

SPILLING MISTAKE

I'm not due my last transfusion but the swellings are worrying me. So, I have booked an emergency appointment.

"Welcome, Mr Dover" flashes across the charging node screen as I plug in my Tesla car at the clinic. This injection is free. Ten minutes power won't dent their profits. I'm paying £8000 to YOUNG AGAIN RESEARCH for their anti-ageing treatment.

They claim restorative powers from teenage blood. I was tempted to join their clinical trials. It worked on mice. Now I'm single again I want it for me and my fifty to look like thirty. The initial trial results are good. All of us look younger but the promise of 110 healthy years will take a lifetime to deliver. Anyway, I am more interested in the here and now.

Grace, a fellow volunteer, is in the waiting room. She's a month ahead of me. I fancied her before but now I just think she looks beautiful.

"How are you doing, Ben?" she says. "Your skin looks so smooth."

"Great, thanks, and you're looking fabulous in that little black dress." I say, sitting next to her and wondering where she got it. She's grown her hair long during the pandemic. I don't know what treatment she using but her corkscrew curls have transformed into a fabulous shoulder length honey-coloured super straight hairstyle.

The receptionist interrupts us. "Dr Jenny can see you now, Mr Dover."

"Sorry Grace, I'm jumping the queue."

She smiles and waves me on. "No worries." What lovely lipstick.

Dr Jenny invites me to join her on the sofa. Her profile says she's sixty. Also wearing her hair long, she looks well below her years.

"I'm sorry to hear you're worried, Ben. I've checked our records and discovered we may have made a mistake with your treatment."

I choke on my words. "What sort of mistake?"

"It seems the name of your teenage donor was misspelt. It should have been Lesley, with a 'y' not Leslie with an 'i'. So we've given you female not male blood."

"Does that explain these?" I say, unbuttoning my shirt to reveal growing breasts.

"Probably. We thought the treatment was gender neutral. You've helped us discover it's not."

I start to cry.

Dr Jenny touches me gently on the arm and smiles. "We'll sort it, but it may take time. Your sexual changes appear more than skin deep. In the meantime, you might like to buy yourself some dresses, on us, of course."

I am lost for words but I can't help thinking about Grace's little black number.

"We will, of course, waive your fee but here's another thought. In these modern times, there is increasing demand for Transitioning. You could help us develop new methods by continuing your treatment. Our spelling mistake might generate a business opportunity worth millions. How would you like to be part of that and share the rewards?"