

# *Fully Feminized Forever From Four Foolish Bets 4*

**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

Much to your dismay, not one person at the shopping mall who didn't already know who you really were spotted you as a guy. Not one. Even though you'd made a valiant attempt to signal that you really weren't a girl, it was no use.

With all of the cheerleaders pointing their phones at you, they captured the whole shopping trip with photos and videos, and shared them all immediately on social media. Each post soon received hundreds of likes and comments from their friends and followers.

As we moved from store to store, you made a feminine impression on everyone. I could tell you were stunned by your inability to top anyone off that you weren't the pretty girl we'd made you over into. You passed as a typical teen queen, even when you were trying your best not to.

None of the sales girls or other shoppers had the slightest inkling that you weren't the girlish young cheerleader you appeared to be. Not even the boys your age you confronted and tried to convince that you were really a guy believed you. They'd cat called you and leered at you. Then, when you insisted you were as masculine as they were, they laughed at you. That sealed your fate as you'd clearly lost the bet.

News of you losing the third bet and its consequences spread rapidly throughout social media. Pictures and videos of you trying on cute skirts and pretty dresses were attracting countless likes, comments, and shares. In the videos, you were strutting around the other shoppers in a popular mall while dressed in a cute cheer skirt and top. All of this quickly created widespread suspicions that you'd lost all the three of the bets on purpose.

The girls even had you twirling around to show off your sexy, feminine cheer princess outfit as they covertly recorded it and posted it. Online observers were fixated on your feminization, many of them doubting you were forced, and others claiming you'd already been fully

feminine all along. They'd all seen uncontrovertible evidence of your girlishness.

@SkirtGirl posted: I'm taking notes on how to strut my stuff. This Breanna Joy girl's got better moves and fashion sense than half the girls I know.

@FierceFashionista asked: Do we know that this isn't a cis girl? I mean, she sure looks like one? Asking for a friend, of course!

@PrincessPJ argued: I saw the before pics and I think she's a guy! I mean he's a girl now? From nail polish to dressing room selfies—this guy's embracing his feminine side like a pro.

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Each soft, delicate step you took as you made your way through the mall was light and precise, as the cheerleader scolded you if you took even one slightly less than dainty stride. At times, you looked like a ballerina dancing across a stage.

You maneuvered as deftly as dancer through the various clothing racks along side identically dressed cheerleaders. At Sophia's direction, you kept your feet close together as you stood, again as if you were a ballet dancer, adopting the first position. Everyone who didn't know who

you really were confirmed your total lack of manliness, praising you for your femininity.

“Look how cute she is,” whispered one customer to another. They were both beautiful middle aged MILFs, one a bronze haired babe and the other an auburn haired beauty. Neither one of them had any clue about the tiny little boyish thing you were hiding inside your tight, sexy thong.

One cashier and sales girl after another smiled at you as you shopped for and paid for the several skirts, tops, dresses, and even various items of naughty lingerie that the cheerleaders had picked out for you. At one store after another, no one who didn't already know that you were really a guy ever suspected that you weren't a cute little girly girl!

When the girls forced you to try on and buy a floral summer dress from a trendy boutique, Ava videoed the proceedings. Giggling at you as you struggled to maintain your balance in the tallest pair of heels you had ever worn, strappy sandals with a six inch heel, the girls all shook their heads even as they videoed that too. Catching your slutty steps from several angles.

They were shocked that you didn't kill yourself trying to walk in the glamorous if a bit out of style gold lamé gladiator sandals. They all knew that they'd all have had at least as much trouble as you did navigating the impossibly precarious shoes.

Sarah said, “Oh my god, look at Breanna Joy in those come fuck me shoes! She moves like an actual woman!” as she recorded and posted a video of you which amassed hundreds of likes and shared in just a few minutes.

The girls even posted video showing you expertly applying your make up. With Sophia guiding you you applied rimer, foundation and concealer, eye liner, shadow and mascara, blusher, contour, and lip gloss achieving a flawlessly feminine glow up. They narrated it, making it look and sound like you were intentionally doing a makeup tutorial

video, as if you were an influencer. Your femininity was evident from all of this.

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## Forward By The Author

Ready? OK! I think this all new series—continued in this 18,000+ word book, with 16,000+ words of actual story content—is my most cheer-tastic forced feminization fantasy yet!

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

Then, you lost a second bet. The cheerleaders stepped up their teasing, even as you squared off against Hannah. She humiliated you on the basketball court, allowing them to emasculate you, climaxing in one public humiliation after another, each one more embarrassing than anything you could have ever imagined!

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

Now, your identity as a fully feminized cheerleader has become public! You're an online sensation as the world watches you undergo another series of ever more emasculating experiences. You've been transformed into a ditzy girl, both in body and mind, teased and toyed with by a gaggle of girls every step of the way.

Soon, you'll be taunted and teased into desperately wagering once more: a fourth, even more fateful bet. Your sister cheerleaders all see you as one of them. They have you stuck in short skirts, tight tops, and beautiful make up, entrapped as a princess for the rest of the year. The assistant cheer coach has you in her sites, and she has plans to use you as the sexy girl you now appear to be. Can you escape your embarrassing emasculation? Not if these sexy, designing women can help it!

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!

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

*Mindi*



## **This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards**

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

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

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## Content Warning And Disclaimers

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

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

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

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

## **Chapter One: Online Reaction To Your Transformation**

Much to your dismay, not one person at the shopping mall who didn't already know who you really were spotted you as a guy. Not one. Even though you'd made a valiant attempt to signal that you really weren't a girl, it was no use.

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That video went viral soon after they uploaded it. They tagged you and added a description of who you really were, describing the three bets you lost, and added comments that hyped your transformation from a typical guy into a cheerleader princess!

Your phone buzzed incessantly with wave after wave of notifications from all of your friends, relatives including many you hadn't heard from in years, and countless complete strangers. All of these were in response to the detailed videoed and photographic evidence of your full feminization.

The likes and shares were increasing, and the comments made you feel sick to your stomach as thousands and thousands of people made their views public. Many if not most of them in favor of the cheerleaders' remarkably successful efforts at emasculating you, and turning you into a pretty young girl.

People on line were openly saying you made and lost the bets intentionally because you'd always secretly wanted to be a cheerleader princess. Many were dubious, expressing their incredulousness about the whole thing, especially those with "skeptical" or "curious" or "doubting" in their user names.

@CuriousCathy opened a long thread about you posting: Seriously, I'm starting to think those bets were rigged. She looks better as a girl anyway!

@Fashionista4Life replied: Right? I've seen the pics, and she looks totally girly. Maybe she just wanted to be a famous cheerleader princess!

@Skeptic\_101 lived up to their handle commenting: I'm not buying it. It's like she wanted to lose those bets.

@GossipGirl22 concurred: Agreed! Three bets lost in a row? Unbelievable much?

@SkepticalSteve agreed: I mean, come on! Did Breana Joy ever even look like a guy? Those pics at the mall say otherwise!

@DoubtingDave added: I'm with you guys. Those bets just seem too convenient. Maybe he just wanted an excuse to join the cheerleading squad.

@BetDetector101 was certain that you wanted to become a cheer princess: Those bets were too conveniently lost. Breana Joy's living the dream now. She's totally embracing the cheerleader life.

The cheerleaders carefully chronicled your entire forced feminized retail therapy experience using their phones. Starting with you warily entering the shopping mall, anxiety creeping up your spine like spiders, the postings showed you reluctantly exposing your emasculation to the general public, all the while you were trying in vain to convey your masculinity. That would be impossible, as you'd been forced to engage in a variety of girlish behavior.

I heard you grumble under your breath, "You guys are so annoying!" Then, raising your voice you demanded, "Stop posting all of these embarrassing pics and videos of me online!"

Sarah said soothingly, "Aw, come on, Breanna Joy, it's all in good fun! You're a natural at all of this girly stuff."

Your "twinsie" Sophia shook her head and said, "Relax, B.J., everyone's loving it! You're practically famous now!"

Olivia explained, "Exactly! Plus, it's just payback for all those bets you lost. You should've thought of that before you challenged Hannah!"

Hannah smirked, "Yeah, embrace your inner cheerleader princess!"

Your feelings were conflicted. To win the bet, you'd have to somehow out yourself as a guy. To do that, you'd have to endure endless embarrassment when everyone around you pointed at laughed at the

supposed guy who'd been fully feminized into one of the girls by a sexy squad of cheerleaders. You kept trying to do something, anything to prove your actual gender, but the fear of ridicule held you back as precious moments passed.

The photos and videos the girls posted were attracting remarkable attention, and why not? They showed you in great detail as you walked through the various stores in the mall, doing one thing after another that only trendy teenaged girls would do. They demanded that you act like one of them, and your fear of exposure compelled you to comply.

Their nearly constant postings showed you smiling and even giggling just like they did while trying on sexy, feminine clothes. You didn't look like any kind of boy at any time. A guy would be tottering around, shakily struggling to maintain his balance in several different pairs of high heels. You looked graceful and poised as you stride about in the three inch stilettos and spiked four inch high heeled boots that you tried on in shoe stores.

You looked and acted like a natural woman, getting a manicure and pedicure, and then tentatively displaying your newly painted nails to the other cheerleaders. They giggled and teased you the whole time, even as they recorded all of your feminine antics for posterity.

Sarah giggled, "Did you all see the video I posted of B.J. trying to walk in those heels? She's a natural!"

Sophia smirked and said, "Seriously, I couldn't stop laughing. I thought she was gonna fall flat on his face, but she walked like a run way model!"

Hannah laughed saying, "What about the nail salon pics and vids? Classic. Her feminine side is definitely coming out to play."

Ava nodded adding, "We're giving her the full cheer princess treatment, and she's owning it!"

Mia said, “Keep those pics and vids coming, girls! Let’s make sure everyone knows B.J. is all girl.”

Emily assured her, “Don’t worry! We will! The fashion show in the dressing room was the best part. She looked better in those skirts than I do!”

Olivia agreed, “I know, right? We’re transforming her into a true fashionista. Can’t wait to see her cheering with us in that uniform at the spirit rally this Friday!”

Grace said, “Remember, we’ve got the bet to win! After that, she’s stuck as one of the girls for a year! ‘Til then? Let’s keep the world updated on our cute new cheer princess.”

Hannah mused, “You know? With the whole world seeing how sexy, girly, and over all feminine she is? It really won’t matter if she wins the bet or not. Already, people are posting comments saying they don’t believe she ever was a guy. She’s never going to live down any of this! She’s stuck as a girl either way!”

You cringed, fearing that Hannah was right! With all of this mounting evidence of your emasculation, how could you ever deny that you were a willing participant in your feminization? It wouldn’t seem forced, not with the explanations they were posting along with each new photo and video.

The girls knew exactly what they were doing. All of them kept posting pics and vids on social media. Each one further sealed your feminized fate, whether or not you won this bet. You stood there, shocked and grimacing as the girls kept posting selfies that included you in dressing rooms, trying on cute, girlish, fashionable clothes, from tight denim miniskirts to frilly tops and dresses.

As you passed by two girls from our school, they were giggling loudly together. One was a green eyed blonde named Mandi who stood no more than five foot three and had an unusually buxom figure. The other was Katie, a brunette who was both taller and bigger than you, at

five foot seven, about one hundred forty pounds. She had piercing icy blue eyes that regarded you with an odd intensity.

They both stared at you while pointing right at you with huge smiles on their beautiful young faces. They whispered under their breath, sharing their secret thoughts about you. Mandi spoke quietly into Katie's left ear, before they both burst out into raucous laughter, clearly at your expense.

They already knew full well who you really were, that much was obvious, so their reactions didn't count for the bet. That's too bad for you, Breanna Joy! What's worse is what happened to you next. The girls approached you confidently, coming ever closer, as if they were two she tigers stalking their helpless prey. Your prettily made up eyes wide, you trembled beneath their mocking gaze, hearing their highly amused giggles, and fearful at their bold approach.

When they got close enough, the brunette reached out and brazenly lifted up your cheer skirt exposing your tight cheer spankies. This right in the middle of a busy shopping mall! You looked at her, your mouth wide open, aghast and astonished at her taking such licentious liberties with you. To your horror, all of this drama attracted a large and growing audience.

As bad as that was, what transpired next was far more shocking—both for you and for everyone else who was watching with rapt attention. She plunged her hand into your undies and smirked when she found what she was looking for, your diminutive, barely there cock. She snorted dismissively as she toyed with the tiny thing, making you feel exposed and shrunken in stature to the size of a Barbie Doll.

"Just as I thought!" she giggled and proclaimed loudly, "it's Breanna Joy, the former boy who's been turned into a cheerleader princess! Nice panties, B.J.!" she added, pulling down your spankies to reveal your sexy, lacy thong.

You wanted to pull away, but she held you by your undies. You realized that any movement on your part might rip apart your delicate

lingerie. Anyway, you felt totally paralyzed by this overwhelmingly humiliating ordeal, as they openly mocked your lost masculinity and remarked on your new girlishness.

Giggling, the petite blue eyed blonde said, “Hey, you’re right! That the supposed guy who’s become a more feminine girl than us!”

The taller of the two, a slim brunette with brown eyes laughed, saying, “Yeah, seriously! Look at how cute he looks in that adorable cheerleading uniform. I bet he’s loving every minute of this.”

The blonde said loudly, making sure you could hear her teasing, “I heard he lost some bets on purpose just so he could become a cheerleader princess!”

The brunette mockingly added, “And now, he’s prancing around in the mall like the girliest girl ever. I mean, just look at that outfit!”

The blonde, pointing at your small girlish, expertly manicured hands said, “Look at those pink polished nails! They’re looking cuter than mine, for sure.”

Giggling and nodding, the brunette said, “True! I can’t believe how much he’s embracing his feminine side. It’s like he was always meant to be a girl.”

Teasingly, the blonde shook her head in disbelief saying, “Well, whether or not she was meant to be a girl, he’s definitely rocking that cute little skirt! His butt sure looks sexy in it!”

You shuddered as they deconstructed your manhood, almost crying as they described your girlishness in detail. Seeing these pictures and videos of you modeling sexy, girly clothes, countless online critics mercilessly mocked your lack of masculinity. Online, people reacted to this about as badly as you expected.

@GirlyGirl posted: This guy is more girl than most of us. Seriously, have you seen these pics? Bet he’s been practicing his walk in those high

heels!

@SexiLdi added: And the nail polish game is on point! Pretty sure he was born to be a cheerleader princess.

@HotChicXOXO shared: Lost 3 bets in a row? Come on, this is way too coincidental. I think he just wanted an excuse to wear that miniskirt!

You attracted some support as well, however, but that was cold comfort for you as your embarrassment spiked ever higher. The cheer girls read some of the more evocative comments out loud to you as we rode toward your home.

@CheerCrazy enthused: Either way, she's slaying the cheerleader look. Go Breanna Joy, go!

@TrueBeliever agreed: I think she's secretly enjoying all of this. Who wouldn't want to be a cheerleader princess?

@JustBeingReal supportively added: Honestly, it's 2023. Boy? Girl? Him? Her? Who cares? Let her be whoever she wants to be!

@GenderBender enthusiastically embraced your transformation: Whether intentional or not, Breana Joy's transformation is incredible. Embracing her true self, maybe?

@CheerEnthusiast, a sister cheerleader added: Even if it's all fake, it's her commitment that counts. Breana Joy's dedication to cheerleading is impressive!

@SupportiveSara agreed: Let's not judge too quickly. If Breana Joy's happy, that's what matters most. #LiveYourTruth

@CheerleaderFanatic expressed support for your feminization: Honestly, who cares if it was all rigged or not? Breana Joy is rocking that cheerleader look!

You writhed in humiliation, understanding that the wider world all now knew how you'd lost three bets, and with them any chance to live your life as a guy. That you were now going to be a girl for an entire year, at least!

## Chapter Two: Coming Home And Your New Home

As we drove you to your parents' home, the cheerleaders riding along in Hannah's with us kept teasing you and reading the most embarrassing comments out loud, giggling the whole time. The online arguments went on and on back and forth. You blushed furiously as Sarah, Ava, and Sophia laughed at the way so many people were mocking your lack of masculinity and insisting that either you were better off as a girl anyway or else you were really always a girl all long.

@CuriousCat posted: Look at how feminine B.J. is! That's the world's most fashionable "bet loser" right here!

@IntriguedIsabella questioned your masculinity: I saw those pics and vids and no way that's a guy! Breana Joy is just another a girl with using a gimmick trying to get attention!

@SkepticalSamantha agreed: True! She's just pretending she used to be a boy! It's not just the way she looks, it's the way she moves, talks, everything. She just looks like any other cheerleader to me.

@SportsFanatic opined: This is some next level commitment if she's faking being a guy. I say she's better off as a girl, anyway!

@GirlyGurl added: Seriously though, I've seen girls with less feminine features. Bet she's lovin' it!

@CheerQueen\_23 posted: Seriously, who thinks Breanna Joy was ever a guy? No way was she ever a boy! I mean, come on!

Your cheer sisters agreed with all of your online fans and detractors as they continued mocking you about the loss of your masculinity. You'd gambled your gender on three foolish bets, you were stuck as one of them for a year, and each one of these giggling girls loved it!

Sarah said, "OMG, did you guys see B.J.'s face when I asked him her try on that sexy silk miniskirt?"

Sophia laughed, “That was classic! Classic! She looked like she’d rather be anywhere else. But look at the bright side, she makes one adorable cheerleader princess and I get to borrow everything we made her buy!”

Ever supportive, Ava said, “Seriously, she was a trooper. I can’t believe she got a pedicure with us. Her nails looked better than mine!”

Olivia agreed, “That’s for sure! And the reactions online are priceless. People can’t get enough of our pretty new cheerleader.”

Eventually, you seemingly developed a bit of spine. You even got snippy when we teased you about your new found online fame, and your adoring public’s enthusiasm about your new life as one of the girls. As we rode along in Hannah’s car, our mood was a mix of excitement and teasing.

Sarah chimed in first, unable to contain her amusement. “Did you see the reactions online? People just can’t get enough of our newest cheer princess, Breanna Joy!”

Sophia giggled, adding, “The way you strutted in those heels was iconic. You’ve got quite the modeling talent, B.J.”

Hannah teased, “Maybe you’ve got a future as a fashion model. Those dressing room selfies were on point!”

Olivia playfully remarked, “Oh, and the way you showed off your newly painted nails! I’m sure many girls envy your on point nail game. You’ve become a beauty influencer overnight!”

Your face was flushed with frustration, and you finally snapped, “Enough! This isn’t funny. I never asked for any of this!”

We all shared knowing glances, and I reassured you, “Relax, B.J. It’s all in good fun. You’ll get used to it, and who knows, maybe you’ll start enjoying being one of the girls.”

Sophia playfully added, “Yeah, embrace your feminine fabulousness. After all, you pull off girly better than most girls I know!”

Hannah, with a grin, concluded, “Besides, you’ve got a whole squad here to guide you through it. We’re like your fairy godmothers of femininity!”

What’s that? You won’t do it? You refuse to become a cheerleader for a year? Oh really! Keep in mind the consequences if you refuse to do what you agreed to do! You’re going to live as a cheerleader princess for an entire year or else! You’ll be on the hook for \$10,000s to cover the school’s losses!

Speaking of school you’ll be suspended, expelled or both! Your parents will lose their house! As for your parents’ house? We returned you to your boyhood home with your pretty little head spinning and your pretty little tail tucked between your legs.

On a hunch, I asked Hannah to stay in the drive way, anticipating a less than warm reception for you. I was right. Their response was beyond heated, it was absolutely incendiary! We could hear loud voices, and even could make out some of the words your dad was shouting.

When they’d heard that you’d agreed to another bet, and now were stuck as a feminine cheerleader for an entire year, your parents’ already monumental disappointment with you turned into volcanic rage. Hearing that you considered backing out, your father hit the roof.

Not only would defaulting on any of the bets cost your family their home, but you looked so much like a girl, he suspected that you were doing this intentionally, trying to get back at him some how. He’d felt competitive with you, and seemingly had issues separating his own identity from yours.

Seeing you with your belly button ring, your triple pierced, ears, and the rest of your cute cheerleader look forced your father to imagine his own emasculation. In fury, he slammed his fist on the glass coffee table in front of him, nearly breaking both the table and his hand.

Even more enraged by the physical pain joining his emotional turmoil, your dad began to scream, threatening to throw you out of the house.

Instead of standing up for you, your mom agreed with him. “It might be better if you could find another place to stay, just until he calms down!”

I gallantly offered to let you stay with me. “I have a spare bedroom my sister Jaycee uses when she’s home, but she’s away at college now. Don’t worry Breanna Joy! You can use it for as long as you need!”

Jaycee’s room was the ultimate in girly girl décor. “Let me show you to my little sister Jaycee’s room, your new girly haven while she’s away at college.” With a teasing smirk I open the door and say, “Just look at all the pink and frills!”

Obediently, you gaze into Jaycee’s room with transparent trepidation. You wrinkle your nose as you notice that the room is perfumed with a delicate, sweet, feminine scent. You inhale sharply and look as if you’re going to faint, your wide staring eyes expressing your stunned reaction.

“Well, Breanna Joy, welcome to your new fabulous, pink-tastic princess’s realm!” I say, giggling as I watch you stagger inside, reluctantly, as if merely entering such a girlish room might magically emasculate you even further, somehow making you more feminine than you already were.

I can’t say I blame you for that. If there’s a more feminine space in the world, it’d be hard to imagine it. This room is awash in various shades of pink. From the walls to the ceiling, everywhere you look pink femininity assails your senses. A fluffy pink rug covers most of the wooden floor, adding to the room’s overall cozy coquettishness.

The walls are painted pastel pink and adorned with posters of hunky male pop stars, unicorns, and other feminine motifs. An entire

section of the wall dedicated to her cheerleading posters. There's sort of a shrine to her career as a cheerleader in the far corner with several cheer trophies and other cheer paraphernalia—cheeraphernalia if you will—proudly displayed.

I smirk as I watch you move further inside the ultra feminine room cautiously, your eyes wide with wonder. With a huge smile I say, "Well, well, well, Breanna Joy, welcome to your new abode, this room will be yours for the foreseeable future!"

You chuckle nervously saying, "It's, uh, quite... pink."

I nod and say, "Oh, absolutely! Pink is the essence of girliness. Check out her bed—now yours—complete with its pink comforter with darker pink hearts! Also, the fluffy pillows and that precious pink canopy. Can't you tell? Jaycee's a true princess at heart, just like you."

You wince at hearing that comparison of you to my teen queen sister. You've met her, maybe even had a crush on her. Now, you're being forced to become a mirror image of her. You shudder as you imagine yourself recast, totally transformed into such a sweet little princess, sleeping in Jaycee's bed encased within the sheer pinkness of it all.

Striving to retain a small scrap of masculinity you ask, "Can I at least, you know, change the bedding?"

Shaking my head no I explain, "Oh no, sweetheart, Jaycee's bed is the epitome of femininity. Just like you are now. I'm sure you'll just love cuddling up in those silky sheets."

You shudder and mutter, "Silky... right."

Smiling widely I ask, "Do you like those lacy curtains? Just divine."

You: "It's all so... lacy."

I say, “Exactly! Lace is the epitome of feminine charm. Look at all of the pink plushy stuffed animals—so cute and cuddly. They’re the perfect companions for any blossoming cheerleader.”

You, feeling a bit overwhelmed, nod and say sarcastically, “Uh... cheerleader... companions, yeah right?”

I giggle at that and say, “Now, feast your eyes on those posters. Sparkling hearts, rainbows, and unicorns—it’s like walking into a cheer princess wonderland. You gotta admit, Jaycee’s got style.”

Shaking your head in disbelief you say, “It’s certainly... vibrant.”

I laugh and agree saying, “Vibrant, indeed! Your transformation into Breanna Joy is irreversible and already well underway. Embrace the pink, embrace the sparkle, and soon you’ll be shaking your pom pons like a pro.”

As you looked around your new surroundings, you look as if the full weight of your new existence as a pretty young cheerleader was finally pressing down on you. I observe you closely as you mutter in evident astonishment, “I’ll be.... Shaking pom pons.... As a cheerleader.... Right....”

You gape slack jawed at the fluffy, pastel-colored cushions and cutesy stuffed animals that adorn the bed—a four poster confection draped with silk, fit only for the girliest of girly girls. Next to the, bed there’s a bench upholstered in shining pink satin. It’s been placed beneath an unusually large window which offers a picturesque view of the garden below.

Teasingly I say, “I can see you looking at your new bed, B.J. Isn’t it just sooo adorably feminine? The frilly pink canopy, the soft, plush comforter, it practically screams ‘girly paradise.’ Oh, and those throw pillows? Super comfy, but also perfect for a late-night girl talk session! I miss Jaycee so much! look forward to sisterly chats with you to make up for it.”

You notice the book shelves and the tops of the dressers are crammed with make up, hair accessories, and sparkly jewelry—all meticulously organized. A lighted vanity with an oversized mirror is adorned with an array of makeup brushes and an assortment of cosmetics.

With a playful chuckle I open the door and say, “There you have it, your very own vanity, just like every girly girl dreams of! Jaycee’s makeup collection is legendary. You’ll get to know each product intimately, learning to embrace your inner cheer princess. You’ll have a blast experimenting with all those shades and styles.”

You look at me incredulously and ask, “Wait, what? Are you serious? You expect me to use make up? Your little sister’s make up? There’s no way she’d let me do that?” you shake your head in disbelief.

“Wanna bet?” I say, and I giggle as you wince at the word “bet.” Beaming with almost unmitigated delight I explain, “Oh not just her make up, Princess!”

I laugh at your shocked expression and add, “I asked her if it was okay, and she told me you’re welcome to share anything she’s left here. That includes her clothes, make up, everything! Jaycee’s wardrobe is to die for, by the way!”

With a flourish and a cheery “Ta da!” I fling open the door to Jaycee’s enormous walk in closet and start showing off the outfits you’ll soon be wearing to school, to the mall, out to dinner, and so on. It’s an amazing array of trendy ensembles, I’m sure you agree. In fact, I can tell by your expression.

I say, “Alright, Breanna Joy, are you ready to dive into your fabulous new borrowed wardrobe? First up, let’s talk about these stunning outfits that’ll make you fit right in with the other girls and look absolutely adorable. Let’s have some fun, shall we?”

As you shake your head, in a vain effort to deny the inevitable, I hold up the first outfit and say, “Number one, ‘Casual Chic! This casual

ensemble is perfect for everyday wear. You'll rock these pink low rise skinny jeans paired with this delicate off-the-shoulder crop top. Don't forget the matching pink ballet flats to complete the look. It's effortlessly chic!"

Your face betrays your disbelief as I hold out outfit two. "How do you like this flirty floral dress?" I ask, "For a sweet, girly girl look, we have this pale pink floral dress with a tiny rose blossom pattern and a flared skirt. Match it with some pink four inch strappy sandals, a cute sun hat, and a dainty pendant necklace. You'll be the embodiment of summer charm!"

You shake your head furiously at outfit three, but I just giggle and take a Little Black Dress, still on its hanger out of the closet. I say, "Every girl needs an LBD. This one's perfect for those classy evenings. Add a pair of elegant five inch black patent pumps, a pair of statement earrings, and this little clutch bag. You'll be turning heads at any fancy event."

You stagger backwards and flop your round butt down on to the pink appointed bed in dull surprise, but I'm not even close to finished showing off your future couture. "I'm sure that all of Jaycee's clothes will fit you, even as you'll fit in perfectly here in her room, B.J."

"Outfit number four, 'Sporty Yet Sassy,' to make your girlish mark," I say, "Ready for some sporty flair? This athletic outfit is fabulous for casual days. Athletic skin tight fuchsia short shorts, a fitted crop top tee, and these trusty matching sneakers. It's perfect for cheering practice or a quick workout."

"We'll have to make sure you keep in shape, Princess!" I smirk, "That means swimming to maintain your girlish figure!" You stare daggers at me, but I just shrug and giggle in response and continue, "Outfit number five: Beach Bunny! Imagine yourself tanning by the ocean and doing the breast stroke through the waves wearing this tropical patterned string bikini!"

I can hear you grumbling with frustration as I point out the obvious, “Of course it’s mainly pink, with cute details. You can wear it paired with this matching sarong. Don’t forget a wide brimmed hat, oversized pink sun glasses, and pink flip flops. Beachy perfection, Breanna Joy!”

Nothing could prepare you for outfit number six. You collapse backwards on the bed as I present it. “Romantic Date Night! A delicious body con mini dress! This rose colored taffeta confection is so versatile. It can be worn as a halter style or strapless and it’ll show off your boobs to their best advantage!”

“I don’t have any boobs!” You whine.

“Don’t you worry, Baby Girl, you’re just a late bloomer!” I assure you, “before you know it you’ll have a sexy, curvy body exactly like Sophia’s!”

I laugh as you groan every louder and smilingly continue describing the jewel toned shiny satiny sheath, “Perfect for those romantic dinners, this dress will work wonders. Pair it with some strappy five heels, a cute clutch purse, and a delicate bracelet to match. You’ll leave a lasting impression on your date. Like when you pretend to be Sophia on a date with Moose!”

Sensing you were approaching overload, or possibly had already passed into that phase, I pulled back a bit and presented outfit seven. “Boho Vibes!” I say with a smile, “Boho chic is always in style. Try this long flowing baby blue skirt with a tucked in floral peasant blouse!”

I hold up a pair of shoes and say, “You’ll wear it with these strappy four inch sandals, some layered sterling silver bangle bracelets and some matching huge hoop earrings. You’ll be the epitome of free spirited insouciance.”

I could tell you were still stunned, and before you could catch your breath I showed you outfit eight. “Cocktail Party Glam!” I crowed, “For

a night out on the town, we have this stunning shocking pink cocktail dress!”

I smile as your eyes widen and continue saying, “It’s crafted of the finest satin, it will reach to your mid thigh, and it’ll show off your sexy, feminine legs. Add some five inch stiletto heels in natural or tan, a statement clutch, and dazzling chandelier earrings. You’ll be the belle of the ball, Breanna Joy!”

I playfully teased you about how all of these outfits will make you look and feel like a true fashionista, “Starting tomorrow, you’ll be blending seamlessly into your new cheerleading squad and looking utterly adorable in each ensemble!”

You complain, “That’s not part of the bet! All I supposedly have to do is be a cheerleader for a year, and—”

“—and that includes doing everything any other cheerleader does!” I correct you, “that means not just cheerleading with the other girls, but living your whole life twenty four seven as a cheerleader princess! If we could figure out how to make you get your period, you’d have to do that too! Hey, that gives me an idea!”

“Oh no, don’t you dare! You wouldn’t dare!” you protest, frowning as you see my huge predatory grin and hear my effervescent laughter.

Winking at you I say, “Remember, the key to being a cheerleader is confidence, and where better to build it than in this beautiful room that radiates all things feminine and fabulous?”

### **Chapter Three: Your Life As A Girl Begins**

As you slowly turn in a little circle, taking in your new surroundings, you can't help but wonder how your life had taken such a drastic, unexpected turn. Mere days ago, you were a typical teenaged boy. Now look at you, B.J.! You're a girl! You're not just any girl, you're one of the most feminine girls ever.

Let me tell you about your life for now on. You'll be sleeping, dressing yourself, and doing your make up and hair before school in this room. Jaycee's room. The girliest room imaginable. Then, you'll be walking around dressed in the most feminine of outfits. Short, tight skirts. Cute heels. Frilly dresses.

You have no choice. You lost three bets, and you're stuck in this role. Your life is now the life of a pretty teenaged girl, the life of a cheerleader princess, for at least a year. Everyone knows all about it by now. In real life. Online. In school. All over town. You're almost famous! You're now known as the boy who gambled away his gender and was transformed into one of the girls!

After I made you try on all of the outfits I'd described and more, taking photos and videos of you as you performed an impromptu fashion show at my command, I posted the latest evidence of your emasculation to social media. The girls had created accounts for you as Breanna Joy, and you were attracting a huge following.

As I expected, Jaycee's clothes all fit you quite well. This was fortunate as your parents threw you out without giving you a chance to pack any of your boy clothes. For good measure, they even changed the lock code. They ignored your pounding on the door, and refused to let back you in. I wrapped a sisterly arm around your slumping shoulders, comforting you.

"Don't worry, Doll! Between Jaycee's wardrobe, your cheer sisters, and my own closet, you'll have all the clothing you'll need," I assure you. "Whatever you don't have, we can get for you online, shopping at the mall, and at vintage clothes stores. we'll sign you up for the

Victoria's Secret loyalty program. You're going to look so cute wearing their 'bombshell' bras and pretty panties!"

Somehow my assurances did little to bolster your mood. I wonder why not? I guess that you must have assumed that losing the three bets would have limited impact on your life? How wrong you were, Darling Girl! From the defeated look on your face to your deflated posture, it was clear. You were finally understanding, if not yet accepting enormity of your emasculation and its impact on your day to day existence. I met you at the door of your parent's home and guided you back to Hannah's Honda Civic.

I had an ebullient bounce to my step as we walked together, arm in arm. You slunk away hunched over as you realized that you had no way to get to any of your own belongings—especially not your own jeans, t shirts, boxers, or socks. All of your male clothing was beyond your reach.

You knew that you were now stuck wearing Jaycee's girly girl clothes. Those, and whatever I or one of the other girls decided to lend you. Of course that was limited to the most feminine things we owned.

I watched your face intently, with a playful smirk on mine as it finally dawned on you. For now on, you'd be living your life as a pretty young cheerleader. You seemed to realize that you'd have no other choice with all of you boyish belongings locked away.

"You know, B.J." I said, "you're officially part of the girly-girl club now. No turning back!" My sparkling blue eyes lit up mischievously as I continued, "But don't worry, we'll make sure you look absolutely fabulous!"

Hannah, with a teasing edge in her voice, joined in, her lips curling into a smug smile as she said, "Oh, absolutely," her voice dripping with sarcasm, "after all, we can't have our new cheer princess wearing anything less than the most adorable and feminine outfits." In this world of femininity we had created for you, those were simply your only choices.

Sophia, with her keen sense of style, couldn't resist the opportunity to offer her expertise. "Don't fret, Breanna Joy," she said, her fingers lightly tapping her chin as she pondered. "We've got an array of options for you. You'll be wearing the cutest skirts, the frilliest tops, and the most delicate accessories."

Olivia, always cheerful and ready to add a touch of whimsy, chipped in, "And let's not forget those darling ballet flats and Mary Janes. They'll complete your look, making you the belle of the cheerleading ball!"

We couldn't help but giggle, knowing full well the extent of the girly transformation awaiting you in your new life as Breanna Joy. Our outfits were a testament to femininity, with items of pastel pinks, soft blues, and lingerie with the daintiest lace and ribbons.

Each of us had a personal stash of pretty clothes that you would soon have access to, and you'd be modeling every outfit we chose for you in public. What's that? What about your reputation as a guy? That's long gone, Baby Doll! You're already almost universally known all around town as Breanna Joy, the former boy.

You looked dejected at hearing that, you sighed, sounding like the trees that rustled in the breeze. I was looking forward to indulging my penchant for fashion on you, making you my daily dress up doll. I loved the vibrant world of fashion almost as much as I love cheerleading!

"Moping around like that won't change a thing, B.J.," I teased, my laughter as warm as the sun. "You're just one of the girls now. You're stuck as a girl for a year. You'd better get used to it Babe!"

Your wardrobe had taken a dramatic turn, and the colors, styles, fabrics, and types of clothing she'd be borrowing from us were as girly as they came. From flowing sundresses in shades of blush and lavender to dainty blouses adorned with bows, her new ensembles would highlight her blossoming femininity. We couldn't wait to see you, our newest

cheer princess in action, and our playful teasing was only the beginning of your charming journey into the world of femininity.

These changes to your life were abrupt, and at times you struggled to cope with your new identity. The next several days were an absolute ordeal for you, and I monitored you with intense scrutiny and arousing delight as you struggled to adapt to life as a pretty cheerleader princess and a sexy school girl.

I smiled as I recorded your progress taking countless pictures and videos of you dressing yourself uncertainly, constantly changing your outfit as you doubt her style and beauty. Nervously trying on a variety of high heels, struggling to find something that made her feel comfortable if not confident, but unable to find the right balance in any of them.

Laughing to myself, I watched and shared your uncomfortable coming to grip with the Internet. You were reluctantly browsing through Jaycee's closet, self consciously trying on one feminine outfit after another—floral summer dresses, cute little miniskirts, skin tight short shorts, and on and on.

I could tell that all along you were searching in vain for something, anything, that might look less feminine. For some at least somewhat androgynous clothing. Alas, My Dear, there were no even slightly boyish alternatives. My little sister's tom boy phase was a distant memory, just like your masculinity. To underscore this, I instructed you to practice the finer arts of femininity.

Giggling, I taught you how to give yourself a manicure. At first, I smiled watching you clumsily painting your nails, knowing that you'd improve your skills with the practice I'd planned for you. I intended to force you to endlessly practice make perfect. I was willing to accept nothing less from you, Princess!

Yes, I demanded that you make your nails look perfect, but you were unable to get them as pretty as I wanted them. You did your best, knowing that I'd take you over my knee and spank you if you disappointed me. Aware that I'd punish you unless you were somehow

able to create an immaculate look, you tried again and again. Eventually you did it!

You were blushing furiously as you kept trying to recreate the make up looks Sophia taught you, reluctantly viewing one make up tutorial video after another. Finally, we invited Soph over to give you the one on one training you clearly needed. We could tell that you were feeling both frustrated and inadequate when I compared your slowly developing beautician skills to all of the other cheerleaders.

I giggled at you as you sat there. Concern on your face, as you kept trying to soak in the tips from the various beauty gurus online, and the lessons from Sophia herself. Your look alike scolded you saying, “You have to do better than that, B.J.! If we’re going to look like twins, your make up has to match mine perfectly!”

“What’s wrong, Girl?” I ask, “you look so miserable! Are you wishing you could somehow bring out your own natural beauty without needing makeup at all?” That prompted Sophia to giggle loudly.

I explained how that wasn’t possible. In the world of cheerleading, where glitter and glam are practically second nature, you’ll have to learn to keep up, Breanna Joy! Sophia and I watched you as you tried, with sheer determination, to match the makeup looks Sophia had been showcasing. Sadly, the tutorials and videos weren’t quite cutting it for our budding cheer princess.

As an assistant cheerleading coach, I was put in charge of finalizing your forced feminization. I knew you didn’t want any of this, and thinking about that, I couldn’t help but chuckle softly. You knew that unless you performed every part of your new cheer princess identity as perfectly as possible, you’d get another humiliating spanking. The first one must have been ego obliterating for you!

I smiled and shook my head at your earnest but frustrated efforts to do your make up. Your transformation into the pretty young cheerleader we affectionately called Breanna Joy was obviously still a work in progress. Your skills were slowly improving, but your color choices were

still...off. For one thing, the blush you brushed onto your cheeks was probably brighter than any blush palette a girl your age would ever use.

Responding rapidly to my desperate text message, Sophia, your very own look alike cheerleader and makeup guru, came to the rescue. She'd mastered the art of bringing out her beauty with an array of magical feminine powders and potions, and her make over skills were unquestionable. When she arrived for the one-on-one training session, I couldn't help but tease you.

"Feeling a little overwhelmed, Breanna Joy?" I asked with a playful grin.

Sophia smiled and said, "Don't worry; we've all been there! But if we want to look like twins, we need to step up that makeup game, honey!"

Sophia giggled at the helpless look on your face, her laughter ringing through the room. "Oh, you've got this, Breanna Joy. Makeup is an art, and practice makes perfect." She promised, "We'll turn you into a beauty guru in no time!"

As you continued your makeup practice, it was clear that frustration and self-doubt were getting the better of you. Sophia and I exchanged knowing glances, and I couldn't resist another teasing comment.

"What's bothering you, girl?" I asked with a sly smile. "Thinking about discovering your own natural beauty and ditching the makeup? That'd be a twist, wouldn't it?"

Sophia joined in the teasing with a giggle. "Or maybe," she added, "you're worried you won't be able to keep up with our fabulousness. But don't fret; we'll have you shining like a star!"

You might have been blushing more from our playful banter than from any of your makeup mishaps, but you were learning! This was an important lesson for you, going far beyond the make up tutorial. You

were beginning to understand that being part of the cheer squad meant embracing every aspect of cheer princess life, including perfecting those makeup skills.

As we watched you diligently follow Sophia's make up tutorials, a mischievous grin played across our lips. Sophia and I couldn't help but share a knowing giggle as we witnessed your total transformation before our eyes. You had certainly come a long way since the first bet you lost to Hannah that had led to this enchanting journey.

Sophia leaned in, examining your progress. "Oh, you're getting it, sweetie. Just a little more blush on the apples of your cheeks, like this," she demonstrated, her tone filled with maternal encouragement.

I chimed in, my voice dripping with playful teasing, "Yes, Breanna Joy, you really have to perfect that cheerleader glow. You're looking so adorable, just like one of us!"

Your face flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and determination. You were no stranger to our teasing, taunting banter, but this was different; this was actually encouraging your journey deeper and deeper into the world of femininity. We smiled as you adjusted your focus, carefully applying the finishing touches to your glamorous makeup.

Sophia and I exchanged glances, nodding at each other and barely containing our laughter.

Sophia whispered, "I have to admit, B.J. is showing real promise! She's making this transition look almost effortless now."

I nodded in agreement. "Absolutely. At this rate, she might shine as one of the brightest stars on the cheer squad!"

You glanced up from the mirror, catching our amused expressions. You huffed with frustration, "Don't get too used to it, ladies. I'm still a guy under these girly clothes and all of this make up!"

We burst into laughter, looking at you fully made up, sitting there in your cute little work out wear—a lime green sports bra and a pair of lemon yellow, skin tight capri length yoga pants. You were the very epitome of femininity as you pouted at us.

Even if you weren't, Sophia and I were both aware of the wonderful adventure that lay ahead for you as Breanna Joy, our charming and determined new cheer princess. You shook your head at us when we told you this, bringing us to laugh at you again. Making you pout again. Making us laugh again. It was so cute! You look so adorable when you're trying to push back against your feminization.

The next day, as I entered my sister Jaycee's room, I found Breanna Joy, or B.J. as we liked to call you, sitting at the vanity, brushing your long, silky hair. Sophia, your "Twinsie" cheerleader was sitting on Jaycee's bed. I couldn't help but smile as I listened in to your conversation.

Sophia leaned forward, her excitement evident from her high, melodic voice rising in both pitch and volume as she said, "You know, B.J., I was thinking that we should try doing something bold to liven things up!"

Hesitantly, afraid of what this might mean, you asked, "Bold? Like what?"

Beaming, Sophia said, "Something really out there! Like both of us dyeing our hair pink. It'd be so much fun!"

You glanced at Sophia's reflection in the vanity's mirror, your expression indicating your queasy unease at that suggestion. "Pink hair? Really? I'm not so sure about that, Sophia." You probably wanted to say something like, "Are you crazy? There's no way I'm dying my hair pink!" but you knew better than that.

Sophia pouted playfully, teasing you saying, "Oh, come on, B.J.! We look practically identical, and if only I have pink hair that'll spoil the mirror cheer!"

Ah! The mirror cheer! We already had a pair of identical twins on the squad, Ava and Grace. At my suggestion, we had them change their starkly different looks to match, so they could do a special part of our new routine along with our other look alikes: Sophia and you, B.J.

You hated anything that made you stand out, and this sort of did, but you had no choice but to comply with my orders. The last time you refused, I'd taken you over my knee right there in the middle of cheer practice and, with a crowd of your sister cheerleaders and a bunch of football players watching, I lifted up your cheer skirt and gave you a painful spanking.

Soon, I had you standing in position, across from Sophia and next to Ava, who took her place facing Grace. On cue, both of you pairs of nearly identical cheer girls began moving in sync, as if you were two girls looking into a mirror, rather than the four girls you were.

You all started by slowly and cautiously moving your hands, seemingly surprised to see your actions mirrored by your twin and partner. Your motions became more complex, acting as if you were trying to trick your look alike into making a mistake by failing to match you move for move.

This was taken from an old Marx Brothers movie, but done by beautiful young cheerleaders, it would be a sure crowd pleaser! Our squad loved it, and couldn't wait to see you four girls perform it at a game Hannah was especially happy with my idea. Even if you hated it, because it meant that you had to always match Sophia perfectly, even if that meant....

“Having matching pink hair would be so much fun. Imagine how cute we'd look as pretty pink haired twins!”

You hesitated before speaking, clearly torn between rejecting this incredibly emasculating evolution in your look as rudely as you wanted to and your fear of the cruel consequences if you spoke out.

You both turned to me, your eyes pleading for a decision. I couldn't resist chiming in, teasing them both. "Well, I think pink hair would be cute on you two. It's a fun, youthful look, and since you're practically twins, it would only enhance your charming resemblance."

Sophia grinned triumphantly while you rolled your eyes. There was much more than a hint of a grimace on her lips. It seemed the idea was making you feel even more out of control of your life as you envisioned yourself walking around in public with pink hair. How much more feminine could you look, Breanna Joy?

## Chapter Four: *La Mystique Feminine* And The Mirror Cheer

And so, with my encouragement, the decision was made—you and your look alike cheerleader soon would be taking the plunge into the world of cotton candy pink hair, embracing your twinsie status in an increasingly girly girl style. Later that very afternoon, you and Soph were at my cousin Alana's beauty salon—a trendy feminine emporium called *La Mystique Feminine*—getting the deed done.

The salon's atmosphere was chic and feminine, the walls adorned with pastel-colored decor and there was soft, relaxing music playing in the background. After Alana wove some extensions into your hair, your coiffure looked even more like Sophia's. Identical, in fact.

I leaned in, winking at you, and said, “Oh, come on B.J., it'll be fun! You'll be the talk of the school. Besides, you already look like such a pretty girl, the pink hair will just enhance your feminine charm.”

The whole salon buzzed with excitement. Three estheticians and seven clients, each with their own unique style, looked on with curiosity, gathering all around you, pointing and giggling. You squirmed uncomfortably, uneasy being the center of attention as they all openly discussed your fabulous feminization.

Lila, a petite and vivacious esthetician with bright blue hair was rocking a floral sundress and chunky jewelry. She regarded you with curiosity, “WOW! You make such a beautiful young lady, Breanna Joy!” She asked rhetorically, “Who would've even believed that a boy could become such a gorgeous girl?” then she laughed loudly.

She had such an infectious laughter that it made everyone around her smile and join in laughing. Their laughter got ever louder as they watched her leading you over to the shampooing station. You were dragging your feet in your cute ballet flats, looking like you were a lamb being led to slaughter. Lila giggled loudly at you as she leaned you back and began washing your hair in a pink sink.

Evangeline, a tall, elegant esthetician with sleek black hair and a penchant for vintage fashion was lathering up Sophia's hair in the next sink over. She always exuded an air of sophistication. She looked over and said to Lila, "These two look like identical twins! It's hard to tell which one used to be a boy!"

Lila reached beneath your pink smock and felt around between your legs. When she found what she was looking for, she gave your tiny cock a tight squeeze, making you give off a feminine little squeak as your eyes widened comically. "I can tell! This is the one who used to be a boy!"

Everyone laughed at that, no one louder than Max, the lone male esthetician at the salon. He had fiery red hair and an edgy sense of style. He was known for his playful teasing and endless energy. All of the clients looked at each other, amused and amazed by Lila's brazen behavior.

Chloe, a bubbly teenager with a rainbow of hair colors and a penchant for all things sparkly. She looked into your embarrassed eyes and said, "Are they kidding? I'm surprised you have anything between your legs! You look just like any other cute girl!" She wore glittery sneakers, a cute crop top, and a pink pleated miniskirt. She had bright green eyes, and a magnetic personality.

Olivia, a sophisticated woman in her forties, had a sleek bob haircut and wore a tailored grey pinstriped pantsuit. She exuded confidence and playfulness as she said, "You haven't heard of Breanna Joy? The boy who is now a cheer girl?"

Chloe's mouth flew open in shock and recognition. "O.M.G!" she cried, "that's B.J.? I thought she looked familiar! Hey girl!" she smiled widely and gave you a friendly wave.

Liam, a young man with a love for alternative fashion, Liam sported a plethora of piercings and tattoos. His outfit consisted of a band t-shirt and ripped jeans. He leered at you and said, "Is it true what I hear

about you? That you're the B.J. Queen? I'd love to sample some of that, with your pink puffy lips wrapped around my great big—"

"Enough of that, you creep!" snapped Zara, a fashion-forward college student with ever-changing hair colors and a collection of statement jewelry. An ardent feminist who'd closely followed your transformative saga, she was never one to shy away from speaking her mind or experimenting with her style.

Isaac, an elderly gentleman with a penchant for classic attire, seconded her saying to Liam, "What is wrong with you, young man? That's hardly the way to speak to a pretty young girl! Don't you have any manners at all?"

Isaac wore a navy blue three piece suit and a bowtie, exuding an old-world charm as he smiled at you, "Pay no mind to that oaf, child, you're clearly a refined young lady!"

Ella, a trendy young woman in her twenties, smiled and nodded saying, "That's right Dear! Never let any man make you feel like all you're good for is pleasing men. You're so much more than just some whore! Never forget it!" She had long, flowing hair and wore a boho-chic outfit. She radiated a laid back vibe.

Nina, a professional businesswoman in her thirties, agreed. "That's right! Women can do anything a man can do, Breanna Joy! Now that you're one of us, we all expect you to comport yourself with dignity. A beauty like you can get sex any time you want from any guy you choose. No need to debase yourself for any man's pleasure, my child!" She had a sleek, high-powered look, with her hair pulled back into a no-nonsense bun.

Alana, the owner of *La Mystique Feminine*, was the driving force behind the salon's chic and vibrant atmosphere. She had cotton candy pink hair to match the salon's theme and wore a short, tight, floral dress, accessorized with an assortment of eclectic jewelry. Her outgoing and bubbly personality set the tone for the salon, and she was known for her ability to make everyone feel welcome and beautiful.

I watched with amusement as Alana and one of the other hairdressers, a sexy platinum blonde named Valeri, prepared the vibrant pink hair dye for you and Sophia. She glanced at you and explained proudly, “I’m the one who did Alana’s hair and look how cute she came out!” She added, “Don’t worry, sweetheart, you’re going to look absolutely adorable with this pink hair. You’ll fit right in with all of the trendiest girls at your school.”

Sophia, smirking, couldn’t help but tease you, “Yeah, and just think, Breanna Joy, now we’ll be even more like twins! It’s like we’re both getting the full cotton candy haired pink princess makeover!”

You groaned and sighed, slowly somewhat getting used to your increasingly embarrassing emasculation, if not yet totally resigned to your fate, clearly unhappy about all of it. “I can’t believe I’m doing this,” you muttered under your breath.

Your hair still damp and now clean and conditioned, you and Sophia sat side by side in plush salon chairs, draped in pink capes. You were both all prepared, physically if not psychologically in your case, for a new ever more feminized look that would even further cement your status as twinsies.

Alana said, “We affectionately refer to your new hair color as ‘taking the pink plunge!’ It’s all the rage with trendy teen queens like you two!”

“Yes, and with trendy thirty something queens like you!” Valeri giggled, making her boss giggle as well.

As she meticulously applied the pink dye to Sophia’s hair, the room filled with laughter and teasing. Sophia and I couldn’t resist joining in on the fun.

"Breanna Joy, you’re going to look positively dreamy in pink!" Sophia chimed in, playfully tousling your hair as she giggled.

The other clients and estheticians couldn't help but share their thoughts as well, offering compliments and encouragement. The salon buzzed with energy as everyone eagerly awaited the final result of your cotton candy pink transformation.

As Alana began applying the pink dye to both of their hair, the salon's mirror reflected two young cheerleaders undergoing their latest transformation. Your eyes widened as you watched your hair turn a shocking shade of pink, and Sophia couldn't contain her laughter as hers did as well.

"You're officially a pink haired cheerleader now, Breanna Joy, just like me!" Sophia exclaimed, while Alana continued her work, making sure every strand was perfectly pink.

As the process continued, I joined in the teasing saying, "Just think, now you'll have to coordinate your outfits with your hair color. Pink dresses, pink accessories, the whole nine yards!"

You sighed again, and there was a hint of a tear on your cheek. To say that you weren't entirely thrilled about your pink hair would be a monumental understatement, like calling the Pacific Ocean a puddle.

Still, I can tell that you're finally starting to accept the inevitable, becoming more and more a part of the feminine cheerleading world that had welcomed you with open arms as well as mockery of your long lost masculinity. Such as at your very first cheer practice!

That Saturday morning, Sophia set up her web cam to stream a video of you and her preparing for cheerleading practice. Unbeknownst to you, she was sharing these unfolding events to the internet as you stood side by side, in front of the full-length mirror in my sister Jaycee's room.

As a 22-year-old assistant cheerleading coach, I couldn't help but find your whole situation both amusing and intriguing. It was like living in a modern-day Judy Blume novel. The sight of you getting dressed for cheerleading practice made my lips curve into an amused smile.

“With our pretty pink hair, we really do look like twins more than ever, Twinsie!” she said, her voice high pitched with excitement, nearly in a girly squeal. She was as ebullient as she was, and she never seemed to get over how fun it was to see you were her mirror image. She delighted in seeing how much the two of you looked alike.

As you stepped apart, you shook your head. I could tell you were less happy about resembling such a pretty girl so closely each time your twin mentioned it. You were so totally over this! Over all of it. It was about to be your first cheer practice, and you were still in shock that you were actually a member of an all girls’ cheerleading team.

Giggling as she struggled to maintain her composure, Sophia turned the hidden web cam on you as you wriggled into your sports bra. Your panties were on full display to the audience watching on the live stream.

“Oh my god, she looks like an actual woman!” said one viewer after another in the comments as hundreds and hundreds of people eagerly viewed the unfolding pre-cheer drama. Another viewer must have put the stream on blast, as suddenly thousands had tuned in!

With so many people watching the video, it amassed several thousand likes in just a few minutes. Later that night, you found that your transformation had once more gone viral, with dozens of people debating your fate. The comments section of the live stream was buzzing with excitement and speculation. It seemed that your ongoing transformation had piqued the curiosity of many viewers.

Here’s what some of them had to say:

User1 wrote, “Wow, this is like something out of a movie! Can’t believe what I’m seeing!”

CheerFan88 asked, “Is this for real? She looks amazing! Go, Breanna Joy!”

TrueColors11 questioned the whole situation writing, “I don’t buy it. This has to be staged. No one can transition like this overnight!”

GirlyGiggles let her enthusiasm show in her comment, “Breanna Joy is slaying it! Can’t wait to see her as a cheerleader!”

SkepticalSam disagreed writing, “I smell a hoax. Show us the real deal!”

CheerMomma wrote, “I’m all in for supporting anyone following their dreams! Go, Breanna Joy! Be the best cheer princess ever!”

CaliDreamer wondered, “Is this a reality show? I’m so invested right now.”

BoldlyBrave remarked, “It’s not about how you start; it’s about how you finish. Go, Breanna Joy! You can do it!”

ViralVortex noted, “This video is blowing up! Can’t wait for the next episode.”

DoubtfulDave added, “I’ve got my doubts about this. Seems too perfect.”

WildWonder contradicted the doubters writing, “Breanna Joy is the real thing! She’s showing us all how to live life authentically!”

CuriousCat22 wrote, “I’m impressed by the transformation! She used to be such a tom boy, but now she’s such a girly girl! Go, Breanna Joy!”

RealityCheck101 was hooked, they commented, “I’d love to know more about Breanna’s journey. Keep it coming!”

PinkPompoms, a sister cheer girl wrote, “Whether all this is real or not, I don’t even care! I am so here for all of the drama!”

GenuinelySupportive added, “Everyone deserves a chance to be themselves. Let’s support Breanna Joy on her journey!”

The online debate raged on and on as thousands of viewers tuned in to witness your transformation from a boringly typical guy into a captivating cheerleader princess. It was a rollercoaster ride, with viewers expressing a wide spectrum of views from skepticism and doubt to excitement and unwavering support. These conflicting views closely paralleled the conflicted complexities of your own feelings about your journey.

Later that sunny afternoon, as the cheer team practiced their routines, there was a unique addition to our squad. It was you, Breanna Joy! You’d previously been known as a young man, but were now living your life as another pretty young cheerleader. It was an extraordinary transformation, and I couldn’t help but admire the dramatic changes we’d made in you.

Breanna Joy, or B.J. as we affectionately called you, used to be a brash and obnoxious boy. Under my strict hand, actually as well as figurative, you’d been forcibly feminized, changed inside as well as out, until you now had the sweetest spirit. Where once was a somewhat masculine loudmouthed boy, now you were an adorable little girl, dressed in pretty feminine exercise wear. You looked and acted just like the other girls.

I could tell that you were feeling a bit downcast that day. You had realized that you were now surrounded by an abundance of estrogen on every side. You’d been forced to sleep in the most girly of bedrooms. Every minute of every day, you wore only the girliest of girly clothing. Meanwhile all of your beloved male attire was out of your reach. There was no going back; you were fully immersed in our world of cheerleading and femininity.

Hannah wanted you and the other three girls involved to perform the mirror cheer perfectly. That meant that you and Sophia, and Ava and Grace had to keep practicing relentlessly until you could effortlessly, exactly replicate the moves of your sister cheerleader. You were feeling

completely out of your depth and out of place as you failed to match the other three girls' grace and style.

Still, Hannah and I worked with all of you. We made all four of you pretty, feminine cheer girls work at the motions it until you mastered the routine. At our command, you kept trying again and again to perform the same moves with the same efficiency, elegance, and enthusiasm as the other girls.

The whole squad bounced up and down with effervescent excitement, giggling and laughing with joy as the four of you managed the intricate, precisely synchronized motions. The four of you giggled and grinned, hugging each other in sheer ecstasy as you realized that all of your hard work had finally paid off! You'd mastered the mirror cheer!

"This is going to wow the crowd for sure!" Sarah, the squad captain squealed, causing a riot of delirious screeching from all of the girls in response. All of you looked adorable, hugging each other as the cute little cheer sisters you were.

It had taken a lot of work, but you'd done it! Slowly but surely, you learned to mirror Sophia and the other pair of cheer twins exactly. This, even as slowly but surely you adapted to your feminine persona, B.J. I could see your femininity flourishing as you moved along side your look alike, almost confidently. Not only during cheer practice but in your daily life as well.

Such as when the two of you were walking through the aisles of Sophia's favorite clothing store. All the while modeling a fashionable feminine work out ensemble, one that would be sure to show your sexy body off to its best advantage.

Your matching pink hair was always an eye grabber, attracting the attention of everyone who saw you two girls, exactly as you'd feared it would be. Seeking an even bigger online audience, Sophia captured your whole shopping trip with photos and videos that she shared immediately to social media.

Soon, they received hundreds of likes and comments from her friends and acquaintances as well as perfect strangers. It seems everyone online is always just as excited about every new piece of clothing you tried on as Sophia is. Along with your countless online admirers, other people at the mall were also very interested in what you and your twinsie were up to.

“Look at the twins with their pink hair, Mom! How cute they look,” whispered a pretty young customer to another, older woman. She was trying to stay discreet, but her excitement made her high pitched voice carry. She was a perky tween with bright blue eyes and red hair in a sassy pixie cut.

Her shopping companion was a stylish brunette in her late thirties, who smiled at her daughter. She agreed, “You aren’t wrong! Those two pretty in pink girls are absolutely adorable.”

The cashier, a slightly plump but no less attractive blonde girl of about twenty, smiled at the mother and daughter and nodded at them. She whispered to them saying, “Believe it or not, the one in the pink short shorts and white halter top is Brianna Joy, the boy who was turned into a girl after losing three bets!”

“No way!” the younger girl said in a shocked, louder than necessary outside voice, “she’s way too pretty to have ever been a boy!”

The mom shushed her daughter, but Sophia couldn’t help but overhear. She laughed and said, “See that, Twinsie? You’re a celebrity!”

Blushing furiously, you felt like a celebrity dogged by paparazzi as you paid for the skirt that Sophia had picked out for you. As always, every move you made displayed your strictly imposed femininity.

## Chapter Five: The Fourth Bet

You've lost three bets, and I will now keep you on the cheer squad living as one of the girls, exactly as you agreed. I've so enjoyed watching you dressing, acting, walking, and talking as a pretty, feminine cheerleader.

My favorite? Watching you join in with the bikini car wash fundraiser! You were so adorable in your pretty pink string bikini! It was last Saturday that you stood there among the other girls, looking so cute, so frightened, with your bucket of soapy water and sponge in hand.

I said with a playful smirk, "Well, ladies, looks like our newest cheerleader, Breanna Joy, is all set for her first bikini car wash fundraiser. As the Assistant Cheerleading Coach, I have to say, you look absolutely darling in that bikini, Miss Breanna Joy! Hot pink really suits you!"

Sarah said, "Seriously, B.J., you might as well be a born girly girl. You've got the whole look down pat!"

Ava said, "She's a natural, for sure! Who would've thought you'd be this adorable in a bikini, B.J.?"

Mia said, "I have to agree, B.J., you're rocking that bikini like a beach bunny! Ready to charm those cars clean!"

Sophia, wearing an identical bikini said, "Look at us! Twinning at its finest, Breanna Joy! I might need to take you shopping for more matching outfits."

Hannah said, "You were made for this, B.J. Watch out, the car owners might just want you to sit next to them on their laps while they wait!"

Jasmine, grinning, said, "Well, B.J., it's clear the cheer squad has a new shining star. I can't wait to see the reactions from all of the guys at the car wash. Show them your best sexy moves!"

The cheerleaders continued to tease and taunt you, making you feel ever more embarrassed about your new cheerleading role. You kept trying to get the skimpy bikini to cover more of your tanned, silky smooth, hairless body. You felt humiliated beyond belief, and wash fundraiser hadn't even begun yet.

The event was about to begin, however. The other cheerleaders were thrilled to flaunt their bodies in their sexy swimsuits, but you were shaking in anticipation of this new humiliation. You knew that everyone would always remember you as one of the pretty cheer girls who washed their cars. The countless pictures and videos they took with their phones would make sure of that.

Grinning, Sarah, said, "B.J., you know, I think that pink bikini really brings out the color of your eyes."

Ava teasingly said, "And it matches your flip flops! How color coordinated of you, Breanna Joy!"

Giggling, Mia, said, "You're fitting right in, girl. I can't believe you used to think you were a guy!"

Sophia joined in with the teasing saying, "We should've nicknamed you 'Bikini B.J.' for this event!"

Laughing at that and winking at you, Hannah, said, "It's not too late! Just remember to shake your tits and ass while you wash those cars, Bikini B.J. You're a sexy cheerleader now, through and through!"

You shook your head, blushing, and said, "Well, it's all for a good cause, right? And it's not like you gave me any choice!"

The cheerleaders shared a laugh, their playful but pointed teasing and making you feel embarrassed, emasculated, and entrapped like never before. You couldn't deny that you truly looked like you belonged as one of the cheerleaders as you stood there in your pretty make up, pink bikini and all.

You looked at the long line of waiting cars and sighed as the nearly all male drivers made sexist suggestive comments about all of the cheerleaders. They said rude things to all of the girl, but they focused their attention mainly on you. The first ten cars were approaching, slowly making their way toward you and the other girls where you waiting in the parking lot at the school.

Guy one, a tall and athletic guy named Jake, with short brown hair was first in line driving a sleek black sports car. Teasing you he shouted out, “Hey there, Breanna Joy! Your feminine charm just skyrocketed in that bikini!”

The second guy, a muscular jock with a buzz cut, wearing a tank top named Mike pulled up next in a red convertible. “You’re gonna wash my car with those adorable looks, B.J.? I might need to come back for another round!” he said, laughing.

Next in line was Alex, a lean and scruffy looking guy with brown long hair, wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He was driving a classic blue pickup truck. He yelled out, “Hey there, Breanna Joy, this carwash just got way more interesting. I’ll take the full deluxe service!”

Following just behind Alex came Mark, a tall dapper guy with a beard wearing expensive sunglasses pulled ahead in a shiny silver sedan. He smiled at you and shouted “Breanna Joy, if I’d known you were here, I would’ve made sure I was first in line!”

Justin, a fit if short guy wearing a polo shirt and navigating forward in a white SUV said, “Wow, you really know how to make a carwash enticing, Breanna Joy. I’m enjoying the view!”

After him, a wealthy kid dressed in shorts and a baseball cap named Christopher in a bright yellow sports car pulled up close to you and said, “Breanna Joy, I think I’ll just park here and watch the show. You’re the star attraction!”

A class clown named Kevin, wearing a button-down shirt, glasses, and khakis, pulled onto the side walk, parked his black luxury sedan in front of you, and said “I want a B.J. from you B.J. I don’t even need my car washed! You’re sure to make it an unforgettable experience!”

Eric, dressed casually in jeans and a rock band t-shirt honked his horn from inside his green hatchback. He said, “Hey Breanna Joy! After you’re done blowing him, can you make sure to get all of my hard to reach spot? And then can you get to work on my car? I want it spotless!”

Ryan, a tall blond guy laughed loudly at that. He was wearing a baseball cap and shorts, and driving his mom’s blue minivan. He leered at you and said, “You know, I didn’t plan on getting my car washed today, but I couldn’t resist the sight of you, Breanna Joy!”

Jason, an older man who was part of the school administration drove up next. He was tall and wearing a suit, driving a silver luxury car. “Breanna Joy, this carwash just became a high-class event with you here!” he said, while staring at your ass in your little bikini bottoms as if you were a piece of meat, “I’m enjoying the spectacular view!”

You blushed, trying to maintain your composure as the guys appraised you hungrily and teased you with increasingly suggestive statements during the entire bikini car wash fundraiser. The attention from the male drivers was intense and unrelenting, making you feel both helplessly humiliated and very vulnerable.

All of their carnivorous cat calls made you squirm with ever an increasing humiliation. You looked like you couldn’t stand the idea of going to school this way. You seemed desperate to escape your fate, too reluctant to try living for one more second as a pretty girl, as the object of male sexual attention. That’s too bad for you, isn’t it?

After all, you’re stuck as one of the girls for a year now. That is unless you want to try your luck with yet another bet? Let me warn you though, B.J. If you lose this one, then there won’t be any more bets. Not only that, but it will end up with us making the changes to your school records permanent.

You know? Your records? The ones that were changed to show your name as Breanna Joy and your gender as female to let you stay on cheerleading? Yes, those records will be sealed permanently. They won't ever be changed again, and that means that you'll be stuck, designated as a female student forever.

Here's how the fourth bet will work, if you choose to except it. We'll hold two special votes on your future, with your sister cheerleaders going first. We'll ask them whether or not you've lived up to your new role as a feminine cheer princess, and if they think it should be made permanent. If they don't vote yes, by a two thirds majority, then this is over, and you can go back to trying to be a boy.

However, if they vote yes by a two to one margin, then the entire student body will weight in! If they decide also you should remain as a girl, also by a two thirds vote, then that's that. You'll become a girl, then grow up into a woman. That will be your life forever more!

I can see it now as the cheerleaders cast their votes and enthusiastically decide that your stay as a girl on the squad should be permanent. Before that can happen, the entire school will have to vote on the changes. If they agree, then your life as a man will be no more. The guy you used to be will soon be replaced forever by Breanna Joy, a cute feminine cheerleader.

As you're paraded in front of the whole school in the auditorium, dressed and made up as a cheerleader, you'll look absolutely captivating, Breanna Joy. You'll wear your cheerleading uniform with confidence and grace, the vibrant school colors accentuating your feminine figure. The flared skirt will sway as you move, showcasing your elegance.

Your make up will be on point, with soft, feminine shades that enhance your natural beauty. Your eyes sparkle, your cheeks have a healthy flush, and your lips are inviting. Your hair, styled to perfection, complements your cheerleader persona, whether it's cascading curls, sleek and shiny.

Matching bows will adorn your hair, and knee-high cheerleading socks complete your ensemble with a playful and charming flair. As you stand there, you'll embody the spirit of a confident and beautiful cheerleader. The whole school will see the cheerleader charm that you bring to the all girls' squad. Then, it'll be up to the entire school to cast their votes and decide on whether or not all of these feminizing changes will be permanent.

Whatever the outcome, your journey as Breanna Joy, the cute and feminine cheerleader, will have been a celebration of dedication, authenticity, femininity. Win or lose, no one will ever forget your appearance as a girl, breaking down gender stereotypes. Before the vote, your sister cheerleaders will give their reasons for why they believe you should be kept as a girl forever.

What's that? You don't think that's fair? Well, I guess you have a point. None of them will have any reason to vote no, to free you from your feminized fate so you're doomed to lose. Do you have any better ideas? No? Well, how about this one? If you're elected Homecoming Queen, then that will make your feminine identity permanent.

You'll take it? Really? Just keep in mind what will happen if you win the vote to be Homecoming Queen! You'll appear at the dance in an exquisite gown, and dance with your date, most likely a boy. When the previous winner, I believe that was Sarah, puts the tiara on your head, then your own days as a boy will come to an end. You'll be stuck as a girl forever.

Everyone there will adore you as scholastic royalty and playfully celebrate your true self, reminding you that you were always meant to be a fabulously feminine girl, and your triumph will be reported on the local TV news and in the local papers! Considering that you had to overcome being born as a boy, this will make the national if not international news as well!

What's that? You'd rather have the first scenario with the cheerleaders and then the whole school voting? I thought that you might! I'll let them know all about it. We'll schedule their vote ASAP, maybe at

the next sleep over. Then, we'll see how soon the whole school can vote after that!

I tucked you in, under your pretty pink comforter, there in Jaycee's princess styled bed in her girly girl room. I kissed you gently on your forehead and brushed a lock of your gorgeous pink hair aside. Together, we shared a tender moment, as if we were sisters. The next day, I was intent on dismissing any sense we were siblings, however. I had big plans for you, My Dear!

## Chapter Six: I Make You My Girl

I awake you very early the next morning. I have a huge surprise for you, Princess! Looking at you, dressed in my little sister's sheer, sexy little baby doll nightie in the prettiest pink satin, I felt myself losing control of my passions. With a mighty effort, I manage to keep myself in check.

In a breathy voice I say, Don't worry, Sweetie! You'll love this latest step in your total feminization!

Your face was falling and your eyes were widening in shock, showing that you weren't so sure that you'd enjoy enduring this latest emasculating ordeal. No matter! I was intent on seeing you suffer through your escalating emasculation, and you had no choice whatsoever about it.

You had no idea just how far Hannah and I were willing to go to effectuate your emasculation, but you were about to find out! Before the big game was played, before you even lost the first bet, we'd decided that your feminization would be as complete as we could possibly make it.

We'd ordered special prosthetics for you mere hours after you'd foolishly agreed to the first bet. These included the highest quality butt and hip pads as well as mastectomy breast forms. They'd arrived a week later, I'd found them waiting for me in the vestibule when I returned home after you lost the bet and with it any claim to your feeble masculinity. Now, I couldn't wait to make you wear them!

I urge you to shower, using a sweetly smelling bath gel that left your skin with a lavender and vanilla fragrance that marked you as a most feminine girl. I carefully inspect your entire naked body, making sure that there isn't a single hair on your body below your finely waxed, girlishly arched eye brows.

I smile looking at your cute little cock, saying it's more of a clitty, isn't it, Breanna Joy? Don't worry, Girl! Before long you won't have to

try to measure up to the real men! In just a few minutes, you'll truly be a girl! I smile cryptically, making you openly wonder what I'm talking about. Don't worry Doll! All will be made clear very soon now!

I smile as you shiver as I wipe you down with a custom made alcohol based cleansing solution. Once your skin is properly prepared, I attach each of the feminizing prosthetic items on to your waifish body using surgical glue.

Before the fast acting adhesive even has a chance to dry, you try to pull off the new additions to your now curvaceous figure. They don't budge. None of them. You can't remove or even move your new voluptuous hips, your rounded butt, or either of your now C cup titties. The glue had done its work perfectly. As you struggle to dislodge them, you gasp and cry out in pain.

"Careful, Girl! You're going to hurt yourself if you keep yanking on those!" I warn, "That adhesive is designed to close surgical sutures permanently! None of those new additions will be coming off of your body any time soon. Probably not for a few years at least! Sorry, not sorry!" I shrugged, giggling.

I can't wait to see you filling out your feminine clothing now! You'll look even more womanly than ever wearing your cheerleading uniform with your newly widened hips and your sexy new bubble butt!

As you were trying to come to grips with all of that, I push you backwards on to Jaycee's bed. Still stunned by seeing your newly totally feminized buxom, curvaceous form, you're slow to respond. Much too slow.

Before you can react, I cuff your right wrist to a bed post using a hidden steel restraint. I quickly follow by doing that that with your left wrist as well. You begin struggling, yelping, "Let me go! What are you doing?" It's too late for you to do anything to stop me, however, and your widened eyes register shock and realization as you furiously, futilely pull at the hand cuffs.

“I anticipated you objecting to this part, Breanna Joy,” I calmly explain, as I lock your ankles to the bed posts as well, leaving you laying on your back, helpless in a spread eagle position. “This is the last prosthetic you need,” I say, holding up a flesh toned, fist sized silicone item.

“Wha? What is that?!” you cry, but your voice goes silent with stunned astonishment when you recognize exactly what it was. I laugh when I see your eyes grow even wider until they look like a pair of full moons as you wriggle, wrenching and flopping around, struggling to break free.

I happily hum the tune from “Man, I Feel Like A Woman” as I prep your crotch using the special solution, and spread some of the magical medical glue on to the fake vagina I hold in my hand. You whine, “Please Jasmine! Please no!” as I positioned it carefully between your smooth hairless thighs.

You strain your neck, trying helplessly to look over your new bouncing breasts to see what I’ve done to your manhood. You look at me with pleading eyes. I can tell you’re desperate to see, so I hold a hand mirror showing you your new sex. You gasp, groan, and growl. “How could you? How could you do this to me?”

I don’t answer, other than to giggle at you and your face, now flushed red with intense embarrassment. Then, I stick one, then two, then three fingers into the folds of your new artificial pussy. Reaching inside of it, I grab ahold of your tiny, hardened cockette.

Smiling wickedly at your whimpering, I pull its head through a kind of loop, where it protrudes slightly into your new virtual vaginal canal, becoming your new clit. As you shook your head furiously back and forth, whining, “No! No! No!” I giggled again at your helpless protests.

“Now you’re essentially a girl in every way, Breanna Joy!” I smirk, “only a trained gynecologist could tell you from a real naturally born girl! Your tiny cock is now a little clitty.”

I giggle again, seeing your pained reaction. I continue teasingly, “A boy can have penetrative sex with you, and his cock will rub against your sensitive little clitty, stimulating you to climax. When you come from this, the guy will know it by the stream of liquid you release. I guess that means you’re a squirter now!”

I happily hum the tune to “W.A.P.” to myself as I strip myself naked. I smile at you and strike a provocative pose, letting your eyes drink in my fit, fabulous twenty two year old form. Then, giggling at your stunned expression, I attach a strap on harness around my hips. I moan as I insert one end of the double headed dildo deep inside my dampening pussy, getting ever more excited as I prepare to penetrate your pussy.

You look like you want to protest, but before you can, I fill your mouth with my rubber cock. “Suck it!” I command, and I force your reluctant lips and tongue to give me fellatio like the little whore you now are.

“You obviously should have been born a girl, B.J.” I say, “your skill at giving B.J.s is a testimony to that! Just look at you! You’re an eager little cock sucker now! A credit to your nick name, little Miss Blow Job Queen!”

Again, you appear eager to contradict me, but I giggle and preempt your complaints. “Now, let’s take that new little pussy of yours for a test drive, shall we, Princess?” I ask rhetorically as I climbed on top of your soft, fragrant, naked, and newly fully feminized body.

You test your restraints, shaking your head and pleading, “Please, Jasmine! I’d love to make love with you, but please let me do it as a guy! Not like this! Not with you taking me as if I were a girl!”

I giggle in reply, “I say, ‘Taking you as if you were a girl?’ As if?” I mock, “but Breanna Joy! You are a girl! ‘Make love?’ You even talk just like a girl! A silly little overly romantic little girl! Yap Yap Yap! You

girls never stop jabbering, do you? Now stop talking and get ready for a good fucking!”

Your struggles against the hand cuffs and ankle restraints slow and then cease entirely as you accept your utter helplessness. You whimper preciously as I force my fake cock inside your virginal vaginal feminine folds. You feel what it’s like to be fucked as girl for the first time. Not for the last time, however. I can tell that you were shocked to be treated this way, but you also like it. You like it a lot!

You coo and sigh and purr reluctantly, overcome with vaginal stimulation as my hard shaft enters you. You gyrate your hips like a slut in heat as you feel my latex lance rubbing up against the sensitive tip of your imprisoned cock. Your tiny clit now and for the foreseeable future.

Your upper head sags and flops about, and your eyes roll back in that head as I take up a steady rhythm, stroking in and out of you, deeper and deeper.

Your sexy feminine voice cries out, “Oh! Oh!” each time my faux phallus powerfully penetrates you, taunting and teasing your most tender, most intimate little button. You lift your body to meet my thrusts as I increase the pace. Your moans turn into passionate pleas, “Oh! Oh! Don’t stop!” you beg me, and your timid but insistent feminine little voice makes me mad with wanton desire.

“You’re reacting exactly like a girl reacts when she’s getting her brains fucked out of her!” I say triumphantly as I giggle at you, “there’s nothing masculine about you left any more. Not one thing. Nothing at all. You’re all girl now, and that’s all you are. A prissy, sissy princess!” You shake your head no, but the entire remainder of your body betrays you.

“Look at you!” I giggle, “you love this! You love me taking you, using you as the girl you are! Even as I conquer you. Even as I claim you like a man takes his girl. You love it!”

Your erstwhile protests evaporate, replaced by moans of pleasure as I continue verbally debasing you. “Next time, I’ll take you from behind, like a mighty stallion mounts his mare! You’re nothing but a little slut! A horny little whore! You’re a girl! My girl! I claim you as my own prissy little girl! My play thing, my princess forever!”

With that, your eyes shoot wide open and you cry out as your tiny cock begins throbbing and releasing inside its plasticine pussy shaped prison. Our voices meet in a climactic harmony as we orgasmed simultaneously, then both of us wriggle about, giggling in the afterglow of post coital transcendent bliss.

You’d deny it to your last, dying breath, but we both knew the truth. You loved it! You absolutely loved being my girl! Soon, I’d make you admit it! Make you call out my name in ecstasy! Call me your Daddy! Make you beg me for more.

For that moment, however, I just reveled in my power over you. I giggled with delight, knowing that I’d just forcibly, permanently, totally transformed your mind, and made you into my sexy little vixen forever more. I smiled down on you, both of us breathing heavily.

Then, I slowly unlocked your hands and then your feet, but before you could scamper away, I instructed you to, “Flip over, Cutie! It’s time to try out your backside!”

Seeing your disquieted, even frightened reaction turns me on like nothing I’d ever felt before. Watching you timidly comply, I feel my pussy moistening, and my pupils dilate with incandescent, irrepressible desire. Overcome with wanton passion, I giggle at your helpless form and fiercely kiss you again and again, on your neck, between your new bouncing titties, and on your prettily made up lips, smearing your lip gloss as I aggressively invade your mouth.

Soon, my love, very soon I’ll invade you deep inside your back side, I giggle. My excitement mounts as I prepare to mount you. First, I lock you on to Jaycee’s pink princess bed once again, face down this time.

Grabbing a bottle of lube from the bed stand, I smear it all up inside you. Are you ready for me my pretty princess? Are you ready to accept my great big cock? You'd better be, because here I come! Get ready for it, Girl!

End Of Book Four  
Continued In Book Five

## Afterward by the Author

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

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

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

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

XOXO

Mindi