

Never Gamble With a Goddess

by T.G. Cooper and Anonymous

Fall had come to Princeton University, and with it leaves bursting with color, sharp, tart winds hinting of winter, and students stressing and obsessing over papers and exams. Among those students walked one tall, lanky fellow in a long, grey coat, clunky army boots, and a mop of curly hair. As a group of young women walked past, he gave them a once over and said, "Looking good shorties."

The girls laughed at the ridiculous line and hurried past, but Abe smiled to himself thinking, I am such a player.

Abe arrived at Eric Hall, took the stairs to the second floor and settled into his usual seat, second row on the end. He pulled out a sheaf of papers he'd printed out from the Internet, which he'd highlighted and underlined, written comments in the margins. Today, finally, he would put Dr. Eris in her place.

More students arrived. Eventually, Dr. Eris walked into the room. As usual, Abe thought, she's dressed like a Femini-Nazi: baggy cardigan sweater, long flowing skirt, hair unkempt, glasses hanging around her neck.

"Today, I will continue my lecture: Exploding the Myths, Men, Women, and Power." She started talking, throwing slides up, pacing back and forth, speaking passionately about gender stereotypes, behavior, the "constructed nature of identity."

Abe rolled his eyes and groaned. Finally, Dr. Eris paused and said, "Are there any questions?"

Abe's hand shot up.

"Abe? Right?"

"Yes," Abe said. "You claim that there is no biological basis to assumptions about male and female personalities, but men have more testosterone, which makes us more aggressive. Women have less, which is why they lack aggression."

"You obviously never pledged a sorority," Dr. Eris said, and the class laughed.

"I have research right here," Abe said, tapping his pile of papers.

"Impressive. I can produce an equal pile of research showing that women can be just as aggressive as men."

"But what about--"

"Abe. See me after class. I will be glad to discuss this with you then, but there are other questions."

When class ended, Abe started to leave, but Professor Eris called to him, so he went down to see her. "Are you going to complain that I was engaging in micro-aggressions? Do you need to go to your safe room?"

Dr. Eris smiled. "Abe, you are obviously very unhappy and frustrated, and I think I know why."

"Really? Why?"

"Because you're a virgin."

Abe's jaw dropped open. "What? No. On prom night, me and Edith Levine..."

"I know you like to tell that story, but we both know it isn't true. You have never been with a woman. In fact, you're scared of women. Tell the truth."

"How do you know this? Have you been spying on me?"

"No. I am a goddess."

Abe shook his head and laughed nervously, thinking this woman was insane, but then right before his eyes she started to grow taller and taller, and her eyes flashed as sparks seemed circle around her head. "Whoa."

"Abe, the thing is, I really don't think you're much of a man, and I have decided you'd be happier as a woman, so..."

Abe felt something swelling on his chest, and looked down to see breasts pushing out the front of his t-shirt. "Wait! No!" He said, his voice cracking as he put his hands on the breasts, trying to push them back into his body.

The changes stopped. "What?" Eris said. "You don't agree with my assessment?"

"I don't want to be a girl. I'm a dude, a player-- "

"Abe? Honesty?"

"I'm a wanna-be player. Anyway, don't do this. Please."

Eris considered. "Very well. I'll offer you a chance to prove yourself worthy of manhood."

"How? I'll do anything."

"I will give you one week to prove you are a man. You need only, to use the parlance of the times, get laid. Do that, and I leave you as you are. Fail, and you will become a basic bitch."

"That's it?" Abe said, relieved. "I have to get laid? I want to do that anyway."

"Well, you can't just hire a prostitute. You need to have consensual sex."

"Fine."

"So, you agree to the terms?"

"I agree. Whatever." Abe felt his body turn back to normal, and he sighed with relief.

Poor mortal fool, she thought. What a lousy negotiator. Too bad it didn't occur to him to specify that I can't interfere.

Abe left the lecture hall in a state of freak out panic. Not only had he just met a deity, but he had to get laid in a week or else-- he didn't even want to think about it. So, who did he know who might sleep with him?

No one, he had to admit. His constant quoting of Fox News and Breitbart had not endeared him to the ladies. Well, so what? This was college, and everyone just wanted to get some. He pulled out his phone and logged into Tinder. "I'll just like everyone," he decided. "One is

bound to.. no. She looks too liberal. Too hippie crunch. She isn't hot." Eventually, after nearly an hour, he managed to like about 8 women. None popped back as matches, though.

Damn.

He went back to his dorm room, dug through the pile of debris next to his bed, and he found it: a black book with gold lettering: The Player. He decided he better freshen up on the game and started to skim through the book, remembering the basic tricks: neg her, demonstrate some value or skill near her but not at her, alternate between attraction and disinterest signals, make sure she knows she is no big deal.

Abe smiled. It would be so easy to play mind games with some ditzy girl. He just needed a target!

As if on cue, his phone beeped. He looked. Tinder match! Her handle was Quickie2000. He texted the girl. Wanna Hook Up?

She texted right back: Meet me at Starbucks. Student Union.

Abe nodded. Oh, yes. Just as he'd always thought. All he had to do was really put himself out there and the ladies would come running. He'd just been too busy studying. He pulled off his t-shirt, went into the bathroom and sprayed himself down with Axe Body spray, then used a pick to straighten up his curly hair, guzzled some mouth wash, then smiled at himself in the mirror, saying, "You have the hair. You have the teeth." It was his favorite line from his favorite actor, Nick Cage, the single greatest actor America had ever known!

Then he flexed his scrawny arms and pounded himself on his narrow bird chest. Though in his mind he saw himself as lean and ripped, Abe actually had a scrawny and undefined body like a young, pre-teen boy. He never seemed to make it to the gym, instead spending

hours watching Bill O'Reilly and Sean Hannity ranting and raving while also surfing online porn, imagining himself dominating those bitches.

Well, Eris, he thought, thanks to you the women of Princeton are about to experience Uber-Abe, and their world will never be the same.

Abe sprayed some more Axe into himself, pulled on his t-shirt, grabbed some condoms and headed over to the union. When he got there, he spotted Quickie right away, and he frowned. She was--chunky. Not fat, per se, but not a smoking hot babe like Abe deserved. Still, he remembered the feeling of his changing body and decided he could settle.

Their eyes met. Abe smiled what he considered his sexy, confident smile and walked over. "Hey," he said.

"Hey," she said, looking up at him. "You're taller than I expected."

"Yeah. I get that a lot. "He thought through his list of negs to use on her. "Your hair looks goofy. Is that your natural color?"

The girl looked at him oddly, plucking at her hair. "Bland, mousy brown? Yes. They don't make this color because no one wants it."

Oh, no. Abe mentally kicked himself, but decided to play it off. "Whatever. As if I care. So, should we go back to your room, or mine?"

"I need to make sure I can trust you first," the girl said. "This campus is full of creeps. Let's hang a little until I feel safe with you."

"Whatever," Abe said. They got in line. Thinking about The Player, he remembered he had to show her his value somehow. "Let me buy you something. I have so many rewards points if's crazy."

"We should go Dutch. This is just a hook up."

Damn. Abe looked around nervously. He didn't want people to know he was going to sleep with someone so average. He came to the front of the line, and the barista said, "What can I get for you?"

"I'll have a--Eris!?" Abe hadn't even looked at the barista until he'd been about to order, but there she was, standing right there, and her name tag even read Eris. She looked much younger now, but she had a nasty twinkle in her eyes.

"Hey, Abe. You smell so manly! What can I get for you?"

Abe was about to order a quadruple espresso, but then he put his hand on his hip, thrust it out to the side and in a slightly higher, sing-song voice said, "Omigod! Pumpkin Spice Lattes are back!"

No, Abe screamed in his mind. No! But his mouth kept talking. "I'll have the biggest Pumpkin Spice Latte you ever made, and plenty of whipped cream!"

"I know how you like it," Eris said. "You're so basic."

"I know, right?" Abe answered, cringing, wanting to run and hide. Abe felt like everyone in the store was staring at him, and glancing at Quckie2000, he saw she was looking at him with an amused little look on her face. When it came to her turn, she ordered a small coffee, black, and Abe felt himself wither even more.

Their coffees came, and they found a table. "That's an unusual drink order--for a man." Quickie2000 said.

Abe laughed. "I ...um...was just messing around." He found himself staring at the latte. He wanted it so bad, it was like every cell in his body was aching for a heavenly taste of pumpkin spice.

"The barista seemed to know just how you like your lattes."

"She's crazy," Abe said. "We mess with each other."

"Hmmmmnnnn."

"Well," Abe said. "Since I ordered it--as a joke--haha-- I might as well taste it, right?"

"Sure."

Abe wrapped his lips around the straw and sucked, rolling his eyes, and then seeing Quickie looking at him oddly again, he suddenly felt like it probably looked like--but he couldn't stop. Instead, he closed his eyes and found himself bobbing up and down on the straw, making a soft moaning sound.

"Is he doing what I think he's doing?" Someone at the next table said.

"I only just met him," Quickie said, scooting away.

Abe came back to himself, pulling himself off the straw, whipped cream dripping from his lips. What the hell? He glanced over at Eris. She was laughing.

Quickie stood up. "Okay," she said. "This isn't happening."

"Wait," Abe said, wiping his mouth, panicking. "I was just messing around. I'm not a creepy! I swear."

"I'm not worried you're a creep," Quickie said, and then, feeling compassionate, she stepped closer and in a low voice said, "I don't want to be your beard."

"Beard?"

"It's pretty obvious you're gay."

"Me?" Abe said, horrified, and in a loud voice. "No way. I am a total player!"

At that, the people who'd been watching the scene burst out laughing. "Bye," Quickie said, walking out.

Furious, Abe marched over to Eris, who grabbed his hand and pulled him to the back room. "What the hell was that?" Abe said. "You ruined my chances with that girl!"

"I made it more difficult," Eris said.

"You can't do that. It isn't our bet."

"You never specified that I couldn't interfere."

"I never? I didn't? Doesn't that go without saying?"

"Nope. In fact, you even said--whatever. This is whatever."

"How am I supposed to get laid if you make me act like I'm gay?"

"I didn't make you act gay, Abe. I made you act like what you really are deep inside: a basic bitch."

"I'm not a basic bitch!" He shrieked. "Omigod!"

"The clock is ticking," Eris said.

"This is so unfair!"

"Tick tock.... Tick tock...."

Abe stormed out, but on his way out of the Starbucks he grabbed his pumpkin latte. He so needed it right now. Going back to his room, Abe spent another hour on Tinder, then signed up for OKCupid, Plenty of Fish, and Match.com. Then, he remembered the activity board down the hall where all the upcoming activities were posted. Maybe there would see something, some event where he could go and try to meet someone... someplace there would be nothing to order.

There! In two nights. The Young Republicans were having a soiree to celebrate the release of Tucker Carlson's new book-- Martinis and Mushrooms. Perfect! He would just have to wait until the conservative girls got drunk enough, and then he would swoop in and unleash The Player!

Okay. He did need to study. He pulled out his macro-economics textbook and started to read and highlight. When he graduated he wanted to go right to work for Goldman Saks, and then after building up the capital and contacts, of course he would start his own hedge fund and be a billionaire by the time he was 30--with trophy wife on his arm, of course.

He fell asleep, reading and dreaming of his future life as the next Donald Trump.

Abe woke in the morning with an urgent need to pee and, getting up, he adjusted the straps on his tank top, one of which had slid off his shoulder. Once in the bathroom, he untied the front of his pajama bottoms, slipped them down over his wide hips, then sat down on the toilet, yawning as he peed, brushing the bangs out of his eyes. Finally, he rolled up some toilet paper and got ready to wipe himself, and it was only then that he suddenly realized what he was doing, blushing with embarrassment even though he was alone.

What the hell? He stood up, looking at the light pink tank top he was wearing, the little silk straps over his shoulders. The pajama bottoms were white, but they had a pink waist band and laces, and along the leg they read VS Angels in pink letters. He put his hands on his rounded hips. Eris! Shit, and once more brushing the bangs from his eyes he thought-- bangs?

He looked in the mirror. Shit. No. No! His massive fro was gone, his lion's mane, the sign of his manliness. In its place, he had a shaggy bob of glossy, straight black hair that came down to his jaw line and swept across his forehead in an extremely feminine manner.

"Damn it!" He hissed, kicking the pajama bottoms away and then pulling the woman's tank off, throwing them both in the corner. A sense of dread filled him, and panick. If Eris was going to make these kinds of changes to his body, his chances of getting laid were going to drop every second he delayed. He went to his dresser and opened the drawer, expecting to see panties and bras, but instead he sighed with relief to see his usual briefs, t-shirts. He slipped them on, then opened the next drawer and grabbed out a pair of jeans, and--

"Oh, my!"

He found himself staring at a pair of tights. They were black and glimmered in the morning light, and Abe felt a lump in his throat as he stared at them, reaching out with trembling fingers. Letting his finger-tips brush against the cool, silky surface, he felt his whole body tingle, and he sighed, picking the tights up, brushing them against his cheek--then threw them across the room. "NO!" He shouted, looking around the room, imagining Eris watching him. "I won't let you control me!"

Abe looked at the clock and realized he was going to be late for class unless he left, like, right now, so he wiggled into his jeans, a pair of sneakers and stuffing his books back into his satchel, he pulled on his long coat--glad it would hide his new hips--and hurried out the door.

His first class of the day was- his walk felt funny, his hips swaying slightly, and he cursed Eris-- his first class was American Literature. Of course, the professor was a liberal hippie type, forcing them to read stupid poems by women and minority writers instead of the great works of men who'd forged America, but as he headed to class, Abe thought maybe there would be someone there he could hit on? He did have a few hours between his morning and afternoon classes, and one thing about most of the Princeton coeds was that their liberal beliefs included them being filthy sluts.

Abe found himself at the Starbucks even though he had, like, no time. He just couldn't start his day without a Pumpkin Latte, and he sipped it on the way to class, reveling in the sweet, spicy taste of it.

When Abe got to class, instead of sitting in his usual seat, he grabbed a seat next to a girl he thought might be promising. Kinda average, she never seemed to wear a bra, and during the discussions she was always spewing things about "the male gaze" and women being "objectified" and how their voices were always "silenced" by sexism. Abe sat, brushing his bangs back, sighing.

"Hey," he said. What was her name? he couldn't remember, even though he must have heard it 50 times. He just thought of her as the bra-less wonder.

The girl looked at him. "Hey."

"I just wanted to say that you're, uh, comments on how that last thing we read was a product of, um, what did you say? The fluidity of gender tropes? Was that it?"

"Yeah. Are you in this class? I don't remember seeing you before?"

"Oh. Yeah. I changed my hairstyle." Abe sighed, and remembering The Player, he thought--neg. Neg. "Anyway, that was a pretty smart comment--considering you're only a freshman."

"First year student," she corrected. "What's your name?"

"Oh. Hey. Abe," he said, holding out his hand, thinking she would like it if he shook hands with her, and it would also give him a chance to show off his mighty grip.

"Oh. Wait. You're that guy." She took his hand, but when Abe squeezed a little hard, she clamped down on his like a vice, crushing it, and Abe winced and said, "Ow!"

"Sorry," the girl said, letting his hand go. "I'm on crew, so I'm pretty strong. My name's Morgan."

Abe shook his hand aching hand out. "Morgan. Nice to meet you. What do you mean, 'that guy'?"

"You're always spewing all that stupid conservative bullshit."

"Me? No," Abe said, but he could see she wasn't buying it, so he said, "Yes. I mean. I like to play Devil's advocate is all."

"You seemed like you really believe it, though."

"No. I'm totally--- you want to hang out after class?" Abe blurted out as the professor walked in.

"I don't know."

"Come on. Give me a chance."

"Okay," Morgan said. "Just for a minute or two."

Class started. They had read some stories from native Americans that were said to be works that dated back to pre-colonial times, though they had not been written down until later since the Native Americans were a verbal culture... blah... blah.... Abe found his mind drifting to the tights he'd found in his drawer, the way they'd felt against his cheek...

"Abe? Abe?"

Abe looked up. The professor was looking right at him. "Whaaaaaaa?"

"I asked what you thought about the Iroquois folk tale? The one we were just discussing? You usually see things a little differently, and I know you want to share your thought."

"Um...." Abe glanced at Morgan, took a sip of his latte, and when he spoke it was in that sing-song voice again. "Like, well, I thought it was so totally amazing and everything? How,

um, the male gaze was all, like, everywhere and hegemony was so like, on point? So, it was so craaaaaazy!"

The class looked at Abe, and the professor seemed angry for a second, but then there was a flicker, like the lights had quickly gone on and off, and then everyone laughed, and the professor just shook her head. Abe heard someone say, 'what an airhead,' and he cringed.

Class ended. Abe put his books away, feeling ashamed but also determined to save himself. "So, how about we go sit on the grass somewhere?" He said to Morgan.

Morgan seemed disinterested, but kind of shrugged and the two of them found a spot under a tree. It was a cool day, brisk, and they sat and talked for a time. "You're not as horrible as I expected," Morgan said, looking at him. She licked her lips.

"Thanks?" Abe said. There was a look in her eyes, and the way she licked her lips, he was pretty sure he could kiss her, that she wanted him to. He felt nervous, but he remembered the way his body had changed, and the way it was changing, so he leaned forward, cupping her cheek, and he kissed her, and she kissed him back.

"That was nice," Morgan said.

They exchanged numbers. Abe promised to text, and they agreed they would "hang."

When Morgan got up and went off to her next class, Abe felt euphoric. In your face, Eris, he thought. I am getting laid tonight! He walked off to his next class, hips wagging arrogantly, feeling sure that Abe, The Player, was about to score. He could go to the martini party for kicks, he thought, or to bag slut number two in what he was sure would be a very long line of conquests.

The day drifted by, and as soon as he was done with classes, Abe put some Ramen noodles in the microwave and flipped on Netflix and started streaming Pretty Little Liars.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he remembered he'd been meaning to check it out. Everyone was always talking about it after all--since, like, forever? He sat down, figuring to watch a little, then study and text Morgan, but he found himself staring, wide-eyed with wonder at the show--it was soooooo amazing. He absently ate, completely mesmerized by the adventures of the little liars, and after watching three straight episodes he glanced at his phone to see--omigod! It was after 8! He hadn't studied at all, and Morgan had texted him wanting to know if he still wanted to "hang."

Abe bit his lip and tapped out a text in response. "Yes! How about now?"

"Your place or mine?" Morgan texted back, with a bunch of emojis that made no sense to Abe.

He looked at his room--messy and smelly. "Yours," he said.

"Hurry!" Morgan texted back.

Abe's heart was racing. This was it. He was going to score, which was exciting enough, but the fact he was also going to save his manhood made it even more exciting. Don't blow this, he said. Don't blow this. Then he shook his fist at the room, imagining Eris watching. "Stay out of my way!"

He sprayed himself with some Bath and Body Works Hello Sunshine body spray, teased his hair, then putting his hands on his hips, he smiled and thought, I have the hair. I have the teeth. Time to bag myself a skank!

Slipping into his coat, he headed out the door, imagining the look on Eris' face when he won their little contest and proved he was a real man.

Morgan met him in the lobby of her building, he signed in at the front desk and they went up to her room. Abe felt himself trembling with anticipation, and tried to calm himself. When they entered the room, Morgan put a sock on the door handle, and then they sat down on her bed. "Your room is pretty nice," Abe said, wanting to neg her right away.

"Thanks."

"Did you buy this stuff at a Salvation Army store?"

"Actually, I got most of it on garbage day," Morgan said. "You'd be surprised the good shit people throw out. Let's do this."

Abe took his coat off. His t-shirt was untucked, so he hoped it would hide his hips. He sat down on the bed next to Morgan, and they put their arms around each other and kissed. Morgan's hands were on Abe's back, and as the kiss ended he felt her kind of running her hands over and between his shoulder blades, and then she made a strange face and said, "Are you wearing a bra?"

"No," Abe said, but then he became aware of the strap that across his back, the slender straps over his shoulders, and the feeling of the cups pressing tight against his chest. "No way. That's just--I have a tank top on under this."

Morgan gave him a skeptical look. "Okay, then," she said, leaning in for another kiss.

Abe stood up. "Let's just get to the love making part," he said. "You, um, make me so horny."

He unbuttoned his jeans and started to wiggle them down over his hips, but when he heard Morgan giggle, he looked down and saw a little satin bow, and beneath that lacy panties!

"What? Oh, hell." He quickly pulled his pants back up, blushing.

"It's okay," Morgan said. "I don't mind that you like to wear panties."

"I don't," Abe said. "That's perverted. These aren't even mine!" He buttoned his pants back up.

"So, you're wearing some other girl's panties?"

"No! I didn't put these on. I never saw them before! It's this--never mind."

Morgan was staring at him, shaking her head. "You are one messed up dude."

Abe ran his hands through his hair, looked at the door. Back at Morgan. He needed to get laid, and this looked like his best chance. "Let me go in the bathroom and get out of this stuff. Then we can... do the nasty."

"Um, no," Morgan said. "Never mind. You should just go."

"Wait. Please. I swear to you I don't like to wear panties. Or bras. I am a player! Let me get out of these, and I'll show you!"

"It's not that you're wearing panties that turns me off," Morgan said, getting up and opening the door to her room. "It's that you don't have the balls to be honest about who you are."

"But I'm not--"

"Goodbye, Abe."

"No. Morgan!" Abe pleaded, slipping a thumb into his shirt collar and adjusting a bra strap without even thinking about it. "I need this more than you can imagine."

"Goodbye, Abe."

Abe grabbed his coat and walked out of the room, head hanging in shame.

Walking across campus, Abe felt like everyone he passed could tell he was wearing a bra. At one point his panties started to ride up his butt crack, and he desperately wanted to pull them out, but he didn't want anyone to see him, so he just endured it, hurrying back to his room, where he immediately undressed, slipping out of the bra and panties, throwing them in the corner where his tights--oh, those pretty tights!--sat resting. He pulled open his dresser drawer-- a pile of pretty panties in soft, feminine colors greeted him, along with a variety of different bras.

Damn it! Well, he decided, I'll just have to go commando. He pulled his jeans back on, his t-shirt, and grabbing his Macro-Economics book from his back pack, he pulled back his comforter and crawled into bed to study, where he slowly drifted off to sleep.

In the morning when he woke, Abe sat and stretched. He looked down to see he was wearing the girl's tank top and Victoria Secret pajama bottoms again. Oh well, he decided. They were comfy, and no one ever saw him in them, so what did it matter, anyway?

His hair didn't seem any longer, he thought, brushing his bangs from his eyes, and he didn't have boobs, which had been a real fear after he'd found himself wearing a bra, but as he walked to the bathroom something felt--different. Like he had too much caboose. He looked back, went to the mirror and turned sideways, yelping. He now had a big, round, bouncy shapely butt--like a girl!

Oh, no, he thought looking at his booty, getting slightly turned on. Damn it! He looked at the rest of himself, and he saw that his shoulders had gotten more narrow. They actually looked

more narrow than his hips, and his fingernails sparkled with some kind of glittery silver nail polish. Well, he thought, teasing his bright blonde hair, at least I'm still a blonde. That's something.

Wait. I'm not--blonde? Abe gaped at himself in horror. His feminine bob now had a bright, summer blonde color, and even his slender plucked eyebrows were a soft gold. "Eris!" He screamed. "NOT! COOL!"

Sitting down on his bed, Abe fought against feelings of panic and despair, fear and shame. He didn't want to go out looking like this, let alone try and meet someone, get laid. He was starting to look more like a girl than a guy! What to do? He thought. What to do?

He couldn't think straight; his mind was too muddled. I need my pumpkin latte, he thought. And maybe a yoga class. Something to calm myself down. Oh, and maybe I could, like, meet a totally fun, cute girl at yoga?

Yes. That would be a good way to do it, and he needed some stretching. He was getting so stiff! But what to wear? He glanced over at his tights, still sitting in the corner with his bra and panties. He could wear these to yoga, right? He picked them up, sat on his bed and pulled them onto his legs, feeling his skin tingle with pleasure, his heart flutter.

Mustering every ounce of will power he had, Abe pushed them back down, then took them and put them gently back in the dresser. "I am not wearing tights," he insisted. Ever.

Instead, he put a pair of short, black nylon shorts in his gym bag along with a tank top and a towel, then he tossed some gluten free cookies in as well, for a snack. He tried to step into his jeans, but he couldn't get them on, so he lay on his bed with his legs in the air and tugged them over his big butt and wide hips, then slipped on a pair of sandals and a cable knit sweater before tossing a plum colored scarf around his neck. He looked at his fingernails, with their sparkling nail polish, but just decided he would have to do his best to hide them.

Abe hurried across campus to Starbucks, his hips wiggling, and he actually thought he heard some guy say, "Nice ass", as he passed, but he just ignored it, and when he got to Starbucks and found himself standing in line, he anxiously twisted his hair around his finger, biting his lip as his whole body ached for his daily latte. As soon as his order came up, Abe took a long drink, the sweet and tart coffee tingling as it went down his throat, and he closed his eyes and sighed with relief, making a little squeaky sound as the warm sweet latte filled his belly.

"I love the way you fill out those jeans," he heard a guy say, and then he felt a hand squeeze his butt. Abe spun, furious, intending to tell the guy off, but when he looked at him, he saw he had deep green eyes with speckles of caramel, and a square, cleft chin, and the most delicious lips, and Abe found himself staring into those eyes, wondering what it would be like to kiss him.

"Oh, hell," the boy said. "You're a dude. Sorry." He turned and walked away.

Abe shook his head, unable to think or speak as he realized with horror that he'd been thinking about kissing another guy. What the hell? But, of course, it occurred to him right away--Eris. He stomped his foot angrily, then looking at his phone he realized he barely had time to make it to yoga, so he tossed his scarf around his neck and hurried over to the gym.

Going into the men's locker room, he felt shy about his changing body, and then he realized that at some point he'd ended up wearing a bra and panties again, so he took his gym bag into a shower stall and stripped, throwing the lacy lime colored bra and panty set into his gym bag and then slipping into his short, nylon shorts and racerback tank top. The shorts were a daffodil color and very short, a little girly, for sure, but at least his legs were smooth and hairless, though he didn't remember shaving them. The tank top was black, but had the more slender straps like girls wore. He didn't want to spend too much time in the locker room with the boys and have them checking out his clothes, so he hurried out and to the yoga studio, relieved when he walked in that there weren't any boys in the class.

"Hi!" The yoga teacher said when he walked in. "Is this your first time?"

"Um, yeah," Abe said.

"Great. You are so welcome. Grab a yoga mat from the wall, and you can just sit or stretch until class time."

"Thanks!" Abe said, grabbing a mat and finding a spot, oblivious to the mystified glances of the girls as they saw his plump, shapely rear.

"I love your hair," a girl sitting next to him, doing child's pose said.

Abe slipped into child's pose as well, "Thanks, he said. "Those leggings are amazing. Where did you get them?"

He chatted with her for a while, not even aware of how feminine the conversation sounded, and then class started and he found himself flowing through his sun salutations, down dogs and goddess poses like he'd been doing it his whole life. When the class finished, the teacher read a meditation and then rang a small gong, and Abe opened his eyes, smiling brightly.

"That was great, right?" The girl next to him said as she rolled up her mat.

"Omigod," Abe said. "I needed it so bad!"

"And don't forget. Go to Lulumon for the most amazing yoga clothes."

"I will. It was so nice to meet you. Say," Abe said, remembering his mission. "Can I get your number? Maybe we can hang out sometime?"

"Sure," the girl said. "Do you maybe want my name as well?"

"What? Oh yeah. Sure."

"It's Wendy. Give me your phone."

She put her numbers in his phone, gave him a hug and then headed off. Abe watched her walk out, admiring how gracefully she moved, and when he left, he subconsciously tried to walk more like her.

With yoga done and his latte fix managed, Abe changed, refusing to put on his bra and panties, though he felt them pop on as soon as he walked out of the locker room, and then he found himself hurrying over to his calculus... no. To Philosophy of Art. It was, like, so cool to learn about art, and plus since he wanted to do public relations he totally needed to understand art because relating was an art.

Slipping into his seat, pulling out his laptop and notebook, Abe looked around the room as he waited for class to start, at first wondering if any of the girls might be able to save him, but then his eyes drifted to the boys, and he found himself looking at their shoulders and their clothes, wondering which ones might be single and -

"Ugh," he said out loud. "Why is she doing this to me?"

"You made the bet, honey."

Abe turned and saw Eris sitting next to him, only now she sported thick, horn-rimmed glasses and baggy, hipster college chick clothes.

"How am I supposed to get someone to sleep with me when you're making me look like a girl?" Abe hissed, leaning close so no one could hear.

"It's just to make it a little more challenging," Eris said. "Nothing a real man couldn't handle."

"And I guess that's also why I suddenly find myself checking out guys?"

"Yup."

"Well, it isn't..." Just then the professor walked into the room, and Abe's jaw dropped open. He sure is a silver fox, Abe thought, drinking in the man's handsome face and thick, silver hair.

"You said, it girl," Eris said, and then she disappeared.

It wasn't until Abe left class, thinking of his dreamy professor, that he realized he was supposed to be in calculus. His major wasn't public relations. It was... what was it? What had it been? He stopped walking, looking around campus, feeling like he was about to scream. He was losing himself, forgetting who he really was, what he wanted.

The martini and mushroom party. The Republican girls would be drunk and totally turned on by Tucker Carlson's country club comedy. The jokes about poor people wanting health care always got them off, stuff about exploiting immigrants and then deporting them, convincing trailer trash losers to vote for tax cuts for billionaires, that stuff got those nasty women hot and wet as hell. All he had to do was get one of them to go back to his room with him, slip into the bathroom to shed his bra and panties, then do the deed!

Getting ready for the party turned out to be a huge struggle. Abe sat for twenty minutes caressing a pair of tights before finally slipping them on, figuring he could shed them along

with his women's underwear when the time came, but he just felt naked without them, and he needed all the confidence he could get.

His tuxedo had altered to fit his new body, but that meant that the coat had a narrow waist, and it clung to his hips, showing off his feminine figure. Looking in the mirror, he thought he looked androgynous, kind of a boy girl, or girl boy, but there was nothing he could do about it, so fighting down the urge to slip into the black pumps he'd found sitting next to his bed, he slipped into his male dress shoes and sprayed himself with Bath and Body works body spray.

He felt so nervous, he decided he needed a few drinks before the party, so he went to his closet and cleared his stuff away, looking for his bottle of Dewar's scotch, which since he wasn't 21 he had to keep hidden, but instead he found a bottle Chardonnay called Flowers. "Eris!" He cursed. "Come on!"

Sighing, he poured a glass full of the wine, and took a sip, crinkling his nose, but then as the wine poured down his throat and pooled so warm and sweet in his belly, he smiled, then giggled. This is so good, he thought looking at the bottle, reading the label. And it's organic? And made using sustainable farming techniques? Omigod. How did I never know about this before? I loooooove it!

He took another drink and another. Then, he plugged his speakers into his laptop and hit shuffle. Selena Gomez' "Come and Get It" started pounding, and Abe squealed, raising his free arm up over his head, shaking his hips while sipping wine. By the time he headed woozily over to the party, he'd drank the whole bottle of wine.

The night was a blur. Abe immediately got himself a martini, and he worked the room, just rolling with it when people commented on his hair, or looking at his hips asked him if he'd put on weight. He spotted a lonely looking girl sitting by herself in a corner, looking around hopefully--he'd met her at other events, though he couldn't remember her name. She looked prime for the taking, so he brought a drink over to her, and they talked, and laughed, and talked some more, and they were both really drunk when they stumbled back to Abe's place. Abe lit his pumpkin candles, and put on some soothing yoga music. They kissed, and

then Abe remembered his women's underwear and in a panic he ran to the bathroom and got out of his bra, wiggled out of his panties. Still needing a little more courage, he swallowed some mouth wash on top of the wine and the martinis, and then he stumbled back into the bedroom and passed out, falling right on his face.

Abe's head pounded, and pushed his long blonde hair from his eyes, looking around the room, trying to remember where he was, what happened. There'd been a girl. She'd come home with him. They were going to do it, but then she - no he had passed out.

Damn! He thought. Shit.

He pulled the strap of his tank top up over his smooth, slender little shoulder, covered his face and felt his arms press against his breasts. He looked down and saw the small, round swelling pushing out the front of his shirt. Shit. So now he had to try and get laid with tits and ass?

He went to the bathroom and splashed some water onto his face, then looked at himself, shaking his head in disbelief. He had a girl's face now. Heart shaped, sweet, smooth and pretty--or maybe just cute? He saw his breasts now in the mirror, small, but pert, pushing out the front of his shirt, and either his waist had gotten more narrow or his hips wider, or maybe both, but worst of all he'd been miniaturized. Whereas he'd once had to stoop to see his face fully in the mirror, he now came to only half the mirror's height. His blonde hair now brushed the tops of his shoulders. His bloodshot eyes burned, and to his shame Abe found himself crying, and he went and curled up on his bed, hugging his legs to his chest, weeping quietly. How was he ever supposed to get laid now? Looking like this? How could he have been so stupid to get so drunk that he passed out?

I never had a chance, he thought. Eris rigged this whole thing from the beginning. She made me pass out! She cheated!

Or had he just been careless? Drank too much?

He thought about Bill O'Reilly, and how that great man had always said that people had to take responsibility for their own actions, how only whiners and liberal wimps blamed other people for their problems.

I made the bet. I drank the drinks, Abe thought. And I need to do what I need to do to prove my manhood. And yet, it seemed so hard, so impossible. He cupped his breasts. No woman would want to sleep with a puny blonde boy with his own boobs. Eris had won. He had to face it. He was going to be stuck as a woman, and his only hope was that he would be able to find a strong man to take care of him.

But, then, Abe thought of his heroes and gave himself a little pep talk. Did Elle Woods give up when her legal case seemed unwinnable in Legally Blonde? NO! Did Bella give up when it seemed like her mom was gonna be killed by that mean, ugly vampire? NO! Did Elphaba give up when, well, everything went wrong and she failed at everything? NEVER!

Abe sat up and wiped away his tears.

He still had days, and the fact that he looked like this now, well, that wasn't going to stop him. He would find a way to get laid, and he would get the last laugh, just like Cady Heron got the last laugh on The Plastics--but first, he needed a pumpkin latte, like, so bad.

And a shower.

And some lotion!

My skin is so dry! He thought, getting into the shower, getting his luffa and then filling it with his favorite Oil of Olay body wash. It smelled so pretty, and it would help keep his skin soft. But he did wonder if he might have time to go by the spa at some point. He would be totally embarrassed to have a girl touch him and feel his sandpaper skin!

Abe slipped on his panties and bra--he knew he would end up wearing them anyway, so why fight it? Then, a cute pair of sheer tights before pulling on some black sweat pants that read Pink on the side, and a slightly baggy white sweatshirt that said the same thing on the back, but at least didn't cling to his boobs. He found tennis shoes--pink Chuck Taylor's with white laces, and though they looked too small to fit on the feet of anyone over 12 years old they snugly fit on his. When he went to the bathroom to check himself out and run a brush through his hair, he happened to glance at row of mason jars on a table next to the sink--inside: foundation, lip sticks, eyeliners, and all different pretty colors of eyeshadow and blush. Seeing them, he took a deep breath and immediately fought off the urge to do some work on his face. Instead, he almost ran from the bathroom, grabbing his duffle bag and throwing it over his shoulder, then shoving some bracelets onto his wrist and heading out the door, feeling ridiculous that he was wearing girl's clothes, and all from Victoria's Secret, no less. What would Bill O'Reilly say if he saw me now? Abe wondered, then he tossed his blonde hair and giggled.

He'd probably say he'd get me a job at Fox News if I gave him a BJ, Abe thought, and then he smiled at the idea, wondering what it would be like to get in his knees and do Bill--

OMIGOD! I have to stop this right now!

Abe could feel the eyes of guys checking him out as he walked across campus, and he felt both ashamed and kind of turned on by it. He tried to force his attention to the girls, letting his eyes wander up and down, from head to toe, but his mind kept betraying him. He saw a girl with a really great rack, and he thought--I wish I had boobs like that.

Or, he found himself looking at their hair and either wanting to know where they got it done, or getting bitchy and thinking--does she actually think anyone is going to believe that's her real hair color? His eyes locked onto accessories like shoes and bracelets, and he found himself staring at a pair of knee high boots with heels, practically drooling.

He felt small and vulnerable with what seemed like half the campus taller than him now, even a fair number of the women. It made him feel like a child.

As he waited in line at Starbucks, the guy behind him said, "Your hair looks great."

Abe giggled and hooked it behind his ear, saying "thanks," hearing his new, high-pitched soprano for the first time.

"Is that your natural color?" The guy added with a smothering of snark.

Abe felt totally deflated, and said, "Um, yeah," in a defensive tone, suddenly self-conscious as to whether he looked like a bottle blonde. "It's rude to ask that," he said, petulantly.

"Whatever," the guy said, looking at the menu board.

It irked Abe that the guy was just ignoring him, so he said, "You're the kind of guy who gives guys a bad name."

"I know," the guy said.

Abe's mouth dropped open, and he put his hands on his hips, determined to put this rude boy in his place. By the time they got to the front of the line, he'd given the boy his phone number, entering his name as Abreehanna and he felt totally smug about how easily he'd--

Wait, Abe realized as he sat down, crossing his long legs at the knee and sipping his latte. He totally Played me! Abe played the conversation over in his mind--the neg, the acting disinterested.... It was all right out of the book! That was immediately followed by a confusing rush of thoughts, like, he thought I was a girl, I can't believe I fell for that, but that means he's into me! Gross, but it would be kinda funny if he texted me, and we went on a date! Abe was twisting his bracelets around his slender little wrist, gating and loving the fact that a guy was into him, but pretty sure if he did text he would go out with him 'cause he was totes cute and --

"NO!" Abe shrieked, standing up. Everyone at Starbucks froze, staring at him. Abe felt like a total freak and giggled. "Just, um, working on my lines for drama class," he said, sitting back down, plastering a vacant smile on his pretty face.

Wendy, he decided, thinking of the girl from yoga class. He had to see if he could get with her--and fast. Just in case, he spent about ten minutes liking every single face that popped up on Tinder, and when three popped up as mutual matches, she messaged them DTF? And then hurried off to yoga.

The boy's locker room was out of the question, as much as he found himself longing to see all those ripped, muscled bodies. Instead he snuck sheepishly into the girl's locker room, changing into his yoga pants and sports bra, then pulling his sweatshirt back on, hoping it was enough to hide his budding breasts.

He found his yoga mat, and some of the girls he'd met the day before said hi, not even seeming to notice the changes in him, and he waited anxiously for Wendy to show up, but when class started, she wasn't there, so Abe just decided to let it go and make the most of the class, because it really did so totally help him deal with tension and stuff.

After, Abe went to his Studio class, learning about lighting and camera work, and then he hurried back to his room, horrified at all the confusing thought in his little head as he kept finding himself checking out guy's butts as he walked across campus.

Back in his room, he threw himself on his bed and sighed, then decided to light his candles, turn on his laptop and watch an episode or two of Pretty Little Liars. It would help distract him from his strange body, and besides he could still Tinder... wait, he thought, running his hands through his long hair, looking down at his small breasts.

What would any girl say when she liked him based on his old picture and this petite little blonde showed up?

They would walk away without a second thought. There was no way Tinder would work. Ugh. He dropped his phone and turned his attention to the screen on his laptop, his eyes sparkling with girlish glee as he watched his new favorite show. Still drained from his night of drinking, he drifted off to sleep, rolling onto his back and hugging a pillow to his chest, dreaming of Ezra Fitz, and what it would be like to kiss him.

When Abe woke up, he had cotton mouth, and a pounding headache, plus he was starving! He pulled his tangled blonde hair out of his eyes and tapped on the spacebar of his laptop, which had gone into sleep mode. Squinting, he saw that it was after 7PM, and thinking back he realized he hadn't eaten all day, and his tiny little body was aching for some food. He didn't have anything in his room, so he would have to go out, but he didn't feel safe going out alone at night. It really wasn't safe for a girl like him.

Without much hope, he texted Wendy, then drank some water and brushed out his hair. When his phone buzzed, he checked it out and grinned. Wendy was up for dinner! She texted where? Abe shook his head. He was so bad at making decisions! So, he just texted back, anywhere gluten free and organic.

Ur so basic, Wendy texted back.

Abe rolled his eyes as he texted back, I know! Right?

Still half asleep, Abe went into the bathroom and put on some foundation, eyeliner. It wasn't until he found himself painting his lips a cotton candy pink that he stopped, realizing he'd started doing his makeup without even thinking. He thought about taking it off, but then figured why bother? Besides, it actually did make him look even prettier, and he felt more confident in himself now, so he slipped some earrings into his ear holes, primped his hair, and then waited for Wendy to come over so they could walk together to Groovy Pies, a totally amazing pizza place with the best gluten free, organic pizza in the whole world!

On some vague level, Abe remembered that he hated all that hippie stuff and had spent his whole life making fun of dumb girls who went for that sort of thing, but he didn't have the

energy to care anymore. He was hungry, Wendy wanted to go there, and so whatevs. Maybe even in his current state Wendy would agree to sleep with him? Maybe she would rescue him from this fate?

Wendy came by, and they walked to Groovy Pies together, making small talk about their yoga class. Once they were there, they ate, and then Abe finally worked up the courage to say, "Are you seeing anyone right now?"

"Yeah," Wendy said.

Abe felt his heart drop.

"You?"

"No. It's kind of hard to meet girls when I look like this."

"So, you like girls?"

"Of course," Abe said, though he immediately felt a little guilt as he recalled how he'd been checking out guys lately.

"I didn't mean to be rude or anything. I just thought, or maybe..."

"It's a hormonal imbalance," Abe blurted out.

Wendy looked at him with his Victoria's Secret ensemble, light make up and sparkling earrings and thought--poor guy. Is he in denial or just embarrassed? Well, it didn't matter.

He seemed very sweet, and she wanted to help him. "Have you tried Craigslist, or maybe there is a website for girls who like curvy guys?"

"Hmmmnnnnnn," Abe said. "Like, um, that does sound like a good idea. You're so smart! Thanks."

"I guess you're not as basic as I thought," Wendy said.

'Oh, I am sooooo basic," Abe said, giggling. "So, wait, I don't want to make this all about me. Tell me about--what was your boyfriend's name?"

"Eris, and he is so..."

"Eris?" Abe said, his voice rising into an angry squeak.

"Yeah. Do you know him?"

"Maybe. When did you meet?"

"Oh! Great story! It was actually right after yoga yesterday! My hat suddenly blew off, and I thought it was going to blow right into traffic, but then suddenly Eris appeared out of nowhere, and then..."

Abe half listened, smiling and laughing at the right times, but inside he was both seething and feeling more hopeless. No matter what he did, Eris always got in the way. She was a goddess! How was he supposed to beat her?

The night ended. Wendy walked Abe home, and they hugged and then Wendy grabbed his hands and said, "I like you. It's too bad I just met someone, or I might go out with you."

Abe licked his lips. "Maybe this is too forward or rude or whatever, but would you consider, um, like, maybe would you....?"

"What?" Wendy said, confused.

"I'm a virgin." Abe whispered. "And I'm kinda desperate to lose it, and I wonder...?"

"Oh!" Wendy said, as she realized what her pretty little friend was asking. 'Oh, dear. Oh, I am so flattered you want me to be your first, but I can't, honey."

"I'm desperate!" Abe blurted out.

"It's not that big of a deal. You'd be surprised how many of kids come to college still virgins."

Abe felt the hot tears pouring down his cheeks.

"Oh, sweetie," Wendy said, giving him a hug, walking him over to a bench near the door. They sat quietly while a couple people walked past. "What is it? What's going on?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Try me."

Abe took a deep breath, and he told her all about Eris and the bet, and how his body had changed and he was just, like, so totes scared. "So, if you would just have sex with me, please, then I can save my manhood."

Wendy touched Abe on the cheek., and they stared into each other's eyes. "You're so vulnerable right now," she said, "and so sweet and.... Maybe I could...?"

"Yo! Bey!"

"Eris!" Wendy said, shocked, looking at the boy she's just met as he walked up to her.

Abe stood, furious. "How dare you?" He shrieked. "Play with her feelings like that."

Eris held his arms up. "What's going on? What did I do?" He looked at Wendy.

Wendy looked at the boy, shaking her head, looking back at Abe. He'd been so convincing and sincere, but now all that stuff about goddesses and bets seemed like insanity. "Abe, just wait."

"No!" Abe said. "I've waited long enough and..."

"Hey, cutie pie," he heard a familiar voice call. He turned and saw Eris wearing a sorority t-shirt and a puffy vest, which Abe did have to admit was really cute. "Looking for me?"

"Eris," Abe hissed.

"We're gonna take off," Wendy called, taking 'Eris' arm and pulling him away, leaving Abe and real Eris to face each other.

Eris smiled down at Abe. "You're so short," she said, reaching out and touching his pretty blonde hair.

Abe knocked her hand away. "Don't touch me."

"Spoken like a true virgin."

"Leave me alone," Abe said.

"You're going to be such a cute little piece of ass," Eris said. "Guys are going to be lining up to bang you."

"I don't care!" Abe screamed. "Why are you even here, you bitch!?"

"Just wanted to make sure you didn't attack my sprite."

"What?"

"The sprite I had take on the shape of a boy and cast a charm spell on Wendy, of course."

"So, that's how you did it."

"Yup. All just part of the fun of being a goddess."

Abe turned away, meaning to rush back to his room, but then Eris called, "Wait. You want out of this bet?"

Abe eyed her warily. "How?"

"Admit that you are hardly a man. Instead of turning into a girl, you will stay just as you are now."

"Like this?" Abe said, gesturing down at his body.

"You're still male, at least," Eris said.

"Barely."

"Take it or leave it."

Abe thought about. Maybe it would be better to settle for this, to cut his losses. It wouldn't be so bad, better than being turned into a girl and having guys hitting on him all the time. He bit on his finger, and was just about to say yes, but then he thought about Demi Lovato, and her amazing song, Confident, and the words and music began to play in his head:

It's time for me to take it

I'm the boss right now

Not gonna fake it

Not when you go down

'Cause this is my game

And you better come to play

"No freakin' way," Abe said, putting a hand on his hip and wagging his little finger. "You're out of your mind if you think I'm giving up!"

Eris covered her mouth, giggling. "Have it your way, Abreehanna."

Back in his room, Abe sat down with his pink MacBook and searched craigslist. Everything was on there, and maybe he could find someone, so even though when he didn't find any women looking for guys who looked like girls, he put up his own add, and made it clear he wanted casual sex.

Then, with nothing better to do, he put on his pajamas, cleaned off his make-up and pulled his pink and lace sleep mask over his eyes, and went to sleep.

In the morning, it took Abe a few minutes to realize that his breasts had swelled, and he now had a C-cup, a fact which both mortified and pleased him. He was still technically male, at least, he thought as he tucked himself into a pair of panties, then pulled on a bra. All of his posters of women and athletes were gone. Now, his walls were covered with inspirational sayings.

If at first you don't succeed, fix your ponytail and try again.

Chin up, princess, or the crown slips.

Real girls are never perfect, and perfect girls are never real.

Omigod, he thought. These were so much better than slutty pictures of Jessica Alba and a dumb picture of Tom Brady throwing a football. I mean, he was wearing his helmet and you couldn't even see his pretty eyes! I am going to so totally keep all this when I turn back into a boy!

Duly inspired, Abe crawled and propping his chin on his hands, he lay with his legs crossed at the ankles and opened his laptop, squealing with excitement to see someone had answered his ad and that they were dtf.

Omigod, he thought. I am like, such a lucky girl!

He emailed back that he would be glad to meet for some "afternoon delight" and that he too was totes dtf, then he started to get ready, determined to make himself as pretty as possible. Lighting his pumpkin candles, he shaved his whole body, running his fingertips over his silky thighs, then exfoliated. After, it was make-up and doing his hair, then jewelry. Since his hook up wanted guys that looked like girls, he could finally show off his legs in a pair of his sexy tights, so he slipped on a pair that had kittens on the thighs, and then a corset dress with a short, pleated skirt before finally slipping on a pair of heels.

Looking in the mirror, he put a hand on his hip and turned and turned, smiling, checking himself out from different angles. "You got the boobs," he said looking at himself. "You got the butt. Go get her!"

Grabbing his purse, Abe went out the door, feeling confident and pretty, sure that he was about to get laid, and get back to being a man.

His date lived off campus, so Abe made his way over. As he walked across campus, he saw a couple holding hands and smiled, his heart melting. They looked so cute together! He felt a little pang of jealousy toward the girl. She was lucky to have such a hot boyfriend, and he was sooooo tall!

Abe knocked on the door, and in a few moments it swung open to reveal a tall, gorgeous blonde wearing a tank dress that hugged her breasts and hips. But Abe didn't feel turned on at all. Instead, he just compared her body to his, and he felt like he was just as hot at least.

"Abreehanna?" The woman said.

"Yes," Abe answered, smiling shyly. "Taylor?"

"This is me," she said. "Come on in."

Abe walked in, and Taylor said, "That's a really cute dress."

"Thanks," Abe said, flushing with pride.

"A lot of girls were wearing those--last year."

Abe frowned at that, annoyed and a little embarrassed.

"Want a drink?"

"Um, yeah," Abe said, playing with a few strands of his hair. "I'm a little nervous."

"Me, too," Taylor said. "What's your poison?"

"Oh, whatever you're having."

"Kentucky bourbon, then," Taylor said. "I used to be a wine drinker, believe it or not."

"Oh," Abe said, distracted, not really paying attention.

"Have a seat," Taylor said with a smile. "I'll be right back with our drinks."

"Thanks," Abe said looking around the room. Flat screen television. Xbox. Miller light beer sign. I guess she has a boyfriend, he thought. Or maybe just a guy roomie. Well, too bad for him if she did have one. In one corner, he did see an inspirational quote, framed: "You attract what you are, not what you want. If you want great, be great."

He smiled. Omigod. That is so wise! I should add that to my room.

Taylor came back, handing Abe a large rocks glass full of brown bourbon.

"Are you trying to get me drunk?" Abe said, giggling.

"Yes," Taylor said. "To winning," she said.

"To winning!" Abe said, pleased with the irony. They chatted a little. It was awkward, and Abe guzzled down his bourbon, nervous about what he was about to do, how it would feel, and excited that he would win the bet with Eris. The room seemed to turn sideways, and the glass dropped from his hand. "I don't feel well," Abe said, putting his hands to his head.

"Don't worry," Taylor said, getting up. "That's just the drugs I put in your drink."

"Whaaaaa?"

She got Abe on his knees and pushed him forward, his butt in the air, and then felt him reach under his skirt and pull his panties down his thighs to his knees. Abe glanced back, and he saw her lift her skirt and pull down her own panties, letting her stiff member pop free. Abe squinted, looked back blurrily, shaking his head.

"I'm really sorry about this," Taylor said. "But I made a bet with this stupid goddess, and unless I bang you I am going to be stuck with a Johnson."

"Eris," Abe murmured through his drugged out stupor.

"That's right," Taylor said, grabbing Abe's hips. "I couldn't believe it when I saw your ad," Taylor said, thrusting into Abe.

Abe squealed, and started crying.

"I mean, what were the odds?"

Abe felt her slamming into him, he heard a smacking sound as Taylor pounded into him. His soft breasts pressed into the floor and it hurt. His eyes were blinded by tears.

"Believe me," Taylor. "I am enjoying this even less than you are. Even as a girl I liked to be on the bottom, but you have to.... Ugh, um... do what you have to.... DOOOOOOO!"

Abe felt it, hot and sticky, and then Taylor slapped him on the ass, dismounted and said, "gross."

Abe fell onto his side and curled up into a ball, falling into a drug-induced slumber. Sometime later he woke, sitting up and pulling his hair out of his face. "Asshole," he said.

"Go clean yourself up and get the hell out of here," Taylor said.

Abe waddled to the bathroom, his panties still at his knees. He didn't want to get Taylor's spunk all over his pretty lace panties. In the bathroom he wadded up some toilet paper, then washed his hands and pulled up his panties, pausing to check himself out in the mirror. His eyes were red and puffy, and his mascara had run, leaving blue-black trails down his cheeks. He wiped them off, then teased his hair and prepared for his walk of shame.

Back in the living room, Abe saw Taylor sitting on the couch, controller in hand, playing Halo. "I guess my dude brain is going to last a little longer," she said, absently.

Abe grabbed his purse and slung it over his shoulder, then left, his heels clicking his shame to the world.

Defeated, Abe changed into a more everyday basic outfit, then went to his classes, then went to a barre class, and just to burn off some more of the shame and frustration he felt did a spin class, too. Back in his room, he made some tea. The mug was pink and read Happy Girls Are The Prettiest.

Abe looked at the clock. He had three hours. Three hours before he was a basic bitch for the rest of his life. He looked around the room at the comforter on his bed, now white with red hearts. The quotes on the wall. The pretty white curtains on his window. He could go out. Save himself. Maybe?

But no. It was over. He would just have to accept his fate. Eris had won.

Abe opened his MacBook and started watching Pretty Little Liars. When midnight came and he felt the shifting and rearranging down below, he started crying, and then he went to the bathroom, lowered his panties, and sat down to pee, knowing that this was forever now, and that he would forever be a female.

The next morning when he went to get his latte, Eris was there playing barista. "Hey, girly girl," Eris said.

"Hey," Abreehanna said, smiling brightly.

"You seem happy," Eris said, with a wicked smile.

"Well," Abreehanna answered, "Happy girls are the prettiest."

Epilogue

Abe sat at a glass conference table, pushing up his boobs. He wore a low-cut silk blouse and a push up bra. The short skirt showed off his sexy legs, prettily displayed in sheer tights and perched on shiny black pumps.

"And... three.. two... one..." the producer said. The lights came up, and Abe smiled his sexiest smile, the wet red lipstick he wore glittering in the studio lights.

"Hey, everyone, this is Abreehanna Goldberg, bringing you the latest on the stories you care about from Fox News," Abe said in his sexy little voice. "First off, guess what? Those liberal wackos are at it again..."

In his ear, Abe heard his producer whispering. "After the show come to my office. I want to put something into that slutty mouth of yours besides words."

Abe, a true professional, didn't reveal anything to the audience, but inside he felt a little thrill. He'd absolutely sucked and fucked his way to the top, and he wasn't in the least ashamed of it. A girl had to use what she had, and he did all the things that men liked, plus

he loooooooved guys anyway. Why shouldn't he give them what they wanted in exchange for what he wanted?

I mean, he thought, after all, I am, like, such the basic bitch.