

# *Fully Feminized Forever From Four Foolish Bets 2*

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

Yes, this is going to be epic! I hold you by your shoulders and look at you with a huge smile on my face. In case you've forgotten, my name is Jasmine. I'm the assistant cheerleading coach, and I'm also sort of the architect of your current predicament. Well, to be honest, I did think up this whole scenario.

I told you before, I've always had a thing for feminizing reluctant guys into pretty girls. I used to dress up all my boy cousins as girls—the whole nine yards. Some experts sat that phrase refers to the length of the Queen of England's bridal train. I think you'd look lovely as a bride! Maybe, if all my plans...but I'm getting ahead of myself again!

I shrug my shoulders, a gesture that makes my shoulder length honey blonde hair shimmer in the bright lights of the gymnasium. Then, I turn you back over to Olivia, who wraps one arm around you again possessively. I smile as I step back a bit and let the impish girl take control of you.

Her hazel eyes shine intensely at you as she runs her free hand hair through her pixie styled platinum blonde hair. She seems to look at you as something that belongs to her, but whether she sees you as her boy friend, her girl friend, or maybe just her play thing? Well, that's to be determined.

Hannah approached purposefully as Olivia's strong but dainty arm held you in place. The powerful yet feminine cheer coach was ready for the show down, having already stretched, worked out, and run through her shooting drills to get herself well prepared to play basketball at her best.

The beautiful twenty five year old woman wiped a thin sheen of perspiration from her forehead with the back of her right hand. She smirked at you as she held a basketball firmly under her left arm. Just as firmly as Olivia held you.

She looked you up and down, regarding your modest stature with open disdain, and with a giggle in her voice asked, “Are you ready, Princess?”

You were not ready in the least. You’d squandered your opportunity to prepare yourself for the basketball game physically or mentally. Instead, you’d allowed yourself to become totally distracted by the cheer captain, Sarah, and a few other cheerleaders. They’d kept you off balance by subjecting you to several rounds of unnerving teasing taunts.

They’d mocked your lack of physical and athletic prowess, and told you that you were about to lose the game and the bet, and then your masculinity. Worse, they emphasized the humiliating consequences for you after your impending loss in excruciatingly emasculating detail. They took evident enjoyment in describing how you’ll look all dressed up and made up as a feminine cheerleader.

Even now, they were still giggling and laughing as they kept on mocking you, telling you about how adorable you’d be once they were done with you. As Sarah, Ava, Emily, and Olivia continued to tease, taunt, and distract you, they playfully, gleefully, mercilessly described how they would have so much fun dressing you up as a cheerleader princess.

Sarah said, “Oh, sweetie, you’re going to look positively precious in our cheer uniform. We’ll start with your foundation garments. I just can’t wait to put them on your smooth, hairless body!”

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Sarah laughed loudly at that. Then, the charismatic cheer captain turned and walked right up to you. Reaching out and taking your trembling face in her soft hands, she looked deeply into your startled eyes and said, “Then we'll put you in your cheerleading uniform!”

You whispered harshly, “Oh no! No way!”

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As they continued to describe your impending transformation, their playful banter and detailed explanations added greatly to your embarrassment. Their evident excitement, both for watching the upcoming game and at the prospect of them turning you into a cheerleader princess after you lost the bet, made you squirm helplessly. You couldn’t help but picture all of this happening to you—and soon. You desperately wished you could escape your emasculated fate, but how?

## **Table of Contents**

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Sneak Preview

Table of Contents

Forward By The Author

This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

Copyright Notice

Content Warning And Disclaimers

Chapter One: The Pre-Game Hype

Chapter Two: The Big Game Approaches

Chapter Three: The Big Game Begins

Chapter Four: The Second Bet

Chapter Five: The Big Shot

Chapter Six: You Lose The Game And Your Name

Afterward by the Author

## **Forward By The Author**

Ready? OK! I think this all new series—continued in this extra length, 19,500+ word book, with 17,000+ words of actual story content—is my most cheer-tastic forced feminization fantasy yet! Ready? OK!

In the first book, you made some foolish, sexist, ill advised remarks that upset Hannah, the gorgeous cheerleading coach and her entire cheer squad. To your peril. A bet ensued, and the stakes were high. If you lose, you'll have to let the girls dress you up as a pretty cheerleader princess. The assistant cheer coach is there for all of it, and has a fetish for feminizing guys.

This second book continues the humiliating build up, and features a second, even more serious bet. The beautiful cheerleaders step up their teasing, fully aware that your fate hangs in the balance as you square off against their coach on the basketball court. They can't wait to feminize you, and they engage in ever emasculating treatment of you, climaxing in most tantalizing transformation ever!

At the end of this book, your public humiliation will be beyond anything you could have ever imagined. Your life as a cheerleader has begun, and you'll be forced to face the consequences of your folly. Fully feminized because of two foolish bets (so far) you'll wonder how you can possibly live down these utterly embarrassing and emasculating experiences, taunted, teased, and toyed with by a gaggle of giggling girls.

Not only do they truly enjoy fully feminizing you, it's become painfully clear that they really believe that you deserve to be kept as a pretty cheerleader princess for as long as they can keep you in their clutches. They have you, entrapped and helpless, and they're prepared to make a girl out of you.

Can you ever escape? Not if these vivacious girls have anything to say about it. If they have their way, you'll be stuck in short skirts, tight tops, and beautiful make up—entrapped as one of them for the rest of

your life! Can they do it? Their cheerleading coach has already made very specific plans to make you the Homecoming Queen, so you tell me?

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!***

**This story is for mature readers only.** Do not buy, borrow, download, examine, share, or read any part of this e-book publication if explicit kinky / fetish / erotic / taboo topics offend you, or if you—or anyone you might intentionally or inadvertently allow to see this material—are under the legal age for adult-themed materials in your jurisdiction or any jurisdiction to which you may travel with any device containing any material from this e-book publication.

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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! **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.***

## Chapter One: The Pre-Game Hype

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As humiliating as that all was, their comments about what they called your girlish body hit home all the more. Their every word shook you to your core, sapping your already waning confidence. The cheerleaders continued their playful teasing, focusing on how you already exuded a naturally feminine charm.

As Hannah and I looked on smirking at your increasing inability to respond, Sarah, Ava, Emily, and Olivia engaged in playful, but pointed banter, giggling at you, touching you, even pinching and slapping your ass.

They were forcing you to experience some of the demeaning, objectifying ways that obnoxious men and boys treat sexy girls and women. This was shocking and demeaning to you. Still, you were incapable of fending off their feminizing debasing, disrespectful treatment of you. It was all aimed at itemizing your impending abject humiliation, bringing it all home in excruciating detail.

Sarah said, “You know, girls? I’ve been thinking. We should really be calling Mr. Big Mouth here Little Miss Sissy Mouth. I mean, she already has some pretty girlish features.”

That statement rocked you into stunned silence. You looked at Sarah with disbelief, but couldn’t protest against her statement. Nor could you protest when she said, “Just look those long, shapely legs of hers! I’m sure they’ll look fabulous in a cheer skirt.”

“Oh yes!” Emily said, “Speaking of skirts, she’s got such a cute and perky little bubble butt. It’s practically made for skirts!”

Emily took advantage of your paralysis at these humiliating observations. She looked directly into your eyes and smiled knowingly and said, “So true, Em! She’d look gorgeous in her new cheerleading uniform. I bet I’ll be jealous of her!”

Olivia noted your dismay and giggled at you saying, “Just look at her face! Those soft features and those big, expressive doe like eyes. Imagine how sweet she’ll look once we apply the proper make up?”

Emily said, “Don't forget her full, feminine, and oh so kissable lips, Liv! Imagine how sexy they’ll look with some hot red lipstick!”

Snickering as she took a slender finger and traced your pouting lips, Sarah said, “Exactly! Also, let’s not ignore the fact that she’s got such tiny, delicate hands!” At that, she took your dainty hands in hers and said, “your hands are even smaller and girlier than mine! How cute!”

You tried to pull your hands away, but she proved stronger than you. She flashed a wide, toothy, predatory smile at you and said to her sister cheerleaders, “You all know what they say about guys with tiny hands? Tiny hands, tiny...well, you know, tiny....!” You cringed at this.

Hannah raised a hand and said, “This is all just so fun, but we’re here to play basketball! So, are we doing this, you skank?” she asked you.

Before you could answer her, however, Sarah went back to discussing her plans for your feminization. “Anyway, I can’t wait to see how girlish your little girly hands will look once they’re manicured,” she said, “I’m thinking either a classic French tip or shimmering pink polish would look really adorable on you.”

“That’s a great idea! We can all take her to the spa we go to!” Ava giggled. Her face beaming with glee at picturing you helpless and under their control she said, smirking at your tortured expression, “Won’t we have so much fun with you at a beauty salon packed with beautiful young nail techs?”

You shook your head, trying to will her to stop, but she just ignored your wordless plea, laughed loudly, and went on saying, “Of course you’ll be seen there by dozens of female customers of all ages, from young little girls to much older women, many of whom know you well!”

She twisted the knife further by asking you, “What will all of those women and girls think of you? What will they say about you? Picture it! All of them staring at you, giggling and laughing at you, making comments about how they always knew that you were meant to be a girl!”

She looked you right in the eyes and smirked as she added, “Who will they tell about the new you? What will they about you, after they all see you dressed up as a cheerleader princess, getting your nails done like the girl you are?”

Ava said, “Oh that will be so much fun! Taking her out to get her nails done after we dress her up in a cheerleader uniform!”

Olivia said, “Oh, I can't wait to help her bring out all of her feminine charms. She's going to be the most adorable cheerleader princess!”

Ava walked up to you and began rubbing your body from the hair on your head all the way down to your hips. Her eyes wild with mischief, she giggled at you saying, “You're right, Liv! I can't wait either and we have so much to work with! I mean? Just look at her swan like neck, these slender shoulders, her slim arms, and that dainty waist.”

She brushed, and touched, and squeezed each part of your body as she mentioned it, caressing you teasingly, even as she teased you verbally. You shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other as she continued to gently massage and probe your body, moving closer and closer toward your most intimate areas.

You begged her to stop with your impotently baleful, pleading eyes, but she was just getting started in her efforts to emasculate you with her playful, teasing voice. She giggled more loudly than ever as she said, “Such a lithe, lithesome figure you have, My Dear! Not to mention you full, child bearing hips!”

Then, giving you a huge wink with her bright blue eyes shining, but without giving you any other warning, Ava—cute little Ava—grabbed your crotch. She reached into your shorts with her soft little hand and declared with surprise, “OMG! There's basically nothing here!”

Your knees buckled at this, feeling both overwhelmingly aroused and utterly humiliated. You would have collapsed into a helpless heap if Sarah hadn't stepped forward, grabbed you by your arm pits, and held you up.

It seemed like all of your bones had turned to rubber. Without the strong support of the cheer captain, you would have fallen to ground.

You were totally diminished now. All of the cheerleaders were watching, laughing, pointing at you as one of their own, one of the smallest among them, shrunk your entire being to tiny near insignificance.

You felt like nothing more than a discarded doll dropped by a distracted little girl who had finished playing with her toy. Ava wasn't done playing with you, however. Grinning wildly, the petite, slender flyer reached around inside your boxer shorts, her pretty face expressing mock confusion, acting as if she were looking for something that she couldn't find.

Finally, after exploring your undies with impunity she giggled, "It feels like you have a tiny little clit in your panties! Are you sure you're not really a girl after all?" she asked you.

How does it feel having a whole cheerleading squad, plus the two coaches, all watching and listening with glee as a cute little girl gives you what amounts to a public gynecological exam? Then, she tells us that your supposed manhood is non-existent? This as we all looked at your blushing face, giggling and laughing at you.

It must be so incredibly humiliating for you to hear Ava, the cutest and littlest of us, say that hiding in your panties is the most delicate and feminine manifestation of womanhood. Specifically, that you lack any male endowment at all, but instead were blessed with a clitoris, and presumably the vagina of the fairer sex as well. How did it feel to be unmanned that way in front of a bunch of girls?

As if that wasn't enough emasculation, Sarah smiled even as she held you up like a rag doll and said, "Hey girls! She's moaning and writhing. It may be her time of the month! Someone get her a tampon! I think I have some in my cheer bag!"

Your mouth went wide with astonished, abashed embarrassment as you virtually melted in shame at hearing all of these insults demeaning your manhood. After that, there was no escape for you. All of the cheerleaders took turns pointing out each one of your naturally girlish

traits. Their teasing took on a more taunting tone. They all seemed all too eager to help you embrace your inner cheer princess.

You could feel the last gasps of your minuscule masculinity, such that it was, draining away ever more rapidly. You felt like you should argue against their escalating assaults on your gender identity. You feared that if this continued, soon everything about you would be replaced by an imposed femininity.

## Chapter Two: The Big Game Approaches

The game was about to begin. The crowd was still paying the higher ticket price both to witness your humiliation and to watch the boys' basketball game to follow. Mainly to see you humbled by the taller, stronger, and very beautiful cheer coach. Besides coaching, Hannah was a popular French teacher.

Despite her relative youth at only twenty five years old, she was well known to the entire student body, even those who took Spanish, German, or one of the other offered languages rather than the French classes she taught.

The cheerleaders took up their positions on the sidelines and readied to rouse the huge and growing audience for the preliminary exhibition, seeing it as a fun and enjoyable warm up before the usual boys' contest.

Their lovely, made up faces were all beaming delightedly. They shook their pom poms in perfect synchronized motions, and they called out to you in unison. They danced as one as they shouted, using the brand new chants that they'd made up to make fun of you, focusing on your lack of athleticism, and your impending forced feminization.

As the cheerleaders danced and giggled, they riled up the crowd with these particularly demeaning chats. The first went:

“Hey, Mr. Big Mouth, you're in for a treat,  
We'll make you a cheerleader, so sweet and petite!”

They quickly followed up with:

"Give us a C, give us an H, and a double E and an R,  
You'll soon be a cheerleader, known near and far!”

Then they cheered:

“All-star athlete? Nah, not for you,

You'll look better in a skirt and pompoms too!"

These chants were designed to playfully mock your lacking athletic prowess and tease you about your impending transformation into a cheerleader. The crowd loved every minute of it, as the cheerleaders' enthusiasm added to the anticipation of the exhibition.

Your confidence in your victory, and therefore your ability to avoid a humiliating make over, was at risk. With your modest manhood evaporating as the girls escalated their verbal emasculation of you, your desperation to defy them increased.

You wanted to shut them up. To reassert your masculinity, before it was too late. Still, you were held there transfixed, seemingly helpless to do anything at all to prevent your impending transformation. You struggled to free yourself from this dilemma, wrestling with your inner demons.

Lost in thought, you seemed to be drifting out in space, light years away. You felt torn between the need to find a clever response to stand up to the giggling girls, and yet inexorably entwined by their clever stratagem, enhanced by their enticing, enchanting alluring beauty.

You also felt your mind entangled by their almost hypnotic suggestions. Their taunts that detailed every single step that they were eagerly planning to subject you to, in order to make you into one of them.

"Earth to pretty little girl! Earth to pretty little girl!" Hannah demanded, "I asked, 'Are we doing this?' or are you chickening out like the prissy sissy you are? I'm thinking that you should be my French maid for a year for wussing out of this bet! You'd make such a sexy little maid!"

Startled out of your trance, you looked up at Hannah, blinking insensately with a dull, dumbfounded, utterly blank expression on your face. Your bewildered state only further confounded by her enchanting beauty and sizzling sensuality.

You could see once more that she is a stunningly beautiful woman in her mid twenties, with exquisite feminine features that captivate everyone who sees her. She has a heart-shaped face with high cheekbones that give her a sculpted and elegant look. Her sparkling emerald green eyes are her most striking feature, framed by long, dark eyelashes that make them even more mesmerizing.

Hannah's long strawberry blonde silky hair was cascading in loose waves down past her shoulders and half way to her nipped in waist. It had a healthy shine and voluptuous volume, adding to her overall allure.

She'd recently enhanced her hair coloring with a subtle balayage, a stylish technique for highlighting hair in which the dye is painted on in such a way as to create a graduated, natural-looking effect. These subtle highlights accentuated her hair's beauty even more.

Hannah's beauty is not just skin deep. It's a reflection of her confidence, charisma, and inner strength. Her athletic prowess and natural charm make her a truly remarkable woman. She has a perfectly straight nose, a soft smile that lights up her face, and naturally rosy cheeks that give her a healthy and vibrant appearance.

She wasn't smiling at that moment, however, instead she was glaring at you with a predatory stare that made you feel ill at ease. "We doing this or not?" she challenged, "if you're too afraid, just say so! You can just forfeit, and then you can be my French Maid for the next year instead!"

Hannah's body is lean and toned, a testament to her athleticism and dedication to fitness. She has an hourglass figure with a slender waist and graceful curves that enhance her natural beauty. Her skin is smooth and radiant, reflecting her commitment to a healthy lifestyle.

She stood above you at around five foot, eight inches—taller than you by at least a few inches—which added to her commanding presence and intimidated you even more. Her weight was proportionate to her height, emphasizing her athletic physique. She looked very impressive in

her gym attire, effortlessly chic, powerful yet poised and perfectly feminine.

She usually wears form-fitting yoga pants or leggings that highlight her toned legs, but this time she was wearing loose fitting shorts in a pale, feminine baby pink with white piping. Her matching sports bra provided comfort and support without sacrificing style, and coordinated perfectly with her shorts in complementary colors—mainly white with baby pink stripes.

She completed her gym bunny look with a pair of pink sleek and fashionable athletic shoes designed for performance and style. Her look was unmistakably feminine, and you bristled realizing that she was playing up her girlishness in marked contrast to your asserted, supposed masculine superiority.

You looked like you'd been knocked senseless, and you seemed speechless as you stared back at Hannah. You were trying your best to meet her gaze but looking away, intimidated as she laughed right in your face. You considered your twenty five year old rival closely.

Her make up was typically understated, but as always enhanced her beautiful, feminine features. She'd opted for a natural look for the show down with you, emphasizing her striking emerald eyes with subtle eye liner and just a hint of mascara. She often wears a rosy blush that complements her cheek bones and a nude lipstick to enhance her soft smile.

Her smile was sharp and mocking at that moment, however, not soft or kind. She saw you as prey, and prepared to devour you mercilessly, humiliating you for everyone to see. Hannah's confident and commanding presence was evident as she discussed her upcoming basketball game with the cheerleaders. They gathered around her, eager to hear her strategy.

She said, "Alright, girls, it's time to show Little Miss Big Mouth here that girls can excel in sports. I've got a plan to beat her in this basketball game."

Sarah asked, “What’s the strategy, Hannah? Wait! Aren’t you concerned about her hearing your plans?”

Hannah said, “Not at all! I don’t care if she hears everything. There’s no way she can stop me. First, I’ll use my speed and agility to keep her off balance. I know she’s underestimating me, so I’ll take advantage of that.”

Ava asked, “How about your size advantage?”

Hannah said, “I’ll use that and my finesse to over power and outmaneuver her, but I don’t need to rely on my brute strength. My quick reflexes will help me steal the ball.”

Emily said, “You’re going to make her look like a fool out there, and then we get to turn her into a cheer princess!”

Hannah said, “Absolutely, Emily, and when I score that winning basket, she’ll be begging for mercy.”

As they discussed her strategy, Hannah’s determination and confidence shone through. She was ready to prove that girls could compete in sports at the highest level, and the cheerleaders were behind her all the way. This intimidated you, but what could you do?

“I’m ready!” you replied, even though the girls had distracted you and kept you from even warming up for a second. You understood that this might leave you at a disadvantage, but you knew that any excuses you made would only be met with mockery and derision. After all, your challenge was filled with boastful, boyish bravado. Anything but confidence in your competitive prowess at that point would mark you as a coward.

“The Game” was about to begin. The stakes for both you and Hannah couldn’t be higher. One of you would be humiliated in front of everyone, the other would be cheered as a conqueror.

Either the sexy cheer coach would be forced to serve you hand and foot dressed as a sexy little French Maid uniform for an entire year. Or else you would be forced to be a cheer queen for a day. When Hannah explained that day would be next Friday, you had to fight the urge to run away.

That's right! Next Friday! A game day! A spirit rally day! That would mean you'd join the cheer team performing at the rally, all done up as a pretty, feminine, cheer girl for everyone at school to laugh at. You'd have to cheer at the game, dressed the same as the rest of the girls. This after wearing the uniform all day in school. How humiliating for you!

True, your fate would be much more brief than hers, but how would you ever live it down? Having to appear in front of the whole school dressed in a cute cheer uniform, wearing pretty make up, your hair styled in a feminine look with a huge, girlish bow. How humiliating for you!

Worse, you'd be on display dressed as a girl all day in all of your classes, and walking the hall ways with your tiny, pleated cheerleader skirt dancing around your upper thighs. You'd be dancing too—at the pep rally, just like all of the other cheer girls! You'd be doing each and every one of the feminine, sexy steps in time with the rest of them.

This would require that you attend cheer practices every day that week. You'd have to do that to ensure you could perform adequately as a cheerleader. At the twice daily practices, you'd have to wear the same short shorts and bra tops as the other girls for practice that entire week.

The practices will take place outside, right next to the football field, both before and after school each day. Unless it's raining of course. In that case, you and the rest of the cheer girls will run through your dances, cheers, chants, and your whole routines in the girls' gym.

These practice sessions will be open to everyone. That means any one who wants to is welcome to watch. Your friends and school mates could all come and see you as you worked to refine your cheerleading

skills. This would put you on display, dressed as a pretty teenaged girl, as you pranced around with the other cheerleaders.

You'd be wearing make up too, of course, with your hair up in a cute ribbon. Your legs will be waxed, shaven, or made smooth and hairless with a depilatory, just like your arms, under arms, chest, stomach—your whole body beneath your eye brows, which will be shaped into thin, feminine arches.

The prospect of putting you, a boy, through their hygiene and beauty regimen made all of the cheer girls giggle. Ava, an aspiring esthetician, was especially keen on making you over into one of the girls.

I understand you have a huge crush on her? Well, who could blame you? She's a friendly and supportive girl known for her radiant smile and her warm, bright hazel eyes that twinkle with mischief and enthusiasm. Her long, chestnut brown hair, that she usually ties in a low bun for practices, has attractive high lights. Over all, she's quite a cutie!

She's about five foot five inches tall and very flexible and strong with a great sense of balance, making her an excellent flyer who excels during stunts. Her well toned and athletic physique along with her intense dedication to the team makes her a top choice for captain of the squad next year. Maybe you'll join her?

She volunteered to do your make up saying, "I can't wait to see how you look when I do up your face, Chica!"

The usual cheerleader style is natural and fresh, but Ava usually prefers to go a bit on the wild side, as befitting her bold, dynamic, and theatrical personality. Her eyes are always uniquely alluring, with thick eye liner, even thicker mascara, and striking yet expertly blended eye shadow.

She loved to emphasize her cheek bones with bright red and pink blush, and she used the same striking shades to make her lips look lush and kissable. If she plans on doing your look the same way, you'll have to beat off the guys with a stick. Or maybe you'll just have to beat them

off, or maybe even suck them off to keep them out of your sexy little panties, you skanky little slut to be! Oh don't sulk! You knew what you were in for when you agreed to the bet.

Even as the game was about to begin, Ava warmly hugged you and said, "Hey sexy girl, your school spirit is shining through! I feel like you're already a part of our cheer family. So glad to have you with us!" Seems she was ardent to recruit you on to the cheerleading team! Of course you blushed at her treating you as if you were already one of the girls!

At that, her identical twin sister Grace usually shy and reserved, surprised us all by saying, "Yeah, you've already got that cute cheer girl sparkle in your eyes! We're so excited to have you flying high with us. Welcome to the team, Girl!"

Despite being Ava's identical twin, she wasn't a carbon copy of her sister. She wore her hair and make up decidedly differently. Also a dynamic cheerleader who also excelled as a flyer, she dyed her short, pixie cut hair into a striking fire engine red that made her bright blue eyes shine in an enticing way. All of this added a unique and exotic touch to her look. Less of a girly girl than her twin, her make up is usually sporty and minimal, focusing on practicality.

You looked from one twin to the other, as they both smiled at you. Grace and Ava said in unison, "You're going to make such a cute cheerleader! I can't wait to see you all dolled up!" Then they looked at each other, high fived, and laughed. I guess that's just some kind of twin thing?

You blushed deeply and mumbled something unintelligible as the other girls all nodded at Ava Grace and giggled loudly. They all agreed you were going to lose the game and the bet. None of them could wait to turn you into their living dress up doll. All of them were confident that it wouldn't be long until they got to do it.

### Chapter Three: The Big Game Begins

By that point, word about your foolish bet and the “Big Game” had spread all around the school and the whole area. The crowd packing the gymnasium was loud, boisterous and all too eager to watch the show down and your down fall. They were looking forward to your public humiliation, followed by your public emasculation. It was all anyone could talk about for days.

You’d gained quite the reputation as a big mouth. As a braggart whose lush lips often wrote checks that your effeminate body couldn’t cash, you’d attracted a lot of the wrong kind of attention. Every single woman and girl resented your claims that none of them could beat a boy or a man in any sport.

If they could, many of them would have lined up behind Hannah to challenge you to some athletic contest in the hopes of humbling you, and turning you into their sissy maid—creating in you an new submissive, feminine identity. That could still happen, and there were any number of people who’d love to see it!

As you know, almost everyone was rooting for you to lose. Even your closest friends were eager to see you and your male ego knocked down, dragged into the girls’ locker room made over into a pretty missy. They, like all of the rest of the overflow crowd, had paid at least twenty dollars each to attend.

The court side seats were going for as much as five hundred dollars, because those promised to provide the best view of your defeat on the court and your subsequent make over into a pretty cheer princess. This would be by far the biggest fund raiser for the school and for the cheerleaders—all thanks to you!

Odd isn’t it? Most of your class mates agreed that you deserved to be transformed into a cheerleader for at least a week. Many of the girls actually thought that you should be kept as a girl for longer, at least a month, maybe even for the rest of the term. Several felt you should be turned into a girl forever.

The entire gymnasium was buzzing with excitement as you and Hannah took to the court, shook hands, and prepared to play. You two did “rock, paper, scissors” to see who got the first possession. You won, with your paper covering her rock, but that would be your last win for the day.

You each took your positions. Hannah playfully tossed the basketball to you so you could dribble it in bounds, and the game officially began. From the very start, it was evident that you were in trouble. You front rimmed your first shot, an easy short range jumper. As it fell into Hannah’s waiting hands, the cheerleaders mocked your miss chanting:

“She shoots the ball and it’s a miss,  
You’ll make a cute cheerleader, we promise you this!”

You knew that the cheerleaders were all in their coach’s corner, but it still unsettled you to hear them referring to you as “she” in front of the loud, rowdy crowd. Their comment about you making a “cute cheerleader” was even more unnerving, even or maybe especially after all of their teasing earlier. You had other more pressing things to worry about, however.

Hannah was clearly a formidable opponent. As if to mock you, she easily shot and scored from the exact same spot you’d just missed from to take an early lead. Two to nothing.

During your next possession, she poked at the ball as you attempted to drive on her. Using her quick hands, she knocked the ball off of your knees and out of bounds. That gave her the possession, and she smiled at you condescendingly, eagerly taking over. She scored again, this time a step back fade away to make the score Four to zero.

When you sank a wild hook shot, bringing you within two points, she went into a higher gear. Using her athleticism to dominate you, she displayed impressive dribbling skills, precise shooting, and remarkable

agility. She effortlessly weaved past you, evading your pathetic attempts at defense.

She put on a clinic, schooling you as she made two layups with finesse and sunk a pair of three-pointers with pinpoint accuracy. The score was now fourteen to two. She only needed seven more points to close out the game as the victor.

Her shot selection was a testament to her basketball prowess. She only took open shots and she only missed a few of them. She usually grabbed the rebounds too, extending her possessions time and again. This began tiring you out, and your lack of pregame stretching or warm ups left you vulnerable to muscle cramps.

The cheerleaders, with their radiant made up faces, performed their synchronized routines while enthusiastically yelling rhyming taunts to tease you. They chanted:

“No baskets, no rebounds, your skills are much less,  
You’ll soon cheer with us, you pretty princess!”

“She runs, she jumps, with girlish grace!  
We’ll teach you how to cheer, that’s your new place!”

These chants were designed to mock and distract you, to humiliate you in front of the whole crowd. The cheerleaders’ synchronized movements and spirited chants created an entertaining spectacle for the audience. They also seeming put a drag on you, no pun intended!

You seemed a step slow as Hannah effortlessly dashed by you, around you, and fooled you with ball fakes, head fakes, and other tricks. Her cheerleaders compounded your consternation.

As if to dispel any doubts about your upcoming emasculation, the ebullient beauties locked arms and did a kick line dance like chorus girls singing:

“Feminine and fabulous, that’s your new role,

Embrace the cheerleader in your heart and soul!”

The cheerleaders’ dances were a captivating blend of grace and playfulness as they mockingly teased you. Their choreography was perfectly synchronized, and their movements were a mix of sassy and elegant, highlighting their agility and athleticism. As they performed, they incorporated teasing chants about you.

"From missed baskets to cheers, quite the transition,  
Get ready for pom poms your a new occupation!”

“Dribbling and shooting? That’s not your fate,  
You’ll cheerlead with us and look oh so great!”

Hannah nodded at the girls appreciatively. “You’re not very good at this, Princess!” she mocked you, as she sunk a step back jumper to put her ahead sixteen points to two. “I guess no one told you that I was an All American in high school, and I was recruited to play for several top ten division one colleges?”

Hannah displayed her dominance as the cheerleaders continued to mock you from the sidelines where they performed their cheers and shook their poms. They all continued to revel in your ever more humiliating predicament, pointedly teasing you about your weak performance on the basketball court.

The cheerleaders’ dances were a lively and synchronized display of athletic grace and femininity as they playfully mocked you. Their choreography was designed to entertain the audience and tease you. They began with energetic pom-pom flourishes, creating vibrant patterns in the air as they twirled the colorful poms with precision.

They followed with sassy hip shakes and swaying motions, highlighting their feminine charm and confidence. Their movements exuded a playful and confident vibe. They included high kicks and leg extensions, showcasing their flexibility and agility. Each kick was executed with flair and precision. They added playful gestures and expressions to emphasize the teasing nature of their routines.

Hannah, watching you watching them said, “Aren’t the girls doing a great job cheering? Just think, Princess! Soon, you’ll be one of them!”

Your face went a paler shade of white as you watched the cheerleaders performing their skillful jumps, like toe touches and herkies, reaching impressive heights and displaying their athleticism. You felt increasingly dizzy and nauseated as you imagined yourself doing the same, wearing the exactly what they were!

Overall, their dancing and chanting were an entertaining mix of athleticism that you lacked as well as precision, and feminine charm that you have galore. All of this with a huge amount of humor aimed at you. The cheerleaders’ performance added to the excitement the exhibition, which wasn’t really all that suspenseful.

Hannah was toying with you, and everyone there knew it. Trying to keep the proceedings at least somewhat interesting, the cheerleaders toyed with you as well. During the play stoppages, they transitioned smoothly between group formations, creating visually appealing patterns on the court. These intricate routines showed off their unity and emphasized their teamwork.

With each move, they seemed to taunt you more wickedly, drawing attention to your mistakes on the court and celebrating your impending transformation. Their playful dance moves included exaggerated cheers and leaps, all delivered with a lot of mockery. Their facial expressions ranged from mischievous smirks to playful winks, all adding to the overall lighthearted atmosphere—lighthearted for everyone except for you, that is.

At various points, they incorporated taunting gestures, such as sticking out their tongues and pointing their fingers in your direction, making fun of you, much to the delight of the audience. All throughout their different routines, they chanted and sang catchy phrases that playfully mocked your lack of masculinity.

Their irrepressible enthusiasm clearly showed that they couldn't wait to effectuate your impending transformation into one of them. Between their cheers, they openly discussed the possibility and appropriateness of keeping you as a girl permanently. They giggled together about your newfound place on the cheer team.

Sarah said, "Hey Girly Girl, it looks like you're dancing more than dribbling out there! I have to say, you've got all of the hot moves, but too bad for you they're definitely cheerleader moves not basketball moves, Sweetie!"

Emily eagerly joined in with her captain's teasing by saying, "Look at you! Such a cute prissy sissy! Who needs basketball when you can master the art of shaking pom poms in a pretty little skirt? I bet you'll look simply adorable prancing around and cheering with us. It's your true calling!"

Olivia agreed with her cheer sisters. She said, "You know, I think you should just embrace the fact that you're already an honorary cheerleader, and soon you'll be one of us officially. We've been needing another girl with your energy on the squad, and you clearly belong on the sidelines with us! You have no business even trying to be a guy!"

Ava nodded and added, "I've got to hand it to you Girl, you've got the perfect look for our cheer team. Those long locks, that slim girlish figure—you're definitely a cute cheerleader princess in the making!"

Grace said, "We've cast our votes, and it's unanimous. We all agree that you belong on the cheer squad! Your transformation into a girl is coming up right after you lose, and that's just the beginning of your cheerleader journey!"

Their taunting and teasing continued incessantly, each comment adding to the sense of your impending public emasculation. It was clear that they were embracing the idea of you being a part of their all girls team, at least for a long, unendurable week wearing girl's clothes and acting like a girl. They couldn't resist taking every opportunity to tease you about it.

Your consternation was already obvious. You knew that your reputation as a man, if not your gender identity itself, hung in the balance. Breathing heavily, your face red with exertion, you struggled to get yourself back into the game. Grunting with effort, you took a mad stab at the ball, knocking it free. Too bad for you, you were the last one to touch the ball, and so Hannah retained possession.

Your prospects remained bleak, even after you tossed in a desperation three pointer, slightly narrowing the tally to sixteen to five. You knew her eleven point lead was almost insurmountable, especially as you were tiring and she looked as fresh as ever.

On the ensuing inbounds play, she bounced the ball right off of your bubble butt, grabbed it out of the air as she blew by you, and took it in for an easy lay up. At that, the cheerleaders went wild! Their celebratory dance routine was a stunning spectacle, firing up the audience's already manic reaction.

It was clear that they were enjoying every moment of your humiliation. They stepped up their playful teasing as they moved in sync, dancing with confidence and charm. Their chants continued, as they smiled widely and sang,

“Hey there, Girly Girl, don't be mean,  
You'll soon cheer with us, embrace your new team!”

During the brief ensuing time out, the giggling girls surrounded you. Dancing around you in a tight circle they began chanting:

“From missing baskets to cheer is quite the transition,  
You're our new cheer princess, a fabulous addition!”

“Being a guy might be nice, but it's not for you,  
You're better off joining us as a cheerleader too!”

“Everyone knows you can't play basketball,  
As a cheerleader, you'll impress one and all!”

At that point, struggling in the game and enduring endless mockery from everyone in the gymnasium, your frustration was going off the charts, you poor thing! When Ava put lip gloss on you, you didn't even have the will to stop her.

## Chapter Four: The Second Bet

Hannah's trick play had put her ahead by eighteen to five, and she taunted you about your pathetic performance as well as your inferior abilities by saying, "I bet you don't score another point off of me for the rest of the game!"

"I'll take that bet and—" you began, confident that you could score at least one point before she scored three, but the even more confident cheer coach cut you off before you could utter another word.

"You sure about that?" she smirked, "you haven't even heard the terms of the bet yet! If you win, by scoring just one itty bitty point, then you won't have to let us dress you up as a cheer girl one time, but—"

"Fine! I'll take it!" you answered eagerly, almost immediately, seeing a way out, hoping escape your impending emasculation. You still hadn't heard all of the details, you had no idea what you were risking!

Hannah made that clear, saying, "It's not a bet until you agree to all of the terms! Let me tell you what will happen when you lose this bet too!"

She informed you about the incredible risk you faced by saying, "Right! I can tell you're eager to get out of spending seven days dressed up as a cheerleader, but you have to understand? If you lose this second bet, if I shut you out the rest of the way, then you'll have to remain as a cheerleader for months. You won't just spend one single week dressed up as a girl. You'll be part of the cheer squad, doing every little thing our girls do, for an entire season!"

You looked confused as you carefully considered the odds. Being forced to look and act like a cheerleader for an entire week was bad enough. Being forced to live as a cheerleader for an entire season, having everyone see you looking and acting like a girl for all that time, was a horrifying thought. Living as one of the cheerleaders for a whole season? Could you survive that with your masculinity intact? Not that you had much masculinity to begin with!

Your face betrayed your fears, and Hannah laughed at you as you seemed less confident than you'd been just moments before. She mocked you saying, "Oh! So you're not that sure you can even score another point on me after all? How precious, Little Girl!"

Her mockery made you grimace with frustration and indecision. Your expression changed from angrily defiant to submissively insecure and back again in a rapid succession of mixed emotions. You summoned the last shred of your bravado and said, "Yeah I am sure, but, um, I! Uh, but, um, but...."

She mocked you saying, "But, but, um, I! Uh, but, um, but, but, but! Yeah your butt will look so sexy in your cute little cheer skirt!" She laughed, "I guess you really are nothing but a silly little bimbo. Maybe you're too much of a girly girl to even be a cheerleader?"

Before you could even reply to this latest assault on your masculinity, the cheerleaders all chimed in. Sarah, as the Captain, went first saying, "Oh Sweetie, you play basketball like a such girly girl out there! Maybe it's time to embrace your inner cheerleader and join us for a solid week as a cheerleader!"

Emily said, "I agree with Sarah! You look pretty graceful out there. We could use someone like you on the cheer team. I mean, you're practically cheering for Hannah with those feminine moves!"

They'd been prepared in advance to taunt you about your girlishness, and they commenced in teasing you mercilessly. They all delighted in watching your pathetic performance on the court and enthused about the idea of your impending week long feminization. They kept emphasizing your impending emasculation with a series of taunting chants.

They'd prepared these in advance to drive home the point that you deserved to be kept as a pretty little cheer princess for the rest of the season, or even permanently:

"One, two, three, four,  
We want you as our cheer princess forevermore!"

"Hey, hey, what do you say?  
You'll be a cheer princess, come what may!"

"From this game, there's no retreat,  
You're our cheer princess, can't be beat!"

"Pompoms and skirts, it's your fate,  
As a cheer princess, you'll be first-rate!"

"On the cheer squad, you'll be so sweet,  
Our cheer princess, from head to feet!"

They danced as they chanted, teasing you about your impending transformation into a cheerleader and emphasizing that you deserved to stay that way. Olivia, cute and demure little Olivia couldn't wait to join in, explaining that this wasn't just a joke, that all of them wanted to keep you as a girl for the rest of your life.

She said, "We're serious! You need to be kept as a girl permanently? You've got the potential to be a fabulous cheerleader, and we can't wait to entrap you in unescapable emasculated enforced effeminacy!"

Ava nodded and said, "If you ask me, you belong with us on the cheer squad for real, like forever, not just for a week or even a season. Your feline agility and coordination and girlish good looks would make you a perfect fit. Plus, you're already rocking that feminine charm!"

Grace nodded her head enthusiastically, and she smiled wickedly as she mocked you as well saying, "Honestly, it's clear that you're more suited for the cheer team than anything else. You're a natural! I say we vote on whether or not we should keep you as one of us permanently. What do you think, girls?"

They all raised their hands at that, essentially accepting you as a cheer girl, much against your will. They clearly didn't care that you were

dead set against dressing or acting like a girl. That didn't matter to them at all. As the cheerleaders continued their pointed teasing, they drove home the idea in front of everyone. Making it clear they were certain that you could excel as a cheerleader.

As they emphasized your girlish appearance and your feminine performance on the basketball court, it rankled you and you felt the need to avoid being dressed and shown off as a girl at all costs. The risk of doing so weighed heavily on you as you considered that you had already scored five points, and scoring one more shouldn't be too difficult.

You'd just about made your mind up to accept the second bet, despite the risks of living long term as a girl, when the girls pointedly suggested that your place might indeed be a better fit with them on the cheer squad.

Hannah said, "One of our girls is going to be moving away with her parents in a few weeks. We can definitely use you as a new flyer, Girly!"

When the crowd laughed at you uncontrollably, and loudly joined with the girls questioning your manhood, you looked on helplessly. I thought you resembled a panicking little mouse, trying in vain to flee from a crowd of prowling cats. The girls gathered around you, all of them toying with you as you struggled to escape your emasculated fate.

When one loud voice called out from the crowd, "He plays like a girl! I bet *she's* been a girl all along!" your face flushed redder than ever before. More than a few people agreed and made their views known to you. You shook your head sadly, with evident shocked and stunned embarrassment.

You heard the laughter and the mockery. You knew that if all of these people were already questioning your manhood so openly, their jeers would be multiplied ten fold once they saw you all dolled up in a cheerleader's uniform. What could you say to defend your manhood when you were flouncing around as a cheer girl with make up all over your face? How could you ever live that down?

From the horrified, helpless look on your face, it was clear that your thoughts were all focused on finding some way to escape your impending, excruciatingly embarrassingly emasculated fate. You felt cornered, and you were looking around feverishly as if seeking a clear avenue of retreat.

In mere moments, your choices were taken away from you. The cheerleaders made it virtually impossible for you to decline Hannah's challenge when they began leading the crowd in a chant,

“Just embrace your femininity!  
You should be a girl permanently!”

The words were awkward, but when the audience joined in, happily yelling and clapping along, you saw very little choice. The last straw came when Hannah said, “I can't wait to see you in your Homecoming dress, you sexy little girl! I bet you'll make a strong showing for Homecoming Queen!”

She saw how that comment stung, and she took the opportunity to torment you, describing how you'd look as Homecoming Queen in excruciating detail, saying, “You'll exude elegance and beauty from head to toe, captivating everyone's attention as you grace the big dance with your precious presence.”

She grinned and said, “You'll wear a stunning, pink silk, floor length gown designed to make you look like a true queen. It will shimmer with sequins and intricate beadwork. I think a sweetheart neckline will look so pretty on you, accentuating your graceful collarbones, and cascading into a flowing A-line skirt that will flow behind you as dance with your studly date.”

“My studly date?” you growled, “I'm not into—”

She laughed and cut you off saying, “Your hair will be a true work of art, styled in loose, cascading waves that frame your face with gorgeous glamour, falling gracefully over your shoulders, perfectly

complemented by a sparkling hairpin that will add a touch of sophistication.”

“Hannah, please stop!” you whined pathetically, but she just smirked and kept going.

“Your impeccably applied, flamboyant makeup will enhance your natural, feminine beauty while still maintaining your air of youthful radiance. I’m thinking a smoky eye shadow to accentuate your striking eyes, long false eye lashes coated with mascara that will flutter with your every blink. Your skin will glow, a flawless complexion, with rosy blush on your cheeks adding a bright touch of color, and a deep red lipstick will make your sweet kissable lips really stand out!”

You beseeched her, “Hannah! Don’t!” Still, she just kept describing you all dressed up as a pretty girl.

She just laughed right in your face and said, “Your jewelry set will be a masterpiece of elegance. I see you wearing a dazzling diamond necklace that rests gracefully on your décolletage, catching the light and sparkling with radiating brilliance. Your earrings will match with equally exquisite, brightly shining diamonds that will dangle and dance sexily, provocatively as you move.”

Seeing you stunned into silence, she laughed and went on saying, “Your elegant, strappy heels, in a matching shade of baby pink and adorned with delicate rhinestone embellishments that sparkle with each step you take, will complete your ensemble. The five inch heels will add height to your petite stature, and add grace to your overall appearance, allowing you to command attention wherever you go inside the grand banquet hall.”

She touched her chin thoughtfully then corrected herself, “Did I say your shoes ‘would complete your ensemble?’ Silly me! I can’t forget the best parts! Lingerie: Beneath your pretty gown, you’ll wear delicate, lace lingerie that makes you feel comfortable and confident, and oh so girlish. The lingerie will be a not so subtle reminder of your femininity.”

Hearing this, the gathered cheerleaders burst out into laughter. Sarah said, “Coach! Don’t forget the Homecoming Queen’s Sash!

Ava said, “Fair. One of us always wins Homecoming Queen!”

Hannah said, “That’s right girls!” Turning to you she said, “Sarah, last years’ Queen, will carefully lift a pretty sash over your pretty head, and she’ll place it across your torso. There it will hang, over your shoulder, falling diagonally across your hour glass torso, and nestling between your womanly breasts.”

Looking at you smiling and laughing she said, “You’ll proudly wear the sash identifying you as ‘Homecoming Queen’ in bold, pink glittering letters, draped gracefully over your lovely gown. This will identify you as this year’s sweetheart, drawing attention to your well deserved title.”

Sarah, having experienced all of this the prior year, added in a dreamy voice, “Then there’s the tiara!” as she recalled her own moment of glory.

“Yes! Thank you Sarah!” Hannah smiled, then she turned back to you—even as you gasped at her audacity—and she said, “Completing your royal teen queen look will be a magnificent tiara perched atop your perfectly coiffed hair. Adorned with glistening crystals, it will sparkle under the spotlight making sure that everyone stares at you, You’ll look and feel like a true beauty queen as it sits comfortably on your head, reminding everyone there that you’re a gorgeous girl.”

She concluded saying, “As the Homecoming Queen, you’ll be a vision of grace, beauty, and confidence. Your designation will make you the center of attention on this special night, and photographers and videographers will capture this moment for posterity. Your photo will grace the local papers, showing you in your enchantingly feminine attire, your elegant makeup, and your exquisite accessories. All of this will emphasize your regal feminine status, leaving a lasting, even permanent impression on everyone in attendance!”

That was it. Picturing yourself dressed up like that at a big dance made your male ego burn in aggrieved, aggravated agony. You'd heard enough, and you had no alternative but to stand up to her taunting.

“Fine! I accept your challenge!” you said as defiantly as you could. Your face looked fierce, but your voice was shaky with the utterly humiliating thoughts of what would happen if you lost this second bet.

“Oh is that so?” Hannah asked, “Let's just be clear so you won't try to weasel out of this second bet!”

“I won't weasel out!” you protested angrily. You were trying to sound tough but your voice quavered and cracked making you sound more like a petulant little princess. “I'll score on you for sure! In fact, this game isn't over yet and I—”

Hannah laughed as she cut you off again, saying, “So you're sure about this? You know that unless you score on me you'll be stuck living as a girl for at least four months? That means you'll be a cheerleader in every way for the rest of the football season!”

You visibly shuddered at the prospect, but to your credit you stood up to Hannah, or at least you tried to. You barked, “Yes, I know what it means! It means that I'll be a cheerleader for a season. I guess that includes cheerleading at the pep rally on Fridays? That's it?”

Hannah got all up in your face, intimidating you as she said, “No, Princess! That's just the least of it!” Then she went on describing your fate in painstaking detail saying, “You'll be part of the cheer squad for a whole season, and that means that you'll be dressing exactly as the girls tell you to dress, acting exactly the way they tell you to act, living and walking and taking, even thinking as a girl!”

I took you aside and warned you. You could submissively admit that Hannah is so superior to you that you can't risk accepting the second bet in front of everyone, but that would be so humiliating.

Or, you could take the risk, knowing that losing would doom you to a full season dressing, acting, and worst of all being seen by everyone as a cheerleader princess. I smiled at you wickedly and told you to make your choice carefully!

Your gender depends on it. What will you choose? You looked stunned at my remarks, and were clearly wavering, undecided.

Then Hannah said, “This will be for every single moment of every single day for a whole season, starting from this point on!” She said this mockingly, her voice taking on a high, breathy bimboish tone that made everyone laugh at the prospect of you being forced to live as a girl for an entire week. “Last chance, Princess! Do you still agree to this new bet, Missy?”

Her taunting had the effect she desired. She’d enflamed your passions to the point that your wounded ego totally overwhelmed your common sense. I felt a strong tingling between my legs that made me moan, and almost swoon, as I anticipated your response. You didn’t disappoint me.

“Yes!” you snarled, through gritted teeth. Bless your heart, you really were sure that you could score at least one point off of Hannah. At least a lay up, or maybe a free throw, just a point before she inevitably humbled you by winning the game. Poor thing! It wasn’t to be.

You’d really pissed Hannah off by claiming that cheerleading isn’t a sport, and for that, she planned in advance to make you pay dearly. She was ready to spring the trap that she and I had carefully set for you, challenging you to accept an even more embarrassing, emasculating bet. This one far more serious than the first.

As the game progressed, Hannah’s lead continued to widen. You looked like you were trying harder and harder to match her even as she sunk each additional basket. Your desperation grew as the end of the game was rapidly approaching, but it was no use. She showcased her superior athleticism and skills, leaving you struggling to keep up.

She even fouled you intentionally by pulling down your gym shorts, exposing you in your underwear. This, much to the crowd's amusement. You pulled your pants back up as quickly as you could, but the damage had already been done. The entire crowd had seen your modest endowments.

With obvious delight, the cheerleaders loudly noted the lack of a bulge in your boxers. They maximized your misfortune, teasing you with new chants, each emphasizing what a pretty, feminine girl you are. They called attention to how your girlish body was made for cheerleading.

The cheerleaders made it clear how feminine they considered you, especially your "enticing womanly sex," as Sarah put it. Ava mentioned that you "have nothing manly between your legs to stop you from doing the splits as a cheer girl." They sang one humiliating little ditty after another, starting with:

"You're not a boy, you're a total girl,  
In a cheerleader skirt, you'll make hearts whirl!"

"With a sway and a giggle, you'll dazzle and shine,  
Your body's girlish, just like mine!"

"Pom pons and a skirt, and makeup so cute,  
You'll be a cheer princess, such a beaut!"

"All dolled up as the girl you really are,  
You'll shine forever, our cheerleader star!"

## Chapter Five: The Big Shot

The cheerleaders' enthusiasm for your transformation that had already been palpable was growing in intensity. So was your anxiety. As you lined up to take the fateful foul shot, finally, there was some tension in the air. They kept chanting more and more humiliating little rhymes at you.

They had a series of chants that playfully teased you about how you would capture the hearts of all the guys once they transform you into a cheerleader:

"In a skirt so cute, you'll steal their hearts,  
All the guys will swoon as the cheer squad starts!"

"With makeup so pretty, you'll shine so bright,  
In those sexy shoes, you'll be a sheer delight!"

"Pompoms in hand, you'll twirl and cheer,  
Every guy will want you, it's crystal clear!"

"From short skirts to dresses, you'll look divine,  
The guys won't resist, they'll form a line!"

"Once we're done with you, just wait and see,  
All the guys will fall for you, you sexy cutie!"

All of these chants emphasized how your transformation into a cheerleader would make you irresistible to all the guys, thanks to your new feminine attire and makeup. Their teasing added a touch of fun and excitement to the situation. Still, the atmosphere became almost unbearable as the people watched on, with rapt attention, holding their breath.

There wasn't a sound in the huge gymnasium other than the noise from the ball that you bounced in front of you, trying to steady your

nerves. As everyone stared at you, while you readied to take your foul shot, Ava ran out to where you were trying to focus.

To your shocked surprise, she reached into your shorts and grabbed your privates once again! This time, she made a startled face, and turned to the laughing audience. She held her thumb about an inch from her finger high above her head, then pointed at your crotch area and shook her head. All the while, she was giggling madly at once again teasing you about your unmanly anatomy.

You were blushing so brightly that you looked like a tomato! You tried to shake all of this off, but it was ever more difficult as you could clearly hear people questioning your gender and laughing. The pressure was on. If you sank it, you'd be spared seven days of intense emasculated embarrassment. If you missed, then your risk of living your life as a pretty girl for several weeks would increase.

Sarah giggled and said loudly, "Hey Princess, it looks like Ava knows what she's talking about! Your boxer shorts are all empty down there! You know, we've got a whole cheer squad full of feminine bodies, with pretty clitties, dangerous curves, and confidence that just won't quit. Maybe you should take some lessons from us and join us on the sexier side of life?"

Ava, in a voice dripping with mock sympathy said, "Aww, it's okay Baby Girl. Not everyone has what it takes to be a man, but don't worry! You can still be a fabulous female just like us! That's what makes us unique. So, don't stress about it. Just know that you're welcome to join our company of truly confident girls!"

Grace smirked saying, "I've got to hand it to you, Pretty Lady! You're really showing off your lack of...ahem...athleticism out there. Always remember, it's not about the size of the cheer girl; it's about size of her spirit. And we've got that! How 'bout you?"

Then she winked at you and led the rest of the squad in chanting:

"We've got spirit, yes we do!"

We've got spirit! How 'bout you?"

Upon shouting, "How 'bout you?" all of the giggling girls pointed directly at your crotch, bringing the whole crowd to their feet laughing and applauding.

Olivia smiled, smirked at you, and said, "You know, Missy, we could just as easily say, 'We've spirit, yes we do! We've got pussies so do you!' Hey girls, let's do that cheer!" So they did, repeating the humiliating chant loudly in front of the whole crowd, doing a particularly sassy, sexy dance, swinging their hips, swishing around, and flicking their wrists in time with their chant:

"We've spirit, yes we do!  
We've got pussies, so do you!"

While they did that, the crowd screamed with unrestrained hilarity.

Ava said, "Aww Pretty Girl, don't be sad! So you don't have a 'spirit stick' of your own? No problem! You can win one when you go to cheerleading camp with us!"

Emily went even further saying, "Wow, you must be hiding quite the tiny little secret in those boxers of yours. But don't worry, we're all about celebrating what we've got, and you've got a really cute little clitty to celebrate, Darling."

Sophia, your near doppelgänger said, "Don't be shy, girl! We all embrace our femininity. Maybe it's time for you to embrace your inner cheer princess! You'll be a hit at all of our cheerleader sleep overs in your cute little baby doll nighties!"

"Yeah!" Sarah agreed, "and she'll be hit on by all of the guys too!"

The girls continued to poke fun at your predicament, using humor to increase your tension. They enjoyed mercilessly comparing your less than manly anatomy to their own feminine attributes. Each of their taunts made you cringe with ever increasing embarrassment.

You realized that this might be your last chance to score a point, and so you did your best to ignore them. You'd been all ready to take your shot when Ava grabbed your crotch, and now you had to steady your nerves all over again. Your desperation grew once more as the situation became increasingly intense.

Hannah's superior athleticism had kept you chasing her all over the court, and left you struggling to keep up. The intentional foul she committed by pulling down your gym shorts had added an element of unexpected humor to the game. It also added to your sense of helpless humiliation.

The pressure was indeed on, and the stakes were higher than ever. If you sank the shot, you'd have a chance to avoid a week of intense humiliation. However, if you missed, you knew that you'd likely become our dress up toy for an entire season—at least three or four months! It was all or nothing!

The combination of the game's tension, Hannah's skillful tactics and trickery, plus the sexy, seductive cheerleaders' mocking banter intimidated and visibly upset you. All of this increased your anxiety at this high stakes moment.

To a girl, the cheerleaders were all enjoying that your nervousness might make you miss. Knowing that would probably, ultimately determine your fate. All of them had cheered for their coach from the start of the game, and with each point she scored, their cheers grew louder.

Sophia—who was so similar to you in hair color, eye color, and size—held up her spare cheer uniform in your sight line. She shouted, "Look here! I have your uniform all ready for you, Twinsie!" It was true. She'd brought it with her and was all too eager to see you dressed up in it. She gleefully shook the tiny cheer skirt in her right hand, and the matching top in her left.

She and the other cheerleaders delighted in watching Hannah's drive toward an easy victory, making mocking comments about your lack of manly prowess as the game neared an ignominious ending for you. They all knew the newly raised stakes as well. If Hannah scored just two more points without you scoring the single point you needed to win the second, much worse second bet....

Well, you knew what that meant, and so did the giddy, giggling girls. That meant they'd be able to dress you up and toy with you for an entire season. As you prepared once again to take the crucial foul shot, the cheerleaders couldn't resist teasing you about your lack of manliness.

The game neared its climax. The crowd and the cheerleaders anticipated Hannah's easy victory more and more with each passing moment. The girls bounced up and down, ecstatic as they watched. They were hugging each other and shrieking with excitement. They couldn't help but continue teasing you about the ego crushing consequences of your impending loss.

Sarah shouted. "Oh, the pressure is on! Will you be able to handle the humiliation of losing? Maybe you should have been practicing basketball, but I guess you were too busy practicing your makeup skills?"

Ava added, "Don't worry, Princess! You'll look adorable as a cheerleader, after you hurry up and miss this shot!"

Emily asked, "Is it true that the only thing smaller than your chances of winning is...well, you know...your tiny clit?"

Their enthusiasm for Hannah's victory and their empowerment to force your transformation into a girl was evident in their teasing banter. Their eagerness grew as they shook their poms and shouted at you, each one of them hoping that you'd fail to make the fateful shot.

Sarah taunted, "Come on, Mr. Big Mouth! Or is that Miss Big Mouth? Can you even lift that ball, or is it too heavy for your delicate girlish hands?"

Ava said, "I've seen kittens with more strength than you! This is too easy!"

Emily reminded you, "If Hannah scores one more point, you're in for a whole season of girly fun! Well, at least it'll be fun for us!"

Olivia giggled, "Sports clearly aren't your thing, are they, Miss Priss! Maybe you should've stuck to having tea parties with your dolls, little girl. You'll soon be stuck as our dress up doll!"

Hannah smirked at you and said, "The girls are right. You are more of a girl than a guy. You even hold the ball just like a pretty little girl." You growled at her in frustration, but she just laughed and said, "Why not just give up now and admit you've always dreamed of becoming a cheer girl? I'll make sure you have all the tumbling skills you'll need, Princess."

You tried to ignore her and took several deep breaths, hoping to steady your nerves. You dribbled the ball once. Twice. Three times as you struggled to contain your involuntary trembling under the crushing pressure. It felt like you were far under the ocean, the weight of the air felt that heavy as you took one more deep, rattling breath and then held it as you went into your shooting motion.

Even as you extended your legs and arms, even before the ball was leaving your hand, Olivia called out to you, "Hey Girly! You know I'm bi curious? After you're a girl maybe we could...."

That did it. She'd distracted you so much that your shooting movement faltered. Your shot missed. It not only missed, but it missed badly. Very badly. Your heart sank like the shot you couldn't sink. The crowd all laughed at you and started chanting, "Air ball! Air ball!"

Your eyes went wide, your face registered complete shock and awe as the ramifications of your failure hit home. All of the fight left you, and Hannah toyed with you the rest of the way before putting you out of your misery,

During the entire game, Hannah's far more impressive basketball skills were on full display. She not only scored points on you at will, but she mocked you the whole time. This, by holding out the ball, only to pull it away at the last second and spinning away to sink an easy shot.

She even closed her eyes as she took the decisive three pointer. She only needed two points to win, yet she decided to try for a shot from down town just to rub your face in your inferiority. You looked on helplessly as it swished through the hoop, nothing but net, for a twenty one to five victory.

## Chapter Six: You Lose The Game And Your Name

Hannah had emerged victorious. The final score was beyond humiliating for you, and even so the margin barely reflected her total dominance over you on the court. Worst of all, by failing to make another score, you were entrapped by your own arrogance into life as a cheer girl for an entire season.

The cheerleaders, who had witnessed the entire game, couldn't contain their excitement. They bounced around like ping pong balls as they playfully mocked your earlier belief that girls couldn't excel in sports. They reveled in Hannah's triumph, proving that her abilities far outclassed yours. She'd easily transcended your silly, outdated views on gender stereotypes.

Sarah said, "Well, well, look who's going to be eating her words today! Hannah just schooled you on the court. I guess playing like a girl isn't such a bad thing after all, huh?" As she smirked at you she added, "Then again, I guess since boys can't lose to girls in sports, your losing to a girl must mean that you're a girl as well? So you're a girl now! For a whole season! Isn't that just adorable?"

I stood among the victorious throng. I asked you some particularly embarrassing questions. Like, if you'd won the first bet, Hannah would have had to be your french maid for a year but she won both of the bets! So now she gets to make you into a cheerleader any way she wants for an entire week!

Isn't that right girls? I asked, watching as you looked helplessly from one smiling face to the next. Look! Each one of the cheerleaders is eagerly awaiting the start of your transformation into one of them. It's not going to be easy for you, but we just know you'll embrace the life you were always meant to live!

Sarah smiled at you saying, "You played that game like a such a total bimbo! It's like you were trying to lose! Maybe you always wanted to join cheerleading. We could sure use a graceful girl like you on the squad permanently!"

“Hey! That wasn’t the bet!” you whined, sounding like a spoiled little girl.

Emily grinned at you, a knowing look in her eyes as she said, “Honestly, you sound like a little girl, but I think you’ve got the spirit of a cheerleader in you. We’re looking forward to keeping you as a girl for a week but wouldn’t you rather stay as a girl forever? We’d love to keep you as a girl permanently. You’d fit right in, don’t you think?”

You shook your head and mouthed the word, “No,” over and over, silently protesting your feminization, but your impotence on the basketball court continued. Hannah smiled wickedly and said, “Next time I pull down your shorts, your pretty little panties will be showing!”

You groaned at that, but what could you say? It was true and you knew it!

Olivia, who seemingly enjoys your touch, wrapped you up in her embrace and said, “I know, right? I mean, you practically begged to be on the cheer team with that girlish performance. Why even try to resist it? Embrace your inner cheerleader princess! We’re going to have so much fun feminizing you!”

Ava agreed saying, “You know, you’ve got the finesse of a cheerleader already. Joining the squad seems like the natural next step for you. Plus, we could always use some more girl power, and you’re all about being a girl for the next three months—at least!”

Grace smiled and said, “Yeah Girl, don’t fight it. It’s your destiny is to be a cheerleader! You’re one step closer to becoming a permanent member of our squad. Embrace the pom poms, Princess!”

The cheerleaders’ playful teasing continued, highlighting their enthusiasm for your now inevitable transition. They remarked about how well you already seemed to fit into the world of cheerleading.

“We can’t wait to transform you into a gorgeously girly cheerleader princess! Soon you’re going to make just the cutest little cheerleader! I think you should start dressing the part, beginning right this minute!” I said, smiling widely as the rest of the girls cheered.

I turned to the rest of your soon to be sister cheer girls and asked, “What do the rest of you girls think this former boy should wear now?”

Emily answered, “Oh, we have to consider a complete wardrobe change for this former guy. She’s going to be one of the best dressed girls in school. But for right now. I just happen to have a cheer uniform in her size!”

“Oh, what an exciting adventure we have ahead of us! It’s time to embrace the cheerleader spirit and let your sister cheerleaders work their magic to make you a fantastic cheerleader!” I said, even as you moaned dejectedly. “Let’s get you ready to cheer, dance, and have loads of fun. If you have any questions or need advice on how to get started, just shout ‘Go team!’ and I’ll be here to help!”

After all, this was all your own doing. You lost the bet and agreed to let Hannah and the squad keep you as a cheerleader for a week! It’s important to uphold your end of the bargain gracefully. We wanted to dress you up as a cheerleader, and we all agreed. it’s a fun way to fulfill your bet.

Before hand, I’d made sure that your parents agreed with us that you would have to fulfill the terms of the bet. Your father was especially adamant. Apparently, he was also sure you’d win. When challenged, he emphatically agreed to make out a surety bond. A binding agreement that was duly signed and notarized, filed with the County Clerk, declaring your family home as collateral.

This would guarantee that you would perform your end of the bargain if you lost, by pledging a huge cash penalty if you backed out of any part of the bet. Either cash or your family home would go to Hannah if you lost, but refused to do what you promised to do. According to the

carefully worded agreement, that would include the first and the second bet, as well as any subsequent bets still to come.

Isn't it so awesome that your parents are on board with this fun challenge? You have absolutely no way out of your obligations. It looks like you're all set to become a cheerleader with the support of your step sister Marnie, and your parents too. I understand that your step sis used to be a cheerleader. Now you can be one too, just she was! I'm sure she'll help you with your hair and make up!

Let's make the most of this opportunity to prove that anyone can excel in any activity, regardless of gender stereotypes. Go team! I understand that were so sure that you couldn't lose to a girl in basketball that you didn't even put any limits on the bet. That's hilarious!

Well, since you didn't put any limits on the bet, it's up to your creative cheer sisters, Hannah, and me to decide how to make you the most fabulous cheerleader ever! We'll let our imagination run wild and see what we come up with in terms of your cheerleading look, your pretty every day outfits, and your girlish activities.

Remember, the goal is to have you pass for a girl cheerleader, and looking at you that won't be too tough to do. With your height, weight and hair, you've got the perfect body to rock the look and with your long, pretty you won't need a wig.

Maybe we'll get you some hair extensions put in. You know, just to give you some more length and body, but we'll get to that soon enough! Don't worry your pretty little head about anything. Just let us work our cheer magic, and you'll be rocking your new cheerleader look in no time!

Let our creativity shine, and together with my help, we'll turn you into a stunning cheerleader princess! I'm betting that you're no more than five foot seven and if you weigh more than one hundred and twenty pounds, I'd be shocked. With your long brown hair? Oh my gosh, you're going to look absolutely adorable in a cheerleading uniform, sweetie!

I hear that Hannah wants you to try on your new uniform right now. She says you'll look so adorable. I agree with her, so let's keep the cheerleader spirit alive! Embrace the excitement of your transformation into a feminine and sexy cheerleader. You're going to look fabulous, darling, and I'm here to support and encourage you every step of the way!

Here it is! Aren't you excited? Trying on her first cheer uniform is so exciting for a girl like you! It will be a fun and exciting step in your transformation into a cheerleader. Embrace the opportunity to see how it looks and feels on you, and remember that confidence is key to looking and feeling great in any outfit. So, go ahead and give it a try, and let your inner cheerleader shine!

You looked like a hunted deer about to be hounded by a pack of hunting dogs. From the frightened look in your eyes, I could tell you were thinking of trying to make a break for it. You even crouched slightly, like a runner about to leap forward at the starting gun going off. You said something like, "No way!" and I nodded to the girls and warned them to get into place, cutting off your escape.

I said, "Get her!" and before you could even try to run away, the cheerleaders surrounded you. As the crowd jeered, they dragged you into the girls' locker room to turn you into the cheer princess you were always meant to be.

First, they had to strip you naked and remove all of your body hair. Fortunately we'd planned for all of that in advance, and we jumped into the task of transforming you with our usual cheer-tastic enthusiasm!

There in their feminine domain, they quickly took off your clothes and threw them away with Ava saying, "You won't need those yucky boys' things any more!"

Then, they smeared your entire body below your scalp with hot wax, and began ripping out your hair at the root. It must have seemed to take forever, even though they worked quickly. The wax itself probably

didn't burn you too much, but when they affixed and then pulled off the cloth strips, you yelped with pain.

Of course they teased you about this, as well as your now hairless tiny manhood. The cheerleaders and I couldn't resist having a bit of fun at your expense during and even after your waxing session. They gathered around you, teasing and playfully mocking you for the yelps of pain you helplessly emitted.

As usual, Sarah with a mischievous grin, started the banter. "Oh, sweetie, you cried like a baby during that waxing session!" she said with a teasing tone, "but don't worry, it's worth it! Look at you now, all silky smooth and hairless. You've never looked so feminine and pretty at it'll last for weeks!"

The other cheerleaders chimed in, adding their own remarks. "Seriously, girl," Emily teased, "you're like a porcelain doll now. So smooth and delicate!"

Ava giggled and said, "Just think, we'll keep waxing you so you'll never have to shave or worry about unwanted hair again. Isn't that a relief?"

Olivia joined in, "You're a true cheerleader now, Princess! Smooth and flawless, just the way we like it!"

They gathered around you, their voices filled with playful mockery. I said, "Oh, sweetie, did it hurt? You whined like a little girl during your waxing!"

Sophie said, "Yeah, seriously! I thought you were supposed to be tough, but you're more delicate than a flower."

Teasingly Sarah said, "Hey, look at you now! All smooth and silky. You're a practically hairless goddess!"

Ava said, "Right? I've never seen someone go through such pain just to become even more feminine. You're really committed to this,

aren't you?"

As they continued to tease and compliment you on your newly hairless body, you couldn't help but blush at the attention. Your humiliation sky rocketed when Ava took the lead pointing at your crotch and then grabbing it and holding it out on display for all to see.

She giggled saying, "OMG, you looked feminine before, but now there's no doubt about it at all. Look at your tiny clitty! Is there any question that you were always meant to be a girl?"

The other girls' eyes followed where she was pointing, and they giggled wildly as they stared at your feminine, hairless body and tiny scrap of manhood. Shuddering with humiliation, you tried to cover up your tiny genitals and maintain whatever modesty you could. The girls frustrated your efforts by holding your newly smooth arms to your sides.

Ava said, "I told you! She's a girl! She has a clitty. Just look at how cute it is! How could anyone ever think she was ever a guy?"

Sophia, who'd brought one of her spare uniforms to dress you in, chimed in. "It's true! She's obviously just a girl. Look! We're the same sizes! When she goes to school as a girl for now on, I can load her some of my school uniforms. I know they'll fit her because I'm just about the same size as she is, and—"

You shrieked, "Come on! No way am I wearing a school girl uniform to—"

She shrugged and just kept speaking, saying, "Aww come on! You know you want to raid my wardrobe. I have dresses, skirts, body suits, rompers, bikinis, lingerie—well maybe not my lingerie—but I have everything else you'll need to be the adorable stylish fashionable girl you really are."

They'd enjoyed using hot wax to remove all the hair from your legs, arms, underarms, back, and chest—even to shape your eye brows into cute, feminine arches. Once your body was silky smooth, the girls were

eager to begin dressing you up as one of them in the your little cheerleading uniform.

As they did, I noticed that you were trembling with humiliation. So I tried to console you. “Don’t worry, Baby! This is all for the best. You lost the bet, and many people believe you knew you would at that’s why you made the bet to begin with. They all think you want this to happen! Just go with the flow, you’re going to look adorable, and you might as well enjoy it.”

This wasn’t much or even any comfort for you as the girls gathered around you, eager to dress you up like a life sized Barbie doll! First, Sophia stepped forward took a red thong out of her cheer duffle, and flourished it in front of you. She said, “I think this is about your size. It’s mine after all.”

She smirked at you as she put it on you—first guiding it over your feet one by one, then pulling it up your smooth legs. Sarah and Olivia held you in place as she pulled the tiny scrap of lacy cloth into place over your little clitty. All of the girls giggled seeing that it indeed fit you perfectly.

Next, your pretty little look alike pulled a matching sports bra out of her bag saying, “I’m pretty sure this is your size too, after all it’s my size!”

The girls let go of you and stepped back a bit to let her prove that the constricting, feminine garment was indeed your size. She did this by stretching it and pulling it over your head. She tugged it down and into place, covering up your tiny boobs. Yes, we all noticed that you had small, fleshy mounds on your chest, or at least the heavily padded push up bra made it look like you did.

She looked at you closely and said, “You’ve got little bitty titties, girl. Maybe we’ll put you on female hormones or even get you a boob job! You need some bigger breasts to fill out your bra, Twinsie!”

The playful banter continued as the girls couldn't contain their excitement to see the final transformation, turning you into Sophia's look alike cheer princess. It was all in good fun, and they were eager to make it a reality.

Mia playfully added, "True! I can't wait to see you all dressed up and made up to match Sophia perfectly. You'll be her clone in no time!"

You blushed as red as your undies at that, but Soph gave you no relief,. She wasted no time in pulling cute little socks onto your cute little feet, and then she coaxing your petite feet into your new white cheer shoes with red and blue trim.

"Now it's time for your uniform, Girl, then your makeup!" Sarah said, as the rest of the girls all giggled, "aren't you excited?"

You seemed to be at least somewhat excited, although you would never admit it. We all could tell by the itty bitty bulge in your pretty panties!

"Hmm! We'd better cover that up now!" Ava smiled, reaching out to fondle your privates for a third time while the other girls joined her in a big giggle fit.

Olivia handed her a pair of extra small spankies. "There, these should be small enough to hold her!" she said, and when we saw how the extremely tight lycra spandex red, white, and blue garment flattened your crotch area—making it look indistinguishable from any girl's—all of us broke out laughing.

All of us except for you, that is. Your expression was hilarious. You seemed about to cry, but were doing your best not to. Over all, you already looked adorably feminine, and we'd barely even gotten started.

The girls held you still, standing there in your bra, panties, and spankies, as we prepared to dress you in your cheer uniform for the first time. It was a big moment, and we could all see your excitement in your eyes! Well, to be honest, it looked more like horror.

To get the tight fitting cheer top over your head, we had to let you go free again, if just for a moment.

“Promise us you won’t try to run away, Princess?” Sophia asked.

You moaned, “Dressed like this? Where would I go?” as the girls looked at you in your bra, spankies, and panties and they all giggled loudly as you writhed with almost unendurable embarrassment.

Soph unzipped the top and worked it over your head, adjusted it slightly, then zipped it up. Something about how it clung so tightly to your torso made it look like your little titties were a little bit bigger. You really did look more and more like a girl as we went along.

“Step in, Twinsie!” Sophia said, laughing and teasing you by putting her head provocatively close to your clitty, safely entrapped and encased in your pretty panties and spankies. This, as she bent down and held her tiny cheer skirt open before you, unzipped to enable your easy entry.

When you just stood there gaping, stunned motionless as if paralyzed, Sarah prompted you into obeying by saying, “Hey, in about ten minutes, we’re taking you back out in front of everyone even if we have to carry you! You can do it in full uniform, or else we can just take off your top and spankies, drag you out there, and let them all see you in just your bra and panties! Which way do you want to do it, Girl Friend?”

Seeing no other choice—you couldn’t let them present you to an entire gymnasium of screaming people in just your feminine bra and panties, could you—you finally, if only very reluctantly complied. Sophia was right. Her things fit you perfectly. It was uncanny! Once we did your hair and make up just like hers, you really did look just like her twin. You truly are her “Twinsie!” Isn’t that adorable?

You both had equally beautiful hair of the exact same color, long and glossy, that cascaded down your backs like a silky waterfall. Both of

you wore your hair parted in the middle, letting your tresses fall gracefully on either side of your faces.

Both of you had your lovely locks of hair expertly curled and teased into loose, voluminous fluffy waves that framed your faces perfectly. These waves added a touch of softness and femininity to your overall looks. At the crown of your heads, you both wore gigantic red, white, and blue hair bows. So cute!

The girls all stared at you, standing next to Sophia, both of you wearing her cheerleading uniforms, the girls were all grinning and giggling.

Mia said, “Oh my goodness, you really do look like Sophia’s long lost twin right now!”

Grace said, “Seriously, as we put you two side by side, you look identical! I bet most people wouldn’t even be able to tell you apart”

Soph was instrumental in making you into her clone. She knew exactly how she did her hair and makeup. Her makeup as usual, was a work of art, enhancing her natural beauty while maintaining a timeless and classic look. We wanted your faces to look exactly the same. So we made you up exactly the same way.

We began with a foundation that gave you an even, flawless, radiant complexion. Your skin had a healthy glow, and any imperfections were expertly concealed, giving us the perfect canvass to continue your facial feminization. Your eyes were the next focal point of your make over.

Her eyebrows were always meticulously groomed and defined to frame her eyes beautifully. So we did the same with yours, giving you sleek, thin, arched brows—totally on fleek!

We expertly applied your eye shadow, blending it to create depth and allure. She had long, voluminous lashes coated with mascara, giving her eyes a striking and seductive appearance. This was amplified by her bold, winged eyeliner that accentuated her beautiful eyes. She wore a

smoky eye, crafted from shadows in shades of warm brown and bronze that beautifully complemented her hair. So did you when we were done with your eyes.

A soft, rosy blush graced her cheeks, adding a touch of youthful radiance to her pretty face. So, we gave you the same exact look. We applied your same blush in the same way with precision to enhance your cheek bones and create a subtle flush of color for you that matched hers perfectly.

Her lips were adorned with a classic red lipstick, a timeless choice that exuded confidence and sophistication. The red shade was bold yet elegant, making her lips a captivating feature of her makeup. Of course your luscious lips soon were just as boldly painted in rich red, giving you the same stunning impact.

We stood you up next to her in front on a full length mirror, and you looked beyond shocked at what you saw reflected before you. Two twin cheerleaders, both looking sweet, feminine, and very alluring. Like hers, your hair and make up look was a harmonious blend of classic and contemporary styles, showcasing your natural beauty while adding a touch of glamour and allure.

Of course your uniforms were identical, from your thongs and bras, to your spankies, socks, and shoes. They were all the exact same colors and the exact same sizes. Your skirts and tops, even your huge hair bows were all exactly the same. Your clothing, your hair, your make up, even your height and weight were all identical. All of it was exactly the same. Sophia is a beautiful, sexy cheer princess. Now, so are you.

Sarah had to hold you upright once again, as it seemed like you were overwhelmed. Your knees were too weak to stand; your whole body was unsteady. Your male ego, whatever tiny speck of it that remained, was rocked by the image of your familiar face hidden behind a mask of girlish cosmetics.

Your body was clad in a skimpy little cheerleader uniform. Your shapely body was denuded of all hair, save for that on your pretty little

head, and your impishly adorably feminine eye brows and your full, blinking lashes. Your hair and makeup were an exact match for Sophia's after we'd completed our meticulous efforts. Your overall image was a testament to our artistry, our skill as hairstylists and makeup artists.

You had to wonder if you were seeing double. We all did! Even Sophia! She laughed almost too hard to speak before saying, "It's like I have my mirror image standing right here. You've got my look down pat, but the best is yet to come!"

Grace giggled saying, "Sophia, maybe we should start a cheer duo with you two! You could be the dynamic cheer twins!"

Sophia said, "We better try that! Otherwise she might even try to replace me as the official Sophia on the squad!"

Mia said, "Who knew that we had a secret Sophia doppelgänger hidden among us all this time?"

Sophia remembered, "Hey, I was joking before, but I really think you could go out on a date with my boy friend and give him a blow job for me. He'd really love that and I don't want to do it. I'd really appreciate that!"

You shook your head at that. It couldn't be possible!

"Hey," she demanded, "you owe me big time for borrowing all my clothes!"

You had to doubt the evidence before your eyes. You couldn't possibly believe that one of those two identical beautiful ultra feminine girls reflected in that mirror there was really you! It was, it is, and you'll have to get used to looking this way. You'll be stuck like this for weeks and weeks—at least!

You epitomized feminine grace and beauty on your special day. Your very first day as a cheerleader. The first of many. As you seemed

torn between the urge to cry and the need to scream, I wrapped you up in a sisterly hug.

I tried to calm you by saying, “Don’t worry about the panties, bra, and skirt feeling strange, you’ll get used to them. Keep in mind, cheerleading uniforms are designed for athletic movement. So they’re comfortable enough to make anyone feel fabulous—even you!”

When you sort of slumped in my embrace, I hugged you more tightly and said, “Just remember, confidence is key! We all have confidence in you! We know that you’ll shine as a beautiful, feminine cheerleader. Soon, you’ll be ready for your first big game as a cheerleader! Go out there and give it your all!”

With that, we pulled you out of the girls’ locker room and back out on to the court. There, you got a standing ovation. Thousands of people, including your friends and family and so many other people who know you well, delighted in seeing you held in place, displayed as a pretty cheerleader princess. None of them will ever forget this. They will always remember seeing you feminized this way.

Your face registered pure shock! As we presented you all dressed up as a pretty princess in your cheer uniform, I said clearly and loudly for all to hear, “Now that she’s going to be a cheerleader we need a cute feminine name for her. What do you think?” When the crowd roared their approval, I said, “Let’s let her sister cheerleaders pick out her new name! What say you, girls?”

They all had great ideas. Sarah said, “How about ‘Marissa?’ It’s classic, girly, and has a lovely ring to it!”

Emily said, “I’m thinking ‘Stephanie’ would be good! It’s sweet and soft, just like our newest cheerleader.”

Olivia tapped her chin thoughtfully and offered, “What about ‘Jessica?’ It’s timeless and feminine, a perfect fit for our team.”

Ava smirked and said, “I’m leaning toward ‘Breanna Joy.’ It’s unique, just like her unique talent for losing bets!”

Grace laughed along with all of the girls at that, then she suggested, “How about ‘Isabella?’ It’s both graceful and playful, a great match for our squad.”

As each cheerleader chimed in with her suggestion, the girls debated these and other possibilities for your new feminine name to go with your new feminine identity. We took a vote, and after a few tries to reach a consensus, we all agreed to rename you “Breanna Joy.” How will you ever live this down?

End of Book Two  
Continued in Book Three

## Afterward by the Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book, the second 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](#)

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