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Robin Wood

8. Unignorable issues

For the third time that morning, Lin found herself on the precipice of orgasm, unable to ignore the demanding attention of her irresistible new clitoris. Thankfully today the parlor was closed and she didn't have to think about work for another few days. She decided to stop wearing underwear and opted for dresses and long skirts to lessen the amount of friction, and arousal, when she moved in the slightest. She used up all the pads she had and upgraded to a more absorbent version and had been using them to squirt into during orgasm when she wasn't in the shower. There was already a layer of towels underneath her to catch any overflow from her seemingly unstoppable marathon.

'*Fucking YES.*' She thought, sucking in harshly through her teeth as orgasm hit. She exhaled a moan of pure passionate release as she came *again*. She grew to like the feeling of how much she squirted soaking up the pad she held in her hand feeling it get heavy and hot with her wetness. Her heart was racing and she laid back letting the sopping napkin sit between her still vibrating tingling legs, slick with pleasure.

"I just want you to know" Bruce called from the other side of the door, obviously from his spot on the couch judging by how muffled and far his voice was. "That I *can* hear you. And I don't hate what I am hearing." He laughed and Lin had to laugh at herself as well. It was already getting close to ten in the morning and she had just spent the last two hours masturbating and dozing in turn. Raw or not, she was *getting off*. She *had* to.

"I'm sorry!" She called in an exhausted sing-song voice. "Did you make me breakfast?" She scooped off the bed drying her thighs with an edge of the towel and gathered up all the used pads she soaked that morning. She dropped them in a series of wet plopping thuds into her trash can and shook her head. "I'm freaking thirsty." She said under her breath carrying a basket of damp laundry into the living room. She was wearing a simple long white skirt which flared out from the back draped over her considerable backside. She also hastily threw on a simple black halter top not even bothering to put on a bra. It was tucked into the dress over her round bulging gut and flabby sides trying to downplay how much weight she had gained.

"There she is! Someone looks like they had a morning filled with personal exploration! And no, I didn't make any food. I was kind of hoping you might..." Bruce smiled trying to be cute, blinking quickly and fluttering his eyelashes.

"That isn't as cute as you think it is. Lazy bum." Lin scolded and headed to the kitchen. Her tank

top couldn't stay tucked in and her gut flopped out after she took the first angry step toward the kitchen. She looked down at it and then back at Bruce, who was trying way too hard to act like they hadn't seen it. "Not one word..."

"I love all of you, Lin-ster. A-A-F, sister." Brucey smirked and got off the chair to give her a big hug. "I know it's tough." Lin shook her head.

"I just don't know what I am going to do if this keeps getting worse." She said while they started making breakfast together. Lin was having a rough time and clearly not used to the extra weight she had on her and was off balance.

"Well, is there any reason you aren't turning that cute pot belly of yours into a set of rocking tits? You already got the caboose." He said giving her a belly rub while she scrambled eggs. "Maybe this will bring me good luck?" He giggled and she slapped his hand away.

"One, who says I want a pair of 'rocking tits'? And two, moving around skin and fat and muscle with my massages drains me so much. After I did my thighs and butt I felt like I ran a marathon. I was so tired." Lin let out a deep sigh remembering it and looked tired as she recalled it.

"That bad?" Bruce raised an eyebrow.

"Enough that I have been partly putting it off for fear of the hangover from it and partly because I am too tired after work to even raise an arm." She frowned, plating the eggs and pointing at the toaster. "Can you butter those?"

"So, when you are sucking up the fat and goodness from all the people that gets you tired too? Or is it just when you slide it around on yourself?" Bruce said buttering bread much more interested in the conversation at hand. The conversation had Lin thinking and wondering.

"I guess, yeah? I mean I just am tired normally after doing massages all day and there are more people coming in now. I don't know how much is from the massages and how much is from whatever I am doing that is making me gain weight from people. But doing the massage on myself seriously drained me." She grabbed a pair of yogurt packs and pulled out a big bowl of potatoes she microwaved and they sat down. Bruce poured coffee and juice and it was an excellent spread. Lin looked beat from the effort already.

"Interesting. I'm not gonna lie, this whole thing intrigues me to the point I have to *hold back* all the questions I want to ask you." Bruce said, loading forkfuls of egg on to the buttered toast.

"Talking about it doesn't tire me out any more than you normally do already," Lin smirked at Bruce's playfully offended expression. "But I've been too preoccupied to do more than just survive my days." She finished talking and ate hastily. Bruce took that as his cue.

“Well, I got theories and questions galore then. You do your best to answer them and maybe we can test a few things out if you got the energy for it. After this big ol’ breakfast I’m pretty sure you should perk up.” Bruce’s excitement was palpable. Lin stopped chewing with big puffy cheeks and just stared for a second offering a single deliberate blink. “So can you turn it off? You know, the absorbing ability. Is this an X-man ‘Rogue’ situation where you can’t control it? You can touch people without sucking out their souls and tits and stuff right?”

“Let’s see!” Lin said, suddenly reaching across the table to grab handfuls of Bruce’s prominent man-boobs.

“Oh lord no! I need those for my shows!” Bruce said holding up his arms like a damsel in an old horror film. But there was nothing except the sensation of Lin squeezing his chesticles. She kept squeezing on and off like a cat making biscuits.

“I think you have bigger tits than me, Brucey. And to answer your question, I am guessing it’s a ‘no’ to the Rogue situation.” She smiled letting his bosom go and sitting back down to her breakfast.

“Whew. Scared the dickens out of me. Well that’s good. So we need to figure out what triggers it and get it so that you can control it. Do you have any ideas?” Bruce said, taking up his eggy toast and taking a bite leaning on the table. Lin pondered, tossing her head around.

“I mean, I don’t exactly know. I just focus while I am massaging and I kind of get ‘in the zone’ you know? Recently I’ve noticed that my hands get hotter and that seems to indicate that it’s, well, ‘working’.” She explained.

“That’s good. Good stuff there. Hand heat. Getting in the zone. Great start.” Bruce said smiling. “So then we just need to get it so you can control it. When and where and how exactly do you get into that zone of yours, and how to make that happen when you want. And of course, how to make it *not* happen, too.” Lin was nodding to his logic and reasoning. “And I volunteer as tribute.” He said putting both palms face down on the table dead serious eyes pinned to hers.

“Volunteer? Tribute? For what?” Lin said with a shrug.

“To figure out how to turn on and off your powers. Try it out on me. I can tell you if it feels warm or hot and all that.” Bruce said. Lin leaned to the side a bit to get a better look at Bruce’s belly which was still a bit bigger than Lin’s as of now, but not by much.

“And what, end up with both of our guts hanging off my body? No thanks.” Lin said, holding up a hand to stop him in his tracks.

“Now work with me here and think a minute. If you are going to be massaging people for your work this ain’t going to stop anytime soon unless you figure it out. At least with me you will have someone who can tell you if they notice anything. And I can watch to see if you are getting

bigger and all that. Besides, even if you do end up with two big guts, you can just turn em' into two big fat titties, can't ya?" Bruce's points started to hit home. "And regardless if we are going shopping for some Z-cup bras or a muumuu, I got you. I'm paying. I promise you that." Bruce stood up to drive his point home and his stomach, almost exclusively peeking from beneath a shirt that was too tight for him, knocked over a mostly empty glass of juice.

Lin listened thinking and weighing her options while a hand under the table went back and forth between giving her gut gentle squeezes and playfully flicking her clit like a springy door stopper. Bruce was trying to pull his shirt down, throw paper towels on the juice spill, and keep up some semblance of the point he drove home. Lin's eyes closed gently as she got lost in the feeling of playing with herself.

"Lin? You still with me? What's gotten into you? Is this some kind of side effect or something?" Bruce said, waving a hand in front of his roommate's face and snapping her out of the reverie. She blinked and looked up at him, lucidity returning.

"Yeah that sounds great! Let's do it!" She said, still somewhat hazy.

"What do we need? Same set up as before? With the candles and incense and all that?" He asked starting to clear plates.

"For what?" She said touching her upper lip with her finger taking a clandestine sniff before scratching her head.

"The massage, Lin. I volunteered as tribute. You're going to figure out how to use your super powers and give momma a hot bod in the process and I will take you shopping. And love you forever and all that?" Bruce said. Lin recalled and wondered why she was so out of it.

"Right, right. Sorry. I zoned out there. Yeah, same as before. I will get some things from the parlor after I'm done eating. Thanks for cleaning up!" Lin said finishing her meal.

"I am excited about all of this honestly. And don't worry. If we can get you to figure out how this all works I have an idea which might solve your dilemma. Here's hoping, girl. Thanks for the breakfast, your cooking is the best." Bruce said and took care of all the dishes and cleaning while his roommate skipped downstairs to get the stuff she needed.

"I don't know if it's all this weight I've taken on or not, but I am feeling so full and tired these days." Lin said with a huff setting down the big brown paper bags and straightening up and leaning back hands on hips for a good stretch. The pair of them prepared the room with the folding massage table, incense, music, and oils that Lin relied on. Bruce was laying on the table wearing a purple and blue speedo which looked way too tight. Lin held back her comments and opted to drape a towel over his waist shaking her head instead.

The blinds were drawn so that they only allowed scant smoky beams of late morning sunlight through the slats. Incense filled the air adding wisps and curls to the sound of soft, soothing, new age music with pings of wind chimes and gentle chanting in the background. She was taking breaths and doing calming meditation to prepare. Finally the incessant urge to masturbate was fading enough for her to focus.

“Alright.” She said, opening her eyes and looking down at her roommate.

“So just do your thing and try to walk me through what you are doing. I will keep an eye on you and tell you if I feel anything.” He said calmly.

The massage began and Lin went through the motions describing that the warming sensation built up while she got going and hit a rhythm. When she mentioned about visualizing removing the fat and getting it out of the way or going where she wanted it to go and focused, Bruce immediately felt the warmth. Lin did too.

“That’s it. Keep going. Focus on that feeling and keep visualizing. I feel it!” Lin continued to visualize her roommate, just another vessel to manipulate, as a clay sculpture. It was hard, but her hands warmed it. Softened it. And she could manipulate it as she willed. The tiger claws were controlled this time in her mind and she could carve it with care. She also pushed and massaged his stomach and slid the weight around towards his hips. Her palms and fingers spread it around expertly with smooth precision. “Ohh. I ain’t gonna lie. This feels *so good*, Lin.” He said getting into the feeling.

“It’s hot. I feel it too.” Lin said and Bruce opened an eye and saw Lin’s gut spilling out of her dress and top hovering just above the table as she massaged. It was getting bigger with each deep intake of breath. Each time she let out a controlled exhalation, there was a bit more than before until her stomach was resting on the table.

“Lin, your tummy honey. It’s getting...” Bruce said hesitantly not wanting her to stop, but loyal to his friend.

“I know. It’s fine. I have accepted it. I’m almost through.” She said straining and working his gut. He could feel the heat from his stomach spreading to his hips and up his chest. She felt her stomach fill and bloat more as she focused on her work. Bruce watched as her pot belly, his *old* pot belly, swelled before his eyes onto the table brushing up against his side.

“Well, can you turn it off? Like keep the massage going but stop focusing?” He asked, trying to help her.

“I’ll try.” She said and tried to clear her mind while still performing the massage. When she cleared her thoughts the warm feeling of bloating in her stomach like she had just finished a hot pot, started to fade slowly.

“That’s it, Lin. It’s wearing off. It isn’t as hot anymore. You’re doing it!” Bruce cheered and Lin stopped the massage after another few minutes. Bruce felt his stomach heat up one more time just before she stopped and then cool down again. She was out of breath and sweating a bit and stepped back falling into a recliner chair sending it rocking. The thing reclined back from her momentum and her stomach was big and full. She could have passed for being a few months pregnant when she laid back with her arms hanging over the sides of the chair breathing hard. Bruce sat up slowly watching her gut rise and fall and then looked down at his own body in absolute shock. “I can’t believe it. I mean I saw it with my own eyes before, but actually getting it done to you. This. You are. Girl you are a miracle worker. And you are going to be rich.” Bruce said.

“I am going to have a new wardrobe first, though.” Lin huffed watching her roommate start to dance around the room and twerk and do poses between long loving squeezes here and there.

“Girl, you did my hips up. Look at this! Ohmygosh.” Bruce said in awe at where the dents in the side of his mannish buttocks had been filled in and rounded over. “I got a *real* booty now!” He flared out his hips and gave them a shake. “I think I can even feel them wiggle! Not as wiggly and jiggly as your backdoor giggity’s, but...” He started tearing up a bit, unable to speak. He ran over to his roommate and leaned in to give her a big hug. “Oh thank you thank you thank you thank you, Lin.”

“It’s fine, it’s fine. You’re welcome, Brucey.” Lin said, patting his friend on the back and feeling a pang of jealousy as his man boobs, now rounder and fuller than hers, pressed against her own modest chest. Feeling his chest on hers warmed her and when he leaned in to give her a hug he fell off balance a bit due to the awkward angle and kind of laid on top of her. He managed to balance a knee on the edge of the sofa between her legs and she started to get turned on. He got up and regained his feet standing proudly.

“Girl you even did up my man boobs a bit too. I might not even need to use them chicken cutlets anymore.” He smiled, heaving up his new chest. They weren’t much bigger than before, but instead of being flabby and fatty, they were fuller and rounder looking. Before he got carried away he looked up. “I think I can’t be walking around without a shirt on anymore with these puppies.” And made a face. “I’m getting a shirt. How are you feeling?”

“I’m alright. Already starting to recover, I think. I am getting used to it. And I think I can turn *it* on and off now. At least it feels that way.” Lin said, sitting up. Her flabby gut and love handles actually looked like she had a thin innertube around her waist.

“Well next up on the menu is get you some boobies Lin.” Bruce said, walking to grab a shirt and throwing it on. He paused to admire his figure in the mirror. Bruce was still a thick stocky man and far from all of that beer belly was erased from the massage, but the filled out hips and chest was a welcome change for the drag star. Ideas of fame and fortune started to spin around in his head.

“I need a drink first, and to change, but I think that is a good idea. I am going to need the afternoon and evening to recover, I think.” She smiled, laughing weakly, but getting to her feet. She held her belly with disappointment and flopped it up and down shaking her head in disbelief. *‘This really is happening. And I am doing it. I wonder if auntie has heard back from our relatives yet...’*

Before long and after a break and a snack it was Lin’s turn on the table. She traded in her halter top for a simple white sports bra and the same dress as before. The bra was small and fit snugly, but was still comfortable enough and didn’t get in the way. She figured she’d need to take it off if things worked out how she imagined they might.

New incense was lit and Lin was determined. If she could at least stop taking on the excess weight of her clients going forward she could still lead a normal life until this point. *‘Maybe if I exercise a lot I can get back down to a normal shape and size.’* She pondered while getting on the table. Bruce was standing at the ready waiting for something to do.

“Just say the word and I got you.” He nodded with a serious expression.

“I guess just tell me if I missed a spot. I tend to get really focused on this and it really takes it out of me.” Lin said, building up her resolve. She took a few deep breaths and centered herself and let the music take center stage.

“Will do, Lin” Bruce whispered, watching in awe. Lin visualized herself as she looked now and all that negative energy and knew she could change it. She had the power and knew how to use it. She felt her hands warming up just through this visualization and rubbed them against each other as she went over her plan in her head. She felt her body warm centered around where the unwanted excess weight she collected was.

She went from her back to her side and reached around to her lower back and began to chop her spare tire lightly softening up the squishy bulk. She followed the chops with strong powerful swipes with the heel of her palms over and over with both hands. It was a deliberate and flowing motion that was effective almost immediately.

Bruce’s eyes widened as the ring around her lower torso was scooped, spread, and slid gently towards her bustline. The majority of the weight was centered around her gut, but she swiped in from as far back as she could and thoroughly brought it all up. Ripples of skin and fat spread out evenly slowly coalescing higher and higher. She stopped and laid on her back again, skin pink and red from the pressure and *heat* she was applying.

“This is amazing, Lin. Water? Snacks?” Bruce said quietly and held out a bottle of water and toweled off her head lovingly. “I’m here, lumpy.” He smiled sweetly, making her laugh.

“Don’t make me laugh like that! And I am in the middle of it, of course it is going to look lumpy.” She snapped playfully.

“Keeping the mood light is all. Looks like you have nothing more to learn from me young padawan.” He said nodding, taking the water bottle back and offering an overwrought bow in her direction. Lin rolled her eyes and rolled onto her side to perform a mirrored version of the first segment of the massage. Fifteen minutes later her love handles were all but eradicated, or rather, evicted from around her waist and spread along her mid and upper torso. It looked a bit like waves were washing in towards her chest where her massaging the pushing stopped.

Lin sat up, a lot easier than before thanks to some of the weight being moved away, and pondered.

“What is it sensei? How can I be of use?” Bruce said half condescendingly. Lin wasn’t phased and remained deep in thought.

“I need a lot of leverage and doing this myself is going to be so tough on my arms. I am wondering if I could maybe get some help.” Lin said, looking around the room and rubbing her chin.

“Gravity? You mean like, jumping up and down or something?” Bruce asked.

“Well, more like the opposite. I want to be more, well, upside-down. I think. Grab those couch cushions for me and bring them over here.” Lin ordered and Bruce hopped to it. Hopping made Bruce feel amazing now because of the extra little perky bounce in his chest. “Good, thanks. Now let’s put these here. Alright.” The cushions were roughly where her butt was for most of the massage. Stacked two high, Bruce wondered what she was planning on doing with the big heavy cushions.

“You’ll see.” Lin winked and then laid back. “I might need your help. Be ready and make sure I don’t fall off the table, OK?” She asked.

“Got ya.” Bruce said and held out his hands like he was covering her defensively in basketball. Lin arranged herself sitting on top of the cushions balanced precariously and leaned back partially upside down, hips up in the air like she was going down a slide backwards and head first. Bruce stood at her side and moved around spotting her as she got into position. From this angle her breasts and prominent gut were drooping towards her. ‘*Gravity.*’ Bruce thought nodding.

“Here I go. Just keep me on the table, OK?” Lin said again and took a deep breath trying to get comfortable. Bruce acknowledged it and soon she was going to work. With gravity on her side, pulling towards her chest was far easier when massaging herself. It wasn’t a particularly comfortable position to be in but she was focused on the task at hand. Once she focused and felt the sculpting heat in her hands she began with a series of sharp chops.

The folding massage table was sturdy, but still shook and rocked as she beat on her own gut with precision. Bruce watched as she went back and forth the surface of her stomach like she was aiming to julienne the fat. She did it again the opposite way which would have diced the offending target completely. She took one deep breath rubbing her hands together rekindling the fires.

Then she took sweeping pulls in rapid motion hand over hand digging the heel of her palms as far down as she could press them without needlessly disrupting her breathing. Her technique was impeccable and the speed she went hand over hand didn't allow the fat to shift back into its original place ushering it along in a smooth flow. Bruce's eyes were glassed over staring as she worked at seemingly ultra high speed and almost a third of her gut had been transferred evenly to the base of each of her breasts.

"That's one. Two, maybe three more. Can you hold onto my ankles?" Lin said, taking a breath and laying panting. The small bra she wore bulged breast flesh with each deep inhalation. "Bruce?" He snapped out of his reverie and blinked, noticing the clock had passed twenty minutes.

"Absolutely, girlfriend. Anything for you. This is a miracle to watch, its like you got four titties, but the two don't have nipples on em'." He said flabbergasted. Lin shook her head and began another round of chopping away julienning and then dicing the layer of fat preparing to move it along. Another fifteen minutes and she had slid most of it up to her chest and her breasts were starting to bulk up a bit. From her semi-upside down position it was tough to tell and Bruce was trying to watch, staring from between her knees. He applied oil and lotion when asked and soon got into a great rhythm with her and everything went smoother.

Another round of chopping and softening and heating up the clay she had gained let her pull more and more of it towards her chest. Bruce could see her toned core starting to reappear and even the hint of abs as the entirety of her gut was slid ever so gradually towards her chest. She was sweating and clearly lost in the moment. Focused. After the third round her breasts were getting large enough that he could barely see her face from his position on the far end of the table. Lin's chest was getting heavier and heavier and they were inching closer to her face with every swipe she threw at her gut. She couldn't see her stomach at this angle and was going purely off of feeling and it was *still* working. The bra she had been wearing was bulging in all directions and it had slid off and become more of a necklace by then.

The fourth round of chopping sounded less like slapping a fat belly and more like thudding into tight, toned abs, which were waiting for her from weeks of working hard at the gym to try and burn off the fat she picked up accidentally. Just feeling the tight tummy she unearthed with massage renewed her mettle and determination to keep going. Muscles burned and ached from almost an hour of constant massage, but she was still far from complete in her task.

After finishing the final chop, she hoped, she pulled with desperation and shunted all the remaining side and gut fat up to her chest. Her skin was pink and red and bruises were already

forming bruises. Her breasts were two hot sweaty vessels swelling with each swipe. First they just touched her cheeks and then after began to envelop her own head. When it got to the point where through closed eyes she realized the light in the room was being blocked out she could only imagine how big they must have been getting. She was too focused and just wanted to see it through to the end.

“You alright over there? I don’t even know if you are still breathing with them things in your face.” Bruce said, holding her ankles carefully. The intense massage continued and Lin didn’t feel her sundress riding up from the shaking and sliding all the way to her waist exposing her lower half to her room mate. She did put on a pair of panties when she got changed fearing this might happen and wanting to remain modest, but the massage was feeling less like business and more like *pleasure*. The final stages of the massage after the majority of the weight had moved was just shaping and smoothing.

“I’m.” She puffed. “Good.” She swallowed and asked for more oil. Bruce delivered. Less than the intensive chopping and pulling from the initial reshaping, the final polishing massage was more sensual. She was now performing a different set of massages that were meant to help maintain the shape, condition, and health of larger breasts which she now had. It was turning her on as she felt the roughly gathered lumpy fat melt and smooth and cool into sexy and soft breast flesh. ‘*Fuck I didn’t know how good this felt.*’ Lin thought, losing focus on the work as burning hot hands slid around on her new sensitive, huge, oiled breasts. ‘*Fuck.*’

Bruce kept quiet and watched her roomie getting into it and just played it cool. That was the least he could do. When a peculiar bulge began to poke up from her tight panties he didn’t know what to do since it looked like... ‘*That... Isn’t what I think it is, is it?*’ He swallowed while Lin began to breathe with more voice. She felt they had been shaped fantastically and only had to perform the final touches. Her nipples.

The last pulls had her tweaking and twisting her nipples and influencing their form, but it was proving too much. She was exhausted from the heat of such a long intensive massage and she wanted to get off. Her moans built up and she was thrusting weakly into the air while tweaking both nipples. The bucking of her hips caused friction from her panties to grind against her swelling and hardening clit. Bruce’s eyes were wide and his mouth hung open staring at the little panty-tent that was more than half the length of his own panty-tent. And that turned *him* on.

She couldn’t take it any more and the climax of the massage and her moaning and building pleasure rushed forth as she brought herself to orgasm from playing with her nipples and grinding against slowly dampening panties. She cried out and a gush of wet love juice flooded around the panties she wore which were pulled taught and sprayed her roommate in the face. Bruce let go of her ankles in an attempt to protect himself, but it was too late as the second and third splashing squirts showered him.

“Fuuuckkk!” She cried aloud as what felt like a long overdue orgasm shook her legs sending soaking wet couch cushions onto the floor and she squeezed and pulled at her nipples desperately.

“Fuuuckkk-grrbrgrrll” Bruce gargled, unable to even curse in the face of her orgasm. He took a step back, but ended up bumping into the coffee table and falling backward into the space before the couch. The tinkling of wind chimes punctuated the panting pair as the smell of wet sex began to overpower calming incense. After a minute or two of laying there Bruce stirred a bit. “Lin?”

“Yeah, Brucey?” She said in a husky honeyed whisper. She had almost caught her breath and her arms and legs hung off the table in all directions, almost powerless. Drained.

“Did you just piss on my face?” That question caused her to crack up laughing and she shook the table throwing it off balance and falling off herself landing face first in a wet sticky cushion. “Oh god! Are you OK?” Bruce got to his knees and looked over the table at his friend splayed on the ground.

Lin slowly rose to hands and knees, chest hanging down past where Bruce could see beyond the table. She leaned up and stood showing off her brand new breasts. They were bigger than her head and stood proudly on her chest, round and firm. They were overly large on her frame, exuding pure unadulterated nubility, and hung just above her belly button. Doing some fake math in his head he figured that roughly all the gut and spare tire she had was transferred into two of the biggest bare breasts he’d ever laid eyes on in real life.

She took in one big breath which only emphasized how massive her chest had become and she had to look down realizing that she could no longer see anything below them. Her hands instinctively reached up and grabbed big juicy handfuls of still oiled breast meat and squeezed. She had to throw her head back and take in a big breath feeling more sensation in her chest than she ever had in her entire life.

“I call next.” Bruce said while wiping his face off with a towel that wasn’t soaked through.