I'm a man, right?

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I'm a man, right?

by Blakartoffel

Summary

After seeing his own reflection Ren's mind can't help but tumble down into insecurity.

Notes

POV: You feel bleh so you write a fanfic oneshot mentally torturing your favorite Hermit

See the end of the work for more notes

Ren's building flow was disrupted when he walked across the water, it was a beautifully sunny day on the server that made the water more reflective then normally. So of course, just to ruin his day a quick glance had basically send him far down into a spiral.

Because regardless of how badly he wanted to think otherwise of himself, see the good features of his appearance, he just couldn't help but notice those glaring issues that reminded himself that he hadn't always been a man. That maybe he was still *her* after all.

So he put down the shulker box in his arms, laid down the tools from his pockets on top as if it was a table, and sat down at the riverside. Staring at that stupid reflection that was somehow his.

He wanted to smile, convince himself that all was alright, but that just made him want to cry. As *she*, the girl from his nightmares, that haunted his every reflection, smiled back at him from the river.

His friends, the entire server and even far past that, they'd always reassured him that he was a man. But how, how could they look at this, this face, and see a man, that smile, that laugh ringing in his ears, that was that of a *girl*, obviously, even he knew that.

It wasn't just his smile either, his entire face was just… not it, whenever he looked at himself he just saw who he used to be.

And his chest, yes it was flat, he had made sure of that. It's something that he was Doc eternally thankful for. But, but the fact he'd needed that —a surgery that had left him barely mobile for multiple days— didn't that just mean he was lying to *her*-himself, forcing it to be something she isn't.

NO, he stood up again, wanted to turn away, but then he noticed his hips. *His?* No, those were the hips of a **girl**, clearly. Rounded and beautiful… it was a shame really, he was such a beautiful girl back then, and now, now he was just, average? Friends had tried to convince him otherwise (because let's be honest: he is) but he refused to believe it, they probably just told him that to make him feel better while they thought back on *her*.

Everyone did refer to him as a man, but he couldn't help himself from looking back whenever he heard others talk about a *she* and a *her*. It was probably about Gem, or Pearl, or False, or even Cleo.

Oh *Cleo*, why couldn't he just be like them, to not care about how people refer to you. Oh what did that seem like a beautifully careless life he could only dream about. Because *he* was forcing *her* away anytime, and really just couldn't help it.

He was wearing his magicians robes, and honestly that cape just looked like a rather sick excuse for a dress. Not as nice as the ones he used to wear back in those days, just something… disappointing. So he undid the clasps that held it close and dropped it to the ground, picked it up and stuffed it into the shulker as tears started to come from his eyes. The

cloth was pushed away messily just to take it out of sight, and well without it the hat just looked ridiculous so of course it followed the robes with even more aggression.

It didn't make him feel better, because now he was crying, and crying was for *girls*, men didn't cry. He didn't need to look at the reflection *she* made to know that, even if he wasn't a man, and he wasn't actually meant to be, why couldn't he just pretend, and pretend properly without behaving pathetically.

He wanted to grab his stuff and run, find a place where *she* couldn't haunt him, where *her* reflection wouldn't exist, but he turned and saw himself again.

Her- no his, his hair… it had grown again. Before it was hidden below the gigantic hat he paraded around with, but with that gone.

His vision was starting to blur through the tears, but he didn't need to see to reach in his pocket and get a hold of the pocket knife he carried around for cooking and eating. One hand taking a hold of a chunk of hair while the other pulled through it as if through butter. He let it fall to his feet, that would teach *her*.

Once he finished, once there wasn't even a strand that could reach his shoulders his brain kick started back into reality. Eyes staring at *her* in the reflection of the water, and *she*, oh, she was **shocked**.

It made him laugh, he had beaten *her*, his hair might have gotten the worst, most chunky cut ever, but he had finally beaten *her*, and that was worth a million. Only then he noticed the cut that ran across his face, a tick of health gone and he hadn't even noticed, it had just pissed *her* off.

Apparently his hand had slipped as it glided from a chunk of hair right to his skin, it hadn't his intention, but it was **something**. *She* wasn't easy to make mad, and his hair he could only screw up once, but for health, he had more of those and they were rather easy to regain.

He stared at the knife, thought of what else he could do to *her*.

But before he could actually act upon any of them a voice appeared behind him. "Ren? Dude what are you doing?"

The knife fell, dropped to the ground, but the truth? That would have to be pried from his lips by force. As snapped from the trance of his reflection, of seeing *her*, he suddenly felt ashamed, very ashamed for what he had done, and what he had thought. He should be happy, and he had no right to be bothered by *her*, right?

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Feel free to leave a kudos and comment if you did. :D

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