

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

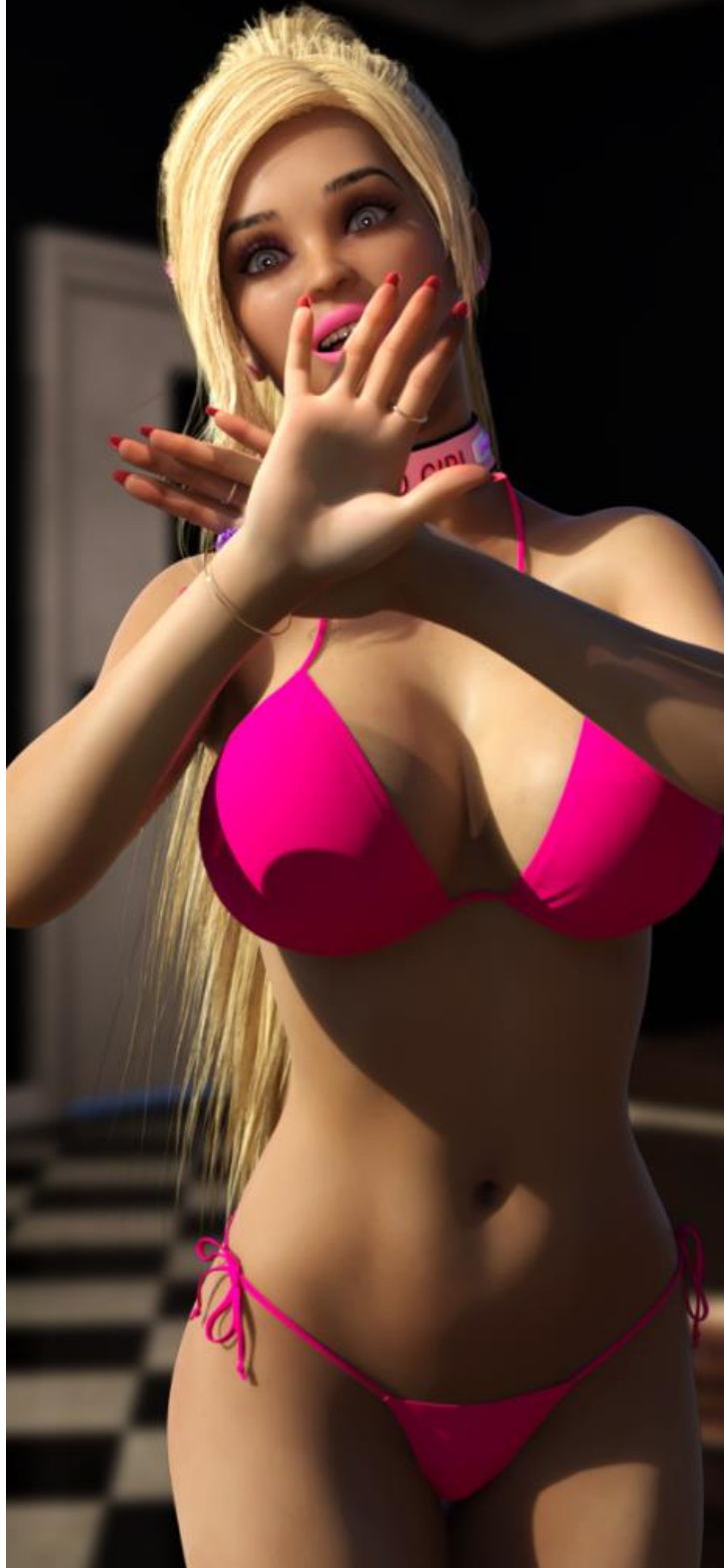
GIRL

Chapter 5

Cooper

&

Kadee



The following material is rated

R

Mature Readers

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As Jane led me to the dining room, I felt anxious, self-conscious, insecure. Yes, for sure, part of it was because I was wearing a dress, but I was also nervous about the other inmates. What would they be like? I wondered. Back at the jail, there had been a lot of posturing, establishing the pecking order. Guys being guys. The usual. Here? I wasn't sure, but I was ready to be tested. They were all violent offenders, tough guys. I expected the worse.

The dining room itself was -- elegant. It looked almost like a restaurant rather than the cold, institutional mess hall back at the jail. Chandelier. Candlelight. In the center of the room, I saw three people-- all wearing the same pink dress as I wore. Jane led me to them.

I looked them over as we approached. They were in different stages of development. One had shorter hair, spunky little breasts, broader shoulders. The next had longer hair in a bun, a slender, feminine figure and bigger breasts. The last one was drop down gorgeous like a supermodel,



with thick curls, a stunning face and a banging body that forced me to fight down a burgeoning boner. Jesus, I thought. She was a man? I couldn't think of her as anything but a woman. As gorgeous as she was and as much as I wanted to make love to her, she also scared the shit out of me. Would I end up looking that beautiful?

She looked back at me, an amused gleam in her big, green eyes. "You must be the new girl," she said, and as she spoke, she brushed a strand of hair away from her face with a long, crimson nail. The movement was utterly feminine. Her voice was sexy as the rest of her, and, damn, but it was going to be hard to keep from getting a boner.

"I'm Ebony," she said. "This is Miko and Paige."

"Hi," the other two said. I noticed they both sounded like women, and not only had female voices, but sexy voices. Jane pulled out my chair for me, and openly showing my irritation so these other guys would know I wasn't into it, I sat, this time remembering to smooth my dress under me as I did so. Hey, I didn't want to look like an awkward dork in front of the guys. Jane was watching, so I also clamped my knees together.

No one spoke. It was insanely awkward. I felt so stupid. Only the day before, I'd been going chin to chin with Lars, and now here I was sitting in a dress with my knees together, being a good girl— it seemed surreal, impossible.

I couldn't stop myself from glancing at Ebony, her perfect face, her-- let me just be honest- massive tits. Jesus.

She knew I was looking at her, and the next time I let my eyes rise from her perfect chest to her sweet face, she winked. "You like these?" She said, gesturing toward her breasts and then swiveling her shoulders, as if she were brushing her breasts against me from across the room.

Oh, shit. That really made it hard for me to keep my johnson down, and I squirmed as I felt my panties getting tight, pinching my balls.

What Ebony said next deflated my boner with speed. "I hope you do," she said, "because you'll have a pair of your own soon." The three laughed.

That deflated my boner in a hurry. I remembered the picture August had shown me of the girl I would become— I— she— did have a hell of a set of knockers. I felt weird. I didn't know what to say. In spite of myself, I once more glanced back at Ebony's breasts. I had always loved the shape of breasts, the swell, the shadowy cleavage. I still did, but now I suddenly



found myself, instead of just appreciating the view, wondering what it would feel like to have such big breasts, to have them jutting out from my chest, jiggling as I walked.

I crossed my arms defensively over my own flat chest as if I could ward off growing breasts somehow and felt those soft little pads of my bra under my forearms.

“Oh, don't worry,” Ebony said. ‘By the time you get your D-cups, they'll have messed up your brain to the point you'll want them.’”

“I really don't see that happening,” I said, and the other three once more laughed.

“Said all three of us when we first got here,” Miko said. He was the one who was still more on the masculine end of the scale, but he had a baby doll voice that made my balls ache. “Dr. August has some serious science, bro.” Despite his pretty voice, he spoke with what sounded to my ears like male cadences.

That was not the case with Paige, who made small, fluttering gestures with his hands. He spoke in a feminine, sing-song manner. “She can make us act anyway she wants,” Paige said, leaning forward and speaking in a stage whisper, like he was sharing gossip. “I wouldn’t even dream of leaving my room without doing my makeup now. Three weeks ago, I was pistol-whipping a guy for trying to steal my stash.”

“Now, he’d be afraid to break a nail,” Miko said.

Paige giggled. “It’s so true.”

Three weeks? I looked at Paige. He was not as pretty as Ebony, but he looked like a woman, moved like a woman, spoke like a woman. No one who met him would think he was a man, even if he were wearing baggy jeans and his boyfriend’s sweatshirt.

My own version of a biological clock was ticking. My manhood was under attack. Looking at the three, I saw my future, and despite my lies earlier to Jane, it terrified the hell out of me. “How long have you other – folks-- been here?”

“One week,” Miko said. I glanced at his little breasts, the rise of his cleavage.

“One week?” I said, covering my chest again.

“Yeah, you’re gonna have titties in a week,” Miko said. “If it makes you feel any better, they’re not as big as they look. It’s my training bra. Or, at least some of it’s my training bra.” He cupped his breasts and squeezed. “It’s so weird to have my own tits,” he said. “I can’t stop playing with them.”

“Tell me about it, sister,” Paige said.

My dread grew. What if Connie couldn’t get me out of here? I didn’t like the idea of growing breasts. What guy would? Shit.

“Five weeks,” Ebony said.

“So, you’re...?” I stopped myself. It seemed rude.

“Yes,” Ebony said with a smile, glancing down at her lap. “I’m all woman now, even down there.”

I felt the blood draining from my face as I confronted the threat, my possible future, the idea that I would have a— a—

“Dinner is served,” a young woman announced, breaking me out of my terror spiral. A team of waiters placed plates in front of each of us. A fresh, green salad, slices of salmon. Girl food. “Fresh pepper?” A young man asked.

“Sure,” I said, my stomach rumbling. “Why not?”

Once the food had been served and we were all eating, I leaned forward and, waving my fork around the room, half-whispered, “what the hell is all this?”

My collar buzzed. Jane came over from where she’d been over along the wall, talking to the other staff. “Kathy, good girls do not use swears at dinner,” she said.

I glanced at the other guys. They nodded. Chagrined, I nodded. Jane left. “What is August’s deal?” I said, rephrasing my question. Then, nervous about getting zapped, I added, “Are we allowed to talk about it?”

“As long as we don’t use swears,” Miko said with a sneer. “Oh, and please don’t forget to keep your knees together. It’s so important. We have to be good little girls.” The sarcasm dripped from his every word.

“Oh, I remember my rebellious phase,” Paige said with a pout.

Miko slit his eyes and playfully kicked Paige under the table. Paige stuck his tongue out. They both giggled, but I saw the shame in Miko’s eyes as soon as the giggles started, and he put a hand to his throat. Miko, despite being the newest of them, had the highest pitched voice of the three.

These were men? I thought. It was hard to believe they'd been men, tough men, violent men. I was starting to wonder if this was all some elaborate joke. Was a camera crew going to jump out and yell, "surprise, you've been pranked" at some point? I felt contempt for them, for the fact they'd allowed August to do this to them. I would fight it, I decided. I would win. Even if they could make me into a woman, I would never be made to act like such a feminine fool.



"August says that this," Ebony gestured down at his body, "and this" then at his face, "along with the mental conditioning renders us harmless. We're kittens. We pose no threat to anyone, and, in fact, need someone to protect



us. Thus, we can safely be released back into society, and the world is a better place.”

“I say that’s all bologna,” Miko said, leaning forward, whispering. “This is her kink. She has a fetish for turning men into Bambi Dolls.”

“So why the – luxury? I feel like I’m in a five-star restaurant, not a prison.”

“We’re learning to be pampered,” Ebony said, “which is where I think Miko may be onto something. You’ll see. It *is* like she wants us to be real life Bambi dolls.”

Just then, the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. I felt someone watching me. When I turned my head, there was creepy Dick. He had his eyes fixed on me, staring right through my clothes. I gave him a threatening, *back off* look, but he only smirked and raised his chin, then made his fingers into the shape of a gun and pretended to be shooting me.



I wanted to punch him in the face, but hyper-aware of the threat from my collar, I just looked away, feeling—helpless. My cheeks burned with shame, as I felt his eyes still roaming over me. My skin crawled.

“Don’t let him bother you,” Ebony said. “He’s got a thing for people *in*

*between*, as he likes to say. Once you're all woman, he'll lose interest."

"I'm not going to be all woman, ever," I said. "My lawyer's getting me out of here."

The three glanced at each other, sharing the kind of sad looks people get when they know someone is dying. "I'm serious," I said. "This is all a big mistake."

"Well, as long as you're here, just know my door is always open," Ebony said. "God put us on this Earth to support each other."

"You can come to me anytime, too," Paige said. "We've all been through this. It helps to talk, and I know you're thinking that's a girl thing, but it would be good for men, too, if they weren't so afraid to show their emotions."

Once the first two had spoken, I looked at Miko, expecting him to offer to chit chat with me as well. He shook his head. "Don look at me, bro," he said. "I ain't like these two beaches. Come by room if you want to hang and watch some porn, but no hand holding heart to hearts. I ain't into that girly stuff."

"Yet," Ebony and Paige said in unison.

"Tomorrow is a big day for you," Ebony said. "You'll be getting your maiden makeover."

"Is that what it sounds like?" I said.

"If it sounds like getting plucked, painted and pedicured, yeah," Miko said. "It's what it sounds like."

"You'll have to do your face every morning from then on," Paige added, "and then touch it up all day."

"It's awful," Miko said. "Another way to obliterate your manhood, forcing you to pucker and paint your lips all day long, making you want to, need to. I hate it so much."

"It's fun," Ebony countered. "You'll learn to love it."

I can't say I was surprised at the makeover reveal. All three of them wore full makeup, had sleek eyebrows, long nails. It wasn't something I really

wanted to think about, and maybe I was just too tired or too deeply in shock from what had already happened, but I just kind of shrugged.

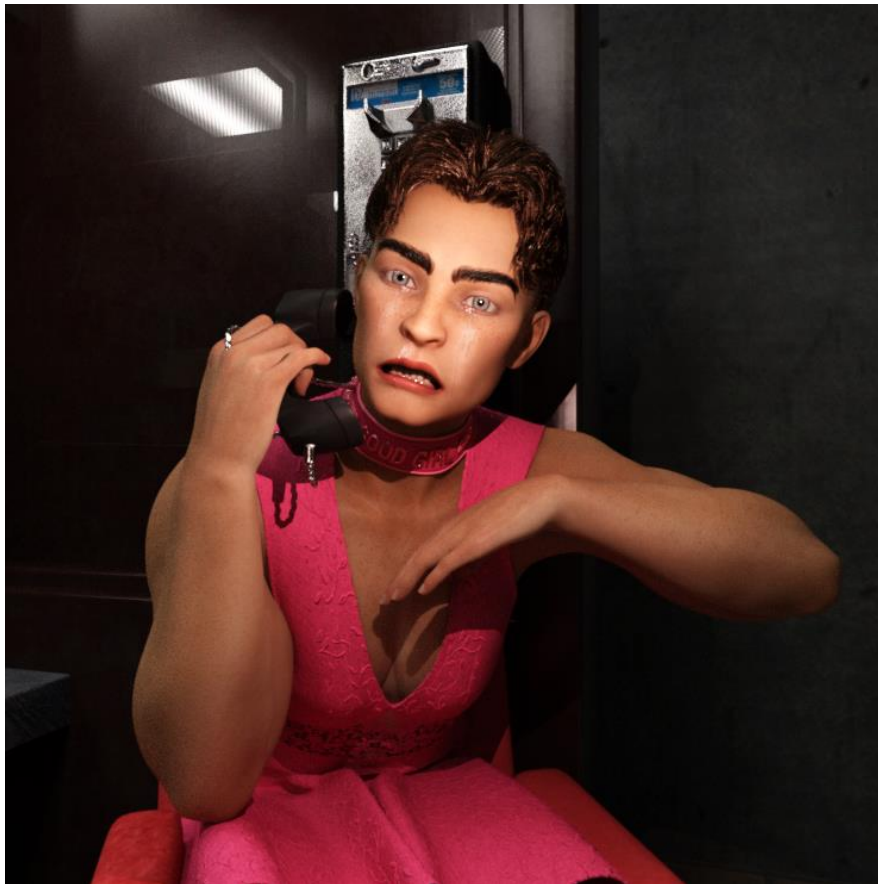
Once we finished eating, all I could think about was my call to Connie. Jane had gone off somewhere, and there was no way I would talk to Dick, so I found another random staffer, and soon enough I was in the call room.

“All calls are recorded, and anything you say can be used as evidence against you,” and voice chimed. Yeah, yeah, I thought.

Finally, Connie answered. “Hey, you gotta get me out of here,” I said. “And now. They already gave me some kind of shot, and I just met some of the other guys. This whole sex change thing is real. They are actually turning men into women.”

“Yeah, no, I know,” Connie said. “I’m working on getting you out of there.”

“Well, work faster. Do you know how fast the changes happen?” I thought about Miko in his training bra, the cleavage rising from the top of his dress.



“Listen, it’s gonna take time. Be patient.”

“Patient?” I felt another hot flash coming on, and a white-hot fury ignited in me. “You said you would get them to do a stay or whatever,” I shouted. “You made it sound like no big deal. Now here I am in a dress and wearing these stupid sandals and they tell me I’ll have to start wearing

makeup and... and... and...” I was running out of air... “Do your job!”

Suddenly, shockingly, I felt my eyes burn and realized I had started to cry, just as the hot flash peaked. I didn't want Connie to realize I'd burst into tears. I felt shocked and embarrassed. I fanned myself, taking deep breaths, struggling to stop the tears.

The phone was silent.

"Well?" I said. "What?"

"Done screaming?" If Connie realized I was crying, she didn't let on. "Remember how when, as you were leaving court, I told you to stay out of trouble, and then you went and punched another inmate? Remember that? Well, your little macho flex has complicated my attempts to get a stay. The state is arguing that the fact you assaulted another inmate is proof that you are, indeed, a big, violent man, and that society has a compelling reason to turn you into a passive, little female. So, if you want to yell at someone, go, look in the mirror and yell at yourself."

I sighed. Shit. "Yeah. It was stupid. I never should have—you know, heat of the moment, but I still can't see how even that justifies what they say they're going to do to me, what they've already done to me. Hey, the crazy doctor claims she changed my name. Is that even legal?"

"Yes, Katherine, it is, and she did."

"You know?" I said.

"Of course, I know. I'm your lawyer. Listen, we can worry about all that later. First, I'm focusing on getting you a stay of Rectification on your gender transition. Then, appeal. Once we win your case, we can change your name back. Now, all you need to focus on is staying out of trouble. Can you do that for me?"

"Yeah. No. I am walking the straight and narrow from here on out. Any time table on when I might be getting out of here?"

"It's up to the courts. Could be a day, could be a month. Okay. I gotta run. Be good." She hung up.

When she said, *be good*, my collar hummed, and I felt the now familiar rush.

A month? As I walked back to my room, I thought about Ebony, about Paige. I walked into my room and saw the blonde girl in the mirror. A month? The possibility I was going to be turned into a woman suddenly seemed very real. I was trapped here in this insane asylum, being punished for a crime I didn't commit. The justice system is fucked, I thought. I can't trust them. If it were up to them, I'd end up hauling around a pair of tits the size of melons. I clawed at my collar, wanting to rip it off, and then run like hell.

The collar started to buzz. "Good girls do not attempt to remove their collars," the voice chimed.

I stopped, but the feeling of being trapped, powerless, grew stronger fueling a rage that was worse in that it was so impotent. When I stopped clawing the collar, the voice said, "Good girl," but there was no rush, no pleasure spike.

I felt myself wanting it, needing it, and for a moment I almost panicked at the sense of loss, but then it came, that euphoric rush. It had been less than a day, and I was already salivating to the words "good girl," just like one of Pavlov's dogs.

Once more, the tears came, and they came hard. I sat on the end of my bed, crying, crying—weeping, moaning and wailing like a bad actor overplaying his part, but it was all too real, and the fact I was crying made me feel more ashamed because men don't cry and that made me cry all the more.

Finally, somehow, it ended. I wiped my tears and slipped out of my dress, my underwear. I climbed into bed, and glanced up to see her, red eyes, tear stained cheeks. I watched the way her breast rose and fell under the sheet, so big and firm. Once more, I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have such huge breasts, to feel them rise and fall, even breathing a constant reminder of my new sex.

I have to escape, I thought. I don't know how, but I can't let them do this to me.

I rolled onto my side and pulled a pillow over my head. As I slowly drifted off to sleep, I kept thinking of her, floating in the mirror above me, watching

me, looking down at me, knowing that she would win. She would take over my life, my body, and in the end, I would be the reflection.

