



*Story by Bill Hart*

*Illustrations by Femur*

Hank was having one of those days.

He could scarcely believe how strange it had become. No matter what he did or how he did it, everything turned out all wrong. He had hoped spending a little quality time with his girlfriend Mina would help through the day. The best he could hope for now was tomorrow being a better day. Hank would be glad when this day finally ended. It was good thing days like these were few and far between.

As hard as it was for him to believe, things weren't getting any better. As Hank was driving Mina back to her apartment, he could tell she must be pissed at him for some unknown reason. She was so quiet. Even though he had no idea what he might have done that upset her, Hank had been seeing Mina long enough that he clearly recognized the warning signs.

On the other hand, perhaps another explanation existed for her continuing silence. Even though, he knew that was unlikely, Hank found the idea of Mina not being mad at him far more appealing. He was beginning to think they should have stayed at her apartment and not gone out at all. She had been so touchy about nearly everything since her roommate had moved out. Taking her to his fraternity party had been a major mistake. It hadn't turned out as good an idea as he'd first thought.

Given the miserable kind of day he was already having, things continued getting worse. Once he'd pulled into the parking lot at Mina's apartment, Hank suddenly realized he was in a lot more trouble than he'd imagined.

Mina had quickly undone her seat belt before the car had stopped rolling forward. That wasn't like her at all. And if that wasn't already bad enough, Mina had, before he'd switched off the ignition, opened the car door for herself, exited the car without waiting for any assistance

from him, and headed straight for the door of her apartment. What the hell was wrong with her? She certainly wasn't acting like herself tonight. Hank wondered if a pod person had somehow replaced her.

'Oh shit!' thought Hank. "Wait up, Mina!" he hollered, as he hurried to catch up with her.

Mina said absolutely nothing when Hank finally caught up with her. She just turned and glared icily at him for a moment. As he had in the car, Hank found her continued silence unnerving. It was as if she were someone else, not the girl he knew at all. If only she'd say something... anything at all. He wouldn't mind if she screamed or yelled at him. At least then he might have some idea what he'd done.

Once Mina reached the door of her apartment, she unlocked first the dead bolt, followed by its main lock. After the door slowly swung open and she'd silently stepped inside, Hank had finally had enough of her odd behavior. This had to be settled right now. He couldn't let it go any further.

"What the hell have I done, Mina?" he asked her. "Why are you mad at me?"

"Who said you did anything?" she replied coolly. "I'm not mad at you, Hank. Why should I be mad at you?"

"You aren't mad at me? You sure as hell could have fooled me," snapped Hank. He knew was a big mistake once the final word escaped his lips. After all, she'd answered his questions with more questions. That was never a good sign. He only hoped she wasn't as angry as it seemed. "You didn't say a single word once we left the party. What else was I to think?"

"You should come inside, Hank," she replied in a more mellow tone than before. "We certainly don't want to put on a show for my nosy neighbors."

As Hank stepped into her living room, he was relieved Mina was willing to talk. That was definitely a very good sign. Once Mina closed the door and relocked it, Hank felt better still. That one action was an even better sign. He knew full well where their little talks behind closed, locked doors inevitably led.

Before he had time to say another word, Mina finally spoke up, giving him an explanation. "I didn't say anything after we left your silly little party, because I was too busy thinking."

"You were thinking?"

"Yes, I *was* thinking." Mina glared at Hank for an instant. "I *do* think from time to time, you know."

Hank knew he'd better watch what he said from now on. Clearly, there was something big bothering Mina. If he kept putting his big foot in his mouth, absolutely nothing would get solved. "What were you thinking about that was so important?"

With a faint wry smile appearing on her lips, Mina replied softly, "I was thinking a little about Callie. I really miss her, you know."

"I'm not surprised; you two were roommates for several years." Hank was beginning to think he knew at least a part of Mina's problem. He'd made his move too quickly; he should have taken more time. Why hadn't he listened to his common sense and waited until he knew Mina was ready to consider a replacement for her former roommate?

"I hope she's all right."

"I'm sure she's fine, Mina," replied Hank. "She just got married; it's not like she died or anything like that."

If the truth could be told, Hank wouldn't have minded if Carrie had died. Even though telling Mina something like that was out of the question, Hank was glad Callie had married that gullible damn fool Frank Roberts she'd somehow managed to ensnare in her web. Even better yet, as far as he was concerned, right after the wedding they'd packed up their belongings and moved to the other side of the country.

He would never waste any of his time moping about or missing that damn little bitch. He and Callie were... had always been... just like oil and water. From the very first moment they'd met, even if he had no idea why, Hank had taken an instant disliking to Callie. And Callie had certainly never hidden what she'd thought about him either. She had, if nothing else, always been one very strange girl. But for some reason, most unfortunately, Callie had seemingly always had Mina's ear. She'd kept putting those funny ideas in Mina's head. He sure as hell wasn't going to miss that damn little bitch. With Callie now out of the picture, his and Mina's relationship, not that he believed there was really anything wrong with it, would soon be even better than ever.

Hank slowly slid his arms around Mina's slender waist. When she didn't object, he began nibbling on her neck. With her unexpected failure to respond as she always had in the past, he knew there must still be something else troubling her. "What else have you been thinking about tonight, babe?"

"Are you sure you want to know?"

"I wouldn't have asked unless I wanted to know."

"Now, don't go getting mad at me. I've been wondering lately why you were trying to change me," she replied with an abrupt pout. Once she'd pulled away from him, she turned and faced him. With hands firmly planted on her waist, she asked bluntly, "Can you tell me what's so wrong with the way I am, Hank?"

"What are you talking about, babe?" asked Hank. The question had surprised him. "Whatever makes you think I'd ever want to change anything about you? From where I'm standing, there's definitely nothing wrong with you, babe. You're perfect; I love you."

"I know you love me; I love you too," replied Mina. "Callie just never understood how I could be in love with you. I think she was just being jealous. Isn't that so silly? Did you know Callie never liked you at all?" She looked Hank squarely in the eye. "I just don't understand that at all. Why are you always trying to get me to make changes in the way I look?"

Surprise swiftly filled his eyes. "Where on earth did you ever get an idea like that? I've never wanted to change anything about you, Mina," protested Hank. Now they were finally getting somewhere. He was convinced he'd finally found the root of whatever was troubling her. He should have guessed this was it earlier. Although he'd never known why – Mina had always been a totally hot-looking fox – every so often Mina inexplicably became overly paranoid about her appearance. It was time to nip that silly nonsense right in the bud. "You must know I think you're just perfect the way you are."

"Oh really! I'm not too sure I believe you," snapped Mina. "Didn't you – in front of all your fraternity brothers and their friends tonight – ask me if I wouldn't prefer being a blonde to being a brunette?" she asked. "If I were meant to be a blonde, Hank, I would have been born one."

"I really don't see where there's a problem, Mina. You said 'no' and the subject was dropped."

"But that didn't keep you from asking the question; did it?" replied Mina. "That's not all of it, you know. Just last week you asked me about getting those contact lenses so my eyes could be blue. If I'd been meant to have blue eyes, I would have been born with them."

"Give me a break! I kind of thought you might like a little change." Hank smiled warmly at Mina. "You must know I think your green eyes have just gotta be the hottest, sexiest looking eyes in the whole world."

"That's so sweet." Mina smiled. "I used to think you thought things like that," she said softly. "But that was before you asked me about getting that boob job." Mina's pretty face swiftly flushed a bright red. "It's bad enough just talking about that with you now. If we hadn't been all alone when you asked me about it, I'm sure I would have just died from terminal embarrassment."

"C'mon, Mina. You must know that wasn't for me at all, babe," replied Hank calmly. "As far as I'm concerned your boobs are totally perfect just as they are. They're not too big and they're not too small. There's no way in hell I'd ever seriously consider changing two such lusciously lovely mounds of absolute perfection. You've just gotta know I love your beautiful bountiful boobies just the way they are."

Mina glared at him. "I'm so glad you'd never want me to become just another one of those overdeveloped, super-busty young women you and your frat brothers are endlessly talking about." Mina was less than convinced Hank meant a word he'd said. "If all that talk wasn't for you, Hank, then just who was it for?" she asked.

"That's a simple question, babe," smiled Hank. Now that he was on a roll, he had an equally simple answer for her. "I did all that just for you, of course. I'm sure you know there are a lot of really shallow dudes running around loose out there that think being bigger means being better." Thinking it might even help his case, Hank gave Mina's already ample breasts a good old-fashioned, healthy looking over. "You know me, babe! I don't believe any of that stupid bigger is better shit; not for a minute."

Mina raised an eyebrow, "Don't you?"

"Of course not! Why should I?" replied Hank. "I fail to see why we're having any problems about this. It's not like I was ever being serious about any of it."

"Is that so?" replied Mina. She still didn't believe him. "Please correct me, if I'm wrong. Let's say, just for the sake of argument, I had a suggestion or two for changing your appearance along those same lines you were suggesting for me. Are you seriously telling me you'd have no problems with me asking you something like that?"

"That's exactly what I'm telling you, babe. Just what kind of boyfriend do you think I am?" However, after a brief few moments of additional thought on the subject, Hank suddenly became nervous. "Now wait just one minute here, babe!" Was she actually saying there was

something about him she didn't like and wanted to change? "Exactly what kinds of suggestions are you thinking about making?"

"Nothing irreversible, if that's what you're worried about," she replied calmly, but with a decidedly mischievous grin slowly spreading across her face.

As she walked slowly toward the bookcase against the wall, Hank wondered what she'd meant by her odd remark.

Once at the bookcase, she slipped one of her hands between a couple of books and retrieved something – Hank couldn't quite see what it was – that had obviously been hidden behind them. "I haven't done this for a while. I think I'll let you find everything out as it happens, dear," she impishly smiled. "It should be a lot more fun for both of us that way."

Before a thoroughly puzzled Hank could think of uttering even a single word of protest, Mina held out whatever-it-was she'd just retrieved, now firmly clasped in her hand, toward her boyfriend. Once Mina had whispered some odd nonsensical sounding gibberish – at least, that was the only way Hank could describe what he'd heard – his senses were overwhelmed by a brilliantly blinding flash of yellowish light that momentarily flared throughout the room.

Several long seconds passed before Hank's senses and reason began to return. He had no clues about what had just happened to him. Even though something insistently kept telling him he should know everything, the how and the why of whatever had happened continued to elude him.

Although he clearly remembered that strange brilliant light, he had no idea from where it had come.

The only other thing he clearly remembered – or at least he thought he did – was how the earth must have moved beneath him. He could think of nothing else that came close to describing what he'd felt.

Suddenly, his thoughts turned to Mina.

Where was she?

Mina! There was something about Mina; something he needed to know.

But what the hell was it?

Was Mina all right?

Hank knew that must be it!

What else could it possibly be?

Nothing else made much sense at that moment. After all, she was his girlfriend. He was planning to move in with her. With all the strange shit going on, he was worried about her.

When Hank finally opened his eyes, he was horrified at discovering he couldn't see. Only then did he realize he was sitting down, not standing up. "Mina? Are you still here?" he plaintively asked.

"I'm right here, Hank," she replied, as if from someplace far away. "Are you all right?"

"I can't see anything," he replied. "I think that damn light blinded me."

"I'm sure that's nothing you need to worry about, Hank. You should be all right in a little bit," said Mina. "You were never meant to be blind, so you won't be."

"What the hell do you mean by that?" Hank was more puzzled than ever by her increasingly strange behavior. However, even as he'd asked the question, his eyes had slowly begun registering a little light. "Maybe you're right, Mina! I think I'm starting to make out some light now." Much to Hank's increasing delight, slowly, ever so slowly, that little light soon turned into fuzzy blurs. Not long after that, those soft blurs were becoming increasingly well-defined shapes.

Once his vision was finally restored to normal, Hank breathed a huge sigh of relief. "You were right, Mina! I can see again!" he exclaimed. "Thank goodness! The effect of that damn light was only temporary."

"What did I tell you? I knew you'd be all right."

At that moment, Hank spotted Mina standing *across* the room and immediately realized something was terribly wrong. Impossible as it seemed, it must have been he, not the earth, that had been moved earlier.

"There's something really weird going on around here, Mina!" he exclaimed. "Have you got any idea what might be going on?" Hank shook his head slowly; it didn't help him a bit. "Before that strange light flashed I was standing right beside you... and now... but I know that's impossible. How can I be sitting on this stool on the other side of the room from you?"

"I'm not surprised you feel that way! Have you noticed anything else yet, Hank?"

"Anything else? Like what?" replied Hank. He had no idea what she meant. That worried him.

"Okay! What else do you remember?"

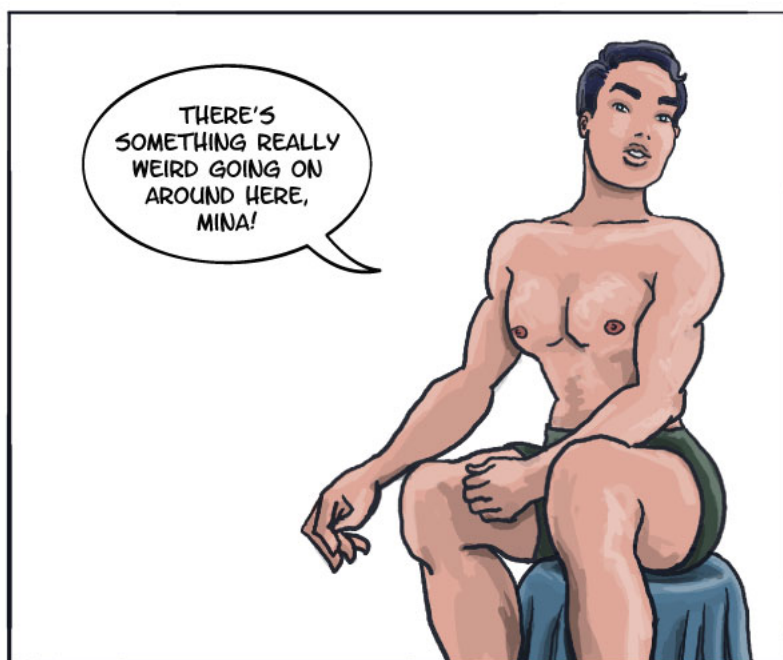
"Not too much. It's all kind of fuzzy."

"I'm sure it is." Mina just smiled at him. "I was thinking you might be feeling a little chilly right about now."

"Chilly?" asked Hank, clearly puzzled by her odd remark. "I don't know what you mean." He wondered why Mina was being so strangely cryptic. In all the time he'd known her, Hank had never seen her act like this before.

Abruptly, an odd, inexplicable chilliness swept swiftly through him. He decided the whole thing must have been fueled by her peculiar remark, coupled together with his strange situation, acting on his subconscious and imagination.

Slowly, Hank shook his head from side to side. Doing that felt very strange. Something, somehow, didn't seem quite right.



But what could possibly amiss?

Whatever it turned out to be later, it was definitely a mystery now. No answer his mind came up with made any sense.

Even as Hank continued wishing for an answer – the end – to this mystery, he wondered, in the back of his mind, just what, if anything, Mina knew.

However, Hank soon found himself surprised once again. When he finally tried getting off the stool, he discovered that simple act impossible, no matter how long or how hard he squirmed. He was stuck to the damn stool. "What the hell now?" he mumbled. "Why must everything keep getting weirder and weirder."

Without knowing why, but glad that he could, Hank slowly raised his arm. Carefully looked over his arm sent an oddly mysterious sense of relief surging through him. Not that it should have, his arm looked no different now than it ever had before. He had no rational explanation for that odd sense of relief currently rushing throughout his entire body. However, after taking everything else into consideration, Hank still had that strange funny feeling he could neither shake nor begin to explain that something wasn't quite right.

All of a sudden – almost as if someone had tossed a switch inside his head – something *that was different*, not to mention totally out of the ordinary, finally dawned on him.

Apparently, it had been there all along. Hank couldn't believe it. He'd looked right at it for several seconds and never even noticed! What was wrong with him? How could he have failed to see something so patently obvious?

And yet, it was impossible. *His arm was bare.*

Where the hell had the sleeve of his shirt gone?

For some unknown reason, Hank's attention suddenly shifted downward, away from his bare arm. Hank gasped. Once again, an odd surge of surprise coursed through him. "Shit!" He couldn't believe what he'd discovered. "What the hell is going on around here?" he mumbled. Far more than one simple sleeve of his shirt had gone missing. In stunned disbelief, Hank slowly shook his head. "How can anything this damn strange even be possible?" he muttered. "What the hell is wrong with me? Why did it take me so long to notice something so obvious?"

"What have you finally noticed that was *so obvious*?" asked Mina innocently.

Hank had trouble believing what she'd said. Why was Mina acting so strangely? "What the hell is wrong with you, Mina? Instead of trying to be funny, why didn't you just tell me I was sitting here naked, except for my shorts?" he snapped, glaring at her. "This is all too weird! I don't remember taking off my clothes."

"What's wrong with me? What makes you ask that? I'll have you know there's absolutely nothing wrong with *me*, Hank," replied Mina with a broadening smile. "I don't see you sitting there in your cute little shorts as any big deal. I mean, it isn't as if I haven't seen you naked plenty of times before now. As I'm sure you must also remember, that also includes all of the you still hiding under those tight, awfully cute shorts you're still wearing."

"That isn't the least bit funny, Mina." Hank still couldn't believe how strangely his girlfriend was acting. "There's something really weird going on around here and I don't have the slightest

idea what it is." Not knowing what else he could or should do, Hank finally decided asking his girlfriend for her opinion might be a good idea. He was convinced, but unsure of exactly why, that she knew a helluva lot more about what was happening than she was letting on. "Have you got any ideas what might be behind all this strangeness, Mina?"

It was almost as if that question had needed to be asked. Once the question was out of his mouth, Hank began feeling somewhat odd. Strange, but not exactly new, thoughts were suddenly filling his mind. He was unsure of just what had begun happening to him now. Among the many thoughts were memories – mostly disjointed fragments and images – of things that had occurred before that strange flash of light. Unfortunately, Hank continued having more than his fair of problems trying to sort them all into some kind of logical order that made sense.

He and Mina had apparently been in the middle of some kind of disagreement. He didn't want to call it a fight. Unfortunately, Hank couldn't quite recall about what they'd been arguing.

He had vague recollections of some really crazy talk between them having to do with each of them making some kind of change in the other. None of that made any sense to Hank. Why would he even consider changing anything about Mina?

After going over to her bookcase, Mina had retrieved something from behind one of the books. Whatever that item had been remained a total mystery.

That was just about the time things started turning weirder. Clasped tightly in her hand, she'd held out that mysterious whatever-it-was toward him.

That odd flash of bright yellow light had stripped his senses away. Most likely his clothes, aside from his shorts, had been stripped away at the same time.

He'd awakened on the other side of the room apparently glued to this damn stool.

As Hank's head ached and throbbed, he slowly shook his head. Something about doing that one simple act didn't seem quite right somehow. Everything suddenly seemed so strange. He needed to concentrate... focus his thoughts. He had to think his way through all this damn strangeness. At that particular moment, whatever Hank saw with his own two eyes was suspect. That was easier than believing what they saw.

There was little real proof for anything he'd seen. If only he had something a little more concrete than these strange disjoint images – they might actually be nothing more than hallucinations – on which to base a decision.

While trying to think of something – just anything would do – to aid him in making his decision, Hank absently began slipping his fingers slowly through his hair. Almost immediately more surprise set in. Without even trying, he'd suddenly found tangible proof. Even knowing what he'd discovered was impossible, his hair was now somehow longer than it had been before. The increase wasn't that much, but he had no doubts about its new longer length. That wasn't the only difference he'd noticed. Although he wasn't as certain about it as he was its longer length, Hank believed the hair pressed between his fingers had a different feel to it. Its texture felt wrong. He wasn't sure, but thought it could be thicker than before.

Hank's hand slid gently across his face. Something definitely wasn't right there! Somehow, his face seemed softer, far smoother, than it should. There was no trace of any beard stubble. But

those things quickly lost all importance when he caught sight of his hand again. Something about the way it looked seemed subtly different. And try as he might, Hank couldn't figure out what it could possibly be.



Although he had no idea what was going on, Hank definitely knew who was at fault. At the moment, that was probably the only thing he knew with any great certainty. Turning swiftly toward Mina, Hank glared at her. "What the hell are you doing to me, Mina?" he demanded of her. "And don't bother trying to tell me you aren't behind all this weird shit that's going on."

Mina said nothing in her defense. She just looked at Hank and smiled.

"Say something, Mina! All this weirdness must be your doing!" shouted Hank, upset with her continued silence. Proceeding on with his argument, he asked her, "Who the hell else can it be? You and I are the only people in the room and I sure as hell know it isn't me doing it!"

"Of course this is none of your doing, Hank. Why would anyone ever think it was?" said Mina. "However, I really fail to see *why you're having any problems with this.*"

Something in what Mina had just told him sounded vaguely familiar somehow. However, unable to remember when or where he'd heard it before or who might have said it, he readily dismissed the thought as unimportant. "You're kidding; right? Why wouldn't I have a few problems with this?" he snarled. "Damn it, Mina! What the hell's going on! In fact, I don't have the slightest idea what *this* even is. I haven't got the first clue about what's happening to me."

"Is that so?" replied Mina. She sounded amused, "I really think you should start paying better attention to me, Hank. If you really believe what you just said was the truth, why did you ever agree to this in the first place?"

"Agree? Agree to what?" snapped Hank. Not remembering agreeing to anything, Hank was very puzzled. "I have no idea what you're talking about, Mina. I never agreed to anything!"

"Oh really? That's not how I remember it," she replied with a grin. "You can have an awfully short memory at times, Hank. Don't you remember our little discussion from earlier about all those ways you were trying to change me?"

"No, not exactly. It's all still kind of fuzzy," replied Hank. "But I don't understand. Why would I ever think of changing anything about you?"

Mina smiled at him. "That fuzzy business sounds like a regular cop out to me, Hank?" replied Mina. "However, out of a simple sense of fairness, I suppose, let me remind you what was

said. You told me you wouldn't mind if I made a few suggestions with regard to altering your appearance?" Don't you remember saying that, Hank? She smiled, a little more mischievously, at him. "You should know if you can't take the heat, Hank, you shouldn't be in the kitchen."

"But Mina, I still don't understand what's going on." Abruptly, Hank paled. He felt as weak as a kitten. "Shit! What now? I don't feel very good all of a sudden. " He shook his head slowly back and forth. "Have you got any idea what's happening to me now?"

"Don't worry. It's nothing overly unusual," she replied casually. "Why don't you try telling me how you're feeling right now? I can't give you any guarantees, you know, but it might help you feel a little better."

"Are you sure that might help? Nothing else has. But I'm not sure I can do that, Mina," replied Hank anxiously. "Everything seems so strange right now! I've never felt anything like this before." But unsure how to explain his strange new feelings, Hank tried to do the best he could. "I'm feeling really weird right now." That part had been very easy. "I'm beginning to feel a little... well... you know, kind of... bloaty. Is that even a word? Damn! Do you think I could be getting fat, Mina?"

"Of course not, Hank. Why would I think you were getting fat?" she replied. "In fact, I think you're starting to look real good."

Hank was unsure what he should do next. His mind was muddled; he felt so confused. A part of him wanted to scream, but he fought off that urge. Guys didn't scream no matter what. Another part of him wanted so very much to thank Mina for telling him he wasn't getting fat. But that made little sense to Hank and somehow didn't seem quite the right thing for him to do. He wanted to cry; he wanted to laugh. But he could do neither. He wanted to smother Mina with kisses. At the same time, he was considering punching her lights out. With everything else that had been going on around him, his mind had become so terribly mixed up and conflicted.

"Oh shit!" he abruptly mumbled, shaking his head slowly back and forth. "What the hell's going on now, Mina? This shit is just too damn weird. Why have I suddenly started feeling so warm and tingly all over?"

"Don't worry about that! There's nothing going on you to be overly concerned about, sweetheart," replied Mina calmly. "There's nothing strange in the way you're currently feeling. It's all perfectly normal."

"Perfectly... normal?" Hank replied, slowly repeating her words. "No fucking way! How the hell can feeling like this be perfectly normal, Mina? I don't understand any of this! How can any of this strange shit be happening to me? I don't feel anywhere near normal, perfect or otherwise, right now. I just feel plain damn weird."

Trust me; those feelings will pass soon enough." Mina looked at Hank and smiled again. "I wasn't sure I remembered everything. It had been so many years since the last time, you know. But everything is going so well at the moment; you really seem to be progressing very nicely."

Hank glared at Mina. "*Progressing very nicely?* Just what the hell does that mean?" he asked her. Whatever she replied, Hank seriously doubted he'd like her answer.

Unfortunately, Hank failed to hear Mina's response. Just as she'd opened her mouth, his body abruptly developed other plans that clearly failed to include paying attention to Mina. Without any real warning, that peculiar warmth and all those odd, yet so pleasant, tingly sensations he'd been experiencing intensified far past anything he'd previously felt. That wasn't all of it either. He was finally becoming aware that other physical changes – impossible to believe as that was – had been taking place in his body.

Hank couldn't... didn't want to... wouldn't... believe what was suddenly so plainly obvious.

He stared at his hands. Only a few short seconds had passed since Hank had last looked at them. His hands were smaller now than they'd been then. They weren't quite a girl's hands yet, but neither would they ever be mistaken for those of a man. Although his fingers had apparently become longer and more slender, his fingernails remained short and looked the same as they always had.

His arms, as well as his legs, were... different. Being unsure what those differences were didn't prevent Hank from recognizing the fact.

Hank was also convinced the shape of his face must have changed... was still changing... right along with everything else. His face now felt so incredibly soft... a smooth newborn baby's behind kind of soft.

His lips felt so different... kind of puffy. Try as he might, Hank couldn't explain it any better than that.

He was convinced his nose had changed... become smaller... less angular... and more petite.

Unfortunately, with his ass stuck to the stool, there was no readily available mirror Hank could use for confirming any of those things his hands were telling him. Even had one been nearby, Hank doubted he would have taken the time to look. Although he had no idea how he'd been changed, Hank just knew he no longer resembled his former self. Would he have known whoever looked back from the mirror? Hank wasn't sure he wanted to know the answer. However, he was convinced that when all this – whatever it was – was finally over and done, he'd be unlikely to recognize himself.

Something about his shorts had changed. They just looked somehow different. As with everything else, he couldn't put a finger on whatever it was about them that had changed. But none of that kept him from puzzling over it.

What the hell was Mina doing to him?

At the same time, he had even better questions. Whatever it was she was doing, how and why was she doing it?

As has happened earlier, further thoughts of Mina and whatever – or why or how – she was doing this to him were again pushed out of his mind. Unexpectedly, but with far less pain than he would have ever imagined, Hank felt as if he'd been caught in the ever-tightening grip of a powerful pair of gigantic hands. Having his body squeezed in the middle as if it were nothing more than a tube of toothpaste was an incredibly strange sensation. He knew no words that adequately described what he felt. As those giant hands kept squishing his waist increasingly

tighter, Hank's body soon responded by flowing – slowly redistributing its mass – into a more and more rounded shape.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed, his voice oddly cracking. "I don't believe any of this damn crap! It's impossible; it's a load of bullshit! This can't possibly be happening to me!"

However, after a little more thought on the matter, Hank had no choice but decide otherwise. Like it or not... believe it or not... his body had changed... was still changing. If there were something impossible here, it would be denying the mounting evidence. Not knowing why, he decided taking stock of his body's changes seemed the next logical step.

He found the longer length of his hair distressing. "Damn! My hair has reached the tops of my ears; I can feel it sitting there," he mumbled to himself, still in disbelief at his latest discovery. "If that isn't bad enough already, with each new second that passes, I can almost feel it steadily growing longer and longer." Hank didn't like the sound of that at all. Dealing with long hair could be such a real pain.

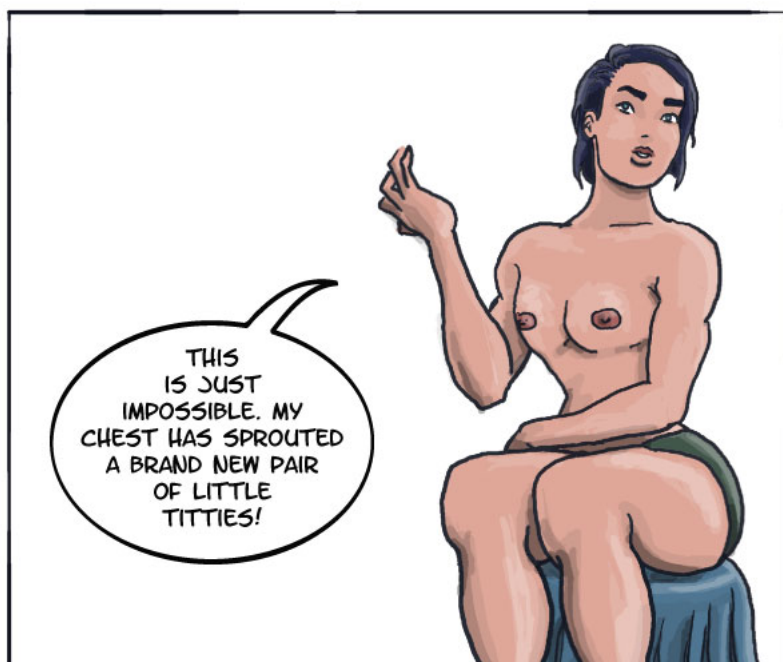
His waist had thinned... and was still thinning more. Damn those giant hands! Hank knew – without really knowing how or why – that his thinner waist was something important.

Hank frowned when one of his hands slid gently over his chest. For some reason, his chest was quite tender to his touch. He definitely had never expected to find what he'd found there. His chest felt far more different to his touch than it ever had before. It had become so smooth... and fleshy. Evidently, whatever mass had been squeezed away from his waist by those nasty giant hands had needed to go somewhere. *But why there of all places?*

"I don't believe any of this shit!" Hank was suddenly awash in new sensations, as his fingers gently played across that altered flesh. Those sensations couldn't be ignored. He enjoyed how doing that made him feel so good. "This is just impossible! My chest has sprouted a brand new pair of little titties."

Wondering how he – a guy – could have titties of any size, Hank shook his head slowly. "This can't possibly be a good sign! With all the other strange things that have been going on around here, there's no way in hell my new titties remain this small much longer." Hank was so convinced he felt them growing under his continuing touch that he found himself wondering just how big his titties would finally become.

Abruptly, Hank remembered something else he'd seen earlier. One of his hands reluctantly left his chest and slipped beneath his shorts. "Oh shit!" he exclaimed. The whole idea of him



having breasts, even these small ones he had, no longer sat atop of the list of things worrying Hank. "I'll bet my new little titties are gonna keep getting bigger. And it sure looks like the larger they swell, the smaller my trusty little Hank will become."

Hank shook his head slowly.

Everything just felt so wrong; he couldn't possibly begin to explain any of it.

His body, apparently blissfully unaware of the impossibility of what was happening to it, kept right on changing. He had no idea how to make the changes stop.

His hair kept growing longer.

And the gradual expansion of his new titties continued. Soon they'd probably be large enough for him to start thinking of them as tits.

Hank had no idea why Mina was so mad at him. What had he ever done to her? "Why are you doing this to me, Mina?" he finally asked.

"You said you wouldn't mind if I made a few suggestions concerning your appearance, lover," replied Mina. "Or were you lying to me about that, Hank? I've never liked it when people lie to me."

"I would never lie to you, Mina. You must know that." Hank tenderly fingered one of the small swollen nipples on his puffy chest. It was so sensitive to his touch. Was that supposed to be normal? "This isn't exactly a suggestion I'm experiencing, you know. Even if they aren't that big, I've suddenly got a brand new pair of tits." His hand slid slowly downward along the soft still-developing new contours of his body. "And I'm physically changing, Mina! I probably look more like some adolescent girl now than a man."

"You do at the moment, sweetheart," replied Mina calmly. "But you don't really need to worry about that so much. Just as adolescence passes, that will soon change."

"Change? What the hell are you talking about?" But all of a sudden, Hank finally put two and two together. He knew what – even if not the how or the why – Mina was doing to him. He wondered how he'd failed to notice something so obvious earlier. Why hadn't what Mina was doing dawned on him earlier. "I don't know how you're doing this, Mina. Why are you changing me into a girl?"

"You can be so silly some times, my sweet little Hankie-poo," replied Mina. "Don't you remember what else we were talking about earlier today? Before we left for your silly old frat party, you asked me if I'd given any serious thought about finding a new roommate." Mina smiled knowingly at Hank. "Up until that moment, I hadn't really given finding a new roommate a moment of thought. However, that was another of those things I'd been mulling over on the ride home. Even before you asked, I knew how much you wanted to move in here with me. Once I'd had enough time to think it over, I knew you'd make the most perfect roommate ever. All it would take was a few simple minor adjustments."

"*A few simple minor adjustments?* Are you kidding me?" A stunned Hank stood there looking at Mina and shaking his head. "You're changing me into a girl, Mina. How can you consider something like that as some kind of *minor adjustment*."

"Gee whiz, Hank! What's the big deal? I'm only changing your sex. You might not think so right now, but *that is* a very simple, quite minor reality adjustment. No one is likely to notice," replied Mina. "Besides, if you're going to be my new roommate, you must be a girl."

"What are you talking about?" Hank was more confused than ever. "That doesn't make any sense."

"It makes perfect sense. You've met my parents. You know how they are," replied Mina. "My parents like you, Hank; they like you an awful lot. But they can be so really old-fashioned about some things, especially when it comes to any boy-girl things. I'm afraid the shit would hit the fan if I told them you – that is, the boy you – were moving in with me. They'd just never understand. This will be so much better for both of us; you'll see. " Mina smiled lovingly at Hank. "And don't worry about my parents. I know they will still love you. I wouldn't be too surprised if they loved you even more than before once you're a girl."

Hank shook his head again. He didn't like how his hair covered his ears. That wasn't right; his hair was way too long. On top of everything else, it just felt so wrong. Nor was he overly enthused about the increasing tenderness and puffiness of his still-developing new tits. "But I'm your boyfriend, Mina. How am I supposed to remain your boyfriend if I'm a girl?"

"Quit being so silly, Hank. Whether you're a girl or a boy, nothing needs to change between us," smiled Mina. "We'll still be together. In fact, we'll be spending a lot more time together than ever before once you're a girl and my new roommate." Her smile widened. "I know you'll love spending more time together as much as I will."

Hank stared at Mina. He couldn't believe what she was saying. Even though they'd been dating for a long time now, Hank clearly didn't know her anywhere near as well as he thought he did. What other surprises awaited him? Whatever they were would have to be something really big to top this. "But I couldn't... not if we're both girls."

"You're just being silly again, Hank. Girls do that kind of stuff together all the time," said Mina. "Not that I'm bragging or was counting, I can't begin to tell you how much time Callie and I spent together in her bed or mine. I don't see the two of us being any different. We'll be doing a lot of things together that you never dreamed of doing with me before." Mina began smiling at him oddly. "Even after you start liking boys, we'll still have plenty of time to be together."

Finding out about Mina and Callie this way came as another big surprise. Hank had never even suspected they'd been sleeping together. At least he hadn't on any conscious level. On the other hand, that could easily explain why he'd taken such an instant disliking to her. And it definitely explained why Callie hated him. However, it was that other shocker Hank found even more disturbing. "However you're changing me into a girl, I'm never going to like boys that way!"

Mina just laughed. "Of course you will, silly. Liking boys is something inevitable." She laughed again. "It's one of those things that comes along naturally with becoming a girl this way. You'll still like girls, of course, but sooner or later, you'll start really liking boys. And I know all the boys are just going to love you long before that happens."

Hank's mouth dropped wide open. He couldn't believe what she was telling him. His situation kept getting worse and worse. "This is all wrong, Mina! You must know what you're doing to me is wrong."

"No, it isn't," replied Mina. "Everything will be just perfect; you'll see."

"You must stop this! Change me back!" exclaimed Hank. He'd just remembered Mina saying what she was doing to him was reversible. But Mina's return glare forced a change of tactics. "Please, Mina, please. Please stop whatever you're doing and change me back," he begged. "Please, oh please, Mina. Pretty please with sugar on it."

But Mina said nothing.

Having no other recourse, Hank continued his groveling. "Please, Mina. If you change me back, I'll do anything else you want," he pleaded with her. "Please, make this stop. Please, please, reverse this and change me back." He took a long deep breath. "I've never wanted to be a girl, Mina. You must know that!"

"And what's so wrong with being a girl?" asked Mina icily. "Some of my very best friends are girls."

"Damn it, Mina! Quit putting words in my mouth!" snapped Hank. "I never said there was anything wrong with being a girl. All I said was I didn't want to be one."

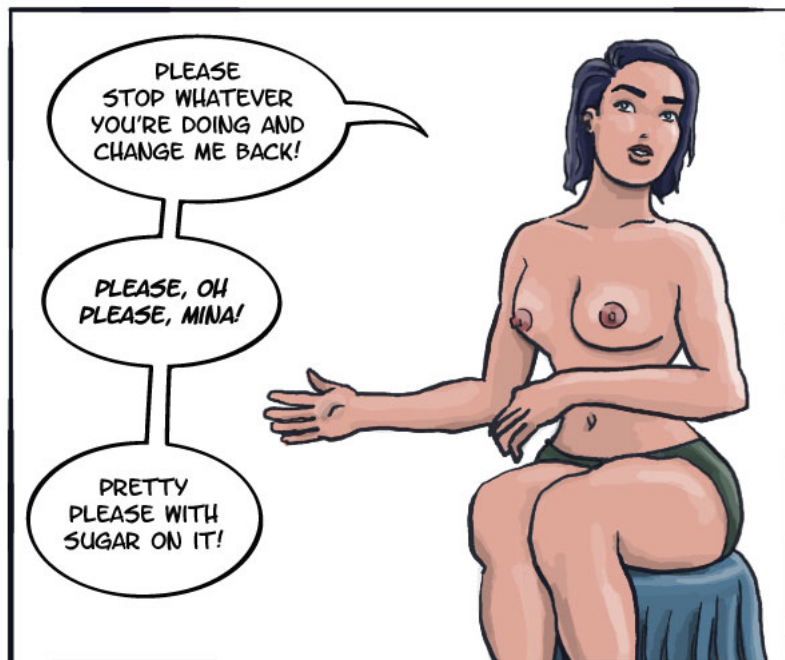
"I don't see why not," replied Mina calmly. "Being a girl is so much fun. I really think you'll like being a girl after you've been one for a while and finally get the hang of it." She smiled at Hank. "We're gonna have lots and lots of fun together, you and I. I don't really know why you're being so whiny about it."

"Whiny? Me?" Hank slowly shook his head in disbelief. "I'm not being whiny about anything. Damn it, Mina! You're changing me into a girl. What the hell do you want me to do? Thank you?"

"Now that you mention it, that would be really nice." Mina smiled at Hank. "After all, I am doing you this really big favor."

"A really big favor!? Damn it, Mina! That's utterly ridiculous!" shouted Hank. "When are you going to reverse whatever you're doing and change me back?"

Mina glared back at him. "I thought *you* wanted to be my new roommate. That's what you asked me earlier; wasn't it?. However, you must know you can't be my new roommate if you're a boy," she said coolly. "I never realized how selfish you are, Hank. Everything *always* has to be done your way or not at all. I can't remember Carl ever being so selfish and whiny."



"Carl?" Hank was puzzled. That was a name he'd never heard Mina mention before. "Just who the hell is this Carl?"

"Nobody special. *Just an old boyfriend,*" replied Mina. "Carl was my last boyfriend just before we started dating. I'm sure I must have mentioned him to you before now."

"You didn't," replied Hank. "I'd never heard his name until you just mentioned it." However, now that she had reminded him, Hank thought he'd once overheard Callie and Mina talking about someone named Carl. But when he'd come back into the room and asked them about him, they wouldn't discuss him further. Strangely, Callie had seemed a little confused. She had vigorously denied knowing anyone named Carl.

"If I didn't, then I didn't, I guess. If that was the case, I probably saw no reason to bring him up. *No big deal,*" said Mina. "I haven't seen *him* in several years. And honestly, I'd be very surprised if I ever saw *him* again. As far as I'm concerned, Carl's ancient history."

All of a sudden, Hank's curiosity began increasing. He wasn't too sure what had provided the spark, but it was definitely on the rise again. However, now that Mina had told him often she and Callie had slept together when he wasn't around, Hank wondered if Carl had ever known what the two girls had been doing behind his back. "Did Carl and Callie get along any better than Callie and I did?"

"I don't really know. I don't think they knew each other," replied Mina, "Callie wasn't my roommate while Carl and I were dating."

"She wasn't?" That came as another big surprise. It was something else he hadn't known about Mina. And he wasn't happy how that list kept growing longer and longer. "I thought you and Callie had been roommates forever."

"Forever? That's a long time. We weren't roommates anywhere near as long as that, silly," replied Mina. "Even though Callie and I have been friends a long time, she didn't move in with me until just a few weeks before we started dating. That was probably about a week or so after Robin got married." She smiled at Hank rather oddly. "In case I haven't mentioned *her*, Robin was my roommate while I was dating Carl. You know, now that I think about it, Robin never really liked Carl too much. And Carl didn't really like Robin that much either. I don't know what it is, but my roommates and my old boyfriends have never gotten along very well together. Isn't that really strange, Hank?"

"*Boyfriends?* Plural? *As in more than one?*" asked Hank. Having all these new surprises constantly flung at him was making him one helluva damned unhappy camper. "If it wouldn't be too much trouble, Mina, would you mind telling me just how many other boyfriends you've had?"

"It's no trouble," replied Mina. "Not that many really. Are you jealous, Hankie?" The thought made Mina smile at him. "That's just so cute. You shouldn't be jealous *of them*, you know."

"I'm not jealous! I'm not trying to be cute either! How many others were there?" he repeated more firmly.

"Somebody's being grouchy. Did you get up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?" asked Mina. "You're just being awfully silly, you know." She gave him another odd look. "Oh, all right. If it will make you happy, I'll tell you everything. We can't keep any secrets if you're going to be my girl friend and my new roommate.

"There's you, of course. And you didn't get along with Callie.

"As I've already told you, there was Carl right before you and he didn't get along with Robin.

"Of course, I never knew anyone that got along real well with Robin besides me. She could be a real nasty bitch at times. Robin stayed my roommate even longer than Callie, you know. Of all the boys I dated while Robin was my roommate, only Carl, Joseph, and David ever asked me for a second date. Robin was always so possessive. I'm sure she did something mean and nasty that scared Joseph and David off. At the time, I didn't really think she liked boys.

"But one night when Carl brought me home from our date, I found this note from Robin that surprised me. She'd run off with *her big hunk* Joey to get married and have lots and lots of kids. The last time I heard from her, they had twelve kids and Robin kept gushing on and on about how great it was to be kept barefoot and pregnant. I still can't picture Robin as the loving-wife-and-doting-mother type.

"Before Robin moved in with me, Ronald was my boyfriend. He didn't get along with my roommate Lindsey. I always thought that was because he was a self-centered asshole that didn't like anyone. Everybody else I knew just *loved* Lindsey. She was always a fun-loving girl. If you'd have known her, I just know you would have loved Lindsey too. All the guys in town did... except for Ronald of course.

"And then there was Larry, who never got along with Alison. Larry was the kind of guy that liked to play around.

"Before Larry was Alex. I didn't have a roommate when I was dating Alex. It was his wonderful idea that I get a roommate, you know."

"I'm your *seventh* boyfriend?" mumbled Hank. He'd been expecting one, maybe two, but finding out there had been *six* before him came as a total shock. Not only that, Hank couldn't understand how someone as young as Mina could have possibly had so many other boyfriends. He decided some of those relationships could not have lasted very long. And aside from Callie, he'd known nothing of all her other roommates. How was it possible one of them could have had twelve kids?

Hank obviously didn't know Mina as well as he'd thought he had.

Hank began wondering if Mina were only telling him about her many boyfriends and roommates to keep him from thinking about what was happening to him. He could still feel his hair growing longer. He knew his tits must still be getting bigger.

"You have to stop doing this, Mina!"

"Why?"

"It's all wrong," replied Hank. "You must know that."

"We've already had this discussion, Hank. I think it's the perfect solution." Mina smiled at her boyfriend's still altering form. "You'll get to move in here with me. We'll always be together. I know you'll love that." Mina's smile widened at the thought. "Don't even think about denying it, Hank. We both know you've wanted to get into my panties for the longest time. We're gonna have lots of fun, you know. And whenever we're not in one of our beds, think of all that fun we'll have going out on double dates."

'Double dates? No way!' thought Hank. He knew there must be something he could say that would make Mina reverse whatever she'd done that was turning him into a girl. But what? And then, Hank recalled something Mina had said to him earlier. He was sure it would work. "I can't be a girl, Mina."

"Yes you can. You're just being stubborn, Hank. You're were coming along so nicely too. I know you'll enjoy being a girl if you just give it a chance," replied Mina. "I can't remember the others being this stubborn." Knowing she must have forgotten something, an unhappy Mina frowned.

"Don't you want to know why I can't be a girl?"

"Not unless it's something new."

Convinced he'd soon be male again, Hank smiled. "It's something you told me earlier, Mina. I'm sure you'll remember once I've told you," he replied confidently. "If I were meant to be a girl, I would have been born one."

"You might be right about that, Hank." But unexpectedly, Mina smiled. "I knew I must have forgotten something." She held out whatever-it-was she'd retrieved earlier from the bookcase toward Hank. "Don't worry; this won't hurt a bit."

Unlike the last time she'd held out her hand, no blinding flash of yellow light accompanied her action. Instead, there was only an odd-looking, rather dull yellow glow escaping from that thing wrapped within Mina's fist.

"What is that?" asked Hank.

"It's called the Posing Stone," replied Mina. "It's an ancient artifact that alters reality to its owner's whims and desires. The stone's been in my family's possession for millennia and I've owned it for several years." She smiled at Hank. "You have nothing to worry about now. Everything will soon be *perfectly normal* again."

Hank breathed a big sigh of relief. "I'm glad to hear that, Mina." He'd been afraid Mina would once again fail to listen to reason. But fortunately, she was now undoing what she'd done. However, after several seconds had passed, Hank didn't feel any different. When he'd finally had to brush several fallen strands of hair away from the front of his face, he started worrying again. Once he'd grabbed a handful of even longer hair, whatever relief he'd still been feeling vanished.

"You look a little pale, Hank," said Mina calmly. "Are you feeling all right?" she asked.

Hank slowly shook his head. "Something still isn't right here, Mina!" he exclaimed. "Why am I still changing? Why hasn't this stopped?"

"There's nothing to worry about. Reality is still readjusting," explained Mina.



Reality? Still readjusting? Hank didn't like the sound of that one bit. "But my hair is sitting on my shoulders now and I can still feel it growing even longer. And why are my boobies still swelling larger?" Hank wasn't sure why he'd called his twin swelling mounds boobies other than simply knowing they seemed a little too big to be thought of as mere tits. His hand slipped down to his shorts, only they were frilly, very girly, silk panties not shorts. "Shit! My little Hank's gone AWOL!"

"That's okay, Hank," smiled

Mina. "You won't be needing that old male thingie of yours any more. It wasn't all that important and it would have always kept getting in our way, you know. Trust me, lover; you won't even miss the thing after a while."

Hank couldn't believe what Mina had just said. How could he *not* miss his manhood? "I thought you told me everything would be normal again."

"I did. Don't worry. It will. It's just taking a little time to get there, Hankie-poo," replied Mina. "It shouldn't be too much longer before everything *is* perfectly normal."

"That can't be right. I'm still a girl!" snapped Hank. "I'm still feeling kinda strange. And I'm getting even girlier as we speak. My voice is constantly shifting to higher registers. That isn't close to being normal."

"Of course it is. What's normal is always relative," replied Mina. "I also want to thank you for reminding me what I forgot, Hank. Everything is gonna go a lot smoother now. You'll see."

Hank slowly shook his head. He couldn't imagine what he could have reminded Mina to do. "What are you talking about, Mina?" he hesitantly asked.

"Something very simple, sweetie," replied Mina. "This is now a different reality than the one we were in before. In this reality, you're a girl because you were born a girl. And that makes it *perfectly normal* for you to be one."

"What!?!!" exclaimed Hank.

"Calm down, Hank. Don't shout," scolded Mina. "We wouldn't want *any of our nosy neighbors* thinking you've got PMS or something."

"No we wouldn't," he muttered absently. "I don't want to believe this shit." Hank shook his head again. "My hair is longer than ever now. And I think my boobies must be almost as big as yours!"

"That would be real nice; wouldn't it?" replied Mina. "If we're the same size, then you can wear my clothes and I can wear yours. You're gonna be an *absolutely perfect roommate*, even better

than Callie.”

Hank stared at Mina in stunned disbelief. He'd finally realized she'd done this many times before. All of her former roommates had originally been her boyfriends. Had there been others? Maybe that was the key. Hadn't Callie denied knowing Carl when he'd asked her? Suddenly, he had a frightening thought. What if Callie no longer knew she'd been Carl. Hank could only hope his next question would at least make her consider changing him back. “Doesn't it bother you that you're killing me?” he asked.

The question surprised Mina, but not just because he'd asked it. She thought he knew her better than that. She could never hurt him; she loved him. “No one's killing you, Hank. Just because you were born a girl in *this reality* doesn't mean you'll ever forget being a boy in *that other reality*. Just think about it for a second. How could you possibly still be you if you ever forgot that you were really you?”

Hank groaned, then shook his aching head. What Mina had said almost made sense. He could tell his swishing hair had grown still longer in the last couple of minutes. “That's just what I needed. I'll be a guy trapped in a girl's body. Anyone I try telling I'm really a guy will probably think I escaped from some nuthouse.”

“No they won't,” replied Mina calmly. “You can't say anything to anyone else about having been a male named Hank. No one will see you as anyone other than the girl you were born. From your actions, no one will even suspect you had ever been someone else,” she explained. “Did you ever suspect Callie was really a boy before I told you?” she asked, as if somehow aware of his thoughts. “Only you and I will remember the you from that other reality. We'll only be able to talk about *that you* when we're alone. Even your parents will recognize you as their daughter.”

Mina had just explained why Callie had denied knowing anyone named Carl. Had she known all along what he'd seen and heard? His hand slowly rose to his forehead. This was getting so confusing. He wished it would end... that everything would return to normal. Suddenly, Hank began feeling dizzy. The whole room seemed to be spinning out of control. “You can't keep calling me Hank, you know. That's a horrible name for a girl.” Saying that – referring to himself as a girl – surprised him, but, at the same time, it also made a lot of sense. Hank was a really good name for a boy; he'd always liked being called Hank. But Hank just sucked big time as a girl's name. He needed a new name. And one just popped into his head. “Can I be called Holly?” he asked. He wasn't sure where the name had come from, but he didn't care. He really liked the idea of being called Holly.

“That's so hot; I love it. I think Holly's an absolutely perfect for you,” smiled Mina.

“I think so too,” replied Holly. “What's happening now? I'm starting to feel really strange, Mina. I think I'm gonna puke.”

“You'll be all right,” replied Mina. “Just take a long deep breath and then slowly exhale.”

Holly did exactly as he was told. “Better. But the room's still spinning around,” he complained. “Can't you do something to make it stop?” Holly slowly shook his head. “I've got this really nasty headache from all those really strange thoughts entering my head.”

“Don’t worry about that, Holly. It’ll pass soon enough,” replied Mina. “You’re just learning all those things you need to know in order to be the best possible you that you can be.”

“That makes sense, I guess.” Holly knew he didn’t know too much about being a girl. Once the spin of the room finally began slowing, Holly began feeling better. At the same time, the invasion of new thoughts slowly faded. But something seemed different. Holly knew now things he’d neither been curious about nor even the least bit interested in before. Abruptly, something else shifted. Whatever that something had been was far from obvious. And once again, Holly tried making sense of things by slowly shaking *her* head back and forth.

Several seconds passed before Holly finally came up with an idea of what might have changed. Her hair was longer. Her boobs were bigger. None of that surprised her. Even though she remembered being Hank... and male, being a girl simply was nowhere near as bad as she’d thought it would be.

Why had being turned into a girl upset her so much?

Holly knew that it had... knew that it should still... but it didn’t. She was just who she was... who she’d always been... here. That was all there was to it. In this reality, she was... *had always been*... a girl. What was the big deal about being a girl anyway? Lots and lots of people were girls and being one didn’t seem to bother them. Although she kinda thought it should mean something, the idea she’d once been some man named Hank simply didn’t seem all that important.

Holly looked over at Mina and smiled. “I can’t explain it. Whatever you did that set things right worked perfectly.” She slid her hands gently along the sensitive curves of her breasts. “I just love doing this! I love being a girl!” Holly began laughing as she continued exploring her body. “Everything seems so normal this way. You should have turned me into a girl years ago.”

“I knew you’d love being a girl,” replied Mina. “Didn’t I tell you you’d love being a girl.”

“You certainly did. I can’t begin to thank you enough.”

Mina just smiled back at Holly. Her thank you so early came as a bit of a surprise. But then, sooner or later, all her boyfriends that became her female roommates thanked her. Just then, Mina had one of those odd feelings. She didn’t think Holly would remain her roommate very long.

Holly began to giggle. “You wanna like hear something, like really, funny, Mina?” she asked.



As Mina nodded her head, she gave Holly an odd look. Had anyone told her Hank would be one of those guys that adjusted quickly to being a girl, she would have never believed them. But then, every guy the Posing Stone had ever transformed was different. Holly was simply adjusting at *her* own pace. And just like boys had been, all the girls they became were different.

“I’ve got, you know, like, no idea what my problem might have, like, been before, you know, but whatever it, like, was couldn’t have been, like, too important, you know!”

Mina wondered if there were a spell that could turn Holly into less of an annoying Valley Girl. It wouldn’t take much to drive her to drink having to listen to her speak that way. Mina had known she’d be different than Hank, but Holly wasn’t turning out anything like she’d expected.

“Like, wow!” exclaimed Holly. “I’ve, like, just had this, you know, like, simply fantabulous, super-marvey idea! You’re, like, really going to, you know, love it, Mina.”

Mina wasn’t convinced Holly knew what she was talking about. In fact, she wasn’t altogether sure she understood what Holly was talking about either.

“As soon as I, like, slip my totally hot, like, really sexy bod into something, like, really skimpy and, you know, daringly revealing and shit, we should, like, you know, head straight for the nearest mall!” Holly flashed Mina a wicked smile. “You do, like, know what I, like, mean; don’t you?”

“I do.” Mina smiled. “That sounds like a plan, girlfriend!”

“I knew you’d, like, think so,” replied Holly. “You know, I remember being, like, your boyfriend before. But I was, like, such a total dumb wuss, you know, as a guy. I’m, like, lots and lots smarter now, you know.” Holly brushed her hair out of her eyes. “Once I put something on – it like seems a shame, you know, to cover my hot bod – we’ll head for the mall. I’m like feeling so horny, you know. Picking up some young hunks won’t, you know, be, like, any problem for us. All the boys are, like, going to love us just the way we are, you know.”

Mina breathed a sigh of relief, as Holly disappeared into her room. “That bitch is going to drive me crazy,” she muttered. If Mina had known then what she knew now, she would have never turned Hank into a girl. But that was all water under the bridge now. What was done was done and could never be undone. Unfortunately, once Holly had said she loved being a girl, it became impossible for the Posing Stone to change her back into Hank again.

Even though she’d always remember being Hank, Holly would now remain Holly for the rest of her life. But then, being Holly didn’t seem to be bothering her. Even the old Hank would see the the logic in that. And Mina knew Holly would – just as Hank would have – hate her next boyfriend, whoever he turned out to be.

Going to the mall was an excellent idea. Had Holly not been so horny and in such need of male company, Mina might have wondered how her new roommate had come up with the idea.

If Mina were lucky, she come home from the mall with a brand new boyfriend in tow. And if she were even luckier, so would Holly.

**END**