



HE'S

A

GOOD
GIRL

Falsely accused
of a violent crime.
Sentenced to
femininity.

Chapter 3

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Jane led me down a long corridor. I had walked around a little back in the changing room in these sandals, but walking down the hall I found myself fighting them. I never had thick soles like that or had been forced to walk on the balls of my feet, and I couldn't help but feel the combination was almost pushing me to walk like a woman. I refused and tried to stick to my former, manly strides. As I followed Jane, a man came walking toward us. Short, schlubby with a sleazy mustache and a comb-over, he was the first man I'd seen here, and the first to ever see me in a dress. I felt sick, a feeling that was starting to be a constant. I expected the usual arrogant smirk I'd gotten from the guards back at County.



Then, I stopped stock still. Instead of smirking at the sight of a guy in a pink dress, he gave me a once over, letting his eyes slither up and down my body, from my bare calves to my shoulders. "mmmm, mmmm," he mumbled as he walked past, his head swiveling so he could check out my ass.

"Dude, what the fuck?" I said, shocked. He just laughed and kept walking. It was bad enough I had to wear a dress, but put up with that bullshit? I looked at Jane. "What the hell was that?"

"Oh, that's just Dick being a dick," Jane said. "Come on."

We came to an office door. A plate on the door read Dr. Forrestal August. "Sit," Jane said, indicating a chair outside the office door. I sat, and my dress kind of bunched up under me, the hem riding up my legs, and I tugged it down, feeling awkward as hell.

"Knees together," Jane snapped.

“What?” I looked down I was manspreading like usual. “This is the way I sit.”



“Not anymore,” Jane said. “Good girls sit with their knees together.” She raised the hand with the control in it.

I glared at her, but that control in her hand and the pain it had brought me was enough motivation. I closed my legs. In a sense, who gives a shit, but I knew she wanted to see me sit like a woman, there in my dress, and it rankled.

“You simply must keep your knees together when sitting, young lady,” Jane said, “or people will think you’re a slut.”

I stifled a laugh. Were they serious with this bullshit? Was fear of being slut-shamed really supposed to be some big motivation for *me*?

Then, she smiled almost as if she’d read my mind. “By the way, when you had your legs spread like that, I could see your panties.”

That did the trick. I suddenly had a very strong desire to slam my thighs



together, even if it did crush my junk. “I love your panties, by the way. Missy makes the cutest things,” Jane went on. “They look good on you.”

I bit my tongue and looked away, but the anger was building in me. I may have been a prison in this nuthouse, but I still had rights. At least, I thought I did.

She knocked on the door. I would have thought a supposedly big time shrink would have had a receptionist. “Yes?” A voice called.

“Kathleen is here,” Jane answered. Again, with the Kathleen?

“Send her in.”

Jane opened the door and half bowed, waving me in as if she were a gallant gentleman

holding the door for a lady. I just shot her another angry look and walked into the office, feeling like a fool.

The doctor sat behind an oak desk, a fit, attractive older woman with silver hair and cool gray eyes behind turtle-shell framed glasses. Her blouse was unbuttoned down to the top of her breasts. She looked directly at me, and I could feel her mentally undressing me. Women don't usually do that, and I felt small and humiliated as she let her eyes rove up and down my body like I was a hot piece of ass and nodded appreciatively. "You're gorgeous."



"I look like an idiot," I answered as I crossed the room. I was a man in a dress and a dog collar that read "Good Girl", being looked over by a beautiful woman, and I felt feelings I'd never felt before about being judged,

looking stupid, being powerless. I don't know how much was because dresses were for women, and how much was because of the amount of skin I was showing, but I felt more uncomfortable in that pink dress than I ever felt in a pair of shorts and a tank top.

"You'll need to learn how to take a compliment now that you're a woman," Dr. August said. "Please sit, *Miss Prioli*."

I was really getting tired of people calling me miss. I sat, my dress once more bunching up, and once more I went through my struggles, tugging the skirt down over my bare thighs. I almost manspread but remembered my embarrassing panty incident. Not wanting to give this attractive woman a glimpse of my Missy panties, I clamped my knees together. My anger had been growing and growing, and the humiliation of having this woman refer to me as Miss Prioli burned as much as having her see me in a dress.

Dr. August smiled, a cold, thin-lipped smile. She was pleased to see me sitting with my knees together. "Allow me to show you something," she said. "To help you understand your situation." She pulled open a desk drawer and began to rifle through her files. I took the opportunity to look around her office, size her up: busts of women I assumed to be famous though I didn't recognize them. Erotic landscapes, a lot of wet crevices and thrusting peaks. A sketch of a man at a sidewalk café about to eat a banana while two women looked on, whispering.

Skimming the book titles, I caught *Male Fragility*, *Gender Fluidity*, *Female Power*, *Anima/Animus* and then the one that really jumped out, *Every Man a Woman*.

"Here," Dr. August said, sliding a document across the desk. I leaned forward. It read "Certificate of Birth" and glancing down I saw the name *Kathleen Allison Prioli*. I noticed the birth date. It was the same as mine. So, it belonged to some woman with the same last name and birthdate. So what? I didn't get it because I didn't want to get it, maybe I couldn't get it.

"I don't understand," I said.

"That is your birth certificate," Dr. August said. "You are now Kathleen Allison Prioli. Your name is Kathleen Allison because that is the name of

your victim. You are now branded with her name and by order of the court will carry her name for the rest of your life as a reminder of your crimes.”

“I didn’t lay a hand on her,” I barked, furious at this insult. Could they really do this? Change my name against my will?

“Yes. Yes. I am sure you’re innocent,” August said, waving her hand. “No one in prison is ever guilty.”

“But I *am* innocent.” I squirmed. My bra seemed to be riding up on my chest, and I grabbed at it through my dress and tugged it down. “She’s a liar.”

August nodded. “The jury felt otherwise. Please notice your new sex.”

I looked down and saw FEMALE. I chuckled, then laughed out loud. “What the hell is going on?” I said. “Look at me.” I plucked at the skirt of my dress. “You tell me you changed my name. That I am now legally female. It’s insane. You’re insane. I’m not a woman.”

“*Miss Prioli*, please calm yourself before—”

“I am not **Miss** Prioli,” I shouted, starting to stand up, “and I am not going to calm down until—”

I retched and gagged, arching my back, writhing in pain. I hadn’t even seen the controller in her hand. When the pain ended, I was in a daze, my eyes bleary as I tried to focus on August’s face.

“You want some more?” She said.

“No,” I said. “No. No.”

“Then kindly put your knees together.”

I did as I was told.

“Shoulders back. Chest out.” She was giving me orders, daring me to show any defiance. I swallowed my pride, my rage, and did as she commanded. Once she had me sitting like a woman, she decided to really cut my balls off. “Now,” she added, her voice oozing with her glee. “Show me that pretty smile.”

It was something men said to women. Something I said to women. I hated that she'd had the fucking audacity to say it to me, but dreading that power of the collar, I forced myself to smile.



“Good girl,” August said, and I felt that wave of euphoria wash over me. It was so strong, I couldn’t help but sigh.

“Pleasure or pain,” Dr. August said, sitting behind her desk, her fingers steepled under her chin. “You choose. You are in complete control of your experience here, Kathy. Nod and smile if you understand.”

I nodded and smiled.

“Good girl,” August repeated, and I felt another surge of pleasure at the words *good girl*.

“Miss Prioli, let me continue my explanation. You are now legally female. What’s more, you will be turned into a biological woman over the next four weeks. At the same

time, we will strip away your toxic masculinity and empower you to embrace your nurturing, feminine side. You, Kathleen Allison, are now and forever more, a female of the species.”

I stared back at her, not sure what to say, even already growing a little afraid to speak at all in case I said something wrong or lost my temper and got blasted again. It still didn't seem possible. A biological female? That couldn't be done, could it? In four weeks? And as for stripping away my masculinity, I almost had to laugh. Good luck with that. My lawyer was going to get me out of here, and this whole crazy thing would just be a bad dream. They would never change me, no matter how much voltage they blasted me.

“Please stand and pull down your panties,” August said. “Lift up your dress.”

I saw her retrieve a very large syringe from her top desk drawer. “What's this about?” I said, and at a sharp look from her, I added, “If you don't mind my asking.”

“Your first shot,” she answered, tapping on the side of the syringe. “This will begin the process of turning you into a woman. Bend over and pull down your panties.”

Begin the process? I felt panic rising in me, my heart starting to pound. I didn't want to get blasted again, though, so I controlled my voice, my temper. “I wonder if we can hold off on that?” I said, trying to seem deferential. “My lawyer is seeking a stay pending my appeal so—”

“Bend over and pull down your panties,” August repeated.

“But the thing is—”

“Do I need to remind you who's in charge here, *Miss Prioli*?” August said, and I could hear the anger, and I clenched as I anticipated the pain she could inflict.

What choice did I have?



Lifting the front of my dress, I hooked my thumbs under the waistband of my panties and wiggled them over my hips, down my thighs until they stretched between my knees. Then, I held up my dress and bent over, my ass thrust out behind me. I never felt like less of a man. August came around behind me, getting in real close like she was going to grind up against me. I fought a sudden sense of panic and an urge to get away from her. “Nice ass,” she said. “You must do a lot of squats.”

I looked to the door, thinking about making a run for it before she injected me with whatever weird ass girl shit was in that needle, but where would I run to that she wouldn't just destroy me with a blast from my collar? “This shot your about to give me, it's reversible, right?” I asked, thinking I was going to be stuck with tits for the rest of my life or something even if Connie got me out of here. I wouldn't even eat soy because I'd read it made men produce more estrogen, and now she was going to pollute my body with who knew what chemicals.

Dr. August didn't answer, instead she said, “Let the record show that Miss Kathleen Allison Prioli received her first injection and began her transition to womanhood on this day of _____ in the year of _____ at precisely 2:12 PM. “You may feel a little pinch,” she said. She put her palm on the flat of my back, just like I did when I was going to do a girl doggy style. I felt a pinch as she jabbed the needle into my butt.

“All done,” she said. “I'd give you a lollypop for being such a good girl, but I'm all out.”

“I don't eat candy.” I yanked my panties back up, feeling an unexpected sense of relief and tugged my dress down, glad to have a chance to recover at least some sense of dignity. “How soon will—?”

“Oh, you'll notice side effects right away and changes by tomorrow morning,” August said, smiling. “Jane will take you for some psychological testing now. Jane?”

Suddenly, I felt my whole body grow warm, my cheeks flushing, and I waved my hands trying to cool myself. “Something's wrong,” I said as Jane poked her head in the door and waved me out.

“You’re just having a hot flash,” August said, patting me on the shoulder. “It’s a common side effect you’ll experience during your transition into womanhood.”

Hot flashes? Transition? Connie, what the fuck, I thought, knowing that whatever drug the doctor had given me was now rushing through my veins, leaching away my manhood. I felt like I’d been infected with— female— and my skin crawled. It had to be reversible, though, right? “When can I make a phone call?” I asked Jane as we walked. Connie had promised she would get me out of here before anything happened, and here I was with some kind of bitch serum racing through my body.

“Maybe later tonight,” she answered me, suddenly seeming quite pleasant. “I’ll ask the Doctor to make arrangements.”

“Thanks,” I said, feeling some small sense of relief. My hot flash seemed to be receding, and I felt myself grow more calm. Jane led me to a little room, sat me down at a computer, and I started to answer questions. They were multiple choice and seemed like a lot of nonsense. Dumb shit like, “choose your favorite fabric: A) Silk 2) velvet 3) taffeta 4) chiffon 5) linen.

It's too bad “none of the above” isn’t a choice, I thought, just randomly picking one because I didn’t care. There were a bunch of useless questions like that. What a waste of time.

Or, so I thought.

“Do you find her attractive?” August asked as I looked over the picture of a beautiful woman. She was perfect, exactly my type: hourglass figure, big eyes, plump lips, pert nose. She had long legs and full, firm breasts. Blonde hair framed her bright, pretty face. She wore a tiny little hot pink bikini that showed off her golden body.



The picture was on a tablet, and as I watched a slideshow started, the image of her in a bikini shifting to a little black dress, looking glamorous for a night on the town, her in a pair of little denim shorts, her in workout gear.



She looked amazing in all of them, stunning from every angle and in any kind of clothes. She was the kind of girl who could wear a garbage bag and guys would be hitting on her. There was a shot of her gazing at herself in a mirror. She had an incredible, firm, plump ass to go with the rest of her. She was 100% fuckable.

“She’s hot,” I said, wary, trying to seem nonchalant, though I had a boner swelling. I was sure this was some kind of test. I looked at August and shrugged, wondering if I was supposed

to say more. What this was all about? Was she trying to see if I liked to objectify women? All guys like to look at naked women—or naked men, if that’s their thing. It’s not weird.

“I’m glad you find her attractive. There’s one more picture,” August said. “Tap on the screen.”



Kathleen Allison Prioli

I tapped on the screen, and there she was, naked, laying back on a bed, eyes sparkling, a come hither look in her eyes, cupping her magnificent breast. My eyes drifted down to her belly, her vagina, and then down down those long legs until I saw a name: Kathleen Allison Prioli.

Kathleen Allison--? “No,” I gasped, looking up at the doctor.

“Your future self,” she said, clearly enjoying this. “She is you, the woman we will sculpt. Certain specifications are universal to all our women, but she reflects certain aspects of your personal ideal female, such as her blonde hair. These were determined by the test you took. We find our Rectification Process more impactful when a former male must confront himself as his own ideal female. You will be a blonde goddess, Kathy.”

I took one more look at her, at the woman August was claiming she was going to make of me. It wasn't possible. I didn't even think anyone could make most biological women look like her. Once more, I couldn't help but chuckle at the absurdity of what this nut job was saying. Me, a blonde with big tits? I think, looking back at it, I was as terrified it was true as I was certain it was bullshit, but I wasn't ready to even confront the possibility of what she was saying. “If you're sentencing me to blonde,” I said, looking over the girl one more time before putting the tablet back on her desk. “I have a newsflash for you. I can always dye my hair.”

“Sassy,” August said, smirking, turning my act of defiance into a feminine flex. “Based on your profile, you like sassy girls, Miss Prioli. How fitting you should become one. That's all for today. If you should find you have the desire to look at your future self, you will find photos on the smart pad in your bedroom. There's also an AI feature where you can make requests like—show me dressed like a naughty schoolgirl. Good day, *Miss Prioli*.”

Jane came back and escorted me to my room. “If you're like most *men*,” she said, and she said the word men like it was poison, “you're scared at the thought of being a woman, but I think you'll find it isn't so bad.”

“I'm not scared,” I said, feeling seriously self-conscious walking next to this woman, my dress swirling around my legs as she accused me of being scared.

Jane chuckled. “Men,” she said again. “You’re so insecure you can’t even admit that something frightens you. Here’s your room.” She opened the door. “One plus is that instead of a prison cell, you’ll have your own room here.” She held the door and made the same gallant gesture I’d experienced earlier. “Ladies first.”

I looked at what would be my room until my lawyer got me out of here and mumbled, “well, it’s a little better than a jail cell.”

Bonus Pic: Alternate Bunny Shot.

