

I took a shower and did my morning hygiene. My family has always been early risers, so waking up to the night never bothers me. I quite enjoy the night. The darkness feels like a shield of some kind.

“James, breakfast!” My mom yells up to me. Even though our family is early risers. I was still the last one to get up. Of course, all I could do is stumble down the stairs because despite being used to getting up in the dark hours of the morning. I am still groggy and could sleep more.

“James, we’re going to get you a haircut soon,” Mom announces as I play with my hair. I do like my hair longer. Nothing past the ears of course, but I dislike those silly pseudo-military style haircuts I’ve gotten since I was old enough to have hair. Weirdly enough my hair is growing faster lately. I don’t know why, to be honest. Maybe I am getting another growth spurt. I do need one. I’m lacking in all areas in terms of a guy’s body shape considering I stand at the height of five foot even with a child’s frame.

“Mom, can I go to Garrett’s house after school?” I ask as I sit down right in front of my little sister, Debbie. Who was inhaling everything on her plate. I swear that girl acts more like a boy than me. I mentally shiver at that thought.

Mom thought about it for a second and reluctantly said, “Sure, only if you buy groceries sometime in between.”

I give a small smile as I chirp, “thanks, mom!”

My sister stares at me for a few seconds, “You know James, you have a really cute smile. I’m betting you would look hot as a girl. Ever considered cross-dressing?” She snorts giving a mischievous grin. I shiver a little at that thought. Me crossdressing? Never.

I quickly thought of something witty, “You would be jealous of me cross-dressing.” Or at least tried to. I knew I failed to some extent, so I quickly shove my food down, grab my bag, and went to school.

School isn’t too bad if you tried not to stand out as my friends and I did. We all agreed that school was a waste of time, and the only reason why we go to it is that we were told to. My friends consisted of three people, not counting me of course. The bigger guy is Dan. He loves sports just as much as he loves anime and manga. Quite an incredible guy really. The willowy build guy is Garret. He’s your man if you need a good storyteller. He always is our dungeon master in Dungeons and Dragons (DnD) nights. Last, but not least, our hidden beauty, Sasha. She hides her beauty very well. Even from us guys, though, I know better. I don’t know why she hides her body so much though. Everything about her is sexy and cute in some way. Maybe it’s because this school is mostly white and she’s the minority as black.

“You look different today.” The sexy black girl tells me thoughtfully as she sits in front of me at lunch. We get into lunch before the rest of my friends.

“I do? In what way?” I reply curiously. It’s not every day when someone tells you that you look different.

“I don’t know. In a good way, maybe?” she said then mumbles something inaudible.

“Haha, puberty must be setting in for me. Sooner or later I’m going to be the hottest stud muffin around, and I’ll get all the chicks.” I exaggerated in a silly kind of villainy voice. Sasha rolls her eyes and giggles.

“Your eyes changed, or I think so. Maybe I’m just hallucinating.” The rest of the team walks in and began their line waiting.

“If my eyes are changing. I hope I get lilac eyes. That color would be cool to have. What color would you want your eyes to be, Sasha?” We continued the conversation from that to animals and then to anime. Jeez, I sure do love talking to Sasha, we have a hella lot in common. When the rest sit down we continue the conversation to our DnD night tonight and present our characters. We have a thing where we don’t introduce our characters until the night of DnD. Makes things more exciting.

“We will start with you first, Jamie,” Garrett tells me signaling I should introduce my lovely character.

“Well,” I start as I slid my character sheet towards the middle of us. “I made an elf bard with the only idea of playing disruption.”

Disruption meaning that instead of attacking normally, I disrupt the enemy to support my teammates. “What makes him different from other elves is that he’s a trap.” Everyone starts giggling. To explain, a trap is a term from anime culture where a boy is so feminine that they pass for girls. Of course, they’re still guys.

“A trap? That’s a new one.” Questions Dan as he takes a bite of his ‘hamburger’. If you can even call it that.

“Yessurooo, Danny boy. My character is the best boy in all the land! He has a thing for cross-dressing and making guys go kill themselves. Oh yes, this character is lawfully evil and believes that all men should die. Leaving only women and traps. It’ll be the dawn of the new age!” I explain with an evil grin while trying to hold my chuckling. My three friends were laughing. Sasha looked like she was about to die. Was it that funny? I don’t think so. There must be more to this laughter, so I pressed. “What’s so funny?”

“You!” Garrett snickers.

“It wasn’t that funny.”

“Yes, it was!” Sasha finally calming down from her giggle fit.

“How?” I ask curiously.

“Are you going to cosplay like that last time we set up a campaign?” Dan asks with a nice broad grin. Man, I can see why

the girls like him. That grin is just infectious. He adds “Like when you dressed as a pirate.”

“What he means to say is, are you cross-dressing,” Garrett said briefly after Dan.

“You are the second person today to mention that I should cross-dress. The answer is no. I’m not interested in wearing women’s clothes. Also, why is everyone asking me that!” I exclaimed with a mocking frustration.

Sasha blurts out, “Because you would look really cute.” I feel my face heating up as I stare down at the lunch table.

“I’m going to go to the bathroom,” I tell the group softly. I can’t help it. A beauty like Sasha tells me that I’m cute. Regardless of what she meant behind it. A compliment is a compliment. Man, oh man, I can’t wait until I get home. I’m going to brag about this to my sister.

I stand inside the bathroom as I wash my face. It looks a little different than before. More feminine. Maybe I’m just seeing things. My eyes do look different. A bit more purple and bigger. Maybe I’m seeing that too.

Cue a deep voice saying, “Hey faggot.” I know exactly who this guy is.

“Hi Mike,” I said cautiously as I turn around to find a jock towering over me. “What a pleasure in meeting you today?” I said sarcastically with a warm, or at least tried to be warm, smile.

“Nothing, I just thought I show a faggot how real man are.” He grins predatorily.

I lecture, “Did you know that homophobes and transphobes end up being gay themselves?” My mouth forms a smug smirk.

His eyes narrow and frown. Mike walks right up to me grabbing me by the throat, slamming me against the wall. “Give me what I want, or else I’ll beat you to a pulp!” He growled

I grin smugly then shrug, “You won’t do that. If you do, then I’ll make sure to put you in jail.” I feel a strong pain hit me in the gut knocking my breath out. Sending me to a coughing fit.

“It seems like I’m going to have to beat some sense into your faggoty skull.” Mike says angrily through his clenched teeth as he aims his fist high and threatening.

“Fuck you!” I cough. He pulls his fist back, and all I could do is close my eyes, yell “**STOP!**” and hold up my arms to block. Nothing happen. I open my eyes to find a tensed Mike. He looks like he wants to move, but couldn’t for some reason.

“What did you do?” His voice sounding strained.

I took the advantage to say, "What? You too fearful of me? Now if you don't mind. **LEAVE ME ALONE!**" The 'leave me alone' part seemed louder than before. Mike drops me and went on his merry way. This is really weird. He normally just beats the shit out of me until someone helps me or I give him what he wants. Oh well, this is better than the alternative. I look in the mirror one last time and my eyes were dimly glowing a violet purple, or maybe that's just me seeing things. I wash my hands and walk out.

I walk back to my table right when the bell rings. "Son of a bitch," I mutter as I turn straight around and walk to my next class. Sasha runs up next to me matching my pace.

"Why do you have a bruise on your throat?" She asks with a concerned tone.

I only gave out one name, "Mike." Her face becomes grim as she remembers how that jock used to bully me.

"You need to stand up for yourself, Jamie. You're not always going to be saved."

"You know why I choose not to get violent. This time was different though. I said 'Stop' he stopped and when I told him to leave me alone. He did just that. It was the weirdest thing. Maybe he's afraid of me. Or something else."

Sasha mutters "Siren" I barely caught it so I ask, "What did you say?" as we stop.

She stares at me thoughtfully for a moment to say, “Nothing, never mind. I’ll tell you later.” As she trots off to class. I shake my head and continue the rest of the school day.

As normal, school is dreadfully boring. History and science weren't too bad. I quite enjoyed both even though I suck at science. I felt a little light headed for most of the day. Nothing too bad, just felt like I was floating. I took the bus to my house and grab my bike. I then cycle to Garrett’s house. It’s the most comfortable place to play. His mom and dad are cool. They always provide delicious snacks.

I knock on the door. The door opens and I’m greeted with a warm smile saying, “Hi Jamie. Ready for your little game?”

My face turns to a broad grin “Hi Mrs. Freitag. Yup, I’m all ready for the game. I’m a bit light headed. If you don’t mind. May I nap on your couch?” I always try to be polite towards the Freitags. They’re the nicest people I know.

“No,” my heart froze for a second as she continues. “You won’t be sleeping on the couch. You’ll be sleeping in a bed.” My grin went from ear to ear hearing that.

“You know, Jamie. When you grow up you’ll be so handsome. That smile of yours is simply beautiful.” I feel my face heating up and look down to hide it.

“Mrs. Freitag. Is it ok to give you a hug?” I said as I fidget.

“Of course, Jamie!” I hug her. I quite like hugging Mrs. Freitag. She’s just the nicest. I never get hugs from my mom let alone my sister. I almost forget how it feels.

“Thank you,” I said in her arms then let go and head off to bed. Is it fortunate or unfortunate that as soon as I’m in the house my body felt heavy and my head ached? I could barely walk as I held the wall for support.

“THUMP!” said the floor as I fade into darkness.

I wake up in my bed. I feel fine. Scratch that. I’m way better than fine. I feel absolutely fantastic. Odd, because normally when I get sick it’s for days. I sit up and slide out of the bed. I walk out of the room and to the bathroom to take a piss. I quickly do my business and wash my hands. I look in the sink’s mirror and I see a girl staring back at me. I jump back in surprise, and the girl did the same. I tilt my head and so does she. This is odd, really odd. Is there some kind of window or something and someone is playing a prank? I get a closer look of her as she follows my movements. She is the most beautiful, sexiest girl I’ve ever seen. Big, round, beautiful lilac eyes. A delicate, round, face. Sexy, kissable, lips that made a simple smile sexy. A lithe, agile body with fair skin. Her long hair was a beautiful fine brown and had pointed ears. Oh man, oh man, she was every bit of beautiful and sexy. She didn’t have much in the curve department or the chest either, but she had enough that made you want her.

Wait, she has pointed ears? Maybe she's some kind of elf. I mean they do exist nowadays, or at least from what I heard on the news.

"Hi!" I said nervously and the girl copies my mouth movements. My voice was different softer and more feminine. Hold on, what? She's even copying my mouth movements perfectly.

"Oh, oh fuck." I curse reaching down to the crotch area. It is still there, thank gods. I feel my chest and it is as flat as a board. I threw off my clothes and went to a full mirror. I am the 'girl'. No, more of a...

"Trap," I mutter in realization. I start crying and yell "SON OF A BITCH!" I hear thumps racing towards me and the door swinging open to find my mom and sister standing there watching me naked. I quickly turn away from them and covered myself in the fetal position.

"James," My mom softly coos trying to get me comfortable. All I could do is cry and cover up that I'm crying. "It'll be ok. We're here." Mom rubs my back as I finally stop crying. I look up at her with my tear covered face.

"Really? Is it really going to be fine?" I felt my anger take over "I'm a gods damn bitch boy elf!" I clench my teeth and fists as the tears roll down my cheeks. I just realized why I changed, "I'm also a fucking mutant. Great, now the MCO (Mutant Commissions

Office) will be on my cute ass by tomorrow morning.” Mom and Debra giggle as I continue, “Why wasn’t I brought to a hospital? I feel awful and I changed to this...” I pause and continue, “Oh my god, I’m my DnD character. This is exactly the way I pictured him.” I fucked myself over. I did this. This is all my fault. The tears roll down my face like heavy rain as I wail. All I want to do now is curl up in a little ball and die. I wanted to be a handsome hunk, not some bitch boy.

Debra comes over to me and for the first time in a while, she hugs me. Actually, both are hugging me and holding me. It’s been so long since we did any of this. Especially after that fuck was in our lives. Wait, I thought the fuck was mutant gene free. My ‘father’ is a huge mutaphobic, and he joined the ‘Humanity First!’ because of that. The family even went with him to a few meetings. They were full paranoid fucks just like my ‘father’. He even got my mom tested. Of course, she’s still with us, so she obviously doesn’t have the gene. How did I get the gene? Sometime during all of this, I stop crying.

My mom stands up and announces, “We’re having a family meeting after you get a shower and dressed. Everything will be explained.” She feels like she’s excited about something. Wait, I could feel that? Maybe that was just my imagination or something. Mom and Debra walk out forgetting to close the door. Man, do they live in a barn or something. I close the door and take my shower. Washing, drying, and brushing my hair is harder than I thought. Thank gods it’s soft and fine. I’m still going to get it cut. I throw my clothes back on and went into the living room.

I sit on the couch as Debra said, “Jamie, what did you do to your hair?”

I reply with, “Um, washed it, dried it, and brushed it?”

“Well, I guess I should expect this out of a boy. Come here.” She gestures.

“Alright?” I said as I walk towards her. She got behind me with a brush that she somehow had on her.

“You have very pretty hair. I don’t want to see it ruined.”

I smirk a little knowing she can’t see it, “Then you don’t mind if I cut it?”

“No, please don’t do that. It’ll be a waste of good hair.” She groans

“I’ll look like a girl if I keep my hair long.”

Debra sighs, “You’ll look like a girl no matter how long you keep your hair.” I look down as the tears come back from that realization. I feel arms wrap around me pulling me into a hug.

“Don’t cry. You’re the most beautiful boy I’ve ever seen. You beat every girl I’ve seen so far too.” She whispers.

I turn around to mockingly demand, "Where is my sister and what did you do to her?" My sister never acts like this towards me. Hell, she acts the opposite and laughs at me.

"I'm hurt that you think that of me." She pouts and smiles. "You're my brother," she checks my body out. "Ok, maybe more of a half-sister, but still my sibling. I love you even if I act like an annoying brat. That and I feel that you're more trusting and friendly now." I was shocked at what she said. What was even more shocking was that she meant it. Oh, so I can really feel other's emotions. That's one power, I think. I couldn't help but throw my arms around her and hug the life out of her. She was taller than me now. Well, she was always taller than me. Wait, what was the last part?

I back away and ask, "What was that last part?"

"That I love you?" She said making me smile broadly.

"No, not that one, silly, the part after that."

She shrugs. "You mean that you feel more trusting and friendly."

"Yes, that one. What makes you feel like that?"

"I don't know. You just feel like that. Why is that so important?"

I said thoughtfully, “I was thinking what are my powers. I already know one, I think I know another, and the last one I’m not sure about.”

Debra excitedly asks, “Can you show me?”

“Sure,” I said with a mischievous grin. “**Give me a hug.**” She gave me a quick hug and backed away.

“Wow, I couldn’t even move my body. This is a powerful power.”

“With great power comes with great responsibility.” I chirped.

“What are your other powers?” She energetically said almost bouncing with excitement.

Mom came in with a plate full of tea. The only times I’ve seen her do this is when we have guests over. “Sit down you two, and have some tea. This may be a bit of a shock.” We both sit on the couch while Mom sits in the chair across from us. “There is no easy way to said this. I’ll be straightforward. I cheated on Peter with a mutant man named Alex.” There was a serene silence.

I ask, “You mean the father isn’t our biological father and Alex is our biological father?” She nodded, “Oh thank gods! I hated that man. After what he did to you, Mom. I wanted to kill him, and you know me about my anti-violent rule. That fuck would be an exception.” Mom feels relief and happy from that comment. “I

don't know why you didn't stay with him and get away from that bastard."

"I made a stupid mistake thinking I had to stay with Peter because I thought it was the right thing to do. It wasn't until he started drinking that I learned I made a mistake. I called Alex and told him what happened. He should be coming down here soon. He's quite a business man, so he barely has time for anything else."

"This explains why I'm a mutant. Wait, doesn't that mean Debra could be a mutant too?" She nods as I could feel the excitement coming from Debra.

"REALLY! I could be a mutant too and get superpowers and be gorgeous like my sister-brother here?" Sister-brother? Is that even a thing?

"I'm still a boy despite my good looks, you know." I cross my arms and pout in protest.

"You're too cute to be a boy." Replied Debra.

"Enough you two, I made an appointment with the doctor tomorrow. I'm hoping you'll be going back to school soon."

I groan, "I don't wanna go back to school. Look at me. Am I really able to go back to school?"

“You’re healthy enough to walk and be witty, so yes. I already explained to your teachers what happened to you.” Damn it. I was hoping to get out of school.

“Can I contact my friends so they can see what happened to me. Also, can I cut my hair? I dislike how long it is.”

“Sure, go ahead. We’ll get you a haircut when we go to the doctor’s tomorrow, though I rather you not. Your hair is gorgeous.” I blushed. It’s not every day my mother calls a body part of mine beautiful.

I call the gang and ask them to come over if they can. They all agreed. It’s not too far from my house to their houses, so they’ll be quick coming here. While I wait, I played video games. A time later, I hear the doorbell ringing.

Mom yells “James, can you get it?”

“Yes, mom,” I answer back as I run straight to our front door. I stop nervously at the door. I take a deep breath, smile, and open it. I see my friends standing in a triangle formation. The looks on everyone’s face are priceless. The three of them found me incredibly attractive with their jaws dropped. I didn’t have to use my empathy to know that. Dan and Garrett had tight bulges in their pants. Sasha was the only one that I had to use empathy on. Not like I can really control it. I could tell they didn’t feel nervous. You would be thinking someone in this state of awe would be nervous.

Sasha breaks the ice, “Who are you, and where is Jamie?”

I said in an innocent, but the sultry tone, “Oh, little old me? You’ll find out soon enough. Come in and sit down. You’ll probably need it for what I’m about to tell you.” They did just that. “Now that we are all situated and comfortable. Let me tell you who I am. I’m James ‘Jamie’ West. That cute boy that you all know and love.” Everyone’s jaw drops.

“So, you turned into an elf girl?” Dan inquiries with what I could feel. A bit of lust and high levels of attraction. Jeez Dan, calm down. It isn’t the first time you’ve seen a girl.

“No, actually, I’m still a boy. You remember the Trap elf bard I made for DnD?” Everyone nods, “This is what I imagined him to be, except with short hair.” Everyone looks like they were trying to hide their giggles, but the dam burst and everyone, except me, was laughing uncontrollably hard. “Yeah, yeah, laugh it up. At least I have good looks now.”

Everyone stops laughing almost immediately and says, “Good looks? You’re calling your looks good?” His voice rises in volume. “Jamie, you are the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen. Simply calling you good or pretty doesn’t cover it.”

“You’re just saying that.” I chuckle when I ask with a blush, “Are you?”

“No, we are not.” Said Garrett as everyone nods in agreement. Jeez, am I that beautiful? This is just feeding my ego.

“Well enough of that. I need to ask Sasha a question.” I look at Sasha and all her sexiness.

“What is it, Jamie?”

“What do you mean by siren?”

“I’m sure you already noticed it, but you can command people. I’m betting you can copy voices and break people’s eardrums too.”

“How do you know this?” Dan questioned.

“I googled it when I mutated.” The whole room went silent. All I can hear is the clock going ‘tick-tock’.

“Who wants cookies?” Mom interrupted the silence to bring a batch of cookies. Jeez, what is with everyone today. Mom never bakes, and rarely does she cook. I cook most days. It’s better than the alternative of being poor.

“Me me me!” Dan childishly said. I never realized that Dan could be cute. Hold on, what was I just thinking?

“Thank you, Ms. West,” Sasha said.

“We’re getting sidetracked, when did you manifest?” I demanded.

“Before I met you guys.” Sasha casually said. Well, this explains why she’s so sexy and why she hides it.

“What are your powers?” Garrett inquired.

“Nothing big. I lift things and shock people. I’m a bit shocking if I do say so myself.”

“Well, that explains what happened to that freak who got a little handsy,” I said.

“So, what’s it like to go from a cute boy to a beautiful trap?” Sasha questioned with an intense feeling coming from her.

“Well, Sasha, my dear girl. It's fucking weird.”

“JAMES LANGUAGE!” Mom screams as I straighten up.

“Sorry, mom. The powers part is cool. I just wish I didn’t look like a girl. It doesn’t matter how pretty I am. I don’t like being mistaken for a girl.”

“What are your powers, by the way?” Dan muffled with a mouth full of cookies.

“Dude, swallow before you talk. I don’t like seeing half eaten cookie in your mouth. As Sasha said, I am a siren. I also can feel

other's emotions, and I give some type of aura where it makes me seem more trusting and friendly."

"That explains why I feel like I should trust you." Garrett mocked.

"Can you show us?" Dan bounces with excitement.

"You didn't trust me before? I'm hurt!" I dramatically said. "Sure, Dan." I said with a mischievous grin. I use my siren powers to say, **"Dan, Garrett, kiss each other passionately."** Immediately the two boys kiss each other rather passionately. They then break up and start gagging. Well, Dan gagged. Garrett enjoyed it. Things you learn about your friends every day. We all burst out laughing.

"Why did you do that?" Dan screeched getting red in the face.

"You said you wanted to see my powers." I giggle. "I was just showing you what I can do." I giggled even harder.

I could feel an idea pop up into Sasha's head. Sasha pulls up her phone and taps on it. Sasha hands the phone to me saying, "Here, sing this." It was the lyrics to *Devil in I* by Slipknot. A song I know too well.

"You sure? I'm probably going to sound like a dying kitten

"Trust me and do it."

“Alright,” I said sheepishly. As I sing I get really into it. I never knew singing could be this fun. I had my eyes close remembering all the song like I’ve done it a thousand times. I could remember the beat, the tone, and the melody. I open my eyes to find everyone in the whole house watching me with their jaws dropped. “Was I any good?” I said nervously. I never sang in front of people, and anytime I did they would laugh at me and said I sound like a dying cat. Then everyone started clapping.

“I think good is a heavy understatement,” Sasha said.

“You were AMAZING! It was like the whole band was heard singing at their best.” Dan exclaimed.

“Yeah, you were fantastic.” Garrett agreed.

“Really? I was just trying to do my best.”

“Really really!” Dan replied

I turn to Mom, “What do you think, Mom?”

“It was the most demonic, but beautiful song I’ve ever heard. How did you do it?”

“I don’t know,” I said sheepishly. “I guess it’s part of my mutation.”

Sasha sticks out her chest and put her hands on her hips and said with pride. “I told you that you should trust me.”

“That was fantastic, Brister!” Debra exclaimed loudly.

“Brister?”

“The combination of Brother and sister.”

“I’m a boy, not a mix.” I pouted.

“Wanna sing another one?” Sasha asks pulling up her phone.

“Oh sure.” I excitedly said. I never sang like this before, but it was fun. After a few more songs. Everyone went to their homes or beds including me.

The next day, I wake up to the sound of my alarm set for the time I normally get up. I did my hygiene stuff. Taking longer than usual in the shower because of my hair. I can’t wait to get it cut. We eat a nice breakfast and head off to the doctors. It took us a bit to get there and into one of those examination rooms. The wait for the doctor was even longer. I hate these rooms. It takes so long for the doctor to finally get in there. The bland room gives me anxiety thinking about what the doctor is going to do with me. I just want to get it over with. The door finally opens to reveal a young hot guy with piercing blue eyes. Man, oh man, is he hot. Behind him was an old man with very little greyish white hair left.

The old man looks at me “So, you must be James. I was not expecting an incredibly beautiful girl.” Then he looks at the

clipboard he was holding. "They didn't say you are a changeling. I'm Dr. Ritter and my assistant here is Frost." He pointed to the hot guy.

"A changeling? I'm a boy through and through. Call me Jamie, by the way."

"Denial huh? Well, it isn't uncommon for people to be so in shock with their end results of their manifestation that they deny what happened." I don't like this guy already.

"Sir, really, I'm a boy. I have proof. Trust me."

"Again, where is this proof that you are a boy, hmmm?" Oh, so I really hate this guy.

I try to say with the warmest smile, "If you don't mind Mom, can you leave for a second. I have things to discuss with the doctor." Without hesitation, Mom leaves the room. "Now then." I pull down my pants and show the doctor and his assistant all my manhood. If I'm even a man anymore. "You see my proof now, Doc?" Dr. Ritter was in shock while Frost was chuckling up a storm. After Ritter composed himself I told him about what happened up to now. He took some blood, Did an x-ray, etcetera.

"Can you touch this piece of iron?" Frost asked me.

"Sure, hottie." I chirp. What did I say? Why did I say that? I touch the piece of iron. Nothing happens.

“Hmmm, are you getting any rashes from your clothes?” Frost asks.

“No? Why?”

“All the test we’ve done tells us that you are a Sidhe, but you are resistant to iron. That shouldn’t be possible.” Ritter stated.

I ask, “What is a Sidhe? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“The Sidhe are basically elves. Part of the Fey. The Fey are an assortment of creatures. From Mandrakes to dryads.” Frost explained.

“Ah, well. If this helps I when I was making a DnD character. I made a bard elf and I look exactly like how I pictured him.”

“And you couldn’t tell us that sooner?” Snorts Dr. Ritter. I still don’t like him.

“Tell us, did you see anything different about you before the day you used your siren power and how many days did you start working on that character?”

“I think,” I pause to try and remember. “My hair was growing faster than usual. It was about three days before. Now that I think about it I had a headache when I was designing the character. I thought

I just had a migraine or something, so I took some pills and ignored it.”

“Bingo! That’s the day you truly started manifesting. When you used your siren powers. You ended up using too much then you should’ve. Causing your episode, and changing you quicker than it should’ve.” Frost is on a roll. Man, isn’t he sexy? The fuck is wrong with me.

“Jamie, you’re drooling,” Frost said with a cute chuckle. Causing me to snap out of it and blush. Seriously, what is wrong with me? Am I into men now?

Mom, who’s been right beside for most of the examination, echoes my thoughts. “James, are you attracted to men?”

Flustered I blurt out “No... I...” I sigh, blush, and look down admitting in a small voice, “I don’t know. It’s just... It’s just Frost is so hot.” I never had thoughts like that before with guys. What is wrong with me? Is it my mutation that’s making me like this?

My mom sees my distress and says in a calming voice, “There is nothing wrong with liking guys. I think it suits you very well.” That would’ve made me feel better if she didn’t say that it suits me.

“Thanks, mom.” I hide my face in my hair out of embarrassment.

Something pushes up my chin and brushes my hair out of my eyes. I am face to face with the hottie, Frost. How can someone

so hot have such a cold name? “It’s okay, Jamie, despite being a guy. I find you really attractive too.” Then Frost gives me a kiss on the lips sending electricity all throughout my body melting me. That was my first kiss. Wow, and what a kiss it was. Come on Jamie, don’t turn into butter yet. Shake out of it. I shake my head focusing on the moment.

“Why did you do that?” I protest.

“I want to know that too, Frost.” Scolds Dr. Ritter

“I don’t know, actually. I do find Jamie really attractive, but I also felt like I could trust him.”

“Well, we are going to reteach about appropriate behavior in a hospital after this.” Frost visibly winces from the comment. I don’t want him to get in trouble. I mean, he did help me understand myself a bit more.

I softly request while looking up at Dr. Ritter. “Please don’t get him in trouble. I didn’t mind the kiss, so it should be ok. Please don’t scold him for being human.”

Dr. Ritter couldn’t stand the puppy eyes he was seeing so he gave up, “Fine, I won’t scold him, but I will warn him that he shouldn’t give inappropriate affection to patients.” Ritter walks out to catch his breath.

He thought to himself ~That boy’s puppy eyes are a weapon of mass destruction~

“Thanks, gorgeous,” Frost said kissing me on the cheek flushing my whole face. All I could do to mitigate the damage is look down. Frost exits to go check if all the tests are done.

I look at Mom. She was giving me a smug smirk. “What?” I said.

“You have a crush on Frost, don’t you?”

“No, but I am incredibly attracted to him. I mean he’s a total stud. So hot. Why is his name Frost? Also, what the fuck is wrong with me and how did I get so attracted to guys?”

“It’s ok, sweetie. I found him attractive too. Lucky, you though. You got to kiss him.”

“Yeah lucky me,” I said softly thinking about how I felt when I kissed him. It was amazing. I still can’t get over that electric-melting-away feeling.

“You’re drooling again, Jamie.”

“Can’t you let a boy dream for a moment?”

“You can do that while we’re in the car. Let’s focus on the now.”

“Okay, mom.” I pout still thinking about Mr. Dreamy. Right on queue Dr. Ritter and Mr. Dreamy get back.

Dr. Ritter announces, “Good news, Jamie, you are a healthy fifteen-year-old Sidhe boy with an above average estrogen level. I scheduled a power testing for tomorrow at the local superhero base. Here’s the temporary pass just in case you get in trouble with the MCO. You are free to go.”

“Thank you, doctor. let’s go, Jamie.”

“Okay, Mom.” I feel disappointed that I must leave Frost so soon. Even if we can’t date. I would like to be friends with him at least. I shake Dr. Ritter’s hand. Then I shake Frost’s hand and I feel a piece of paper. I slide back my hand taking the paper with me. “Bye Frost, and thank you forum... that.” I blush. Man, I am such a clutz.

“No problem gorgeous. I hope to see you soon.”

“Me too.” Mom and I walk out of the hospital and to the car. During that time, I looked to see what the paper was. It had a phone number on it that said: “Call/text me sometime”. Man, it’s only been not even twenty-four hours since I became a trap, and now I’m getting hot guys’ numbers and their kisses. I’m a lucky duck.

Next is the hair salon. When we got there, it had very little consumers. Then again, it’s about lunchtime. I took a seat while Mom got us signed in. I pull out my phone and text Sasha to see what she’s doing.

:Hey Sasha:

:Nothing much, just woke up:

She's the opposite of my family. Her family is sleep-inners.

:I need to tell you something and I'm still bothered by it:

:What is it, Jamie?:

:I found out I'm attracted to guys:

:How did you find out this?:

:Well the doctor's assist for some reason kissed me. I felt like I was going to melt:

:Kissing seems to do that:

:I thought I would tell you. I'm still confused about how I started liking guys:

:Jamie, there is nothing wrong with liking guys. Plus, it suits you:

:Funny, my mom said the same thing:

"James, you're up." Mom said.

"Hold on one second." I slowly got up.

:I'll be right back, I'm getting a haircut:

:Ttyl:

I put my phone away to say, "Alright, I'm ready."

"Follow me, young lady." I follow the hairdresser to sit in the chairs in the back.

The hairdresser puts that bib thing on me. "You know, you have very pretty..." then she screams "MUTANT!" I felt a lot of surprise and fear from her

I turn the chair to face her to say, "Haven't you ever seen a mutant before?" in the calmest manner possible. Somehow, I just kept the shakiness in my emotions from showing. I then feel a lot of anger and hate coming from her. I know this isn't going to be good.

"GET OUT! NO GENE FREAKS ALLOWED!!!" She shrieked. I quickly take off the bib thing and run back to mom sobbing.

"What's wrong sweetie?" Mom said with a soothing and concerning tone.

"I don't know, I was just sitting there and the lady started yelling at me. Calling me a Gene freak." I felt extreme anger coming from my mom. I have never seen anger like this since Peter beat me to

a bloody pulp ultimately causing their divorce and escape from that fuck.

She pushes up my head and wipes off the tears. “Hold on sweetie, I’ll be right back.” She growled making her way to the back. I did not want to watch what was about to happen. I remember what happened last time. It still brings shivers down my spine thinking about it. All I heard was some screaming. Not the normal screaming. The type of demonic screaming that you hear in horror movies. All I could do is stay in my happy place and hope the massacre ends soon. A few moments later my mom came back with a warm smile on her face.

“Please tell me you didn’t now kill her?”

“No, I didn’t kill her, but I did do something close to it. Now, let’s go get lunch.” I don’t even want to know.

“What about my hair?”

“Oh, I’ll cut it at home.” Oh Jeez, I hope she’s better than the last time I got a haircut from her. We went to a good restaurant called ‘Food’. Yes, you did not misread that. No, they did not get lazy. The reason why they call it food is because they have a big menu like the cheesecake factory, though it’s still a bland name.

We go through the door and greeted with “Welcome to food, do you want a table or booth?”

“Booth please.” Mom said. We follow the hostess to our booth and sat down.

“Your waiter will be here in a second.” The hostess trots back to her duties. A few moments later the waiter comes over.

“Hi, I’m Timo...” He stops as he looks at me. I notice, so look stare at him. I could see the bulge slowly rising in his pants. Do I really have that effect on people? He blushes cutely and stutters “I’m s-sorry, I’m T-timothy, I-I’ll be your waiter. What do you want to drink?”

Mom glances at me with a knowing smile, “I’ll have a coke.”

“Dr. Pepper for me,” I said with a little smile.

“Infidel.” Mom blurts.

“Says the one who’s drinking the headache inducer.” I retort.

“Any appetizers, ladies?”

“No, we’re good.” We both reply simultaneously. Timothy was surprised but quickly composed himself. He walks off.

“So, what was that about?” I looking to Mom for answers.

“It seems he was very attracted to you. As was Frost.”

“Just what I want. More attraction from boys.” I griped.

“What? I thought he was cute.”

“MOM!”

“Sorry sorry, Debra never talks about boys or relationships, so I felt now that you look like my beautiful elven daughter. I thought we could have a mother-daughter time together.”

“But, moooooom, I’m your son, not your daughter.”

“I know I know. I just... I haven’t talked or got to know about your kids because I’m working all the time, and now that you manifested. I like to take the time to get to know you both.”

A tear fell down my cheek. “Mom.” I never expected for her to say that. I don’t know what to say.

“Ladies, may I take your order?” Timothy interrupted our heartfelt moment. I quickly wipe my face. Mom and I whip heads around to find a goofy grinning Timothy.

“I would like the fish and chips sandwich.” Mom said.

“And I would like the Tuna steak.”

“Alright, I’ll be back with your food.” Timothy strutted back.

“What was that grin?” I asked.

“I have no clue.” Mom answered. There was a loud bang as a man in a nice suit with two men in power suits following behind comes charging on in. He turns to swivels his head trying to find someone. He looks at Mom and me with a grim look on his face. I know exactly what this man is, MCO. The MCO has a reputation for disappearing newly developed mutants. I could feel that man’s hate for me. He stomps over to me and composes himself.

“You,” he points at me “are under arrest for endangering children.” Children? Oh, is he talking about the kids getting who were sitting in the back playing? I didn’t really notice them.

“What do you mean, and who are you?” Mom demanded.

“I’m Officer Johnson, MCO, and your daughter is under arrest for child endangerment.” Oh, now I’m pissed.

I stand up and look Officer Mcfuckface in the eyes, “I don’t know what you are talking about.” I say calmly trying to keep myself composed. I almost thought I was going to scream for a second there.

“Don’t play stupid with me. We have an eyewitness report that you did.”

I take one step closer to him, “Where did I do this?”

“At Haircuts emporium.” He said smugly.

“How about I tell you what really happened. After the going to the doctors about my mutation I went to the said place to get a haircut. Since I manifested into this,” I gesture to myself “I wanted a haircut. I hate my long hair. When I sat down in one of their chairs the lady...”

“Mrs. Harriett.” Stated Officer Mcfuckface.

“Mrs. Harriet saw my ears.” I shove my hair behind my ears. I hear gasps from the audience. “She freaked out shouting at me that I’m.... I’m a gene freak.” The tears started falling remembering how she treated me. “I ran out to my mom. She had some words with Mrs. Harriet and we came here to forget about what happened to you,” I shakenly pointed at the three fucks standing there, “Interrupted our nice meal and Mom’s precious mother-daughter time. We never have time to hang out as a family and now...” I collapse and start wailing. Mom comes over the other side of the table to console me.

“YOU should be ashamed of yourselves. Making a girl cry. Are you even men?” The fucks are visibly distraught. I was purposely making a big scene for everyone to watch. Of course, a lot of that was true. Especially the crying. Gods, I don’t remember crying this much.

Officer McFuckface composed himself, “She’s faking, arrest her.” He demanded. My tears stop as so did my heart. I stare at the

fucks wide-eyed. My heart starts pounding again. Harder than before. I feel my panic arise. McFuckface grabs my arm.

“NO STOP!” I screech. Mcfuckface stops and stares at me. I compose myself long enough to say shakenly, “Please, leave me alone and forget.” McFuckface lets go of my arm and walk off bringing both his buddies with him.

I feel my lunch from yesterday coming back up, so I say running to the bathroom, “Excuse me.” Then proceeded to puke and cry.

“Sweetie?” I heard mom calling for me inside of the bathroom. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah, just crying and puking out my adrenaline. I’ll be out in a bit.” I sniffled.

“I hope you know you’re in the men’s restroom.”

“Of course, I am. I’m a bo...” Son of a bitch I forgot what my appearance. Great, now everyone will think I’m some perverted bitch boy. I quickly wipe my face and walk quietly out of the stall. Every guy was looking at my mom and me. I simply did what hygienic people would do. Wash my hands, turn the guys, and say, “I bid adieu.” Giving a little bow along with it.

We stroll out of the restroom and went back to our seats. Right before we sat down, the consumers and staff around us started

clapping and yelling 'woo hoo' and 'good job'. I was not expecting a warm welcome. I half expected for everyone to have pitchforks.

A man in a Sunday-best outfit came up to us and chirps, "I would like to say sorry that your meal was ruined. I would also like to say how awesome you were standing up to those numb skulls. I would've given in if it was me. To show my feelings I would like to give you your food on the house." Mom and I glanced at each other.

"Wow really? I would seriously appreciate that. Though, I need something light considering what I did in the restroom." I sheepishly grinned. Free food? Fucking awesome. Our meal was great and easy on my poor tummy. After it, we made sure to pay a nice, handsome tip to our Waiter, Timothy. We then drove back home. When I got home. I immediately hit the hay. If you're wondering where Debra is in all of this. She's at a friend's house. Today was a majorly fucked up day.

I was in a personal study. It's a bit medieval. The walls were stone. There was barely any light besides the candles and the fireplace. Grand, but casual chairs sat in front of the fireplace. I see a leg dangling off the chair. I move closer for a better look. I look at the chair to see what the person was reading. From the figure and hair. This must be a girl, but then again considering what he looks like. It's better not to assume. The person was reading a book in an unknown language. The book snaps shut with the person standing up and turning around. It was me. The new me of course.

In a cute, demanding voice, "It's rude to eavesdrop you know?" Making a cute, but sexy pout along with it. Holy mothers of fucking gods I must be dreaming. I pinch myself to dream and wake up. It worked to no avail. Damn it, I'm not dreaming.

Cutely giggling, my twin(?) says, "You're not dreaming, silly. This is my and your dream world. Pretty cool huh?"

"I guess?"

"There is no guessing here. You do or you don't. There is no grey line, Silly Billy."

"Who are you?"

"You!" he giggled.

"No, I mean your name and what are you."

His silly manner turns serious as so does his face, "I am Adela Trislana, but you can just call me Ad." He giggles a little bit and continues, "I am half-Sidhe, half human. The last of my kind." I feel like that is impossible for some reason.

"Yes, silly one. It is impossible until my mother of a mage came along and used magic to produce a half sidhe embryo."

"Then what are you doing in my head?"

“Well, you are a direct descendant of me, silly one. I am here to hopefully establish half Sidhe as a race.” I feel surprisingly calm after hearing that.

“Then why do you look like...”

“You mean why I look this cute and still be male? Well, long story short, magic. If I try to get into it. It’ll take days just trying to explain everything you need to know.”

“I was going to say a bitch boy, but never mind.” I feel my anger rising. I can’t believe he made me into... into...

“An incredibly gorgeous ‘trap’, as you call them, and gave you awesome powers? I understand why you may resent me, but I’ll be honest with you. You were going to die anyway.”

“What? Why? How?”

“Cancer. I saw a tumor in your brain. If it wasn’t for me you would’ve died.”

“And why should I believe you?”

“Because, why would I lie to you. I need you to help me make babies with magic, and I’m not talking about the stork.” He giggles.

“Make.... Babies.... With.... Magic.... Alright, wake me up I want no part of this. Nope nope nopity nope. This is not what I want to do.”

“Well, it doesn’t matter how you feel right now. We have all the time in the world to sort out your feelings. Just do your normal stuff for now. In the meantime, I’m going to be teaching you magic. Well, more like transferring you a little bit of my knowledge every night.”

“Why a bit?”

“Because if I gave you all my knowledge all at once your head would explode into mush, Silly.”

“Oh...”

Adela put his hand on the side of my head, “Yeah, anyway. Here is the first bit.” I wake up with a huge headache. The fuck was that dream? It was so real. I even pinched myself trying to wake myself up. I look at the time and it was two in the morning. Well, at least I can sleep off the massive headache.

The next day I felt groggy as I took my usual shower. As I think I said this before, long hair is a pain. Washing it is easy, but drying and brushing it was a time spender. I took at least forty-five minutes to dry my hair. Fifteen to brush it. I wonder if there is an easier way to brush my hair. Then words come into my mind. Words that I could not understand, but I knew what they did. I

mumble the words as all the water slides off my body and out of my hair as if I never took a shower.

“What the fuck did I just do?” I said to myself. Well, this is obviously not a coincidence. Oh gods, the dream was real. All I could do from dropping to the floor and cry is sit in the fetal position on the toilet and cry. Not much better, but it kept me from having to dry myself off again.

There was a knock on the door, “Jamie?” my little sister’s voice calls out. “Are you ok?”

I grit my teeth in anger and seethed, “I’m sitting on the fucking toilet crying my eyes out like a girl. What do you think?”

Debra hesitates. She knew her brother was going through a rough time, and that he needed her now more than ever. “May I come in?”

“Sure, whatever.” Debra opens the door to find Jamie naked in the fetal position on the toilet with tears falling down his cheek. She didn’t know what to say, only to comfort the beautiful elf boy.

She asks, “What’s wrong, Jamie?” as she rubs the elf boy’s back.

“Nothing, you wouldn’t understand or believe me anyway.” He barked back causing Debra to wince.

“I may not, but you can just tell me so you feel better.” The elf boy looks at her. Debra couldn’t help, but admire Jamie’s beauty. Even with puffy red eyes, he looks like the most beautiful girl she’s ever seen. Even though he’s a boy. The phallus between the effeminately, beautiful elf boy’s legs confirms that.

“Alright, but it’s going to get weird, really weird. Let me just put on some clothes first.” After quickly dressing, I told her everything from the dream. I even showed her magic by controlling the water that was left on the floor of the carpeted bathroom room and drop it into the bathtub letting it drain.

“WOW!” Debra exclaims enthusiastically practically bouncing with energy. “Can you do another one?”

“Um, sure,” I mumble the words to a simple light spell. A bright light floated just above my head blinding everyone looking at it.

Debra covers face with her hands and yelps, “OW! Turn it off turn it off!”

I quickly dispel the light and say “Sorry” as I gave her a sheepish grin.

“Oh, I forgive you. I think it’s awesome that you’re a witch.” Debra chirps.

“You mean wizard.”

“Details, Shmetails.”

“BREAKFAST!” Mom’s voice yells from downstairs. Debra moves to the door. I walk fast right up to her and hug her from behind.

“Thank you, sis,” I said in a soft voice.

Debra turns around and returns my hug, whispering, “You’re welcome, big bro.” before running downstairs. I’m still shocked how Debra, my annoying brat of a sister, is sincerely helping me. I was pulled out from my shock by my stomach growling.

“Well, I guess it’s time to eat. I’m starving.” I said to no one. I run downstairs to find that there was a plate of food waiting for me on the table. It was pancakes. Hell yes, pancakes. Debra was already inhaling her pancakes, so I eat mine. My sister stops for a second to look on her phone.

“Jamie, look at this,” Debra said as she faces the screen of the phone to me. I look up for a bit and I see Officer Mcfuckface, his two power jocks, and me. It was yesterday. Someone was recording that whole incident. I grab the phone. Then Debra whines “Hey give that back!” I ignore her and start the video. It was exactly what happened at Food and I can even see my face. I look at the views. The phone read 1, 538, 244 views. The blood drains from my face as I set the phone down and lean back. Oh, my fucking gods. I am so fucked. So very very fucked. 1 million? That’s so many people. So many ideals and opinions and the worst part are this happened all before twenty-four hours. Imagine

what It'll be like in a week. I have a bad feeling this is going to get big. I must've looked distressed because Mom came over and embraced me. I compose myself and look at the phone again. This time reading the comments. Few were nasty, but that's normal. Others were saying how beautiful I am with some that said that they wanted to get in my pants. I shiver from those words. A lot of it was surprising on how the MCO was going to arrest me without a real cause or warrant. There was a good bit of praise on how I handled the situation even though I had to resort to my powers. Overall the comments were positive. That's a good sign.

"Mom, I need that haircut you promised me." Now I have another reason to get a haircut. To not be recognized.

"You sure, sweetie? Your hair is so pretty. I rather keep it long."

"Sorry mom, I just don't want to look more girly than I already am. That and I don't want to be recognized in the video."

"Good point. I guess I'll do it. How do you want it?"

"I want it cut short to about below my chin." Mom's eyes lit up along with the shocked look on her face. that I'm not going to cut my hair really short even though I like it like that. Mom got the scissors, water spray, and anything else need to cut my hair. When we were done I felt rejuvenated. Like a weight just rolled off my shoulders. "How long until we go?" Thinking I might as well rub one off while we wait. I haven't tested this body in that way,

and for some reason, I'm feeling a little stiff. If you know what I mean

"Not too long. Maybe about another thirty minutes or so. Why?"

"Oh no reason." Mom looks at me inquisitively. "Fine, I'm just going to play some video games." Oh yes, some video games alright. I bit my lower to keep my thing down. What has gotten into me today? Oh well shoot first, ask questions later. I run upstairs, into my room, and lock my door. I'm not going to go into specifics, but let's just say it was explosive. I think I was a little bit loud. Anyway, I use magic to get rid of the yucky liquid I produced. Yes, I know that's a useless way to use magic, but I don't care.

Right after that, right on queue, I hear mom say, "James, we're going." I walk downstairs instead of running. Partly because my legs were jelly. Mom and I get into the car and drive to the superhero base. I forget what they're called Ranger something. I don't remember. When we arrived, there was a limited crowd of protestors. Only about twenty people from what I could see holding up mutaphobic signs.

An oldish man in his fifties or sixties stands on a small step stool and shouts, "What do we want?"

"No freaks!" The crowd chants back.

"When do we want it?"

“Right now!”

Mom shakes her head as she gripes, “Some people.” I grab my mom’s hand and pull her towards the heroes’ base(?) trying to avoid being detected.

“Hold it right there, ladies.” The man shouts at us. Oh crap baskets! this is what I didn’t want. I slowly turn to him and see that all eyes of the hateful crowd were on us. This is not my day. Scratch that, week. He continues, “What are you ladies doing going into that veil, corrupt place?” He pauses as a dim light bulb turns on in his head. His face turns grim. “Are you mutants?” I can feel his emotions turning into pure hate and paranoia. There are two options in this situation. The recommended one, that is saying no and that we just were taking a good walk. The not so recommended one is saying yes, and having the crowd become a classic mob like you see in movies or television.

“Yes, he is!” Mom proclaims. This is the day I never thought my mother could be so rash and naive. I face palm and hope to gods that we make it out of here alive and unscathed. Mostly alive at this point. It became so silent that you could hear hearts beating and birds singing as it was a sunny, but chilly day. I felt a deep shock coming from the crowd. Before I look at the crowd. I adjust up my scarf over my nose and mouth. My winter cap luckily hid my hair. I grab Mom’s arm and run as fast as I could while dragging her behind.

“GET THEM!!!” The crowd screams thunder towards us. You know, in movies or tv shows, when a crowd is running all together how you it makes a thunderous sound. Yeah, that goes for real life too. We get to the door and try to open it, but it’s locked.

“Oh mother fuck!” I curse trying to break open the door. Why do they have it locked of today of all days? I bang on the door and scream, “HELP!” as I tears fall flow down my cheeks. Mom just stood there frozen and shocked at what was happening. She shakes her head and grabs me tight as she sobs that “This is all my fault.” And that “I should’ve kept my big fucking mouth shut.” I was not expecting mom to curse, but given the situation, I didn’t expect anything less. I hold her back and we sob together as we most certainly were about to meet our doom and inevitable deaths.

“Yoink!” is all I heard as I couldn’t feel the cold air or sun’s heat of the autumn anymore. I stop sobbing and look around. We are in a room. It was big and had a bunch of equipment in it. I let go of my mom and look around to find two people, a man and a woman, standing there smiling at us. I wipe off my tears and composed myself.

“Welcome, to the Music City Ranger’s mutant testing facility. Well, really, it’s our base. I’m SlapJack,” The woman gestures herself then to the man next to her, “and this is Yoink. The man who saved you.”

I don't really know what to say to them, but I do know what I want to say to Mom. I turn to her and screech, "WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING??? ANNOUNCING THAT I'M A MUTANT!!!" Mom looks down out of her shame for what she did. Tears start flowing as I got angrier. "YOU COULD'VE GOTTEN US KILLED. HELL, WE SHOULD'VE BEEN DEAD IF THAT BEAUTIFUL MAN NAMED YOINK DIDN'T SAVE US!" I inhale, hold, and exhale trying to calm myself. I turn to the two adults, "Thank you for saving our asses. Without you, we probably be dead or worse. My mom made a HUGE mistake."

"No problem, I take it your name is..." SlapJack says hesitantly as she looks at the clipboard in her hand. "James West?" She has a confused look on her face.

"Before you ask if I'm a changeling. No, I am not one. Yes, I know I look like a girl. I am, without doubt, a boy. I have the genitals to prove it." The two supers stare at me wide-eyed.

"But, you're so beautiful," Yoink argued.

"That's what the last guy said. I've only been this way since Friday. I barely know why I changed so fast. Can we get this testing over with so I can go back home? I got school in the morning."

Mom made a sly grin, "Talking about school, are we?"

“Oh, did I mention that you’re getting punished for almost getting us killed?”

“What? You can’t punish me?”

“If I must I’ll command your punishment, and I know you won’t like that.” Mom stared at me wide-eyed then looked down ashamed like she should be. Bitch, almost got us killed. No matter how much I love someone. I can barely forgive almost dying. The two supers stare at us with a look that can only be described as befuddled. “What? Haven’t you seen a kid punish their mother for being rash and naïve?”

“No, I can’t say we have,” SlapJack said softly. “Alright, follow us so we can get your interview done. Your mother can stay. We only need you.” I followed her into a small comfy room. She asked me all sorts of questions. Stuff to be expected. Like ‘What are your powers you’ve encountered’ or ‘When did you first notice you were changing’. At the very end, she asks me, “What do you want your code name to be?”

“I’ve never thought of that before. If I had to pick a good one that fits my powers. It would have to be Charisma. I’m able to persuade anyone. I haven’t come upon people I couldn’t persuade besides maybe that MCO guy. I don’t think he had enough of a brain to persuade with.” Slapjack giggled at that.

“After listening to you and being in the same room as you. I can definitely see why you picked that name. Well, let us move onto

the physical testing. Shall we?" We walk into a room filled with different machines. The first machine was a press bar-like device. It wasn't too difficult at first the weight got heavier and heavier to the point where moving it was extremely taxing. I had to take a small break for that one. Next, was a treadmill. It was relatively easy. Soon it got too fast for me to handle. While I was running I got smacked in the back of the head with a tennis ball. I was not very pleased with that. The last thing we did was a reflex test that lasted about as soon as it began.

After the treadmill, I did a psychic test. The only things I can do is feel other's emotions and command people with my voice (Really useful by the way). They made me do all sorts of things with my voice. From commanding people to do a simple thing to commanding multiple people. I didn't know I could do that, though the downside is I have to focus on a specific area in front of me. I can also do this really powerful screech. I can barely hear it, but from the looks of the damage, I've done to a poor bullet-proofed dummy. I can tell it could kill.

We then did the magic testing. That was interesting, to say the least. I touched a magic ball and it glowed. Then they saw how much essence I can store. After all of this. SlapJack hands me a MID (Or a mutant identification card; I do not know why they call it MID). The card had a list of power ratings that said, 'ESP 4 TK(Siren) EX 2 WIZ 4'. Below it, the card listed techniques saying, 'Receptive empath, Trusting/popular Glamour'.

I hold my hand to SlapJack saying, "Well, this is goodbye." Then I hold my hand out to Yoink, who's been here this whole time.

"So that it is." Yoink sounding a bit disappointing. You know now that I give Yoink a good look. He's really handsome. His Nordic blonde hair, blue eyes look simply divine... Did I just think that? Whatever. I kiss Yoink on the cheek making him blush cutely. What the fuck is wrong with me? I'm doing this again. What is with me and kissing boys. Why do I even like boys? I'm pretty sure I was into girls before. I check out SlapJack to see if I'm attracted to her. She is more of a Russian beauty. Brunette, sparkling emerald eyes. Big beautiful lips. She would be any straight teenage boy's wet dream. Well then, it seems like I'm into both huh? I need to ask Ad about all of this next time I sleep.

I walk back into the original room we teleported in. My mom was sitting there, waiting patiently. "Mom?" I called.

Her face turned from excitement to sadness. She stands up and walks to me. She stands there for a second with a sad expression while looking down. I grab her and wrap her in my embrace. Mom starts shaking as I felt a warm wetness on my shoulder. "Sorry" is all she whispers hugging me tighter.

"I know," I whisper back. I hug just as tight back. It seemed like forever as we stood there embraced in each other.

There was a cough. I turned around to find SlapJack and Yoink quietly waiting, "Read to go?" Yoink says as he walks towards us.

“Yes!” Mom and I synchronize as Yoink touches us both. Next thing I know, I’m standing in front of the building again. This time, there were no Mutaphobics.

“Well, I guess I start school tomorrow,” I said dreading tomorrow.

“Don’t worry, if anything happens. We’ll sue them.” That makes me feel so much better. As much as I dislike violence, suing or hurting people emotionally is even worse. Mom and I walk back to the car and drive back home. Nothing exciting happened for the rest of the day. That is surprising because nothing but excitement has happened this weekend, and it’s only been three days. I can’t imagine how exciting my life will be from now on. From turning into a beautiful girly elf boy to being almost kidnapped by the MCO. I’m just hoping this week will be easy.

Oh, how I was so wrong.