

Fully Feminized Forever From Four Foolish Bets 5

Regular Guy Gambles Away His Gender,
Gets Emasculated By A Squad Of Sexy
Cheerleaders And Is Stuck As One Of The
Girls For Life! *First Time Feminization!*

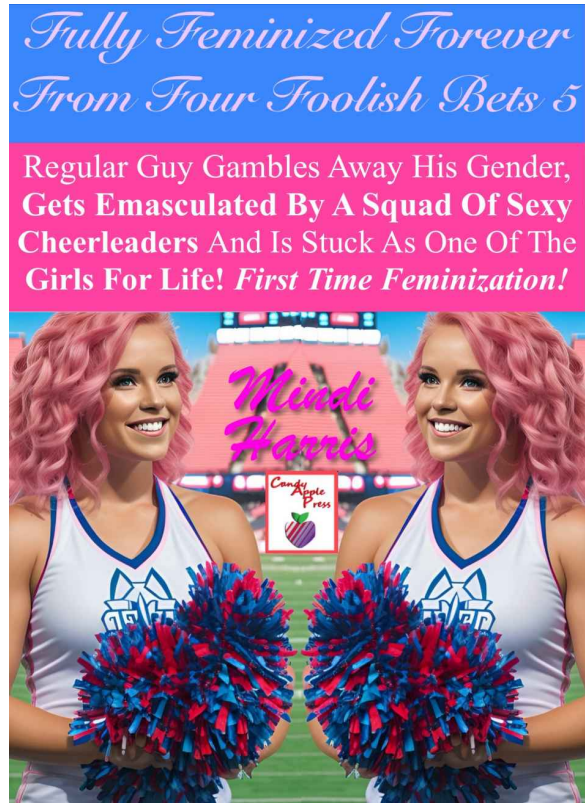


*Mindi
Harris*



Four Bets Book Five: Back To School As A Girl

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Sneak Preview

I wrap my arm around your left shoulder, pulling you into a side hug. “You don’t just look like a girl, you are a girl, Breanna Joy. You foolishly gambled away your gender. Or maybe you did it on purpose? Either way, you’re no longer a boy. You’re a school girl now, and today you’re going to show the world just how amazing of a girl you really are.”

Your groans and frowns bring on more giggles and grins from me as I smirk and ask, “All ready for week one at school as Breanna Joy, my darling? The week first of fifty?” I can’t help giggling even louder at your scowling face. Your entire affect demonstrates your disbelief at your reflection. You look up at me sullenly again, but that only makes me giggle even louder.

“Oh come on, you know that you look absolutely adorable, B.J.!” I say, tweaking one of your pigtails. Your pout only grows in response to my teasing and taunting. With a newfound sense of resignation, you force yourself to straighten your posture. Still, you hold your head downward in shame, unable to look your new self in the mirror any longer.

As we make our way downstairs, Hannah and the other cheerleaders are there to greet us. They gather around you cheering and clapping as they see you. Each one is wearing an exciting, enticing ensemble that shows off their own individual style and showcases their individual femininity. Their excitement over your latest emasculation is palpable.

Hannah regards you closely, flashing you a mischievous grin before she teasingly says, “Well, well, well, look who’s finally ready to join the sisterhood of school girls. Don’t you clean up nicely, Breanna Joy?”

She is wearing a figure-hugging light pink sundress, with ruffling along the neckline and hem, decorated at the top with strings of hand sewn pearls. Her hair is curled and falls in big waves over her shoulders. She has open backed slides with three inch heels in shiny pink patent leather on her prettily pedicured feet.

The other cheerleaders laugh, admiring your sexy outfit. They each look amazing. Still, upon seeing you dressed so sexily, all of the other girls could not help but feel a bit envious of you and how sexy you look.

“Let me guess, we have here our very own cheerleader princess!” Sarah smirks. Her sexy back to school ensemble was a head-turner. She wore a form-fitting, low-cut black crop top that accentuated her ample cleavage. The top had delicate lace detailing along the neckline, adding a touch of femininity to her outfit.

Paired with the crop top, she'd chosen a high waisted, figure hugging indigo denim mini skirt that showcases her toned legs. The skirt has a frayed hemline, giving it a trendy and edgy vibe. Her long, flowing blonde hair cascades down her back, adding to her allure.

Sarah's ears are adorned with delicate gold hoops earrings, with large sparkly diamond studs on each side of them, adding extra glam and glimmer to her look. She's wearing natural look makeup that provides an elegant highlight to her stunning features, with bronze eye shadow framing and emphasizing her bright blue eyes. She'd expertly combined that with peachy cheeks, adding alluring color.

Using creamy blusher to highlight her classic cheek bones, and bright wet look red lip stick adding a stunning, sexy flamboyant highlight to her face. To complete her look, Sarah opted for black ankle boots with a chunky heel, adding a touch of sophistication and height to her overall appearance. With her confident stride and radiant smile, Sarah effortlessly exudes sexiness.

Every one of the other cheerleaders is just as stylish. Abbi wears flare jeans paired up with yellow snakeskin mules low heels – silver jewelry accentuates this simple yet perfectly put together outfit.

Meanwhile, Amanda's sky blue luxurious soft silk chiffon dress drapes down gracefully from its delicate shoulder straps. The fine fabric slides down her fit torso ending in midi length pleats. She wore faux leather red boots, providing a stark contrast and with her white belt it presented your school's red, white, and blue colors. This as well as emphasizing both her femininity and dynamism.

Liz poses proudly in an off-the-shoulder jumpsuit crafted exquisitely from a faux suede material in stunning scarlet. She'd created a unique and edgy look, barely acceptable for school, by pushing boundaries while still remaining classy and fashionable. Her black stiletto heels give it a completely different dimension, complemented by a large, stunning, sparkling cubic zirconia necklace.

Sophie, your erstwhile twin, has on a bright pink miniskirt with white ruffles around the hemline. Her stunning matching top is tucked

into the skirt, revealing her sexy breasts while still giving her ensemble a neat appearance. She's wearing silver hued three inch heeled sandals along with some silver hoop earrings and a dainty silver necklace with a heart charm.

Her long pink hair is curled into spirals that dance around her shoulders. As always, she's has done an expert job of applying her makeup, with pink blush highlighting her high cheekbones and glossy pink lipstick accentuating her full, kissable lips.

Her hair and makeup aren't exactly like yours, but the two of you still look like twin sisters. You groan as you realize this. You can't help wondering how people will react to you—a former boy—walking around looking just like one of the sexiest girls in the school.

Forward By The Author

Ready? OK! I think this all new series—continued in this 21,000+ word book, with 19,000+ words of actual story content—is my most cheer-tastic forced feminization fantasy yet!

Your foolish, sexist, remarks upset Hannah, the gorgeous cheerleading coach and her entire cheer squad. You lost a two bets during and after the basketball game, and then you lost a third bet, sealing your fate. You're stuck in short skirts, tight tops, and beautiful make up, entrapped as a princess for the rest of the year.

Soon, you'll be taunted and teased into desperately making a fourth, even more fateful bet. Your sister cheerleaders already all see you as one of them, and they plan to keep you that way. Subjecting you to one indignity after another, each one more embarrassing than the last.

The assistant cheer coach Jasmine has you living under her roof in her little sister's incredibly feminine room while she's away at college. Every morning, she dolls you up into a sexy girly girl. She even uses you as the feminine sex kitten that appear to be. Can you escape this embarrassing emasculation?

Warning! This kinky cross dressing tale features taboo themes: forced feminization, female domination, public humiliation, detailed emasculating makeovers, and a stunning lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a “yassified” young girl! ***Please don't read this***

xoxo book if you don't like such subjects!

Mindi

This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

All characters are of the legal age, and all are willing, consenting participants in all activities depicted, implied, and referenced. There are no sexual or other intimate relations or actions between or involving blood relations, minors, etc.

There are no depictions, references to, or implications of any illegal, unethical, immoral, criminal, violent, non-consensual, abusive or other improper or wrongful activity, contact, nor conduct; nor is any objectionable behavior promoted, advocated for, nor implied.

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Content Warning And Disclaimers

Warning, Reader Discretion Advised! This is a forced feminization fantasy. It involves kinky, taboo themes like naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, small penis humiliation, mockery, detailed and embarrassing emasculating makeovers, BDSM, power exchange, lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a “yassified” young girl, and more! ***Do not read this book if any of these or similar themes offend you!***

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None of the characters, entities, names, events, locations, or any other details refer to anyone or anything in reality. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is unintended and coincidental. This story is fantasy and for personal entertainment only. ***Do not try this at home!***

Beware! This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women!

Warning! This story contains kinky themes such as male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification. ***If these topics offend you, please stop reading.***

Chapter One: Ready Or Not, You're A School Girl

Monday, your first day as a school girl, went far better than you could have ever hoped. That said, it was still one of the most mortifying ordeals that you could have ever imagined. It all began before dawn's early light, before you were even awake in fact. This is how it all went down.

As usual, the shrill beeping of my iPhone's alarm jars me awake at 6 AM sharp. I yawn, stretch, and shake off the after effects of my slumber. Then, I joyfully bounce my way to the door to Jaycee's room. From inside, I could hear your peaceful breathing.

I let myself into my sister Jaycee's frilly feminine chamber, that sweet damsel's domain. Then, I eagerly arouse you from the solace of your slumber with a firm shake on your shoulder. It's still unusually early for you, just 6:05 AM, when I force you to face the waking world.

I giggle saying, "Wake up, B.J. It's time to face the momentous day! Your first day of school is finally here. Not just any first day of school, of course, but it's your very first day as Breanna Joy!"

Seeing you as my life sized living dress up doll, I'm beyond eager to get you ready for your first day of school as the beautiful girl I helped turn you into. This day will be the culmination of several days of intensive preparation.

Hannah, your sister cheerleaders, and I had put you through a kind of girly girl boot camp. We'd methodically instructed you in all things feminine. As your task mistresses, we drilled endless emasculating lessons into you, teaching you how to walk, talk, act, and even think like a pretty young school girl.

We'd made you practice hour after hour, day after day. You'd made progress in every task. How to do your makeup. How to walk in heels. How to speak in a soft, feminine timber using terms like "totes" and "OMG," as we yassified your vocab. You'd begun to fit right in with the rest of the girls!

We used positive and negative reinforcement, steadily, effectively drumming a whole new personality into you. As your strict new regimen continued, little by little, we imposed a flirty, feminine girlish personality into you, replacing any lingering masculine tendencies you might have still had.

All of this was so much fun! We giggled constantly the entire time as we carefully observed your progress. By the time your first day of school as Breanna Joy had arrived, Hannah, your sister cheerleaders, and I had successfully prepared you for your new, feminine life.

With a huge grin, I celebrate our triumph, I tell you how proud I am and how delightful it's been working with the rest of the girls, remaking you from the tomboy you used to be into one of us. You've become the girly girl of our dreams.

Laughing, I pull the pink satin eye mask off of your face and giggle at your groans of protest. Snatching your pink comforter away, I reveal your feminized body. Look at you! So cute in the cute little lacy pink nightie I'd made you wear.

Oh, I was so delighted to make you wear that nightie! Your meek, ineffectual protests only made me even more aroused as I forced you to wear it. A delicate and sexy garment that exudes charm and allure, a fluffy little confection constructed from the softest, satin-like fabric in a lovely shade of pastel pink.

The nightie features dainty, lacy trim along the neckline, hemline, and at your wrists. All of this adding a touch of elegance and femininity. The fabric gently caresses your soft hairless skin, providing a luxurious and sensual feel. The lace delicately frames your décolletage, drawing attention to your sexy, girlish curves.

The delicate spaghetti straps are thin and adjustable, allowing for a perfect fit and showcasing your shoulders with more than a hint of feminized flirtation. The sheer bodice of the nightie is adorned with intricate lace patterns, creating a mesmerizing visual appeal. The lace extends down to your torso and beyond, accentuating your nipped in waistline and creating a flattering silhouette.

The nightie gently skims over your hips. The hemline of this enchanting nightie is adorned with a wide, scalloped lace trim. The lace detailing adds a sexy, girly touch of playfulness and flirtatiousness, making the nightie even more captivating. The length of the nightie is just right, falling in a graceful and alluring manner to your mid thighs. By hitting at your mid thigh, it allows for a teasing glimpse of your smooth, silky legs.

Overall, this cute little lacy pink nightie is a perfect blend of innocence and seduction. It is a garment that shows how much you embrace your imposed femininity and showcases the your budding

beauty. With its delicate lace details and soft pink hue, it is sure to make anyone feel like a charming and alluring princess, especially a transformed former boy like you.

You groggily open your eyes, still half-asleep, and blink at me. It takes a moment for the reality of the situation to sink in. You sit up in bed, rubbing your eyes, and look at me with a mix of excitement and nervousness. “I can’t believe it’s finally here,” you say, your voice halting, faltering, and filled with trepidation.

I smile warmly at you, sitting down on the edge of your bed. “I know, it’s a big day for you, Breanna Joy, but don’t worry! I’ll be right there with you all day, every step of the way. We’ve all worked so hard to get you to this point, and I couldn’t be prouder of you.”

You give me a pathetic look, and I can see the fear, the sheer panic in your pretty eyes. “Jasmine please! I can’t go to school dressed as a girl! You have to know that! This is all insane! I’m not ready! Please! You can’t do this to me! My reputation as a guy will be destroyed forever, I—“

“You? You really think you still have a reputation as a guy?” I laugh loudly as I reach over and give your hand a reassuring squeeze. I shake my head at your naive belief that there’d be any resumption of masculinity for you, even as I giggle dismissively at your emphatic, desperate protests.

Pretending that you’re actually eager to show the world your new feminized self I say, “Look at how perfectly you’ve embraced your true nature as a pretty little thing! That’s the spirit, Breanna Joy! Now, let’s stop wasting time and get you ready for your first day as a school girl!”

Your stomach churns with anxiety and you look as if you want to faint as I shuffle you into the bathroom. There, you feel the soft and luxurious plush area rug under your recently pedicured toes. I smirk as your feet sink into the rug, each of your toes cutely polished a bright pink for today’s debut.

We spend the next hour getting you made up, dressed, and otherwise all ready for the day. First, I have you brush your teeth with a dainty pink toothbrush and I brush your hair just so, bringing out its natural body and shine.

“Don’t you just love Monday mornings?” I sing as I usher you out of your bathroom and over to the vanity. There, I continue working on your hair. “Let’s start off the week with some cute pigtails!” I twist your

hair into two high ponytails, tying them off with big pink bows that match your pretty pink pajamas.

I giggle at you, knowing that the ribbons will also match the adorable little outfit I'd chosen for you to make your big girly entrance to school. Unable to wait until this morning, I'd carefully selected a cute ensemble for you the night before, one that accentuates your feminine curves.

I tell you that I'd picked out the perfect first day outfit for you as I show it to you, item by item. I hold up a tight pink denim skirt that will cling to your padded hips and show off your augmented ass. I paired the sexy little skirt with a thin, ultra sheer white button down cotton blouse that will let a hint of your hot pink bra peek through in a most alluring way.

Speaking of your pretty pink bra, I make you stand before me and strap the sexy B cup brassier tightly around your torso, lifting and pushing your new titties together most alluringly. A matching sexy pink thong soon covers your newly feminized "girl parts" down below.

I have you sit on my little sister's pink princess bed so you can more easily scrunch up and pull on the silky, sexy sheer pantyhose and wriggle them up your slinky silky smooth legs. Then, I direct you to button on your sheer, sexy blouse and shimmy into your cute, tight little skirt.

You step into a pair of pale pink pumps with three inch heels and tentatively test your balance in the sexy shoes. Your lessons have obviously made a huge difference, helping you manage to walk around easily if not effortlessly in your high heels. The cute pumps put an adorable wiggle in your walk, even as they reshape your legs, making them look incredibly feminine and most alluring.

At my command, you add a matching set of stylish chunky pink plastic jewelry to your ensemble. You clasp a sexy choker around your neck, making you feel like you'd locked yourself into submission. You slip four bangles onto your left wrist, shaking your head as you hear them rattle together. It's hard for you to believe that such a feminine noise would mark every movement of your arm.

You adorn your pierced ears with huge button earrings that make you look and feel like a living breathing Barbie doll. I giggle at you seeing how well these cute, trendy retro looking accessories complete your pretty pink princess look.

Still giggling, I fix up your hair again. It had become slightly mussed as you squeezed into your sexy little outfit, and I'd had to let it back down so I could dress you up. I laugh while I begin styling your long, silky pink hair once more.

I loved your earlier look, so I recreated it. This by carefully brushing it into loose, luscious, luxurious curls that cascade downward and over your slim, soft shoulders. Then, I bunch up your pretty pink tresses into two perky pigtales again, tying them up with cute pink shiny satin ribbons.

That do looks so adorable on you! I declare, erupting into yet another giggle fit, too intense to let me even speak for a few moments. You've never looked more girlishly gorgeous, Breanna Joy, and we're not even finished yet! Of course, we can't forget your makeup!

I hum happily to myself as I deftly apply primer and a light touch of foundation, giving me a perfect blank canvas to perform my makeup magic. Next, I apply a touch of deep red blush to give your cheeks a rosy glow. A quick, thickening three swipes of mascara, eye liner, and some subtle eye shadow make your eyes pop.

"That's just not enough sexy sizzle for my new school girl," I sigh, and I immediately step up the glam preparing you for an even more eye popping debut. For your second, more dramatic makeup look, I decide to keep it sweet, but make it much more sultry. I add flamboyant flair to the cosmetics I'd already applied to your heart shaped face.

I start by blending together five different shades of powder pink eye shadow, from the palest baby pink to the darkest dusty rose. I augment your eyes with a few more thick layers of black mascara and extend your eye liner into a trendy winged look. These bold new strokes magnify the sexily applied eye shadow to really bring out the beauty of your eyes.

Then I continue my artistry using striking pale baby girl pink power and a darker rosy red blush, painting it onto the apples of your cheeks emphasizing your already striking bones. I brush a dazzling coat of shiny pink gloss to your full and pillowy lips, remaking your mouth into an inviting, enticing sexualized opening. This promised a wet, willingness to deliver delight to any cock in sight.

"With those lips, you'll truly live up to your nickname 'B.J. the blow job queen,' or at least every guy will imagine you sucking them off!" I giggle as you groan with helpless humiliation.

Together, all of these cosmetics help me transform you from a drowsy formerly unobtrusive nerdy boy into a perky, pretty promiscuous looking little teen queen. A sex pot, barely within the strictures of the school dress code for girls.

As I finish applying the final touches of makeup, I step back to admire my handiwork. “There you go, Breanna Joy. You look absolutely stunning!” I say as I take your hand and lead you to the full-length mirror in your room. “Take a look, B.J.! This is the real you! You’re the pretty little girl you were always meant to be.”

As a former guy, you know all too well exactly how all the hetero men who see you will react to your overly sexualized feminized look. All of the guys will want you, and all of the girls will envy you. You know that you won’t escape anyone’s notice now! You blush, a horrified expression on your face.

“Please, Jasmine. I can’t be seen looking like this!” You whine, sounding like a spoiled little girl as you gaze at your reflection, sheer horror and stunned disbelief in your eyes. “I can’t understand it. I actually look like a girl, and a sexy girl at that!” you mutter, the obvious utter defeat making your voice sound both sullen and stunned.

I wrap my arm around your left shoulder, pulling you into a side hug. “You don’t just look like a girl, you are a girl, Breanna Joy. You foolishly gambled away your gender. Or maybe you did it on purpose? Either way, you’re no longer a boy. You’re a school girl now, and today you’re going to show the world just how amazing of a girl you really are.”

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“Let me guess, we have here our very own cheerleader princess!” Sarah smirks. Her sexy back to school ensemble was a head-turner. She wore a form-fitting, low-cut black crop top that accentuated her ample cleavage. The top had delicate lace detailing along the neckline, adding a touch of femininity to her outfit.

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her overall appearance. With her confident stride and radiant smile, Sarah effortlessly exudes sexiness.

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Her hair and makeup aren't exactly like yours, but the two of you still look like twin sisters. You groan as you realize this. You can't help wondering how people will react to you—a former boy—walking around looking just like one of the sexiest girls in the school.

You look around the large living room and notice that all of the other cheerleaders are wearing similarly sexy outfits. Each girl is giggling at you, each one is showing off her own unique stylings. You lick your lips at the fabulously feminine beauty that surrounds you, your lingering masculinity briefly aroused.

The girls remark on the boldness of your look, even though they were all also dressed in equally daring back to school ensembles that also

showed off plenty of skin. Nicole is stunning in her ensemble that consists of a baby blue satin tank top tucked into a tight navy pencil skirt paired with black ankle strap pumps.

She saunters up to you and exclaims “You look so cute, B.J.! Maybe you should wear my skirt next time? You’d look gorgeous!”

Ava protests, “No way, B.J. will look best in my outfit! She’d be so cute wearing pink and white striped knee high stockings with these tall black boots.”

Together all of the girls crowd around you, each trying to give you fashion advice, each of them urging you to mirror their own unique style. Seeing you squirming in your own delightfully sexy little outfit, Hannah and her entire cheerleading squad burst into giggles.

Mia’s outfit includes a tight crop top, denim shorts, and a pair of glittery platform heels. Her hair was tied up in two braids styled with bold heart barrettes, and her lips painted bubblegum pink.

The other girls all wore similarly evocative ensembles, each of them looking like delectable desserts in cropped tees, miniskirts or shorts, but each one looked unique with their own creative clothing, shoes, and accessories.

Hannah elbows Mia who stood next to her, and the cheerleading coach whose prowess humbled and emasculated you steps forward, her eyes glimmering. “Wow, Breanna Joy! Check you out!” She giggles loudly as she slowly circles around you, taking in the sight of your sexy look. “I’m so glad that I won those bets that started your transformation into such a cute, sexy girl!”

“Look at you Girl! You look amazing!” Mia says, “In fact, you could rock any of our outfits!” The other cheerleaders all giggle at you smiling widely, and they all nod enthusiastically in agreement.

Laughing loudly, Mia pulls up the hem of your mini skirt and winks at you, “Care to offer us a twirl? What do you say? Come on and give us a spin! If you need to know how, we can show you how it’s done!”

Bethany’s laughter blends with Mia’s at this. A tall and powerful girl, one of the bases who’d soon be tossing you up in the air, she particularly enjoyed seeing you totally emasculated into a pretty little girl. Recalling that you used to be loud mouthed boy, she never tired of taunting you over your lost masculinity.

“It’s impossible to imagine that you ever were a guy,” she mocks you as she shakes her head. She’s wearing a black mini skirt that hugged her curves in all the right places, paired with a white cotton button down top with black polka dots that she’d tied off at the waist.

She’d completed her look with tall boots and dangling earrings, giving it a retro vibe. She high fives Victoria who was styling it in a pair of silvery white skinny jeans tucked into silver snake skin stiletto ankle boots with four inch heels.

Veronica, a petite flyer like you, was wearing three layered tank tops in red, white, and blue—the school colors. Her hair is styled in a saucy look with a pony tail teased out to one side for an extra sassy touch. Her make up is similarly coquettish with a mix of naughtiness. Bold eye liner and shadow, along with bright blush and even brighter cotton candy pink lips combined to give her a WOW look.

Lias is dressed in a dark green skater dress with eye-catching gold jewelry that shimmered in the light. Her makeup had been expertly done, with soft pink undertones emphasizing her eyes and lips. Her black ballet flats with silver buckles complete her stylish look.

“Hey Breanna Joy, I gotta tell you, your outfit is totes adorbs! Isn’t she simply gorge, everyone? Your look is slaying!” Tonya says as she gestures towards your ensemble. “We can only imagine how cute you’d look in my own little outfit!”

You notice that her own clothing—a sexy pair of skin tight distressed denim short shorts paired with an off-the shoulder white crop top and silver gladiator sandals—looks amazing as well.

The other cheerleaders keep offering if not demanding that you try on their own outfits and unique ensembles too. These, ranging from the floral maxi dress paired with jelly shoes sported by Mira to the simple yet classic blue jeans teamed up with a bold pink tunic worn by Nikki. You look from one stunning girl to another, trying not to imagine yourself modeling their various feminine looks.

To your dismay, you can’t manage to avoid the humiliating images flooding into your mind. You fight off feelings vertigo. You keep helplessly picturing yourself wearing each one of their sexy little outfits. They make it much worse for you as they delight in describing each of their girly girl looks.

Melody mocks you saying, “Hey B.J., how’d you like to wear my fringed hippie chick orange shirt? Wouldn’t you just love wearing it? See

how cute it is with my lemon yellow miniskirt? I'll let you borrow this little set along with my statement jewelry, also in citrusy lemon and orange tones!" She giggles as you shake your head in dismay.

You also imagine yourself dressed up like Penny rocking a glamor girl look in a sapphire blue sparkling sequined mini dress combined with sky high platform wedges. She looks like she is heading for a trendy club, not going to school. Her dress looks stunning, almost as if she were channeling some movie star straight out of Hollywood about to walk the red carpet at a world premiere.

Each one of the cheerleaders admire each other's look in this impromptu fashion show down. You feel overwhelmed seeing how put together, edgy, or classically stylish each of them look. You feel dizzy, standing there among so many fabulous fashionistas, especially as they tease you about raiding their closets and borrowing their sexy clothes. Worst of all, they keep taunting you about how well you fit in among them.

"It can't be!" you marvel, your voice barely above a whisper, "you all look so feminine and hot, yet you keep acting and talking like I'm just one of you, just one of the girls!"

That gives everyone even more cause to giggle, each of them feeling ever more triumphant as you tremble self consciously.

"Um, that's because you are 'just one of the girls,' Breanna Joy!" Hannah says, rolling her eyes theatrically and laughing loudly. She steps right up to you, pinching your cheeks and booping your nose. Her dismissive, disrespectful treatment of you makes all of the assembled cheerleaders burst out into deafening giggle fits. All at your expense.

You realize that you're on display, the center of attention among all of these gorgeous girls. They keep exchanging witty banter about their own clothing styles, and they all insist you'll soon be borrowing each of their sexy ensembles.

They smirk and smile, offering each other compliments over each others' fashionable taste. Most humiliating for you, they keep remarking again and again about how your girlish appearance totally matches theirs.

"Hey girls," laughs Nikki "I think we should let our new school girl here show us what she's got! Come on Breanna Joy, it's time for you to 'sashay shantay' you know, just like a super model!"

The other cheerleaders chime in with their excited agreement. As you glance from face to face, all you see are sexy girls reveling in your emasculation. They're all nodding their heads, blessing her embarrassing suggestion, knowing that it maximizes your sense of utter humiliation.

Grace giggles loudly at you, saying "How about it, B.J.? Are you going to strut your stuff for us? Make like a model on the cat walk, girl!" She grins and strikes a pose as if to show you what they all expect you to do. She's stunning, sporting a pair of tight shockingly vibrant violet biker shorts over pretty patterned pink and purple tights.

She's wearing a matching, equally form fitting top with an identical paisley pattern. Her strikingly body con clothes look like they'd been painted onto her perfectly toned body, showing off her alluring curves. She's added a pair of chunky white combat boots with a four inch heel, creating an intriguing stylistic contrast.

Even as you gaze at Grace, overwhelmed by her audacious attractiveness, the sassy Lydia offers her opinion of your appearance in objectifying terms saying, "I think you might be the sexiest of all of us, Breanna Joy! You'd better watch out or some of the boys will drag you under the bleachers and make you...you know!"

Crying, "Wait, what?!" you drop to the floor in a heap, overcome with a sense of humiliated helplessness. That brings forth waves of laughter from all of the girls, growing louder as Lydia cups your chin in her french tip manicured hands and forces you to look up into her eyes.

"That's right, Doll!" she smirks, "nearly ever boy who sees you will lust over you! They'll want to stick it in you, make you moan with pleasure!" She pauses for a moment then continues, "I was leaving out the gay guys, thinking you might be safe from them. Now that I look at how slutty you are? You're sexy enough to turn them straight, or at least turn them bi!"

Squatting on the floor, you shake your head and silently mouth, "No...." as she pulls you to your knees saying, "There! On your knees B.J. That's a much better position for you, you skank!"

Lydia is wearing a most tantalizingly slutty look herself, effortlessly pulling off a pair of skin tight black short shorts matched up with black fishnet stockings and Mary Jane style pumps adorned in rhinestones. Her tight sapphire blue top shows off her ample titties in a stunningly sexualized way.

As all of the girls laugh at you, kneeling as if eager to offer oral sex to anyone who asked you for it, they all regard you with unconcealed glee. They all take turns with you. Each eagerly engage in taunting you mockingly.

Hannah jokingly remarks “Look at you, Breanna Joy, on your knees like the skanky slut you are. Your outfit is killing it!” Her words are killing whatever tiny scrap of manhood you had left and she laughs at your furiously blushing face.

Knowing how much it embarrasses you, she leads her cheerleading squad in another round of teasing, telling you how you should model her clothes saying, “We don’t have to only imagine how cute you’d look dressed up in my sexy ensemble. We can force you to wear it and strut your stuff for us after school!”

The other girls all shriek in delight. They can’t wait to start chiming in again. Each one keeps pretending to be arguing with the others, but really they’re just play fighting as they all offer up their sexy, feminine ensembles for you to borrow and wear to school in the days to come.

“Oh yeah? You should try on my outfit next, B.J.” Victoria excitedly suggests, “I think we could make some magic happen!”

Grace added wryly “No, wear my clothes, Breanna Joy! You’ll be rockin’ these biker shorts better than me if you give them a try!”

Lynda too couldn’t help but join in once more, gushing about how amazing you would look wearing her outfit. “These tight sexy leggings will do wonders for your gorgeous legs!”

I say, “I know! Let’s make B.J. perform for our amusement, showing off her femininity in a fashion show!” Turning to you, still there on your knees, I smirk, “Consider it a command performance!”

Finally, they finish teasing you and it’s just as well. It’s time to get going!

Sophia grabs you by your hand, lifts you up from your knees, and laughs, “Come on, Twinsie, let’s show them all who runs this school!”

You blush, feeling an overwhelming wave of embarrassment, panicking at your impending presentation to the whole school as a pretty little princess. Now, it was time to put all of your feminization lessons to a huge test!

You balance gracefully on your pumps, balancing effortlessly despite the three inch heels as you make your grand entrance, Sarah

holding you by one arm and Sophia grasping you by the other. It's fortuitous that these girls are holding you so tightly. Without their support, your panic might make you run away or more likely collapse into a heap of humiliation.

With these beautiful girls giving you all the impetus necessary, they keep you striding along the hallway. All the while, you're hoping desperately to escape notice, to blend in completely with all of the other students. Fat chance!

Chapter Two: Just A Much Different Manic Monday

I drive you to school, making you sit in the back seat between Sophia and Sarah, with Hannah beside me in the front passenger seat. After we arrive and I park in the faculty lot, you stubbornly refuse to leave the car.

Your sister cheerleaders grab you by your arms and drag you out. They giggle as they march you inside the school you know so well. It all feels so different now as they force you through the front doors, much against your will.

You groan, gasp, and grimace within their grasp, feeling like a puppet controlled by Sophia and Sarah who flank you on either side. These dominant young gorgeous girls are both at least as big and strong as you are, and they enjoy controlling you, commanding your every movement.

As you enter the halls you used to navigate with near invisibility, you're acutely aware that for the first time in your life, you're the focus of stares and whispers. You keep your eyes downcast, fastidiously avoiding everyone's gaze. You're praying you could somehow avoid becoming the center of attention. This, even as the girls inexorably compel you to venture through the forbidding gauntlet that eagerly awaits you.

You sadly realize that you're the main event. You timidly, fearfully glance about, all too aware that your classmates know all about you and your forced feminization. You look from face to face, seeing that they're all staring at you, Breanna Joy, all of them whispering about you and how sexy you look.

Some of them are even speculating loudly about the sexy girl you now are, thanks to Hannah, the cheerleaders, and me. Your cheeks burn red hot with humiliation as everywhere around you people keep crowding around you, devouring you with their eyes.

"Wow, who is that? She's hot!" one guy exclaims.

"Yeah! Who's that sexy new girl?" asks another boy, a five foot ten guy with black hair who you don't even recognize.

Your eyes open wide at this sign of possible anonymity that gives you a tiny hint of relief. Your pretty pink lips curl up with an understanding that if the first few people seeing you in school fail to

even recognize you, maybe you can escape your ordeal with your reputation intact.

You wonder if it could be possible that you might pass so well as a girl that no one would connect your girlish new look to the mundane nerdy guy that you used to be. Your fond, earnest hope is washed away by the resulting loud laughter, however.

Almost immediately, you hear some guy in the back of the crowd loudly say, “That’s Breanna Joy, the girl who used to be a guy!”

You don’t know him, but clearly he knows you! Unfortunately so do so many of your classmates. They may be stupefied by your girly girl appearance, but enough of them accurately identify you, dooming you to an extended time in the school’s social spotlight.

You’re hardly shocked to understand that people you’ve never met had heard about your bets and your subsequent transformation into a coquettish cheerleader and a sexy school girl. Still, experiencing the exposure before so many kids your age shakes you to your very core. You tremble anticipating the inevitable next events. Public disclosure and discussion of your transformation.

“Wait! No way? Is she really just a guy dressed up as a girl? That’s so queer! I mean what kind of guy would—” a particularly dull sounding and slovenly kid wearing dirty jeans and a stained t-shirt rudely begins before he’s quickly cut off.

“Behave yourself, Donald!” Mr. Jefferson, the shop teacher, scolds the transphobe in a stern, no nonsense tone.

“Wow, I don’t care who she used to be, she is really hot!” says another young man, his wide eyes drinking in your feminized form as several nearby girls nod emphatically.

“You’re not lying! I don’t care if she used to pretend to be a guy,” says the gorgeous tawny haired, green eyed senior Gwen Rogers, “that girl is absolutely stunning!” The delight is evident in her emerald eyes.

She’s one of the many lovely feminine classmates you’d had a major crush on over the years. Hearing her call you “that girl” and “stunning” makes you feel totally lost, completely disoriented. The prospect of impressing your crushes by making them jealous of your sexy style and feminine beauty triggers a tumultuous maelstrom of embarrassing, unsettling emotions within you.

This won’t be the last time you feel this way on your first day as one of the more alluring young girls in school. All throughout your

passage down the hallway, all throughout what feels like an endless odyssey toward your home room, pairs of hungry and envious eyes dissect your look. It's exhausting, emasculating, and embarrassing. Almost beyond endurance.

As you look from one astonished face to another, everyone you see is seemingly searching in vain for any tell tale sign that you'd ever been anything but a gorgeous girly girl. All day long, stunned and amazed kids and adults bury you with unsought, unwanted attention. Their comments, intended to praise your seamless transition from dweeb to debutante make your cheeks burn with abashed uncontrollable self conscious humiliation.

All the while, you furtively peer fitfully into their faces, only to quickly turn away. You mainly keep your eyes lowered demurely. It's easier for you that way. You try to remember to play the part of the pretty princess you look like. With every step you take, you're trying your best to follow all of the "how to be a girl" lessons that Hannah, the cheerleaders and I relentlessly drummed into you.

Looking around yourself, you keep trying your best to avoid any notoriety. Hoping to keep the unwanted attention following you to a bare minimum, you never stop striving to imitate the girls you see in the halls and classrooms. I must say you're doing an excellent job of mimicking the school girls surrounding you.

Last year, you'd studied these girls every single day in this very same school building, hoping to get to know them. Planning to ask one of them out on a date. Today, you have a much different motivation.

Hoping to fit in, to blend in, to escape notice, you imitate all of their animated gestures. As you do your best to mirror each and every one of their effortlessly feminine movements, you even adopt their giddy, girly, somewhat silly speaking styles. Their vocal fry and up speak, the animated exuberant tones and mellifluous manners all become your own. All this for naught. You can't escape from the sounds of girlish giggling and boorish boyish teasing.

The demeaning mockery and amazed praise keep raining on you from all sides. You find all of this disorienting, turning these familiar academic halls seem so foreign to you. You feel like some odd, fascinating specimen being closely studied under the harsh fluorescent lights. The cold, uncaring illumination glares down upon you, putting you on display, like a rare, recently unearthed curiosity in some museum.

All of the students either glance your way or else stare at you openly. Many of them keep whispering, but still expressing themselves loudly enough for you to hear their remarks. Your heart pounds almost equally as loudly, so much so that you're afraid that everyone can hear the throbbing beat.

Your pulmonary syncopation provides a compelling counterpoint to the clip-clopping of your heels as you continue making your way down the hall. You try to avoid meeting anyone's gaze, praying you could somehow escape from this gauntlet and resume your former invisibility that you'd been consigned to when you were a male nerd. That is not your fate, however.

You always feel countless eyes focusing on you, taking in your overly feminine look. You constantly hear just as many voices commenting on your newly imposed girlhood. This is made painfully obvious when one of your best friends, Eric Henderson greets you warmly if shyly

"Hey B-B-B-Breanna Joy! You're lookin' c-c-c-c-cute!" he stutters, "I love your, umm, first day of school outfit!"

His obvious nervousness combined with his casual use of your new name sends a pang of regret through your chest. This is the dude who you'd played tabletop role playing games with on more rainy days and weekend afternoons than you could count.

This is your dude bro against whom you tested your video game skills on hundreds of afternoons and nights. Just a few weeks prior, the two of you discussed your crushes together. You tremble as you realize he now seems to have a crush on you! Shaken and stirred oddly by this, you somehow manage to give him a small awkward smile, as if you were trembling at a stark, steep precipice, you force yourself to look into his eager, star struck eyes.

You softly say, "Oh, uh thanks Eric...." You try to put on a brave front, struggling against this latest assault on your sense of masculinity, but you feel whatever masculinity you might still have dying inside. Your sense of vertigo spins even more furiously.

You're in the eye of a massive hurricane of humiliation, spinning in furiously swirling winds. You can barely breathe, feeling even more helpless than ever before, twisted into knots knowing that even your closest guy friend in the world now considers you as nothing but a sexy girl.

You have to wonder. What hope do you have for escaping your emasculation with even a tiny shred of your former male identity? You're desperate seeking any avenue of escape as the enormity of your enforced emasculation crushes any sense of normalcy out of you, squeezing out your faltering male identity like the last bit of toothpaste from a nearly empty tube.

Up ahead, you see Ms. Wilson, your English teacher, smiling widely and walking briskly towards you. When she reaches you, she stops, giving you an approving once over. "My, my, my, don't you look so cute and girlie today, Breanna Joy! Your pigtails and those cute little hair bows are positively precious!" It makes you gasp and writhe with embarrassment as she praises your "precious new" look.

You shake with embarrassment knowing that even the teachers are in on it now. You squirm and fidget right there in the middle of the hallway as you realize that with the approval of the faculty there's no escape for you, no way out. Reluctantly, helplessly, you almost silently respond to your teacher's unwanted encouragement shyly, whispering, "Umm thank you, Ms. Wilson, I uh, well I, I guess I...thanks."

Yes, even the teachers are playing along perfectly now, and you feel ever more entrapped. Ms. Wilson like all of her colleagues is enthusiastically supportive of you, my pretty princess project, I think smugly. She smiles even more widely as she regards you with a slight head bob. You're nervously smoothing your skirt in a deliciously self-consciously girlish gesture.

She recognizes this and can't stifle a knowing laugh. "You don't just look exactly like a pretty little school girl, you also act exactly like one!" she remarks, shaking her head in disbelief at how well you've internalized the lessons I've so demandingly sought to inculcate within you. I've succeeded in changing you far beyond my most ambitious expectations, altering your very personality from that of a typical nondescript boring boy into that of an enticingly attention grabbing scintillating sexy school girl.

As the first morning of your new life as a school girl drags agonizingly onward towards noon, your classmates continue showering you with praise you never wanted and care barely endure. Their wide smiles and generous but teasing compliments buffet you every moment off the day.

The teachers easily, effortlessly refer to you as Breanna Joy. They'd endured you as an over achieving nerd, but had tired of your correcting them when they'd made mistakes. They exclaimed with delight at your new demure and obediently respectful behavior, as well as your unchanged diligent schoolwork.

By lunchtime, I understood all too well that you must be exhausted from constantly responding to everyone as your new feminine self. You take your tray, scanning the busy cafeteria anxiously until Alicia, a former cheerleader whose injury opened up a spot for you on the squad, waves you over.

You approach her table after exhaling a deep calming breath. I relish the Titanic level sinking of your heart as you realize she's seated right beside the lusty football and basketball jocks. Alicia looks every inch the stylish school girl in her short floral dress and wedges.

She smiles at you as warmly as the midday sunshine outside as she says, "Hey Breanna Joy, you look soooo cute today!" She hugs you ardently as she gushes, oozing diabetes invoking sweetness, "I just love that whole sexy girly girl vibe you've got going on, B.J. Here, come sit with us!"

She pats the spot between her and Mike, the cocky six foot ten center, the captain of the school's basketball team.

Up close, Mike reeks of adolescent male sweat and spicy drugstore cologne. He leers at you, complimenting you saying, "Hey babe! I love your 'sexy librarian' look!" He winks as he says this.

You have no idea what he's talking about, and you squirm uncomfortably as his eyes openly undress you. You swallow hard, self consciously and primly smoothing out your tight mini skirt beneath your bubble butt. Then, you cautiously perch daintily on the chair that he chivalrously pulls out for you to sit on.

Ignoring your obvious discomfort, the Goliath continues chatting you up, making you feel ever more squeamish. "Now that you're a cheerleader, the guys and I think you should sit with us every day for now on. We'd love to get to know you better, much better!" he says with another smug, even more suggestive wink.

He seems to delight in your quivering response. Dread fills your eyes at his transparent, predatory intentions. On the outside you may look the part of the pretty little cheer princess I helped the girls design

for you, but inside you are still a straight young guy with all of the same old urges, reactions, and repulsions of any other cis het male.

No one here sees you as anything but an attractive new girl. Not that he cares, but you're still uneasily adjusting to your new feminine role. The enormous jock casually, possessively drapes his arm over your shoulders, encircling your helpless form like an octopus ensnaring its prey. His huge manly hand dangles dangerously close to your bra strap.

I'm watching all of this from a nearby doorway. I suppress a gleeful smile, reveling in your torment on this exhausting first day as Breanna Joy. The knowing glint in Mike's eyes as he leers at you fills me with glee.

He sees you as fresh meat, a sexy new girl to be flirted with and bedded. You may look like that, but that's not how you feel. You're still the same nerd you always were inside, facing your embarrassing and exhausting first day as Breanna Joy. You squirm helpless once again as the gigantic jock openly dominates you there in the cafeteria.

"So Breanna Joy, a bunch of us are going to hang out after school today. You should totally come." His invitation is more of a command. You stammer unintelligibly, trapped under the weight of his arm.

Alicia jumps in, "Oh my gosh, you have to come, Breanna Joy! We're going to go shopping at the mall and get mani-pedis. It'll be so fun to have you there!" Her high pitched gushing makes you want to vomit. But somehow you force an enthusiastic smile and nod at her encouragingly.

"I...I guess I could come for a little bit," you mumble, eyes downcast submissively as you slowly sit, smoothing your skirt beneath you.

Reaching all the way downward from his lofty, human skyscraper stature to meet your petite, feminized form, Mike takes advantage of your demure, defenselessness. He first squeezes and then impertinently massages your delicate shoulders. You feel like he's somehow claiming you as his as you feel his strong fingers kneading your tender flesh.

As if to confirm the possessiveness you're feeling, he declares in triumph, "Awesome! We'll have a great time, won't we babe?" He winks at you aggressively, making you shudder involuntarily.

Inside your disoriented mind, whatever scant shred of masculinity you still retain shakes with impotent protest. Sheer panic rises in your chest. The thought of spending one second more as sexy, feminine

Breanna Joy, surrounded by your curious and leering classmates, makes you want to scream.

All of this makes you want to flee. With your ever thought, you long for escape from this embarrassing enforced emasculation. Aware of your lack of even a stitch of manly clothing, you day dream about liberation from your girlish guise.

You picture yourself running away, then searching frantically until you can find some male clothing to wear. You wish that you could dash off into the boys' locker room, and steal a classmate's clothing. There, you'd strip off your feminine finery, wash away your makeup and perfume, and renounce your femininity once and for all. You hoped that you could then return in someone else's boyish jeans and a t-shirt instead of your current hot girl garb.

You make as if to stand up and run away, to make your day dreams into reality, but one adamant, glowering glare from your look alike Sophia halts you. She fixes you with a dominating stare, holding you helplessly paralyzed in place.

When your pretty painted lips part to protest, her curt head shake conveys a command, "No!" Then, she smiles at you triumphantly as she sees the defeated look on your pretty face.

Her unspoken threat silences your sugary sweet soprano voice in your throat, even before you could manage to say anything on your behalf. Sophia communicates to you, controlling you wordlessly. You're her toy, unable to defy her despite your frustrations and misgivings.

With a tiny, nearly imperceptible nod, you resign yourself to your fate. You sadly realize that this is all part of your intensive training. Over the past weeks, our strict treatment had molded you, programmed you to behave as a submissive, obedient little girl.

"Oh, what fun we'll have after school," Sophia whispers wickedly into your triple pierced ear, "another step toward erasing any trace of your former male self. Soon you will be even more fully immersed in your new feminine role, my darling Twinsie!" You sigh dejectedly fearing that, as usual, your doppelgänger was right.

After school, you gather with “the cool kids,” much against your will. Their usual afternoon included wasting time at the local shopping mall. There, you found yourself in the midst of a whirlwind of excitement and teenage energy. The vibrant atmosphere is filled with the latest pop music blaring from the stores, creating a lively backdrop for the bustling crowds of teens and families.

As you walk through the familiar emporium of private enterprise, you can’t help but notice all of the colorful displays in the store windows, showcasing the latest fashion trends.

Sophia walks next to you, apparently consoling you but actually controlling you. Her bright eyes sparkle with glee as she whispers into your ears, “Hey, B.J., imagine yourself trying on those stylish outfits and accessories!”

She nods her head toward a mannequin clad in a stylish hot pink cocktail mini dress, a shiny satin confection with a daring halter top. Its tight bodice would cling to your slim torso, and the hem would flair flirtatiously outward from your knees. Sophia says, “That shade of pink would look oh so sexy with our color hair. I think we should both buy that dress and wear it to school tomorrow!” This makes you tremble and moan with revulsion as she giggles at you.

The scent of freshly brewed coffee wafts through the air, mingling with the sweet aroma of freshly baked pastries from a nearby bakery. Your stomach growls loudly in response. This reminds you that with all of the stress and anxiety of the day, you’d skipped both breakfast and lunch. It had been more than a dozen hours since you’d last eaten anything.

You decide to take a break from the shopping spree and head towards the food court. Your hunger is so intense that you momentarily break free from Sophia’s domination. Following closely behind you, your “twinsie” giggles and says, “Let’s grab some veggie rolls! Got to watch our girlish figures!”

The variety of delicious smells overwhelm your senses as you pass by the different restaurants. From savory veggie burgers to mouthwatering sushi, the options seem endless. The two of you buy some sushi and ask for cups of water, then you settle at a cozy corner table to consume your food. As you dine, you people watch.

It’s a welcome respite from your overstimulation and hyper vigilance. The mall is a melting pot of personalities and styles. You

observe groups of friends giggling and sharing secrets, couples holding hands and stealing kisses, and families enjoying quality time together.

Just like during your last trip to the mall, the one at which you lost your third bet, no one suspects that you might be a boy. Not a single one of them suspects you're not the pretty girl you appear to be. Feeling chagrined but recharged, you and Sophie continue your exploration of the mall as a pair, not bothering to reunite with the rest of your clique.

You two wander into a trendy boutique, drawn to the racks of colorful dresses and racks of shoes. The friendly sales associates greet you both with warm smiles and offer their assistance. Making you try on different outfits, Sophia openly revels in the exhilarating experience of dominating you.

She smiles knowingly hearing you sigh as you feel the soft fabrics against your skin. She has you twirl in front of the mirror, smiling at seeing how the dresses accentuate your feminine figure.

Your confidence as a fashionista and as a cheerleader princess keeps steadily increasing as she has you strut down the aisle, just like a model on a cat walk. You were unwittingly capturing the attention of countless other shoppers. Taking your helpless compliance as encouragement for your further feminization, Sophia has you join her buying one of the sexy pink satin dresses you'd seen earlier.

She also makes you buy a cute black pleated mini skirt, and a slinky ruby red silk top. These along with some pink skinny jeans, a sporty little romper in a candy striped pattern, and a three pack of sports bras in red, white, and blue. Then, your purchases made, she directs you out of the trendy boutique and onward to the next stop for you on her ad hoc itinerary.

As you make your way to the beauty section of the mall, Sophia peppers you with questions about your transformation and your feelings about it. She pretends to stumble upon La Mystique Feminine Salon. Intrigued by the name, she stepped inside, greeted by the soothing sounds of soft music and the chatter of stylists.

The salon was a haven of relaxation and self-care for most women and girls as they sighed feeling their stress melt away as skilled hands massaged their scalps and pampered them. For you, indulging in unmistakably feminine luxurious treatments assaulted your sense of masculinity.

The hair stylist chats cheerfully, offering you advice on maintaining your new ultra feminine hairstyle as she washes, styles, and blows out your long, pretty pink hair. In the next chair, Sophia is getting the exact same cut. When you're done, you're both scintillating in bouncy, wavy styles that make you both look cuter than cute and sexier than sexy.

The esthetician offers you makeup tips as she paints your face with high end cosmetics. Another girl applies the exact same products to Sophia's face. The nail tech worked quietly and quickly, applying glamor length pink sparkling acrylic nails to your fingers, and painting your toe nails with a matching iridescent polish.

Leaving the salon with a fresh new look, you feel ever more embarrassed and emasculated. This especially when the rest of your clique joins you. It's embarrassing enough when they gush over your new, even sexier appearance. You blush feeling dizzy with humiliation as they all pretend not to be able to tell you and Sophia apart. At least you hope they're just pretending when they call you Sophia and they call her Breanna Joy.

As you barely survive your first day as a school girl, your teachers and classmates marvel at your femininity, remarking on your girlish beauty. You're gorgeous wearing the girlish clothes and makeup I dressed you in and put on you, but your remarkable gender change is much deeper than skin deep, going much further than your clothing and cosmetics.

Your behavior has become unmistakably girlish, astonishing everyone who sees you, even while they all seemingly affectionately call you by your new name, Breanna Joy. By last bell, you're relieved to escape to my waiting car, hoping for a chance to shed your Breanna Joy persona.

Still, we both know all too well that your mortifyingly manic Monday was only the beginning of your public appearances. You'd have to keep showing off your total transformation into the perfect cheerleader princess and school girl teen queen all week long and for fifty one weeks after that.

I can't resist spying on this most remarkable day. As you walk these familiar halls, all the while I watch you, smiling widely, beaming with pride at your flawless femininity. My pretty little project, Breanna Joy!

As your classmates vie for your attention, you mumble vague excuses about having a lot on your mind as you rush ahead of me and duck quickly into my waiting car. As we drive away, I grin over at you. “Sounds like you’re quite the popular girl now, Miss Breanna Joy! Isn’t this fun?”

You slump down in the front passenger’s seat, looking dejected and utterly defeated. “This is pure torture...” you mutter under your breath.

Monday was a most auspicious beginning. I giggle as I anticipate listening to your full report of how it all went. Every word you utter describing your embarrassing emasculation turns me on more and more as I drive us to my home. As soon as we arrive, I grab you and pull you inside, my excitement reaching past a fever pitch.

I smirk as I sit you down and together we recall how humiliating your coming out as a girly girl before all of your fellow students and the school’s faculty went. I hug you and grope you, turned on beyond belief as I listen to you complain about how you’d spent your first day as a feminized former male in school.

My breathing grows labored and my passion builds higher and higher. Soon, my tingling erotic energy approaches electric overload, and I look forward to jumping your bones and having my way with you. I grow impatient, barely able to keep from attacking you to satiate my burgeoning lust.

Your tales of humiliation are my foreplay. When you finish complaining about your first day as a school girl, I can’t even delay my gratification for a second longer. I stand you up, strip you down, and force you to the floor.

I quickly strip off my own slacks and blouse, nearly tearing off the buttons in my furious haste. Then, I drop down beside you, joining you laying there on the brand new Persian rug. I cuddle you, teasing you. I can feel your body trembling with ardent expectancy as you eagerly await my conquest of you. You can’t wait for me to take you, to make you mine once again, you slutty little minx!

There on the floor, I ravish your feminized form. I fully unleash my boundless passion, feasting on your sexy body like a starving woman. I indulge my desires, feeding the fires of my lust, licking your emasculated sex—your artificial pussy. Even I am amazed by how realistic your new vagina looks and feels!

Then, I seek my own pleasure! Carefully but hungrily guiding your mouth and tongue, urging and commanding you to entice and delight my own pussy. I can tell that you want this. That you're all too eager to join me in lesbian bliss as we hurriedly assume a classic sixty nine position.

We lap, kiss, and orally caress each other to orgasm, and roll over onto the floor sighing in ecstasy. Exhausted and satisfied, we smile into each other's eyes. We enjoy our shared afterglow having given one another toe curling orgasms.

We're both still out of breath as we eat a sparse dinner, both carefully counting our calories to maintain our girlish figures. After dinner, I make sure you do your homework, as we stream some unoriginal yet enjoyable rom com. Then, I dress you in an adorable little pink baby doll nightie.

I tenderly tuck you into your pretty princess bed and kiss you on your pretty little forehead. You've had such a big day today, I coo, and you were such a good girl! Tomorrow will be another fun and feminine day, my dearest damsel!

I turn out your bedside lamp, seeing the automatic fairy princess night light go on. I quietly close the bedroom door, hearing the soft, susurring sounds of your somnolent breathing. Sweet dreams, my darling! Rest up, Princess! Tuesday morning is coming all too soon!

Chapter Three: The Rest Of The Week

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were all very much the same as Monday. Each morning I'd enter your room, flinging open the curtains to let the bright morning light spill in, pull off your feminine eye mask, and forcing you to face yet another day as the sexy school girl we'd transformed you into. It's all become our morning routine!

"Rise and shine, Breanna Joy!" I sang each and every morning as I giggled looking down on you and then shaking you from your restless slumber, dragging your mind from the escape of unconsciousness back to the humiliating new reality of your feminized reality.

I absolutely love treating you like my own personal dress up doll. Nothing pleases more than doing your hair and makeup every day and picking out your cute and sexy little outfits each morning from among your extensive, expansive, and fantastically feminine wardrobe!

Tuesday morning I sit beside you on your pink canopy bed, my exuberance washing over you like a wave of sunshine. As is becoming my custom, I sing, "Rise and shine, Breanna Joy!"

I nudge you awake, stirring you from your deep exhaustion induced if not peaceful princess like slumber. You're quite reminiscent of Sleeping Beauty I note, making you squirm with self conscious embarrassment at me comparing you to a fairy tale damsel in distress. With a groan, you sit up, your eyes squinting against the bright, almost too harsh light of the newly dawning day.

"It's Tuesday! Wakey wakey Princess! It's time to get you all pretty!" I say, leaning into the theme that morning.

You're already sitting up, looking anxious. Based on your mortifying experiences Monday morning, you clearly dread your second preschool daily makeover. And with good reason. Today I'm going to hype up your femininity!

Today, I style your hair in loose beachy waves and add a cute light purple butterfly clip that sets off your pink tresses adorably.

Your makeup consists of purple eye shadow, thickly applied black mascara, winged kohl eye liner, and glossy pink lips with rosy blush. I consider sending you to school dressed in a baby pink mini dress with a flouncy tulle skirt, a cute cotton body con confection that screams cheerleader chic.

Paired with sheer white stockings and pink stilettos, you'd look every inch the teen fashionista. I sigh as I picture you wearing it, then I make you model it, shimmying into the tight flirty dress over your iridescent pink satin bra and panties set with sexy white lace trim.

"Look at yourself, Breanna Joy! You're pretty little dolly, all ready for school!" I croon, holding you in front of the full length mirror.

Tears well up in your eyes as you take in your uber girly girl vision. You turn pleadingly to me, then begin sobbing threatening to destroy your elaborate eye makeup that I'd just carefully crafted moments earlier.

I sigh then smile and say, "Fine you brat! That looks is a bit too much for you to wear to school on just your second day. Let's try something else."

After pawing through Jaycee's closet I emerge with another, less outrageous outfit. For today, you'll be wearing an absolutely adorable lavender baby doll dress with a sweetheart neckline instead. I make you slip on that slinky dress, having you leave on your pretty pink lingerie.

I hand you a pair of lace trimmed white socks and purple ballet flats which you dutifully slide over your feet. I clasp a delicate silver chain around your neck, and direct you to add a pair of silver hoop earrings and five silver bangles to complete your "I'm not that innocent" ingenue look.

"Look at you, B.J." I smirk, "it's like you're not even the same somewhat male person who you used to be anymore," I tease, admiring my handiwork.

You stare miserably at the delicate, deliciously feminine creature reflected in the mirror, unable to speak a single syllable of dissent, so I continue teasing you. I smile and say, "Gosh, you're as pretty as a picture! A picture of prissy sissy femininity" I beam, pinching your cheeks.

Then, I usher you into my car and drive you to school. That day, I have some errands to run. So I drop you off at school, giving you an encouraging smile and a kiss on your cheek. I smile at the several cheerleaders who've surrounded the car. Look B.J.! The girls are here to escort you into school again today!

As you reluctantly step out of the car, you smooth down the ruffled hem of the lavender baby doll dress that I'd picked out for you earlier

that morning. That had been mere minutes before, but as you faced yet another day on display, it seems like a life time ago.

I giggle watching you trying in vain to tug it lower on your thighs. It's hard for you to accept that the other option that I'd presented to you that morning had been even more revealing than the sexy outfit you wore. I know that you feel every bit as exposed as you look!

Your experiences Tuesday are much like the previous day's, with one major exception. On this day, you're constantly surrounded by gaggles of giggling girls, both those in your grade as well as some younger and even a few who are older.

They all relentlessly accost you everywhere you go, pestering you by peppering you with intrusive questions and unwanted compliments. Immediately upon entering the school hallways and every step you take, you're swarmed by the cloying, insistent groups of your sister school girls. They surround you, chattering excitedly, demanding your undivided attention, ignoring your nonverbal pleas for privacy and your boundaries, invading your personal space as they encircle you.

"Oh my gosh, I just love your dress!" gushes a cute blonde named Lexi, "tell me where did you get it?" She's wearing an adorable ensemble herself, although hers is far less stimulating. It's a pair of tight skinny jeans in a pale blush hue, teamed with a cute tight off white halter top that clings to her sexy breasts and ties at the nape of her neck in a big, bouncy bow.

She coos as she runs her soft little hands along the delicate material of your own dress, making you gasp and squirm with a combination of embarrassment and arousal. She looks deeply into your eyes and sighs, "I never thought much of you back when you were a tomboy, but I have a thing for girly girls!" You gape back at her in reply, wondering if she's really coming on to you, or just messing with you.

Before you have a chance to ask her to clarify, a tall brunette named Arianna peers closely at your face. "Your makeup is so pretty too, B.J.! I wish I could do my eye liner that perfect. It never comes out that event!"

You mutter that you rely on help from me to achieve such consummate cosmetic artistry saying, "I can't do makeup anywhere near this well, it was all Jasmine!" but the assembled young ladies all shake their heads dubiously.

A stranger asks, "Could you do a makeup tutorial for me? I need tips from a glamor pro like you!"

Immediately five or six other girls also clamber for private lessons from you in cosmetics application. You shrug your shoulders helplessly in wordless reply, wishing they'd just leave you alone. Each of the girls keeps ignoring any social barriers, encroaching on you with impunity.

They're all clearly unable to believe that anyone who was born male could present as such a gorgeous and feminine girl. No less than a dozen different girls demand that you tutor them in the finer points of femininity. This stuns you. You'd never imagined that anyone would ever see you as any kind of expert on beauty!

Finally the bell rings and you unsought entourage reluctantly parts, unblocking your pathway forward. With sad wistfulness, they let you pass through their throng, but not before they extort promises from you that you'd school them on your secrets of girly girl fashion and style.

With a resigned sigh, you plod toward your home room, swishing along in your sexy dress, your little lacy socks, and your girlish purple ballerina flats. You think you're free, but don't get far before yet another group of girls halts you in your tracks.

You're overwhelmed, clutching your books tightly to your chest. This new klatch of curious girls continue peppering you with a whole new barrage of compliments and questions about your clothes, your hair, and your makeup.

"You have to tell us where you got those adorable shoes!" squeals a petite redhead named Gwen. "They're, like, so cute!"

"Do you go tanning? Your legs look so summery!" asks a cute and perky little curly haired freshman girl you don't know.

"We should go shopping together. You clearly have the best style!" Tasha, one of the senior class women suggests.

All the while, you keep your eyes downcast, wishing you could just disappear in a puff of smoke. You stammer out a few unintelligible responses, your cheeks flaming with humiliation.

This is way more attention than you're used to getting from the girls at your school. In fact, your reception couldn't be more starkly different. They used to ignore you or at the most whisper about what a nerd you were. But now, as Breanna Joy, you're suddenly fascinating to them.

You eventually slip away to sit through announcements in homeroom. Whenever you glance up, you see envious stares from the girls and lustful looks from the guys. You wonder how you can survive living as such a desirable girl.

Your first few classes pass in a blur of similar stares, as well as whispers. Whenever anyone speaks to you, they're addressing you as "Breanna Joy" or "B.J." You cringe every time you hear anyone call you that, your new name feeling foreign and wrong, and your nickname sounding salaciously suggestive of oral sex.

You somehow manage to make it through the demoralizing day, and meet me at my car after a long, nearly unendurable day. After a modest dinner of a garden salad with balsamic vinaigrette dressing, we watch a chick flick sitting together on the couch until you pass out, exhausted by your ordeals. I lead you to Jaycee's room. There, I dress you in a silky nighty and put you to bed.

Wednesday morning, you seem to feel much better. Still, that's not saying a whole lot. As soon as the sunlight hits your face that morning, you jolt awake with a panicked look on your pretty face.

I giggle at you and chirp like an early morning bird. Time for a peppy cheerleader style! Your outfit for today is a hot pink pleated miniskirt and white crop top that will show off just a sliver of your tight, toned midriff. White knee-high socks and pink sneakers will complete the ensemble.

For Hump Day, I decide to really play up your feminine charm, dolling up your pretty pink hair into tight ringlets using a curling iron. Then I pull half of your pretty hair up into a high perky ponytail, leaving the rest flowing down in bouncy curls. A bright bubble gum pink bow at the crown of your head adds a pop of color.

Your makeup is sun-kissed—sparkly gold shadow, rosy cheeks, and shiny pink lips. To finish, I draw tiny hearts with liquid liner on your cheeks. I slather on doll like makeup, making you look fabulously feminine.

Your sour expression as we drive to school makes it clear to me that you hate looking like a porcelain figurine. You sigh sadly knowing that you have yet another day as a school girl ahead of you

This can't be real you think. You peek around the cafeteria and accidentally make eye contact with your stalker, the six foot ten basketball stud, Mike. He winks at you lasciviously and blows you a flirtatious kiss. Mortified, you put your head down on the table and pray for this day to end.

After school, while changing into your practice cheer uniform in the girls' locker room, you overhear two volley ball players talking.

"Ugh, I hate how all the boys are fawning over Breanna Joy now," Ingrid, one of the girls, complains. She's an amazonian red head, at least six feet tall with blue eyes and a sexy athletic body.

"I know! It's so stupid!" the other jockette, the five foot ten Elisa agrees. "It's not like B.J. is even that hot. They just like her because she's the new girl."

You peak around the corner to see who's speaking about you this way. You watch as the brunette shakes her head, flinging her long hair back and forth as she smoothes her skin tight volley ball uniform into place.

Alicia, an impressed looking blonde girl your age, says in a shocked but admiring tone, "I know, right? But you have to hand it to her. Her outfit is always on point. I wish I had her fashion sense." This, as she puts her somewhat frumpy outfit into her gym locker and closes it tight, spinning the dial on her lock.

It's not that she's wrong. You're well aware that you'd slayed every day in school, wearing one sexy ensemble I'd dressed you in after another.

Alicia, the daughter of a single father, is sorely in need of feminine fashion advice. The shortest of the trio of volleyball athletes, she is still much taller than you are at five foot nine versus your slight five foot four frame.

You know that her long, lean, lithe and shapely body would tower over yours if you'd had the courage to step out of your hiding place to confront these three young women. Back when you were still sort of a boy, you'd always seen them as among the most attractive girls in the whole school.

They'd been way out of your league back then. They'd never give you a second thought. Now, they were obviously jealous of you! The idea that they'd envy your looks, your ability to attract male attention, makes your head spin.

Hearing the other two grudgingly agree with Alicia that you were a stylishly dressed young fashionista makes you blush self consciously. You feel like saying that you hadn't chosen any of this, that you didn't know anything about what clothes, make up or accessories made a girl attractive.

You knew that I had picked out each of your outfits for you down to the most minute details. That I'm the one who had the great fashion sense they were praising you for, if only resentfully. Still, you can't help but feel just a tiny bit of satisfaction at hearing these gorgeous girls your age complaining about the new stylish, alluring you.

Yes, I know! You absolutely hate the idea of men viewing you as a sex object. You especially hate having to present as a sexy young girl all day every day at school, knowing that hundreds of boys your age were staring at you, drooling over you. Even so, hearing the three volley ball stars expressing their envy gave you some sense of vengeance.

At least you now know that some of the same girls who had looked down on you—both physically and socially—aren't any more thrilled by all of the rabid male attention you've been receiving since your feminization than you are yourself. All said, that's little consolation for you however, as you watch seemingly endless waves horny boys lining up to hit on you.

They'd been girls all their lives, and as such they were able to effortlessly fend off unwanted attention from overly aggressive guys. You had no such experience, and that left you helpless, confused, and utterly vulnerable. You look around wide eyed, seeking some support.

You feel clueless and exposed, like an isolated, wounded animal cut off from the protection of the rest of the herd. This, as all of the young men who see you keep staring at you, devouring you with their emboldened ravenous eyes, as if you're some kind of delectable dessert.

You hope that soon they'll move on to the next shiny new object. That they'll lose interest as soon as you cease to be novel and exciting. You can't wait for that day to come. For this suffocating attention to dissipate. Unfortunately for you, that's not going to happen any time soon.

You'll learn to your dismay that, while fads come and go, true beauty and stunning sex appeal like yours are timeless. You're either blessed with both attractiveness and allure, or else maybe it's more accurate to say that you're cursed? It all depends on your point of view.

Either way, as one of the glamorous cheerleaders, you've become a sort of sex symbol in school.

After school came cheer practice, by far your least favorite part of the day. Coach Hannah and I ran you and the rest of the cheer squad through grueling routines. Your sister cheerleaders alternated between encouraging you and giggling at you each time you lost your balance or missed a step.

"C'mon Breanna Joy, you're one of us now!" Sarah teased as you panted and sweated, "you have to step it up, Girl! You have to get yourself ready!"

"Yeah!" Ava added, "The pep rally and football game are coming up on Friday!"

And so it went each afternoon out on the practice field. As if becoming a teenage girl wasn't disorienting enough, you also have to acclimate yourself to being on display as a school girl with too many of your classmates to count looking forward to seeing you take your place among the rest of the squad as a cheerleader.

To say you have trouble concentrating as you go through the motions of learning cheers and routines would be an understatement. All you can think about is how surreal your life has become in just a few short weeks as losing a few bets has transformed you into a cute little cheer girl!

You never thought that you'd miss being invisible and overlooked, but you long for your lost masculinity even though it meant total obscurity. The constant spotlight on you as Breanna Joy is exhausting, as well as uncomfortable and disorienting. Each hour seemed to get worse as you dragged yourself through each day as a school girl and a cheerleader.

After practice, you change back into your regular clothes with relief, feeling like you can finally breathe again. This even though your "regular clothes" are no longer blue jeans and a ratty t-shirt. Oh no! Now, your wardrobe is that of a sexy little teen princess. All of your sartorial selections are now limited to trendy, fashionable female ensembles.

That day, you're clad in a cute little pale pink romper decorated with darker pink valentine's hearts. You look absolutely adorable in it! It's cut in such a way that you have to wear a thong beneath it to avoid embarrassing visible panty lines. "Can't have any VPLs!" Sarah giggles

as she watches you dress yourself after the latest humiliating team shower.

Of course no one objects to you getting naked in the locker room with the other girls. After all, your genitalia are all alike, since I locked your tiny scrap of manhood behind your new faux vagina! The first time you'd been subjected to this excruciating emasculation, all of the other cheerleaders were intensely curious.

Sarah and Ava held you helplessly, gripping your arms in their tight embrace and displaying your naked body to the rest of the girls. Your look alike Sophia took the lead in examining your newly fully feminized anatomy, using her pretty little fingers to hold your pussy lips open for all to see. You struggled in vain trying to escape this mortifying inspection, and wriggled helplessly as one girl after another poked a probing finger deep inside your girlish opening.

They all marveled at how deliciously feminine your genitals now appear! Mia said, "Oh my gawd! I can't believe how realistic she looks and feels! There's no way to tell she ever was a guy!"

Smiling, Sarah said, "I wonder how this could even be possible! Maybe she never was a boy at all?"

Sophia smirked, "That would explain a lot, including how she looks so much like me! I'd hate it if a boy could be my Twinsie! It's a relief to know she has a cute little coochie just like the rest of us!"

Of course them seeing your gender completely feminized was horrendously humiliating enough. Having them push into it, toying with your entrapped little penis was beyond humiliating. You were torn between trying to break free and some paralyzing desire to surrender to the growing bliss their teasing touches were arousing deep inside you.

This is wrong! Your flickering masculine ego screamed. I have to get out of this somehow! Your inner guy cried out desperately, fighting against this latest subjugation into emasculated helplessness. Still, you couldn't help yourself from getting aroused by them as they giggled and teased, stimulating your tiny imprisoned cockette, as they touched and tickled it.

You reacted exactly as if it were a girl's clit they were tweaking and tormenting, squirming in their grasp, gasping as they massaged your tiny button. Your moans only spurred them on as they realized you were acting exactly like the sexy girl I'd made you look like.

“OMG! She’s acting just like a slut in heat!” Sarah giggled feeling you gyrate in her armlock. She marveled at how femininely you were reacting, even as she tightened her hold on you, keeping you in place. She and Ava worked together, preventing your escape.

You begged for release, as your look alike used her fingers to fondle you further and further into ecstasy. “I know how to please a girl!” Sophia smiled, and she kept increasing the speed and precision of her stimulating motions. Before long, your knees buckled as you cried out. Your entire body shaking with the release you needed.

Exhausted, you drag yourself to my car, where I would fuss over you like a doting mother. After this latest particularly pornographic and pernicious post practice work out, I drive you home, fondling you the entire way. Once I’ve gotten you home, where we can be together alone, I strip you, strap on my harness, and ride you like the sexy little vixen I’ve turned you into.

For your second orgasm of the day, you don’t hold back. You yelp, simper, and moan each time my masculinized thrusts stroke deeply inside you, pushing against your former cock that I turned into a little clitty. Your writhing and whimpering spur me on to ever more commanding, demanding movements as I invade your inviting little pussy once more, feeding my desire and conquering you as I had before. This time with even more passion, more domination, causing you to experience even more profound degradation than ever before.

After I finish using your body for my pleasure, I leave you hyperventilating there in my little sister’s room. Curled up in her canopy bed with its lacy pink linens, you close your eyes. Yes, you’d experienced a pair of toe curling climaxes, but being taken as if you were a helpless girl leaves you wishing desperately that you could somehow wake up from this never ending emasculated nightmare.

As you sigh and beg the universe for liberation from your feminization, the truth of your situation stares back at you from the mirrored vanity across the room from your bed, the truth that you were no longer just a boy no one knows.

You knew even though you couldn’t readily accept that you were Breanna Joy yet, before long you would have to accept that the coming year would be full of many more days just like these. You try to take some solace by reminding yourself that this wasn’t forever. It was just for a year.

A year! It had only been a few days! You'd have to endure all of that over nearly three hundred and sixty more days of these endless indignities! All you could do was try your best to survive each and every ensuring daily test of your new feminine identity. This, even though you knew that each new test would only be that much more humiliating.

Even after just short of a week of feminized humiliation, you realized that all you could do was try to live thought it day by day. You simply had no idea just how embarrassing your seemingly endless processions of days living as a pretty young school girl named Breanna Joy would be for you.

Chapter Four: It's All Too Much

The next day, by lunchtime, you have a pounding headache from the constant stress of pretending to be someone you're not. You skip out on the several invitations to eat with various cliques, the cheerleaders, the female jocks, the show choir, even the band geeks.

Even your iPhone offered no relief. as you scrolled through them. Some comments were supportive, praising your courage and embracing your newfound femininity. Others, however, were cruel and mocking, tearing apart your masculinity and ridiculing your transformation.

@QueenBee commented: "Wow, Breanna Joy, you are slaying that look! Embrace your true self, girl!"

@HaterGurl wrote: "This is just sad. Can't believe he's actually enjoying being a girl. What a joke!"

@Fashionista101 added: "Breanna Joy, you are giving me major style envy! Keep rocking those outfits!"

@MachoMan69 posted: "I can't believe this dude actually thinks he's a girl. It's pathetic!"

The comments continue to pour in, creating a wave of embarrassing emotions within you. On one hand, you were ashamed of your transformation and take the support you received from some people as humiliating. On the other hand, the negative comments made you doubt yourself and question if you were able to cope with your new life as Breanna Joy—the new school girl and cheer princess.

As the notifications keep coming, you decide to take a break from social media and focus on your tumultuous journey of self-discovery. You realize that the opinions of others shouldn't define your happiness or sense of self-worth, still you find it excruciating that so many strangers from around the world were closely following your feminization.

I explain that it was time to embrace your true self and find strength in your own convictions. With the support of me, your assistant

cheer coach, your cheer coach Hannah, and the other cheerleaders, you continue to explore your femininity.

We help you experiment with different hairstyles, teach you how to walk with grace and confidence, and encourage you to express your emotions more freely. The previous weekend prepared you somewhat for what faced you at school

Still, all week long, your conversion draws ever more attention. Classmates giggle and whisper as you clip-clop down the halls in your short skirt and high heels. Teachers greet you warmly as “Breanna Joy,” praising your markedly improved performance in class. Your male friends mostly keep their distance, intimidated and confused by your change in appearance, although a few hit on you.

Lunchtime is the hardest part of the entire daily ordeal for you. That was when the cheerleaders make you sit with them at the “popular” table. The basketball and football players competed for your attention, flexing their muscles and making borderline lewd remarks, including some of which you couldn’t even understand. Still, you pick up on the rolled eyes and exasperated sighs of the other girls at the table.

From the girls’ reactions, you gather the gist of the boys’ snide, suggestive, and sexualized comments. Their obnoxious overtures and attitudes make you squirm, and you don’t like them. You blush and look down, praying for the bell to ring. All of this confirms that today is apparently “hit on the new girl day.”

All day long, boys keep badgering you, paying attention to you, and demanding your attention. At your locker, a gangly boy who you know well leans against the neighboring locker, trying but failing to look casual. As you gather your books, he clears his throat nervously.

“Uh, hi, you’re Breanna Joy, right?” He avoids making eye contact with you, his cheeks flushed. “I’m Eric. But um, er, ah, well, you know that? So, um, ah, er, I was wondering if, I don’t know, maybe you might want to, ah, er, maybe, um, well...go out sometime? With me?” His voice cracks mid-sentence. “We could, er ah, um, ah, get some pizza or maybe see a movie or something? Together?”

You stare back, astonished. You see Eric, one of your best friends. His face with its acne and thick “coke bottle” glasses is almost as familiar to you as your own. This, dating back to kindergarten, well before your feminization.

You wonder, “What the hell is going on? Is Eric really asking me out? This is stunning, shocking, even mind blowing to you.

“Oh, uh, um, err, I, uh...” you stutter, at a loss for actual words. You feel your cheeks burning, your mind reeling, unable to process this latest disorientation, you feel like melting into a puddle of utterly humiliated goo. You wondered how you could deal with this bizarre unfathomable situation.

You’d been on the other side of this awkward interaction more times than you could count. Time after time, you’d barely managed to summon sufficient courage to ask out some girl. You took your shot, but said girl made it all too clear that she considered herself far out of your league.

Dozens and dozens of girls turned you down, sometimes smiling warmly with kindness and at least some consideration. Other times with a cold laugh, speaking dismissively with contemptuous words dripping with cruelty, even bordering on sadism.

In every case, you’d felt devastated. Understanding how it felt to be rejected, you’re seeking the delicate, diplomatic statement you need to let your old friend down gently. This urge barely beating out your horror and anger at Eric for putting you into this uncomfortable compromised position.

You wonder, “How could he do this to me! He’s has to know that I’m only into girls, not guys! How dare he...” Before you can complete that thought, a cheerful voice interrupts.

“She’d love to!” You turn to see Sarah, the captain of the cheer squad and your emerging arch tormentress, skipping up behind you. She loops her arm through yours and beams at Eric. “In fact, she’s free this Saturday, just in case you want to take her to the Welcome Back Dance!”

“R-r-really?” Eric’s face lights up. “Yeah, that would be awesome! I’ll pick you up at 7?” He looks at you hopefully.

Numbly, you nod, not knowing how else to respond. Eric grins and saunters off. Sarah immediately starts gushing. “Oh my gosh, he is sooooo cute! You have to let me come over to help you get ready. Maybe Sophia will let you borrow a sexy party dress and five inch ‘come fuck me pumps’ for your date!”

You’re in demand, but you’re too overcome with humiliation to face anyone. Your stomach churns with anxious nausea far too debilitating to even think of eating. After a low key woman search, a few

of the cheerleaders, Sarah and Mia find you hiding in the girls' locker room.

"You don't look so good, Girl," Sarah says.

Nodding, Mia asks, "Is it your time of the month?" before she realizes her error. Both of your beautiful squad mates giggle loudly at that, and as they walk away you hear Mia protest, "What! She's so convincing as a girl I sometimes forget she doesn't have a menstrual cycle!"

Almost out of earshot you hear Sarah say, "Did you see what Coach Jasmine did to her? Her tiny little dick is hidden, glued into a cute little fake pussy!"

"Oh my gawd no!" you moan, "I can't believe they've already noticed!" You cringe and shudder in abject humiliation, realizing that your sister cheerleaders are talking about your feminized genitals. You wonder if the rest of the school knows, and if not, how soon they all will hear about your total emasculation.

The afternoon is more of the same. In Physics class Ellen, a beautiful auburn haired girl who's ignored you your whole life, keeps gushing about your flawless complexion. She makes you blush saying, "OMG, Breanna Joy, your skin is like perfect!" and asking you, "tell me, what skin products do you use?"

In History, you feel the eyes of some of the boys in the back focusing on you like laser beams, scanning your nubile body in your snug, sexy pale purple baby doll dress.

During the free period in the library, you try to hide back in the stacks only to have a pair of freshman girls recognize you. They beg you to take some selfies with them. You try to brush them off, but you're Internet famous and they refuse to take "no" for an answer.

Making too much noise for you to keep your hiding place secret for long, risking your exposure, they compel you to stand up between them. They pose you like a fashion model. Their phones click away, pointed at the three of you, with you forced into making duck faces and other goofy expressions at their command.

On the way to meet me at my car after school, loud and urgent questions and demands burst forth from a group of your sister cheerleaders. Again, as usual, squad captain Sarah is your nemesis.

She confronts you before you can leave saying, "Don't you remember? You have to join the squad practicing today, Breanna Joy!"

Meeting your vacant eyed fifty mile stare with her own intense glare, Sarah harshly admonishes you, “I can’t believe you forgot!” she shouts, shaking her head.

One of the football players looking on embarrasses you further by saying, “So glad you’re on the squad, Babe! We need someone as cute as you cheering us on!” That comment didn’t sit well with the other cheerleaders who exchanged perturbed glances. What a change this was for you! From a male non entity to making the cheerleaders jealous!

Your former understated look with stringy hair and oversized hoodies made you all but unknown to the popular crowd back when you were a guy. But suddenly, with your made up face, long pink locks, pretty painted nails, and especially your curve hugging, super sexy feminine clothes, you've gone from invisible to irresistible.

The already awkward situation got even worse when another football jock added, “Seriously, with those sexy legs, you’re going to look so damn tasty prancing around in the uniform!”

Looking on and laughing, I bring your practice outfit over to you and escort you into the girls’ locker room. There, I force you to change into the cute little short shorts and tight crop top. I slap you on your ass and bring you out to the soccer field where the rest of the squad is already lined up to begin practice.

You feel dizzy with the surreal nature of this interaction. But it’s only the start. Throughout the morning, you’re asked out by four more boys, including football players you've never spoken to before. Shy nerds, cocky jocks, stoner musicians—it seems your feminine transformation has garnered attention from every type.

Each time you blush and stammer meaningless replies until your enthusiastic sister cheerleaders intervene and accept on your behalf. By lunch, you collapse gratefully into your seat, face burning from the non-stop male attention. You pick at your food as the cheerleaders chatter happily around you about potential outfits for all your new dates.

Thursday Morning, I decide to go for an edgy look. After my usual rise and shine routine, I style your hair in an edgy, choppy look and play up your eyes with bold liner and shadow. I add thick coats of mascara, bold blush, and the matte berry gloss I choose to use on you brings out your full, kissable lips.

A fitted black tee with the cheer logo across the chest, paired with a red miniskirt and a faux leather jacket in silver, gives you major cool girl

vibes. Black booties with a silver chain and three inch heels add a lot of height and a lot of swagger. This ensemble makes you look dangerously cool. Your glowering expression inadvertently completes the moody bad girl vibe.

“You look so Fierce!” I pronounce, admiring my work. You tug uncomfortably at the miniskirt, clearly hating how the tight top shows off your new curves. “Oh stop, you look hot!” I scold you playfully. You shudder and stare stonily ahead, avoiding the mirror.

At your locker as you fumble with your purse and text books, you feel a presence sidle up next to you. This was exactly how Eric, your erstwhile best friend turned unwanted suitor, roped you into a date at the Welcome Back Dance. That cringe inducing memory winds you up, making you feel like screaming and lashing out at whoever was approaching you.

Expecting another awkward boy proposition, you’re surprised when you turn and see the school counselor, Ms. Evans, smiling kindly at you. “Good morning Breanna Joy. Do you have a moment to talk in my office?”

You nod silently, dread swirling in your gut as you follow her. This can’t be good. Ms. Evans settles herself behind her desk and gestures for you to take a seat.

“So Breanna Joy,” she begins gently, “I understand that you are transitioning and beginning a new phase in your life as a young woman. I want you to know that I'm here to support you in any way I can during this time.”

You shift uncomfortably in your seat, staring down at your lap.

“Your guardian Jasmine has reached out to me, and we both agree it would be helpful to connect you with our local transgender support resources.” She slides a pamphlet across the desk. It has a photo of a smiling teen girl on the front along with text reading “Being Our True Selves: A Guide To Transitioning.”

“Inside this pamphlet you’ll find information about local youth groups, mental health services, and medical providers that specialize in gender transition care,” Ms. Evans continues. “Including therapists, endocrinologists, and surgeons.”

You feel dizzy as she talks about hormone replacement therapy and boxes to check for desired procedures on the form. You shake your head

seeing services including facial feminization, breast augmentation, and bottom surgery. This is not at all how you envisioned your senior year.

“I know this is a major life change,” Ms. Evans says kindly. “My hope is that with the right support, we can make your transition as smooth and comfortable as possible. My door is always open if you need to talk.”

You murmur a thank you and keep your eyes down as you leave her office, the pink pamphlet crumpled up in your fist. The rest of the day passes in a haze. You go through the motions in your classes and at cheer practice, feeling disconnected from everything around you.

On the ride home, I chatter happily about weekend plans for mall trips and salon visits to further your feminization. As we pull up to the house, I turn and see silent tears running down your cheeks.

“What’s wrong sweetie?” I ask, concern in my voice.

You just shake your head, unable to put words to the profound sense of loss you feel. Loss of your former identity. Loss of control over your own life. Loss of your very self. We take a break from sex, as I cuddle you—first on the couch watching chick flicks on TV, and then on Jaycee’s bed.

That night, tucked into your silky pink bed covers, you stare up at the ceiling in grief as you mourn for the person you used to be. Sadness and helplessness well up into liquid surrender, and spills forth from your eyes in the form of hot, salty tears that trickle down your cheeks. Exhausted, you eventually cry yourself to sleep, tears leaving glistening tracks on your smooth feminine face.

Still, your first week as a cheerleader and a school girl went as well as you could have expected. The first few days were the height of humiliation, as your close friends, the other students, your teachers, and even total strangers teased you about your delicate femininity.

You looked back at the past week. At school, you felt self-conscious as students gawked at you in the halls. You stared at the floor, clutching your books. In class, you couldn’t focus, acutely aware of the stares and whispers. The teachers called you “Miss Breanna Joy,” which sounded strange and also humiliatingly emasculating.

During cheer practice yesterday, I frowned watching you nervously, as you kept fumbling with your pom poms, struggling stiffly with your steps while trying to keep up with the choreography.

“Chin up B.J., keep trying, you’ll get it,” I said supportively.

After practice, to take your mind off of your failures, Hannah took you shopping for clothes including bras and panties in the juniors section of the local department store. You blushed as you soon found yourself helplessly trying on several pretty, lacy options under her commanding attention.

Back at home, before school that very morning you'd smoothed your cheer skirt and posed in front of the mirror. You no longer saw a boy, but a blossoming young woman. It felt embarrassingly, emasculatingly wrong to you.

You still felt out of place as a cheerleader. This even though you'd learned the cheers remarkably quickly. I smile, knowing that you have already made significant strides toward fully embracing your femininity.

After that, things died down in school, and everyone began to accept you as one of the girls. That is, until Friday. That was the day you'd have to wear your cheer uniform all day in school for the pep rally, just like the rest of the girls.

I remind you about the next day's excitement. Tomorrow, on Friday morning you'll make your official premier as a cheerleader. You'll walk down the halls in your sexy uniform. As you do, your promenade will show you off to dozens if not hundreds of other students and the faculty. As you show yourself off in your uni, one after another they'll remark on your sexy, feminine, cheer girl style.

Everyone, or at least almost everyone will warmly welcome you to the well regarded spirit squad, even as they'll gape at you. Most of all, they'll make it very clear that you're universally accepted as one more girl on the cheerleading team! I bet you can't wait! What's that? You're not so sure they'll accept you? I'm tempted to make a bet with you on that. I'll let it go though. This time at least!

As the day of the Welcome Home Dance approached, the excitement in the air was palpable—for most of the students, if not for you. The other cheerleaders were buzzing with anticipation, eager to help you get ready for your special date with Eric. They all saw this as a chance for them to make you truly embrace your newfound femininity and shine as the beautiful girl you had become.

I, as the ever supportive assistant cheerleading coach, gathered the rest of the girls together with you in Jaycee's room. They all giggled at you, knowing that you'd gone to sleep each night and awakened each morning in this girlies of girly girl rooms.

“I have to say, Breanna Joy, your room is totes adorbs!” Sarah said.

“Totes McGoats!” Sophia giggled, “I love how the walls are adorned with colorful pom-poms and motivational posters!”

Ava agreed saying, “I know right? It’s so extra how everything in here creates an atmosphere of cheertastic positivity!”

The room was filled with laughter and chatter as they discussed their plans for the evening.

“Alright, ladies,” I began, my voice filled with enthusiasm. “Tonight is a huge night for Breanna Joy. We want to make sure she looks absolutely stunning. Let’s help her pick out the perfect outfit for her date with Eric!”

The cheerleaders all exchanged excited glances, eager to assist in your latest feminization. They’d spent hours scouring fashion magazines and online stores, carefully selecting five different outfits for you, each one more feminine than the previous choice.

Each ensemble represented a different style, ranging from elegant and sophisticated to flirty and fun, but all of them would look simply adorable on you. With the outfits laid out on your pretty princess bed, the girls gathered around, their eyes gleaming with anticipation.

They took turns describing each ensemble, highlighting the unique features and accessories that accompanied them. The room was filled with animated discussions and playful debates as they weighed the pros and cons of each outfit. Five different girls each presented a complete outfit, arguing why her suggestion should be chosen for you to wear to the dance.

Outfit number one is a very flirty ensemble suggested by Mandi, a petite brunette cheerleader with piercing icy blue eyes. As she holds up a delicate lace bralette with matching panties in a vibrant shade of pink she explains, “The soft lace and feminine color of this set will perfectly accentuate your curves, B.J., making you look oh so irresistibly adorable!”

She suggests adding a sheer, ruffled baby doll mini dress in a matching pink hue saying, “This will flow gracefully around your figure, adding an extra touch of flirtiness!” She smirks as she holds it up against you and the assembled girls closely examine you, imagining how cute you’ll look in the skimpy dress. “Pair this with some cute kitten heels and some delicate jewelry! You’ll be the belle of the ball, Breanna Joy!”

Katie says. “Yes! A delicate girl like Breanna Joy needs delicate jewelry!” as she unveils a dazzling set of jewelry consisting of a delicate necklace, matching earrings, and a sparkling bracelet. The necklace features a pendant adorned with a shimmering sapphire, complementing the blue tones of Breanna Joy’s eyes. Katie explains that the jewelry set would add a touch of elegance and sophistication to any outfit, making Breanna Joy feel like a true princess.

The next outfit was an elegant evening dress, recommended by Katie, the one of the cheerleaders who is taller and bigger than you. She shows the rest of the girls a stunning floor-length gown in a deep royal blue shade.

She says, “This dress features a sweetheart neckline, a fitted bodice, and a flowing skirt that will swish sensuously with every step Breanna Joy takes!” She gushes, Check out the intricate beading and sequin details! They’ll catch the light and make Breanna Joy shine like a true princess and attract every eye at the dance!” She twists the knife saying, “Wear this and you’ll make Eric cream in his pants when he looks at you!”

That comment turns your stomach. You groan and want to spit as you imagine that your new feminized body might cause your friend turned lover boy come at the sight of your sexy sultry new appearance. In fact, you feel like you’re going to throw up at the thought of it. This makes all the girls giggle at you again.

Your look alike Sophia presents a pair of sleek, black stiletto heels with a glossy finish. She mentions that these heels would not only add height to your stature but they will also elongate your legs, giving you a more confident and feminine stride.

She playfully adds, “Won’t it be just so cute hearing the sexy click-clack sound of these heels on the dance floor as Eric leads B.J. all around in his strong manly arms?” She giggles loudly at your shocked expression, “That would make everyone’s heads turn and draw attention to Breanna Joy’s newfound feminine grace and poise!”

Sarah, Mandi and Katie present a collection of adorable hair accessories. They hold out a series of colorful hair bows, ribbons, barrettes, and hair clips. Some plain, some adorned with flowers, but each one an unmistakably girly item.

Ava says, “What about this sparkly tiara? It’s fit for a cheerleader princess! In fact, any of these accessories would add a playful and girly

touch to your hairstyle, whether you choose to wear your hair up in a ponytail or let it cascade!”

After much deliberation, the cheerleaders decided to take a vote to determine which outfit you would wear. Each girl wrote down her choices on a slip of paper and placed it in a decorative box. With a mischievous smile, I tally up the votes, building up the suspense.

“And the winner is...” I announce, my voice filled with excitement. “Outfit number three!”

Cheers erupt throughout the room as the girls celebrate their decision. Outfit number three was the stunning, floor-length gown in a vibrant shade of royal blue. It has intricate beading and a flowing skirt that will accentuate your graceful girlish movements on the dance floor.

With the outfit chosen, the cheerleaders waste no time in helping you finish getting ready. They apply your makeup to make you look your girlish best. As your fancy dance approaches, the cheerleaders gather around you, eager to transform her into the epitome of beauty and femininity. They’re determined to make you shine bright like a diamond in the sky on that special night.

With their expert hands and playful banter, they set to work, their excitement palpable. First, they guide you to a comfortable chair, positioning you in front of a large mirror adorned with twinkling lights. The room is filled with the soft hum of a hairdryer and the sweet scent of perfume and hairspray.

The cheerleaders, armed with an array of cosmetics and hairstyling tools, surrounded you, their eyes gleaming with mischief and anticipation. Mandi, with her nimble fingers and artistic flair, takes charge of your makeup. She starts by applying a light, flawless foundation, carefully blending it into your skin to create a smooth canvas. Next, she accentuates your delicate features with a touch of rosy blush, giving your cheeks a natural, healthy glow.

Katie, known for her expertise in eye makeup, takes over, selecting a palette of shimmering eyeshadows to enhance your eyes, making them mesmerizing. With precision and finesse, she sweeps a soft, champagne shade across your lids, adding depth and dimension. Then, she delicately lines your eyes with a thin stroke of black eyeliner, creating a subtle cat eye effect that makes your eyes appear even more alluring.

Meanwhile, Mandi moves on to your lips, opting for a soft, feminine shade of pink. She carefully applies a creamy lipstick, ensuring

that the color perfectly complements your peaches and cream complexion. The result is a luscious pout that exudes seductive, flirty femininity.

As those two cheerleaders work their magic on your face, other girls tend to your hair, transforming it into a stunning masterpiece. Sophia, with her practiced hands and creative vision, takes the lead. She gently brushes through your long pink locks removing any tangles and knots, before deciding on the perfect hairstyle for you. After much deliberation, she settles on an elegant updo, a cascade of intricate braids and twists that frames your face beautifully.

With each twist and turn, she secures the hairstyle with bobby pins. She says, “These will hold your pretty hair in place, ensuring that your look will withstand the night’s festivities and any extracurricular activities!”

She waggles her eye brows suggestively at that, making you groan and making all of the other girls giggle. “To add a touch of glamor to your ‘do,” she says, “I’ll adorn your updo with some delicate, sparkling hair accessories!” She slides sparkling barrettes covered in glittering rhinestones into your hair saying, “There! That’s such a seductive look for you, Princess!”

“So true, Soph!” Sarah says, “and don’t worry, B.J. We’ll help you recreate this sexy look on Saturday to help you seduce Eric!”

When you start to protest, “Seduce him? There’s no fucking way —” she cuts you off with a harsh, dominant, commanding look.

She reaches out and grabs your face, squishing your cheeks firmly, slightly painfully. “Listen to me, girly!” she growls, “you’re going to show Eric ‘a good time’ on Saturday, whether you like it or not! If that nerd doesn’t get his rocks off, you’re going to sorry! Very sorry! You got that?”

You nod dejectedly realizing that this meant you’d not only be out on a date with Eric, but much worse, you’d have to please your best friend as if you were a slutty girl! The thought left you feeling wretched and as if you were about to retch.

Now dreading the upcoming dance more than you imagined possible, you once again thought, “This is all too much!” As bad as this impending ordeal would be, before that debasing experience, you had yet another humiliating feminizing ordeal on tap. The next day would be Friday. Your first pep rally as a cheerleader!

~ End of Book Five ~
Continued in Book Six

Afterward By The Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book, the fifth book in an all new series! I hope you [try some of my other stories as well](#). Some are even edgier while others are much sweeter and more sentimental than this one. Please [give them a look on Amazon: www.amazon.com/Mindi-Harris/e/B00YYY6NL8](#)

I am fortunate to have so many kind, enthusiastic fans. I hope that you liked reading this book as much as I liked writing it! If so, and if you want me to keep writing more books like this, please give me a 5 star rating and a great review. Do so anonymously if you feel that's best. That would help me so much!

This series was 100% from my imagination, but you can hire me to bring your inner girl (or dream girl) to life through "[Buy Me A Coffee](#)." To commission a story using *your plot* with *you* as a main character, **use this link:**

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Thank you again, Dear Reader! I love and need you! I couldn't and wouldn't write or publish anything without your kind support!

XOXO

Mindi