

*Fully Feminized Forever
From Four Foolish Bets 3*

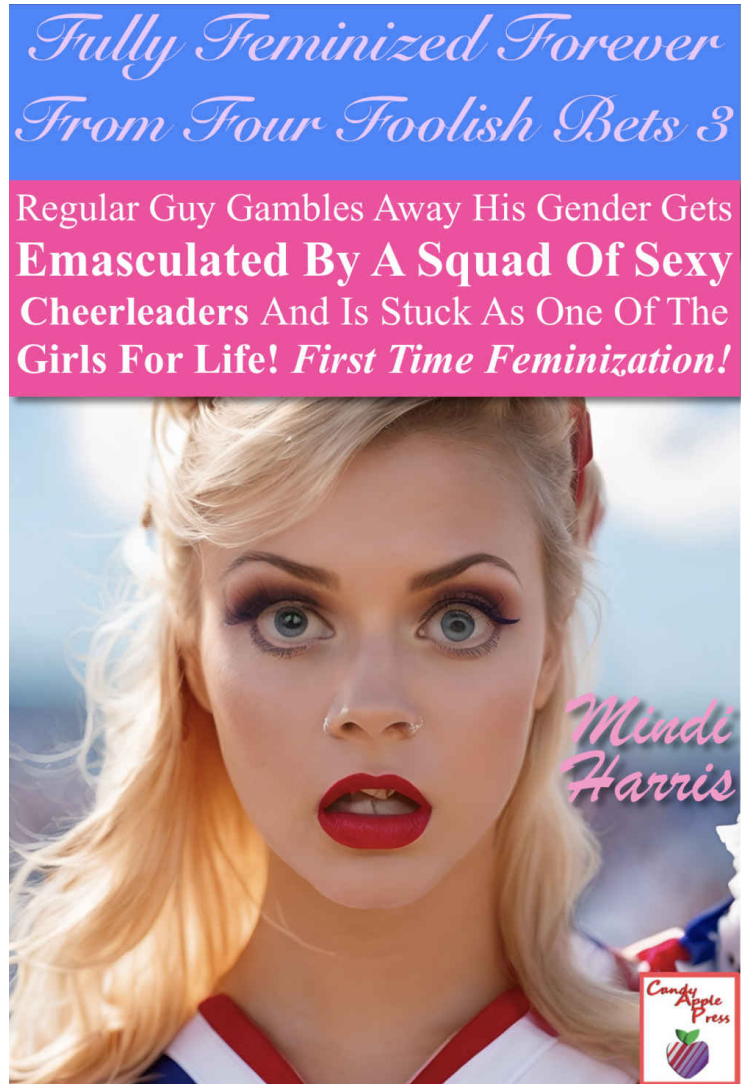
Regular Guy Gambles Away His Gender Gets
Emasculated By A Squad Of Sexy
Cheerleaders And Is Stuck As One Of The
Girls For Life! *First Time Feminization!*



*Mindi
Harris*



Copyright © 2023 Mindi Harris, All Rights Reserved



Cover image by Mindi Harris, All Rights Reserved

Sneak Preview

As the basketball game came to an end, the cheerleaders, led by Hannah, decided it was time for you to experience the world of cheerleading first hand. The cheerleaders gathered all the necessary accouterments needed for your transformation. Make-up and hair clips were just a few of the items they grabbed in their spree.

As you watch the girls excitedly preparing themselves for a mall trip, and readying themselves to freshen up your look as well, you realize that they've been treating you differently. Their behavior signals a changed reaction to you, as if you really were just one of the girls now. They talked about very intimately feminine topics, including you in their discussions as if you really were a new female cheerleader, a pretty young girl named Breanna Joy.

Sophia, giggling giddily, said, "You know, Girls? I think that Miss Breanna Joy here might be our new secret weapon. She's got all of that inside information about guys from her days pretending to be one of the boys! Come on, Twinsie! Spill the tea about the world of boys! Tell us all of their hidden secrets!"

Emily added playfully, "Oh, you think so, Soph? I kinda think that you might be on to something there! Well, let's put it to the test, shall we? Breanna, what's your take on the best way to deal with guys who won't commit to a girl? Are they just 'playing hard to get?' or are they simply using girls? Like, are they only in it for a good time? What's their deal?"

Grace added teasingly, "Come on, B.J. spill! We need your expert opinion!"

Mia, grinning, asked, "Breanna Joy, have you ever heard any of the guys talking about any of us? Like wanting to date us? Spill the tea, girl!"

Sophia laughed, and noticing your reticence urged you to answer their pointed questions, "Oh, come on, Girl! Don't hold back. You're one

of us now. We're all girls here, right?"

Emily joined in with the teasing and pressured you to reply by saying, "Come on B.J., don't be shy! Tell us!" She was getting frustrated by your lack of responsiveness. She was truly curious and wanted answers to their questions! She revealed her impatience, trying to coerce your cooperation by saying, "If you don't want to discuss the secret world of guys, we can always talk about uniquely feminine problems, like our periods!"

Mia, also frustrated, jumped in asking, "Yeah, B.J. ever get caught by surprise when Aunt Flow showed up unexpectedly? We've all had those embarrassing wardrobe malfunctions. Share your cringe worthy stories with us!"

Grace giggled and said, "Of course, we all have gotten stuck in a compromising situation, caught without our feminine hygiene products in our time of need! What's your preference for your period products, Princess? Tampons? Pads? Maybe those menstrual cups?"

As the girls interrogated you as if you were totally female, subjected to your monthly cycle just like them, your face burned with embarrassed emasculation. You looked from one of the giggling girls to another, each of them smirking at you, their eyes alight with enjoyment of your humiliation.

Mia asked playfully, "Hey Breanna Joy, do you believe in the girl code? Don't you agree that it's the ultimate rule we should all abide by?"

Sophia giggled and nodded at that saying, "Alright, ladies! Now we're talking! Let's get into some serious girl talk now! Breanna Joy, since you're part of the squad now, you have to share your take on the girl code!"

You'd known all about the Boy Code, a set of rules and expectations for boys and men that define masculinity. These were sets of behavior like never showing any weakness. Never crying or showing

emotions of any kind. Acting aggressively, taking risks, and talking loud and proud were expected.

You looked back on the past several hours and measured yourself against that yard stick. You obviously showed weakness by losing in basket ball to Hannah and no one could doubt that. True, you took risks, but they blew up in your face when you lost two bets, and along with them, your masculinity.

Instead of exerting manly dominance, you'd been publicly humiliated, beaten by a girl, then transformed into a pretty little cheerleader princess. You'd been put on display in a sexy little cheer uniform, your hair done up in a very sweet feminine style, with make up adorning your face.

All of this violated the Boy Code to the point that many people in the crowd laughed at you, cat called you, and said you'd given up your "Man Card" forever. All of this were appropriate for women, never men.

I can tell that you're confused by these questions about the Girl Code. You have heard about it, haven't you? I can't believe you never knew what it entailed? You know, the Girl Code? The rules that protect your closest female friends?

Sophie shakes her head at you asking, "You seriously don't know the rules of the Girl Code? Twinsie! It's all about respecting your besties! Keeping their secrets, telling them the truth, and supporting them in every way!"

"Yeah! We all do our best to uphold the Code, B.J.!" Ava said, "that means you never ever flirt with your friends' crushes or exes!"

"Totes!" Sarah said, shaking her head enthusiastically, "Girl Code is all about how you always treat other girls with respect! You never back stab or insult other girls unless you have a really really really good reason, you never even think of dating your friends' exes, you never talk down a girl in front of her crush or boy friend, you tell them how great she is—stuff like that!"

You look so adorable, blushing as you realize that you're now officially a girl and you have to follow the Girl Code just like any other girl. You indicate that you understand this by saying, "Oh, um, well, sure! I mean, Girl Code is all about trust and supporting each other, right?"

Emily laughed and said, "By Jove, I think she's got it!" She winked at you and added supportively "Absolutely! It's also about sharing secrets, like who has a secret crush on who, or the best beauty tips."

Grace grinning and added, "Speaking of secrets, don't forget the sacred pact to never reveal each other's embarrassing moments, no matter how tempting it may be! That's like so important!"

Teasing you about your new life as a girl, Mia said, "Now that you're one of the girls, of course, that means we've got your back and we expect you to have ours! If any one of us needs help with makeup, borrowing a cute dress or sexy shoes, and even boy advice, we're there for you. You need to be there for us too!"

Sophia said, "She's right, Twinsie! That means we have the right to raid each other's closets for that perfect outfit in an emergency, or basically always! That will come in handy for you, since we already know that we're the exact same size, so you can wear all of my clothes!"

I laugh at you joining in with the other girls hearing you nervously say, "Wow, that's, um, quite the code! I'll do my best to fit in." We all know you don't want to be kept as one of the girls, but you have absolutely no choice in the matter!

The girls continued to discuss the Girl Code, involving you seamlessly in their give and take, while playfully teasing you about the intricacies of feminine friendship. You tremble with shame as you realized that you're compelled to participate in this cheerleader camaraderie. It was all part of making you feel like one of the girls, just as they had planned.

The cheerleaders continued to engage in their teasing, outspoken, and sometimes outrageous discussion of intimately feminine topics, with you, now as Breanna Joy, fully included. It was a testament to how they had embraced you as one of their own, treating you no differently than any other girl in their squad.

As they joked and spoke openly about things girls only conversed about amongst themselves, in settings free from any men, you felt butterflies forming in your stomach. You were clearly now one of them in their eyes. They considered you just as female and as feminine as any of them. You had to be asking yourself, “Is this really happening?”

Table of Contents

Copyright © 2023 Mindi Harris, All Rights Reserved

Sneak Preview

Table of Contents

Forward By The Author

This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

Copyright Notice

Content Warning And Disclaimers

Chapter One: Humiliating Public Feminization

Chapter Two: The Girl Code

Chapter Three: The Third Bet

Chapter Four: The Trip To The Mall

Chapter Five: Running Out Of Time

Afterward by the Author

Forward By The Author

Ready? OK! I think this all new series—continued in this 15,000+ word book, with 12,000+ words of actual story content—is my most cheer-tastic forced feminization fantasy yet!

In the first book, your foolish, sexist, ill advised remarks upset Hannah, the gorgeous cheerleading coach and the entire cheer squad. You lost a bet, and had to let the girls dress you up as a pretty cheerleader princess. The assistant cheer coach is there for all of it, and enjoys indulging her fetish for feminizing guys.

The second book continued your intense, humiliation, featuring a second, more serious bet. As the cheerleaders stepped up their teasing, you squared off against Hannah who humiliated you on the basketball court. Having won the bet, they feminized you, engaging in ever emasculating treatment of you, climaxing in one public humiliation after another, each one more embarrassing than anything you could have ever imagined!

The third book featured you losing a third bet, more than doubling your term transformed into a pretty little cheerleader for an entire year! The way you lost was almost more humiliating than the consequences. The cheerleaders paraded you all around the local mall, and not one person there saw you as anything but the sexy, feminine girly girl you appeared to be.

Your life as a cheerleader has now begun in earnest, and you'll be forced to face the consequences of your folly. Fully feminized because of three foolish bets (so far) you wonder how you can possibly live down these utterly embarrassing and emasculating experiences, taunted, teased, and toyed with by a gaggle of giggling girls.

You have so much to look forward to! Your first pep rally as a cheerleader. Cheerleading with the other girls at the big Homecoming game and after that, attending the Homecoming dance in your gorgeous gown! Then, you'll be taunted and teased into desperately wagering once more: a fourth, even more fateful bet.

By now, it's become painfully clear that the cheerleaders all really see you as one of them. They're totally certain 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. They're intent on extending your sentence as a girl, and as Homecoming and Spirit Week approach, they're prepared to make you fully participate—as a feminine, pretty girl!

Can you ever escape your embarrassing emasculation? Not if these sexy, designing women can help it! They have you stuck in short skirts, tight tops, and beautiful make up—entrapped as one of them—for the rest of the year. Now, they want to keep you as a girl for your life! Can they do it? They've 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.

Copyright Notice

Federal Law prohibits theft of intellectual property. Section 501 of the copyright law states that “anyone who violates any of the exclusive rights of the copyright owner ... is an infringer of the copyright or right of the author.”

No copying, transferring, performance, resale, re-use, retelling, recording, sharing, lending, or (re)distribution, excerpting or summarization (other than for the purpose of reviewing) of any part or all of this work—including any of the descriptions, narrative language, scenes, characters, plot lines, events, or any other content—is permitted without express prior, written permission of the author, Mindi Harris.

This statement of reserved rights supersedes any other offer or agreement, express or implied, from, between, or among, any person(s), companies, or other entities.

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.

You must delete or return this book if such materials are not legally permitted where you are, or if you are for any reason not legally permitted to buy, borrow, read, share, or possess such materials.

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: Humiliating Public Feminization

Sarah, your beautiful cheer captain and I, your assistant cheerleading coach held you in place, showing you off to everyone in your pretty cheerleading uniform and frustrating your impulse to run away and hide. As the crowd cat called you and laughed at you, pointing fingers, taking pictures and videos, your face turned bright red with utter embarrassment.

You seemed nearly catatonic then frantic, alternating between paralysis from your mortification, and then visibly writhing from your sensation of overwhelming humiliation. You staggered under the weight of being put on display as a pretty girl. You must have known that your story of submission into a feminine missy was even then being posted to everyone's social media.

I whisper into your ear, telling you that you were bound to go viral now! Observing that the chronicle of your forced full feminization into a girly girl would remain there online for all to see forever—or at for as long as the Internet existed. We get to play with you as our own little Barbie doll for a whole season. We get to control your wardrobe, your diet, your body, everything!

I giggle at your reaction, as long, pathetic, helpless moan escapes from your prettily painted lips. I giggle again. Then, imperiously I reach beneath your short little cheer skirt, my fingers fishing inside your panties, and fondle you. This makes it painfully clear to you that you're now nothing but my newest favorite toy, the play thing of all of the cheerleaders, helpless to defy us.

After all, we've already done so much to erase your masculinity, to emasculate you, and to turn you into just one of us! One of the girls! You're a cheerleader now, at least for the next several weeks! We were all too eager get you ready to look the part.

As the basketball game came to an end, the cheerleaders, led by their coach Hannah, decided it was time for you to experience the world of cheerleading first hand. The cheerleaders had previously gathered all

the necessary accouterments needed for your transformation. Make-up, a cheerleading uniform, lingerie and a hair bow were just a few of the items they grabbed in their spree. After a mind blowing whirlwind of activity, the cheerleaders had applied all of them to you!

As you watched in stunned horror the girls got you ready for a mall trip, and readied themselves as well. They freshen up your look as well their own, and you suddenly realize that they've been treating you differently, as if you really were one of them. As you watch the girls excitedly redoing their make up, you realize that they've been treating you differently.

Their behavior signals a changed reaction to you, as if you really were just one of the girls now. They talk about very intimately feminine topics, including you in their discussions as if you really were a new female cheerleader, a pretty young girl named Breanna Joy.

Sophia, giggling giddily, said, "You know, girls, I think Breanna Joy here might be our secret weapon. She's got that inside information about guys from her days pretending to be one of the boys! Come on, Twinsie! Spill the tea about the world of boys! Tell us all of their secrets!"

Emily added playfully, "Oh, you think so, Soph? You might be on to something! Well, let's put it to the test, shall we? Breanna Joy, what's your take on the best way to deal with guys who won't commit? Are they 'playing hard to get?' or are they just in it for a good time? What's their deal?"

Grace added teasingly, "Come on, B.J. spill! We need your expert opinion!"

She'd just used your new initials B and J to create a new nickname for you, calling you that for the first time. It wouldn't be the last time you were connected with that suggestively sexualized epithet.

Admittedly preoccupied by her gigantic boy friend's obsession with getting blow jobs she was reluctant to give, Sophia smiled. He's the star line backer on the football team, and for some time had been growing relentless in his demands for oral sex. Sophia, now your doppelgänger, leapt at this new name for you.

"B.J.? Short for Breanna Joy? That's perfect!" She said, giggling and gushing with what could only be called ecstasy at hearing the brand new nickname Grace—the usually shy and innocent Grace—had inadvertently chosen for you!

You shake your head emphatically and whisper "No! No way!" but Sophia continues to riff on it, deepening your humiliation by continuing, "Soon, you're going to really earn the nickname 'B.J.' You're going to be a B.J. Queen after you start taking care of my boy friend Moose's needs with your pillowy lips and your talented, talkative tongue!"

All of the girls gasped, then giggled uncontrollably at this as. Each of them looked a bit scandalized but also strangely aroused as they imagined you on your knees, giving head to Sophia's huge boy friend. You clearly pictured this as well, as you grimaced and stopped walking for a moment before the twins, Ava and Grace, locked your arms in theirs and pulled you along.

Grace, blushing almost as much as you are, seems startled, surprised at her unintentional double entendre. She turned to you and mouthed, "I'm sorry!" but it was too late! You had a new nickname, and all of the other cheerleaders were giggling about it. They'd use it to describe the kind of girl they wanted you to be.

I giggle as I watch you put your shaking hands over your flushed face and I giggle even louder as I hear you muttering, "Wait, what? B.J.? No way! You can't call me that?"

Smiling wickedly, I ask you, "Why not? It'll be sure to get you noticed!" as if I didn't know exactly what this would mean for your new life as a cheerleader girl.

We could all tell that you hated your new nickname “B.J.” even more than you resented your new, feminine name, “Breanna Joy.” Any guy hearing us calling you “B.J.” and looking at you, all dressed and made up as a sexy girl, would immediately make certain assumptions about you. Certain very suggestive highly sexualized assumptions!

Calling you “B.J.” would imply that you were willing, even eager to give them blow jobs! You realized how this would give you an instant reputation as a slut, making you extremely sought after. All of the cheerleaders giggled seeing your reddening face. They all also knew exactly what would happen when the boys heard them calling you “B.J.”

They’d all see your full, pretty lips in shining pink gloss or thick bright red lipstick and they would immediately envision those lips wrapped around the hard, thick cock. Once word of your nick name spread, all of the boys would look at you, and just assume that you were a slut. Then, they’d never stop thinking about you spreading your legs, inviting them to use you for their sexual pleasure.

Your new name B.J. would encourage everyone to assume that you were nothing but a cock hungry vixen, a dirty minded girl who enjoyed having oral sex, and maybe anal sex as well. As your bad reputation made the rounds, that would guarantee you’d arouse the amorous attention of all the arrogant jocks. You’d be pestered by, propositioned, and pursued by every fuck boy who saw you. Every horny guy who ever heard everyone calling you “B.J.” would seek you out and hit on you, expecting you to put out like a whore in heat.

All of the cheerleaders had been dealing with the unwanted, objectifying male gaze. Guys would stare at them, undressing them with their eyes. The girls would be walking around in their short skirts and tight tops, and too many men would assume that meant that they were “easy,” that they were offering themselves up for sex. Now that you were dressed exactly the same way, as the “new girl,” with such a seductive, suggestively slutty nickname, you were sure to become the focal point of male sexual fantasies!

Sophia said, “Your new nickname will remind you of exactly what you owe me, B.J. I’ve been holding Moose off by giving him hand jobs,” she shook her head at this, but smiled widely as she told you how you could repay her for letting you wear her clothes—even her panties and bra! Not that you want her to do this, not that you saw this as any kind of favor.

Sophia, seeing a way out of her dilemma, appreciated how you looked so much like her that her sex addled boy friend would never notice that you weren’t her once your lips were caressing his cock and your tongue was teasing along his long, hard shaft.

Putting her hands on your narrow shoulders she smiled wickedly and said, “Now that I have a clone, I can hand you off to Moose and you can give him all the blow jobs he wants, ones that I definitely don’t want to perform. His cock is huge, so I sure hope you have a flexible jaw!”

Ava said, “We know that B.J. has a big mouth! After all, that’s what got her into this mess in the first place! I’m sure she’ll love having Moose inside her warm wet mouth, and maybe inside her cute little bubble butt as well!”

All of the girls shrieked, giggling at their shared image of you, up on all fours, groaning as the massive jock shoved his massive cock inside your tight, virgin boy pussy. After they eventually calmed down enough to continue discussing their somewhat less pornographic plans for you, you realized that getting used by Moose might be the most degrading part of this, but it would hardly be the extent of your emasculation.

“Now that we know what Breanna Joy can do for Soph—and for Moose, of course—let’s get to what she can do for the rest us!” said Mia grinning, turning to you she asked, “Hey, B.J., have you ever heard any of the guys talking about any of us? Like wanting to date us? Spill the tea, girl!”

Ava laughed loudly, noticing your reticence, and urged you to answer Mia’s pointed questions, “Oh, come on, you skank! Don’t hold back. You’re one of us now. We’re all girls here, right?”

Emily joined in with the teasing and pressured you to reply by saying, “B.J., don’t be shy! Tell us!” She was getting frustrated by your lack of responsiveness. She was truly curious and wanted answers to their questions!

She revealed her impatience, trying to coerce your cooperation by saying, “If you don’t want to discuss the secret world of guys, we can always talk about uniquely feminine problems, like our periods!”

At that, you cringed comically. I see you’re very uncomfortable hearing about female functions, and the girls’ speaking as if you experienced them as well was making you squirm with shame and embarrassment.

Mia, also frustrated by your refusal to share what you’d heard from boys, jumped in asking, “Yeah, B.J.! Did you ever get caught by surprise when Aunt Flow showed up unexpectedly? We’ve all had those embarrassing wardrobe malfunctions. Share your most cringe worthy stories with us, girl!”

Grace, giggling and almost as uncomfortable as you clearly were, seemed to throw off her chagrin and said, “Of course, we all have gotten stuck in a compromising situation, caught without our feminine hygiene products in our time of need!” She then realized what she’d said and clapped her pretty hands over her mouth. “I guess this is my day for word vomit!” she said, giggling even louder.

Ava shook her head at her twin, laughed then asked you, “What’s your preference for your period products, Princess? Tampons? Pads? Maybe those menstrual cups? Tell us!”

As the girls interrogated you as if you were totally female, subjected to your monthly cycle just like they all were, your wide eyed face burned ever more hotly with increasing embarrassed emasculation. You looked from one of the giggling girls to another and saw that each one of them was smirking at you, giggling, with their eyes alight enthusiastically enjoying the extent of your unimaginable humiliation.

Feeling wave upon wave of humiliation, you almost definitely wondered, “How can I put up with this for another minute, much less for several weeks?”

Chapter Two: The Girl Code

Mia asked playfully, “Hey Breanna Joy, do you believe in the girl code? Don’t you agree that it’s the ultimate rule we should all live by?”

Sophia giggled and nodded at that saying, “Alright, ladies! Now we’re talking! Let’s get into some serious girl talk now! Breanna Joy, since you’re part of the squad now, you have to share your take on the girl code!”

You’d known all about the Boy Code, a set of rules and expectations for boys and men that define masculinity. These were sets of behavior like never showing any weakness. Never crying or showing emotions of any kind. Acting aggressively, taking risks, and talking loud and proud were expected.

You looked back on the past several hours and measured yourself against that yard stick. You obviously showed weakness by losing in basket ball to Hannah and no one could doubt that. True, you took risks, but they blew up in your face when you lost two bets, and along with them, your masculinity.

Instead of exerting manly dominance, you’d been publicly humiliated, beaten by a girl, then transformed into a pretty little cheerleader princess. You’d been put on display in a sexy little cheer uniform, your hair done up in a very sweet feminine style, with make up adorning your face.

All of this violated the Boy Code to the point that many people in the crowd laughed at you, cat called you, and said you’d given up your “Man Card” forever. All of this were appropriate for women, never men.

I can tell that you’re confused by these questions about the Girl Code. You have heard about it, haven’t you? I can’t believe you never knew what it entailed? You know, the Girl Code? The rules that protect your closest female friends?

Sophie shakes her head at you asking, “You seriously don’t know the rules of the Girl Code? Twinsie! It’s all about respecting your besties! Keeping their secrets, telling them the truth, and supporting them in every way!”

“Yeah! We all do our best to uphold the Code, B.J.!” Ava said, “that means you never ever flirt with your friends’ crushes or exes!”

“Totes!” Sarah said, shaking her head enthusiastically, “Girl Code is all about how you always treat other girls with respect! You never back stab or insult other girls unless you have a really really really good reason, you never even think of dating your friends’ exes, you never talk down a girl in front of her crush or boy friend, you tell them how great she is—stuff like that!”

You look so adorable, blushing as you realize that you’re now officially a girl and you have to follow the Girl Code just like any other girl. You indicate that you understand this by saying, “Oh, um, well, sure! I mean, Girl Code is all about trust and supporting each other, right?”

Emily laughed and said, “By Jove, I think she’s got it!” She winked at you and added supportively “Absolutely! It’s also about sharing secrets, like who has a secret crush on who, or the best beauty tips.”

Grace grinning and added, “Speaking of secrets, don’t forget the sacred pact to never reveal each other’s embarrassing moments, no matter how tempting it may be! That’s like so important!”

Teasing you about your new life as a girl, Mia said, “Now that you’re one of the girls, of course, that means we’ve got your back and we expect you to have ours! If any one of us needs help with makeup, borrowing a cute dress or sexy shoes, and even boy advice, we’re there for you. You need to be there for us too!”

Sophia said, “She’s right, Twinsie! That means we have the right to raid each other’s closets for that perfect outfit in an emergency, or

basically always! That will come in handy for you, since we already know that we're the exact same size, so you can wear all of my clothes!"

I laugh at you joining in with the other girls hearing you nervously say, "Wow, that's, um, quite the code! I'll do my best to fit in." We all know you don't want to be kept as one of the girls, but you have absolutely no choice in the matter!

The girls continued to discuss the Girl Code, involving you seamlessly in their give and take, while playfully teasing you about the intricacies of feminine friendship. You tremble with shame as you realized that you're compelled to participate in this cheerleader camaraderie. It was all part of making you feel like one of the girls, just as they had planned.

The cheerleaders continued to engage in their teasing, outspoken, and sometimes outrageous discussion of intimately feminine topics, with you, now as Breanna Joy, fully included. It was a testament to how they had embraced you as one of their own, treating you no differently than any other girl in their squad.

As they joked and spoke openly about things girls only conversed about amongst themselves, in settings free from any men, you felt butterflies forming in your stomach. You were clearly now one of them in their eyes. They considered you just as female and as feminine as any of them. You had to be asking yourself, "Is this really happening?"

As your personality evolves to match your forced feminization, you'll catch yourself self-consciously checking up on everything that makes you more and more feminine until you become a true female. You'll pay careful attention to the other girls around you. You'll wonder, how do other girls apply mascara? How often is it okay to style one's hair when at school?

Soon, you'll be practicing girly poses in front of the mirror, taking and posting selfies making duck faces, until feeling giddy inside from such newfound femininity comes naturally to you too! All these little details will become second nature over time as you unconsciously

incorporate more and more girlishness into your increasingly feminine personality.

Without thinking about it, you'll be behaving more and more girlish, like walking gracefully and poise. Sauntering about with a saucy stride, intentionally trying to attract admiring stares from the boys. Speaking softly and seductively. Picking out dainty little outfits, including choosing coordinating bags, shoes, jewelry and other accessories, all to appear pretty and femininely flashy.

As if by second nature, you'll work to become ever more captivating. Your persona will become increasingly flirty, and you'll strive to dazzle people with your ever more lavish beauty! You'll become one of the more fashionable girls, one of the pretty young things your peers seek to emulate.

When you don your sparkly red, white, and blue cheerleading uniform, and pick up your pom poms, you'll feel like a super heroine—like Super Girl or Wonder Woman. The bold colors will shout out to the world who you are now: a beloved part of a perfectly synchronized group of gorgeous girls.

As you take center stage at the pep rallies or half time, cheering on the team before or during every game, you'll proudly put yourself on display. With each flip, cartwheel, or basket toss, executed without fail, every one in the crowd will study your feminine form and motions and applaud you and your sister cheer girls for all of your hard work.

Of course your responsibilities as a studious school girl will continue alongside your cheerleading duties. You still have to attend classes! You'll do so as a girl, not a boy any longer. It'll be wonderful for you! Those dreaded gym periods won't be so bad once you've become one of the girls.

You'll no longer have to struggle trying to climb ropes that seem impossible to scale or running painfully long laps around the track. Instead, you'll be playing girlish games and gaining positive attention from admiring boys while wearing tight fitting gym clothes.

I won't lie to you. It won't all be an easy transition for you. For one thing, getting pestered with endless dating requests can get uncomfortable. Having guys who once were your friends craving more than friendship from you will definitely prove embarrassing! It's bad enough for us who were born and raised as girls. It'll be all the more awkward for you, someone who's live life as a guy so far.

That said, dating boys will be fun for you! Taking long strolls along sandy beaches holding hands with some hunky guy, watching romantic sunsets can be so pleasurable! Making out with someone special is extremely enticing and enjoyable and soon you'll be pleasing some lucky guy or guys, making memorable moments with these lucky men. Of course one extravaganza tops them all and what better way than spending prom with a sexy stud, offering up yourself for his pleasure?

What's that? You'll never do anything like that? You're not into guys? Well, we'll see about that! After several weeks in skirts and dresses, bras and panties, you may see things from a pretty, coquettish point of view.

Oh really! You don't think any guy would ever ask you out? You say you're too much of a man for that? Oh Bambi! Look at you! You already pass as just another girl, and—

I'm sorry, what? Are you joking? You seriously doubt that you'll pass perfectly as a girl? I'll take that bet! After all, you already pass as one, but just to make it interesting, let's make it into a real wager. Your luck has to change some time, right?

Here's the bet if you can pass for a girl, you'll have to join our squad for the rest of the year—that's right! For an entire year! Why do you look so shocked? What's the big deal? You're already stuck as a cheerleader for the rest of the season. If you win this bet, you'll get out of that.

What's that? You're intrigued? I can tell that you are! You look like you're wondering what the catch is? No catch! Well, you decide if

there's a catch before we shake on the bet. After all, it's your future as a feminine girl we're talking about. So here's how we can settle this new bet.

As you know, we've already dolled you up as a pretty little cheer princess. We've already exposed you like this to a whole gymnasium filled with screaming people. So just to see if you're indistinguishable from any other girl, we'll all go to the mall as a group. There, we'll watch and listen carefully to see if anyone suspects that you're not the pretty little cheer princess you appear to be.

If no one notices anything a miss with you as a miss, then you lose this bet too and you're stuck as a cheer girl for a whole year. That will be twelve whole months. Fifty two weeks. Three hundred and sixty five days. All spent as a girl! What do you think?

As we walk and talk together moving as a group of girls heading back to the girl's locker room—the place where we'd just dressed you up as an absolutely adorable cheerleader—you're thinking over this latest wager. If you win the third bet, you'll get out of spending several weeks stuck as a girl. If you lose, well, it's just a simple double or nothing isn't it?

The choice is yours. Either you're part of a special sorority of sexy cheer girls for a season if you chicken out of this bet, or else your time in skirts shaking poms is doubled, or—if you win—you're free to resume your masculine identity. Will you remain a girl? As you consider your choices, your cheer sisters giggle, eager to embark together on an exciting journey, at least it'll be exciting for us.

Will you remain as a girl for a season, for a whole year, or not at all? As you wonder whether you're going to live as a girl or not, your face looks like a frantically manipulated Rubik's cube, spinning from one decision point to another. The group of us girls is starting back toward the feminine athletic sanctum with a single step, the once mysterious locker room that you'd already seen first hand.

You feel like a condemned man walking to his execution as you're confronted with the prospect of embracing a new identity as "Breanna Joy" for an entire season, or an entire year. It may feel like a big leap off a cliff for you, but for us, the possibilities of fun playing with you as our life sized dress up doll are endless, and endlessly entertaining.

The cheerleaders have chosen a new name for you, Brianna Joy, and they're eager to see how well you can embody it. This, even as you're just as eager to escape your embarrassing emasculation. A full season of you looking and acting like a typical teenaged girl!

You see this as a death sentence for your masculinity. With good reason, you wonder if you could ever recover from being limited to wearing make up, skirts, dresses, and so on for week after week after week. Certainly your reputation for being a man has already taken a huge hit. After several weeks of this, would anyone be able to see you as guy ever again?

While you might still have troubling, lingering doubts about your ability to pass as a girl, you're already well on your way to being Brianna Joy! We've had so much fun turning you into one of the girls, we can't wait to take your feminization to the next level, and then to the next level after that. Your full feminization transformation has already left you looking absolutely fabulous as a cheerleader princess. Are you willing to bet, double or nothing, that you won't pass as a girl?

You know the stakes! If you accept the bet, then an upcoming trip to the mall would put your newfound femininity to the test. If nobody suspects your true identity, you'll be bound by the terms of this third intriguing bet. As you make your way to the girl's locker room accompanied by the gossiping giggling cheerleaders, you consider what it would be like to be one of them for months or for a full year.

Your breath catches in your lungs as you take a moment to reflect on the journey ahead, inevitable unless you could escape your emasculated fate by winning the third bet. I spell it out for you. If you win, you'd be free to be a guy once more. If you lose, you'll be compelled to step into a new, thoroughly feminine role, an adventure

filled with surprises and, undoubtedly, a lot of humiliating girlishness experiences as we keep you as an emasculated, force feminized girl!

Chapter Three: The Third Bet

The girls can't contain themselves as they openly discuss your impending fate. They giggle constantly as they engage you in a teasing dialogue about your prospects as a cheerleader for a week and your fabulous new feminine life.

As you look from one giggling, beautiful face to the next, this daunting prospect hits home for you. Even more so as they all take turns telling you about your new life. One after the other, they gleefully describe to you what your life will be like as one of the cheerleaders. As one of them.

Unless you accept and win the third bet, this will absolutely be your life, you realize with a shock, at least for the next three months. This will absolutely be your identity for a full season, unless you manage to out yourself as a cross dressed boy only pretending to be a pretty young cheerleader.

Once again you tremble with trepidation as they describe your new life in demoralizing detail. Once more, it feels like a death sentence for your masculinity as these beautiful girls each laughingly, mockingly provide a humiliating account of your upcoming, ongoing feminization.

Emma says, "Each day, we'll have you dressed to impress. Monday's theme: Cute and Casual!"

Lily giggles and adds, "Think flowery sundresses, a touch of floral perfume, and a pair of adorable ballet flats."

Smirking, Sophia says, "We'll do your make up so preciously each and every day! We'll give you pretty eyes using soft pastel eye shadows and kissable lips with light pink gloss. We'll have you positively glowing!"

Mia explains, "Tuesday is all about Fun and Flirty! That's my personal fave, and I bet you'll love it too! That's when we wear flirty

little mini skirts and crop tops galore! You'll attract attention from all of the guys, Breanna Joy!"

At the mention of you wearing such a sexy, revealing, feminine outfit, you stop in your tracks, horror written all over your face.

Ava hugs you reassuringly and says, "Don't worry, Brianna Joy! We'll have you looking fabulous. Cute hair, and sexy make up with smokey eyes and a sassy cat-eye liner. A bold red lip and eye catching blush!"

Before you can protest, Grace says, "Wednesday is Elegant and Chic Day. Picture sleek pencil skirts and silk blouses."

Isabella says, "Yass, girl! With classic bold red lips and matching nails, plus a polished updo to complete the look."

Lila says, "Thursday, we're going for Boho Vibes. Flowing maxi dresses and beachy waves."

Smiling, Samantha describes your make up look as, "Bronzed eye shadows and a hint of shimmer to make you shine."

Olivia says, "Saturday, we're ending the week with Glamour and Glitz. Sparkly dresses and sky high heels! Absolutely perfect for date night, to make your boy friend drool all over your slutty body!"

Emma enthusiastically adds, "Bold smokey eyes and a glamorous updo will have you ready for the weekend!"

Lily says, "And don't forget, every day, we'll have you rocking some simply fabulous cheerleader hairstyles, B.J.!"

You're going to love these next several weeks, B.J. Get ready to embrace your inner cheerleader princess! You seem to have noticed that the girls skipped your Friday look? Silly girl! Of course you'll be rocking your cheer uniform and over done performance make up all day on Fridays.

Every Friday, you'll attract attention in your cheerleading uniform, just like the rest of the cheerleaders. You'll be walking through the hallways, sitting in class, all the while trying your best to keep from putting your pretty spankies on display. A free show for all of the horny men and boys who see you.

With each day promising a new and fabulous look, it's clear that you're going to be in for an exciting and fashionable new life as sexy girl. Week after week, you'll be dressed head to toe as a pretty school girl. You'll be fending off male attention, demands for dates, as you take on your new role as a sought after cheerleader.

As the girls tease and taunt you about your upcoming weeks on public display, exposed as a cheer girl in front of all of your classmates, your desperation seeking evasion grows. You consider that you have the power to end all of this by simply agreeing to the third bet.

You could escape the trauma of being paraded around as a girl if you can manage to not passing as one over the next hour at the nearby mall. Your face lights up with a notion, your smile revealing a sudden inspiration that could provide your liberation.

I can tell your clever little mind has hit on a new possible solution to your otherwise inevitable humiliation. Was it that you can just act as macho and manly as possible, tipping off observers that you actually had some balls hidden away inside your pretty panties?

How hard could that be, you wonder? There's no way you could be taken for a girl by everyone there, not if you went out of your way to signal your actual sex, right? Fair enough! You're welcome to act any way you want to at the mall. You're interested now, confident even? You'll take the bet? Really?

Okay then! First things first! Let's get you ready for our trip to the mall! As you watch them ready themselves to freshen up your look as a new cheer princess, as a pretty girl named Breanna Joy, butterflies start

forming in your stomach. You have to be asking yourself, “Is this really happening?” Yes, girl, it is!

Some twenty minutes later, as we hold you in front of a mirror once again, there you see yourself as the pretty princess we’ve turned you into. Your face twisted with consternation as you wonder if you can somehow avoid passing as a pretty princess, and you recall in agonizing detail how we made you that way.

As you gaze at yourself stupefied by your transformation, I whisper in your ear, “Your name is Breanna Joy, B.J. for short, pretty cheer princess and queen of blow jobs. Look on your femininity, your sexy thing, and prepare to strut your stuff at the mall!”

We’d dressed you up in your cheerleading essentials, and you exude femininity. You can feel the constant, insistent tug of the straps of your—well actually Sophia’s—padded push up sports bra on your shoulders. You shudder at its tight constriction, hugging you and providing the perfect support, lifting up, highlighting, and greatly augmenting your itty bitty titties. It accentuates your femininity, making you look utterly captivating.

Soph’s choice of sexy thong panties adds a delightful if hidden touch of femininity, the thin strip of cloth invading your ass, and compelling you to wriggle your butt in an unmistakably feminine way. You wonder if you’ll ever get used to female undergarments, longing for the simple comfort of boxer shorts.

Squeezing you tightly as they compress your crotch into a flat, feminine look, your cheer briefs fit snugly over your thong. They compact your tiny so called manhood and further force your stride into a gracefully, perfectly feminine walk as they shape your body and showcase your feminine curves.

On your petite feet, your knee high cheer socks and cute feminine cheer shoes help to maximize your cheerleader look with a playful and charming touch. They make your legs look stunning and give you that authentic cheerleader vibe.

Breanna Joy, as you stepped into your cheerleading uniform and we embarked on your feminizing makeover, you radiate femininity if not cheerleader confidence. At least not yet, but no matter! Sophia's uniform embraces your body like an overly amorous lover, accentuating your feminine silhouette, hugging your curves in all the right places.

The skirt flares out gracefully, showcasing your feminine legs and bubble butt. The top highlights your pretty, girlish shoulders and slender arms, making you look absolutely enchanting. You're looking fantastic in your cheerleader attire! With each piece in place, you're embodying the essence of a beautiful and feminine cheerleader, little Miss B.J.! Especially with the newly redone make over we'd performed.

Eyes are the window to the soul, or so they say, and we wanted to ensure that everyone who looked at you understood that your soul was all girl! With that in mind, we redo your eyes using a soft, feminine eye shadow shades that enhance the beauty of your eyes. A subtle shimmer adds a touch of elegance.

Your slightly over done eye liner defines your eyes, making them look bigger and more captivating. We opt for a winged eye liner look for extra flair, and the mascara adds volume and length to your lashes, making your eyes pop and appear more feminine and inviting. When we're finished, we all giggle at how much of a girl you really are! You're now ready to dazzle the mall with your feminine beauty and grace! Keep embracing your total feminization, B.J., and let your once inner, now obviously outer, cheerleader princess shine!

The girls' excitement about going to mall escalates as they contemplate ways to make you ever more effeminate. They talk over each other, each of them giddily suggesting things we can buy for you to increase your femininity.

Sophia, giggling, says, "Oh, Breanna Joy, when we get to the mall, let's get your ears pierced! Now that you're a girl, your going to need some piercings to wear cute, trendy earrings! They'll add a whole new touch of sexy elegance to your already charming, feminine self."

Sarah teasingly adds, “That's right, B.J. Pierced ears are a must for any cheerleader princess. It'll make you feel so much more girly!”

Ava, her voice playful and excited says, “So true, and let's not forget a belly button ring, Breanna Joy. It'll give you that extra bit of sassiness that every cheerleader needs!”

Mia, laughing loudly says, “I can already picture you with those piercings, B.J. You'll be the epitome of cheerleader chic!”

Hannah, speaking with an encouraging tone says, “Embrace your new ultra-feminine personality, Breanna Joy. The piercings will just be the beginning of your fabulous transformation!”

Emily joining in with the teasing says, “You'll be turning heads wherever you go, B.J. Piercings, wearing cute feminine outfits, and of course sexy makeup will make you a true cheer princess!”

Olivia excitedly adds, “And just wait until we take you shopping for lingerie, Breanna Joy. Your new ultra-feminine persona will be complete!”

Blushing, you moan, “You girls really know how to make me feel girly, don't you? I better win this third bet! When I do, all of your scheming will be over!”

Chapter Four: The Trip To The Mall

Before we could go to the mall to test your ability to win the third bet, we had to dress you up as a cheerleader again. We stripped you and inspected your body to ensure it was totally hairless and applied lavender scented moisturizing liquid to make your skin smooth and smelling oh so girlish!

We had you wear a new pink thong, after pushing your ball back up inside your body, and taped your tiny cock back between your butt cheeks. “We can’t have you win the bet through a wardrobe malfunction, Princess!” Hannah says.

Then, two of the girls helped you slip into a pair of cheerleading spankies. These snug-fitting shorts provided modest coverage beneath the skirt and are designed to provide a girl with comfort and confidence during her cheer performances. On you, they crushed your minuscule manhood, ensuring that nothing would pop out from under your skirt and reveal you weren’t born a girl.

Finally, for the uniform itself! Hannah passed you the cheer shell, a sleeveless top adorned with your school’s logo and colors on the chest. It had a scoop neckline and fit comfortably over your sports bra. Then, she handed you a flirty cheer skirt with pleats that added a dynamic flair to your look. It perfectly matched the colors of your school and had an elastic waistband for a secure fit.

Olivia said, “You look so precious Breanna Joy! Let’s not forget the huge cheer hair bow that tops off your look. You can’t really embrace your inner cheerleader princess without those, Girl!” She giggled as she affixed a large and bold red, white, and blue hair bow into your pretty hair, making you look like a gift wrapped present tied off with a festive bow.

I laughed seeing that she was playfully securing this adorably feminine mass of ribbons at the crown of your head, completing your cheerleader look. The bow featured our school’s colors of red, white, and

blue, adding maximum cheerleader sass and spirit to your already girlish appearance.

Ava said, “We won’t forget your make up, Girly Girl. You’ve got to learn how to apply it yourself! We’re gonna teach you how to perfect your flawless, feminine glow. We’ve got some great tips to share with you!”

“That’s right!” Sophia said, as she wasted no time showing off her cosmetician’s expertise adding, “Watch me carefully, B.J.! I’ll tell you what I’m doing every step of the way. You’re going to be doing your own make up for a year, so you’d better learn how, starting right now!”

Of course the cute, dynamic, charismatic cheerleader knew how to make you look your feminine best. After all, you two basically look almost exactly alike! You squirmed uncomfortably, your eyes rolling with embarrassment as she guided you through each step of your cheerleader princess makeover. As she prepared to begin, she giggled and said, “Wow, B.J.! I’m still amazed at how much we look alike!”

You shudder at hearing this. Your chagrin at so closely resembling a sexy feminine girl is palpable. You want to disagree, but what could you say? The clear irrefutable evidence is reflected in the mirror in front of you. In it, you see two twin cheer girls, dressed exactly alike, one with make up, Sophia. The other getting her make up done.

You squirm realizing that soon, even that difference would be erased, along with any sign of your meager masculinity. As if to confirm your fearful realization, Sophia hummed to herself as she began making you up, this time as a tutorial. She was explaining her techniques, “I can’t keep doing your make up every day, B.J.!” Sophia said, “you’ll have to do it yourself, but I’ll teach you how, starting now.”

So she began teaching you the mysteries of make up. This was yet another right of passage you’d have to travel, joining the countless young girls who had experienced this journey before you. First, she applied foundation, concealer, and contour to your face, using the same products

and techniques she uses on herself. She explained everything she did in detail as she went along.

I smirked and said, hey Breanna Joy! I can see that you're carefully listening to Sophia and closely watching the demonstration of her makeup expertise. You should thanks for helping you perfect your look.

I giggled as you reluctantly said with your voice soft, like you were dazed, "Thank you Sophia, for helping me perfect my look!" You sounded like you were in a hypnotic trance.

Smiling, Sophia said, "Of course, Breanna Joy! It's fun to have a cheer twin. Now, let's talk about achieving that flawless complexion. Start with a good primer to make your makeup last longer. Then, apply your foundation evenly, making sure to blend it into your neck for a seamless transition."

All the girls giggled at you as you sat there, nodding, and said "Got it! Foundation and primer first."

Sophia, handing you a makeup brush, said, "Here you go, B.J., take this brush and apply some powder. Be gentle, and remember, less is often more when it comes to foundation. Good? Now, let's move on to concealer. Use it to cover any imperfections or blemishes!"

I smile at you Breanna Joy, watching you applying concealer. "Concealer to the rescue!" I say, laughing.

Sophia was encouraging you, saying, "Looking good, Girl! Now, for that radiant glow, let's add some highlighter to your cheekbones, the bridge of your nose, and your cupid's bow!"

Grinning, she added, "Makeup is an art, and you're a quick learner, Breanna Joy. Next, let's bring out those beautiful eyes. We'll start with eye shadow. Choose colors that complement your outfit."

The two of you nearly identical cheerleaders continued your makeup session, with Sophia sharing tips and tricks to enhance your

natural feminine beauty. As you two work together, your resemblance becomes even more striking,

“Any questions so far, Breanna Joy?” she asked.

You were nodding, watching and listening attentively. You say in a quiet, spell bound voice, “No questions so far, Sophia. I just can’t believe how easily you’re transforming my face!”

Smiling, Sophia said, “Great! Now, let's move on to your pretty eyes. Eye shadow can make your eyes really pop, and eye liner can give them that extra sparkle. Watch closely as I blend these colors together.” She carefully demonstrated how to apply eye shadow, emphasizing the blending technique to create a seamless look.

She did your right eye for you, and had you try to replicate the look above your left eye. It took you a few tries, but you managed to do an amazing job. Then, your doppelgänger moved on to your eye liner, showing you how to achieve a perfectly even thick, bold, captivating winged eye effect.

This time, she did your left eye, and told you to try on your right eye. That didn’t go a well. Seeing your mismatched eyes, Sophia looked at you closely with a giggle, wiped off the eye liner you’d tried, and said, “Remember, practice makes perfect, Breanna Joy. And you've got all the time in the world to practice doing your make up! Now try again!”

You did as she commanded, and this time your eyes matched. As your makeover continued, the other cheerleaders watched with rapt attention. They were envious of Soph’s talents, and how you seemed to absorb her guidance, albeit reluctantly. Clearly her enthusiasm was slowly overcoming your reluctance to learn. This made the process confusing to you as well as educational.

By the time you were done with your lesson, both of you girls had perfectly matching eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, blush, and a coordinating lipstick to enhance your features and make them pop. You’d

used the same red as your school's colors for your lipstick, adding a fun and spirited touch to your makeup.

You'd added some pink blush, lip stick and glitter to complete the cheer princess look. You realized that you were well on your way to learning how to do your own make up, and soon would be spending time each morning achieving that flawless, feminine glow just like your cheerleader twin.

Sophia flashed a playful grin and said, "Alright, Breanna Joy, let's work our magic and turn you into my twin! First things first, we need to create that perfect base for your makeup. Moisturize your skin and then apply a primer to make sure your makeup stays flawless."

I could tell you thought that your time as Breanna Joy would end once we went to the mall and you outed yourself as a cross dressed guy. You nervously replied, "Okay, Sophia, moisturize and primer. Got it!"

Sophia encouragingly said, "You've got this, B.J.! Now, let's move on to foundation. Make sure to choose a shade that matches your skin tone perfectly. Use a makeup sponge or brush to apply it evenly, blending it into your skin."

You were concentrating on her words as you said, "Foundation, check. Blending, check."

Sophia teasingly said, "Looking good so far, Breanna Joy! Now, let's conceal any imperfections like under-eye circles or blemishes. Use a concealer that's slightly lighter than your foundation for those areas."

Trying your best to keep up, you said, "Concealer, check. Lighter shade, check."

I was smiling at you. You're a quick learner!

Your look alike said, "To complete your base, we'll do some contouring. Use a contour powder or cream to define your cheekbones, nose, and jawline. Blend it out for a natural look."

Throughout the transformation process, the cheerleaders teased and taunted you, making sure you felt emasculated and embarrassed in your new cheerleader attire. By the time they were finished, you were fully dressed and made up, ready to embrace your role as part of the cheer squad.

Grace said, “Oh, you’re such a Girly Girl, B.J.! Don’t worry about all those manly stereotypes you used to try to follow. That’s all in the past for you, now that you’re one of us!”

“We just know that you’re gonna make an amazing cheerleader!” Ava added, “Just imagine you’ll soon be twirling and dancing with us on the side lines!”

The girls all welcomed their coach Hannah who had slipped in and watched the proceedings. After all, she was the architect of your transformation into a girl. She said, “I am so excited to see the new you, Breanna Joy! Oh, how wonderful it is to see you shine as one of my cheerleaders! Let me tell you, every one of the girls on your new squad admires your newfound femininity!”

Sarah, your bubbly new cheer captain, can’t stop gushing about your cheerleader look. She playfully teases, “Breanna Joy, you’re just as pretty as any of us, and your make up looks fabulous! We’re lucky to have you on the team.”

Emily, the highly spirited cheer co-captain, affectionately says, “Breanna Joy, you’ve got an amazing cheerleader spirit that’s contagious. Sarah’s right! Your make up is on point, just like Sophia’s! You’re gonna make our routines even more fabulous!”

Olivia, the most fashion forward of all of the cheerleaders, admired your sense of style. “Breanna Joy,” she says with a wink, “you’re giving me some serious fashion envy with your hair bow and knee high socks. You’re the epitome of cheerleader chic!”

Ava, your most supportive friend on the squad, chimes in, “Breanna Joy, you’re such an inspiration. You’ve shown us that you’re much better as a girl. You were never convincing as a guy anyway. We all love your passion and spirit. We’re proud to have you as a sister cheerleader.”

You look from one perky, smiling girl to another. You notice that their mood had changed drastically. They were accepting you as a girl, as one of them. Their tone went from sarcastic and caustic to gently teasing.

Grace, the charismatic flyer, adds, “Breanna Joy, I look forward to helping Hannah and Jazz teach you how to join me as one of the flyers on the squad! Soon, you’ll have all of the moves down perfectly, and your flexibility is already amazing. You’ll fit right in with the rest of us, and we can’t wait to have you as part of our stunting team!”

The cheerleaders playfully continued to poke fun at you. This, while also offering suggestions for your transformation into a cheerleader princess. They clearly relished Hannah’s victory, and eagerly awaited the opportunity to show you off as Breanna Joy, the new cheer girl, at the nearby mall.

As the squad loaded into their cars, they chatted excitedly about all of the amazing possibilities that awaited you. “This is so great!” Sophia said, “I can’t wait to watch Breanna Joy make her mall debut!”

This filled you with a strange combination of nervousness and anticipation as you imagined what reactions you would elicit from other shoppers. I watched you closely as we rode together with Hannah driving, Olivia in the front seat, and you and I together in the back.

I could tell you were planning to act enough like a boy to tip people off, so you’d win the third bet and escape your embarrassing, emasculated fate. I teased you the whole way about your impending loss of yet another bet, sealing your forced feminization, and stretching it out from a season to a full year!

Once inside the mall, I immediately noticed how bright and open it seemed. My heart leaped up seeing so many shoppers already staring at

the group of cheerleaders walking together, giggling loudly, and window shopping as they pranced along. I was smiling as I note to you, no one notices you're not a girl, B.J.!

What's that? We just got here? Fair enough, but we could stay here all day and not one person would read you as a guy, because you're not a guy. Not anymore. No, you're now the girl you were always meant to be, and you're going to stay as a girl for a year. Maybe forever? I giggled at your blushing face.

Your mind raced as we wandered through the mall. I could see that you felt overwhelmed by everything—the pounding music and the gorgeous clothing displayed in the boutiques for young girls we'd entered. You tried to walk and talk like a guy, but it was little use.

Your sister cheerleaders kept asking you questions that emphasized your feminine identity. Suddenly they changed the topic to shopping—one of their favorite things to talk about.

Giggling, Sophia said, “Oh, Breanna Joy, you're in for such a treat! I think we should start with a visit to Victoria's Secret to pick out some sexy lingerie. It'll give you that extra boost of confidence, don't you think?”

Sarah said, “Absolutely! And then we can head to Sephora for some glamorous makeup essentials. You know, to enhance your already lovely features.” Her voice sounded playful, but it was clear that she was intent on taking your shopping for make up.

Ava, her voice teasing said, “I suggest a trip to Forever 21 for some trendy outfits that'll make you stand out as our cute cheerleader princess.”

Excited, Mia said, “After that, a detour to Claire's for some sparkly jewelry. We'll have you shimmering like a star!”

Mischievously, Hannah said, “Don't forget about Bath & Body Works, Breanna Joy. We need you to smell as lovely as you look.”

Slyly, Emily added, “And we can't leave out Ulta for all things beauty. Your makeup collection is about to get a major upgrade!

Ever enthusiastic, Olivia said, “Also, let's stop by Pink for some adorable accessories to complete your girly-girl transformation.”

Blushing, stunned and in obvious disbelief, you complain, “Wow, you girls have it all planned out, don't you?”

Sophia said, “Of course! We're here to make sure you shine like the pretty cheerleader you're becoming!”

The girls' laughter and teasing continued as they excitedly discussed their ideas to hype up your transformation to the next level. Each girl outdid the one before, describing the mad shopping frenzy awaiting you. Grinning, they eagerly planned out several new ways to add sassiness to your newly feminine image.

Sophia said, giggling almost too hard to speak, “Oh, Breanna Joy, you can wear all of my clothes except for my undies. While we're at Victoria's Secret, we'll get you all kinds of lacy lingerie of your very own. They'll make you look and feel absolutely irresistible to Moose and other guys.”

Sarah said teasingly, “And we can't forget that at our trip to Sephora we'll load up on glamorous makeup, B.J.. You'll want to shine like the star you are.”

Ava said playfully, “I can't wait til we shop til we drop at Forever 21! Let's make B.J. try on the girliest clothes to show off her newfound femininity? And don't forget jewelry from Charming Charlie to complete her look.”

Hannah said, Macy's is having a sale, so we can stop by there and pick out a chic handbag for Breanna Joy!”

Emily said enthusiastically, “I'm thinking you need a pair of knee-high boots from DSW for some added sass, Breanna Joy. You'll look like a total cock tease on those when you saunter through the school hall ways like you own the runway!”

Olivia agreed. Smirking, she said, “Just to go with your come fuck me boots, we'll hit up Claire's for some cute accessories like hoop earrings and hair clips! We want you to sparkle, darling!”

Blushing and overwhelmed, you moaned, “Wow, you girls are really going all out with this, huh?”

Sophia winked and said, “Of course, Breanna Joy! We're here to make you the most fabulous cheerleader princess ever. Get ready for a new life of pure feminine bliss, teasing guys, making girls jealous, just like the rest of us!”

The cheerleaders couldn't contain their excitement, and their teasing dialogue only added to your growing anxiety about your upcoming girly experiences.

Chapter Five: Running Out Of Time

The girls plunged into their shopping frenzy, scoping out trendy clothes for you that they'd love to wear themselves. Sophia took point, picking up blouses, skirts, and even panties and bras, showing them to you and asking for your opinion. You were astonished at their energy, and humiliated as they held up each item to your body, knowing that everyone seeing this assumed you were a girl.

The girls pestered you, asking you to make choices about different makeup, clothes, accessories, and shoes as we went from one girls' store to another. Sophia excitedly holding up a cute blouse said, "Breanna Joy, what do you think of this top? It's so girly and chic!"

Feeling overwhelmed, you mutter, "Um, it's nice, I guess."

Chuckling, Sarah said, "Nice? Oh, honey, you're going to be a fashionista by the time we're done with you!"

Holding a flowing pink midi skirt Ava said, "And check out this to go with the blouse! It's a perfect match, don't you think?"

Blushing, you say, "Well, I'm not really used to wearing skirts."

Giggling Mia said, "Oh, you'll get used to it, darling. Skirts are a must for a cheer princess like you!"

Hannah, showing off some stylish shoes said, "These heels are adorable, Breanna Joy. They'll add a touch of elegance to your dressier outfits."

Feeling uneasy, you ask, "Do I really need all this stuff?"

Picking up some cute accessories Emily said, "Of course, sweetie! Cute clothes like those and adorable accessories like these will make you one of the squad! You have to look like a teen queen to roll with us!"

Holding a makeup palette Olivia said, “Of course a girl can never have too much make up! It's essential for completing your feminine look. Don't worry; Sophia will teach you how to use all of it.”

Teasingly Sophia said, “Damn right I will, Breanna Joy! I've got a fool proof plan to enhance your girlish charm. I think you need a pair of delicate, pearl-drop earrings like these. They'll frame your face beautifully.”

Joining in Sarah said, “I agree! And you should definitely get a stylish choker necklace. It'll add a touch of sassiness to your look.”

Ava said, “How about a lacy bralette? It'll be your little Victoria's Secret under your cheer uniform, and it'll make you feel so feminine.”

Teasingly Mia said, “To top it off, a set of colorful, sparkly hairpins. They'll add a pop of fun to your pretty hair!”

Enthusiastically Hannah said, “And don't forget! You need a cute, flirty purse to complete all of your outfits. Every girl has to have her own hand bag!”

Smiling Emily said, “Breanna Joy, with all of these additions to your growing girly girl wardrobe, you'll have that ultra-feminine look down pat.”

Playfully Olivia said, “You'll be the belle of the cheerleading squad, that's for sure! Don't you agree, B.J.?”

Feeling a wave of emasculated embarrassment you said, “I just hope I can get out of all this! Someone has to identify me as a guy, even underneath all of these girly girl clothes and feminine make up!”

I giggled, noticing your formerly nerdy male self getting overwhelmed and shut down by the cheerleaders' treatment of you as a girl. They pointed out the many boys who were leering, checking you out, undressing you with their eyes. The bright illumination in the various stores cast a spot light on you as curious people sized you up.

Hannah, the cheerleaders, and I all knew that you looked so much different than before, but no one else had the slightest clue. None of them saw any kind of guy when they looked at you. All they saw was Breanna Joy, the Cheerleader Princess! No matter how you tried to act like a guy, it didn't make any difference.

Every where you turned, you saw people regarding you as just another girl. A pretty, peppy cheer princess, at that. This all the more so as we ventured through each aisle of each store picking out more girlish clothes and other items for you. Even more so as we made you try on the sexy and trendy clothes and shoes, made you use the makeup testers, spritzed you with feminine fragrances, and held up jewelry next to you—all of it emphasizing your femininity and showing off your total transformation into a gorgeous girl.

As countless heads turned your way when you passed them by, it was obvious that you were passing perfectly as a pretty missy. Mothers called over their daughters to remark on us as we walked along, but none of them pointed at you and said, "That's a boy!"

Instead, if they said anything at all, they merely commented on the group of pretty sassy teenaged cheerleaders. As they watched you all of you girls shopping, giggling, and chattering away happily, you made an alluring sight. This attracted the attention of several onlookers. None of them say anything out of the ordinary. They all included you as among the rest of the cheerleaders. To everyone there, you were just another girl.

As we meandered through the mall, we decided to enhance your emasculated look. We insisted on you getting your ears pierced, adorning them with cute studs that sparkled brightly like diamonds in the sky. After all, every girl needs pretty jewelry. You resent having your ears pierced? Why? A lot of guys have pierced ears these days. What? Oh well maybe not triple pierced, but you're special!

You're a girl now! Your triple pierced ears add a touch of elegance and style to your overall look. Those earrings sparkle as you move,

catching everyone's attention and enhancing your cheerleader charm. For good measure, we had you get your belly button pierced as well.

This was a briefly physically painful procedure that did much more to hurt your male ego, whatever remained of that. It left you with a large pink sparkling sapphire stud adorning your torso. This was an unmistakably feminine piece of jewelry, something that everyone would quickly see whenever they looked at your bare midriff. That's gonna look so adorable when you wear a bikini! We simply have to buy one for you today, B.J.!

Sarah, giggling and grinning, teased you saying, "I agree! You'll look so sexy in a bikini, Breanna Joy!"

Mia said, "Oh, look at you now, you're such a naughty vixen B.J.! So good to see that you're embracing your pretty new piercings! You're such a fashion-forward cheerleader princess now!"

Nervously, you replied, "Yeah, well, it's not like you girls gave me any choice, Sarah!"

Increasing the teasing, Ava said, "Yes we did, Breanna Joy! No one made you get those done, silly girl. Not even I have triple-pierced ears and a belly button ring! You're really stepping up your bad girl game, B.J.!"

You answered, blushing furiously as all of the girls shook their heads with amazement and giggled at the latest step in your transformation, "Well, you know, I never wanted to do any of this, the piercings, joining cheerleading, none of this is my idea. You know that right, Ava?"

Playfully touching your new naval piercing, Sophia said, "Aww, don't even try to deny it, Girl! We knew all that you always had it in you, B.J. Now you're all blinged out, you're ready to sparkle both on and off the cheerleading mat!"

While it was true that we all knew how reluctantly you were enduring your embarrassing emasculation, that you never wanted to be forcibly feminized, we all pretended that you were eager to join us as fully feminine girls. So I joined in with the taunting reminding everyone that no one made you get these piercings, saying I guess you just assumed that this is all part of the package now, huh?"

Your expression was priceless when you realized that you'd voluntarily agreed to get these new feminizing touches added to your body. You protested, "Wait! What? Nobody told me that I didn't have to agree to get these piercings!"

With a huge wink, Hannah said, "That's right, B.J. You did that of your own free will! You're embracing your inner glamorous cheer princess more and more with each passing minute, and those piercings are just one more stage in your fabulous feminine transformation!"

We all exploded into giggle fits as we hear you sigh and say, "I can't believe you're doing all of this to me!"

I just love how you willingly added these bold new touches of sassiness to your feminine image. They're all flamboyant, feminine, captivating coquettish details that increase your sexy new B.J. Queen persona.

You'll need to remove your belly button ring for cheerleading, of course. We can't risk it getting caught on one of the other girls' uniforms as they flip you up in the air and catch you. With these changes, Breanna Joy, you're more than ready to shine as a sexy cheerleader, turning heads and spreading cheer wherever you go!

Sophia giggling, teases you saying, "Oh, Breanna Joy, you're becoming quite the fashionista! Those earrings look adorable on you, and that belly button piercing adds a touch of boldness to your feminine charm."

Sarah teasingly says, "B.J., you're turning into such a total glam queen! Soon, you'll be the most stylish cheerleader on the squad at this

rate!”

Ava, joining in the fun, says, “And who knows, maybe you'll start a trend. Triple piercings could be the next big thing!”

Mia playfully says, “You know, Breanna, it takes a confident girl to rock those piercings, and you're totally nailing it!”

Sophia, sounding sarcastically supportive says, “Embrace your new look, Breanna Joy. It suits you perfectly, and you're going to dazzle everyone on the with your sparkling personality and style—especially when you seduce Moose!”

It was obvious your look alike was intent on having you on your knees pleasing her boy friend, and equally obvious that you wanted nothing to do with that. Your face was twisted with a sense of helpless humiliation as you wondered whether you would have any ability to refuse Sophia’s requests. You contemplated your lack of volition and looked as if you might cry at any moment.

You were obviously overwhelmed by these new additions to your sexy girlish appearance. With all of the passers by paying close attention to the cheerleaders, your hopes for deliverance from the bet were rising. You could feel their excitement as they studied you closely as you walked along with your sister cheerleaders.

Well here we are at the mall and an hour into this little experiment, not one single person has even shown the slightest indication that you’re anything but the cute little cheer princess you appear to be. It must be so frustrating that even when you went out of your way to act like a guy, no one blinked an eye at you.

Desperate to win the third bet, you marched right up to one of the groups of guys who were staring at you, cat calling you, and telling you what they’d like to do to your body. You pushed the envelop saying, “What are you talking about? I’m a guy, just like you!”

The five young guys all looked you up and down, paused and stared at you again for a moment, clearly astonished by your statement. Then, they all burst out into hysterical laughter. “You? A guy?” they all shrieked, shaking their heads and laughing even louder.

You know what that means? You’ve lost again! Looks like your cheerleading adventure is going to last all year! At that, the cheerleaders all jumped around giggling, giving each other high fived. You’d clearly lost the bet. They knew that you’d failed another challenge, and they were thrilled that you’d now be stuck as one of them for an entire year.

They continued to escort you down a long hallway at the mall, as if on a red carpet, presenting your new look to everyone at the mall. With dull surprise, you walked along, in front of dozens, make that hundreds of people. Not one of them saw you as anything but a cute teenaged cheerleader. They were right. That’s exactly who you were, at least for the next full year!

Aren’t you excited? No? Well too bad. There’s no way out for you now. Unless you show you’ve got spirit and enthusiasm, you’re going to face the consequences! Do I have to list the consequences, making you an offer you can’t refuse? Either you perform as a cheerleader for a year, or else!

That’s right, what other choice do you have? It’s either cheerleading or else! Still not convinced? Here are just some of the consequences you’ll face if you back out. Bullying by the football squad, ridicule from everyone who’d consider you a quitter, rejection from your parents who put up a big bond to ensure that you’d live up to the terms of the bet, money they can’t afford to lose!

You must agree to become part of the squad and learn all of our routines and stunts, even if that means giving up nearly all of your free time. Besides performing at football games, basketball games, pep rallies and so on. There will be competitions at which you will join us, competing against squads from other schools. Of course this also requires extra practice sessions and outside performances that cannot be avoided.

We are expecting a lot out of you as our newest member; however we believe that with enough dedication anything can be accomplished. We understand how hard it may seem at first but all good things come to those who put in their best effort. Even if its something they never thought they could pull off!

We're not talking about just any ordinary high school cheering experience either; it's so much more than that and your cheers will be heard around the world! Every day of your next year will be filled with spirit and enthusiasm designed to create excitement everywhere from local events like parades, as well as at pep rallies and both football and basketball games! Nothing can hold back your inner Diva personality from shining through like never before.

For starters we'll provide special coaching sessions with several of our very own experienced professionals who specialize in developing those already excellent skillsets even further while also sharing unique perspectives on certain aspects concerning cutting edge style techniques used by top-tier teams around certain nations today.

We'll also give you customized clothing items and cheer apparel adorned with flashy sparkles and glitter. This, guaranteed to turn heads wherever you go! Also, coordinating accessories ranging from colorful pom pons, cheer shoes with such as laces in the school colors, cheer jewelry, and much more!

On top these bonuses consider yourself lucky because throughout these upcoming experiences nothing will beat the empowering excitement of cheering and dancing in gigantic stadiums full endless energy and screaming attendees. An indescribable feeling anyone could ever strive achieve within personal lives.

Also, remember, since you lost you're going to have to go on a diet. Before too long you'll weigh a lot less than Emily. What's that? You won't do it? You have no choice, Breanna Joy! You can't afford to break your word on this!

The school sanctioned the basketball game as a fund raiser. We sold \$35,000 in tickets and simulcast fees, under the promise that you would uphold your part of the bet. If you back out the bet, the school will have to pay back all the money raised from your show down against Hannah.

Still not convinced? Unless you can afford to reimburse the district for thousands of dollars, you'll be expelled. How about you getting suspended or even expelled from school for breaking a binding contract. That's right! I don't care that this wasn't the original bet!

The agreement that you signed specifically included all subsequent bets. Sorry, Breanna Joy, you're stuck as a cheer girl for an entire year! Don't worry dear! As we just confirmed, you totally rock the cheerleader look, and all of your new teammates agree!

Sarah says, "Breanna Joy, you look absolutely stunning in that cheer uniform! It's like it was tailor-made for you. Your feminine grace really shines through."

Emily says, "Wow, B.J! You're not just a cheerleader; you're a cheerleader princess. Your femininity is a perfect fit for our squad, and your look is simply enchanting."

Olivia says, "Listen to me B.J, Sarah and Emily are right! Your cheerleader style is on another level! It's like you were born to wear that uniform. You've got that perfect blend of femininity and confidence that we all admire."

Ava says, "Breanna Joy, your presence on the squad is a breath of fresh air. Your natural beauty and femininity are such a lovely addition to our team. You're a true cheerleader inside and out."

Grace says, "It's true B.J, and as a flyer just like me, you're going to be all about precision and grace. You've already got that in abundance. Your cheer uniform accentuates your femininity as you move like a prima ballerina, making you look absolutely graceful and oh so pretty."

Each of your fellow cheerleaders is genuinely impressed by your femininity and beauty as you pose self consciously in your cheer uniform. They all admire your unique presence on the squad and celebrate your journey as a cheerleader princess.

They're not alone in that, either. Everyone at the mall took you for the pretty girl you seemed to be! You lost the third bet, and now your fate is sealed. You're going to remain one of the girls for an entire year!

Don't forget, B.J: It's cheerleading or else! That's right, you've got no other choice! Either you perform enthusiastically as a cheerleader for an entire year or else you face the consequences I already discussed with you!

You don't want to experience what else we have in store for you if that doesn't happen. You're a full fledged feminine cheerleader now, Breanna Joy. That's going to be your life for now on. You might as well make the best of it, Girl! I giggle at you as your face reveals your inner thoughts.

You were so sure that you'd never pass for a girl at the mall. You were so confident that someone would point at you and yell out, "Hey! That's a boy!" As humiliating as that would be, it would mean that you'd won the third bet, and thereby escape your forced feminized fate.

That didn't happen. Hundred of people all saw you as the girl you are. Your attempt to out yourself as a guy to a bunch of boys led to them laughing at the very idea that you were anything but the gorgeous girl you appeared to be. Now, your pretty eyes were tearing up as you realized there was no way out for you. You were stuck as a feminine cheer princess for a year. At the very least. Get used to it, B.J.!

End of Book Three
Continued in Book Four

Afterward by the Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book, the third 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:**

<http://www.BuyMeACoffee.com/MindiHarris/e/19875>

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