



down the
rabbit hole



I leaned against the wall, the sharp, uneven stucco uncomfortable against my head as I looked at my best friend, Aiden. Then, I said what had been on my mind ever since walking across the stage and getting my diploma a few hours before. "What am I going to do now?" I mused.

Aiden, who sat atop a metal safety rail which overlooked a concrete culvert, said, "Go to college. Get a job. Get married. Have kids. Have a midlife crisis. Get old. Die."

"Jesus, man - could you be more pessimistic?" I asked. "I'm serious. My dad expects me to go to Stanford. I barely even graduated. How the hell am I going to keep up at a school like that?"

Aiden shrugged. "You could, you know, study," he suggested. "Go to class. Take notes. That's what everybody else does."

I looked away, frustrated. If it were up to me, I would never have even dreamed of going to college. I comforted myself by thinking that college just wasn't for everyone. The world needed cashiers and trash collectors and welders and electricians, and probably more than it needed college graduates. But even I wasn't so deluded as to think I would've settled for any of those jobs, either. No - I wanted something else, something more exciting, and preferably, something that didn't require me to sit in classrooms for the next four years of my life.

"I wish I could just look at it like you do," I said. "It would be easier."

In a lot of ways, my friend was my exact opposite, which meant that he was exactly the sort of son my father wished I was. Studious, hard-working, and intelligent, it would've been easy to resent Aiden. But we'd been friends since grade school, and I loved him like a brother.

He slid off the rail. "You just need to figure out what you want to do," he said. "Once you do, you'll have a reason to look forward to school and everything."

A reason. Maybe he was right. Unlike so many of my generation, I didn't need to think about which major gave me the best chance of getting a good job. Like my sister before me, as soon as I left academia, I would have a job in the family shipping business. And the certainty of that outcome left me more than a little apathetic toward school I didn't think I really needed.

"Yeah," I said. "Maybe you're right."

"Of course I'm right," he said. "I always am."



"Quit looking at me like that," she said, pushing her hair behind her ears.
"You always make me feel self-conscious."

Olivia and I had been together for almost two years, but there were still times when I'd look at her, when I'd look into those big, beautiful eyes of hers, and I would be completely incapable of looking away. I guess, objectively, she wasn't nearly as gorgeous as the picture I had in my head, but that didn't matter. All I could see was absolute perfection.

"Can't help it," I said. "You're just so pretty."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," she said, smiling that small, special smile she'd reserved only for me. When she did that, I could almost forget all my problems.

"Did you get in?" I asked.

"I did," she said. "I'm going to Stanford, just like you."

I couldn't contain my joy, and I threw my arms around my girlfriend's shoulders, hugging her close. "I'm so happy for you!" I exclaimed. But inside, my joy wasn't really for her accomplishment. Sure, I was glad that she'd accomplished her goal of getting into her preferred school and thus, taking yet another step towards realizing her dream of becoming a powerful, respected attorney. I wasn't immune to being happy for someone I cared about. However, that happiness came in a distant second place to the assurance that I wouldn't have to spend my college years away from her.

I think, at that point, I had convinced myself that it was true love, if there even is such a thing. I wanted to believe it. But in reality, I know that it was simple convenience. After all, I had already laid the groundwork for our relationship. I'd already put in the work. And I didn't want to have to repeat that with some other girl. Harsh, I know, but that's just how it was.

But at that moment, I could ignore those harsh realities, and I could even fool myself into believing that her acceptance to Stanford was the universe telling us that we were meant to be together. Even as we started to make plans for the coming year, we were filled with the giddiness of youthful ignorance.



"I don't want to go to Stanford," I said, sitting on my high school's track. "I don't want to major in business. And I don't want to work in shipping."

"Then don't," said Aiden, sitting nearby and smoking a joint. The high school was abandoned due to summer break, and we had decided to revisit our old haunts before leaving them behind for good. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but with each stop, I had gotten a little more depressed.

"What else am I supposed to do?" I asked, taking the joint from my friend. I took a big puff before passing it back. After I exhaled, I said, "I mean, seriously - my whole life is planned out for me, right? And if I don't do what my dad wants, he's going to cut me off or something."

Even if he didn't, I couldn't imagine going against his wishes. I wanted so badly to be what he wanted me to be, to do what he wanted me to do. I wanted him to look at me with that sense of pride that seemed reserved only for my perfect sister.

"You can make your own way, man," Aiden said. "Just pick a path and start walking. You'll figure it out along the way."

I sighed, lying back. "It would be so much easier if we could room together," I said.

"Yeah, well - my parents don't want me getting distracted," he said. "And that's what they think you'll do."

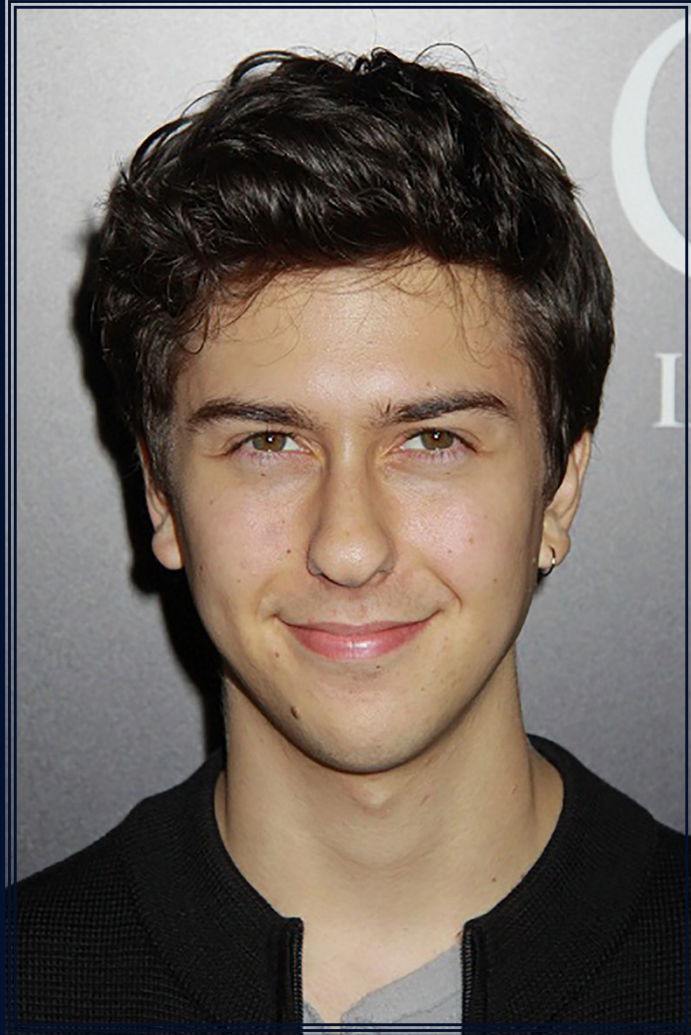
He wasn't wrong. Aiden had always been a great student, but when I got my hands on him, his output at school had shown a marked decrease in quality.

But in my defense, staying up all night and playing video games was what teenagers were supposed to do, right? In any case, his parents had put their collective foot down when we'd declared our intention to room together. And being as how they were paying for it, Aiden wasn't about to go against their wishes, which left me staring down the barrel of having a complete stranger for a roommate.

"They're too hard on you," I muttered.

"Yeah," he said. "But they're kind of right. I do need to focus." He passed the joint back to me. "Face it, bud - you're a bad influence on me."

We both shared a laugh, though it did little to assuage my misgivings about going to college.



I glared at my friend. He wasn't really a handsome guy - his nose was too big, his eyes too narrow, and his chin too pointed, and that wasn't even considering that regrettable earring he insisted was cool. But despite that, he'd never had any problems finding girlfriends. In fact, he'd been with more girls than just about any other guy in our class, and he didn't seem to be slowing down.

"You're serious, aren't you?" I asked. "Melanie Lang?"

He shrugged, the corners of his mouth turning up in a slight, self-deprecating smile. It was his go-to expression, and it worked well for him. "I saw her at Starbucks the other day, and we got to talking," he said. "Next thing I know, she's telling me her parents are out of town, and we're back at her place."

I just stared at him in disbelief. Melanie Lang had been the dream girl for just about every guy in our graduating class, and not just because she was gorgeous. No - many guys had tried and failed to get into her panties. And when it had finally happened, it wasn't some jock or male-model-looking asshole. It was Aiden. I wanted to strangle him.

But then something happened. A seed of a thought began to grow in mind, blossoming into a flower of an idea before I could even figure out what was happening. I wasn't jealous of Aiden. I wanted to be, but I wasn't. Instead, I found myself wishing I could be the center of everyone's attention like Melanie had been. So many guys pursuing her, so many looking at her like a trophy to be won - it seemed so incredibly gratifying. And worse, it wasn't a new thought. I'd had similar musings before, but I had thought I'd left them far, far behind. Obviously, I was wrong.

I shook my head, trying to rid myself of the series of images flashing through my mind. In them, I was Melanie. Or I was me-as-Melanie. I don't know. It was all so confusing. What was even more confusing was that in those scenes whirling around my brain, my best friend was fucking me. Or Melanie. Or whatever. And then, just as quickly as it had come, it passed.

"You okay, man?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm fine. Just...I mean...Melanie Lang. Damn. Just...well...damn."

"Glad you approve," he said, clapping his hand on my shoulder. It took a ridiculous amount of self-control not to flinch away, the memory of my imagination still fluttering through my thoughts.



“I think it’s a good idea,” I said. “I mean, I play video games, right? And I’m good. Why not stream?”

“As long as you don’t think you’re going to make a living off of it,” said Olivia. “Some people do, I know. I get that. But they’re the exceptions to the rule. If you think it’ll be fun, fine. Do it. I’m not going to tell you not to, but you need to understand what you’re getting into.”

“I know,” I said. “I don’t care about money. I just think it’d be cool.”

That was a lie, though I’d never admit it. Like most kids in my generation, I’d grown up watching my favorite streamers on Youtube or Twitch, and I’d long dreamed of being one of them. And I was convinced that it was a viable way of making a living. The odds were against me, sure, and, rationally, I knew that, but I wasn’t going to let something like reason get in the way of my plans – especially when those plans might give me a way to monetize something I was already doing – playing video games.

“Did you put your paper work in for the apartment?” she asked, changing the subject.

“Yeah,” I lied again. “Basically, I mean. I filled most of them out, and I’m going to send them in tomorrow morning.”

“You want me to do it for you?” was her next question. “I don’t mind.”

“I mean, if you want to...”

She rolled her eyes. “Of course I don’t want to,” she said. “But if I rely on you to do it, you’ll end up going to college without anywhere to live. Just email me what you’ve got, and I’ll finish it all up tonight.”

“You’re way too good to me,” I said.

“I know,” was her response.

I strummed the guitar as I sat in the rocking chair overlooking the vineyard my father had bought a few years back. At the time, for a guy who'd grown up in the city, it had seemed so mysterious and interesting, but I'd since come to recognize the place for what it was – just another one of my father's many successful investments.

However, it was undeniably peaceful, and it allowed me to dabble in one of my favorite past times – pretending I was a musician. When pressed, I could go on and on about the sanctity of music, about how I was a true artist, but I knew none of it was true. Like most of the rest of my life, it was little more than a carefully-designed front. When I had started learning to play, I might have had some ideas about being a professional musician, but over time, I had come to realize that that particular path was all but impossible for me to follow. Technically, I was proficient enough, but nothing I did had any soul. I just wasn't meant to go down that road.

Still, it had become a part of my identity, and I wasn't about to let it go without a fight. So, I sat there, my fingers clumsily dancing across the strings as something resembling music reverberated through the instrument. All the while, though, I couldn't escape the reality of what my life had become, of what lay before me.

As much as I wanted to pretend that I knew what I wanted, I didn't. I was lost, adrift in a sea of possibilities that seemed to float just beyond my grasp. I wasn't good enough. I wasn't smart enough. And people didn't really like me. That was my life. That was who I was. I could never, would never achieve the sort of success my sister had. I couldn't live up to my father's expectations. And if given the chance, I would probably run the family business into the ground. I was a loser. An apathetic, directionless future failure, and I knew it. I knew it in my bones, and there was nothing I could do about it.

But I still had to pretend otherwise. I still had to act like I was going to, somehow, graduate college and become a success. I had to lie, an exhausting prospect if ever there was one.

I set the guitar aside, trying to convince myself otherwise. I could be successful, I thought. I just had to find the right road. I simply had to figure out what I wanted to do. It was a comforting thought, even if I knew it was little more than a personalized lie.





“W-what?” I asked, trying not to spit out my tea.

“Don’t be mad, okay?” said Olivia. “I just thought it would be better, okay?”

My cup clinked against the saucer as I set it down, my mind ablaze. I suppressed it. “You enrolled me in school as a girl,” I said. “How in the hell is that better?”

“You were freaking out about rooming with a stranger, right?” she said. “Well, now you don’t have to. We can share the apartment.”

“But I’m not a girl,” I pointed out. “Or hadn’t you noticed?”

“Nobody cares,” Olivia said. “Nobody’s going to check or anything. Just trust me, okay? This is going to be great.”

“That’s easy for you to say,” I stated. “But you’re not the one who’s being misgendered.”

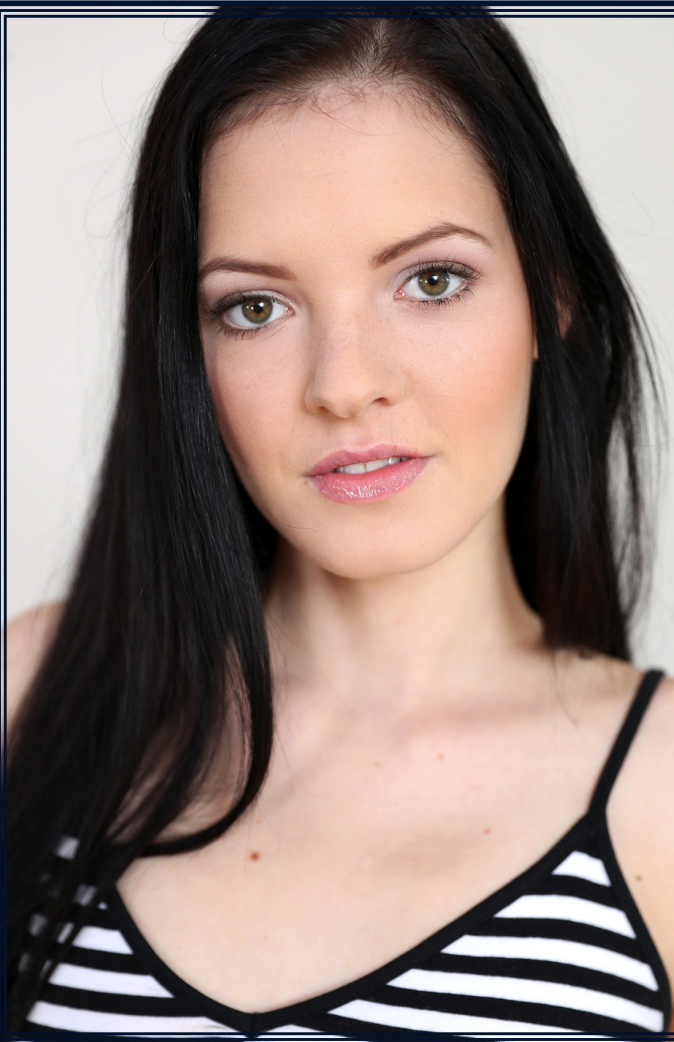
I wanted to be angry. I really did. But the fact of the matter was that I’d gone through a couple of phases in my life where the idea of being a girl wasn’t altogether distasteful. I was over it for sure, but I couldn’t help but be a little excited about the prospect of posing as a girl, even if it was only on a few pieces of paper in my academic record. And that scared me.

“Listen – this is a good thing,” she said. “You’re focusing on the wrong stuff. Think about it. We get to share a room. We get to share a bed. No parents walking in on us. Nobody to bug us when we’re having fun. And believe me, I’ll make this worth your while. I promise.”

I crooked a smile. We weren’t the most intimate of couples, but we’d had sex a few times. And I was eager to repeat those experiences without the threat of parental discovery.

“I like the sound of that,” I said.

“Knew you’d see it my way,” was her response.



“Come on,” Olivia said. “Just tell me one thing. It’s not a big deal, and I promise I won’t be freaked out or anything. Just one little sexual fantasy. That’s it.”

I looked away. As soon as she had asked, I knew what I wanted to say. I’d long dreamed of being dominated. Manhandled.

Controlled. I wanted to be the submissive partner. But I wasn’t about to say something like that to my girlfriend. What girl wanted a man like that? We were supposed to be the ones in control. She’d never look at me the same.

“I don’t have anything really weird, though,” I said. “Just normal stuff, I guess.”

“Fine,” she said. “If you don’t want to tell me, that’s fine. I’ll go first.”

“What? You’ve got fantasies?” I asked.

“Of course I have fantasies,” was her answer. She took a deep breath, then said, “I’ve always wanted to have sex with a girl.”

“Y-you’re a lesbian?” I asked.

“No,” she insisted. “I just think it’d be fun to play around a little. But I don’t want to do it as, like, a girl. I want to wear a strap-on. I want to fuck her like I’m the man.” She looked up to see my surprised expression, then said, “You’re freaked out, aren’t you?”

You don’t –

“I’m not freaked out, Liv,” I said, interrupting her. “I think it’s kind of hot, actually. Really hot.”

“You do?” she asked.

“I do,” I said, taking her into my arms. I kissed her. “But I don’t know if I could ever share you.”



"Are you looking forward to getting started?" asked my father, Dai Li. Anyone could clearly see that we were related, but for every hard edge on his face, my own reflected rounded softness – the product of a soft life, he always said, and I couldn't really disagree. He gripped my shoulder, saying, "I'm so proud you're going to my alma mater."

Pride. It was his defining characteristic. Never before had I seen a man who so cared what other people thought of him and his family. To him, a man – or a woman – was only as good as their reputation. And me being the person I was, I had always been something of a disappointment. So, it felt good to finally be the source of some level of pride, even if it was ill-placed.

"Thanks, dad," I said. "I just wish mom was here to see it."

"Me too, Alex," he said, the only crack in his stony façade a slight quiver to his voice. He'd loved my mother, and deeply. But she'd died in a car crash when I was twelve, and none of us had ever really gotten over it, my father least of all. Still, he put on a brave face and said, "She would have been proud, too."

"Thanks," I said. "Now – before we both start crying, let's get down to business. How long do I have to stay here?"

He laughed. "You never did enjoy these business functions, did you?" he asked.

"Not at all," I answered. I'd been forced to attend everything from board meetings to company parties for almost as long as I could remember – preparation for when I would take over the company, my father always said. I found it all completely and irrevocably tedious.

"Give it an hour or two," he said. "Then you can go."

"Thanks," I said. "Where's Amy?"

He sighed. "She's around her somewhere," he said. "Probably making million-dollar deals. Your sister has proven to have quite a knack for business."

"I'm going to look for her – I want to say hello before I go," I said. However, I had little interest in seeing my sister. I just wanted an excuse to get away from my father; he'd always intimidated me in a way I wasn't really prepared to confront.



"I knew I'd find you out here," said my sister, Amy. She looked beautiful, as always. Prim and proper but powerful at the same time, despite her diminutive stature. I envied her, and for so many reasons.

"Well, you found me," I said, leaning against the side of the building. I shoved my hands into my coat's pocket. "What now?"

"You don't to be so cryptic," she said. "I'm your sister. You could at least act like you're happy to see me."

I leaned my head back, closing my eyes. "Did dad send you out here to drag me back into the party?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I came out here because I haven't seen you in almost two months."

"Checking up on me, then," I reasoned. Even though she was only six years older than me, Amy had almost always thought of herself as my de facto mother, and that attitude had only gotten worse when our real mother had died. Sometimes, it was endearing, but most of the time, it was just annoying. "I'm fine. All my paperwork is in at Stanford, and -"

"I'm not checking up on you," she said. "I trust that you've already done what needed to be done."

"You checked with he school, didn't you?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Maybe," she said. "But that doesn't matter. I just wanted to tell you that I'm proud -"

"God - please, just stop," I said. "You're proud. Dad's proud. Everybody's so proud. But nobody wants to acknowledge the fact that I shouldn't have even gotten into Stanford. I don't know what kind of strings dad pulled, but a person with my SAT has no business there."

"SAT scores aren't everything," Amy said. "You're smart enough to succeed there. I know it."

"Yeah, well, that makes one of us," I said. I checked my phone. "Two hours. That was my limit. See you later, Amy."

“Come on,” said Olivia, reclining naked on the couch. “Nobody’s here.”

I stood there, hesitant. The last thing I wanted to do was to thrust my face between her legs. I’d done it before, and, though I’d never tell her as much, the idea sort of disgusted me. It wasn’t the smell or taste or anything. I was okay with that. The whole act just didn’t feel quite right.

If I was honest, no sex with her ever had. But in the throes of passion, the pleasure had always outshone the uncomfortable feelings I got when I was with her. But with my face buried in her groin, I wouldn’t have that. No – I’d be forced to feel every ounce of uneasiness, and I wasn’t eager to revisit that.

However, I also knew that refusal would likely set off all sorts of alarms in her head. What guy wouldn’t do that for the girlfriend he professed to love, right? What would she think of me? Would she know that the mere sight of her vagina elicited feelings of near-nausea? Would she guess that I didn’t really want to be with her? Surely, our relationship couldn’t survive that kind of scrutiny.

So, I forced a weak smile and got on my knees. I didn’t even look at it before I plunged my tongue between the folds of her pussy, licking inexpertly as I tried to get her off as quickly as I could. I just wanted it over. I just wanted it to end. But it dragged on and on for what felt like an hour before she clamped her legs tight against my head, moaning in apparent ecstasy.

When it was all over, I pulled away, my face sticky with her juices. But she wasn’t done with me. Without a second’s hesitation, she bent down and kissed me full on the lips. Then, she said, “I love the way I taste on your tongue.”

I forced another smile, and I started to get up. But then she said, “I think I’m ready for round two, babe. Just keep doing what you were doing there at the end.”





"There," Olivia said. "All set up for you to stream."

I sat up from the bed, saying, "Seriously? That quick?"

I rose covering the short distance across the room we'd begun to share the week before and looked over her shoulder to see that she had installed all the necessary software. She had even set up my Twitch account, my webcam, and my various social media accounts. Everything was perfect.

"It wasn't that hard," she said. "But you're ready to go. What game are you going to focus on?"

I shrugged. "I don't know - Overwatch, maybe?" I said. "Or one of the battle royale games. Whatever's popular."

"You need a hook, though," Olivia said, leaning back in the chair. "Something that differentiates you from everyone else. Like, a different look or something. Maybe a hat. Or a mask. Do something to make you stand out."

"I know what I'm doing," I said, rolling my eyes. I had been watching streamers for as long as I could remember, and I knew exactly how to make it work.

"I'm sure you do," she said. "Just remember that you've got to be kind of over-the-top. Excited. Don't -"

"I'll be fine, Liv," I said.

"I know, Alex," she said. "I just want you to be successful is all."

"I will be," I said. "Now - can you show me how all this works?"

"Sure, babe," she said, rolling the chair aside. "Just watch."



"How are your classes?" asked my father, sitting across from me as I sipped my tea. He had coffee, probably black and bitter as hell, just the way he liked it.

"Fine," I said. "You really don't have to keep coming up here for these weekly check-ups."

"Nonsense," he said, waving away my comment. "I had business in San Francisco."

I knew that was a lie, but I wasn't about to argue with him, especially in public. There was also the matter of not wanting him to know that my classes hadn't been going all that well. I was lost, completely and irrevocably, and I knew there was no way I'd survive the semester with my enrollment intact.

Sure, I probably could've spent more time studying or gone to a couple of extra classes. I could even have gotten a tutor. But the fact was that I didn't think anything would make me suddenly smart enough to pass. But I knew a lost cause when I saw it, so, I'd been focusing more on my streaming than on class. However, I wasn't about to tell him that, especially considering how much money he'd spent on my tuition.

"How is the business going, anyway?" I asked, hoping to change the subject.

"Same as always," he said, smiling. "Growing by leaps and bounds every day. Your sister just closed a huge account with a Chinese company two days ago. It should almost double our business overnight."

"That's awesome," I said.

"I was thinking that this summer, after you've got a little college under your belt, you could come work in the acquisitions department," he said. "It won't be glamorous work or anything, but it's past time you started to learn the business from the inside out."

"Yeah, dad," I said. "That sounds good. Assuming I don't take summer classes, I mean."

"Summer classes?" he asked, a little surprised. Then, he smiled again. "You are growing up. I knew you had it in you."

"Y-yeah," I said. "I'm ready to work hard."

"N-no," I said, looking at the phallic, rubber toy on the bed. It was long, thick, and black, and it had a flared base attached to a series of nylon straps. I knew exactly what it was and what it was used for. "Just...no."

"Come on," cooed Olivia. "Just this once, okay? If you don't like it, you don't ever have to do it again."

"I'm not gay," I said.

"What does that have to do with anything?" she asked. "Lots of guys do this kind of thing. I mean, you have been on the internet, right? Pegging is super-popular right now."

Pegging. I hated that word. It made it sound like some innocuous kink. But it wasn't. I knew it. She knew it. And everyone who'd ever thought about doing it knew it. I didn't want to do it.

But I also wanted it more than I could really wrap my mind around. In fact, during one of my many phases where I dreamed about femininity, I imagined exactly the scenario with which I was confronted. I'd read stories about it online. I'd watched videos. And even as I tried to think of some way to get out of it, my own penis betrayed me.

Olivia recognized her opening and stepped close to me. Her body pressed against mine, she slipped her hand under the waistband of my boxer shorts and gripped my already-erect penis. Leaning forward, her mouth barely an inch from my ear, she cooed, "It's okay to want it. I want it, too. Just pick it up from the bed and help me put it on."

I was moving before I could think of some excuse not to do as she said. When I reached for it, I half expected it to burn me. But it didn't. It was just cold rubber. Kneeling before her, I wrapped the straps around her legs, buckling them into place.

"Now, the lube," she said, nodding to a bottle on the nightstand. I grabbed it, squirting a generous helping of the slippery liquid in my hands. Then, I started stroking the phallus protruding from her groin. Up and down, I coated it in the lube, and when I was done, she ordered me onto the bed. I obeyed, getting on all fours almost on pure instinct.

Olivia gripped my hips, then ripped my boxers down my legs. She grabbed my ass, squeezing it. "God, this is so sexy," she breathed. My heart was pounding out of my chest as I buried my face in the pillows. And then, she was slipping it inside me.

I gasped in pain, screaming that it was too big, but still, she pushed. Inch by agonizing inch, she impaled me on that black dildo until I could feel the rubber base nestled against my ass. Suddenly, I realized I was crying, but it wasn't just from the very real, very intense pain. No - as she pulled it out, I wept freely because I could already feel the beginnings of pleasure. I felt like I was built for it, like I'd finally found purpose in my life.

The next thrust came more quickly, if only just, and the next was even faster. Each time she pushed her black cock inside me, she increased the pace until, after a couple dozen thrusts, she was pounding me like she'd been doing it all her life. My cries of pain became moans of inescapable pleasure, and after only a couple of minutes, I experienced my very first anal orgasm.

I wish I could adequately describe it, but words fail me. It was so different than my typical orgasms. My penis was something of an afterthought, and my ass had become the nexus of my every pleasure. Muscles contracted. I let out inarticulate screams. Waves of bliss arced throughout my body. And when it was done, I lay there, quivering in post-orgasmic satisfaction. Then and there, I knew I could never look at sex the same way again.





“What’s wrong?” asked Olivia.

“Nothing,” I said, leaning against the wall. It had been two days since the incident with Olivia’s strap-on, and I still wasn’t over it. For one, there was the physical side effects; I still felt a bit sore. And for another, there were quite a few mental consequences of being fucked like a girl. Never mind that it was enjoyable. Forget that I’d barely been able to think of anything else. I couldn’t escape the idea that I shouldn’t have liked it, that I should never have let it happen.

Idly, I wondered what my father would have thought of such a thing. Surely, he’d think I was gay or something. And while he’d never been overtly homophobic, I couldn’t imagine that he’d take it very well. After all, a man can’t be a man if he’s got his girlfriend’s strap-on up his ass, right? That was common sense.

But the worst of it was that I wanted it to happen again, even if I was afraid of that inevitable eventuality. I wanted to feel it again. I wanted to feel her gripping my hips, thrusting that rubber cock inside me, over and over again until I was moaning and trembling uncontrollably. And, shamefully enough, I couldn’t get the idea of someone else, someone decidedly more masculine, doing the same thing out of my head. It was torture, but almost a welcome one because it was so damned exciting.

“Doesn’t seem like nothing,” Olivia said. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I said I’m fine,” I stated. “I’ve just got a lot on my mind, okay? School and stuff.”

“Have you even been to class?” she asked.

“Yes,” I lied. “I’m fine. Just stop worrying about me.”



I guess I looked the part. Everyone always just assumed I was in the library studying. How could they know that I was just browsing Reddit while I should've been in class?

I kept telling myself that tomorrow was the day. That was when I'd buckle down and go to class. I wasn't that far behind, right? Only a few days. Then a week. Then a month. And then, at that point, I just told myself that I was too far behind to suddenly start showing up. What would everyone think? What would the instructor think? And worse yet, how many tests would I have missed? No – it was better if I just started fresh next semester, I thought. That way, I could really have room to realize my potential.

Looking back, I know it was all a farce. I never intended to go. I didn't want to, anyway. I knew I didn't belong, and I had no interest in making that apparent to everyone else. So, I hid from it all. I hid from Olivia and Aiden. I hid from myself. And somehow, I convinced myself that everything was going to be okay.

It was just like high school all over again. I barely went to those classes either, and I still graduated all the same. I wasn't so naïve that I didn't know it was a sizable donation from my father that had gotten me across that stage. And I was just privileged enough to believe that he would probably do the same again. After all, I was a reflection on him. If I couldn't graduate from college, what kind of father did that make him? My success – or lack thereof – was more about him than about me.

Maybe that's why I didn't try. Or it could've been sheer laziness. I don't really know. But the fact remains that I didn't even begin to apply myself, lest I find out, once and for all, that I wasn't capable of being the person everyone wanted me to be.



I saw Aiden and waved at him. He looked dead tired, probably from studying so much for finals. By contrast, I was as well-rested as I could be. He came over, planting himself across from me at the library.

"What are you studying?" he asked, noticing that I didn't have any books on the table.

"Um...psychology," I lied. I didn't think it would go over well if he knew I was just there so I could avoid having to answer to Olivia, who seemed intent on making sure I was doing well in school. "You?"

"Biology final," he said. "You mind if I study in here? All the other rooms are full."

"Yeah, go ahead," I said. "I was just leaving."

He shrugged, bending down to retrieve his book, which he then slammed on the table. As I stood up, I said my goodbyes, but he wasn't really listening. I didn't blame him, though. He had a lot on his plate. However, Aiden's arrival had put a kink in my plans, so, after leaving the library, I started walking around campus.

Inevitably, my mind drifted my most recent coupling with Olivia. Of course, as it so often did, it had centered on her strap-on. And as much as I claimed that it didn't bother me, that I considered it normal sex, it still troubled me how much I liked it. That mindset led almost immediately to thoughts of my past.

For years, I'd tried to forget about the brief phases of covert femininity which had dotted my history. If I ignored them, they didn't seem so real. But each time my girlfriend fucked me with that strap-on, I felt so girlish that it inevitably forced me to dwell on the times when I'd experimented with female clothing.

The first time was when I was eight or nine years old. I'd been playing in my sister's room when she was at ballet, and I saw a great, puffy dress peeking out from her closet. I was drawn to it in a way I'd never been attracted to anything before. Before I knew it, I'd discarded the dolls which had previously held my attention, and I had retrieved the dress. Pale yellow and with actual petticoats, I knew it was one of her old Easter dresses. I held it up to me, twirling around, reveling in how it felt against my bare legs.

And then I heard the front door slam, and I raced to put the thing back in its place. However, it had awakened an interest which would haunt me, off and on, for the rest of my childhood. At times, I would sneak my sister's clothes away, trying them on. It felt almost like a game at first, but soon, it became something far more important.

I knew it was wrong. I knew it in my heart that it was shameful. And I did try to stop. I was successful for long stretches, too. But I always went back.

As I walked across campus, aimless and lost in thought, those old urges raged in the forefront of my mind, demanding to be sated. I wanted to resist. I wanted to push them away and never see them again. But I knew that, at some point, I would go back. I would do it again. And I would love it.



“Seriously, man?” asked Aiden. “Academic probation?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I screwed up a couple of finals. But I was close. And I can repeat those classes. When I get a good grade, it’ll replace the failing grade on my transcript. It’s not a big deal.”

But it was. My first semester had been an unmitigated disaster, so much so that if I had one more like it, I was out. No amount of my father’s influence could change that, I thought. And if I was honest, maybe that’s what I wanted. School just wasn’t for me, I was convinced. I wasn’t smart enough. I wasn’t dedicated enough. And I didn’t really see the point of learning a bunch of stuff that wasn’t going to help me in my life.

Or maybe I was just lazy.

“What about the streaming thing?” Aiden asked. “What’s going on with that?”

I sighed. “It’s hard to break into,” I said. “I’ve got a few followers, but it takes time to build a real audience.”

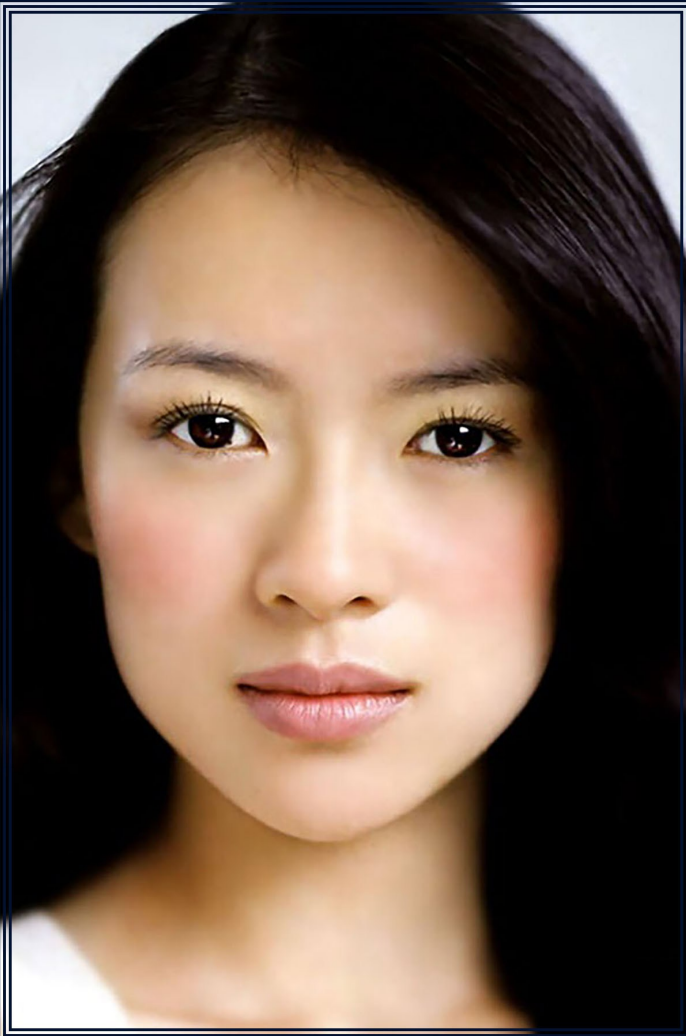
That, too, was a lie. I’d treated my Twitch stream more seriously than school, but I was still hit-or-miss when it came to my schedule. That, no doubt, had affected my audience. In my defense, though, I’d tried – I mean, really tried – for a few weeks, and with disappoint results. Maybe I just wasn’t meant to do that, either.

“It’ll happen, man,” Aiden assured me.

“I hope so,” I said. “I’m putting out good content, I think. People will find it soon. I’m sure of it.”

“No offense, man – but have you thought about getting a haircut?” he asked. “You’re getting pretty shaggy up there.”

I shrugged. “Liv likes it,” I said, pushing my jaw-length hair behind my ear. “That’s the only person I need to impress.”



"We could get you a tutor," said Amy, looking every bit as beautiful as the last time I saw her. "Or a -"

"I'm fine!" I groaned, tilting my head to the ceiling. "I don't need a tutor. I'm getting it all figured out, okay? The first semester was a mulligan."

"A mulligan?" she asked. "You're on academic probation. One more slip-up, and you're out. You'll end up having to go to junior college or something. You can't want that."

I didn't. Nor did I want to continue along my current path. What was wrong with simply not going to college?

"What does it even matter?" I asked. "Dad will find a place for me no matter what happens."

"You think so?" she asked. "If you can't show that you're responsible enough to graduate college, what kind of job do you think he'll have for you? Put you in the mail room? Have you become a secretary? Please. You're better than that, Alex. You just have to realize it."

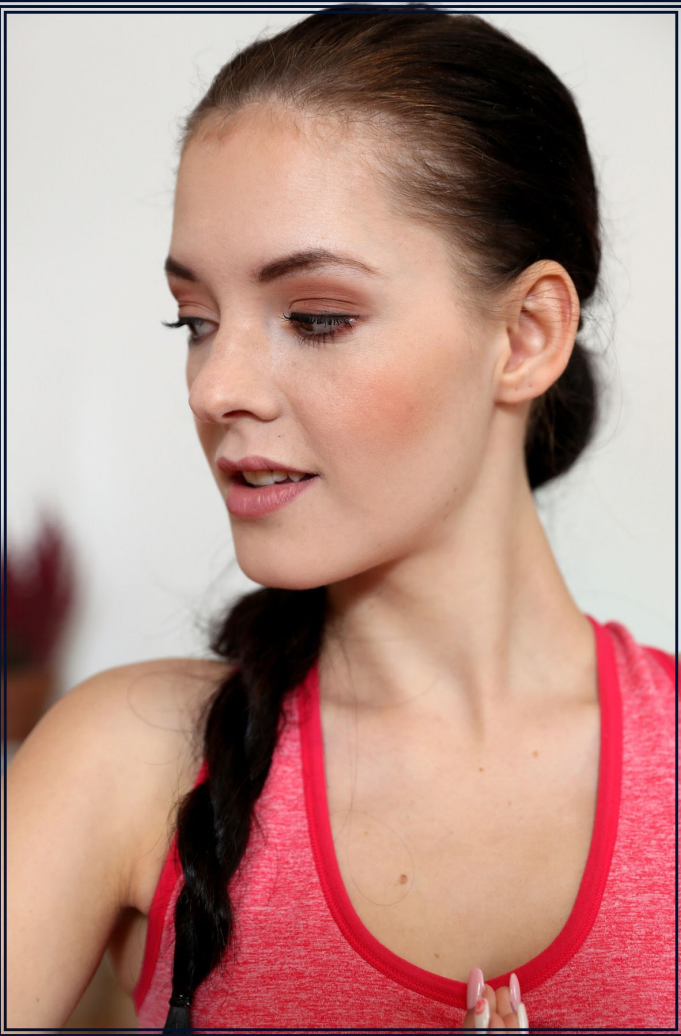
I sighed. "Thanks for the pep talk, sis," I said, rising. "Be sure to tell dad you did what you could to keep me on the straight and narrow."

She gripped my arm. "I'm not doing this for dad," she said. "I want you to be successful, Alex. I want you to -"

"You're just like him," I said, jerking my arm away. "You want me to fit into the cozy, little box you've had specially made for me. You want me to be what everyone expects me to be so you don't have to answer questions about your deadbeat brother."

"I just want to help," she said.

"Well, I don't need it," I said. "Thanks, but no thanks."



"It's not a big deal," Olivia said, stretching. "You just have to convince my mom for, like, a day. Not even a day. Just for dinner."

I stared at her in disbelief. She'd just suggested that, because her parents thought she was rooming with a girl, that I should pose as one while they were in town to visit her, and I couldn't quite figure out how to react. My initial instinct was to agree without a single moment's hesitation. It was the sort of opportunity I had thought about so often over the course of my life. But that instinct was almost immediately supplanted by whatever masculine pride I had left.

"I couldn't pass," I said, thinking that it was a reasonable excuse. After all, I was a guy. The idea that I could ever pass as a girl was almost laughable.

"Believe me, you could pass," she said. "The right makeup, a little eyebrow tweezing, and the right outfit, and they'd never know the difference."

"B-but...I don't...you know...I'm not that kind of guy," I said. "I don't want to wear girls' clothes."

"Well, we don't have much of a choice," Olivia said. "Because my parents are going to be here this weekend, and you can bet my dad will have something to say about my roommate being a guy - especially one I'm sleeping with."

"But I've met your parents!" I said. "Three or four times. There's no way they won't recognize me."

"Please," she said. "Don't take this the wrong way - this isn't me saying this - but they're not exactly the type of people who could even begin to make the connection. One Asian looks the same as another to them."

"Well, that's incredibly racist," I said.

She shrugged. "It's the way they are," she said. "Come on, Alex. It's not a big deal. And if we don't do something like this, there's no way we can keep staying together."

"A-and you think I can do it?" I asked.

"I know you can," she said. "Are you in?"

After a brief moment's hesitation, I nodded, and she threw her arms around me, saying, "This is going to be so much fun! I'll go make the hair appointment right now!"

"You're not going to do anything permanent, are you?" I asked, following Olivia into the empty hair salon. Apparently, she knew one of the stylists, who'd agreed to work with me after hours. Olivia thought that would make it easier for me.

"It's hair, Alex," she said. "It all grows back."

I sighed. "Okay," I said. "But when this is all over, I don't want to look like a -"

"It's going to be fine," she said, leading me to one of the chairs. "Sit down. Maya will be here in a minute."

I did, and as I stared in the mirror, I wondered what in the world I'd agreed to do. It wasn't that I didn't want to do it - I did. And it made a lot of sense, too. But what if I liked it? What if it made me want to do it again? What if I really did look like a girl? I could feel my penis awakening at the idea, and I forced myself to think of something else as I awaited my girlfriend's friend.

I didn't have long to wait, though, because, soon, a dark-skinned girl with multi-colored hair appeared from the back. She greeted Olivia, then turned to me and asked, "So - what're we going to do here?"

"First of all, we need to trim her eyebrows," Olivia said. "Then we want to put some color in her hair. Definitely need to make sure that facial hair's gone, too."

"The works, then," Maya said, smiling. "Can do."

"Don't I get a say?" I asked.

"No," they both said in unison. And then, the hairdresser went to work, transforming me into a girl.





“Oh, my God,” I muttered, looking into the mirror. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the reflection staring back at me. She was pretty.

Feminine. A girl. I had seen Maya work her magic – from the eyebrows to the cream she’d put on my face to make it smoother to the color in my shoulder-length hair – but I could scarcely believe the results. And I wasn’t alone.

“I agree,” said Olivia.

Meanwhile, Maya stood back, letting us enjoy the view. I reached up, touching my face. “I look like a girl,” I said.

Olivia grinned. “I told you it would work,” she said. “Just wait until we do your makeup.”

For most of my life, I’d fantasized about being a woman. Sometimes, those fantasies manifested in me sneaking into my sister’s room to play with her old dolls. Other times, I stole her pretty Easter dress, pretending it was mine as I twirled around her room. Still other times, I would pilfer her panties and wear them to sleep, praying all the while that no one would find out. But nothing could’ve ever prepared me for how I felt when I looked into the mirror and saw a girl gazing back at me.

It wasn’t just eye-opening. It was world-defining. In that moment, I knew I would do it again. And again. It just felt so damned right, and in so many ways. And that was just my face. What would I feel like when I wore makeup? When I put on the clothes? When I went outside? I almost fainted at the excitement.

“L-let’s do it,” I said, smiling the most genuine smile I’d felt cross my face in years. “Make me beautiful.”

Olivia was briefly taken aback by my lack of argument. I think she half expected me to object, to call it quits. I think a part of her might have wanted it. But, after that very first moment of surprise, she hid that expectation well, returning my smile with one of her own.

“Let’s,” she said. “Maya, you’re up again.”

I stared at the pile of makeup with admitted trepidation. There were dozens of brushes, just as many powders, and all sorts of other cosmetics, and Maya wielded them with practiced ease. As she did, she kept up a running commentary.

"It's good that you have such great skin," she said, brushing something on me. "Most guys wouldn't be able to pull this off."

"I told you he'd be a natural," added Olivia.

"You did," she said. "I bet if he went on hormones, he'd be able to go without makeup at all."

"I'm right here, guys," I said, my voice small.

"We know you are, honey," said Olivia. "But try not to talk. You don't want Maya to mess up."

"Honestly, it's not as complicated as I thought it'd be," Maya said. "I bet with a little lucky, she'll be doing this herself soon."

"This is a one-time thing," I argued, knowing full well that it wasn't. I was already planning to start watching makeup tutorials on Youtube, and as soon as I could do so without drawing too much attention, I wanted to start experimenting on my own. However, I wasn't about to admit that to Maya and Olivia.

"We know, sweetie," Olivia said. "Speaking of which - I meant to tell you that as far as my parents know, your name is Lexi."

"Lexi?" I asked. "That makes me sound like a stripper."

"Short for Alexandria," she said. "Sorry. It had to be close to your real name. Now be quiet. Maya needs to concentrate."



“Oh, my God,” I said, otherwise speechless as I looked at Maya’s finished project.

“You keep saying that,” was Olivia’s reaction. “I take it you approve.”

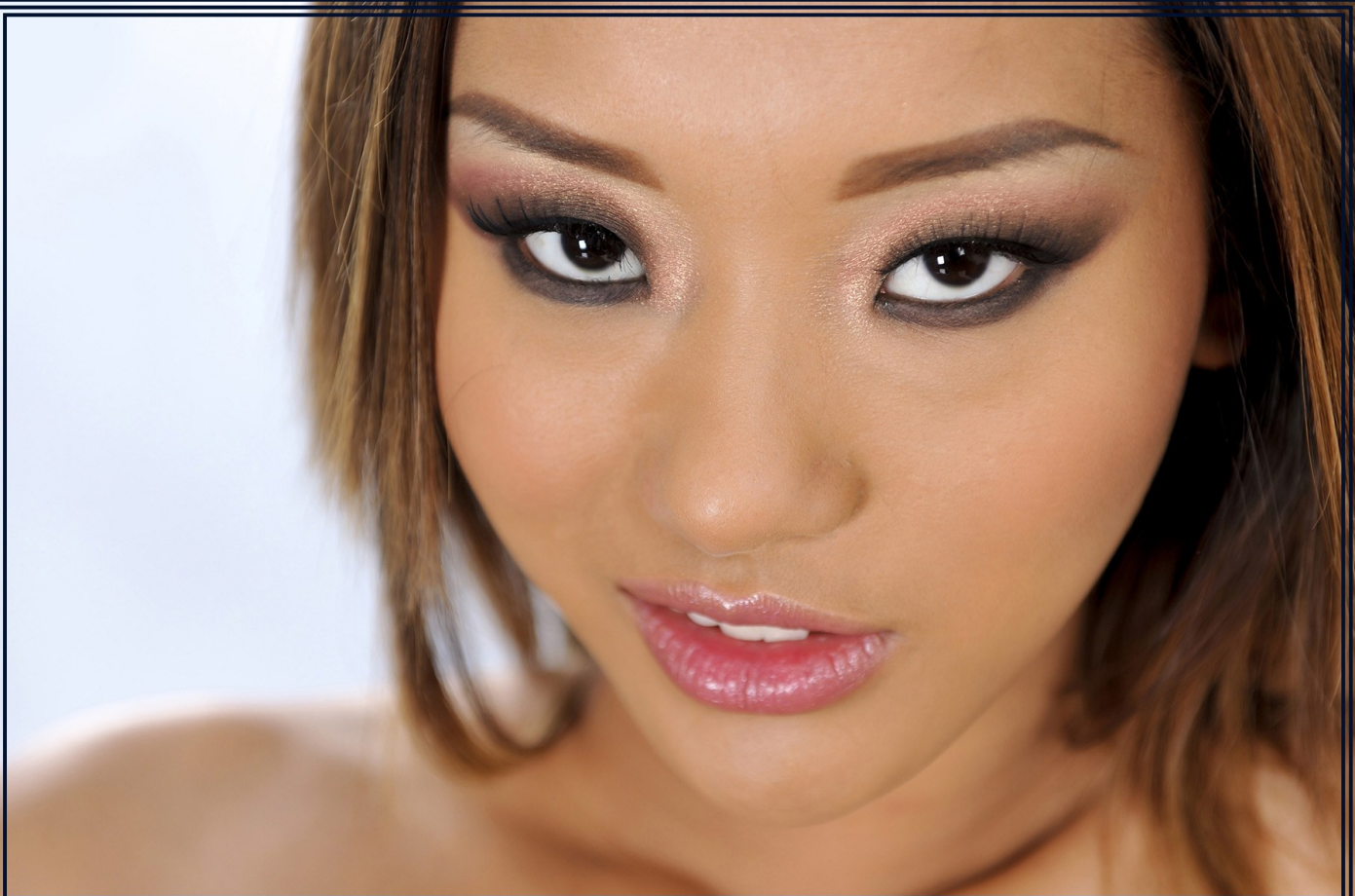
“Approve isn’t really the word I was looking for,” I admitted, though it was a very good description of the way I felt. I knew I wasn’t a girl. I’d spent all nineteen years of my life as a guy. But looking at my face, at the person staring back at me in that mirror, I couldn’t, for the life of me, see how that creature could ever be confused for a man.

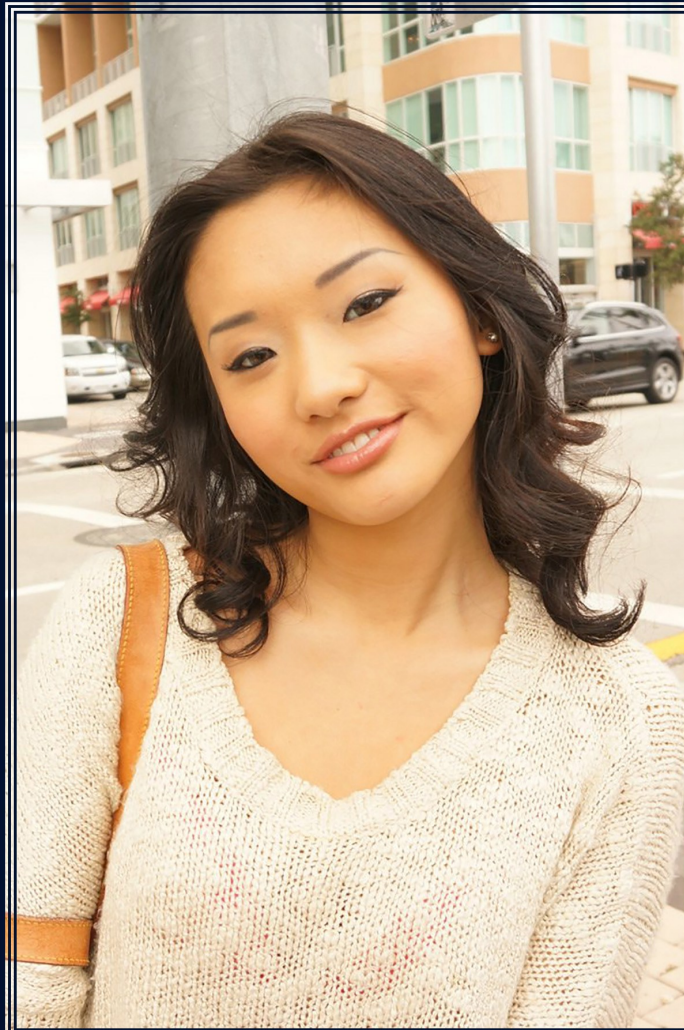
“I was a little skeptical,” said Maya. “But damn, she’s gorgeous. With a good pair of falsies – not big ones, because of her narrow shoulders – she’ll easily pass. Even her voice doesn’t seem out of place coming out of a girl’s mouth.”

I honestly didn’t know how to respond. On the one hand, I still had some semblance of masculine pride. I wanted to be horrified at my appearance. I wanted to storm out of the salon and wash the makeup right off my face. And more than anything, I wanted to call the whole ruse off. I wasn’t supposed to be a girl. And more, I wasn’t supposed to like the idea of it.

But I did. God, I did. There’s nothing quite so horrifying as realizing that you didn’t really want to be the you you’ve always been. There’s nothing quite so terrible for a man as knowing he should’ve always been a girl. A million objections fluttered through my mind, but they were drowned out by the sheer excitement of knowing that the girl in the mirror was me.

“I think this is going to work,” Olivia said. And I couldn’t help but agree.





I felt completely out of place and extremely uncomfortable. But I suppose that was understandable, considering that I'd never taken so much as a step outside while dressed as a girl. And there I was, smiling as I greeted Olivia's parents as I stood on the street corner. My makeup was perfect. My hair was expertly styled. And a pair of small breast forms had given me just enough curves to allay any suspicion that I wasn't as I seemed. My disguise, such as it was, was bulletproof.

However, that didn't mean I wasn't absolutely positive that someone would see through it. After all, I had met her parents on multiple occasions. They knew me. And I was convinced that they'd see me for who I really was.

"Lexi, is it?" asked her father, Tim, as he extended his hand.

"Yes, sir," I said, trying to keep my voice in the proper register as his hand enveloped mine. He was a big man, and he'd always made me feel incredibly small. As Alex, that was intimidating, but as Lexi, it almost made me feel safe.

"Olivia has told us so much about you," Olivia's mother interjected, throwing her arms around me. "It's almost like you're part of the family."

"Mom!" Olivia said. "You're embarrassing her."

"Nonsense," the woman said. "Everyone likes a good hug."

I didn't, but I wasn't about to say so. Thankfully, Olivia saved me the trouble by tugging me away. "You guys want to get something to eat?" she asked. "I know this great restaurant -"

"Let's go to the Olive Garden," her mother said. "I saw one a few blocks back. You know how much I like those endless bread sticks!"

Olivia sighed, rolling her eyes. "Fine," she said. "But next time, we're going somewhere locally owned. No more chain restaurants this weekend, okay?"

Before I knew it, Olivia was dragging me down the sidewalk as her parents talked about breadsticks and salad.



"You were amazing," Olivia said, shutting the door after her parents left.
"They have no idea you're not a girl."

I smiled. "Not sure how to take that," I said. "I'll just be glad to get back to normal."

"Really?" Olivia asked. "I wasn't so sure."

"What's that supposed to mean?" was my responding question. Even as the words left my mouth, my heart was pounding out of my chest at the prospect that she might've seen through to the side I'd tried to keep hidden for most of my life.

She sat on the bed. "You can be honest with me," she said. "I'm not going to judge you."

"I'm always honest," I insisted.

"Just tell me - was this the first time you've pretended to be a girl?" she asked.

I almost told her the truth, right then and there. I wanted to. More than anything, I wanted to bare my soul so she could see the confusion suffocating my every emotion. The weekend as Lexi had been one of the most enjoyable of my life. I'd felt free in a way I never could've imagined. And more, I had reveled in the idea that, when everyone looked at me, they just saw a girl. It was, to put it literally, my fantasy made real.

But I couldn't admit that - not to her. How would she react? What would she say? What would she think of me?

"Of course it's the first time," I lied. "I'm not some sissy."

"Right," she said. "Of course you're not. I know that. But, you know, if you want to stay like this for a couple more days...I mean...I'd like for you to."

My heart leapt into my throat, and I almost choked on the word when I said, "O-okay. I guess."



A couple of days turned into a week, and I admit that I sort of stopping thinking about going back to being Alex. Certainly, it was on my mind, but I did everything I could to push it into its own little corner. I didn't want to think about it. I just wanted to enjoy being Lexi. And I did. God, I did. Suddenly, it felt like I had a reason to get out of bed each morning. And even if that reason was just to see how far I could push my femininity, it was still better than the apathetic pseudo-depression living as Alex had instilled upon my life.

"Don't you look pretty," said Olivia, a knowing smile on her face. For her part, she seemed to take it all in stride. She didn't mind that her boyfriend was going through something of a crossdressing phase. In fact, she encouraged me along the way. And as many red flags as that should've raised, I appreciated it too much to question it.

I smiled. "The earrings aren't too much, are they?" I asked, fingering the large, neon hoops hanging from my ears. I wore a blue, pink, and white striped pair of tights and a matching top that left my midriff bare. More, I had painted my own nails. I'd done my own hair. And I had applied my own makeup. I'd never felt more feminine.

"Did you go to class like that?" she asked.

I nodded, saying, "I did." It was a lie. I'd spent the entire day at the mall trying on various outfits. But she didn't need to know that.

Olivia sat on the nearby bed. "I saw you went by the mall, too," she said, nodding to the bags in the corner. "Getting quite a wardrobe, aren't you?"

I shrugged. "I like variety," I said. "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," she said. "Just making an observation is all."



"Seriously?" asked Olivia. "You made a new account? After all that work I put in setting up your Twitter and Facebook and -"

"Not just a new account," I said. "A new identity."

"What are you talking about?" she asked. "And when are you going back to being Alex? I mean, it was fun at first, but it's been like three weeks. You've got a bigger wardrobe than me, now."

"That's the thing," I said. "I was thinking last night. You know, I've been struggling with my streaming, right? I can't seem to get any followers."

"Because you don't -"

"And I started looking around at some really popular streamers," I said. "You know, to figure out what they're doing that I'm not."

She sighed. "And what did you find out?" she asked.

"That I can't compete with the big boys," I admitted. "Not as Alex. I mean, who wants to see someone like me playing video games? But as Lexi, I could get an audience. As Lexi, I could really take off."

She stared at me for a long moment before saying, "You're serious, aren't you?"

"I am," I said. "I did my first stream last night, and in one session, I got more followers than in the six months I'd been doing it as Alex. Nobody cares about the games or how well I play them. They just want to see me, and there's nothing wrong with taking advantage of that, right?"

"Except it's not you," she said. "You're not Lexi."

"Aren't I?" I said. "At least online, I can be. I will be. And it'll work. You'll see. Everyone will."

"I'm not in the mood," said Olivia, looking at me as I held the strap-on. "Maybe tomorrow."

"You're never in the mood," I said. It had been almost three weeks since I'd worn male clothing, and I'd become increasingly more comfortable as Lexi. However, the reverse was true of Olivia. At first, she'd found it interesting, fun, and exciting. But as the days wore on, I could tell that she was simply counting the hours until I returned to my old identity.

"Quit pouting," she said, pulling off her top. "I'm tired, okay? I had a full course-load today. Not that you'd know anything about that."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"It means that I know you haven't been going to class," she stated. "I see how much time you've been logging on your stream. I get an alert when you log on. And I know what your class schedule's going to be."

I suppressed the inevitable panic which results from being caught in a lie. "So I missed a couple of days," I said. "I'm over a thousand followers now, and my audience is growing every day. Who cares if I missed Econ 101 or Psychology?"

"You don't take either of those classes," she said.

"Fine - whatever," I said. "I'm just saying -"

"I know what you're saying, Alex," she said, unhooking her bra. She let it fall to the floor. Stretching, she said, "But I think you need to figure out what you want, because the way you're going just isn't sustainable. You can't keep doing things the way you're doing them and expect everything to stay the same."

"I'll be fine," I insisted. "You worry about you, and I'll worry about me."

She slid into her bed, saying, "I'll worry about what I want to worry about. Try to keep it down, okay? I've got to be up early."





I adjusted the web cam, and staring into it, I said, "Hey boys! I'm about to get started in just a second. But first, I just want to remind you all to subscribe to my channel!"

I let the strap of my top fall off my shoulder, giving the hint of exposing my nonexistent breast. I knew I was playing with fire. A few more inches of skin, and they'd see the tape I was using to give myself cleavage. They'd see that I wasn't, in fact, the pretty girl they'd signed up to watch. But I couldn't help myself. I was hooked on the attention.

Sure, the comments were a little degrading. If I had to read "Five-dollah, sucky-sucky" one more time, I was probably going to scream. And I certainly didn't like being sent hundreds of pictures of my follower's dicks. But I did like knowing that almost two-thousand guys were watching me every single time I turned on my stream. I did like the idea that most, if not all, were doing so because they wanted to fuck me.

It wasn't like I was gay or anything. I didn't like guys. Sure, I had thought about it from time to time - who hadn't? But I was firmly heterosexual. However, attention is attention, and it was absolutely intoxicating.

I slipped my headset on and settled myself in front of monitor. Looking at the picture-in-picture display, I made sure I looked good, and then I started playing Overwatch. Admittedly, I wasn't all that good. But nobody cared about the game. They were just there to watch me.

After an hour or so, I ended the stream and shut off the camera. As I checked my stats, Olivia approached from behind. "How many followers are you up to?" she asked.

"I just crossed two-thousand," I said. "And the way I'm trending, I should hit five by the end of the next month. That's when I'll start actually making money."

"That's good," she said. "I'm proud of you. I really am."

"But?" I asked. "There's always a 'but' when you give me a compliment."

"Nothing," she said. "I'm just proud. That's it. Nothing else to add."

I knew she was lying. She wanted to say so much more. She wanted to criticize me, but she held her tongue. I appreciated that much, at least.



I licked the popsicle, knowing good and well that anyone who watched my little video would be thinking about me licking something else, something decidedly more phallic. That was kind of the point. I needed more followers, and, to get them, I had started posting teasing photos on Reddit. And the response had been nothing short of amazing. In the two weeks since I'd started, my following had doubled, and it didn't seem to be slowing down in the least.

"Don't forget to follow me on Twitch, boys!" I said, giggling before I took the whole popsicle into my mouth. I slowly retracted it, slurping slightly before saying, "I'll see you there."

That was it. Just a few seconds of video, and it would send dozens, if not hundreds, of horny boys to my channel. It was almost too easy.

I stood and turned the camera off. As I was hooking it up to my computer, Olivia came into the room. "Schoolgirl?" she asked.
"Really?"

"I thought it was sexy," I said.

"Can we talk?" she asked.

"About what?" was my responding question. "I'm kind of busy, if you hadn't noticed."

"This is important," she said. "I just want to know what you're trying to get out of all this. I mean, you've been Lexi for a couple of months now, and you're not slowing down at all. Is this what you want? I'm fine with it if it is. I just need to know one way or the other."

"I don't know," I admitted. I took a deep breath, deciding that she deserved to know the truth. And then, I told her everything. I spared no details. I told her about my feminine phases growing up. I told her about the way being Lexi made me feel. I told her every single thing, ending with, "I know I'm not a girl. But I kind of wish I was. More than kind of. I wish this was my real life."

"Okay," she said. "That's all I needed to know."



“You don’t think it’s too much, do you?” I asked, lifting my shirt to reveal the tattoo I’d gotten on my hip. “It’s supposed to be for –”

“I like it,” answered Olivia. “It’s sexy.”

“I thought so too,” I said. It had been two days since Olivia and I had had our heart-to-heart, and I still wasn’t really sure how to act around her. To her credit, she hadn’t treated me any differently since then, but I was sure that would prove short-lived. However, I wasn’t about to push it.

“Can I ask you something?” she asked, looking back at me.

“You can ask me whatever you want,” I said, smiling as I sat down. “What’s up?”

“Do you like girls?” she asked.

“W-what?” was my stuttering response.

“I just want to know if you’re still into women,” she said.
“What with you being Lexi and all.”

“That’s temporary,” I said. “I’m not going to be like this forever.”

“Yeah,” she said. “But while you’re Lexi, what does that mean for us? I mean, I’m okay with being a lesbian couple. We’ve already got the toys. But I just want to know where we stand.”

“The same place we’ve always stood,” I said. “I love you. You love me. That’s all that needs to matter.”



"So, you're Olivia's friend, huh?" asked the woman, smiling down at me.

I nodded. "I guess," I said. "Are you Bethany?"

"When I'm working, I'm Dr. Lewis," she said, showing me her nametag as she laughed. "So - what can I do for you?"

"Um...I don't...you know...I don't really know how to ask," I said.
"B-but...well...I kind of need a prescription for...um...female hormones."

"Those are pretty easy to get," she said. "Just go to a therapist, tell her you're transgender, and -"

"No!" I breathed. "I mean, I can't do that. I don't want my dad to find out about this. He wouldn't...he w-wouldn't understand. That's why Liv sent me to you. She said you'd help me."

If I was honest, I wasn't altogether sure about going on hormones. Sure, I wanted to. In a lot of ways, I needed it. But the idea of changing my body's chemistry was daunting, to say the least. However, Olivia had convinced me that it was the logical next step. And I'd gone along with it because, at the end of the day, I truly did want to be as feminine as possible. That meant that if something could give me breasts, wider hips, softer skin, and an altogether more girlish body, I was going to do it.

"He's going to find out eventually," she said. "When you start growing breasts, he's going to -"

"I know," I said, looking back and forth down the hall. "But I just don't want him to know yet, okay? Please - I need your help, Dr. Lewis."

She sighed. "Fine," she said. "But if this comes back on me, I'm saying you stole my prescription pad."

I grinned. "Thank you!" I said, watching her scrawl something on her clipboard. Then, she handed me a slip of paper. I took it.

"That's good for a year's worth of refills," she said. "But if you want my advice, go see someone about this. You need someone to monitor your progress in case something goes -"

"Thanks, doctor," I said. "I will. I definitely will."



“Are you sure about this?” I asked, resisting the urge to cover myself up. I wore a bathing suit comprised of little more than a shiny strip of stretchy cloth that barely covered my modesty. Somehow, I’d managed to give myself the illusion of having breasts while taping down my genitals to the point where it looked like I had nothing down there but a pussy. More, my new tattoo, freshly healed, was fully exposed.

“You look great,” Olivia said, standing behind the camera.

“I don’t know...”

“You asked for my help, right?” she said. “You want to get popular? Well, this is how to do it. Instagram. Reddit. Twitter. You’ve got to do it all, and you’ve got to show some skin. Everything’s going to funnel back to the Twitch account. Trust me. I’m minoring in marketing.”

I did trust her. Mostly. But I was also about to have my half-naked photos plastered across the internet, which strained my trusting nature quite a bit. However, it also excited me enough that I was a little worried about the tape holding firm.

I’d been on hormones for almost a week, and I was eager to see some results. I was also terrified. Growing breasts seemed like such a huge step toward admitting to myself as well as the rest of the world that I was, in fact, on my way to becoming a real girl. I was deathly afraid that someone from my past – my family, my friends, anybody – might find out about my double life. I’d been dodging Aiden, my sister, and my father for over a month, and I knew I couldn’t keep it up. Soon,

I’d have to see them. Soon, I’d have to tell them what I was becoming.

“Turn around,” Olivia said. “I want to see that cute ass of yours.”

I did, and she told me to look back at the camera. I obeyed, and she continued snapping photos. All the while, I couldn’t help but wonder if I was taking it all too far.



“Are they getting bigger?” asked Olivia. “They look like it.”

I shrugged, looking down at my bra-clad breasts. “I guess,” I said. “I don’t know if they’ll ever be big, though. I mean, look at Amy. She’s flat as a board. So was my mom.”

“And how do you feel about that?” was her next question.

I wasn’t sure. On the one hand, I loved the idea of having big breasts. They were a huge part of being female. But I wasn’t even sure if really wanted to be a girl or if I was just excited about finally being able to explore one of my feminine phases. And while Olivia and her doctor friend had assured me that most of the changes wrought by female hormones were reversible, I was incredibly scared that I’d wake up one day soon and want to go back to being Alex. Being a boy with a pair of breasts – and wide hips, smooth skin, and everything else that came with the territory – was more than a little frightening.

“I don’t know,” I admitted. “Good? Bad? I mean, it just is what it is, right?”

“You could always get surgery,” she suggested.

“And then my dad would definitely find out,” I said. “No thanks.”

“Why are you so sure he’d be against it?” she asked. “You being a girl, I mean. You said it yourself that he’d never said anything to suggest he was a bigot. He’d probably accept you.”

I looked away. On the surface, she was right. I knew that. But I also knew my dad, and I wasn’t even close to convinced he wouldn’t freak out at the idea of his only son strutting around in women’s clothes. More likely, he’d cut me off or force me to move back home. He might even send me to one of those conversion camps or something. And I wasn’t about to let that happen.

“I’ll cross that bridge when I get to it,” I said. “For now, I’m still trying to figure out who I am. Once I figure it out, I’ll decide when to tell him.”



“And you just want me to be okay with this?” asked Aiden.

“Seriously?”

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner,” I said, my eyes glued to the floor.

“The last thing I wanted to do is hurt your feelings.”

“I’m not hurt,” he insisted. “I’m angry. I tell you everything, and you just neglected to let me know that my best friend wants to be a girl?”

What kind of a person does that?”

“For what it’s worth, I’ve been struggling with this for a long time,” I said. “Right now, I’m not even sure this is what I want. It’s kind of like a trial run to see if I really want to spend the rest of my life as a girl.”

“You should’ve told me,” he said.

I nodded, agreeing with him. As I apologized to him, I couldn’t really escape the fact that he was right. For as long as I could remember, we’d been as close as two friends could be. We had spent most of our time together, we’d told one another secrets, and we had truly bonded.

I could easily see how me keeping secrets would hurt him. But I hadn’t had much of a choice.

“So, what happens now?” he asked. “I don’t really know how any of this works.”

I shrugged. “Me neither,” I said. “I’m already on hormones. Liv thinks I should get surgery, but I’m not so sure.”

“So – are you, like, into guys now?” he asked.

“W-what? No,” I said. “My sexuality isn’t changing.”

“Don’t act like that’s a given,” he said. “You didn’t give any indication that you wanted to be a girl, either. How am I supposed to know you haven’t been lying about everything else?”

“I said I’m sorry, okay?” I said. “Can’t that be enough?”

“I hope so,” he said.

“How did he take it?” asked Olivia. “Was he mad?”

“He wasn’t happy,” I said, stretching. I wore a pair of grey tights and a sports bra, but nothing else. “But we talked. We worked through it. And I think he’ll eventually be fine with it. It’s not like Aiden cares if I’m a boy or a girl. He was just angry that I didn’t tell him about all this sooner.”

“Well, you did keep it from him for like three months,” she stated. “It’s kind of –”

“I kept it from him for a lot longer than that,” I said, folding my legs under me. “I just never thought about telling him about my phases, you know? How do you even bring that up? ‘Hey, buddy – I was trying on my sister’s panties this afternoon and I think they looked amazing. Oh, and I’ve been thinking about what it would be like to be a girl, off and on, for most of my life. You want to play some video games?’ I mean, how do you even have that conversation?”

“Did anybody know?” she asked.

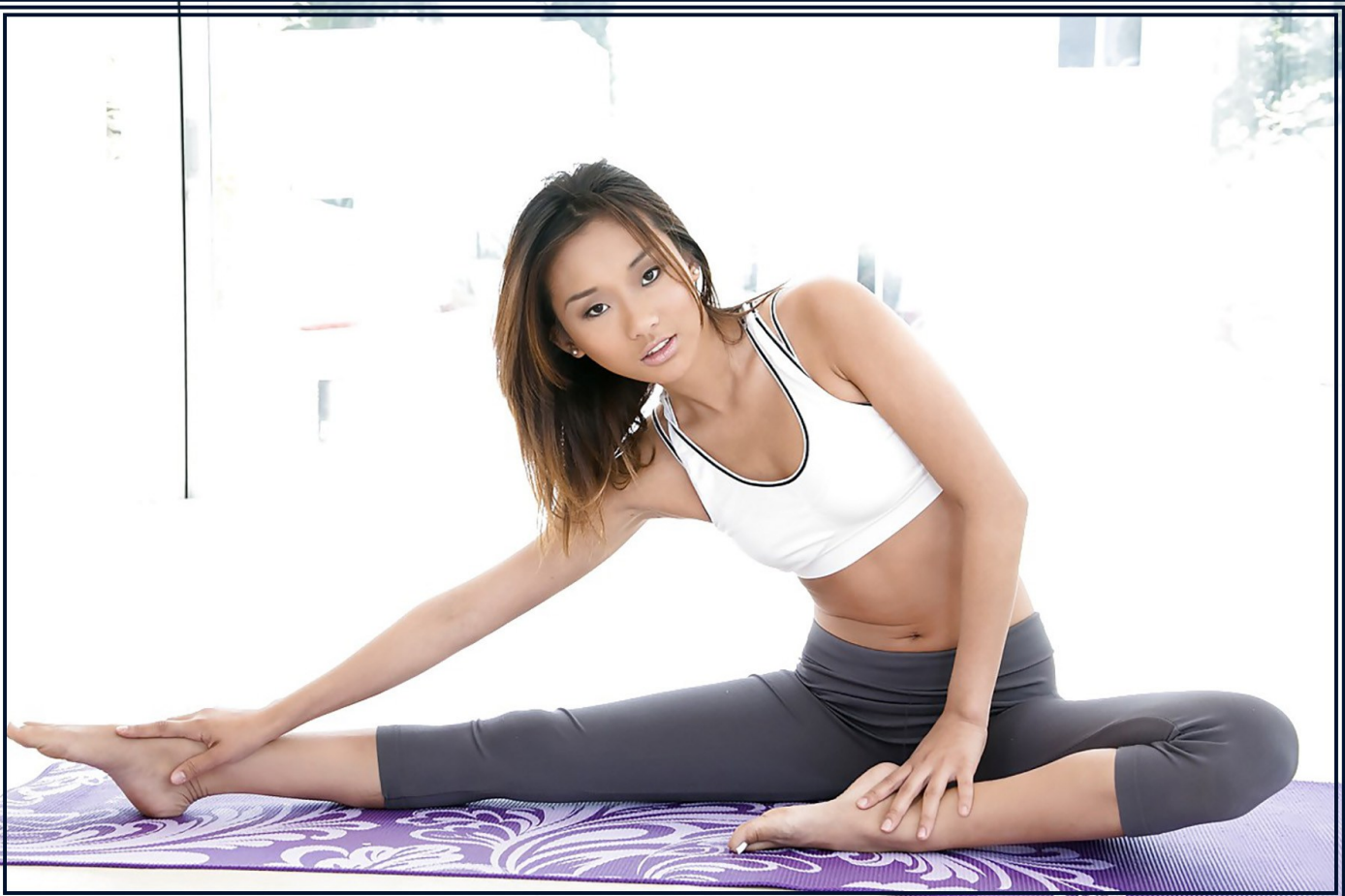
“My sister,” I said. “She knew about some of it. Or at least I think she did. More than once, she found her clothes in my room. I played it off like it was just a mix-up with the laundry, but I think she knew what I was doing. Even if she did, she never said anything about it, though.”

“What do you think she’d say if she saw you right now?” Olivia asked.

I sighed, running my hand through my hair. “Jesus, Liv – I don’t know,” I said. “It wouldn’t be good, though; I can tell you that much.”

“Why do you say that?” she asked. “You always jump to the worst conclusions. She might like the idea of having a sister.”

“Trust me – Amy doesn’t like the idea of anything that doesn’t directly benefit her,” I said. “And me doing this? That’s just too complicated for her. She’d probably rather not know than have to deal with a freak like me.”





"I really don't know about this, Liv," I said, my hand on my hip as I stood before her, naked but for a pair of high heels I couldn't even begin to walk in. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," she said crouching behind the camera. "You want to take things to the next level, don't you? Well, this is how it's done. You'll get a whole new demographic like this."

Her idea made perfect sense. I couldn't deny the logic of driving new subscribers to my channel by posting nude photos online. And it wasn't all that different from some of the photos I'd already posted; I wasn't much more covered than the last photo shoot she'd subjected me to, after all. But there was definitely a line there, and I wasn't sure if I was really prepared to cross it. In fact, I was sure that I wasn't.

"Are you going to blur my face or something? What if someone I know sees me?" I asked. "And what about all my followers find out that I'm...you know...that I'm not a real girl."

She sighed, rising to her full height. "Seriously?" she asked. "We went over this. I told you before: I know what I'm doing."

"Yeah, I know, but -"

"My market research shows that lots of gamers like 'traps'," she said. "Hundreds of millions of dollars are made each year from girls like you. This is exactly what you need to set you apart from all the other girls trying to capitalize on horny teenagers."

I bit my lip, looking around the room she'd rented for the photo shoot. Except for the strange chair, it looked like it should house a swanky office. "But isn't all this a little much?" I asked. "Couldn't we have done this back at the apartment?"

"No," she said. "Now, I need you to turn around and bend over. Show that ass of yours. They need something to really fantasize about."

I sighed. "Okay," I said, doing what she said. "Like this?"

"Perfect," was her answer. The sound of the camera's shutter filled the air as she started taking photos.



Over the next couple of weeks, each of my days seemed to be filled with taking photos in various states of undress. Some, like that first set, were fully nude, and after a while, I sort of got used to the idea of having that sort of thing on the internet. In fact, I kind of liked the notion of being admired and objectified by so many people.

Others had me donning ridiculous costumes; in these, there were accompanying videos of me saying all sorts of suggestive things to my fans. That made it all the more embarrassing, but I soldiered on. After all, it was a necessary part of marketing my new persona, Lexi Trap - Olivia's idea, not mine, but it seemed to fit. Besides, she was the one who knew marketing. I was just, as she so often made clear, the talent.

I knew that what I was doing was very close to porn, but I suppose I justified it by thinking about all the women who'd had "leaked" sex tapes. From Paris Hilton to Kim Kardashian, they'd all benefited from injecting a little sex into their public image. And it stood to reason that I would too. I just had to trust Olivia's instincts.

Still, it was a huge turnaround from hiding in the metaphorical closet. Being "out and proud" was something very new and different for me, made more complicated by the fact that I wasn't even sure whether I was transgender. I felt almost like a poser, a tourist. I wasn't really one of them. Or was I? Did a little crossdressing and a few fantasies qualify me to be part of that community?

I didn't know. And when I brought it up to Olivia, she almost always dismissed my concerns out of hand. To her, it didn't matter if I was exploiting my own gender issues. To her, it was all about the money waiting for us if we pulled off my rebranding. But despite her admonishment, I couldn't help but care. That was just who I was.

Even so, I went along with her every plan. When she said to jump, I merely asked "How high?" That's how I found myself in increasingly sexualized positions, saying increasingly risqué things. But like I said, I just had to trust her. She was the smart one, after all.



"How many did you just say?" I asked, not believing that I'd heard what I thought I had heard. I sat on the bed, wearing one of my old shirts. Until I'd put it on, I hadn't realized how much weight I had lost over the previous few months. Apparently, the combination of the hormones and the exercise program Olivia had put me on had worked their magic. But I wasn't thinking about any of that as I awaited her answer.

"Almost fifteen thousand," said a self-satisfied and grinning Olivia. She was wearing a simple pair of denim jeans and a tee-shirt. "And it's climbing every single day."

"That means that I've -"

"Quadrupled your followers in the space of a week," she said. "You're on your way to becoming a real star, Lexi."

"A star," I said. Admittedly, I liked the idea of that. However, it wasn't without its pitfalls. Already, my inbox on every single social media outlet was jammed full of messages ranging from the mostly innocent to the absolutely raunchy. And that wasn't even the most troubling thing. "Somebody recognized me today."

"What? Who?" she asked.

"Some guy at Starbucks," I answered. "He didn't say anything, but he wouldn't stop staring at me. He even took a picture."

"How did you look?" was Olivia's response.

"How did I look? I'm trying to tell you this guy made me really uncomfortable," I said. "And you want to know how I looked?"

"You're a brand, now," she explained. "Whether you like it or not, you have to understand that how you look can really affect your success. This is money, Lexi. It's real, now. Besides, there's no proof that he recognized you, anyway. He might just have an Asian fetish."

"That makes me feel so much better," I deadpanned.

"Oh, please - I know you like the attention," Olivia said. "So, don't sit there and act like you don't. I know you better than that."



“Shit,” I said, standing in the doorway.

“Right,” my sister said, her hand on her hip as she stared me down. She wore a tasteful red dress which contrasted quite powerfully with my distressed shorts, tank top, and flip-flops. “So, this is what you’ve been doing for a year?”

“I can...I-I can explain,” I stammered.

“Then explain,” she said, pushing past me and into the apartment. Looking around at the messy space, she let out a small sound of disgust. Turning to me, she said, “Get in here right now, or I’m going straight to father.”

My mind swirled with different excuses, with different ideas. None were good, so I found myself trudging back into the apartment. As soon as the door closed, my sister ordered me to sit. When I did, she planted herself across from me.

“Explain,” she said.

I took a deep breath. “You’ll never understand,” I said.

“Try me,” Amy said, crossing her legs.

And I did. I told her all about my gender confusion. I told her that I’d been living as a girl for almost seven months, and I told her that I liked it. The only thing I left out was the risqué parts of my social media presence. She didn’t need to know that. Finally, when I’d explained as best I could, I said, “And I know you’re going to freak out. I know there’s no way you’ll accept this. But you have to understand that I’m not even sure what I’m doing here. I’m just trying to find my way.”

Suddenly, her expression softened. “I came here to chastise you about yet another wasted semester,” she said. “I’m the one monitoring your grades, and I know you haven’t been going to class. I was fully prepared to drag you back home. But now? I’m torn. I want to help you. I want you to be the person you want to be. And I want you to succeed in life. But I know that you’ll never be able to be yourself at home. So, I’m going to pretend I don’t know anything about this, okay? I’m just going to act like I never came here, today.

The apartment will remain yours for as long as you need it to.”

Then, without another word, she rose from the couch and left, leaving me to wonder what, exactly, had just happened.

I'm honestly not sure what happiness really is. Or at least, I didn't until very recently. But the longer I spent as Lexi, the closer I came to figuring it out. Sure, I had plenty of issues, still. I had no idea what my father would do when he found out about me. My sister was so freaked out that she chose to ignore the fact that I'd been living as a girl. And going into the summer, I still hadn't attended a single class.

However, I couldn't deny that I felt more at ease, more at home in my own skin, than I ever had before. And sprouting from that was a sense of contentment that seemed pretty damned close to happiness. Even so, I knew I wasn't there yet because I hadn't made a decision about any part of my life.

"You look happy," said Olivia, pulling on a pair of jeans.

"I think I am," I said.

"Give it a little while," she said. "You'll come to your senses."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Olivia asked.

"It means that you're still kind of in the honeymoon phase here," she answered. "You think it's always going to come up smelling like roses. But there's way more to being a girl than having men ogle you online, and you haven't experienced the smallest fraction of it."

"Like what?" I asked, my smile fading.

"Like nobody taking you seriously," she said. "Do you know how many of my instructors treat me like I'm second-tier, even though I've never made less than an 'A' in my entire life? Or how about the number of people who just assume that the only reason I am where I am is because I work harder. It's not because I'm smart. No. It's because I've got a good work ethic."

"You do have a good work ethic," I argued.

"That's not the point," Olivia said. "My point is that people are going to treat you a lot differently. You would know that if you ever actually left this apartment."

"But -"

"Look - I'm happy for you," she said. "I really am. And I hope this whole thing keeps going the way you want it to. But there's a good chance that it's not. I just want you to understand that there's good and bad on both sides of the coin. Don't let temporary happiness send you down a road that doesn't lead where you want it to."



“A new toy,” she said, looking back at me, smiling. “I got it for both of us.”

My eyes traveled from her face down her well-toned and naked body to her spread legs, from between which sprouted a flexible, pink, double-ended dildo.

“W-what about the strap-on?” I asked. It had been almost a month since we’d been together, and even then, it had been with her wearing the strap-on. I couldn’t even remember the last time we’d been together like a man and a woman.

“I thought this would be more fun,” she said, gripping the end like it was a cock. “Come on. Try it. You’ll like it. I promise.”

I wasn’t convinced, but I could see the expectation written all over her face. So, I did as she asked, moving between her legs. It took us a few minutes to find a good position, but eventually, we settled on me riding it, reverse-cowgirl style. It was awkward. And unsatisfying. And the whole time, I was wishing we could’ve just used the strap-on. But I did what I could to make her feel good about the whole thing, moaning and screaming like it was the best sex of my life.

Afterwards, I lay on my back, my head resting between her legs. “That was interesting,” I said.

“It made me feel like a real lesbian,” she responded.

“Is that what we are now?” I asked.

She shrugged. “I guess so,” she said. “Sort of.”





"Tell me something nobody else knows," said Olivia.

"What? No," I said. "That's stupid."

"Just do it," she said. "I'll start, okay? Then you."

I sighed. "Fine," I said, rolling my eyes.

"The first time I had sex, the guy was drunk, and I wasn't," she said. "Harry Nicholas. He was probably the most handsome guy I've ever seen. It was at this huge party, and he got super wasted. I started talking to him, and I guess I looked a little like his girlfriend at the time. So, I kind of took advantage of it. Before I could even process what I was doing, I'd led him upstairs to an unoccupied room. As soon as I started sucking his dick, I knew that even if he recognized that I wasn't who he thought I was, he'd never stop me. That's how I lost my virginity."

"T-that's...that's rape," I said. "Like, real, actual rape."

"It can't be rape if he liked it," Olivia said. "Now - you go."

I looked away, unsure of how to answer. She knew almost everything about me. Ever since I'd told her about my gender identity struggles, there hadn't been many secrets between us. But there was one thing she didn't know. I just wasn't sure if I wanted her to hear it. Finally, after a few seconds, I decided to tell her.

"I used to look up this thing on the internet," I said. "I don't know how I found it. I couldn't right now if you paid me a million dollars. But it was this phone sex site specializing in forced feminization fantasies. Anyway, you can see why it appealed to me. I spent so much time on there, and then, I found this page. It was called, 'How to Give a Blowjob'."

I took a deep breath before continuing, "I never really wanted to use any of that information, you know? I just thought it was so hot to read this elaborate, step-by-step guide to do something that was so taboo. I must've read that thing a hundred times. I can almost recite it, word-for-word."

"But you never actually did it, did you?" she asked. "You've never sucked a real dick before, have you?"

I shook my head. "The closest I've come is your strap-on," I said. "And that doesn't really count. But that's not the point, Liv. I don't want to do it. I really don't. It was about reading something that was forbidden, I think. I don't know. But that's mine. That's something you never knew."



"You don't have to be weird about this," I said. "It's a party. We're friends."

"Yeah, but it's not like it used to be, right?" asked Aiden, looking around at the rest of the party-goers. Some, like him, were members of the host fraternity. Others were from a smattering of different sororities. And still others were, like me, friends of someone else there. Almost everyone was drinking, and they all seemed like they were having a good time. Or rather, everyone but Aiden was. By contrast, he seemed nervous and a little irritated. "I mean, before, I didn't have to make sure nobody took advantage of you, right?"

"You still don't," I said. "Nobody's going to try anything."

"You say that, but I know some of these guys," he said. "I don't like it, but to a lot of them, a drunk girl's fair game. It's even better if she's not altogether conscious."

"I'm not drinking, okay?" I said. "I'm fine."

He sat beside me. "You're really doing this for real, aren't you?" he said. "Like, this is for good, isn't it?"

I shrugged. "I still don't know," I said, though I wanted to scream out that, yes, I wanted to remain female. "I don't know if I'll ever be sure."

"Well, you seem like you're sure," he said. "And you make a pretty girl. Which brings me back to why I'm not leaving your side tonight."

I rolled my eyes. "My white knight," I said. "Just relax. Have fun. That's what these things are for, right?"

"They're so the brothers can get laid," he said.

"Even you?" I asked.

"W-what? No," he said. "I mean...I've...you know...I don't..."

"Relax!" I repeated. "It's just me, Aiden. You don't have to be like that. We've been best friends for as long as I can remember. Just chill out, man."

"I...I'll try," he said. "I'll try."



“Who is this guy, anyway?” I asked. “And are we really meeting here?”

Olivia looked around at our surroundings. Apparently, she hadn’t made the connection between my ethnicity and the cheap “Chinese” décor of the restaurant behind me. After I pointed it out, she couldn’t help but laugh. “Funny,” she said. “But yes, this is where we’re meeting him.”

“Who is he?” I asked.

“He’s the guy that wants to change our lives,” she said. “He wants to expand your brand.”

“How?” I asked.

“Just let him explain it,” she said, looking past me. I turned to see a lanky, older man approaching. He waved. Olivia waved back, and before I knew it, the two were shaking hands. Finally, Olivia gestured to me, saying, “This is her.”

“Lexi,” he said, his voice smooth as he took my hand. “A pleasure to meet you.”

“Same,” I said, and after a few more pleasantries, he led us until the restaurant. Once we were seated, I asked, “What’s this all about?”

“Your manager didn’t tell you?” he asked. I shook my head, and he said, “Suppose that’ll make this a little more awkward, but here it goes. I want to make a series of adult videos with you.”

“A-adult...you mean porn?” I blurted.

“Tasteful erotic videos,” he reiterated. “Nothing you haven’t done before, I’m sure. But we want to turn you into a superstar, Lexi. You’ve got a good fanbase now, but you’re not even coming close to maximizing your earning potential. I’m here to offer you the sort of deal first-timers never get. Royalties. Up-fronts. Everything. And all you need to do is prove to me that you’ve got the necessary skills.”

"H-how does this work?" I asked, wringing my hands as my eyes darted around the office nervously. I could barely believe I was even there, but somehow, I'd allowed Olivia and Lucas, the self-proclaimed producer, to lure me into the office. It wasn't really a mystery what was going to happen. And, if I was honest, I knew exactly why I'd let myself be led there.

I wanted it, and not just because of the promises about my career, though that was certainly part of it. No – I'd fantasized about having sex with a man for almost as long as I knew the difference between boys and girls, and I had a no-consequences opportunity to go down that road staring me in the face. It was inevitable that I'd take it. But that didn't mean I wasn't incredibly nervous about it.

Lucas pointed to a camera on the other side of a desk. "Think of this as a screen test," he said, taking off his shirt. "Do well, and we're in business. If you don't...well...we'd be back to square one, then."

Unceremoniously, he unzipped his pants and stepped out of them. My eyes were immediately drawn to his thick cock. I'd seen dicks before. On the internet and in various locker rooms growing up, but this was so different. I wasn't supposed to be ashamed of looking at it. In fact, I was supposed to enjoy it. It was for me. And as if my body had a mind of its own, I undressed and set upon it without a moment's hesitation.

My first taste of a real man's dick was anticlimactic. It just tasted like sort-of sweaty skin. But as it hardened in my hand, as I bobbed my head back and forth, I couldn't escape the fact that I was officially a cocksucker. I tried to remember the tenets of my favorite piece of erotic instruction, but as I sucked his dick, I couldn't even begin to remember anything from that guide on how to suck cock I'd read so many times before.

Whatever the case, I was enthusiastic, and I got the desired response. When Lucas finally dragged me to my feet, his manhood was rock-hard and slippery with my saliva. He turned me around, pushing me against the glass desk which dominated the room. My breasts hung free, my nipples grazing the cold surface as he grabbed my hips.

And then, without a second's warning, he pushed his cock inside me. I let out a slight whimper; he was a lot bigger than Olivia's strap-on, and in the best way possible. He didn't pull any punches, so to speak, and soon, he was jackhammering in and out of me with reckless abandon.

For my part, I didn't have to fake my screams. I didn't have to fake my moans. And when I screamed for him to fuck me harder, I meant every single syllable.

And all the while, Olivia watched, a smirk upon her face. Even as Lucas flipped me around, gave his cock a couple of quick pumps, and came all over my eager face, it didn't change.

"I guess she's got the job, huh?" Olivia said with a short chuckle.





“Seriously, though?” I said. “Porn?”

“I know,” Olivia said. “But you have to understand that this is kind of a big deal. You stand to make an incredible amount of money.”

“I don’t really need money,” I said.

“Don’t you, though?” she asked. “You don’t want to work for your dad, right? I know you don’t. You’ve never wanted that kind of life. And you’re constantly talking about how he’ll never accept that you’re a girl. This is your chance to make your own way, Lexi. This is your chance to be your own person. I can’t think of one good reason for you not to take it.”

I sat on the bed, looking away. She wasn’t wrong. It would allow for my independence. But the idea of making real, actual porn wasn’t immediately appealing. Sure, it was exciting. And I liked the notion of guys getting off while watching me. But I wasn’t immune to social propriety. Sex work isn’t exactly well-thought-of by in our culture. Personally, I didn’t have any moral objection to it, but everyone else seemed to. So, I was torn.

“Listen – just make a couple of videos,” she said. “Do a few photo shoots. See how you like it. If you don’t, it’s fine. We’ll move on. Look at girls like Mia Khalifa. She used her three months in the porn business and parlayed it into a sports reporting job. You can follow that same path.”

“I don’t like sports,” I said.

“You know what I mean,” she said. “This can be a career. Or it can be a stepping stone. It’s up to you. You can make of it whatever you want, but you owe it to yourself to take the opportunity.”

“The opportunity where I have sex with men,” I said. “You don’t have a problem with that?”

“I don’t,” she said. “I know you don’t, either. I watched. I saw. You loved every second of it.”

“I’m not –”

“Whatever’s going on between you and me, it doesn’t matter right now,” she said. “Doing this is the right decision, and you know it.”

“O-okay,” I said. “Let’s do it.”

"So," said Aiden. "You're actually doing it? Like, I'd be able to go online and see you getting -"

"Ew," I said. "I mean, technically, yeah. Once they launch the site and everything, sure. But...well...that's gross, right? There's no way you'd go looking for my videos."

"Yeah," he said. "But if that freaks you out, maybe you should rethink this. This is me, okay. I'm not like everyone else. But you can bet that as soon as people from high school find out about this, they're all going to go looking for it. Some might get turned on by it, but a lot of it is just morbid curiosity."

"Nobody back home's going to find out about it," I said. "Who would make the connection between Lexi Trap and Alex Li? I don't look anything like I used to."

"More than you think," he said. "But okay. Let's say they don't. What about the future? What if you become as big of a star as Olivia and these producers say you're going to be? Are you prepared for this to be the first think anyone thinks about when they see you?"

"Other women have done porn and gone on to have perfectly normal lives," I argued. "And it's not like I'd be ashamed of doing it, anyway. It's a viable, legal way to make a living. There's nothing wrong with it."

"Yeah, no - I know," he said. "But not everybody thinks that way."

"I don't need those kinds of people in my life," I said, getting a little irritated. I'd had the same thoughts, and hearing them echoed back at me by my best friend didn't make it any better. I'd made my decision, though, and nothing was going to dissuade me from doing what I wanted to do.

"I get that," he said. "I just want you to understand -"

"I understand everything about it," I said. "All I want from you right now is support. If you're not okay with being friends with a girl who does porn, then that's fine. Just say so, and we can move on."

"I'm not saying that," he said.

"Good," I responded. "I'm glad."





“And you just want me to...what?” I asked.

“Can you get hard?” was the director’s responding question. He was a tall, lanky fellow with a huge beak of a nose and horn-rimmed glasses. A shock of blonde hair stood atop his head, and he had one of the weakest chins I’d ever seen.

“What? I mean...m-maybe,” I said.

“That’s a no,” the man said. “It’s fine. We can get around it. For now, we’re going to take a few promo shots. Just you posing in less and less clothes until your naked. Once that’s done, we’ll get the other actor in here, and we’ll shoot your scene.”

“But is there, like, a script or something?” I asked.

“What do you think this is, honey?” he smirked. “No. There’s no script. Just follow his lead. He won’t steer you wrong. And listen to what I say. You’re going to have to constantly adjust.”

I nodded, and thus, the photo shoot commenced. I tried my best to look sexy, but it was difficult to maintain my concentration with all the lights and people milling about. And once we got to filming, it got even worse. It was one thing having sex on camera – I could handle that pretty easily – but it was something entirely different when there are a dozen people around, your costar has the biggest dick you’ve ever seen, and an asshole of a director keeps telling you to move this way or that and getting angry when you’re a little slow on the adjustment because you have a forearm-sized dick up your ass.

But I guess I got through it fine. When it was all over, I got more than a few compliments about my performance. My costar, Gavin, said he’d love to work with me again, and the director even apologized for being so hard on me. So, I suppose my first foray into real porn was a success, though it didn’t really live up to the image I’d built up in my mind.

"You did well," said Lucas, his hand on my shoulder. "Really well."

I smiled. I had been filming for almost three weeks straight, which meant that I'd lost count of the number of men I'd had sex with on camera. And even though it was far different from having sex in real life, it still counted, and I felt simultaneously like a seasoned professional and an innocent girl.

"Thanks," I said. "Do you think it's going to work out like you said?"

"I know it is," responded Lucas. "Some of the scenes have already been edited. I saw them yesterday. And let me tell you, you're going to be an absolute superstar, honey. People these days love this petite, almost flat-chested look. The days of huge, fake tits and big hard cocks are gone. People want something a little more realistic now."

I almost laughed. There was little about my body that was realistic. I'd seen enough transgender women to know that most didn't have the same kind of genetic luck I'd been blessed with. Most of them still retained some of their masculinity. But me? The only thing left was my dick, and even that was all but useless.

"What do you want?" I asked, looking up at him. Before, I never would've been so forward, but spending the last three weeks being constantly fucked by porn stars had given me at least a little self-confidence. That, and I hadn't been able to stop thinking of the first time we'd had sex. Nothing else had even come close to that level of pleasure, and I craved a repeat performance. I touched his chest, running my fingers along his torso. "I've been thinking about you a lot."

"Is that so?" he asked, smiling. "How about we do something about that?"

Without another word, we came together in a torrid embrace. Our lips locked together, and we practically ripped one another's clothes off. Before I could process it, I was wearing only a garter belt and a pair of fishnet stockings. When Lucas was similarly naked, he dragged me to the couch which decorated his office, planting himself behind me. I lifted my leg, giving him easy access, and he thrust himself deep inside my ass.

I let out a moan of pure, unadulterated pleasure. "You like that, baby?" he grunted. "You do, don't you? You like being my sissy bitch."

"I'm your sissy bitch!" I breathed, my moans quivering with his every thrust. Over and over, he pushed himself inside me, all the while asking me to confirm my status. I screamed that I was his whore, that I was his bitch. I begged him to fuck me harder. I screamed for God and anyone else who might be listening. And still, he fucked me.

When I finally came, it was with an earthshattering convulsion that sent tiny, watery droplets of cum arcing as my miniscule member bounced with the motion of our lovemaking. Even as my body tensed with the aftershocks, Lucas grunted with his own orgasm. I found myself wishing he wasn't wearing a condom. I wanted to feel his seed inside me.

As he pulled out, he said, "You can have that whenever you want. All you have to do is ask."

I looked back at him, saying, "Take that condom off, and let's go again."



I knew I didn't have a right to any sort of ownership of Olivia. We had been drifting apart almost from the moment we had enrolled in college, and that distance had only grown as I became more and more feminine. By the time I started doing porn, we were far enough apart that it didn't even feel like a betrayal when I had sex with Lucas. But as I looked down at her naked body, as I heard the shower going in the other room, my blood all but boiled.

She had cheated on me. That was all I could think about. It didn't matter that I'd had sex with more than a dozen different men over the previous few weeks. Nor did it seem to register that I'd just come home from my latest rendezvous with Lucas. All that mattered was that she had had sex with someone that wasn't me, and in the apartment I paid for no less. It was all I could do not to scream.

But then she opened her eyes. I was taken aback by the cold glint of a challenge staring back at me. She knew what was going through my mind. She knew I was angry. And unless I didn't know her at all, she'd probably planned the whole thing for just that moment.

"We need to talk," I said.

"What about?" was her question as she sat up. She didn't make a move to cover herself. Nor did she seem inclined to address what I was sure was a man in our shower.

"You and me," I said. "I don't know if this is going to work."

"I couldn't agree more," she said. "I've been meaning to say something about it over the past month. We're better as business partners, don't you think? We can be friends, too. But lovers? I think that's asking a bit much, especially given how much you've changed over the past year."

"I...I...I agree," I said. And just like that, the only real romantic relationship I'd ever had ended.

"Good," she said. "If Brock wanders into the wrong room, feel free to have a taste. He's not exactly porn star big, but he's definitely no slouch. Otherwise, just send him back in here. Thanks."



"Yeah, no - I get it, Amy," I said into the phone. "But I don't need college."

"You don't need college?" she asked. "What the hell do you mean by that? What are you going to do? Father is not going to just hand you a job because you're his...child. A college degree is required for most of the -"

"I don't need dad's company, either," I said, kicking my feet up on the makeup counter. A few other actresses milled about on set, but I ignored them. Once, I might have freaked out about seeing so many half-naked girls. But I'd seen that and much, much more in my short time in the porn industry. To me, it was just another day. Besides, I was too focused on my conversation with Amy. "I can take care of myself."

For a long moment she was silent. I asked if she was still there, and finally, she said, "Yes. I'm still here. What are you doing for money?"

"Work," I said. "Don't worry about me. I've got a good job, and I can afford the apartment on my own."

"But that apartment is...you know what? Never mind," she said. "I'm done trying to protect you from yourself, Alex. I don't -"

"It's Lexi," I said. "And I don't need you to protect me anymore. Like I said, I can take care of myself, okay? I appreciate that you care. I really, really do. But nobody can control me anymore. I'm my own person. I make my own decisions."

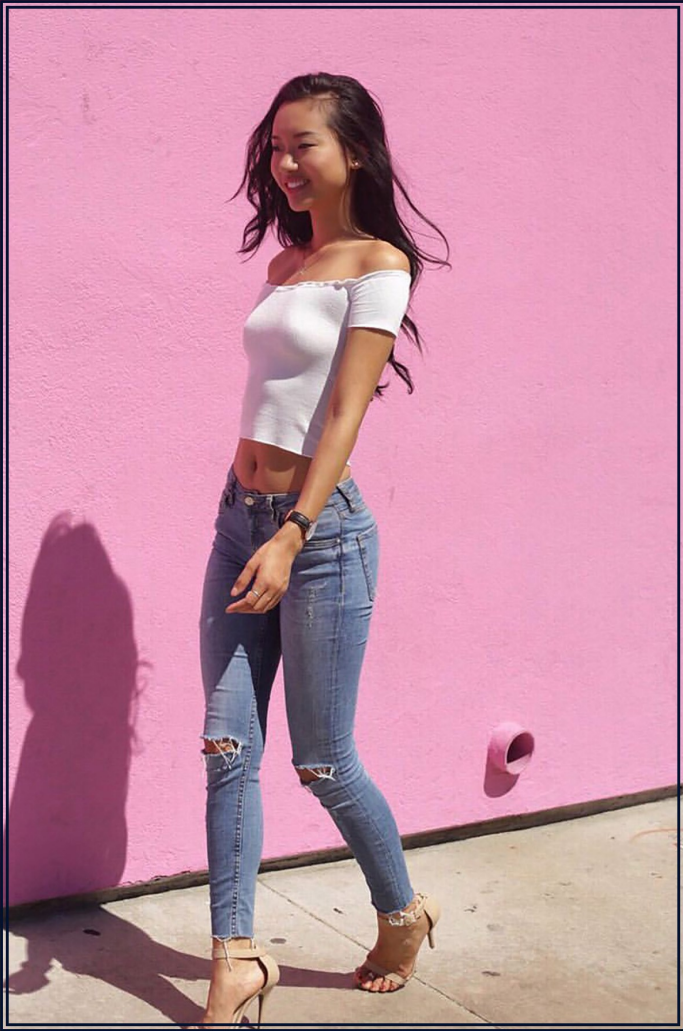
After a few seconds, she said, "What do you want me to tell father?"

"Whatever you want," I said. "I'll explain everything to him soon, though. He deserves to know what I am, now. But look - I've got to go, Amy. I'll talk to you later, okay?"

"O-okay," she said. "See you soon."

"Bye," I said before thumbing the "End Call" button. My heart was beating out of my chest, but I was proud of myself. My life, at long last, was my own.





I felt confident. Happy. Sexy. As I stepped out of my car and started making my way into the studio, I felt more like my own, individual person than I'd ever felt in my life. As soon as I pushed through the door, I saw a grinning Lucas.

"It's big," he said. "Huge, actually."

I returned his smile, looked left, then right to make sure that no one was around. Then, I grabbed his groin, saying, "I know it's huge."

He laughed. "Not unwelcome, but not exactly what I'm talking about," he said. "I'm talking about the site. The traffic is off the charts. You're officially the most popular girl in our stable."

I frowned. "Stable?" I said. "That makes me sound like someone's prize horse."

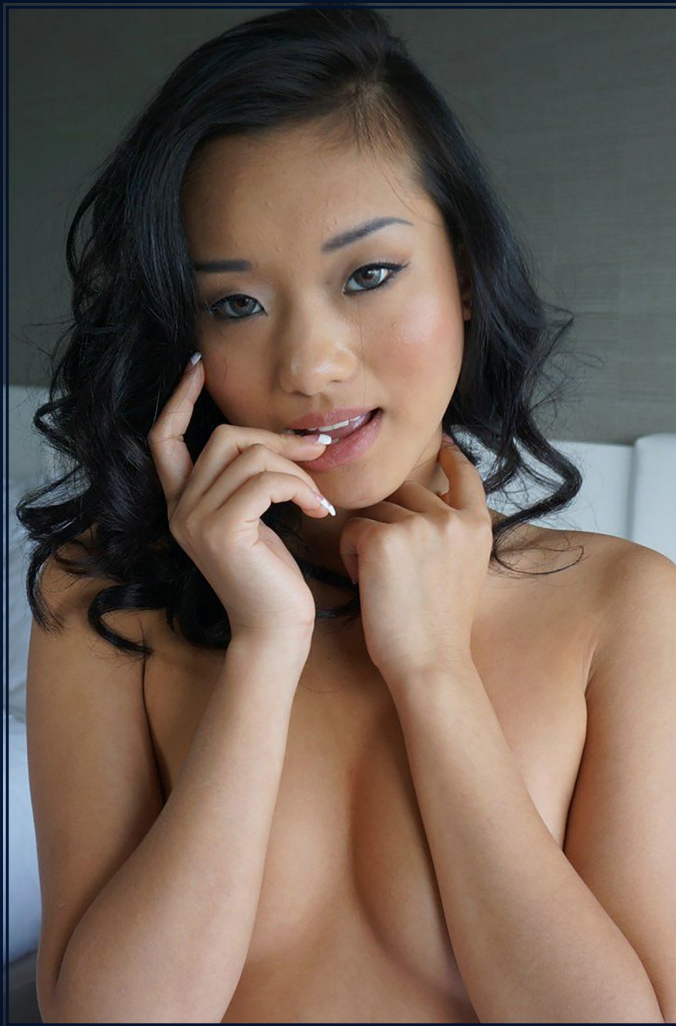
"Don't take it like that," he said. "This is good news. Your popularity has far exceeded even our most outrageous estimates. We didn't expect these kind of subscription numbers for another six months."

"So, what does this mean for me?" I asked. "More money?"

"A lot more," he said. "But it also means that we're going to be launching phase two soon."

"W-what's phase two?" I asked.

"You'll see, babe," he said. "But I promise you'll like it."



"Where does a girl like you even come from?" asked Lucas, rolling over on his side to gaze at me. Like me, he was naked, and he was unconcerned with even a show of modesty.

"L.A.," I said.

"No - that's not what I mean," he said. "I'm asking how you became you."

"We taking this to being more than a sex thing?" I asked. "Do you care about who I am?"

He shrugged. "A guy can be curious without wanting a relationship," he said. "Come on - tell me your story, Lexi. You grow up getting bullied? You play with dolls? Doing what I do, I've heard all the clichés."

"I think all those other girls wouldn't call them clichés," I said. "To them, it's a lifelong struggle with gender identity."

"But not for you," Lucas said.

"I was pretty normal, okay?" I said. "Lost my mom early. Dad was rich. He wanted me to follow him into the family business, but I didn't want that. I still don't know how I even graduated high school. As of last month, I flunked out of college. And I'm now a porn star. What else do you want to know?"

"Was I your first?" he asked.

"I lost my virginity when I was sixteen," I said.

"You know I'm not talking about sleeping with a girl," he said. "I want to know if I was the first guy you ever slept with. I know it was your first blowjob."

I sighed. "What if you were?" I asked. "Does that change anything?"

"Not a thing," he said. "You're still the sexiest t-girl I've ever seen."

Something about his tone irritated me, so I said, "Look - I'm going to go. Thanks for this. It's good for stress relief."

He started to get up, saying, "Oh, come on. I didn't mean to -"

"No," I said, holding out my hand. "It's nothing you did. I just have to go, okay? I've got a lot of errands to run. I'll call you tomorrow."



“On your own, now, huh?” said Olivia. She wore a simple pair of cotton shorts and an old tee-shirt, which was perfect for spending an evening watching Netflix. By contrast, I wore a lacy, red bodysuit. I hadn’t had nearly as much experience being a girl, and I often looked for any opportunity to wear my pretty lingerie. “How’s it feel?”

“A little scary,” I admitted. The transfer of the apartment’s lease had just come through, and it felt a little strange to be living my life without the safety net of my father’s money and influence.

“Try spending your whole life scratching and clawing for everything you get,” she said. “I’ve been on my own for years now.”

“But your parents supported you all the way through high school,” I said. “I’ve been to your house. It wasn’t a mansion or anything, but it was nice. Cozy.”

“The rich person’s word for small,” she said. “Listen – you can’t understand what it’s like to go to school each day knowing you’re wearing secondhand clothes. You don’t know what it’s like to drive a rusty beater. You don’t know what it’s like to have to pick and choose your activities based on whether or not your dad can afford it.”

I nodded, but my memory of Olivia’s high school years was far different than hers. As far as I could tell, she’d had everything she needed. More, she had been one of the most popular girls in school. And I liked her parents; they were nice people. But I knew Olivia had her own way of looking at things, and she often saw slights where there were none. As confident as she wanted to appear, she had something of an inferiority complex.

“Well, I’ll have to figure it out soon,” I said, hoping to change the subject. “Because I’m completely on my own, now.”

“Hope you’re ready for it,” she said before turning her attention back to the television.

"Is there any way you can...um...cover yourself up?" asked Aiden.

"You're the one who barged into my apartment," I said. "If you can't deal with me wearing my underwear, you should maybe call first."

"Fine," he said. "Whatever. I'm here because I think word's getting around about you."

"Kind of the point of all that advertising the production company's doing," I said sarcastically. "Is this why you woke me up?"

"No," he answered. "I'm here because there are people back home who are putting two and two together. You remember Chase Langston, right?"

"Kind of an idiot, but yeah," I said.

"Well, he sent me a text yesterday asking about you," Aiden said. "About Lexi Trap, I mean. Stupid stage name, by the way. But that's not the point. The point is that he sent me a picture from one of your videos and said, and I quote, 'This shemale looks a lot like Alex, huh?'. And if an idiot like Chase sees it, you can bet it's only a matter of time before other people do, too."

"And what am I supposed to do about this?" I asked.

"Don't you think your dad would recognize you?" was his responding question.

"Why would my dad be looking at shemale porn?" I said. "My dad's a lot of things, but I don't think he's got that particular fetish. Besides, so what if he does find out? I don't need him anymore."

"But -"

"Thanks for trying to help," I said. "But it's unnecessary. I promise, it's fine. He'll never find out."





"What is phase two?" I asked.

"What do you know about that?" said Olivia. "Did Lucas say something?"

"Just tell me, okay?" I said, massaging my temples. "I've got a headache, and I'm really not in the mood for these cat-and-mouse games."

"What do you know about the porn industry?" she asked. "And I'm not talking about what you've learned in the past couple of months. That's beginner stuff. I'm talking about the real business. I'm talking about how girls like you make the bulk of their money."

"I'm making good money with the royalties from my site," I said. "And I've got some money coming in from my stream. When I get the chance to do it, I mean."

"Webcams and escorts," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"That's where the real money is," she stated. "I think you're past doing the webcam thing, but if that's how you want to do it, that's fine. But if you really want to capitalize on your popularity, escorting is where it's at. Lucas' people have already set it up for you. If you want, we can start whenever you want."

"Escort?" I said. "Are you serious? You want me to be a prostitute?"

"Don't sound so offended," Olivia said. "You already have sex for money. What does it matter if there's a camera on you or not? You could double your revenue by taking one date a month. Think about that. One little night, and you double your income. That's an easy choice to make."

"No," I said. "I'm happy doing what I'm doing, okay? I don't want any part of that."

“Oh, that’s perfect,” said the photographer, raising her camera. She snapped a few photos, then said, “Now look back at me. Yes. Perfect. Just perfect.”

After taking a few other photos, she had me switch positions, then took some more. And finally, after repeating the cycle a few more times, she declared that she had everything she needed. Smiling as I got off the bed, I said, “It’s kind of nice for a woman to be doing this for once.”

As I slipped on a robe, she said, “Kind of in a minority in this business, I guess. But it’s worth it when I get to work with someone like you.”

“What do you mean?” I asked. “I mean, I appreciate the compliment, but I’m nobody special.”

“Please,” she said. “You’re the top transgender performer in the business right now, and it’s not even close. Everyone loves you.”

Everyone loved me. It was a nice thing to hear, even if I knew it wasn’t necessarily true. I even had the hate mail to prove it. Barely a day went by that I didn’t have to deal with some backwards transphobe sending me emails about how I was going to hell or how I was mentally ill. It would’ve been exhausting if it wasn’t so laughable. Most of them had absolutely no room to criticize anyone, least of all me.

“Thanks,” I said. “I just hope my work brings a little joy, you know?”

Even as I said it, it sounded like such a stupid line. A little joy? I made porn, not high art. As long as I made someone cum, I did my job.

“Well, you do,” she said. “I think you’re great.”

I just smiled, saying, “Thanks. That kind of makes my day.”





I pinned my hair back. "What's on the docket today?" I asked.

"Three scenes," said Lucas. "First is with Marco. You remember him from last week, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah," I said, picturing the man's big, uncircumcised dick. I could almost hear his thick, Spanish accent. "Who else?"

"You've got Alana," he said. "Some light domination type stuff. Strap-on. Then, you'll be with Reggie."

"God," I said. "He almost split me in two last time."

Lucas shrugged. "And that video is easily the most popular one on your site," he said. "We had to go back to it."

"Fine," I said. "I got through it once, and I'll get through it again. Anything else?"

"I wanted to talk to you about some extra stuff," he said. "Olivia already mentioned the escorting, I'm sure, but I don't think she articulated just how good for you it would be. This deal isn't going to last forever, Lexi. You're not going to have these sweet residuals on your next contract. You need to prepare for -"

"Wait, what are you talking about?" I asked. "You're saying that after my deal's up, I'm going to be making less money?"

"A lot less," he said. "You got newcomer money that first time. You were an internet celebrity. They had to lure you in somehow. But now, you're established. This is who you are. They know you don't have much leverage. So, they're going to offer less money."

"You mean you're going to offer less money," I reasoned. After all, he had been the one who'd signed me in the first place.

"I have bosses too," he said. "I'm just trying to look out for you. Think about it, okay? It's a good deal. Lots of girls do it."

I sighed, rolling my eyes. "Fine," I said. "I'll think about it. Happy?"



"But you think I should do it," I said.

"I've already said that I do," replied Olivia. "It's a good career move."

I couldn't really put my finger on why the whole thing made me uncomfortable. As Olivia had said, I was already having sex for money. It wasn't really all that different, just because I wouldn't have a camera on me. In fact, it might be a lot better. It was hard to enjoy sex with all the distractions that came with performing on camera. But in a hotel room? With someone who'd paid good money to fuck me? That seemed a lot more attractive.

But I guess I'm a product of my upbringing, of the culture I grew up in. I couldn't seem to think of prostitution as anything other than evil and immoral. It was something shameful. Dirty. Wrong. As much as I tried to justify it, I kept coming back to my basic instincts.

"I don't know, Liv," I said. "It's just such a big step."

"It's all in your mind," she said. "You care about it because you can't help but care what people think of you. But at the end of the day, nobody else's opinion matters. Your hang-ups don't even matter. All that really matters is that you remain independent, that you retain your freedom. And like Lucas told you, that might not be possible with your next contract. You're going to need to supplement your income at some point, and the sooner you accept that, the sooner you can make the right decision."

"I can save my money," I said. "I can -"

Olivia barked a harsh laugh before saying, "You can't budget to save your life. I know you, Lexi. You grew up rich, and you have no concept of the value of a dollar. That's not a criticism; it's just a fact. You want something, you buy it. That's all the thought that goes into it. If you want to keep doing that, you need to do what I tell you to do. That's the bottom line."

I looked away. "I'll make it all work," I said. "I know I can."



"Too much?" I asked.

"Seriously?" asked Aidan. "Yes. It's too much. Way too much."

"I could take some stuff off, if you like," I suggested. "Like, maybe my bra?"

"Jesus Christ..."

"I'm kidding!" I said. "This is, like, normal work attire for me by the way. And it's Halloween. Lots of girls dress slutty on Halloween."

"But they don't walk around in their underwear," he said. "What are you supposed to be, anyway? A slutty Easter Bunny?"

"Just a regular slutty bunny," I answered, laughing. "And it comes with a little skirt, too. I was just trying to get a rise out of you."

"Can you please stop with the sex puns?" he asked, clearly uncomfortable. "I don't even know why I'm going to this thing with you. I'm never going to fit in with a bunch of porn stars."

"We're just people, Aidan," I said. "We're not, like, a different species. I just want a real friend at the party. Everyone else I know there is so fake. Plus, maybe I can get you laid. I know more than a few girls who'd jump at a chance to -"

"Nope!" he said, throwing up his hands and starting to walk away. "Knew this was a bad idea!"

I grabbed his arm. "I'm just messing with you!" I said. "Come on - you're my best friend. You can't tell me you don't want to hang out with a bunch of porn stars on Halloween. C'mon, man - it'll be fun. I promise. Just trust me."

He sighed. "Fine," he said. "But the first time I feel uncomfortable, I'm gone."

"Deal," I said, grinning.



“Admit it,” I said, sitting down. “You had a good time, didn’t you?”

Aiden smiled. “You know what,” he said. “I did. I was actually kind of surprised at how normal the party was. I mean, there were more naked people than most parties I’ve ever been to, but other than that, it was just a bunch of drunk people trying to have a good time.”

“Porn stars are people too,” I said with mock gravity. I held a straight face for a second before bursting into laughter. Soon, Aiden was laughing too. It was nice, just hanging out with him. Ever since I’d begun my transition, we’d been drifting apart, and it was good to know that we could still enjoy one another’s company.

“But I do have to say something,” he said once the laughter died down. “That guy – what was his name? Luke?”

“Lucas,” I said. “My producer.”

“Him,” Aiden said. “I don’t like him.”

“What? Why?” I asked. “He’s always been great to me.”

“You don’t see it?” asked Aiden. “He treats you like you’re almost a different species. To him, you’re not a girl. You’re barely a person. You’re a shemale. A t-girl. A trap.”

“I am,” I said.

“But it’s almost like he’s got a fetish for what you are,” he said. “Not who you are. Or something. I don’t know. I think I’m still a little drunk from last night, honestly. My point is that I don’t think he’s good for you.”

“Well, he’s the one in charge of my career, and I like him,” I said. “So, opinion noted.”

Aiden shrugged. “Just keep an eye on him, okay?” he said. “I don’t want you getting hurt.”

I gave in.

I suppose it was inevitable. From the moment Olivia had mentioned me prostituting myself, I'd been unable to get the idea out of my mind. Sure, I resisted. I made excuses for why I didn't want to do it. But in the end, I knew I'd eventually give in to my libido. If I'm honest, Olivia's and Lucas' reasoning had almost nothing to do with my decision. It was all about having sex with new men who weren't working. That's it. The money was almost secondary.

I didn't even know my first client's name, but he was well-built and handsome enough. That's why I picked him from the hundreds of candidates.

After about twenty minutes of awkward conversation, we got down to business, and I got exactly what I wanted. And it was good. He had a different rhythm than Lucas, and he was far rougher. He wanted to manhandle me. He wanted to control me. And I was content to let him. However, the biggest difference was that he didn't say a word. Where Lucas liked to talk dirty, to verbally denigrate me, this new guy seemed happy to simply grunt through his passion, and I followed suit.

When he finally came and I realized my job was finished, I was almost disappointed. While our coupling wasn't the best I'd ever experienced, it was good enough that I found myself wishing it could've gone on longer. So, I turned over, smiling up at him, and asked, "How about we keep this thing going?"

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I only paid for two hours."

"How about I go ahead and double that?" I asked. "You don't have to pay anything extra. I'm just not done with you yet."

I didn't need to hear his response to know he was completely onboard with that idea. And that's how I became a real, live prostitute.





Olivia stood near the bed, counting the money. Once she was satisfied with the amount, she handed me half the bills, saying, "He must have enjoyed it."

"He definitely enjoyed it," I said with no small amount of pride. I'd never been good at much in my life – in fact, I was a consistent, constant failure – but one thing I knew how to do was please a man. Once, the idea that that was my dormant talent would've been humiliating. But I was long past that. Or at least, I was so long as nobody who knew me before my transition knew who – or what – I was.

"Did you?" she asked, poking her share of my latest client's payment.

I shrugged. "I guess," I said. "He didn't last very long."

"But you didn't go and give him any freebies, did you?" she asked. "I know you like to think of this as just sex, and I don't mind if you enjoy yourself, but at the end of the day, it's business. Time with you is what we're selling, and if you give it away for free, we'll never –"

I rolled my eyes. "I know!" I said. "You're never going to let me hear the end of that, are you? I get it, Liv. I really do."

"Then act like it," she said. "I'd hate to have to take a bigger hand in this, but if I have to, I will. I think the last thing you want is for me to come barging in here when you've just promised an extra hour to one of your clients."

"You wouldn't," I said.

"I would," she stated. "This is my money, same as yours. And you don't want to start messing with my money. All you need to worry about is doing what I tell you. Do that, and we'll be okay. Start trying to think for yourself, and I'm not going to be happy. Got it?"

I sighed. "Fine," I said. "I'll follow all your little rules. I promise."

"Good," she said, handing me an extra couple of bills. "Now – go shopping tomorrow. Get yourself something nice. You've earned it."



“Oh, yes,” said Olivia, surrounded by a trio of industry executives. One, I recognized as being one of the men in charge of a huge, internet porn site. Another appeared to be the head of a production company. I didn’t know the other, but he had the bearing of someone who expected to be obeyed. And Olivia had them eating out of her hand. “She’s been quite successful. But I think that’s as much because of proper management as it is because of any talent she has. I mean, any girl out of a trailer park can fuck, right? It takes skill to market them properly.”

“True,” said one of the men, and the others nodded. “None of them realize how replaceable they are. Still, there’s definitely a place for the popular girls.”

“Like Lexi,” another said. “She really has become the face of transgender porn, and she’s been around for less than a year. I wonder – have you thought about her future?”

Olivia began to respond, but I stepped forward. “I want to –”

“Oh, I’m glad you’re here,” said a quickly recovered Olivia. “Go fetch me a drink, honey.”

“But –”

“I said to get me a drink,” she repeated, her eyes narrowing. I’d rarely seen that expression, but I knew what it meant. She expected obedience, and if I didn’t do as she said, there was going to be a scene.

“Okay,” I said, nodding before backing away. Olivia said something I couldn’t hear, and the men laughed. One glanced at me, and I knew she’d just made a joke at my expense. I had half a mind to force my way back into their conversation and give them a piece of my mind. But I didn’t. Instead, I wove my way through the crowd of partygoers to the open bar, ordered Olivia a drink, and waited an appropriate amount of time before taking it back to her. When I handed it to her, she thanked me, slapped me on the ass, and told me to run along and have fun with the other girls.

I was so surprised that I was already mingling with a group of other industry girls before I even realized that she’d dismissed me like I was a child. I fumed, but I chose to suppress my anger. After all, Olivia knew what she was doing. She’d proven that time and time again, and I just had to trust her judgement. If I needed to know something, she’d tell me so.



"I'm just trying to do what's best for your career," Olivia said. "I don't know why you're so upset."

"Because during that whole party, you treated me like I was too stupid to even understand my own contracts," I said. "You were constantly dismissive, and you acted like I was your personal waiter."

"Be honest - if I put a series of contracts in front of you, could you even begin to understand them?" she asked. When I didn't immediately answer, she said, "No. Of course you couldn't. That's why I'm here. I'm trying to protect you. I'm trying to get you a good deal. So, please, just let me do what I'm good at."

"But -"

"If it was up to you, you'd still be scraping by trying to be a softcore Twitch streamer," she said. "Or worse, you would still be trying to pretend you're a boy. Nobody wants that. You're sexy. You're beautiful. And you're a natural porn star. But when it comes to business sense, you just don't have what it takes, sweetie. You know I'm right."

She was. I think. But that didn't make me feel any less like a passenger in my own career. Was it really that wrong that I wanted at least a little control over my own life? Olivia told me where to go and who to fuck. She was in charge of my whole life, and I couldn't help but resent her for it at least a little.

"I know you're trying to help," I said. "But I really do think I should have some say in my own career."

"You will, sweetie," she said. "But first we have to get all the details worked out. Once I've got a couple of options for you, we'll sit down and decided it together. I promise."

"That's all I want," I said.

"And that's what you'll get," she said, smiling. "Now - you need to get ready. You've got a date this evening with some rich oil man from Saudi Arabia."

I sighed. "Fine," I said.

"You're Aiden's friend, huh?" asked the guy standing in front of me. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and had curly blonde hair. I couldn't remember his name, but I knew he was the fraternity's president.

I nodded. "Something like that," I said. I had come by the fraternity house to see if Aiden was around, but he was apparently still in class. So, I'd been invited in to wait. "What's your name again?"

"Kurt," he said. "So - what's a girl like you doing with a guy like him?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"You know what it means," he said. "Aiden's a good guy, but I don't think I'm telling you a secret when I say you're definitely out of his league."

"Oh, yeah?" I asked. "And what kind of guy should I be with, then? You, maybe? Is that why you asked me to come in here? Do you want to fuck me?"

He smirked, confidence painted all over his face. "Don't you?" he asked.

I returned his smile, standing. I stepped close, then ran my finger down his tee-shirt clad chest, slipping it under the waistband of his shorts. I wrapped my hand around his cock. "How about this? I give you the best blowjob of your life, and you return the favor?" I cooed.

"Sounds good to me, babe," he said. And as soon as he gave me the go-ahead, I dropped to my knees, yanked his shorts down to his ankles, and went to work. He came in less than a minute. I swallowed it all.

When I rose, I gave him a crooked smile, saying, "My turn."

Then, I turned around, unbuttoned my own denim shorts, and dragged them slowly down my legs. My top came next, and I threw it onto the floor. Finally, my panties joined the pile, and I turned to face him. Before he could say anything, I lay on the nearby futon, spread my legs so he could see exactly what I was, and said, "You're up, big boy."





"You shouldn't have done that," said Olivia. "You have no idea how dangerous it was."

"Oh, please - that wasn't the first dick he's ever sucked," I said. "He did this thing with his tongue that -"

"That's not the point, Lexi!" she said. "Do that to the wrong guy, and you could the shit beat out of you. Or worse. It's no wonder I have to do everything for you. You're too stupid to know that you don't try to trick some guy like that. You're lucky you didn't end up getting assaulted."

I sighed, rolling my eyes. "I was fine!" I argued. "There were other people in the house. I could've screamed or something if it got too rough."

"And what're they going to do?" she asked. "Seriously - do you honestly think a bunch of frat boys are going to take your side on that? Especially when they found out you weren't a real girl? Jesus, Lexi -"

"I am a real girl," I muttered. "Just because I wasn't born with a vagina doesn't make me any less of a girl than anybody else."

"God, you are so exhausting," Olivia responded, her hands on her hips.

"You live in this dream world, sometimes. Yes, I know you're a girl. You've made that abundantly clear. But to most people, it's not the same. To most people, you're just pretending. You can't be this naive, Lexi. You just can't. I know it's hard to face reality, but sometimes, you just can't put your head in the sand."

Was she right? Was I just pretending to be a girl? I didn't think so, but then again, I couldn't really understand why she was so angry in the first place. I'd never had anyone treat me like anything less than the woman I thought I had become. But what if she was right? What if my little stunt with Kurt had been as dangerous as she claimed?

I didn't know, but then again, I wasn't really the sort of person who would. That's why I had Olivia. She was the brains of the operation, and if she told me something was a certain way, I had little choice but to trust her.

"I get it," I said. "I understand. I'll be careful from now on. I promise."



"You were wearing this in the very first video I saw you in," said my latest client, Bruno, his accent unidentifiable, save that it marked him as Eastern European. He reached out, caressing my leg. "I think that's when I fell in love."

"You're sweet," I said, enjoying his touch, if not his statement. It was amazing to me how many men confused lust and love, and it always made me uncomfortable when my clients professed the latter. Still, he was paying almost double my normal fee, so I was more than willing to endure his attentions.

"And serious," he said. "I want you to come with me. You'll live like a queen. I'll give you everything you could ever want."

I almost laughed. Barely a date went by without one of my paid lovers asking me to come live with them. It was always the same. They wanted me to be their trophy. And as tempting as the offers were, I knew it was a fantasy. It was more likely that they'd get tired of me after a few weeks than that we'd live happily ever after. After all, none of them even knew me. They only knew Lexi Trap, the porn star. Lexi Li was a complete mystery to them.

I turned to him and mounted him, sitting cowgirl-style on his lap. Our faces were only inches apart when I said, "Let's just see how this goes, and we'll talk about the future when we're done, okay, sweetie?"

He grinned. "That sounds good to me," he said before pulling my face to his and thrusting his rough tongue into my mouth. I accepted it with good grace, enjoying his strength. Even if I wanted to stop it, there was no way he'd let me, and I wouldn't have it any other way. There was a place for female domination. I enjoyed making boys suck my little dick. But if I was honest, that didn't even begin to compare to how I felt when they took charge, when they fucked me. It was mental as much as it was physical, and I knew Bruno wouldn't let me down.

Bruno tore my panties off, ripping the thing fabric as if it were nothing. My miniscule penis flopped free, limp and useless. I didn't care. It didn't matter. No - all that mattered was getting his cock inside me as quickly as possible.

I could feel it beneath me, hardening like some great snake. It was long and thick and everything I could want. Reaching down, I stroked it beneath his slacks. Bruno responded by pulling my top aside, exposing my modest chest. His mouth clamped around one of my nipples, tonguing it roughly. I moaned, the sound high-pitched and urgent. I could feel my heartbeat, so fast, so insistent. It was always like that. I couldn't help it. If ever I was confused about my sexuality, I only had to compare my body's reactions to a man and a woman. Sure, women were fun, but I didn't need them. Men were the opposite. It wasn't a want. It was necessity. I couldn't live without it.

After a couple of minutes of kissing my breasts while I stroked his cock, I got tired of the preamble. So, I slithered off him and told him to disrobe. He complied, and after only a few moments, he was naked, his impressive cock standing at full, turgid attention. I couldn't help but lick my lips when I looked at it. I needed it inside me.

So, I turned back around, backed up, and lowered myself until I felt it tickling the entrance of my ass. Wiggling my ass, I teased him for a few seconds before reaching back, grabbing it, and guiding it into my more-than-experienced asshole. I let out a trembling moan as I felt it fill me so deliciously. Down and down I went until I'd taken its entire length. Then, I rose, relishing the feeling of it caressing my insides. At the apex of the motion, I dropped again. Up and down, over and over until, finally, he took charge.

Grabbing my ass, he lifted me up until my feet were high in the air. He bucked his hips back and forth, faster and faster until he was fucking me like a jackhammer. I came soon after, great waves of pleasure arcing through my body as my every muscle tensed. My toes curled. A primal, feminine, and wordless scream escaped my lips. And my entire body trembled with an explosion of lust. But still he kept going. In and out. It felt so good that it almost hurt. Or maybe it hurt so much that it felt good. I don't know. I was in no position to think. I could only feel.

And then, after I'd had two more momentous orgasms, he finally had one of his own, sending great jets of sticky, salty cum deep in my ass. When it was done, I collapsed onto the leather couch, quivering in orgasmic exhaustion. His semen leaked out of my gaping ass as I struggled to catch my breath. Sweaty, tired, and sticky, I could only smile.

What a way to make a living.





"Remember when we took the SAT?" I asked, sitting on my dresser. I'd been thinking a lot about my own intelligence over the past few weeks, and I'd come to the conclusion that everything Olivia said about me was right. Maybe I was as stupid as she said. Perhaps I was better off leaving the thinking to her. After all, she hadn't steered me wrong yet.

"Can you please put on some pants?" Aiden asked, lying back on my bed. "It's really hard to hang out with you when you're half dressed."

I sighed, sliding off the dresser. Everything was covered up, but apparently, Aiden wouldn't be comfortable until I was wearing a burka. So, I fished a pair of shorts out of my dresser and put them on. "There," I said. "Happy?"

"Not really," he said. "I'm exhausted. I don't think I've slept in a year."

"School's that tough?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "Tougher than I could have ever though it would be. Who knew, right? And yes, I do remember when we took the SAT."

I sat next to him. "You know my dad rigged it, right?" I said. "He'd never admit it, but I didn't even come close to getting a good enough score to get into Stanford. So, he pulled some strings and suddenly I had the appropriate score."

"Seriously?" Aiden asked. "That's crazy. Or illegal. Or something."

I shrugged. "That's the story of my life," I said. "I've never been that smart. I know that. But my dad, he always wanted me to be like my sister. He always wanted me to make the honor roll and stuff. And if I wasn't capable, well, he was more than willing to make sure I didn't tarnish the family name."

"Why are you telling me this?" he asked.

"I...I don't know," I admitted. "Maybe I feel guilty. Or maybe I'm just having an existential crisis or something. But you're the only person I can really talk to."

If I told Liv, she'd just pat me on the head and tell me not to worry my pretty little head about that kind of stuff. But you listen. I can't say that about anybody else."

"I...I don't know what to say," he stated.

"You don't have to say anything," was my response. "Just keep being a good listener."



"You have to talk to him about it," Olivia said. "He already knows. You know he does. That's why he's been calling."

I fixed her with my best angry glare. "I don't need you to tell me how to deal with my dad," I said. "You don't have a clue what it's like to be his son."

Then, out of the blue, she slapped me across the face.

"W-what...what was...w-what'd you do that for?" I stammered, tears in my eyes. It was the first time I'd been physically struck since grade school, and worse, I had been completely unprepared for it.

"I'm so tired of your shit," Olivia said. "Your whining, your constant complaining - if I have to hear you say that you can make your own fucking decisions one more time, I swear to you, I'm going to snap. You are my bitch. Mine. You do what I say. And do you want to know why?"

I shook my head, but she wasn't in any state to pay attention to my nonverbal cues. Instead, she went on, "You're my bitch because without me, you'd be nothing. Nothing at all. I gave you a career. I gave you fans. Money. I gave you your fucking gender. So, when I tell you to do something, I don't want to hear objections. Not anymore. I'm done with it. I am. I just want you to fucking do what I say, okay?"

"Or w-what?" I managed between sobs. "You're going to hit me again?"

"No," she said. "Worse. I'll leave. I'll throw you to the fucking wolves. Do you know what happens to girls like you in porn? They're eaten alive. You'd be a washed-up has-been within a year, and you know it. So, please, before you decide you're going to grow a backbone, think about that."

I did, and I didn't like the direction my life would inevitably take. I knew she was right. I was nothing without her. I was just another pretty shemale. I was nothing special. I needed her.

"What do you want me to do?" I mumbled, my eyes glued to the floor.

"Call your dad," she said. "Tell him what you are. Don't spare any details. And if he rejects you, fine. That's the price you have to pay."

"But why?" I asked. "Why do you want me to -"

"Because I fucking said so, bitch!" she growled. "That's all you need to know."



"Hi, dad," I said, standing before him, nervous and a little afraid. He'd never been a violent person, but he had also never found out that his son was really his transgender daughter. That kind of information can turn a person's demeanor on its head in a hurry.

"I'd heard rumors," he said, his brow furrowing. "But I didn't believe them."

"They were true," I said. "I'm a girl."

"That's not what I'm talking about," he said. "You were kicked out of college, weren't you?"

"W-what?" I asked. "I mean, yeah. But I thought you'd -"

"For Christ's sake, Alex - you're better than that!" he exclaimed, running his hand through his hair. "You have the potential to be anything you want, and you consistently throw it away. I've given you every opportunity to succeed, and -"

"Wait - you don't care that I'm a girl?" I said.

"What? No," he said. "Why would I care about that? I care about your future, for God's sake. Your gender is irrelevant to that."

I didn't know what to say. He didn't care about me being transgender? How could he not care about that? It boggled the mind.

"Here's what's going to happen," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder. "We're going to sit down right now, and we're going to write a letter to the dean. We can say that you were distracted by your transition, but you're ready to be the student you know you can be. Right. They'll eat that up."

I jerked away. "I'm not going back to college," I said.

"What?" he said, surprised. "Of course you are."

"No," I said. "I'm not. I've got a job, and I make really good money. I don't care about school or -"

"A job? What kind of job?" he said.

"The kind where I fuck strangers for money," I said. "That's what I do. I'm a whore and a porn star, and I'm happy like that!"

I could practically hear his teeth grinding together as, for a long moment, he was silent. Then, he said, "Get out. Now."

"W-what?" I muttered.

"Get out of here right this second," he said. "I don't want to see again. Not now. Not when you inevitably come to your senses. You've shamed this family for the last time. Now, go. Just go."



I stared out the window, clutching my knees to my chest as I wept openly. It had been over two days since my father had disowned me, and it was beginning to look like he was serious. Even my sister had called me to find out what had happened. When I'd told her, she had revealed that our father had removed me from his will and forbidden her from even saying my name.

And the worst part was that it was all my fault. I wasn't good enough for him. If only I'd tried a little harder, if I'd gone to more classes, if I had been a better student, he wouldn't have abandoned me. I kept thinking back to all those times I'd skipped class for no other reason than that I didn't want to go. Those were choices, each and every one, and they had culminated in one very impactful consequence. I'd lost my family.

It would have been easy to blame Olivia. After all, she had been the one who'd insisted that I tell him everything. Without that, I could've continued on as I was. My father would have remained in a state of blissful ignorance. But I wasn't so stupid as to believe that it could have lasted. Eventually, he would've discovered my lack of scholastic achievement. And that would have led to him finding out about my job. It was inevitable. So, as easy as it would have been to blame my one-time girlfriend, I knew that wasn't fair. It was my fault, plain and simple, and there was nothing I could do to change that fact.

I was so lost in self-pity that I didn't even hear Olivia come into the room, and I flinched a bit when she put her hand on my shoulder. "Are you okay?" she asked.

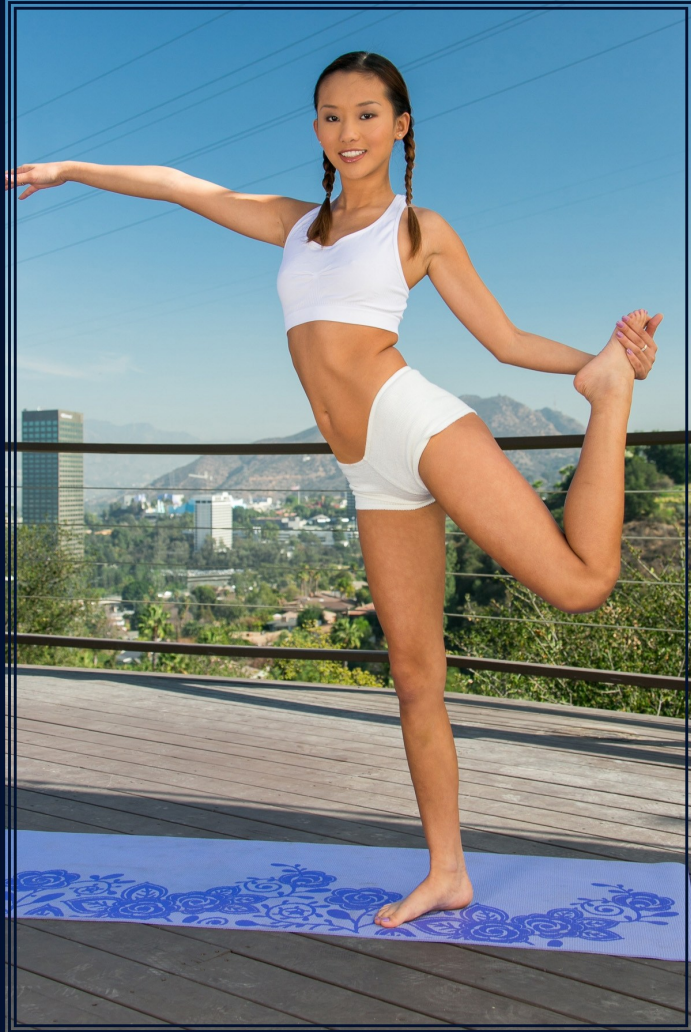
"No," I said.

After a moment, she said, "I'm sorry. Not everyone is as progressive as they should be."

I barked a humorless laugh. "He didn't care that I'm transgender," I said. "All he cared about was that I'd 'shamed' the family by being a porn star who'd flunked out of college. And he was right. That's what I am. I should be ashamed."

"You should be proud," she said. "You found your place. Not everybody's meant to graduate college. Everybody can't be engineers or doctors. We need construction workers. Plumbers. Trash collectors. Porn stars. Embracing who you are is important. I hope you can see that."

I didn't respond, and she didn't continue. Instead, I simply stared out the window, wallowing in my own self-pity.



Over the next few weeks, I did everything I could to pretend that I wasn't completely devastated by what had happened with my father.

Olivia saw through it, though. So did Aiden, when I let him close enough to see. But try as they might – for wildly different reasons,

I'm sure – they couldn't even come close to cheering me up.

I don't think I wanted to feel better, either. I didn't deserve it. The way my father had looked at me when he'd learned of my profession, when he'd found out that I had no intention of going back to college

– it had affected me far more than it probably should have.

Suddenly, the joy I'd gotten out of my job was gone, and I began to focus on all the bad things about it. And believe me, there wasn't a shortage.

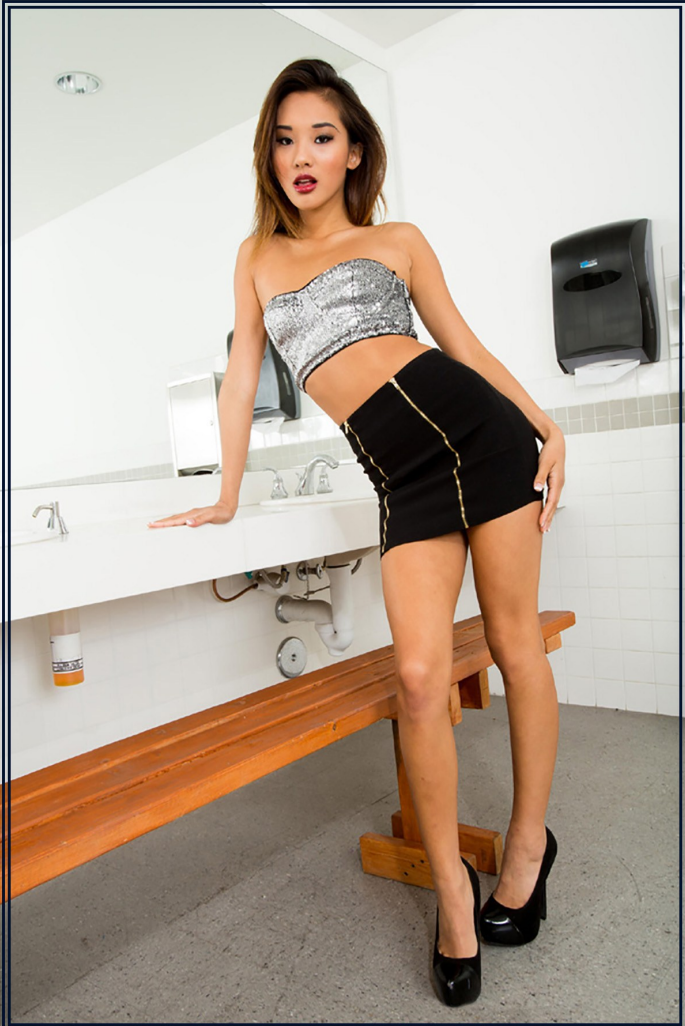
The porn industry has a certain reputation for a reason. Half the girls – or more – are on drugs. Most of the guys, too. And what you see on the screen is so far off from what really happens that it might as well be a different world. And that world is ugly. Men injecting themselves with all sorts of chemicals so they can stay harder longer while maintaining some ridiculous standard for size. Women taking whatever they can to get them through the day. Rampant misogyny and objectification. The list goes on and on. But for the longest time, I was okay with it because I had fooled myself into thinking I was a success. I think I tied that to my father's expectations, and somewhere deep down, I thought he might respect me for making due on my own.

Oh, how mistaken I was. If I'd stopped to think about it for just a second, if I'd bothered to emerge from my little fantasy world, I would have known that he'd be horrified that any child of his was something as sordid as a sex worker. That was for other people.

That was for the poor people. Not me. Not his child.

But I tried to forget him, to pretend I could go back to the way it was.

I wanted to be the person I was before he'd opened my eyes. So, I smiled. I went about my routine. I went to work, and I performed as if everything was normal. But all the while, I was beset by an almost tangible shame. I wasn't, nor would I ever be, good enough, and that was something I would have to live with for the rest of my life.



"You're distracted," said Olivia, washing her hands.

"I'm fine," I insisted, leaning against the bathroom counter. "Just tell me what room, and I'll go fuck whoever I'm supposed to fuck tonight."

"You're not going to a room," she said.

"W-what are you talking about?" I asked. "Why are we here, then?"

"We're here so you don't cause a scene," she said. "In just a minute, we're getting in my car, and I'm taking you over the corner of 4th and 7th.

You're going to get out, and you're going to earn your money the old-fashioned way."

"The old-fashioned way? What are you -"

"God, you really are dense, aren't you?" she said. "You stand on a corner until someone pulls up. You offer to suck his cock for money. He accepts. You do what you do, he pays you, and then you go back to the corner and repeat until you've made enough for the night."

"I'm not doing that," I said.

She looked up. "Are you really prepared to go against me, here?" she asked. "Because I can unmake your whole life, right here, right now. No more bookings. No more videos. And now you don't have daddy's money as a safety net. So, go ahead. Try me. I fucking dare you, slut."

"W-why are you doing this?" I asked.

"Because you need an attitude adjustment," she responded. "You think you're special. You're fucking not. You're just a whore. A worthless, stupid whore who fucks men for money. And yeah, you're good at it. You're a good earner. But as far as I'm concerned, dealing with your shit is beginning to make me forget that. This is your attitude adjustment. This is where you quite moping around and get to work. Got me?"

Stunned, I said, "I...I got you."

"Good," she said. "Now, go wait by the car. You've got a long night ahead of you."

Olivia looked into the mirror, applying lip gloss. It was morning, if only just, and I was absolutely exhausted.

I'd serviced more than twenty men in the space of eight hours, and, in addition to my fatigue, I was ashamed, dirty, and I smelled like semen. However, I was too terrified to do anything but wait for her to say something. Finally, after what felt like an hour, she cut her eyes toward my reflection and asked, "How much?"

"T-two-thousand," I said, producing a wad of bills from my purse, putting it on the counter. She glanced down at it, smiling slightly.

"You're not holding out on me, are you?" she asked. I shook my head, saying that I wouldn't do that. Finally, she turned to me and said, "Good. I hope you learned your lesson here."

"I...I did," I said.

"And what did you learn?" she asked.

"That I'm just a slut," I said. "I'm only worth anything because of you. Without you, I'd be nowhere."

"Good," she said. "Now go get some sleep. You've got a shoot tomorrow morning, and I want you looking your best."

"O-okay," I said. When I started to walk away, she cleared her throat, and I turned to look back at her.

"And Lexi - don't forget what happens when you lose focus," she said. "I can put you out there every single night, and I'd make a lot more money. I only let you do what you do because it makes you happy. But as soon as it doesn't, I'll have no reason to keep you off the corner. Remember that."



I never wanted to do it, and as the man led me through the halls by a leash, I began to question my decision to give in to Olivia's demands. Working the corner would've been better than being treated like an actual dog. But I was there. I'd made my choice. And I had little choice but to go through with my obligation.

"Come on, little puppy!" said the man in the lead. "Speak!"

I barked, the sound high-pitched as I crawled on all fours behind him, all the while wondering how I'd let myself fall so far. Not a month before, I'd been a porn star. It wasn't the most socially acceptable job in the world, but it carried with it at least a little dignity. And now I was a group of drunken idiots' fuck-puppy? It was degrading in a way I hadn't yet experienced, and the worst part was that I'd known good and well what I was getting into when Olivia had booked the appointment.

The man led me into the living area, bent down, and picked me up. He then threw me onto couch, slurring, "Take off your clothes."

I wasn't wearing much - just a fishnet top and a black skirt - and I discarded it in a hurry. The men, of course, took that chance to mock my small, limp penis. Obviously, that was a big part of why I was booked. They needed to feel superior. To them, I was a novelty. A freak. I might as well have been in one of those old-timey shows with the bearded woman and the six-hundred-pound man. But again, I swallowed my pride and let them have their fun.

And they did, mocking me ceaselessly as each one unzipped their own pants, revealing their much more manly cocks. Knowing my business, I dropped to my knees and sucked anything they put in front of me. I hated it. They all reeked of alcohol and body odor, but I had a job to do, and if I didn't do it, there would surely be consequences.





Under different circumstances, with different men, I might have enjoyed my first gangbang. But being constantly derided for my race, for my former gender, for any detail their drunken minds could possibly think of, soured me on the whole thing. Even as they fucked me, one after the other, thrusting their big, white dicks into my well-used, well-stretched ass, I could only think about how much I wanted it all to be over.

And soon, after finding myself kneeling in the center of them all, their cocks all spewing salty cum on my face, it was. I sat there, covered in their seed as their cocks shrank to flaccidity, hoping I'd satisfied whatever obligation I had.

Finally, the leader said, "Good job, slut."

Then, he handed me a huge roll of hundred-dollar bills, and I knew exactly why Olivia had sent me. It was more than I could've made in an entire week of my normal dates. However, I couldn't get excited about the money – not after what they'd put me through. I didn't care about that. I only wanted to go home, take a shower, and try to forget I'd ever been subjected to such a humiliating experience.

And as soon as I found my clothes, that's exactly what I set off to do. The ride home was horrible. Even after I'd washed my face, I could still smell their cum on me. I could still feel it. I was sure I'd never be rid of the stink of it. When I finally got back to the apartment, I went inside, slammed the roll of hundreds on Olivia's dresser, and said, "Never make me do anything like that again. I don't care if you abandon me. I don't care if I have to live on the street. I will never go through something like that ever again."

Without another word, I disappeared down the hall, went into the shower, and as I felt the warm water flowing over my body, I wept. I hated what I'd become. I hated that I didn't have a choice. And I hated that I couldn't wipe the whole day from my memory.

But I tried. God, I tried. For hours, I stood in that shower. And when I got out, everything was still fresh in my mind. I don't think I'll ever forget it.

"I don't want to talk about it," I said, applying my makeup. "I've said what I'm going to say, and I'm not going to change my mind."

"You're overreacting," Olivia said.

"Yeah," I said. "Probably. But I'm not going to be humiliated, and I don't care how much money you throw at me."

I all but held my breath as I awaited her response. It was the first time in months that I'd dared to defy her, and I was absolutely sure that she would make me pay for it. However, as far as I was concerned, I needed to draw a line in the sand. There had to be limits, and I'd found mine.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to go back to the way it was," I said, turning to her. "I pick my clients. Not you. I'll take as many as you want me to, but I'm not going to put myself in that kind of situation again. I didn't feel safe, and I definitely didn't feel good about myself afterwards. I can't do that again, Liv. I won't."

She looked me up and down for a long moment before saying, "Fine."

"W-what?" I asked.

"I said it's fine," she repeated. "You approve the clients. If you don't want to take a date, you don't have to. But if you start slacking off, things are going to change, you understand?"

"I do," I said.

"Then we have an agreement," she stated. I could tell she wasn't happy about it, but in that moment, I didn't care. I'd won a minor victory, and I wasn't about to look past it.





I looked at myself in the mirror, forcing a smile. I looked good. Great, even. My body was as perfect as it had ever been. Even my dick looked feminine. I should've been happy. I was the girl I'd always been afraid to admit I dreamed of being. So, why was I so depressed? Why did I hate myself? More, why did I hate my life?

Olivia. That was the answer. Over the course of my transition, she'd grown more and more controlling, culminating in her assuming the role of my pimp. She didn't call herself that, of course, but that's exactly what she was. And she was just as domineering as any man in that position had ever been. She wanted to control everything about my life - what I wore, how I talked, who I fucked. It was exhausting, infuriating, and depressing. But most of all, it was frustrating because I couldn't figure out how to get away.

She controlled my career. Without her, I was done. Without her, I wouldn't be able to make a living. I knew it. She knew it. And she lorded it over me without an ounce of conscience.

What had happened to the girl I'd once considered my partner? We had been in love, hadn't we? She was my girlfriend. We had been equals. But she had changed so much that I could barely even tolerate her. In fact, I was pretty sure I hated her, and she didn't feel much better about me, I was sure. To her, I was a walking, talking dollar sign, and little more. To me, she was the worst kind of boss.

But it actually worked. That was the most frustrating part of it. We made money, and a lot of it. Sure, she kept the lion's share, but I could never claim to want for anything. If needed something, I got it. If I wanted some luxury item, she gave it to me. I had expensive clothes, a nice car, and fancy jewelry. I should've been happy.

I wasn't, though. I couldn't be, because whatever freedom I thought I'd gained was an illusion. I wasn't free. I wasn't independent. I'd just traded one master for another.

All that and more flowed through my mind, and slowly, the smile faded, replaced by an expression of consternation. I knew something would have to change, and soon, or I would go crazy. I couldn't keep going like I was going. Eventually, I had to make a change. I just didn't know how I was supposed to do that.

"Yeah, so - I think I'm done with you," said Olivia, propping her feet on the arm of the chair. "Good luck with your life. I'll be out of the apartment in the morning."

I stared at her for a long moment before I finally said, "W-what?"

"Jesus," she said. "Are you so stupid that you can't even understand me when I say it as clearly as is humanly possible? I'm done. Finished. You're on your own. No more Olivia in your life."

"But...b-but why?" I asked. Admittedly, I wanted nothing more than to be free of her, but there was still a part of me that wanted so desperately for her to like me, to love me. I wanted her approval almost as much as I had once wanted my father's. And there she was, telling me that she was finished with me. That wasn't acceptable. I needed more information.

"Do you want me to start at the beginning?" she asked. I nodded, unable to speak, and she sighed. "Fine. I never signed up to have a sissy boyfriend. Yeah, it was fun for a few weeks, but it got old quick. I'm not a lesbian, and I had no interest in being in a relationship with a fucking shemale. I mean, fuck - I never really liked you in the first place. I was only ever with you because I knew you'd get a fortune from your dad."

"Y-you...w-what?" I mumbled.

"Don't look so hurt," she said. "You had to know. But as soon as you started prancing around and acting like a chick, I had to make a choice. Leave right then and there and throw away everything or figure out how to make it work for me. I chose the latter, steering you toward your porn career. And over the past six months, I've made enough money that I'll graduate college without even a hint of debt. That's enough for me, so, like I said, I'm done, now."

"B-but what am I supposed to do?" I asked, still in shock.

"Honestly? I couldn't care less," she said. "Live your life. Keep doing porn. Try to make amends with your father. I don't give a shit, Lexi. I really don't. You've served your purpose."

My purpose. It was all a lie. Everything we'd shared over the previous three years had been little more than a manipulative plan to milk me for as much money as she could. And I had no idea how to react. So, I didn't. I just turned around and walked back into the apartment, still reeling from the revelation that my ex-girlfriend-turned-manager-turned-pimp was a much worse person than I'd ever imagined.



"I mean, seriously – does it matter?" asked Aiden.

"Of course it matters," I said. "I don't have the slightest clue how to –"

"Learn," he said. "It's that simple. If you don't know how to do something you need to do, learn how to do it. You've got a pretty damned huge brand, man. You're all over the internet. Whether it's that dude Lucas or somebody else, you've got the adult film industry at your feet. That's just how it is. It's up to you to figure out if you still want to do it."

"And what do you think I should do?" I asked.

"I'm not really comfortable telling you to stay in porn," he admitted. "But listen – what I think doesn't matter. I'll be your friend no matter what. It's always been that way. I don't care if it's this or that time you got caught cheating off me in English during high school. We stick together."

I smiled. "You almost got expelled for that," I said.

"I know," he said, returning my smile. "But listen – does working in porn make you happy? That's what you need to figure out. If not, I'm sure there are other ways for you to make a living."

"Not likely," I said. "I don't have the best track record, you know."

"Don't be stupid," he replied. "The word is at your feet. You just have to recognize it for what it is. So – do you want to do it? Does porn make you happy?"

He cringed a bit every single time he said the word "porn", but I knew it wasn't because he found it distasteful. The whole idea of sex just made him uncomfortable, and me being who I was probably didn't help. It was one thing to talk about sex with your buddy; it was something else to talk about it with a good-looking girl. Still, he made sense.

"Yes," I said. "When it's going good, it does. I like doing what I do, and I'm really good at it."

"Then I think you know what to do," he said. "And I'll help you. I promise, we'll get you back on your feet."





"Why does everybody keep asking me that?" I asked. "I'm twenty-one years old. I have no idea what I want, Amy. Did you when you were my age?"

"Honestly?" she asked. "No. I was going through something of a rebellious phase at that stage."

"Really?" I asked. "You? A rebel? I'm not sure I believe that."

"You don't know me as well as you think you do," she said. After some urging from Aiden, I had decided to extend an olive branch to my sister. My father didn't want anything to do with me, which meant that, for all intents and purposes, Amy was the only family I had. And I owed it myself to make sure that relationship survived.

"You have this idea of me, this picture where I'm the perfect daughter. But in college, I partied. I picked the wrong major. I did everything I could to disappoint father."

"But he never disowned you," I said.

"No," Amy said, smiling a small smile. "But there's a big difference between me becoming an art history major and you doing porn."

"Y-you knew about that?" I asked.

"Of course I knew," she stated. "I suppose, as rebellions go, it's certainly a good one. I'm actually a little envious."

"I can pull some strings if you want to try it out," I said.

She grinned broadly. "No, little sister - I think I'll leave that to you," she said. "But I want you to know that I don't judge you for what you do. I don't care. I just want you to be happy."

"Well, as soon as I figure out how to do that, I'll let you know," I said. "But thanks. Your support means a lot to me."



Life went on, and I continued to fuck people on camera for money. I know it's difficult for most people to understand, but when it's broken down to its most basic level, that actually made me happier than just about anything else could have. Sure, it wasn't without its problems. I've talked about those enough already, so I'm not going to go into it. But at the end of the day, that's true of every job. Parts of it you like. Others, you hate. You deal with what you have to because the good outweighs the bad. That's life.

And as I've said before, I was good at it. Really good. I won awards. My popularity grew, and before I knew it, I was making as much money as genetic females in the industry, which is something of a rarity. But here's the thing – it was never really about the money. Rather, it was about acceptance, about being liked, about being loved. And my fans loved me. That was enough, I think.

It helped that I had Aiden there with me. Once or twice, we considered the idea of a romantic relationship, but it just never seemed to fit. We were friends. Great friends, but only that, and we were both okay with it the way it was. In any case, he eventually finished school, got a good job, and started his life with a girl named Laura. I introduced them – one of my better accomplishments, if I do say so myself.

Amy eventually took over my father's company, and more than once, she begged me to come work for her. And each time, I refused. Corporate life just wasn't for me. And besides, I had my own life to live, right? She understood, though she always made it clear that she'd never quit asking. We belonged together, she'd say. Maybe I'll take her up on that offer one day. And then again, maybe not.

As for Olivia, she went on to graduate at the top of her class – of course, right? That manipulative bitch was too smart for her own good. After graduation, she got a great job at a Fortune 500 company, and quickly started climbing the corporate ladder until, only five years later, she was in a real position of power. And then everything came crashing down when she got caught embezzling money. Last I checked, she was serving time in a federal prison. Serves her right, as far as I'm concerned.

So – what was the moral here? Is this even that kind of story? I don't know. Be yourself, maybe? Seems cliché, but it feels appropriate. Or maybe it's just that there is no moral. We're all just trying to make it through life as best we can. I grew, I think. Maybe. I became a better person, but I'm not sure how or why. All I know for sure is that I'm happier now than when it all started, and that has to count for something, right?