

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

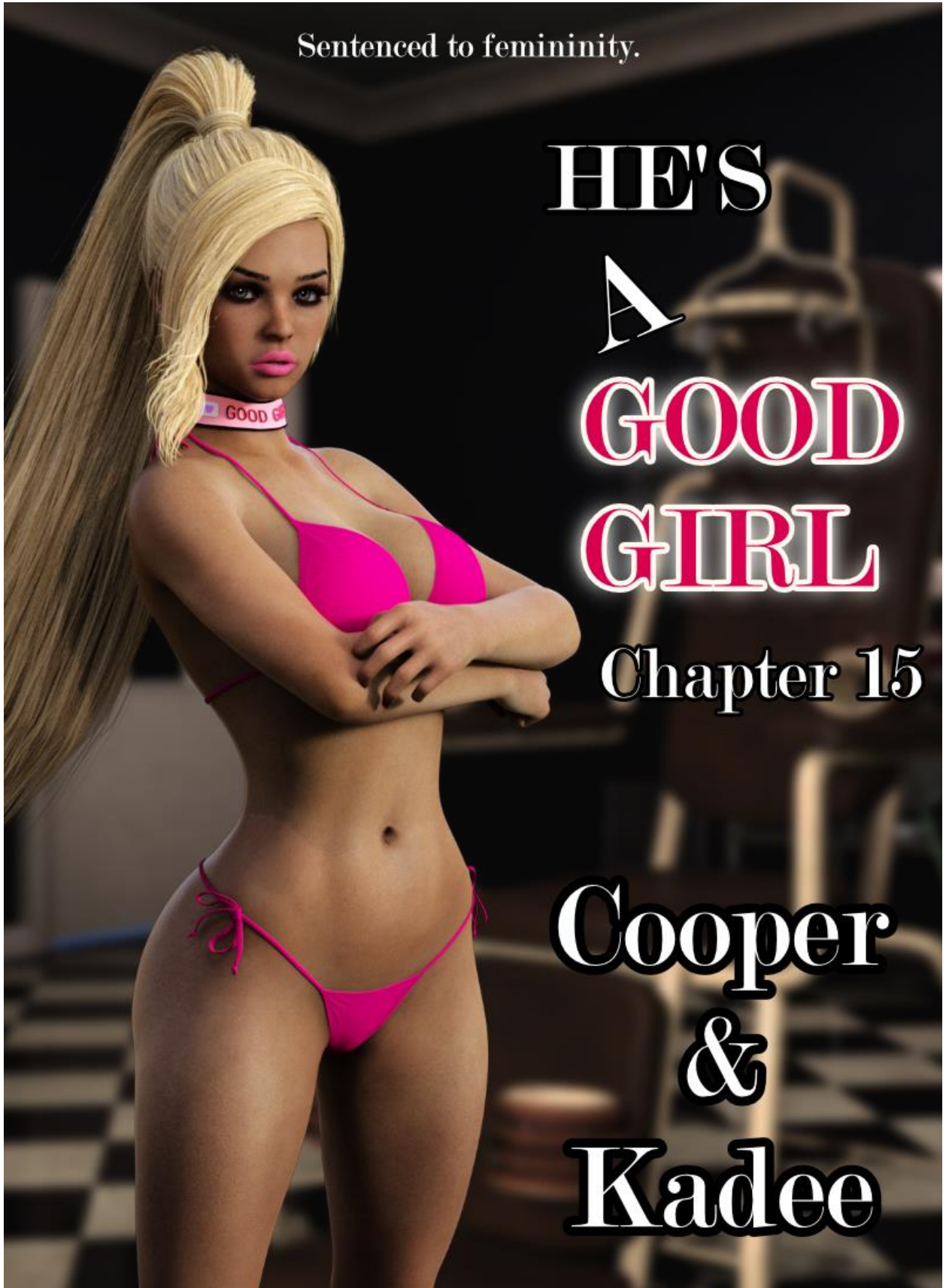
GIRL

Chapter 15

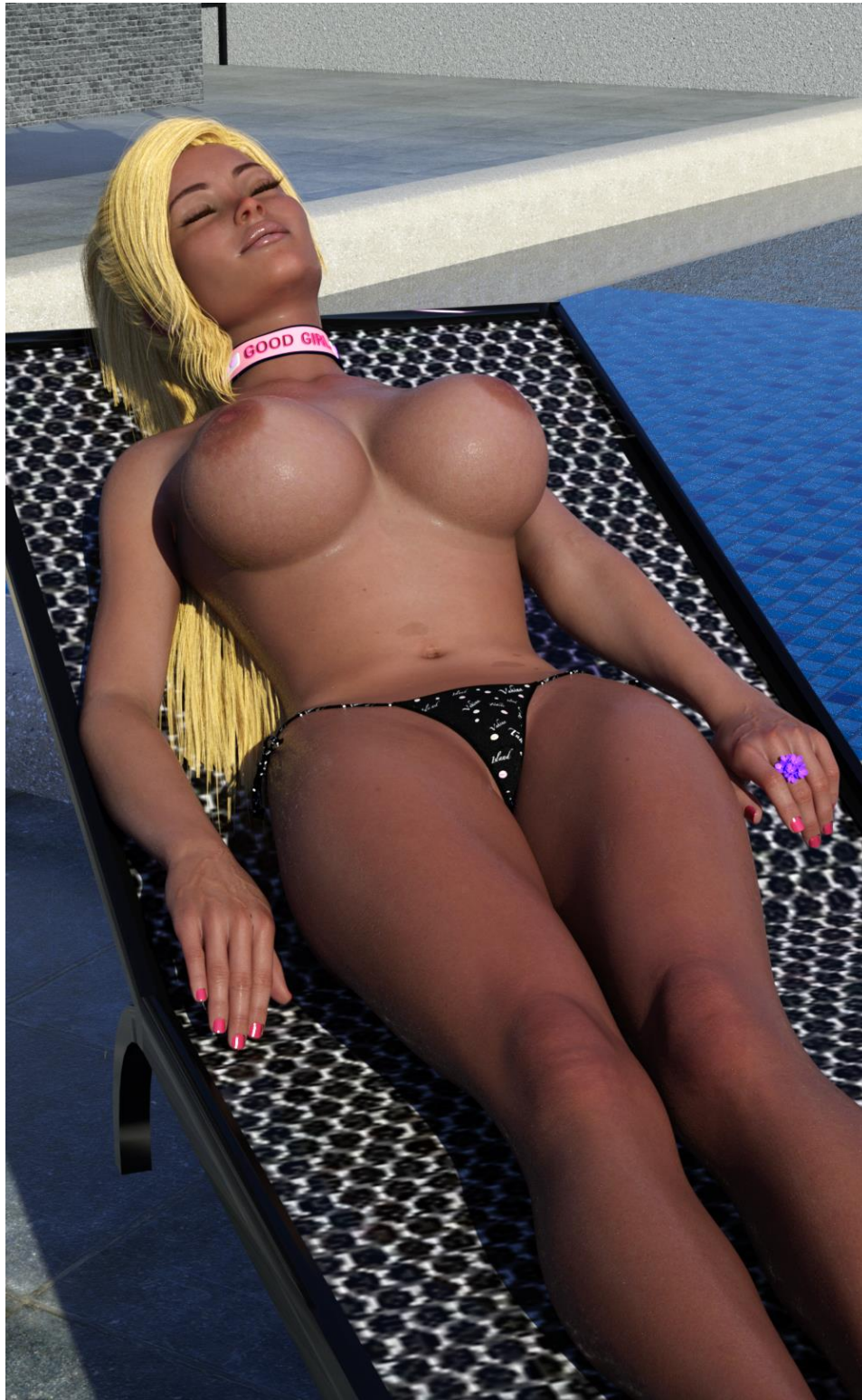
Cooper

&

Kadee



Week 4



I spent most of my free time anymore sunbathing. I loved to lay out in the sun, feel its warmth against my skin. As I lay out, I dreamt of long days at the beach where I would meet cute guys, bake in the sun, play volleyball and end my nights sitting around a campfire listening the crashing of the surf, drinking in the salty night breezes.

My hair had been growing like crazy and now came down to my shoulders. I was now a natural blonde, which had

become a source of feminine pride. I mean, it made me so much better than all those bottle blonds out there, right? Still, shoulder length hair wasn't enough for me now.

The beginning of my fourth week, I went to the salon and asked for extensions. When they were done and I looked in the mirror, I saw that same pretty girl I'd been shown pictures of weeks ago, the one I'd been seeing in the mirror for weeks, the one I had dreaded becoming. Now, I smiled as I looked at her, tossing my long, golden hair with a giggle.

I looked like a Bambi Doll come to life. I was pretty. I loved that I was pretty. It was so important to be pretty.

Long hair is a lot of work, but I loved it. I brushed it out every night—100 strokes! I spent hours trying different styles, and when I walked, I loved the feeling of my ponytail swishing back and forth. When my bangs fell across my eyes it was just a chance for me to brush it back with a graceful flourish. It all just made me feel so fun and feminine—and, of course, I knew that guys would love it—at least, if they could manage to drag their eyes off of my breasts.

Honestly, and I don't mean to brag, but I have great tits, so, you know, I can't really blame guys for obsessing on them. That reminds me. I liked to lay out topless, mostly because I didn't want tan lines, but also—I know, this is so wrong—I loved to show off. Some of the guys that worked at FemRec would linger around the pool, drinking me in while trying so hard to pretend they weren't looking. I was driving them crazy, and I loved it.

We didn't, any of us, have much time to dwell on Ebony's absence, though I missed her every single day. We were all still changing, growing, learning to live as the women we were becoming. Miko had her first visit from Aunt Flo, and as was our tradition we had a little party to celebrate her coming into full womanhood.

I did not expect to find myself seething with jealousy. Of course, rationally, I knew it only made sense she would have her period before me. She was the older girl. Still, Dr. August had been making me into a very emotional girl, and as much as it made no sense to me, I HATED that all the other girls had their periods, and I didn't. At one point during the party, Paige had

leaned over and touched Miko's hand. "We should get together after and talk," she said in a soft voice.

"I'd like that," Miko had whispered back.

I felt so left out. I had no idea what Miko was going through, what Paige had gone through. It made me feel isolated, like I wasn't part of the group, and I also felt like such a little girl.

Sure, some of the man I'd been lingered, completely confused by my longing to experience what a lot of girls called "the curse."

Just a week or so ago I'd been grossed out at the general thought of menstruation, revolted by the idea I'd become a bleeder. I'd been reading and reading about the menstrual cycle, and it all sounded bad— bloating, cramps, leakage... There hadn't been one positive thing in any of the articles when it came to PMS.

Why would I want that? Why would any girl want that? I didn't know.

I did know I wanted badly to be invited to the girl talk session Paige and Miko were going to have. I also wanted to throw a fit, make it all about me. I'm proud to say I was able to be a big girl about it. It helped I was so much more in touch with my feelings now. Back when I was a guy, I doubt I would have even been able to admit to myself I was jealous. I spent most of my life denying my feelings. Now that I was in touch with myself and not afraid to admit I had actual emotions, I could deal with them so much better.

I was totally there for Miko, with all my smiles, hugs and kisses. I **was** happy for her, even though at the same time I resented her so bad. It's possible, I was learning, to feel many things at once. It wasn't wrong, but it was important for me to choose the right feelings to express and which ones to keep hidden.

So, Miko had her big day, and we did yoga and pole dancing, hung out by the pool, lived and learned and laughed, and it all seemed like it would just be smooth sailing, the three girls growing up together.

Then, SHE showed up.

We had all three just sat down for lunch when we heard a man's voice down the hall yelling, his voice getting louder and louder as he came closer, the sound of clunky sandals thumping along. We, the inmates, were the only ones who wore those sandals, so immediately I wondered, is this a new inmate?

If so, he did not sound very nice. "You think making me wear this dress is gonna break me?" He shouted. "I got news for ya. I don't break. Y'all a bunch of perverts making me dress up like a bitch. Ya cain't change me. Turn me into a woman? There ain't no science in this whole damn world that could turn this stud into a mare." The door to the dining room slammed open. A short, wiry man in a pink dress looked us over, a smirk on his face. "What the hell'r you lookin' at?" He said, looking each of us in the eyes, though he winced as the collar zapped him for saying "hell."

I crossed my arms and stared back.

The new guy flexed, though he really wasn't all that big muscle wise. He looked pretty ridiculous, to be honest, trying to look all tough in his pink dress and with that scrawny body, his padded bra giving his chest a slightly rounded look, as if he had budding breasts. I remembered looking the same way, though I was way bigger than this little whelp back when I was a man and cared about such things.

"Based on them dumbass—ow!-- dresses y'all are wearing, you must be the other victim of this mad scientist laboratory. Well, let's just get one thing straight right now. From here on out, I'm running the show around here. Anyone of you gives me any attitude and I'll--:

He couldn't finish as his color buzzed, his eyes bulged, and he gagged, dropping to his knees.

"Good girls don't make threats," Tony, the guard who'd escorted him in said. "Now take a seat."

It took the new guy a few minutes to collect himself. They must have hit him with an incredible amount of pain. Once he managed to stand, he wobbled as he walked over and took a seat.

“Good girl,” Tony said, and the collar buzzed, this time with pleasure. The new guy’s pupils dilated, getting big and fat with pleasure. He did not like that one bit, not with the pleasure being associated with him being referred to as a **good girl**.

“I ain’t no girl,” he said, grabbing at his collar, trying to yank it off. The collar buzzed; he jumped in his seat. “God damnit!” He yelled. I remembered when I’d cursed at the table, the gentle warning zap I’d gotten, the attendant who’d explained that good girls don’t use swears, or something like that. It seemed our new friend was well beyond that point, because the



collar blasted him so hard he fell off his chair and curled up on the floor, groaning.

I looked at Miko and Paige. They looked back. We each raised an eyebrow and shrugged. Oh, boy.

It seemed our new friend was stubborn if not too smart. As soon as he recovered enough to climb back into his seat, his whole body trembling, he grinned a kind of maniacal grin and said, “bitchcuntshitfuckdamnhell...” with each word, I could see the pain in his eyes, his body actually starting to spasm, and then he passed out.

Tony and another attendant took him away.

“That was disturbing,” I said, putting a hand to my chest. I was not used to being around anyone so angry and aggressive, not since I’d come here, and my heart was pounding. “I don’t feel safe.”

Paige smiled. “That was nothing. You should have seen Miko on her first day. She was ten times worse than that, and way bigger.”

“You?” I said, looking at the cute little girly girl sitting across from me, who was twisting her hair around her fingers and actually blushed at Paige’s comment. She been grumpy when I first met her for sure, but not violent.

“I had issues,” Miko said, giggling and doing her cute little shoulder shrug while rolling her eyes.

We would not see Miss Angry Pants again until lunch the next day. When he walked in, he had hateful, bulldog eyes, gleaming with malice. He stopped and stood in front of the table and glared at us. Paige and I glared back.

Miko giggled.



“You think this is funny?” He said. “Well, let me say again, and I won’t use swears this time, but I’m running the show. I’m the bull gator.”

“That’s so cute! My name is Miko,” Miko said, still giggling, not even registering the poor fading man’s sad macho act. “What’s yours?”

The new guy grimaced, clearly thinking, trying to decide what to say. I figured he’d met with Dr. August already, gotten his new name. “My name is... Bill... Ahhh!” Once more he suffered the pain, but this time he leaned on the table, steadied himself, jaw clenched. “Never mind my name,” he said.

Tony put a hand on his shoulder and steered him toward the table. “Take a seat.”

The new guy shot him a defiant stare, but then he went and sat down. I noticed he smoothed his dress under him and sat with his knees together. I couldn’t help but smile seeing this arrogant boy was already being trained to act like a proper girl. As much as he still seemed to think he was the big, swinging dick, he was sitting pretty like a girl. I loved it.

Of course, as soon as he sat, Tony said, “good girl.”

There was that angry look of defiance again, even as I could see his eyes go wide with pleasure. Tony decided to push the new guy. “Tell the other girls your name,” he said. “Good girls are social girls.”

The new guy looked like he wanted to fight back, and for a second, I thought we were going to get another pain show, but then the fight seemed to go out of his eyes, and he slumped, dropping his eyes. “My name,” he whispered, “is... Trixie.”

Now, okay, maybe the mean girl in me wanted to laugh, but I knew how hard it was going through these early stages of feminization. So, I just smiled and said, “I’m Kathy,” wanting him to feel as okay as it was possible to feel okay about having a girl’s name, especially *Trixie*. I mean, truly, that name sucked, and I was glad to be Katherine instead.

“Welcome to Femrec,” Paige, who’d stepped into the unofficial leadership position now that Ebony was gone, said. “I’m Paige, and you should know that we are all here to help each other. If you need to talk about anything—”

“We ain’t friends,” Trixie said, crossing his arms and looking away in disgust.

Our food came. The three of us chatted while Trixie sulked, though I noticed he ate voraciously. He’d gotten his shot, and his body was already busy reshaping itself. He’d be popping out his own set of titties soon, getting soft curves. Seeing him off to himself, isolated like that, I felt bad for him. It was hard enough being Rectified, but no one should have to do it alone. I’d been aware for a while that I was getting more sensitive and maternal, and that’s exactly what I was feeling now for our new little duckling. I wanted to mother him.

When we finished lunch and headed over to the salon for his maiden makeover, I walked up beside him. “Hey, Trixie,” I said. “I just wanted to say, I know what you’re going through and—”

“I told you we ain’t friends,” he said. “And you ain’t got no idea what I’m going through. I ain’t no—wimp-- like you.”

Oh. Well. Is that so? I thought. He had no idea the kind of man I’d been. It pissed me off, and though I still wanted to help him, I knew I was going to enjoy watching him suffer just a little bit as he was being feminized. Maybe, I decided, he needed to suffer.

When the other girls went to the spa for facials, I decided to sit and watch while Trixie got his makeover. He started off as defiant as always, scowling, grumbling. The girl gave him eyelash extensions, leaving him with long, curly lashes. He looked in the mirror. “That ain’t nothing,” he said. “I’m a man, and you ain’t never going to change that.”

“Of course not,” the girl said with a knowing smirk. “You’re just too macho.”

She did his makeup next, making his lips thicker and kissable with a glossy pink, dusting his cheeks with blush and making his eyes pop with pink and baby blue eyeshadow. To my surprise, she didn’t let him look at himself yet and went a step further than they had with me for my first makeover, clipping dangling earrings to his ears and draping a delicate necklace with a diamond brooch around his neck.

My guess was that August had decided to push him more rapidly into femininity given his macho man act, and the jewelry was meant to undermine his sense of self. Whatever the reasons, he was still smirking as she put his jewelry on, keeping with the same schtick. “None of this is gonna change me, doll,” he said. “I cain’t be...”

She turned the chair around, and I saw the look of shock on his face to see himself with lipstick, eyeshadow, the makeup softening his features, making a mockery of his masculinity. “You look like such a stud,” the stylist teased.

“... broke?” He finished in a whisper.

Trixie couldn't say anything more, his mouth hanging open as his mind swam, I suspected, with a surge of endorphins and his pleasure centers all lit up at the sight of his wet, pink lips, his sparkling earrings, even as the guy he was now unbecomingly wilted with shame. I'd been through all this. The blows to his identity had come fast from the bra and panties he'd been forced to wear to the dress and now to see his face all made up on top of the painful conditioning—it was all taking its toll.



He looked relieved when the girl spun the chair around and freed him from the sight of himself, but the worse for him was yet to come. "Sit still," she said. "You'll be wearing sapphire contacts until your eyes change color on their own." Resigned, Trixie lay back while she slipped the contacts onto his eyes. When she was done, he blinked, his brown eyes now a sparkling blue. He'd been erased some more, he now had **her** eyes and not his own.

“Open wide,” the stylist said, and then when Trixie opened his mouth, she patted him on the head and said, “good girl.” He growled but didn’t bite. She went to work on his mouth, putting something onto his teeth. What was going on? I couldn’t tell what. Then, she surprised again by opening a box and removing a long, curly white-blonde wig. My maiden makeover they’d dyed my hair but had left it short. I thought again that August was attacking Trixie’s ego hard.

Trixie stared in horror at the wig. “You ain’t getting’ anywhere near my—” he’d been about to curse, and I saw him catch himself, “gosh darn head with that.” He barred his teeth after he said that, but not as some kind of threat. He gingerly touched the front of his teeth with his fingertips trying to figure out what the girl had done to his mouth. Were those what I thought they were?

“Oh, you’re going to be so pretty with this hair,” the stylist said, disregarding his demands. “Now be a good girl and sit still.” Trixie seethed but did as he was told. Once she’d fitted the wig on his head, she primped and fluffed. I was in shock myself now at how much the wig softened his features and made him look—well, he looked like a girl now just from the makeup and long hair framing his face. I held my breath in anticipation for how he’d react when he saw himself looking so cute. The girl spun his chair around. Trixie’s eyes went wide and he gasped. I could see the seething masculine horror dancing in those eyes, the terror at what he saw in the mirror: himself as herself.

“That ain’t me,” he whispered. “It cain’t be me.” He barred his teeth again, and I saw—yes. The stylist had given him *braces*.

“You’re gorgeous!” The stylist gushed. “Oh, I’m so jealous. Isn’t she pretty?” She said to me.

I was still conflicted about wanting to tease this arrogant man and show sympathy to my new sister. “You did a great job,” I said to the stylist, choosing to compliment her rather than say something that would directly embarrass Trixie. I could see the pain and humiliation in his eyes already. He didn’t need me piling on with more cruel taunts.



“Why in the name of all that’s holy did you give me braces?” Trixie asked, ignoring the gorgeous wig, which seemed to me a far greater issue. Poor guy. He had no idea what life was going to be like with all that gorgeous hair.

The stylist turned to me to answer his question, as if I was in charge. “Trixie is only 16, so we are giving her that fresh, teen spirit look.”

“Sixteen?” I said.

“I’m a 29-year-old man,” Trixie said, wincing at a small jab of pain at the double whammy of claiming to be a man as well as saying his real age.

“Oh, don’t be silly,” the stylist said. “You’re a teen-age girl, Trixie. I mean—look in the mirror. Do you look like a man?”

Trixie stared at himself in the mirror and plucked at his hair, but he didn't answer.

"Let's do you nails," the girl said with a smirk.

When she got done with his nails, the girl made him do some flirty poses and smile, showing off his nails. I was surprised to see that, for the time being at least, Trixie seemed to have been broken. He didn't fight, refuse or even make any dirty looks. With a pretty smile plastered on his glossy pink lips, he just obeyed.

Like a Good Girl.



Bonus





