

Agent Jetglas



“*One two three one two three one two ...*” Marylu paused to peel a wad of chewing gum off of her heel. “C’mon, relax,” she said. “You’re still too stiff. Just follow me. Ready? And, *one two three one two three one ...*” She stopped again and sighed. Whatever else Special Agent Jetglas was, he certainly was a poor dancer. She couldn’t understand his appeal to so many women at the Academy. He rarely initiated a conversation, hated otters, and frequently leaked. She didn’t find him particularly handsome, but *something* must be attracting the babes by the bushelful. Why, two of them were outside the studio right now, peering at him dreamily through the window.

“Look, Agent Jetglas,” she continued, “I realize you don’t like to lead, so just follow me. Here, let me hold your, your ...” Marylu nearly swooned from desire as a powerful aura of warmth radiated from Special Agent Jetglas. Her heart pounded, her pulse raced, and she forgot all about otters. “Here, let’s lie down on the carpet,” she murmured. But as she gently tipped him, he leaked again, and the mood was suddenly dampened.