

It's a Very Good Life

By Bernie Roehl

Mary should have seen this coming when the boy reached puberty. Even as a child, the entire town had been afraid of him, and of what he could do. That small, red-headed kid had always had the power to do... well, anything. Those who got him upset ended up in the cornfield, or transformed in bizarre and disturbing ways.

And now little Anthony was growing up. A regular boy his age might have peeked in Mary's window, hoping to catch a glimpse of her getting undressed. This one... he simply wished her to be there with him, and she was. One moment she was in her own living room, the next she found herself standing before him.

She wondered what he would want her to be, and what he might expect her to do. She soon had her answer. In the blink of an eye, her casual clothes were gone, replaced with high heels, fishnet stockings, a garter belt, and a push-up bra. She saw the magazine by his bedside table, open to the page that had obviously inspired him.

Her long brown hair was now blonde. Her fingernails were long, and bright red. And her figure, which had only just recently started to develop, now suddenly blossomed into full womanhood. She had become the idealized fantasy object of a teenage boy.

But this was to be only the first of many such transformations. The magazine by his bed was large, full of photos and illustrations. Now, and for as long as she continued to please Anthony, she would be his plaything... to shape and mold as he saw fit.

She examined her new self in the mirror.

"What do you think?" he asked her. She turned to look at him. "It's a good thing you did, Anthony," she replied. "It's a very good thing."