

# WONDER CITY STORIES

VOLUME 4:

WHOSE DREAMS COME  
TRUE

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EPISODE #2

Spare Parts

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# Spare Parts

"*Sophie!*" Nereid bellowed at her girlfriend in a panic. "*Please* tell me you *didn't* do this! You can't *still* be mad about the noodles!"

From the bedroom, Sophie sleepily said, "I thought we weren't going to discuss the noodle incident again. And do you have a frog in your throat or something, sweetie?"

Nereid stomped into the bedroom doorway, trying not to duck because the top of the doorway was alarmingly closer than it usually was. "No," she said, just below a roar. "No, I don't!"

Sophie sat up, rubbed her eyes, and looked at Nereid. Then her gaze travelled down Nereid's naked body, all the way to the floor, then slowly, savoringly, back up. She put her Brainchild glasses on, gave Nereid the once-over again after dropping several extra lenses into place. Then she deadpanned, "Nice haircut."

Nereid grabbed her head. Her normally medium-long hair was, indeed, much shorter than it had been. "Oh, god," she moaned. "Just tell me you didn't do it."

"I didn't do it," Sophie said, sitting up in bed and cupping her breasts at Nereid. "If I'd done it, I would've done it to both of us, and you know it."

"Auuugh," Nereid said, running her fingers through her truncated (and strangely coarser) hair. "Then *how* did it happen?"

"Hmmm," Sophie said, laying a finger alongside her cheek thoughtfully. "I don't know. Let me think about it. Meanwhile, why don't you come back to bed? We should *definitely* explore all the possibilities to the best of our ability."

"*Sophie!*" Nereid said, giving her an outraged look. "How can you think about *that* right now?"

Sophie shrugged and pointed somewhere around Nereid's waist. "Well, *part* of you likes the idea of coming back to bed."

"Aaaauuuugughghghghhhh!" Nereid flung herself back into bed and covered up entirely with the blankets. "Can't you tell I'm *freaking out* here?"

"Yes, I know you're freaking out," Sophie said, pulling the covers away from Nereid's head. "But I'm trying my best to get you to stop."

"This is *all wrong!*" Nereid howled, pawing sadly at the covers and trying to pull them back over her head.

"Well, yes, but these things just *happen* sometimes," Sophie said, sliding down in the bed and putting an arm around Nereid's now broad and muscular back. "Fortunately for you, your girlfriend doesn't really care what body you're in."

"Thanks," Nereid said sarcastically. "Whatever would I do without you."

"Well, for one thing," Sophie said, slipping her free hand between Nereid and the bed, "you probably wouldn't know what to do with this."

"Yipe!" Nereid said, almost levitating, but unable to actually move because Sophie's grip on a new, delicate portion of Nereid's anatomy was rather firm. At least until her hand started to move. "Sophie, we've got to... really... think... about..."

"I *am* thinking about it," Sophie whispered in Nereid's ear. "That's *my* job, as the super-intelligent brain of the team. Yours, right now, is to stop freaking out and enjoy your new, wholly *temporary*, experience."