

Chapter 16



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You’re used to being condescended to by women. You’re a man, a blonde, you have big tits. It comes with the curves, but this is something a lot more serious. “What is it?” You repeat, letting your squeaky little voice rise.

“I told you, doll...”

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

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

“It’s a receiver,” Red says. “When you activate it, it will allow us to access the security protocols inside Farex Chamber. We’ll open one of the

doors, sneak in and plant a virus in their cloud. All you need to do is activate the receiver. No one will ever even know you were involved.”

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

“What will the virus do?”

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

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

“Of course not.”

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

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

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

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

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

The room is silent, other than the murmur of the diners in the other room, the occasional clank from the kitchen. You look at the little receiver in

your hand. It's so small, looks so harmless, and, yet, it could change the world. You could change the world.

You nod. "I'm in."

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

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

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

One of the whistles.

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

"Or how about showing us your tits?"

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

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

You lower yourself into the warm, frothy waters, the bubbles rising up around your body, clinging to your breasts. A lavender and sage candle flickers on each corner of the bathtub— aromatherapy for stress and anxiety. You're aware at times like this just how fully The Hive has turned you into a feminine cliché not just in body but in mind.

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

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

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

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

"Stop!" You say out loud, your pretty little voice echoing around the bathroom tile. These are not good things for a boy to worry about. You're too emotional, and you scare yourself so easily worrying about the future. You pick up one of the Honey for Honeys tablets the Hive has distributed to boys— to help calm your nerves. You pop it in your mouth and wash it down with a half a glass of white wine.



Instantly, you feel the calm coming over you, the tension rising out of your body, the static in your brain clearing. You sigh and find yourself wondering about spring fashion trends, which is what is really important for a boy because whatever little struggles for power the women get up to, one thing will never change: Your need to look cute.

Part II

It's hard for you not to cry when you are on set the day before you are to meet The Queen. You know this is probably the last time you will ever see any of these people. Everything is about to change, and yet you can't say goodbye, can't even drop a hint as to what is about to happen. You and Ian have a lovemaking scene, and she gets so wet while your kissing, that she soaks right through her jeans, and you feel her wetness on your belly, your thigh. Her female musk is all over you, and your head swims as she cups your cheek at the end of the sex scene, stares into your eyes and says, "You'll always be my girl."

You swoon. It's not even acting. She's so intense, and that look in her eyes seems so real. You think she might really mean it. You start to cry, you are so overcome with emotions, and you worry you ruined the scene, but the director doesn't say cut, so Ian starts to improvise. "Why are you crying?" She asks.

The answer comes to you, and without even thinking you answer, "Because I'm a boy."

CUT!

The crew cheers, and the director is ecstatic. "Epic! Incredible! You two! Bravo!"

Ian pats you on the cheek. "You're a good little actress," she says, climbing off, the bland, disinterested veneer falling over her face. You watch her, heart fluttering. There's something about her when she seems so above you, so bored with you. It makes you want her all the more.

