

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

GIRL

Chapter 8

Cooper

&

Kadee





I woke to the sound of the television, a couple girls giggling. My nipples were hard as diamonds, aching, their throbbing echoed by my turgid cock. On the screen, two gorgeous girls in bikinis pillow fight. One of them is my future self, with her long blonde hair, her golden tan. I squeezed my dick, caressed my tits as I watched them playfully swat each other while jumping on the bed, hair and breasts bouncing.

Future me tosses her pillow aside and I- she—takes off her top, her breasts swaying free, and then the two girls started making out, caressing each other. At least it was girl on girl action this time. I kept squeezing my cock, playing with my tits, arching my back and moaning softly. My voice didn't sound right—it sounded higher, softer, but I was too hot and bothered to worry about it. I was just getting off, watching too hot girls having fun.

Then I noticed **him** sitting in the shadows, watching the girls as they go at it. He's big, bearded and looks like a Viking. The camera makes it clear the girls know he's watching, and they're performing for him, and my collar vibrates, and I am totally turned on by the thought of having a big, burly guy watch me have sex...

I forced myself to get up and turn off the television. I'm not going to do this, not going to be turned into this bimbo they want to make of me, but just like yesterday morning, I'm so hot, so horny I can't even think. I need relief, so I go to my special drawer, grab a vibrator and turn it on, the feeling of it in my hand, the vibrations, the humming sound it makes, I feel my body clench with need as I salivate. I stare in wonder. It's so beautiful, and just holding it and the promise it represents fills me with euphoria and takes my lust to the moon.

Yanking off my nightie, I ran it over my body, pressed it against the sensitive skin under my balls, rubbed it against my nipples, moaning and sighing. I tuned myself up right, but I couldn't come. I was so close, but I couldn't. That image of me and the other girl making love while that man watched from the shadows kept popping in my mind, and I kept pushing the guy out, trying to think just about that other girl, her soft body, the feeling of my breasts pressing against hers, our long legs intertwined, smooth inner thighs rubbing against each other... the pressure built and built...

But I couldn't cum... it was like I was plugged up... and then I picture all three of us again, and I see **him** masturbating. His cock is huge, like a

python. I cry out, pop off, my semen spurting in the air, splashing onto my belly. With my vibrator pressed against the soft, yielding flesh of my breasts, I rubbed the semen into my skin, the smell of it filling my head, and it smells so good, so sweet... I lift my sticky fingers to my nose and smell it, sighing as I bring my fingers to my lips...

"No!" I pulled my hand away from my face, ran to the bathroom, washed my hands, shaking, crying, terrified at what I wanted, needed, what I was about to do. I can't stop crying, so I climb into the shower, turn on the water and feel it washing over me as I wept into my hands. I sounded like a woman crying, a young woman.

The crying spell ended. I'm getting used to these sudden mood swings. I



begin my morning routine and I'm a woman now or being forced to live as a woman. I use a loofa and rose scented body gel that foams up caresses my soft skin. I take a pink razor, Missy Brand, of course, and shave my legs, my armpits. It's so important for a good girl to be smooth, and my collar massages me with pleasure as I shave my body. I feel so good

I can't help but smile. I doubt there's a natural born woman anywhere on Earth who gets off shaving her legs as much as they are making me love it.

When I am done, I towel off, and I can't resist running my fingertips over my silky skin.

Oh, no. I feel some stubble on my calf that I must have missed. I panic, disgusted that I have hair on my legs. That won't do. I grab my razor and clean up my legs, feeling a sense of relief as I make myself pretty. Yes, I do it in part because Dr. August expects me to. I don't want to face the pain of the collar, but it's also in me, this desire to be smooth, an anxious terror at the thought someone might see me with hairy legs or pits.

I'm thinking more and more like a woman. I know they are making me, but I have no power over the impulses they've planted in me. I can't not want to be smooth. It's in me. Is it forever? That fear lingers, hovering in the back of my mind: the idea that all of this will be permanent even if I am set free from this nightmare. I dread the possibility that for the rest of my life I'll be compulsively shaving my legs.

I was so distracted by my morning lust attack, I hadn't even checked my body for other changes. I inspect myself carefully now, but as near as I can tell, nothing more has changed. My tits haven't gotten any bigger. I still have a dick. I think it's the same size. That's a relief. I still don't want to believe that I could end up with a vagina.

Once I shaved my legs, it was time for makeup. I slip out of my short little silk robe and wrap myself in a pink, terrycloth towel. I'm worried I might get makeup on my robe. Erin mentioned what to wear when I do my makeup and it seems ingrained in me now. Why not get dressed first? I can step into my dress, so there's no fear of messing up my makeup when I put it on later, and if I wear it while I do my face, I might get some blush on it or something. Better to be careful.

I walk back into the bedroom and see my big mirror with all the lightbulbs like I'm a movie star or a supermodel. The collar buzzes and I light up. I feel my heart start to flutter, butterflies in my stomach. I'm so excited to do my face for the first time. **They** are making me excited.

I take the cosmetics I'll need out of my makeup drawers and place them across the tabletop. I feel a deep love and appreciation for each and every one of them. The tubes and brushes and wands are all cute, pretty and so

essential a part of my beauty routine. Yeah. I have a beauty routine now. Like I said, I'm a woman.

Since I need to see my face to do my makeup, I don't see my blonde doom in the mirror, but I don't see myself, either. This is my face, but even without makeup, I look more like a woman than a man. My blonde bob, sculpted brows and long, curly lashes alone make me look like a she, not a he. It's more disturbing than seeing Blondie, because this woman in the mirror is just a mildly modified me. Did I always have feminine features? I turn my attention back to my cosmetics, picking up a tube of lipstick, admiring the pretty color.



Who am I? I wonder. How could they have given me a makeup fetish so quickly? Was this in me somehow, just waiting to be triggered? I sigh. No point worrying about it. I adore lipstick now. Drool over mascara. It's who I've become. I have to deal. I start to paint my face, the collar soothing and rewarding me with a buzzy state of bliss. Putting on makeup is going to be a peak experience, evidently, and I once more find myself hating Dr. August and her perverse sense of justice. I hate that she's making me this way, but I love how I look. Eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow. I don't remember a thing Erin said, but I know how to do

everything. It's just like I don't remember being taught to read. I can just do it. When I finish with my eyeshadow, pinks and purples, my eyes are popping. I smile. I'm prettier with makeup, and the collar makes me love it.

I paint my lips, dust my cheeks with blush, and powder my nose. I look at myself. The real me is disgusted, feels like a sissy, but the collar has other ideas. I find myself smiling, experiencing a surge of pride. I did a great job. I look cute. I spray some Sassy Girl Perfume by Missy on my wrists, my neck, between my breasts. It smells of flowers and sweet spices, and I close my eyes and breath it in, loving the bright femininity. I love shrouding myself in this fragrance: I love smelling like a woman.

I notice I'm sitting with my knees together. I did it without even thinking, without any prompting or sense of fear. It's become second nature. I'm sitting here like a girl, admiring my pretty makeup, the scent of my perfume.

The thought comes back: I'm a woman. Whatever kind of man I was, they've already made me a woman. I brush out my blonde hair, and now I'm thinking about my meeting with Kathy. I feel scared. How can I face her like this? Yet, I need to get her to admit the truth. It's the only hope I have of saving myself from this feminine fate. A little shame now is worth my manhood.

I put on my dress. Strap on my sandals. It's time for breakfast. I peek out my door, worried Creepy Dick might be waiting for me, but there's no sign of him. I can't leave my room without worrying. I hurry to the dining hall, and sigh with relief as I walk in, see the other girls, wave and smile, and then I see Dick leaning against the wall. His eyes roam up and down my body. I suffer a full body cringe and drop my eyes, heading to the table. "Hey pretty girl," he says as I pass. "You smell great."

Scowling, I sit, smoothing my dress under me. "Good morning, Katherine," Ebony says. "You look gorgeous."

I force a smile. Nod. I don't want to speak in my new voice. I hate the fact I now sound like a girl.

"It's poolside yoga this afternoon," Paige says. "I can't wait to see you in a bikini."

"I can," Miko says.

The look of horror on my face at the thought of wearing a bikini must have been priceless, because they all started laughing. I looked away, blushing with shame. Paige covered my hand with her own, squeezed. "We've all been through what you're going through. We're all your friends here."

I nod, force another smile. Shrug.

Ebony is looking at me, curious, interested, a little smile at the corners of her mouth. "Someone is awfully quiet this morning. "Did little miss get her new voice."

"Oooooohhhh!" All three sing out.

"Let's hear it," Ebony said.

"When she's ready." Paige gave my hand another little squeeze.

"It can't be worse than mine," Miko said in his tea kettle voice. "I sound like a pixie on helium."

That made me laugh. I had a cute, feminine laugh now, and when I laughed the other guys laughed, our voices all crystal chimes. Hearing all of our soft voices laughing broke the ice. They'd heard a bit of the new me, so I decided to just talk, get it over with. "What am I supposed to say?"

"Nice," Ebony said.

"You sound like a blonde," Paige said, nodding.

Figuring at this point it was better just to own it, I put on a valley girl accent. "Omigod. That's, like, so not true."

Miko giggled. Like, a little girl giggle, and then he giggled some more, and more, clutching his belly, overcome with a giggle fit. The giggling sounded sweet and fun, but there was a look of horror in his eyes, and he got up and ran from the room.

"Miko?" I called, and I started to get up and go after him.

"Just let her cry it out," Ebony said. "We'll all hug her till she smiles later."

"She's freaking out because her Miko personality is taking over," Paige explained. "There comes a time, usually the end of Week 2 or the beginning of Week 3, where we become more the person Dr. August wants



us to be then who we were. For Miko, the giggle fits are a sure sign he's about to Own the Purse."

"Own the purse?" I asked, grateful at least that everyone here had a female voice, that everyone here had once been a man. I feel less like a freak.

"That's what we call it when we girl out," Ebony said.

"Maybe we should just call it "girl out?" Paige said.



Ebony crinkled his pretty little nose.

"Maybe?"

"How about calling it Death?" I said.

Paige and Ebony exchanged glances. Laughed. "Boys," Paige said dismissively. "Always so dramatic."

Breakfast came. Miko came back, looking both a little ashamed and a little relieved. "You okay?" Ebony said.

Miko cupped his hands next to his cheeks and plastered a big, bright smile on his face, like a KPOP Idol. "I'm a good girl!" He sang out, unleashing another cloud of giggles. He was the very picture of bubbly feminine happiness, but when he stopped giggling his eyes were hard, sad, angry.

When breakfast ends, I take a deep breath. It's time to meet Kathy. I haven't said anything about it to the guys, but when they see the tension, the stress, they are immediately concerned. Are women really more empathetic than men? I know at least one who isn't, but I can say for sure that these three have all been turned into emotional seismographs. They

can sense a shift in mood from across the room. I suppose I can look forward to being all sensitive and emotionally aware like that soon if I don't find some way to get Kathy to come clean.

"Oh, I do not like that face," Paige says.

Ebony, who had a compact out and was checking his makeup, stops. "What's going on? You look like you're about to face a firing squad."

I sigh. I want to tell them, I realize, and now I'm not sure if I want to tell them because I want to tell them, or if it's some new Chatty Kathy feature that's been installed in my blonde head, but I tell them all about the meeting, my hopes of getting Kathy to admit she lied.

"You really are innocent, aren't you?" Ebony says. "You didn't do whatever it is she said you did."

I nod. "I didn't. She lied. I just, I think she has to admit it. She can't let them do this to me."

"Be prepared for any outcome," Paige says. "You may just have to accept that you're going to be a woman, whether it's fair or not."

"I'll make her talk," I say as I get up, tugging the hem of my dress down, using my long pinks nails to brush the bangs back from my eyes. I fight off the urge to touch up my lipstick and march off to battle.

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As I enter the visiting room, my heart's racing. My palms are clammy. I am hypersensitive about the jiggling from my little breasts, the feeling of my dress swirling about my legs. I used to fuck Kathy. I was her **man** and now **I'm** the one wearing a dress. I put a hand to my throat. I'm going to do my best to lower my voice, sound like a man. I can't argue with her, talk to her at all sounding like a 16-year-old girl.

As I reach the last booth, Kathy waits, leaning against the wall. She lets her eyes roam up and down my body, the way a man checks out a woman, and she's smiling, laughing. "You're pretty," she says, clearly surprised. "Omigod, you have little titties."

Part of me wants to just turn and walk away. I've never been so ashamed, humiliated. I have played this conversation over in my head a thousand



times, rehearsing what I would say, how I would entrap her. I never did make up my mind about the best strategy, but with her mocking me for having breasts, I decide to try guilt. "This is all your fault," I say, gesturing at my body, using my low,

flat, fake male voice. “You lied, and now look at me.”

The intercom buzzes. “Good girls do not hide their true you voices.” I feel my collar buzz. It keeps me a quick zap, not too painful. It’s a warning shot, and I know what’s going to happen if I keep trying to sound like a man.

“What was that?” Kathy says. “Good girl?”

I don’t answer. Instead, I sit down, knees together, smoothing the hem of my dress, anxious that Kathy not see my panties. I fold my hands primly in my lap. Kathy stares at me as if I’m an alien. “You sit like a girl,” she says, sounding fascinated. “You walk and move like a girl.”

I swallow. Close my eyes and center myself. When I open my eyes again, I speak: “It’s all part of the Rectification Process.” I hear my voice, my crystal, high, buzzy teen girl voice.

Kathy’s eyes go wide. “Oh, my God,” she says, laughing again. “I’m sorry. Really, I am. I don’t mean to laugh, but is that really your voice now? You sound just like a girl, Mike. Oh. I’m supposed to call you Katherine.”

“This is my voice,” I say. “These,” I gesture toward my budding breasts, “these are my breasts. They’re turning me into a woman because of you. They are making me act and think like a woman, because of you. Do you think that’s fair?”

“It’s up to the legal system.” Kathy says, deflecting my attack. Though she’s trying to resist the urge to laugh at me some more, I can see the smile in her eyes. “I don’t hand out the sentences.”

I want to scream, ‘it was up to you when you lied,’ but I remind myself to stay calm. I need to get her guard down, lure her into admitting the truth, and I don’t think that’s going to happen if I call her a lying bitch. “Why are you here?” I ask. “Did you come just to laugh at me?”

“I’m really sorry about laughing. It’s just—this is a lot. I just—I mean—look at your nails.” She holds up her hands, with her short, chewed on nails.

I look at my nails. I look at her. “Why **are** you here?”

“I wanted to see if this was real, mostly. They sent me a picture of a blonde with big tits and told me that was you, or who you would be after

Rectification. I just— I couldn't believe it. I decided to come and take a look. It's totally real. You're already blonde."

I switch tactics, hoping to get her sympathy. "They sent you a picture. You saw her. You know the kind of guy I am, and you know they're turning me into a blonde bimbo. Can you even imagine the hell that's going to be for me?"

"Yeah, um, no," Kathy says, a little sheepish. "I can't imagine, actually, what it's going to be like for you living as a woman, a hot blonde. I'm sure it won't be easy. What can I say? Sorry?"

I feel like this is my opening. She sounds like she actually is sorry. I lean forward and put my palm on the glass. "You can stop this," I whisper as if we aren't going to be overhead. "You have to stop this. Tell the court the truth. Tell them I never hit you, never hurt you." I'm hoping she'll admit it right now. These sessions are recorded. If she'll just say it, I'll be free.

She lifts her hand, presses her palm to the glass over mine. She kind of smirks, then, and tilts her head to the side. "Kathy, Kathy, Kathy...." She says, changing the subject. "Do you need anything? Cigarettes? Toilet paper? Protein bars? I know you love protein bars. I'd be glad to come back, bring you whatever you want."

She's hard as stone. I decide a direct attack is in order. "I don't need protein bars," I shout, but there is no force behind my squeaky voice. I sound like a girl throwing a hissy fit. "I need you to be honest. You are going to tell them the truth."

She pauses, looks a little shaken, and for a second I think I have her, but then she waves her hand, like she's batting away a fly. "It's not so bad being a girl, Katherine. I mean, you're going to be sooo pretty. Maybe you'll even like it. My yoga teacher says the answer is always acceptance. You're going to be a woman. Stop fighting it. The courts have decided..."

"You decided," I interrupt. Having heard how ridiculous I sounded when I screamed, I just let my rage seethe in my eyes. "You lied. I swear to God, if you don't tell them the truth I--"

Kathy covers her mouth and starts laughing, shaking her head. "You're



pretty when you're angry," she says. "I had to say that. I couldn't help it. Oh, my God. I get it now, why guys say that. I just want to kiss you so hard right now."

Her mocking me with that old line, it's a punch in the gut. I remember Ebony saying we were being turned into kittens. How, how can I get her to take me seriously? To take my situation seriously?

The intercom buzzes:  
***Visitation ends in five minutes.***

No. I feel myself freaking out. I haven't made a dent. Kathy is laughing at me. I feel like my bra's getting tighter, crushing my chest, making it hard for me to breath, and the room is closing in as I'm hit with another hot flash. "Please," I moan as I start to cry, hot tears rolling down my cheeks. "Please help me. I don't want to be a girl."





And then, I run. I can't anymore. I can't let her watch me sit and cry like a girl, like the girl I'm becoming, so I get up and run from the room. I think I hear her call, "Kathy!" but I don't stop, won't go back, can't face her now that she sees what a girl I am. I stumbled out into the hall, chest heaving, the whole world a blur, and I am going to run, run from this place, just run right out the door when someone catches me around the waist and lifts me off my feet, pushes me against a wall. I struggle, try to run, but he's too strong.

"Hold on there," a familiar voice says. "Just calm down, missy."



I wipe my tears. It's Creepy Dick. He's holding a hanky, offering it to me. "Go on," he says. "Wipe those tears, Kathy." I want to break away, run, but I don't want to make him mad. I'm—I'm scared of him, and I feel like I have to do what he wants. Ever since I showed him my breasts, I feel-- inferior. I take the hankie with a trembling hand and dab at my tears.

"There you go," Creepy Dick says. He doesn't touch me. Demand anything. I get my hopes up. Maybe he won't be gross, but then he grabs one of my breasts and twists it, hard. It hurts, and I make a small yelping sound.

"Now," he says as he continues to squeeze my tit, hurting me, "show me that pretty smile."

I want to shred his face with my nails. Instead, I obey. I smile. I hate myself for it.

Bonus Pic



