

Sentenced to femininity.

HE'S

A

GOOD

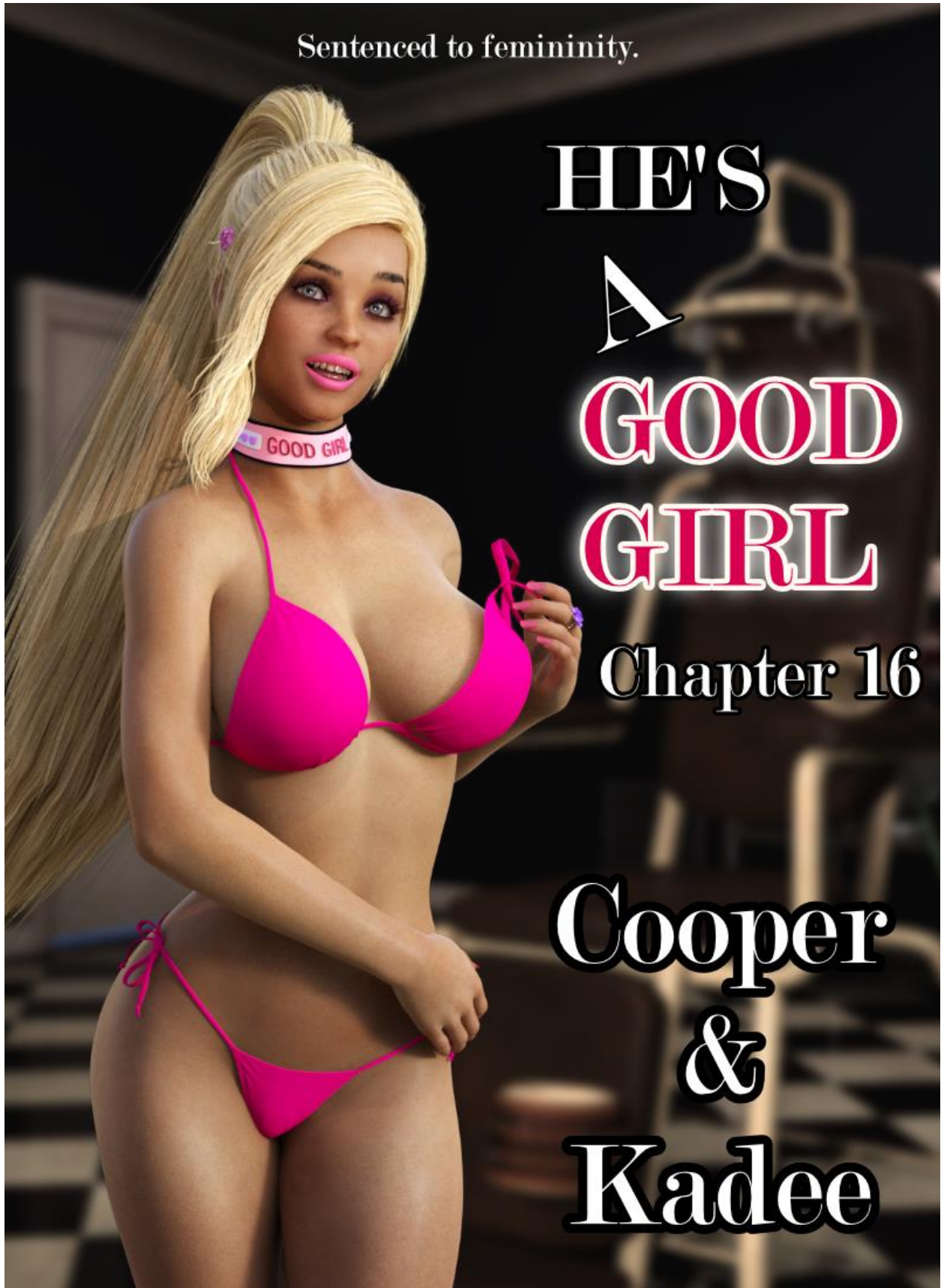
GIRL

Chapter 16

Cooper

&

Kadee



## Chapter 16



Trixie shocked me the next morning when he walked into the dining room. He was *smiling*, and he had his nose in a *book*. Trixie smile? Trixie read? I was floored, but it made me happy in my new, momma hen mindset, to see him looking happy. It was sweet. My mood instantly soured as I spotted Creepy Dick ogling Trixie. It was so disgusting.

I tensed, digging my nails into my palms. I would not let him harass Trixie. No way.

Unaware he was being stared at, Trixie put the book on the table, sat, smoothing his dress underneath him, knees together. He also pulled his long hair back over his shoulders and subtly tossed his head to keep it out of his face, a move that as much as it was made necessary by his long hair, was unmistakably feminine. I noticed he also now wore wire-framed glasses.

“What-cha reading?” I asked.

“I told ya, we ain’t friends,” he said with what he thought was a threatening grimace, but already with his bubblegum pink lipstick and braces, he just looked silly. My heart went out to him, this wiry little male in his dress and makeup, still with that scowl, trying to act tough, thinking that would somehow save him.

The staff brought our breakfast out. Today, fresh herbs omelets with chives and chervil, lots of gooey cheddar, yogurt with fresh blueberries and coffee.

Trixie dug into his food like a bulldog, tearing the omelet into shreds and scarfing it down in great gulps. Miko and I exchanged grossed-out glances. His table manners were atrocious. It would be good for him, and a relief for us, when he learned to eat in a more ladylike manner. “Can I get some bacon?” He called out, mouth full of cheese and egg.

“Of course,” the staff member answered. If he’d any idea the food would go right to his hips and soon to be budding breasts, I was sure he would have starved himself, but he had no idea how his body was about to change.

Though I had let it drop, Trixie eventually answered my question. “It’s a dumb book about vampires,” he said absently as he dug into his yogurt. “Teen-age girl stuff. Don’t get any ideas that I’m being brainwashed to believe this whole I’m a teen girl—thing. I ain’t readin’ it because I want to, and I ain’t into all this mushy romance. I have to read at least 100 pages per day. It’s hell.”

“I’m sure it is,” Paige said, frowning. “I’m sorry you have to endure such a terrible thing.” We exchanged a knowing smile. We’d both seen the smile on his face as he’d been reading.

Trixie stopped eating for a second and squinted at her as if trying to figure out if she was serious or not, but then he just seemed to snap out of it and

went back to eating, using his fingers to wipe the sides of the bowl clean, sucking the soft, wet yogurt from his fingers. Dick's face turned red at the sight of Trixie licking his own fingers. Ugh. I hated Dick so much.

"Hey, here's something," Trixie said. "My TV keeps turning itself on at night. I turn it off, then when I wake up in the morning, it's on again. That supposed to happen?"

I decided this might be a chance for me to win Trixie's trust, or at least make a start. "That's one of the ways they brainwash us," I whispered, half-expecting I might get a shock from the collar, but nothing came.

"Brainwash?" His face screwed up.

"What did you wake up to?" I asked, curious, thinking about the racy romances I'd been subjected to, the corset obsession that had been planted in my brain.

"Some stupid show called Gossip Girl," he answered, then his eyes went wide. "It's about these high-school girls—brainwash. That's why—I hate August so much. They *are* trying to turn me into a teenage girl." Then, in what was suddenly a very teenage girl vocal fry he said, "Omigod" and tossed his hair.

The door to the kitchen opened and the room filled with the salty, savory, slightly charred smell of freshly fried bacon. I felt my own stomach grumble hungrily in response, but I was at the point now where I had to watch my figure, so I could only eat so much. The plate was set in front of Trixie, steam still rising from the bacon. Trixie picked up a piece, tilted his head back and lowered it into his mouth, nibbling it the whole way, like a baby bird, and when he'd chomped the bacon and swallowed it down, he said, "the grub here isn't half bad." Then, he licked the grease from the tips of his fingers.

We all heard Creepy Dick grown, and Trixie now became aware of his "admirer." He glanced at the man sideways, lifted his chin as if in challenge. Dick looked away, but as soon as Trixie started to munch down a second slice of bacon, Dick once more stared.

"What're you looking at?" Trixie said.

"Ignore him," Paige whispered.

“Like hell,” Trixie said, wincing at the shock. “I asked you what you was looking at.”

“Just the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” Dick answered, and he had a little smirk on his face.

“Is that right?” Trixie said, turning away like he didn’t care, but then-- I couldn’t believe how fast he moved, bolting from his seat, charging Dick, fists ready to strike. Dick shrieked and recoiled like a frightened little girl, and it seemed for a moment like Trixie was going to get a shot in, but then the collar blasted him good, and he fell backwards, slamming hard against the floor, unconscious.



We all three jumped up and went to Trixie, but the staff pushed us back as they attended to him, checking his pulse, his breathing. The air smelled of ozone, the jolt they had given him was so strong. I looked up and saw Creepy Dick smirking. I wanted to slap him so bad, but my training stopped me.

We were all assured Trixie was fine, though we did not see him the rest of the day. I worried, but I also had other things on my mind. I still hadn't had my first period, and it was starting to really make me anxious. I couldn't wait, and that evening after dinner I went back to my room and typed a search into my smart pad: how to make my period come sooner?

Wow. Pages and pages of articles, though most were about periods in general and not first periods. Still, I read eagerly and learned a new word: emmenagogues. Herbs that induce periods. I looked over the list, which included Ginger, saffron, chamomile, something called Temulawak. It also suggested Vitamin C. I could get some of that stuff pretty easily and without raising any suspicion. I'm not even sure why, but I didn't want the other girls to know what I was up to.

The articles also suggested exercise and sex, but it seemed that straight sex was what they suggested, so a little roll in the hay with Miko wasn't going to cut it. Exercise, then? Heck. I was stressed and didn't think I could sleep, so I decided I would go do some yoga and then run by the kitchen to get some chamomile tea. I just wanted the waiting to be over.

I pulled on my sports bra and leggings, a pair of sneakers and headed down to the gym. Despite the fact that Creepy Dick had lost all interest in me, I still found myself tense and a little anxious whenever I left my room alone, especially at night when there weren't as many people around. I hurried, glancing around, stressed right up until the time I got to the gym and closed the door, turned on the lights and looked around to make sure there wasn't anyone lurking in the corners.

I started to go through my sun salutations and other yoga poses. One of the advantages of being a girl now was flexibility. I could lift my leg and hook it behind my head if I wanted to. I'd never been so flexible as a boy. As I stretched and moved, my movements graceful, gentle, the anxiousness and tension started to loosen their grip on me, and I realized I'd been clenching my jaw.



There was a knock on the door to the studio. I gasped, thinking—oh, no. It's Creepy Dick. He's come after me anyway. It wasn't a rational thought, but I'd become more and more emotional during my time at FemRec. The door slowly crept open, and I pushed back, wishing there was somewhere to hide, somewhere to run, my heart racing.

"Anybody in here?" Calvin, one of the security guards, asked as he poked his head into the room. He was cute. I'd caught him checking me out when I sunbathed topless a few times, but he was never creepy about it. I liked it when he looked at me, actually.

“Oh! It’s only you,” I said, relieved.

“Only me?” He said, flashing me that rugged, dimpled smile of his. “Were you expecting Chris Hemsworth?”

I laughed and tossed my ponytail. “Oh, I didn’t mean it like that.”

He walked in, and we were making all kinds of eye contact. He had the prettiest eyes. I felt myself blush and dropped my eyes, then looked back and grinned. “I’m just, um, doing some yoga. I was feeling really tense.”





“Tense?” He said. “Let me help with that.” He knelt behind me and put his hands on my shoulders, began massaging me, his hands at once both strong and soothing.

“Omigod” I said as I felt my shoulders loosen, stress I hadn’t even realized was still there released as my sinews even creaked. “You’re so good at this.” I looked back at him and offered a sweet smile in thanks.

He kept massaging me with one hand, but with the other he cupped my smooth cheek with his calloused fingers. Omigod. It was like a scene in a movie. Was this going to be my first kiss? He was staring into my eyes, and I let mine go soft even as I parted my lips, inviting him, wanting him, needing him.

He leaned right in and kissed me, and it was the best ever first kiss a girl could ever want. I mean, I had kissed plenty of girls as a guy, and Miko and I had made out plenty, but this was a man, and his masculine musk, the stiff bristles of his five o’clock shadow, and—oh, everything, just sent shockwaves through me, curled my toes, made my fingers tingle. We tore each other’s clothes off, and I pressed my full, soft breasts against his rock hard chest as he kept kissing, exploring, touching and caressing... After I pulled his pants down, I stared in awe at his cock—he was a man. Let me say that. Very much a man, and I started to salivate.

I grabbed his dick and got ready to go down on him, feeling glad I’d been practicing, eager to please him, but then he put his hand under my chin and guided me back up to his face, kissing me, wrapping his arms around me and then rolling me over onto my back, positioning himself between my thighs.

He stared down at me. “Is this your first time?” He asked.

“Yes,” I whispered softly, feeling every bit the blushing virgin.

“I want to make this special for you.”

Omigod.

And, he did. He knew how to please a woman, using his hands, his breath, his lips, playing every inch of my soft body. Finally, when I was hot and wet and desperate, he slipped into me, and I arched my back, sighing, wanting him deeper. “Harder. Faster,” I begged.

“No,” he said, and he was so confident and so forceful his tone alone almost made me cum. “I’m going to make this last,” he said, rubbing his thumb along my lower lip, then slipping it into my mouth. I began to suck on his thumb while he thrust into me, almost gently at first, but then his strokes got harder and harder, faster and faster, deeper and deeper, the tension and pleasure rising and rising until he came and I came at the same time, me throwing my head back and moaning, screaming with pleasure.

He held me after. It felt so good to feel his arms around me, his gentle breathing in my ear. I drifted off to sleep, glowing, buzzing, in a euphoric haze.

Later, my eyes fluttered open. I found myself being carried down the hall in Calvin’s arms. “What’s going on?” I asked, though I was perfectly happy to find myself cradled in those big, powerful arms of his.

“Shhhsh,” he said. “You fell asleep.” He carried me into my room and lay me on my bed, then kissed me and said, “goodnight, beautiful.”

I pulled my knees to my chest and fell asleep giggling.

I did not, in case you are wondering, spend any more time that night worrying about my period. I didn’t worry about anything. I slept, and I slept better than I’d ever slept in my life.



