

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

