


House of Dreams



the graphic novel

by Areg5

Chapter One



One night at the home of Jon and Lauren Smith...

That was a wonderful date night, Honey.


Mmmm hmmm...





We should go there more often. I loved the salmon.

My steak was really good.



Mmmm...you're lovely...


That's sweet of you, Honey. Well, *someone's* a little frisky...

Maybe I am...



Mmmmmm...

Ahem



Err...heh...yes,
Dana?


Sorry *bother* you guys, but
can Jackie stay over
tonight? Her mom says it's
ok with her...

Of course! You know
Jackie is *always* welcome
here.



Thanks, Dad!


Sure thing,
Sweetheart.



Heh heh...wonder
what those girls
have planned...

Humph


What?



Why are you *so interested* in what the girls are doing, Jon?


Who said I was *interested*? I was just...I don't know...curious...

I bet you are!




You always seem particularly *curious* when Jackie comes over! I see the way you look at her! Really, Jon. I don't know...what is the matter with you?! She's a 15 year old girl...just a child! Sometimes you act more like a dirty old man than a father.

Lauren, you are over-reacting. Maybe I do think Jackie is pretty, but I don't think that makes me a bad man...just a man. I'm pretty sure there's no rule that a guy can't admire his daughter's friends.



You have a *crush* on her, don't you? Hmph. You're a little bit *too old* for her, don't you think? You're pathetic!

Honey, I might find Jackie attractive, but I am married to *you*...and I believe I'm quite a fortunate man to be married to such a *beautiful* woman. *Of course* I'm too old for a teenaged girl. It's just a little harmless appreciation.

A woman with long brown hair is standing in a bedroom, wearing a light blue lace-trimmed bodysuit. She is looking towards the left with a slightly nervous or thoughtful expression. Her right hand is raised to her chest. The background shows a dark wooden dresser with drawers and a mirror on the wall to the right.

Hey, I know what would get you *really* excited. Maybe I can borrow little Jackie's clothes and you could pretend that I'm *her*. Do you think you would like that? I put them on and we could make out, and I'll giggle like a teenage girl and tease you ...I bet you would really get off on that, wouldn't you?


Oh God, that would be *amazing!*

Ummmm...




mmmmm...

Or...maybe we can pretend that you turn into a boy so you could date her. Is that what you want? To be a boy and not a man? I promise I would take care of you, little boy. I could be your *mother*.

A woman with dark hair is shown in profile, looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. The scene is dimly lit, with a large mirror and a dresser visible in the background. The woman's expression is one of surprise or concern. Two white speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

I think I just found out one of your kinks, little hubby! Tonight you are going to be my child ...my little boy. Ok, Baby?

I think I would like that...Mommy...




I've been with Lauren for a long time, but sex with her was never been like this! She's totally in control and seems to love it! Teasing me and treating me like a child is such a turn on! As weird as it is, this is the best sex ever!

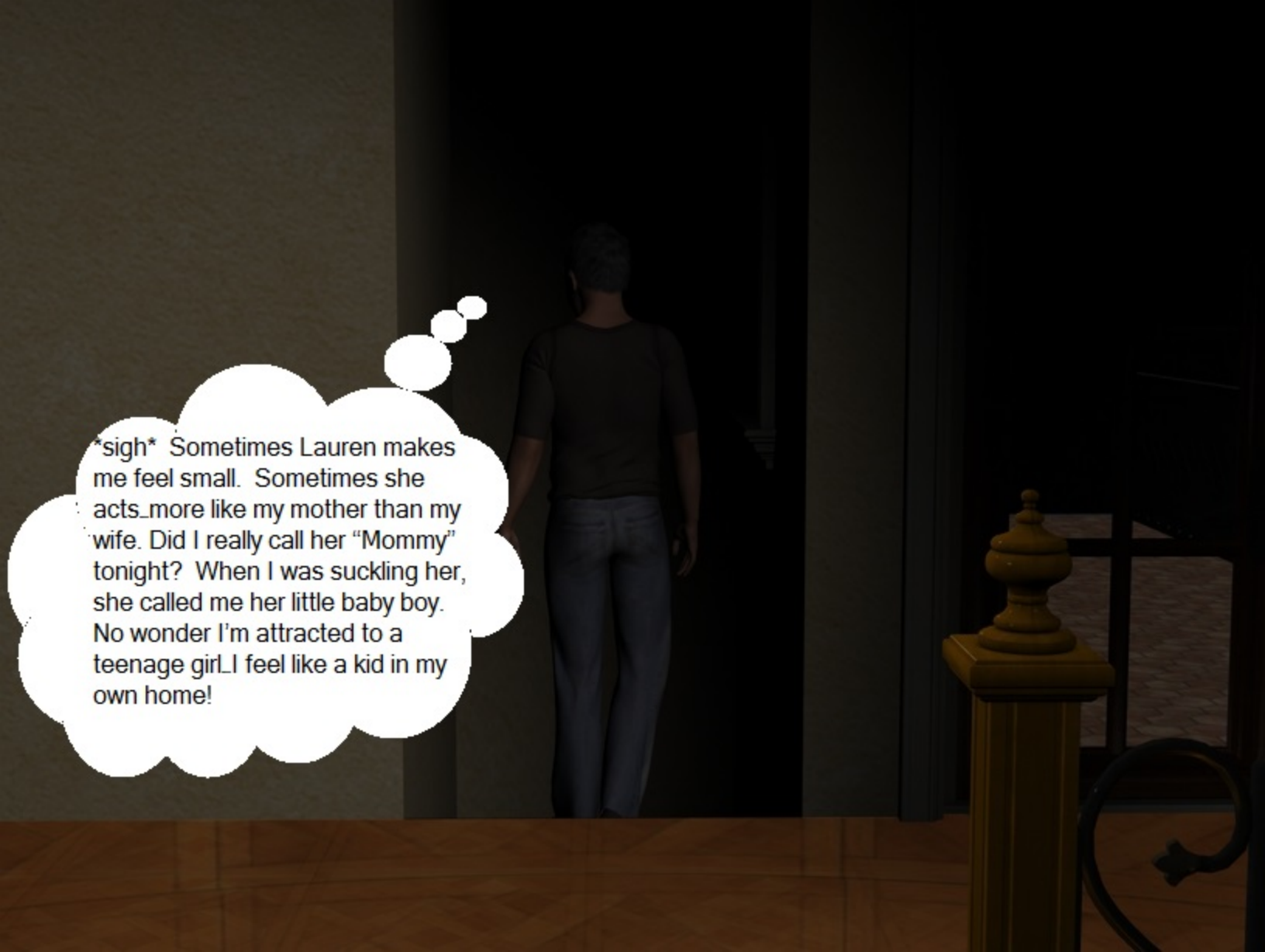
Later...

I just can't sleep. That roleplay was so hot...I'm still reved up from it. Lauren is so beautiful and sexy, why am I fixated on a teenaged girl? I can't stop thinking about her sexy little body...maybe Lauren's right and I do have a crush on Jackie...



A shirtless man with short, light-colored hair is shown from the chest up. He is looking slightly to his right with a neutral expression. The background is dark and indistinct. A white thought bubble is positioned to the right of his head, containing text.

So restless...I guess I'm up for
the time being. I'll go downstairs,
I don't want to wake Lauren.
Better put some clothes on...we
do have company.

A person is standing in a dark room, seen from behind. They are wearing a dark t-shirt and light-colored pants. To their right, there is a staircase with a dark metal railing and a decorative wooden post. The floor is made of large, light-colored tiles. A large, white thought bubble is positioned to the left of the person, containing text. The background is mostly dark, with some light coming from the left side.

sigh Sometimes Lauren makes me feel small. Sometimes she acts more like my mother than my wife. Did I really call her "Mommy" tonight? When I was suckling her, she called me her little baby boy. No wonder I'm attracted to a teenage girl. I feel like a kid in my own home!




giggle

ha ha...


The girls are still up,
from the sound of it.
Wonder what
they're up to in
there.



What would they would say if I just went in there and hung out with them. How ridiculous! They wouldn't say a word until I left, of course. Then, they'd laugh behind my back. I'm a grown man! Forget this silliness! Still...maybe between stress at work and Lauren making me feel more like a child than a man, I really *would* like to turn back the clock and be a *peer* to those girls in there, rather than the parent.

A 3D rendered image of a man with short, dark hair, wearing a dark brown short-sleeved ribbed sweater and blue jeans. He is kneeling on a wooden floor, leaning forward with his head near a brass door handle on a white door. To his right, a staircase with brown carpeting is visible. A white thought bubble is positioned above his head, containing the text:


sigh There she is...she's so gorgeous...




...so, like I really like him, but Mom doesn't...

...that sucks...

That school uniform can't hide her sexy body. If only I was younger...


A man with short, dark hair, wearing a dark, textured sweater, is shown in profile from the chest up. He is looking towards a white door with a brass handle. A thought bubble is positioned above his head, containing text. The scene is dimly lit, with the background wall being a light, textured color.

sigh Ooops!
She's coming this way!



...gotta pee...


whew Just going to the bathroom. If I was caught peeking at the... girls, I would be in big trouble!



What if Lauren caught me spying on the girls like that? I would hear about it forever! I'd be lucky if she didn't divorce me! She'd be right! I shouldn't have done that. What's wrong with me?

Maybe some light reading will
take my mind off...things.
Lauren uses the office a lot
more than I do. Her notes
are really cluttering the desk.

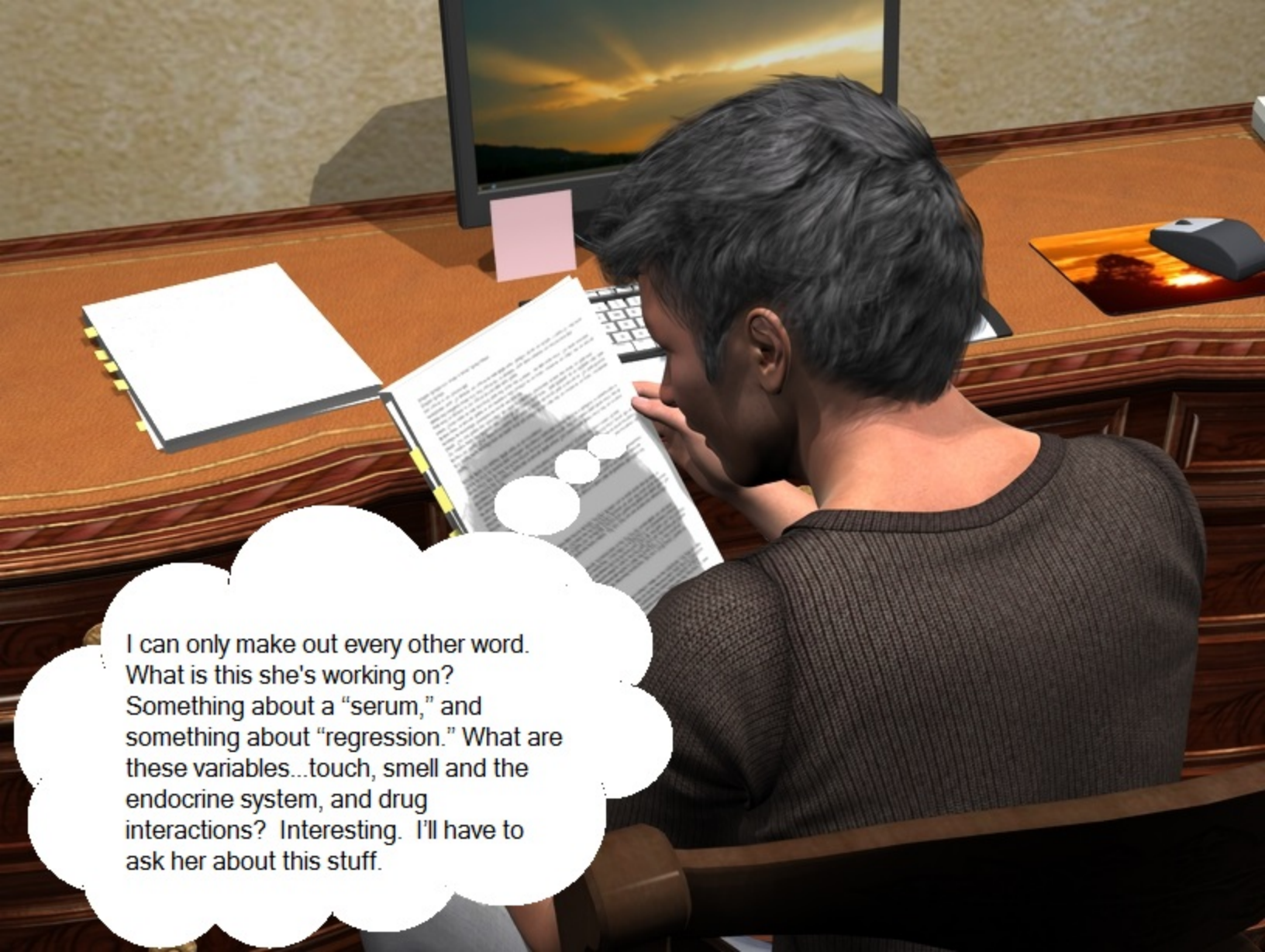


A 3D-rendered illustration of a man with dark hair, wearing a brown long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, sitting at a wooden desk. He is looking at a computer monitor. The desk is cluttered with a keyboard, a mouse on a mousepad, a pink sticky note, a green box, and several stacks of papers. The background shows a wooden cabinet and a wall with a textured pattern. A thought bubble originates from the man's head, containing text.

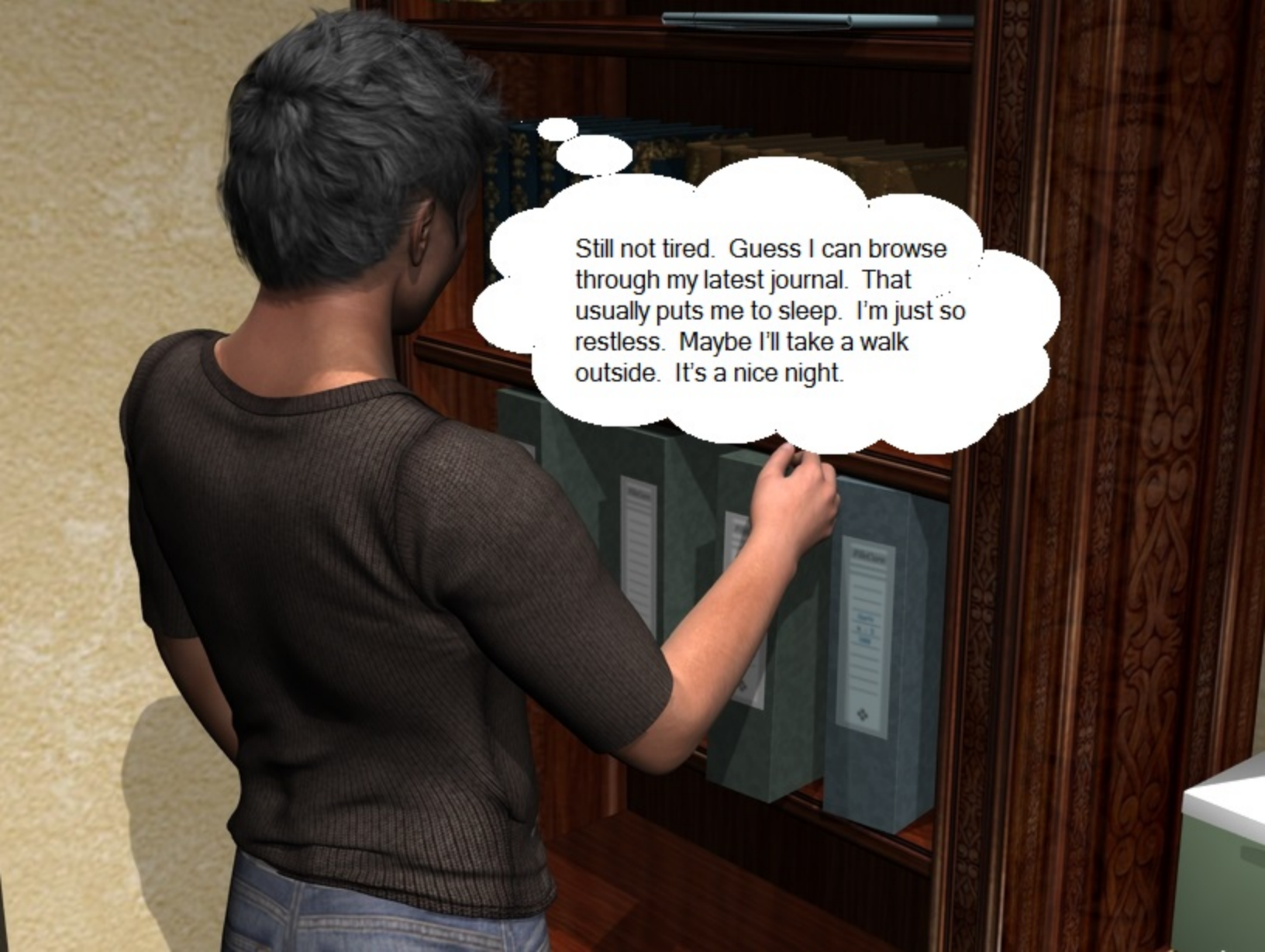
I see Lauren is bringing her work home with her. I know she's a famous molecular biologist, but she should still keep this stuff in the lab. I don't bring *my* work home. Of course, as an orthopedic surgeon, what would I bring home?

A man with dark hair and a serious expression is sitting at a wooden table. He is wearing a dark, ribbed V-neck shirt. In front of him is a large sheet of paper with dense, illegible text. A thought bubble above his head contains the text "Hmmm...what's this?". The background features a dark wood door with intricate carvings and a fireplace mantel.

Hmmm...what's this?

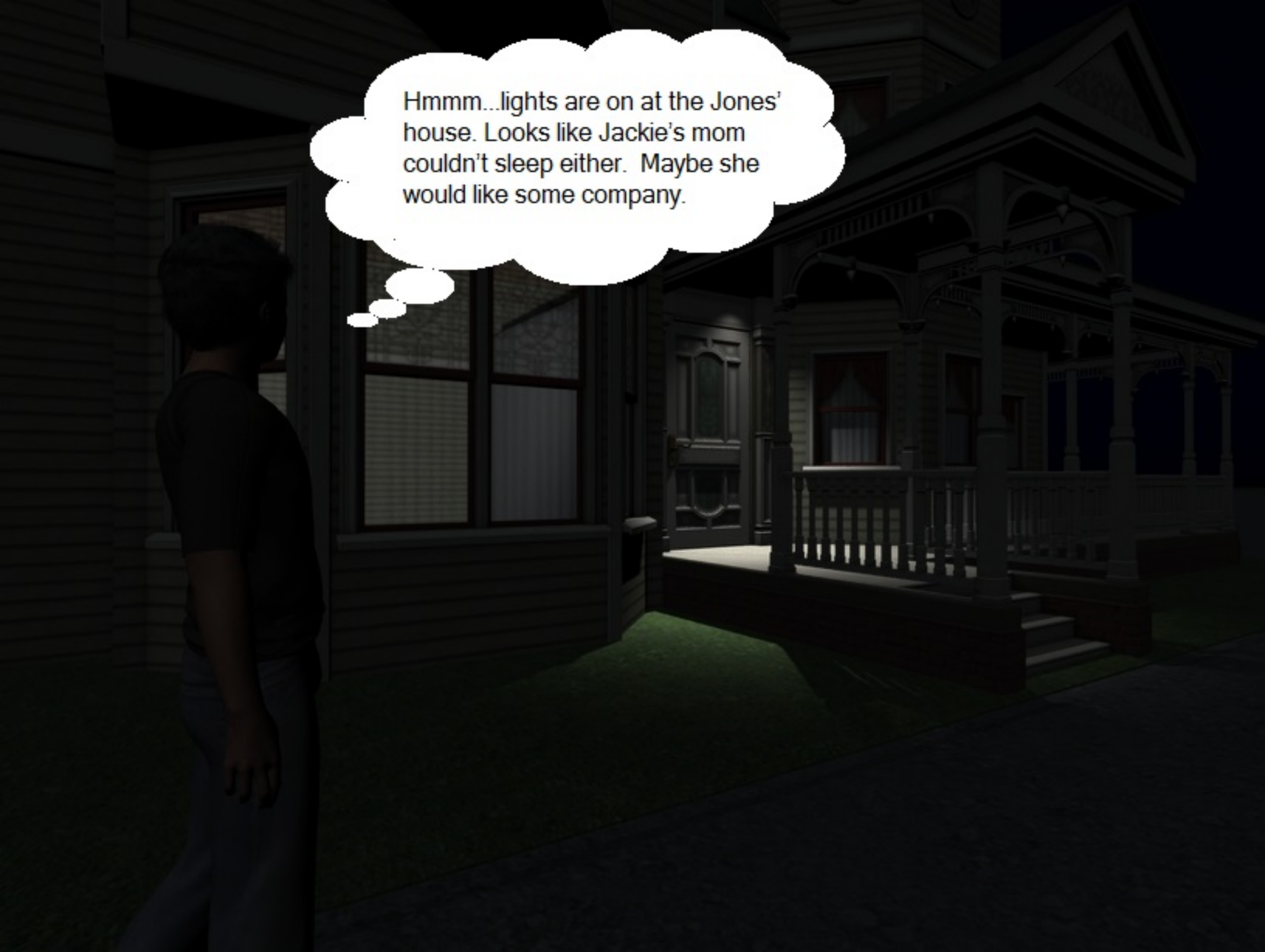
A man with dark hair, wearing a dark sweater, is sitting at a wooden desk. He is looking at a document with some text and diagrams. On the desk, there is a computer monitor showing a sunset, a keyboard, a mouse, and some papers. A pink sticky note is on the desk. A thought bubble is overlaid on the image.

I can only make out every other word. What is this she's working on? Something about a "serum," and something about "regression." What are these variables...touch, smell and the endocrine system, and drug interactions? Interesting. I'll have to ask her about this stuff.

A man with short dark hair, wearing a dark brown ribbed sweater and blue jeans, is seen from the back and side. He is standing in front of a dark wood bookshelf filled with books. He is looking at a book on the shelf with his right hand. A white thought bubble is superimposed over the scene, containing text. The background shows a textured wall and a wooden door with intricate carvings.

Still not tired. Guess I can browse through my latest journal. That usually puts me to sleep. I'm just so restless. Maybe I'll take a walk outside. It's a nice night.




A man in a dark t-shirt and light-colored pants stands in profile on the left side of the frame, looking towards a house at night. The house has a porch with a railing and a set of stairs. A large, white thought bubble is positioned above the man's head, containing text. The scene is dimly lit, with some light coming from the house's windows and porch.

Hmmm...lights are on at the Jones' house. Looks like Jackie's mom couldn't sleep either. Maybe she would like some company.

A person with dark hair, wearing a dark t-shirt and dark pants, is seen from behind, standing in a doorway and knocking on a dark, ornate door. The door has a brass handle and a decorative panel. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the doorway. The text "Knock Knock" is overlaid in white in the upper right corner.

Knock
Knock




Oh... hi, Jon.

Good evening,
Sara.

What can I do for
you? Is everything
ok with Jackie?

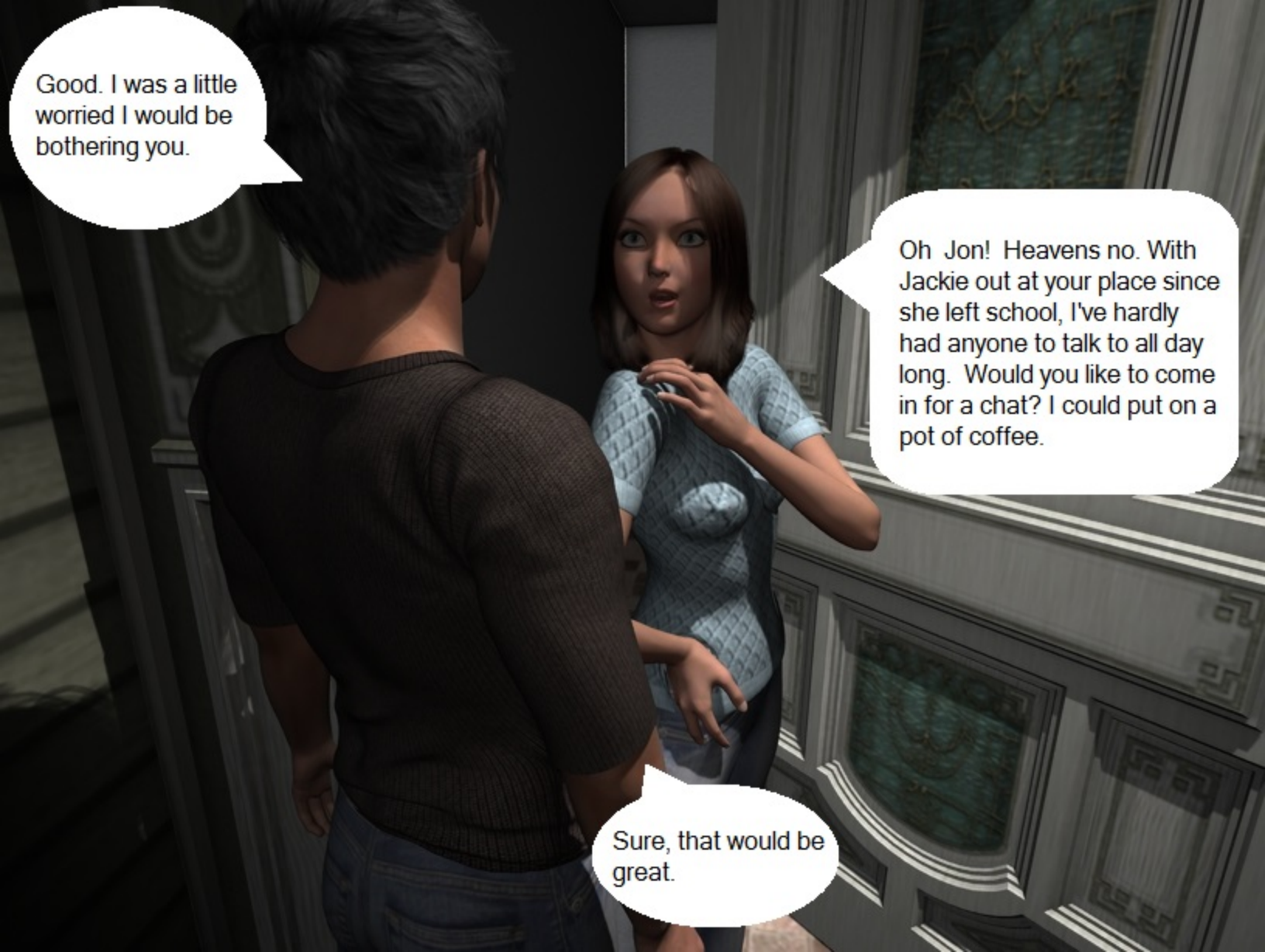
She's fine, nothing to be
concerned about. Jackie
and Dana are having fun in
their room. Everything is
fine.



So, Jon. What brings you to my door at this time of night, then?

Oh, I was out for a late walk and saw your lights on. Is everything OK?


It is, Jon. Thank you for asking. These hours are pretty typical for me, though.



Good. I was a little worried I would be bothering you.

Oh Jon! Heavens no. With Jackie out at your place since she left school, I've hardly had anyone to talk to all day long. Would you like to come in for a chat? I could put on a pot of coffee.

Sure, that would be great.




The kitchen is right this way. I don't think you've ever seen the inside of my house, have you?

No, I haven't. This is amazing, Sara! I would have never expected this kind of renovation! Who did all of the work?

I did. I'm a real do-it-yourself-er.

Wow...



Incredible! How long did it take you to fix this place up?


Oh, not nearly as long as you would think. I'm glad you like it.

12:00

Well, Sara, I guess you keep late hours, too. Thank you.


You're welcome. Yeah, I'm a real night owl. Like you.



A man with dark hair, wearing a dark brown V-neck sweater and blue jeans, sits at a white table. He is holding a white mug with a brown beverage. He is looking towards a woman with long dark hair, wearing a light blue patterned sweater, who is seen from the back. They are in a kitchen setting with grey cabinets.

It's funny, but we've been neighbors for years and Jackie comes over all the time, but I've just realized that I barely know you.

I suppose our paths haven't really crossed. Yet.




So...what do you like to do?

I have some weird hobbies. Even Jackie and Michael don't know about them.

Weird hobbies? How *weird* can they be? What... kinky stuff, you mean?

Aren't you *bad!*




I'm sorry if I embarrassed you...

Oh, you didn't.
Actually, I dabble in
...*magic*.


Wow, like pulling rabbits out of hats and stuff like that? I like to see those shows when I hear there is a good one in town.

Ha ha...No, not like that.




I know...do you
want me to *show*
you?

Sure! That sounds
like fun!




We have to go up
into my *bedroom*.
Here, I'll show you
the way.

Her bedroom?!
Jeez, I have to be
careful! She's *very*
sexy...




Right this way, Jon.

I have to be out of my mind! I have a wife and daughter! I shouldn't have come here. I'll humor Sara and see her magic tricks, then I'm out of here!




Here we go.


gulp



Sit down and join me,
Jon. I think you'll find
this to be quite...
enlightening.




Err...ok...




Shh...just relax....that's right,
don't try to talk. Heh heh...I
don't think you could
anyway...unless I *let* you.

Her voice is so
soothing, so
relaxing...I...she's right!
I can't talk...or move!
What is this!



I do have a lot of....*abilities*, Jon. Not the least of which is the ability to read your mind. I bet I know why you're here.

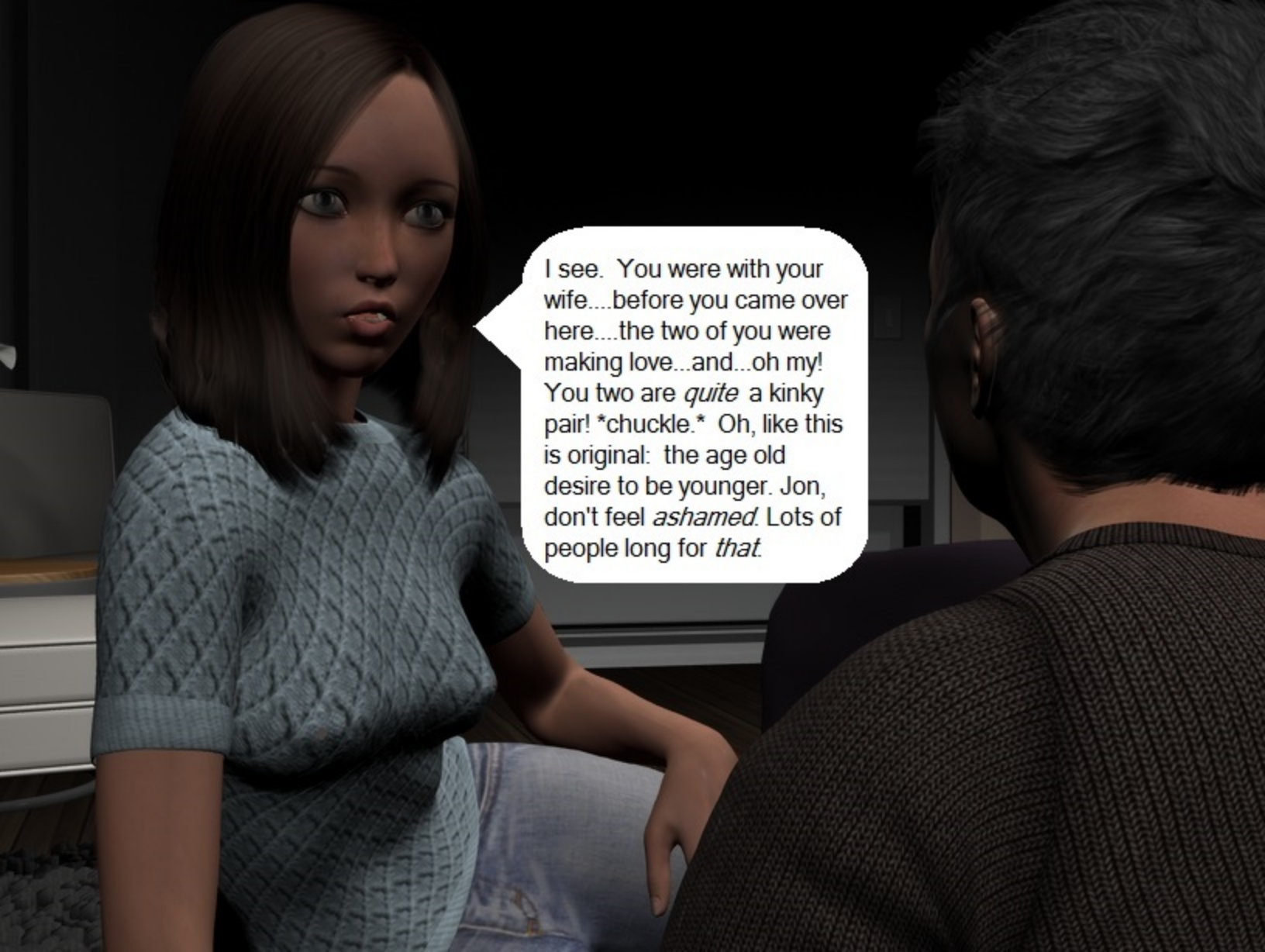
Hmm...Dear Jon, so much *longing*...such *needs*. We all have needs...let's see just how to take care of yours. Ok?




Sara is controlling
me so completely!
It's so
strangely...*exciting!*

*Hmmmmmmmmmm
mm...*

She feels like she is
tickling...my mind...now
it's gone...

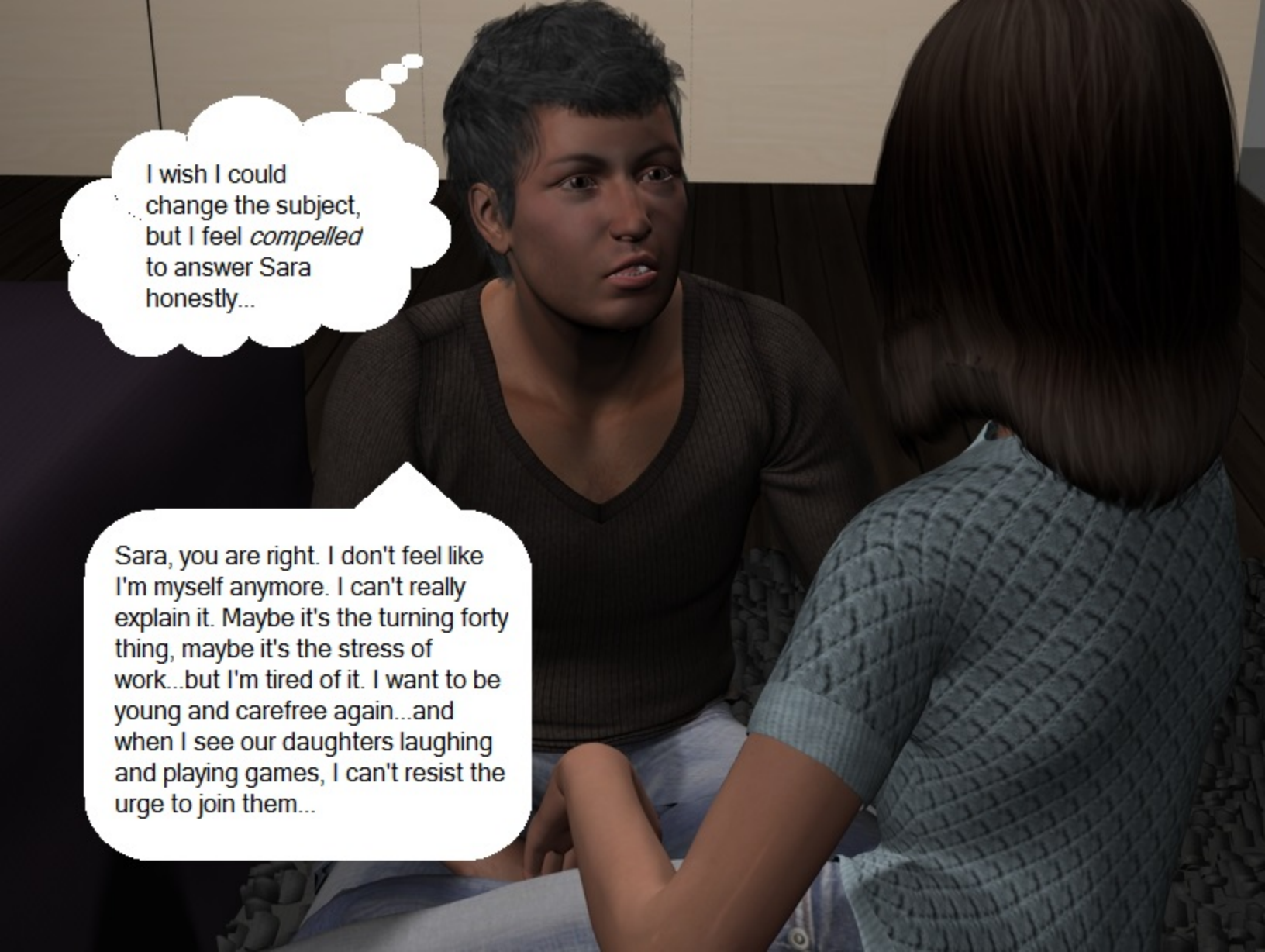


I see. You were with your wife....before you came over here....the two of you were making love...and...oh my! You two are *quite* a kinky pair! *chuckle.* Oh, like this is original: the age old desire to be younger. Jon, don't feel *ashamed*. Lots of people long for *that*.




Oh my, you really *do* want to be *younger*-but for *different* reasons than I thought! Jon, is there anything you'd like to tell me? We both know that you want to be younger...but I'd like to know *why* it is so important. Oh! I forgot. You can't talk right now. Hold on...

OK. Now you should be able to speak, Sweetie.

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark V-neck sweater, sits on a dark couch. He is looking towards a woman whose back is to the camera. She has long dark hair and is wearing a light blue patterned sweater. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting an indoor setting at night.


I wish I could change the subject, but I feel *compelled* to answer Sara honestly...

Sara, you are right. I don't feel like I'm myself anymore. I can't really explain it. Maybe it's the turning forty thing, maybe it's the stress of work...but I'm tired of it. I want to be young and carefree again...and when I see our daughters laughing and playing games, I can't resist the urge to join them...



So, you are saying you have *no interest* in my daughter...that you just want to be a boy again?

Truthfully, Sara, your daughter is incredibly beautiful, and I won't deny that I'm very much attracted to her. Sara, you have to trust me, I would never...



Stop! I've heard
enough!

How...how are you
able to do that?

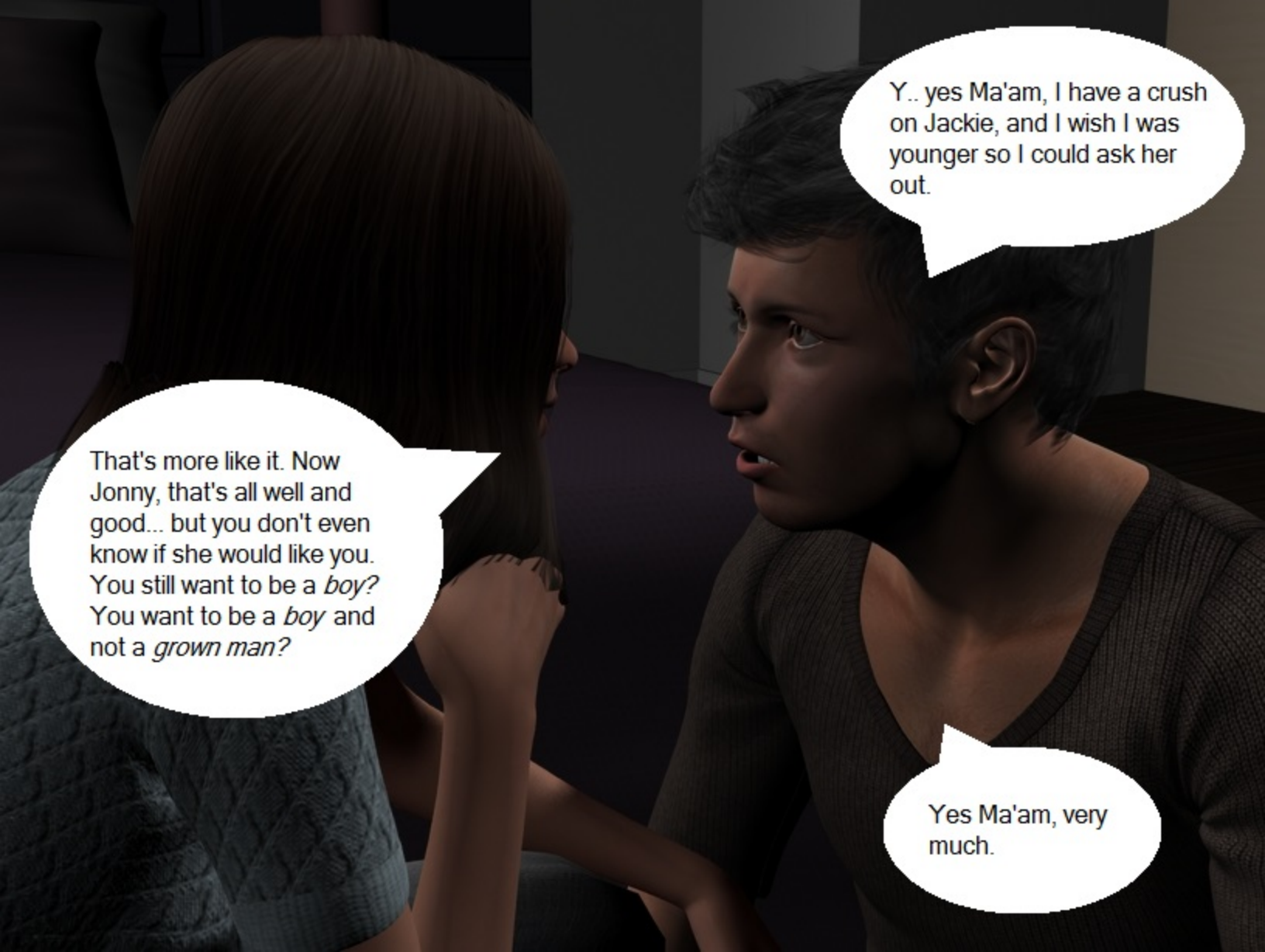


Now Jon, who's asking the questions here?

Since you want to be younger, you *can't help* but feel like a child when talking to me. I thought you were interested in me, and that was why you came over here in the middle of the night when your wife was asleep! But you *really* want to be a *child*. Very well. I am your *elder*, young man. You are a *child*. You are a little boy.



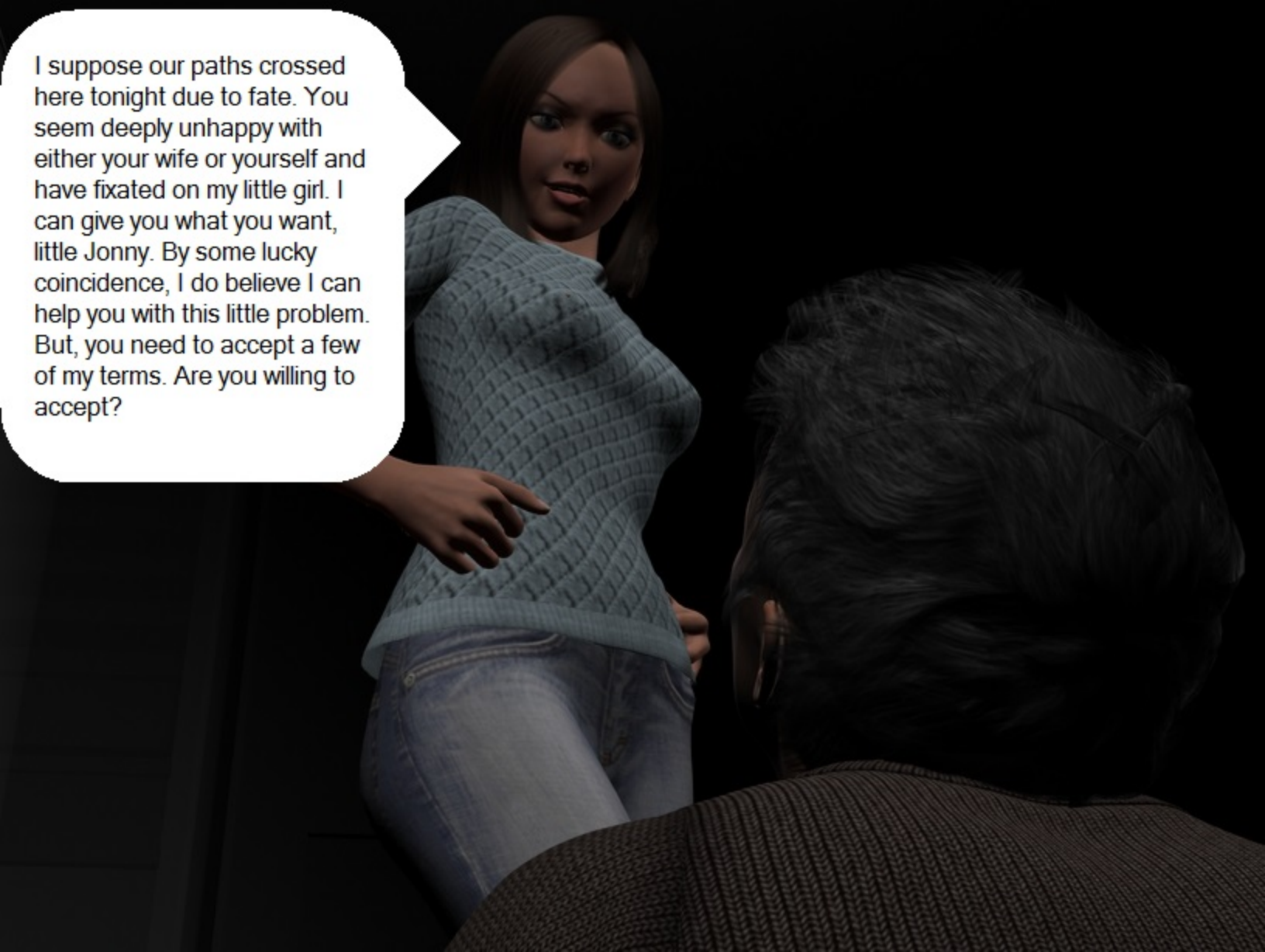
You have a crush on my daughter, don't you little boy? Please try to be polite. *A little boy* should be polite when he talks to a *grownup*.




Y.. yes Ma'am, I have a crush on Jackie, and I wish I was younger so I could ask her out.

That's more like it. Now Jonny, that's all well and good... but you don't even know if she would like you. You still want to be a *boy*? You want to be a *boy* and not a *grown man*?

Yes Ma'am, very much.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a light blue textured sweater and light blue jeans, is leaning forward and talking to a man. The man is seen from the back, wearing a dark brown textured sweater. The background is dark. A white speech bubble is on the left side of the image.

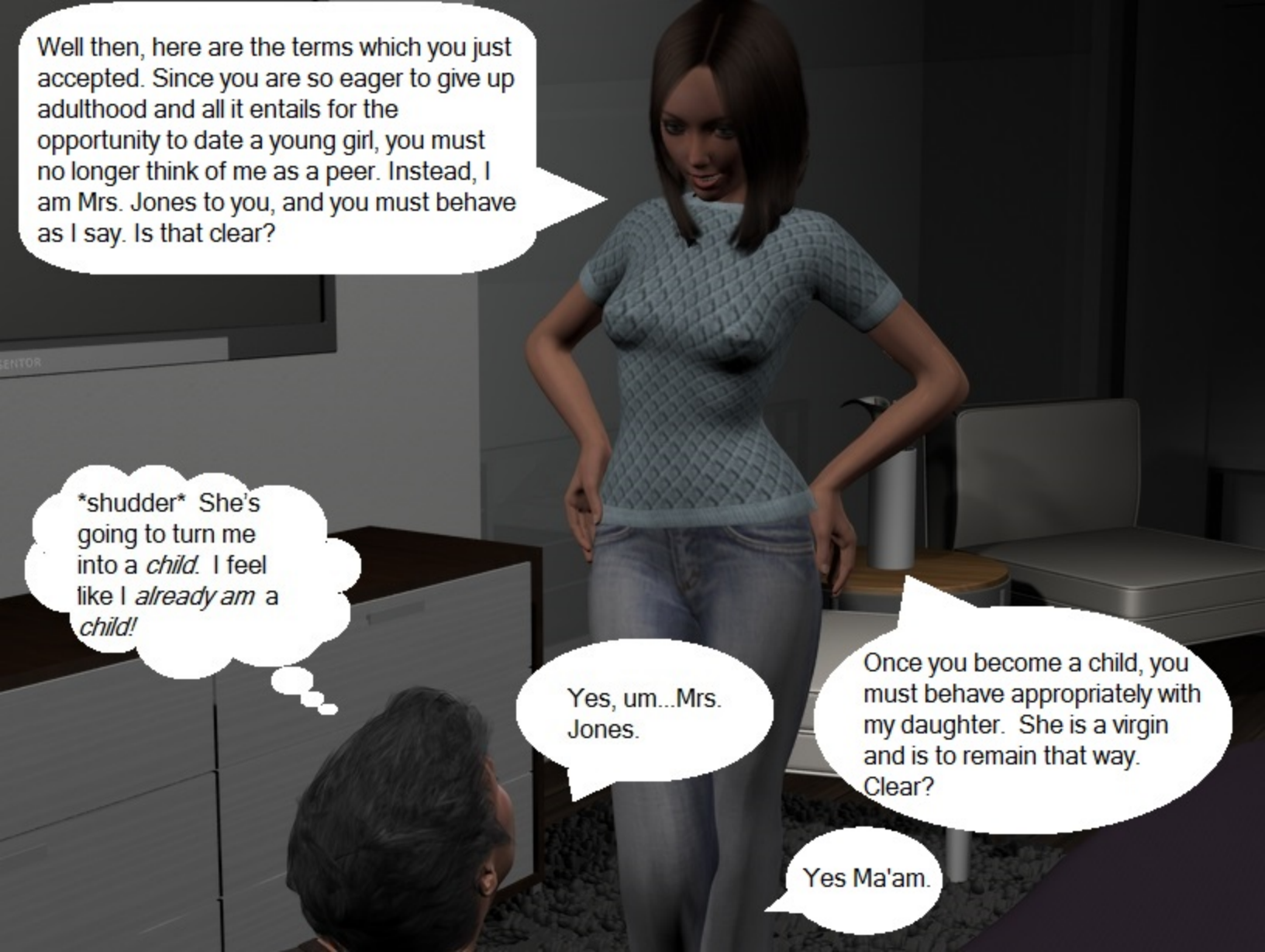
I suppose our paths crossed here tonight due to fate. You seem deeply unhappy with either your wife or yourself and have fixated on my little girl. I can give you what you want, little Jonny. By some lucky coincidence, I do believe I can help you with this little problem. But, you need to accept a few of my terms. Are you willing to accept?



Can she really accomplish what she is suggesting? If she can, maybe it's worth whatever her terms are...

I accept your terms, Ma'am.

I was *hoping* you'd say that.



Well then, here are the terms which you just accepted. Since you are so eager to give up adulthood and all it entails for the opportunity to date a young girl, you must no longer think of me as a peer. Instead, I am Mrs. Jones to you, and you must behave as I say. Is that clear?

shudder She's going to turn me into a *child*. I feel like I *already am* a *child*!

Yes, um...Mrs. Jones.

Once you become a child, you must behave appropriately with my daughter. She is a virgin and is to remain that way. Clear?


Yes Ma'am.

We've never been intimate, so I can't do this myself...but you were with Lauren before you came over....Ah yes....Lauren's research. She brought some of her research home with her. The formula is still not right, so by itself it wouldn't do much...but with a little work on my part...oh yes, that's perfect...Stand up!






ZZZZZZZZ



Now you are ready...

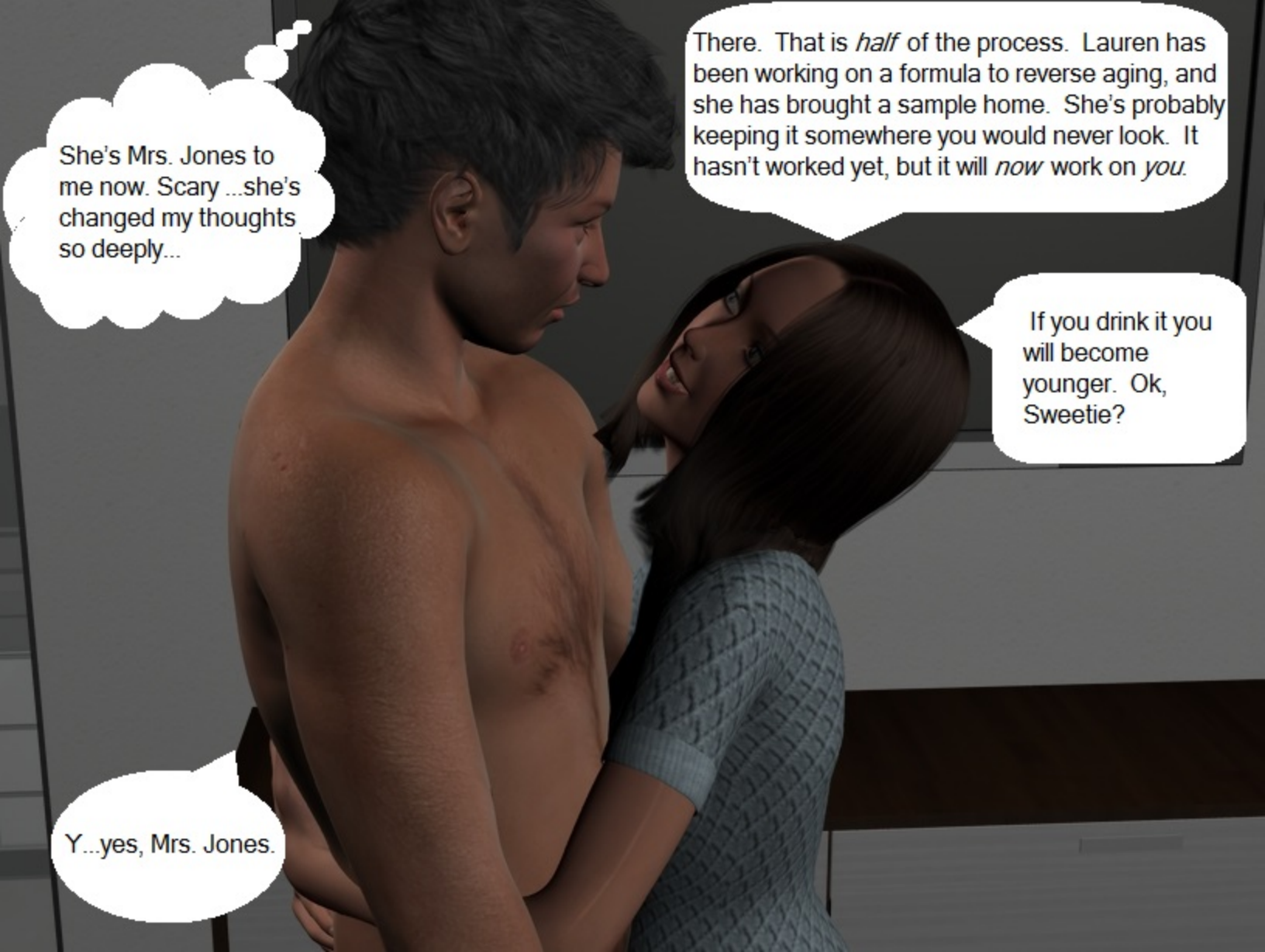
My clothes...



Ohhhh....*so big*...but not
for long, *little boy*. No, not
for long...

moan

ZZZZ

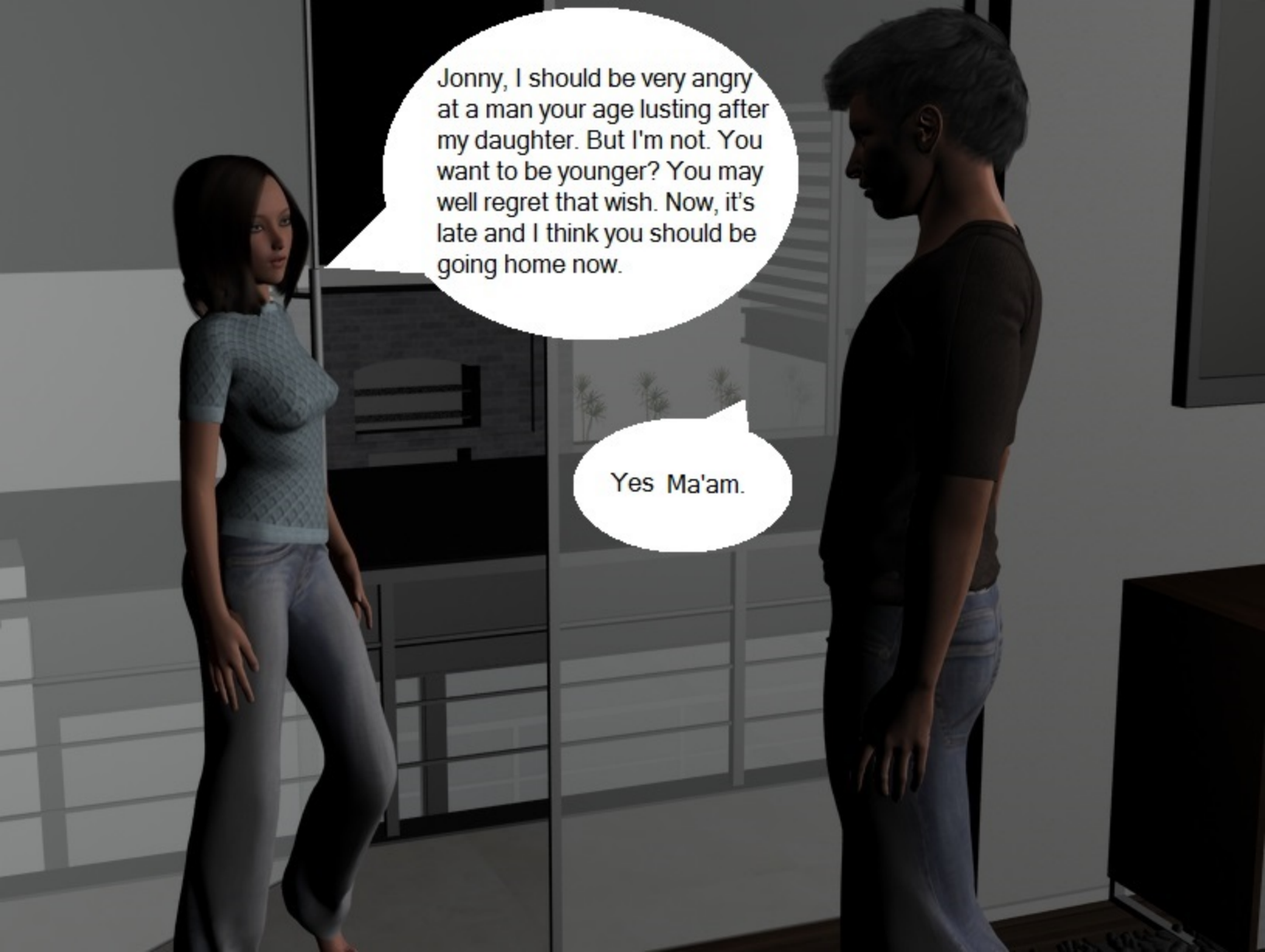
A man and a woman are shown in a close embrace. The man is shirtless and looking towards the woman. The woman is wearing a blue patterned top and looking back at him. There are three speech bubbles and one thought bubble overlaid on the image.

She's Mrs. Jones to me now. Scary ...she's changed my thoughts so deeply...

There. That is *half* of the process. Lauren has been working on a formula to reverse aging, and she has brought a sample home. She's probably keeping it somewhere you would never look. It hasn't worked yet, but it will *now* work on *you*.


If you drink it you will become younger. Ok, Sweetie?

Y...yes, Mrs. Jones.

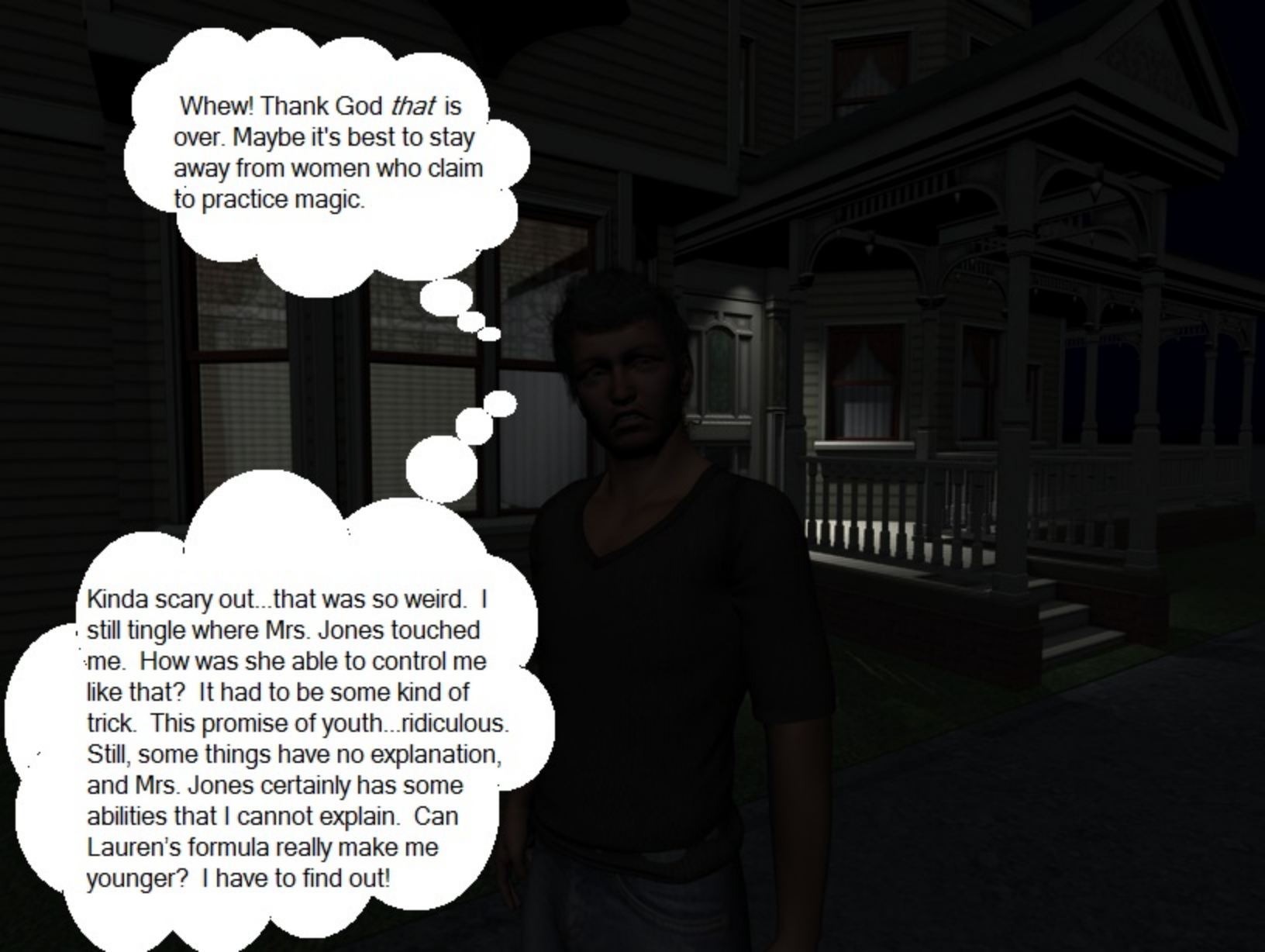


Jonny, I should be very angry at a man your age lusting after my daughter. But I'm not. You want to be younger? You may well regret that wish. Now, it's late and I think you should be going home now.

Yes Ma'am.




Run along, little Jonny.
I hope you are happy
with what lies ahead of
you.




Whew! Thank God *that* is over. Maybe it's best to stay away from women who claim to practice magic.

Kinda scary out...that was so weird. I still tingle where Mrs. Jones touched me. How was she able to control me like that? It had to be some kind of trick. This promise of youth...ridiculous. Still, some things have no explanation, and Mrs. Jones certainly has some abilities that I cannot explain. Can Lauren's formula really make me younger? I have to find out!

A person with dark hair, wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, stands with their back to the camera. They are positioned in front of a large, dark brown wooden door with intricate carvings. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the sides, creating a dramatic atmosphere. A thought bubble is visible above the person's head.


Damn...I forgot my key. Hope I don't wake up Lauren.



Knock Knock Knock


Who is it?

Daddy.



Thanks Dana. I just went out for a walk and forgot my key.


No prob.



You're up late,
Sweetheart.


So are you,
Daddy.

I guess I am.



Hello, Jackie.


Hi, Dr. Smith.



I...er... hope you're
having a good time.


I am...thanks for
letting me stay over
tonight.

We were just going to
play video games.
You wanna play with
us?




No thanks. You
girls have fun.
Good night,
Sweetheart


'k...goodnight
Daddy.




Now, to find that
formula...where would
Lauren keep it? She keeps
her lab notes in the
study...maybe in there...

A man with short dark hair, wearing a dark grey long-sleeved sweater and blue jeans, is seated on a dark wooden chair at a large, ornate wooden desk. He is looking towards a computer monitor on the desk. The monitor displays a sunset scene with a path of light leading towards the horizon. A keyboard and a pink sticky note are on the desk. To the right of the man, a white telephone is on the desk. A large white thought bubble is positioned above the man's head, containing text. The desk has several drawers with brass-colored knobs. The floor is made of light-colored wood with a geometric pattern.

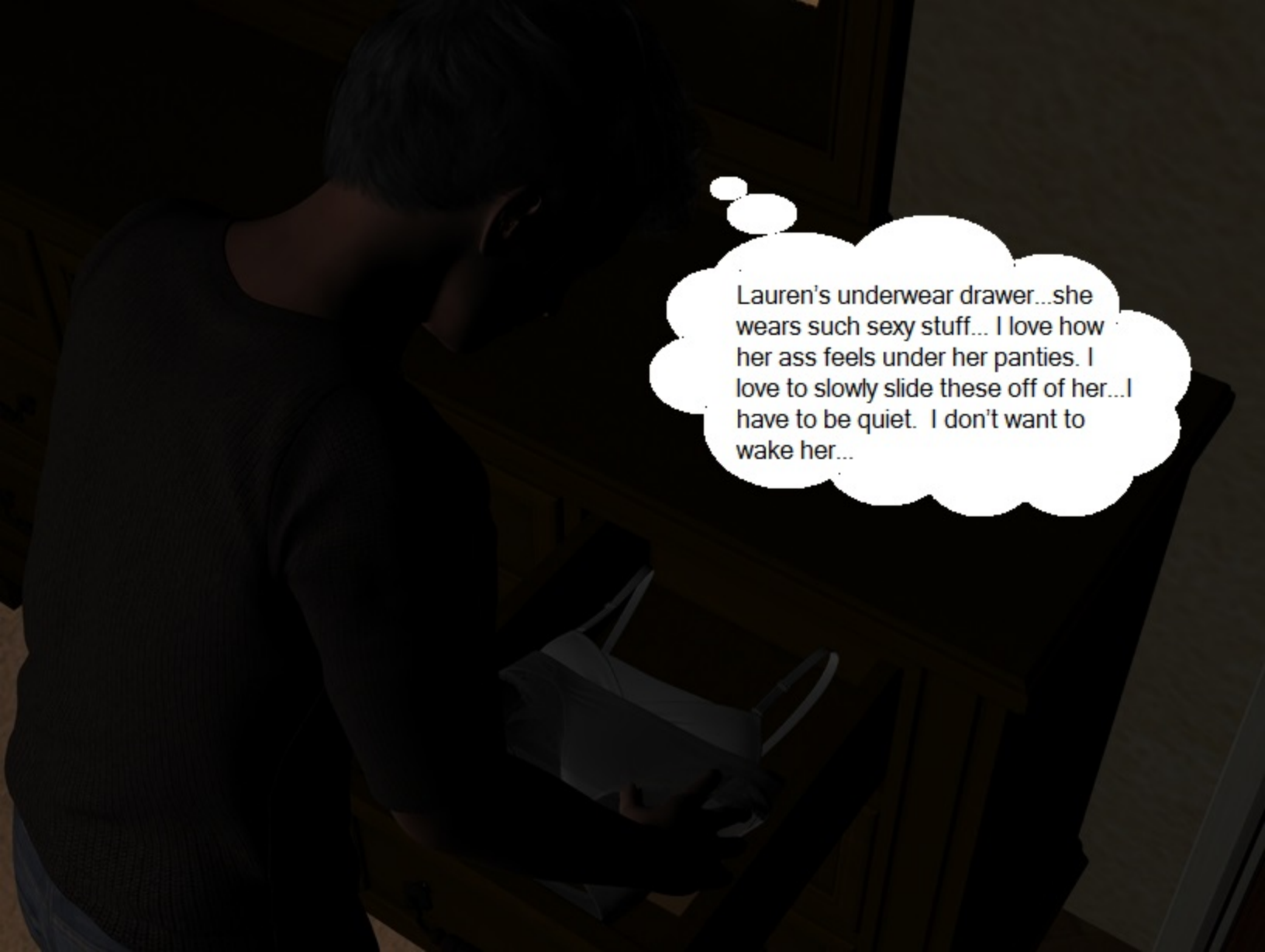
I looked through all of the drawers. It's not in here. I'll check her car...

A man in a dark suit is sitting in the driver's seat of a Rolls-Royce Phantom. The car's interior is visible, featuring a wooden steering wheel with the 'RR' logo, a dashboard with several analog gauges, and leather-upholstered seats. The man is looking out the window. Above him is a large white thought bubble containing text. The background is dark, suggesting the car is in a garage or at night.

Nothing in the glove box.. Mrs.
Jones said it was somewhere in the
house where no one would look.
Hmmm...our bedroom...




Where is the last place I would look? I never have any reason to go through Lauren's dresser. Maybe it's in there.

A person with short hair, wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt, is shown from the side in a dark room. They are leaning over an open wooden drawer and looking into it. A white thought bubble is positioned above the person's head, containing text. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the thought bubble and the light reflecting off the drawer's interior.


Lauren's underwear drawer...she wears such sexy stuff... I love how her ass feels under her panties. I love to slowly slide these off of her...I have to be quiet. I don't want to wake her...



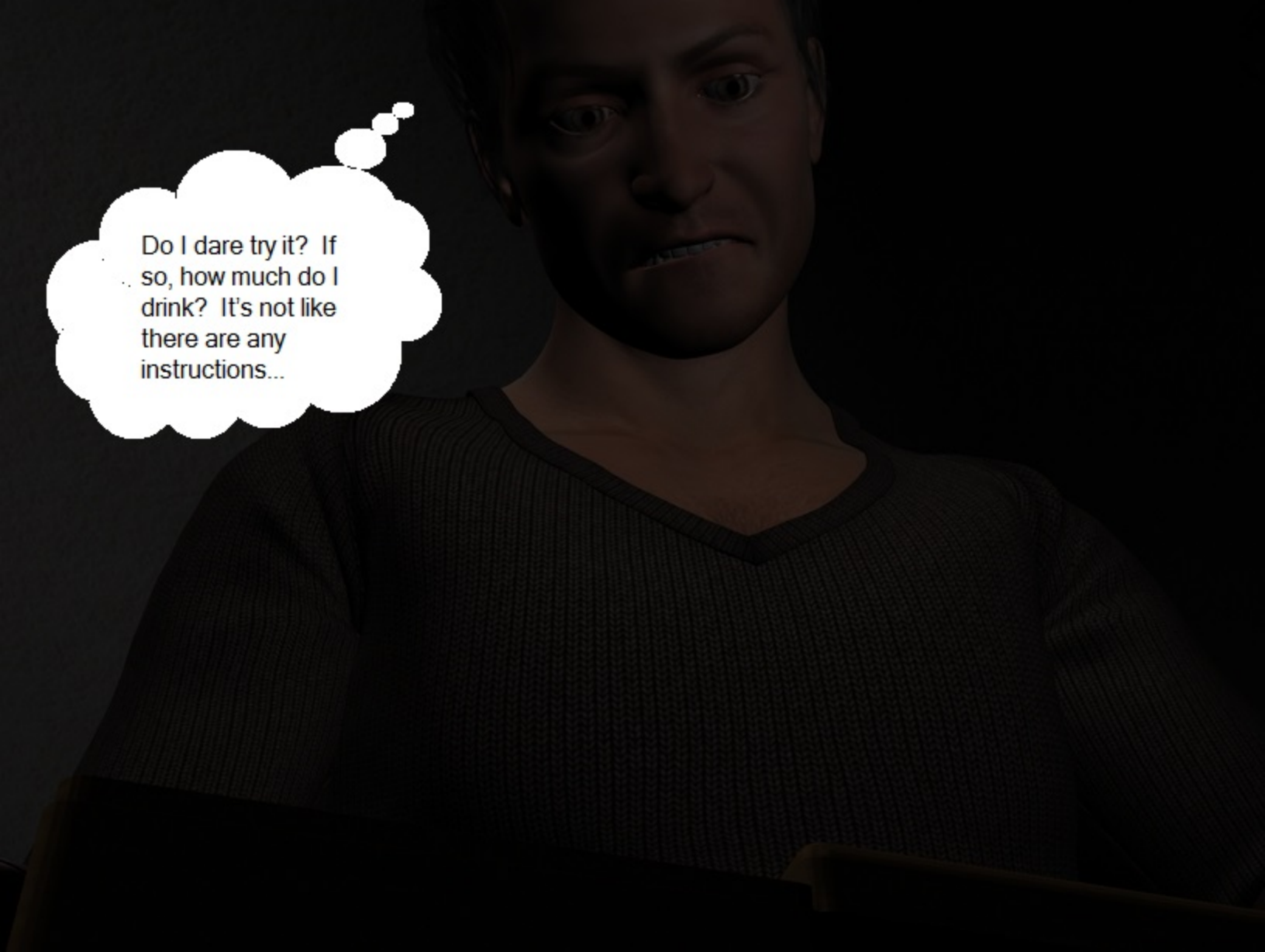
Wait...what's this?

A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a dark long-sleeved top and light-colored pants, is looking down at a small, open, brown rectangular box. The box contains several bright green sticks. She is standing in a dark room, possibly a store or a display area. In the background, there is a large mirror reflecting her and the box. A thought bubble above her head contains the text "Ohmygosh!".

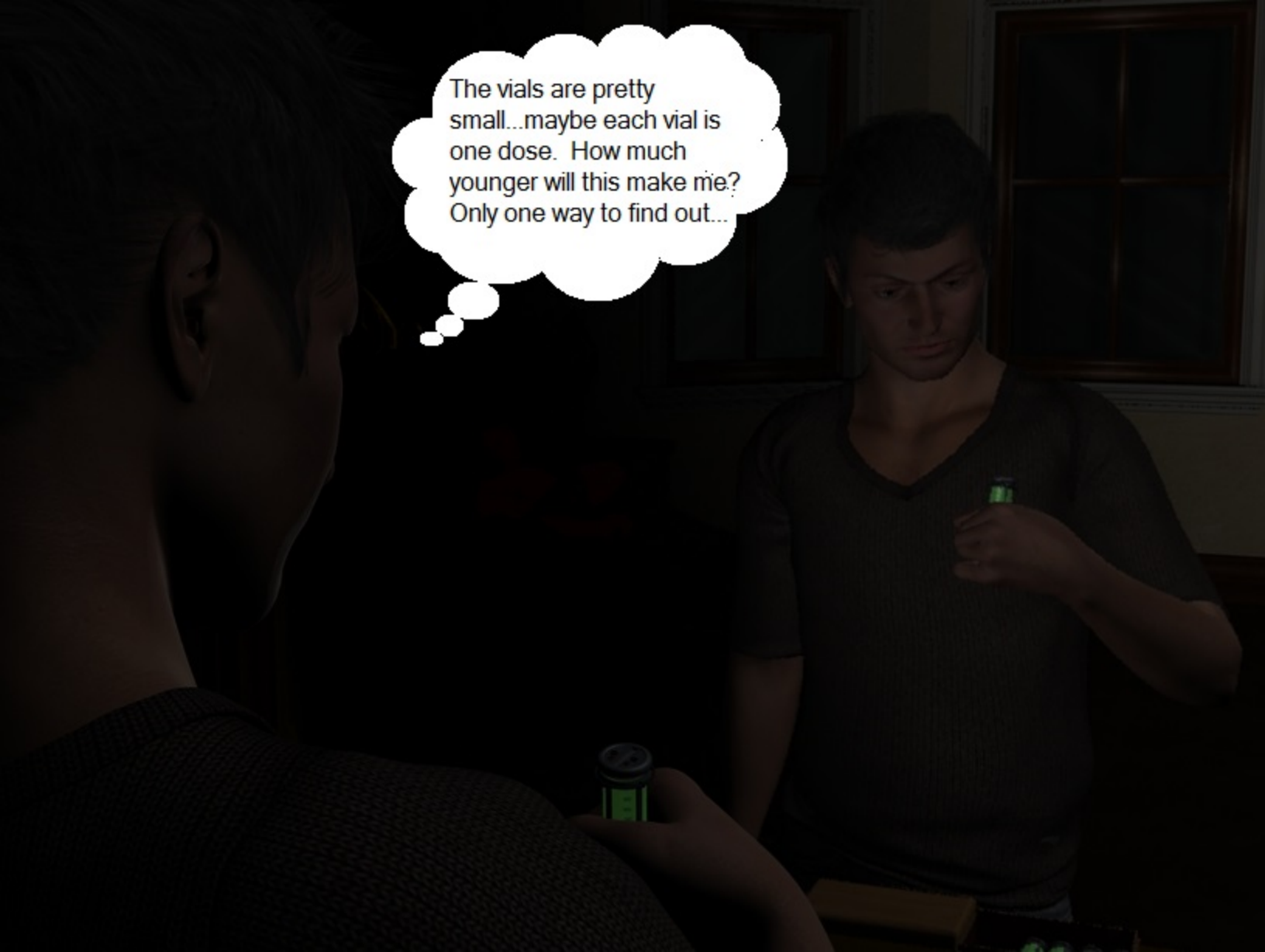
Ohmygosh!

A hand is shown holding an open, dark-colored box. Inside the box, there are several vials of green serum arranged in a row. The vials are connected by a dark grey or black frame. The background is dark, and the lighting is focused on the box and its contents.

Mrs. Jones was
right! This must be
it! Lauren's serum!

A woman with a worried expression is looking at a tablet in a dark room. A thought bubble is visible above her head.


Do I dare try it? If
so, how much do I
drink? It's not like
there are any
instructions...




The vials are pretty small...maybe each vial is one dose. How much younger will this make me? Only one way to find out...

A dimly lit indoor scene. In the foreground, a man is shown in profile, drinking from a bright green can. In the background, another man stands with his hand to his face, looking towards the first man. A white speech bubble is positioned above the first man's head.

gulp

A man in a dark room, wearing a dark V-neck shirt, is looking towards a woman whose back is to the camera. The man has a thoughtful or slightly annoyed expression. A white thought bubble is positioned above his head, containing the text "Yuck. Have to talk to Lauren about working on the taste." The background is dark, with a window visible in the upper right corner.

Yuck. Have to talk to
Lauren about working
on the taste.

A man and a woman are in a dark room. The woman is on the left, looking towards the man on the right. There are three white speech and thought bubbles overlaid on the image. The top bubble is a thought bubble from the man, the middle one is a speech bubble from the woman, and the bottom one is a thought bubble from the man.

Hmmm...nothing. It
doesn't work. Mrs.
Jones was wrong.

Mmmmmmm.
....Jon?


Uh oh...



Couldn't sleep,
huh?

Uh...yes,
Honey...sorry to
wake you.

No...

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a light blue, strapless, form-fitting dress, stands in a dimly lit room. She is looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. The man is wearing a dark, short-sleeved shirt and has his right hand on his neck. A lamp with a white shade and a dark, ornate base sits on a wooden table between them. The room is dark, with the lamp providing the main source of light.

Is anything wrong?

Er...nothing...


Well, I...huh?

Feel a little dizzy...

What the...what is this stuff doing out? Jon...were you going through my dresser?

Uh...well...

Oh my God...

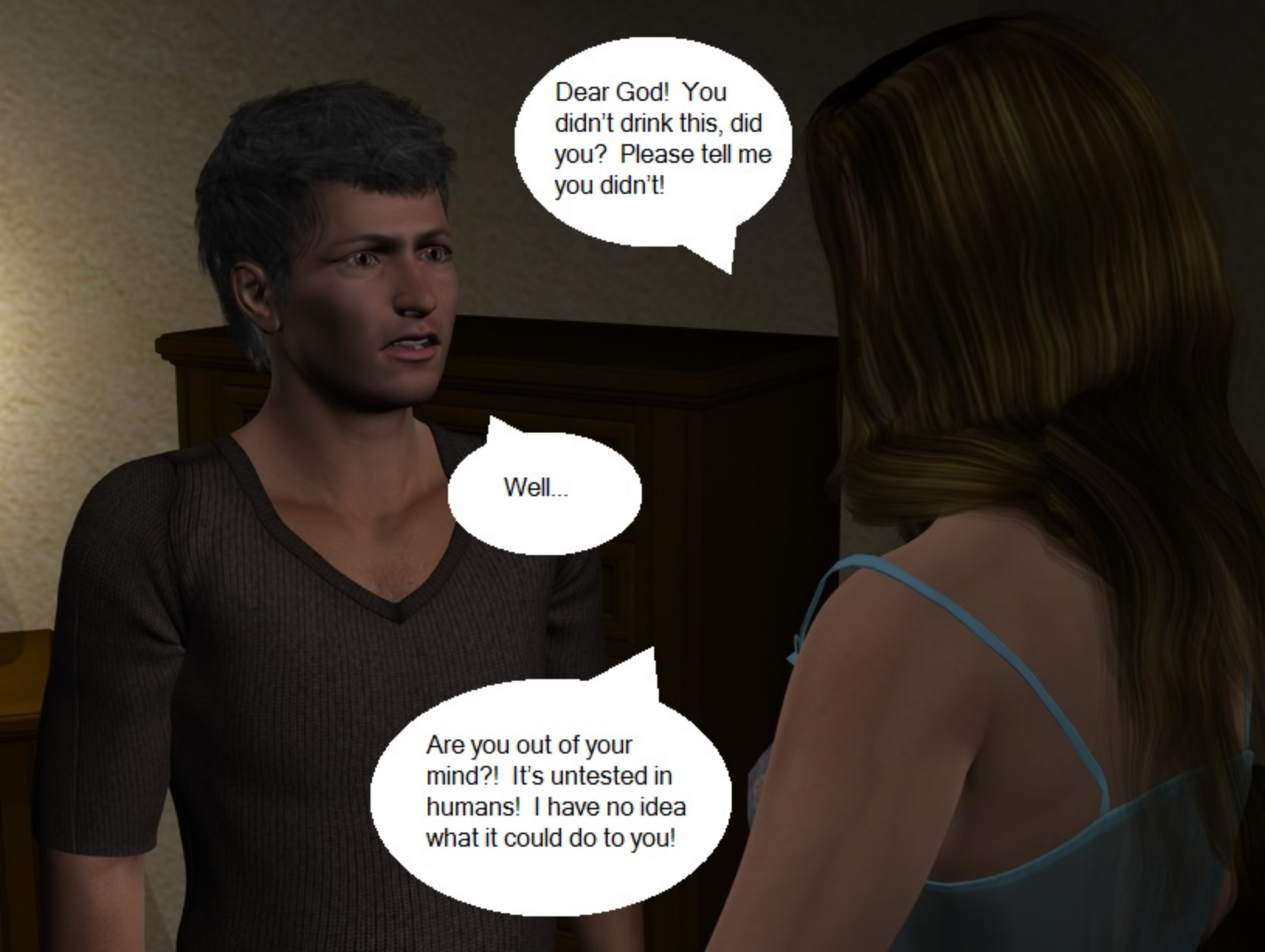


Jon! Did you open
this box? One of
the vials is *empty!*

Um...I...

Do you *know*
what this *is?*


Your...um...notes
said something
about regression...

A man with short dark hair and a woman with long brown hair are in a dark room. The man is wearing a dark V-neck shirt and has a speech bubble above him. The woman is wearing a blue top and has a speech bubble below her. The background is dark with some light on the left wall.

Dear God! You didn't drink this, did you? Please tell me you didn't!

Well...

Are you out of your mind?! It's untested in humans! I have no idea what it could do to you!




It's kind of hard to explain, I...I...

Jon? Jon! You sound funny! Are you ok?

I feel weird...

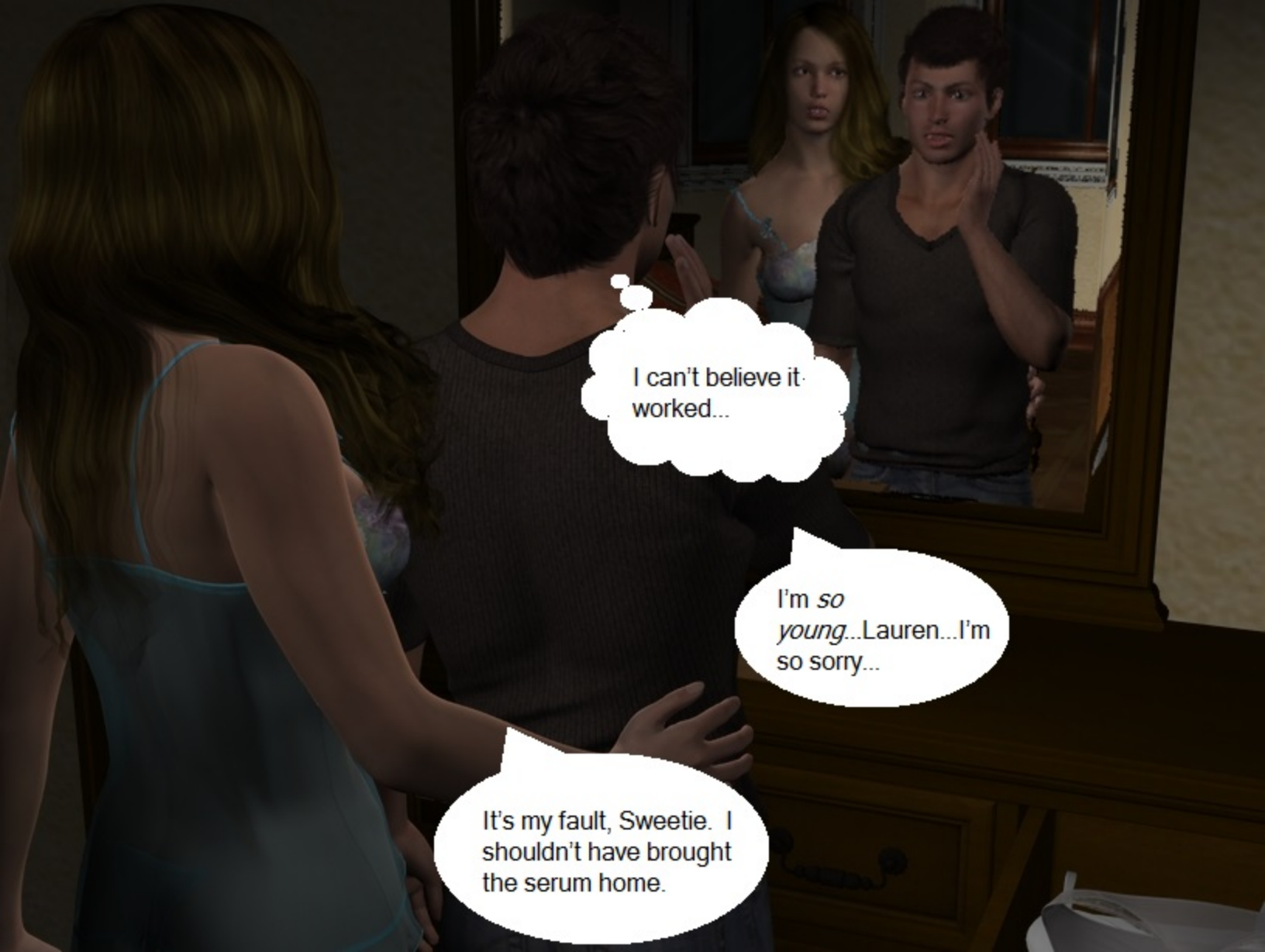




Oh Jon...what have
you done...

Lauren...


Look what you've
done to yourself,
Sweetie...



I can't believe it worked...

I'm *so young*...Lauren...I'm so sorry...

It's my fault, Sweetie. I shouldn't have brought the serum home.


A man and a woman are shown in a close-up, medium shot. The woman, on the left, has long, wavy brown hair and is wearing a light blue lace-trimmed top. She has a serious expression. The man, on the right, has dark hair and is wearing a dark grey sweater. He is looking towards the woman. The background features a striped sofa and a wooden cabinet.

Um...maybe no one will notice...

They'll notice, Jon. You look like a college student.

M...maybe it can be reversed...

Maybe, but as you can well imagine there I haven't put any thought into a process to accelerate aging. I'm afraid you're stuck for now, Baby.




I...but...but...what
will I do...

Shhh...it's ok Jon...
we'll figure out
something...come
here...

But...but what do
we tell D...Dana...

We'll tell her that
you had a little
accident, that's all...


A woman with long, wavy brown hair is looking at a man from behind. She has a serious expression. The man is wearing a dark, textured sweater. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with a window in the background.

...you're only a few years older than her now, you know...

I know...


...you're young enough to be...my son...

But...but...I'm your husband! We're *married*, and...



I know it's hard, Sweetie, but until we find a way to return you to normal...we can't have that relationship. It wouldn't be right. You're just a boy now...I'm a woman.

But...



Maybe things will be clearer in the morning. I need to sleep on this. Jon...I don't think I would feel right about sleeping with you tonight.

But this is my room too!

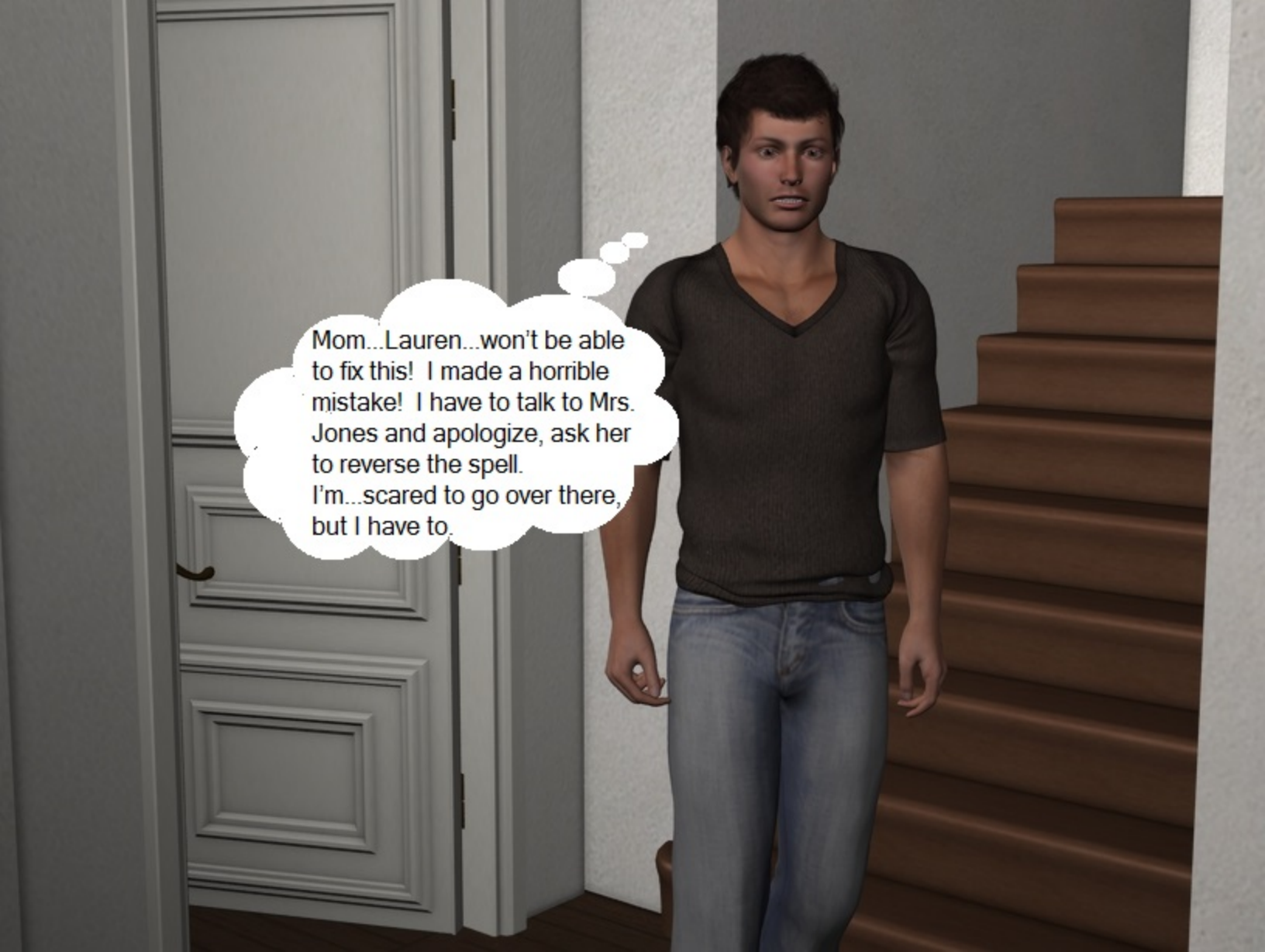
I know, but for now...why don't you use the guest room. Please?

I...ok, Mom.

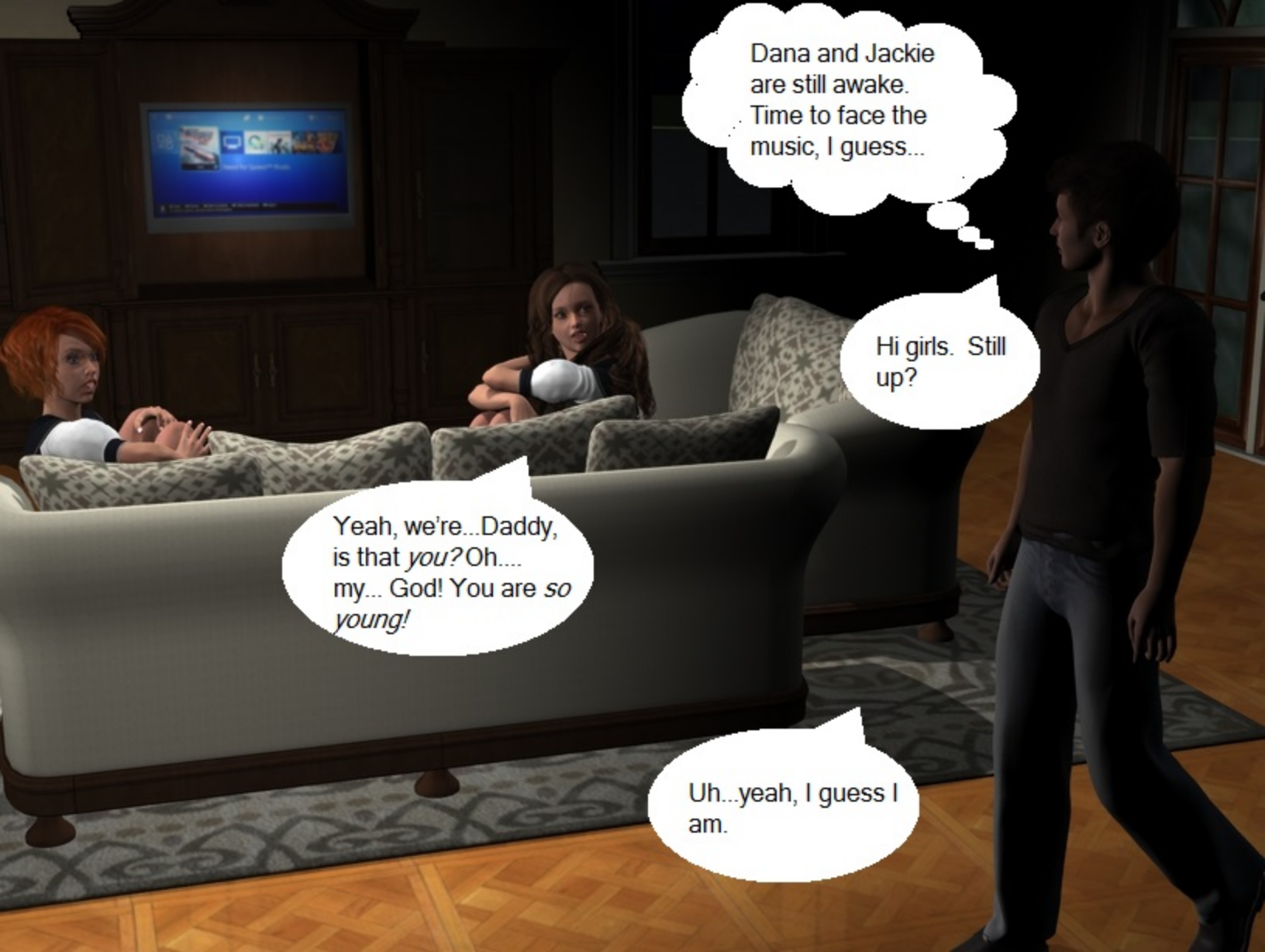
Thanks, Baby.
Good night.

Did...I just call Lauren
"Mom?!" My mind is
starting to be affected,
not just my body!

Night.



Mom...Lauren...won't be able to fix this! I made a horrible mistake! I have to talk to Mrs. Jones and apologize, ask her to reverse the spell. I'm...scared to go over there, but I have to.




Dana and Jackie
are still awake.
Time to face the
music, I guess...

Hi girls. Still
up?

Yeah, we're...Daddy,
is that *you*? Oh....
my... God! You are *so*
young!

Uh...yeah, I guess I
am.




But...but how did you get younger?

I...er...found Mom's experimental serum and...well...tried some. It sort of worked better than I thought it would. It made me a lot younger.

"Mom?"

That's unbelievable!

I know.




I mean...I know
you're my
father...but you are
so young!

Look, Dana...until
we can get this
fixed...I don't
know...think of me
as your big brother.

giggle Ok...*Jon*.
This is *so weird!*

You're telling me.




Well, *Jon*...this is the *coolest thing* I ever *saw!* I think it's great that you're younger! Younger...and really *cute!* *giggle*. So...if Mom's asleep, why don't you hang out with us?

I don't know, Dana. I was going to take a walk and...uh...clear my head.


Awww...come on. Don't you *like* us?

Dana and Jackie are *so cute!* Being younger might not be so bad after all. But...as pretty as they are, I'm too old for them. At least, I think I am.



I have to focus! Fun is fun,
but I have to talk to Mrs.
Jones and ask her to turn
me back to normal. I...

Jon?




Uh...yes, Jackie?

I think it's great that
you got younger...I
just wish...


Yes?

...that you were just
a little bit *younger*, if
you *know* what I
mean...




Why Jackie...are you *flirting* with me? You're such a sweet little girl!

Why don't you hang with us? We're playing video games...



Ahem I'm not so little anymore...Jon...am I? I'm not much younger than *you*...and, maybe *I am* flirting with you. You *don't mind*, do you?

That's sweet, Honey...but even though you are unbelievably cute, I think you are a little too young for me.



I don't think I am.
Are you *sure* you
won't *play* with us,
Jon? It would be
fun...

I *hope* so...

Er...not right now
Sweetie...maybe I
can '*play*' with you
later.


Stop hitting on
my Daddy.
Jackie! Jeez!

But I...

He's my
Daddy, and
he's married!
To my Mom!

Come on, Dana...he's
not nearly old enough to
be your *father* at the
moment, *is he?*

*That was close! Mrs. Jones
wouldn't want me "playing" with
her daughter at my age, that's
for sure! I don't want to think
about what she would do to me if
she ever found out that I did!*

A 3D rendered male character with dark hair and a worried expression stands in a doorway. He is wearing a dark, short-sleeved V-neck shirt and dark jeans. The background is a dark, ornate wooden door with intricate carvings. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the doorway. A thought bubble is positioned above the character's head, containing text.

Just what have I
gotten myself into...

To be continued...