

THE INTERNSHIP

Story by Joe Six-Pack

CHAPTER 1

“I don’t want to talk about it, and that’s final, Sarah!” The voice bounced off the walls like it was made of rubber.

“Lewis, honey, I’m only saying that you need to chase your dreams.” Sarah Carmichael, the 39 year old wife of Stewart Carmichael was doing her best to try and gently and subtly motivate her husband to get off the couch and find work. “You have one life. If you want to work in genetic engineering, then you need to pursue that with everything you have.”

Lewis, a scowl on his middle-aged face, wasn’t in the mood. “That ship sailed a long time ago, Sarah. I’m not the young man I used to be.”

“You haven't had a job in a year, Lewis! What’s stopping you from going after your dream job?”

“About twenty years, a slew of experience and a degree.” He flopped down on the couch, his spot having a divot created from months sitting in the same place. “They don't just let you waltz into the building and give you access to a gene splicer, honey!” He picked up the remote and started to flick through the channels. “No, I’m not going to let a dream be crushed by reality. I’ll find work in sales. I’ve always worked in pharmaceutical sales.”

They had been surviving on savings, some investments and some severance since he had been dismissed. It wouldn't be long before he needed to get a real job, but he still felt like he had at least six months left before that came to pass.

“You never know until you try, Lewis,” Sarah continued, setting her self down next to her husband of fifteen years. He had always been miserable, and since he had been laid off a year ago, he’d been in s deep funk. “Why not just walk in to their lobby, ask for someone to talk to, and...”

“Have you ever had a job, Sarah? That’s not how it works.” He was still trying to find something to watch and turned to face his wife. “I’m not going to have this argument. You have to start a job like that as an intern, work your way up, and maybe, after thirty years of work, they’ll let you experiment on aspirin or something.”

“So if you could be an intern, you’d go after that job? Is that what I’m hearing?”

“Sarah, I’m forty. It’s done. It’s over. Let it rest. Let it go. I have.” He turned the TV back on.

“Guess whaa-aat?” Sarah sang as she removed her coat. She had just come from a drive downtown and had a cheerful smile on her face.

Lewis took one look at her and knew he didn't want to hear the rest of this. It smelled like bad news. "I'm afraid to ask."

"Well, remember what you said about going after that job in genetic engineering if you could be an intern?"

Lewis turned away from the TV with a look of concern. "I... I don't think I said anything like that, Sarah."

"Yes you did!" Sarah insisted. "Now, hold on to something, because that's exactly what I got you!"

"You got me what?"

"An internship at PharmaTron!" Sarah was practically dancing around her husband like a woodland sprite. "You're now officially an intern at a real medical company! Step one in your..."

Now Lewis was forced to do the last thing in the world he'd want to do. He turned off the TV. "Sarah!" He said, intending to disrupt her dancing. "What do you mean an intern? I can't be an intern!"

"Sure you can," she said, bending down to speak in his ear. "Oh, I know it doesn't pay, but after a while..."

"Internships are only for students!" Lewis said, ready to jump out of his seat. If anything else, Sarah was quite pleased just to get that reaction from her husband. It was the most energy she'd seen out of him in months.

"We're all students of life, Lewis," Sarah said, teasingly.

"You need to be a university student, honey. I mean a student going to college. You have to go through the college, anyway."

Sarah made an impish little grin. "Okay, so I may have stretched the truth on your application and pulled some strings."

"What application?"

"The one that got you the internship at PharmaTron!"

Lewis was now standing and his hands on his hip. "What did you do, Sarah? What did you do?"

She walked up to him and pressed herself against him. "I got you on the road to your dream job, Lewis! You might show some respect!"

“Sarah, I don't know how you did it, but you have to un-do it. The minute I show up looking like an old fogey...”

“You're only forty, Lewis!”

“And that's twice as old as any intern they've ever accepted. I'll stick out like a sore thumb.”

“Well they already accepted you.” She caressed her husband's face. “Let's not lose hope. What if we... Just kind of... Spruced up your look?”

Lewis gently blocked his wife's hands. “Nothing is going to make me look like a college student, honey.”

His wife smirked. “Well, why don't you let me see what I can do, dear. I'm going to give you a twenty-something makeover



CHAPTER 2

“Ta-da! You’re a college student!” Sarah theatrically backed away from the full length mirror for Lewis to see himself. She had spent the better part of the day dressing her husband up.

Lewis took a momentary glance at his reflection. That’s all he needed to see. “I appreciate your hard work, honey, but... I do not look like a college student.” He gave himself another look. “I look more like that creepy old guy who never leaves campus after graduation... I’m not going to pass for twenty-anything.”

Sarah was not to be deterred, and tried to make her enthusiasm bend reality. “Well, I think you look great!”

Lewis was not buying it. “I’ll tell the cop who escorts me to jail for impersonating a minor your opinion. I’m sure the judge will knock off a couple of years.”

“But what about the hair?” Sarah said, picking at her husband’s unusually fluffy locks.

“The hair looks like a scruffy college kid, I’ll give you that.” He did have to concede that point. “But the rest of it? I look like I’m trick-or-treating as a 90’s slacker.”

Finally, Sarah’s bravado was cracking. The results could not be denied. “Okay, so... Maybe it needs some work. But the internship doesn't start for a month, so we still have time!”

“We could have a hundred years, Sarah, and I doubt it’s going to get any better than this.” He took a deep sigh.

Sarah suddenly made an urgent appeal. “Okay. I have a plan. So hear me out. I know this woman...”

Lewis shook his head. “No. I’m not going any further with this. I humored you, gave you all my cooperation. But this is where this folly ends.”

“Okay, okay, okay. Just one more shot. Give me one more chance. What have you got to lose?” She looked at her husband to stop her, but he didn't She interpreted that as consent to continue. “I’ll try this one thing... And then I’ll give up. I promise. You can go back to the couch and return to your exciting life of watching UFC fights and sampling flavors of nacho chips.”

Lewis shook his head. “Not a chance. I don’t...”

Sarah interrupted him. “If you give me one more opportunity — and I fail to make you look years younger — I’ll, uh... Do that thing you like.”

“The thing I like?” He had to think for a moment. “Oh. The, uh... thing with the schoolgirl outfit?”

“Yes, Mr. Headmaster, sir,” Sarah said in her squeakiest voice.

“Oh boy,” slipped from the forty year old man’s lips. “Okay. Fine. But only because I know it’ll fail.”

Sarah was overjoyed. “You won’t regret it. Now, Like I was saying, I know this woman, and she says she’s got this secret youth formula, and...”

“You’ve got to be kidding.”

“No! Listen, I know it sounds flaky. But the woman was at the PharmaTron place, and was helping me fill out the form. She’s a real scientist. She says she’s got a program to test a youth drug and...”

“No, Sarah. Not in a million years.”

“It’s true! She says that it’s the real deal!”

“Then why don’t you take it?”

“You think I’m old?” Said the middle-aged woman with a trembling lip.

She was being dramatic, but even knowing this, Lewis had to diffuse the bomb. “No... That’s not what I...”

“You think I’m old and ugly and you don’t love me anymore!”

He was going to have to try harder to get her to back down. “Sarah... Fine. You win. Just tell me what I need to do.”

Suddenly, Sarah was all smiles. “I’ll make the arrangements!”



CHAPTER 3

“I think it’s time to admit you’ve lost, honey.”

Lewis was looking at his reflection in the mirror for the twentieth time today. “I... I can’t believe it. That formula actually works. I look years younger!”

It had been three days since Lewis had taken the vial that appeared at their doorstep. After Sarah had made a phone call to this mysterious woman with her even more mysterious formula, the doorbell rang a few hours later and they found this small white box on their doorstep. It came with brief instructions. “Drink this,” was all it said.

“And she says it’s not even halfway done. You’ll get even younger.” Sarah was over the moon, doting after her suddenly younger husband. “I’m so jealous!”

“Good lord, I look incredible! And I feel fitter than I have in years. This is impossible!” Lewis was resisting the urge to flex in front of the mirror.

“And with the friendship bracelets and Converse, it’s a perfect disguise!”

“It’s all so bizarre...” Lewis said, his voice trailing off. There were literally no words to describe what he was seeing.

“So are you ready to tackle that internship? It starts tomorrow.”

Lewis grabbed his wife by the shoulders and faced her with excitement all over his younger face. “Forget about the internship! This formula will re-write history! Forget all that!”

“I’m not forgetting about anything! You’re going to report for your internship tomorrow at PharmaTron, or...”

Lewis was already reconsidering the idea. “Well, I suppose it is the best way to get a look at what they’re doing there.” His mind was suddenly teeming with visions of fame and money as the man who could bring the fountain of youth to the masses. “This drug is going to make them billions! No, trillions! I can’t let this opportunity slip away.”

“So you’ll go?” Sarah asked.

“Hell yes! If I can find out what they’re doing and how they do it... I can try and make some of this formula myself!”

Sarah didn’t like where her husband was going. “Lewis, don’t get any ideas.”

“Ideas? I’m full of ideas! I can be rich beyond anyone’s wildest imaginations! If I just had a percentage of the sales... If could get my hands on it... Copy the formula... I could...”

The Internship

“Lewis!” Sarah snapped. “Do not steal this formula. The woman at PharmaTron was nice enough to give us a few samples. You will not betray her!”

Lewis was blatantly dismissing her concern. “Right, right, sure. Sure thing. You got it, honey.”

“Good. Now that that’s settled, let’s get you ready for your first day as an intern at PharmaTron!”

Joe Six-Pack



CHAPTER 4

“Have you gotten taller?” Lewis asked when he found his wife. He had just gotten home and was feeling a little discombobulated. All day at PharmaTron he had the weird feeling that he was shrinking. Which was impossible, and he knew it.

“Don’t be silly, honey.” Sarah was snipping some leaves from a plant on the windowsill. “So you still haven’t told me about how things are going at PharmaTron.” It had been a week, and Lewis had been so out of sorts, he hadn’t really talked about his experience so far.

“It’s been kind of a disaster. I’m just so old and out of touch with the kids these days. They speak in a different language.”

Sarah giggled. “Maybe ask them to treat you nicer?” She spoke like she was his mother asking the boys not to pick on her kid.

“No, it’s not that. They treat me fine.” Lewis looked at his reflection in the window, still disbelieving what he saw. “They think I’m their age. But in my head, I’m...” He drifted off, then came back. “I mean the music. Social media. TikTok? It’s all so alien to me.”

Sarah finished her indoor gardening and headed for the kitchen. “So they haven’t suspected that you’re really a forty year old man?”

Lewis trailed after her. “No, that’s been smooth sailing all the way. They keep inviting me to parties and things like that. Not that I dare go.”

Sarah nudged her husband. “Maybe you should consider it.”

“I’m too settled in my ways. I just want to come home, put my feet up and watch some TV. I don’t think these kids even know what TV is.”

Sarah checked on the dinner she was cooking in the oven. “Maybe try loosening up. Meet the world on their level.”

“I suppose it wouldn’t be a bad idea. I do need them on my side. If they could help me get that formula...”

“No stealing the formula, Lewis!” Sarah scolded.

“I just want to look at it! It’s amazing.” He looked at his hands. “I still think I’m changing. Everything seems... Different now. Are you sure you’re not wearing heels or something? I feel so much... Shorter.”

“Well, you look charming in your cute business outfit. My little man going to work all in his business clothes! It’s adorable!”

He tugged at his old slacks which looked slightly ridiculous on him. “I can't even fit in my old pants anymore. Everything is so baggy on me. Maybe I should try some new things. Try to adapt... I'm the only intern who wears slacks, after all...”

“Oh, but don't lose that tie! I love you in that tie!” Sarah kissed her husband on the cheek.

“Fine, the tie stays. This would be a lot easier if I could just drive there. I miss my car.”

“Unpaid interns don't drive themselves in an Audi to work, honey.”

“I know. But you know I hate change.”

Sarah smiled and kept it to herself. “I'm sure nothing else will change, dear. I wouldn't worry.”



CHAPTER 5

“Hey, Sarah!” Lewis called out into the house as he got home after another day interning at PharmaTron. He stopped cold, however, when he saw the man seated on his couch. His wife was opposite him. “I uh... Oh, company?”

Sarah got up and immediately rushed to her husband’s side, in bid to do all the talking. “Yes, this is Mr. Thompson from PharmaTron security.” She flashed her husband a strained smile to indicate this was a situation. “He just wanted to drop by and say hello.”

“That’s right,” the man said, as he rose up. He was a large man in a business suit and black sunglasses. He meant business, and he was advertising it. “Just a part of a normal background check.” There was nothing normal about his. “So you’re Lewis Carmichael? Do you live here?”

Sarah spoke first, before Lewis had a chance. “He’s staying with me... My sister in law’s son.” She looked at Lewis again, and gave him a subtle nod. “Yes. He’s just rooming here for a while because of the internship.”

Lewis was truly confused. “What? That’s...”

“Lewis,” Sarah said, cutting him off. “Maybe you should go upstairs to your room? We were having a conversation here for the adults.”

“I am an adult!” Lewis protested.

“Please, Lewis. For me? Please.”

Fortunately for everyone involved, Sarah and Lewis’s interaction looked like just like a woman dealing with a moody teenage boy.

“Fine,” Lewis said, heading upstairs.

An hour later, Lewis tentatively came back down the stairs. “Is he gone?”

“Yes, honey,” Sarah said, looking through the curtains out on the street. “He just left. I felt like I was about to fall apart. I was so nervous!”

Lewis joined her at the curtain. “So what did he want to know?”

“They said it was just a normal background check for all the interns in the program. He claimed it was nothing serious.”

“What did you tell him about me?”

Sarah gave up on the curtain and headed for her favorite chair to rest. “Just that you were my sister-in-law’s son, and you were rooming in the guest bedroom while you were interning at PharmaTron.”

“No, I mean, about me. The real me.”

“I said that my husband was out of the country for a while. I think he knew I was avoiding the question, but I don’t think he wanted to pry.”

“Thank God,” Lewis said. “Why would he come here, though? A phone call could accomplish the same thing.”

“Have you been getting in trouble at work? I told you, no stealing!”

“No! I haven’t done anything.” He was a little sheepish, however. “Just a little scouting. Observation. A little discussion. Nothing else.”

“Lewis, honestly!” Sarah objected. “I don’t want you to get into trouble. You were supposed to be learning the ropes for your dream job!”

Lewis threw his hands in the air in exasperation. “Well, if you can call being an unpaid go-fer a way to learn about genetic engineering, I guess. I grab food, screen calls, manage the appointments. I’m just doing clerical work. It would be a sucky job if it weren’t for the other interns.”

“Oh, so you’re finally getting along with them?” Sarah asked, curious to hear this development.

“Yeah, I guess. They’re cool.”

“You certainly look like you’ve loosened up. I like the boots and shorts.”

“Yeah, sure. Whatever. It’s what the guys wear. We hang out a lot in the break room when there’s nothing to do. That’s kinda our spot, y’know? We just talk and doom scroll for memes.”

Sarah had no idea what he had just said. “I’m so glad you’re fitting in with the other interns. I was beginning to worry.”

“About me? Nah. It’s all good. Nothing gets to me.”



CHAPTER 6

It had been a tense evening in the Carmichael home. Lewis was on a tirade, a rant to end all rants. “Look at me, Sarah! I’ve lost eight inches, and I’m getting thinner by the day! I need to talk to that woman who gave you the formula! Now what is her name?”

He had cornered his wife in the kitchen, and wasn't giving her any escape. “She made me promise, honey,” Sarah replied, fearful for what he husband might do. She had never seen him like this.

“This drug is out of control!” Lewis yelled. “I wake up every day not knowing what I'm going to look like or what's going to change next!” His tone suddenly became reserved and quiet. “And you know that... I haven't been able to satisfy you in weeks...”

“I trust her, Lewis. And she trusted me. I’m not about to...”

“Look at me, Sarah!” Lewis said, yelling again. “Look at what it’s done to me! Are you going to protect her, or watch me regress until I'm a one-celled organism? I have to know what’s going on!” He focused on his wife’s eyes. “Tell me her name!”

“Don’t make me do this, Lewis! I don’t want to...”

“Please, for God’s sake, Sarah!” He was now prepared to go somewhere he hadn't gone before. “I... I... I’m starting to look like a girl... My hair is out of control. I think my chest is getting swollen. I need to find this woman!”

“Ms. Saunders,” Sarah said, choking the name out. “That’s all she told me.”

“It’s about fucking time! Now, I’m going in to the office and I’m going to find this Ms. Saunders. You said she works at PharmaTron, right?” He went for his beige peacoat and put it on.

“Don't get angry, Lewis! Please!” Sarah pleaded.



“I won’t. I just want answers.” His voice was steady and low, focused on his task at hand. “I’ll see you later.”

“How did you get in here?” Dr. Dhalia Saunders said, seeing the unfamiliar sight of a shadow in her office doorway. It was late, she was working alone, and was suddenly feeling vulnerable. But the figure in her doorway wasn't so big as to be considered a threat, really.

“Never mind that,” Lewis said, stepping forward. “You're Ms. Saunders?”

“I’m going to call security. You need to leave,” the middle-aged woman said, peering over the tops of her reading glasses. “This is a secure area. Only authorized...”

“I need you to look at me, Ms. Saunders,” Lewis interrupted. “Look at me!”

Dr. Saunders played it cool. “And what am I supposed to see?”

“You are supposed to see a forty year old man — but I don't look like a forty year old man, do I?” he yelled.

“Oh,” Dr. Saunders said. She put the pieces together. She had last called herself “Ms.” a few weeks ago, which whittled things down. Now, a young person who claimed to be a forty-year-old man. The whole situation suddenly clicked into place for her. “Oh, yes. I understand.” She needed to confirm it, though. “You... Do you know a Mrs. Carmichael?”

“My wife,” Lewis said, sourly.

“Then you must be Lewis.” She reached over to a button on her desk. “Just stand there for a moment. I need to lock the doors for privacy.” The doors behind Lewis shut by themselves.

Lewis’s eyes nearly burst from his skull in shock. “So you were the one who gave my wife the formula! It was you!”

“And I must say, it’s had quite the effect on you,” Dr. Saunders said as she rose from her desk and gave Lewis a longer examination. “You must be very pleased.”

“Pleased?” He yelled. “Hell no, I’m not pleased!”

“You’re twenty years younger, Mr. Carmichael. A feat no other human has ever achieved. You have time back. A miracle of science.”

“And I’d give it all back if I wasn't losing my manhood!” He stepped forward to intimidate the doctor. “Your formula is turning me into a woman!”

“A woman?” Delilah said with a chuckle. “I hardly would categorize you as a woman, Mr. Carmichael. More like a... girl.”

The term enraged Lewis. He didn't like being toyed with. "Turn me back! I can't stand this. If I shrink any more, I'm just going to vanish!"

"Really? Shrinking?" She hadn't considered this effect before. Of course, all her tests were on people who were told what was happening to them. If someone didn't know what to expect, then the doctor had to admit that they might think something silly like this. "Yes, I guess you were probably never this diminutive before."

Lewis was getting angrier, if that was possible. "Help me, Goddamn it! Don't just stand there! I'm not a science experiment! You need to fix me!"

"Oh, I will help you, Mr. Carmichael." She rubbed her chin in consideration, examining Lewis like a rat in a maze. "After all, I wouldn't want to distress you or your lovely wife."

Lewis tried his best growl, but his voice was breaking. "So what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, Mr. Carmichael, I think I can help you most by getting you to calm down." She gestured to a chair in front of her desk. "We can find answers to all your questions if you can just take a seat and talk in a civilized manner." She was in control, and she knew it.

"Fine." He sat, despite the danger of him setting the upholstery on fire from his anger. "Now what are you going to do?"

"First, let's talk about the formula a little bit. I have noticed that the interns seem especially curious about it. They've been asking questions. Your doing?"

"Listen, I have every right to..."

"I'm not blaming you, Mr. Carmichael," Dr. Saunders interrupted. "I'm here to help you. I understand you're a little bit of a genetic engineering fan? I suppose you have a lot of interest in what my formula does, and how it does what it does."

Yes, he certainly did, and the prospect of getting even a hint of what it tempered his anger quickly. "Well, naturally, but..."

"Ah, but did you know it has a mental component to it?" the doctor asked with a grin.

"Mental? What do you mean?"

"My formula not only changes the body, but it helps the mind adjust, as well. Logically, if you change a body so radically, it's necessary to help the mind adjust to its new shape and form. In fact, at this point in your conversion, I'd say those triggers are more than ready to be activated."

Lewis had to compute this new information. He leaned forward, inquisitively. "What do you mean? Are you saying you can mess with my mind?"

CHAPTER 7

“Hey, I’m back!”

The sound of her husband’s voice rattling the windows nearly gave Sarah Carmichael a heart attack. “Honey?” She scrambled to her feet. “Where have you been? It’s been two days with no contact! I was afraid...”

“Don’t wig out, bro! Dr. Saunders just needed me to stick around. No big!” The formerly 40 year old man flopped onto the couch, lengthwise, and pulled out his phone to tap on. “S’up?”

Sarah was dumbfounded. She had been worried to death, and now her husband just waltzed in like nothing happened. “Are you okay? Are you hurt? I was so worried! I...” Then something caught her attention. “Are those booties?”

Lewis wiggled his two feet, clad in beige high-heeled booties. “Yeah, Dr. Saunders gave them to me. She said they’d help me with my height issue. I’m tall again! She’s pretty cool.”

Sarah was cautious. “Oh, I mean... Should we be calling to police? The FBI? What do we...”

“Like, chill! It’s all good,” her husband said. “Guess what? I’m now working for Dr. Saunders!”

“Doctor?” Sarah said out loud. She didn’t recall Lewis calling her doctor before. “Really? I don’t understand...”

“She knows I’m totally into the gene stuff, so she wanted me to help her out,” he said, still tapping on his phone.

“I suppose that’s good, isn’t it?” Sarah said, battling through her obvious confusion.

“It’s awesome! Now I don’t have to any of that way boring go-fer junk. Now I’m working in her office, right in the middle of everything! It’s the best!”

“I’m happy to hear that. But I wish you would have called...”

“Don’t freak out! Geez, stop treating me like a kid, okay? I can do what I want.”

“Well, I did want to talk to you about something, and...” She was still distracted by her husband’s shoes. “Don’t those heels bother you?”

“Nah, I like ‘em. Oh, and Dr. Saunders said that maybe we should stop being a couple.”

“What?” Sarah replied, taken aback.

Her husband shrugged. “Yeah, you know, just until this is all over with. She’s pretty smart. She said that the PharmaTron people would just send more people over here and get more

suspicious if they discovered we were a couple. She got this all planned out. So I'm gonna move into the guest bedroom, okay? Is that cool with you?"

"I... Don't know... Honey, please... if we could just talk."

He jumped off the couch and headed for the stairs. "You talk while I got put my stuff in my new room, okay? Oh, and Dr. Saunders said that we should just act like it's a roommate-tenant thing. So you're now my landlord. You know, to put on an act."

"This is so sudden," Sarah said, obviously overwhelmed. "Lewis, just slow down."

"Come on, Ms. Miller! Don't flake out on me. It's just a little pretend. To keep our cover. Oh, and I'm just going to call you Ms. Miller from now on."

"My maiden name? I guess that makes sense, but... Honey, I need you to just stop for a moment so we can work this out."

"No time! I'm meeting up with the other interns in ten! We're celebrating my new position! It's party night! Woo-hoo!"



CHAPTER 8

“I’m so glad things are working out for you at PharmaTron, honey,” Sarah said at the breakfast table, eating her yogurt.

“Same here, Sarah... I mean, Ms. Miller.” It had been a few weeks living as ‘Ms. Miller and tenant.’ They were still adjusting to it. “I thought this was a crazy plan, but here I am, working for one of the top genetic scientists in the world! And she’s low-key a great boss, too. She’s always taking the time to talk to me.”

“That’s so nice to hear. You didn’t get home until late last night, did you?”

“Yeah, it was another party night. Party party!”

“Oh, to have that kind of energy again,” Sarah said, remorsefully.

“Well, if Dr. Saunders research works out, maybe a lot of people will be feeling young again.”

“It would be nice, wouldn’t it?” Sarah looked up at the ceiling, wistfully. “Well, one can dream. Maybe someday.”

“Yeah, maybe someday. But anyway, I gotta catch the bus.” He got up from the table and put his empty plate in the sink.

“I like your skirt, by the way,” Sarah said.

“It’s not a skirt, Ms. Miller. They’re culottes!” He seemed mightily annoyed by the remark. “I’d never wear a skirt. That’s such a girly-girl thing to do.”

“Of course, honey.”

He stopped just before he got to the front door. “You know, most landlords don’t call their tenants ‘honey.’”

“What should I call you, then?”

“Call me what everyone at work calls me — Lucy!”

As she watched her husband leave, Sarah sipped her coffee. “That woman has been busy,” she said, quietly.



CHAPTER 9

“Anyone home?” Lucy, formerly going by the name of Lewis, said quietly as she popped her head in the door.

“There you are Lucy! I was thinking you’d gone out with your friends again!”

“Nah, not until later, Ms. Miller.” Lucy came in and set her bag neatly down on the table. It was several weeks later, and their interactions weren’t quite what they used to be. “Were you waiting for me to come home?”

“Don't keep me in suspense! Did you get it?” Sarah asked, eagerly.

“Well...” Lucy put her hands on her hips and smiled with pride. “You are looking at PharmaTron’s newest full-time employee! Lucy Carmichael!”

“Oh, I’m so proud of you, Lucy!” Sarah gushed, rushing to her. “If it’s okay for a landlord to hug their tenant...”

“Of course, Ms. Miller! You’re like family!” They wrapped each other in a big warm hug, as they both felt the excitement.

“I’m so happy for you!” Sarah said, as she covered her mouth with the tips of her fingers. “To think when you moved in here you were just hoping to get an internship. Now you’re a full-time employee!”

“Yah! Well, I have a ways to go,” Lucy said, as she stood in the living room, uncomfortable with the idea of taking a seat in someone else’s house without being invited. “I mean, I’m just doing clerical work. I’m kind of like Dr. Saunders’ secretary, really. But if I ever want to get into genetic engineering, she said she’d help out.”

“Just a secretary? You do more than that, don't you? I thought you were working on her special formula.”

“Working on a formula? Oh my God, no way. All those scientists just do a lot of testing. I’ve never heard anything about a formula. I just love contributing in my own small way.”

“That’s so good to hear, sweetie.” Sarah walked to the base of the stairs where two full trash bags were waiting. “Would you mind helping me with these trash bags? I need to get them out to the back for pickup.”

“Ugh!” Lucy said, as she pulled on one. It barely moved. “What’s in these things?”

“Just some things from the previous renter. I’ve been hanging onto them for too long. But time to put it all in the trash.”

“Wow, he sure left behind a lot of stuff,” Lucy said, looking some of the things popping out the top.

“Sweatpants, slippers, jeans, ties... It’s all so old!”

“Very old. Old and worn out. No one needs this junk anymore. Good riddance.” They dragged the bags out to the back next to the trash cans and then headed back inside. “Now I’m sure you’re going out with your friends to celebrate...”

“Of course I am!” Lucy said, excitedly, her big red bow on her sheer blouse bobbing up as she bounced on her toes. “But first, I just wanted to say thank you. You’ve been, like, so supportive. Here’s my rent check, by the way.”

Sarah took the check, which was from the account of ‘Lucy Carmichael.’ “Well, it’s been my pleasure! Now when you’re a big-shot scientist, you’ll remember old Ms. Miller, won’t you?”

“Don’t say that, Ms. Miller!” Lucy said, good-naturedly. She grabbed her bag and head up the stairs to her room. “And who knows, maybe I like being a secretary? It’s kinda fun. Being a scientist... Well... Maybe? I don’t know. Anyway, you’re not losing me so easily. I’m not moving out anytime soon.”



CHAPTER 10

“I’m so going to miss you, Ms. Miller!” Lucy said, a tear running down her plump cheek.

“I suppose it’s time, isn’t it? Moving out day.” Sarah was waiting for the moment, as she had been watching her tenant carry out her belongings to a car in the driveway for the past two hours. “I’ll miss seeing that wonderful smile of yours every day, Lucy. But we all need to move on with our lives.”

“Oh, I guess, kinda. I don’t know? Maybe?” Lucy replied in what seemed to be her normal slightly ditzy way of speaking. “If Chad hadn’t asked me to move in with him, I’d never leave you!”

“Don’t be silly now,” Sarah said, patting her on the head. “You’re so young! You have so much life to live! And I’ve never seen two kids more in love.”

The thought sent Lucy into a swoon and she sighed, causing her D-cup breasts to heave. “Chad is soooo wonderful. I get all tingly n’ stuff whenever I think about him. I can’t wait to be with him all the time!”

Sarah nodded. In the two months that Lucy and Chad had been dating, it was in Sarah’s estimation that Chad was a dumb selfish jock, but she wasn’t about to stop Lucy from being in love. “He is quite the man, isn’t he?”

“You have no idea, Ms Miller. Sometimes, I worry I’m not woman enough for him.”

Sarah lifted Lucy’s head up with a finger under the petite girl’s delicate chin. “You’re more than enough woman for any man, Lucy! Just give yourself some credit!”

“You’re right! I’m just the kind of woman who can handle a stud like Chad! Thanks, Ms. Miller. I’m going to miss your pep talks.”

A harsh noise came from the driveway, shattering the tender moment. “That’s him honking now. You better get a move on, young lady!”

Lucy was wiping away tears. “Oh... I... I’ll see you around, right?”

“I’m sure you will,” Sarah said.

Impulsively, Lucy lunged forward and gave Sarah a big kiss. On the cheek.

“Bye, Ms. Miller!” Lucy said, waving as she left. “Thanks for everything!”

Sarah walked to the window, looking through a slit in the curtain as she watched Lucy jump into her boyfriend’s convertible. She smiled, wistfully.

“Is he gone?” A voice asked from behind.

"She, Delilah. That girl is the most feminine creature I could have ever imagined." Sarah turned around, already in the embrace of Dr. Delilah Saunders.

"I have to agree. The girl just doesn't stop giggling and blushing at work," Delilah said. "A successful test of my teen vixen formula, I'd have to say."

Sarah leaned her head on Delilah's shoulder. "Very successful. Every day she seemed to be more feminine. She's a 19 year old girl in every way"

"Thanks to some daily brainwashing I've been doing on her," the doctor added.

"Lucy Carmichael doesn't even remember being my husband anymore."

"All for the best, I say." Delilah crooked her neck to read the expression on Sarah's face. "Agree?"

"Yes, I suppose." Sarah separated from the doctor. "I'm just shocked no one at PharmaTron ever caught on."

"I've had the whole place drugged up for years," Dr. Saunders said. "I can tell them anything and they're forced to believe me. Just like I've told them I'll be taking an indefinite paid leave of absence, and to forget all about my little formula."

"Now that Lewis is out of the way, and off to find someone who might actually love them this time..."

"With a rack like Lucy's, it's hard to imagine she'll ever be alone again," Delilah said.

"I'd be jealous if I didn't know I'll have the same in a few weeks. So are you ready, honey?"

"One last kiss," Delilah said. She and Sarah kissed, first tenderly, then passionately.

"Maybe my last kiss... As an adult?" Sarah asked. "At least for a while."

Delilah looked into Sarah's eyes. "From the first day I met you in the PharmaTron lobby, filling out that intern form for your husband, I knew I wanted to make you mine."



“And I never even suspected loving a woman could fill that void in my soul,” Sarah added.

Dr. Saunders handed her lover a vile of liquid and kept one for herself. “Bottoms up.” The two middle-aged women drank them down in one go. They coughed a bit, the vile tasting liquid burning in their throats. “Now, we wait. In four months, Sarah Miller and Dr. Delilah Saunders will be no more.”

Sarah finished her thought. “And a couple of brash teenage punks will begin their road trip to find some butts to kick, do some crimes and break some hearts.”

“Not my heart, though,” Delilah said.

“You never know,” Sarah replied, mischievously. “Maybe I’ll find someone who I have better chemistry with.”

