

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD  
GIRL

Chapter 17

Cooper  
&  
Kadee



## Week 5

I had just crawled into bed and turned on the TV, flipping right to the Historical Romance channel, when a furious pounding shook my door. “Let me in,” what sounded like a cartoon mouse screamed. “Open the gosh darn door!”

I sighed, but got up, opening the door to reveal not a cartoon mouse but Trixie, who was having a very hard time dealing with the week 2 changes to his body—and especially his mind.

“I’ve started writing poetry!” He screamed, stomping one little foot, his newly blossomed breasts bouncing.

“Come on in,” I said, and he rushed into my room and threw himself dramatically onto my bed.

“I woke up this morning, and there was a leather-bound journal next to my bed, and a pink pen. Of course, it has to be pink. I just thought, okay, weird or whatever, like I’m going to start keeping a diary, but then all day I kept thinking of poem after poem after poem and then after dinner I couldn’t help myself and grabbed the journal writing down all these poems and drawing little pictures and you know the worst part?”

Trixie had developed the dramatic, teen-girl habit of talking at 1000 words a minute until he seemed like he was about to pass out from lack of oxygen and needed a breath. Smiling, I shrugged. “Trying to rhyme something with orange?”

“Nooooooo!” He shrieked, covering his eyes with his hands, which had grown smaller and more feminine. “The poems are all sappy girl stuff! I wrote a poem about kittens! Kittens!”

“Come,” I said, taking his soft hand and leading him over to my sitting area. “Sit. Let’s talk.”

Trixie climbed into the chair, tucking his legs under him. His movements were already getting very sweet and girly. “I know,” he said, rolling his eyes. “You’re just going to tell me there’s no reason to get so upset, that this is all part of the process.... Blah... blah... double, triple blah!”

“Yeah, well—”

“I’m not like you!” He screamed. “No one understands me. You like this. You even want to have a gross period. Disgusting. I’m a man’s man. I can’t—look!” He made the classic cupping gesture with his hands beneath his budding breasts. “I have tits!”

“I was going to say…”

“You have no idea what—”

“Hey, hey, hey,” I said, feeling like I’d given him enough room to rant. “Let me have a turn, okay?”



“Hmmpf. Fine. Go ahead and tell me not to feel anything ever just because you have NO EMOTIONS!”

I had to hide my amusement. In addition to having become a little drama queen, Trixie was also very sensitive and got really upset if anyone seemed to laugh at her “suffering” which, of course, as a teen-ager, he was sure no one else had ever experienced.

“I know you don’t believe me, but I was a bro, a guy. I didn’t want any of this—until I did.”

“That only makes me madder. I never read a book in my life. Now, I’m obsessed with vampire romance novels, only I know I’m not really obsessed. August made me obsessed. I even loved writing poems, and I hated that I loved writing poems, and I hated that I hated loving writing poems. I don’t want them to make me like being turned into a girl. I should at least get to hate it. I should.” His eyes burned with rage for a moment, and then he sighed, fighting back tears. “I don’t want to be a girl, but I especially don’t want to be a teen-age girl, and a froopy nerd on top of all that. My sister is gonna give me so much shit.”

“Feel better?” I said, seeing that the emotional damn had burst.

“No. Yes. Maybe. Whatever.” Seeing him push his long hair back over his shoulders, then brush a stray hair out of his eyes gave me an idea.

“I have an idea for something that just might make you feel better, but it’s totally girly. What do you say?”

He looked at me, eyes wary. “What is it?”

I grabbed a brush from my dressing table. “Makeover!”

“Omigod,” he whispered. “You’re part of it.” He sat there for a moment, then shrugged. ‘Okay?’

A little later, we posed in the mirror, smiling, giggling over his high bun, which I’d helped him do, imitating mine. We laughed, and then he picked out a new hairstyle for both of us—low pony braids, and then we played with each other’s hair, giggling and laughing until once more we found ourselves posing in the mirror.



“Can you show me how to do a braid?” Trixie asked, now suddenly shy.

“Try and stop me.”

Once I'd braided his hair for him, explaining along the way, he raised his tiny little arms and scowled like he was still a man, looking so cute, but then he shocked the hell out of me by putting on a monster voice and saying, “Now I'm going to slit your pretty little throat and watch you die.”



He was staring into the mirror, and there was a far away look in his eyes. He wasn't looking at me, but it was like he was remembering, repeating something from the past, and it scared me.

He suddenly seemed to snap out of his little trip down memory lane, looking embarrassed and giggled, “I'm surprised I didn't get zapped for that.” He waved his hands as if brushing away an invisible cobweb. “It's a line from an old movie. Ha. Ha.” He didn't laugh. He actually said, “Ha. Ha.”

I couldn't help but remember what he'd been like when he first came in, and once more found myself wondering just why he was being turned into a teen-ager when all the rest of us had become adult women. What was his crime?

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So, I don't know, maybe it was a mistake to tell Miko about it. She did not take it well at all. "Omigod! He's a pedophile and a murderer," Miko said. "This is so not cool. I mean, yes, I did some bad things, but not to a child, and I never killed anyone." He bit his lip, slit his eyes. "I'm going to August and demand she send that **thing** somewhere else." She started to push past me, but I held her up.

"Wait, wait, wait... we don't know any of that is true. Let's not over-react."

“Over-reacting? I guess you are still a little bit of a man since you haven’t had your period yet.”

“Oh, now that isn’t fair,” I said, cheeks hot.

“You should know better than to tell a girl not to overreact,” Miko said. “I’m going. I don’t feel safe with that pervert running around.”

“Okay, wait. Wait. Let me go. I’ll see if I can find out from August what Trixie did. I’m due for my weekly appointment anyway.”

Miko shook her head. “I don’t—okay. Fine. But I want to know whatever you find out.”

“Of course.” I opened my arms. We hugged, kissed each other on the cheek, the clouds of our different perfumes mingling, vanilla and rose.

“I’m sorry I said that thing about you still being a man,” Miko said. “That wasn’t very nice of me.”

“I forgive you,” I said, caressing her soft little arm. ‘You know I’ll always forgive you, but please don’t ever call me a man again. That’s just nasty.’”

We both laughed. There came a time for all of us where we so identified as female and embraced our femininity that one of the biggest insults we could throw at each other when we got into our little catfights—and what girls don’t?—was the other one was acting like a man. We’d all become super feminine to the point we feared appearing in any way masculine even more than we used to fear *seeming* feminine.

Yes, Dr. August truly was an evil genius.

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I had decided it was best for me to handle this situation because of my relationship with Trixie. I’d taken her under my wing, and I was so worried for her, how she would feel if she found out we were talking about her. The things Miko was saying about her were so hurtful! I, of course, had my doubts about who she was, what she might have done, but I was hopeful, and mostly sure, that there was no way she was that bad.

I was pretty sure. I think.





Later, I found myself once more in Dr. August's office with panties around my knees, dress hiked up to my hips. Dr. August stood behind me, one hand on my soft hip. I leaned forward, my breasts just about falling out of the top of my dress, smiling.

"Your skin looks great and, you've developed a really gorgeous figure," August said as I eagerly awaited the shot that would further me along the final stages of my feminine journey.

"Omigod, thanks," I giggled, legitimately thrilled she'd noticed. I loved compliments.

I felt the needle sting me as she jabbed me in my now soft, plump behind. When she was done, I pulled up my panties, tugged down my

dress and turned to August, smiling brightly and whispering, "thanks."

"You're so sweet," August said.

I had wanted to ask August about my period, as in why in the heck it was taking so long. My little female brain had started to become obsessed with the idea I must have ovarian cancer, that I was going to die just when I was really getting so pretty.

I needed to ask about Trixie, though, so I put my own drama aside. I sat on the couch, knees together, shoulders back, just as I'd been taught. Dr.

August raised her eyebrows expectantly. “You look like you have something on your mind.”

“Yes,” I said, nervously playing with my hair, trying to find the courage. What I was about to do felt vaguely bad, and I did not want to be a bad girl, but I thought of Trixie’s sweet smile, how happy she’d looked there when we’d been playing with each other’s hair, and I found the courage because I wanted to be able to believe in that version of her again. “Um, and I don’t mean to pry, but we, the girls and I, well, we just want to know a little about whether, um, we should feel comfortable around Trixie?”

“You’re concerned because I decided to turn her into a teen.”

“Yes,” I agreed nodding. “That and because she can be a little scary.”

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 began to speak...

Bonus

