

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

GIRL

Chapter 6

Cooper

&

Kadee



The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

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“God damn, baby, you know how to suck cock.”



Hearing those words, I woke with a raging boner. I opened my eyes. The TV was on, though I didn't remember turning it on before I fell asleep. On the screen, a guy had his hand on a blonde girl's head as she went down on him. My collar buzzed, pleasure surged, not that watching a guy get a BJ from a hot bitch didn't always turn me on. I felt thirsty, watching, enjoying the sight. My nipples got hard, but I was too focused on the scene playing out on the TV to really notice something was wrong about that. I grabbed my cock with one hand, and

responding to the demands of my aching nipples, I covered one pec with my other hand and gently massaged my chest. The guy grunted as he shot

his load, and he held the girl's head and said, "swallow" in a deep, guttural voice.

The girl did. Then, she looked back over her shoulder, and I saw her face. I felt like I'd been punched in the gut—she was me, or rather, the girl they



intended to make of me. She licked her lips, then gave me a wink. Pleasure surged through me at the sight of those plump, wet, cock sucking lips, and I closed my eyes, disgusted at what I was feeling, what they were making me feel.



I searched around for the controller and shut the TV off. A hot flash hit me as I realized I was still massaging my chest and it felt—soft. Too soft. Pulling my hand away, I looked down in horror to see my nipples had gotten fat and now rested atop little cones. I had popped out a pair of breasts overnight.

Already? I thought, panic rising in me as I rolled out of bed and hurried to the bathroom, feeling my chest jiggle with each step. Please, no, I thought. No. I'd thought I had a few days, that Connie still might get me out of here before anything drastic happened to my body. I stared at myself in the

bathroom mirror, and the mirror confirmed my fears: I had breasts, small breasts, but breasts all the same. I couldn't help but reach up and cup them, confirming they were real. Feeling a tingly of pleasure right down to my toes, I pulled my hands away. Fuck. I had tits, like a girl. It was wrong, all wrong, unfair. God Damn, Kathy. How could she do this to me?

Back in middle school, there'd been a boy—Harold—overweight, he had tits, and we all made fun of him, called him Tit Boy, asked him if he was



wearing a bra. The girls were the worst, taunting him, tormenting him. I did push-ups every night partly because I wanted to be strong, but also because I didn't want to end up like Tit Boy.

And now, fuck, I had tits, just like some girl, just like Tit Boy.

Stunned, reeling, I looked for other changes, but I didn't see anything else—not that those horrible little titties on my chest weren't enough. Something didn't seem right, though, and it took a moment before I put a hand to my smooth cheek. I didn't need to shave. My face was as smooth and soft as a girl's. As I

touch my soft, hairless skin, I remembered being a boy, my Dad letting me cover my face with shaving cream, standing on a crate next to him, pretending to shave with my toy razor. The soapy smell of the shaving cream, my dad smiling down at me. It was one of my favorite memories, me and my dad, being men together.

When I had finally started to get facial hair, it had been epic. I felt like such a bad ass with that thin line of hair across my upper lip. Those pictures would later embarrass me, but at the time I strutted around showing it off: proof I was a man.

Now, my fingers grazed hairless cheek, soft as a silk. My smooth face, my budding breasts, they were proof I was becoming a--

Don't think about it. Don't stress about it. I decided I would do pushups, work out, do what I could to keep my chest from swelling. I had to hope Connie could free me from this, get me out of it. I dropped to the floor and got in position to start doing some pushups. I lowered myself to the floor, ignoring the feeling of my soft chest pressing against the cold tile, my fat nipples. I pushed back up, one... two... but by the time I reached ten my arms were shaking, and I strained to push myself up, failing and collapsing to the floor. "Ten?" I said out loud, and my voice was hoarse, my throat hurt. I could do 50 pushups, easy, only a day before at the jail. How had I lost so much strength? I looked at my arms. They didn't seem smaller, but I was already so weak.

Panic, more panic, and I felt the sting of tears, but this time I managed to fight them back. I lay on the floor, breathing hard, feeling like I was shrinking, becoming less, losing myself.

I already had breasts, and I was as weak as a child. This was only the second day.

"Pole dancing class begins in 30 minutes," the voice chimed. "You will find appropriate clothes in the dresser. Don't be late. Good girls are always early."

Pole dancing. Of course. The thought made me sick, and the women's workout clothes made me sicker. I dressed, the collar surging with pleasure as I squeezed myself into the leggings, the sports bra. My one hope was that the bra would help hide my tits, but it didn't. It had padded cups like my

training bra, and if anything seemed to make them look bigger. I dreaded



walking out of my room wearing this crap, and cringed at the thought that Creepy Dick might see me and shoot a load in his pants at the sight of my little breasts. I hated that little freak so much.

At this point I had little choice but to play along. The need to escape grew stronger, though. I had to find some way out of here.

I found my way to the workout room. The other guys were already there, stretching, Ebony looking like a goddess wrapped up in those tight little

gym clothes. Once more, I drank in the sight of his incredible rack, but once more I found myself wondering what it would be like if I ended up with a



pair that big of my own. I imagined the weight, the way they jiggled and swayed. What a pain. It seemed like breasts were ruined for me. I couldn't just appreciate them anymore. I kept thinking about having them.

Ebony got up as I entered and gave me a hug. "Morning, Kathy," she said.

"Some kind of morning," I grumbled, my throat hurting, my voice scratchy. "I wouldn't call it good."

"Best to do some stretching before class," she said. "Limber up."

"Don't mind if I don't," I said, eyeing the line of brass poles along one side of the room.

"Suit yourself." Her eyes dropped to my chest. I slouched and crossed my arms awkwardly over my buds. "You already got boobies," Ebony said. I felt myself blush, cringe "That's impressive."

"Impressive? More like putrid."

"She got her boobs?" Paige said, getting up and coming over to join us. I was now staring at the tops of my pink shoes, arms wrapped tight across the soft, roundness of my chest. "Oh, they're so shy at this stage," she said to Ebony, putting a hand on my shoulder. Ebony touched my arm.

"Everything will be fine, honey," Paige said. "You'll get used to them."

"I don't want to get used to them," I said, stepping away. "I just— let's drop the subject of my chest."

"Itty bitty titties," Miko called out, shaking his chest. "Welcome to the club, sister."

The walls were mirrored, so no matter which direction I looked I found myself looking at *her*—my blonde, busty avatar. It unnerved me more than ever, given the changes I'd seen in my body, and when I looked at her in those black leggings, I saw her camel toe, and my testicles clenched, like they knew the end was near. I couldn't stand the sight of her, so I lay on the floor and closed my eyes, wishing this away, hoping I would wake up and realize this had all been some freakish nightmare. Music started thumping, and I heard Jane shout out over the sound system, "on your feet!"

I got up as Jane made her entrance, all bubbly smiles, prancing into the room. “Morning ladies,” she sang out. “Whose ready to sweat?”

Ebony and Paige clapped and shouted. Miko and I glared. Jane didn’t seem to care. “Okay. Everyone on your feet. Let’s get physical!”

A new song started thumping. Some kind of Kpop dance music, with girls squeaking and squealing. My collar hummed, feeding me a constant stream of good vibrations. That queasy feeling returned, the dread they would succeed in conditioning me to love girl-pop. It was mortifying, terrifying, and I resolved to fight it, biting the inside of my cheek to try and cancel the pleasure with pain.

We started some kind of dumb, girly-ass warm up, prancing, stretching, doing squats. I half-heartedly followed along, doing just enough to keep from getting blasted. Once we’d warmed up a bit, Jane demonstrated a series of moves she wanted us all to do on the pole. I’d seen strippers perform the same moves a hundred times. It made me sick to think I was about to perform them.

“Okay, girls, your turn. Now, I’ll count down... three... two...”

I stared at the pole, rage building in me, defiance and disgust. Pole dancing? Me? I wanted to smash August’s face for this crap, but the pain, I remembered the pain and so I grabbed my pole, wrapped one leg around it the way Jane had demonstrated, feeling the hard, round shaft against the inside of the thigh, my hand wrapped around the cold, hard copper.

“One!”

We all started to move. I watched Ebony out of the corner of my eye. He was gorgeous, and he moved so seductively, so compellingly...

“Smile!” Jane shouted.

I gave her a dirty look. She made a smile shape with her fingers, but her eyes went hard. She was ready to zap me. I smiled as I worked the pole, occasionally looking in the mirror, seeing my bouncy, blonde ponytailed future smiling back at me. There was no way I could face the world as a woman, let alone a woman who looked like that. She was a Bambi Doll brought to life. I would sooner kill myself, I thought, my cheeks starting to ache from the forced smiling, than become *her*. Yet, here I was doing a



workout that only a woman would do, sculpting myself into that shape, that woman, that—sex bomb.

It was a stupid, demeaning workout, and it should have been easy, but the sports bra was tight, extremely tight, compressing my chest, making it a hard to breath. I tugged at it, pulled, trying to loosen it up, but there was nothing for it. I found myself panting, gasping for breath, and when that little sequence ended, I almost fell over, my hands on my knees, panting.

The other three laughed, and Jane came over and patted me on the back. “It’s not as easy as it looks, is it honey?” She said.

“It’s this stupid bra,” I answered through gritted teeth. “I can’t breathe.”

“Women run marathons in sports bras. We manage, and you will, too,” Jane said, prancing away. “Okay, ladies, let’s work on those glutes. Who wants a gorgeous ass?”

Ebony and Paige cheered. I shook my head, that feeling of contempt from the night before growing. Traitors. Wimps. How could they give in like this? Yes, I started doing the squats right along with them, and I kept doing them until my ass was burning, but I would never like it or even pretend to like it.

“Let’s tone our pretty little arms and build those round little shoulders,” Jane said next. We picked up puny little 2.5 pound pink dumbbells and started doing arm exercises, but clearly to tone and not to build muscle because, of course, we all wanted pretty little arms.

“Smile!” Jane sang. I smiled. The blonde girl in the mirror smiled back as we did presses with those tiny little weights. I felt like an idiot at first, but as we kept working out with the little weights, my arms and shoulders began to burn, and soon I found myself struggling, unable to keep up with Paige and Ebony, even though they had tiny little pipe cleaners for arms. Ebony, seeing me struggling, gave me a sassy wink.

Finally, we were done with the weights, but we weren’t done. It was back to the pole for more dancing, more work on my legs, glutes and abs.

When the work out ended, Jane came up to me. “You did so well today,” she said. “I’m proud of you, but, um, there’s this issue with your, um, bulge.” She pointed down at my leggings.

“What am I supposed to do about that?” I said, wincing at the pain in my throat, which seemed to be getting worse.

“Slip this shunt into your panties. It’s for modesty. That bulge is aggressive and not at all ladylike.”

I’d never heard of a shunt. Looking at it I got the idea. She wanted me to hide my manhood. “You’re serious?” I said, pushing back a little, but ever mindful of the pain that could be inflicted on me if I wasn’t a good girl.

“Yah,” she said, nodding. “I mean, you won’t even need it in a few weeks when you get your rose, but until then you’ll wear it from now on when you come to the gym, right?”

*When you get your rose.* I couldn’t help but flinch. She was talking about castrating me like it was just another day at the beach. And, did she actually call it my rose? What kind of bullshit was that? They were planning to give me a – you know.

There was no use fighting the whole shunt business. “Yes,” I said, making sure my tone conveyed how annoyed I was at the idea. “I’ll wear it, because I’m a *good girl*.” I took the shunt from Jane and slipped it into my panties. When I looked in the mirror, my crotch was now a smooth mound. It made it look like I was already a woman, that I had my “rose.” I couldn’t look at anyone, but left, my head down, finding myself in that now familiar place of shame, confusion and anxiety that was becoming my new normal.

If I’d had my head up, I would have seen him coming. Instead, I heard him whistle: “Wheet, woo.” I looked up and realized *he* was standing right in my path: Creepy Dick. A few more steps, and I would have run right into him. His eyes dropped right to my tits, and he licked his lips. My skin crawled, and I covered my chest with my arms. He smirked, amused. I just wanted to get away from him, so I started walking, taking a step to the left. He stepped to the left. I stepped to the right. He stepped to the right. We were a foot away from each other now, and I’d had enough. Ignoring my loss of strength, I got ready to punch him in the face, but then I remembered my conversation with Connie and the need to stay out of trouble.

“Dude, I would kick your ass if it weren’t for this collar,” I said, looking down at him. “Get out of my way.”

“I just want to talk,” he said. “I don’t know if you’ve heard, but they call me The Sherpa around here, because I guide the new girls to the top of the mountain. I can teach you things, help you learn how to enjoy your new... assets.” He made the old-school hourglass shape with his hands, once more ogling my tits.

“Get lost,” I said, once more trying to step past him, hating how much he was treating me like a woman, how much I felt like a woman.

As I tried to walk past him, he grabbed my wrist. I tried to yank it free, but I was so weak now. Holding tight, he smiled, an arrogant smile, the smile of someone who knows he has the power. It was embarrassing, disgusting to me, and I felt something twist in me. I couldn't get free. "Let go." The words came out strangled, more of a plea than a command.

"Show me your tits."

"Fuck you!" I tried to pull away again, but he only laughed, then yanked me



forward, throwing me off balance then shoving me. I found myself pinned

against the wall. "Show me your tits. Just a quick flash. That's all I'm asking. Don't be a bitch.

I don't know why I did it. I guess I just wanted to get away. I needed to get away. I grabbed the bottom of my sports bra and yanked it up, flashing him, my little breasts bouncing.

He took a moment to enjoy the view, then let me go. I yanked my bra back down, hurrying down the hall, half running as I once more found myself crying.

"We could have a lot of fun together!" Dick shouted.

Like hell, I thought, my anger blazing. I'm going to destroy you, I decided. I would destroy that little creep if it was the last thing I ever did.

Bonus







