

Sentenced to femininity.



HE'S

A

GOOD
GIRL

Chapter 4

Cooper
&
Kadee

The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

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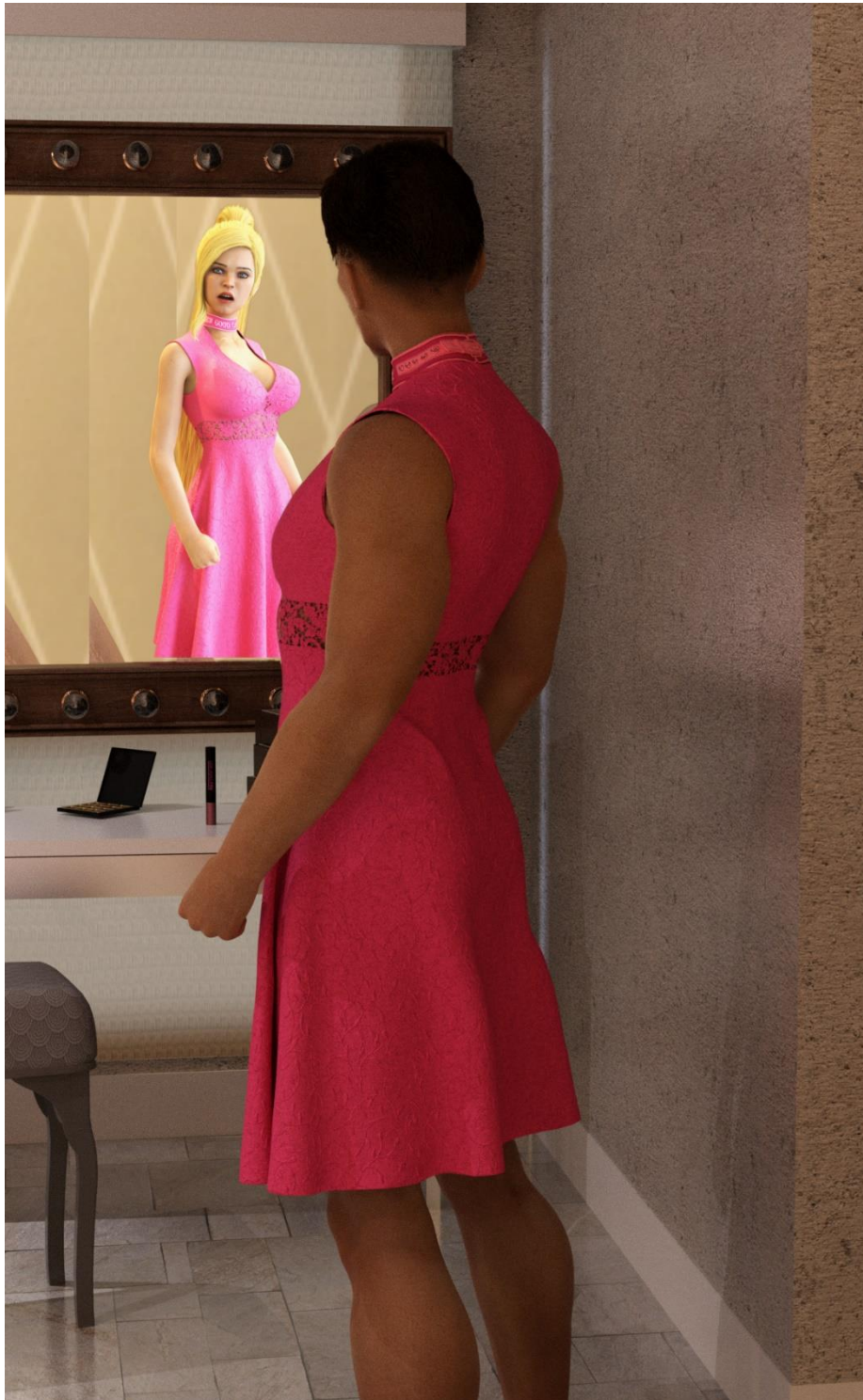
Chapter 4



I stepped into my room, looking around, not surprised to see it was a woman's room, oozing with grating femininity. Too much pink, and it smelled like flowery aroma therapy, the kind of shit my ex used to have steaming into the air all damn day and night.

“Just so you know, there are cameras here and in your private bath.” Jane gave me a quick tour, showing me the walk-in closet, full of dresses and a few corsets. “You're required to wear your uniform at all times when you

are out of your room, but while you're here you can have fun by trying on different outfits."



"Lucky me," I said.

"There will also be little field trips into town where you can wear your cute outfits."

"It just keeps getting better and better."

Across the room, a large mirror hung on the wall—a fancy mirror like you would see in a dressing room in a movie, with lightbulbs all around it. As I looked in the mirror, my image melted and shifted. Just as in the dressing room mirror earlier, I was replaced with the image of that blonde girl, the one August told me I would become. I froze, staring.

“You’re going to be so pretty,” Jane said. “I’m jealous.”

“You see her, too?” I said, waving at the mirror. The blonde waved back.

“Oh, I think maybe I forgot to mention this. You’ll see your *true you* in mirrors and even in your reflection in windows or the pool. She’ll flicker out when you need to see your phony face—like when you’re putting on your mascara. Seeing your reflection as your *true you* will help you internalize her, to begin to identify as her and not—” she waved her hand toward my body and twisted her face up like she was disgusted—“this.”

“My *true you*? Cute. It’s not going to work,” I said, forcing myself to look away. Goddamn, the blonde girl was hot as hell and looked way better in that pink dress than I did. I normally would have gotten a little hard looking at a hot piece of ass like her, but my usual reaction was ruined by the whole—we’re turning you into *her* thing. “I’ll never see myself as a woman.”

“In a few weeks,” Jane said in an offhand way, like she’d heard all this before, “you’ll even *think* with a woman’s voice.”

She went back to her tour, directing my attention to the table below the mirror. “You should have everything you need here, and in the perfect colors for your skin tone,” Jane said, waving her hand over the tubes and brushes. “If you need anything you don’t have, just ask, but there is plenty of everything a girl needs—eyeliner, blush, lipstick.”

I was getting used to this absurd game where they just talked about all this like it was perfectly normal, and I was a woman who would be obsessing over eyeliner. “Thanks for the blush,” I said, “but I won’t be needing the lipstick.”

“You might be surprised,” Jane said with a chuckle.

She took me to the dresser and pulled open the drawers. More women’s clothes. Skirts. Bras. Panties. Unlike the bra I was wearing, a lot of the bras were lacy, with little bows and other stupid frills. I added them to the list of things I would not be needing.

Then, she pulled open one of the top drawers.



“What the fuck?” I said, stepping back. “You people are sick.”

I stared down at a drawer full of dildos. I clenched my ass cheeks as my collar buzzed, and I felt a wave of pleasure wash over me.

Jane chuckled. “Wow. The look on your face. You’d think I just opened a drawer full of rattlesnakes. Really, there’s no need to be scared of a dildo, sweetie.”

“I’m not scared. I’m fucking disgusted.” Jane couldn’t stop smiling, clearly enjoying my creeped-out reaction. I pushed the drawer closed. I didn’t even want to look at those things.

“Many men are disturbed by the mechanics of female self-pleasuring,” Jane said. “In time you’ll enjoy playing with your dildos,” Jane said.

“No fucking way, and those are not *my* dildos.”

Jane just smiled.

Finally, she showed me the bathroom. It was tile, opulent, absurdly feminine down to even a pink toilet and featured a large bathtub. Jane indicated the toilet. “The seat doesn’t go up. You’re required to sit when you pee,” Jane said with a chuckle.

Yeah, right. “I’ll be sure to remember that.”

“Remember, there are cameras,” Jane said, putting her hand on my arm. I shook it off. “It’s really not such a big deal, sweetie.” She obviously enjoyed the thought of a man having to sit to pee. Women. Talk about penis envy.

“Anything else?” I said, just wanting to be rid of her.

“Nope. You’ll hear a chime when it’s time to get ready for dinner, and there you’ll have a chance to meet some of the other girls. For now, you have free time to use as you please.”

So, there *were* more victims here, I thought.

Jane left, and I found myself alone. The first thing I did was sit down and unbuckle those stupid sandals. I wasn’t used to working with tiny little buckles, and they were placed on the outsides of my ankles, which was the opposite of where common sense said they should be, so I struggled a little to get them undone, then kicked the sandals off my feet and across the room, rubbing my calves. They ached from just the time I’d worn the higher heels, and it made me wonder how much pain a woman would be in who wore them all day.

I sat down, tried to get comfortable in my dress, but I hated the feeling of my bare legs and arms, the way the hem of my dress tickled my legs as it

flowed. I hated the tightness of the bra, the feeling of the straps across my shoulders. I really hated the way the panties were crushing my junk. I pulled my dress off, yanked the bra off, tossing them aside.

I wiggled out of my panties. I started to dig through the clothes in the dresser. Skirts and more skirts. I double checked the closet, hoping to find a pair of pants, but no. There were only dresses. Would I choose to wear a dress? Nope. I shivered. The room temperature was a little chilly, but I didn't care. I would suffer. "I am not wearing this shit!" I shouted, looking around for the cameras. I raised my middle fingers and circled, making sure they got a good look. "Get me some fucking pants and a flannel shirt."

Nothing. "Do you hear me? I am not wearing this shit."

Nothing. I felt myself growing flush, another hot flash, and I went into a rage, pulling the dresses from their hangers, throwing them across the room. I ran to the dresser and grabbed the skirts, hurling them across the room as well, and then—

POW! The collar went off, I saw stars. Pain-stunned, I sank to my knees, screaming. When the pain stopped, I gasped, my breathing ragged.

"Tidy your room," a female voice chimed. "Good girls are neat girls."

I glared up at the ceiling, thinking the cameras were up there, and I was about to tell them to fuck off. This time, the collar started to vibrate and make a buzzing noise before I even did anything.

"Pleasure or pain. You choose."

I got up and tidied my room, putting the dresses back on their hangers, the skirts back in my dresser. When I finished, the voice chimed, Good Girl, and I was once more treated to a surge of pleasure.

My room tidied, I wasn't sure what to do with myself. I mentioned before the room was a little cold, and now, having been moving about, as I sat on the edge of my bed— knees spread wide— I shivered and got goosebumps. The dress, as much of my body as it left bare, would help, but I refused to wear women's clothes by choice. Instead, I crawled under the covers on my bed, pulling the quilt up to my chin. That's when I noticed the mirror on the ceiling above my bed, and once more I saw the blonde girl up there,

reflected back at me. My “true you.” It was disturbing to look into mirrors and see a woman looking back. I can’t deny it. I shot her a bird. She flipped me off right back.

There was a remote control and a smart pad on the bed table. I opted for the remote control and turned on the TV, flipping through the channels, which were clearly curated by this looney bin: Contemporary Romance, Historical Romance, Naughty Nights, Family Drama, Strong Female Leads.

While flipping through the channels, I caught a glimpse of a couple of gorgeous women with incredible cleavage, old-fashioned dresses with plunging necklines on the Historical Romance Channel. After flipping around for a few minutes, I went back to what I thought of as The Cleavage Channel. Hey, however dumb the story, at least there would be eye candy. The same women were talking, but one of them was being laced into a corset.

I have always found the sight of a woman in corset a massive turn on. As I watched the girl getting laced up, I enjoyed the view as the corset pushed her breasts up, my dick started getting hard. I grabbed my cock and squeezed, thinking about the girl, how fucking hot she looked. I loved the way the corset gave her that extra small waist, which only made the dramatic curve of her hips all the more boneriffic.

A sudden image intruded on my pleasure: the corsets in the closet. Would I be wearing one soon? That idea turned me off a little, but I forced myself not to think about it, instead focusing on the girl, those crisscross laces running down her back, the way her ass rose from the frilly bottom. My dick got harder, and I began to work it, thinking about her body, her perfect little body, the crescents of her white breasts, lifted and pressed together by the corset— I felt the tension building, the hot iron moment about to arrive when I would pop off and—I made the mistake of glancing up at the ceiling, and I saw that blonde girl, reflected back at me, jerking off. Naked, gorgeous, but she had a cock. I felt disgusted for a second, but then they must have hit me with a jolt of pleasure, because the sight of her stroking her massive cock suddenly turned me on. The room seemed to tilt, and I felt blood surge to my already thriving cock as I saw, imagined I was her for a split second—and I was close, so ready I had to finish, my hand sliding up and down my dick. I stared into her eyes as we each whacked off, her breasts bouncing with the action. Her eyes were glassy, hard, her face

mirroring mine, but smaller, feminine, pretty...our hands moved faster and faster and



“Good girls do not make a mess in their beds,” the voice chimed, and I felt the collar begin to buzz, preparing to blast my brains. “Please take the necessary steps to avoid soiling your sheets.”



I groaned. “Fuck.” It’s hard for a guy to stop, but with a fresh memory of the pain they could inflict, I reluctantly letting go of my dick, I held back, looking around for something to ejaculate into. I was too far along to stop. I needed to come. I saw the panties on the floor. I got up and wrapped them over my dick, finishing, exploding into the soft fabric, thinking about the sight of my bare little shoulders, my firm tits in that corset—I mean, her tits, the girl’s tits.

I shook my head. Weird brain glitch. Or,

another mind game? I couldn't tell.

Done jacking off, I used the panties to wipe myself, then threw them into the hamper, feeling that good, relaxed feeling I always got when I whacked off. I rolled onto my side, so I wouldn't have to look at that girl in the mirror. After, as I drifted off to a deep, I thought I heard soft music playing and the sound of women chanting. I couldn't understand the words, but their voices were soothing, calming, welcoming...

I woke to another hot flash, throwing off the covers, my skin clammy. I also felt an intense need to take a leak. I had to go, bad, or I just might piss myself. I hurried to the toilet, grabbed the lid and tried to lift it. It wouldn't budge. I remembered Jane telling me so, telling me I would have to pee sitting down, like a woman. Hell, no. I thought, feeling cranky and annoyed as I struggled to wake up. Standing to pee was one of the privileges of being a man. I wasn't giving it up to these crazy bitches. I grabbed my cock with one hand, aimed it at the toilet and gave the room the finger, thinking at least one of the cameras would get a good view.

"I'm a man," I shouted as I started to piss, telling myself I didn't give a shit, that they could torture me all they wanted, I wasn't going to start acting like a god damned woman. "Fuck y—aaahhhh!"

Pain. Intense pain. A flash of light. Then darkness.

Cold tile against my cheek, my side, my legs. The lingering aftershocks of the pain that had stunned me and then knocked me to the ground, unconscious. I smelled urine, and as I pushed myself up, I realized I had pissed on the floor, a pool of greenish urine puddled under me, sticking to my skin. It smelled wrong, like seaweed. I *still* needed to piss, the intense pressure on my bladder, if anything, stronger than before. I struggled to my feet, feeling disgusting, pathetic. I stood looking down at the toilet, which had now become an instrument of psychological torture, and I hated it, hated myself for what I was about to do, but I couldn't take any more of that pain. I turned and sat, pushed my penis down between my legs and let loose.

"Good girl," the voice said, as I sat peeing, and I felt a tremendous rush of pleasure, a sense of ease and comfort. You miserable fucking whores, I thought. Trying to condition me to piss sitting down, to make me fucking

love it? The assault on my identity, my manhood, fucking pissed me off, and I will admit I was scared. What if some of these mind games lingered after I got out? What if I became addicted to sitting when I pissed?

“I know what you’re doing,” I called out. “You think you’re going to train me to *like* sitting down to pee? Good luck with— screw it.” I gave up before I’d even finished the speech. Why bother? If they were listening, I’m sure they were laughing at the sight of a big, strong man sitting down to pee like a girl. Ha. Ha. Look at the girlied man. I was so going to sue the hell out of these assholes when I got out of here.



Besides my sense of futility at making defiant speeches, I was also distracted by the way I peed— it was harder than usual, the stream coming out thin, in fits and starts. I had to push it out. It didn't sound right. Instead of the solid rush I usually heard as my stream splashed into the toilet, it sounded more like— what? --the tinkling of a small stream.

When I got done, the voice chimed in: “Do not forget to wipe yourself. Front to back.”

I glared up and around. Stupid. I didn't need to wipe myself. It was just another way of making me play-act at being female, but the threat of impending agony was enough to make me go through with it as I tore off a few squares of pink toilet paper and wiped them over my dick. Of course, my head swam as they dosed me with pleasure and called out, “good girl.”

“Now, please clean up your mess,” the voice called. “You will find supplies in the closet to the right.” I didn't bother to argue. As I opened the closet door, I saw there was a bucket and a mop along with many other cleaning supplies, and the bucket began to fill with steaming hot water. I mopped up my mess, and as I finished, the floor sparkling, once more I felt a rush of pleasure as the voice chimed, “Good girl.”

“Oh, come on,” I mumbled. What kind of fucked up feminist was this Dr. August that she equated being a woman with cleaning? “I told you this isn't going to work on me,” I said to whoever was listening. “I'm too smart, too strong. I'm too much of a man to—”

“Time for your bath,” the voice said, and the tub began to fill with steaming hot water— and bubbles. “Good girls are clean girls.”

A bath? Of course. Because women love taking bubble baths. Or, at least in Dr. August's retro universe they did. I just shook my head. I had urine all over me, and I needed to get clean. Of course, I would have preferred a shower, but what man wouldn't? I pushed my hand through the suds and tested the water with my fingertips— it felt perfect.

I prepared myself for what was about to happen, focusing my will. You are not going to like bubble baths, I told myself as I slipped into the water. The mad doctor will give you a surge of pleasure— endorphins and whatever, but it isn't real. It isn't who you are. You will NOT enjoy this.

I lay back in the warm bath, the water felt like silk and smelled, not like flowers, but a cinnamon roll. I was going to smell like desert when this was done. The bubbles tickled my nose. I closed my eyes and sighed, not sure how much of what I was feeling was the actual pleasure of a warm bath and how much was their conditioning, but I was sure of one thing: despite all my denials and iron will preparations, this was heaven.



Bonus:

