

Queen

by Amika Malone

I hated when he did it. I would lie on the bed and make faces as he sat in the bathroom and did his makeup. It wasn't like I was worried he'd attract someone else and leave me. No, of course not. Aidan loved me.

It was just that, when he put the makeup and the dress and the wig on and turned around... he wasn't my Aidan anymore. He was Adrina, Los Angeles' most popular drag queen. That wasn't even the problem.

I watched him turn around to come back into the bedroom.
"Quentin!" he would call out, "How do I look?"

I would look up, raise an eyebrow, and mumble, "Like a chick, *Adrina*," emphasizing my boyfriend's stage name.

He sigh, put on his shoes and turned. "Quen, I'm still Aidan to you. I hate how *you* call me Adrina when I'm in my work clothes."

I hated when he called them his work clothes, even if performing was his job.

Normally, Aidan looked like a guy. A highly feminine guy, but still a guy. He wore his hair in a buzz cut (a turn on of mine), wore tight clothes, worked out so he had a bit of muscle, but nothing over the top. And he was my guy.

But when he dressed as Adrina all traces of the male sex disappeared, and no matter what he did, he wouldn't get a rise out of me. I'm that gay.

I hated when he did it, when he worked. For three nights a week I

lost my boyfriend.

