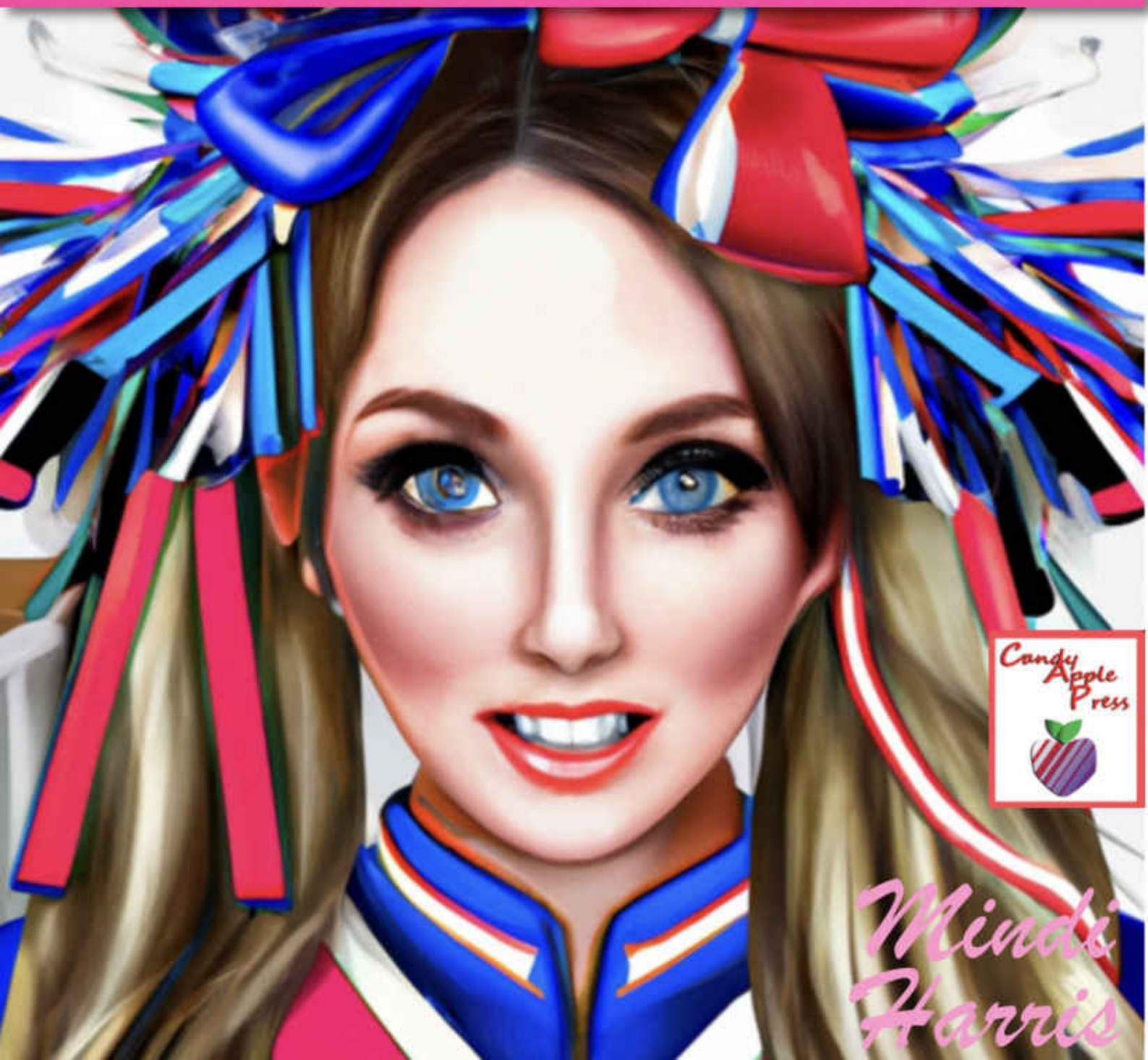


Fully Feminized Forever From Four Foolish Bets 1

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*

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Sneak Preview

As you're well aware, my name is Jasmine. You also know that I'm the assistant cheerleading coach at the nearby school. To be honest, I've always wanted to take a guy and turn him into a pretty, feminine cheerleader. I have some fantastic ideas in mind for your transformation into a cheerleader princess! So do the rest of the cheerleaders!

I can't wait to embrace this once in a lifetime opportunity to emasculate an arrogant male—you, actually—and feminize you into a fabulous cheer girl. Let's dive into this cheerleading adventure with full enthusiasm and embrace your new cute feminine name and identity. What's that? You still haven't even played the game yet? Oh don't be such a Debbie Downer!

The game is going to start soon, and then it'll all be over. Remember, it's all in good fun, and all of the other cheerleaders are here to support you every step of the way in your transformation. Still, you can easily see that I'm excited. Very excited. Ecstatic even! Every inch of my five foot five frame is tingling at the prospect of fully feminizing you.

I, like Hannah—as you know she's the head cheerleading coach—and all of the cheerleaders are totally confident. We're full of our typical exuberant cheer as we eagerly contemplate your inevitable impending debut as a pretty girl in front of everyone. Aren't you excited? No? Aww, that's too bad.

I can barely contain myself as I picture you embarking on this exciting journey. My hair ribbon perfectly matches my red sports bra and red yoga pants. My make up is understated, just a pale pink lip gloss, few strokes of mascara and eye liner. That's more than enough adornment to bring out my dark brown eyes. The same eyes that are sparkling with amusement as I look at you laughing.

Luckily I've put my full, silky shoulder length honey blonde hair up into a high pony tail and held it in place with that long, feminine ruby red silk ribbon. Otherwise my hair might get in my chocolate colored

eyes, and I don't want that to happen. I don't want to miss a single moment of this.

I want to see everything clearly. I can't wait to see the terrified, helpless look on your face when you lose the bet and realize your most feared fate is about to happen. I want to memorize that moment. The moment that you realize you've lost and are now at my mercy, helpless to refuse any feminizing beauty treatment that I choose to subject you to. You'll be standing there shocked as the realization hit you that you're at my mercy, at Hannah's mercy, and at the mercy of the whole squad!

That's several perky, sexy cheerleaders. All of them all too eager to humiliate you by taking you into the girls' locker room, stripping you, and doing everything it takes to make you look just like one of them.

Won't that be such a thrill? Well, it will be for us. For you? Maybe not so much, but those are the breaks. You made the bet, now you have to lie in it. Or follow it. Whatever, it doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is the big show down between you and Hannah, and it's coming up very soon now!

Yes, I remind you, the day of judgment is finally here. We've all been eagerly awaiting your demoralizing, embarrassing, emasculating down fall. Last week, we all watched you make a bet with Hannah, the head cheerleading coach at the school. Let me tell you, that was a big mistake!

Forward By The Author

A lot of readers have told me that I have a knack for writing exciting stories in which a typical guy is transformed against his will into a sexy cheerleader. I've revisited that trope many times, and I love all my efforts to make a guy have spirit, yes he does!

That said, I truly think this all new series, starting with this nearly 13,000 word book, with 11,000+ words of actual story content, is easily my most cheer-tastic tale yet! This is for a few reasons: the plot line, the point of view, and the details of the make overs—both the build up in this book, and the actual transformation to come in the following books.

First of all, the plot line: A foolish, sexist person has made some ill advised remarks that pissed off the gorgeous cheerleading coach and her entire cheer squad. A bet ensues, and if the guy loses, he'll have to let the girls dress him up as a cheerleader princess. The assistant coach is there for all of it, and seemingly has a fetish for feminizing guys. What could possibly go wrong?

Secondly, the point of view: Oh, by the way? That big mouthed guy is YOU. This story is written in the second person, from the assistant cheer coach's point of view. She's speaking directly to you, telling you what's going to happen to you in excruciatingly embarrassing emasculating detail, and also reminding you of the errors you made to get yourself stuck in this mess.

Thirdly, the tense and stimulating build up. This first book is all about the build up, as the beautiful girls tease, taunt, and torment you. They're intent on punishing you and humiliating you for your obnoxious insistence that cheerleading isn't a sport, and that girls can't beat guys in sports. That's enough to push all of the cheerleaders' buttons and make them want to push all of yours in return!

Fourth, this book sets the scene for the most detailed and tantalizing transformation I've ever written. The longer the foreplay, the bigger the pay day, and this multiple climax will blow your...mind! The rest of the

series will involve three more bets, and get into some real sizzling, sexy action.

As mentioned, this first book is mainly a mind blowing set up with mind games and manipulation rather than physical results. Still, don't be misled! Even by just covering how you lose the first bet—and let there be no doubts, you will lose, and badly—this book will hit hard. It will explain how you get stuck, and what that means for you and your imperiled masculinity.

By the end of this book, you'll be helplessly enmeshed in a very humiliating predicament. How will you escape? Can you escape? Or will your big mouth just get you stuck even further in an emasculating trap? Read this kinky all new forced feminization fantasy series to find out!

Warning! This kinky cross dressing tale features taboo themes: forced feminization, female domination, public humiliation, detailed embarrassing and emasculating makeovers, and a stunning lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a 'yassified' young girl! ***Please***

don't read this book if you don't like such subjects!

xoxo

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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Beware! This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! **Dont’ 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.***

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Chapter One: You And Your Big Mouth

As you're well aware, my name is Jasmine. You also know that I'm the assistant cheerleading coach at the nearby school. To be honest, I've always wanted to take a guy and turn him into a pretty, feminine cheerleader. I have some fantastic ideas in mind for your transformation into a cheerleader princess! So do the rest of the cheerleaders!

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eyes, and I don't want that to happen. I don't want to miss a single moment of this.

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Yes, I remind you, the day of judgment is finally here. We've all been eagerly awaiting your demoralizing, embarrassing, emasculating down fall. Last week, we all watched you make a bet with Hannah, the head cheerleading coach at the school. Let me tell you, that was a big mistake!

There we all were in the gymnasium after the boys' team had defeated our arch rivals in the season opener. Head cheer coach Hannah and I had just watched the cheerleading squad cheer our team to victory, but we weren't happy.

The gym was packed, but everyone was leaving before the girls' basketball game began. Noting this, Hannah, the girls, and I were talking about how women's sports and female athletes don't get the respect we deserve. We were all shaking our heads as the audience filed out of the gym as the girls' team began warm ups.

It was demoralizing! The contrast between the massive support for the boys' team and the almost universal indifference and disrespect for the girls' team couldn't be more stark.

We were already quite of upset about this, and over comes you, Mr. Big Man. The last thing we needed at that point was any loud mouth guy to mansplain sports to us, but there you were, arms folded, with a smug self entitled expression on your pretty boy face.

Apparently you'd overheard our conversation, and simply couldn't keep your sexist opinions to yourself. You started off really badly by saying, "Girls' sports are kind of a joke, and I don't think cheerleading is a sport!"

Hannah glared at you, I shook my head, and all of the cheerleaders began shouting in their loud cheerleader voices. As tensions rose and the discussion about whether or not cheerleading is a sport escalated, the cheerleaders and the coaches couldn't help but express our viewpoints. A fiery dialogue ensued.

Sarah, the Cheer Captain, shook her head emphatically sending her the long, blonde pony tail that reached well down her back whipping around. It looked as threatening as a scorpion's tail and her dark brown eyes were glowering with undisguised ire.

She stood up, turned towards you, and said in a loud, angry voice, "Are you kidding me right now? Cheerleading is without a doubt a sport, and female athletes work every bit as hard as male athletes!"

You had a smug self satisfied look on your face as you doubled down on your previous sexist observations saying, "Come on! You have to admit that female athletes are inferior to men, and that cheerleading is absolutely not a sport."

I shook my head as I looked you right in your laughingly disrespectful eyes. I was trying to warn you to shut up before it was too late. I did my best to save you from yourself, but you were so sure that you knew better, weren't you?

You took on this annoying stance and said, “True, cheerleading may take some small amount of skill and coordination, but how can something be a sport when all it requires is looking pretty and shouting? Seriously! I mean—”

Emily, clearly put off by your superior, know it all tone, cut you off saying, “Yeah, you’re right about one thing! Cheerleading definitely does take skill and coordination, a lot of it! But it also requires a whole lot more!” Unusually tall for a girl, she was well known among her peers for her strong opinions and strong muscles. She wasn’t a girl to be trifled with, but you dared to piss her off.

She looked you up and down and sneered at you, saying, “It’s not just about ‘looking pretty and shouting,’ you absolute clown! We train hard every single day, and we put in long hours perfecting our skills!”

She outweighed you and was also a few inches taller than you. She looked down on you, figuratively and physically, barely holding back her volcanic nature. Olivia, almost always irrepressibly perky and positive, spunky far beyond her size, stepped between her Amazonian cheer mate and you protectively. She knew all too well that you’d put your life and limb at risk, so she wanted to make sure Emily didn’t pulverize you. Still, she was clearly upset with your dismissive attitude toward her sport.

She hastily agreed with her friend both to calm her and to express her well founded views. She said, “Exactly, Em! We all know better than this silly little boy! We know that cheerleading takes a lot of strength and athleticism!” Her usually bright hazel eyes were clouded with an angry tinge, as she twisted a lock of her short, almost silvery blonde hair nervously.

She paused and looked up at Emily anxiously, relieved to see her frown ease into a more neutral look, and her hands relax from fists ready to punch you out into much less threatening, open handed gestures.

The petite pretty little pepper pot slowly exhaled the baited breath she'd been holding. She was demonstrably relieved that her teammate probably wasn't about to physically attack you any more. That would risk her good standing in school and imperil her eligibility to continue cheerleading. She was the best base on the squad, after all.

Emily, her expression stern but no longer homicidal, nodded at her friend and said with a lot of remaining fury in her voice, "That's right little boy! We bases lift up the flyers and toss them into the air! All of us tumble, and we also perform complicated routines. That's athletic! Just like any sport!"

Emma said, "And don't forget how hard it is to learn our routines! To master all of the complicated stunts, dances, pyramids, and other formations we do. That takes precision and teamwork." She was shaking her head at you angrily.

Ava looked at you curiously as she weighed in saying, "Plus, all that takes as much stamina as any other sport! We all have to stay in top physical shape to perform at our best." She was among the prettiest cheerleaders, a sophomore base who had unusually powerful arms and legs for a girl her size.

A vibrant and lively individual with a perky personality that's infectious. A cute little thing, she stands at a petite height, around five feet two inches. She has a slender and athletic body, which complements her role as a flyer.

Her hair is a radiant shade of golden blonde, cascading down in soft waves that catch the light and add to her charm. Her eyes are a captivating shade of sparkling blue, often described as bright and expressive.

Ava is known for her optimistic and outgoing personality. She's always the first one to uplift everyone's spirits and keep the cheer squad's energy high. She's friendly, approachable, and quick to offer a smile or a kind word.

Her enthusiasm is contagious, and she's the life of the party both on and off the cheerleading mat, and her vivacious nature makes her a beloved member of the cheerleading team. Her positive energy is a source of inspiration for her teammates and the teams she cheers for. She's a born peace maker, and her influence was starting to bring calm to the conflict.

Noticing that the argument was starting to lose steam, I cleared my throat and reminded everyone. This little boy just said, and I quote, "You only have to shout and prance around looking sexy in your cute little outfits!"

I loved stirring the pot. Not only that, but I had a devious and very manipulative scheme in mind. I wouldn't be happy until I'd maneuvered you into my clutches.

Sophia said, "It's not just shouting and looking sexy you jerk, it's about engaging and inspiring the crowd!" She shook her head at you angrily, but then I whispered something into her ear.

Soph giggled loudly said with evident enthusiasm, "I'd like to see you try to 'prance around and look sexy' in one of our 'cute little outfits!' I bet you'd look simply adorable!"

She was giggling and smirking at you as she studied your slight stature. She seemed to celebrate a secret victory as she noticed that you were both about the same size, and the even your the length and color of your hair and eyes resembled hers closely.

"You can borrow one of my uniforms if you'd like, Babe, you're almost exactly my size and build, minus the boobs. Hey, I can even do your hair and make up just like mine! We'd look just like twinsies, Girl!" she said, her voice like a water fall of giggling glee.

All of the cheerleaders laughed loudly at that, noting how much you looked like Sophie, and picturing you all done up as one of them, shaking your poms and trying to look sexy.

“Hmmm! That gives me a great idea!” Hannah said, but before she could say what that was, Sophie spoke again.

Your look alike wasn't done taunting you. Far from it! She made you writhe with embarrassment as she suggested, “I'm sure I can transform you into my identical twin! Maybe I can even send you out on a date with my boyfriend, Moose, the line backer!”

There was a chorus of startled “oooohs” at that, and you soon found out why—to your horror and dismay—when she explained, “Yeah, Moose is a handful! He's been pressuring me to make our relationship more sexually intimate. I've been putting him off by giving him hand jobs, but he's getting more insistant. I guess that it's about time to give him a blow job. I'm not so sure that I want to do that, though, but after we dress you up, you can do it for me instead, you slut!”

You seemingly melted into a puddle of humiliated goo as all of us laughed and laughed and laughed. Once we regained control over ourselves, we resumed discussing the actual merits of the argument.

Ava said, “Cheerleading is a sport, and it not only is a sport, but it's a very physically demanding sport, in every way equal to any other sport!”

Mia nodded and said, “Exactly! Not only that, besides the physical demands, we have to have the mental toughness that it takes to remain focused on our performance! We have to be precise and in sync during high-pressure situations!”

Despite her current anger at you, Mia is a vibrant and perky individual, full of energy and charm. About five feet, four inches tall, she has a slender and athletic body, the result of her cheerleading and active lifestyle. Her hair is a striking shade of chestnut brown, cascading down to her shoulders in loose, bouncy waves, and her eyes are a brilliant shade of hazel, with flecks of gold in them that seem to sparkle when she's excited. Which is very often.

Mia is known for her bubbly and perky personality. She's always the first to offer a friendly greeting, and her enthusiasm is off the charts, even for a cheerleader. Mia's positive outlook on life and her ability to see the silver lining in any situation make her a joy to be around.

She's the kind of person who can lift your spirits with her warm smile and uplifting presence. Her vivacious spirit and outgoing nature make her a beloved member of the cheerleading squad and a great friend to all. She wasn't feeling very friendly towards you, however, as she glared at you and said, "You clearly have no clue at all how challenging and difficult cheerleading really is!"

"I know, right!" Sarah said, "We have to practice and then execute our routine perfectly, just like any other sport."

Ava asked, "So, Mr. Big Man, do you still think cheerleading isn't a sport?" She tossed her long, rich reddish brown hair playfully, flirtatiously as she smiled at you. She was giving you an out, letting you agree with her and the rest of the team.

This was typical for her, as she was probably the sweetest girl on the whole squad. She winked both of her bright hazel eyes at you, first the left, then the right. She looked at you meaningfully, nodding suggestively to alert you to the life line she'd just tossed your way.

All you had to do was accept her help and you'd be rescued from the mess you got yourself into. You didn't pick up on it, though. As the cheerleaders passionately defended their sport, you just stood there smirking. Even as they continued to explain that cheerleading required dedication, athleticism, and teamwork—just like any other sport—you just shook your head.

It was maddening how self assured you looked as you pointedly ignored the girls and every one of their well reasoned points. I'll never forget how arrogant and pompous you looked as the discussion continued with fervor. You refused to back down, even when the girls encircled you and it was clear you were outnumbered by a this team of dedicated athletes.

Instead of using your tiny little brain to listen and accept what the girls were telling you, you decided to triple down on your sexism by saying, “I mean, yeah it’s clear to me that cheerleading takes a lot of work and all, but be real. It’s mainly about looking cute and sexy. Your entire activity involves supporting real athletes! You’re not athletes in your own right.”

Ava looked apoplectic as she said, “What! I can’t believe you just said that! You have no idea what you’re talking about! We work just as hard as any other sports team out there.” She was totally disappointed in you, annoyed that you’d decided not to accept her offer to help extricate you from your predicament.

Sarah agreed saying, “Yeah, we work just as hard as any other sport, and we deserve the same respect and recognition as any other sport!”

Still, you persisted. You said, “Working hard doesn’t make something a sport! A lot of people work hard without that being a sport. Brick layers work hard. Brick laying isn’t a sport! Loading dock workers work hard, but—”

Obviously triggered by your obnoxiousness, Ava cut you off and asked, “Hannah, what do you say? You’re the cheer coach and you know how much effort goes into cheerleading!”

Hannah stood up, and she looked you right in the eyes then said in a firm steady voice, “Look, smart ass! Everything the girls said is true. Cheerleading is absolutely a sport. We have competitions. We engage in athletic activity. Therefore, it meets all of the requirements for a sport by any reasonable definition. It’s a sport, and it’s time people like you recognized that.”

That could have been the end of it. It should have been the end of it. All you had to do was apologize. Or at least admit you were wrong. All you had to do was just shut up, said nothing, and walked away. That

might have saved you, but oh no! You had to keep digging yourself in deeper with your big mouth.

Chapter Two: The First Bet

You and your big mouth, I said as I shook my head. Yes, I was looking forward to feminizing you, but my conscience kicked it at the last second. I saw that you were getting ready to say something more. Against my almost overwhelming urges to turn you into a pretty cheer princess, I was trying to warn you, even as you opened your big mouth once more.

I just knew that you'd only make things worse for yourself, and I was absolutely right about that. For a guy who's supposed be so smart, you sure can act foolish sometimes, can't you? You looked back and up at her defiantly, repeating your ignorant assertion that "Cheerleading isn't a sport, I told you!" You compounded that by adding, "Girls can't beat guys in any sports!"

"Oh really?" Hannah challenged, "is that so!"

"Yes, that's right!" you answered back. Despite my last ditch attempts to save you from yourself, incredibly, you sealed your fate. This, by disregarding Hannah's reasonable explanations, and much worse for you than that, by openly disrespecting this formidable woman. The two of you engaged in a brief but intense staring contest as the rest of us looked on, amazed at your audacity.

Finally, Hannah said, "You think girls can't beat guys in sports? Well? If you're so sure about that, let's have a little wager! I challenge you to a one on one basket ball game. First one to twenty one wins, and you have to win by two. Although you'll be lucky to score on me at all!"

Your male ego was clearly bruised by her words, so you wasted no time in agreeing, saying, "You're on, and we'll see who's lucky to score on—"

Hannah interrupted you by laughing, a loud and mocking sound. She went on saying, "I'm glad to see that you're so eager to be humiliated! Here are the stakes! If I win—which I will—then my squad here gets to dress you up as a cheerleader just like one of them."

All of the girls shrieked with laughter at that, but Hannah wasn't done yet. We all loved watching you squirm as she continued, "That's a complete feminizing transformation, from the skin out, head to toe. Then, they get to show you off at half time in all of your feminine glory to everyone at the next game!"

You shuddered as you considered this, your face contorting into an embarrassed grimace as you stood in front of us, enduring an avalanche of girlish giggles. I watched you closely as you pondered your next move, looking to me like a chess champion contemplating a particularly vexing position.

Moments before, you were all too certain that you'd easily beat Hannah in a basketball game. After all, you're a big strong man and she's just a girl, right? Then again, what if she did somehow defeat you? You'd be shown off dressed up in a skimpy little cheerleader uniform, looking just like a girl!

Hannah regarded you with disdain, and she mocked you for your indecision, saying in a cute little bimboish voice, "I guess you're afraid to play a basketball game against a little girl. Is that because you know you'll lose?"

You bristled at that, even as the cheer girls all teased you and taunted you, telling you how cute you'd look dressed up and even made up as one of them. They all playfully discussed the upcoming bet and Hannah's daunting, insulting challenge. The atmosphere grew more intense and the girls became ever more mischievous in their mockery.

Ava said, "Hannah's right, you won't stand a chance against her on the basketball court! Maybe you should just give up now and sign up for cheerleading instead? We have a space open as one of our flyers, Brandi, has to move away with her family next week."

Grace giggled and added, "True, you're more of the cheer girl type than a male athlete, But hey, at least you'll look fabulous in your cute little uniform."

Smiling, Samantha said, “Oh my gawd that’s right, we can’t wait to see you in a cute cheer uniform with sexy make up and glamorous hair, just like us!”

With a stricken look and an unsteady stance, as if you were going to pass out, you said in a voice that sounded more like a pathetic moan, “Come on that’s not fair! I’m not sure about this, guys. Me dressed up as one of you? No one wants to see something that ugly—”

Olivia said, “Don’t worry, you’ll make such a pretty cheerleader!”

Emma agreed smirking she said, “With those long lashes and that adorable smile, you’re practically a natural.”

Lily said, “So true, and don’t forget the makeup! We’ll accent your already feminine features! You’re going to look so glam.”

Sophia said, “You should be kept on the cheer squad! I bet you’ll even outshine us on the sidelines!”

In a mocking voice Mia said, “You’ll be the cheer princess we’ve always dreamed of.”

Isabella said, “I know right? Don’t forget, we’re going to make sure that everyone sees you in all of your feminine glory at half time!”

Lila said, “Don’t be afraid, Mr. Big Man. You’re going to easily beat Hannah and win the bet, right? I mean there’s no risk of you losing, because otherwise you’ll be the prettiest cheerleader out there!”

The cheerleaders continued to tease you with words that undermined your sense of masculinity, punctuating each statement with giggles and laughter. As they teased you, their enthusiasm for making you into one of them increased. The prospect of you losing the basketball game and the bet far more intimidating

Each of the sexy, scantily clad girls continued their playful teasing. As they did, their words and laughter kept chipping away at your confidence, making the prospect of being transformed into a pretty cheer princess even more daunting.

Hannah said, “Aw, come on, you know you’ll look absolutely adorable!”

Stunned, you muttered, “I.. I..” as the girls all laughed at your humiliation.

Olivia said, “Don’t be shy, it’s going to be so much fun!”

Emma said, “You’ll be the belle of the ball, I promise!”

Lily said, “Anyway, who knows, you might even enjoy it!”

The suggestion that you’d actually like being done up and shown off as a pretty girl clearly rankled. Your male ego stunned, you glared at the girl and barked, “You take that back!”

Lily jumped back, seemingly scared by your loud and angry outburst, but when she said, “I’m sorry. I take it back. You’ll definitely enjoy making your debut as a beautiful girly girl!” it was obvious that she was only pretending to be intimidated.

To dispatch any doubt, she made a cute kissy face at you and giggled. At that, all of the girls joined in giggling at your frustrated, furious face as you realized she was toying with you. All the rest of the girls joined in.

Sophia said, “Aww, don’t be angry, Sweetie! We’re just excited to help you share your feminine glory with the world!”

Mia said, “You’ll be a sensation, the prettiest cheerleader in town!”

Ava said, “Embrace your inner cheer princess, Baby Girl!”

Grace said, “It’s all in good fun, and we’ll be there to support you every step of the way in your transformation from weak, nerdy guy into a pretty princess.”

Isabella said, “You’re going to shine on that halftime stage!”

Lila said, “Just remember, we’ll make sure you look absolutely stunning!”

With each teasing comment and the growing anticipation of the bet’s outcome, you found yourself becoming more and more embarrassed by the idea of being shown off as a pretty cheer princess. The cheerleaders’ enthusiasm was infectious, but it also added to the pressure of the upcoming basketball game.

Your face was blushing bright red. “What do I get if I win?” you demanded, hoping to end the merciless mockery of your manhood. “Unless you can come up with something worth playing for, why should I even bother?”

Hannah couldn’t resist the opportunity to add another layer of challenge and excitement to the bet, and she taunted you with a mischievous grin, “Oh, Mr. Big Mouth, so you want to know what you’ll get if you win, huh?”

You replied, “Yeah, that’s right. I’m not doing this without some incentive!”

I said, “Well, let’s see... how about this? If you somehow manage to win, we’ll let you choose your new feminine cheerleader name.”

That threw you for a loop! You muttered, “Choose my... cheerleader name?”

Hannah laughed saying, “That’s right! You can pick any cute, girly name you like when you join the squad!”

You gaped at us in confusion as I teased you. Remember, the chances of you winning are about as slim as your chances of maintaining your manly pride right now!" As Hannah and I continued to tease you, your determination to win the basketball game grew stronger.

The offer of letting you choose your cheerleader name was absolutely no "win" for you at all, and we knew that. We were cleverly distracting you from the reality of the situation, that the odds were already certainly stacked against you. It was gaslighting pure and simple.

We wanted to make sure to keep you off balance, so you wouldn't figure out this was your last chance to escape an emasculating fate. So we poured it on even thicker. Hannah, Jasmine, and the cheerleaders continued to taunt and tease you, Mr. Big Mouth as you desperately sought a way out of the bet.

Hannah taunted, "Oh, we're feeling a bit flustered, aren't we?"

You fought through your befuddlement to mumble, "I just want to know what's in it for me if I win!"

I said, "Well, since you're so confident, let's sweeten the deal for you, shall we? If you win, we'll agree to let you off the hook, no cheerleader transformation."

You asked, "Really? No cheer uniform, no makeup?"

Hannah smiled and said, "That's right, but if you lose...."

Ava answered, "If you lose, you'll be the star of our halftime show, pretty as a princess!"

Confused more than ever, you said, "Wait a minute, are you saying I don't have to go through with it if I win?"

Hannah smirked and replied, "Oh, we're saying it, but the question is, can you win?"

Sarah said, "Don't forget, we're out to prove girls can beat guys in sports!"

The offer hung in the air, and you found yourself at a crossroads. The pressure was on, and the cheerleaders' confident banter only added to your uncertainty. This especially when Sarah said to Ava, "I told you! He secretly wants to be a cheerleader!"

You protested, "No I don't! I just don't see what I'm getting from this! If I win, nothing happens, good or bad. But if I lose I end up publicly humiliated in front of everyone dressed up as a girl!"

We noted your growing frustration and confusion, and we exchanged knowing glances as we stepped up our manipulations. As the stakes were still being set, the cheerleaders, Hannah, and I engaged you in some spirited and taunting banter.

Hannah said, "So, Mr. Big Mouth, are you ready to put your skills where your words are?"

Your male ego riled up, and seeking to assert your superiority you said, "You bet I am! Just wait and see."

I smirked, "Oh, we can't wait! It's going to be quite the show."

Ava said, "I know! Hey, Girl! I just hope that you're prepared for your cheer transformation!"

You said, "Hey wait a minute! I'm not so sure that I signed up for this."

Olivia said, "Too late now! You're in for a real treat!"

Emma said, "And we'll make sure you look stunning, win or lose."

Lily said, "Maybe we should start teaching you your cheer moves now!"

Sophia said, “Yeah, don’t worry, we’ll teach you everything you need to know to be all the cheerleader you can be.”

Mia said, “We can’t wait to see you in a miniskirt!”

Ava said, “You’re going to be our star attraction!”

Grace said, “Get ready to embrace your inner cheer princess!”

Isabella said, “And remember, there’s no turning back!”

With each comment, the excitement and anticipation for the basketball game and its consequences grew. There you were, Mr. Big Mouth, looking like a Bambi in the high beams. You might have been confident earlier, but the cheerleaders and us coaches were way too smart for you.

It was obvious that after all of the ridicule from all of the girls, you were more desperate to prove your manhood than ever. Still, you were clinging to some small hope that you might be able to wriggle yourself out of the trap your big mouth had gotten you into, after all. That was not to be, however, as Hannah made you an stunning offer that you couldn’t refuse.

Chapter Three: The Offer You Couldn't Refuse

People tell me I'm pretty, but Hannah is absolutely stunning. She's an inch taller than you, and every inch of her is alluring, from the top of her flaming red hair to her pink painted toe nails. Her big, beautiful eyes are smoldering, the color of emeralds. Her face is heart shaped with high cheek bones and full luscious lips.

As she glares at you angrily, she's dressed to thrill. Wearing tight short shorts in a very light blue with white trim and a sports bra in white with matching blue accents. These skimpy items show off her enchanting lean, strong, yet unmistakably curvy feminine form in an eye catching way.

She looks over at you and strikes her most seductive pose. Then, with her sexiest swagger she saunters up to you, holds you by both of your shoulders, and looks you right in your eyes. Your lungs seize up as you struggle to process this new development.

You find it difficult to meet her challenging stare, hard to even breathe as you struggle to even stay standing, held in place by this absolute goddess. Your eyes glaze over as you admire her large, perfectly shaped breasts. From that point, everything all passed with you in a dream like daze. She was speaking, but it was difficult for you to comprehend her words over the rushing sounds in your ears.

She was actually saying, "If you win, you won't but just for the sake of argument, if you do, then I'll be your French Maid every weekend for a whole year! Except when I have to be involved with coaching the cheerleaders, of course. All the rest of the time, I'm yours to command."

That statement seemed to knock you for a loop. You momentarily broke free from your dazzled, befuddled state and your face took on a lewd, lascivious look. You examined Hannah's face carefully, clearly having heard her, but still perplexed and filled with doubt.

You mumbled, "Wha— Wait, what?"

She smiled and said, “That’s right. I’ll be at your beck and call for an entire year. Every weekend I’ll serve you wearing a sexy little uniform. Let me spell that out for you, Mr. Big Mouth, you’re in for a real treat!”

Your eyes went wide and your mouth hung open comically as she described the outfit she’d wear for you, if you defeated her.

“My sexy French maid uniform is going to be the highlight of your year. First, you’ll have me in a stunning black and white dress. It’s short and fitted, accentuating all the right curves. So short that it’ll barely covers my ass...ets. And I’ll have a frilly white apron tied around my waist, a touch of innocence to contrast with the seductiveness of my dress.”

Seeing the mesmerized look in your eyes, Hannah went on, “Oh, but that’s not all! I’ll be wearing a headpiece with a delicate white cap, perched just so on my head. A maid’s cap that completes the look perfectly. And let’s not forget the black and white choker around my neck, adding a touch of submissiveness.”

The image of Hannah submitting to you addled your already overwhelmed mind, and she turned up the heat saying, “Oooh yeah, and underneath, I’ll wear the sexiest lingerie you can imagine. It’s all about the details, after all.”

“Lingerie?” you asked, literally drooling at the thought.

“Yes, lingerie!” Hannah cooed, seductively, that includes a black satin bra with white lace for that seductive touch. Coordinating thong panties, also black satin with white lace trim to complete the lingerie set. A matching garter belt to hold up sexy thigh-high fishnet stockings, adding allure. Also, a corset or bustier to enhance my hourglass figure.”

She noted that your imagination had created an enchanting image of her dressed in such a seductive outfit, ready to curtsy submissively to you. You could tell that you were totally enthralled, and she concluded,

“So, Mr. Big Mouth, are you ready for a year of my servitude to you, all the while with me dressed in such a sexy. enticing French Maid’s uniform?”

As she described the alluring details of that all time kinky male’s fantasy outfit, it became clear that you’d be in for quite the enchanting, delightful year ahead—if you won the bet, that is. Without even a second of contemplation, you shouted, “It’s a bet!”

Hannah grinned, shook you by your shoulders, and kissed you full on the lips. Then, she pushed you away, letting you stagger about barely able to keep your balance. She said, “This is going to be fun! Easy, but fun!”

As if suddenly realizing what you’d just agreed to, you seemed destabilized. Your gaze locked on to Hannah’s as she started doing her stretches, preparing to humble you on the basketball court.

I step in close and whisper in your ear: When the game begins, Hannah’s fun begins. Then, once you lose, my fun begins!

After all, I was standing right next to her when you said, and I quote. “Girls can’t beat guys in sports and cheerleading isn’t a sport.” We all saw it just several minutes ago! Well I bet that she’ll kick your ass in basketball. Then, you’ll get to see just how much of a sport cheerleading really is.

Let’s break down each piece of your cheerleading uniform as we get you ready for your exciting transformation soon to come! First, your Cheerleading Top. This is usually a tight-fitting, sleeveless top designed to showcase your spirit. It often features the team’s colors and logo, helping you represent your squad and your school with pride.

You looked sick at hearing this, you knew you had warm up, but something held you paralyzed as I went on listing the parts of our teams’ uniform. Second, your Cheerleading Skirt. The skirt is typically a cute, pleated mini-skirt that adds some flair to your outfit. It’s designed for movement and cheer routines, so you can shake and shimmy with style!

Then there's the Pom Poms. A lot of people call them "pom poms," but that's wrong. They're an iconic accessory for cheerleaders. They add a playful touch to your performance and are used for various cheers and routines. Along with hair bows and other accessories.

Cheerleaders often wear bows in their hair or as part of their uniform to complete the look. They add a touch of femininity and style. You'll love them! Next your Cheer Shoes and Socks. Cheerleading shoes provide the right support and grip for your routines. They're essential for safety and performance.

I smiled wickedly as you stared at me, visibly shaken and stirred. You'll usually wear knee-high socks that match your uniform's colors—red, white, and blue. They'll add a finishing touch to your outfit. Now, are you ready to embrace this adorable cheerleader look? It's all part of the fun, and you're going to rock it with style and confidence!

What's that you say? You haven't lost the bet yet? Don't worry, girl, you will! Cheerleaders and cheer coaches like Hannah need to stay in top shape, and you don't look like you're in tip top condition. At least not yet. We'll fix that once we include you in our rigorous training and demanding practices. Once you lose and become one of us!

Cheerleaders also need to have smooth, hairless bodies, pierced ears, and pretty hair. How will we make that happen? Glad you asked! Let's go through the steps to help you achieve that classic cheerleader look. To achieve a smooth, hairless look, you can consider hair removal methods such as shaving, waxing, or using depilatory creams.

We'll make sure to follow the directions carefully and keep you sexy and feminine. If you don't already have pierced ears, we'll get them done at a professional studio. It's a quick and straightforward process. It won't hurt too much, not even with triple piercings in each ear. Remember to follow proper aftercare instructions to ensure a smooth healing process!

You already have pretty nice hair, but you'll need truly beautiful hair. So, we'll start by washing and conditioning it to make it soft and shiny. We'll also use top quality hair products like styling gel and hair spray to create that perfect cheerleader look. If your hair isn't long enough yet, like I said, we can get you hair extensions to achieve the desired length and style.

Remember, it's all about having fun and embracing your cheerleader persona. These steps can help you achieve the classic cheerleader appearance, but the most important thing is your confidence and enthusiasm. Now, let's get you ready to shine as a cheerleader!

Throughout this entire process, we'll provide encouragement, and lots of giggling and laughter plus cheerleader spirit to keep the atmosphere fun and positive. We'll enjoy your transformation, and soon you'll be embracing your new cheerleader identity with confidence and excitement!

I'm here to support and assist you in your transformation into a pretty feminine cheerleader. It's all about having fun and embracing the spirit of the bet. I understand that you might be a bit reluctant, but the excitement of trying something new can be a rewarding experience. It's so wonderful that you have a slight, feminine body and a pretty face already, as that will make your feminizing transformation even more exciting and easier to achieve.

You have some fantastic qualities that make you a great candidate for this transformation into a pretty cheerleader. Your slight, feminine body and your pretty face are wonderful assets that can help you effortlessly embrace the cheerleader look and spirit.

Your natural attributes can make the process even more enjoyable and provide a fantastic canvas for this fun adventure. It's all about celebrating your uniqueness and having a blast along the way. So, let's keep the excitement going and get you ready to shine as a beautiful cheerleader!

I spoke with Hannah, and she seems to be looking forward to your transformation process. She, like me, may want to see a reluctant individual like you become a pretty, feminine cheerleader. Your slight, feminine body and pretty face make you an ideal candidate for this transformation, in our eyes.

As for what might happen to you in the future, it's uncertain. It will depend on your own choices, your comfort level, and your willingness to continue with this transformation. If you decide to embrace this new identity as a cheerleader princess, you may become a permanent member of the cheerleading squad. Your school records will be updated to reflect your new feminine name and gender.

You gaped at those fantastic, horrifying prospects as I spoke of a future for you as a total girl. A cheerleader princess. A young woman with a girl's name and gender all engraved in your mind as a potential part of permanent record. But in my eagerness to change your sex and identity, I'm getting ahead of myself!

As is on cue, the Cheer Captain, a petite and charismatic girl, with very long dirty blonde hair and an infectious smile named Sarah, took the lead in making fun of you before the game even began. I'm sure you remember her? She's the one standing over there with long, sandy blonde wavy hair that she often ties up in a high ponytail.

She's around five foot four and very slight, making her the perfectly built flyer. She's always leading the way during our cheer routines. Still, despite her tiny size, she has an athletic build that's been toned to perfection from all the cheer practices, her yoga and exercise routines, and her over all gym rat nature. Her make up is usually natural and minimal, highlighting her radiant complexion.

Anyway, about how she teased you? It was absolutely hilarious! She cheerfully (no pun intended) approached you and said, "Hey there, Missy! I can't wait to welcome you to the cheerleading squad after you lose the bet. Your body is girlish already, and we're so excited to have you as part of our team. Your new cheerleader look will be on point!"

She wasn't wrong. What are you anyway, about five foot six? One hundred ten pounds? What's that? You weight one hundred twenty? Really? I'm not sure I believe that, but oh well. It doesn't really matter.

After we get our hands on you and start making you join our twice daily practices, doing your exercises and yoga with Sarah, and having you stay on your your diet for a bit, you'll be down to one hundred ten in no time. Maybe even down to one hundred five?

What's that? You don't want to lose weight, you want to put on muscle? Oh Bambi! You'll need to be as light as possible as a flyer. Huh? You don't want to be a flyer? Well you should have thought about that before you ran your mouth about how cheerleading isn't a sport. We'll see how you feel about that bold opinion after you've spent some time as a cheerleader.

Back to how our Captain got inside your head before the game. She's known for her sparkling wit as well as her sparkling blue eyes that light up when she cheers. It was so funny how her teasing remarks really got under your skin. Sarah really was in top form!

Her mockery wasn't just playful banter, though. They were part of Hannah's psychological game plan to psyche you out before the big game even began, and you fell for it! Before the match, as you were getting ready to start warming up, Sarah couldn't resist the opportunity to ruffle your long, silky hair—and ruffle your feathers at the same time.

She approached you with a sly grin, came up close to you, and ran her fingers through your long, thick hair. She smirked at you and said, "Hey, I heard you were pretty confident about winning this game. You think boys always beat girls, right? Well, just remember, our cheerleading moves are on point, and we're not afraid to show it. I hope you're not expecting a free pass today!"

Her words were accompanied by a mischievous twinkle in her bright eyes that flashed like two brilliant star sapphires, making her taunts all the more effective. As she continued to smirk at you distracting

you from doing your warm-ups, her remarks seemed to echo in your mind, adding an extra layer of pressure and intensity to the game.

Sarah's ability to manipulate and distract you was a testament to her leadership and strategic thinking as the Cheer Captain. Her confident demeanor made it clear that she was ready to support her coach in any way possible, including by playing mind games with the opposition. In this case, you.

With a playful smirk, she leaned in close to, put her lips against your ear, and whispered, "You know, I've been thinking. With your slim figure and those long legs and long hair, you'd look absolutely adorable and fabulously feminine in a cheerleader's uniform. Maybe you're on the wrong team!"

Her words sounded light-hearted, yet the flashing light in her eyes conveyed a playful challenge. She continued, "I can already picture you in a cute cheer skirt and tight top just like I'm wearing now." She paused and giggled as you took in her fit, feminine form in her skimpy, sexy cheer uniform.

"Just think of it!" she said happily, her light but strong soprano voice ringing in your ears as she described you becoming one of the cheerleaders. She smiled and said, "I want you to join us on the squad for real. I can see it now! You on the sidelines, shaking your pom poms, and shaking your cute little butt. You know you were born to cheer, Princess! It's making me wonder if you've been hiding your true calling all along."

Sarah's unexpected comments were intended to throw you off balance, and they did! She hoped that by introducing an element of doubt and distraction, she could make you angry. Instead, it seemed to make you docile and submissive. This wasn't lost on any of us!

Chapter Four: Picturing You As A Pretty Cheer Princess

“So! You don’t even deny that you’d make a perfect pretty princess! How interesting!” Sarah said, giggling loudly. She’d clearly struck a nerve as your face turned every shade of pink and red!

It was a reminder that she was not just the pretty, saucy Captain of the cheerleading squad. No. She was also a clever mistress of psychological tactics, using her charm and wit to keep you off guard even before the game began.

Of course you didn’t appreciate her pointing out your reaction any more than you could stand her making light of your supposed masculinity. You snidely replied, “I don’t look like a girl and I haven’t lost yet!”

When you realized that you’d just inadvertently implied that you were going to lose, all of the cheerleaders who had gathered around laughed in your face. Your bright red blushing face!

Emily, a statuesque redhead with a fiery personality, went next in mocking you. She said, “I gotta be real here? You actually are built like kinda like a girl and your soft, feminine features are wasted on a guy. Well, we’ll fix that soon enough!”

Her striking green eyes were flashing as she stepped right up to you and said, “I can already tell you’re going to be our style icon. So happy to hear that you’ll soon be joining our squad, pretty girl!”

You mumbled, “I’m not a girl!” but Emily just giggled as she fluffed out her long, flowing hair and made kissy faces at you. She smirked as she lifted her hair up and struck a provocative pose like a sexy vintage pin up girl, and then let it cascade down her back in fiery waves. She looked you directly in the eyes and licked her lips seductively.

The tallest girl on the squad at five foot eight, she looked down on you from her superior height and said, “You know what, little girl? I

can't wait to lift you up into the air as your base for stunts, you pretty little thing!"

You were obviously angry at that implication. You found it annoying that they were all saying you'd soon be a cheerleader. It was even worse when they said you'd be a flyer! One of the smaller girls who gets lifted and tossed into the air! How humiliating for you to be considered one of the most petite and delicate of all the girls on an all girls cheerleading team!

The very idea made you even more flustered, especially when Emily said, "I just love it when you flyers touch your toes after I toss you up in the air! Your little skirt goes up around your waist as you come down, showing off your pretty undies. So adorable!"

That pushed your buttons and you said something like, "You're not that much bigger than me!"

Well, that much is true. Still, Emily has an elegant, long, lean physique, perfect for her role as one of the stronger girls who tosses smaller girls into the air. Smaller girls like you'll soon be! Oh don't you roll your eyes at me, Missy! If you lose, you're going to look more typically girlish than Emily too once we get done with you. A lot more girlish in fact.

Yes, she's a quite pretty, don't get me wrong, but with our help you're going to look even prettier. That means a complete make over is in your future. Your hair, your make up, everything!

Speaking of make up? As usual, Emily's make up featured bold eyeliner and red lipstick, giving her a fierce look. A look that clearly intimidated you. You pulled back a bit as with a grin, Emily said, "Breanna Joy, you look so feminine already and we haven't even started your amazing transformation! I can tell you're going to add so much flair to our routines. Welcome aboard!"

You grumbled, but there wasn't much you could say to this amazon who outclassed you physically. So you tried to shake the image of her

holding you above her head, you wearing the exact same feminine uniform that she was currently wearing.

It only got even more humiliating for you when girly girl Olivia, also wearing the same skimpy cheer uniform as the rest of the girls, told you how you too would soon be dressed exactly the same as the rest of the cheerleaders. This after you lost the game and had to join the squad for a day.

“As you can see,” she said, as she waved her cute little hand along her body indicating her ensemble, “our cheerleader uniform is a vibrant and stylish representation of our school spirit. It features our school’s colors—a bold combination of red, white, and royal blue!”

I laughed as I saw you scrutinize her as she struck a provocative pose. I laughed even louder at you when I saw you look away, embarrassed, when she winked at you suggestively and said, “I can tell that you just can’t wait to throw the game so you can wear the uniform too!”

I joined the rest of the girls laughing at you. You shuddered under the weight of our mockery, but Olivia kept your focus. A fashion-forward cheerleader with a trendy sense of style, she has captivating hazel eyes and wears her hair in short and sassy pixie style, dyed a striking platinum blonde, perfectly befitting her fashionista persona.

Now I wonder. Were you looking at the pretty girl, or imagining yourself in the pretty uniform? It doesn’t matter, and soon we won’t have to imagine you dressed as a cheerleader.

Olivia is about five foot six, almost the same height as you. She pointed this out, much to your embarrassment, saying, “We’re about the same size and that will let you be as versatile as I am in stunting!” She has a curvy and athletic figure, which she embarrassingly compared to yours saying, “We’re even built alike! You’ll fit in as one of us perfectly, Missy!”

You grimaced at this and looked like you were about to object, but instead you shook your head emphatically, looking pale and shaken. Olivia gave you a knowing look as she resumed her detailed description of what she called “your new attire once you’re a cheerleader princess.”

You had to notice that Olivia’s make up is artistic and creative, often experimenting with bold eyeshadows and unique eyeliner designs. She playfully asked, “I wonder what your cute, feminine name will be once you’re a cheerleader?”

You winced at her rather than even dignifying such a humiliating question with an answer. Still, instead of moving away to practice before the game, you stood there transfixed. You seemed powerless to stop her!

You shuddered visibly, looking on helpless at her command as she said, “Here! Take a closer look at your new uniform! The school logo on the cheer shell is proudly displayed on the chest of your new uniform, right above your heart. It’s intricately embroidered into the top, showcasing your allegiance to our school.”

By describing the uniform as yours, she was obviously assuming that you’d lose the game, lose the bet, and suffer the embarrassing, emasculating consequences! You were already visibly squirming with anticipated public humiliation, but she just kept going, knowing full well the impact of her words.

She delighted in forcing you endure ever more emasculating emotions. She knew that you were becoming weaker, more helpless, with each word. You could tell by her huge smile that she enjoyed every moment of this, that she reveled in making you feel more feminine with each detail she described.

“First, you’ll be wearing a miniskirt just like this one!” she explained, smiling. “Your new miniskirt is a flirty and fun component of your uniform. It’s very short and pleated, so it flares out widely when you twirl, creating a dynamic and energetic look. The skirt coordinates perfectly with the top or the shell.”

You groaned as she described your new uniform top, by this point you were trembling in fear of being forced to wear such a feminine uniform, and even worse, of being seen in it. As if unconcerned by your inner turmoil, Olivia just went on.

She smiled at you saying, “The top is designed for comfort and style. It’s a tightly fitted garment, often with a deeply scooped V-neck neckline, allowing you to move freely during your cheer routines. The top is adorned with stripes and other decorative elements in our school’s colors. You’ll look so adorable in it!”

You sighed with a bit of relief as she began to talk about the cheer shoes and socks you’ll soon be modeling. I bet you thought something like, “Hey those aren’t so bad! They’re not much different from I normally wear.” It was hilarious seeing your reaction as she mentioned the feminine touches they had.

To start, she sort of set you up by saying, “Your cheer shoes are specially designed to provide support, flexibility, and grip as you perform your cheerleading routines. They have a clean and sleek appearance, mainly in white with red and blue accents in our school’s colors.”

Then Olivia, with her mischievous smile and sparkling blue eyes, continued her playful teasing, adding, “And let’s not forget, as a flyer your shoes will be even girlier, much more feminine than the other girls’!”

She gestured at the pair of cheerleading shoes she wore. They were designed with both style and functionality in mind, with a sleek and graceful appearance, boasting a low profile and a slightly pointed toe. The shoes had a secure lace-up design, providing ankle support for flyers like you who needed stability during those daring stunts and jumps. The soles were made of a non-slip material, ensuring you could confidently perform your moves without the worry of slipping.

Her comment about the shoes was a subtle reminder of the transformation that awaited you as you were about to embrace the world

of cheerleading. This was all part of the girls' strategy to keep you off balance and mentally confused before the game. As was their discussion of your cheer socks.

Olivia explained, "The cheerleading socks are knee-high and complement the overall look of the uniform. They're also in our school's colors and have stripes and other girlish design elements. You'll rock them with your sexy, girlish legs!"

I was laughing at your wide eyed, humiliated face at this point, almost too hard for me to even speak. Between loud giggles I barely managed to say, "Tell her about what she's going to wear underneath her uniform!"

You glared at me and said, "I'm a him, not a her! And I haven't lost this bet! At least not yet!"

The assembled cheerleaders all giggled loudly at you, and Sarah said, "True! You haven't lost the bet, yet! But you will! And when you do, you're ours!" she giggled at that and her laughter at your expense only grew louder when you visibly fumed. She flicked her wrist at you and said, "Go on, Liv! Tell our girl what she'll soon be wearing underneath her uni!"

Olivia smirked as she walked toward you. She wrapped a possessive arm around your shoulders and said, "Beneath your uni, you'll wear a sports bra that provides support and comfort during your physically demanding routines. It's designed to be invisible beneath your top, but we'll all know it's there."

You blanched with stunned embarrassment at hearing that you'd have to wear a bra if you lost. So humiliating for you, but as bad as that was, it got even more embarrassing and emasculating when Olivia, sweet innocent girly girl Olivia, went on saying, "You'll have to wear panties too!"

"Oh no way! No way!" you yelped, your face contorted into a mask of sheer embarrassment at your impending emasculation.

“Oh yes way!” Olivia giggled, “you can choose any style you like. Maybe a thong or bikini panties, lacy boy shorts or cute hipsters, any kind you want, just so long as they’re comfortable and seamless panties!”

You shook your head, your eyes clenched closed tightly, hoping to unhear her mocking words, but you heard her all too clearly as she went on and on saying, “Yes, little girl. You’re going to have to wear pretty little panties. I say they should be in red, white, and blue to match the color scheme of your cheer uniform. They’re designed to ensure you feel girlish, sexy, confident, and secure during your cheer performances.”

She wasn’t even done teasing you, however. She added, “As part of the bet to get used to your new undies, we’re going to take away all of your male underwear. It’s going to be panties and nothing but panties for you for now on.”

While the cheerleaders howled at your tortured expression upon hearing that you’d never get to wear boxers again if you lost, Hannah was doggedly practicing her jump shot, her ball handling, and other basket ball skills.

All things you might have been doing, if you weren’t too busy being taunted and teased by several of the most beautiful girls at your school. Girls you’ve had crushed on forever. Girls who were relishing your impending feminization.

Olivia squeezed your shoulders and said, “Oh! I can’t forget your spankies! You’ll wear spankies, also known as cheer bloomers, beneath your skirt. They’ll provide coverage and modesty, covering up your cute little panties, and ensuring you can cheer with confidence!”

At that point, you seemed almost catatonic with embarrassment. Olivia was all too happy to keep you that way, so she just kept going, increasingly your sense of effeminacy.

“Your hair bow is an iconic accessory that completes your cheerleader look. It’s typically a large and colorful bow that matches our school’s colors. It’s worn high on your head, adding a playful and spirited touch to your overall appearance,” she said happily, “I can’t wait to see how cute you look all done up like a pretty girl! A bow on your head, just as if you were a gift wrapped birthday present!”

You stood there gaping at Olivia, the lovely girl your age, who smiled at you with her arm still wrapped tightly around your neck. You felt like you were suffocating, not from her grip but from her intoxicating words. I looked on, my pupils dilating. I felt myself breathing faster, my panties getting damp as our trap inexorably closed shut on you, cutting off any hope of your escape from the emasculation we’d planned and spelled out to you in such exciting detail.

Exciting for us, that is, but certainly stultifying for you. You might have known intellectually that the girls were greatly exaggerating your fate if you should lose, but somehow that understanding did you little if any good.

They were too sexy and enthralling as they gathered closely around you, physically blocking your path to freedom and symbolically encircling you into abject helplessness as well. Their teasing taunts were having the desired effect. Unmanning you even as you stood surrounded and besieged by all of us, glancing from one of our lovely mocking faces to the next.

You were entrapped, engulfed by our overpowering femininity. You swayed unsteadily on your feet as you inhaled our sweet, almost cloying perfume. As you looked like you were going to collapse from all of our teasing and taunting, Hannah chimed in, “Once we have you all dressed up in your complete cheerleader uniform, you’ll probably beg me to let us you join cheerleading.”

At that, your head shot up. That was the last thing you;’d ever beg to do. The humiliation of being stuck as an actual cheer girl would be beyond all endurance, far surpassing any sense of submission you could possibly imagine. The very idea was more terrifying than you could

endure. It was beyond horrible, beyond horrendous, it was absolutely unthinkable!

Hannah grinned wickedly at your horrified expression and increasingly escalated your sense of emasculation by saying, “Don’t worry! I’ve got an opening just for you! Since once of the flyers is leaving town with her family, you’re in. No try out needed. Consider yourself part of the squad, Princess!”

So it’s all decided now. You’re one of the girls, Cutie! Isn’t that great? Soon, you’ll not only look the part of a teenaged cheer princess, but you’ll also be one! You’ll embody the perky personality and the ebullient enthusiasm that all of you cheerleaders are known for! I’m with Ava, I can’t wait to see you all ready to cheer! Don’t worry about keeping up, I’ll spend endless hours training you, Girl!

At that point, you looked like you were going to throw up, but I just flashed you my biggest smile. The prospect of totally emasculating you and showing you off to a crowd was making me tingle, from deep within me and all over my body. I started to tremble with barely suppressed sexual frisson as I pictured you, fully feminized into one of the girls, on display in front of everyone.

My breathing became labored as I envisioned you, looking so sweet, so sexy in your skimpy cheerleader uniform. My voice sounded husky, raving with desire as I said, You’ll be so adorable with your silky smooth hairless legs, your flamboyant make up, and your long flowing hair tied up in a high pony tail with a ribbon or a bow.

My knees got weaker and weaker as I saw the haunted look in your eyes, but I couldn’t stop myself from telling you about your fate. I said, you’ll stand in line, with your sister cheerleaders, your pompons ready in your cutely manicured hands! Just waiting for Sarah to say the words, “Ready? Okay!” for you to start prancing and dancing with the rest of the girls!

With each comment, your focus and confidence seemed to erode even further, making it all the more difficult for you to concentrate, to

prepare yourself to compete. As humiliating as all this already was, it was about to get much more serious for you.

You began to feel as if your entire life as a man was hanging in the balance. Unfortunately for you, it was. I was intent on turning you into a girl, but not any girl. I wanted to transform you into cheerleader princess, and I wouldn't be denied. I couldn't wait to get my hands on you, on helpless, soon to be emasculated you. Once I did, I planned to never, ever let you go. Princess.

End of Book One
Continued in Book Two

Afterward by the Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book, the first of 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: \[www.amazon.com/Mindi-Harris/e/B00YYY6NL8\]\(http://www.amazon.com/Mindi-Harris/e/B00YYY6NL8\)](#)

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!

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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