

Of course I had a nightmare. How else would I pass the time while I tried to have a nice rest? Whether you wanted to blame the body affecting my brain or the hormones heightening my emotions or the fact that my subconscious was getting more and more female, I wasn't going to have a normal night.

The worst part was that my brain was tricked into thinking it was real. I'd never been much for lucid dreaming and tended to just go along with whatever script my mind gave me. For this particular movie, that script started with me in a pink bedroom, full of Minnie's stuff. It was like the whole room was coded to the pink and fluffy vibe I'd helped cultivate with my persona, with a bit of white and purple added in for variety.

I was laying on my stomach, kicking my feet idly in the air as Cailee laid next to me. We were both in rather embarrassing PJs, with mine looking for fit for a little girl than one in her twenties and hers looking like they were meant to be worn for a date night.

"So, like, which boys do you like?" she asked as I gasped.

"Babe! You're my bff but I'm not just going to dish on stuff like that with you!"

"We're having a slumber party! What else would we talk about?" she asked as I giggled.

"Fine! Well, I like big muscles and bigger...you know" I winked.

"You're so plain! Boring! I need details! More details!"

"Tall...rich...nice...funny..." I listed in a wistful fashion.

"Everyone's tall next to you!"

"You know what I mean! A man under six feet tall isn't a real man. I need one that's at least six foot three! Then he'll have a foot of height on me!"

I must have been really tired because I didn't remember any of the dreams that came, if any did. I woke up and looked out the window, seeing the sunlight and getting ready for another day. All I had to do today was be there for the launch and then come back here to practice. I didn't need to worry about collabs or showing my face, since the winner of the tournament would be above those things. It might even play into my favor to make myself a bit scarce once that victory was mine.

I dressed casually this time, in an oversized sweatshirt that seemed to be wearing me rather than the other way around. I had to bunch it up at my wrists to make sure my hands didn't go down the sleeves and even then, it was inevitable that they would. They hung past my fingers by the time I went for the door and I resigned myself to turning the knob with using my sleeve as a glove when I went out.

I'd also managed some long pants for myself and some white sneakers. They didn't make me feel as male as I'd have liked them to but they were better than the alternative. I made my way through the hall, glad to see that most of the foot traffic had already made its way to the convention hall by now. I just needed to get backstage for the big event and then ride the wave of the announcement to massive recognition. In fact, I realized as I got in the elevator how small all those photo ops and appearances on the floor would seem when I was onstage, during the biggest reveal in gaming.

DING!

I got out of the elevator, only to be confronted with a bright flash from a big camera.

"CutieClutch69! You're here with Gamer Grid News!" said the voice in front of me, one I recognized as Dale Dilberts. He was a decent gaming reporter and had a good reputation from what I heard. He also had a reputation for ambush interviews, and getting authentic answers by giving his subjects no time to prepare. Here I thought it was all staged, but I guess he really did take his guests by surprise.

"Yes...I guess I am" I nodded as I got out of the elevator, suddenly feeling a bit underdressed. I was technically wearing more clothing than ever, but I was on camera and some part of me knew I should be showing off.

“What are your thoughts on the upcoming tournament?” he said, thrusting the microphone in my face.

“Win. That’s pretty much my only thought.”

“Wow, that’s pretty confident for a newcomer!”

“Well, it may be my first tournament but I’ve been gaming all my life. I’m ready and I just hope people are ready for me. They don’t seem to be...”

“What do you mean by that?” he asked as his cameraman took a step closer. Well, I might as well use the platform while I have it...

“I mean that some people, RigRanger07 among them, don’t seem to think that a girl like me can be a gamer. They think, because I act a certain way or dress a certain way, I don’t know what I’m doing. But I know my stuff better than any of them and I’m done with people not taking me seriously.”

I could see that he was surprised at such a response from a streamer famous for being, well, adorable. I’d never seen him at a loss for words before and there was a half a second where I could see him trying to think of what to say next. These interviews were usually like five minutes long, but I had gone for the throat in the first sixty seconds.

“Well, I hope you can back all that up. Either way, we’ll be sure to keep an eye out for you. Any place we can see this weekend other than the tournament?”

“Well...it’s a bit of a surprise. But just keep an eye on me and I’ll prove to everyone that I’m not just a dumb blonde. Just because I’m pink, doesn’t mean I shouldn’t be taken seriously.”

“Well, I’m sure you’ll prove that this weekend” he said, finally looking to his cameraman and giving him the signal to cut.

“You’re out for blood, huh?” he asked in a bit more of a relaxed tone.

“If you’ve had the weekend I’ve had...”

“Well, I can tell you that RigRanger is a piece of work. I’ve done interviews with him and I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone so sure they’re the best. Present company exempt” he grinned, taking a hit of his vape and offering me some.

I waved him off.

“I’m glad you’re confident though. No offense but I was worried it wasn’t an act. But then again, I guess you couldn’t really function if you acted the way you do on camera all the time.”

“Well even if I did, I don’t deserve to be judged or harassed.”

“No, you don’t...” he admitted. “I’ll tell you what though, I’d be glad if you did show him up. Show everyone you aren’t just a bimbo. I have a daughter who’s just getting into gaming and I’d like this place to be a bit less exploitative when she’s your age.”

“Oh.” I was more than a bit taken aback to actually get any form of respect, or at least the hope for it. But any confidence or faith would go a long way with me right now. I felt a bit like crying, though I wasn’t sure why. With all the hormones and emotions bubbling just beneath the surface, I’d felt like crying a lot this weekend. “Thank you.”

“Good luck. And I hope I can film you being a good example for her” he said, walking off with his cameraman as the two of them discussed which stars to seek out

next. I watched them go for a moment until I remembered the stage that was waiting for me. I didn't want to be tardy.

So I hurried off, glad to be able to make my way through the halls without heels or my cleavage bouncing up and down with each step. My hair still bounced and I was still aware of my breasts and butt, but it was much better this way.

The best part was that I didn't even have to brave the floors today, being a VIP for the event. I just made my way around back like their instructions had said and was let into the stage entrance. With my body concealed, my rage expressed and everyone acting so accommodating, I was finally able to focus on how incredible this was. I was excited not as a celebrity, but as a fan, finally getting to see this game. I would have never imagined I'd be part of the unveiling and as one of the workers ushered me to the green room, I was buzzing with energy.

"Minnie?" asked a man holding a clipboard. With an eager nod, I watched him open the door. I stepped inside, feeling confident and ready, no matter what body I was in.

But then, I saw what was waiting for me.