned for help but she neither recognized her wife, nor she her. Indeed she retreated from the screaming half-bald teenaged girl with the exposed breasts.

Chaos ruled the gymnasium floor as more and more party goers reacted to the change either in themselves or the others around them. Chaos evolved into panic. Men, women and bi-sexed persons all began running aimlessly about, yelling and screaming. And on the gym floor, nearest the women’s locker room, an orgy erupted as it had in the locker room! Lacy Kimble look-a-likes: hot, excited lust driven young bod-

ies forming a growing, seething mass of boobs and limbs and heads... Discarded simple black cocktail dresses were everywhere, ditto heels, thongs and tattered nylons.

Several members of the football team that had been lounging near the punch bowl, in the rear and faraway from the women's locker room, remained completely unaffected having been in a null of the field. "HEY! HOLY MOSES! YOU SEE THAT!"

"YEAH!" three of them said simultaneously, eyes wide in wonder. "What are we waiting for?" They pushed and shoved in an attempt to be the first to join the pile. "NOW THIS IS A PARTY!" Yelled one of them as he grabbed two Lacy look-a-likes, one in each arm. They turned on him with eager kisses.

But the real chaos was only beginning. On the far end of the gym, kitty corner from the hall that lead to the women's locker room, the spell had been totally scrambled into a confused mish-mash by the succession of standing waves.

The principal's wife, who had come made up as Miss Piggy, was in fact a very real Miss Piggy or at least her human equivalent and she was chasing several un-effected young males, squealing in horny piggy style through a pig mouth. Her flat, pig nostrils flared as her curly tail twitched. But she had the body, more or less, of a Lacy Kimble with double D boobs. She did snag one of the fleeing young men. And he, after a moments reflection, decided that wasn't all bad. Snorts and pig squeals shortly rose above the more human screams.

The principal, who had been setting next to his Miss Piggy wife was completely unaffected in his physical appearance. The up tight man in the suit and tie blinked and looked about as if nothing had changed. but that was the quiet before the storm. His rotund, middle aged male body held the soul, the intellectual and emotional essence of a *hot, hot sexy Lacy Kimble babe!* In an instant, he too was up and chasing some of the unaffected young men in that region of the gym. Calling after them to stop in a high and very sexy voice he moved as fast as his short legs would carry him. But he was too slow. Eventually he headed toward the growing orgy at the far end of the gym where some of the males had fled.

The loudest screams were coming from a covey of what had been the anticipated prom queen and her court who had been but a few feet from the principal and his wife when the spell struck.

The five young women in their sexy gowns had become hard muscled men in the same gowns, though one was now in the black cocktail dress so utterly common on the other side of the room. But almost simultaneously they ceased their cries as their new pricks began to come alive. They looked at each other and then, with out another word, headed for the seething mass of feminine flesh at the opposite end of the floor.

From that same 'confused' region of the gym, all the true opposites of the initial spell could be seen as well. Ironically, the real Lacy Kimble became a nerdy looking teenaged male with absolutely no self confidence but lots of zits. Her big, handsome boy friend became a skinny, no chest teenaged gal who despised being *stuck* with Lacy- -er Larry and immediately set off in pursuit of one of the former beauty queens- now hairy, well muscled males. Probably the most confused of all were the many un-effected party goers who watched, in disbelief, at the insane behavior that had exploded around them. Some of these fled in alarm. And at least one called the police.

Not more than a few minutes after the spell was cast, a confused Leo exited the Women's locker room. The whole world, it seemed, had gone nuts... *except him*. He stared and tried to take it all in. He was still standing there when, thirty minutes later, the police arrived.

~oOo~

It was almost three o'clock in the morning, when Todd and his Mom and Dad were allowed to start for home. The small three man, one woman police force had given up any attempt to really control the very weird party at the high school and had shifted their efforts to getting people *home* safely. Todd's mom was bemused, setting in the front passenger seat. She'd adjusted to her young, sexy body but the future was so *uncertain*. She stole a quick glance of the half-bald but still very sexy teenaged girl behind the wheel- *her husband!* She couldn't help but worry about what would happen to their marriage.

The Lacy Kimble look-a-like in the back set, her *son*, wasn't nearly that much of a concern to Mrs. Taft. Todd had developed breasts and then later, a very feminine form, sometime ago so his metamorphosis tonight was... well just a *little more of the same*. But she had to worry about Norm! He wasn't taking this all that well. She stared out the window into the night. No, she had to admit to herself, that it wasn't just about Norm it had to do with herself as well. She looked back at her husband. Small hands with long pink nails gripped the steering wheel. The seat was adjusted as high as possible but Norm was barely able to see over the top of the wheel. *Norm's* breasts, every bit as large as her own, swayed as the car turned onto another street. No, it wasn't just about Norm. She was certain that she could have no physical relation with... this female husband. Oh my? Was this the end of 22 years of marriage? The car pulled into the driveway.

Todd watched as his mom and dad got out of the car. His mom seemed to be handling the transformation very well. His dad? Todd watched as his dad wobbled toward the house. He was very, very awkward on those heels. Finally he stopped and kicked the shoes off. He turned and looked back at Todd who was only now getting out of the car. His eyes- they had a stricken look, noted Todd. It wasn't really about being female it was about... the *impossibility* of the whole thing. It couldn't be explained scientifically and there for... it was like his dad had lost his religion. Oh worst then that, his dad had also lost his manhood, his adulthood, his confidence and probably... his career. How could he start his life over again as a young woman? "Dad, wait up. We need to talk."

Norm flopped down on the couch, legs sprawled and shoulders slumped, the very picture of despair. His wife ignored the two of them. She went into the master bedroom and closed the door. It was a loud metallic 'click' of the lock being set on the bedroom door that spoke volumes to Norm as he added his marriage to the list of what he'd lost. "Well?" His girlish voice had a slight and, some might say, an endearing little lisp. A fact that had made him very terse in his speech.

“It’s the dark matter- magic...” Norm raised his hand as if to stop Todd and then let it flop back down on the couch. “No, really Dad. There is a *scientific* explanation for all of this. You got to read that *book*.”

“Oh tay I weel.” He gritted his teeth in frustration. “To-mo-wo.” He got up and headed for the guest bedroom, head down with bare feet dragging on the carpet.

Todd was really worried about his dad.

Where Were We?

The whole town awoke the next morning to a new day that promised to be better than it had any right to be. One of the first to awaken was Todd. It wasn’t the red glare of the dawn light coming through his window that jarred him from his all too brief sleep, it was his morning ‘hard-on’! His hand hadn’t even made it to this rigid male member that was tenting the bed clothes when he discovered the absence of the double D boobs. He jerked up, the covers falling off to expose *his male chest!* Gads! It had been what? Almost two weeks with the Lacy boobs and then last night... the double D’s. He slid his hand down almost in religious ecstasy before jumping out of bed. The swollen round butt and long hairless legs, only a memory! Feet big enough to carry his male form. He ran over to his chest-of-drawers to pull out fresh, white jockey shorts and a tee-shirt. On went an old and familiar and comfortable pair of jeans and then, bare footed, he headed to the guest bed room to check on his dad. As he opened the door, he let out a long sigh of relief. “Dad. DAD WAKE UP!”

“Huh?” Norm mumbled. His eyes popped open. “Todd?” He said in his normal voice which in turn brought him wide awake with a start. He jerked up. “THANK GOD!” And then he leaped from the bed, ecstatic, “I GOT... GOT TO SHOW YOUR MOTHER!” And he was gone in a naked blur.

Todd leaned back against the door frame in relief. Everything was back to *normal*. “Oh! JIM!” He raced for the phone and then thought differently. As soon as he put on his shoes and socks and pulled on a jacket, he was out the door; he’d awaken his friend in person.

Not everyone’s morning was quite so pleasant. The Principal’s wife awoke in a ward at the local hospital where she and the more *unusual* creatures had been taken the night before. Her indignant shouts brought the security guard that had been assigned to that floor of the hospital for the night and also awakened the former hermaphrodite and the six breasted female who had shared her room. Over at the jail, her husband, probably the *former* principal of the high school now and the hoped-to-be future prom queen and her court, all awakened in cotton pants and shirts provided by the police. It was one of the gals that began the noisy protest in the small cell.

But mostly, the arrival of the new day brought simple relief for last night's victims who awoke in their own beds and in their own bodies. Lacy Kimble brushed her teeth and was pleased to be, once again, her own attractive self. *That was one Hell-of-a-nightmare!* The image of that nerdy, zit marked male face might never leave her. How... ghastly, she thought as she shuddered: to be so *gross!*

The local news paper that morning had nothing about the events last night. Partly because it had already been printed before anyone knew about the odd affair and partly because they had failed to send someone over (OK, so the one reporter they had was drunk at the local gin mill at the time the police report went out). Any way the evidence, such as it was, had vanished like dew before the morning sun. Only the police report and the vivid memories of those that had been there in that school gym existed now and... frankly, most of the unwilling participants would be only too happy to pretend that *nothing* had happened last night. The inhabitants of the small California town, tucked in at the base of the Sierra Nevada mountain range, awoke and enjoyed the familiar!

"I tell you Jim, we're setting on a time bomb. As soon as Leo figures out what happened, all hells going to break loose."

"Count me out pal."

"Huh?"

Jim, returned to his lanky, male form had had enough. "Look! Leave well-enough-alone!" He ran his hands down his body still checking it out carefully. Everything seemed to be back to normal. He checked out his face. The long nose and thin lips were A-OK. "Leo's a dork. He might never figure this out and... so what if he does, huh? You think he wants a re-run of last night? I saw his face... he was appalled."

"Yeah. And if he figures it out? He'd going to *experiment*. It'll be same-old-same-old! Hell! Maybe next time we'll all turn into cockroaches! You want *that!*"

"I ain't going near Leo and I sure as Hell ain't going back to that damn school. I figure: keep out of his way and, you know, no problem."

"It's everybody for himself now huh Jim?"

"Yeah. And if you don't mind... leave me be."

"Just like that!"

"Yeah! Just like that! You ain't been nothing but trouble since you started messing with that magic shit pal."

Todd shrugged, "You feel that way..."

"Yeah."

Todd felt terrible now. Things really were not back to normal. Leo was a looming threat and he'd just lost his best friend. "I was thinking of trying to get a hold of this Dr. Lyon at Redlands."

“Don’t want to hear it! None of it!” he growled, “Beat it before I punch you in the nose.” His face said that he meant exactly what he said.

~oOo~

“Too bad about you and Jim.”

“Ah- He’ll get over it eventually Dad.” Todd had waited all afternoon for his dad to finish reading the book on dark matter. The yellow-red light of the setting sun flowed into his dad’s study. “What do you think of the book huh Dad?”

“Very interesting, hmm and rather hmm, unbelievable.”

“Dad!” Todd yelled in frustration. His old man could be so... pig headed.

“OK. After what happened last night, I guess it’s... -er just -er unlikely. That better?”

“Uh-huh. I guess. -Ah, I was wondering if I could borrow the car for a few days.”

“A few *days*?”

“I e-mailed this Dr. Lyon and, well, I got to tell him what’s been happening here.”

“All the way to, where was it?”

“Redlands, that’s just east of LA.”

“That’s seven-eight hour drive.” grumbled Norm Taft. “Why don’t you just call him?”

“Dad, its... too important. We got to stop Leo and the rest of them before it’s too late.”

His dad rolled his eyes, “Leo. Tay what you waaant.” His eyes bulged, his faced paled and one hand went to his mouth. He tried to start again, “Weo. Oh mwy gwoosh.” The lisp was a ten times worst than last night. “Wodd!” He squeaked as the book dropped from his hands. “Noooo, nwot agwin!”

“Dad?” Shrilled Todd. Last night all over again? He looked at his dad and then himself. Nothing had changed and yet... It was like the moments before the storm broke. There was a tension that was mounting. The sun had just gone below the horizon. His dad sat there, afraid to move let alone speak.

~oOo~

Jim went to dinner with his mum and dad at the rib joint near the edge of town. The owner, a big black man, came back to their table to get their order in person. “Well, how is you? What it be fo’ you all? Ribs?” He knew the family well. He smiled at the lanky boy in his jeans. He took the order from the two adults first and then turned his gaze to the boy.

Jim grinned. “Do *Jesus*, yes! De ribs.” he said in a thick southern draw.

His mother glared at him. “Watch your language James!”

Jim looked shocked. Where had that come from? “Yes’um. Gwine have we ribs wid tadders.” Again he jerked to a halt and looked apologetically at his mother. “Dere, dats fo’ we.”

“JAMES!” scolded his mother. “It ’s not nice to mock Mr....”

“Mum!” Cried James. “We be sorry Mars Jones. You is one o’de...” He stumbled into complete shock. The words just seemed to come out of his mouth all wrong. “Dere som’um wrong wid we. Oh yeah, der surely be.” He scrambled out of his chair and headed for the door.

“James!” Ordered his mum.

“Let him go.” Growled his dad. “Serves him right if he goes hungry tonight. “Sorry Bill, real sorry.”

“Oh, dats Ok.” He gave a forced grin.

~oOo~

“Daddy?”

“Yes honey.”

“I was wondering if I could do some stuff with your computer tonight?”

“Lacy! You?” he beamed. It wasn’t like Lacy at all, computers or anything mechanical... no interest. Now clothes, that was a different matter. “Hun?”

“Yeah Pop.” Where had that come from she wondered. Pop?

“-Ah -er, sweetie, ah, your face.”

“What?” She jerked around to look at herself in the mirror. There was a huge, ugly pimple right at the corner of her mouth. “Euuu.” She groaned and then, eyes widening in horror, three more appeared in rapid succession across her cheek.” Noooo.” She bawled. She could feel her breasts deflating and the beginning of a cock thrusting out against her panties. She ran out of the room in tears.

“Kids!” muttered her dad. Impossible to understand.

Across the street and a few houses down, Mr. Patrick, *still* the principal of the high school, was talking to the gardener who was just finishing up in the backyard. He couldn’t identify exactly why the Japanese gentlemen looked so... interesting, but he surely did. He sauntered over, hips swaying suggestively only to be interrupted by his wife.

“Dear?”

“Yes?” he said in a lilting feminine voice. The latter fact went unnoticed, he couldn’t take his eyes off that man’s buns.

There was fear and something else in his wife’s voice now, “Honey... there’s something terribly *oink!* wrong.”

Oh dang, he thought as he turned and looked back toward the house. “What is it now dear...” He gushed sweetly. He never finished his sentence. The flat pink snout in

the center of her face wasn't half as frightening as that look in her eyes. *Oh no! It was last night all over again!*

She oinked again and he ran. Only it wasn't *exactly* the same as last night. In fact nothing had repeated *exactly*. He tripped over the long, tight skirt that had just appeared over his soft hairless legs. His wife slashed past him, her smell was pure barn yard.

The gardener ran away screaming as the pig-faced woman with the double D boobs swaying in great arcs tore across the yard and then leaped. The sounds of shrill oinks, deep grunts and the gardener's plea for help filled the neighborhood. Mr. Patrick hovered at the fringe of the struggle between his wife and the gardener waiting for a chance to join the forced mating. He mewed in frustration as they coupled and then fled down the alley, horny.

~oOo~

Norm watched as his son's intelligent brown eyes became vapid, as if all intellectual processing had terminated. The eyes widened as the face became more rounded, softer. Norm could feel his own physical transformation beginning but unlike last night, the change reached deeper. His personality, his core sense of *self* retreated as a new, alien identity grew and began to take control. Unlike last night, brown rather than blond hair began to grow in a thick, unruly mass from Todd's head. Norm, from the corner of his eye saw rich barn-red hair slither heavily down his own chest. His chest- now naked, was a mass of freckles against a stark white background. He struggled to stand up. His *son* giggled, Norm giggled and his wife, Peg, entered the study.

The evidence of middle age had already retreated from his chubby wife. Now, looking twenty-five years younger and leaner, almost muscular, she pushed past her son as she continued to morph. Taller, thicker and... becoming increasingly hard with almost no breasts. Her nostril's flared as if taking in the scent of the two young *women*. She snarled! Her jaw abruptly squared and her nose thickened as a five o'clock shadow appeared across what had been a soft, hairless cheek.

The sound and that look in Peg's eyes made Norm's legs grow weak and his heart thunder in his chest. Something similar was happening inside Todd as well for his son's insipid, silly eyes had shown shock and then fear. Todd, more girl than boy now, was now shorter and less well muscled than his mother. The transformation abruptly drew to completion. Full, round breasts filled the silk floral print dress that Todd was now wearing, hips expanded as the waist contracted. Norm looked up at his wife and his son and then down at the small ice cream cones on his own shallow chest that disappeared under a wool sweater. *It was DONE!* "Pweg?" Norm lisped in a tiny little girl voice.

"Hunger." Growled Peg in a voice deep and powerful. The *man*, for there was no woman that remained, lunged and grabbed Norm by his slender forearm.

It hurt! Norm fought but it only made the hurt worst. Tears formed in her eyes as *she* squealed, "Wodd. Hewp meee."

Todd looked at the man that had been his mother and the slight red head that had been his dad and made a dive for the door. A hand grabbed Todd's hair and pulled her to the floor. "Mom?"

And then, with a sharp yank that showed Peg's raw power, Norm tumbled to the floor. The two former males, clung together for emotional support as Peg stood, feet apart, looking very much the part of the barbarian warrior and they... his conquests. This was so *wrong!* There was no question as to the nature of Peg's hunger. A huge cock was filling the front of Pegs pants.

~oOo~

Jim's jeans could have been painted on. *Her* back formed a graceful S shaped curve terminated by buttocks that were both full and thrusting. And, at an even six foot, almost all legs. Large hips below a tiny waist but it was *her* ass and legs that drew the eyes of the males in the gin mill. Medium sized tits jiggled freely under a loose tee-shirt. Her lips full and her nose broad. "How is y-all, Jake?" She said in a liquid southern voice.

"Do I know you?" The big construction worker half turned on the bar stool and looked at the black woman. Her skin, blue black and her eyes great brown orbs with wide coal black pupils swam in a sea of white. There was a lot of woman there.

"Here he come saying dat he don't know we." She laughed showing brilliant white teeth and a red pink tongue as her wide mouth opened wider. "Gwine have we a good time, do Jesus, YES!" She said as she leaned up against his back, arm around his waist squishing her breasts against his back.

"-Er want a drink?"

"Befo?" She said suggestively as she nuzzled his neck. "Dere fo de mans." she said after she kissed him wetly on the lips.

"Barkeep. A whisky for the lady." Gaspd the man.

~oOo~

Lacy's body was far bigger and stronger than the night before, though the face and 'his' over all appearance hadn't improved much. It was the hunger, the raging sexual need, that had really grown relative to last night. He felt like he could fuck a duck or anything else that stood still long enough. And getting laid was proving to be impossible. He'd hung



out for almost an hour at the local teen club and had solicited *ever single chick* in the place, even the fat old gal that ran the joint. In fact it was the last effort that had got him kicked out of the joint!

Lacy continued to cuss and growl as he jerked off in the alley. The cum shot out and hit the brick wall where it hung there in a sticky glob for an instant before beginning to slither down toward the ground. But Lacy's relief was short lived. As he shoved the spent cock back into his pants, the gnawing hunger began to well up again. All those time *she* could have gotten *laid*. Guys had always been coming on to her every since middle school and now...when Lacy really need to get some action... *he* was so... frustrated!

~oOo~

The horror had no limits! Todd watched as Peg ripped away Norm's clothing. The slender, almost skinny body, white as snow but sprinkled with gold twisted and squirmed as fear mutated into lust. One didn't want to think about one's own folks having sex and there they were getting ready to do just that with Todd sprawled up against his dad's body. Worst, the sexual tensions inside her own body were reacting. *But to be screwed by your own MOTHER!* The transformation had altered her mind but... not that far. He tugged against Peg's grip, but it remained firm. She looked up at *his* face. There was no intelligence in those eyes, only male need. And then came the impasse.

Peg held Todd with one hand and Norm with the other. She let go of Norm and the red head didn't try to escape. Bead of moisture forming in the muff of red hair between her legs. Little red nipples knotted into sharp peaks astride the small, white breasts and Norm's eyes half closed, ditto her lips. No, she wasn't going *anywhere*. Peg fumbled with his pants, awkwardly with one hand. In frustration, she let go of Todd so as to... He snarled as the brunet rolled away. Yelled as the busty gal scrambled up and out of the room. Peg leaped up and then stopped. The red head on the floor, Norm, mewed and spread her legs. Grumbling but with a look of anticipation on his lips, Peg yanked down his pants with both hands. Lust twisted his mouth into a leer as he gripped his rock hard rod in his hand and knelt between Norm's open legs. Peg had only imagined what it must be like to be... a male. In a few moments, she/he would know!

~oOo~

Leo Marker had been jacking off or rather getting ready to jack off. Across his bed were several Playboy magazines, each open to a foldout. His hand was gripping a half erect cock when Mr. Patrick climbed through the bedroom window. "Mr. Patrick!" Leo said in a stricken voice as he tried to stuff his cock back inside his pants. There was something terribly wrong here. Not just because his principal was climbing through his bedroom window or the fact that he was caught jacking off but... "You're in a *dress!*" The short, round middle aged man wasn't just in a dress, he had makeup on and his mannerisms, feminine. The over all impact was... *gross*. "Ugh!" Complained Leo. "Get... get... out!"

“Oh my dear, dear boy.” Simpered Patrick as he climbed over the magazines and, on his hands and knees crossed the bed. He tried to pull out the boy’s penis that had only just disappeared in to those jeans.

“MR. PATRICK!” Leo yelled in alarm as the man began to grapple with him. “GO... AWAY!” Something clicked.

A sound very much like a very, very large pair of hands being brought together *once*, a clap of *almost* thunder, rattled the house and brought a yelp from his mom in the kitchen. “You OK Leo?” She yelled.

Leo gulped as he looked around the room, “-Ah, Yes Mom.” He zipped up his pants and hid the magazines before his mother opened his bedroom door. “Must have been a jet breaking the sound barrier or something Mom.”

She looked around suspiciously for a second. “Dinner will be ready in five minutes Leo. Wash up.”

As the door close, Leo let out a long sigh. The principal was *gone*. VANISHED! He... Leo had *made* him disappear! The stunned look on his face slowly twisted into delight! He’d performed a spell, just like Todd had done last night! *He was a...warlock!* He couldn’t wait to find Todd and tell him. Yeah, right after supper!

~oOo~

Lacy pounced on the girl with the big boobs from behind. His leap carried his victim to the ground and the weight of his body had driven the air from the girl’s lungs. Rather than fighting, she was gasping for breath as she twisted in Lacy’s arms. The silk dress ripping as she turned first on to her side and then all the way over on to her back. The park was dark but some light from the street lamp splashed nearby and illuminated her face just enough so that Lacy could almost discern her features. Full lips that begged to be kissed. “Baby!” Groaned Lacy as he leaned forward, lips pursed.

“Son-of-a-bitch!” yelled Todd and then she drove her knee into that space between those legs.”

“FUCK!” groaned Lacy as he curled into a fetal position, hands on his nuts, gasping in pain.

But rather than running away, Todd gathered herself together and merely sat up, legs tucked under her skirt with one hand plucking at the torn dress. “Dang.” She swore softly. “You stupid or something? All you had to do was ask.”

“Huh?” Lacy’s head came up though his hands were still holding his nuts. “I... I think you broke something.”

Just my luck, thought Todd. Dude tries to rape me... that would be hard to do under the present circumstances. Her juices were churning, her pussy pulsating and now what... he’s broken. “Anything I can do?”

Lacy groaned. “Like you haven’t done enough already?”

“What’s your name?”

“Huh?”

“I mean like when I call the cops, you know. Who are you? From out of town for sure ‘cause I never saw you before.”

“Never saw you before neither.”

“You mean, you’re from here too?” Todd leaned over and took a good look at his face. “I know every guy at school and you...”

“Well I know every girl at school and you’re not...”

Enlightenment dawned on Todd’s face. “You’re one of *us!*”

“Us?”

“Yeah. Last night at the party? A lot of us changed into...”

Lacy let go of her balls and laughed. He held out a hand, “Lacy. Lacy Kimble, and you’re...”

“Oh my oh my!” Todd’s eyes grew big. “Really? Oh I had such a crush on you like... forever!”

That pleased Lacy. “Really?”

“Yeah.” The busty brunet took Lacy’s hand. “Todd Taft.”

“Euuu.” Groaned Lacy as he pulled back his hand.

~oOo~

They had been going steadily south down the interstate for almost three hours.“ And so that brings us up to... now.”

Lacy mumbled, “Serious shit.”

“Yep. Leo’s one of them *gods* that the book talked about. A kind of wild talent but in time, he’ll learn to control it and then, lights out for civilization.” She looked at the pimply face man beside her. “I really appreciate you going with me Lacy.”

Lacy shrugged. It was a male thing, macho, as if to say, no problem. “Leo Marker huh? Who’d figure.”

“Yep and he has a real thing for you -ah -er your *female* body that is.”

“Yeah. You said that already. Darn, all those times he was staring at my breasts and what he was really thinking was that he’d like to have ‘em for himself.” Lacy made a sour face. “Too bad for everybody he can’t just, you know, just change himself. The rest of us don’t need all this bother.” And then he changed the subject, “You going to get into any trouble? Stealing your pop’s car and...”

“Naw.” He remembered sneaking into the house for the keys and his dad’s wallet. And there were some things you just don’t want to remember, especially as it was happening on the kitchen table. “My folks were... -ah busy and tomorrow, well all Hell’s to pay- tomorrow- bet ya.” He looked at the clock in the dash panel and then at the road sign. “I need a few hours sleep, mind?” And without waiting for Lacy to answer, he pulled off into a rest area, parking in a dark corner.

There was an awkward moment in the still of the night. Todd grinned. "I always wanted to sleep with Lacy Kimble."

The pimply face boy grinned back and then looked thoughtful, "You sure you want to do this?"

"Sleep? Sure. I only had a couple of hours last night."

"That's not *exactly* what I meant."

"Oh!" Todd grinned sheepishly, "That! Well if you hadn't tried to rape me you would have found me... kind'a easy."

Lacy licked his lips. "More room in the back seat."

"Uh-huh," responded Todd as she pulled the dress off over her head and then un-snapped her bra releasing her breasts.

"It's weird." Said Lacy as she looked at Todd's nearly naked body.

"Huh?"

"No not you. You're... darn pretty."

"Thanks," murmured Todd as she pulled down her panties, her flesh naked against the leather seats.

"What I mean is... I never really thought of how exciting a woman's body was before last night."

"Oh."

"Yeah, Oh." Lacy slipped his lips around those stimulating nubs that knotted.

"I...I think we better get into the back before... ahhh. AHFFF! Don't stop."

~oOo~

Leo had hunted for Todd half the evening. A strange man had come to the door at Todd's house and... driven Leo off. It hadn't been a very nice experience. But the search hadn't been completely wasted. He picked up this black chick, or rather she picked him up. She smelled like she'd been fucking and one thing led to another and, there, behind his own house, Leo had finally lost his cherry. Geeze she was some hot bitch!

He'd stood there pulling on his clothes, in the cold October air as he watched her ample ass wiggle off back into the night. Probably looking for more action, he concluded. "Hey!" He called out, but not too loudly.

She turned with a large grin on her lips, "Got anudder one fo' we?" She sauntered back, hips swaying grandly.

Leo stood up, slowly. No he wasn't *ready* but... He sought an image, something to work with and then... he felt the surge.

The black gal froze in mid-stride. Her flesh rippled, her form shrunk. She staggered as the heels materialized. And there was Lacy Kimble. Dressed in that same sleek, black cocktail dress she had on last night. An idiot, sexy grim on her face and those

robin blue eyes willing. “Oh. LEO!” She gushed as if she had just seen him. She rushed toward Leo, arms out stretched and then flung herself into Leo’s waiting embrace, lips eagerly seeking and then finding Leo’s. “I... I LOVE YOU!” She said with passion.

It was everything and more than he’d wanted. Lacy in his arms. Lacy in love with him. “Com’on. Lets go to my bedroom.”

She giggled still clinging tightly to him. Her hip sliding against his. Her breath making smoke in the night air.

Leo couldn’t resist the urge, the temptation that all this power created. He watched *this* Lacy crawl through his bedroom window. Her sweet, heart shaped ass filling the window. Leo imagined a tail, a thick, bushy tail forming at her spine... like that of a red fox. It *clicked!* As she slipped inside, the last part of her to enter was a very full, furry broom of a tail that poked out of the black cocktail dress as if to add color.

“Hey!” she squeaked in alarm as she felt the tail. She grew angry and *her tail* began to swish back and forth in anger. “YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THAT!” She yelled, her face beet red.

Before he could climb through his own window and join her, his bedroom door flew open. There, blocking the door, was his mom and dad. Oh disaster! “Mom... Dad?”

His mother screamed, “WHAT’S SHE DOING IN HERE, LEO!”

And then both his folks saw the tail, that totally improbable, impossibly thick red fox tail. “Oh shit!” groaned Leo.

~oOo~

“Leo.”

“Huh?”

“He’s trying to make it with a Lacy-look-a-like.”

“You know that! What, you a mind reader? From HERE!”

Todd shrugged, “Sometimes I can almost see what he sees.” It was an odd experience. But not as odd as this he thought as he returned to the here and now! Nothing like this had happen last night she realized as Lacy aimed for and missed the slit between Todd’s legs. Last night it had been an all girl orgy on the locker room floor. And Lacy was about as naïve as she was. “OK, hold still. I got it.” She guided the head of that throbbing prick to the ready opening. “Now push forward..._AAAH! NOT SO fasssssssssssssst.”

“You all right.”

Todd gulped, “Oh yeah. Just don’t move for a second.” And she gulped again, it was a lot to get used to all right.

“Feels odd, you know actually *being* inside you.”

Todd gulped again, “Well you ought to try it from this position.” She giggled to herself quietly. The pleasure was spreading out. Her whole body was responding as yet more tension built up.

“Hurt?”

Todd giggled again, this time louder, “Only when it hit the inside of my skull. OH! What was that?” Suddenly there was something hot inside.”

“Oh.” Moaned Lacy. “I... I -ah er- came!”

“CAME! ALL READY! Ok, ok.” She said as she calmed down. Not to worry. She knew teenaged male bodies. “Ah- Five minutes and you’ll be ready to go again.”

“Really?”

“Trust me. Its like that, eighteen and always ready. Just don’t move. I want to enjoy just feeling you in there, OK?”

“Todd?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I’ll get better at this, right?”

“Male performance anxiety.”

“Huh?”

“Never mind, you’re just learning how the other half lives. Lacy, you’ll get better. Hmmm. In fact, you’re already getting hard again.”

“H...how’d you know?” he laughed.

Todd just giggled wickedly. “Now lets try moving this time, OK? Nothing fancy, just a little in and then a little out. Yeah, that’sssss the trick.” Oh gosh this feels goood. “Keep moving Lacy....yes...yes. Oh you don’t know what you’re missing.”

But Lacy wasn’t listening. He was in his own private delight as each thrust drove in deeper and deeper and...

~oOo~

His mom and dad tried to ignore the fox tail that swept out from the girl’s spine. It was surely some part of a costume but they couldn’t ignore the girl herself. “Lacy. I’m going to call your mother.” Leo’s mother said.

“Uh-huh,” mumbled Jim.

“And as for you Leo.”

“Yes Dad?”

“Uh, walk her home. It’s late. We’ll take about *this* tomorrow son. You’re grounded.”

Leo nodded to this pseudo-Lacy and she followed. As they got out side he said, “Where do you live anyway?”

“-Ah I’m not Lacy Kimble.”

“I know that!” growled Leo. “Who are you?”

The Lacy face grew pale, "I'd rather not say. OK?"

Leo shrugged. "Whatever. You don't want me to walk you home?"

"Hardly." She turned and headed down the walk.

Leo caught up with her, "See you tomorrow?"

"Not very likely." And then she quivered, her tail curled around her protectively. "I don't want to love you."

That brought a smile to Leo's face. "So you *will* see me babe."

She let out a long sigh. "I... don't think you'll want to be with me tomorrow."

"Oh? Why?"

"For... for Pete's sake Leo! I'm... a guy."

That cracked Leo up. "You? That sexy black chick, a guy? Who?"

"I rather not say. Goodbye." She ran as fast as she was able on those heels.

A thoughtful Leo watched. This gets more and more interesting. Tails and whole body transformations because *he* wanted it. He'd never go to sleep horny again and that was just for starters. It was almost too much to imagine.

Lyons and Tigers and Weres, Oh My!

Dawn broke. Todd awakened in the back seat of his dad's car and, more importantly, in the arms of a naked Lacy Kimble. Her B-cup breasts were crushed against his back. He twisted to take all of that in. "Lacy" he whispered as he brushed his lips against hers. Her thick lashes fluttered open with a start.

"OH!" she said, flustered. "You! I'd forgotten!"

"Yeah?" And then, "Oh thanks!" He said after he'd tried to kiss her only to have her pull her lips away. "*Whatever.*" He grumbled. As he leaned over the car seat. "Now that's strange. My clothes from last night? They haven't changed." He held up a pair of panties and then dropped them again as he reached over to the other passenger side. "I'll wear yours if you don't mind." He pulled on Lacy's jockey shorts. A woody formed. Lacy's eyes grew concerned. "Not to worry. It just happens. Get dressed, I'll find us some grub. OK?"

Lacy, eyes big, watched Todd dress as she pulled the rough wool army blanket more tightly around her nude form. In a fundamental way, it was like last night hadn't happened. Lacy, the guy, had been all too happy to enjoy the pleasures of Todd, the gal, but come the dawn, Lacy the gal was... remote. Cold.

“We’ll be at the University by eleven.”

“Today’s Sunday Todd.”

“OK.” He shrugged. “So maybe we can find Dr. Lyon’s residence. You still with me on this Lacy?”

She rolled her eyes than nodded OK.

Thank god for small favors. Noted Todd with a sour feeling. There was no question that he liked the male Lacy far better than this... bitch.

~oOo~

Jim didn’t wake up until almost ten o’clock that Sunday morning. But for him the awakening was a trauma of the first magnitude. The new spells cast by Leo had wiped out the old one. That is to say, Jim wasn’t a *were-woman* any longer. But *he was a woman*, indeed the *same* woman that *she’d* been after the tail was created *and it was daytime*. And *she* would remain that way, day and night, until Leo chose to alter that fact. That is to say, Jim was the very image of Lacy *except* for the thick red fox tail and the *love* she had for Leo. Perhaps it was the love that was the greater burden. It was certainly that love which would forced Jim to call Leo. It was that love that would commit Jim to a *date* that afternoon behind the Marker home (Leo *was* grounded).

Now all Jim had to do was to get out of her house without being seen. The sexy fox that she was, was trapped in an upstairs bedroom with two brothers and one of them was awakening! She finished cutting a hole through a pair of her ‘girl’ jeans, and then, with her brother looking on in amazement, pulled them on over her lush female form. The tail, which she had to pull through the new hole, wagged above her sweet, heart shaped ass as she ran down the stairs and past her dad.

“WHAT!” he said, startled and then proceeded to spill his coffee all over his lap as he stared at the sexy gal that had just come downstairs. “Who?”

“Jim.” And she said and then was gone.

“Jim? That’s... impossible!” He said to the lush female rear end as it wiggled out the kitchen door.

“We need to take him to a doctor Dear.” Jim’s mother said as she continued to wipe and wipe at an already clean, dry plate. “And soon.”

“I...I think we’re a little late for that honey. Was that a tail I saw? No way! Impossible! Honey? Let’s go to temple today, I’m feeling the *need*.”

“Sweetheart it’s Sunday.”

“Harrumph!”

~oOo~

Dr. Lyon was an odd looking fellow. At six foot he looked improbably tall for everything about him was tiny. His features, below a bald dome fringed with snow white hair, were all most childlike, ditto his hands and feet. Soaking wet he might weight one-hundred and twenty pounds but he wasn’t skinny, just incredibly delicate; a frail

wisp of a man, tall but no mass. And he was also a quiet man, one of those rare academics that knew how to listen. After he'd greeted Todd and Lacy, made them comfortable in his tiny cottage and supplied them with tea and small cakes and, after they'd had a chance to catch their breath, he'd waited patiently for their tale. And when Todd began, Dr. Lyon had drawn his shoulders in and his knees up like a giant praying mantis and listened intently.

When Todd finally finished, Dr. Lyon broke the trance like mode and said in a small voice: "*Now it begins.*"

Todd looked at Lacy and she looked at him before both returned their gaze toward Dr. Lyon. "Can you help us?"

"Oh heavens children! Me?" He stabbed his chest with a small finger. "I'm only a historian not a properly trained scientist. I'd be... no help what's so ever *there.*"

"But sir?"

"You need someone else I'm afraid. Hmmm." He sat there looking into space for a moment. "Could I ask you some questions?" Both Todd and Lacy nodded. "There are several things I find surprising. The wee folk, the changelings... you saw nothing of them?"

"Huh?" Both Todd and Lacy exclaimed.

"All the wonderful creatures of western and eastern folk tales my children."

"Like elves... leprechauns?" quipped Lacy.

"Yes... though I think the elf and leprechaun are essentially one and the same race. Let me back up if you children don't mind, ah-hmm. Gods are very rare. So rare that its impossible to assess their relative number from the existing histories. Perhaps one in a million or ten million or a hundred million. Perhaps your Mr. Marker, -ah Leo? Yes, well anyway, he may be one of but one-two hmm three in the whole population of the West Coast. Perhaps one of hmm- three hundred in the world... er where was I going, oh yes, gods are likely to prove to be rare, very, very rare. But magic will bring out the *other* races, understand?"

"No." Both looked confused.

"Hidden inside our genes, in the genes of existing humanity is a cornucopia of *human* races. Yes, races. Not like black vs. white but real races. Peoples who's fundamental physiology is truly different. Peoples who's basic nature requires *magic*. And they are *not* rare children. Not rare at all. Perhaps one in two hmmm? Humans were, a long, long time ago, only the most numerous race. Now do you see my surprise, yes? I would expect many reports of the *wee folk and changelings* long before the first god appears. Hmmm. This Leo, my children, may not even be one of the select."

"Huh?"

The old man was muttering to himself, "Nymph, sprites, centaurs..."

"Centaurs?" Quipped Lacy. "Like half human and half horse?"

"Hmm. Yes." Dr Lyon went back to his muttering, "-Ah creatures of form, only form, sorry. No real ability to *use* and *direct* magic you see. The Fairy folk, yes, now they can

use magic but usually only in self defense- hmm. Hide, twist the human image and feel emotions like words you know. But very limited. I believe your Leo may be a budding *satyr*.”

“Uh, what?” Todd exclaimed.

“Oh I know what *that* is,” said Lacy. “A guy with the ears, legs, feet of a goat. And horns.”

“Yes,” answered Dr. Lyon. “A shallow creature, interested in wine, women and song.”

“Kind of like a party animal,” laughed Todd.

“The original *party animal*. And the Satyr’s primary use of magic, well it seldom extends beyond *having a good time* hmm?”

“That’s good huh?”

“Oh very good. We might not see the emergence of a *god* for decades yet. Perhaps by then the human race will be prepared and history will not repeat itself, hmmm. No mad Thor throwing thunder bolts from the blue. No virtual enslavement of humanity: bowing and scraping and giving up sacrifices and all that other rot. One can hope.”

“What about us?”

“Oh the *were* thing. Can’t happen. Not possible away from the source.” He laughed, “You’d have to be *weres*, *real weres*. Disgusting creatures, more of a disease than a race you know, like vampires.”

“But...but,” sputtered Todd. “We... Lacy and me. We were at least a hundred miles from home when we changed last night and then this morning.” Lacy nodded in agreement.

The old man moved with alarming speed out of his chair and into the next room. The two of them looked at each other and then in the direction of the man’s flight. “What the Hell...” Muttered Todd.

The old man came out holding a dagger, a silver letter opener really. His eyes were wide with fear. His child like face twisted and pale. “Get... get out!” He said in a small quivering voice. He was cloaked in *fear*.

Todd took Lacy’s hand in his as the two of them back peddled, “Doctor?” He whimpered.

The gentle old man slashed with the dagger held at waist level. “*Weres... filthy... dangerous weres!*”

~oOo~

Leo took Jimmy from behind. Her white, heart shaped butt naked in the late morning sunlight. Her tail flicked to the side, the tip of which quivered with expectation, as she knelt face on the ground, tush held up very high with her feet planted flat on the ground, knees locked straight. Not a very comfortable position for her, surely thought Leo.

Naked from the waist down, Leo rammed into her wet pussy without having to bend down. He drove his cock to the hilt and then pulled all the way back only to slam into her again. The tail began to jerk in anticipation with each thrust. In time it would go into a rapid, jerky up and down motion when she began to climax. Only later, after they were done, would it wag like a dog happy to see its master or curl around her waist as she soaked up the good after-vibes. Oh the tail was a master stroke. Jimmy could hide nothing from him. Each different movement of her tail, was descriptive of her deepest feelings and emotions, not that they were very deep nor very complex.

Leo had lost count of the number of times he'd cum this day. The power of his loins seemed endless and his mastery of *Jimmy*, now total. Too bad he hadn't had that mastery over his folks. That idea resurfaced as he saw them drive up. There was no stopping now as he approached climax. "Hi Mom, Dad? How was church?" He called out and then gasped as the tide rolled over him, the thrusts reaching a crescendo... He hardly heard his mom shriek.

~oOo~

"Mayor? How was your trip?"

"Chief?" The head of her small police force stood, hat in hand, his face a sea of discomfort. There was something awfully wrong, she spotted that right away. "OK Jeff. What's wrong?"

"Uh, Ma'am..." He looked flustered. "Glad you're back. Something weird's been happen and frankly, well Ma'am I came to ask you to set up a seven o'clock curfew. For tonight that is and..."

"A curfew? Seven o'clock?"

"Yes Ma'am. I made arrangements with the state police to blockade the roads into town. Both of 'em if they can get the man power and well, I need authorization to deputize -oh ten-fifteen concerned citizens to help out, Ma'am."

The mayor sat down behind her desk, heavily. "Why Jeff? And this better be good."

"Oh yes Ma'am. It started Friday night, at the high school. Well Ma'am, lewd behavior in a public place."

"Lewd behavior?"

"Yes Ma'am, fucking Ma'am... -er sorry Mrs. Rogers -mayor, intercourse, lascivious behavior of all types, hundreds involved."

"Hundreds?"

"Yes ma'am, too many perps to handled. A regular orgy it was Ma'am." He took a breath, "Anyhow, it happened again last night."

"At the school?"

"No Ma'am. *Everywhere*. Mostly downtown, here in the streets, the bars... Ma'am it was cold out last night and there they were naked -er engaged in lewd behavior even in the Park Ma'am."

"And the road blocks Jeff?"

“Well Ma’am, me and my people, we got pictures of the perps, Polaroids Ma’am.” He sat a stack of the glossy pictures on the mayor’s desk. “I know most every body in Silverton mayor and... well, I don’t know most of these.”

“You think they’re from outside Jeff?”

“Yes Ma’am. They have to be. Anyhow we got to get a hold of this Mrs. Rogers. Half the town is screaming to high heaven and... well I don’t blame them.”

“You think it’s some kind of collage prank Jeff?”

“Could be Ma’am. Most of ‘em are about the right age and there’s several colleges with in an hour’s drive of here. So yes ma’am, could be.”

“Has there been any violence?”

“No Ma’am, just lewd conduct.”

“Hundreds you say.”

“Yes Ma’am. More girls than boys. I never seen nothing like this. Ma’am?”

“Yes. Jeff. Whatever you need.” Here in Silverton? It’s always been such a nice, clean town. She looked out of her window at the sunset, mystified. Well it wouldn’t happen again, not on her watch.

~oOo~

“Let me know when it’s five thirty Lacy. God knows I don’t want to be driving when... *it* happens.”

Lacy, who hadn’t said a word since they’d left Dr. Lyon’s cottage, remained curled up in a protective ball. Finally she spoke. “Why was he so... scared of us, huh?”

Todd shrugged. He didn’t know. “And he put *weres* in the same category as vampires. Go figure.”

That brought Lacy out of her shell. “Filthy, dangerous creatures.” She looked at Todd. “You don’t look dangerous to me.”

“Maybe its the way weres breed?”

“Euuuu.” Responded Lacy.

“Heck, I don’t know. Dr. Lyon said disease. Like maybe vampires and weres infect humans with *something*-”

“Uh-huh.”

“All I know about *weres* is from Hollywood. So I guess we got some research to do huh Lacy.”

“It’s all your fault.” She moaned.

Todd shrugged, “Or maybe you infected me, huh? I don’t feel like a monster.”

“Anybody bite you?”

“Not that I can remember. You?” She nodded no. -Ah Todd.”

“Yeah?”

After a few minutes, she said, "Better get off the interstate pronto."

"Huh?"

"It's almost time."

Todd swung the car behind a grove of trees at the first rest stop they came to. The place was deserted, only the occasional sound of a passing vehicle on the interstate broke the rural quiet. "I think I might have seen a real *were*, last night." He said as he turned off the motor.

"Who?" Lacy worried her butt deeper into the car seat.

"My mom."

"You're kidding!"

"Last night Lacy, she tried to raped me."

"You're mom? *Rape* you!"

"Uh-huh- tried. When she caught my dad and I in mid-transformation, she switched- bingo! -from female to male. Oh, and it wasn't a pretty sight."

"Your own mom?"

"Yeah. I think Leo's spell must have triggered a latent talent. "Anyhow when we get back, I suspect both my mom and dad are that way now. *Weres*." He tried to repress the image of his dad on the kitchen table, blood everywhere.

"And we're weres too? Some kind of monsters."

"I can't believe it Lacy! Besides, I don't think Dr. Lyon had any idea of just how much magic I have inside me. Close to a couple of quarts easy. Enough to supply my change for... a long, long time."

"And... And me?"

"Sure, maybe enough magic for both of us, I don't know. Gosh we did exchange bodily fluids last night, didn't we? Share the same air for hours. Could be I'm leaking magic all over you. Anyhow, if we're weres we're not nasty monsters, we'd know wouldn't we?"

Lacy stared thoughtfully for a moment and then, abruptly, her face hardened, her jaw broadened. Quickly her shoulders expanded. Her empty bra began gouging deeply into her broadening chest. "-AHHH." He groaned as he slashed at the constricting clothing.

"Heck! Don't rip them... I'm going to need those clothes!" Todd shrilled and then pulled down the zipper and unhooked the bra. "Hell's bells Lacy." He said as he helped her undress. His own clothing hung like a tent on... *her*.

Finally Lacy was naked, the clothes, a ball on the floor and *he* was helping Todd undress. There was hast in Lacy's efforts though the intent wasn't the same. Todd giggled as Lacy began to fondle her breasts. Quickly her pants and jockey shorts came down and then, all that remained was her socks. Lacy stopped, his mouth hung slack: "You're... even more beautiful then last night."

“You don’t look so bad yourself Lacy.” And he didn’t. Lacy’s face was a bit more rugged but more important, his eyes... Todd felt a tingle that ran up and down her spine. There was... a sweetness, a kindness in them that was visible even in the dim twilight that remained. Todd got all misty eyed.

“Hey? What’s that for?”

“Huh?” Todd wiped a tear from her eye. “I don’t know.” The truth was, she really liked Lacy when he was... a *he*. “Hold me.” She dove into his arms. And then she whispered into his ear, “Make love to me Lacy.”

~oOo~

Lacy was driving. “Damn! Another road block. What are we going to do Todd?”

“Go back a mile. There’ll be an old mining road on the right.”

“We can get to town that way?”

“No but, close enough. We’ll be at the backside of the golf course. We can walk in from there, piece of cake.”

“Why are they doing this?”

“Darned if I know. I don’t think those highway patrol guys have a clue either.”

“Hate to change the subject Todd.”

“Yes?”

“What about your mom, you can’t stay there tonight?”

“Oh!” Todd felt a chill work it’s way down her spine. “Yeah. Forgot about that! I don’t know... Here! Turn here and... *slow down for Pete’s sake...* way down. Ouch!”

“I’m on it, OK?” Growled Lacy. “Backseat driver!”

“Hey! Hey! Hey! STOP!”

As the car slew to a halt, Todd scrambled out and up over an embankment.

Lacy followed, “What?”

“Oh my God!”

“Jesus Todd! You... scared me. It’s only the power plant for Pete’s sake.”

“Will you look at that.” Todd bent his head back as he looked up. A huge column of steam was rising into the cold night air. The breeze was taking it east, toward the town.

“So?” Lacy was cold and tired and ready for bed.

“I forgot all about *it*.”

“Great Todd. *See* power plant. Now say *bye* power plant! Sometimes I think you’re weak in the head.”

“No. Don’t you understand? This is like the still I built at school behind the furnace only... a thousand-thousand times bigger.”

“Huh?”

“It isn’t just water going up in that column! Tons of magic is falling on Silverton right now. *Tons!*”

“No wonder Dr. Lyon’s schedule is off.”

“I’m not following you Todd.”

“Never mind Lacy. Lets get some where warm.”

~oOo~

“I’m sorry.” Growled the cop. But there wasn’t any *sorry* in his face. In fact he was rather enjoying himself. “Curfew. Now you two kids scam on home pronto or I’ll have to take you to the station.” He puffed up his chest, one hand resting on the handle of his baton.

Leo stood with the svelte Jimmy on his arm and tried to look over the cop’s shoulder. There was another cop chasing a couple of sweet young things down the street. And even further down the street, several girls and a boy were being herded into a station wagon, the latter were kicking and screaming and... giggling like this was all in fun. “What’s going on? Huh?” It looked exciting!

“None of your bees wax.” the young cop said gruffly as he reached for Leo’s arm. “I said move or...”

“Hey!” Leo yelled as he tried to pull away. An in an instant, he and the cop began to struggle.

Jimmy joined in, “LEAVE HIM ALONE YOU... YOU BIG BULLY!” An then she started to hit and scratch. Leo continued to try to pull away, yanking and twisting. Another couple came out of the alley beside them, paused and then joined in to mob the cop.

“OFFICER NEEDS ASSISTANCE!” Yelled the policeman as now both Jimmy and Leo fought back with the assistance of the second couple. The baton came up and then down on Leo’s arm.

Pain! Numbing pain bloomed up and down his arm. Leo lost feeling in his fingers as he watched the young and frightened red faced cop raise his baton again. “YOU TWIT! THAT HURT!” He yelled more in terror than in rage as the baton swung down again, this time at his face. Something clicked. The baton froze in mid flight and the cop...

The cop, Jimmy and the couple that had come to help and everybody within eye sight froze for an instant. The two deputies-volunteers that were forcing the girls into the station wagon and the cop chasing the other two girls also froze. A little old lady who had been watching the police bring order into the community, *everyone* in sight was held suspended, motionless and then... a wave of change rolled out with Leo at it’s center. More than a dozen, silly but sexy cheer leaders, in their Silverton Bulls sweaters and short, flaring skirts, white rolled socks in green and yellow sports shoes were waving their green and yellow pompons as they leaped and dashed about cheering on the home team. They were a mixed set, some tall others short, some big breasted and others tiny but all had an insipid almost moronic look in their eyes.

Stunned, Leo stood there, his arm still throbbing, as the cheer leaders rushed together and began to perform as a group, now alone on the empty street. All attempts at law and order had vaporized. In one blast Leo had reduced the police force by half. Transforming them and the other accidental victims into twits. Complete air heads, vacuous, harmless cheerleaders. And, unlike the spell cast at the high school, these new girls would not revert to normal in the morning. “Goooo Bulls!” Rang out into the night air.

Leo turned, leaving Jimmy to her fate. It was just one more proof that he held enormous power; he was a real warlock! All those slights and wrongs suffered in his life could be corrected. He felt ‘god-like. It was time to go home. Tomorrow was Monday. School! *That might be fun. Yeah he owned the world!*

Are We having Fun Yet?

Todd awoke to the sound of his dad tapping at his door. “Get up Son. Time for school.”

“Huh?” Todd jerked up. School? At a time like this... He looked over at the door. A chair was braced against the door knob and his chest of drawers, snug against the chair. He’d made his room a fortress last night before going to bed. “Sure Dad, I’ll be right there.” He threw off his covers and checked his body. Yep! Boy normal.

A few minutes later he was down stairs. “Where’s Mom? And what’s that *smell?*”

His dad looked up from his paper, took a pull at his coffee and then said, “More to the point. Where were you yesterday? I didn’t give you permission to use the car.” But for all of that, there was no anger in his voice. “We were worried.”

“I saw Dr. Lyon, just like we discussed.” He said as he continued to sniff the air. It smelled like... a zoo.

Some interest lit up his dad’s face, “And?”

“You were right Dad. It was a lot of driving and not much more.”

“He didn’t believe you?”

“Oh yeah he believed me all right. Just that there was nothing he could do.” Todd left out the part about the *weres*. “Silverton’s just the leading edge Dad. In time...”

His dad looked almost relieved. “Com’on son, time to go.”

As they walked to the car, Todd turned to his dad, “What happened the night before last. You know when Mom came into your study?”

“Oh, that.” Mumbled Norm Taft. “Water over the dam.”

“Dad! She was going to, you know... do *it* to me.”

Todd's dad stopped and put his hand on Todd's shoulder, "She's not herself any more Son." He looked at Todd, no more than you or I."

"Still..." Todd grumbled.

"She... *we* are not, strictly speaking, human any more son."

"I was afraid of that Dad."

"Well the incest rules don't apply now. Not between *him* and you."

"HIM!"

"Oh yeah. Most decidedly HIM. He wants you to join our... pack."

"Pack Dad?"

"Family, whatever." Sighed Todd's dad. "Son, if you don't want to join us, maybe you shouldn't come back home tonight. I... I don't think I can control *him any longer.*"

"And you Dad? Why don't you leave. Hell why don't all of us leave?"

"Too late even if I wanted to."

"Huh? You mean..."

Todd's dad didn't answer as he started the car and pulled down the drive way. "Getting use to being a girl Todd? You know, at night."

"Yeah, I guess."

"Would you miss it, you know if it didn't happen again?"

"Gosh." Todd sat open mouthed as he chewed on that one. His immediate reaction was to say, *NO, of course NOT* but... he had enjoyed some of that experience, especially with Lacy. "I... I don't know Dad, I really don't know."

"Well, that's some progress son. Next week we're leaving Silverton, maybe sooner. But there's only one way you can join our pack -er family, Todd. You'll have to become one of *us.*"

"I'll be on my own then?"

"Something to think about, right. Sorry there are no options Son. I don't make the rules, *he* does."

"-Ah Dad? Then I'm not a... were yet."

"Huh! No." He laughed, "You'd know, trust me. The sense of power, of energy... incredible, simply incredible. At night, during the hunt, able to shift your shape to *any* form! It makes being like this... a mere frozen shadow."

~oOo~

Leo was sitting on the top step leading into the two story yellow brick building that had served as Silverton's high school since the late forties, his back was against one of the large pseudo Greek cement columns that fronted the building. He'd been there even before the first school bus had arrived from the outlying country side and long, long before the kids from town arrived. If one had absolute *power* how would one use it? It was tempting to do something really big but would it be fun? What would be *fun*?

If he did something that made everyone run around screaming, that wouldn't be fun for long. They'd all run away or something.

He'd been making a list of real and possible crimes that had been committed against him. And a list of those who had just... made him uncomfortable or feel inadequate. Probably at the top of the latter list was *Lacy Kimble*, that is, the *real* Lacy Kimble, not Jimmy. He could make her ugly, real ugly but was that punishment enough? This being a wizard was tough work. He pulled out a cigarette he'd swiped from his dad this morning and lit it. No smoking on campus- *right!* He puffed on it half wanting someone to appear and challenge him.

A gaggle of girls, mostly underclassmen, freshman and sophomores, slowly collected at the foot of the steps. A couple of cute ones, but most were too young to hold his attention long. He wondered what they'd be like in a few years. That brought him up: he could... naw. Too easy.

He went back to working on his list. He'd make one for the teachers, another for the jocks... *jocks!* There, parking his sports car, was Mr. BMOC himself, Gordy Zimmer. What good looks and money can't fix hadn't happened to Gordy. He watched as all eyes from the covey of girls swung around and locked on to *the* man. Oh this was too... *precious*. He watched as Gordy walked his 'big man' walk toward the steps. The throng of 'would be' beauties swayed like leaves in the wind as they accidentally drifted into Gordy's path. Leo *knew* what he wanted to do but, so far every spell he had made had exploded like a hand grenade- he needed to learn to focus: He imagined Gordy Zimmer exactly as he was *only* very, very effeminate *inside*. His naturally long eyelashes fluttered as the 'big man' walk became more forced, less automatic. Still male, but a raving queen inside. *Yes!*

The covey of girls still flocked around him, cooing and wooing but their efforts were wasted on Gordy now! Success. A small change! They saw no difference but Leo did and... Gordy fluttered up the stairs, stopping at Leo feet. "Hi Leo." He said, fluttering his long lashes. His voice breathless as he eyed Leo like looking at a rare jewel, a precious, never-to-be-too-much-sought-after and cherished *lover*.

"Yeah. Hi Gordy. How's it hanging?"

Gordy giggled, hands fumbling at his waist and then he blushed, "Would you like to know, *lovely Leo?*"

Leo rolled his eyes, "Lovely Leo? You're nothing but a fag Gordy."

Gordy's lashes fluttered, "I... could be *your* fag Leo."

"In some ways Gordy, you already are." Leo said with a laugh. "Now beat it!" As Gordy fled, Leo thought, OK that went swell. The star quarterback of the Bulls was now a... fairy and heck he still got his good looks and money... that's fair! He pulled himself up and headed inside. Classes wouldn't start for another fifteen minutes yet, he was going to check out the faculty lounge. "Yeah, so much to do and so little time."

~oOo~

“There must be a hundred students that called in sick this morning Mr. Taft.” The secretary handed him a list. “Could you post this in the faculty lounge?”

“Sure.” Part of Norm would miss all this ‘normalcy’ and yet, the die was cast. He’d spent his entire adult life teaching science and then this... But his love-fear of Peg easily over rode those *human* emotions, the taste of human blood last night... He opened the door to the faculty lounge, “Mr. Marker?”

“Sir?”

“You’re not supposed to be in here!” His voice came as a growl from deep in his throat. But Mr. Marker hadn’t moved, in fact, a loose confident, stick-it-up-your-ass sneer simply broadened across the boy’s face.

“What are you going to do, throw me out?” He laughed as he shoved Norm back with the flat of his hand, “Mr. Science wiz!”

Norm controlled his anger, “That’s... uncalled for Mr. Marker.” And then he looked startled, “You were smoking in here!”

“Duh! Mr. Taft, what’s the square root of four, huh?”

Now Norm’s anger was exploding as he reached and grabbed the boy’s shoulder and tightened his grip.

“I said, what is the square root of four, *twit!*” Leo was not to be intimidated.

A feeling like being flushed out hit Norm. It was like his will, his essence was turning into water and leaking onto the floor. The kid, a mere boy was *commanding* him too... “-Ah...” He staggered back. *Numbers*, all kinds of numbers rolled around his head. Square roots, four? Confusion and then a terror of numbers solidified in his brain. He had to answer, the command was compelling. “I... I don’t *do*... numbers.” Was his voice changing?

“No you don’t *do* numbers because... you know why?”

“Huh-hu... no, why?”

“You’re a pregnant, illiterate, bitch substitute.”

“I... I am?”

“You’re going to have to teach Science today ‘cause Mr. Taft’s not here. You’re going to *pretend* to be a science teacher but you don’t know squat. Now get out of my way Ms.... *Simpleton*. Oh yes, every moment of every day you’ll *remember* who you actually are Mr. Taft but you’ll still be dumb.” He was laughing as the door closed behind him.

Norma... Simpleton looked in the mirror. It wasn’t the first time he’d become a she. A rather plain, though not ugly woman, returned *her* gaze. Her belly held a baby about three months shy of full term. “Oh my.” She said to herself. “Ugh. Science?” Only fear and confusion existed where knowledge had once ruled. She picked up the lecture plans for that day. It might have been written in Greek for all the good it would do her. And numbers, scads of numbers. She could just ignore them, right?

But somewhere, deep inside, Norm Taft twisted in torment. Trapped inside a pregnant twit. How would *he* ever get back to Peg! Those thoughts swam away as the baby kicked and the maternal hormones began to flow. *She was ordinary now, not a were! Could not be a were, not in this condition. But perhaps worst, that which he loved so much had become alien. Science?*

~oOo~

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays Todd went to Science for first period. The idea of his dad as a *were* lay heavily in his mind. A flesh eating monster in the dark-gads! But when class started, there was this young pregnant woman, a very flustered and very stupid woman at the black board. Her eyes, wide with terror and her hands shaking. She went to the board and printed as she spoke, "I am Ms. Simpleton." She gave a forced, bright smile, and then turned back to the black board and wrote as she talked: "You can call me Norma." She said in a sing song voice. It was like she was speaking in front of third graders. "We are going to have a good time today class, sci-encing." She waited for a positive reply but it was not forth coming. One could see the fear growing in her face as she sought something to say. She grabbed the lecture notes and, with lips moving, read silently for a minute as the class grew more restless.

Oh my God! Todd eased back into his seat. Norma! This was his dad! But with all of his intellect having been drained from his skull! There was a hint, a mere shadow of his dad in that silly, dumb body. That first impression was amply reinforced as the hour slowly, so slowly wore on. She had resorted to reading right from his dad's notes and pronouncing every other thing wrong and in that *sing song delivery!* And the class was getting out of hand, rebellious almost to a soul. Paper wads flew, guys laughed openly at her and girls... snickered behind hands held to their mouths. Norma was a ... joke! Poor, poor dad! Who could have done this... only one person- *LEO MARKER!* He was making his move now! This wasn't the work of a satyr. This wasn't about sex and having fun! Todd slipped from his seat, ignoring the *substitute* when she tried to call him back. Where was Leo?

~oOo~

First period Gym class! Gads he *hated* gym, normally, but today... He'd already passed up a couple of chances to have *fun* in the locker room. As he came out in green shorts and a yellow tee shirt he could see the mats on the floor. Wrestling! Some of the guys were already standing around the edge of the central mat as Mr. Berkowitz yelled for them to get their bums out of the locker room. As the last of them entered and took their place, Mr. Berkowitz said, "Ok Mr. Killman (that was Animal Killman, all two hundred and twenty pounds of brute muscle), you and..." he looked at the assembled kids. Leo wasn't a bit surprised when the physical ed teacher pointed at him: "Marker. First up."

"Him?" Laughed Animal. "You got to be joking teach. He's too *little.*"

"Not a problem Animal." Leo flexed his non existent muscles and slapped his thighs as he moved toward the middle of the mat.

Animal came out, a grin on his face and in a low voice said, “Don’t fight too hard shrimp or I might hurt you.”

“What was that? Mr. Killman?”

“Oh nothing coach.” Animal emitted a growl and then lunged for Leo’s shoulder. His big hands grabbed and tightened. Leo’s flimsy shoulders were like putty in his hands. “Just go over easy twerp and I’ll not break anything.”

“Yeah!” Said Leo as the big man’s grip became mushy. He swept inside that grip, hands going around Animal’s rock hard waist and began to squeeze. The flesh contracted as it became less and less muscular. Where there had been no waist, there was now a tiny, for Animal, thirty inches of soft hairless flesh but still covered in the now loose fitting tee shirt. As he let the bigger man pull him close in a bear hug, he whispered, “You want to suck it so bad.”

Animal roared as he squeezed with all his might around Leo’s middle. Thought’s of Leo’s cock in his mouth mutated from disgusting to... the big man mewed as Leo easily broke Animal’s grip and flung him to his knees.

“OK! OK! Enough Leo. Very impressive.”

Leo just laughed as the P.E. teacher froze and then began to wilt like butter on a hot stove. He turned back to Animal and threw him on his back. Exclamations leaped into the air as the other guys saw the ballooning breasts on Animal’s chest. Animal’s face, soften into a rude approximation of femininity, though not particularly pretty. As fat followed muscle and curves replaced ridges. Leo stood back as the hefty but utterly female figure writhed on the mat. “OK. Gang bang!”

“Huh?” A dozen voices yelped together as they looked at the squirming mass of female Animal. How many times had Animal organized a ‘gang-bang’? Ironic that he should be the victim.

“Take her or be her, your choice!”

The P.E. teacher, now only a shadow of his muscular self, squeaked, “You... you can’t do that Mr. Marker.”

Leo roared and then pointed. In an instant, the now slight Mr. Berkowitz was the first on Animal. It wasn’t a pretty sight as the skinny man humped the fat woman. One of the guys had worked himself near the door and was ready to take off. “Hey!” Yelled Leo.

“-Ah... Ah,” stumbled his classmate before sprinting out the door.

“Get back here Asshole!” yelled Leo after the retreating figure.

The guy stopped and turned. There was something wrong. He knew it but couldn’t identify what until he’d returned to the gym like a robot under external guidance.

“Take off those shorts.”

“Uh-huh.” All could see and understand but the victim. His ass was now in front. Butt cheeks wiggled where a groin had once been. “OK, lay down on the mat and you-fuck it!” He pointed at another classmate. There wasn’t a word of protest. Even the P.E. teacher, now finished with Animal, stood quaking in fear.

They would go, running and screaming as soon as he released them, that was obvious. And that was decidedly *not* what he wanted. “OK, so I screwed up. Sorry.” He imagined that none of them remember anything unusual having happened and then paused, no... too easy. Rather he imagined that they *wanted* this to happen. Mr. Berkowitz a ninety pound weakling, Animal a fat horny broad and... that other kid, a real asshole. “Yeah. Have fun.” And he turned and left unconcerned as the guys took advantage of the offerings on the mat. *Humans*, don’t you just love them! Now for Lacy Kimble!

~oOo~

“Hey, slow down, you’re going to get us killed!”

“Anybody out side yet?”

Lacy turned around and looked back at the school, “No.”

“I don’t know how far his power projects Lacy but I’m telling you all Hell’s going to break loose back there.”

“But...but Leo likes me.”

Todd laughed. “Yeah, if you’re lucky you’ll be his love slave for a thousand years but don’t hold your breath. He’s been spurned too long and he’s got too much power I think to settle for that. Besides, he can have any number of Lacy-look-alikes, he’s already proved that. No, I think all that power he’s going to do crazy things. Hurt people. I already told you what he did to my dad.”

“A pregnant girl, yeah.”

“Oh that was the least of it. My dad *loved* science Lacy. He made dad a science moron. That was just... cruel.”

“OK. Then why me?”

“What do you mean?”

“All those guys back there, why rescue *only* me, huh?”

“’cause there wasn’t time to get more out. Hell... I don’t know.”

“Because you love me, huh?”

“The truth Lacy? You are a royal pain in the bottom.” Her eyes widened in surprise. “And... well I do love you -er like last night.”

She giggled, “You mean when I was a *guy*?”

“Yeah. That’s exactly what I mean.”

Lacy frowned, “I’m not sure I like that.”

“Well, you’re a lot nicer as a guy. Honest.”

Her surprise was complete as she looked down at her swell, sexy body and then over at Todd who wasn’t that much to be sure as a guy. “-Ah -er, where are we going?”

“Somewhere, far, far away.”

“That’s exciting.” But she didn’t look excited. “How are we going to live?”

“You mean money? Good question. Look this whole town is a trap.”

Lacy sat there unconvinced.

~oOo~

Leo was going from room to room looking for Lacy. Nobody could give him any lip- he shut them up with a nod of his head and a random thought. He left the hallway monitor jerking off and Mr. Pierce, the assistant Principal who'd grabbed him in the hall way was now singing country music in a soft, female voice (and pretty good at that) but his freedom was for naught. By the end of first period he knew that Lacy wasn't in the building. She had to be somewhere back in town but where? He had half a mind to blow this joint but... Lacy was only one item on a long list. Finally, well after second bell he entered Senior English.

“Oh. Mr. Marker, so kind of you to join us.” The young woman raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“Oh. Hi. Miss Lincoln.” He sat down with most of the class looking at him. And when he looked up, all was normal again, duh, a piece of cake. His was now but a face in the sea of faces.

This was perhaps his favorite class. Probably because there were so many good looking tits here, not the least of which was those owned by Miss Lincoln. He imagined all of them great boobs swinging naked and then stopped himself. Damn, this was difficult! Yeah all those naked boobs running for the front door and gone.

He let Miss Lincoln's voice wash over him for a few minutes as he thought through the 'problem'. *IF ONLY...* bare breasts were the norm! that thought slashed out across the whole school. *IF ONLY...* covering breasts were considered *abnormal and perverted*.

He sat back to watch. Miss Lincoln began to squirm uncomfortably at her desk, ditto every girl in the classroom. Classroom doors were opening all through the building and his classroom was no exception. Red faced, Miss Lincoln got up and excused herself. And then, one by one, the other girls left. All across town, women were removing their bras and more. Sweaters were pulled up, dresses and shirts opened and all in frantic haste. And, most amazingly, none of them seemed to realize that anything was amiss.

~oOo~

“Did you feel that?”

“Huh? Said Lacy as she fumbled with her blouse.

“What are you doing?”

Red faced she said, “*Whatever...*”

“You removed your bra!”

“Oh... Yeah.” She squirmed in her seat and then lifted her sweater over her head.

“Dang it Lacy!”

“Huh?”

“Put that back on!”

“I... I feel better like this.”

“Yeah I appreciate the view. But the next cop that passes...”

She growled but she made no effort to cover herself.

“Will you *please* cover up!”

She glared at him. “You’d like that wouldn’t you. Todd Taft, I’m no common whore!” She spat. She held the bra in her hand and then tossed it to the floor in disgust, “Men, you’re all alike!”

He muttered to himself, “A cop’s going to pull us over sure as hell, sure as hell.” This was strange! He looked over at her. Window down, cool air blowing across her high pointed breasts without a concern in the world. A car passed them and almost went into a ditch. Oh brother, some escape this was going to be.

IF ONLY...

“Leo? That you?”

“Yes Mom.”

She came out of the kitchen wearing only a skirt. Her breasts, sagging a little, had been powdered and a little rouge had been applied to her nipples.

It was a sight that momentarily alarmed Leo and then he let it pass. “I wasn’t feeling too good mom.” He lied. He’d left after fourth period in a confused huff.

“Oh dear. Maybe you should go to bed.”

“Naw. I’ll be all right Mom.” And then he was alone again as his mom returned to the kitchen. He’d learned a difficult lesson today. *If one has everything, one has nothing!* He’d hardly done a tenth part of the things he’d wanted to do, but after a while, he realized: what was the point! He could have had all the girls in love with him, or at least those he might want, *but it wouldn’t be real*. The challenge was gone. He looked out the back window at the mountain above the town. There, in white stones, where this morning it had said, in one hundred foot letters: BULLS, now read, BOOBS. The Silverton Boobs! It had struck him as funny at the time but... with everybody accepting the idea... that was it! He’d been so careful that it wasn’t *fun* any more. Like beating Animal in wrestling, no-big-deal!

What he wanted was... *real* respect. *Real* love and... And most important, what he couldn’t do, *change himself*. It seemed like a million years ago that Todd had promised

that he, Leo, could be a beautiful babe and that was only last Friday. Maybe that dream could still come true? Here he was a wizard and only wanting the ordinary!

His heart began to hammer, Todd. Todd was a witch! She could do for him what he couldn't do for himself. They could trade... But she made herself female? Why couldn't he do the same? Was her power *stronger* than his? For the first time today, Leo felt a twinge of fear. He began to pace back and forth across the living room, his head down deep in thought as he tried to change his own body. *Nothing!* He could control the whole world but not himself...

Finally he left the house seeking answers.

~oOo~

The truck stop at the edge of town was doing a booming business. The waitresses, all topless, were getting rich on their tips. "Men!" Muttered Stacy as she escaped back into the kitchen.

"What was that dear?" said her boyfriend, who worked as a short order cook.

She shrugged causing here sprightly little boobs to jiggle, "They act like they never saw breasts before."

"Anybody giving you a hard time?" He growled protectively.

"Nope. No butt pinches or nothing *bad* sweets. A couple guys grabbed my boobies... whatever."

"Yeah. Whatever. Hey..." he lowered his voice and motioned her closer, "Could you wear a... *bra* tonight hon?"

She blushed and then gave him *that look*. And in a whisper said, "All white and it covers *everything*."

He shook his fingers like he'd touched the grill, "Baby, you're... *hot!*"

~oOo~

The mayor was meeting with the police chief. She was wearing her best blue business suit, no bra or blouse, of course, but the coat was buttoned. The poor chief couldn't keep his eyes off her chest. Finally she unbuttoned her jacket, letting her small but shapely breasts hang out. And she was pissed. "Jeff, when are you going to start thinking of me as your boss and not some chippy?"

The man gulped, "Was I that obvious. Sorry its just happened... you know."

"No I don't know Jeff and frankly after last night..."

"Gosh. We'll find them Ma'am."

She rolled her eyes. "You lost half your force, the streets still ran wild and..."

"You going to fire me?"

"The thought had crossed my mind Jeff. OK, so what brought you here again."

He gulped. "We've had ah- a number of cases of indecent exposure this morning."

“Oh, it starts again.”

“Well, its different Ma’am. A lot of older women, tourists for sure.”

The mayor groaned, “What?”

“Bras and stuff.”

“What’s the world coming to anyway! How many?”

“Over forty. Too many to hold and... Mayor, they’re not at all cooperative! No Ma’am, they make quite a fuss when we try to make them uncover.”

~oOo~

Norma ‘Norm’ Simpleton escaped school at the beginning of lunch period. There was no amount of money that could adequately reimburse her for the sheer pain of teaching *Science* and the students had been... horrid. She’d clerk in a store, do laundry or worst before she would subject herself to that kind of humiliation again. Leo’s spell, and there was no doubt in Norma’s mind that it was Leo that had done the deed, was as incomplete as it was horrid. Other than the clothes on her back and the baby inside, there was nothing else in this world that belonged to Norma. Even Norm’s car had disappeared from the school parking lot. No purse and no documents of any kind. Sans credit cards and identification, a non existent person. In the absence of any reality base, it was Norm Taft’s memories and self history that had guided her steps on the long walk from the school to... *home*.

And now, down the street, she could see what *had been his home*- the Taft home. Her tired feet, swollen ankles and a lower back pain that wouldn’t go away, the product of walking too far while carrying too much, led her into the small park and the beckoning bench. She sat down heavily, feet sprawled out, head back. The long walk had been for *nothing!* She could almost smell the feral odors leaking from *that* house, the incomplete gray shadows that would flit from room to room and window to window as they waited for darkness and the *hunt*. As of this morning, seven *weres* resided there and by the end of the night, maybe ten-twelve? Once the full pack was formed, Peg would lead them away. A remote ranch perhaps. Some place where they could hunt and murder in relative safety. The baby kicked!



She looked down past her swollen breasts that stood naked in the mid-day sun at her round belly. The weres breed by blood not by egg. Those amorphous gray shapes that could be human, would tear *her* baby from her womb and then, in a great bloody feast eat her and her baby, crunching down even their bones. Only a skull would remain as a marker of her existence, a broken, shatter skull from which the sweet brain matter would be extracted and given to Peg. *There was no returning in this form.* Would Peg feel pain, grief? Not likely now.

In a few hours it would be cold and then dark. All ready, in the shade, her breasts felt chilled. She covered both breasts with her hands letting them warm. She needed shelter and protection. A home and a provider. And then she needed to do something horrible to *LEO MARKER!* She got up and headed toward downtown.

~oOo~

The CBS affiliate at Pine Valley sent a news crew to Silverton. They hoped for something for the five o'clock news, a cute tidbit based on the rumors that had been circulating regarding a truck stop that had gone *topless*. They never made it to the truck stop which was at the north end of the small town.

As they entered from the south taking the route through the town and not the bypass, the first thing they saw, on the mountain side, in huge letters...BOOBS. They stopped and got a shot of that before continuing. Even before they entered the city limits, a dozen *topless* house wives were seen entering and leaving a small shopping mall. The crew, cameras and all, swarmed from the vehicle. Inside the truck, the producer picked up her cell phone: "Boss, I think we got a big one here! It's not just a truck stop, it looks like a whole town... Yeah! Send reinforcements if you got 'em." It wasn't often that they'd get a chance to feed the network a story that promised to get national attention.

~oOo~

A mile away, the mayor was informed about the arrival of the TV crew out at the mall with in minutes. But she couldn't be bothered for in her office was Mr. and Mrs. Killman and, what had to be, their daughter. Killman was a lawyer and, more important to the mayor, her likely rival in next springs election. "Well Henry to what do I owe this pleasure?"

The big man was quivering with rage. His wife looked on boggle eyed and the *girl*, her large fat breasts sagging to her waist, her pig eyes filled with terror. Mr. Killman was fighting his rage and when he finally had it under control he said in a carefully measured tone of voice: "I... I sent my son to school this morning Mayor." He said Mayor like it was a cuss word. His emotions began slipping out of control again. He screamed: "*THIS IS HOW HE RETURNED!!!*" He jabbed a thumb at the fat girl and the girl began to sob hysterically.

The mayor staggered back. "This... couldn't... be!" She looked at the fat girl. Ronnie Killman, center for the Silverton Boobs. "Y...You're Ronnie?"

The girl, sobbing, jerked her head up and down. Long, greasy hair fell over her face as her fat breasts swayed.

What was she supposed to do about this, heaven to mercy, she was only a mayor! “We... we need to take her to the hospital.” She said. Well that was something. First had been the report of that poor boy with the twisted spine and now this...

~oOo~

Late Monday afternoon found Dr. Lyon, Dr. Hendricks, a geologist from the University and two graduate students, one from history and the other from the geology department, climbing the mountain behind Silverton in a four wheeled RV. From the narrow mountain road, they had taken a dirt path that led to the upper reservoir that served the town far below. The reservoir was situated in a high narrow canyon that led back into a very large cave from which the water flowed.

“Test?” Said the geologist. “Easy. Tony, the scale.”

Dr. Lyon leaned forward, “What will this show?”

“Water has a certain mass, translate that as weight. This beaker,” He held up the full beaker for the historian to see, “should weigh a thousand grams, including the beaker itself of course. Now according to existing calculations, an equivalent volume of dark matter would weight, ah- one hundred and some odd grams. And the ratio of the difference, well the amount of dark matter, if any...”

“Yes. I see.” Dr. Lyon waited expectantly.

The Geologist gave out a low whistle, “Five hundred and thirty-six grams!”

“Quite a lot of dark matter?”

The geologist’s eyes were excited, “You can say that again Prissy! And some other minerals perhaps but yeah- oodles.”

“Oh dear.” Murmured Dr. Lyon. “We must stop this... water from being used.”

All nodded in agreement. “It’ll take some time. Dark matter is not recognized as a dangerous substance but then, California water regulations are pretty strict.” He smiled, “Don’t worry Prissy old boy. Tomorrow, by the latest, we’ll have this source cut off at least temporarily. But the water commission can be slow, real slow.” He looked at his watch. “There is a lab we can use in Silverton. But we got to hurry its... almost four and we need to get there before five.”

~oOo~

“I told you, didn’t I?”

A very red faced Lacy, breasts now covered, sat there looking embarrassed. “I... I want to go home Todd!”

“Jesus Lacy!”

“I... can’t go around like *this!*” She groaned.

“Well at least the cop didn’t give us a ticket or anything.”

“Great for you,” she snapped. “The way he was ogling me... it was down right disgusting and...”

“And what?”

“We don’t have any money Todd. Where are we going to stay and... what are we going to eat?”

“Silverton’s going to be... dangerous Lacy.” He looked at her but she had that determined set to her mouth. “OK, your funeral.” He check his watch. They wouldn’t have time to make it back before dark. “Lacy?”

“Yeah.”

“I... I can’t go back.”

“WHAT! You... you *just* said you would!”

“What I mean is, I’ll drop you off at the truck stop. You’ll have to walk the rest of the way into town. Lacy if Leo does something to my mind, it’s all over.”

“Maybe he wouldn’t do anything.”

“Yeah and maybe Santa’s real but...Lacy I’ll call your house tonight at exactly 11:00. If you don’t answer, I’ll call again every half hour. This is important, Lacy I got to know if you’re OK.”

“That’s... sweet Todd.” She gave him a grin and then, after careful consideration, a quick kiss on the cheek. She wasn’t nearly as affectionate toward him as a female. But what was new about that? Nothing.

~oOo~

“Can you believe this town?” said one camera man. “The Mayor with her tits hanging out of her suit jacket.” He turned back and called to a second man, “How’s the feed?”

The technician gave a thumbs up and then walked over to join the other. “Sure wish we had a satellite hookup, we’d be done now. Anyhow, tape’s in the can. Hungry?”

“Yeah, they all said in unison.” The sky was now bright strips of pink and yellow as the sun dropped below the mountain, twilight but not sunset yet.

By the time the crew had received their orders at the local bar and grill, the *babes* had started coming in- the sun had set. And they were *babes*, not a one a throw-away and even without this *topless* style, the five males of the news crew, at least, thought that they’d died and gone to heaven. And not only were they good looking *babes*, they were *hot* like in heat. “Sweet jumping Jesus!” Moaned the first camera man.

That comment drew a visual rebuke from their female producer. The whole thing was giving her the creeps. The gals were too pretty and all too uninhibited. And the interviews they had sent out, like being on a different planet. No there was a story here and it was a lot bigger than *topless* women. Where was that damned reporter anyway? “Any of you seen Brad?”

The two cameramen rolled their eyes.

“OK you jerks, you know don’t you.”

“Aw boss.” Groaned one of them.

“Com’on, tell mama.”

“With one of the locals. -Ah I think she said Peggy...” He shrugged, “don’t remember the rest.”

“Well if he doesn’t show up...” She looked at her watch, “in fifteen minutes. Well by God he can find his own way home!”

The four males looked at the growing crowd of young, hot and sexy chicks and thought, things could be worst.

~oOo~

Leo was sitting on a small hill behind the town, still deep in thought, when he saw something interesting in the twilight. Two people, both strangers, began 'making out' in the alleyway behind the feed store. Oh that wouldn't have held his interest for long but quickly, very quickly the woman had stripped off her clothes. She had a fine, though mature, body and the guy was sucking at her tits when...

Leo watched in horror as the woman's form rapidly warped into that of a very large dog... no, dog-like for it still had hands and... Her half human-half dog face came away from the man's neck, a mask of blood. And then... Leo leaped up in horror as the head was ripped from the body in a spray of gore and the man fell limply to the ground. An involuntary yelp sprung from Leo's throat as he stumbled back.

That thing turned its great green eyes in Leo's direction and spun in pursuit! Gibbering, Leo ran as his scream filled the air. And then, thirty some odd feet away, two more of the creatures appeared as if to cut off his escape. He spun to his left and started running down the hill but that only brought him closer to the first beast. And then, in a burst of energy that could only come from great fear, Leo began to climb an elm tree that guarded the empty lot with the speed of a small monkey.

Not more that two seconds after he'd pulled his feet to safety, seven of the dog things were leaping and snapping at him. He worked himself up higher into the tree and looked down. One of them, the original female that had ripped off the head of that man, was forming into a more human form. *His* snarls became guttural, deep speech. “You can't get away from us *Leo*.”

LEO! They knew his name. “W...Who are you?”

A second monster morphed into pseudo- human form, “It doesn't matter Leo.” This one, another male wolf-human, tested the tree trunk and then began to pull himself up.

Leo's mind froze as the man-beast looked up and a mouth full of canines sparkled wetly. Leo climbed higher still but the tree began to sway erratically. He could go no higher. There was no escape. “Stop? Please?” He whimpered.

But the man-monster cut the remaining distance between him and Leo by nearly half and kept coming. It lunged, covering the remaining distance in one feral blur, great fangs sank deep into Leo's thigh. Leo could feel himself dying as a major blood vessel began to pump his hot blood into the cold night air, he was not immortal! Below the other six monsters were slavering with anticipation as his grip loosened.

His terrified mind **CLAWED FRANTICALLY AS DEATH SWEPT OVER HIM... IF ONLY...** the weres were *gone* in an instant just like with Mr. Patrick. He'd make them vanish into *nothing*... *And then, all weres were gone- including...LEO!*

Deja Vu All Over Again

Lacy was driving as they pulled into the truck stop at the north end of town. He was lean and male again though still suffering from zits (but less so) and certainly not the most attractive guy Todd could have been with.

Todd was very pretty tonight but, if the truth were to be known, every night her transformation seemed to improve her physical appearance. It was like a process of discovering exactly *how* to be beautiful. The first transformation had been as a Lacy-look-a-like but the second time, more of a male idea of feminine beauty... lots of tits and ass and long, long hair but incompletely conceived. Size had suffered as her femininity had become more precisely drawn. Her breasts were, at best, B-cups now, but her features far finer and more dazzling as was everything else about her. Her hair no longer hung down her back like a cape but swayed just above her shoulder like carefully sculptured snow. The kind of gal that would have looked great in a white wedding dress. And perhaps, most important, Lacy appreciated her. Yes! It was so different when Lacy was a male. "I... I guess we separate now, huh?"

Lacy looked indecisive. As a female she'd wanted nothing more than to run home regardless of the risks but as... He looked over at Todd. "I feel like I'm deserting you, hon." He reached across the car and took Todd in his arms. The gear shift dug at his gut but he didn't care as he felt her soft flesh under her dress.

"Go." Said Todd in almost a whisper. Her lips sliding against Lacy's ear. But Lacy didn't move. They just seemed to meld into one body at moments like this.

Both stiffened and they spontaneously separated. "You *feel that* Todd!"

Both were looking around almost frantically but what they were searching for wasn't to be seen. "*LEO.*" Said Todd as she spun around to face Lacy.

"He's... *GONE!*" Lacy exclaimed.

"Yeah." Like a... invisible hand had been removed from both their minds. Their thoughts were... completely their own as they hadn't fully been since last Friday. "Look!" Todd pointed toward the inside of the brightly lit truck stop restaurant as the

topless waitresses were flying about in confusion. Trays flew as gals grabbed and covered their breasts often accompanied by embarrassed or frightened cries while simultaneously running for an exit. It was a mad house in there for about ten seconds.

“Gosh!”

“What?”

“Can you imagine what it’s like in *town*?”

“Oh boy!” And then Lacy saw Todd’s face. “What?”

Todd was fighting back tears, “Mom. My... Mom. She’s... gone, all of them are gone...”

“Who?” Alarm feed Lacy’s anxiety.

“The... *weres*.”

“That’s a.. relief. Oh, sorry Todd. Really that was most... insensitive of me...”

Todd was crying, shoulders hunched, tears streaming... “I’ll... be... Ok.” She said between sobs. Her mother had *really* died Saturday. Todd’s grief was no less real, simply delayed. After a few minutes she said, “OK...” Wiped away her tears and then, “I got to find my Dad... he... *she*’s going to need me. Go Lacy.”

“Where?” Said Lacy after the engine roared into life. “Downtown, I guess. I... I don’t know where to begin.”

~oOo~

Timmy Simony had been looking over her bare shoulder at one of the TV guys, while playing with a handful of her long, straight red hair, hair that she held up like a mustache as she pursed her lips and fluttered her lashes. The competition was stiff tonight, more than seventy of the ‘hot gals’ were working downtown- all topless and there just weren’t enough cute guys to go around by half. And that TV crew setting across from her in the Bar and Grill, weren’t just cute they were from out-of-town and that made them...especially exciting. Timmy turned all the way around, leaned back against the bar, crotch thrusting and her back tilted back as she allowed her high young breasts to hold that dark haired guy’s eyes as she gave him her most potent, sexy look through lowered lashes. Over the last few days Timmy was gaining some modest expertise at the mating game and this topless thing was great! You come with all you got when the room was full of other gals that would take what you wanted- if they could! No half-way measures for Timmy. Show ’em you’re ready to *fuck*. Guys like that and Timmy liked guys- a lot!

The very air seemed to change. Certainly something inside Timmy’s mind changed. It was like... a breath of *freedom*. Timmy was still looking at the dark haired guy, still holding his gaze with her lush tits. TITS!!! Timmy jerked around giving the guy *his* back. *He felt naked, vulnerable! Frightened!* He fumbled and found his purse, heart hammering in his chest, he shoved his way through the crowd of... sexy dames as he tried to cover his naked boobs. But Timmy’s flight was but a part of the flock’s response. At least for the *males* who suddenly discovered themselves in girls bodies. All of the guy-girls poured out onto the street in a few, noisy seconds. They looked at each

other but saw only sexy, half naked babes. Each felt alone in the wrong body. Some scurried off, in a multitude of directions. All wanted to go home but... how could they go home looking like *this!* So many of them just milled about helplessly in the street, confused and scared.

The girl-gals took the change far more easily. Most were indeed far more attractive than in their own bodies. And the guys were, well guys, no big problem but... They too soon followed the others. The idea of hunting down men, offering their bodies like cheap tramps... Those that still had them, put on bras and all found some way to cover up. And most of them, unlike their male counter parts, could reasonably expect to go home tonight. A parent expecting a young woman would be far less likely to notice the 'change' than a guy-gal who's parents expected a young man returning.

~oOo~

"What was that all about? Huh?" Sputtered the dark haired cameraman as he and the rest of the crew watched the sudden abrupt flight of the *hot babes*.

"Jesus!" Exclaimed another as he looked around the nearly deserted room. There had to have been fifteen babes there a moment before and now... he spotted one making out with a local in the back and that was about it. "Boss?"

"Something's wrong." Said the producer. "Com'on you guys lets find Brad and this..."

"Peggy?"

"Yeah. Ever since we got here I've had this gut feeling that something big's going to happen.

~oOo~

"They all look terrified." Said Lacy as she eased the car through the writhing mass of sexy babe type humanity in the middle of Main Street.

"I... I know why, can't you feel it Lacy?"

A funny look came over Lacy's face. "I... thought it was just me."

"You mean you don't want to kiss me Lacy?"

"Yeah. That hit's the nail on the head. Jesus I feel so..."

"*Wrong!* Gosh, you'd think after three nights as a chick, I'd be used to it." Todd looked down at *his* breasts. They were as alien as little green men on the moon and then back at Lacy. The man, and Lacy was certainly a man, held no physical attraction for Todd. Only minutes earlier they'd cuddled and... It was like a distant memory and one that he couldn't come to grips with. "Lacy?"

"Yeah."

"We got to help them."

"How?"

"We'll get every body that will come and... meet at the gym."

“Go to school?”

“Yeah. We got to stick together, help each other. My God Lacy, most of them haven’t any idea of what’s been happening. You take over here, I’ll get the gym open...”

“Why me?”

“Lacy, you’re a *guy*, OK? Just take over here. Besides, I got my dad’s keys here. You can handle it?” She just looked blank. “Com’on, be a *man!*”

“Easy for you to say!”

~oOo~

They’d came in a clump of twenty with Lacy and then, over the next fifteen minutes, by twos and threes until there were almost fifty of them in the gym. Probably less than half of those that had been affected that night at the party. But it was a good start. Todd stood up on the bleachers and waved, “Over here!” He called. They turned, a sullen mass and a few actually approached. “Each of you is probably wondering... well... what-the-hell’s happening? OK Me and Lacy.” He pointed at one of the three males in the room, “Yeah *that is Lacy Kimble!*”

A lot of them started muttering and looking at each other and then back at Todd. A few even laughed but it was a worried, nervous laugh. “I am Todd Taft. Yes Todd Taft, my dad teaches here as you all know. OK?”

A little gal in a filthy cheerleaders costume who couldn’t weight much more than a hundred pounds scurried out of the cluster at the far end of the gym. She giggled, “Todd? It’s me... Jim. Jim Goldberg.”

And now, from, it seemed everywhere, the kids began to talk and some quite loudly. “OK!” Todd had to shout to be heard. “Let’s go around the room, one at a time and... say who we really are. Guys, gals we got to stick together. Lacy?”

“Yeah?”

“You take over here. I need some volunteers to help me in the cafeteria- huh? I bet there’s a lot of you that haven’t eaten much since Friday? And. Well, we got showers here, we can put mats on the floor. The point is guys, lets stay here tonight. Its safe and warm. Oh... sorry Lacy I got carried away.”

“What Todd tried to say gang.” Continued Lacy, “Is... well we are all in the same boat. I don’t know how we’ll make it alone. I know my folks aren’t about to let *me* into Lacy’s bedroom.” A lot of them laughed at that. “Anyhow *we* can get through this thing together.”

At that moment, one of the girls came in from outside, “There’s police cars all over down town! State Police, Sheriff, the works! There’s some kind of *dogs* running around killing people.”

All order disappeared as the mob milled about noisily. Above that noise screamed Todd: “NOT A PROBLEM!” He waited until the worst of the noise subsided, “Don’t get your panties in a knot, ok guys? Enough to say we’re safe. I’ll explain when the foods ready.”

“Why should we listen to you Todd?” Someone shouted. “Huh?”

“Because.” He waited for them to quiet down further. “I know *exactly* what is going on, how all this happened and... well the guy that caused this... he’s *gone*.”

The room erupted into murmurs but nobody fled. They’d made it through the worst or at least Todd hope so.

~oOo~

West and north of the town, a storm front had moved in bringing the first of the Winter storms. High on the western slopes of the mountains, the first snow of the year began to fall. Further down the mountain, it was raining. Temperatures hovering just above freezing, the water came down in sheets. As the run off ran into the upper reservoir, the dark matter, which was lighter than water, was the principle component pouring over the over flow. Even before the rains actually hit the town of Silverton, the concentration of dark matter flowing into the main Silverton reservoir was nearly twenty-two percent of the volume. Intakes to the water purification center, floating on booms in the middle of the reservoir, were bringing in highly concentrated *magic* and distributing it to the homes and shops in town. And the output of the waste steam from the power plant, jumped accordingly. An almost toxic concentration of dark matter in both air and water would be achieved by nine o’clock, less than two hours away.

Not that it mattered at the high school, high levels of dark matter, sustained by Todd’s still, flowed freely in the water. It boiled into the air as many of the changelings showered and then was inhaled. All the water used in cooking and drank in the cafeteria was also heavily laced. The levels needed to unleash the hidden genetic potential of some of the citizens of Silverton had been met. Tonight, tomorrow... soon the first new citizens would emerge.

Fifty percent of the population, that had been Dr. Lyon’s estimate: approximately seven thousand out of Silverton’s population of fourteen thousand might mutate. Those that emerged would be confused and unguided by human knowledge, bereft of any conscious instincts that would aid them but... possessing *talents* that the world hadn’t seen since the beginning of the tenth century and in a density and variety that had ended even before agriculture had appeared in the Tigris river system some eight thousand years earlier, the last era of *human gods*. Creatures of *form* like the centaur, of *magic* like the fairy and of *raw life force* like the nymph and sprite.

Of all the people in Silverton, it was the night shift of the water works that were first impacted. The men who worked where the intake water, now largely dark matter, was first aerated. The mist that washed over them had already started their metamorphous into...

~oOo~

The mayor was exhausted. Two more news teams had entered the town even as the seven o’clock curfew came into effect. The whole ‘breast’ thing, she’d shoved into the back of her mind as something undigested, to make room for the electrifying *murder* of one of those *news people*. An animal attack? That’s what Jeff had said. She still

couldn't get the image of that headless corpse out of her mind. She looked out of her window. On the street below, the world was lit up like day time as cameras ran and reporters filled the night air with half-truths and wild speculation. At least the flood of unnatural pleasure seekers that had so disturbed the evening the last several nights were gone. Thank God for small miracles!

"AH! There you are Jeff."

"Ma'am."

"Well?" He looked worst than she felt, the mayor noted.

"Got more chiefs than Indians. It's a mess I can tell you boss. The sheriff's people are stepping all over my toes." He stabbed a finger out toward the window, "State troopers are driving around town like their still on the interstate, more dangerous than any wild dogs and..." He paused and closed the door, "Boss? Mrs. Patrick."

"Yes?"

"I just left her place. She called, hysterical just after dark and before all this nonsense started."

"Her husband?" the mayor said hopefully. The Principal over at the high school had been missing since Saturday night.

"Its Mrs. Patrick herself ma'am. Well," He paused to get his breath, "You wouldn't recognizer her ma'am. I sure wouldn't have except, except, well, I talked to her ma'am..."

"What?"

"A pig ma'am. The body of a young woman and the head of a *pig!* Tail too! A little curly one."

The mayor sat down heavily. "You haven't told anyone have you Jeff."

"No ma'am. I figure we got enough in the pot already ma'am. What do you want me to do?"

"I'll go over and see her Jeff. We've been friends forever. If that *thing* hadn't happen today Jess..." she was referring to the 'breast thing' and the chief showed that he understood by nodding, "well I guess almost anything can happen huh? Keep a lid on it here, OK?"

"Do what I can boss." He agreed. Down to only two officers and over run with external authorities it was... a hell of a mess. Thank God it was starting to rain. It was a hard, cold rain and that would drive the news people into shelter and disperse the growing crowd attracted by the bright lights. "Boss?"

"Yes Jeff."

"Those news people are going to be screaming for shelter soon."

"I suppose."

"Can I use the high school gym for the night?"

"Sure. Why not?"

~oOo~

Norm Taft returned home just before the rain had started. The house reeked of the animals that were now gone. His stomach lurched as he opened the door, the smell of death. His baby kicked. He placed his palms over his round belly and spoke to her: "Its all right, the bad things are gone." A stab of half formed consciousness reached out and 'touched' Norm's mind. A wave of emotions, not exactly thoughts, flew in a two way communication between 'mother and child' and the fetus, comforted, went back to sleep.

More startled by that moment than all the events of the last four days, Norm closed the door behind him. The repugnant trash, some human remains, the feces and more seemed as of little consequence at that instant. He had communicated with his little girl! Ever since LEO had gone in a psychic burst of energy, Norm had awoken to a new dimension of consciousness. He could sense not what people were thinking but... he could feel their *emotions*. In fact it was the sour-bitter-screeching fear from the minds of those who had found Leo that had compelled Norm to return to this house- *his* house. It was like escaping a very, very loud band playing off key. Not physically painful but... to be avoided. But this was the first time he'd actually projected something. He'd touched *her* with love and she had become calm.

As he started cleaning the house, mop and pail in hand, he paused and felt the minds near by. There were many and they loudly broadcast their fear. Behind locked doors and windows, some were packing to leave and others only clung to their TV's in search of answers or comfort. Norm reached out to those he could as he had done with his daughter and muted their fear into mere interest. In a few minutes, lights came on in the adjacent houses, laughter, some of it still forced, carried above the sounds of the strumming rain. Norm went back to work, cleaning the remnants of the lives of Peg and her pack but he was changed as much as they had been.

Norm fought to put all of this into a scientific framework but it just would not bend to fit. Female and pregnant, an empath and... He looked at the fingers around the mop handle. They were longer and more slender than they had been. He stretched one hand in front of his face and moved the fingers curiously: an extra joint, that's where the added length had come from! He dropped the mop and walked into the bathroom, ignoring the blood and filth. As he flipped on the light, there in the mirror was a young... woman? Long, pointed ears, rose up from the yellow-greenish hair. He tried and those *ears moved* as easily as if he had tried to smile. The face more triangular, cheeks sharply etched and eyes... slanted, narrow ovals of emerald green with no whites protected by a lattice work of long lashes sat above a tiny, sharply upturned *silly* nose. And lips, full of smiles, glowed a pale translucent green. And even as he watched, *she* continued to change.

The remnants of Norman Taft that had re-appeared after Leo's death were being re-shaped along with the form. The he-ness warped into the he-she-ness that left only the best of him and replace the rest with *her*.

The figure, still decidedly pregnant, became smaller and smaller and, the belly... her belly, grew to horrendous proportions relative to that which was... So that now, she could be at term! The dress drooped like a revival tent over her body. And then,

she returned to her work, the mop now bigger than it had been. Todd was safe. She knew that with the same certainty that she knew Peg was gone.

She froze and then lingered with pleasure, an easy smile broke across her full, green lips. *She was not alone!* “Here” She projected. “Join me!”

An emotion of relief flowed from the remote mind only to be joined by another and another.

HERE IS HOME- COME! BE WITH ME! She called out to them. Not in words but as an idea. A place, safe and warm, a place of *love*.

The Last Night of What Was

The engineer came in from the truck, soaked to the skin. “Feeds gone down again. Must be this damn rain. Anyhow, one of the troopers told me that the bridge on the north side of town is out and the only remaining road might be flooded by morning. Boss? Do we go?”

Elizabeth Loma, the producer, hunched deeper into her parka. Even in the shelter of the inset doorway in front of the bar and grill where they had eaten, the wind whipped the cold rain into her face and, somehow, down her back. “The last set of tapes, did they get out?”

“Yeah.” He checked his watch. “About eight-thirty.”

“We owe it to Brad- we stay!” She got sick in her stomach every time she thought of him as a bloody, headless corps.

“Damn it boss, all the other news teams have left.”

“They didn’t lose one of their own.”

“But... they’re not going to find *anything* out there. Not now. Not on a night like this. Can’t see your hand in front of your face. The sheriff said that hunting teams will form up at four and go out at first light.”

“So we’ll be here Gary when they do.”

Defeated, the engineer shrugged. “You want me to load up?”

“Load up?”

“The Chief said we could have the school gym for the night.”

“GYM! No way. There’s only the six... I mean the five of us now. We’ll stay right here where things are happening. Across the street from the police station, near the murder scene. Gym indeed! Tuck us away and out of sight will they? Lock up the truck and come in and warm up.” She nodded toward the bar.

“Boss, you’re a life saver.” He shook off like a half drowned dog. “The truck’s already secure.” He left the producer alone in the dark entryway.

There was something... happening here and they would get it! A big story! Elizabeth was, deep in her gut, certain that this was but the tip of the iceberg, call it a reporter’s instincts. There was more here than wild dogs and a town full of women that one day decided to go topless.

A head popped out of the bar, “Boss? I found someone you should meet. A couple of professors.”

She just glared at Ronnie, the second cameraman.

“Seriously Boss. What hit Brad could have been a *were*.”

“Were like in werewolf- That’s...that’s tasteless Ronnie.”

“Boss. I’m serious!”

“Well it’s not getting any drier out here. Sure lead on.” And under her breath she muttered, “Werewolves... bullshit!” But on a dark night like this... a cold thrill worked it’s way down her spine. Anybody can believe anything on a night like this. The wind moaned as she entered the warm, cozy room.

There were two older men and two collage aged guys huddled where Ronnie had motioned with his head. She walked over to their booth: “Hi. Loma, CBS News.” She extended her hand. “One of my news crew said that you might have something for us.”

~oOo~

Even though it was only nine o’clock at night, to all appearances, the group of nearly fifty students looked ready for bed. The gym floor was covered with mats. Some of the displaced had found wool blankets and others had made do with towels or whatever they could find to cover themselves. There were even a few sleeping bags. But nobody was ready for sleep. There was tension in the air and a need for... talking, sharing, getting things off their collective chest. They had naturally formed a circle around the only light in the otherwise dark cavernous space.

It was like sitting around the camp fire, only the camp fire was a 60 watt bulb that burned in a lamp removed from the faculty lounge and was now setting on the wooden floor attached to a long extension cord. The rest of the building was empty and, no matter what Todd had said, every little noise reminded them of the wild dogs that *might* be roaming the night, add to that the sound of the heavy rain that beat upon the roof directly over head and the intermittent shriek of the wind clawing at the building. The room was not cold but there was a chill in the air and long dark shadows on the distant walls.

So Todd told them about dark matter, magic if you will. About *the book* and even about his own, numerous experiences. Any other group in the world would have laughed at him and his outlandish tale, but not this one. Each in his or her own way had a similar story and some even more horrid. And then he told them about the wee folk, the fairy and... the *were*. That was not a direction that most found comfortable

but they listened in fearful fascination. And when Todd was done, they knew as much as he did.

It was Ally Smith, one of the maids-made-male that spoke up next. She spoke as if to Todd but really to the whole group. “When Leo died... it was like coming back to my own mind. I mean, *whatever!* It was like, you know... Euuu when I looked at another girl, like gag me with a toilet bowl brush why don’t you.” Some of them giggled. “You know what I mean?” She stood. A man in body only. Her posture and speech pattern utterly Ally the would-be-beauty-queen. “Like I was OK with this being a guy thing and then- clunk- not! Anyhow, why are we still like this anyway, euuu?” Her male face twisted into concern as she stood, knees together, hands on narrow hips, a perfect picture of confused sexuality.

Todd shrugged. “Maybe tomorrow morning we’ll change back and then that’s it. Or...maybe this just goes on and on forever Ally, switching from male to female and back.”

“But.” Ally complained, “Its like the spell’s broken, you know. Gone.” She pouted.

Now it was Lacy’s turn to speak, “I agree.” She said as she pulled her male body to its feet. Legs splayed apart but one hand resting at her throat in feminine fashion. “I think maybe something most of us don’t want to imagine but Ally’s right. The spell’s broken and...” She didn’t finish and she didn’t need to. A collective murmur, mostly of feminine voices, swept the room. The idea that they would all remain *that way forever* fixed in the body of the wrong sex. And finally Lacy said, “It feels so *wrong!*” She continued standing there looking awkward.

Just then three naked bodies, water still running down their flesh, exited from the women’s shower room. All three of them had been, since last Saturday night, cheer leaders. Dirty and cold they had been the first in and obviously the last out of the showers. And all were chattering and giggling in happy high pitched voices that sounded as if recorded off a Disney sound tract, at least two octaves too high to be human and too fast to be followed. “What the Hell...” groaned Lacy under her breath.

The three figures, none of which were much bigger than toddlers, slender and voluptuous at the same time swept across the gym floor and into the dim light. There was no question of their feminine aspect, even in the inadequate light, but there was some considerable question as to their humanity. They pranced naked onto the hardwood floor without a concern in the world and chattering ceaselessly to each other like little birds basking in the morning sun oblivious of the world around them. Nor did the fact that they were soaking wet seemed to matter in the slightest to the three of them. Whatever change had happened to them in the shower had, apparently, gone unnoticed. Unnoticed that is until they reached the human circle at the center of the floor. Several of the other students stood up in alarm and then these most recent change-lings NOTICED! It was as if the whole world had grown by a factor of three. Their shrill voices, completely unintelligible still fully expressed their abrupt fright of the great lumbering monsters gathered in that gloom.

“Grab them!” Ordered Todd.

“Don’t run- stay with us.” Pleaded Ally.

But the booming voices only frightened them further as they shot around the circle of these huge slow lumbering monsters and tried to open the heavy fire door at the rear of the gym They couldn't and then, with the three of them working together chattering in their tiny, frightened voices, they succeeded. In a instant, they were gone into storm as the door slammed shut behind them.

"Todd? Get them!"

"Me? Lacy? You're faster."

She and the other 'males' went out into the night in pursuit. The room exploded as everyone came to their feet talking at once.

Todd didn't say it but the idea came readily to mind, *nymphs, sprites, or some such*. As Dr. Lyon had said: "*Now it begins.*"

~oOo~

It was almost nine-thirty and yet Dr. Lyon had yet to complete his tale. His approach was typical of a professor who had spent years at the lectern, he developed his theme carefully, fact by historical fact. In spite of his rather long winded presentation, Elizabeth Loma was fascinated and... just a bit afraid. *It was possible to be too close to a story*. Finally she interrupted, "Then the possibility of one of us in this room changing into some kind of non-human form is... ?"

Dr. Lyon nodded gravely. "*All but certain* if the concentration of magic becomes high enough. Maybe none of us, maybe all of us but..." He looked at the four men from Ms. Loma's crew, the owner who was behind the bar and then back to the five of them at the table. "Most likely *half* of us. Five of our ten. It's really a matter of genetics my dear. How are we to know which of us come from alien stock, hmmm? Of course we intend to avoid that problem..."

She stood up, "Then we are in great danger!" Her voice was shrill.

"My dear..." He said with a condescending smile.

"The upper reservoir." She said. "The concentration of *magic is high enough there...*"

"Yes. That's exactly what I have been saying all along But no problem in the morning..."

"In the morning, it will not matter! The reservoir began to over flow hours ago!"

"What! The upper reservoir! Surely we would have been told..." He turned to his geologist's friend, "We were *supposed* to be told!" Dr Lyon sputtered angrily and then jerked to his feet. "We must leave... NOW!" All four of the University crew stood up and were gone in a mad dash out the back door leaving the news crew alone in the bar.

Elizabeth turned to her crew: "Boys lets roll!" Her face was pale and her lips compressed into thin lines.

Gary the engineer grumbled as he swept past his boss to be the first out of the front door, "Should of never stayed." And then he was swallowed up by the storm. Moments later, as Elizabeth was pulling on her coat, Gary stumbled back inside. "It's a frigg'n river out there boss! Almost up to my knees and the current is terrific."

“Can we still get out?” She turned to the owner.

He shrugged. “It happens sometimes when the water over flows the creek bed.” He laughed, “This used to be the natural channel.” And then looked somber. “Perhaps we should find some high ground -eh?”

“Guys?” Elizabeth shrugged. “OK we’re right behind you.” And it wasn’t a moment too soon as water began to pour in through the front door in a muddy swirl as they exited by the back.

The water was even deeper at the rear of the building, almost up to Gary’s waist but the current was broken into ineffective swirls by the buildings. They climbed the same hill upon which Leo had met his death only hours before. And on that hill and under the same tree, huddled the university team, their car under water now. They joined the silent procession behind the bar owner as he took them to a small cottage at the very top of the hill. “IN” He ordered as he held the door against the wind.

A figure loomed only as a dark black form and climbed out of the swirling water below and then it waved and then started climbing up the hill to join the sorry soaked crowd. The bar owner waved back and then followed his guests into his home. “I think the Chief will be joining us.” He looked around the room. “Why don’t one of you get a fire started.” He pointed toward a fire place. “I’ll get us some blankets and...” He laughed, “make us all a hot Toddy.” More than a few teeth were chattering. “My name is Chris and...” as the door opened and the Chief stumbled in, “This is Chief Koenig- er Jeff if you haven’t already met him.”

~oOo~

“We didn’t need this,” Lacy groaned as she huddled under a blanket with Todd, jaws clenched to stop her chattering teeth. Her hands roved awkwardly around Todd’s warm female body as she sought to stem the chill.

“It had to happen,” Todd noted as he held Lacy in an equally awkward embrace. The maleness of Lacy’s body was all too evident, especially since she had removed her wet clothes. Todd felt Lacy’s small hard and erect nipple against his hand. Other bodies, all obviously female in form pressed around them. It had been that way ever since the power had failed. The group had pulled together for warmth, security and, mostly out of fear. Even Todd’s confidence that he *knew* what was going on had vanished with the light. A couple more students had changed and in the darkness, such events, unseen, were ten times as frightening. *Changed into WHAT?* And just before the power had gone off, almost a third of their number had flee into the storm. Perhaps to return home, perhaps to... *mutate* into *something!* He repeated himself, “It had to happen. It was unavoidable.” He was referring to the sounds of couples, mostly at the outer fringe of their circle, making awkward love. Males trapped in lush female bodies pressed up tight with other males in lush female bodies... it had to happen. But it wasn’t happen to Todd and Lacy for all the obvious reasons. Todd’s body was no more sexually attractive to Lacy than hers was to Todd. Ironically it was their apparent female-male coupling that wasn’t reacting sexually. But the sounds from the others were stimulating. And more and more of the ‘couples’ gave into the urge. There was nothing like sex to take ones mind off of the fear.

“I... I didn’t need this.” Lacy complained again. Her female mind was reacting to the smells and sounds around them as more and more of this huddled mass explored each other on a physical level. Her male body followed. She could feel her penis growing into a throbbing, willing instrument even as she recoiled from Todd’s female body. No, she didn’t need this at all!

~oOo~

Four days earlier, Mr. Norman Taft, science teacher at the Silverton High School, could never have imagined, much less survived, what she was beginning at this moment: *She had started labor!* Even before the first contraction she knew.

The first of the *others*, a female like herself, entered the house and began preparing for the birth. Not a word was spoken and not a word was necessary as water heated on the stove and clean towels were brought out and clean sheets spread on the bed.. The fear which had surged in those first moments of awareness that her baby was coming into the world whether or not Norm wanted it, was quickly washed away by the warm, comforting thoughts of the *others* even before they all arrived. In minutes they began to file in and, unlike humans, there were no unnecessary vocalizations, though voices murmured in quiet relief against the background of the wind and rain that beat upon the windows. There was an order, a coordination that could not have been readily achieved by ordinary humans. Finally, as Norm was led to the prepared bed, the *other* female said, “I’m Helen, Helen Rogers.”

Norm gaped, “Mayor?”

“And you’re Peg, right?”

Norm blushed. “Norman, her husband.”

“Oh my!” giggled Helen. “And I thought I had a lot of adjustments to make!”

Just then a powerful cramp grabbed Norm. “Errr.”

“Norm?”

He gasped. “Ok...now. You know this Norm thing is... silly Helen.” She shrug. “Some thing more exotic and... feminine.” He winced as another wave of contractions hit.

“Oh my. They are coming fast-”

Through clenched teeth Norm said, “Naomi. I... I like that.”

“Well Naomi, you’ll be a mother before the nights done.”

Naomi groaned, “Sooner. Much sooner!”

~oOo~

“Elizabeth,.” she said as she shook the Chief’s hand. There was something wildly sexy about the man though nothing obvious to the eye. The flames from the fire place provided the only light and that light provided, at best, a wild flickering image of intermittent shadows and form.

“Ma’am. Sorry about the death of Mr. Connors. He was one of yours was he not?”

“Brad,” she responded. “Yes.”

In all the chaos she’d almost managed to put that image out of her mind. “Yes. Terrible thing.” Her nostrils flared as she took in the musky odor of this man. Such a strong odor would normally have been a turn off for her but... a flutter of muscles inside her vagina said *not* a problem tonight. How... odd, she was usually very slow to warm up to a male, any male. She could feel her body adjust in anticipation of sexual congress. How very, very odd! Finally, regretfully, she let go of his hand. A hot mug of rum, water and various sugars was thrust into her hand. “Thanks.” She said to... “Ah-Chris, right?” the man nodded and moved away leaving Elizabeth and Jeff alone again.

Jeff’s face broke into a smile, “You know I should, by all rights, be dead on my feet by now. It’s been one heck of a day.”

“And you’re not?”

Jeff drew on his hot mug of alcohol as he looked at the woman over the rim of his cup. These mannish, self-sufficient women generally didn’t do much for him but.. The attraction he felt for this one... Odd? It was like he could almost read her mind. He could *almost* feel her loins preparing to receive him. He shoved that thought away. It wasn’t like he was some kind of ladies man- hell he wasn’t particularly good looking and, as for style, normally a bit tongue tied around dames but... He could almost taste her as he caught and held her gaze.

Elizabeth felt his eyes go right into her soul. It was crazy but... if they were alone right now, she was sure that they’d be fucking... Euuu. She normally hated that word, *fucking* but... it wouldn’t be making love it would be raw, no holds bared *fucking*. She broke her gaze before something really embarrassing happened and joined the group around the fire.

Jeff stared at her back, letting his eyes slid down her legs. He’d had better. She was no babe and not that young either. Now those gals in the streets last night... He let his mind wander as he re-experienced those ripe, young nymphs. Mercy, had he not been a cop, had he been allowed to act on his impulses, sure as hell he would have joined the throng of fornicators but... For whatever reason, his impulse to sexuality was particularly heightened tonight. Great! One older and mannish newsperson and nine males, not much hope. “Chris?”

“Yeah Jeff.”

“Anyway I could bother you for another?”

“No problem Chief.”

~oOo~

“It’s not like we haven’t done this before Todd.” Lacy murmured into Todd’s ear. There wasn’t a couple near them that wasn’t doing *it!*” Lacy held Todd’s wrist in her stronger grip and had drawn Todd’s hand down to her pulsating, needing to be touched, cock.

“Its not the same... and you know it Lacy.” He gulped. “Is that what I think it is?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I... I thought you were against, you know...doing *this*.”

“Hell’s bells Todd, I never thought it would get this bad.”

“You mean like your balls ache.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Been there, done that. We call ‘em blue balls and they’re not *usually* fatal.” He sniggered. “I never though I’d say that. HEY!” Lacy shoved a leg between Todd’s legs and stuck a finger into Todd’s vagina.

“You’re wet!” she whispered harshly into Todd’s ear.

“So?” She was now between his legs and working her fingers in and out of... it felt good, kind’a but... Strange, most strange. He jerked, “That’s...” It wasn’t a finger any more. He twisted to throw off her thrust but she moved with him and... *she enter him*. Todd froze, transfixed as she shifted her weight over him and then *thrust!*

~oOo~

Her breasts were tiny, sharply pointed cones with nipples a pale green, or at least one of them she noted. Her heart did a stutter step as her eyes fell on the wee bald head attached to her other breast. Ears that sharpened into points wiggled from that sweet sphere as she sucked. Naomi looked up at the four *others* who surrounded her bed, “I name her... Peggy after my wife and... Dawn for the beginning of a new era. Peggy Dawn Taft.” She said, filled with love.

Helen remained as the *others* left the room. “There is much to do before daylight.” Said the former mayor. “The outsiders, those *not like us* may react badly to our presence.”

“Then we should leave.”

“Not possible. The waters here make us strong. Without the magic...” She faltered. “We would die.”

“How can we get them to accept us?”

“Unknown. We have formed an assembly of sorts...a directorate if you will of the new peoples.”

“How many are there of us?”

“Elves, many. Hundreds certainly, perhaps thousands by now. Of the others, impossible to ever know, especially the wee ones. And we Elves are not without *power*.”

“Yes, but against billions of outsiders... -er ordinary humans?”

“Then we must find a way. Rest. I must join the others, Naomi.”

“Helen?”

“Yes.”

“Thank you.”

“It is we that should thank you.” She nodded toward the baby at Naomi’s breast, “She is the beginning of the beginning.”

~oOo~

“I... I don’t usually do things like this.” Elizabeth said as her mouth sought and found Jeff’s lips. Her hands were pulling at his clothes as he pulled at hers. She heard the door close behind him and then she pulled Jeff down toward the bed, twisting as they fell, lips still joined, she in the superior position. Mindlessly she ripped the damp shirt from his back and yanked down his pants in a darkness that was total. Not even shadows of shadows could be seen. She’d never been so ready to *fuck!*

Jeff relaxed and allowed her to take the initiative. She was a thing possessed as she stood beside the bed. He heard her rip her own clothing from her body and then fling them to the floor with a damp plop. He lay there waiting, slightly amused. The woman, the producer of that news crew... *the boss!* He’d never fucked a *self-made-man* before. But he was ready, oh so ready! The urge had burned brighter each passing minute for the last hour. The desire to touch and be touched by *her*. His lips still burned from that brief kiss. An electrical surge rolled across his body as, finally, she joined him on the bed. She between his legs, on her knees, took his cock in her mouth. *It was so hot!* He squirmed, almost in discomfort, as she sucked him...

The musk of his body bloomed in Elizabeth’s nostrils as she worried the cock in her mouth and made it her own. A curious sense of power bloomed in her breast as her groin knotted in anticipation, as a need to *master* this knot of flesh over came all other urges.

Jeff gibbered incoherently as he felt his manhood come apart in her mouth, dissolve and then, all conscious control left his body as it began to respond to her unvoiced commands. His flesh, like soft plastic, molded and shaped itself to *her* needs.

In the next room, Elizabeth’s unvoiced commands, carried by the rich flux of dark matter, were transformed into reality there as well. The other eight men stirred restlessly as impossible change mounted upon improbable modifications. The ‘maleness’ of each of these men went to reinforce that budding ‘maleness’ that was transforming Elizabeth from maid to male and then beyond to *satyr*. The huge, powerful penis that was now deeply piercing Jeff’s inner most regions was the combined resources of all nine... *former males*. But it wasn’t just about physical change, mentally they were becoming as receptive as their bodies.

Dr. Lyon’s own body probably changed the least of them all. Already slender and with small features, hands and feet, little nubs of female flesh bloomed on his chest and youth replaced his blond hair. The sharp, analytical mind grew insipid as the novel passions of the evolving body took command. And then, all of them began to shrink in height and weight as they transformed from men-to-maids and from maids to... silly, delightful nymphs.

In a tumble of wiggly female flesh they mobbed the bedroom door. As they stumbled into the room itself, falling into a confused heap of boobs and round bottoms and lithe limbs, their tiny bell like voices cried for Beath’s attention, sexual and otherwise. It

was party time! Skulls the size of grapefruits, there was only enough intelligence to enjoy the moment. A moment that might extend for centuries for they were ageless... the very essence of the *life force!*"

The Taste of Taffy

Dawn broke three hours before sunrise, or that was the impression Todd and the twenty or so remaining students lying on the gym floor had as light streamed in through the windows high above the bleachers. It was a flickering yellow-red light as if Silverton's high school gym had fallen into Hell itself. Then began a series of muffled 'booms' that seemed to rapidly increase in intensity and number. The windows rattled now and dust drifted down from the rafters as the explosions seemed to march toward the school itself. Naked and half naked bodies stumbled from their impromptu beds. They formed a frightened mob as they scurried to the rear door and tumbled out into the still blowing rain and looked down at a town in flames! Somebody yelled: "GAS! I SMELL GAS!!!"

Their fear propelled this hysterical, screaming covey of young women into the parking lot and then into the streets. They joined an existing stream of refugees, hundreds of equally frightened people trudging north, away from the flood and the fire... from the town. It was impossible to judge time. It could have been minutes but it seemed like hours to Todd, the two story, yellow brick high school building, now behind and below them in the smoke and flames, erupted in a catechistic explosion. All that he had ever known was rapidly disappearing. His dad? There was a void, a nothing. His mind reached out again and recoiled! Fear, horror, despair overwhelmed his thoughts and he shivered as he pulled his wet blanket more tightly around his slim shoulders. When would the dawn come?

More time passed in a slow, horrid manner, a nightmare that refused to end. The cold rain slacked off only to be replaced by the stench of heavy smoke. Todd saw only the backs of those directly in front of him in the false dawn light but he could hear, not just the death sounds of the town now far below, but the collective moan of the frightened, stumbling mass of which he was now apart; a long, long worm of retreating, mindless humanity crawling its way north across the hump of the foot hills and beyond the creek that twisted first north and then again south again. The head of the human stream finally turned downhill, east toward where safety lie. The rain began to slack off but the chill and the fear still clung to each of the thousands now joined in their mutual misery.

A cornucopia of non-human life forms, thousands of entities, milled about the opening of the cave behind the upper reservoir. Some played in the cool pre-dawn drizzle while others rested or just talked in the myriad of sounds that passed for speech among the *new* folk. Some even splashed and swam galaxy in the icy cold, magic rich

waters of the reservoir. And back, far back into the massive cave's interior there was another, smaller group of creatures of equally varied forms but unlike those out side, they were neither at play or rest for they had a war to conduct, a defensive war of self preservation.

The largest of these, a male centaur, stood, on his four legs, arms folded across his massive chest, head down in thought as a very tall, thin wood-elf, a former gas company employee, described why the massive cloud of natural gas that now hung over the twisted remains of the town had not exploded in spite of the fires that burned. "It's a question of density. If this rain would only end..." He never had a chance to finish his statement for at that moment, the earth shook and the air itself seemed to come apart with the massive explosion. Moments later, as they pulled themselves up on to their various appendages, the elf emitted a sour laugh. "Well. That's done!"

"Call them inside now. It is almost light. Soon the valley will be filled with humans looking for survivors and answers. Paul?"

A very attractive female creature, nearly as tall as the Elf, but all but transparent fluttered from the ceiling where she's watched the others in their war counsel. Her voice but a faint wisp of sound tinkled in the damp dark, "Yes?"

"Are your folk ready?"

She hovered on translucent wings. Her slender, almost human form, becoming ever more transparent until only the sound of her wings gave evident that she was still there. "We are ready... now." And then, only marked by the faint kiss of a breeze created by her passing she and her sisters were flying into the tormented dawn air. The fairy legions, for there were more of them than any of the *new folk* except for the elves, would fill the minds of those who entered the destroyed village with an assortment of vivid emotions of the most negative sort. The *new folk* could not hope to defeat the *norms* but they could make them want to never return to that valley.

"How long?" the centaur queried.

"Days," said a voice.

"Weeks!" said another.

"Longer..." said yet another in a gloomy voice.

"Then no one knows," the centaur concluded. "We will hide in here by day and... wait. Time is on our side. Naomi?"

Todd's dad, now an elf and a mother came forward. Her infant clasped to her breast. "Yes first speaker?"

"How is the wee one?"

"Fine," she smiled.

"Yes..." the centaur said, blinking back tears and in a voice choked with emotion. "In time we will reclaim *our* valley. In time we will rebuild *our* homes. Not for ourselves but for Peggy and all the others yet to be born."

~oOo~

Warmth! And, in time, shelter! Todd was only dimly aware of the dawn as he was helped into one of the huge military trucks that lined the state highway just north of what had been Silverton. Helicopters filled the air with their mechanical wind and noise. A temporary bridge had been thrown across the still swollen creek and Todd watched as national guard troops, many not much older than he, filed across and into the heavy smoke that now hung over the valley. He was pushed to the rear of the truck as more... women joined him in their various states of undress. He pulled his damp blanket even more tightly across his naked body and sat down on the hard army green bench that ran along both sides of the truck bed. Somewhere in the confusion he'd lost Lacy though there were some of the *girls* from the gym here. Still more and more women were shoved inside until flesh pressed against flesh and then finally, the tail gate was raised and the truck lurched into motion.

"Todd?" Said the young woman beside him.

"Mmm." Todd looked but of course had no idea of who she was or more appropriately who *he* had been.

"It's morning."

Todd sat there looking into those terrified eyes, his mind too dull to think. And then slowly, all too slowly he understood. "Oh." His breasts swayed under the blanket as the truck lurched and jerked, making a u-turn on the highway. "I... I see what you mean." Indeed the spell had been broken last night. All of them had remained as they were. No more changing from male to female or vice versa. He was and would remain... she. But he still felt like a him and not a her...

"What are we going to do, huh?" The other 'guy' flipped back a wet rope of hair that had fallen across his eyes. "Nobody going to believe us!"

~oOo~

Everyone was dressed now. Todd, in a pair of military fatigues, and Lacy who had managed to retain her... what had been Todd's... jeans, sat on the ground outside of one of the tents in a small city of tents that had sprung up as if by magic. "Your mom and dad.?"

She nodded, "They're OK. 'course I couldn't tell them I was... you know- here. And Mom was taking it pretty bad, you know thinking I was... dead and all." Todd just nodded. "You saw what happen to the guys that... told the truth, didn't you?"

"Com'on Lacy. You don't have to apologize to me. You did the right thing."

"You...you really think so?"

"If they don't end up in a psycho-ward, they'll spend their lives as lab rats, trust me. This whole thing's going to drive the establishment nuts! They'll peek and poke until there's nothing left of us except the nightmare. I...I just want to be let alone."

"Gosh. What are you going to do?"

“Danged if I know. I’m nineteen for Pete’s sake, not a kid anymore. I’ll get a job or something and figure it out from there.”

“And your family?”

“Mom’s gone, Dad... well lets say only God knows what or who she or he is now. Naw, nobody-just me.”

“Could... I -er go with you?”

Todd’s eyes opened with surprise, “Really? You’d want to?”

“Yeah. I’d be afraid to go it alone but...”

“Me too, I mean it would be easier with...” Todd nodded as he studied Lacy’s face. “Ah- about last night.”

Lacy looked a bit embarrassed, “I’m sorry. I... I just got carried away.”

“Yeah. If we were to leave...”

“Yes?”

“Lacy, you got to promise me not to do that again unless, you know, its OK with me.”

“I remember a time when it was... Ok, Todd.” Lacy’s eyes had that sweet kind look like he’d had last Sunday night.

A slight smile formed on Todd’s lush lips. His lashes fluttered above his wide blue eyes as he remembered. A slight hint of sexual interest grew inside, as he realized that *anything was possible- now*.

Lacy looked at him and then took a lock of Todd’s fine, almost white, blond hair and held it between his thumb and forefinger, “Taffy.”

“What?” A giggle slipped out from between Todd’s lips, effortlessly.

“Your hair, it reminds me of taffy.”

“So?”

“Well I can’t keep calling you Todd for heaven’s sake!” he glowered.

Todd blinked and looked down at his chest where modest mounds thrust against that top of the fatigues. All he had to do was to let go... of what had been. To accept



what *was* reality. The sense of the feminine was more than skin deep and his manhood only a memory now. “Taffy.” *She* said as she tasted the name and found it sweet.

The Beginning