

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

GIRL

Chapter 9

Cooper

&

Kadee



Week 2

“Creepy Dick has been harassing me.” Legs crossed, hands folded demurely on my bare knee, chest out, I sat across from Dr. August, who I’d come to see for my weekly appointment. I’d struggled with the decision to complain about Dick. As a man, I’d always felt women were too quick to accuse men of harassment, that a lot of times they were just being overly sensitive. Now, I found myself feeling a little differently about the issue.



“What happened?” Dr. August asked in a flat voice, her face a mask of blank, clinical detachment. Her lack of any kind of reaction pissed me off. I had expected her to be angry, outraged, something.

“He—” I paused. I didn’t want to tell her. It was so embarrassing, humiliating, but I wanted it to stop. I wanted him to be fired. Ashamed of what had happened, what I was about to confess, I couldn’t even look her in the eyes, instead focusing on the shelves behind her. “First, well, he made me show him my—he made me show him my breasts.” I felt sick hearing myself complain about a man making me show him my breasts, speaking in my squeaky, woman’s voice. This was not something a man should ever have to do, to experience.

Dr. August’ only reaction to what I considered a devastating accusation was an almost imperceptible nod. “Is that all?”

“Is that all?” I said, my voice rising to a feminine shriek. “Isn’t that enough?”

“I’m just trying to ascertain what happened. There’s no need to be so emotional.”

My mouth fell open. I clenched my fists, feeling my long nails dig into my soft palms. *No need to be so emotional?* It was exactly the kind of condescending thing a man would say to a woman. “He grabbed one of my breasts—later, a different day—and he squeezed it really hard.” Hearing these feminine complaints come from my own mouth consumed me with shame, but I couldn’t just let it pass.

“I’m sorry that happened to you,” Dr. August said. She didn’t sound like she meant it, and her next words confirmed it to me. “However, consider it part of your therapy. Part of your growth process.”

“What the hell are you even talking about? He harassed me! And the other girls—patients, I mean men-- told me he’s done the same thing to them.”

“I am well aware of Dick’s predilections. In fact, they are among the only reasons I hired him and keep him on staff.”

My mind reeled. I couldn’t believe what she’d just told me. “It’s illegal,” I said.

“As a beautiful girl, you will face a great deal of harassment from men once you are released,” Dr. August explained, now adopting a tone like she was talking to a child. “You need to learn how to deal with it. Dick is here to allow you to practice and develop proper strategies for dealing with aggressive men while you are still in a safe environment.”

“Safe? You call this place safe?” I no longer cared how shrill and feminine I sounded. I stood, took a step toward her desk, grabbing a small statue, meaning to throw it against the wall. “You fucking bitch—”

My collar buzzed. The pain hit and hit hard. I blacked out. When I came to, I found myself slumped in my chair, woozy, the room spinning. Dr. August sat looking at me, emotionless, cold. Her lack of any kind of compassion brutalized me, made me feel as helpless, powerless and angry as anything Dick had done.

“Knees together,” Dr. August said. “Shoulders back.”

I glared at her, but I didn’t want to face that pain again. I pushed my anger down, sat the way I’d been taught to sit.

“Show me that pretty smile.”

I smiled.

“Good girl.”

After, August had me hike up my dress, push my panties down to my knees and bend over so she could give me my second shot. As I pulled up my panties and then wiggled my hips, pulling my dress back down, I turned to her. “I’m going to talk to my lawyer about this.”

“Okay, Kathy,” she said. ‘If you feel that will be a productive use of your time. Please sit.”

I sat back down, and she sat back down.

“Sandy, play Waterfall,” August said. The office filled with the sound of water splashing. “Sandalwood.” The

“Now, tell me how you feel about your body.”

Back in my room, I seethed with rage. How could she get away with what she was doing? How could Dick? It was all so wrong. With no outlet for my rage, sickened by how powerless all this made me feel, I couldn't help



myself. I started crying again. I seemed to cry all the time now. When the tears stopped, I fixed my makeup. It was a compulsion now, and as I did my face, I thought about her question.

How did I feel about my body?

Confused.

I slipped out of my dress, letting it pool on the floor around my feet. Stepping out of it, I took off my bra and went to look at myself in the full-length mirror. I'd changed a lot in my first week. I had skinny little pipe cleaners for arms and narrow, round shoulders. I wasn't sure if I

could even beat a teen-age girl in an arm-wrestling contest. My hips had grown wider, softer, rounder, and I had a plump, inviting ass that would give men dirty thoughts. My breasts had plumped up, and my dick had shrunk.

How did I feel about this body? I hated what was happening to me, but I was also coming to want it, need it. I hated having tits, but also wanted bigger ones. I hated having such tiny, useless little arms, but I also thought they looked pretty. I was in the middle, both man and woman, wanting and hating at the same time.

My face had changed, too. My nose was smaller. It was becoming cute. I knew what I would look like when this was all over. She was pretty. I would be pretty. My softening features, enhanced by makeup, already looked cute and not at all masculine. If I walked into a bar now, even dressed in something as generic as jeans and a t-shirt, everyone would think I was a woman, and not at all a bad looking at that.

August's words came back to me: you will face harassment as a woman. The thought made me sick. What kind of life could I even look forward to once I was a blonde bimbo with big tits? I knew what men would be thinking when they looked at me, what they would want.

Yet, thanks to all the brainwashing, the videos I woke up to every day, they were changing my orientation. I loved my dildos and sometimes found myself fantasizing about men, about being wanted, desired. Looking at myself in the mirror now, thinking those thoughts, I found my mind drifting to my sex toys: vibrators and dildos. My nipples got hard. I looked at the time. Yes, I had an hour. That was enough.

Taking my favorite dildo from the drawer, I lay back and started pleasuring myself, moaning softly. I couldn't get a boner anymore, which frustrated and embarrassed me, but I could still get off in a new way that was all inside. I suspected it was much closer to a female orgasm, if maybe not the real thing.



“Hey ladies!” Miko sang out as he came strutting to the pool in an insy, weensy tiny little not so polka dot bikini. He followed his greeting with a cloud of giggles. He was always trailing a cloud of giggles now wherever he went. He looked like a young woman now, with a slender little body, gorgeous skin. His face had changed completely. He looked cute, and he’d gone girl or, as the others liked to say, owned the purse. He moved and talked like he belonged in a KPOP girl band.

“Hey, girl!” Ebony and Paige called back.

I didn’t say anything.

“What, no hello for me, girly-girl?” Miko said, laughing.

“Hi,” I grumbled. He knew I hated our feminine hello ritual almost as much as I hated being called girly-girl.

“You’re so cute,” Miko said. “I remember my defiant stage.”

“Me, too,” Paige said.

“Make that three of us,” Ebony added. “You were adorable, so furiously trying to hang onto your fading masculinity, always with the angry eyes.”

“We all know how that turned out for me,” Miko said with a little shoulder shrug. Miko took a seat next to me. “Hang in there, sister. It gets better.” He handed me a bottle of suntan lotion. “Do my back.”

“Sure.” I sat up, feeling the weight of my breasts sway and settle in my bikini top. I squirted some of the lotion into my hands, warmed it by rubbing my palms together and then began to spread across Miko’s soft skin. His back looked great, and as I ran my hands over his little shoulder blades, I felt my nipples getting hard. I still liked women’s bodies, felt attracted now to both sexes.

“That feels so good,” Miko said, purring, looking back over his little shoulder and smiling.

“You feel good,” I said, and he did, but he also creeped me out. I’d met him when he still had some masculinity lingering and to see him now acting so

girly and cutesy terrified me. I knew that unless my lawyer worked some miracle, I would “own the purse” in another week or so.

Once I’d finished slathering suntan lotion on Miko, we all lay back, perusing the women’s magazines we’d been provided, chatting. Thanks to my conditioning, I’d become more and more fascinated with celebrity gossip, fashion and list articles like “Ten Skirts We Are Obsessed with Right Now.” I felt like an addict, hating and needing these magazines, just as I’d come to hate and love my body.

Sunbathing, too, had become a new obsession. Back in my days as a man, I’d never been able to sit still. My girlfriends had usually loved to just sit in the sun for hours, but I had to swim, job on the beach, play volleyball. Now, I found I just loved tanning, laying in the sun, passive. Female. They were turning me into some kind of beach bunny, a blonde goddess type who existed just to be pretty. I couldn’t stop thinking about how much Miko had changed, and I was terrified of what it would mean if or when it happened to me. I felt like I would cease to exist, the man I’d been, instead becoming Kathy, this blonde airhead. Michael would be dead, my old life wiped from existence.

I wasn’t sure if it was okay, but I had to ask. I turned to Miko. “Are you still in there? I mean, the old you? When the change happened, did it—I don’t know how to even ask—did it erase who you were?”

Miko, who’d been laying on his back, eyes closed, smiled, but he didn’t open his eyes. “No,” he said. “They didn’t erase me. It’s more like, I don’t know, they just added a new APP to my operating system.”

“They’re making me into something I’m not,” I said, voicing my fears. “I’m already not me.”

Paige and Ebony pulled their chairs over, and we formed a circle. Miko sat up. “It’s scary,” Paige admitted. “I know you feel like you’re losing yourself. I did, too, but, really, it’s not like that at all.”

“Were you the same person at 20 as you were at 12?” Ebony asked. “All through life, we go through changes.”

“But, when I grew up, it was always me, just building on what had been there before.”

“This is the same thing,” Miko said. “It’s kind of like we’re going through puberty again, this time as girls. I’m still in here, but my tomboy phase has passed, and I’m accepting a new life as a girl. You want to know something?”

“What?”

“I like it.”

I wasn’t entirely convinced by what they were telling me. I wanted to believe what they were saying was true, that the man I’d been wasn’t being erased just, what? Rebooted? Even if it was true, though, it didn’t change the one big fact that haunted me. “I don’t want to be her,” I said, my voice breaking, and once more I felt tears coming. “I don’t want to be Kathy.”

Miko patted me on the knee. “Come by room during free time after dinner. We can—*talk*.”

The way he said talk, the look in his eyes, I was pretty sure he had something more in mind. “I will,” I said, my voice softer and breathier than normal.

We all lay back down and let the sun’s rays wash over our smooth bodies. In the distance, I heard a gull cawing. Far, far away, a flash of silver as a jet plane cut across blue, chalking the sky with twin streaks of white. I found myself wishing I was on that plane, a man again, sipping a drink as I flirted with the stewardess, and then the scene morphed, and I was the stewardess, leaning over extra far so a man could get a good look down my blouse.

Dinner was awkward, and it wasn’t just because Creepy Dick was there, staring at me. There was this—thing—happening between Miko and I. Flirting, yes, with lots of smiles and sideways glances, but just something in his eyes, this extra sparkle. The tension that we built, the sparks that were flying, I couldn’t wait to be alone with him after dinner, and my mind filled with all sorts of fantasies.

I'd been fighting my growing desire to wear a corset for a week, and the corset finally won. Getting ready to go see Miko, I felt extra self-conscious about the thickness of my waist. It had gotten more slender, but Miko's was tiny, and I felt fat and gross all of sudden as I thought about going to see her. I wrapped the corset around my middle, sucked in my gut and strained to hook the—what were they even called?—hooks? Finally, when I got it on, it cut into my middle, painfully, and I could barely breath, but looking in the mirror I squealed with excitement to see my slenderized, corseted waist. My collar buzzed, feeding my brain with all kinds of pleasure.



It was a bittersweet moment. With all the pleasure they fed me, I knew I'd be a corset man from that day forward, but what could I do? I was powerless against the conditioning, what they were making of me. Some part of me, yes, railed against me for giving in, but another part didn't care. My figure had never been so curvy, the corset was sexy as hell and whatever suffering it inflicted was so worth it. Checking myself out in the mirror, seeing myself, finally, fulfilling the fantasy they'd implanted in me and wearing my first corset, I felt sexy, pretty, female.

To my horror, I loved it, and I laughed as I admired my curves in the mirror. Oh, my God, I thought. Have I already gone girl? I didn't think so, but I had gone into some kind of frenzy, eagerly making myself sexy, dressing in a way that would have driven the old male me insane with lust. It wasn't a *gone girl* thing, so much as a *I want Miko bad*, thing, and I was sure this was the version of me she wanted.

I sat down and re-did my makeup, this time sultry, evening makeup with dark eyeshadow and passionate red lipstick. I puckered my lips and cooed, "Hi, sexy," then once more burst into laughs and giggles. Am I really doing this? I wondered. Miko is going to flip when she sees me, I thought. She is going to absolutely freak.

I could worry about all the implications for my masculinity later. Right now, I just wanted Miko to kiss me silly.

I hurried down the hall to Miko's room, worried Creepy Dick might be lurking somewhere. I knocked on the door. Miko opened it and stood there in a teddy, his face all done up. "You're so beautiful," he said, his eyes scanning my face.

"You're gorgeous," I answered, flabbergasted. He'd looked hot in his bikini, but now?

Miko grabbed the collar of my dress and dragged me into the room, swung the door shut and then pulled me in for a kiss. It was different than any kiss I'd had as a man, as our soft breast pressed together, and our full, lip-sticked lips met, each of us sighing softly, our voices soft, filled with feminine need. My nipples popped, ached. When the kiss ended, Miko started to step away, and I lunged wanting, needing more.

"Calm down," Miko said, giggling. "We need foreplay now more than ever."

“I don’t,” I said, trying to kiss her again, but she dodged me.

“Come,” Miko said. His room looked like a mirror image of mine. He walked over to his makeup table, where there was a bottle of white wine and a pair of glasses, a small plate with grapes, cheese and crackers.

He poured the wine, and as he brought the glasses back to me, I plucked at the shoulder straps of my dress and said, “I wore something special for you.” I was trembling, scared. I knew I wasn’t done blossoming yet, wasn’t as pretty as him, but I’d worn the corset for him.

“Show me,” Miko said, smiling, pausing, holding the glasses of wine.

I pulled the straps off my shoulders and my dress dropped to the floor. Miko let his eyes roam up and down my body, and I could see by the way he



looked at me he loved the way I looked. “Girl,” he said, walking up now, handing me a glass of wine. “You are so damn hot.”

“You like it?” I giggled, wanting, needing affirmation.

Miko took a sip of wine and kissed me, letting the sweet, tart wine flow into my mouth while he slipped another arm around my waist, pulling me to him, our soft bodies pressing together. I kicked up a leg like

a girl in some ridiculous rom com. When the kiss ended, Miko said, "I like it very much."

We climbed into bed with our wine, the plate of hors d'oeuvres. Gazing into each other's eyes, we fed each other grapes, kissed, ran our fingers tips over each other's bodies. I had begun to think of Miko as a woman. I couldn't help it. Everything about her signaled female. The tension was building, building, and Miko kept telling me to let it wait, wait.

After one of our kisses, I said, "I can't decide if this makes me a gay man or a straight woman."

Miko brushed my bangs back from my eyes. "Who even cares?" He said. "Does it feel good?"

"Yes."

"Then it is good."

I realized my collar hadn't been buzzing, feeding me pleasure. Everything I'd been feeling was me, was Miko. It was all real. I swooned, sighed, cuddled closer.

When the bottle of wine was almost empty, she finally crawled on top of me, straddling me with her soft thighs, and then leaned down and kissed me while putting both hands on my breasts, squeezing. I gasped, arched my back, tried to roll us over, wanting to be on top, but Miko stopped me. I was surprised. She was stronger than she looked. We kissed some more, but then she started to unhook my corset. "Don't," I said softly, remembering how thick and gross my waist looked.

"Lights off," Miko said, and the room went dark. Feeling safe under the shroud of darkness, I let her finish taking off my corset. We kissed some more, our soft legs intertwined, our soft skin pressed together. I tried to take control a few times, but no matter what Miko kept asserting herself, and to my shock and surprise I found myself on my hands and knees, moaning with pleasure as Miko, strap-on and all, took me places I'd never been.

I cried after, and she held me, comforting me. I wasn't even sure why I was crying, what I was feeling. I fell asleep in her arms, my head cradled against her breast, listening to the strong, steady beat of her heart.



Bonus

