



HE'S

A

**GOOD
GIRL**

**Falsely accused
of a violent crime.
Sentenced to
femininity.**

Chapter Two

The next morning, I woke to the clanging of a baton banging on bars to my call. “Up and at ‘em, princess,” Hank said. “Van’ll be here soon.”

“Van?” I said, bleary, still half asleep.

“To take you to the chop shop,” he said with that same, superior smirk. “Cut your balls off. Let’s go.”

I got up, but my mind was reeling. “There must be some mistake. My lawyer said she was stopping this.”

“A lawyer lied? Who ever heard of such a thing.”

“Can I at least make a call?”

“Nope. Let’s go.”

I jumped down from my bunk and followed him down the corridor, out the prison door and to the waiting van. I’d been locked up for a month waiting for and then during the trial— my bail had been set crazy high since I’d been deemed a threat to the public— and that brief walk from the jail to the van was as close to a taste of freedom as I’d had. The sun rose to the East, purples and pinks against a sky of big, cotton candy clouds. The air was silky and had that sweet, early morning smell. I found myself aching to run for it, to make a break. I didn’t.

Had I known what was coming, I would have run like hell.

Instead, I got in the van. I wondered what was going on, what had happened with my appeal, the stay Connie had talked about. I remembered Mikey’s warning about getting a male lawyer but dismissed the thought. Sexist bullshit. Connie was a good lawyer. We wove our way through town and got on the interstate. I watched the world roll by, pine trees and kudzu.

I lost track of time, but it was clear we were heading far out into the country. I dozed off, woke up as the van began to bounce along a rutted dirt road, and glancing out the window I saw what I assumed was my future home, for the time being. I'd half-expected something spooky, like a crumbling gothic mansion, but instead what I saw looked like a fancy, modern house and not a correctional facility at all. It looked—nice? As we wound our way up toward the building, we passed a sign: Feminine Rectification Center.

Two women come out of the building. They each wore pants, button down sweaters and dress shirts, which I would discover was the uniform of the staff here—both men and women. I got to my feet, my legs stiff from sitting so long, and the driver handed me off to the guards. “She’s all yours,” he said.

She. I winced at being called a she, and I was almost sure the guards smiled, amused. “Welcome to Femrec, young *lady*,” one of them said as they led me inside. Young lady? She? I thought about what Mikey had told me about this place.

Getting processed in was just like county jail, at least at first. I was handed a uniform—pink, naturally, and searched, but then it got a little odd, as Jane, the guard, pulled out a collar. She was cute, with spikey blonde hair and big eyes. I'd do her, I thought, wondering if there was fraternizing here between the staff and the inmates. “Turn around,” Jane said.

“What’s the collar for?” I didn’t like the idea of wearing a collar, like a dog.

“Turn around,” Jane repeated, her voice growing hard.

I turned around, and she snapped the collar onto my neck. I reached up and ran my fingers under the edge. I felt like it was choking me a little. “It’s too tight,” I said.



“You’ll get used to it.” She had a smart pad in her hands and tapped something, and I felt the collar vibrate. “The collar,” she said in that bored, off-hand way people get when they’re repeating a script they don’t really give a shit about, “is for discipline. If you cause trouble, it can deliver excruciating pain. If you try and leave the grounds, it will deliver excruciating pain. However, it can also deliver pleasure, and when you are a good girl, you will be rewarded. Now, I have one question for you.” She

paused, and I noticed her formerly dead eyes had come to life, her voice energized. She clearly planned to enjoy this next part. “Are you a good girl?”

I stared back at her. I’d been referred to as missy, as a bitch, as a lady, but I’d never been asked to refer to *myself* as a female. I wouldn’t do it. I felt like it was some sort of deep, personal betrayal of myself as a man. “My lawyer is supposed to be—”

“Good girls answer the questions put to them,” she said. She now raised her hand, palm up, and showed me what looked like a remote control for a TV, with a few buttons. “I’ll ask one more time. Are you a good girl?”

I got pissed. I’d enough of this shit, and even prisoners have rights. I stepped toward her. “Can’t you see I’m *not* a girl?”

She pressed a button. There is pain, and then there is pain beyond words, and then there is what I felt when she pushed that button. I dropped to my knees, making retching noises as I clawed desperately at the collar.

The pain stopped. I knelt there, reeling, my eyes were burning, watering. Jane cupped my chin and tilted my head back, forcing me to look up at her. She had the controller in one hand, a thumb poised to press, and a smug smile on her face. “What are you?” She said.

I glared up at her. It was time to take a stand, to assert my manhood, my sense of self. “I’m *not a fucking girl.*”

Bigger pain. It didn’t seem possible, but more, bigger pain. I must’ve blacked out, and the next thing I know, I’m coming to, I realized I had my arms wrapped around Jane’s legs, my head pressed to her strong thighs. I looked up at her, and she tousled my hair, that same smug look on her face. “Well, are you a good girl?”

That pain— I no longer cared about anything other than avoiding that pain. Taking stands and noble gestures went out the window. “Yes,” I said, my

voice hoarse. “Sure. Whatever.” She brandished the controller and I winced.

“Say the words: I am a good girl.”

“Do I really—”

“Say it!” She held the control down where I could see it. Her thumb poised.

I couldn’t take any more pain. I felt sick with shame, but I said it through gritted teeth. “I’m a good girl.”

She pressed, and I yelped, but instead of pain I felt a wave of euphoria wash over me, like the perfect mellow high you get from premium weed, my whole body tingling with pleasure. I sighed and covered my face.

Jane patted me on the head. “Good girl,” she said in the same tones you would use to praise a dog. “You are such a good little girl, Kathy. I’m proud of you.” The fact she’d called me Kathy barely registered. I thought she was just being casually cruel, like everyone else. I didn’t realize that was now my name.

“There’s a changing room behind that curtain. Go put your uniform on.”

I did as I was told. When I went into the next room. It was like the changing room at a department store, down to the mirror. When I unfolded the uniform, a bra and panties fell out. I felt a now familiar sense of sickness as I looked at the bra, the little straps, the cups. Panties. The sight of them made my balls clench. The sight of a woman’s underwear can be a huge turn on, but not when I was expected to wear it. Fuck me. I shook out my folded up uniform and realized it was not the usual prison jumpsuit like I was wearing now, like you see on TV and movies, but a dress. It was pink, just like the bra and panties. They really seemed to be going overboard with the pink thing, I thought.

Mikey's words came back to me: They're going to turn you into a woman. I still didn't believe that, but started to think they just meant they would make me dress like a woman during my time here as some kind of sensitivity training bullshit. The idea I would physically become a female still seemed impossible.

I picked up the bra. It was one of those stretchy bras girls just pulled over their heads like a t-shirt, no hooks or anything, but it was a bra. Men don't wear bras, and that little piece of cloth, those tiny little panties, both looked as threatening to me as a loaded gun. I held the bra in my hands, felt the soft material with my fingers. There were small pads in the cups. Along the straps it read Missy in white letters, bright against the fluorescent pink. I felt my balls clenching again, my throat went dry.

I thought about asking Jane if I really was expected to wear this shit, but I knew the answer. I considered raising hell, but just the thought of making trouble brought back the recent memory of extreme pain. Tugging at the collar around my neck, I shook my head, knowing I had no choice. Where the fuck was Connie? I could only hope she would get me out of this insane asylum, and soon.

I'd never put on a bra, though I'd dated a kinky girl once who'd tried to get me to. I'd said hell no. I wasn't that kind of guy, but now I had no choice. I slipped my arms through the arm holes, lifted the bra over my head and pulled it down, stretching it out and then tugging it down into place. The cloth was soft and cool, and my skin tingled. The bra felt tight, hugging my upper body. Looking down, I was annoyed to see those little pads changed the look of my hard, flat chest, making it look like I had small, budding breasts. Not much, but more than enough to get a tween girl squealing. I'd always taken pride in being fit, strong, and now it looked like I had bitch tits.

I felt like an asshole. Wanting to keep my momentum going before I started yelling and earned another blast of pain, I stepped into the panties and pulled them up my legs, the elastic band snapping on my hips. They were lacy and, like the bra, branded Missy along the waist and across my ass, which was the least of my worries because there was no room for my junk at all and right away they pinched my balls and squeezed my dick. There were guys who wore little trunks like these to the beach, I reasoned, trying



not to feel so emasculated, but these were panties, and of a similar soft, cool material to my bra, and they were from Missy. How many times had I skimmed over the Missy website, ogling the models in their bras and panties? I always found that Missy shit hot as hell on a woman: now, I was wearing it. I couldn't help but glance at myself in the mirror, a decision I instantly regretted. I looked like an idiot, a big, muscular dude in these little stupid girl clothes. I looked less of a man, much less. Then--

My image in the mirror flickered and changed and I stared in shock. A



gorgeous blonde stared back at me with the same stunned look on her face-- she had a hell of a body, and I glanced down and saw my—her—camel toe, and I lost my balance, having to prop myself up against a wall I was so disorientated by the sight of myself as a woman.

Then, the image vanished, replaced by the sight of my lumpy self in a bra and panties. Had I imagined the whole thing? I would get my answer later that night.

“Hurry up in there,” Jane called. “Women! You always take so damn long to get ready.”

Har. Har. She was loving this whole role-reversal game. I lifted the dress and slipped it over my head, letting it drop down to swirl just above my knees. It had no sleeves and a plunging neckline, but I felt a disturbing sense of relief as it at least hid my bra and panties from the world. All of the material had the same soft, cool comforting feel to it, and each time I moved it sent cool chills of pleasure through me. Even the fluttering skirt of my dress, dancing around my legs, felt good, though at the same time those feelings reminded me constantly what I was wearing.

My outfit finished with a pair of platform sandals with straps I had to fix across my ankles. I thought once more of Connie. Get me out of here, I thought. Hurry. The sandals had a higher heel than I'd ever worn, and I took some practice steps, not liking the way I was perched forward on the balls of my feet, nor the way they challenged my walk.

As much as I wanted to brazen all this out and just play it off like I didn't care, I actually found myself blushing with shame as I stepped out of the changing room wearing that little pink dress. I'd never worn a dress, and walking out, dressed as a woman, to face an attractive woman like Jane sucked on a level I can't even begin to explain. I couldn't even look her in the eyes. She was not kind, but looked me up and down and whistled. "You're hot," she said.

I didn't respond. The whole dynamic between us was changed for the worse. She was, literally, wearing the pants. I couldn't help but feel she was the man now.



