



HE'S

A

GOOD
GIRL

Falsely accused
of a violent crime.
Sentenced to
femininity.

The following material is rated

R

Mature Readers

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I never thought it would happen. Even when I heard it come directly from the mouth of the judge, sitting there in her black robe, I didn't think it could happen. It seemed like some kind of absurd joke. When the judge announced my sentence, I heard my ex-girlfriend chuckle, which brought a stern look from the judge, and she clammed up, but I saw the smirk on her face, the glee in her eyes. My lawyer put her hand on my arm. Maybe I should have been angry, but I didn't really feel anything because I really didn't comprehend what she'd just told me:

“Michael Warren Prioli. Your behavior is abhorrent in the eyes of society, and your refusal to admit wrongdoing and take responsibility for your actions suggests only the most intensive intervention will serve to protect the public from your toxic masculinity. Therefore, I am sentencing you to intensive Rectification. You will be stripped of your masculinity, Mr. Prioli, and for your sake, I hope you are a better woman than you were a man. This court is adjourned.”

Connie, my lawyer, gasped. That made me nervous, but I had no idea what the judge was talking about. Better woman? Rectification? I shook my head and turned to Connie. “Am I going to prison?”



A better woman? What the hell was going on?

“Not exactly,” Connie said. “Don't worry about a thing. I'll file the appeal right away, and ask the state to pause on your transition pending the outcome.”

Transition? What did she mean by that? Two burly, jailhouse guards, had come over to take me back to my cell. “Yeah. Look, I know you did your best. Thanks.”

“I’ll be in touch,” Connie said. “Just keep your head down and don’t get in any trouble.”

Kathy, my ex, started toward me, but her lawyer stepped between us. “You’re going to be a bitch,” she spat. “You’re gonna have a vagina, asshole. She might have gone on, but the bailiff came over and warned her about her language and then escorted her and her lawyer from the room.

What the fuck was she talking about? What was going on? A vagina? I brushed it off as some sort of twisted insult.

As they escorted me back to my cell, I noticed the demeanor of the guards had changed. Before, they’d been blank, neutral, professional. They were both smirking now, eyes lit up with a kind of arrogant superiority. “Come along, *miss*,” Hank said. They both chuckled.

Miss? I flinched at the insult, but kept my mouth shut. They had all the power, and I’d done my best to stay on their good sides.

I thought about it all as I sat in my cell, and especially the way Connie had looked at me. Me? A woman? For a second, my memory flickered, and I saw myself there in court, a woman, as Kathy screamed “you’re going to have a va—” I hate that word. I pushed the memory away. It was totally ridiculous, though even the thought had put my stomach into knots.

By the time dinner rolled around, word had spread among the other inmates. At mess that night, I got my food, if you can call it that, and found a table in the corner, as usual. Most of the guys stayed away from me, giving me odd looks like I had some kind of contagious virus. Mikey and his crew came over. I’d made friends with Mikey. He sat. “I can’t believe

this shit,” he said. “These fucking feminists. You gotta fight this bro. They’re literally cutting our balls off now.”

“I don’t even know what’s going on,” I said, “but my lawyer says she can stop it. I don’t understand the judge’s sentence.”

Mikey stared at me. “You don’t know?”

“No. I expected her to sentence me to prison, but she said a lot of weird shit about– what was it? -- rectification?”

Mike looked down and sighed. When he looked back up at me, he had the demeanor of a man about to tell someone they were dying of cancer. “Bro, it’s a new thing. Experimental, they call. They’re gonna– I don’t even know how to tell you this. They’re gonna turn you into a woman.”



The government was going to turn me into a woman? Yeah, right.

The words hit me like a punch in the gut. I remembered what the judge had said, something about hoping I would be a better woman. Me? A woman? The thought made me queasy. Don’t get me wrong. I love women and

respect them. I also feel sorry for them. Being a woman would be--Then, I laughed. "You almost had me there."

"I wish I was joking, but it's this new thing. I saw it on the Internet. Some violent cons, they're gonna turn us into women, like bitches can't be violent. Don't you read the news?"

I didn't, actually, and what Mikey was saying struck me as complete and total bullshit. He read it on the Internet? Great source. Then I thought about the guards calling me "miss," and the arrogant looks on their faces. Could it be?

"Yeah, well, we're all counting on you bro. We can't let this shit stand. You need to beat this thing." He got up. Stopped, and leaned in close. "You might want to get a guy for a lawyer. These bitches are all in on it."

He left. I looked around. All the other guys were avoiding eye contact. I still didn't believe what he was saying, what was about to happen. I mean, who would? Whatever was happening, I appreciated Mikey being so cool about it. I really needed to talk to my lawyer.

Lars, the neo-Nazi, was not quite as cool. He's a big guy, like me, and we'd bowed up at each other a few times already. After dinner, I was out in the yard on the bench press, lifting, so I didn't even see him coming until he leaned over me. "Hey, bitch," he said. "Enjoy pumping that iron now, because once they turn you into a cunt you won't be able to lift half of that."

I racked the weight and got up, went chest to chest. "I'm more than man enough to take you down right now," I said.

"Go ahead and take a shot, *Michelle*. See what happens."

We stared into each other's eyes. I wanted to punch him, beat his ass. He was disrespecting me in front of the whole bunch of guys, and they were all watching to see how I would react, which one of us would back down. Of

course, the fact I'd been sentenced to female was in my mind, and as much as I dismissed the whole thing, it was becoming clear that the sentence alone was already making people look at me different, lose respect for me. It was almost like by simply threatening to cut my balls off, they had cut my balls off. People were treating me like a woman, and not in a good way. It made me feel something I had never felt before. Later, I would realize this feeling was female vulnerability. I felt like a woman, just for a second, because I was being treated like a woman. I tensed with shame and anger. It fucking sucked, and there was no way I could let it stand, yet I remembered my lawyer warning me to stay out of trouble.



Being treated like a woman made me feel like a woman.

Lars was not interested in my staying out of trouble. He poked me in the chest. "You're going to have titties," he said. "Big, fat titties."

There was that feeling again—being violated, insulted, talked down to. I wasn't going to put up with that shit. I couldn't and still respect myself.

I clenched my fist and got ready to swing. There was no way I was going to take this shit. Hank saw what was happening and came over. "Break it up. Break it up," he said, but it was too late. I fainted with my left. Lars had been waiting for it and blocked, but he wasn't ready for my right first to come whistling up and bust him on the chin. I felt my arm shiver with the impact, and my hand instantly shot through with pain, but Lars spun and fell to the ground. I kicked him once in the ribs, and as he up to come back at me, Hank and another guard grabbed each of us and pulled us apart. "Enough of that shit," Hank said. He pushed me back and gave me a shove. I didn't resist. I wasn't about to get into it with him or any of the guards.

"Hey, bitch," Lars shouted as he was likewise pushed away. "Come see me when you get out." He cupped his hands in the way guys do to suggest a vagina and then flicked his tongue in and out, like he was eating out a girl.

That shook me. Not the gesture. I'd seen it all my life. It was just a thing a lot of guys did, locker room shit. What shook me was having it directed at me, and in light of my sentence, it just— I have to admit, it rattled me. I felt like I'd been—I know this sounds strange—violated somehow.

When I went back to my cell, for the first time, I found myself seriously considering the possibility that it could happen. I was on the top bunk, my cellmate, Anthony, under. I cupped my junk and squeezed. I'd been blessed with a, let's say, substantial cock, and I felt it long and serpentine in my hand, then cupped the meaty heft of my balls. Then, I imagined myself naked, only I was all woman. I saw myself, her, like I was looking at a shot from a porno mag, and I was the piece of ass. It stunned me. I had never imagined myself as a woman, and looking at me, her, the girl, I wanted her, bad, and yet I was her. I had big tits, just like Lars had said, and between my legs, a vag— I hate that word. I won't even think it.

I felt sick and shoved the image out of my mind. Me, a woman? With a vagina? I remembered my lawyer's words. She'd stop it. It would never happen, if it was even possible. I rolled onto my side and closed my eyes. It's never going to happen. I'm a fucking dude.



I imagined myself naked, and all woman.