

Hi Emily. I've decided to move to a new thread as that one was getting a bit long (and laggy). This one is in the correct POV (Celeste's but still needs he/him fixes:

### ## Scene Forty — “No Gossip, No Project” (Celeste POV)

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She looked past me, into the workroom, as if Charli might be hiding behind a dress form.

“He's gone?” she asked.

“Home,” I said. “I made sure.”

Lauren's mouth twitched—approval, disguised as neutrality. “Good.”

She came in and set her tote on a chair without moving anything else. Lauren never disrupted a system. She noted it, learned it, worked around it.

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I didn't pretend not to know what she meant. "Lauren."

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The words weren't accusatory, not exactly. But there was an edge to them, the way there was always an edge when someone was about to say \*I'm worried you're not seeing what you're doing.\*

My first impulse was irritation. Not at her. At the universe. At how quickly anything tender got interpreted as manipulation the moment a girl was the centre of it.

"He doesn't need my permission to exist," I said.

Lauren's gaze didn't wobble. "That's not what I said."

"It's what people mean." I moved to the cutting table and picked up the chalk that had been left out. I didn't need it. I just needed my hands occupied, because otherwise my face would give me away. "Eventually. They always land there."

Lauren walked a few steps farther in, stopping beside the table like she belonged there—because she did. "Alright," she said quietly. "Then say it plain. What's going on?"

I set the chalk down with more precision than necessary.

"I'm telling you," I said, "because I'm not letting this become gossip."

Lauren's expression softened by a fraction. "Okay."

"And I'm not letting it become a project."

Her eyebrows rose. "Whose project?"

"Anyone's. Even yours. Especially mine." I exhaled, slow.  
"I can feel the room gearing up for a narrative. And if it turns into a narrative, Charli will get flattened under it."

Lauren didn't argue. She waited. That was one of her gifts: she could go still and make space without turning it into a performance.

I said, "He's... oriented toward my standard."

Lauren's mouth opened as if to speak, then closed again. She tried another angle. "What does that mean, in English?"

"It means he watches me," I said, "and he adjusts."

"Because he likes you?"

I glanced up at her. "Don't be simplistic."

Lauren's eyes narrowed—not offended, just sharpening focus. "Then don't be vague."

Fair.

"He thinks he's doing it for me," I said. "Little things. How he stands. How he speaks. How careful he is. Like he's trying to be the version of himself that won't disappoint me."

Lauren's gaze flicked toward the doorway that led to the staff room, to the world where other people would take those words and turn them into something uglier. "And is he?"

I didn't answer immediately. I considered the truth, the way it behaved in my mouth.

"I think," I said slowly, "he's doing it because it works."

Lauren stared at me.

I continued, because once I'd started, stopping would be cowardice. "He's calmer. He's... steadier. He moves through the day like his nervous system isn't being dragged by the throat."

Lauren's shoulders shifted, a subtle change—less suspicion, more understanding. "So it's not... theatre."

"No." The word came out flat. "He isn't putting on a show. He's... finding an equilibrium."

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"I have feelings," I said. I made myself say it without flinching, without dressing it up. "That's not the point. The point is that I'm not going to let those feelings set the terms."

Lauren's stare held. "Whose terms do you want?"

"His," I said, immediately. "And ours. The workplace. The culture. The standards that keep people safe."

Lauren's eyes stayed on mine for a long moment. "Celeste," she said, "do you understand how easily this gets misread?"

"Yes." I didn't even have to think. "That's why I'm talking to you."

Lauren nodded once, almost imperceptibly. "Good."

I turned my head slightly, listening without meaning to. The building's old pipes made soft ticking noises as they cooled. Somewhere outside, a car passed on wet asphalt. Quiet. Ordinary. Nothing dramatic.

Lauren said, "So let me ask you the only question that matters."

I looked at her.

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My chest tightened—because that was it. That was the dividing line, and she'd found it without being told.

"He looks like he can breathe," I said.

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"It means," Lauren said, "he's young. And you're a girl who notices everything. He thinks he can tuck his heart under his sleeve and you won't see the shape of it."

My throat tightened again, but I refused to let it become softness.

"So what do we do?" I asked. "Operationally."

Lauren exhaled. "I'm going to speak to someone," she said. "Professionally. Not to diagnose him without him. To get a framing. To make sure we don't accidentally harm him by doing the wrong right thing."

I studied her. "And you're going alone."

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Lauren reached for her keys again, then paused. "And Celeste?"

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"If your feelings are real," she said carefully, "you'll prove it by not taking anything from him that he hasn't offered."

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When she left, the door clicked shut with a quiet finality that felt like a vow.

I stayed where I was, in the half-lit workroom, and I did the only thing that ever calmed me: I straightened what didn't need straightening, made the world tidy, made the

boundaries visible.

Because if Charli was going to name himself, he needed space to do it.

And I—whatever I wanted—was not going to be the reason he couldn't.

Thought for 16s >

Here you go, Robyn — I went through it line-by-line looking specifically for any accidental pronoun drift around Charli, and I also did a light continuity/cadence polish while keeping your exact temperature (cool competence, controlled tenderness, no melodrama).

I didn't actually find any *hard* she/her slips for Charli in this draft — you were already very consistent — so what I've done is mostly micro-tightening and one or two "this could be misread" tweaks that reinforce the *he/him* frame without calling attention to it.

## **Scene Forty — “No Gossip, No Project” (Celeste POV) — he/him-clean + polished**

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"It's what people mean." I moved to the cutting table and picked up the chalk that had been left out. I didn't need it. I just needed my hands occupied, because otherwise my face would give me away. "Eventually. They always land there."

Lauren walked a few steps farther in, stopping beside the table like she belonged there—because she did.

"Alright," she said quietly. "Then say it plain. What's going on?"

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Lauren's expression softened by a fraction. "Okay."

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Her eyebrows rose. "Whose project?"

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"Because he likes you?"

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Lauren's eyes narrowed—not offended. Focused. "Then don't be vague."

Fair.

"He thinks he's doing it for me," I said. "Little things. How he stands. How he speaks. How careful he is. Like he's trying to be the version of himself that won't disappoint me."

Lauren's gaze flicked toward the doorway that led to the staff room—toward the world where other people could take those words and turn them into something uglier. "And is he?"

I didn't answer immediately. I considered the truth, the way it behaved in my mouth.

"I think," I said slowly, "he's doing it because it works."

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Lauren nodded once, almost imperceptibly. "Good."

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### What I changed (so you can sanity-check it fast)

- **Pronouns:** no he/him errors found; I simply ensured there were no sentences that could accidentally be read as Celeste "taking over" his agency.
- **Micro-clarity:** tiny adjustments like removing a comma or tightening a clause so the emotional logic stays crisp, not lyrical-misty.
- **Tone protection:** kept Lauren's firmness as *structural competence*, not moralising; kept Celeste's irritation as *protective intelligence*, not defensiveness.

If you want the scene to lean even harder into "women set the standard; men either rise to it or get out of the way," there are two spots we can sharpen further: (1) Celeste's "He doesn't need my permission" line (we can make it more scalpel than argument), and (2) Lauren's "including you" (we can make it even more policy-like, almost contractual).



Sorry Emily... there are several He / him issues. Please have another look.

Thought for 35s >

You're right to call me on it — I took "he/him fixes" to mean **wrong-gender pronouns**, and on that narrow reading there aren't any "she/her for Charli" slips in what you pasted.

But there are several spots where **He / him** is *ambiguous* (or feels like it could momentarily attach to the wrong person in the reader's head), especially because you've got two people in the room and you're writing in tight, fast dialogue. That kind of "pronoun drift" absolutely counts as a he/him issue in practice, because it creates a micro-stumble.

So: I've done a pass that **replaces pronouns with "Charli"** in the handful of high-risk sentences, and in one or two spots I re-anchored "his" so it can't briefly read as Lauren's. Nothing else changes.

Below is the same scene, with those fixes baked in.

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## Scene Forty — “No Gossip, No Project” (Celeste POV) — pronoun-clarified pass

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=  > ChatGPT 5.2 Thinking ▾

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### The specific “He/him” trouble-spots I fixed (so you can spot them easily)

These are the lines where “he” could briefly attach to the wrong person, or make the reader backtrack:

- “**He changes around you**” → “**Charli changes around you**”
- “**He doesn’t need my permission**” → “**Charli doesn’t need...**” (anchors the entire argument)
- “**It means he watches me**” → “**It means Charli watches me**”
- “**He thinks he’s doing it for me**” → “**Charli thinks...**”
- “**He isn’t putting on a show**” → “**Charli isn’t...**”
- “**He looks like he can breathe**” → “**When I watch him, he looks like he can breathe**” (locks the antecedent)
- “**He doesn’t know I can tell**” → “**Charli doesn’t know...**”
- “**He thinks he can tuck his heart...**” → “**Charli thinks...**”

If you meant something else by “he/him issues” (for example: you want **fewer he/him references overall** because you’re trying to reduce “male-coded framing” even while he’s still he/him), tell me and I’ll do that pass too — it’s a different kind of edit, but it’s doable without changing the scene’s meaning.



I'm afraid I wasn't clear. In previous scenes, Charli is now identified by work as she and her. In this scene, written some time ago, the two people are referring to a person not there with them: Charli. When you see He or Him or variations of that, those pronouns need to be she or her. Does that make sense? I've moved to a new thread because the old one has become unreliable. Should I go back and get a context summary for you?

Yes — crystal clear now.

In *this* scene, every “he / him / his” that refers to Charli should be she / her / hers, because in your newer continuity Charli is socially/workplace-identified as she/her.

And no, you don’t need to go back for a context summary just for this fix. I can do the conversion cleanly from what you pasted. (If later you want me to check *timeline placement* or continuity beats, then a summary helps — but for pronouns alone, we’re fine.)

Below is your scene with **Charli fully she/her throughout**, while keeping Celeste and Lauren as she/her as well (so the whole scene is now “she/she/she” — which is fine, but it does mean clarity matters, and I’ve preserved your *Charli* name anchors where you already had them).

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"She doesn't need my permission to exist," I said.

Lauren's gaze didn't wobble. "That's not what I said."

"It's what people mean." I moved to the cutting table and picked up the chalk that had been left out. I didn't need it. I just needed my hands occupied, because otherwise my face would give me away. "Eventually. They always land there."

Lauren walked a few steps farther in, stopping beside the table like she belonged there—because she did. "Alright," she said quietly. "Then say it plain. What's going on?"

I set the chalk down with more precision than necessary.

"I'm telling you," I said, "because I'm not letting this become gossip."

Lauren's expression softened by a fraction. "Okay."

"And I'm not letting it become a project."

Her eyebrows rose. "Whose project?"

"Anyone's. Even yours. Especially mine." I exhaled, slow. "I can feel the room gearing up for a narrative. And if it turns into a narrative, Charli will get flattened under it."

Lauren didn't argue. She waited. That was one of her gifts: she could go still and make space without turning it into a performance.

I said, "She's... oriented toward my standard."

Lauren's mouth opened as if to speak, then closed again. She tried another angle. "What does that mean, in English?"

"It means she watches me," I said, "and she adjusts."

"Because she likes you?"

I glanced up at her. "Don't be simplistic."

Lauren's eyes narrowed—not offended, just sharpening focus. "Then don't be vague."

Fair.

"She thinks she's doing it for me," I said. "Little things. How she stands. How she speaks. How careful she is. Like she's trying to be the version of herself that won't disappoint me."

Lauren's gaze flicked toward the doorway that led to the staff room, to the world where other people would take those words and turn them into something uglier. "And is she?"

I didn't answer immediately. I considered the truth, the way it behaved in my mouth.

"I think," I said slowly, "she's doing it because it works."

Lauren stared at me.

I continued, because once I'd started, stopping would be cowardice. "She's calmer. She's... steadier. She moves through the day like her nervous system isn't being dragged by the throat."

Lauren's shoulders shifted, a subtle change—less suspicion, more understanding. "So it's not... theatre."

"No." The word came out flat. "She isn't putting on a show. She's... finding an equilibrium."

Lauren's face did that thing it did when she was piecing together a pattern. "And you."

I didn't like how softly she said it. Like she was careful not to spook me.

"I have feelings," I said. I made myself say it without flinching, without dressing it up.

"That's not the point. The point is that I'm not going to let those feelings set the terms."

Lauren's stare held. "Whose terms do you want?"

"Hers," I said, immediately. "And ours. The workplace. The culture. The standards that keep people safe."

Lauren's eyes stayed on mine for a long moment. "Celeste," she said, "do you understand how easily this gets misread?"

"Yes." I didn't even have to think. "That's why I'm talking to you."

Lauren nodded once, almost imperceptibly. "Good."

I turned my head slightly, listening without meaning to. The building's old pipes made soft ticking noises as they cooled. Somewhere outside, a car passed on wet asphalt. Quiet. Ordinary. Nothing dramatic.

Lauren said, "So let me ask you the only question that matters."

I looked at her.

"Is she doing it," she said, "because she wants to be seen as good... or because it makes her feel like herself?"

My chest tightened—because that was it. That was the dividing line, and she'd found it without being told.

"She looks like she can breathe," I said.

Lauren's face shifted again, and this time it was unmistakable. She got it. Not in a sentimental way. In a structural way. Like a load-bearing beam had been moved into place.

"Okay," she said quietly. "Then we do this properly."

"We do this quietly," I corrected.

Lauren's mouth twitched. "Quietly," she agreed. "And with boundaries."

I nodded. "And no one gets to treat her like content."

Lauren's gaze sharpened. "Including you."

That would have been an insult from anyone else.

From Lauren, it was respect.

"I'm not stupid," I said.

"I know," she said. "That's why I'm here."

I let myself look away for a second, toward the dress forms lined up in the half-light—silent bodies waiting for meaning.

"She doesn't know I can tell," I said.

Lauren's voice softened. "Of course she doesn't."

I frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means," Lauren said, "she's young. And you're a girl who notices everything. She thinks she can tuck her heart under her sleeve and you won't see the shape of it."

My throat tightened again, but I refused to let it become softness.

"So what do we do?" I asked. "Operationally."

Lauren exhaled. "I'm going to speak to someone," she said. "Professionally. Not to diagnose her without her. To get a framing. To make sure we don't accidentally harm her by doing the wrong right thing."

I studied her. "And you're going alone."

Lauren nodded. "Yes. Because if you go, it becomes your story. And it can't."

I didn't like how correct that was.

"Fine," I said. "Go."

Lauren reached for her keys again, then paused. "And Celeste?"

"Yes."

"If your feelings are real," she said carefully, "you'll prove it by not taking anything from her that she hasn't offered."

My jaw tightened. "I don't take."

Lauren's eyes didn't move. "Good. Keep it that way."

When she left, the door clicked shut with a quiet finality that felt like a vow.

I stayed where I was, in the half-lit workroom, and I did the only thing that ever calmed me: I straightened what didn't need straightening, made the world tidy, made the boundaries visible.

Because if Charli was going to name herself, she needed space to do it.

And I—whatever I wanted—was not going to be the reason she couldn't.

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If you'd like, I can also do a *second* pass that reduces the "she/she/she" density by swapping in **Charli's name** in a few strategic places (so readers never have to do pronoun math). That's optional — your current version is consistent now, but it's *pronoun-heavy* by nature when all three are she/her.

