

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

GIRL

Chapter 12

Cooper

&

Kadee





The limo pulled up along the curb on Main Street. The diver came around and opened the door, taking each of our hands and helping us out, which I needed as I wasn't used to navigating the world in a flowing dress and high heels. In another sign of how much my mental conditioning had changed me, I felt cute needing a man's help to get out of a car. I enjoyed the feeling of being a little helpless, a little dependent. It made me feel special.

So, there I was, standing on the sidewalk on a bustling little town, my first time out in the world as a woman. I felt self-conscious of everything now,

the weight of my breasts, the sticky feeling of my lipstick, the way my dress swirled around my legs. I checked out the townsfolk, and to found them well-dressed, upscale but in an understated way. This was yuppie country.

“Let’s go, girls,” Ebony said, striding confidently down the sidewalk. We all followed, and I felt a surge of female swagger. We were all pretty, dressed cute, and as we clicked along in our heels, heads turned, men, women, kids—everyone checked us out, murmured, whispered. I felt like such a badass, but it was so different from the confidence I once felt as a guy. There was something more—I don’t even know the word—but there was something different. We were a girl pack, and as far as I was considered, the classiest bitches in town. Of course, I was also amused that none of the townsfolk who saw our group of pretty, smiling girls sashaying down the street would have ever guessed we had all once been men and a few of us violent criminals.

Meanwhile, my head was buzzing, and not from the collar. Lafayette was quaint. Like, nutso quaint. I had dated more than a few women who loved to go to these kinds of trendy little towns, gushing over how pretty they were, and I’d always just kind of endured their mystifying fascination with all things quaint. Of the many things I’d never understood about women, this was right there near the top of the list. Now, however, looking at this town through my increasingly feminine eyes, I totally got it. The planters with their fresh flowers that lined the cobblestone sidewalks, the cast iron streetlamps, the old-fashioned store fronts—and everything was so neat and tidy. It was heaven.

How could I have been so blind?

I smelled the café a block before we got there— the wheaty goodness of fresh baking bread, the earthy richness of fresh brewed coffee and sugar and cinnamon that promised sinful pastries. Thankfully, Ebony led us right to the door of that cute little café. It’s where we were having brunch.

We took our tables. I glanced around, checking out the other patrons, comparing myself to the other women. There were so other cute girls here, for sure, but mostly older women whose wrinkles meant they were no competition. I caught myself. No competition? What, was I going to try and steal their husbands? Of course not, but it just came automatically to me now to threat level assess other women. I guess it must have been the programming.

Of course, I also surreptitiously checked out the guys. Not that I was going to try anything, of course. There was one in particular that made me blush—he had the prettiest blue eyes and a square jaw, high cheekbones. Plus, yum, those shoulders!

It didn't even bother me anymore that I was totally into men. I'd accepted that August had made me like guys now. In fact, I was surprised at how easy it had been to just start loving cock. What was the point of fighting? I couldn't win.

"He's a cutie, all right," Ebony whispered.

I looked over to her and smiled. "There's no crime in looking, right?"



We both giggled.

“Ladies,” a young man said as he approached our table, order pad in hand. “Welcome to Simplicity.” He was cute, with red hair and big green eyes. I wanted to lick every one of the freckles on that adorable little face of his. We all giggled and flirted as he took our orders, and he flirted right back.

The Brunch Experience then began in earnest: a buzzy, chatty, girl high as we ate, talked, laughed and got jacked up on caffeine and sugar. In my old life as a card carrying member of the Bro Club, I’d always struggled to pay attention to women, with their scatter-brained stories that never seemed to go anywhere. My girlfriends over the years had made it very clear to me that I was a terrible listener. Now, however, that had all changed as I found myself leaning forward, eagerly hanging on my friend’s words, jumping in, and it almost felt like our conversation was jazz, each one of us riffing off the others, four voices creating one. I felt all warm and fuzzy—seriously. I’d never felt this close, so totally connected with anyone before. The collar buzzed the whole time, feeding extra pleasure into my brain, enhancing the female bonding.

As our brunch came to an end, I went to the ladies’ room. Pulling up my dress, pulling down my panties, I sat down on the toilet to tinkle. Still flush with pleasure over all our girl talk, I tried to pullback, to assess, to remember who I really was. Everything I’d been experiencing from gushing over this adorable little town to checking out guys—that was all August. It was brainwashing. This wasn’t me, but the Katherine personality that she had decided to inflict on me.

I had to remember that and make my escape before she turned me into the bubbly beach bunny I’d seen in the pictures, before I wouldn’t even be able to remember I was supposed to be a man and not some blonde ditz in high heels.

We made our way to Potter’s Paradise. A chirpy, hyper-enthusiastic little woman with silvery hair greeted us, and then we all took our seats, lumps of clay before us. She began the lesson, and soon I found soft, wet clay gliding under my fingertips as a wobbly, misshapen cone rose from the pottery wheel. As I made my sad attempt to create a vase, I worried constantly about breaking a nail.

I glanced at the clock. The time had come. I was supposed to sneak out now. I glanced at the others: Ebony, Miko, Paige. I felt a lump in my throat at the thought of leaving them.

All relationships end in separation or death, I reminded myself for the 1000th time. Are you really even friends, or just four unlucky men who were thrown together in an insane feminization facility? I couldn't decide. What to do? What was right?

It was, oddly enough, my fear of breaking a nail that finally forced me to get up and say, "I need to use the little girl's room." It wasn't just that August was turning me into a woman, but the kind of ultra feminine woman who worried constantly about her hair and makeup, about breaking a nail. I just didn't think I wanted to be that kind of girl. Why couldn't she at least have made me a sporty, athletic girl who liked to shoot pool with the boys?

The other girls were all focused on their pottery. Our hostess was helping Paige, who, as usual, was taking all this far too seriously and trying to sculpt a masterpiece for all the ages. They barely noticed as I went down the hall that led to the bathrooms. At the end of the hall, a sign above a metal door that read "Exit." I could see sunlight bleeding in from beneath the crack at the bottom.

I didn't hesitate, heading straight down the hall, pushing open the exit door, squinting as I stepped into the light. Looking to the left, I saw a big gray van, and it was idling, filling the whole alley with the oily smell of diesel. I started toward the van, my heart beating, half dreading I was about to get the shock of my life from my collar, but Creepy Dick had assured me the van had a blocker that would keep the collar from functioning.

My heart was beating so loud, I could hear it in my ears. I took a step and another step, the clicking of my heels sounded like thunderclaps, and I kept glancing back over my shoulder, sure someone would come after me, grab me, stop me from escaping.

The door to the van swung open, rusty hinges creaking like the door in an old horror movie. A thick bodied, ugly man bulging with muscle climbed out. "Hurry up," he grumbled. "We don't have much time."

I felt a rush of excitement as I looked at the open door to that van. I would escape. I would be free. It was all just a few steps—

As I approached, I realized Ugly Man was undressing me with his eyes. Leering at my body, he licked his lips and grinned, a grin that made me think of a starving jackal. My whole body stiffened; my feminine intuition flared with warnings. If I got in that van, I was sure he would – take advantage. I wouldn't be safe with him. I froze, part of me thinking, you're just being a ridiculous girl right now. There's no reason to be afraid.

The other part of me answered, you're being a dumb male. You have every reason to be afraid. That guy is a giving you the creeps for a reason, and why would you ever trust Creepy Dick anyway?

Still, I stood there, hands trembling, scared, paralyzed.

“Come on,” the Ugly Man barked. “You stupid bitch.”

I gasped and took a step back, the b-word like a slap in the face that also confirmed my fears.



“God damn broads,” he said, and he took a step towards me, raising his hands as if he meant to grab me and drag me into the van.

With a squeak of fright, I turned and ran, ran back to the pottery place, down the hall, and then I plunged into the bathroom and locked the door, leaning against it, panting, breasts heaving as I just kept repeating, “omigod... omigod...omigod...” I waited, listening, wondering if that disgusting ogre had followed me, but there was nothing, just the sound of crystal bowls playing softly over the stores sound system.

I got myself together, checked my makeup, mussed my hair, then headed back to the class, sitting down at my stool and pumping the wheel, letting my fingers slide into the cool, soft mud, feeling it moist and soft sluicing between my fingers. I looked at the other girls, who were all going about their business. Miko looked at me and smiled. I smiled back. “I don’t think this is going to end up being a vase,” I said. “Maybe I should just use this clay to give myself a facial.”

She, of course, had managed to shape her lump of clay into a perfectly wonderful vase. “I never realized how artys and crafty I was until I became a girl,” he said with a cute little shrug and his usual giggles. “You should watch me quilt.”

We all fell asleep on the way back to FemRec, laying over and against each other. I felt guilty, a little, about my attempted escape, and kept wondering if anyone would guess, or suspect anything, but no one seemed in the least bit suspicious. Meanwhile, I was having second thoughts about my second thoughts. Had I freaked out for no reason? Missed my chance for freedom?

It didn’t matter now, I supposed. I’d missed my chance, and that was that. I just wished I hadn’t given Creepy a blow job for nothing.

As I went back to my room, I felt resigned to my fate. I’d chosen to stay here. I had chosen to be Katherine. In a few days I would own the purse, identify as female and have no interest in ever being male again. I would complete my sentence and head back out into the world a busty, bouncy

blonde. Miko had assured me I would be happy with it, with the new me, my new life.

Even if I was, though, wasn't that the ultimate defeat, that they could turn me into a bimbo with big tits and make me like it? I threw myself onto my bed with a dramatic sigh and let the tears flow. I needed a good cry.

Crying for me now was as much a part of my routine as eating. Whenever I got feeling too stressed, anxious and overwhelmed, I would just let the tears flow and feel better. It was emotional maintenance.

So, too, was a little fun time with my vibrator. All I had to do was think about my dildos and vibrators and my nipples started getting hard. I went and got one from my sex toy collection, and now my nipples were rock hard. "I guess I'm going to need one of these for the rest of my life," I thought, and I wondered what it would feel like when I had my own vagina, when I slipped Mr. Sparky inside me. Just the thought sent shivers of pleasure through my body.

Laying back, I thought of the man from the café, the one I had nicknamed Blue Eyes, with that chin and those shoulders. I pushed my breasts together pushed the vibrator between them, then pressed it against my nipple, imagining it was Blue Eyes, that he was on top of me, kissing me, kissing me all over... My breasts were so sensitive and my whole body tingled as I felt sparks of pleasure rolling through me, right down to my curling toes.

I slipped the vibrator between my legs, pressed it against the nub that had once been my penis. As I worked it down there, I grabbed one breast with the free hand, pinching and rolling my nipple between my thumb and forefinger, squeezing, kneading, imagining it was Blue Eyes playing with my tits, pressing himself between my legs. The pressure built and built, a ball of fire and need in my belly, I needed to cum.

I couldn't get a hard on anymore, but when I slipped the vibrator under my ball sack and pressed—OMIGOD! Stars and blissful sighs.

As I lay in the afterglow of my orgasm, gentle waves of pleasure washing over me, I smiled. It wasn't so bad being a woman, after all. A boy could learn to like it.

I woke up at peace with myself and my future. I was Kathy, and I would be for the rest of my life. I shaved my legs, dressed, did my makeup. I was looking forward to going all girl, owning the purse. It would mean I was one stop closer to my new life, and maybe I could finally say goodbye to all this male neuroses I suffered over my femininity.

As breakfast ended, a staff member touched me on the elbow and said, "You have a phone call."

Excusing myself, I headed down the hall and picked up the phone. "Hello?" I said, curious as to who might be calling me, thinking it was probably Kathy calling to taunt me. Well, if it was her, she was in for a surprise because I could tell he I was fine with becoming a woman, that I even liked it.

"Kathy, this is Connie."



My lawyer? "What's up?" I said, surprised to hear from her. It had been days, maybe a week since her last call.

"Good news. I won the appeal and the courts have issued a stay. You're going to be able to get out of there and the treatments will stop. You're a free man."

"A free man?" I said in my buzzy, high-pitched woman's voice. I looked down

at my breasts. I didn't feel very free, or much of a man. "Um, Connie?" I said, slipping into my little girl voice. "Um, don't be mad, okay?"

Bonus

