

Today was **terrible**.

Some idiot tried to flirt with me because he thought that I was a girl while at work. This happens to me almost everyday, and I'm sick and tired of it. No matter what I try, home remedies or working out, my body never becomes more masculine. My short hair is always silky, no matter what product I use. My thin build stays the same no matter what I eat, and I can't even grow any hair ANYWHERE besides the top of my head. Which I keep short, just so that I can try to claim any masculinity possible.

I haven't even introduced myself yet, I just went straight into the 'hating my own body' part didn't I? My name is Alex, a MALE 18 year old living in Chester, Virginia. I'm a senior at my highschool, and I have a part time job working at a clothing store in the local mall.

My entire life, I've been teased and bullied because "Alex looks like a girl!". Harsh remarks are a common occurrence, as well as liberal use of the word "fag" have made my life a living hell on multiple occasions. I hate having to live like this, hating my own body because it won't become what I want it to be. Why do genetics have to be so cruel?

At least my afternoon walk home has been pretty uneventful so far. At least it was, until *Derek* showed his ugly mug after I turned a street corner. Derek is the king of assholes at my school. One of the main guys who make my life a living hell. He's arrogant and quick to anger, I try to keep my distance from him. Not that my efforts ever pay off. After all, he's somehow ambushed me on this random street corner. Nothing can keep him from his favorite *victim*.

He's waving me down as I try to walk past him, but he jumps in front of me, blocking my path.

"Yo! Alex, don't you think it's rude to ignore your *best friend*?" he asks with a sneer. He's blocked my path now, I just have to wait for him to say whatever he's got to say, then I can leave.

"Uhm... uh... hi, Derek" I barely manage to mumble out a greeting. I forgot to mention how debilitatingly shy I am as well, didn't I?

"What's wrong, Alex? Aren't you happy to see me?" he asks as the grin on his face gets wider. "You know, something happened to a cousin of mine from out of town today... He was on a shopping trip! At the mall..." I'm starting to understand what he's talking about, as my mind brings me back to what happened today.

"He met a cute girl with a pixie cut at the clothing store he was shopping at, so naturally, he tried to ask her out. Her *slender and petite* body was just his type, after all..." He emphasizes the slender and petite. Of course he's gonna hold this one over me. Why'd that guy have to be *his* cousin!?

“Here’s the kicker though! Turns out that feminine chick was actually a dude! Can you fucking believe that?” He starts laughing at his own story as my stomach sinks further than it already had.

“Ooooh man... you know, that story? It actually reminds me of something Alex.” Here it comes. Just get it out already you douchebag. “I’ve actually got a present for you!” I look at him in surprise for a moment, he’s never given me anything before... “But you’ve got to close your eyes for it...” Of course, my excitement is murdered as I realize this is most likely just going to be another way to humiliate me. The only thing I can do is do as he says though, and hope it’s over quickly.

I stiffen my body just in case he’s going to give me a wedgie or something. All I feel though is a little pat on my head. After a few moments, he pats me on the shoulder and says “Alright! You can open your eyes now! I hope you like my gift!” he sneers.

The first thing that jumps into my vision is hair. Lots of long, brown strands of hair. Shakingly, I brush them out of my vision to see Derek, holding his phone up to take a picture. “Smile!” he shouts. After the snap, he turns the display around and lets me see my shame. Tears start welling up as I see myself looking just like a brown-eyed highschool girl in the photo, with long brown hair. He’s gone and removed the only masculine thing I have.

“You look pretty cute, Alex. I think I’ll keep this photo for later! Maybe share it with my friends and tell them about this ‘cute girl’ I met!” He snickers remorselessly.

My breathing has become erratic, my composure leaving. Turning on a dime, I don’t even throw off the wig as I start sprinting into the alleyways of my town. I hear him say something as I dart into the alleyways, but I couldn’t hear it over my own internal wailing. He stripped away the last parts of my masculinity, and this may be his worst bullying yet. I don’t even care where my legs take me, just anywhere except here.

#### ----- A BIT OF RUNNING LATER -----

After what feels like an eternity, but couldn’t have been more than a couple of minutes, the running makes me tired enough to force me to collect myself. Where I am right now, however, I don’t know.

The streets don’t look familiar at all to me. Not only that but for some reason, none of the street lights are on. The darkness of the starless sky doesn’t even compare to the pitch black of where I stand. Goosebumps start to crawl all over my skin as the cold breeze brushes against my neck. Pulling out my phone, I am shocked to see it has no service! Which is incredibly unusual! Especially since I’m in the middle of town!

What's worse is that I can't even turn back anymore. When I look behind me, all I see is that the dark has swallowed the streets whole. Even with squinting eyes, I can't see past the veil of darkness. The only option left is to walk forwards.

This place seriously gives me the creeps. The longer I walk around the empty streets, the more utterly alone I feel. As far as I can tell, there are no human souls around either. It's as if this place doesn't want to have any visitors. I've never been this lost before in my entire life.

That is until I spot a human-shaped silhouette in the distance. Without hesitating, I start quickly walking towards it. Maybe they would have some directions? As I get closer, the shape seems to be that of a girl. Trying not to startle her, I slow down midway and casually walk the rest of the distance.

My suspicion turns out to be correct as in front of me stands a rather young looking girl. She could be my age even. Even though she looks young, she has the curves of a goddess, and I can't believe what I'm seeing once I've gotten close enough to see her.

So far, she hasn't noticed me as her icy blue eyes are transfixed on her long, dark pink nails that she is examining under the only light on this street. Her long blonde hair seems like it's glittering, and flowing in a non-existent wind.

She's not facing towards me. Her appearance has me smitten, and I nervously walk around in front of her to try to ask for directions. At this point, I can see her full outfit. She's wearing a round-cut shirt that says "DRAMATIC" on the front and it shows off some midriff too. The outfit is finished off with a pink pleated skirt and a pink cardigan.

"Uhm, e-excuse me," I stammer as I slowly approach her. She glances at me for a second, then goes back to her nails. Great. Not only does she look like a bombshell, she's bitchy to match.

Looking around, I still don't see anyone else around as I realize I'll have to try again to try to get some directions. "*Uhhh M-miss... Can you please just-*"

"Listen, bitch. I TOTES don't care what you want from me, but can't you, like, see that I am busy? So like, go away and stuff!" She interrupts me suddenly. She glares at me, and waves her hand exaggeratedly. "**Buh bye.**"

I can practically feel my brain cells dying one by one from just listening to the way she talks. Although I don't want to deal with her in any way, she is still the only one around. "*P-please, I just want to ask you for direct-*"

"Ugh," she groans as if I have ruined her day. "**Why are you, like, still here!?**"

"I'm lost and-" I try to stammer out a response.

"So is that, like, *my problem*? You're totes like, just an **idiot**. Besides, you don't just approach a *prom queen* like me with that shit! That's like, so *not cool*." She says unapologetically.

Prom? What the hell is she on? Does she think that life revolves around just high school?

"C-could it be that you are still going to school?" I ask her carefully, trying to pretend to be interested in her. People like this only respond to people who act like they care about them.

"Like, what about it?" she spits back.

"It's just that... you know, I'm about to graduate Chester High, and I've never seen you there before."

She gasps and looks at me like I've just insulted her entire family.

"You fucking **bitch!** You take that back right now or I'll-" she suddenly freezes up mid-sentence. "Did you just say you're about to *graduate*?"

I hesitantly nod, unsure where she is heading.

"That means that you are, like, *going to prom*, yeah?"

"*Uh-huh.*"

Her immediate response is to put on the biggest smile I have ever seen in my entire life. It looks somewhat cartoony even. "Oh, **bitch!** Why didn't you, like, say that before!?" She suddenly steps forward and gives me a deep kiss which sends me reeling.

I'm flabbergasted and muttering incoherently as she starts talking again. "Finally! I've been waiting here for like, ages! Waiting for a girl in their senior year of highschool to come around! Ever since I died, it's **totes** been my one regret that I wasn't prom queen! And now you're here." She takes a short break to flip her hair, preparing for something.

"I would've liked a more *developed* host. Girl, have you not like, hit puberty yet!?" She says, gesturing towards my chest. I'm barely able to parse her words as that kiss seems to have had lingering effects. My mind is beyond cloudy, and I can't move as my feet are like cinder blocks.

“Oh well, I had you confused for like, a freshman, but I suppose you’ll have to do. Hosts are totes in short supply in purgatory.” With that, she dives towards me, most of her body turns to a spectral mist as it flows around me. It smells like strawberries as it proceeds to start flowing into my nose. After a few seconds of rapid flow, her face is the last to go as she blows me a kiss. Then, in a quick swoop, there’s nothing left of her as I fall to the floor.

Foreign sensations wrack my body. My clothes shift and transform around my frame as I hear her voice within my own head. “Like, what are you, a nerd? There’s a bunch of video games and stupid stuff in here!” As my body convulses, the clothes on it turn into a copy of her outfit from before, the “DRAMATIC” shirt tightly clings to my chest, and my jeans turn into a pleated skirt, my shoes into high heels, and my jacket into a cardigan. The wig on my head feels as though it’s weaving into my scalp, as it turns blonde and grows out, becoming much more voluminous. Makeup forms on my face as I struggle on the floor. My backpack fell off too and turned into a pink purse.

“G-get out of me!” I yell in my thoughts as I try to fight against her influence.

“Sorry bitch, I’m TOTALLY here to stay!” She yells back.

It’s at this point I start feeling... bitchier? Her being in me is affecting me, more so than my clothes changing. It’s almost like her presence is changing my thoughts to be more like hers. Something else brings itself to my attention as I start feeling... confidence? Confidence in myself, something I haven’t felt in a very long time. “Yeah girl! I can tell you like, hate yourself, come on, with a body like yours, and an ego like mine, you could get any man you want! Now that we’re together, you’re finally able to realize that...” She trails off.

With that, my right hand involuntarily grabs at my crotch, feeling my junk as if it’s an alien object. “W-wait! Like, you have a dick! You aren’t a girl! Like, what the fuck! Why didn’t you tell me!” I can feel from her surprise and fright, that this isn’t what she wanted.

“Like, I’m getting out of here!” With that, I feel her essence start to leave the same way it came in. But... like, I won’t let her! Now that I’m finally feeling good about myself for once in my life, I can’t let her leave just like fucking that! I suck her back in through my nose and pinch it shut while holding my breath to keep her in.

“Like, you can’t leave me! You’re TOTES a part of me now, bitch!” I’m forcing her to stay, whether she like, fuckin wants to or not. There’s no way I’m going back to the living hell of hating my own body! I’m like, totally sexy now!

“Y-you can’t do this! I’m a girl’s ego, I can’t be in a guy’s body!” She’s totally frantic now.

“Like I give a damn, We’re TOTALLY gonna be great together, girl! You and me, against the world!” At this point I’ve lost track of myself entirely, but like, what do I care! I’m confident

that I could take on the world with her in my brain! If she like, wants to be prom queen, I'll be prom queen!

"We're gonna suffocate if you keep holding your breath! Like, let me out you crazy bitch! It's starting to get harder to separate myself from you!" I can feel myself passing out from the lack of oxygen as I don't even listen to her words. "L-like stoppp... I can't... passing out... can't t-think..."

Then, I passed out from the lack of oxygen.

----- **A MOMENT LATER** -----

"Ugh... like, what happened?" groggily, I wipe my blonde hair out of my eyes. Sitting up, I see that I'm in an alleyway, but I don't remember how I got here. I vaguely remember a basic bitch on a dark street corner or something, but I can't fully reclaim the memory. My mind is hazy, and it sounds like my thoughts are echoing, although the echo is fading. It's almost as if another presence was just here, but just **isn't** anymore. Or like, it's there, but like, in a different way? *Myself is unsure.*

"Come on girl, let's get up." Getting to my feet, I straighten my clothes, and grab my purse. Grabbing my pink, girly sticker covered phone from the bag, I turn it on to see that it's been about 3 minutes, although it feels like it's been hours. Turning it to the camera and switching it to selfie mode, I decided I better inspect the damage my nap on the filthy ground had.

"Gawd! What Happened!? Did that bitch on the street corner jump me!?" I exclaim. My icy-blue eyes stare at me, which is weird because like, I thought they were brown? That's not important though, as my hair is totally a mess and my makeup has run down my face as if I was crying! Grabbing the brush from my purse, I try my best to brush it back in shape. After a few short moments, it's like, better, but I'll still totally need a spa day later. Pulling out my mobile makeup supplies, I also touch up my makeup. Wiping off the runny makeup and applying a fresh layer of lipstick, blush, and eyeliner.

I pause for a second as I'm applying the makeup. "W-wait... When did I learn how to do this?" I'm genuinely at a loss as to how I learned how to apply my makeup this well so quickly, and I start panicking until my phone beeps. A twitter alert snaps me out of it.

"Whatevs, I need to keep up with the school gossip!" I browse twitter for a moment before realizing that I'm like, supposedly lost right now. But, opening the maps, I'm actually just a couple of blocks from where I saw Derek! Immediately, I'm hit with all the terrible memories of his bullying. But for some reason, I have a like, new perspective on the memories! "Like, I can't believe I didn't realize it before! I think he totes like, has a **crush** on me!" I exclaim to no one in

particular. It all makes sense, he's always only picked on me, and it's always been about how totally cute and feminine I am!

The more I think about it, I realize I should totally pay him a visit. He's a bit of a hunk actually, maybe I could turn our relationship into like, a *relationship*! The thought of it gets me excited, and I have to resist it before a tent forms in my skirt. I can't walk around like that! It's like, gross for a girl like me to be tenting in public!

One last look over myself to fix any possible wardrobe malfunctions, and after a required hair flip, I started out of the alleyway. My heel's clacking echoed through the late afternoon alleyway. "Alright girl, it's action-time!" I say to prep myself, as if I'm the lead of my own fabulous dramatic movie. Hey, that's totally what my shirt says!

----- MEANWHILE, DEREK HAS BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT HE'D DONE -----

"Maybe I went too far with Alex this time... I'm such a fucking *asshole*!" I said aloud, talking to myself walking down the street in the direction Alex ran away in. I'm trying to find him. "Maybe I should apologize for everything. I've been teasing him for years, and this is the worst he's ever reacted. I just wish he'd realize that he could be much happier if he just-"

It's then that I see someone walking out of an alleyway in front of me. And my breath is taken away as I see a hot girl. She's flat, but god, her blonde hair flows in waves down her back, and she's sashaying towards me in high heels. Arm resting on her pocket book, when she gets close to me, I do a double take.

"A-alex!?" I exclaim, as although his eyes and hair color are different from when I last saw him, it's his face for sure. Somehow, since I last saw him, he's had a complete transformation!

"Like, it's Alexis! That's like, what it's been since I was born!" I'm utterly confused by his words as he gets even closer to me. His voice even sounds more feminine than before! We're less than a foot apart as I'm entranced by his icy-blue eyes.

"B-but you were just-" I stammer.

"Like, never mind that!" He interrupts. His free hand cups my semi-erect member through my pants making me jump.

"Alex!?" I yell in shock at the sudden unprovoked groping.

"I said, it's Alexis!" With his demand to call him by his apparently new name, he releases my crotch.

“Like, I’ve realized something... You **TOTALLY** have a crush on me don’t you!?” I’m taken aback by this. I’ve always had confusing feelings for Alex, but- For once in my life, I’m left standing speechless. As I’m trying to find words he grabs me by the collar, pulling me down into a deep kiss. After we separate, I’m left tasting strawberries as he grabs my hand, guiding it to his crotch. I can feel him, and he’s excited.

“B-but Alex-”

“Alexis.”

“Alexis... we’re guys! W-we can’t...” My fragile heterosexuality was collapsing right in front of me.

As if ignoring my concern, he leans into my ear, whispering “Why don’t you take me back to your place, stud? Let’s like, quit the games and I’ll become your **Totally. Hot. Girlfriend!**”

#### ----- AFTER A FUN NIGHT -----

Saturday morning greeted me with a smile as I woke up in Derek’s bed. Getting up, I collected the clothes that had been tossed on the floor last night. Putting the bra and panties back on, I walked to the bathroom to take a shower as I tried to ignore the soreness in my cute little bubble butt.

After a long shower, I got out and blow dried my hair. Applying my makeup and putting back on my clothes from the night before because I like, forgot to bring another outfit for some reason. I’m such a ditz sometimes.

Then, I stopped to grab another look at myself in the mirror. I just had to give myself a twirl from how totally cute I am, watching my hair flow around my body in the mirror as I came to a stop. My long blonde hair almost seemed to glitter in the morning light. I started posing in the mirror and taking selfies for awhile, and when I finished the photoshoot, I had a look at the selfies.

The face was the same, but for some reason, the girl in the photo felt completely different. It was as if she was an entirely new person! But she’s like, totally happy now!

“Yas queen! Work it!” I applauded the me in the selfies as I flicked through them.

While my thoughts wandered, I suddenly remembered that prom was in less than 6 months! If I want to become prom queen, I’ve got a lot of work ahead of me. I’ll have to go to the mall, get the newest cute fashions, establish my presence as the queen of the school, and become totally popular again!



Grabbing my phone from my purse, I sat on the toilet and opened up my twitter. Ready to send the first tweet of a new part of my life.

“Yesterday was **totally great!**” it started...