

The Fountain of Youth by Ina Disguise

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"I think I found it, what do you reckon?" Electra smiled, her newly unlined face luminous in the light of dusk. She was thinner than he remembered her too.

"I think you look terrible, what have you done to yourself?" Simon, a creased forty something, stubbed out his cigarette. "How did you get the money for surgery? Why would you do this to yourself?"

"I haven't had any surgery. I just eat properly." Electra was suitably deflated. "Can't you see that I look better?"

"You are far too thin, your hair is ridiculous. You aren't twenty anymore." Simon was aghast at her appearance. He hadn't seen her for fifteen years. Now he looked fifty and she looked twenty five. There was no way he could seduce her, as planned and take her back to his crumbling cottage. Why did people have to change themselves? Wasn't life supposed to go in chronological order?

"I feel so much better though, and look at the lovely things I can wear." Electra couldn't understand why he was being so nasty. She thought they were friends, at least. They had split up over a decade ago, surely he wasn't still upset? "I like being able to go swimming again."

"I don't know how you can be bothered. What is wrong with some TV news and a biscuit?" Simon had been looking forward to finally securing Electra's attention. Now she wouldn't want him anyway, he decided that talking her down was a good idea. "Wouldn't you like some cake?" She had always liked cake, he reasoned. If she could be persuaded to eat cake, he might be able to convince her that his cave was the only cave to be in.

"I can't eat food like that anymore. I had cancer, and lupus. I was really very ill." Electra wondered if she was destined to be gorgeous, but alone. Simon seemed most displeased.

"You are being stupid. What on earth are you eating?" Simon twiddled his wristwatch and considered the rabbit in port he had prepared for her coming to lunch. It did not look as if his plans were going to work out.

"Grasses, seaweed, a few herbs. I eat about ten portions of vegetables every day."

"Ridiculous. I made some lovely lunch, wouldn't you like some?" Simon was almost prepared to whine.

"Um, no, do you have any salad?" Electra assumed that everyone would have salad.

"No, I don't eat rabbit food. I eat rabbits!" Simon chortled. "When did you become this vain?"

"It isn't a case of vanity, Simon, I just want to be well. Look at this video, this lady is 74?" Electra pointed at her phone, which showed a beautiful black woman who looked about 30.

"You're the wrong colour." Simon was now becoming panicked, and irate. "I went to all this trouble, and now I find you are on some fad diet. There is nothing wrong with you."

Electra was now becoming slightly frightened. Simon had once been quite vicious, she now remembered, and she didn't want to get on the wrong side of him. "Perhaps we should do lunch another day. At my house perhaps?"

"No thank, I am quite happy with the age I am, I don't want to drink from your fountain of youth.

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