

Sentenced to femininity.



HE'S

A

GOOD  
GIRL

Chapter 9

Cooper  
&  
Kadee

The girls had decided to take breakfast by the pool, so after shaving my legs and armpits, I put on a bikini and then a little silk robe, slippers and a pair of huge, movie star sunglasses. I'd done my nails the night before, but checked them carefully, not wanting to be seen with chipped nails, but they looked great. Checking myself out in the mirror, I pulled the top of my robe open just a little to show off some of my cleavage, ran my nails through my hair. Thinking and feeling like the girl they were turning me into, I only felt confident anymore when I looked cute.

Grabbing a couple of my women's magazines, I headed out. The other three were already there, sitting at a table under an umbrella. The rising sun cast golden rays against massive, cotton candy clouds, and the water in the pool sparkled.



We had our usual chitchat as we ate. As my body had changed, my appetite had shrunk. That morning I ate half a grapefruit and some cottage cheese, and I felt positively stuffed. I barely had room for me coffee, but I needed my coffee. I was a total bitch without my morning coffee. “So,” Paige asked as we were all finishing up, “you ready for some clay fingers tomorrow?”

I had been hoping no one would bring it up, but now I was cornered. “About that, I’m not really feeling up to it—”

“No, you don’t,” Ebony said, shaking her head.

“Don’t even try it,” Miko said, wagging her finger side to side.

“No chickening out,” Paige said. “Just because you’re turning into a girl doesn’t mean you get to be a pussy.”

My mouth dropped open, and I huffed. “I can’t believe this. I’m not feeling well. That’s all.”

The other girls all just crossed their arms and stared at me. “Fine,” I finally admitted. “I don’t want to go. There. Happy?”

“You’re going to have to face the world eventually,” Miko said, softening her tone. “I know it probably seems super scary or whatever to you now, but it’s really not such a big deal. Come. You’ll see.”

It did seem super scary. Today was the first field trip we were going to be taking since I’d come to the facility. We were going to a town nearby named Lafayette, which the girls had assured me was a “cute, artsy little town” for some shopping, lunch and then a pottery class. The girls’ day essence of the trip didn’t bother me as much as it probably should have. What bothered me was exactly what they suspected: going out into the world, being seen by other people dressed as a woman, presenting as a woman.

“So, people are going to see you wearing a skirt. So what? You know, there have been times and places throughout history where men wore what we could call a skirt. Have you never seen a bag pipe band?”

I decided to change tactics. “The thing is,” I said, trying to look upset, self-conscious. “It’s more that I don’t feel pretty enough.” Needing more drama to sell the lie, I thought about the time when I was 8 and our family dog,

Whiskertime, had died. The tears welled up and started rolling down my cheeks. “I don’t want people to see me until I’m -- I’m—” I gestured toward my body—“all woman.”



They stared at me for a moment in total silence. I felt triumphant. They were falling for it. I was such a good actor. Then, they all started to laugh. “Bravo,” Ebony said, clapping. “Bravo.”

“You’ve learned to cry on demand,” Paige said. “You deserve a girl scout merit badge. Tears are so useful for a girl. You can manipulate your boyfriend, get out of speeding tickets.”

I wiped away my crocodile tears. "I guess I better work on my acting," I said. "I actually thought I had you guys fooled."

"Your acting was fine," Miko said, "but we're girls, too. We can see right through you."

"Save your tear games for men," Ebony said. "Most of them are suckers for a woman's tears. Now, I want to lay out, so let's just put this one to bed. You are coming with us. Done. No more talk about it."

"I don't know what to wear," I said, making one last feeble attempt to escape my fate.

"My decision is final," Ebony said, heading over to one of the lounge chairs. "You're coming."

I sighed. She was the Queen Bee. What else could I do but listen to her?

I lay back and closed my eyes, feeling a whole-body sigh as the sun's rays poured over me. I started to drift off into a hazy nap, my mind calming, softening, but then a thought occurred to me. Creepy Dick. He'd concocted this whole elaborate plan for me to escape, but what if there were a way to do it while we were out for our day trip?

It could be my one, best chance to escape. Was I willing to pay the price? The nightmare of having my first period still haunted me, as did the reality that I would soon, based on the pattern experienced by the others, start identifying as a woman and no longer even want to get back to being my old, solid, jiggle-free male self. I had to get out of here.

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"Make your escape while in town?" Dick said, shaking his head, "No.". "It'll be trickier than you think, doll. You don't know Lafayette. How are we going to coordinate an extraction point when you won't have any idea where to go. Nah. Let's stick with my plan."

Creepy Dick's plan was stupid. Mine was better. I needed to convince him. I stepped closer and put a hand on his flabby chest, then did my best baby doll voice. "I really, really want to escape tomorrow." I let my hand slide down his belly, and then grabbed his dick. "Can't you do that for me?" I said, giving it a squeeze. "Pretty, pretty, pretty please?"

“Oh... I don't know...”

I felt him getting hard in my hand. Even though he disgusted me and the feeling of his hardening cock in my hand disgusted me, I sighed and batted my lashes. I put my other finger to my lips. “I'll make it worth your while.”

“Oh, hell. Fine,” Creepy said. Slipping an arm around my waist, he pulled me into a maintenance closet. A bucket and a mop. A shelf full of plastic jugs. The acrid smell of bleach. I dropped to my knees, reached out with a trembling hand and unzipped his pants, then pulled them down. He was wearing yellow underwear, which struck me as odd, and I was relieved to see he didn't have much of a bulge. I pulled them down next, his turgid cock popping free. It was small, pink and pathetic. I had to resist the urge to laugh. As much as I hated him, my training kicked in, and at the sight of that male member my mouth started to water, my skin tingled, my collar hummed.

The thought that I was about to pleasure this gross pig was buried deep, deep beneath the reality that I was about to do something I had grown to love. I slipped my mouth over his member, the salty taste of his precum mixing with my saliva as I rubbed my tongue against the veins and ridges. I heard him moan and felt that sense of power, control and--

What the hell? He popped off. Just like that, the hot jizz filled my mouth. I started to pull off, but he grabbed my head and said, “swallow” in a guttural voice that reminded me of the way he'd sounded when he'd twisted my tit. I didn't feel in control anymore, and the emotional kick in the stomach of being reminded of who he was, the way he'd treated me, caused me to retch, puking his jizz and my breakfast all over him.

He pushed me away, and I fell back on my ass, thinking he was going to be pissed off, but when I looked up at him, vomit trickling from the corners of my mouth, he was laughing.

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I had suffered one surrealist shock after another since the beginning of my Rectification. Each time I'd started to get comfortable with one change—wearing a dress, for example—I'd been hit with another—wearing makeup, doing my nails. As soon as I got used to that, I popped out a pair of breasts.

Time and again, my reality had become one long feminizing nightmare, with one startling change following another.

Now, the biggest shock of all: I found myself walking down the main street in one of those cute, artsy towns, my high heeled boots clicking, a purse slung over my shoulder. I was out in the real world as a woman for the first time.

It had taken forever to get ready.

I'd tried on every single piece of clothing in my closet trying to decide what to wear. The girls had given me some advice—it's a small town, they said, and artsy, so you should go for cute and not slutty. I'd chuckled. Like I was ever going to go slutty anywhere ever. I'd tried on different skirt and blouse combinations, running to the mirror, groaning, stripping them off, trying another, a dress, a different dress, a different skirt, a different blouse until my bed was buried under all the clothes.

Everything was *ugh, ugh no*, and then, really, just because I'd just about run out of time, I picked a flowing, boho dress that reminded me of something one of my old girlfriends used to wear—it fit the cute but not slutty model, and even though it was a **dress** and I was a **boy**, it seemed like the least objectionable outfit. With its long, flowing skirt I felt like I could move freely and it hid my legs, especially with the cute boots I'd picked to wear with it.

Gasping as I looked at the clock, I sat down and started on my makeup. I was just finishing up, powdering my nose, when there was a knock on the door and the other girls came strutting into my room. "You aren't ready yet?" Miko said. "Women!"

"I'm almost ready," I said, smiling brightly, amused by my own unintentional performance of such a feminine cliché. This was the first time I'd picked out my own clothes as a woman, and I felt super nervous, self-conscious. I stood and paused, turning at a slight angle and putting a hand on my hip. "What do you think? Did I do okay?"

"Great," Miko said. "You're gorgeous."

Paige nodded. "I'd do you."

I turned to Ebony. She was the queen, and I needed her approval more than anyone's. She looked me up and down. "That's a good style for you, Kathy," she said. "We may just make a woman of you yet."

"Omigod, thanks, thanks, thanks. I just need to pick out a purse..." I said heading towards the closet.

"No, you don't," Ebony said, waving me back. "An airhead like you could take a week to pick out a purse."

"How dare you. I'm not an airhead," I mock protested. "I'm a dingbat."

In keeping with Dr. August' plan to make classy ladies of us all, we piled into a stretch limo. The driver, a hunky tall dark and oh, so handsome type, held the door for us. We all sat with our knees together like good girls and sat chatting as the car pulled away from the front drive, headed down the twisty mountain road.

Miko looked at me. "Hey, Kathy," she said.

"Yeah?"

She grinned. "You're a good girl."

I felt my collar buzz, the usual surge of pleasure.

"Good girl, Kathy," Paige buzzed in, and then Ebony, "Good girl."

I squeezed my legs together, blushing as my whole body vibrated with pleasure. "Stop it!" I said, laughing.

"Good girl! Good girl!" They said, giggling.

"You're the good girl," I called back, and then we were all calling each other good girl, good girl, the limo filling with the sounds of our giggling and laughing as we drove each other crazy. It was like swimming in a cloud of feathers, feeling my whole body tickled inside and out, because now the good girls were not connected to some behavior, they weren't a reward for doing something, they just were. They were pleasure. Pure pleasure. Eventually we laughed so hard and so long we had to stop, gasping, catching out breath. I looked at the other three, at their bright, smiling, pretty faces, and I realized I loved them, cared about them. I was so lucky to have met them.





The car rolled into Lafayette. I looked out the window. Cast iron streetlamps. Old fashioned storefronts with candy-striped awnings, big class windows with the names of the shops stenciled on the glass. Sidewalk cafes. And people. So many people—young and old, couples, young parents with strollers. Lots of people was a good thing. It would make it easier for me to slip off when the time came, make my escape. I looked back at my friends again and smiled, but this time smiled to hide the bittersweet sense of loss that came over me as I thought about leaving. This was the end. I would never see any of them again.

It did make me feel sad. Yet, we would all be split up eventually, anyway, going off to whatever lives we could build for ourselves once we'd been changed and certified as nonthreatening females.

All relationships end in separation or death, I reminded myself. Allowing myself to be annihilated by the female future me that August had planned would not save the relationships I'd built. It would only be the end of the one I'd once had with myself.

