

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD
GIRL

Chapter 14

Cooper
&
Kadee





When I woke up, I had no idea what a sad, terrible day awaited me.

It started like a normal day, or at least what passes for normal here at FemRec. I'd gotten up, tinkled, taken a shower. While in the shower I'd swung my breasts back and forth a little, shrugged and made them bounce. They were so new, and I was still fascinated by their weight, the way they moved. I couldn't believe these big, firm bouncing babies were mine. D-Cups? I was one lucky girl.

I shaved my legs, my armpits. I brushed my teeth with the minty, fresh government issued toothpaste, which went by the name of Item 776.

We started the day, as had become something of a custom, hanging out by the pool. The new me lived to sunbath. I ached for the warmth of the sun's rays caressing my soft skin, and if we weren't able to lay out for a few days due to rain or our schedules, I often found myself dreaming of tropical beaches, salty breezes and pastel sunsets.

Today, though, I tied on my string bikini and made my way out to the patio, chatting and laughing with the other girls while we nibbled on our breakfasts. Later, I closed my eyes and sighed as Miko rubbed coconut oil onto my back, the sweet smell filling my nose as her soft little hands danced across my shoulder blades, then traced the length of my spine.

Oiled up, I lay back, closed my eyes. Nothing unusual happened. It was just another perfect day in my curvy female life.

Yoga class. A session with Dr. August. Nothing unusual. Our sessions these days consisted mostly of me talking about how much I loved Girl Life, how I was looking forward to my womb fully developing, getting my first period.

She was, of course, quite pleased with my bubbly new feminine persona.

Nothing, all day nothing. Nothing to make me suspect the devastation that awaited me.

I passed Creepy Dick in the hallway. He looked away, an embarrassed look in his eyes. Now that I was mostly a woman, he'd not only lost interest in me, but he seemed a little afraid. Paige had told me that she thought he was scared of actual women.

"He's obsessed with girl-boys," she said. "But an actual woman scares the shit out of him. Probably Mother issues."

So, when he saw me coming and immediately looked away almost pretending like he didn't see me, that was now normal, too.

I headed into the dining room for dinner half walking, half dancing, steel drums and tropical beats in my head, Krystal Kinsey singing, "Sand and Sunsets."

I sat down at the table, we were all chatting and smiling, but right off I could sense something different. Feminine intuition. As a girl, I'd become much more aware of even subtle shifts in emotion. Although everyone was acting normal, I could sense something was wrong. I could feel both pent up sadness and joy, and it was coming from Ebony. I looked at her. On the surface, no, she hid it well, but there was something in her eyes, just the slightest alteration in the tone of her voice, and the other girls, I realized, sensed it as well.

I got a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. I didn't want this, whatever it was, and I put my fork down, having lost my appetite as I tried not to stare at Ebony, resisted the urge to scream out, What's wrong? Omigod, what's happening? I couldn't. I had to respect her right to keep hidden whatever was going on. If she wanted to tell us, she would, so I did my best to just stay in the conversation, to keep acting like nothing was wrong.

Desert came. Chocolate covered strawberries and champagne. Ting. Ting. Ting. Ebony lifted her glass. I looked at her, we all looked at her. Here, at last, she would tell us what was going on. She looked exactly as I sensed she felt: excited and sad at the same time. Her eyes were wet, like she was fighting back tears. “Girls,” she said. ‘There’s no easy way to say this, so I think I’m just going to put it out there. This is my last day at FemRec.”

I gasped, shaking my head. “No,” I said. “What do you mean?”

“Are you being kicked out? What happened?” The other girls chimed in.

“It’s time for me to move on with my life,” Ebony said, a sad smile on her pretty face. “Dr. August has cleared me to move out and start my new life as a woman,” she said. “It breaks my heart that I have to leave you all now, but it’s my time.”

Ebony? Leaving? I wanted to scream.

I couldn’t imagine my life without Ebony. She’d become like a big sister to me, helping me ease my way into this new body and life, teasing me when I needed to be teased, pushing me when I needed to be pushed, hugging me when I needed to be hugged. She’d been here since the day I’d been renamed Kathy, and now she would just be gone? I felt like a part of me had been ripped out.

“So, a toast to me, and I guess this’ll be my last toast with you all. To my life!”

“To your new life,” we all answered in our soft voices. I’d known this day was coming, we all had. I suppose it had lingered somewhere in the back of my head, but I hadn’t thought it would come so soon. Still, this was a big day for my friend, and I knew my job was to be as supportive as possible.

We peppered Ebony with questions. Where would she live? Had they arranged a job for her?

“I couldn’t exactly go back into construction,” Ebony said with a laugh. “I might break a nail.” She held up her long, gorgeous nails and we all giggled. “So, I am starting off working as hostess at a high-end steak house. It’s the perfect place for a humble but gorgeous girl like me to meet a rich, older man looking for a trophy wife.”

We all giggled. One of Dr. August's favorite little things had been to make all of us into girls with high class tastes and needs. We all wanted nothing more than to meet a wealthy man, cling to his arm and get him to buy us pretty things. My only real ambition these days was to find a man who could afford me. I was most definitely a high maintenance girl.

When dinner broke up, I felt like I needed to thank Ebony for all she'd done for me, say my goodbyes in case we didn't see each other come morning. The other girls had gone, so it was just the two of us. "Hey," I said, touching



her on the arm. “I just, well, I just want to tell you how much I appreciate everything you’ve done for me...”

The words died in my throat as Ebony stepped to me, slipping one arm around my waist, her eyes smoldering. We were both busty girls, and I felt my soft press into hers as our perfumes mingled. ‘Um, hi,” I said, for some reason as I felt my body growing warm in response to her touch, the intensity in her eyes.

“I’ll never forgive myself if I don’t do this,” she whispered, and then she lunged in for a kiss. Our mouths met, our hot tongues, I kissed her back, our hands roaming across each other’s bodies. She pushed me against the wall, eagerly kissing and kissing, searching, a hand on my breast, squeezing, and I was lost in a feral haze of need.



We raced hand in hand back to my room, and then pulled and pulled and yanked each other's clothes off, our smooth, soft thighs caressing each other as our sighs filled the room, Ebony's hot mouth first on my mouth, then kissing me on the neck, and then down to my breasts, sucking, nibbling... covering my nipple and sucking while another hand slipped between my legs and made me squeal.

Once we were both hot and oh, so wet, Ebony climbed off me, off the bed. I almost panicked for a second, thinking I'd done something wrong, reaching after her, my body aching with a sense of loss as I was so not finished, but then Ebony pulled open my special drawer and grabbed a big, black vibrator, which she held up, a wicked smile on her face. "Say hello to my little friend," she said. "You like?"

My throat went dry, and I squeezed my legs together, feeling my body clench with need at the sight of that glorious toy. "I like very much," I whispered.

Okay. Hold on one sec. You know how earlier I'd said Ebony was like a sister to me? Scratch that. It sounds a little creepy now. She was my queen bee, and she was a cougar. My cougar.

As much as I loved playing with my toys, having Ebony use it to light me up was 100 times more—everything. I felt it all more, and on, my God, when we made eye contact as she slipped the vibrator into me, it was the most intense, intimate look I'd ever shared with another woman and my head just about exploded with so much intense pleasure and thrills and just a sense of complete gratitude for what she was making me feel and who she was and—I am now in agreement that the brain is the ultimate erogenous zone.

After I popped off, screaming OH MY GOD as my whole body lit up from my first triple orgasm, panting, sweaty, desperate to do for her what she'd done for me, I reached for the vibrator, but she pulled it away from me. "No," she said. "I'm good. I wanted to play the man one last time," she said. "I just wanted to send you to the moon."

"Mission accomplished," I sighed, laying back, wrapping my arms around my breasts and hugging myself while running my soft, inner thighs together.

We canoodled after, each of us basking in the afterglow, gently touching each other. My eyes roamed across her pretty face, marveling at her

beauty. “Who were you?” Before I mean?” I asked. After what we’d just done, I found myself imprinting on her, wanting to know all about her.



“Nobody,” she said. “Just some guy.”

“What did you do? I mean, to get sent here.” We, the four of us, never asked each other what we’d done. It was discouraged. The idea was that our old lives were behind us, and we would all now be sweet, harmless little females.

Ebony’s eyes went distant as she reflected on her past. “My name was Jimbo Elliot,” she said in that soft, sexy voice, the one she’d had since I’d

met her. "I was a 6'2" 300 pound redneck with a Confederate flag on my pickup truck and a shot gun rack on the back window. As for what I did?" She snorted. "Let's just say I didn't have any respect for women at all, and I showed them every chance I got. Needless to say, things have changed in the respect for women department," she said.

"You were white?" I said. "Is it weird being black now?" As soon as the words left my mouth, I felt awkward, thinking maybe it was rude to even ask such a question. "I'm sorry I asked that. I don't mean it in a bad way. It's just, you know."

"Here in the safety and controlled world of FemRec, it really hasn't been an issue, but I am thinking once I get out there in the real world, yeah, it's going to be a lot different being a black woman than it was being a white man." She shrugged. "I'm ready for it. I love being Ebony. Ebony is a much better person than Jimbo ever was, so whatever the world throws at me, I'm sure I can take it."

She paused. "My family, though, doesn't want to have anything to do with me now. They're embarrassed to have a black girl in the family."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be," she said with a laugh. "I don't want anything to do with them anymore, either."

We fell asleep in each other's arms, her breath against the back of my neck, her soft breasts pressed into my back. She must have slipped out sometime during the night, because in the morning when I woke, she was gone, just the cold impression in the sheets where she'd slept and the lingering scent of her vanilla perfume.

That was it. Ebony was gone.

At breakfast, the staff informed us Ebony had climbed into a van and been swept away at the crack of dawn. Did we cry? Yes, we cried. Of course, we cried.

She was our friend, we all loved her and we would miss her.

Bonus

