

Never Too Late (Lesbian TF AP Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Anna is an English professor who has only just recently realised she is a lesbian, but fears she has missed out on her chance for a wife and kids. But after making a wish, she finds her reality changed, and a twenty year old student of hers aged up into her perfect wife. How will both cope with their new reality when everyone else remembers them this way?

Never Too Late

“So, can anyone explain to me the difference between what is generally referred to as ‘literary fiction’ and so-called ‘genre fiction’?”

Professor Anna Hutchinson surveyed her rather disinterested class of English Literature and Classics students. She only had seventeen this year, down from nearly twice that number the previous year, which was down from nearly twice *that* number the year before that. It was hard to even summon up the enthusiasm that the question should be asked with, given that it was the crux of so much controversy in the world of writing and publishing. Instead, her students stared at her or at their phones, their eyes glazed over, their expressions disinterested. All except one, of course, whose hand shot up excitedly and began to wave, as if terrified that the professor would not notice her in the lecture theatre seating.

Anna tried to stave off a sigh at the sight of her most overly eager student Eileen Yin. She was a twenty year old English major who somehow adored the class despite the professor’s own waning interest in it, and she attended each lecture religiously. The young woman was Asian-American, with cute bangs and a loud style that consisted of brightly coloured hoodies and trackpants. Anna was of the opinion that Eileen was *definitely* on the spectrum due to her obsessive personality and certain lack of social grace.

“I know, professor! Pick me!”

A few students chuckled under their breath. Anna scratched at the back of her ginger hair and nodded at Eileen. “Miss Yin, I’ll remind you again that this isn’t high school anymore. You can simply put up your hand and I’ll find the time to pick you.”

Eileen blushed a little. “Oh, sorry. I was just so excited. Can I answer the question?”

“Since it seems the rest of your compatriots are too shy to do so, please do so.”

Eileen actually stood. It was almost endearing, how dorky this young woman was. “Literary fiction is called such because it is considered more worthy of analysis and high regard in the world of literature. It calls attention to significant contemporary issues and

themes, and often takes place in ordinary real world settings. It doesn't typically follow conventions and thus the plot isn't easily predicted."

"Very good. And genre fiction?"

At this, Eileen's goofy smile grew bigger. "Genre fiction is actually *interesting*."

To give the young woman credit, the crowd was on her side for this one, and a few even laughed. Anna had to suppress a chuckle.

"Could you explain that point a little further, Eileen?"

"Well, genre fiction is called that because it can easily be slotted into a particular style of writing, and it has codes and conventions that are often followed, like how Westerns always have a gunslinger and a final shootout."

"So they are more predictable and can fit within a neat little box. Why would that make them more interesting?"

"Because literary fiction is a total lie!" Eileen said, which shocked even a few students around her. "It only exists out of snobbery, because any time a piece of genre fiction *is* a masterpiece, literary critics just claim it's literary fiction. Jane Austen's books are classics, but they have obvious romance conventions. Margaret Atwood's work has a lot of classic sci-fi dystopia, but she claims it's just 'speculative fiction' to avoid the label. It's just snobbery, but at least genre fiction is *proud* of what it does, and besides, it's often overlooked due to this snobbery, and personally I think—"

"And is your current professor one of these snobs, Miss Yin?"

Eileen suddenly froze, and Anna couldn't help but smirk just a little at having frozen the girl in her tracks mid-excited rant. Suddenly, Eileen was blushing heavily on her olive-skinned cheeks and backtracking.

"Oh, no! I didn't mean that, Miss Hutchinson. I mean Professor Hutchinson! You're awesome. I mean, you're an incredible teacher, I just . . . er . . ."

Anna gestured for her to sit. "It's okay, Eileen. You see class, Miss Yin has actually touched upon one of the great arguments in literature that we shall be exploring further this semester. To what extent does literary fiction actually exist? Is genre fiction just as capable of producing masterworks as the former? Is there even a dividing line between the two . . ."

It was a speech Anna had given many times before and with much greater enthusiasm. Eileen was rapt with attention, but Anna could hear the tiredness in her own voice. She was thirty-eight years old, and while she had been a professor since the age of thirty and a teacher before that, the light had gone out of her pedagogy in the last two years. Despite her claims in her university speeches and courses, she had barely managed to read more than five books in the last two years, and her love of fiction had shrivelled up like aged fruit kept too long upon the vine. Every morning she gazed at her reflection in the mirror and saw that she was a little older, her features that little bit more gaunt, her wrinkles that little bit

more pronounced. Once, her glasses had made her look cute, and her fiery red hair had gotten her compliments galore. Professors had once flirted with her, and while she hadn't exactly *liked* it, a small part of her had enjoyed smashing the glass ceiling and succeeding as a woman who was both pretty *and* intelligent. But now said glasses just made her look stuffy and older, while her hair had lost some of its lovely curls and now just appeared . . . frizzy. She'd overheard one student joking to another that she was about to take them on the Magic School Bus, and while the comment had made her laugh at first, something about it had stung.

Anna finished the lecture and assigned the course readings to her students; snippets of *Red Harvest* to be compared with *Gone Girl*. What was genre fiction and what was literature? Did both carry merits or was one superior? She didn't even really care, of course. She was just happy to get the students out of the building so she could retreat to her office and mope over her early middle-aged crisis.

Except that one student remained behind. It was Eileen Yin, of course. Who else could it be? She was clutching her notes awkwardly in one hand and looking a little sheepish on approach, playing with her hair as if she were a student with a crush. A ridiculous thought, of course. The twenty-year old girl just always had a nervous, excitable air to her.

"Miss Hutchinson! Sorry, I meant Professor Hutchinson! I just wanted to apologise for making it look like I was calling you a snob. I swear I didn't mean that! Far from it! You're the anti-snob! In fact, you're as far from a snob as can be. I was just so wrapped up in talking about my love of genre fiction that I got a little sidetracked and, er . . ."

Anna held up a hand. "Miss Yin, it's perfectly fine. I knew you weren't accusing me of anything. It's a good point you made."

"It was?"

"Of course."

The woman beamed in a very cute way. "I'm so glad! I try so hard with this course. I mean, it's absolutely my favourite. I took your English Studies course last year and it was by far my favourite. You're the best teacher and I really want to take all of your classes, Miss - Professor! Professor Hutchinson, I mean."

Anna wasn't even sure if she was touched by that or not. The prospect of Eileen Yin in every one of her classes was a daunting one. "Well, I'm glad for your enthusiasm, Miss Yin. But you were wrong, anyway. I am a total snob. I simply cannot abide so-called 'science fiction.'"

"What!? But - but *Ancillary Justice!* *The Mars Trilogy!* *The Left Hand of Darkness!*"

Anna chuckled. "Sorry, Miss Yin, but straight to the trash with them for me! The same for fantasy and westerns and all the rest. I'll stick with *Mrs Dalloway* and the wider works of

Virginia Woolf, personally, though I like a good debate. Now, if you don't mind, I've got some study time for my next class."

Eileen looked disappointed. "Oh, of course! I just . . . I'll prove you wrong! Just you wait, Miss Hutchinson, I'm going to write the best essay you've ever read, and fully convince you of the worthiness of genre fiction!"

"You're welcome to try," Anna said, nodding at Eileen. "If anyone can, it's you, Eileen. You're a very talented student. I wish I had half the enthusiasm you possess."

At this, the girl blushed even further and played with her hair using her free hand. "You really are the best, Miss Hutchinson! Oh, and I love your glasses! The horned rims are so cool and suit you so well! I wish I looked that pretty in my glasses!" She then turned red as a tomato at her own words and promptly turned around. "Um, I've got to go! Right now!"

Anna was left standing alone in the lecture theatre shuffling her notes.

"What a strange young woman," she said. Still, she took off her glasses and inspected the horned rims. She'd been considering getting rid of them, but Eileen's words actually made her feel just that little bit better about them.

For now, at least.

Anna sat alone on her couch with her feet up on the coffee table. She was wearing a bathrobe, having had a nice warm bath to distract her from her malaise. She adored reading in the bath, even if the steam crinkled the paper of her books, but she still couldn't make progress on *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Magic realism had never been of great interest to her - simply too much like fantasy, she felt - but it *was* a work of literary fiction and well-regarded, so she tried and tried and made no progress at all before throwing the book out of the bath entirely. Now, to her utter humiliation, she was watching her guilty pleasure: *Deserted Island Lovematch*. It was utter garbage, and yet she couldn't look away. It was also an exercise in sadomasochism, she considered, as it involved watching a lot of young, very attractive men and women in bikinis and boardshorts and gorgeous summer wear all competing for relationships.

"I remember when men came after me," Anna muttered, filling her wine glass with red for the second time in just half an hour. "God, I used to have to bat them away. And yet they never made me happy. Fuck, if only I'd figured out sooner just why, I might have had the damn courage to approach Sabrina . . ."

The previous year, Anna's reality had finally collapsed and simply could not hold. She'd always loved being around women, and despite her good looks - now fading - her dating life with men had usually collapsed before things got too serious. Back in her own

college days, she'd assumed it was because she was too driven. As a teacher and then professor, it was because she was too busy. Now, looking back, Anna could no longer hide the truth that had been obviously there the whole time.

The truth about why she was so obsessed with hanging out with Sabrina Langdon back in college, and joked constantly about wanting to be her prom date.

The truth about why, when she pleased herself, she had to focus really damn hard to keep the mental imagery of sex with a man in her head.

The truth about why she watched these terrible dating shows and barely paid attention to the handsome men.

The truth was . . . that she was very much a lesbian, and had been the whole time.

"And now it's way too fucking late," she groaned. "Too late to turn the clock back. Too late to date and find a wife and have kids. God, I can feel my eggs dying in silence right now."

That was the other thing. Anna had always wanted to be a parent. She'd imagined herself with some sweet little kids for a number of years now, but the chance to have them was always postponed; no guy seemed to suit her interests (gee, it was a wonder why!) and besides, she could always do it later.

Later.

Later.

Later.

Well, now it was later, and it was too late. Anna had missed out on her chance of embracing her true sexuality, getting out there, and finding a wife and kids. Sure, people found each other at older ages, but what were the odds for her? No, it was too late for all of that. She'd be a closedest spinster to the end of her days.

The ginger-haired professor rested back against the couch, observing the young beauties on the screen. They were too young. She'd want someone older by this point, of course. It'd just be better if she'd also known them when they were young.

"God, I'm thinking about a made up past with a fictional perfect wife," she muttered to herself, taking another sip of wine.

The screen seemed to mock her when this young beauty appeared on it. She was thirty three, and her name was Krystal.

"Like, I need to find my perfect partner now, you know? I mean, I'm so old already! I want to have babies!"

"Ugh," Anna groaned. "You have no idea how good you have it. At least you're not living a lie, girl."

Suddenly, the power went out. The TV turned off, and the lights in the room too. Anna groaned. "Just my luck!"

She sat there, waiting for them to turn back on, but nothing happened. So instead she got up, still complaining and muttering to herself, and strode out the front door to reset the circuit board. Instead, she stopped the moment she saw the night sky. The entire neighbourhood was dark, but the sky was positively *luminous*. It was like the Aurora Borealis had gone on holiday, and was now dancing above her house, appearing like an ocean swell of shifting hues of aqua, turquoise, and celestial golden white. Through it all, a hail of shooting stars erupted across the skyline, burning out wonderfully, more powerful and impressive than any she had ever seen.

“Shooting stars,” she murmured. Others in the neighbourhood were gathering outside, too. Mrs Pikerton, an old battle axe of a nurse from across the street, was gazing up in wonder before turning to the kids next door.

“Don’t forget to make a wish, kiddos!” she shouted. “God knows I’ve already asked for a bleeding pay rise!”

A wish. It was such a childish thing, but Anna found herself wanting one regardless. She stared up at this luminous, radiant spectacle and closed her eyes, her mouth already forming the words.

“I wish that I had the wife and family that I want.”

When she opened her eyes, one of the shooting stars erupted brilliantly. She continued to watch the spectacle, but in just five minutes it was over, leaving people in her suburb to clap and cheer or even boo because it was too short. The kids were raving about it, though. Anna simply sighed. A moment of magic like that . . . and then back to normality. The lights of the neighbourhood switched back on, and she strode back into her house.

“And here we are,” she declared. “Back to me and my sad life and my - AGGHH!”

There was someone in her living room, and that woman screamed right back in shock. What followed was a yo-yo of terrified yells, both women screaming and backing up, neither seemingly knowing what was going on.

“Aghh!”

“Aghhhh!!”

“Get back!”

“You get back, Miss Hutchinson!” the other woman proclaimed.

“This is my house!”

“I don’t know how I got here!”

“Get out of here!”

“Where even is here!?” the stranger continued. “Oh God, is this your house, Professor?”

“How do you know me!?”

“Wait - what’s happened to me!?”

“You? Why are you in my house!?”

“AGGHHH!!! I’m OLD! What’s up with my belly? And my thing!?”

Anna’s more rational mind took over, and she gestured for the other woman to calm down so she could understand what was going on. This mysterious interloper was Asian, and quite beautiful. She had cute bangs with the rest of her hair in a smart bob, and while she was clearly in her late thirties or older forties, her skin was quite smooth, just with a mature look to her face. Her glasses were round, just like her student Eileen’s, giving her a slightly nerdy look, but her hoodie was a bright pink, with colourful stockings beneath. Said hoodie was stretched to its limit, however, with a belly that was obviously very pregnant. At least six months along in pregnancy, in fact. She was cupping it, looking down in shock. Her hoodie was unzipped a little at the top just to make way for her breasts, which were not large but clearly larger than the woman expected. Anna couldn’t believe she hadn’t made the connection as soon as she saw the woman.

“Are you - are you Eileen Yin’s mother?” she asked.

The woman snapped her head up, cringing a little from obvious discomfort. “Miss Hutchinson, what are you saying? I *am* Eileen Yin!”

“That’s impossible! You look as old as I am!”

“I - oh God, I need to see a mirror! Professor, can I please use your bathroom? Ohhhh, my belly. Why is it so big?”

“Because - oh this is ridiculous, I’m calling the police. You’re clearly an intruder and-”

A hand shot out to grab Anna’s arm. The woman was pleading with the same expression Eileen had when begging to answer a question in-class.

“Please, please Professor! We talked just earlier today! I apologised for - for calling you a snob! I don’t even know how I got here or why I feel so old and weird. I was just outside a moment ago watching the shooting stars and I made, uh, well, this wish, and now I’m . . . here.”

Anna gaped. It took her a long time to pick her jaw back up. She stepped closer to the pregnant woman, who was squirming a little on the spot and rubbing her belly, looking at it with agitation and confusion. Her face was indeed identical to Eileen Yin’s, just older. More mature. The babyfat on her cheeks was gone, and she now had a beautiful dignity to her features. Well, she would have had dignity, were it not for the fact that she was squirming just like she did in class, bursting to talk more, and clearly uncomfortable in her body.

“Eileen!?” Anna gasped. “Is it really *you*?”

“Yes, it’s me, Professor! I - I need to see myself! Do I have permission to use your bathroom? Something is *really, really, really wrong!*”

Anna nodded, barely able to believe the truth before her eyes. “O-of course. Just up the hall and second on the left.”

“Thank you! You’re the best, Miss Hutchinson!” exclaimed the woman, a strange thing to hear given that she sounded the same age as Anna now. She waddled quickly up the hall while Anna stood there, not even knowing what to do.

And then a scream echoed down the corridor.

Anna passed Eileen another tissue.

“I’m pregnant.”

“I know.”

“I’m pregnant.”

“I can see that, Eileen.”

The woman was choking up a little, wiping tears from her eyes. “That’s - that’s biologically impossible, Miss Hutchinson. Like something out of one of my fantasy or sci-fi books! Like *The Left Hand of Darkness*.”

Anna frowned. “Look, honey, I know this is confronting and impossible, but a woman getting pregnant is not impossi-”

“I’m trans!”

Anna halted. “You - are?”

She nodded. “I’ve only been taking hormones for a few years. I - I never got bottom surgery! I didn’t even know if I had the courage for it. But now I’ve got . . . a vagina . . . oh God. This is incredible. It’s amazing.”

Anna placed a hand on Eileen’s shoulder. “I had no idea. Um . . . I’m sorry?”

“No, it’s the good kind of amazing! Except, er, I’m a lot older. And I’ve got a big belly. Miss Hutchinson, I can feel a baby growing in it! I mean, the baby is moving around and everything. I swear I wasn’t pregnant this morning or old. I mean, not *old* old, but I wasn’t forty years old!”

Anna cocked her head curiously. “How do you know you’re forty now?”

They were on Anna’s couch, and the professor was in the odd position of rubbing Eileen’s back to help calm the poor woman. The cute Asian-American woman had ditched her bright pink hoodie when she’d inspected her body in the bathroom, and now she just had an undershirt on, one that was pushed up by her belly so that much of her dome, including her pushed-out bellybutton, was on display. Anna found herself, rather oddly, wanting to caress that pregnant womb, though she couldn’t quite understand why.

“Eileen? Did you hear me? How do you know you’re forty years old?”

The aged-up and impregnated woman held up her phone and opened up the case to display her cards. She took out her driver's license and passed it to Anna, and then some of her other cards as well.

"I looked at this for a moment. I was too shocked to read much more, Miss Hutchinson, and I dropped it, and then I had to spend ages trying to pick it up because this belly was in the way, and then I felt the baby doing flips, and let me tell you *that* is a strange experience! And my boobs are bigger, too. They're not huge but the estrogen supplements only gave me an itty bitty titty A-cup, and now they're C-cups, which is just above the medium range for a lot of women, but because I'm rather petite I feel they have more prominence, which gives me mixed feelings. I'm getting off topic and rambling. I often ramble when I'm nervous. It's part of my emotional dysregulation during states of agitation. Did I tell you I have autism? Some people say it's obvious, but I think during interactions I try to-

"Shh, Eileen," Anna said, actually smiling a little at her student's rambling. It reminded her that this was *definitely* Eileen Yin, and was surprisingly endearing to hear her explain her own nature. "It's okay. Look, it says here you're forty, just as you say."

"Right. I'm meant to be twenty years old, Professor! That's twenty years of my life gone! No wonder my back hurts!"

"That may also be because you are pregnant."

Eileen bit her lip. "I'm trying to compartmentalise that information right now, Miss Hutchinson."

"Please, call me Anna," the professor said. "Since you're actually a year and a half older than me, now."

The other woman actually smiled. "I like that. Anna. That's nice. I like being able to call you by your name."

Anna took the woman's hand and squeezed it gently. "If it makes you more comfortable, then all the better. Okay, so something strange and impossible has happened. Even your photo has changed, and it says . . . you're a professor."

"What!?"

Eileen snatched the cards back and stared at them. She let out a high-pitched gasp and began playing with her hair nervously in a rather cute manner.

"Me? A professor!? I mean, I always dreamed of it, but - but that can't be! Look, my university ID says I'm a literature professor, just like you!"

Anna was perplexed by this. "Can I see that?"

Eileen passed it over. The woman in the image was indeed the aged-up Eileen, wearing a bright pink dress from the looks over her upper half that just barely made it into the photo. She had a bright, beaming, enthusiastic smile that showed her to be a true nerd,

just as she had been as a student, but there was also a much more intelligent and wise twinkle in her eye as well. Anna found herself staring at it for a long while.

“You look very beautiful,” she finally said. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t say that.”

“It’s okay. I - that means a lot to hear you say that. Um, Professor . . . how do you spell your last name?”

“H-U-T-C-H-I-N-S-O-N. Why do you ask?”

The pregnant woman bit her lip. She rubbed her belly nervously, looking away from Anna’s eye level and then holding herself around her bloated middle.

“Eileen? Why do you ask?”

Without even meeting her eyes, Eileen took the driver’s licence again and passed it to Anna, whereupon she tapped the section that displayed her name. Her *full* name.

Eileen Hutchinson-Yin.

Slowly, Anna turned her hand and saw the engagement ring on her finger, and the wedding band right beside it. A matching one was on Eileen’s hand.

A shiver passed through Anna’s system as she was rocked to the core. She leapt to her feet with a youth and vigour that she’d never possessed before, her hands upon her mouth. The thirty-eight year old woman backed up until she was pressed against her living room wall.

“Oh God. Oh God. Miss Yin. Eileen . . .”

The other woman tried to stand, only to fall back down as she struggled with a pregnant belly she was not used to. “What? Miss Hutchinson, what is it?”

“It’s not Miss Hutchinson, not anymore,” Anna said, holding up her hand to show off the ring. “It’s *Mrs* Hutchinson-Yin. And you . . . you’re Mrs Hutchinson-Yin too.”

It slowly dawned upon Eileen’s face. “We - we’re married!?”

Anna nodded, wordless.

“But - but how? Oh God, it was the wish, wasn’t it? I’m so sorry, I knew it was stupid! I just thought it was a quantifiable scientific phenomena, not something actually magic, and this is despite the fact that I’m a huge fan of the science fiction and fantasy genres, which regularly hinge upon unlikely scenarios to engender their plots, and -”

Anna quickly moved to Eileen’s side again, and took the cute pregnant Asian woman by the shoulders, shaking her just lightly enough to get her to focus.

“Eileen, don’t go off-topic. What did you just say? Something about a wish?”

The woman swallowed. She cringed, rubbing her belly. It was pressed against Anna’s side, and the professor could feel the movement of a child within, kicking softly. It felt . . . really nice, somehow. There was a connection there that she couldn’t explain. She found herself placing her hand on the woman’s stomach and caressing it slowly, and told herself it

was to calm Eileen, which was . . . definitely part of her motive, but there was something else there that she had yet to determine.

“It’s okay, Eileen,” Anna said. “I made a wish too. I think . . . mine might have changed things. Would you like me to tell you mine first?”

Eileen nodded, still looking down at her stomach. They both had their fingers intertwined now, as if they were a couple. It was oddly . . . soothing.

“You keep telling me how much you love my teaching, Eileen, but the truth is I’ve been phoning it in for almost three years now. I realised . . . just a year ago that I’m a lesbian.”

Eileen perked up, a brief flicker of a smile on her features. “You are?”

“Yes, I know, it’s embarrassing.”

“No, it’s not, it’s - it’s good! It’s fine, I mean. Great, even. I mean, I *love* lesbians! Always have! I am one myself, is what I mean to say. Out and proud! Not that I make a big deal of it or anything but I’ve been gay pretty much since I hit puberty which was . . . twenty years ago now, in this new reality. Wow.”

Anna smiled at her wife’s comment. Wow, that was strange to think, that her young student was now her *wife*. She coughed before proceeding.

“Well, you are more courageous than I, because it took me far too long to realise it, and by then it was too late for me to have the wife and family I wanted. I was despairing over just that moments ago when I saw the shooting stars, and I made a wish after my neighbour reminded me to do so. Well, reminded the kids next door, but all the same I overheard her. And I wished . . . to have the family and wife that I wanted.”

Eileen’s beautiful almond-shaped eyes grew wider behind her circular glasses. She immediately cradled her belly almost protectively. “And *I* became your wife! You wanted *me!*”

Anna almost spluttered. “What? No! Oh no, absolutely not! I mean, I never imagined - I didn’t have anyone in mind. I’d certainly never change you and force you to be aged up, or to carry a baby! I swear it was not my intention!”

Eileen suddenly sagged a little. “Oh, I see. Maybe . . . that was my doing.”

“Excuse me?”

The pregnant woman was fidgeting, and then suddenly she squeaked and shifted awkwardly to her feet, placing her hands at the small of her back to deal with the naked olive dome jutting out in front of her. “I just felt her kick! Look, you can see it! I must say, Miss Hutchinson, now that I’m getting a little more used to being pregnant it really is a fascinating experience! It’s like having an alien inside of me, like in some of my science-fiction books! She’s squirming around and - oh look! She moved again! Woah, this is strange. I’m forty and I’m pregnant - wait, do you think it’s *your* baby? Did they implant one of your eggs in this reality? That would be fascinating, wouldn’t it?”

Anna was indeed briefly fascinated with that possibility. Her? A mother? A mother along with her new wife? Was that really *her* baby, potentially her *daughter* - growing inside her former student-turned-wife's womb? But then the canny professor narrowed her eyes.

"Eileen, I know what you're doing."

"Hmm?" the woman said as she tapped her belly and giggled at the responsive movements of the child within.

"You're stalling. What did you wish for when you saw the shooting star phenomena an hour ago?"

Eileen sighed, and it was hard not to take a peek at her C-cup breasts as they rose and fell, her undershirt tight against them and emphasising their motherly shape. For Anna, it left her feeling further attracted to this changed woman. But she needed to know the wish first.

"Um, well," Eileen started, tapping her belly and stroking it as if she truly had been growing steadily for months. "I may have . . . wished to be with you."

Anna blinked. She swallowed. She worked her jaw as she considered her response.

"Come again?"

The other woman gave a sheepish grin, and once again Anna was struck again with interest, admiring how pretty the woman was, especially now that she was of a similar age. God, she just *glowed*.

"Please, don't be mad, Professor - Anna. It's just . . . I've had the most massive crush on you ever since last year!"

Anna immediately felt the blood flow to her cheeks in a way it never had before. She raised a hand to touch them, and it almost seemed like the skin was burning. On a night of magical teleportation, transformation, and impregnation, this somehow seemed the most magical and strange and impossible thing of all.

"You had a crush on . . . me?"

"M-more than a crush, really. A lot more than a crush, actually! I tried to put it down on a scale so I could register my feelings. I had 'ambivalence' as the lowest point of the scale and then defined the emotions on an upward trajectory so I could make sure if my feelings really were serious."

Anna was still struck dumb. "And . . . what was next on the scale?"

The newly aged and rapidly impregnated woman looked down at her belly and giggled a little nervously. She began counting on her fingers, occasionally lowering a hand to rub her stomach and calm the baby. *Their* baby.

"Well, next there was Interest, obviously. From there, I labelled 'Crush' as the next step, which I defined as a continual interest with romantic connotations. The far end of the spectrum was 'Unhealthy Stalker Obsession,' and don't worry, I don't think I was there. At

least, I don't *think* I was. But I was a little beyond crush. I was, this is embarrassing to admit, but . . . I was *Unrequitedly Smitten*."

Anna couldn't help herself. Despite the insanity of her current situation, she actually choked on her own laughter. "I'm sorry!" she said. "It's just - this is very endearing. Cute, actually. I - I had no idea. But then . . . you took all of my classes. You were always so eager to answer my questions. And you liked staying after my lessons, and you complimented my style and my hair - oh God, how come I never saw this?"

Eileen bit her lip. "To be fair, I was pretty nervous about ever saying it out loud. I'm also not good with social conventions. And I'm trans . . . I thought you'd be into men anyway, and not a lot of people-"

But Anna waved her into silence. She looked at the other woman, realising more and more her beauty, her almost infectious positivity and passion. Her awkwardness was somewhat adorable, and Anna realised she'd never had someone look at her the way Eileen was.

"Why would you possibly find me attractive?" you asked. "I'm just some woman heading into middle age who has lost her spark. I don't even look beautiful anymore."

"Oof! Ow! Stop that!"

It took Anna a moment to realise that Eileen was laughing and poking her belly, where the baby - *their* baby was moving.

"Sorry, she's kicking! But I mean it, *stop it*. Professor - Miss Hutchinson - *Anna*, you're incredible! If your lecturing style is how you teach when you've lost your spark, then I'm so, so jealous that I've never gotten to see you at your full glory, because you're amazing!"

"I bore my students."

Eileen cocked her head to one side. "No, you don't."

"I do. They barely look up at my lectures."

A giggle. An infectious, adorable giggle that stirred butterflies in Anna's stomach. "Oh my God, even the baby is laughing! This is so weird! As a transgirl, I never imagined I'd get pregnant. It's starting to be kinda cool. But you're wrong, Anna. Seriously, they're all taking notes! I get so excited and into the discussions that our literature study group has to meet so we can exchange points and talk about your readings."

Anna felt tears form in her eyes. "There's . . . a study group for my class?"

"Oh, for all your classes! I'm sad because my lines mean I can only join two of them when you teach four courses. But most of us are there: Emily and Sanjay and Hewitt and Tania-"

"Tania Evans? She isn't in any of my classes. I had her last year."

Eileen grinned. "Yeah, but she totally fell in love with books - just like I'm falling in love with you, my little baby! Yes I am! Yes I am! - sorry, getting distracted here. It's just that this is way, way better than having a penis."

More tears flowed. "Tania stayed in study groups for my courses . . . for fun? I thought she hated my classes."

"Oh, she's just totally serious! I think she's definitely on the spectrum like me. Or maybe she's just locked in. Can I say 'locked in' now that I'm like forty years old? It's lucky I'm Asian, right? I still look like I'm thirty! Or maybe I've just got that pregnancy glow. Oh, Anna, are you okay? Did I say something to upset you? I talk way too much and sometimes people get upset and-"

"No, no!" Anna declared. She squeezed Eileen's hand, then lowered it to stroke the woman's belly. "You haven't upset me at all. Just the opposite. Eileen, you have no idea how completely happy you've just made me know all of that. I thought - I thought people hated my classes. Hated me."

Eileen giggled. "That's crazy!"

Anna wiped more tears, and then burst out into a smile that she just couldn't hide. "I guess it is! Oh Eileen, I'm so happy that you've told me this. You're such a ray of sunshine, but I'm so sorry that I changed you. When I made that wish I had no idea it would be real, or that it would affect you. And now I've stolen twenty years of your life, and you're pregnant! And - Eileen? Are you even listening to me?"

But Eileen had pulled up her top further to expose her full pregnant belly. She took Anna's hand and placed it against the side, letting her rub it.

"Shh," the changed woman said. "Feel that? That's my baby. *Our* baby. Isn't that nuts? This is incredible."

"You're not angry?"

Eileen shrugged. "Why would I blame you? It's not like you did this on purpose, besides by the nature of the wish I'm way more responsible. Don't get me wrong, it'll take some time getting used to being so much older, but the truth is, I'd take being *fifty* years old if it meant I could be a true woman. Wait, that's kinda offensive. I don't mean it like that. I guess I just mean . . . my biology matches who I am now, and I feel *beautiful*."

She hugged her belly like it was a large ball, and then she gripped Anna into a hug and pulled the other woman closer against her, so that they were both holding her belly. Anna found herself amazed; there were little ripples of movement upon her former student's stomach. She found that warmth returning to her, that sensation of surprise and bewilderment and . . . and *love*.

"You don't mind being this way?" she asked.

Eileen now had tears of her own. "I'm older . . . but I'm finally me. I never, ever thought I'd be able to have a baby. I mean, I used to read all these sci-fi impregnation stories - *definitely* not literature, professor - and half the enjoyment was in imagining what it would be like to have a baby. It was something I could never do, not in the way I wanted, and now here I am! Look at me! I'm gestating a child. Can you say gestated? Perhaps it's too awkward. Regardless, I like it. I love it. I *want* it. Just like I want you."

Eileen actually gasped a little at her own last words. She immediately blushed, looking away from Anna in her avoidant way. The professor regarded the woman who was now, technically, her wife. She was developing a crush. No, this was stronger than that.

This was *Unrequitedly Smitten*, only without the 'unrequited part.' Slowly, almost achingly slow, in fact, she reached out to cup Eileen's chin, turning the woman's face to her own. Eileen was biting her lip nervously, having realised what she'd said. But now Anna was the confident one, her confidence renewed by this passionate, awkward, cute, and wonderful woman. A woman who, by sheer chance and two wishes, was now her wife and carrying their baby. *Their* baby.

"Eileen," Anna said, their lips almost brushing, the heat of their breath upon each other's faces. "I - I want you too."

She kissed the other woman, expecting possible hesitation from Eileen. Instead, the woman actually squeaked in excitement, then gripped Anna's face and held it against hers so she could kiss her back with an excited passion. It made Anna giggle, and this caused Eileen to giggle, and soon the pair were laughing, kissing one another enthusiastically but then having to pull back because they were cackling too much. Eileen had the most wonderful snort when she laughed too hard, which left Anna clicking her teeth against the other woman's.

"I'm trying to kiss you, silly!" she declared.

"I know!" Eileen said, snorting. "But I'm just too happy! I can't stop smiling! And our little girl is doing flips inside of me!"

"Let me feel!"

"Right here!" she said, adjusting Anna's hand on her stomach. "I love this so much. Oh my God, if we're married, I can finally force you to read science-fiction! And fantasy! I'll finally win an argument with my professor!"

"Fellow professor," Anna said, picking up one of the identity cards. "You're a Professor of Literature too, now."

Eileen squealed, and soon they were kissing again, this time with a passion that was ever rawer. It was all that Anna had been craving, all that she thought she might never possess. Without even thinking, she started to remove her shirt, and Eileen did the same, baring her lovely breasts with her large dark brown nipples, grown to feed their coming child.

"You're beautiful," Anna said.

"And you've always been too," Eileen said. "I can create a graph that proves it, actually."

"I'd like to see that," the professor said. "But first, I want to make love to my gorgeous pregnant wife."

It was a new day, and a new lecture, one that Anna was excited once more to teach. Life had given her a new outlook and a new energy, and so many more things to be joyous about and look forward to. As she gazed across her students, she could see that they were indeed getting ready to write notes, rather than simply bored. Anna's passion for teaching had dimmed, and that might explain why her enrolments had dropped, but for those that she retained, she had managed to capture their interest. She promised herself that she would advertise her literature courses with renewed passion later in the year, and her numbers would rise again. Besides, she had twice the manpower, now. Well, *womanpower*.

"Good morning again, students!" she declared. "Today we will be pitting literary fiction against genre fiction in what I hope will be a fun yet intelligent discussion of the merits of both and how they treat narrative convention. I shall, naturally, be heading up support for the benefits of literary fiction, and my co-professor and wonderful wife will be—"

"Championing the natural supremacy of genre fiction, of course!" her professor wife declared, looking so wonderfully cute in her bright pink jacket over her dark purple maternity dress. She clasped her hands together nervously and grinned. To the student body, she'd always been their co-professor, but to her, this was her first true lecture. For a moment, Anna wondered if her new wife of just a week might falter, but then Eileen grinned from ear to ear.

"And trust me, kiddos, as much as I love the woman next to me, I absolutely plan to defeat her in this coming debate, and you're going to help me!"

"Woo!" someone cried.

"And if we do win, you get to help me name the baby!"

Anna shot her a shocked look, and Eileen just giggled as the audience cheered louder, especially the female contingent.

"What?" she whispered. "Your best student can get you back a *little*, can't she?"

And from the way Eileen looked at her, Anna knew that she'd been wrong about things being too late. She was happier than she'd ever been, and her passion in all walks of life had returned.

The End