



SUMMARY: After a husband with an active fantasy life drinks his wife's special shake, he finds himself changing in ways that he would have never imagined.

EAT, DRINK AND BE MARY

by Valerie Hope

HANK LITTLEFIELD TRIED TO LIVE a good life. He paid his taxes, voted in every election, didn't upset his neighbors and never cheated on his wife Anna. He mowed his lawn and gave to charity, he liked to watch the game over beers with his buddies and he recycled. Being responsible and upstanding mattered a lot to Hank, caring about how people thought about him and how he presented himself in the community figured large into his decision-making process. Only Hank knew it all just went to help hide his shameful little secret.

Not that he'd ever acted upon his urges, but Hank's biggest thrill came solely from young girls. He couldn't get hard unless he thought about them, even when he gave his wife the occasional poke in the panties, and he spent his alone-time at the house peering out his attic window through a high-powered telescope through the bedroom windows of the teenage girls home from college who lived in his cul-de-sac. He attended every cheerleader car wash and bake sale, giving freely of his money, and no one suspected that his reasons for attending and donating money extended to anything more than a desire to help his community. But the images of those firm, nubile bodies, just shy of the full flower of womanhood, filled his mind and his imagination and provided fuel enough for a few more weeks before he could get his next 'fix.'

Hank knew it was wrong, what he was feeling, but the girls were just so... *perfect*. Innocent, but so desperate to appear adult and mature, making their every movement or gesture unconsciously and deeply sexual and *naughty* as they tried to act like grown women. Hank knew he could never touch them, never sully them with his filthy urges, run the risk of spoiling that haunting perfection. The thought of bringing one of those perfect creatures down to his filthy level through any physical contact disturbed Hank more than the thought of being discovered. He remained content to just beat off frantically in the shower thinking about his nineteen-year-old neighbor Katie's soft skin or her friend Tabitha's unknowingly seductive blue eyes and keep his dirty little secret.

Hank puttered in his garage most weekends, using his mediocre carpentry skills to build shelves and boxes for his wife's plants. Anna loved her garden and spent most of her free time on her knees in the dirt. Their twenty years of marriage easily bore the burden of lost passion, and they existed in a cozy, sexless comfort that seemed to suit them both well.

Or so Hank thought, until Anna came home with a huge box.

"You don't even look at me like a woman any more, Hank," she accused him, but without any rancor or bitterness. "I suppose it's as much my fault as it is yours. Sex, attraction – we just don't do that kind of thing any more. It hasn't mattered in a long time, has it?"

Hank tried not to appear abashed. "I guess it hasn't."

"Do you remember how we were when we first met? We couldn't keep our hands off one another," Anna said with a faraway smile. "I miss those days, honey. I want to try and get some little piece of that back."

"Anna, sweetheart, I love you," Hank said. "Those days were wonderful, I agree, but I can accept that we've moved past it. I don't feel like I'm missing out. I love spending time with you. You're my favorite person in the world, you know that."

"I do," Anna confirmed. "But wouldn't it be wonderful to have those days back, even for a little while? To feel like horny kids again, to spend the whole day in bed just mauling one another... even for just a few days?"

"I guess so," Hank said. "I never tried, honey, because I thought those days were long gone. You had your garden, I had my hobbies... I thought you were fine with the way things are."

"I am, honey. I'm not accusing you of anything, or saying that our marriage is anything less than great. You know how much I love you. None of that is the issue. I just... oh, I don't know. I guess I just wanted to feel like that foxy young thing that you couldn't take your eyes off of like I used to be."

"You're still the most beautiful woman in the world to me," Hank said honestly.

She smiled her fragile smile, the one that let Hank know he's said something completely and utterly romantic. "You old charmer," she said playfully. "But it's not about being beautiful – although that would be a bonus. It's about being sexy again. I just wanted to feel sexy again."

"Oh," Hank said, shrugging. "So what's in the box, then? Naughty underwear?"

"No, that's later," Anna said. "You may be a little upset with me, honey, because I spent an *awful* amount of money. Have you ever heard of PoweRenewal?"

"Isn't that the celebrity diet thing on that infomercial late at night?" Hank asked.

"That's the one. Tailor-made to each individual. Guaranteed to take off years, pounds and give back energy and life," she said. "I just got curious?"

"How curious?" Hank said pointedly.

"Four grand curious," Anna said sheepishly.

"Four *grand*? As in four *thousand*? *Dollars*?" he said, his voice rising with every word. "Does it come with a television?"

"Nope," Anna said. "Just food and protein shakes for a month, workout DVDs and a personal website where I can track my progress. If it doesn't work, then we're only out the shipping and handling, they give back all our money. But if it does work, honey, just think about it. Me, only the way I was fifteen years ago. Sex-crazed, gorgeous and in the best shape of my life, wanting nothing more out of my day than to jump my bones and make lunch so I can get the energy back to jump your bones again."

"You wouldn't want to trade me in for a newer model?" Hank asked.

"Do I look like one of those 'cougars' you read about in the magazines?" Anna laughed. "Hank, you're my one and only, you always have been since the day I met you."

"So, do I have to do this crazy diet with you, or what?" Hank asked.

"I thought I could get away with just the four grand," Anna said. "But if I blew eight grand, you'd probably be calling Bill Keller to help you bury me in a shallow grave by the creek tonight after the moon went down. No, I'll go first. If it works, and you decide you want to be like you were fifteen years ago – *rowr*, by the way – then we can get one for you. Like I told you, honey, these diets are specifically made for each individual. You couldn't use mine and get any kind of predictable results, for instance. That's why they cost so much."

Hank sighed, but he never refused Anna anything, so he just made a noncommittal grunt and shrugged, returning to his garage while Anna began unpacking the pre-wrapped meals and the canned shakes onto the shelves of the pantry.

* * *

The change in Anna astounded Hank over the next few weeks. She had never been an unattractive woman, always a very stylish and svelte forty-seven years, but now people easily placed her age at around thirty. Her skin smoothed out and her hair took on the luster Hank remembered from when they were young, her eyes regained a lot of their former mischievous sparkle. She also shed about thirty pounds, regaining the girlish hourglass she'd had before middle age, and her level of energy skyrocketed. Anna now attacked him in the shower or as he sat at his computer desk doing work. And the food she ate looked really tasty, as well – gourmet prepared, spiced to perfection and able to fill the kitchen with wonderful smells as Anna heated it up for her meals. She celebrated her milestone of weight loss by going out and purchasing a new wardrobe, consisting mainly of slinky dresses and racy lingerie, and rededicated herself to the process – her increased energy, flexibility and self-image led to more time to exercise, a much more positive outlook on herself and achieving her goals, and a bubbling happiness with her situation that gave her a glow Hank hadn't seen in her for years.

But as wonderful as it was for her, Hank still found she lacked the spark, that secret and forbidden lust that burned deep inside him that truly attracted him. That thrilling draw reserved itself for the young girls, those blushing awkward promises of womanhood who walked to and fro every day past his window. If Hank screwed his eyes tight and fantasized, he could make himself forget the forty-seven year old woman he fucked and imagine instead that he plumbed the tight, virgin depths of a lascivious co-ed or a cock-hungry little barely-legal babysitter and manage an orgasm with the woman he loved.

Guilt wracked him, however. He owed Anna better. He loved her, had built and spent a life with her, and he *knew* he was a filthy, disgusting pervert who was better off behind bars. But even incarceration and public humiliation wouldn't be enough to blunt the razor's edge of sexual hunger that consumed him inside every time he saw a teenage girl. He didn't dare succumb to any of those urges, he didn't have the backbone. So he repressed them, and over time became more and more miserable. Anna was far too caught up in the joy of her recaptured youth, understandably, and overlooked the deep depression in which Hank found himself mired, missing all his subtle cues that normally she would have interpreted and moved to curtail. Hank withdrew further and further into himself, spending more and more hours alone in his office, burying himself in work and trying not to think about the nubile, college-aged girls living

two doors down, sisters named Lisa and Lori, and how they would look as they took a shower or washing a car.

Anna went out on a warm Saturday morning, enjoying her newfound energy and youthfulness by going jogging in the park with their dog, Murphy, and then hitting the shops afterwards to look for flirty, revealing clothing to pad out her new wardrobe. Her obsession with feeling girlish and vibrant colored everything she did now, even causing her to go on a tear and replace all their old art on the walls with new, more modern prints and some very erotic photography. Hank wasn't sure he completely approved, but he wasn't of a mind to deny his wife anything right now.

He thumped his way down the stairs heavily to his garage, where he hoped to bury himself deeply in the construction of a new standing rack for Anna's herbs, out of unfinished cedar. Simple work, but mindless – enough to keep him occupied. He set out his tools and had just laid the first of the cedar one-by planks across his sawhorses when two lithe, willowy figures caught his eye. His two twin neighbors of two doors down – Lisa and Lori Metcalf – bounded outside with that peculiar, boundless energy of youth, wearing skin-bearing halter tops and tight cutoff jean shorts. Hank stared slack-jawed as the two mirror-image brunette girls inflated a green 'kiddie' pool and filled it with water from the garden hose in preparation for washing their two massive Alsatians in the front yard.

Lisa – or was it Lori? – sprayed her sister playfully with the hose, causing both girls to squeal with laughter. The water glistened on their tanned skin and caused their shirts to cling to their slender, unripe curves. Lori – or was it Lisa? – then took a drink from the hose, wetting the front of her shirt damp enough to make her budding, stiff nipples visible, then reapplied a coat of pink lip gloss with a little wand.

Hank hunched a little, wanting to keep himself out of sight, wincing as his throbbingly erect cock pinched itself horribly against the stiff seam of his shorts. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the innocent but tremblingly sexual play transpiring mere yards from him. He lurked around the corner of his garage, transfixed, wishing he could conceal himself enough to snake a hand down his waistband and stroke his aching cock as he watched the live-action porn unfold in front of him. But he didn't dare – too much chance of being seen, of being exposed for the pervert that he could scarcely admit he was.

The girls splashed each other with soapy water, giggling and squealing, their long chestnut hair sticking in lustrous, damp tendrils across their faces, white straight teeth all but flashing from their joyous grins in the sunshine. Unable to control himself any longer, Hank broke away and ran inside, barely making it into the potpourri-scented downstairs bathroom and getting his fly down before he sent his sperm spiraling from the blunt end of his cock into the toilet, gasping and grunting as he masturbated helplessly until he spent himself and sagged, one hand propped on the back of the commode and the other fondling his deflating cock.

As with every other time he allowed himself to climax thinking of young girls, shame hit him like an anvil. He flushed away the damning evidence of his perversion, zipped his shorts hastily and washed his hands with a zeal bordering on compulsion. He avoided his image in the small antique mirror above the pedestal sink.

Hank's stomach growled suddenly, surprising him. He'd skipped breakfast – Anna had been very much in the mood for a morning tumble and she'd not given him any basis for refusal, waking him by slipping his morning stiffy deep inside her wet pussy and bouncing on him

roughly, thrashing her hair and moaning throatily. Hank's plans for the day included going to the grocery store and picking up lunch for himself to 'celebrate' his morning alone, but he found himself unable to face the thought of going outside, risking another glimpse of those two perfect, gorgeous creatures frolicking in their front yard in the water and a repeat of his shameful loss of control. Much worse, they might look at him and *know*, somehow, what he'd done. The sunlight dappling the sidewalk outside the door repelled him physically.

Sighing, he rummaged as best he could through the empty pantry and refrigerator, finding only condiments, a lone pickle floating in the brine of a jar, and the stacked paper-and-foil packages of Anna's diet and the red-and-yellow-striped cans of protein shakes. Hank shrugged elaborately as his stomach growled loudly again, and he took down one of her prepackaged meals and a can, popping the tray into the microwave and popping the top on the can. The thick, pasty concoction held a hint of vanilla and coated his tongue in a way that reminded him of whole milk. The taste wasn't unpleasant at all. He chugged the can, succumbing to a thirst he hadn't realized he had, and opened another without thinking. The microwave dinged and he peeled back the plastic cover, using his spoon rather like a shovel as he spooned the thick, faintly greenish gruel into his mouth without chewing. The mush tasted wonderful – like the smell of fresh-baked bread, somehow – and woke a hunger in him that bordered on the sexual. Something seemed to have taken hold of Hank – he shoved the prepackaged meals into the microwave five at a time, pacing nervously as they cooked and chugging shakes one after another while he waited.

Nothing he ate or drank seemed to slake his insatiable hunger or thirst – it almost seemed as though the more he ate the hungrier he became, the more of the shakes he poured down his throat the worse his thirst grew. The pangs began to tear at his insides, making him cry out in pain as he shoveled food into the gnawing emptiness inside his middle. The pain grew so horrible that he slumped across the table, scattering empty paper trays across the tile with a hollow clatter. Hank groaned and retched – the aching emptiness felt as though it ate his insides, tearing chunks of him away and chewing them with razor-edged teeth – and lost his struggle to maintain consciousness, slipping into a red-edged grey that seemed to burn into his brain.

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"Hank? Hank! Oh my God, *Hank!*"

Hank forced open rheumy eyes well on their way to being gummed shut and groaned pitifully, clenching his fingers open and shut on the smooth tabletop where he'd passed out, scrabbling his hands back and forth, attempting to push himself upright.

"Hank, honey, what did you *do*?"

"I got hungry," he said through a throat that felt swollen. "There was nothing to eat."

"You said you were going to go shopping," Anna said. "Why did you stay in?"

He couldn't mention the why – that his sick obsession with young co-eds and the resultant shame had kept him indoors, afraid to face the outside world.

"I was really hungry."

"Oh, *honey*," Anna said. "I told you, those things were for me. Me *only*, Hank. I'm not sure what that food is going to do to you. I should call the company."

Hank struggled to sit up and attempted to stand, but managed to get a good look at his wife in the process. If he hadn't known better, he would have sworn he was looking at a slender, firm-breasted woman in her mid- to late twenties, smooth-skinned and radiant, wearing a clingy yellow sundress that showed more cleavage than she'd displayed in years and sporting a soft amber tan. She exuded health and vibrancy and more than a little sex appeal.

"Oh, honey, you're a mess," she scolded gently. "Look at you."

"I'm sorry, Anna," he mumbled, letting her assist him the rest of the way to his feet.

"Why so *much*, sweetheart?" Anna asked, stirring the stacks of empty boxes and cans on the floor of the kitchen.

"I couldn't stop," Hank said, staggering against her and almost falling.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I couldn't stop, honey," he said. "The more I ate, the hungrier I got. I never got full, and it was starting to hurt..."

"That doesn't sound right," Anna said. "Hank, I think I better put you in bed and call the company. They warned me not to let anyone else use my food. It might have made you very sick, honey... I just don't know."

"I need to throw up," Hank said, and Anna steered him towards the bathroom. He collapsed to his knees in front of the toilet where he'd so recently ejaculated and heaved so hard that he feared losing consciousness again.

"Oh, God," Anna breathed. "Honey, it's... it's full of blood."

"I think I need to go to the hospital," Hank groaned, clutching the sides of the toilet.

Anna was already dialing 911.

* * *

The medics arrived and assessed him quickly, quickly starting an IV and starting him on fluids and giving him medication to stop the vomiting, which was becoming uncontrollable. They strapped him onto a stretcher and drove him to the nearest hospital while Anna packed a small overnight bag for him and followed in her car. It was not lost on her that the paramedics had both surreptitiously sneaked looks at her cleavage and her tight buns while they'd worked, and the little happy thrill it had given her stayed with her all the way to the hospital when she *knew* she should have been thinking about her husband. But fond fantasies about the two young medics, with their rugged tans and tattoos and firm young bodies, raced through her mind in a way she'd never experienced, even when she'd been young and vivacious. Hank had been only the third man she'd ever slept with in her life when they'd been married, and she'd never even considered taking on two strange men at once on her kitchen countertop, one hard cock pistoning in and out of her aching, sopping pussy while the other slid hotly in and out of her open, hungry mouth. But right now it seemed that wild threesome dominated her every thought, and the musky scent of her arousal filled the interior of the sensible Toyota Camry.

She even considered pulling into a secluded parking garage to masturbate – something she hardly ever did – and grew appalled at herself.

I'm following my sick husband to the emergency room in an ambulance! she thought with growing alarm. How can I possibly be thinking of fingering myself at a time like this? What the hell is the matter with me?

But even her shock couldn't diminish the demanding, squirming ache and wet emptiness that spread through her midsection. She tried to school herself to think about her husband's health, focus on her concern for him and send positive thoughts to him, but her efforts fell short. No matter how much she wanted to think something else, her thoughts as she walked through the automatic doors to the emergency room waiting area stayed basically the repetitive mantra *I have to get fucked over and over again.*

"Name?" the bored-looking triage nurse asked from behind the desk.

*I wonder what her pussy tastes like, Anna thought, shocking herself – she'd never had a homosexual urge in her entire life, and now she couldn't stop thinking about burying her face between the slightly *zaftig* Hispanic girl's thighs and tonguing her clit until she screamed, talking dirty in Spanish and pulling her hair.*

"Um, sorry. So sorry," she stammered, breathing heavily from her arousal. "The name. Littlefield. Henry Littlefield. He was brought in by ambulance, just now."

The nurse gave her a strange, considering look – it took a moment for Anna to realize that it was because of the openly hungry, desirous leer Anna gave her and the stiff, swollen nipples poking through the sheer fabric of her sundress – before she printed off a paper visitor's badge and handed it over. Anna smoothed it over her spectacularly sensitive breast, probably a few more times than she should have just to feel the friction across her nipple, and the nurse buzzed her through the door and into the busy ER behind. Techs and nurses and doctors zipped this way and that down the long, antiseptic white hallway, and Anna attempted to concentrate on finding Room 32 and *stop* compulsively checking out the firm asses and tight abdomens and relative sizes of packages contained in the multicolored scrubs that passed through her vision.

Dammit, woman, what is wrong with you? Your husband could be dying, and you – oh, wow, nice ass – you could care less! What the hell is the – I wonder if it's true what they say about black guys, 'cause that one is cute as fuck – what the hell is the matter with me?

She managed, through force of will, to tear her attention away from the mean – and a few of the women – walking back and forth through the ER long enough to find Room 32. The doctor, a thankfully old and unattractive man, stood over the small and sweaty form of Hank, looking pale and shaky in the threadbare hospital gown and hanging on the doctor's every word.

"The bleeding is most likely from a peptic ulcer," the doctor was saying as Anna walked in. "Even though you say you don't have a history of that kind of thing, they can develop very quickly."

"And the bleeding?" Hank croaked.

"Well, we're going to take a CT of your abdomen and see how big a bleed it is," the doctor said. "Once we know for sure, then you may be looking at surgery, or if it's a small one it might self-

correct and we'll just put you on proton-pump inhibitors for a while and keep you on a bland diet."

"Are they supposed to make me feel so weak?" Hank asked.

"According to the EMS report," the doctor said, leafing through pages on the chart, "your wife said there was a great deal of blood in your vomit. I'm going to transfuse you while you're here, get your volume of circulating blood increased. That will mean you have to stay the night for observation, of course."

Hank noticed Anna's presence in the room and reached out a sweaty, pale hand. She took it in her own and chafed it softly, still paying attention to the doctor. Concentration came much more easily without the distractions of the hardbodied young staff flowing in and out of her vision, and she absorbed what the doctor said with ease.

"Am I going to be okay?" Hank asked.

"You'll be fine," the doctor said. "The techs will be by soon to take you to radiology. We'll know a lot more once we get the results."

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Hank floated in and out of a cramping, disgusting hell for the intervening hour, vomiting up blood and thick white mush which left a horribly sour aftertaste several more times before the nurse came in to infuse him with contrast dye through his IV and then pass him over to two burly techs who wheeled his bed down the busy hallway and into a featureless white room filled to capacity with a CT scanner and nothing else. They placed him none too gently on the cold metal tray, arranging his limbs carefully so as not to obstruct the view of the scanner, then left the room wordlessly as the automation took over, whirring and buzzing as the huge toroid began to spin and move around his body.

The wordless techs returned after a short period, putting him back on the wheeled bed and returning him to the ER. The nurse was in with a very flushed and breathless-looking Anna, who seemed unable to meet his gaze. The tired-looking nurse distractedly filled out forms on a clipboard and muttered half-heard instructions about admission to the hospital, getting across the point that more techs would be in shortly to take him upstairs.

Hank celebrated the news by vomiting again. The nurse pushed more medication up the IV line, gave Hank a long-suffering look and a muted sigh, then left.

"Are you all right?" Hank asked his wife, noticing she'd been sweating and seemed out of breath. "You look a little flushed."

"Fine," she said, not meeting his eyes. "Just fine. I'm more worried about you."

"Nothing to be concerned about," Hank said, attempting optimism. "The doctors will fix me right up, you'll see."

"Do you want me to stay with you tonight?" Anna asked.

"No, honey, go home and get some sleep," Hank instructed. "There's nothing more you can do for me here. I'll call you tonight and let you know what the doctor says."

His nose wrinkled a little. "What smells?" he asked quizzically.

Anna's color deepened with a blush. "I'm not sure," he said.

Hank chuckled, making him cough a little. "You'll think I'm crazy," he told her, "but it smells like... well, it smells a bit like woman juices."

She gave a nervous laugh. "What makes you say that?"

"I don't know," he said. "But I'd swear that was pussy."

"You know I don't like that word," Anna scolded.

"Sorry, honey. But it does."

"Either that nurse was really turned on, then, or you're imagining things," Anna said curtly.

"There's bound to be something else we can be talking about, honey."

"You're right," Hank sighed. "Just trying to lighten the mood a little."

She stood and began pacing a bit. "Are you *sure* you don't want me to stay?" she asked.

"Certain," Hank replied. "Go home. Relax. Everything is going to be just fine."

She gave him a chaste peck on the cheek and left the room, almost seeming as though she was in a hurry. He did not fail to notice that the sharp, musky pussy smell departed when she did, and he couldn't help but wonder why in the world his wife's vagina would be giving off its special scent in a situation like this one. He closed his eyes and waited for the techs, still wondering.

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It required the majority of Anna's willpower to keep from breaking into a run down the hallway. She stopped near the exit to dig into the zipper pocket of her purse and toss away the gooey, spent condom which she'd tucked back into the wrapper into the hospital trash. Her husband had only been out of the room for about forty-five minutes, but she'd taken the time to summon a burly black ER tech, his shaved bald head and immaculate facial hair framing a perfectly proportioned face above a rock-hard, chiseled body, and seduce him in a matter of moments, clutching him in a snail-tongued, passionate groping kiss as she bared her pert breasts for him and slid his questing hand under the hem of her dress. She'd wordlessly sunk to her knees and freed his cock from the loose confines of his scrubs, giving him panting, spirited head in the empty room as the bustle of the ER went by just outside the door. Anna *never* gave head, not even for special occasions like anniversaries or birthdays, but the thought of *not* sucking this magnificent man's cock never entered her mind. Once he throbbed with want for her and glistened with her saliva, she'd pushed her panties to her knees and bent over for him, hands against the wall, while he rutted on her like an animal, bringing her to four crashing orgasms. He'd had to press his hand over her mouth to stifle her squealing screams of delight before spending himself inside her.

Anna thanked her lucky stars that she'd grabbed a three-pack of condoms at the convenience store on the way home. At the time, she wondered just what in the *world* had possessed her to walk into Seven-Eleven and buy a cold Frappuccino, a copy of *Cosmopolitan*, a package of lubricated Trojans and a pack of Virginia Slims cigarettes but had chalked it up to feeling young again, like the girl she'd been during college who loved iced coffee, smoked a pack a day, loved

sex and read *Cosmo* religiously. She never suspected for a moment that she'd be using any of the things she'd bought for their intended purposes later that day.

Well, she thought darkly as she leaned heavily against the wall outside the ER, I drank the coffee, I used the condom and I definitely used a couple tricks from 'How to Touch a Naked Man' in this month's issue to get him off. Might as well go four for four.

And for the first time in twenty-two years, Anna dangled a cigarette from her lip and lit it with a disposable lighter, inhaling the smoke deeply and letting it out in a pale blue cloud towards the sky, one thought bouncing around inside her skull like a maddened ping-pong ball:

What the fuck is happening to me?

* * *

The med-surg floor of the hospital gave off a very different vibe from the loud chaos of the ER. This place was quiet and sedate, full of overweight nurses who spent most of their time bent over charts making notes instead of rushing from room to room like downstairs. They ushered Hank into a private room with a view of the parking lot and stood him up long enough to get his weight before putting him into bed.

"Forty-eight kilograms," the nurse announced.

Hank distractedly did the math in his head while they changed him into a fresh gown and shuffled him towards the bed: *Two point two pounds to one kilogram, equals...*

"Wait a minute," Hank said, shrugging away the hands of the two techs trying to get him into bed. "That's only about a hundred pounds! That *can't* be right!"

"No, I'm pretty sure that's about right," the nurse said. "For your height."

"You're crazy," Hank said. "I'm six foot one."

The nurse laughed openly, and the techs chuckled. "Sure you are. Honey, I'm five foot four and you're only an inch or two taller than I am, tops."

"No! You've *got* to be wrong, lady. Weigh me again, dammit."

"You watch your tone, young lady, or I swear you'll regret talking to me like that."

"What are you... *young lady?*"

The nurse sighed loudly and turned Hank roughly by the shoulders to face the long mirror on the back of the hospital room door. The sight that greeted him brought a bloodcurdling scream from Hank's throat that, for the first time, sounded shrill and high and unmistakably female to his ears.

The figure in the mirror looked emaciated, ribs poking through pale, smooth flesh peeking out the sides of the open gown. Hank could scarcely force himself to recognize the small, smooth figure reflected back as himself, with the long slender neck, heart-shaped face with large, innocent-looking eyes showing a remarkably green cast instead of the dark brown he'd seen in his reflection in every memory he'd ever formed. A light spray of freckles decorated a pert, upturned nose over a thick-lipped, expressive mouth complete with pouty, pink lips. Hank's hairline stopped receding, now sprouting shaggy hair several shades lighter than his original russet, now closer to a sandy strawberry blonde than anything else. Long, slender legs ending

in petite, delicate feet, pale and firm as if sculpted, poked from beneath the hem of the hospital gown.

Long-fingered hands trembling in fear, Hank lifted the hem of the gown. A downy little thatch of rusty-looking pubic hair decorated a smooth mons over a penis so small and denuded that it hardly merited the name.

"Oh my God," Hank breathed in the soft, breathy soprano which – alarmingly – he began to recognize as his own voice.

"Young *man*, then," the nurse said softly, trying not to goggle at the infant-sized penis nestled in the soft down of pubic hair between Hank's legs. "My mistake."

"Call my wife," Hank demanded, fighting panic. "Call her now."

"Wife?" the nurse asked in disbelief. "Honey, what do you take me for? You can't be a day over fifteen. If you're married, then I'm a..."

"Check the chart," Hank snapped.

Snorting disdainfully, she leafed through the pages with an air of humoring him, then did a wide-eyed double take when she saw the face sheet near the back.

"Wife," she said, astounded. "You *do* have a wife. Honey... you can't be... what? This says you're forty-six years old."

"I am," Hank said.

"I must have the wrong chart," the nurse said. "This *cannot* be you."

"Henry David Littlefield, born December 24th, 1964. Social security number 654-39-..."

"Okay, okay," the nurse said, holding up her hand to forestall anything further. "How?"

"I have no idea," Hank said. "Call my wife. I need her to help me figure this out."

The nurse finally acted as though she wanted to help. She snapped the chart closed, flipped it onto the bed, and dug in the pocket of her scrubs for a cellphone.

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"I called the company," Anna said, sitting on the bed. Hank immediately noticed the changes in her: no one would possibly estimate her age at a day over twenty-seven, and she dressed to show herself off in a short, clingy black pencil skirt slit well above her thigh, smoky dark hose and five-inch stiletto heels that made her firm, supple legs look incredible. A low-cut off-the-shoulder top in eyecatching teal, a push-up bra underneath pushing her C-cup breasts together temptingly. A sterling-silver choker with a dangling turquoise pendant drew still more attention to her cleavage. She wore dangling chandelier earrings and a silver charm bracelet which showed off elegant arms and a long, lissome neck. She wore dramatic evening makeup – were those false eyelashes? – and had dyed her hair a vividly light ash blonde, worn up in a sexy chignon with dangling curled tendrils framing her face and wispy, soft bangs. She'd indulged in a very expensive French manicure that included acrylic extensions that made her nails so long Hank doubted she could complete any task requiring fine motor movements with her fingers, and her breath smelled distinctly of alcohol and cigarette smoke, which shocked

Hank. Was his abstemious wife of so long now drinking in the middle of the day, and smoking cigarettes besides?

"What did they say?" Hank asked, running a hand through his own lengthening, lightening hair. No trace of his original dark locks remained, and his new strawberry blonde tresses now tickled the tops of his shoulders and had a distinct curl.

"The diet foods you ate were coded to my DNA somehow," she explained. "The process was apparently much more sophisticated than I originally realized. This company – honey, they specialize in reversing the aging process."

"I thought you looked younger," Hank said.

"But the same foods that were rewriting my DNA – safely, I might add – did a real number on your own," she continued. "Hank, honey, your core DNA has changed to be more like my own. We could be sisters, we're so genetically similar now. You even have my eyes, now. And you took a huge dose – somehow the food triggered a chemical response in your brain, that made you think you were dying of hunger and thirst. Over time, the stuff they sold me would have made me ten or fifteen years younger. But to foreign DNA like yours, the effect would be much more pronounced. Your cells may very well have regenerated to the tune of twenty-five years."

"You mean I'm actually *eighteen*?" Hank said.

"Yes" Anna said. "And the genetic changes go further. Not only are we genetically similar enough to be related, but you now have a lot more of my tendencies – a predisposition to high blood pressure, for instance, and an allergy to shellfish. And... and my female gender, Hank. I know it hasn't happened all the way, yet, but over the next few days your penis is going to disappear, honey, and you'll have a fully functioning vagina. Breast development should begin any minute now. I blossomed pretty early, Hank. I had C-cups by the time I was fifteen, and was a very popular young lady."

Hank sighed. "What are we going to do?"

"The process is irreversible, Hank," Anna said. "The company is going to pay for everything, even the medical bills. No one could have seen this coming."

"Pay for everything? What everything?"

"Well, honey, you're going to need a new wardrobe, for one thing, and you'll need all new documentation and identification. We'll have to update your immunizations, too, if we're going to enroll you in school again..."

"School? I have to go back to school?"

"That's what eighteen year old girls tend to do with their days in the fall, honey," Anna said. She passed over a thin folder with downcast eyes. "And I'm going to need you to sign these."

"What are they?" Hank asked, taking the folder.

"Divorce papers," she said. "I can't legally be married to a eighteen year old girl."

"Oh," Hank said. "I didn't... oh."

Anna placed a warm, long-nailed hand over his. "I'm so sorry, honey. I love you. I'll always love you. I'm not doing this because my feelings have changed one bit."

Hank leafed halfheartedly through the folder, chewing absently on the cap of the pen. "Wait a second. These aren't just divorce papers – what is the rest of it?"

"An idea I had," Anna said with a small smile. "We can't be husband and wife any more, because we're genetically related and because you're a teenager. You *can't* be my husband any more, honey, you simply can't. But you *can* be... my daughter."

"Adoption papers?" Hank asked.

"What do you think?" Anna asked, eyes wide with expectation.

"I'm not sure," he said. "This is all so very difficult to process, hon, it's so *overwhelming*..."

"About that," Anna said. "Have you ever heard of Dr. Kate Ashborough? She's a psychologist in the city, and she's really talented. One of the foremost authorities in her field."

"Her field?"

"Hypnosis," Anna said.

* * *

She didn't really know how long she'd been in the hospital – memories from before were hazy at best. They told her she'd had an accident, she'd hit her head and she'd have a hard time remembering much of anything for a while. *Best to move on*, they'd said, *get back to your life and try to return to normal. Things would come back in time.*

She opened the door to her room and looked around. It still had the feel of a little girl's room, all frilly in pink and white with stuffed animals on the bed, but the little dressing table groaned under the weight of makeup and hair-styling products and tools, and the telltale straps of bras poked from the top drawer of her dresser. A little girl's room, perhaps, but a little girl well into the process of becoming a woman. She didn't recognize much of it, but everyone had said it was her room and she didn't have enough memories remaining to tell one way or another.

She'd been lost in her own head again – she was a total ditz sometimes – and had completely zoned out while doing P90X to the flatscreen in her room. That seemed to happen to her more and more – feeling like she was just waking up in someone else's life – but it didn't bother her as much as it used to. She finished her warm-down and towed herself off, glowing and full of energy and endorphins from her workout.

A voice rang up stridently from downstairs. "Mary Noelle Littlefield, get your butt down here right this second!"

She sighed. "I'll be right there, Mom," she called back, dropping her little purple backpack over the back of the chair and scampering down the carpeted stairs. Her stylish mother, Anna, waited at the kitchen table with a glass of white wine in one hand and a long cigarette pluming pale blue smoke towards the ceiling in the other.

"Have you finished all the paperwork I told you to finish for County College?" she asked once Mary Noelle reached the doorway.

"Almost," she replied sheepishly.

"You better get a wiggle on, young lady," her mother warned. "I mean it. Mrs. Metcalf is going to be by in just a few minutes to take you and her girls to your summer job. Go get changed."

Mary Noelle bounded back up the stairs and barely had time to push her lithe, nubile body into the signature stretchy teensy white tank, the shimmery pantyhose and the butt-hugging orange short-shorts, scrunched-down socks and tennis shoes, pull a grey hoodie over her head and tie her long red curls back in a rubber band before the doorbell rang. She sprinted down the stairs and met Mrs. Metcalf at the door, and her twin daughters Lori and Lisa who smiled at her warmly and led her to the Jeep Cherokee parked on the street.

"Hey, Mary Noelle," Lisa said, easy to tell apart from her twin by the little freckle to one side of her nose. The twins both wore identical Hooters Girl uniforms to her own, and they all worked there together during the summers. Mary Noelle religiously squirreled away the tips she made flirting and shaking her ass and saved most of what she needed for her boob job. She was eighteen, and her mom couldn't say no. Once she had the big silicone double-D's, she could go into stripping, where the *real* money was. Fuck college.

"Hey. What's up?" Mary Noelle said, smiling.

"Nothin'," Lori replied. "You wanna sleep over tonight?"

"Cool," Mary Noelle replied, then lowered her voice conspiratorially. "I can probably sneak some vodka and a pack of my mom's cigarettes if you want."

"Oh, hell yeah," Lisa said. "And Lori has a little pot from her boyfriend."

Mary Noelle blushed and giggled. "Sounds like a party," she told them. "Either of y'all ever make out with another girl before? My friend Amanda says it's *awesome*."

* * *

Anna watched as her husband-turned-daughter climbed into the SUV with the twins from two doors down and grinned, leaning back against the hard abdomen of Jonathan Charles, the gorgeous and well-endowed product rep from PoweRenewal company, the ones who'd made the wonderful food and protein shakes which had started this grand adventure. Jon had been her first call before the accident, and the first after, and had fucked her nearly senseless several times in the process. Anna confessed to a deep and abiding lust for the giant cock he packed, and got a very naughty thrill from sucking it and riding it in the bed she'd once shared with Hank.

"He – I mean *she* – looks happy, at least," the gym-sculpted dark-eyed hunk said, caressing Anna's shoulders deliciously. She began wishing fervently that his hands would migrate downwards towards her tits and that he'd take her like a bitch in heat right there on the dining room table she'd had to beg Hank to buy.

"She finally gets to be around teenage girls all day," she said bitterly, thinking of the sick little fetish her ex-husband had tried to conceal from him for so long, staring at co-eds through a telescope in the attic while he jerked his mediocre cock and then pretending like everything was perfectly normal. "Little pervert is probably in heaven."

"And you? Are you happy?" Jon asked.

"You kidding? I got to have the kid I always wanted but Hank never agreed to, and not a single stretch mark to get it. Plus, I have a twenty-six year old body with great tits and an ass that won't quit, and a pussy that cums every time you look at it intently. I'm as happy as a girl can get, Jonny."

He started to kiss the sides of her neck, and Anna's panties began to moisten in that way only he could make happen, and she set down her wine and dropped her cigarette in the ashtray before turning to her new lover with hunger in her eyes, all thoughts of her new, slutty lesbian daughter completely forgotten for the moment.