

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

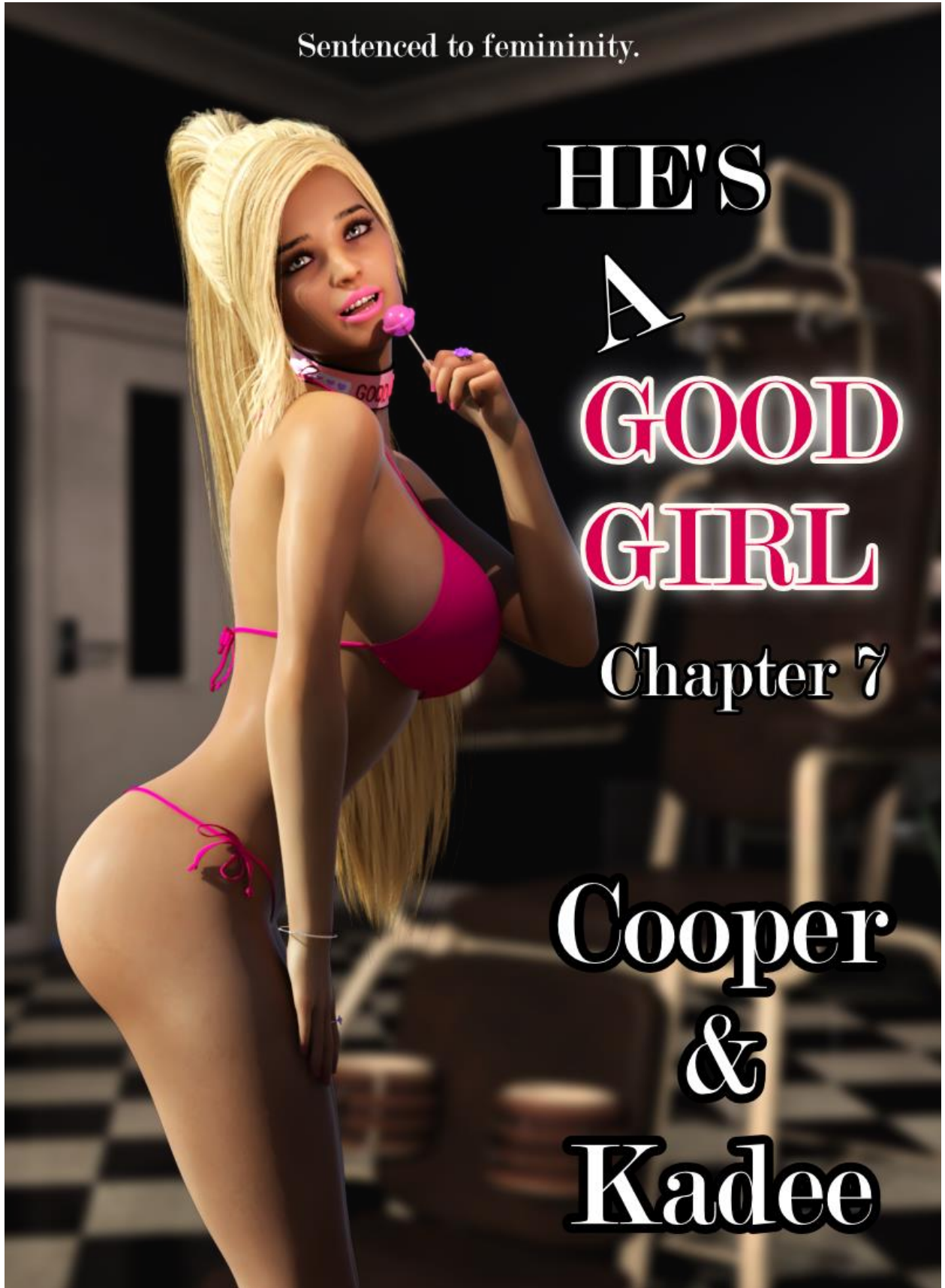
GIRL

Chapter 7

Cooper

&

Kadee



The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

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After pole dancing class and my gross encounter with Dick, I took a quick bath and got dressed. Slipping into my training bra, I noticed it lifted and pushed my little breasts inward, creating small crescents. The bra made my chest look bigger, more full. I stared down at my cleavage, the little cones of my breasts cupped in my pink, Missy bra, and had a flashback: Hannah Fromm, a girl I'd dated back in my first year of college. She'd been athletic, small breasted, and the first time I'd gotten her shirt off and seen her in a bra, I'd gotten so turned on, so hard at the sight of those firm little breasts. I had her tits now. They looked the same to me. Her breasts looked just like



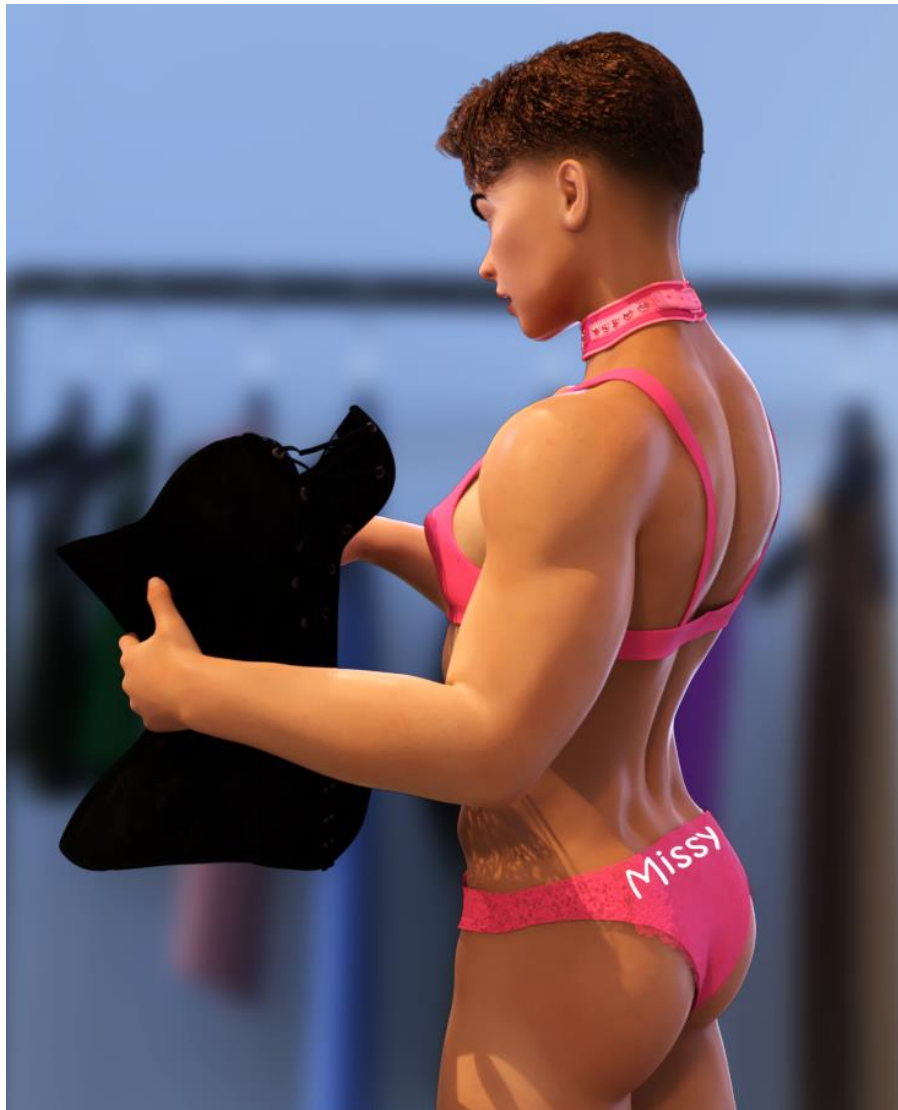
mine, and the memory of her collided with my new reality as I found myself both turned on by and disgusted by the sight of my soft, inviting cleavage, cleavage that looked just like Hannah's.

I was Tit Boy. Worse than Tit Boy. He never wore a bra.

Shit, shit, shit.

Don't think about it. Just keep moving.

Adjusting my bra straps, I went to the closet to get a fresh dress, and paused, my eyes drawn to the corsets. I felt like I might salivate as I found myself obsessing over the lace, the laces, the hourglass shape. Taking one in my hands, I ran my fingers over the body, tested it, fascinated by the



paradox: so soft, and yet so strong. I felt what I assumed to be steel bands running up and down the length of it. The strength, the power of that corset sent a thrill down my spine, gave me goosebumps as I imagined what I would look like bound into that shape, crushed into such dramatic curves that I would-

-  
“What the hell is wrong with me?” I said, stepping back from the corsets,

shocked and disturbed by what I was feeling. I remembered the video where I—she, that girl—was giving some guy a blowjob. She was wearing a black corset, and I remembered how my collar had flooded my brain with pleasure at the sight of her corseted body. My head spun, and I leaned weakly against the doorjamb, fighting back the stinging tears that threatened to come rolling down my cheeks.

Violated. I'd been—mind fucked! August had planted this corset fetish into my head. What if I can't ever get rid of it? I wondered. What if I am like this forever? I imagined myself trying to get laid, squeezed into a corset, explaining to some woman I'd picked up at a bar that I'd been sent to femininity prison, her laughing and laughing and laughing.

No. That would not happen. That would never happen. My mind was stronger than August's tricks. I could not be broken so easily. I slipped one of the pink dresses off its hangar and pulled it down over my head, then reached back and zipped myself up. No. She couldn't change me that easily, I decided as I lay down on my bed and began to strap on my platform sandals. I was a man, and I would always be a man.

I felt good, really good, for about 2 minutes. Then, the voice informed me it was time for my maiden makeover. I groaned as I stood and found my balance on the high-heeled sandals. My butt and legs ached from the workout. Tentative, cautious, looking around for any sign of Dick, I left my room and made my way gingerly to the salon, feeling like a dead man walking the green mile to face the gallows.

As I approached the salon, I was greeted not by the smell of death, but something worse: a powdery, floral scent: the perfumed smell of women and beauty. I cringed, thinking about the other inmates, their made-up faces. I would soon join them, and I had no doubt that my collar would be feeding me a steady dose of endorphins as August tried to make me love wearing makeup. I planned to reprise my cheek biting strategy, forcing my mind to associate cosmetics with pain. I had to do whatever I could to cling to my manhood.

I pushed open the salon door, and the other three were already there, sitting at a table soaking their nails. "Hey, Kathy," the girls who worked at the salon said, waving as I entered. I winced every time someone called me Kathy. It wasn't my name, and it pissed me off that these women felt

like they could call me by some girl's name, that my opinion didn't matter, the fact that I hated it didn't matter. They were erasing my identity, erasing me, and the fact that they were doing it with smiles plastered to their faces didn't make it any better.

I'd never been in a woman's salon, but had seen a few on TV, and this looked exactly as I expected—soft lights, pastels, mirrors, chairs and hair dryers. Everything here announced that this was a female space. I didn't belong here.

A pretty, young woman approached, all smiles. "Hello, Katherine" she said. "I'm Erin. I'll be taking you on your maiden makeover today. Are you excited?"

I stared at her. It still astounded me how the staff here constantly acted like this was all normal, fun, just the kind of thing every man dreamt of. "No," I said. "No, I am not."

"Oh, pooh," Erin said, "well, come over here and take a seat. I'll not only be giving you a total makeover, but I'll teach you all sorts of things about beauty a girl needs to know."

I followed her and sat down, my heart thumping in my chest. A haze of pleasure settled over me, just as I expected. My jaw clenched as I bit my cheek for the first time, then added, "let's just get this over with."

Erin picked up a piece of thread and twisted it around her fingers, almost like making a cat's cradle. "We'll start by threading your eyebrows. Did you see how I just worked this thread?"

"No."

"You try," she said.

"I told you I didn't see what you did."

She handed me the thread. "Try."

To my surprise, I wove the thread between my fingers exactly as she had, and as easily as if I'd been doing it my whole life. "What?"

"The collar not only offers pleasure," Erin said, "but enhances your memory, when August so chooses. You'll remember everything I teach you today

without even trying. It's all being stored for easy retrieval right up in that pretty little head of yours. Cool, right?"

"So cool," I said. "I'm glad this technology is being put to such good use."

The smile vanished from Erin's face. "Good girls do not resort to sarcasm, Katherine. I hope I won't have to tell you again. Now, apologize."

Her suddenly cold, vicious demeanor surprised me. In no other world would this tiny little girl have been able to intimidate me, but I knew she could reign hell on me through the collar. I swallowed my pride. "I'm sorry," I said.

"Are you going to be a good girl from now on?" Erin said, smirking.

I knew what she expected me to say, and I said it. "I'll be a good girl." I felt a rush of pleasure, as usual, as I promised to be a good girl. I bit my cheek behind my smile.

Then, it was like Erin flipped a switch. The cold, threatening woman vanished, and once more she became bubbly little makeover girl. "Omigod, let's clean up those brows. I'll show you how, and then you'll do your own. Oh, and by the way, it's gonna hurt. Pain is the price of beauty!"

It did hurt, but we threaded my eyebrows, and then she took a pair of tweezers and plucked. "Just to clean up the edges a little bit," she said, and with each yank of her tweezers she forced me to clench my jaw against the pain. I couldn't believe women went through this shit all the time.

"Done," Jane finally said, setting down the tweezers. I half expected her to turn me around so I could see myself in the mirror, but instead she took a tray that looked like it contained a couple dead spiders and smiled. "Your eyelashes."

"Those?" I couldn't even imagine what the hell I would look like with those long, thick, curly lashes, nor did I want to. "Can you find longer ones?"

"If you'd like," Erin said, starting to get up.

"No. No. Those are fine," I said. "I was kidding."

"What did I tell you about sarcasm?" Erin said, then she nodded, and I spasmed as I was hit with a jolt of pain—intense, but brief. "I would have punished you more, but this is your big day, and I want it to be fun, Kathy."



“I’m sorry,” I said. “I’ll be a good girl.”

Pleasure. So much pleasure. So much better than pain. Jane glued the eyelash extensions to my eyelids. Now, she did turn me around, and I saw myself in the mirror. I wasn’t quite blondie, though I wasn’t the myself I remembered, either. The thin, elegant brows and thick, wet lashes changed my face more than I could ever have expected. My face, the bone structure, the shape of my chin—all unchanged, but my eyes now seemed bigger, with a kind of startled quality, and looking at myself, I saw a woman and not a man. My collar flooded me with pleasure, warring against my disgust, fear, shame, confusing me as I looked at her, me, she.

“There’s something wrong,” I said as I blinked, watching those long lashes flutter. “The lashes are blocking my sight. I can see them at the edges of my vision.”

“That’s normal,” Erin said, dismissing my concern with a wave of her hand. “You’ll get used to it.”

You’ll get used to it? Being partially blinded? It seemed the answer to everything in this place. You’ll get used to it.

“You have sweet, feminine features,” Erin said, admiring me as I stared in shock at my image in the mirror. “I’m going to enhance them with makeup, and you are going to be so pretty.” She picked up a tube. “Let’s talk about foundation.”



She chatted away as I fought *not* to remember what she taught me, bit my cheek constantly as she introduced me to the mysteries of mascara and



eyeliner, blush and lipstick. Eyeshadow. Concealer. My collar worked against me, constant surges of pleasure at the sight of a camel hairbrush, a thrill at the feeling of it dusting my cheeks with blush. Erin painted my face, pausing after adding each new cosmetic, putting her hand under my chin, tilting my head side to side, nodding. I was surprised how aware I was of the

makeup—the lipstick was tacky, making my lips stick slightly, and the foundation had a sweet, perfumy smell that filled my head.

“Gor--geous!” She finally announced, turning my chair so I could see myself. The pink lipstick made my lips seem bigger, more inviting, and she’d dusted blush on my cheeks, framed my eyes with pink and purple eyeshadow that made them, for lack of a better word, pop. What had been masculine about my face had been softened, blurred, and my lips and eyes had been made more feminine. My mind reeled, seeing my face, my same old face, but now looking more like a woman than a man. The collar rushed to reward me, to fill me with pleasure at the sight of my face all painted in pinks, and I didn’t have to bite my cheek to suffer pain, fear, hate at what I was becoming, what was being made of me.

“Time for your hair,” Erin said, plucking at my scalp.

“What are you going to do to my hair?” I said, resigned to whatever she had planned, but curious.

“Dye it, to start,” Erin said. “You’ll be a natural blonde when you’re done with your rectification, but for now we’ll make you a bottle blonde. Then, I’m going to fluff it up, add body, reshape it. In short, make you prettier.”

Blonde. I had a thing for blondes. I’d always fallen for golden-haired girls. There was just something to the whole blonde mystique, blondes having more fun. I’d seen myself in the mirror as a blonde bunny now for a day or so, and it was just another horror for me on top of being a woman that I would be a blonde *girl*. No matter, I assured myself as Erin went to work on my hair. Connie would get me out of here before I changed too much more, and I could shave my head, have these tits removed. There was nothing they were doing, I told myself, that I couldn’t undo.

Whatever chemicals Erin used on my hair stank—they smelled like an industrial chemical plant was being poured onto my head. My eyes started to burn. “Where did you get this dye? A toxic waste dump?” I asked, twitching when I realized I’d said it with a sarcastic tone, tensing against the potential pain.

“Persulfate salts *are* a hazardous chemical,” Erin said, maintaining her same cheerful demeanor, “and I use hydrogen peroxide to clean my toilet, so, yah, I’m basically trying to kill you, but it’s all worth it, honey, because you will be a beautiful, blonde corpse.”

“I thought good girls didn’t use sarcasm?” I said.

“I’m not a good girl,” Erin answered. After she dyed my hair, Erin put curlers in it, then took them out, blasting my head with a blow dryer. I felt like I was in a wind tunnel. Then, she brushed my hair forward, so I felt a line of bangs across my forehead, whereas I’d always worn it combed back before. Finally, the ordeal ended, Erin stepping back, looking me over, nodding. “Yup,” she said. She turned me to face the mirror. I gasped in shock. With my eyebrows plucked, the thick, damp false lashes and eyeshadow framing my eyes, my plump, pink lips and now a halo of blonde hair framing my face, I looked like a woman. I could easily pass as a woman. In fact, it would be hard for me to convince anyone I was a man.

“Is that really me?” I asked, stunned. “How is this even possible?” I touched my blonde hair, staring in amazement at my transformed face. “Is it the shot August gave me?”

“Not yet, but you’ll be even prettier as the weeks pass,’ Erin said. “I told you before, you have feminine features. I just enhanced them, and the hair softens your features as well. It’s like you were meant to be a girl.”

The collar fed me pleasure. My head buzzed, my whole body buzzed as they sought to make me love this, the way I looked now, but as before my mind reeled, my masculinity wanted to smash something, punch something. It was insulting to be forced to endure this girl shit.

“Are we done?” I said, looking away from my shiny, blonde self, not wanting to see what she’d done to me.

“Not quite,” Erin said, running her fingernails through my hair. “Time for your manicure. Let’s get you some long, pretty nails.”



I didn’t even have the energy to respond, but just followed her over to a table, where she had me soak my fingers in some kind of soapy liquid. In spite of myself, I kept glancing in the mirror at her, the woman they’d already made of me, while Erin worked on my cuticles, applied fake nails. “Where’s everyone else?” I

asked, absently noting the other three had gone.

“They’re getting facials, taking mud baths,” Erin said as she painted my nails. Much like the hair dye, the nail polish smelled industrial. I had smelled nail polish before, as my various girlfriends over the years always seemed to be painting their nails different colors. I guess that would be me now, I thought.

“All done. You like?” Erin said, still cradling one of my hands in her own.

I shook my head. “I’m not even gonna look. I’m sure they look fine. Thanks.”

“Look,” Erin said, that cold, hard voice back again.

I lifted my hands, the world spinning as I saw those long, pink nails attached to my fingers. “How am I supposed to do anything with these things?” I asked, appalled at how relentlessly the program seemed to be making me more helpless, less functional.

“You know millions of women have long nails and manage, right?” Erin said, smirking. “You’re a smart cookie. “You’ll figure it out. Oh, and don’t forget, if you’re worried about breaking a nail, you can always get a man to do little tasks for you. Just smile pretty and ask real nice.”



“I’d rather break a nail, thanks,” I said.

“Suit yourself, but every time you break a nail, you will feel pain.”

“You mean, the collar?” I asked, tensing at the thought.

“The collar,” Erin nodded. “Well, let me just take a couple pictures, and then you’re all done, pretty girl.”

“Pictures? I’m going to ask even though--”

Erin had grabbed a camera—and actual camera like a professional photographer would use, and ignoring my obvious discomfort, she just pointed it at me and said, “show me that pretty smile!”

I smiled. The camera flashed. She started to give me directions, like I was a model. “Pretend there’s a bee on your nose...” flash ...



As I pretended to be a model, the staff, all women, watched, giggling. I didn't know if they my efforts funny or just the fact I was a man being asked

to do all these dumb model things, or maybe both, but it made me feel even more like an ass having an audience of women laughing at me.

“Glance away like you are just sooo bored with it all...” I did my best, though I felt like a fool. “Brush your hair back... no, with dramatic flair, like your hair is on fire and—yes. Good!”

“Claw at the camera like you’re a tigress,” Erin said. “Claw at the camera like it’s a hot guy, and you want him to fuck you.”

The room grew quiet. They all knew Erin had gone next level. I didn’t want to do it—claw at the camera like it was a guy I wanted to fuck me, but why go through the whole dance of denial to surrender? I’d never won a single standoff. Mortified, I clawed at the camera. “Purrrr!” Erin said. “purrrrr like a sexy little kitten.” I clawed and purred.

The girls roared. I hung my head, started to cover my face with my hands, but Erin shouted, “No! No!”

“What?”

“You can’t touch your face, or you might smear your makeup. Also, you’ll need to be careful until you get used to your long nails you don’t accidentally poke yourself in the eye.”

I looked at my nails, even more annoyed at how useless they were. There were so many inconveniences to being a woman—or, you know, being made to live like a woman. “Can I go?” I said, burning with shame under the women’s smirking faces. They clearly enjoyed the idea of a guy—namely, me—having to learn about and put up with all these female imperatives, and their amusement just made me that much more ashamed.

“Yes.” She took my hands and squeezed. “You should be a model,” she said. “You’re a natural.”

I thought of ten sarcastic responses, but instead I said, “Thank you so much.”

“Katherine, it’s been great meeting you and taking you on your maiden makeover!” With that, Erin gave me a sisterly hug and sent me on my way.

I crept back to my room, staying close to the wall, slowing, peeking around corners. Creepy Dick might be lurking somewhere. I never thought just

walking down the hall could make me feel so anxious, so insecure. I kept smacking my lips, trying to get used to the way they stuck together thanks to my lipstick, and I glanced at my hands, those long nails an insult to my masculinity. When I got to my room, I felt a rush of relief. No dick. Thank God.

Back in my room, I sat down on the edge of my bed. In the quiet and safety of my room, I finally had some down time and was forced to think about what had happened with Creepy Dick. I kept replaying the incident in my mind: the feeling of him pushing me, invading my space, demanding and then, over and over, lifting my bra, feeling so vulnerable as Dick licked his lips, ogling my tits. Why had I done it? That was what was bothering me more than anything—the fact I'd pulled up my bra, given in, let him bully me into something so—intimate?

And yet, there had been a thrill to it as well, the fear I'd felt, and I'd been terrified, mingled with arousal. It was like—I mean, I'd gone bare-chested my whole life, never thought a thing about it, but pulling up my bra, letting a guy see my newborn breasts, it had felt dangerous, edgy—dirty. Just thinking about it now made my nipples hard and my breasts ache. I shook my head, trying to chase the memories and feelings away. I needed to distract myself, but the TV made me nervous. Everything on there made me horny.

I found my smart pad and opened up with some careful taps, conscious of my nails. I had no outside internet, of course. They'd loaded a bunch of woman's magazines, as well as videos on makeup, hair. As I perused the girl world media, I couldn't stop seeing my long eyelashes, fluttering at the edge of my vision.

Just wanting to do something, I opened a copy of Divine Magazine, looking over the table of contents. Makeup. Fashion. Celebrity Gossip. Career? "How to get ahead in the office without getting branded a B\*(&%". That at least didn't seem too horribly useless, so I clicked on the article, and at the top of the story was an ad for a dildo.

Pleasure. I squeezed my knees together as I felt a surge of incredible pleasure. As my eyes roamed over the web of veins building along the vibrator, I started to salivate. My eyes rose to the top drawer, the one full of sex toys, and I wondered what it would feel like to touch one, squeeze one,



have one in my mouth— at that thought, I felt something clench inside me. I squeezed my knees together and put the smart pad down, horrified as the disgusting image of me on my knees in front of Creepy Dick insulted my imagination. I shook that away, disgusted, and I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to stop feeling what I was feeling, but another image shocked me as I imagined myself on my knees, one of the dildos stuck to the bathroom wall, dangling in front of me.

Gasping with shame, I looked around my room, hoping to find some booze. I kept seeing her in the mirror—my blonde, beautiful future, and tried not to look as I grew hot, thirsty, my confused and rattled brain horny as hell to be her, have her, fuck her, be fucked as her...

I had no choice. I couldn't think, couldn't function. Slipping out of my dress, wiggling free of my panties, I went to the drawer of sex toys and yanked it



open. I hungrily looked over them, swallowing, feeling my cheeks grow red as I grabbed one that wasn't too big, didn't look real—I wasn't ready for that yet. Seizing hold of it like a drowning man grabbing a life preserver, I turned it on, heard it buzz, felt it rumbling in my hand and moaned softly. I needed it so badly, and

though I wasn't even sure what to do with a vibrator, I lay back and started to play, ideas just coming to me like instinct, rubbing it against the base of my dick, bucking my hips as moaned, then following the demands of my

body I let it slide up the length of my tummy and pressed the tip against my throbbing, rock hard nipples. Oh. Wow. Moaning louder, gasping, arching my back. Wanting more. Needing more.

Once more following some primal impulse, I draped an arm across my little breasts, pushing them together, and started running the vibrator up and down my soft, sensitive cleavage.

I clenched and screamed as a ball of fire detonated in my belly. Shoving the vibrator between my legs, I squeezed my thighs around it, seeing stars, my eyes rolling to the back of my head... as I found myself lost in a haze of impossible, erotic pleasure.

Later, I lay, panting, looking at HER in the mirror above me, both our breasts rising and falling with our breathing. Her cheeks were as flush as mine felt. I didn't have any idea what had happened, what I'd just experienced. It was an alien pleasure, so foreign and impossible for my brain to process it felt like a form of erotic insanity.

I still had my vibrator in hand, gently rubbing the tip up and down the inside of my thigh. I lifted it, looking at the shape, the color, and giggled as I realized I was in love with it, with him. Nothing had ever made me feel so good. Was it only a day ago I'd seen this precious gift and been disgusted? How ridiculous.

Of course, I knew they had done this, made this change. I knew it, and I hated it, but I also, well, I also didn't care. Pleasure. I liked pleasure, and Max—I decided to name my vibrator Max—Max was pleasure. Pure, guiltless pleasure.

I played with my tits some more. I couldn't help it. Now, I wasn't so much needing to get off as I was curious about my new developments. I'd always had a hard, flat chest, and it was so odd now to have my own soft, bouncy little mounds. I lifted my shoulders, shifted side to side, amused, embarrassed as I watched my little boobies rise, bounce. It was so weird to have a chest that moved. I cupped my hands over my breasts and squeezed.

I'd felt a woman's breast before, of course, so touching my breasts only confirmed they were as soft and pliant as any girl's, but I'd never had the sensation of owning my own breasts, feeling hands on them, lifting,

squeezing. My nipples, pressed into my palms, felt like they were floating above my chest. It felt wrong, disturbing, my brain struggling with how to process this female input, but at the same time it felt good. My chest was so sensitive the slightest touch electrified my body.

Gathering my will, I pulled my hands off my chest. I would need to be more in control, less at the mercy of my muddled brain. I decided I would work out, do some planks in lieu of the pushups I now found almost impossible, but then the Intercom voice called out, "Time to get ready for dinner."

I was happy for the distraction.

At dinner, I struggled to perform basic tasks, like picking up a knife and fork. My long nails and fears of breaking them made even these simple tasks a mysterious puzzle. After watching me struggling for a few minutes, the other girls—I mean, guys—started laughing. "You know, if you want help, all you have to do is ask," Paige said.

"You can let that whole manly, I never ask for help thing go," Ebony said. "You got tits now, honey."

I frowned and shrugged. Then, managed a chagrined smile. "Teach me, Mrs. Miyagi."

"Wax on, wax off," Miko said. tapping his own talons on the table.

Ebony explained the proper technique to me, and I soon found it was impossible for me to use my hands now without what seemed to me cute, feminine positioning and movements. Creepy Dick was there, watching me as I moved about so daintily, my knees together, doing my best impression of a Good Girl. I could feel his eyes on me, and it made me tense, made me feel small, weak, like a target. I decided I would make a point to complain to Dr. August about this pervert. I wasn't going to let him keep treating me this way.

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Later that night, I got a surprise when I talked to Connie. "Your accuser wants to come visit."

“Hell, no,” I said, my voice scratchier than ever after my moaning, screaming solo show. My throat ached like I’d swallowed broken glass. The thought of her seeing me like this? No. No way.

“I think you should see her.”

“I said no. What would be the point? She just wants to taunt me.”

“Hear me out. If you can get her to admit that she made all of this up, that the accusations are false, you’re a free man. Let her come and taunt you, but get her talking, keep her talking and trip her up. Get her to admit you never hit her.”

I brushed my bangs back. Free? That would be worth her seeing me like this. “That’s actually a pretty good idea.”

“I thought so, too,” Connie said. “You know I’m a lawyer, right? So, should I set it up?”

I looked down at my cleavage, my glossy pink nails. I thought about the Blonde Bunny they meant to make of me. “Do it,” I said. “You hear that?” I called out to whoever was listening. “I’m innocent, and I’m going to prove it.”

**Bonus**



