

My ass was high up in the air, and my breasts were pressed against the ground with my arms outstretched. It was quite uncomfortable, but after the warm-up, I was into yoga with Mr. Trimmers correcting my positions. I had to admit he was good at this, and he was critiquing my positioning. I was sweating all over as he finally clapped his hands, and I sighed and moved to the last position slowly.

It was so odd going from upbeat running to slow-moving stretches. I knew I could do more in the running, but I needed the stretches, and I could already feel a slight change in my range of motion. It was slight, but I had a malleable body, and each time I did this, it would improve the situation a little. It was all incremental.

A sudden clapping of hands lifted me out of my thoughts, and Mr. Trimmers said, "Okay, that is good, Angela. In fact, I have someone here to talk to you again," Mr. Trimmers told me suddenly. I turned to see last week's familiar face of the not scout.

"Good morning, Trevor, right?" I asked as I repeated his name off the top of my head.

"Yeah, that is some interesting prep. Usually, people are already flexible enough to do the things needed," Trevor said.

I shrugged, put my hands on my hips, and grinned, "Cook, that is awesome for them. I have been self-motivated for a decade by myself doing it because I like it," I replied bluntly. Do you mind if I ask what is going on?" I asked just as bluntly.

"I came here to ask if you are interested in doing another fight," Trevor said, and I paused and looked at him. "Don't look so unimpressed. I have a guy interested in MMA and heard how someone much younger than him took Mercier down fairly quickly. So he wants to know what girl kicked his ass and fight you too," Trevor finished.

"What the fuck is in it for me?" I asked bluntly and started to walk things off in circles.

"Um, I will pay?" Trevor replied after a minute.

"How much?" I asked, wondering how much he was willing to offer.

"Five grand," he stated bluntly, and I laughed at him.

"Five Grand? That's it? Come back when that fucking number is six times that number," I chuckled, "That is my head you are talking about, and I see no reason I should fight for such a small amount of money."

"Small amount?" Trevor said, surprised.

"Yeah, that is fucking peanuts, so if you want me to fight whenever you want, then bring the right amount of cash to the table. Last time, you caught me at a time when I could use a fight. So I fought; I did it because I wanted to; now, is there another reason you are here to talk to me?" I asked and started to walk around the room.

"Well, They are thinking of starting a women's MMA in Universities along with a men's division, Angela. So, that means that even if you don't make it in the Volleyball section, you could make it to Horizon on their new MMA team." Mr. Trimmers said, and I looked at the guy and sighed. I had to think about it, and I really did not want to be forced into fighting for four years. I liked fighting, but that was more because I was allowed to learn it.

"Um, that would be a no," I finally said, much to his surprise, "I have amazing grades; I have everything I need, Trevor: Money, Grades, and Sports skills. I can Make it to Horizon without a scholarship; I can afford the fees on my own. Why would I go for a sport that I will be enslaved to for four years that can permanently cripple me with brain trauma?"

Trevor opened and closed his mouth, stunned. "B—Because you can go professional?" he said stupidly.

"And the path to MMA does not include University right now. Why did it suddenly become necessary?" I asked with my eyebrow raised. "Seriously, I want to do Volleyball and Running. MMA is a hobby for me. I like fighting and crushing my opposition, but will I be doing MMA professionally? Nope, I'm not interested," I told him bluntly.

"Look, I have a guy who wants to fight you; he wants to see a girl who can kick ass. He doesn't believe you took down Mercier or Mercier threw the fight." Trevor shrugged, "You can let him keep thinking that way if you want, but he is going to think you chickened out."

I laughed, "Trevor if the guy wants to fight, he has to make it worth my time and potential injury. I am not really in the mood to fight right now, so," I shrugged, "Make him come up with something to get me excited to fight them. But some Misogynistic Bullshit? Not happening, Proving myself?" I chuckled, "Why do I need to prove anything to him? Whoever he is." I turned away and looked at Mr. Trimmers, "I do this not to prove anything to anyone else. I do this because I want to prove I AM THE BEST. I want to be the BEST. I want to DOMINATE my competition and the places I want to go to achieve that. It's the Olympics, so I have been doing all of this," I pointed around the weight room, "Only to prove that I can do it to myself. A DECADE I have done it for no one but myself, so if you want to come here trying to rile me up into fighting some fucking dipshit for no reason, then the answer is fuck no." I finished and sighed.

"Mr. Trimmers, is there Anything else we're doing today?" I asked bluntly. Mr. Trimmers looked stunned and quickly shook his head, trying to clear up his thoughts.

"I was kind of presenting a backup plan," Mr. Trimmers said.

"My backup plan is the four-point zero GPA for my classes. If they don't take me in for sports, I will probably try playing professionals immediately and push my way in." I shrugged. I am not one to put all my eggs in one basket." I finished and stretched.

"I will call my guy," Trevor said, "He really does want to fight you."

"And I really don't care," I said with a shrug. "I have better things to care about as a random challenge."

"If I can get him to put something up that interests you, will you fight?" Trevor asked.

"Sure, get me interested, and I will fight," I shook my head, chuckled, and turned to Mr. Trimmers. "Are we doing anything else today? I am getting quite bored."

"Go do a couple of laps around the field, and then you're done." Mr. Trimmers said, "Mrs. Grendier will want you this afternoon again."

"Yes, Coach~!" I replied with a grin, walked out of the weight room, and exited the gym, leaving Mr. Trimmers with Trevor.

I headed out, smiling and looking forward to running a bit. All my joints had just been stretched, and it hurt in the weirdest places. Yoga was the basis of my existence, but it was a necessary one. It took me only a minute to head outside, and I quickly changed from a jog to a run as I let myself go. I pulled my hair out of a ponytail and let my hair flap in the wind, and my body moved into a sprint, letting the cool autumn air lick the sweat from my body.

I transitioned into sprinting and let myself get into the groove. I ran, then sprinted back into running, all while keeping my breathing measured and timed. I loved this steady pace, and my muscles felt great as I did so. I finished four laps before I called an end to it by jogging the last lap and headed towards Sensei's gym. I just felt the need to go and hang out.

Jogging after a nice run was also good for the body, and I would walk on my way back. It really did not even take me that long to get to Sensei's gym, and I walked inside without a worry. My smile was large, and I saw Trevor again. He waved, and his eyes widened. Much to my surprise, he shook his head and pointed at the door.

Oh shit, he was telling me to run.

Why?

Stop thinking and do!

I turned around and froze.

"Oh, Angela, you decided to grace me with your presence," Sensei said, his voice clearly one of a disappointed father. I turned to him, and I could not help but wonder why.

"Yes, Sensei. I had time and thought I would come by to work out," I said, feeling stupid for stuttering a little.

"Oh? After you stood your Sensei up?"

"What?" The words left my mouth so quickly that I barely realized I even said them. I stood up to my Sensei; when did that happen?

"I told you to be here on Sunday with that pretty girlfriend of yours," Sensei said, and I looked down. My mind rapidly turned as I tried to think whether he had said that. We talked; it was on Tuesday or Thursday, right?

"I am sorry, Sensei," I replied, bowing my head, still spinning. "I must have completely forgotten because I struggle to think of whether you said that or not. It is not that I doubt you; it is just that I forgot the memory of if you did personally." I told him honestly, and I looked up and saw his face lighten up.

"If that is true, I forgive you; I know you would not stand me up for no reason; you're my favorite student, after all," Sensei said with a smile. Come to my office; let us chat a bit," he finished, and Trevor started to make a cross across his chest and pray for me. I rolled my eyes at him in return and followed Sensei into the small office he had without complaint.

"Sorry, Sensei, I struggle to remember even now, even though you directly reminded me," I told him honestly.

"That is no matter. It seems that your life has gotten busy, Angela. Have you stopped to rest recently?" Sensei asked, and I shook my head.

"Between work, Crystal, school, working out, family, and so many other things, Sensei, I just find myself with less and less time to stop and rest."

"Angela, your memory is slipping. You are struggling with new things, and your life has changed significantly." Sensei said slowly. "Are you okay?" he asked bluntly, and I opened and shut my mouth.

"S- Sensei, I- I think I am okay?" I said slowly, "I have just so much going on lately that my mind has been all over the place."

"It sounds like you must take time each day and stop everything. To stop thinking and do nothing. Absolutely nothing, Angela. Sit there, in whatever position you want, and do nothing."

"That sounds like torture," I replied bluntly, and Sensei smiled and shivered.

"I heard Trevor, that person from last week, proposed a fight and talked to me about it. What did you say?" Sensei asked.

"I turned down a stupid fight that I get nothing out of, Sensei."

"Do you get nothing?" Sensei asked.

"I get experience."

"Then the experience is not enough for you?"

"It is not worth the risk, Sensei."

"So what makes the old spars worth it and this one not worth it?"

"Before I learned self-defense, Sensei, I never wanted to go pro with it. It is meant to protect myself and those around me. It is not worth it because it is to prove to someone I don't care about that I am stronger than them. Why the hell do I need their approval?"

"Angela, I approve of the reason why you refused, but I do question what you are choosing to do in the future. You are a young woman with the world at your fingertips. You can go anywhere and do anything, Angela. You are smart, strong, and Disciplined, although sometimes you make me question the last. You are you, though, and you can choose your ticket. Why are you so indecisive on this one subject?"

"Because I want to prove I am the best in sports, Sensei, But can I do that? We both know I am intersex and not fully a woman. My genetics are XX, but my hormones gave me an extra part of my body that makes many think I am XY. If I choose to continue this route, I am worried that one day, that alone will disqualify me."

"So, are you going to go into the men's league?" Sensei asked, and I winced.

"Sensei, no offense, but I am not a man. I am a woman; I have always thought of myself as a woman, and as long as it is not mixed, I would like to compete with those of my gender," I told him and sighed, "But you are right, I could always go into the men's league, Something in me screams at me that I am not a man, Sensei. I am not a man, and I am a woman. Is that so hard to be accepted? I know a lot of this comes from when I was younger, but," I sighed and took a deep breath, "I am scared the path will disappear again, and it is making me hesitate."

"You know, you could go into fighting, and that would not be an issue," Sensei said, and I chuckled.

"I would rather stay away from such an injury-prone industry, Sensei."

"Hmm, but it allows you to do your best as well, Angela. Just because there is increased risk does not mean you should shy away from it. Volleyball has risk, running has risk, and Hockey has risk. Life is risk and return."

"I agree, Sensei, but mountain climbing and skydiving have risks. Those are just as many sports as Volleyball, Hockey, or Football. But more people die In the former than in the latter. I also have less interest in the prior. Hockey also had an increased risk of other injuries, such as cuts.

But I do not like the risk of MMA. I love the sport, but not the risk; I see no reason to go looking for fights, Sensei. I can know I can kick someone's ass but not invite it."

"This is what I like about you, Angela. You know what you want and work toward it, so stop holding back," Sensei finished, and I closed my eyes and nodded.

"You are right, sensei; I will work on my applications and get them done soon. I will no longer hesitate. Also, if that guy comes back with a good enough reason for me to fight, Will you be in my corner?"

"I would be honored to always be in your Corner, Angela. Now, this week, bring that girlfriend of yours around with you. I want to talk to her about something."

"Sensei, I will not promise, but I will attempt to try," I told him honestly.

"Ah, but that is what I want to hear." Sensei replied, "Now, Go do some weightlifting. I think your bench press might have suffered from lack of gym time."

My eyes widened, and I nodded and turned to head out. I moved to the free weights and quickly put on the weights and began. I started at two hundred, which was a breeze, all without taking off my weights. I started to put more and more iron on after a set just to ensure I was where I normally was. I frowned as I noticed that I was starting to have more issues as I crept to three hundred pounds. I did not want to push it either, so I dropped the weights and cleaned up after myself. When I finished my last set, Trevor came over.

"Angela, you don't look happy," Trevor said with an edge of sympathy. Did Sensei say something?"

"Huh?" I turned to him and chuckled, "Oh, No, Sensei was fine. I am frowning because it feels like I am struggling more at the three-hundred-pound mark than I was a couple of weeks back. I do not want to slip back."

"Ah, that makes sense. You should come by once a week, Angela. You just need to maintain."

My hand swatted his arm, and I sneered, "Maintain my fucking ass, Trevor. I make gains, not slippage. I have allowed myself to slip a little, though. I am going to start lifting a school, though. I have time before lunch now, so I will use the increased amount of time I have at School."

"Oh, that is good to hear; how are you doing though?" Trevor asked.

"I guess I am doing fine," I said, feeling weird.

"Are you sure? Usually, you are happier working out. Something on your mind?"

I sighed, closed my eyes, and shrugged, "I am still dealing with being homeless, I guess. I am living at my Girlfriends place, and she is happy to have me there but also doesn't want to give me a key, which," I paused and sighed, "I don't know, I think there is something there that stops

her, so I mind myself, but without a key, it never feels like I live there. It feels like I am a guest, I guess. But that problem should be solved soon."

"Did you talk to her about it?" Trevor asked.

"Trevor, sometimes you should not talk about everything on your mind. This was one of those times," I replied. I walked past him, heading toward the door, and realized I had left my stuff at school. "I got to go, Trevor. We should talk soon, I guess."

I headed out, and I just felt exhaustion hit me. What I told Trevor was all too real in my head. It was something I had been keeping myself from saying, but it was true. I understand that there was a reason for Crystal to be doing what she was doing, but it weighed upon me.

I took a deep breath, started jogging back to school, and let the cool air lick my skin. It was not a very far jog, either. I let Sensei's words wash over me, and I nodded to myself. No longer can I delay. By the end of this week, I will send in my application to a half dozen universities. No way would I put all my eggs into one basket.