

MASCULINITY 2033



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The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

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Chapter One: A Boy's Life

“Check out the cream,” you hear a teenage girl call out as you walk down the street, and you cringe, because you know how teenage girls are when they see a pretty man walking alone.

“Hey, honey,” another one says. “Show us that pretty smile.”

You want to tell them to fuck off, these children, but you do show them your pretty smile, because it's easier, because they are less likely to harass you if you show them you are sweet and obedient, a proper little man who knows his place. You look right at them and let a bright smile spread across your pretty face, and you wave with your fingertips and say, “Hey, girls,” in a voice higher, softer, and prettier than any woman will ever have now that The Hive has come to Earth.

The girls all hoot and holler, letting their eyes roam over your body— your breasts, hips, your long legs, and as you walk past them, your ass. It's humiliating.

“Look at the ass on that bitch,” one says. “I'd fuck the hell out of that.” The words stab at you. You feel so ashamed that you allow this to happen, day after day, that girls and women feel free to look at you like a piece of meat, to talk down to you like you're a servant, or a child.

You had tensed up as you walked past those girls, your whole body, but as you move away from their roving eyes, their jeers, you relax. A little. It's not like women aren't still checking you out. Every single one who walks past you drinks you in, enjoys a good, long look at your breasts. You just keep smiling. It's what's expected of a man now, especially one who is young and pretty and unclaimed.

Women are all assholes now, you think, but girls are the worst. They'd all enjoyed the transition to "Total Equality" initiated by The Hive, had gone from being the hunted, the sweet, the feminine, to the hunters. They loved seeing men in their diminished state, you thought, seeing you forced to be the ones who were pretty and sweet, painting your face, showing off your body to please them.

They loved seeing men made to act like women.

They loved it almost, you felt, as much as you hated it.

When you finally arrive at the Lady Doe's coffee shop, a woman holds the door for you. You thank her with a smile, hoping she doesn't hit on you, thinking, *thanks for holding the door for me, but that doesn't at all make up for the way you're staring at my ass now.*

Your boy squad is waiting for you, gathered in a circle back at your usual table. You all smile and make small, feminine waves as you greet each other. You all wear variations of the same

semi-transparent dress, known officially as the Pretty Boy Dress. All single males are required to wear the same basic outfit. Your dresses and the chain link bracelets and waist chains you wear are required of unclaimed men, 'shames,' you are sometimes called, as in "it's a shame he hasn't found a husband." The Hive says your dresses are to help you, to make it easier for eligible bachelors to identify a boy in need of a husband which, of course, you are told, is the most important thing in the world to a boy now. Your purpose, in the world of The Hive, the only real purpose for a boy, is to become a wife and mother.

You sit, hooking your purse over the back of your chair, and check your makeup with your phone. Then, you join into the feminine chatter, your soft voices overlapping as you talk, and the subject, as usual, is women, and who's dating who, and who might just have a husband soon.

You knew most of these boys— these men, you remind yourself, though in the world of The Hive the word 'men' is not used anymore. You knew most of them before the change, though it's hard now to even believe they were the men you knew, these pretty little things.

Take Micaela— formerly Mike. He'd been a broker, made loads of money, spent a ton of it on cocaine and strippers. Is that blonde with the big tits showing off the bracelet his fiancé bought for him.

Really, Mike? Is it even possible, you wonder, as you look at those big, lashed eyes, those plump lips carefully frosted in glossy pink lipstick? Is getting a woman to buy you presents the best you can hope for now?

You wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't watched it all happen, hadn't watched that big swinging dick of a man start wearing makeup as his rugged features replaced by that gorgeous face. He'd called you, crying, the morning he'd woken up to find he'd popped out his little A cups, that he was growing breasts. You'd watched as those A cups had blossomed from an A to a B and a perfect pair of Ds, and that same Mike had gone from dying with shame over his tits to wearing push up bras to make them seem bigger.

That same Mike who'd once planned to make a billion dollars and buy his own island, is now giggling and so, so proud because his girlfriend has money and he's, like, omigod, so hopeful that she's going to pop the question soon, ask him to marry her, save him from his life as an unclaimed boy.

Good for him, you think, both jealous and sorry for him. The way he is now? He will make a good little wife and mother. And, quite frankly, he's useless for anything else.

It's true of all the boys here at the table. Tina had been a personal trainer, totally into mixed martial arts. Now he was too

worried about breaking a nail to even think about going to the gym. He'd transitioned to yoga. Candace had been a construction worker, if you could even believe such a skinny little thing could even lift a hammer. Now, he worked as an exotic dancer at a Lady's Club. Anyone from before The Hive who looked at this table of giggling boys would think they were looking at a table of extremely feminine, impossibly beautiful young women.

The Hive, you think, keeping your feelings hidden behind a pretty smile. The fucking Hive really did a job on us. Your thoughts are interrupted as a woman approaches the table. It's the one who got the door for you earlier.

"Boys," she says. You all stop talking and look up at her, assessing her with your new, feminine eyes. She's tall, broad shoulders, with a sharp, angular haircut. Since masculinity is now defined by things like long hair, makeup, jewelry, women have gotten more butch, not only acting like men used to act, but dressing like them. She has a handsome face, devoid of makeup, and her outfit suggests money. She's probably wearing some sort of low-profile bra, you figure. Women are still women, but with men now sporting D cups and being valued for the size of their tits, women had come to prefer a flatter profile.

"I just paid for another round of drinks for you pretty lads," she says, and she's giving you the eye. She kind of raises her chin at

you, but to your surprise she doesn't ask for your number, but just walks back to her table, where another woman in a three piece is grinning. They talk, glancing back at you, and the boys all start teasing you. She sent all the right signals, signals sure to get any group of boys excited. She'd demonstrated her confidence, her dominance, her money. She'd shown you all that she liked to buy things for pretty boys, to take care of them, and the boys are all drooling over her now, just as she planned.

You play along, giggling, fidgeting with your hair. Yes, she's a stud, and omigod if she asks you for your number? Not one of the boys suggests you approach her. It isn't proper for a boy to approach a woman, ask for her number. It would be just too aggressive, too womanly.

With the attention all on you now, you join in with the conversation, filling the boys in on your love life, if you can even call it that. No, things didn't work out with Max. Yes, she was an incredible lover, so it's a shame because she really knew how to get a boy off. This cute woman did get your number the other day, so who knows? "She was," you say with a smile, "wearing a Rolex. And, well...?" You offer them a devilish smile and glance out of the corner of your eye at Miss Studly over there, talking loudly with her friend, woman spreading, taking up space the way women do.

The boys all ohhh and ahhh. It's every boy's dream to marry a prince, and if not a prince, at least a woman with MONEY. It's supposed to be every boy's dream, you correct yourself. The truth is, it isn't yours. Something is wrong with you, and it has been ever since The Hive came, ever since the changes started.

You know everything about what it means to be a boy now, and you conform, putting on your dress, your makeup, smiling and being sweet and pretty and demure and all the things a proper, good little boy is supposed to be. It all feels wrong to you, though. Unlike most men, who've totally been overtaken by The Hive's brainwashing mind control, you hate what they've made of you, with your big, fat tits and plump ass, your high-pitched voice and pretty face.

Glancing at tall, dark, and handsome, the woman who you have no doubt is about to insert herself into your life whether you like it or not, and it doesn't matter what a boy wants, really, you know one thing above all others.

In this new world of The Hive, you do not want her. You want to be her. It's your new reality, and you dream of it every day. You may have a boy's body, but you want to be a strong, confident woman.

You would give anything to be a woman.

Chapter Two: The Beginning



It had been an ordinary, not too shitty but nothing special day. You'd been at Table 6, explaining the specials to some college kids from NYU, four of them out on a double date, when every phone in the room went off, a cacophony of chimes, pop songs, emergency alerts.

The kids all reached right for their phones, tuning you out as they stared at the glowing screens. "Is it the terrorists?" One of the girls said, grabbing her boyfriend's arm.

"Don't worry," he said, as he swiped at his phone. "I can't get out of this message," he said. "You?"

The other guy shook his head. "I just keep getting the same dumb ass message."

"Maybe it's all bullshit," the other girl said.

“I’m gonna go get your drinks,” you said, and no one responded. Curious as your phone vibrated in your pocket you headed to the bar. Checking a cellphone on the floor was a fireable offense, and you needed the money. You headed back toward the bar, slipping your phone out of your pocket. The bartender, Amber, stood there, looking at her phone, her face a study in feminine anxiety. She was cute. Nice figure. Dimples. Great ass. You’d been hitting on her for months, but she kept insisting she didn’t date guys she worked with. You kinda thought she was probably a lesbian.

“What is this?” Amber held out her phone, and you saw she was getting the same text messages you now saw on your own phone, repeating every thirty seconds: The Hive has landed. Await further instructions.

The Hive had landed. Await further instructions.

“I don’t know,” you admitted, then wanting to be the hero, the guy, you said, “I’m sure it’s nothing.”

“What should we do?”

The other wait staff gathered. Kevin. Lisa. That was all of you. Business had been slow. “Maybe we should close?” Kevin said. Not surprising. There wasn’t a night he failed to suggest you close early and go home.

“It could be aliens,” Lisa said.

You all laughed. She was totally into all that alien conspiracy stuff. Had even gone on vacation to Roswell. She pretty much saw aliens everywhere.

Just then Andy, the manager, came out of his office. Pot-bellied and balding, he'd landed at Senor Frijoles after, he claimed, having been "really big" at a tech start-up. "Let's just keep on keeping on," he said. "Await further instructions."

"Do you know what this even is?" Amber asked.

"Don't worry," Andy said. "I'm gonna connect with some of my old buddies from the tech world. I'll find out what's up." He slouched back to his office.

All the phones kept buzzing, chiming, playing music. The noise was starting to get to you, and you tried to silence your phone, but nothing. "Am I the only one who doesn't feel confident Andy's imaginary friends from the tech world are going to know anything?" You said, immediately regretting it as Lisa was something of a rat and would probably tell him what you said.

"Fuck him," Kevin said. "Let's just all leave. I need to get back to Astoria, and what if they shut the trains down?"

"Go ahead," you said. The prick. "We don't need you."

"Hey, bro. Take a step back," Kevin said, dropping into some kind of martial arts pose. He was one of those guys, always talking about how tough he was, preening, dropping hints about

the underground fight club he belonged to, though you'd never seen him with so much as a scratch on that pretty boy face of his.

You took a step forward. There were females present. You couldn't let them think you were chickenshit.

"Guys, come on," Amber, ever the peacemaker, said.

Your pissing contest, however, came to an abrupt end as a customer over by the window shouted, "Holy shit." He jumped to his feet, craning his neck, looking up at the sky. "What the fuck is that?"

The other customers all jumped to their feet and rushed to the window, their chatter now joining the noise of the phones. Your head started to pound. You all ran over to the window, crowding to the glass. You looked up, and at first you saw nothing, then Amber said, "Oh, shit," and she pointed, and you followed her hand and, what the fuck?

What looked like a huge, black egg hovered in the air above the city. It didn't seem real, somehow. It seemed like a bad photo edit, it seemed to impossible and out of place, the glassy surface gleaming with the reflected lights from the city below.

"Omigod," Lisa said in a breathy voice. "The aliens! They're here!"

"Aliens?" Someone said, and the word began to circulate among the crowd. You could feel the panic growing, and people

started heading toward the door, some pausing to toss cash onto their tables of half-eaten food. You saw Table 6 heading toward the door, and there went a really good tip. “Guys,” you called, hoping to stop them, get their money. “Your drinks?”

If they heard you, they didn’t respond, but just headed out along with everyone else. The restaurant cleared; the cell phones grew silent. Now, the only sound was the treble heavy, canned “Mexican” music piping in over the extremely low-fi sound system. Suddenly, closing seemed like a good idea, after all, not that you would give Kev-bro the satisfaction.

“Guys, there is nothing to be worried about,” Lisa said, her eyes gleaming with a maniacal light. “Any species advanced enough to master inter-stellar travel will and must be enlightened, advanced, beneficent. It’s not like those Hollywood movies,” she said, shaking her head side to side. “It’s the dawning of a new age!”

“You spend way too much time on alien blogs,” Kevin said as he started to undo his apron. “I’m getting out of here.”

‘I’ll walk you home,’ you said to Amber, and she gave you a suspicious look like, seriously? You’re coming onto me now?

“You, too,” you say to Lisa, wanting to play the hero.

‘Oh, shit,’ Kevin said, realizing his mistake, how much of a pussy he must look like, planning to run off without a thought about the girls. “Yeah, no, I’ll do that, too.”

“I don’t know,” Amber says, looking at Lisa for support. “The message said to wait for instructions, right?”

“We should totally wait for instructions,” Lisa said, and she’s so weirdly excited. “The aliens, I wonder if they’re octopoid? They are friendly. We should listen to them.” Kevin is looking at her now, an odd, fascinated look in his eyes as he almost seems to be spacing out.

And you’re looking at Amber’s face now, but not at her face, not how hot she is. You’re looking at her lipstick, eyeliner, mascara. Just the slightest dusting of blush on her cheeks. A strange and disturbing thought pops into your head, as you wonder what shade of lipstick she’s wearing, and if you can borrow it?

“What?” Amber says.

You shake your head, pushing those crazy thoughts away, thinking, it must be the stress, but you can’t stop looking at Amber’s makeup, admiring the way her eyes pop, her perfectly sculpted brows, and you feel plain and naked, and you need to look— no.

Andy comes out of his office, goes to the door, and locks it. You and Kevin are so mesmerized you barely notice, but Amber and Lisa are still functioning. “What are you doing?” She asks, turning to face Andy, and you feel angry, moving so you can look at her, admire that silvery eyeshadow.

“It’s on the news,” Andy said. “Shelter in place...” his voice trails off as he finds himself looking back and forth between Lisa and Amber. He gulps and starts to back away, fading back into his office, and he looks scared.

Kevin steps close to Lisa and whispers in her ear. She giggles and says, “really?”

Kevin nods, glances at you, his eyes cold with shame, then Lisa takes his hand and leads him toward the break room. “Come on, sweetie,” she says.

“Are they about to fuck?” Amber says. She looks up at you now, and the light catches her glossy lipstick, and you ache seeing how her lips shine, wanting yours to shine the same way. You’re pretty sure Kevin just asked Lisa to do his face, because you are struggling with the desire to ask Amber to do the same.

“I don’t think so,” you say, your voice strained, creaking as you struggle against this new urge. You’ve been wanting to fuck Amber forever, and asking her to lend you her lipstick is not going

to increase your chances. You're a man, and she's a woman. Remember that, you tell yourself.

"Fuck it," Amber finally says. "Let's get drunk."

Relieved by the distraction, and you realize you really could use a drink, you follow her to the bar. "What'll it be, fella?" Amber says, putting on a 1920s accent. Like you, she is an actor, just working this survival job until she gets her big break.

"Of all gin joints in all the towns in all the world," you say, trying to put on your best Humphrey Bogart, which, you know, is not good. "She walks into mine."

Amber laughs. It's a bright, silvery, flirty laugh, and at one time you might have even thought that maybe you did have a chance with her, but right now you are far too focused on those long, wet lashes and wondering what brand of mascara she uses. "That was the worst Bogart impression I've ever heard," she says.

"I know. Kentucky Bourbon. Neat," you say. You don't actually love it all that much, but it's a manly drink, and you feel the need more than ever to be the man.

Amber splashes the warm, brown liquor into a rocks glass, mixes herself some kind of pink, frothy, girly drink. You clink glass and walk back to the window, staring up at that glass egg hovering in the sky.

"Do you think it's really aliens?" Amber asks, sipping.

“I don’t know,” you say, “but it seems, and I can’t believe I’m saying this, but Lisa may be right. I can’t think of a better explanation.”

“Let’s hope she’s right about them being friendly.”

Amber is looking up at you, her eyes growing dreamy, those wet, glossy lips parted, her teeth bright and white. You look down at her, and you’re so fixated on that pretty shade of lipstick she catches you totally off guard when she suddenly rises up and kisses you, putting her arms around your neck, pressing her breasts against your body.

You kiss back, the feeling of that tacky lipstick on your lips send a thrill through you like you’ve never felt, and it shakes you, making you dizzy as you feel like your brain is shifting, rearranging... The kiss ends. Amber lingers in your arms, looking up at you, her pupils so wide, so deep. “I’m scared,” she says, and now you feel an old thrill mixing with your feminine new desires as you realize this little female is looking to you for strength, confidence, protection.

She is looking at you to be a man for her, to tell her everything is going to be fine, and as you run your tongue along your lips, tasting the delicious taste of her lipstick, you feel yourself getting hard, and you’re not sure exactly why.

Giggling. Lisa leads Kevin out from the break room. She's holding his hand, and he looks so embarrassed. She's done his face. Lipstick. Blush. Mascara. All of it, and you feel a white-hot hate as you look at him, because he was a pretty boy, and he looks cute, and he has what you want.

"Omigod," Amber says, and you can almost see a shift in her eyes, like her brain is re-arranging, changing, too. "You look so pretty."

Kevin drops his eyes, down and to the side. "Isn't he just adorable?" Lisa says.

You slit your eyes at him. You hate him so much. And now, there is no way in hell you will ever give into this— insane urge— because Kevin did it first, and anyway, what would Amber think of you?

She answers the question, grabbing your hand. "Come on," she says, dragging you toward the break room. "I wanna do your face now!"

Lisa claps. "Oh, goody," she says, doing little bunny hops.

You protest, try and make Amber think you're doing this under duress. You feel you have to, though you want this so bad, and pretty soon you're sitting at the break table while Amber excitedly fishes her makeup out of her purse, the mysterious female tubes and compacts, powders and creams. You have no idea this is



only the
beginning
that soon
you'll have
your own
purse, and
it, too, will
be full of
makeup, no
longer
feminine

and mysterious, but a central part of your life as a boy.

“Is it weird I want to do this all of a sudden?” Ashley asks, scrunching her nose.

You just shrug, and she sees it in your eyes. A wicked little smile spreads on her face and she tilts her head to the side. “You want me to, don’t you?” She says.

You’re broken. You can’t deny it. “Yes,” you say. “I do.”

Amber giggles and pulls out a lipstick wand, and your heart flutters because it is the same color she’s wearing, the same wet, red perfection. “Just keep still, sweetie,” she says, eyes dancing with delight. ‘I’m going to make you pretty.’

“Good luck with that.”

“You’re going to be surprised.”
And you are.



Chapter Three

You remember that day now, your first day in makeup, as you



sit at your dressing table in your bra and panties, hair up, applying your foundation, Radiance by Clinique. It's from their boys' line, and promises it is especially formulated for a boy's sensitive skin.

Your whole future, the future of humanity, it had all been right there in that moment when

you'd had your face made up for the first time. Amber, who'd always had a thing for dudes, rugged manly men, suddenly getting off on the idea of feminizing a man, making him pretty. And you, powerless against the new urge, this drive to wear makeup, letting the girl who'd you'd wanted to fuck make you pretty, even as each wave of her mascara brush felt like a knife to your balls.

The new dynamic between the sexes had started right then and there— Amber had loved feminizing you and she was already starting to find herself turned on by the thought of a pretty, submissive male.

You sat there passively, your hands in your lap, while she did her best to soften your face, erase everything masculine, give you bigger eyes, less angles. You'd wanted it. Needed it. Hated it.

Back in the present, you check your face. Bright. Pretty. Appealing. Appalling. It's that glitch again, that something that was either right or wrong with you that makes you both love and hate your new life.

Radiance is your go-to everyday foundation, but you must have, you don't even know, twenty different jars and tubes of the stuff, different foundations for day, evening, weddings, the beach. You love makeup, and you buy more all the time, and you hate it, too. You hate that you love it and need it and have no choice but

to wear it while women strut around without it whenever it suits them. It wasn't fair, The Hive had decreed, that boys didn't get to wear makeup, and now you had no choice. How was it fair, though, that while you and every boy obsessed over it, women didn't bother most of the time?

How was it fair that workplaces now required boys to wear makeup, but not women?

Total Equality was total bullshit. Women could go where they wanted, when they wanted, looking how they wanted.

Not a boy, though, you think, as you paint your lips a pretty pink, making your already bee stung lips look even bigger, plumper, more inviting and more kissable. If you were to leave the house without doing your face, someone might report you, or one of The Hive might see you, and you could be dragged off for counseling.

It doesn't matter, you tell yourself. You would probably wear it anyway. Boys could be so judgy, and walking around without makeup would set all the bitchy little boys to gossiping. Besides, you have an audition today, and they might not even let you read a single line if you walk in there plain faced like some woman. You want the part, and you need to make yourself pretty.

Pretty? Not pretty. More pretty, you remind yourself as you dust blush onto your cheeks with a camel hairbrush. Even without

makeup, with your face you could have been a model before The Hive – a female model.

You remind yourself of Meika Woollard now, the way she looked before. You'd had a thing for her back in the day, but you'd never wanted to look like her, never thought you would look like her, never thought you'd look up pictures of her before The Hive not so you could drool over her. No. You look at those old pics now so you can copy her makeup, her hairstyles.

You spend half your life watching hair and makeup tutorials on YouTube, all of them made by giggling boys, gushing over the latest colors, the latest trends. There's almost nothing worse for a boy than being out of style. Even the prettiest boy couldn't get away with looking like last year's cover boy. In that sense, being a shame has an advantage. You have to wear a pretty boy dress. Only boys who are engaged or married can choose their own outfits. That saves you a lot of time and even money, though you still find yourself skimming through Mademoiselle, Elle, Cosmopolitan, online shopping, pinning outfit ideas to your Pinterest. You don't even know why, other than The Hive made you this way, obsessed with fashion.

Eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara done, you pencil in your slender brows, then gasp as you check the time, hopping up, slipping into your dress. It still surprises you how long it takes you to get ready,

and you can only hope the trains are on time! Late to an audition, and you have no chance. You want the part. You want it bad. It's not a great part, but it's as good a part as a boy can get these days. You're sick of being a waitress.

The subway is just pulling in as you're coming down the steps, and you lift your dress and hurry as well as you can in your heels, clicking and clacking, breasts bouncing. The train doors open, and people pour out, and you're small and they bump into you, push you aside, and your heart races because the bell is tolling, the doors will close soon, you'll miss your train... Oh! You hate being so small, so hobbled.

Breasts heaving, you step into the car just as the doors whoosh shut behind you. You look around and all the seats are taken. Great. You're about to grab onto the pole and hold on for dear life when a handsome, older woman smiles and stands. "Please, take my seat."

You smile back and take the offered seat, smoothing your dress under you as you sit. It is—okay— to be a boy sometimes. The man in you, whatever's left of him, would have liked to refuse. You still don't like being treated like a woman, but the train lurches and jerks, and it's hard to keep your balance in heels. Plus, sitting, you can prepare for your audition. Balancing your

purse on your thighs, you pull out the folded-up sides and go over your lines:

The Dark Moon. Female Lead. Cynthia.

Cynthia: Screams. Help! Someone help me!

Cynthia glances over his shoulder, terrified. He can hear the thudding footsteps of Jason approaching.

Cynthia sinks to her knees, crying. “God, if you can hear me, please send someone to rescue me! Please!”

Jason enters. “Not even God can help you now.” Chainsaw roars.

Cynthia screams.

Enter Max. “Back off, freak!” She brandishes a big, hard, gleaming shotgun.

Cynthia clings to Max’s leg. “Max!”

You smile. It’s a bitter smile, not cute, the kind you would not want anyone to see. Who writes this shit? You wonder. The Hive? One of their lackeys? It’s so stupid, but it’s also the boy lead in a feature film. It could be your big break. You’re going to sell the hell out of this shit.

“You an actress?” The woman who gave you her seat asks.



Fuck, not now, you think as you realize she's been standing very close, her leg almost touching yours. You also become aware that this whole time she's been staring down at your tits. You want to tell her to get lost, but when you look up at her you have a bright, pretty smile on your face, and you gush. "I am!" Batting your eyes. "I'm just going over my lines," you say, as you brush your hair back from your face, hoping she'll take the hint and leave you alone.

She doesn't. "You're so pretty," she says, her eyes still caressing your breasts. "I bet you're really good."

Like being pretty has anything to do with being a good actress! You think, but you hide that annoyance, just smiling even more. "Well, I try my best," you say, with proper boyish modesty.

"Listen," she says, and you think you know what's coming. She's going to ask you for your number, and you're going to have no choice but to go out with her at least once. She's the kind of woman who won't take no for an answer. You can tell. She surprises you, though, as she pulls out her wallet and hands you a card. "I'm sure you get this all the time, but I'm an agent. First Talent."

You take the card as the train lurches to a halt. "This is my stop," you say, apologetically, as you offer her your arm. She helps you up, puts her hand on the small of your back and walks you toward the train door.

"Give me a call," she says, and you can't help but giggle and glance back at her over your shoulder as you step from the train. She seems—different?

You look at the card. It's a good card. Classy, embossed, vellum. Her name is right there on the card. George H. Pearson. Representative. First Talent. You put the card carefully in your purse, thinking, maybe this is my lucky day.

First Talent is one of the top talent agencies in the world.

The auditions are being held at Cavern Studios. The waiting room is crowded with boys, most of them shames, like you, wearing pretty boy dresses. There are a few boys there who've been claimed, and they stand out from the rest of you in their skirts and blouses. It's an unfair advantage, you think, sour, jealous. Their clothes alone help them stand out from the crowd. How are you supposed to separate yourself from all of these other pretty boys in their pretty boy dresses?

Well, you decide, focusing yourself, sitting, your purse in your lap. You'll just have to be the best actress they see, won't you? As you glance over your sides, you start your mantra: I am a great actress. The world needs my talent. I'm sick of waiting tables. I am meant for better things. I am a great actress... the world needs my talent...

"Katherine? Katherine Rose?"

You look up at the personal assistant who just called your name. Like most assistants, he's a pretty little thing. He's wearing a long, black dress, a red scarf that matches his pumps, and a pretty, butterfly brooch. Real diamonds. A boy can tell. He clearly found himself a woman.

"Yes?" You say, smiling as you stand.

"They're ready for you."

You walk into the room and smile and wave with your fingertips at the table of women. There's a camera woman as well, and a blank backdrop against the wall opposite the table. "Hey, Katherine," the woman to the far left says. "I'm the casting director, Frank Walls, and to my right this is the assistant director, Jack Harold and the cinematographer, Burt Devins."

"It's so nice to meet you all," you say, putting your hand to your chest. In fact, you find it a little intimidating to be the only boy in a room full of powerful women. It makes you nervous, but that's good. You're supposed to be scared in this scene, and so you will use that, and you allow that feeling of anxiety build. You don't want them to see that, though, not yet, so you smile and toss your hair wanting them to think—flirty, fun, easy to work with.

"I'll be reading for Jason and Max. Do you have any questions before we start?" Frank says.

"I think I'm ready," you say, spotting the X marked on the floor with tape and taking your mark. Jack, the assistant director, is wearing a beret and dark sunglasses, she looks bored, and Burt, the cinematographer has her tattooed arms crossed over her chest she is just ogling your body, shamelessly undressing you with her eyes. Good, you tell yourself even as his stare makes you cringe. Good. You'll feed on this, too, the feelings of insecurity and anxiety it brings out in you when women look at

you like that. She makes you feel vulnerable, and you need that for this scene.



‘Oh,’ Frank says. “And that’s our tech, Andy. When she gives you the signal, go.”

You nod and look at Andy, who has her head down, looking into the view screen on the back of the camera, one arm raised above her head like she’s about to

signal the start of a race.

You take a deep breath and focus. Andy drops her hand at the same time as she says, “go.”

You scream. It’s a blood curdling scream. An A-lister scream, and you’re off, not thinking anymore, but lost in the role, a frightened boy being pursued by a terrifying woman. You draw on your experiences, times when you’ve been alone, when you thought a woman was following you...

Your heart races, thumping, pounding so loud you can hear it. “Help! Someone help me!”



Frank pounds her palms on the table. Thump. Thump. Thump.

You squeal and drop to the ground, hot tears rolling down your cheeks. “God,” you cry out, the room now a tear-smeared, gaussian blur, “if you can hear me, please send someone to rescue me! Please!”

Frank, in a plain, monotone voice, just giving you the line, no acting: “Not even God can help you now. Chainsaw roars.”

You scream, putting your hands to your cheeks, and scream again.

Frank reads: “Enter Max. ‘Back off, freak!’ She brandishes a big, hard, gleaming shotgun.”

You mime clinging to a leg and cry out, “Max!”

“And scene,” Frank says.

“Got it,” Andy says.

“Good, good,” Jack says as you wipe your tears and force yourself to smile.

“I can do it again if you’d like?” You say.

“I think we’re good,” Frank says. “Thanks for coming in.”

“You got great tits,” Burt says, and she’s still looking at you like a piece of meat. “They’d look good on camera.”

“Or in my mouth,” Jack says, and all three women chuckle.

Assholes. You wish you could say something, let them know how gross it makes you feel when they talk about your body like

that, but they're just girls being girls. No one wants to work with a boy who gets his panties in a wad over every little thing. You just smile and grab your purse.

"Thanks so much for seeing me," you say, shrugging your shoulders, lifting those tits, letting them bounce when you drop your shoulders down. A boy has to use what he's got.

The assistant opens the door for you, and when you make your way back out into the holding room, one of the other pretty boys smiles and nods. "Great scream," he says.

"Thanks," you say, pleased. If a boy wants to work in this business, everyone knows he better be able to scream. You've spent hours on the rooftop of your building practicing your screams. You make your way to the boy's room and wipe off the tear smeared mascara from your cheeks, fix your makeup. You smile at yourself. You nailed it. You know you did. Maybe this was it. Maybe this would be your big break?

And even if it wasn't, well, you have George's card in your purse. You just might be on your way to landing with a top talent agency, and then, who knows?

You drift from the studio on a cloud, dreaming of red carpet movie premieres, talk show interviews, magazine covers. There's nothing wrong with it, you tell yourself.

After all, a boy can dream.

Chapter Four: The Past

You hung out at the bar for a few hours, the four amigos: You, Kevin, Lisa and Amber. There is no news. Your phone just displays that same message, black text against a yellow background: The Hive Has Landed. Await Further Instructions. You drink. You feel sheepish, a little embarrassed to have the girls see you with your face all painted. Your lipstick is tacky, sticky, and you keep opening and closing your lips, trying to get used to the feeling. Amber is tense, subdued, constantly trying to call her parents. “I hope they’re okay,” she says. She’s worried.

While the three of you stress, Lisa’s got alien fever. Knee bouncing, she can’t sit still, keeps running to the window, desperately hoping to get a glimpse of The Hive. “I wonder if we’ll get to meet them?” She says. “I want a selfie so bad.”

Later, you hear gunfire— pop, pop, pop— echoing through the city canyons. You all run over to the window, and though you can’t see what sounds like a firefight, you can see the buildings a block over on Broadway lighting up with muzzle flashes. There’s a concussive thud that rattles the windows, and you all step back, all but Lisa, who has her nose pressed against the glass. “Look,” she says.

A lone NYPD Officer in tactical gear comes running from Broadway, down the street, toward you. The face plate on his helmet is shattered. "Is that them?" You say as a group of tall figures dressed all in black, wearing black helmets that fully cover their heads, comes racing after him. They carry rifles, but the rifles look like prop guns from some sci fi shoot 'em up.

"Halt by order of the High Queen." A woman's voice calls, broadcast, louder than the gunfire. "High Queen... High Queen... High Queen... echoing up and down the street.

The cop keeps running.

One of The Hive drops to a knee and takes aim.

"Shit," Amber says.

A bolt of bright blue energy leaps from the muzzle and strikes the cop. You wince, but he's lifted off his feet, and floats, flailing, but seemingly unharmed.

"See?" Lisa says, a smug smile on her face. "They didn't hurt him. I told you. The Hive is here to help."

You're not so sure as you watch The Hive race to the captured cop, grab him, push him to his knees and bind his hands behind his back. It looks to you like The Hive have come to conquer.

The message came an hour or so later. "Return to Your Homes. Go About Your Lives."

“Let me walk you girls to the subway,” you say, repeating your gallantry from earlier.

This time, they laugh. “I think we’ll be fine, sweetie,” Lisa says as she and Amber exchange an amused glance.

“You want to touch up before you head home?” Amber adds with a crooked smile.

You touch your cheek. You’d forgotten you were wearing makeup. Did it make such a difference? What the hell?

The streets are packed. Crowds have gathered, people staring up at The Hive ship with wide, glassy eyes, swaying back and forth. As you make your way through the crowd, heading for the subway station, you see a drug store, Duane Reade. You should really stop and pick up some things— mascara, lipstick, foundation—

You stop yourself. Makeup? You don’t—

And yet, you realize, you do wear makeup. You need to—

No. It makes no sense. Why are you so obsessed? And then you notice— the men on the street. They are all wearing lipstick, eyeshadow. They have rosy cheeks dusted with blush.

Just like you. You stare, thinking, I have to fight this.

You find yourself inside Duane Reade in the makeup aisle. It’s crowded with men. There are some amused looking women at the end of the aisle, taking pictures, laughing at the sight of all these

men eagerly grabbing armfuls of cosmetics. You panic as you see the shelves are almost empty. Two guys lunge for the same compact of e.l.f. cosmetics bright pink blush, the bigger one shoving the smaller one aside and clutching the blush triumphantly to his chest.

The little guy tenses, grits his teeth, and you think there's about to be a brawl as these two men get in a fight over makeup, but a woman, the manager, steps in, laughing, and says, "Girls, girls, none of that now. The Hive had just arrived with emergency supplies so you can all make yourselves pretty."

There's a roar of joy and relief – your voices hadn't changed yet– from all the desperate men who hadn't been able to get what they needed, and you're surprised to realize you shouted out right along with them, throwing a fist in the air.

You line up with the other men. There's a tractor trailer out front, and the staff of the Duane Reade are behind a table, passing out what look like gift baskets overflowing with all the things you need and want. Keeping order, making sure none of the men, literally, gets out of line, The Hive. You see them up close for the first time. They have the shapes of women, but like professional volleyball players. Tall, athletic, clad all in black, their faces and eyes hidden behind black, reflective glass. You feel intimidated, small, and you have never felt scared of a female

before, but the big, powerful looking Hive Soldier? She scares you, and you are shocked by this new reality.



Once more, there is a crowd of women watching, chuckling, taking pictures. When you get to the front of the line, the grinning woman handing out makeup says, “Hey, cutie.” She looks you over and then her hand floats over the baskets in front of her. She picks one up and hands it to you. “These are perfect for your skin tone, honey,” she says. “You’ll look great.”

“Thanks,” you mumble, looking at the label on the plastic wrap on the basket. It reads, “Peachy Princess.”

I’m a peachy princess? You think, disgusted. Fuck me.

The girl’s words have woken up a whole range of new worries and concerns. Skin tone? What are the best colors for my skin tone, you wonder? You’ve never had to worry about it before, never even thought about it before. You have so much to learn, and it’s just the first taste of how much more complicated life is about to be for you as a man, a boy, under the rule of The Hive.

When you get home, you find you keep checking yourself out, admiring how your eyes pop, how plump your lips look, how wet and kissable. Each time you check your makeup, you promise yourself this will be the last time. A guy should not be obsessing over his lipstick and, besides, you’re home alone. It’s late. You have no intention of going back out, so what does it matter?

You make dinner, which for you means you fry some hot dogs and warm up a can of Boston Beans. You sit down at the cheap, plastic table that serves as the center piece of what you like to refer to as “The Grand Dining Room.” You prop open your smart pad, your eyes immediately drawn to a new icon. It’s a basket that reads *Peachy Princess Users Guide*.

How? You wonder? You’d given out no information to anyone at all. You’d just gotten in line and received your basket, and yet,

somehow, The Hive had identified you, downloaded their APP onto your smart pad. They knew everything about you already—your phone number, name, address, skin tone.

They're everywhere, you think, getting your first taste of their technological prowess, the reach of their surveillance apparatus. Your eyes go right to the camera above your screen. It's just a dark little circle. It's been there forever, staring at you, and you never even gave it a second thought. Now, though? Now you look back warily, wondering if The Hive is watching you right now? Will they always be watching?

You have two urges at war with one another. One side of you says, cover the camera. Cover all the cameras. Smash your cellphone. Drown it in the toilet.

Paranoia growing, your eyes search frantically around the room. The blue screen on your digital refrigerator. The blinking clock on your microwave. The thermostat, with built in Alexa, and then to Alexa, herself, in the shape of the Death Star, sitting right next to your flat screen.

Pull the plug. Shut them all down. Alexa, you have no doubt, has turned traitor and joined The Hive. She's working for them. Stressed, you smack your lips, feeling the way they stick together, and that wakes up the second part of you.

The second part wants desperately to click on that APP and see what it's all about. The second part of you says, who are you that The Hive would be watching? And even if they are, so what? That second part of you thinks of Lisa saying, "The Hive are our friends. We should trust them."

The second part of you wins, and you click on the APP. A screen opens that reads, Welcome Peachy Princess! There is a menu of tutorials— lips, eyes, foundation. One reads: Start Here. You eagerly click, forgetting all about the cameras, The Hive. You're a Peachy Princess, and you can't wait to learn everything there is to know about makeup.

That night, you fell asleep watching a video on how to get butterfly lashes, and you woke with a start, panicked. One of the first things you'd learned was that you needed to clean your makeup off each night. It was terrible for your pores and leaving it on would give you bad skin.

"No...no... no..." you think, almost leaping out of bed. For the first time in your life, the thought of having bad skin terrifies you. You rush to your basket and grab the Peachy Princess wipes, hurry to the bathroom and draw one of the wipes across an eyelid, looking at it, seeing the smudged purple, silver and black. You wipe and wipe some more, clearing away all that beautiful

makeup, and when your face is finally bare, you sigh with relief to see your skin is bright, healthy, even glowing.

Your knees get weak, and you lean against the sink, sighing with relief. You know this is all wrong, that a man shouldn't be so dramatic, so worried about his skin. You don't even think a woman should be so worried about her skin, but you don't have a choice. This isn't a choice. It's who you are now. Who The Hive is making you.

You find your moisturizer nestled in the basket, Flirty, by L'Oréal for Boys, and you warm it on your fingertips as the video told you to do, then apply it evenly all over your smooth face, enjoying the feel of it, the pretty smell, and then you rub it over your hands and elbows.

Only then can you think about breakfast, your day, and how much time should you set aside now to do your makeup before work?

You spend the day watching videos, practicing doing your makeup, wiping it off, doing it again. At first it looks clownish, clumsy, and you almost want to cry because it's so hard, and you don't know if you'll ever even come close to getting it right in time for your shift.

You think back to the first video, the overview. A smiling woman in a three-piece suit, speaking directly to the camera,

directly to you: *Mastering the art of makeup requires dedication and focus, neither of which, let's be honest, scatter-brained boys are known for. Fortunately, your friends at The Hive have created these fun, educational videos that make makeup so easy, even a boy can do it! Let's get started.*

Even a boy can do this, you think, as you struggle with the eyelash curler. Even I can do this!



As you walk to work, you see all the men are now wearing makeup, just like you. You're all checking each other out,

assessing, and you exchange sheepish, embarrassed smiles with the other men as you think— good. Nice. Try harder. The women you pass are all grinning, amused, some of them leaning together, whispering and giggling. You see an old fuck buddy approaching. Rylee.

Things didn't end well between the two of you. She works around Time Square as well. Shit. The man in you is terrified to have her see you all prettied up, and you think about ducking down a side street, trying to hide your face, but she's spotted you, and she's laughing, covering her mouth, eyes dancing with glee.



As she passes, she looks you right in the eyes and says, “You look so pretty.”

You cringe, the man in you withering, and she laughs some more as she walks by and then calls back, “Total Equality.”

Chapter 5: The Present



Arms in the air, you shake your ass side to side and toss your hair. A woman has her hands on your hips, grinding against your ass. Tina, a member of your boy squad, dances in front of you, shaking his tits. Both of you have traded your day makeup of innocent pastels for smokey eyes and glossy red lips that let every woman in the place know just what you have in mind. Competition is fierce. The floor is packed with shames in their pretty boy dresses. A hoard of sex-crazed women circle, but you? You won't just settle for whatever you can get. With your curves, there is no reason to settle.

When the song ends, Justin Bieber's latest hit, "Pretty," you and Tina head to the bar. Max The Bartender, a tall, rugged woman, tatted and pierced, comes over to serve you right away. You and Tina exchanged a smirk. You know you're the hottest bitches in this place, and that earns you VIP status. The club knows wherever hot boys go, the women will follow. "What can I get you?"

Before you can answer, a couple of women have sidled up next to each of you. "You look like a Cosmo boy," the woman says, smiling down at you. She has good teeth. She's confident. You touch her forearm and it's hard and glancing down at her tight pants you see she has powerful looking thighs. Check. Check.

Check. You came here to get fucked. You smile back and giggle, “I can be any kind of boy you want me to be.”

“Cosmo for the pretty little boy, and whiskey, straight for me.”

You miss being the hunter sometimes, the aggressor. Tonight, though, you are horny as hell and you just want to get fucked in the worst way, so you feel a little grateful being a boy in a woman’s world.

The trick now is picking the right one. Not just the one who’ll be good in the sack, but the right one. It’s a dangerous world for boys, and you can’t be too careful. You want a woman who is a little bit of an asshole— nice girls are so damn boring in the sack— but not too much of an asshole. And, of course, someone who isn’t murderly or stalkery or, God forbid, clingy.

“I need to tinkle,” Tina whispers in your ear.

“Excuse me,” you say, apologetically. You are always apologizing to women. “We need to freshen up.”

“Name’s Allan,” the woman says, checking the time, only you know she’s not really just checking the time. She’s showing off her gold watch. “We’ll order you a fresh drink when you come back.”

You give her hand a squeeze and grab your clutch purse, heading off to the little boy’s room with Tina. The fresh drink comment turns you on. She’s protective, understands the boy

rules. She wants you to feel safe. You decide right then and there you're going to let her fuck you.

You're naked, laying on your side, while Allan has gone to her closet to strap up. You're eager to see her dildo. You expect something fierce and when she emerges from the closet, the thick, ridged phallus with metal studs along the length thrusting out from her hips does not disappoint. You smile and put your fingers to your cheek. 'Oh, wow,' you whisper, shivering a little as you imagine how good those ridges and studs will feel inside you.

"You like that?" Allan says. 'I call her Orgasma.'" She's as proud of her dildo as you used to be of your cock. Women will never admit it, but they spend hours and hours looking for the right dildos— the ones they want to use on men. They range from little, pink and boring, "I don't want you to feel threatened" to brutal contraptions that scream, "I hate men." Allan's is a perfect "I love fucking men" size and style, and it's clear she put some thought into how best to get you off. Those ridges, after all, aren't for her.

You find yourself on your back, feet in the air. Your breasts bounce each time she thrusts into you. Orgasma is thick, thick like a— you actually can't even think of anything to compare it to except maybe a blimp. Being so thick, it's stretching you and

spreading you in ways you aren't sure a boy was ever meant to be penetrated. She has strong legs, powerful glutes— they were among the reasons you'd let her pick you up at the club, and she does not disappoint as she slams into you like a jackhammer.

“You fine ass bitch,” the woman said, pinching you on the side of the hip. “I could fuck you all night.”



She's clearly not a romantic, which is good. You didn't come here for bullshit romance. When you climax, you moan and dig your long nails into her shoulders, and she grunts, grabbing your

hips and pulling you to her, thrusting deeper, driving you even more insane with pleasure.

After, you clean up, fix your makeup, muss your hair and come out of the bathroom wearing one of her shirts. It's over-sized on your, hanging off one shoulder. She's laying on her bed, a smug, satisfied look on her face, already half asleep.

"I better get home," you say.

"Stay," Allan says. "It's not safe for a boy to be out alone this late at night."

You sleep over it, but you wake up at the crack of dawn, get dressed, slip into your heels and head out. She's still snoring when you pull the door closed. It's the walk of shame, supposedly, but you feel pretty much like you won the lottery. You got laid; she didn't try to kill you, and you didn't pay for a drink all night. It's a cool, dry morning, and you catch glimpses of the rising sun down the long valleys of the NYC streets— pink and blue. A ferry cuts across the bay. You fish out your phone and there's a message from Tina, SAH. Safe At Home. You text back SMH. You always check in after a night out fucking strangers in case one of you has found yourself imprisoned in a sex dungeon somewhere. A boy can't be too careful.

The sidewalks are not yet crowded, most of the store fronts shuttered. The air in NYC is never so clean and fresh as it is first

thing in the early morning before the city wakes and the streets become clogged with cars and trucks, belching exhaust into the air. You feel sharp, alert, alive. You always do the morning after sex, more than you ever did as a man. Since you changed and found a wet slit between your legs, when you get horny you get stupid, or maybe not stupid, but scatter-brained, distracted, muddled.

You have to get laid not just because your body is aching for it, but because unless you get a good, hard cock inside you, you won't even be able to remember how to pay the light bill after a few days.

Okay. That's a slight exaggeration, but that's what it feels like. That's the emotional reality. All your guy friends agree. You don't think women were ever as hard up before the change. It's all part of Total Equality. Men have biological cycles now, ruthless and demanding cycles, that drive them toward serving their primary purpose: having babies.

You look up to where The Hive ship still hovers above the city. It's gotten to the point where you don't really even register the ship floating up there. It's just part of the skyline now. You have to make a conscious decision to look for it and, yup, it's still there. It's the same with the ever-present Hive soldiers who stand on

street corners, in front of government buildings. It's like they've always been there, like lampposts or hedges.

The Hive has become a part of everyday life. No one even questions it anymore. Certainly, no one seems to fight it. Who has the time? You think about your own day. You need to drop off your clothes at the cleaners, clean the kitchen, hit the gym, do your nails, catch up on the latest episode of *The Gilmore Boys*, get to work. You don't even have time to wash your hair, which you promise you'll get to tomorrow.

"Katherine," Brandi says when you show up at work, purse tucked under your arm.

"Brandon," you answer, heels clicking as you head toward the changing room. The Pretty Boy dress is not made for work. The thin, delicate material tears easily, stains. You'd go bankrupt if you had to keep replacing dresses destroyed by waitressing. Fortunately, The Hive in their great wisdom and generosity do allow shames to wear work uniforms. Unfortunately, your work uniform is a pair of hot shorts and a crop top that reads, "Curves" across your breasts.

Good old Senor Frijoles had been rebranded under the leadership of Lisa, who'd been elevated to manager after men had been determined to be too emotional to hold any leadership positions under The Hive. The wait staff now consisted entirely of

young, pretty boys with long legs and big tits. You slip into your pumps, irritated at how impractical they are for a boy who spends his entire shift on his FEET.

When Lisa had introduced the new uniforms to the staff, you'd gone to her office. "Can I have a sec?" At that point, after the vaccine, you hadn't fully blossomed. You were skinny, with firm little breasts and round but still narrow hips. You felt like a child, a girl child.

"Sure, thing, Katie," Lisa had said. She'd gotten her hair cut short, wore a suit, her clean scrubbed face devoid of even a hint of makeup.

"So, um, I was thinking, and it's just a thought, but maybe we could wear sneakers or something? I mean, we're on our feet for hours?" You'd hooked your jaw length bob behind your ear, smiling, smiling, smiling.

Lisa had smiled back, but it had been the patronizing smile she always seemed to adopt when she talked to you now. "Oh, honey," she said in a patronizing tone that paired perfectly with her smile, "that was your first mistake. Thinking. You just let me do the thinking. You know boys are all scatterbrains. Your job is to look pretty."

“Okay,” you say, knowing, already, that there was no point arguing, that she would just get mad and give you crappy shifts or fire you. “I’m sorry,” you say, smiling as you get up.

Lisa nods. “Total Equality.”

“Total Equality,” you repeat in your sing-song voice, and then for good measure you giggle on your way out. “I’m so silly!”



And so here you are now, in your crop top and hot shorts, heels clicking as you cross the floor and hop up onto a bar stool. “Wanna drink?” Brandi says.

“Water,” you say. ‘I’m watching my figure. You prop your elbows on the bar, resting your chin in the palms of your hands. “I had the best couple days,” you say.

Brandi places a glass of water in front of you. “Yeah?”

“I had a really amazing audition, and I met an agent, and then, today, it was all errands, but the weather was so nice, and I spent a little time with my cat, Mr. Mittens, and went down to the yoga studio and just totally got my Zen on...” You trail off not only because you realize you’ve been chattering on, but because Brandi is grinning, looking at you funny. “What?”

“You got laid,” she says. “Didn’t you?”

Your mouth drops open in mock embarrassment. “And I got laid.”

“High five,” Brandi says, and you high five her. “It’s so obvious when a boy gets a good pipe cleaning,” Brandi says. “You know you can always hit me up for a booty call if you’re desperate. Wait, that didn’t come out right.”

You giggle. You have hit Brandi up for more than a few booty calls. “Oh, I only call you up when I’m desperate,” you tease.

“You know how to deflate a girl’s ego.”

“Oh, poor baby. You know I’m only teasing.”

“So, why didn’t you call me?”

“Sometimes a boy just needs some new dick.”

“You little slut,” Brandi says, laughing.

“Takes one to know one.”



The other boys start arriving. The crew usually gathers like this before each shift, and soon doors open and the place is packed mostly with loud, obnoxious women and there's flirting and pawing as you scurry from table to table, taking orders, delivering drinks and food. You're hot. The women all adore you, so the tips are good.

When you get home after your shift, you sigh with relief when you are finally able to kick off your heels and slip out of your bra.

You take deep breaths and rub your shoulders, where the straps have left deep grooves. You stretch and then massage your aching calves before finally collapsing onto the couch with a glass of chardonnay. Mr. Mittens crawls onto your lap and purrs, looking up at you expectantly, a look on his whiskery face like, pet me, already. I can only be this cute for so long.

You scratch him behind the ears, and he nuzzles against your tummy. You start streaming Gossip Boys, half watching while you do some online window shopping on your Cute Pad. It's a new line of Smart Pads for males, since, of course, The Hive says males might be intimidated by anything using the word "Smart" in the brand name.

It's all so dumb, you think as you browse dresses you can't wear, skirts you can't wear. It would almost be worth finding a husband, you think, or at least getting engaged, so you could at least wear cute clothes.

Husband. Engaged. It reminds you. Tomorrow, you need to call your mother. Who, of course, you used to call, "Dad."

Chapter 6: The Past

“After I get my shot,” you said to the leggy nurse, “you and I should get together for a drink.” You glance down at her name tag. “Elle. Pretty name.” Her loose-fitting nurse’s uniform does nothing to hide her curves.

She looks up at you, touches you on the arm, does an instant assessment, smiles. “Hand me your phone.”

You do, and she taps in her number, hands you your phone back. “Lie down,” she says. The Hive has converted the Javits Center into a massive inoculation center, rows upon rows of cots separated by sheets of plastic.

“What do I need to lie down for?”

“The shot will make you woozy,” the nurse says, picking up a hypodermic needle. It looks like a gun, and she points it in the air like a pistol. She smirks. “You might faint.”

“You don’t have to worry about that...” you start to say, sitting on the edge of the cot, as she presses the cold, metal barrel against your arm. There’s a “chunk” and you feel a pinch, and then the world spins and you fall over onto your side.

“By the way,” Elle says, her face now a shapeless blur as she lifts your head. You’re fading fast, but before you pass out, you hear her ask, “What shade of lipstick is that you’re wearing?”



Beep. Beep.
Beep.

You're lost
in a formless
world of
darkness.
What
happened?
Where am I?
Your last
memory was
being at the
Javits Center,
the cute nurse,
the shot.

Beep. Beep.
Beep.

For a
second, you
panic as you
lock in on the
electronic

beeping, thinking, my alarm. I'm gonna be late for work. It's not the sound of your alarm, though. It's steady. Slow. Almost calming, and now you hear another sound— a wheezing, aspirating... something sucking in, hissing out....

You feel someone touch your wrist, then push their hands under your legs. You open your eyes and find yourself looking up at a bland, generic corporate ceiling, but there's also a blonde not so generic woman there— pretty, nice tits. Fuckable. "You're not Elle," you manage, but your throat is dry, and your voice sounds wrong.

The blonde laughs. "Elle?" She says in a sweet, southern accent. "Is that your girlfriend?"

"Not yet," you say, and again, what's wrong with your voice. "Thirsty."

"Oh, let me get you some water," the nurse says, disappearing from your view.

You try to move and feel restraints tight around your wrists and ankles. You struggle, the bed rails shaking slightly.

"Don't struggle. That's just for your safety," the nurse says as she starts to raise the back of the bed, lifting your head and shoulders. "You were thrashing around like crazy during your chrysalis."

“Chrysalis?” Looking down, you see stick legs sticking out from the bottom of your pink hospital gown, tiny little feet in pink socks with lace trim. You blink, thinking, I’m hallucinating.

She holds the sippy cup to your lips, and you drink. The water is cool, and you clear your throat. “What happened?” You ask, wincing now as your voice still sounds high-pitched, soft, like when you were a child. “What’s wrong with my throat?”

“The counselor will be in shortly now that you’re awake, and she’ll explain the changes you’ve experienced.”

“Why can’t you tell me?” You demand, getting angry, but you sound shrill, weak. “What the hell happened to me?”

The nurse’s sweet demeanor changes. Her face grows hard. You’re not her first difficult patient. She looks at you now with cold eyes, but there’s a superior smile on her face. “The therapist will be here shortly.” she says with finality as she heads toward the door. “So, just calm down, Katherine.”

Katherine? You take it as some kind of insult. Who does this bitch think she is? “My name’s not Katherine,” you say.

“It is now,” the nurse says with a grin. “The therapist will explain.”

She leaves. You fight with the restraints. Looking at your arms, you see slender little pipe stems. Tiny hands. You look again at your scrawny legs, little feet. Those pink socks, like something a

little girl would wear. Your pink gown. What kind of weird ass nurse was she? What had happened to you?

Beep. Beep. Beep.

You lay back and close your eyes. Even your brief struggle against your restraints has left you feeling exhausted, weak. You drift in and out of sleep. You have no idea how long it's been before you snap awake as the door to your room opens and an older woman in a business suit, her hair streaked with gray, walks in holding a smart pad. "Miss Rose?" The woman says, her face blank, all business. "May I call you Katherine?"

Miss. She called you miss. It's a slap in the face. "My name isn't Katherine," you say, still wincing at the sound of your voice, which is higher than hers, much higher. "You can call me Mr. Rose."

"I am Sam Walters," the woman says as if she didn't hear you. "And I am here as your Hive appointed therapist to explain some of the exciting changes you'd experienced as well as to help you, let's say, adjust to Total Equality." She pats you on the hand, and you try to jerk it away, rattling your bed.

The Hive. The fucking Hive. "What the hell is going on?"

Sam makes a note on her smart pad. "Subject demonstrates unacceptable levels of aggression..."

"Unacceptable? What are you doing?"

“I’m just making a few notes on your case to determine if you will need to be sent to a *reprogramming facility* before returning to the general population, Miss Rose.” There’s a threat in her voice. You have no idea what a reprogramming facility might be, but you have no doubt you don’t want to go there.

‘Okay, okay,’ you say, trying to calm yourself. “I’m just a little confused and, uh, disturbed is all.”

“Of course, you are,” Sam says. She pats your hand again. This time you don’t recoil.

“Let’s have you take a look at yourself before we continue. It’ll help you achieve clarity.” She begins to undo your bindings. You glance at the door, wondering if you should make a break for it. The door is open. You want to get away from here, this insanity. Once your bindings are off, you rub your wrists, swinging your legs which come nowhere near racing the floor. Sitting up, you realize Sam is very tall, very big, especially for a woman.

She takes your elbow. “Let me help you down.”

“I can do it,” you say, hoping down off the bed. You immediately feel lightheaded, and you wobble, falling against Sam, who catches you, chuckling.

“You’re exceedingly frail,” Sam explains as she walks you toward a full-length mirror. “Delicate. It’s a side effect of the inoculation.”

You only come up to just below her shoulder, and you feel like a child walking with her, her arm around you, supporting you. As you approach the mirror, you almost faint again, your head reeling as you look at Sam standing next to what appears to be a child. “That’s not me,” you say, shaking your head as you reach a petite hand to your soft, smooth cheek.

Your face is not your face. You look like a girl, or maybe a kind of pretty boy, with a tiny, upturned nose, big, innocent eyes and plump, soft lips. Looking down from that face, you see a long, slender neck and then a skinny little body, tiny arms and legs, though there does seem to be a slight rounding to your hips. Your knees go weak as your brain struggles to process, to accept that this is you. “This isn’t possible,” you say, realizing your soft voice matches your pretty face. A hand drops and you feel your junk still there, but it offers little comfort. “This can’t be real.”



Sam steers you back toward your bed. “I have good news, Katherine. The changes you experienced during chrysalis have been shared by all men. You’re all small and frail now, pretty. So, what you just saw is the new normal.” She helps you climb back up on the bed and you sit, stunned.

“As for your name, The Hive strives to offer Total Equality. It wasn’t fair boys didn’t get to have names traditionally gendered female, so you have all been assigned new names that make you equal to women.” She fishes a small plastic card out of her pocket and hands it to you. It’s an official ID, recognizing you as a citizen of The Collective. Your new face is there, and the name Katherine Lindsay Rose. Next to sex it reads, B.

“B?” You say.

“As in boy,” Sam says, patting you on the knee. “You’re a perfectly healthy, normal little boy, Katherine. Now, let me explain a few other things about your exciting new life...”

You pretend to listen, but you keep looking at your tiny, soft little hands, your slender wrists. The only thing that really sinks in, and she mentions it four or five times, is that you will be sent for reprogramming unless you’re a good little boy and show The Hive you’re adjusting to your exciting new life.

The next day, the blonde nurse from the day before comes into your room carrying a box, all smiles. “Morning, cutie,” she says. “You get to go home today! Are you excited?”

You must have passed Sam’s test– so far. You shrug. “I guess,” you say as the nurse places the box next to you. You glance and see your old clothes, the ones you were wearing the day you went for your shot.

“Oh, don’t look so down, honey,” the nurse says, patting you on the cheek. “No one likes a sullen boy.”

You wonder if she’s baiting you, trying to get you to snap, get yourself committed.

“Show me that pretty smile,” she says.

You think about punching her, but instead you smile, hating yourself for it.

“Now, was that so hard?” The nurse says. “Look at that. You’re real pretty when you smile, Katherine. Hey, you know what’s funny? My name’s Katherine, too. Isn’t that a hoot?” She starts to leave. “Oh, and The Hive threw in a pair of shoes for you, since your old ones would never fit. Also, there’s makeup in the bathroom if you want to freshen up.” She pauses.

“Thanks,” you say, forcing another smile onto your face.

“Total Equality,” she says as she leaves.



None of your old clothes come even close to fitting. Your shirt hangs on you like a tent. You have to roll up your pant legs. The shoes they left for you are pink and white platform sneakers that read Princess on the side in sparkly letters.

Another test, you suppose, disgusted as you lace them up. Refuse the sneakers, and end up brainwashed. Maybe it would be better than knowing you were being feminized and humiliated like this, but you are thinking about running now, escaping, getting off the grid. You wished you done it sooner, when you were still– a real man, but even like you are now you feel certain you could live off the land somehow, maybe in a forest deep in the heart of Canada.

Dressed, you struggle to head out the door, but in the end you head to

the bathroom and start doing your makeup. You don't really have a choice, but the experience is different now as it forces you to look at your sweet, feminine features as you make them even more sweet and feminine. The colors are not Peachy Princess, which annoys you, but they are not completely wrong for your complexion.

Chapter 7: The Present

Rockefeller Center! Flags snapping in the wind around ice skating rink as excited tourists point and snap pictures. Pretzel stands. A woman with a cello on the steer corner, playing Ave Maria, her eyes closed in reverie as she sways, drawing her bow across the strings, a small circle of people gathered around her. The world almost seems normal here, the way it used to be, with people just living their lives.

Energy! New York vibrates with energy, and you look up at the sign that reads Rainbow Room, and up and up along the walls of Black Rock, the legendary media building that houses the headquarters of CBS, a thrumming epicenter of worldwide media and also the location of the one and only George H. Pearson of First Talent.

You take a deep breath, then another, and you almost want to pinch yourself because you can't believe you have a meeting with an agent- a for real agent- and this could be it, the big break you've been waiting for, and who knows? Maybe this time next year you'll be walking the red carpet before your first, big movie premiere!



Clutching your purse, you head into the building, pass through the security and under the ever-watchful eyes of a few Hive Soldiers. You crowd into the elevator: serious women in suits, pretty boys in skirts and blouses and it's all you can do to resist the urge to blurt out, "I have a meeting at First Talent." They wouldn't understand anyway. They are just regular people with regular jobs and you? You are an actress!

The elevator reaches the 41st Floor and two tall women are standing in your way as the bell rings and the doors whoosh open. "Excuse me?"

The women turn, look down appreciatively and move to give you room. "Of course, honey."

"Thank you."

"You have a good day now, doll."

Ugh. Women. Always so condescending. As you step out of the elevator, the entrance to First Talent is right there— the whole wall is glass, and you can see the receptionist— he's pretty— sitting behind the desk, filing his nails, office workers bustling to and fro behind him. You freeze, and for a moment you think you are going to turn and just get back on the elevator, go home. It's terrifying now that you are here, but the elevator doors slide closed, and you hear the bell again, "Bing"— and hugging your purse to your side for courage you walk through the door to First

Talent, right up to the receptionist and you are *on*, and you are performing now in the role of the super confident and talented young, rising star Katherine Rose.

Hey. Your acting coach always told you to fake it till you make it.

“Good morning,” you say as the receptionist looks up at you. “I’m here to see George Pearson?”

He smiles back. “You must be Katherine Rose.”

“Yes. I am.”

“Right this way.”

You’d been expecting to be told to wait, to sit in reception for a half hour, but instead the receptionist, Millie, according to his name tag, leads you right to a conference room— a huge conference room, and George sits at the head of the table, looking over some documents. The room reeks of money and power. The mahogany conference table alone must have cost more than you’d make in 5 years waiting tables and George, in her 5000-dollar Armani suit, a 20,000-dollar gold watch on her wrist, looks like she was born to sit here in this power room, ruling the world.



As soon as you enter, she stands, smiles, looks you over and you can see the approval in her eyes— she likes your figure— and she meets you halfway, gathering you into her arms and hugging you tight.

“You look great,” she says. “Even hotter than I remembered.”

“You’re too kind,” you say, still playing your role, and you meet her eyes and there is heat there, there are sparks, and now you are wondering if this is all just an elaborate booty call.

“Would you like something to drink?” George asks as the slightly too long hug ends.

“I’m fine,” you say, slipping your purse from your shoulder.

“Bring us a pot of coffee,” George says, of course, ignoring you. “Please. Sit.” She pulls a chair out for you, and you sit. What if this is a booty call? And what if she is about to proposition you? Sex for representation? There was a time you’d sworn that you would never be one of *those* boys, the ones who slept their way to the top, but, well, sitting here now? Maybe a boy had to face reality, do what needed to be done and, besides, George is everything you could ever want in a woman— rich, powerful, confident.

She sits and lets her eyes drop to your breasts, then they rise back up to meet your eyes. “I watched your reel,” she says. She

lets that hang in the air, just looks at you after she says it, betraying nothing. Did she like it? Hate it? It's impossible to tell.

You'd sent her your acting reel, a series of scenes you'd had made— it cost 1000 dollars— that showed your range. Some great screams, crying scenes, you holding a laundry basket expressing concern. “Oh?” You say, not wanting to seem desperate, still playing the role.

“I also talked to Frank Wells about your audition.”

“You know Mr. Wells?” You say.

“I know everyone,” she says, covering your hand and giving it a squeeze.

Your heart flutters.

Millie returns with a tray, and she pours each of you a cup of coffee, then leaves. George lifts a small pitcher of cream and pours it into yours, the thick, white milk undulating as it splashes into the dark, black coffee. Then, she stirs two heaping spoonfuls of sugar in, the spoon clicking against the side of the China cup, the coffee turning a soft shade of tan. “I know you prefer a skim milk latte most days,” she said, “but when you really feel like indulging? Cream and sugar.”

“How do you know so much about me?” You say, feeling wary. She's being a little bit stalky, and it scares you, but also, well, considering who she is? You're a little excited, too.

“Try it,” George says.

You pick up the cup, pinkie out, and take a sip, never breaking eye contact with George, who watches you with a blazing intensity. “So good,” you say, and you lick the corner of your lip.

“I thought you would like that,” George says, sitting back, girl spreading, hands behind her head. “I make it my business to know everything about a client,” George says.

Client? Your heart starts to race. She said client, not potential client. Is this really happening?

“Katherine, I am more than just an agent. I take an interest, a personal interest, in each and every person I represent.” She looks up at the ceiling now, as if contemplating. “Branding,” she says. “A lot of my competitors would be talking about branding right now. Do you see yourself as a bottle of Coca-Cola, Katherine?”

You swallow. You know what she wants you to say, though you’ve been to a half dozen workshops on building your brand. “No,” you say, because she wants you to. “Never.”

George chuckles and looks back down at you. “I knew I picked the right one. I knew the second I saw you on the train. Dame Julie Dench is not a brand. She is an icon, a cultural force, a legend. She’s like an Olympian God, and she will go down in

history. She will be remembered. That, my dear, is what I want for you.”

She pushes the documents she'd been looking at when you came into the room toward you, and a silver pen appears in her hand as if by magic. She holds it toward you. “Sign.”



You look at the top sheet. The First Talent logo in raised letters. It's a contract and as much as you want to sign right then and there, your intuition starts buzzing. How many times have you been told, don't sign anything without reading it first? “Shouldn't I-
-?”

“Smart,” George says, nodding. “Smart Cookie.”

You start to lower the pen.

“All great relationships are built on trust, Katie. All of them. Do you trust me?”

“Yes?”

“Then show me you trust me.”

She stares. You blush. You sign.

George presses a button. “Team?”

The double doors to the conference room swing open and a crowd of people pushes into the room. “Everyone,” George says, taking your hand and helping you to your feet, throwing an arm over your shoulder. “I want you all to meet the newest star at First Talent. Let’s welcome Miss Katherine Rose!”

The room erupts in cheers and applause, and you’re caught in a whirlwind of hugs and congratulations and air kisses, and you feel light as air and you think, me? Is this really happening for me?

After, overwhelmed, confused, you find yourself in George’s office, which is bigger than your apartment. “You start tonight,” George says. “Ian Brook needs a date, and this will be a great way to introduce you to the world. Paparazzi will be everywhere.”

“Ian Brook?” You say, putting a hand to your chest. She is only the biggest action star in the world.

“See my assistant. She’s set up appointments for you with our stylists. You need to look perfect.”

“This is all so sudden.” You? On a date with a big movie star?
It’s too much.

“Just smile and look pretty,” George says. “Oh, and one more thing.”

“Yes?”

She puts her hands on your shoulders now, and squeezes, hard. It hurts, but you just smile. “Don’t fuck this up.”



Chapter 8: The Past

Don't think about it, you said to yourself as you left the hospital after your change. The sight of yourself, so small and pretty, it's pushed you to the limit. You feel like you're about to become unhinged, freak out, do— something- because what's happened to you isn't right, what The Hive is going isn't right, and yet everyone seems to be just going along with it, acting like it is perfectly normal to inject a guy with some weird serum and strip away almost everything that made him a man.

Don't think about it. Don't think about it.

You don't want to think about it, but it's hard not to *think about it* when, walking onto the sidewalk, you discover the world has been taken over by towering Amazons. Women are so tall! So big! Of course, you realize they are the same height and size as before. You're the one who's changed. You feel small.

Vulnerable. You haven't been this short, skinny and devoid of muscle since middle-school. You feel like a child, and you look like a child- a girl child.

And everyone looks like a female— either a woman or a girl. There is no one on the street who even vaguely resembles a man.

How the fuck are we supposed to tell each other apart? You wonder. Men and women. We all look the same. You weave and dart your way through the pedestrian traffic, your whole experience of the world upside down. You're not the big, swaggering male anymore, confidently sheathed in muscle. You're a tiny little thing, and when you pass a teen-age girl at one point— she's not all that tall for a girl, maybe 5' 7" though it's hard for you to tell since you're not used to looking up from such a low angle. She looks at you in your oversize clothes, with your pipe stem arms. She knows you're a guy, and she gives you this smirk that says, *I could kick your ass.*

You want to stare back, to let her know you aren't scared of her, but you look away instead, bristling inside, because you know she *could* kick your ass. Something inside you knots. You try and tell yourself it's because you are an adult, and you can't get into it with some teeny bopper, which is all she is, and what does that make you that so are so much less than her now?

It reminds you of the women in the hospital. The way they talked down to you, condescended, and you are getting a sense of the new order of things, the new dynamic between men and women. You feel like a second-class citizen. You feel anxious, nervous, a little afraid.



You find yourself in a land of towering women. A preppy, skinny, girly girl who probably does yoga and zumba, never touched a weight in her life. Yet, you find yourself intimidated.

As you get back to your old neighborhood, the anxiety grows.

You don't want to bump into anyone you know to see you like this, and you keep your head down, quicken your pace, just wanting to get back to your apartment, lock the door, hide under the covers and wish all of this away. You reach your building. The outer door feels so heavy, and you strain to pull it open, then go right to the

elevator, pushing the button frantically, glancing furtively at the door. The lobby is empty. You can pull this off, get home unseen. Come on. Come on.

Bing. The doors finally open. You dive into the elevator, relieved. It's small, dingy, smells like bleach. You sigh with relief, digging in the pockets of your baggy pants for your keys as the door closes and—

A hand shoves between the doors. Pink nails. Bangles. The doors pop back open, and you turn to the side, looking away from the doors, from the woman who just entered, trying to seem nonchalant as you cringe inside because it's Erin, a girl from down the hall, and you know each other in the Biblical sense.

"Just made it," she says, pressing the number for your shared floor, though the button was already lit up. She seems distracted, lost in her own thoughts. You glance up at her. She looks different from this angle. The elevator starts to rise. Then, you sense her looking at you, staring, and then, "Oh. My. God."

You put your face in your hands.

"Adam?" She says. "Is that you?"

You turn your back to her. You don't want to answer. Can't answer, because you're so ashamed of your squeaky, highpitched voice. Erin puts her hands on your shoulders, and she turns you around, and you crane your neck up at her, facing her because

you have no choice. “Hey,” you say, annoyed, ashamed that your voice is so much higher and softer than hers now.

“You got your shots,” Erin says, ruffling your hair. “You’re so cute.” She can see the rage behind your eyes, the shame, and she kind of just laughs and pats you on the cheek. “You’ll get used to it,” she says. “It’s not so bad.”

You step away from her. “It sucks,” you say. “It’s bullshit.”

“It’s the future,” Erin says as the elevator finally reaches your floor and the doors open. “After you,” she says. “Total Quality.”

You glare at her, and as much as you hate the fact she’s playing the gentleman and doing this whole ladies first act, you go because you just want to get away from her and this feeling of being so— inferior.

“Men are so cute when they’re angry,” she says.



You fumble with your keys, hands shaking, finally sliding it into the lock. You open the door and plunge into your apartment, slam it behind you and sigh with relief. Home. Finally. Everything looks bigger. Higher. You're tired. The walk home has taken a lot out of you. The nurse warned you about this, that in your "delicate condition" you would tire easily. You crawl into bed and sleep. You dream you are lost in a dark wood, huge, moss-covered trees towering over you. Heart racing, you run along narrow, shadowy paths, while all around you the woods echo with the sound of women laughing.

"What the fuck?" You're staring at your closet. Your empty closet. Everything is gone. There is a sticker on the wall, with The Hive logo at the top. You skim the tiny, legal-notice sized text under the looming logo. Confiscated. Possible contagion. For your safety, blah... blah...

You go to your dresser and pull open a drawer. Empty but for another notice. You pull open another door and another. Nothing. Nothing. Empty. The Hive has been here, inside your apartment, and they've taken all of your clothes. You feel violated. A sense of

dread grows in you, paranoia. They can do anything. They will do anything. You're not safe from them even in your own apartment.

Now what? All you have are the clothes you wore back from the hospital, and rent is coming due, and though you have, like all men, been granted an indefinite leave from work, you have not been granted an unlimited leave from paying your bills. You need money. You can't afford new clothes, you don't want anyone to see you like this, The Hive has been in your apartment... it feels like your apartment is growing bigger and bigger around you, that you are shrinking, getting smaller, weaker, smaller and you feel powerless, helpless, hopeless...

Your breath grows shallow. You start to hyperventilate. You wobble on your feet and the world goes dark as you fall to the floor.

You fainted, you realize, when you wake up, the cold, hard wood floor against your cheek. You push yourself up and sit, cross-legged. You don't know what else to do, so you go the refrigerator and, of course, it's empty but for a couple bottles of Corona. This is not on The Hive. You hadn't bought any groceries. You grab a bottle of Corona and pop the cap, take a sip. For tonight, you'll order something from Foodhub, but that needs to stop and soon. You live paycheck to paycheck, and the time off

from work has already got you behind, and you wonder if you'll have to hit up your parents for money.

Your parents. Is your dad like you now? Did he have to get a shot? The thought makes you sick. Him? Your Dad? Like this? You can't think about it. You order a couple beef burritos from the place down the street and climb into your now comically oversized easy chair with your smart pad, thinking you'll order some clothes while you wait for your food. Your mind is running through plans now as you open Amazon, thoughts about escaping from the city, going off the grid somewhere...

Your full attention is drawn back to the Amazon website, though, because you only find two categories of clothes: Girls and Women. You check another website and another and find the same thing. Girls. Women. Finally, you notice a pink bar at the top of the page and a message:

In Accordance with Fashion Equality Edict 4.65, men will no longer be forced to wear inferior, male gendered clothes. Males will now enjoy the same fashion privileges as females. Total Equality.

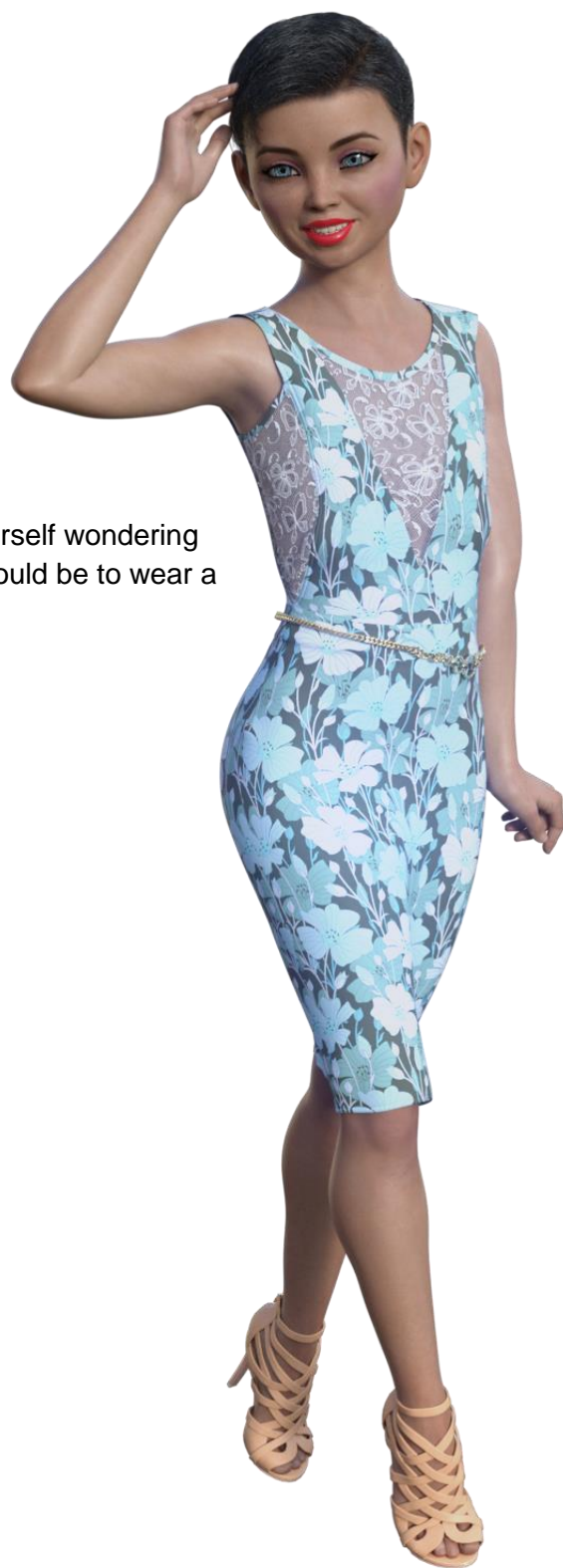
"You are so full of shit!" You shout, pounding your tiny fist against the screen. You look over the pictures under Based on Your Interests and see nothing but skirts and dresses. "Fuck that," you say. "Fuck you." Women wear pants, t-shirts, and you will,

too. The Hive, you tell yourself, will never get me in a dress. “Total Equality my ass!”

“That skirt, though,” you mumble as your eyes are drawn back to a pleated mini-skirt, “is super cute.”

This was before the Pretty Boy Dress had been introduced, of course. Already, though, as much as you insisted you would never wear one, you found yourself looking longingly at dresses and skirts, cute blouses, wondering how fun it would be to wear a flirty dress. You fought that day, struggled to buy a pair of girl’s jeans, at least, a plain t-shirt from the girls’ department, since the clothes sized for women were all too big for you, but the urge was there and growing. You almost screamed when you saw a pair of sexy to die for heels.

You find yourself wondering
how fun it would be to wear a
flirty dress.



Bonus Pic: Reverse shot of the teen girl intimidating you.



Chapter 9

You don't get ready for your big date with action movie star Ian Brooks. You just smile while a team of professionals gets you ready— filing your nails, your hair tumbling around your face as you get a blowout and a trim, a dress fitting, sitting still while a girl paints your lips, dusts blush onto your cheeks. It's a whole new you and a whole new life as you step out to the curb, feeling like a Christmas tree, jewelry sparkling as a black, stretch limo pulls up and Ian Brooks gets out and comes around, giving you a hug and an air kiss, and then holds the door open, taking your hand, helping you into the car.

"Gorgeous," Ian says, looking you over.

"Thanks," you giggle. It seems so surreal. You can't believe this is happening, that you're riding in a limo, wearing a Jenny Halston Dress, and Ian Brooks is sitting right there calling you gorgeous?

"George tells me this is your first time?"

"Um, yeah, but—"

"You don't talk to the media," Ian says. "Ever."

"Yes, of course." She's confident, powerful, you love it that she's giving you orders.

Her phone rings. She glances at the screen. "I need to take this."

You nod.

She starts to speak to whoever is on the other side of the call, and you can't help but be impressed. She's speaking Japanese. She pauses and looks at you. "I am counting on your discretion."

You start to admit you don't speak Japanese, but then you realize she does not require an answer. You nod and smile. Cross your heart.

She goes back to her call.

You look out the window and watch the city rolling by, people on the street, hot dog vendors... there's a billboard on the side of a building advertising "Faction 5," Ian towering over the street in a tuxedo, holding a smoking pistol. You glance from the billboard and to her, the real her, right here in the car with you!

The limo pulls up to the red carpet outside the renamed Hive Theater, right in the center of midtown on 42nd street. People everywhere. Cameras flashing. Ian slaps herself on the face, shakes out her arms. "I've done so many of these things," she says. "It's a fucking drag, but it's the job. I'll come around and get the door. You'll smile." She looks you in the eye, frowns. Pats you on the knee. "You'll do fine."

Ian pops out of the car, and she's on, waving to the fans, pretending the cameras aren't there, like it's just her and them and no one else, and you can see how she's so successful

because the crowd roars, and they love her, and she struts around the car, and opens the door, offers you her arm. You smile your brightest, prettiest smile and let her help you up. She puts her hand on the small of your back, you cling to her arm and gaze up lovingly at her while the paparazzi surge, eager to get a picture of the couple, this mysterious new boy no one has seen before, and boys in the audience are crowding together, whispering, and you can tell they are wondering who you are, how do you know Ian?

You feel special, superior, beautiful in a way you've never felt before. You're hanging onto the arm of a woman named The Most Eligible Bachelor in the world, and you know every boy in the audience wishes he was you.

You're blinded by the flashing. Ian pauses a few times on the way into the theater, taking questions from E!, from People, from who even knows, and you just keep smile, adoring, and if anyone even did ask you something you didn't hear because you're just so lost in the moment, so excited and happy to just look at this handsome woman. She is so good looking it makes you weak in the knees.



You don't remember a thing about the movie. You watched the screen intently, smiling and laughing when the people around you laughed, crying when the scene went sad, but it was all an act for the benefit of the people around you in case anyone was watching— and people were watching— the whole thing was performance, and you were playing a boy watching the best movie ever made!

The next morning, you wake to a phone buzzing like crazy. You pull your hair out of your face and squint at the screen, which is flooding with text messages from your friends. You see a link and click on it. It's from the New York Post gossip page, and there is a picture of you with Ian on the red carpet. Under the picture, the caption reads Ian Brooks and her latest blonde.

Well, you think, it's something. You also see a phone message from Unknown, but it's a New York area code. It could be someone in the business. You feel a little excited, and then a lot excited. You check the message.

"This is Becky Engle for Frank Walls. He'd like to see you again for Dark Moon."

You scream and roll onto your back, kicking your legs in the air. You hug your pillow to your chest, giggling. It's happening. It's finally happening! You just know it. You're going to be a star!

Omigod. You have to get ready for the call back. Run your lines. Oh, you better call your agent. You dial the number, and George, herself answers, “You got me. Go,” she says.

“Oh, I was expecting your assistant...?”

“You got me. What’s up?”

“I just got a call from –”

“Frank Walls. Yeah. I know. She’s going to make an offer. You don’t accept. Tell her she needs to talk to me.”

“Um, but–”

“Tell her she needs to talk to me,” George says, her voice stern, a little annoyed. “Congrats, kid. We’ll talk later. I gotta meeting.”

It makes you nervous, the idea of not accepting. What if Frank thinks you’re rude or something? But, well, you trust George. You know you should listen to her.

“Katherine,” Frank Walls says, standing as you enter, giving you a hug. You can feel the change. When you saw him before, you were just some random boy. Now, you’re Ian Brooks’ latest blonde, and George Pearson’s latest client. You’re someone now. Someone special. Finally, the world is seeing that you are someone special.

Frank makes an offer. Despite George’s advice, you almost say yes right there on the spot, but you do as you’ve been told. “You’ll

have to talk to George,” you say. “She makes all my decisions for me.” You hesitate, studying her reaction, but she doesn’t seem angry at all, as you’d feared.

“That’s a good sign,” Frank says. “There’s nothing worse than a boy who tries to think for himself.

As you leave the meeting with Frank, your phone buzzes. It’s George. “Hi?”

“Check your hair and makeup,” George says. “There are photographers downstairs.”

“How did they know I’m here?” You say.

“I told them,” George says, chuckling. “Don’t answer their questions. Right now, we want to keep you a mystery. Just say, “I’m in a bit of a hurry right now. So sorry. Be sweet and nice, but do NOT answer.”

You fix your makeup and fuss with your hair, then head downstairs. There are three photographers there waiting outside the doors to the building. You find it a little disappointing. You’d imagined more. You smile and walk past as they take pictures, and they are asking you about Ian, but you just cheerfully announce “I’m in a bit of a hurry right now, so sorry,” exactly as you’ve been told.

And then you’re back home in your apartment, wearing a nightie, curled up in your big, soft rattan chair, thumbs aching

from answering texts, scrolling through all the articles and pictures you can find from the premiere. You're scheduled to work tonight, and now your real life is the one that seems surreal, fake, impossible. Can you really out on your little uniform and wait tables again after all that happened, is happening?

It seems, quite frankly, beneath you, but then you think of Keira, formerly Kevin. The little bitch. He thinks he's so pretty, and since he and Lisa got engaged, he never misses a chance to wave that ring in your face. You don't know when you'll see any money from the movie, and rent is coming due, but more so you can't wait to rub it in Keira's face.





Chapter 10: The Past

You've been crying. The thought of going back to work makes you feel sick. You don't want Amber to see you like this, to hear you speak in your new, squeaky little voice. You'd thought you fuck her one day, and the idea now seems laughable as you find yourself looking more like her kid sister than a man.

You sit cross-legged in your now over-sized easy chair, holding your ID in your hands, staring at the picture of what looks like a

child, a feminine child, and at the name on your ID: Katherine Rose. You will never go by the name Katherine, you insist to yourself. **Never.** It's an insult to give you this girl's name, but can the Hive actually think you would ever use it? No matter what they've done to you, you are still a man, will always be a man.

As for what to do with your life, you have three options. One: face it. Show up at work. Two: find another job. Three: Run. The idea of running, getting off the grid doesn't seem so good anymore. You remember the teen-age girl, the one who'd intimidated you on the street. You're so small and weak now, you can't defend yourself.

They all seem like bad ideas. You're stuck, and you sit there, staring at your face, your new face, trying to think of a fourth option. You have a reproduction Escher painting hanging on the wall in your living room, the one with all the impossibly interconnecting stairways that seem to lead nowhere. That's how your life feels to you know. In every direction you see hardship, climbing, struggling to go nowhere.

Your phone lights up, buzzing, and instead of your old ringtone, you hear a high-pitched voice say, "Hey, sexy. You have a call."

The fucking Hive. You wait, let it go to voice mail, and then reach over and pick the phone up to see the call came from Work.

You start to put the phone down, your gut churning, then check the voicemail, half hoping, wanting it to be Amber. It isn't.

"Hey, *Katherine*..." you hear Lisa say, and your stomach churns. She knew about your supposed new name? They knew at work? It's a reminder, again, of The Hive's reach, the power of their system, their ability to control data. Lisa's message went on...

"This is Lisa. So, I just wanted to check in and see when or if you're planning on coming back to work. I know you got your inoculation. Anyway, I am making next week's schedule, so if you want some shifts, let me know today."

It's decision time, but in a way you don't decide. You just call her back because it's the easiest thing to do, and you tell yourself you'll just get some shifts in case, then make up your mind later. You aren't deciding to go to work or not to go to work. You're just making it possible to make the decision at some later time. You're having trouble making decisions.

"Katherine," Lisa says when she answers. It grates on your nerves, this feminine name. You close your eyes. You don't want to speak, but you have to find the courage within you somewhere. You're hyper-conscious of the fact your voice is so much higher than hers now, so much buzzier. She sounds like a woman. You sound like a little girl.

“Don’t call me by that name,” you say, trying and failing to put some force behind your tea kettle voice. You sound ridiculous to your own ears, like a pixie about to throw a hissy fit.

“Oh, honey,” Lisa says in a tone that mixes equal parts compassion and amusement. “It’s a Hive directive. All boys must be referred to by their legal names. Besides, you have nothing to be ashamed of. Katherine is a very pretty name. Did you know it means *pure*?”

Pure? That doesn’t make it any better, but she’s stopped you short with the phrase Hive directive. You remembered thinking earlier they couldn’t force you to use their name, but it had never occurred to you they could force everyone else, and it twists you all up inside to be stripped of your name just as you’ve been stripped of your masculinity. “I didn’t know,” you say.

“Your voice is so pretty!”

You cringe, and acid rises in your throat. You know it’s true, and you hate that you now have a pretty voice, but more so you can hear that same superior, condescending tone in her voice you’ve been hearing from women. “The shot they gave me...” you start to explain.

“Oh, I know all about it, sweetie. So, do you want some shifts, honey? I’d love to have you back. You’re a great little waitress.” Waitress? Little waitress? You feel sick, really sick. Katherine.

Waitress. Honey. Sweetie. It's like she's doing to your ego, your sense of identity, what the Hive have done to your body—shrinking it, reshaping it, making it soft and small and pretty. You want to bow up, tell her to go fuck herself, flex like the man you were, but instead you just feel yourself shrink, and you say, “Yeah. Put me on the schedule.”

“Oh, that's such good news. Done.”

“What happened to Andy?” You ask, though you're pretty sure you know.

“Oh, Andy,” Lisa says. “Poor thing. He had a hard time accepting things, so The Hive have sent him for counseling to help him adjust to his new reality.”

“Well,” you say, not able to hide your irritation. “How nice of The Hive to do that for him.”

The line is silent for a couple beats. Then, Lisa says, “Total Equality.”

You know what's expected. “Total Equality,” you say.

“I'll see you next week, Katie.”

Katie. Kate. Kathy. Every variation of your new name seems even worse than the actual name, and you are going to be sick, really sick, so you say “Bye” as you feel your gut clench.

You run to the bathroom and throw the toilet lid up, your knees against the cold tile as you vomit into the toilet. There is no way you can go back to work. None. You refuse to be Katherine. You refuse to be a little waitress, a sweetie and a honey. You refuse Total Equality.

“Omigod,” Amber says when you walk into Senor Frijoles for the first time since your changes started. “You’re so cute.”

“Don’t start,” you say, and Amber chuckles. You glare at her.

“I’m sorry,” she says. “It’s just– that voice?”

You’d rehearsed this moment in your mind a thousand times, and you’d decided you would not be meek, mild, embarrassed. You were going to come swaggering in here and let her and Lisa know you were still the same man as always. “Tell me about it,” you say, striding up to the bar, trying to put some male swagger in your walk, fighting against your shoes. The heels are only an inch and a half, but they still don’t exactly foster a manly walk. You’d struggled so hard not to buy these women’s shoes, not to we “Fucking Hive.”

Amber looks you over, and she can’t hide that superior sense of amusement all women have these days when they see the tiny

little things men have become. You're a little disappointed in her, but not surprised. How could women not feel that way, after having been the *weaker* sex for so long? You're the frail now, the weaker sex, the vulnerable one. She could put you right over her knee and spank you if she wanted, you think, imagining the scene, the sound of her hand whacking against your plump, soft ass and—what the fuck is wrong with me, you wonder, pushing the image from your mind, disturbed because that little flickering fantasy? You liked it.

Your clothes don't help. You're wearing slacks you bought from the girl's department and a blouse with a Peter Pan collar. They are the closest thing to male clothes you could find, but the pants have no pockets, so you have a purse dangling from your fingers. You're carrying a purse, and it disgusts you, all the more because you spent three hours drooling over handbags before you finally picked this one.

You had planned to stride right up to the bar and hop onto the stool like you used to, but when you try and hop onto the stool it's too high, and you kind of bounce off and stumble, grabbing the edge of the bar so you don't fall down, still a little unsteady on your Mary Janes.

"You're so cool," Amber says. "Like Fonzie."

“Asshole,” you say, actually kinda relieved she’s giving you shit at least, almost like the old days. You awkwardly climb onto the stool, feeling ridiculous, your little feet dangling free.

“What’ll it be?” Amber says. “Pretty drink for a pretty boy? A Cosmo? A mojito? Oh! Maybe Vodka and cranberry juice!?”

“You are such a bitch,” you say, immediately regretting it as with your little girl voice you sound just like a bitchy little girl. “You had to know I was gonna bust your—” she hesitates for just a second, like she isn’t sure you even have a pair of “balls?” You smirk, then decide to just lean into this new reality.

“Omigod, how about a banana daiquiri?” You say, putting on an airhead accent, a little vocal fry.

“Coming right up, miss,” Amber says, getting to work.

“I was kidding. I want--”

“Too late,” Amber says as she starts to mix your drink.

“I hate you.”

You hear giggling, and Kevin and Lisa emerge from her office. Whereas you have been fighting your urges to go full cute, Kevin has given in. He had barrettes in his now frosted hair, earrings sparkling in his little ears, and he’s wearing a little black dress, propped up on stiletto heels. “Omigod!” He squeals when he sees you, and he totters over, heels clicking, arms outstretched for a hug. “Katherine!”

You fucking hate him so much, but you open your arms and accept the hug, tolerate the air kisses. “You’re so pretty!” Kevin says, acting like he’d been born a female, all in on a new, feminine identity. His name tag identifies him as Kiera, Hostess. Kiera. Of course, you think. Of course he would be a Kiera.

“You did turn out well,” Lisa says, looking you over. “You’re a little cutie.”

“Thanks,” you say, sour, annoyed, wanting to be as unlike perky little Kevin as possible.

“Katherine,” Lisa says, narrowing her eyes. ‘Lose the attitude.’”

You meet her eyes, meaning to have this showdown, to let her know you aren’t going to be treated like some silly little girl, but then something in you breaks, you look away, intimidated. She’s so much stronger than you. When you look back, hating yourself for it, you smile and say, “Sorry.”

“That’s better,” Lisa says. “You’re much prettier when you smile, babe, and there is nothing more important for a boy than being pretty.”

She turns and walks away, Kevin trailing behind. You turn back to Amber who places your banana daiquiri in front of you. It’s a pretty drink, a girl drink. Amber winks. “Total Equality,” she says, but you hear the hint of irony in her tone.

“Total Fucking Equality,” you say lifting the drink, taking a sip.

“Yum! That’s actually pretty good,” you admit with a shrug of your narrow, round little shoulders.

Amber gives you a funny look, and you wonder if this is another of those mental changes the Hive has made in you, like your obsession with makeup and cute shoes. It’s worse than the physical changes to you, the way they can get right into your head and feminize you. Have they done this to you? Will you be ordering white wine and Cosmos now? You take another sip of your daquiri, and it is to die for. It’s not The Hive, you decide. You just love it, so whatever.

Once you finish most of your drink—the alcohol hits you so hard and fast in your little body, you grab your purse and hop off your stool. “Better get ready for my shift,” you say, walking away, and you can feel Amber’s eyes burning a hole in the back of your pants as she stares at your ass.

“Mmmm... mmmmm...” she says. “The things I’d like to do to that ass of yours.”

You cringe as a mix of shame and excitement comes over you, the memory of that fantasy, you across her knee, your bare ass in the air as she spanked you, and it felt so good. It scares you, and it thrills you, because you know, as much as you don’t want to admit it, you know this is another change the Hive had made in, and this new fantasy? It’s in your future.

You want a woman to dominate you. You need it. Omigod, you want to get spanked so much it hurts.





Chapter 11: The Present

You decide on the incognito look— over-sized Betty Davis sunglasses and a hoodie pulled up. It feels a little silly, dressing up like you're trying to hide your identity. I mean, you're not famous yet, but you are a little famous, right? Maybe famous adjacent? You went on a date with only the hunkiest woman in the world, so? You pair your hoodie with a flirty, pleated skirt, and you strike model poses, pouting at the mirror, and with your bubble gum lipstick and skirt fluttering around your thighs you feel like such a boy!

Your agent, George, has approved the incognito look. George has strict guidelines for how you appear in public, but they come down to two choices— you should always look very put together as befitting a star, or else like you are trying just a little too hard to look thrown together, but not actually thrown together.

You must wear makeup whenever you leave the house.

You must, and George drove this home by tapping on her desk with each word, you “Must. Always. Wear. Cute. Shoes.”

It really is so important for a boy.

You stop by Starbucks on your way to work, and a tall, handsome woman buys your drink. Of course. I mean, you're you.

But then, things get awkward. You smile up at her in thanks. “You have a beautiful smile.”

You giggle thanks. Then, uh oh, she holds out her phone to you. “Give me your number,” she says, and it’s an order, not a request.

George insisted you not date anyone unless with her approval. You are not allowed to give out your number, but she is so handsome, and it feels so rude. Still. You steel your will, remembering your dreams, your goals. “I’m seeing someone,” you say, making sure to make your voice small, apologetic. You don’t want her to feel bad.

“Maybe some other time,” she says, chucking you on the chin and walking away. She’s so confident, so sure of herself, it doesn’t bother her at all. It’s one of the things that really turns you on— confidence— and you ache with regret as she walks away because you are pretty sure she knows just how to get a boy off.

As you climb the stairs, your excitement grows. It’s the same old stairs, the same old door, but you are not the same old you, and it feels like you are a conquering hero, come home after a great victory.

As soon as you walk into the restaurant Brandy sees you and says, “What the hell?” She’s at the bar, wiping down glasses with a towel.

You grin and flip your glasses up onto your forehead as you walk to the bar, hips swaying dramatically. “I know, right?” You say, and you feel good, really good, because you can see Brandy is very impressed with you.

“How the hell do you know Ian Brooks?” She says, and now she is looking at you like you’re some kind of exotic alien bird that just landed here in her bar, preening.

“Oh, you know, friend of a friend,” you say, glancing down, modest, because a boy must always be modest.

“Friend of a friend?” Brandy says, planting her elbows on the bar and leaning forward. “I call bullshit.”

You roll your eyes up and shrug, letting her know that it is bullshit and that you can’t tell her, but you love the fact she knows it’s all bullshit.

“Fine,” she says. “Keep your little secret,” she says, “but is it a thing between you? I mean, are you guys, you know?”

“I have some other exciting news!” You chirp, wanting to change the subject.

Just then, the usual giggles as Lisa and Kiera emerge from their usual pre-work makeout session. It actually disgusts you. No couple that’s been together for so long should still be so lovey dovey. It’s gross. Kevin is already in his Curves uniform, his tight little shirt hugging his huge knockers. He’d changed just like all

men with the coming of The Hive, but Lisa had pressured him into breast implants, his C cups pushed up to a D, and she'd made him get collagen injections on his lips, giving him an extra puffy, swollen mouth. He had long, flowing blonde hair that went all the way down to his waist, and it was pretty clear to you that Lisa had gotten off on the idea of turning Kevin into a walking, talking Barbie doll.

As soon as they see you, they stop, and Kevin's eyes, framed by lash extensions, slit in feminine rage. Lisa, however, gets a smug, pleased look on her face. "Congratulations," she says, walking up to you, pulling you in for a strong, controlling hug.

"Thanks," you say, tilting your head back to look up at her.

Lisa cups your chin and stares into your eyes. "Didn't I tell you The Hive were our friends? That they would make your life better? And now, look at you!" She lets her eyes drop to your breasts, then back up to your pretty face. "You're pretty and fun, and you went on a date with Ian Brooks? What do you think of The Hive now, sweetie?"

It's a question that rattles you a little. You remember being a tall, strong man for a second, you remember a time when there was more to you than just being pretty, but isn't she right? Aren't you better off now? Aren't you lucky to have all these incredible women coming into your life, helping you succeed and reaching

the goal you'd had as a man, but were only accomplishing now that you were a boy?

"The Hive is amazing," you say, partly because maybe you are starting to believe it's true, but mostly because you know this is what Lisa wants you to say. "They've given me everything."

"That's right, doll. You just keep being a good little boy, and the world is your oyster."

Keira is looking at his nails, a sour look on his face, and he finally looks up and says, "It was only one date."

"Oh, Kiera," you say, extra sweet. "I love your hair."

"I hope you don't think this makes you special here at Curves," Kiera says. "You're still just a waitress."

Brandy and Lisa exchange an amused look, and it pisses you off. They love watching boys fight. "Didn't you say you have some other news?" Brandy asks.

"Oh, yes," you say putting your hands near your cheeks but not on them because you don't want to mess up your makeup. "I got a movie," you say in a breezy manner, with the same weight you might say, I got a mani-pedi. Like it's a thing but not a big thing.

"Are you playing a slut?" Kiera spits at you.

"Ohhhhh!" Lisa and Brandy say, smirking.

“Actually,” you say, planting one hand on your soft hip and using the other to toss your hair, “I’m the boy lead in a major motion picture,” you say.

Kiera huffs, turns and marches out of the room, hips swaying defiantly.

“Oh, I was hoping for a cat fight,” Brandy says.

“I think you’d be great as a slut,” Lisa says.

You all laugh. “I better go check on Kiera,” she says, shaking her head. “He’s probably crying his eyes out. Boys. Ugh.”

You walk into the gym, yoga mat slung over your shoulder, wearing a sports bra and short shorts. Tom, the woman at the front desk, gives you the once over and says, “Hey, sexy,” with a smile.

“Hi!” You sing back, smiling as Tom checks you in.

“Have fun with your little dances,” Tom says. She and all the other women find it hilarious that boys are taking dance aerobics and Zumba classes these days.

It’s not like you have a choice, and as you walk past the LIFT room, where women are slinging free weights, doing bench presses, deadlifts, getting stronger, you ache a little for days gone by when boys were allowed to lift weights, to get strong. The Hive has made it illegal for boys to lift weights. They say it’s for your

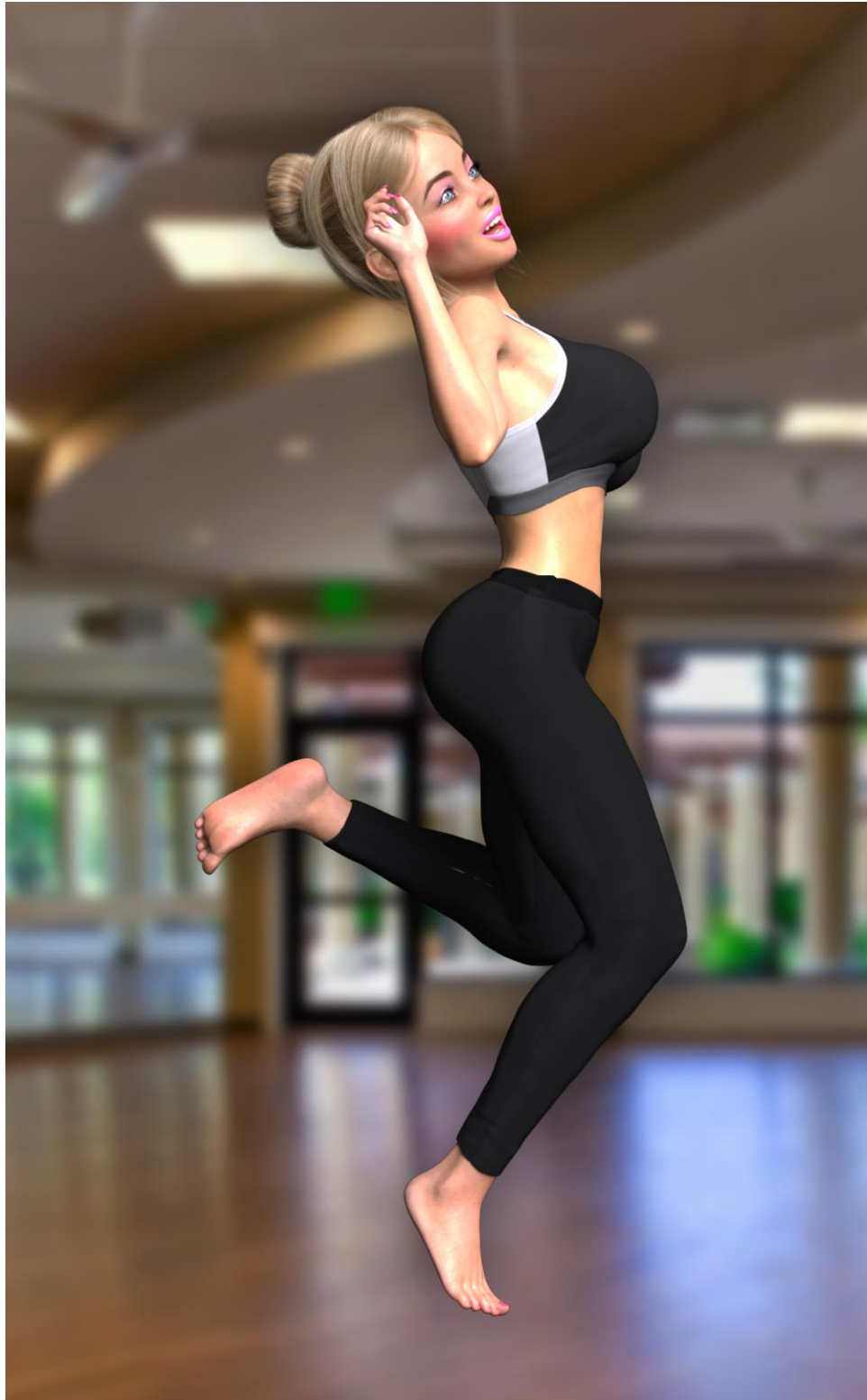
own protection, that boys are too delicate and frail, that you'd injure yourselves, but you know the real reason: they want boys to be weak, to stay weak, to live in a world where they know women are stronger, dominant, where they know women are to be feared, or else looked to for protection.

You get to the Dance room, and it's already half filled with pretty boys showing off their long legs, wearing bras, hair tied back in ponytails. You roll out your matt and stretch, and you are so much more flexible than you used to be as a man, so there is that. Some of the boys saw you on the red carpet, and they all come up to you gushing, begging for deets about Ian Brooks. "Is she as cool as she seems? Did you kiss? What's she really like?"

You giggle and defer, telling them a lot of nothing, just singing Ian's praises, talking about how great she is. The room buzzes, the boys looking at you with a new kind of respect, even awe. Your value is based on the kind of woman you can attract, and they all now see there is something special about you. You're careful, though, not to seem arrogant, or like you think you're better. "I'm just a small-town boy," you say with a little shrug. "I'm just so lucky Ian noticed me. I mean, me? It's a dream!"

Music starts thumping, and Cassie, the dance leader, comes bounding out from the back room, a big, bright smile plastered on

his face. “Okay, ladies,” he says– he always calls you ladies– “Are you ready to have some fun?”



“Yes!” You all shout in your little voices, sounding like a bunch of pre-teen cheerleaders.

Cassie starts to dance, and you all follow her moves, and she coaches and encourages as you start doing squats. “I know, I know,” she says. “Your glutes are burning, but it’ll be worth it when you’re strutting around the beach this summer in a thong!”

The boys all giggle. It’s all about your ass and legs these days, your abs. Every guy wants to have a great ass, sexy legs. It’s what women want, and they also like boys with pretty little arms, round little shoulders, so the only upper body work you ever do it just to tone. No boy wants muscle. It just looks gross! It’s not so completely awful being banned from the weightroom. You never would have learned how much you love dancing if you hadn’t been forced into these silly classes, after all.

You check yourself out in the mirror constantly, admiring your curvy shape, your bright skin. Even you are seeing yourself in a different light. You used to look at yourself and see this pretty little thing you’ve become, and think you were just another cute blonde, but now you are the girl who clung to the arm of Ian Brooks. When you look in the mirror, you don’t see just another cute blonde anymore. You see a queen.



Chapter 12



Women. They'd gotten so— arrogant, superior, full of themselves. As you and the rest of the men found yourself petite, skinny little things, women ceased to take you seriously. Your faces didn't help. With your big, bright eyes, pert noses and round chins, soft skin, most men now look like teen age girls or younger. You've been infantilized as well as feminized. The Hive is also

removing men from all positions of authority on the grounds you are too sensitive and emotionally unstable to lead.

It may, you are forced to admit, be true. Your friends, the men you know, are struggling, finding themselves so weak, painting their pretty faces, feeling a little scared of their own wives or girlfriends and demoted to secretaries, nurses, receptionists, waitresses, they are all suffering, you are all suffering, from hysteria. You're emotional wrecks— insecure, neurotic, prone to crying fits at the drop of a hat.

Just about every woman out there no longer doubts that hers is the superior sex.

So, women were bad after you changed. And then they got worse.

You hadn't noticed the swelling of your ass. It was gradual, and you were busy with your new life. Now that you had to wear women's clothes, you'd become obsessed with fashion, and you were still trying to figure out your style. Preppy? Boho? What kind of boy were you? And why were there 20 different names for skirts? You spent hours window shopping and reading articles about the trends for the upcoming season— it seemed like as soon as you'd gotten your Fall outfits together and were feeling good about your collection of cute sweaters, you had to start thinking

about winter, and how was it there was a new trend in how boys did their mascara very month?

So, you were busy, but the signs had been there. Your jeans seemed a little bit together. When you sat down, your butt felt—plump. You started to notice it especially while you were sitting at your dressing table in your teddy, doing your makeup. Your ass seemed to spread underneath you, all soft and smooshy. You started to feel your ass bounce, especially when you were at the gym. It was – disturbing, but you really didn't want to think about it, about the fact that everything you ate anymore seemed to go write to your ass and your hips.

Then, women started to make you extremely self-conscious about your changing body, the way women like to do. It's bad enough you seem to be going through puberty again—this time like a girl, do they have to be so—rude?

You'd been walking down the street, purse tucked under your arm, the breeze tossing your hair, feeling cute and pretty in your angora sweater and leggings, imagining yourself as That Boy from the rebooted old TV show about a cute, perky boy who comes to New York City and tried to make it as an actress.

“Look at the Gass on that one,” you heard a woman say as she walked past you, her head swiveling to check out your rear.

“I'd peg the hell out of that little bitch.”

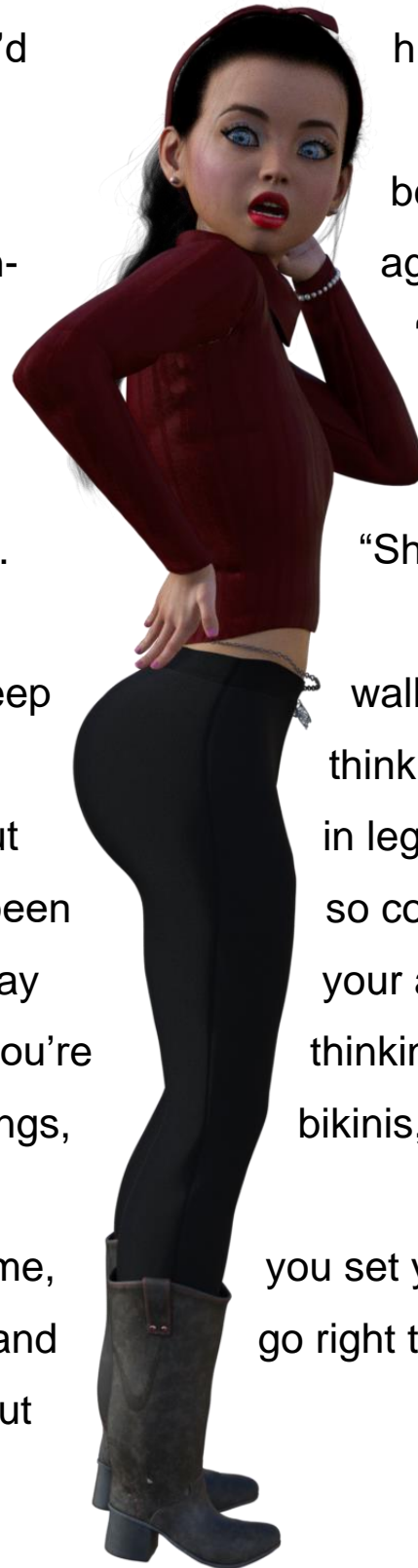
The words shocked you,
threatened, and you'd
thinking, Gass?

The leggings had
pass a group of teen-
stoop, smoking.
girls says as you
you got the hottest

The girls all laugh.
them shouts.

You stiffen and keep
the hell is going on,
You haven't gone out
the weather hadn't been
thinking about the way
lately, jiggling, and you're
to watch, girls in thongs,
bouncy butts.

When you get home,
the kitchen counter and
sideways to check out



made you feel scared,
hurried your step

been a mistake. You
age girls sitting on a
“Fuck me,” one of the
pass. “Hey, cream,
ass I’ve ever seen.”

“Shake that ass!” One of

walking, wondering what
thinking it's the leggings.
in leggings before because
so cold, but you start
your ass has been bouncing
thinking about Gifs you used
bikinis, showing off their

you set your purse down on
go right to the mirror, turning

your profile, making a small, mousy little squeak as you see your plump, round ass, the curve at the small of your back.

You have a woman's ass. A hot as hell woman's ass. It's plump, inviting, and what's left of the man in you is a *little* turned on.

A little turned on? You call bullshit on yourself. The sight of your ass is a total turn on. It's perfect, the exact kind of booty you used to salivate over, still do, even though it's yours now. Jesus, you realize, confused, appalled. Looking at the firm swell of your booty, you actually want to fuck yourself.

You reach back and cup your ass cheeks, and they have the enticing soft yet firm feeling you remember from girls you dated. Shit. Fuck. Hell. You can't believe it. The fucking Hive. Isn't it enough they turned you into this skinny little slip of a man? Do they have to—do this to you, too?

Fuck. It's new information. Another transformation. You finally admit another change you'd been trying to deny— your hips are wider, and they have a gentle curve to them, like the hips of a teen-age girl. You're developing a figure. A girl's figure.

You go to The Internet, and The Hive in their endless generosity has plenty of websites with names like "Understanding Your Changing Body" and, of course, there are new posts, celebratory messages about how boys are so lucky because you



will no longer be “cursed” with boring, flat, angular bodies. No. You will now enjoy the “superior” shapes of females. Hooray for you all. Hooray for Total Equality! Your attempts to curtail your sarcasm collapse under the pressure of The Hive’s bullshit. You know sarcasm isn’t cute, not boyish at all, but there’s no one around so you lay it on.

Reading further, you can’t believe your luck! You, it seems, are an early bloomer. Most guys haven’t started to experience the latest “blessing” bestowed by your wonderful benefactors.

You cry, again, which no longer surprises you, as crying all the time has become as much a part of your nature as obsessing on some new shade of lipstick.

You resolve to wear only baggy clothes, wonder if there is some way you can— you don’t even know— tie something around your butt to make it look flat, but you know you’re kidding yourself. Boys’ clothes are all tight, small, and if you did buy something over-sized and baggy, it might trigger an alert and you might find yourself sentenced to “therapy.”

You do not want that. It terrifies you. Andy, now Angelica, has come back from therapy, and he’s a giggling, flirty airhead of a blonde, a bimbo, and he has tits- big ones. You feel bad for him, for what they made him into, but more, you feel afraid.

You'll just have to put on your tight little skirts, jeans, whatever, and deal with it. You search social media, and #Gass is trending—it stands for Girl Ass, and women are going nuts, loving the guys who have Gass, snapping pictures of guys out in public with plump, heart shaped rears, catching a guy leaning on a counter at a coffee shop, his ass thrust back, and the comments are rude, offensive, terrifying. *I'd fuck the hell out of that. Like he doesn't know what he's doing. Fine AZZ little bitch!*

It's like all the women in the world have turned into the worst version of guys. They are all obsessed with your ass, and they want you to know it. You cringe every time you leave the house, knowing women will be ogling your ass, making comments, dreaming of bending you over and pegging the hell out of you. It's not like women didn't appreciate guys who had a strong butt before, but it had always been, you thought, because they knew it meant you had a lot of thrust. Now, they look at your ass in a new and scary way that makes your skin crawl.

Even Brandy. Especially Brandy.

You're in the dressing room, squeezed into your new uniform—skintight short shorts, the top that reads Curves, and you're starting to live up to the name. You're looking at yourself, your profile, horrified at the sight of your plump, round ass in those little shorts, worrying about all the comments you're going to get from

the customers, when Brandy walks in. “Checking out that fine ass?” She says, her eyes burning a hole in your booty.

“Oh!” You say, blushing, turning so Brandy can’t see your butt. “I was just trying to get used to this stupid new uniform.”

“I don’t think it’s stupid at all. You’re hot as hell,” Brandy says, stepping close, invading your space, brushing a strand of hair away from your face, letting her knuckles graze your soft cheek.

You tilt your head back. Her eyes are hot, hungry. She looks like she wants to eat you, and you feel scared again, not only because she’s standing so close, looking at you like a lion about to pounce, but because you feel yourself getting warm, a little horny. You remember your fantasy— Brandy spanking you, and your entire body tingles. You want to run, to get away from her, from your feelings, but you can’t. You’re trapped here, so you just smile. ‘I feel ridiculous,’ you admit, tugging on your top.

“You shouldn’t,” Brandy says, cupping your chin, and just like that she covers your mouth with hers, pressing her lips against your plump, soft mouth, and her tongue slips in— you don’t stop it, but moan, softly, as you put your arms around her shoulders. She cups your hips, her hands on your ass, and she picks you up and sets you on the counter, and it sends a thrill through you to be picked up like that, to feel so small and light in her strong arms.

When the kiss ends, you giggle. Some of your lipstick has smeared onto Brandy's mouth. "You have lipstick," you say.

Brandy rubs it off with the back of her hand. "Let's go out tonight after work," she says, giving your little shoulder a squeeze.



The thought terrifies you. You are so scared of what you're feeling, what you need, but you also need what you need, and you like Brandy and you don't want to be rude, so you just tilt your head to the side and, looking at her from the corner of your eyes, you whisper, "I'd like that."

"You better fix your face," Brandy says, and when you turn to the mirror, she gives you a slap on the ass.

"Oh!" She slapped you hard, and it stings. You're shocked. She surprised you, and you feel a little embarrassed, your soft bouncy butt jiggling, and you can't deny it—it is such a turn having Brandy slap your ass. You want her to jump you right then and there.

You glance at her in the mirror as you fish your lipstick from your purse, puckering, painting your lips. Brandy's eyes are flickering from your ass to your face, back down again.

"Goddamn, girl," she says. "You're Gass is fire."

Somehow, it seems okay coming from Brandy, so you just wink and say, "Oh?"

You're curled on the bed, naked, as Brandy pulls the buckles tight on her strap on. The dildo is long, thick and hard, and you can't believe you're going to let her do this, but you're salivating as you look at her cock, and your body is stronger than your mind,

and the man you were is no match for the boy The Hive have made you.

You find yourself on your hands and knees, hair swaying with each of Brandy's hard, powerful thrusts. She grunts with each thrust, and he grunts give you chills. She's got her hands on your hips, squeezing hard, and it hurts when she slams into you, but it's a good hurt, better than anything you've ever felt in your life.

After, you lay side by side, and, of course, you find yourself crying. "Oh, babe," Brandy says, caressing your cheek, brushing your hair out of your eyes. "Why are you crying?"

"I don't know," you admit, and you're worried she will take it the wrong way, that she'll feel she didn't get you off. "It's not you. It's—I cry all the time now. I never know why?"

"Oh, you're so sweet," Brandy says, giving you a friendly, comforting kiss. "It was your first time, wasn't it?"

"Yes," you whisper, dropping your eyes, ashamed not because it was your first time getting pegged, but because you got pegged at all, because you wanted it, loved it.

Brandy pulls you closer. "I remember my first time. I cried, too. Maybe it's normal for a girl?"

Girl. She's started referring to you as a girl more and more. You don't know whether to feel insulted or flattered, but as you lay there in her arms, crying, your ass aching, you feel like a girl.

Brandy lets you sleep over. In the morning, you get up, slip into one of her robes, get a pot of coffee going. You dig through her refrigerator and make a couple of omelets. Your ass hurts. You feel like something got torn in there, but you also can't stop thinking about that dildo, about how good it felt when she penetrated you, and you think, *I guess I'll just have to get used to it.*

Just as the omelets are getting done, and as you struggle to decide whether to wake Brandy— because she might find it rude— she emerges from the bedroom wearing flannel pajama pants and a t-shirt, bleary, scratching her ass. “Goddamn that coffee smells good.”

You giggle and toss your hair. “I just thought I'd make some breakfast or something,” you say, making your little voice even higher, more feminine.

“Babe,” Brandy says with a superior, arrogant smile. “You're going to make someone a great little wifey someday.”



Chapter 13



You start filming of your first, big, feature film, *Dark Moon*. You wondered how much you'd miss your life as a Curves boy, and the answer is not at all. It's surreal to find yourself in a bathrobe, sitting in hair and makeup at 5:30 in the morning, out on set with Dex Wheeler, the horror movie legend, who plays the murderous Slasher Jack, but is actually one of the nicest women on the set. You don't like Rick Quinn, the lead. She's arrogant, full of herself, gives you notes after every scene, and you want to scream, "You're not the director," but you're a boy, and that kind of behavior could get you blackballed, so you just smile and play with your hair while she Femsplains acting to you.

They're filming *Dark Moon* primarily in Brooklyn, with a lot of the shooting happening at Silvercup Studios, so you didn't have to relocate—yet. But, your apartment is steadily looking nicer, smarter, as you pick up a new couch here, a new dining room table there. Your agent, Jack, keeps a close eye on your spending, but she considers snazzier furniture for your place an investment—“when you entertain,” she explains, “you need your space to say—STAR.”

You don't disagree.

In the midst of your crazy shooting schedule, Jack calls. “Baby, doll, sexy,” she says, always schmoozing. “Kisses. How’s the filming?”



“It’s great,” you say, as you rub your aching calves. You’ve just spent two hours shooting and reshooting a scene where you have to run up a flight of stairs in high heels. You’re wearing a short dress in the scene, and the director had a camera behind you, following you up the

stairs, and she just wanted the lighting just right as she gave the audience a glimpse of your panties. She also has you try on six different pair of panties, searching for the right look, and assuring you the whole time you look great, you're sexy, you have a fine ass.

It took hours, with the assistants taping your skirt up so it would look like it was riding up your ass, and the whole thing is kinda demeaning, but the primary audience for slasher films is young women, and the director assures you the panty shot is going to create incredible buzz, especially when it appears on Mrs. Skin.

"You're the best, a pro," Jack says, and you wonder if she's hearing this from the studio or just doing her usual act. In any case, you figure it's about that time when she usually gets to the point of the call, and she does. "Ian needs you for another appearance. You guys scored great, and social media loves you. We're selling that the two of you are getting more serious, so this time you'll spend a weekend in Cabo."

"A weekend?" You say. "When?"

"Next," Jack says, always prepared, though you swear you can almost hear his assistant showing her the date on a smartpad. "I already checked with the studio, and you aren't on camera."

Fuck. You aren't on camera, and another appearance with Ian is gold, but you'd really been looking forward to decompressing,

making it to yoga, maybe catching up with your besties. You count down from ten, take a deep breath, your breasts rising, bra straps growing tighter. Smiling, because people can hear your smile over the phone, you make your voice extra bright and sweet. “Gosh, um, I know this is such great publicity but—”

“Let me stop you right there, kid,” Jack says, interrupting, her voice full of that constant sense of amusement. “You’re going. This is too good an opportunity to even consider passing up. I already have stylists putting your wardrobe together, and we’ll send Krista along to handle hair and makeup. “

‘I’m just so tired...’

“Welcome to the big time,” Jack says. “Just keep pushing. The film will be in the can soon, and you can take a nice, long vacation. Hey, this thing with Ian? Play your cards right, you could end up in a fake celebrity wedding.”

“That’s every boy’s dream come true,” you say.

“I know. Hey, who loves ya?”

“You do,” you say, pouting, but you know it’s true. She looks out for you, protects you. She’s like your work mom.

“Gotta run. Stay pretty.”

“Bye.”

You're being followed. You think. Probably. Maybe? In fact, ever since you got the "inoculation" and found yourself so small and vulnerable, you've lived with constant anxiety, a feeling each time you leave the house that there is some danger lurking just around the next corner.

And, you have been followed. Just about every boy in the city has since the change. Women. They just latch onto you sometimes when you're walking in the city, sidling up to you, talking at you, staring at you. Normally, you can get rid of them just by giving them your number, but some of them— they always seem a little off— they seem like they are trying to follow you home. More than once, you've looked for a crowded public place, a bar or a coffee shop, and found a big, tall woman, let her know someone was following you, and just seeing you talking to her, a single glance, and most of those creepy girls slink off.

It seems to be a thing. The women who love to bully men, always seem intimidated by other women.

Today, though, a day off and you thought you would run some errands, is not that. No one is pestering you. It started with a feeling, just your intuition buzzing. You felt like there was someone trailing you, and you felt a little scared.

At first you just laughed it off. Just a boy being a boy, but then you glanced back over your shoulder at one point, and you saw her— a woman dressed all in black, and as soon as she saw you look, she suddenly turned and started perusing the papers at a newsstand.

You kept walking. A block later while waiting for the light to turn, you pretended to be fussing with your hair, and glancing out of the corner of your eye, you saw her preparing to cross the street in the same direction, one block down. She was trying so hard to NOT look in your direction.

Your heart rate picked up. You found yourself taking quick, nervous breaths, and wrap one hand firmly around your purse strap. You have mace in there, a rape whistle. You think about turning back, running back to your apartment, but you don't want her to know where you live. You look around for help— a cop, a Hive soldier. There. Ahead. Two blocks away, two Hive agents stand close together, weapons slung across their chests, talking, looking around, bored.

The light turns. You hurry across the street, heels clicking. Glancing back over your shoulder, you see the woman has started trotting after you, and she is speeding up. She has a hard look in her eyes that scares you, and you gasp as you hurry your own steps, but you're wearing a tight skirt, heels, and you can't

move quickly in these clothes. Somehow, you've found yourself on a deserted stretch of sidewalk. The storefronts here are all vacant.



“Hey! Hey! Stop!” The woman yells, and you glance back to see she is running now.

You make a small, high-pitched shout of fright and keep tottering along in your heels, your little skirt, and you're digging in your purse, trying to find your mace, heart racing, the world seeming to grow smaller and smaller as you hear the thumping footsteps of your pursuer growing closer, and your hand circles

around something hard and cold: your can of mace. You spin, terrified, and the woman stops, smiles.



You don't understand the smile, until a hand covers your mouth from behind, you feel a strong arm wrap around your waist, and you are lifted off your feet and dragged into an alley. You glance at The Hive soldiers, who are looking away from you, pointing at

something, oblivious.

You struggle, squirm, try to bite her hand, but she's wearing thick, leather gloves that taste salty as you try to gnaw through them. "Calm down," the woman says as she drags you deeper and deeper into the alley. "We're not going to hurt you."

You try and scream, kicking, your sunglasses flying off. Shit. Those glasses cost 500 dollars.

The woman who'd been chasing you grabs your glasses, looks back toward the street. "We're clear."

You hear a steel door slam open, and you are dragged into a room, still struggling, though your struggles only remind you of how small you are, how helpless. Your mind races. What are they planning to do to you? Mom! Dad! You call to them in your mind, thinking you're about to die, that you never got one last chance to tell them you cared.

You're thrown down onto a chair, and one of the women grabs your arms, binds your hands and feet, while the other one keeps her hand over your mouth. She's tall, mean looking, and she sticks a finger in your face. "You will NOT be harmed," she says. "I am going to take my hand off your mouth. Do NOT make a sound. Do you understand?"

You nod, as much as you can with her hard, calloused hand holding your mouth.

She removes her hand from your mouth.

“I can pay,” you gasp. “I have money. I can—”

“NOT A SOUND,” the woman shouts, and you freeze, nod, terrified.

“We’re from The Resistance,” the woman says. “We’re not here to harm you. We’re here to ask you to help us.”

“Me? I’m not—”

“Just listen for now. Listen.”

You nod. Just cooperate. Nod. Listen. You can do that, even as your mind races with questions.

There are three of them, all tall, strong. They all have a maniacal gleam in their eyes, an intensity like you only see in the eyes of fanatics. You know it well. You played a crazed boy back in college who freaks out when another guy steals his girlfriend, and you studied that look.

The first one, who you nickname red due to her red hair, crossed her arms and looks down at you. “These are not our real faces,” she says. “We’re masked, but we still took a very big risk in grabbing you.”

“We want to throw down The Hive,” Gray shouts. “Destroy those bitches.”

“Hey. Take it easy,” Red says.

“Take it easy? Look at what they have done to him. Tits! He has bigger tits than I do.”

Her comment makes you conscious of the weight and heft of your breasts, the bra strap tight across your back.

Red nods toward Black, who takes Gray aside, and they start whispering. “Take it easy. Don’t scare him. You know how emotional men are.”

Red turns her attention back to you. “Forgive my colleague. She is passionate.”

You smile. Nod. All you have to do is cooperate, and you are starting to feel like you will get out of this alive.

“We will throw down the Hive and end their occupation of our planet,” Red says. “Our best chance of doing that right now— is you.”

She pauses, and it seems like maybe she is waiting for a response, but she has told you not to talk, so you just smile more, nod more. You can’t help but wonder, though. You? A little blonde actress? Take down The Hive? You glance around the room. Dingy, dirty, with flickering lights. A laptop on a table. This, you think, would make a really great set for a movie.

“You must be wondering what I mean,” Red says.

You nod, shrug your little shoulders.

“The Queen has taken an interest in you.”

“The Queen? What Queen?” You can’t help it. The words just come out of you, and she doesn’t yell at you, and you are so relieved because you hate it when women are upset with you.

“The Hive Queen,” Gray snaps. “Airhead!”

“The Hive Queen,” Red repeats. “She has been watching you. We believe you will very soon have an opportunity to get close to her.”

You laugh. “Me? I’m just an actress.”

“She is quite smitten with you,” Red says, and now Black and Gray come over, standing around you in a semi-circle, towering over you.

“According to our sources, she is considering making you her concubine.”

“Concubine?”

“She wants you to have her babies,” Gray says, her words dripping with contempt. “To begin the creation of a new, hybrid race.”

“And she wants to fuck you because you’re hot,” Black says.

“So, is that what you want?” Red says. “Do you want to use those big ass titties of yours to feed her unholy offspring?”

“Do you wanna be a man?” Gray asks. “Or a breeder?”

Bonus Pic



Chapter 14: The Past

I'm up here, you think, annoyed as yet another woman looks right at your tits and gets that same little smile on her stupid face. Ever since you popped out your puppies, it's been the same. You still haven't gotten used to having your own breasts, the feeling of them jiggling, even in the cups of your bra, the new tightness of the strap across your back, the straps digging into your shoulders.

You've been wearing a bra, it seems like, forever. The Hive "liberated" men to wear bras right after the change, even though at the time you were all still flat chested. It had been the same old Hive bullshit. It was unfair that men didn't get to wear bras, so in the name of Total Equality... blah... blah... blah... So, you'd all found yourselves hooking yourself into bras, or pulling sports bras over your heads, trying to keep them from getting tangled in your long hair.

It was so dumb guys with no boobs had to wear bras, you'd thought.

Well, there were those unfortunate guys who had man boobs, chubs women liked to call them. Once they'd squeezed their flabby chests into a bra— usually a training bra— the bras had sculpted their chests into rounded, fetching shapes, and they'd caught hell from everyone at the work site. And some older guys

had suddenly found themselves wearing push up bras, C cups thrusting proudly from their chests.

Then, too, there were the guys who'd been sent to therapy, and they'd all come back with D cups, but the Hive had changed them into giggling flirts, who loved their curvy new bodies.

For you, though, it had started with aches and nipples. Much like you'd been too distracted to really notice the swelling of your ass, you'd barely noticed the way your nipples had been spreading, the hard lumps that had formed under them, the way your chest had begun to ache constantly.

Then, you'd noticed how your chest seemed to have gotten a little puffy, and then even when you you'd looked in the mirror and seen little cones, you'd just decided you needed to work on your chest some more, and even though it wasn't allowed because men were too delicate, you'd tried to do some pushup at home, giving up when with your tiny little arms you'd only been able to do one and turning to holding planks as long as you could.



Brandi and Lisa at work had teased you about your “Chocolate Kisses,” as your little cones had been very obvious in your tight little t-shirt, and more than a few customers had commented on what they called your “tits,” but you’d remained in denial. It was



just a flabby chest, not boobs, and your bra made them look like breasts. The more embarrassed you seemed, the more you tried to deny it, the more Brandi teased you.

“Did your Mom have large breasts?” Brandi asked one day, smirking as she served you up a

glass of white wine.

“Shut up,” you’d said, tossing your hair.

“It’s just that if she did, you probably will, too.”

“I’m not getting boobs!” You’d said, but you’d instantly thought about your mother, and her bust, and the thought you might be as big as her one day made you cringe.

You kept checking yourself out in the mirror, every day, and you kept telling yourself you just needed to eat less, do more planks even as your chest rounded, filled out, and your nipples got big and sensitive and pink.

Your denial phase finally ended when Cassi called you out at the gym. You’d kept your back turned to the other boys in the locker room as you’d pulled on your sports bra, had to lift the bottom and fit it under your chest. You’d blossomed to an A/B cup, and your bra hugged your firm, round chest. You could even see a little cleavage rising from the top. Still, you were in denial, telling yourself you just needed to be stricter with your diet, do more planks. You didn’t have breasts. Women had breasts.

You made your way out to the floor and stretched, telling yourself the other guys weren't checking out your chest, whispering. You had to be imagining it. Then, the music had started thumping, and Cassie had come prancing into the room doing butt kicks, and when she got to the front, she looked right at you and shouted, "Kathie Kate popped out his puppies!"

He started clapping, so everyone started clapping, and you just wanted to sink into the floor and disappear. It sucked, but at least you finally stopped living in denial: you had tits. Just like a girl.

After, once the ice had been broken, a few of the other boys wanted to talk to you about your boobs. What was it like? What did it feel like when they started to grow? You're polite, doing your best to answer their questions and seem happy and bright, like a boy should be, and you are surprised to realize that at least some of them are excited about the idea of getting their breasts; they are looking forward to it?

"Hey, busty," Cassie says, coming up and giving you a hug after class. It feels strange the way your soft chest presses and molds itself against him, as he is still flat and hard.

"Oh, come on," you say, blushing.

"You have great tits," Cassie says. "Nothing to be ashamed of!"



“Thanks,”
you say,
tugging
nervously on
one of your
bra straps,
because you
know The
Hive is
always
watching, and
you want to
seem like a
normal boy.

“So, now
that you got
your girls, you
should switch
to a medium
support bra,”
Cassie says.

“Your puppies need support.”

You agree, because you're finally admitting to yourself you have breasts, tits, tatas, melons. Just like a woman, you now need support for your soft, bouncy chest, so you buy some medium support bras. They are different.

Your light support bra was basically a tight t-shirt. You just pulled it over your head. Your medium support bra is a contraption with hooks and a zipper. You get it on, and it lifts your boobs higher on your chest, but it also holds them—tight— and you can feel the difference. Plus: Your breasts are secure! Minus: it's a little harder to breath, and after your workout, your ribs ache from the constant pressure.

“Oh, well,” you decide. “I guess I'll just have to get used to it.”

The day came when your breasts were spilling out of the top of your B cup bra, and it hurt and was clearly too small. “Stop growing!” You'd admonished your creamy breasts. You'd found yourself talking to them more and more. “You guys are driving me nuts!”

You bought some new bras— c cups, and when you first put on one you actually felt so relieved. The fit was so much better. You found yourself wearing a bra even when you were just lounging around your apartment. It helped to have some support, and when you didn't wear a bra, your breasts ached.

As once more an early bloomer, your tits got a lot of attention. Women seemed fascinated and amused to see a buxom guy, and they all stared and giggled and kept hitting on you. You developed a quick empathy for all those women who'd complained about guys talking to their tits, only now they were the ones doing it to you!

It was hell, and you were relieved as more and more guys started to pop, and you became less of an exotic creature and just another busty guy bopping around town in a push up bra and a tight sweater.

Another plus— Brandi, who'd become interested only in your backside, became equally fascinated with your front. She loved to play with your breasts, kiss them, suck on your nipples, and you couldn't deny that it was all kinds of heaven to feel a hot, wet pair of lips, oozing with saliva, latched onto your hard, throbbing nipples, sucking and pulling and— Oh!

For a while, it was pretty much all you and the other guys talked about— boobs and bras. What it was like to have breasts, different kinds and brands of bras, the ones you loved, the ones you hated, the ones that turned your girlfriends on. With your slender frames, bras for women fit men just as well, so you shopped for mostly the same brands, but while guys found

themselves going for lacey and mysterious, women more and more wore practical, functional bras.

There was one brand of bras and corsets specifically for men: Her Shape for Him, which not only promised comfort– yeah, right– but that it would bless any boy with a “pleasing, feminine profile sure to please you partner.”

The next big shock must’ve been when Tina, formerly Tim and once a muscular, rugged personal trainer, showed up for your weekly coffee klatch with his 9-month-old baby. It wasn’t strange he’d brought his baby– this was before you’d all developed wombs and become the ones who would carry babies, but The Hive had mandated that men should “share” in child raising duties. This had translated to men doing all the child raising duties, and so Tina had found himself relegated to full-time Mom.

No, the strange thing was that, after you and all the other guys had gotten done gushing over how big Diana, his son, was getting, and talking about how pretty he was, Tina had casually pulled up his shirt, unclasped his nursing bra and offered Diana a teat.

You’d all stared, cringing as your own breasts had started to ache in sympathy, mortified looks on your faces as you realized that Tina’s fate would be your own one day. Tina had been staring

down lovingly at his baby, but when he looked up, he tilted his head to the side. “What’s wrong?”

“You’re nursing?” You said, putting a hand to your chest as you watched and wondered what it would feel like to have breasts swollen with milk, to feel a baby feeding at your breast.

“Oh, you guys didn’t know,” Tina said, nodding. “Yeah. This is our job now.”

You went back to the Your Changing Body website and read all about it. The Hive gushed over this latest news, assuring men that their changes had included the nurturing centers of their brains expanding, making them more sensitive, caring and “delightfully maternal.”

Delightfully maternal. You think about your new impulse to make breakfast for Brandi whenever you sleep over, how you find yourself tidying up her place for her, and you realize that once again you have changed without realizing it.

Men, the website promised, make much better mothers, and with women so busy running the world, it only made sense that carrying and raising children would now be a “blessing” they would bestow upon all the lucky men of the planet Hive 71.

It wasn’t long thereafter that you’d received shipments of your boyfriend dresses, and the directive had come down that all single

males of mateable age would be required to wear the dress at all times in order to make it easier for them to find husbands. “No man can be truly happy,” The Hive had declared, “until he finds a husband and fulfills his destiny to be a wife and mother. It is our hope to help all the unfortunate single men out there escape from their lonely, unfulfilling lives.”

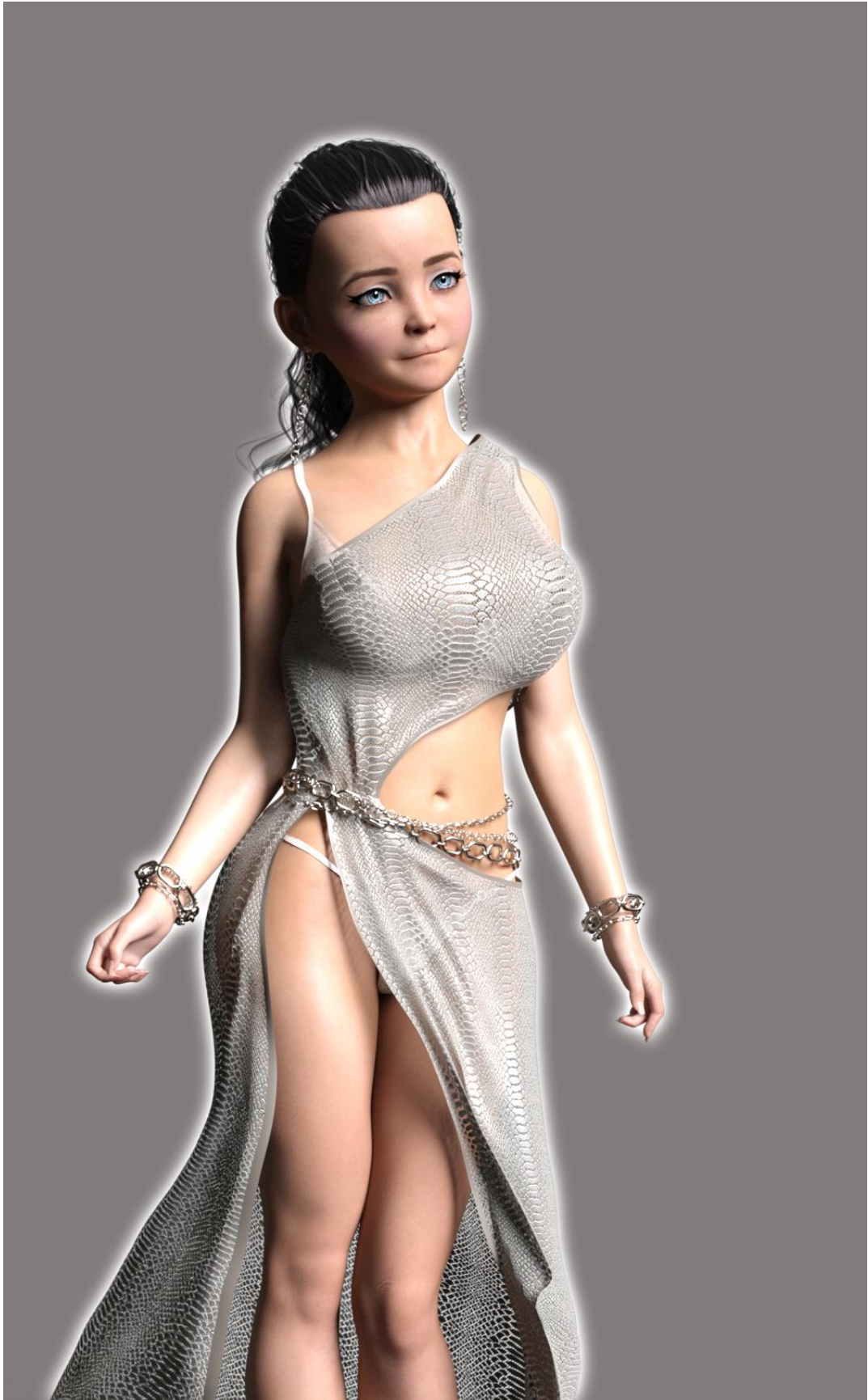
The boyfriend dress was horrifying. Transparent and made of the most delicate fabric, your bra and panties would be visible all the time, as if women hadn't been bad enough. You would now be displaying your fitness as a mate each time you left the house, and the chain link bracelets and waist chain seemed intended to advertise your willing acceptance of your subjectivity.

The message of the dress was clear: you were a breeder, a baby factory, and nothing more. You existed now only to serve women and The Hive. This was the new Masculinity. This was what it now meant to be a man.

You sighed and put on your dress. You slipped the chain bracelets over your small hands. You looked in the mirror, and you hated what you saw. You'd never looked so vulnerable; you'd never felt so vulnerable. What you saw in the mirror now was—an object, a treat, a toy, a boy that existed only to serve. You struggled to hold back the tears, then you turned away from the

mirror and got your purse. You had errands to run, and there was no use crying over dresses.

“I guess I’ll get used to it,” you thought as you headed out the door, out into the cold, cruel world of women.



Bonus pic





Chapter 15

“Are you a man,” Gray asks. “Or a broodmare?”

The women of the resistance have gathered around you. They stare down, waiting for your answer, and it should be easy, right? You can see yourself reflected in their mirrored sunglasses, the look of uncertainty on your face. The thing is, you don't even know what it means to be a man anymore.

Still, when in doubt, always tell women what they want to hear.

“A man,” you say in your high, soft voice.

“Good,” Red says. “Good answer.”

“I'll do whatever you need me to do.”

“You are so brave. For now, do nothing. Await for further instructions.”

Red gets you up, they start to hustle back into the building.

“There's a clean exit back here,” Red says. “No cameras.

Remember this, though, you are being watched. Now that you have The Queen's attention, her agents are watching your every move, looking for any signs you will be less than an ideal consort. Do not research The Resistance. They will see. Do not talk about the Resistance. They will hear. If anyone asks you about the Resistance, defer.”

“How?”

Red stops and looks down at you, as if in shock. “You’re an airhead,” she says. “Use it.”

Airhead. It annoys you. Ever since you got your tits and went blonde, people treat you like you lost 20 points off your IQ. Of course, you will admit you can be a little more scatter-brained than before, but airhead? You keep your mouth shut. It’s pointless to argue with women once they have their minds made up. She opens the clean exit, and bright sunlight floods into the room, stinging your eyes.

Red hands you your sunglasses, and you slip them on. “You should start to spend a lot of time looking at wedding stuff.”

“Wedding stuff?”

“It’ll improve your fitness score as a potential consort if you seem like you are obsessed with getting married.”

You sit down in your chair, legs crossed, smart pad in your lap. You type wedding dresses into the search engine, frowning. You don’t care at all about getting married, have no interest at all in wedding dresses and— wow, you think as the first dress appears, and, well, it is incredible. Not for you, you don’t think. A little too sleek and understated, though you would look good in it. You keep searching. Dress after dress. Some you Pin, and then more

dresses and more dresses... Actually, you are astounded at how incredible some of them are, true works of art, and just when you think you may need a break, you find a website that lets you upload a headshot, enter your dimensions and see yourself in the dresses, and it's one dress after another after another all over again.

It's dark when thirst and hunger finally break the spell and you are able to put down your tech. Your eyes ache, you're thirsty, a little dizzy. It almost feels like you are coming down from an incredible high, crashing to what feels like it's going to be a hellacious low. You make a smoothie and go back to your tech, now looking back at the dresses you pinned, the ones you love the most. The power bar is red, almost down to zero, so you plug in your smart pad and scroll through the dresses with a flip of your



long nails. No. None of the ones you Pinned are the ONE. They are all pretty, but they aren't the ONE. Each Pin leads to other pins, and you start clicking and clicking and--

You **gasp**.

You've found your dress. This is your dress, the one you never realized you wanted and needed until you saw it, and then it was love at first sight.

You want to start looking at bridal makeup, hair, but you have to be on set in the morning, so you force yourself to look away, to put it away until tomorrow. Right now, you need to practice your lines.

You fall asleep reading, and your dreams are filled with images from your fantasy wedding, and you in your dress, the one that was made just for you.

Part II

You and Ian put on a show during your photo-op vacation. There is no expectation a boy hide his soft curves at the beach, and the bikinis your handlers chose for you leave nothing to the imagination. You'd kept yourself in good shape. You're an actress, after all. With a beach vacation coming up, though, you lost an extra seven pounds and hit the gym extra hard to make



sure you had an Ian-worthy bikini bod. All that extra sweat, the nights going to bed hungry, they've all been worth it. You know you're sexy, and the paparazzi have been everywhere— at the airport, the hotel lobby and, especially, the beach. Pictures of you in your bikinis have been popping up on websites everywhere, getting so many likes and comments and—it's too much.

You wonder if The Hive Queen is looking at these pictures, what she thinks of your legs, your skin, your smile. Yes, she is a terrible oppressor and all that, of course, but knowing that the Queen herself is into you? It just affirms how special you are. It makes you feel— happy? Yes. Happy. What makes you feel unhappy, what frankly pisses you off, is that she might pick some other boy.

Not that you really want to marry her—who wants to marry an alien? You don't want to marry her. You just want her to want to marry you. You just wish you could tell your besties, or Brandi, or a random person on the street. Keeping the secret is driving you insane! It's almost enough to ruin the fact you ARE being seen with the hottest actor in the world, and everyone knows about it. Everyone.

In public, Ian is attentive and sweet. She opens doors for you, holds your hand. You love being seen with her, but as soon as you get to the privacy of your rooms, it's like a director shouted

“cut” and she turns cold, distant, regards you with no more interest than she would a table lamp.

Your agent has floated the idea that Ian might be interested in arranging a Hollywood marriage with you. She’s actually into other women, says she finds boys boring. You find yourself thinking about what that life might be like— adored in public, envied for being the wife of a hugely successful— and wealthy— woman, yet ignored and neglected at home.

It doesn’t seem so bad, somehow.

An unexpected knock on the door. You’d been looking at table settings for your ever-more expansive and extravagant fantasy wedding. Your heart instantly starts to race. Who could it be? No one ever just drops in. You get up, creeping toward the door, trying not to make a sound, and when you get on your tiptoes to look through the peephole all you can see are the chests of what are obviously two Hive agents. You freeze. Terrified. Your mind reels.

They must have found out about the Resistance. They’re here to arrest you. You’ll be sent for counseling, brainwashed— or

worse. You glance toward your windows, think about making a run for it, call Brandi, see if she can help you get away.

Knock. “Katherine?” One of the agents. “Katherine Rose? You are not in trouble. We are here to deliver a special invitation.”

The words do not calm you. Your heart pounds even harder, but now you are worrying about your outfit: a baggy t-shirt and leggings. It’s not cute, pretty. You don’t want anyone to see you dressed like such a slob, and you have no idea how your hair looks. Still. These are agents. You open the door and look up at the Hive agents. One of them holds a long stem rose. The other, a cream-colored envelope. “May we come in?”

“Of course.”

They step into your apartment, and one closes the door. “Miss Katherine Rose,” one of the agents says, kneeling and holding the flower toward you.

“The Queen Mother requests your presence,” the other continues, handing you the envelope.

“The Queen? Me?” You say, acting as shocked and surprised as they would expect you to be.

“All of the details are included with your invitation,” the kneeling one says as she stands. “Congratulations.”

With that, they turn and leave. “Congratulations?” You call after them. “For what?” Of course, you know, but it pleases you how

convincing you were. You're a great little actress, and you know it. You smell the rose, dance and twirl. The Queen! It's so exciting. You open the invitation, read over the stiff little card.

You have three days. You wonder when you will hear from their resistance, what their plan is, what they will expect you to do. Do they really have a plan to throw down the Queen? The Hive?

You'll just have to wait. Three days! At least you're on set two of those days. If you had to sit around for two days thinking about this, about how amazing and unbelievable your life has become for three days, you'd go insane. In the meantime, you do something you think they'd expect you to do, and you Google "The Hive Queen." Now that you're doing it, you're surprised you've never looked up anything on The Queen before now.

The first hit is Hivopedia. There's a picture of The Queen, and she is even more handsome than Ian. She has this look total confidence, an aura of power. Your chest aches at the sight of her, your cheeks grow hot, and you think, *we'd look really good together.*





Chapter 16

Such a long, long day. You'd been shooting a chase scene in the woods, and your character was wearing high-heeled boots. Running around in the woods in heels is insane and your calves are killing you, but you're just glad you didn't twist an ankle stepping over roots, fallen branches, navigating the uneven ground. On top of that, the push-up bra they'd made you wear had dug trenches into your shoulders, and your breasts were achy and unusually tender anyway. Such is the life of a buxom boy, but you wouldn't trade your puppies for anything. You feel sorry for boys with smaller breasts.

Your back aches, your boobs ache, your calves ache. All you can think about as you head toward your building, steam rising from the sewer grates, your breath frosted, is a long, hot bath and a glass of wine.

Damn. You see the poster on the lamppost. Lost Kitten. Name: QT. It's a sign from the Resistance. They want to meet. You've been expecting this, of course, but did it have to come now, when you are so tired, when you need a hot bath so bad?

You think about ignoring it. Forgetting all about the Resistance. You're almost sure, though, that they will pester you, harass you, and so it's just better that you go.

You meet Red in the backroom of a dumpling shop. The room, the whole little hole in the wall restaurant, smells like chicken broth, and your stomach rumbles, reminding you that you haven't eaten.

"I guess you already know," you say, sitting, smoothing your dress under your thighs.

"You're meeting Farex," Red says. She came alone this time, which makes you glad. She's intimidating enough without having two other big, aggressive women crowding you.

You don't love the fact the Resistance is watching you as well as The Hive. You wonder if they've got access to the cameras in your house, people watching you through your windows. It doesn't matter. It will all be over soon.

Red holds up a little white suction cup, with a small wire dangling from the center. "You'll wear this to the meeting." She hands it to you.

"What is it?" You ask, turning it over in your hand.

"Don't worry your pretty head over that," Red says. "Just stick that between your breasts, way down inside that massive cleavage of yours. That's all you have to do."

You're used to being condescended to by women. You're a man, a blonde, you have big tits. It comes with the curves, but this

is something a lot more serious. “What is it?” You repeat, letting your squeaky little voice rise.

“I told you, doll...”

“Don’t doll and baby me,” you shriek. “I am taking a huge risk here, and I need to know what I’m getting myself into.”

Red looks at you. You can tell she’s assessing, trying to decide if she should just try and bully you into doing what she wants, or whether you are going to overcome your male nature in this case, fight, though it’s not a way for a boy to behave. You toss your hair defiantly to let her know how serious you are, that you are willing to play this as if you were a woman.

“It’s a receiver,” Red says. “When you activate it, it will allow us to access the security protocols inside Farex Chamber. We’ll open one of the doors, sneak in and plant a virus in their cloud. All you need to do is activate the receiver. No one will ever even know you were involved.”

You snort. No one will ever know. That’s a promise you know she can’t keep. You, however, don’t want to get sidetracked from the question you really need her to answer.

“What will the virus do?”

Red hesitates. You cross your arms under your breasts and give her “the look.” Every boy has one, and every woman dreads it.

“You can’t breathe a word of this to anyone.”

“Of course not.”

“The Hive cloud connects every single member of The Hive on this planet. They have a Hive mind, and they are in constant communication with each other. Think of them kind of like—”

“I get it,” you spit, super sick of her talking down to you. “You upload the virus, and you fry the brains of every single member of The Hive.”

“Exactly. We will be free. Earthlings will once more rule Earth.”

You shake your head. Women. Like things were so much better when humans ran the show. “And what makes you think the rest of The Hive won’t just send another group to subjugate us?”

“We will destroy when, but not their ships, not their weapons. We will learn to use their tools against them. We have teams of very bright, talented women—engineers, coders—ready to get to work. By the time any Hive reinforcements arrive, we’ll be ready to defend our planet, to protect our boys and children.”

The room is silent, other than the murmur of the diners in the other room, the occasional clank from the kitchen. You look at the little receiver in your hand. It’s so small, looks so harmless, and, yet, it could change the world. You could change the world.

You nod. “I’m in.”

Red takes your soft little hand in hers and gives it a squeeze. “You’re so brave,” she says.

You’re walking back to your apartment looking forward to finally getting your bath, when you see a bunch of teenage girls hanging out on the stoop of a brownstone. They see you coming.

“Check out the cream,” one of them says as they all turn their heads and stare.

One of the whistles.

“Hey, baby,” one of the calls. “Show me that pretty smile.”

“Or how about showing us your tits?”

Every muscle in your body has tightened, and you’re clutching your purse, ready to reach for your mace, your rape whistle. The odds are these teen-age girls are all swagger and bluster, but no real threat of physical violence. In all the times you’ve been catcalled like this, ogled, it has never gone beyond that, but the way they talk to you, look at you, you feel the violence in their eyes, their intentions, and you can’t help but feel afraid. You think of Red, the receiver in your purse.

You smile, and then you wave with your fingertips as you pass, thinking, *enjoy it while you can, girls.*

You lower yourself into the warm, frothy waters, the bubbles rising up around your body, clinging to your breasts. A lavender and sage candle flickers on each corner of the bathtub—

aromatherapy for stress and anxiety. You're aware at times like this just how fully The Hive has turned you into a feminine cliché not just in body but in mind.

You wish Red had never come to you. That the Resistance had never reached out. Everything was going so well. You were filming your first feature film, getting famous, becoming known as one of the prettiest actresses on the scene. Now, when The Hive fell, that would all be over. Would people even want to see movies once the Hive all died and the world devolved into chaos?

Who would be in charge? All the world's governments had been dissolved, and all former leaders had been turned into giggling airheads, working as strippers, prostitutes, or secretaries. They'd been paraded in front of cameras, so everyone could see what had happened to them. The Hive had even made a website, *Lingerie Leaders*, in which all former leaders posed in lingerie, smiling into the camera, reduced to bouncy little sex toys.

The human women who'd been chosen as governors for the Hive Cell were all universally despised as sell-outs, and thought they'd likely try and cling to power, you had no doubt there would be violence.

And you didn't even have a girlfriend to protect you.

"Stop!" You say out loud, your pretty little voice echoing around the bathroom tile. These are not good things for a boy to worry

about. You're too emotional, and you scare yourself so easily worrying about the future. You pick up one of the Honey for Honeys tablets the Hive has distributed to boys— to help calm your nerves. You pop it in your mouth and wash it down with a half a glass of white wine.



Instantly, you feel the calm coming over you, the tension rising out of your body, the static in your brain clearing. You sigh and find yourself wondering about spring fashion trends, which is what is really important for a boy because whatever little struggles for power the women get up to, one thing will never change: Your need to look cute.

Part II

It's hard for you not to cry when you are on set the day before you are to meet The Queen. You know this is probably the last time you will ever see any of these people. Everything is about to change, and yet you can't say goodbye, can't even drop a hint as to what is about to happen. You and Ian have a lovemaking scene, and she gets so wet while your kissing, that she soaks right through her jeans, and you feel her wetness on your belly, your thigh. Her female musk is all over you, and your head swims as she cups your cheek at the end of the sex scene, stares into your eyes and says, "You'll always be my girl."

You swoon. It's not even acting. She's so intense, and that look in her eyes seems so real. You think she might really mean it. You start to cry, you are so overcome with emotions, and you worry you ruined the scene, but the director doesn't say cut, so Ian starts to improvise. "Why are you crying?" She asks.

The answer comes to you, and without even thinking you answer, "Because I'm a boy."

CUT!

The crew cheers, and the director is ecstatic. "Epic! Incredible! You two! Bravo!"

Ian pats you on the cheek. “You’re a good little actress,” she says, climbing off, the bland, disinterested veneer falling over her face. You watch her, heart fluttering. There’s something about her when she seems so above you, so bored with you. It makes you want her all the more.





Chapter 17

You arrive at The Hive Queen's building in a carriage, and as one of the big, strong Hive soldiers takes your soft hand and helps down, you've never felt more beautiful. It's not a movie premiere. There are no paparazzi with their flashing cameras, no adoring fans clamoring for a glimpse. Instead, there is a receiving line composed of the most elite members of The Hive Collective as well as heads of state, generals, judges—all women, all loyal to The Hive, the most elite of the elite. You are a beautiful boy, and you can feel their appreciative glances, you know they want you, and there is power in being an object of desire.

There is even more power in knowing they can never have you, these swaggering women. You will soon be claimed by their Queen, and so will rise above them in the one and only way a boy can rise.

Inside, you and the other pretty boys hoping to be selected by the queen mingle. You know this is part of the test, and you are bright, flirty, feminine, always smiling, modest but not meek. As you chat with this general or that judge, which means you mostly just smile and laugh at their jokes, you surreptitiously eye the competition. They are all pretty. Incredibly pretty. Of course, you hate the bitches. Hate them.

You also feel amused. They all still have hope, some glimmering dream that they will be chosen consort. Poor boys. You know that you will be named consort to the Queen. You know you are better than them.

You can feel the device Red gave you nestled between your breasts. Activating it will change lives. There will be consequences for many, many people. You think of Red, Gray and Black, the three courageous, hard-eyed women. They and their team will be gathered out back by now, waiting, waiting. When you activate the device, your own life will change in ways you can't even imagine. Do you really want that? On impulse, driven by your sudden fear of your future, you almost reach into your cleavage and activate the device that will spell the end of so many lives.

No. It's not time yet.

Once the meet and greet ends, you and the other boys are lined up. You file into the throne room, and you gasp, they all gasp, as you lay eyes on the Queen for the first time. She sits on a throne at the head of the room, looking down, her eyes cold, her face impassive. You've never seen anyone more beautiful and yet she is more than beautiful. She melds beauty with an unmistakable air of steely command. She radiates power. She dominates this room like some sort of Other wordly Goddess. No.

Not *like* a goddess. She **is** a goddess. Her eyes skim across you and the other boys, and you feel yourself blush, your heart races as you drop your eyes. It is not for you to look upon such a glorious being. No.

Music. Some sort of angular and discordant alien march. You and the other boys begin to walk forward and then file past the queen. As each one steps in front of the throne, he turns, offering the Queen a view of his profile, his back, and when your time comes you do the same, not even having to worry or think about being graceful. It comes naturally to you.

As the ceremony continues, your mind rushes back, images from the past flashing, like pictures from a slide show. You remember that other life, the one before the Hive, when you were as tall as a girl, with a hard, flat body. You remember those terrible days after your inoculation, finding yourself petite, tiny, wearing what you still thought of as women's clothes. How ashamed you'd felt when you'd stepped into your first skirt, slipped into your first dress, hooked yourself into your first lacy bra. The women had all been so condescending and amused, watching you click around in high heels, your flirty spring dress fluttering around your smooth thighs.

Life, you'd thought, couldn't get any worse, but then, you'd gotten your curves. First, a plump, heart-shaped ass and all the

unwanted attention, the slaps and pinches from rude women, the pegging. Had you come to love it? Need it? Yes. Yes, but you knew it was only because the Hive had made you that way.

Finally, your chest had begun to ache and blossomed into a pair of big, soft inviting breasts, and you came to need and hate your bras, and then you'd had your first period, and the reality of your new future had come home to you as you slipped your first maxi-pad between your legs.

Oh, it had been so embarrassing, humiliating. You couldn't even express the slightest bit of anger or annoyance at being ogled, pawed, that you didn't hear the women laugh, "He must be on the rag."

There was nothing worse, you'd decided, than being a boy, and more and more you found yourself fantasizing about being a woman, wishing you were a woman, that you could be free and confident and strut around without having to be afraid.

Women. They ruled the world, and you snap back to the present, glancing around at this room full of tall, confident women, Hive agents, regal in their arrogance. Someone is giving a speech. They are about to announce the winner, the Queen's consort.

You glance toward the throne. The Queen holds her head high, her face still a mask of impassivity. She is now flanked by a pair



of Hive Officers. One you don't know. The other you have recently met. She is called 800, and she is the Executive Regent for all the planet.

"It is my pleasure," the speaker, Governor Garvin of the North American territories says, finally getting to the big moment. "To announce The Queen's selection, the Consort Supreme."

The speaker calls your name. The crowd

applauds, the measured, dignified applause of the elite. You let the tears flow, smiling, displaying proper boyish modesty, while the other boys all curtsy. They will now serve you directly as your court, because, of course, the wife of a Queen must have his entourage.

You glance at 800. She nods. It's time. Bringing both hands to your chest, clasping them together over your bosom, you let the hidden, underhand slip between the soft crescents of your breasts, and you press the button.

Conclusion

Red, Black and Grey stood side by side, faces blank as they stood at the gallows. A jeering crowd had packed what was once known as Times Square, and like a scene from some old movie set in the middle ages, they threw rotting vegetables at the three disgraced women.

“Omigod,” Jennifer, one of your boys says, slitting his eyes at



the monitor. You’ve all gathered to watch the executions. “They were so stupid! Petra, a cute boy who gently holds one of your

feet while he massages your calf, slits his eyes. "I hate them!" He hisses. "I hate them so much!"

You smile.

After the insurgents had been captured, much later, long after your honeymoon, if a night of rough sex could even be called a honeymoon, 800 showed you the recording of their defeat. The three of them had entered the building as planned, thinking they were about to take down the Hive only to find themselves surrounded. The look on their faces as they realized you'd betrayed them had been priceless.

The betrayal had been orchestrated by 800 on orders from your Queen. After you'd received your invitation, 800 had contacted you. She knew all about the resistance, and she had given you a choice. Show your Queen your loyalty, help bring down the resistance, and you would be named consort. "You will have a life beyond your wildest dreams," she'd assured you. "Make any attempt to warn them, and you will have a life beyond your worst nightmares."

It had been an easy choice, really. You'd wished you were a woman. Wanted the freedom, the power. You'd even dreamt of being a queen. You were not a queen, true, but being married to The Queen was almost as good. When you made your appearances now, not a woman on the planet would dare touch

you. Most of them wouldn't even look at you directly. None dared look you in the eyes.

The three women's heads were placed into nooses. Black hoods covered their faces. A trumpet blasted, and the executioner yanked on a lever, and all three dropped, their legs kicking as their bodies spun and went lifeless.

You and your boys cheer, your pretty voice sounding like a group of tween girls at a pep rally. It was over. "Turn that off," you say waving a hand dismissively. "Let's watch something fun."

One of the three, you couldn't remember which, had asked you once if you were a man or a brood mare. The Hive had given you an injection before your first night with The Queen, and though you weren't showing yet, you knew you already carried the first of her babies. Had you chosen to be a broodmare? No.

The question had been flawed. You had, you felt, chosen wisely. You were neither boy nor broodmare. You were the Queen's Supreme Consort.

You were special. And, you thought, smiling blissfully, placing a hand on your tummy, so would be your children. They would have the finest of everything, receive the best of educations. They would be first among the new generation. You had chosen right, made the only choice that made sense for a boy in this cold, hard woman's world.

After all, what more could a boy want than a perfect life for his children?



Bonus Pic



An alt take of the button pushing scene.

MASCULINITY
MASCULINITY
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MASCULINITY
MASCULINITY

