

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD
GIRL

Chapter 18

Cooper
&
Kadee



Dr. August leaned forward, light glistening off her glasses, turning them into mirrors. I saw myself, double-reflected, looking back at me. She cleared her throat. I felt my heart begin to pound. She told me Trixie's story.



His mother couldn't handle him, Dr. August explained. 'Not from the time he learned to walk. He was always getting himself into trouble: stealing things, breaking things, getting into fights. Later, when he got older, arson.

Trixie was sent off to live with a distant cousin who, having heard of the problems, promised to instill discipline in the young man. Trixie thought it was funny, an opportunity to prey on new victims and, he fully expected, drive this fool cousin insane.

He arrived at her house, a Victorian mansion, and she sat him down and offered him some tea. Trixie had decided to play nice in order to give this

strange woman, who suggested he refer to her as Mistress Rose, a false sense of security. As he sipped the tea, Mistress Rose spoke, her voice calm, hypnotic. "You're a terrible little boy," she said. "I find bad little boys repugnant."

"I'm not so... luhm err... Uhhhh..." Trixie found it hard to speak. His vision blurred, his head slumped.

"Since you have been such a bad boy, I've decided to turn you into a little girl."

"A guhl?" Trixie said, not understanding, but then his world faded to black as the drugs in his tea took hold. Later, he awoke to find himself crushed into a corset, wearing a party dress, stockings and heels. Looking in the mirror, he saw he wore a wig of curls and bows, and his face had been painted. "No. No!" He shouted, grabbing the wig, trying to pull it off, and failing.

"Good morning, Missy," Mistress Rose said as she strode into the room, smirking. "How do you like your pretty dress?"

Trixie attacked, but Mistress Rose was stronger than she looked, and he soon found himself bent over her knee being spanked severally, so severally that in spite of himself, he began to cry. It took months of physical and psychological abuse, but she broke Trixie. He accepted, for a time, that he had no choice but to live as a girl.

For the next two years, Trixie lived as Missy, working as Mistress Rose' maid, serving tea to her guests, forced to curtsy and walk and talk like a parody of a 19th century female servant. He hated every second of it, felt completely and totally humiliated each and every moment of each and every day. Yet, so cowed was he from her abuse, he might still be living as her house girl had she not pushed him too far, announcing that she'd decided he should have a boyfriend and would start dating the yard boy, Rochester.

That thought was too much for the young man. One day he managed to escape, shed his dresses and corsets, restoring himself to boyhood. He then took to living on the streets as a common criminal.

Dr. August stopped speaking, and I assumed she wanted some sort of reaction. “Mistress Rose did the same thing to her that you’re doing,” I said, feeling bad for Trixie having had to suffer abuse. “What did he do wrong? How is turning him into a teen-age girl just punishment for being forced to live as a girl?”

“Oh. I haven’t gotten to her crime. I just thought you needed some background. Scarred from her abuse, Trixie couldn’t form a relationship with a woman, so she began to employ the services of the local working girls. One day, as the girl he’d hired came into the room wearing a crimson, silk corset, he said, “I love that corset.” Jokingly, the girl, the real-life Trixie for whom he is now named, responded, “maybe you should wear it.”

It triggered Trixie, who had never been known to get violent with women before that. He hurt her, and it seemed to unleash many demons. He didn’t physically attack any other women, but he was aggressive, verbally threatening.

When I heard about the case, I felt that Trixie’s only hope was to become the woman inside, the one Mistress Rose had planted in him and which was feeding his violent insecurities. Yet, he equated living as a girl with shame and suffering. He needed to have a chance to relive his teen years, this time as a real girl, and this time with a loving, caring family. I’m going to erase those awful experiences from his past, and give him a new past with the fun, carefree life of a girl.

I found myself crying. I don’t even know why. That seems to happen a lot now that I’m a female. I felt sad, happy, hopeful all at the same time. The emotions were so strong they were too much for me to keep inside and they poured out of me in the form of salty tears. August handed me a box of tissues and told me to “let it all out.”

After, on my way back to my room, I came across Trixie in the hall. As usual these days, she was walking along with her nose in a book, and I just walked right up to her and gave her a hug, crushing her to me. When I finished, I looked her in the eyes and she had a bemused, confused but happy look. “Um, what was that for?”

“Just because,” I said, going on my way, waving by. “See you later, pretty girl.”

“Whatevs,” Trixie said, rolling her eyes just like the teen she was becoming.

I had to hurry off. Paige and Miko were waiting for me in my room, wanting my full report on Trixie’s secret past. I found them sitting on my bed, cross-legged, and as soon as I walked in, they jumped up. “So? What’s the story?”

I told them, and we all agreed we were relieved. I mean, not that it was okay for him to hit the real Trixie, but it seemed something more forgivable than what we’d been imagining. As far as I knew, both Paige and Miko were guilty as well, as had been Ebony. All of us had to forgive each other and ourselves and take solace in the fact that thanks to Dr. August, we would never be violent again. Or, I mean, *they* would be violent again.

Once they left, I was so exhausted from the whole experience, I crawled under the covers and went to sleep. I was so tired. Emotions are no joke.

Finally, after waiting *forever*, Aunt Flo came for a visit. Of course, it happened during gym—or, I should say pole dancing? I’d learned that pole dancing is a great exercise, seriously, it works out the whole body, and what girl doesn’t like to dance and feel sexy?

I hadn’t seen it coming. I’d been so distracted by everything that was going on with Trixie that I’d ignored the symptoms, even though I’d been reading about them and expecting them forever. Well, in my defense, I really hadn’t had cramps, which was the biggest sign I’d been expecting. Anyway, the point is, I wasn’t wearing any protection.

I was in the middle of a Flor Diva—imagine a full splits where the pole is the floor—when I felt myself, um, it almost felt like a sudden gush? Getting down off the pole, I could feel something trickling down my leg, and looking down, I saw a slight wet stain on my leggings. Seeing my shocked face, Miko and Paige knew right away what happened. Trixie looked confused. “Did you just—?” Miko asked.

I nodded, blushing with shame. It may seem strange that after all the anticipation I’d been feeling to have my first period, I would now feel completely embarrassed, but there is a difference between wanting my first



period and getting it in public. I think the loss of bodily control is part of what shocked me. Of course, it was a regular thing for women during their periods, but as a guy leaking was shameful and suggested a loss of control.

Miko took my hand, and we went to the locker room. I tied a towel around my waist, and the two of us went back to my room. To my surprise, I found myself getting totally turned on as Miko and I walked together, our soft little hands entwined. Her skin was a little slick from the work out, glowing, and her eyes bright and alive, that smile. I think part of it was how caring she was being towards me, and I was later to find out that a lot of girls get extra horny during their periods.

In any case, as soon as the door to my room closed, I lunged in for a kiss, forgetting all about the mess in my pants, and then we were all over each other, kissing, caressing, pulling off our bras and pressing our soft breasts together.



Oh! There is no feeling so good and special as feeling my breasts nestled up against another woman's. I mean, pressing them against a man's hard chest is good and amazing in a different way, but – I was on fire, but then, as I started to push Miko toward the bed, she pulled back. "Take a shower, babe," she said. "You know."

'Oh!' I said, shocked at how easily I'd forgotten all about my flow. Yeah, I realized, that would be pretty gross. "Be right back."

When I came back out, though, Miko had put her bra back on. She was sitting in one of my chairs, looking at something on my smart pad. I realized that moment had passed. My passions had cooled as well. "Whatcha reading?" I said, going and sitting on the arm rest of her chair.

"Dark Night. Bright Moon," Miko said, showing me the screen.

“Isn’t that the teeny bopper vampire book Trixie is always reading?”

“It’s a series,’ Miko said, “and there are also hunky werewolves.”

“You love it!” I said, giggling.

“It’s so dumb,” Miko giggled back. “But, I can’t help it!”

So, my big moment had come, and after Miko left I sat down and did some journaling, just thinking about the fact that I could now officially have babies. Would I want to? Did I want to? I didn’t know. I wasn’t even sure how I felt about having *more* periods. The first one was a kinda special, big deal, and I was looking forward to my party, but then—who really wants to leak once a month?

It also got me thinking about my life as a woman when I left FemRec. What kind of job would I get? Where would I live? Would I make friends? It was all a little scary, so I decided to head to the gym and do some more late-night yoga. I had a tampon inside me, and that was going to take some getting used to as well.

I turned on some music—Tibetan crystal bowls, and one of the infusers as well. It was filled with some sort of sage odor, I think. I’m not great at sorting out the different scents of things. As I was stretching, I heard a knock on the door. Calvin poked his head in. “Hey, beautiful.”

I felt myself blush. I loved compliments, especially from hot guys. As he walked over, we stared into each’s other’s eyes, and flashes of our love making popped back into my head—he’d kissed every inch of my body, caressed, tickled... I smiled, remembering. He smiled back. I wanted it. We both wanted it.

But? No. I was on the rag. So, he leaned down and kissed me, cupped my cheek. I smiled and said, “I’m not in the mood tonight. Is that okay?” I thought he would probably just lose interest and go on his way, but he was about to impress me majorly.

“You want to just hang out and talk?” He said without missing a beat.



“Sure.”

“So, what’s going on in that pretty little head of yours?’ He asked. I started talking, just all of that stuff about my fears of the future pouring out of me, wondering who I was, who I would be, what I would do. I don’t even know. I just talked and talked, and he just listened, staring intently into my eyes the whole time, just fully present and caring and, omigod, I can’t even tell you what a turn on it is to have a man listen to me like that.

I learned something very important about myself right that moment: I wanted a man in my life who listened to me. In a buzzy clous of bliss, I wandered back to my room, opened the door and put a hand to my chest in shock. “What are you doing here?” I said.

Bonus

