

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD
GIRL

Chapter 12

Cooper
&
Kadee



Week 3 Of My Rectification

So, I bought the purse. I had thought it would happen all of a sudden, but it had actually been happening gradually, so gradually I didn't notice-- until I noticed. I remember the moment when I realized I thought of myself as a woman.

I'd sat down to pee, squirming a little, since the seat was cold, as was the bathroom. My nipples got hard. I was just, you know, doing my business, when I remembered my first time being forced to sit to pee, how embarrassed I'd felt, ashamed, defiant.



Men really should have to sit to pee, I thought, since they make such a mess and can't seem to hit a toilet bowl. Of course, they were so--

Men. That was the moment I realized I'd gone girl. I'd been thinking about THEM, those messy and annoying males, and I was thinking of myself as a member of team girl.

Omigod, I realized. I've gone girl, and **it's fine**. I'd been so worried that I would somehow be erased, cease to exist, in essence, die when I started to think of myself as a female, but it wasn't like that at all. I was still me; I was just girl me.



I chuckled, remembering what a big deal I'd made of the whole sitting to pee issue, how determined I was to fight them in the name of my fragile male ego, because, of course, it was soooo awful to have to sit because girls sat to pee, and I was a big man. Ha!

When I finished, I balled up a wad of toilet paper and wiped myself. I went to the shower, feeling the weight of my blooming breasts sway. I had C/D cups now, and I couldn't have been happier. Somehow along the way I'd gone from agonizing shame over my swelling chest to wanting and needing a big bust like Ebony had. I didn't really even understand why, but I just did.

Turning on the shower, I climbed in and sighed feeling the warm water wash over my smooth skin. I sprayed some oily Just for Her shower gel into my hands and rubbed them together, turning the gel into rose scented foaming bubbles that tickled my nose as I rubbed the soap across my narrow shoulders and then over my firm breasts, lifting them, washing underneath, letting my hands rise back up the tear-shaped curve and giving them a little squeeze, sighing as I squeezed my knees together.

I slipped my hands down my taut tummy and let one press suds over my mound. Yes, though I hadn't had my first period yet and so couldn't claim to be a woman, I did have a vagina.

When I finished showering, I toweled off and then went to inspect myself in the mirror. I'd changed a lot. It seemed like everything I ate went right to my boobs and my butt. Just a week ago, I'd looked like a skinny teenager with small, perky breasts and a set of minimal starter curves. I now had a bombshell body with round, soft hips and a bouncy butt that jiggled when I walked. My old male body had been static, but this body was so soft and bouncy, it felt like it was in constant motion. From my breasts to my inner thighs to my banging booty, it was constantly bouncing and jiggling.

Whatever little bit of man was left in me couldn't help but feel this was a major design flaw, but the woman I'd become? She loved the way her body jiggled and bounced. She loved her dramatic curves. She loved being so huggable, like a plush toy. She loved her soft skin, her soft voice, her tiny little arms that advertised her vulnerability. She loved all that. I loved all that.



I also loved having a vagina, strange as it may sound. Does it sound strange? I loved being a girl, and just as the others had predicted, I found myself eagerly awaiting my first period and the sign I had truly become a woman.

My eyes fell back to my breasts. Damn, I was one lucky girl. It wasn't just that I had such an impressive bust, and that they were so well shaped. I cupped and lifted one of my breasts, pleased with how firm it was. I'd been a guy and something of a connoisseur of the female chest, and these tits of



mine were perfect. Giggling, I shrugged my shoulders, loving the way my chest rose and then swayed.

I might have gone and gotten myself off, but I had to turn my attention to something serious: my hearing. Today was the day that I would go to court to try and convince a judge to please let me stay in the program and complete my transition. *Your honor*, I imagined myself saying from the stand, *I just want to be a beach bunny*.

That made me laugh, again, struck by the irony. Just a week ago, I'd been so desperate to escape my blonde doom I'd given a gross loser a blow job. Now, I was desperate to stay. The thought of being forced back into being a man made me sick to my stomach, and even though it had only been three weeks since I'd come to FemRec, my old life seemed like a shadowy dream to me now. I had to struggle to even remember what it felt like to have a flat chest.

I got dressed, hooking myself into my bra, stepping into my panties. Miko had helped me pick out an outfit: a sensible, knee-length skirt and a white blouse. My hair had grown out like crazy over the last week, and the girls had styled it into a bob. I'd put it up to keep it from getting wet in the

shower, and I took it down now, brushed it out, then carefully applied my makeup—soft pinks and baby blues.

I remembered our fashion session from the night before:

I'd thought to wear something a little more sexy, but Miko had sold me on her strategy. "You want to look traditionally feminine, non-threatening. You know, like a Stepford wife in training. A girl who poses no threat."

"I guess that makes sense," I'd said, holding the blue skirt in front of me as I looked in the mirror, sticking one leg out. I'd never understood why women always did that, and I still don't, but I just do it now. I can't help myself.

"Show the judge you'll be a good, upstanding citizen," she said as she chose a blouse for me.

I held up the blouse, faked a smile. "Don't you mean a..." I paused for dramatic effect.

"Don't start that—"

"...good girl?" I finished.

I saw Miko's pupils dilate slightly as she got a pleasure jolt. "Let's talk about makeup," Miko had said.

Now, back in the present, I did my face exactly as she'd suggested, accessorized, and then strapped myself into my heels. I checked the time. It would be time to go to court soon, so I decided to go and find Miko, who I had no doubt was redoing her makeup for the 10th time. Yet, as soon as I opened my door, there she stood about to knock.

"Oh, my God," I said, taking her in. "You look like a slutty secretary." She wore a skirt and blouse combo very much like you might see in an office.

"Thanks so much," she said, pretending to be offended, but then we both laughed and headed off to court.

When we got there, I saw my lawyer, Connie, looking over some papers. Miko and I exchanged a quick hug, she touched my arm and then headed over to the gallery area. I walked up to Connie, slightly startled to realize we were now about the same height. "Hey, Connie," I said, wondering how

she would react when she saw me. We'd talked on the phone since I'd gone to Fem Rec, but she hadn't seen me.

She looked up, a blank look on her face, then tilted her head slightly to the side, her mouth dropping open as the realization hit her. "Mike?" She said.

Being called Mike caused my collar to hit me with a small jolt of pain.

"Yeah, this is me now," I answered, gesturing down at my figure. "And, remember, my name is Kathy."

"The change?" She said. Her eyes were roaming across my face, and she shook her head. "You're stunning."

"Okay, no need to overdo it," I said, though I was pleased to get a reaction like that from another woman, especially one I respected as much as Connie.

"Right." Connie pulled her eyes away from me. Shook her head. "I need to focus. So, let's go over what we talked about before..." We reviewed Connie's suggestions for me, and she outlined her feeling that this could be a pretty routine hearing. If I wanted to drop my appeal, I wanted to drop my appeal. "The judge will probably just rubber stamp it."

I sure hoped so. I felt so nervous, so scared. The fact they could take this beautiful body away from me, deny me the life I now wanted and hoped for, it would be worse than a death sentence. I would be consigned to a living hell. As we waited for the judge, I gasped slightly as I saw Kathy, as in the Kathy who'd falsely accused me in the first place, come walking into the courtroom.

She looked at Connie, then me, and did a double take. I'd changed, of course, since she'd come to visit. Smirking, she walked over and said, "Jesus, Mike. Are those giant honkers real?"

Looking up at her—she was a head taller than me now—I realized I didn't hate her anymore. I mean, of course it was bullshit that she had lied and gotten me sent to FemRec, but how could I be angry when things had turned out so well? I knew she thought I would be embarrassed when she mocked me for having such big tits, but little did she know I was proud of these puppies. "Yup. These girls are all me," I said, shaking my shoulders from side to side.



She kind of crunched up her face at that reaction. She didn't understand it. "You looking forward to spending the rest of your life as a blonde bimbo?" She said, sneering.

"Actually, I am," I said, wanting her to know that she'd failed, that I was happy as a girl, and that I wanted to be a woman. "I love being a girl," I said. "You did me a favor." I had no idea the mistake I was making.

"Bullshit," she said, looking down at me, but I could see her calculating, starting to believe I really had accepted my femininity.

I planted a hand on my hip and arched my back, thrusting my breasts toward her while also flashing my long nails. "Why are you even here?" I asked, unable to stop myself from getting a little annoyed.

"Because —"

“All rise,” the bailiff intoned in that deadpan manner they all used. Kathy went over and sat behind the prosecutor’s table. She glared at me, her eyes clouded with confusion and resentment.

Judge Mary Isle strode into the room in her black robes. She was the same judge who’d sentenced me. The bailiff announced the case: The State versus Katherine Prioli. Judge Isle pounded her gavel, picked up some papers and tilted her head back so she could read them with her bifocals. “Well, this is a little unusual,” she said, looking over at me. “You won your appeal, but now you want to waive your appeal, is that right?”

“Your honor,” Connie said, “that is correct. After careful consideration, she believes it is in her best interest and the interest of the state for her to complete her Rectification and re-enter society once she has become a fully docile female.”

“She...” Judge Isle muttered, once more looking at me. “I don’t even recognize you, Katherine, as the man who stood before me only weeks ago. Well, as long as the prosecution doesn’t object, I don’t see any reason to deny this young woman her desire to be rehabilitated. Counsel?”

Before the prosecutor could answer, Kathy leaned forward and whispered something. The two whispered back and forth.

“Counselor, do you need a moment to confer with the victim, or can we move this along?”

“No, your honor. The victim would like the opportunity to address the court.”

“By all means.”

“What’s this about?” Connie whispered in my ear.

“I don’t know,” I said, a hand to my cheek.

Kathy walked up to the microphone and looked up at the judge. “Your honor, I would like to drop the charges against – um, Kathy.”

“You want to drop the charges? Now?”

“Yes, your honor. I thought when he—I mean she—was first sentenced to feminization, that it was justice for what she did to me. Seeing her today, and speaking with her, I’m offended at what has been done to her, and I

feel she is not in her right mind. The man I knew would never agree to become a woman. This feminized male has been brainwashed. She is not capable of making her own decisions, so I would like to drop the charges in order to spare her from—further humiliation.”

At that, she glanced back over her shoulder at me, her eyes full of malice. I started to get up, seething with feminine rage. She'd seen I was happy as a girl, and now just to spite me she was trying to take that away as well? My feminization training short circuited. I was going to claw her face with my long nails and scar her for life, the bitch. Connie put a hand on my arm, “just relax,” she whispered.

“Maybe if I show them I'm still violent...”

“As your attorney, I assure you that is not a winning strategy.”

I glanced over at Miko. She put her hands over her heart and mouthed, “Believe.” It made me feel so much better having her there. I took deep breaths, calmed myself.

“Counsel, please approach the bench.”

Kathy turned and strutted back toward me, grinning.

I barred my teeth, slit my eyes and tossed my hair.

That made Kathy laugh, and she covered her mouth, eyes dancing with amusement.

The lawyers talked. They finished. The judge gestured toward me. “Miss Prioli, I'd like to hear from you. Please take the witness stand and explain in your own words why you have decided to drop your appeal.”

I looked at Connie, not sure if I should agree, what I should do. I found it hard to make my own decisions these days, but she nodded, Yes, and then, when she came back and I stood, my heart pounding, she took my arm and said, “Just be honest, like we talked about.”

I walked up to the witness stand, sat, smoothed my skirt. I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of my breasts rise and fall. “Your honor,” I said. Hearing my soft, sweet voice come over the sound system, it was the first time I'd heard myself other than in my own head. You know how your voice

sounds different when you hear it on a recording. I sounded even prettier than I realized.



I looked over at Miko. She nodded, her hands now clasped under her chin. “When you first sentenced me to feminization, I didn’t believe it was real. I never imagined I would look like this, sound like this, just three weeks later. When I first arrived at FemRec, they made me wear a dress, a bra. I hated that, and I hated you for what I considered a cruel and excessive sentence.”

I paused. I couldn't tell the truth. The truth was, I had been brainwashed. The fact I now identified as female had been implanted in me, and I knew it. I sensed, let's call it women's intuition, that I needed to address that, to convince the judge I was thinking clearly and not being controlled.

"Now, I thank you for my life as a girl, and it's not because I've been brainwashed."

Be honest? I didn't think so. I would confess to the crime I'd never committed.

"I was a violent and dangerous man. I hurt Kathy. As she, herself, testified under oath, I almost killed her. If I am returned to my former self, I have no doubt I will be a menace to women everywhere. Now, thanks to my experience at FemRec, I am as harmless as a kitten." I raised a slender arm and flexed, showing I had no muscle. "I do not like being a woman. I do not want to be a woman. Do you have any idea the kind of back aches I get now?"

The judge laughed at that and nodded. "Actually, I do," she said. She was quite buxom. It was obvious even under her shapeless robe.

We exchanged a sisterly moment, each of us knowing what it was like to be in the big bust club. "I do want to be a better person, and I am a better person as a girl. That is why I am asking the court to allow me to complete my sentence and condemn me to live the rest of my life as a female."

"And you are doing this of your own free will? You are of sound mind?"

"I am of the soundest of mind," I said, staring at Kathy. "I've never been saner." I slit my eyes. She slit her eyes. She wanted me to have to go back to being a man. I wanted to be a woman. The tables had turned.

The room was silent but for the taping of the stenographer. The judge templed her fingers under her chin as she thought. Oh, please, please don't make me go back to being a man, I thought, sending out a silent prayer to whatever god or goddess might be listening. Please let me be a girl.

"I've made my decision," Judge Isle said. "The inmate will be remanded to The Feminization Rectification Institute to complete her sentence." I almost fainted, I was so relieved, but fell against Connie, who held me up.

“This is bullshit,” Kathy said, stomping a foot and then storming from the room.

“Yes!” Miko shouted, pumping her little fists.

I ran over and gave Connie a hug, and then Miko and I hugged, hard, and exchanged a quick kiss. “Please clear the courtroom,” the bailiff said. “We have another hearing in 10 minutes.”

Miko and I joined arms and marched toward the door. “Three weeks ago, did you ever think the day would come when you begged the court to finish turning you into a woman?”

“I couldn’t imagine I would ever do it three days ago,” I said, laughing as tears of relief poured down my cheeks. Seeing me crying, Miko started crying as well. The two of us walked into the sunlight, tears streaming down our faces, but smiling so brightly, more brightly than that blazing sun.

That night, I decided to experiment. I loved my dildos, and now that I had a vagina, well I would say I needed them. A girl has to let off some tension. There were other toys though, and one in particular had caught my fancy. It didn't look like a body part, but actually reminded me of a one-armed Gumby, waving. There was something in my developing female psyche that got instantly hot and wet at the sight of it, and I had decided to finally play with it as a way to celebrate my big win.

Naked, I climbed on the bed and held it, staring at it. "Which end do I put inside me?" I wondered, turning it this way and that, starting to slip it on, stopping, rotating it. Meanwhile, my nipples were aching, throbbing, and the quilt was getting wet from my juices. Finally, cheeks flush, my whole body flush, I grabbed my smart pad to do a search, only to suddenly realize I didn't know what it was even called. I searched for sex Gumby.

"Wow," I gasped as I discovered there was a lot of Gumby themed porn out there, but not this particular device. Then, I just searched for female sex toys, glancing hungrily over all the different varieties, eyes dancing, when I saw it: Double-Stimulator, the stimulate your clit and vagina at the same time.

I felt that lovely clenching inside I'd begun to experience since I started turning into a female as I gazed lovingly at my now well-understood toy. "Hey, girl," I said to my new friend. "Ready to have some fun?"



Bonus

