

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."

Bonus Pick!

