

Reluctant Bra Model III:
A Male College Student Who Is Desperate
For A Summer Job Is Forced To Work
As A Bra Model At A Lingerie Store

By Mindi Harris and Kylie Gable
For Mature audiences only.
All characters are above the legal age.

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RELUCTANT BRA MODEL



*A Male College
Student Who Is
Desperate For
A Summer Job,
Is Forced To
Work As A
Bra Model At
A Lingerie Store*



**KYLIE GABLE &
MINDI HARRIS**

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Sneak Preview

The hot bra model now known as Brielle, but formerly known as Garret held her head in her shaking hands wondering how life had ever gotten so crazy. She thought about the beautiful girl named Amber, an ambitious business women who'd orchestrated his improbable transformation from a slim, smallish guy into a sexy but reluctant bra model.

Girls liked Garret's cute, almost pretty face. At five-foot-six and barely 130 pounds, he was hardly a macho stud. Amber, however, seemed to like him. At least at first. He first met her while he was looking for a summer job at the local shopping mall. He had exhausted himself looking in vain all that day for any opportunity to earn money for college.

Amber had silky red hair that hung down around her face in soft flowing curls. Her large green eyes sparkled enticingly. Her perky breasts and ass were so sexy that Garret had fallen for her immediately. After falling hard for the enchantingly, alluring girl, he agreed to help her with a quick job in return for \$100.

That seemed incredibly generous for less than one day's work, and he hoped that meant she was falling for him too. He found out that she was the young manager of a small chain of lingerie stores called *Vixens*. He'd eagerly accepted the first \$50 Amber offered and was looking forward to the other \$50 she'd promised to give him after he'd performed a small favor for her.

Too late he asked, "So what do I have to do?"

"Everything I tell you to," she replied. She was enchanting, and her offer seemed unbelievably generous, so Garret went along. Looking back, he wished that he'd heeded the old maxim: "If something seems too good to be true, it probably is."

In this case, the amazing offer had a serious catch: he'd have to become a model for women's bras! At first, he rejected that. He wasn't any kind of sissy! The stunning but bossy young woman wouldn't take "no" for an answer, however.

She used her sex appeal and Garret's infatuation to persuade him to model their new line of bras. Her thinking was simple: if *Vixens'* new line of "Magic Bras" could make even a skinny guy look like a voluptuous woman, real women would wait in line to buy them in order to make themselves sexier.

What had begun as an infatuation with a beautiful but dominant dream girl had almost immediately turned into a nightmare! First, Amber directed Garret to shave off his body hair. He went through with that against his better judgement, and returned to *Vixens* the next day.

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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.

Content Warning

Warning! 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, male chastity, BDSM, gagging, power exchange, lifestyle change from a wealthy young man into a sissified French maid, and more! *Do not read this book if any of these or similar themes offend you!*

Forward By The Author

This 8,200+ word book (with 6,800+ words of actual story content) is the third part of an all-new multi-book first time forced feminization fantasy. In the first two books of the series, A male college student named Garret, desperate for a Summer job, found himself forced to work as a bra model at a lingerie store.

One thing led to another, and before he knew it, she was stuck as a sexy lingerie model named “Brielle.” You can read the first books here: [Book One](#) and [Book Two](#).

If those links don’t work, you can find them on Kylie Gable’s Amazon book shelf:
<https://www.amazon.com/stores/Kylie-Gable/author/B00I6T8US6>

Just how far will these greedy, kinky women go to feminize their helpless, feminized, reluctant bra model? What emasculating experiences will he be forced to endure? Will he ever escape his feminized fate and regain his masculinity? Find out what happens in this Humiliating, Kinky, Crossdressing, Male Chastity, Forced Feminization Fantasy—if you dare!^[OBJ]

XOXO

Mindi Harris

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Beware! This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! 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, spanking, chastity, 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, stop reading.*

Chapter One: Brielle's Life Becomes Crazy

The hot bra model now known as Brielle, but formerly known as Garret held her head in her shaking hands wondering how life had ever gotten so crazy. She thought about the beautiful girl named Amber, an ambitious business women who'd orchestrated his improbable transformation from a slim, smallish guy into a sexy but reluctant bra model.

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There, Amber quickly explained what she had in mind. She dressed Garret up, and then carefully orchestrated a "strip tease" type video in which, humiliated, he first appeared to be a glamorous woman, but revealed himself as a flat chested guy at the end.

Soon, Amber was showing the video of a new brand model she'd called "Brielle." When customers saw that the gorgeous, sexy woman was really a guy, made up to look like a sexy girl, they couldn't wait to buy the Magic Bra that made that happen! The marketing scheme worked far beyond Amber's wildest imagination.

Garret was humiliated by the whole process. He'd have been even more dismayed if he'd realized just how stunningly successful he'd become as a sexy model. If she cared about his embarrassment, Amber didn't show any sign of compassion.

Thrilled by the incredible success of her idea, Amber was intent on expanding her crossdressed model's ad campaign, but Garret obviously was not. He refused to answer her calls and texts, mainly because he had already found a much more traditional job for a young man.

He was happily working at a small hut on the beach renting out boats, paddle boards, and other gear to people enjoying the Summer sun. It was easy work, didn't involve food or heavy lifting, and he got to meet sexy girls wearing bikinis.

He could put up with mediocre \$12 an hour pay. That was more than he was making while unemployed, and the fringe benefits—especially getting a chance to date scantily-clad girls—were great.

Best of all, he wouldn't have to wear a bra or other women's clothes ever again. Yes, even though Amber got him to model a new bra for her lingerie shop for \$100 and some crazy promise about more money, he was done with lingerie. At least that's what he thought!

She'd promised to give him a commission on the bra sales, but so what? He had a new "normal" job, and he dreaded being recognized by any of the girls he met on the beach as the crossdressed model who did a strip tease for a video.

He cringed whenever he thought about his humiliation being shown in the various *Vixen*'s lingerie stores around town. The last thing Garret wanted to do was model any more sexy feminine outfits for Amber.

Unfortunately for him, Amber had other ideas. She was a girl who was used to getting her way. Calling her "ambitious" was like calling the Pacific Ocean "a big puddle." Nothing could change her mind once it was made up.

She'd made up her mind that Brielle was going to do more video shoots, both because it made money for *Vixens* and because it made her tingle in places that had been numb forever.

Something about dominating and feminizing Garret into the gorgeous and feminine Brielle made Amber's heart beat and her panties drop. Nothing could dissuade her from doing it all again! It's not that no one tried.

A young saleswoman called Rosa suggested, "Couldn't we get another guy to take his

place?” Rosa was a young Latina woman who was bubbly, perky, and very cute. She was exactly the type of salesgirl that *Vixens* was known for back in their glory days.

Amber had just hired her after seeing the huge sales increases that resulted from Garret’s video as “Brielle.” Women were flocking to *Vixens* for the new bra, and also buying panties, nighties, and other lingerie while they were there.

The young, hot businesswoman explained, “Have you ever seen another guy who could do the job? We need Garret disguised as ‘Brielle’ for this to work!”

“It’s not just his body. It’s his movements, his smile, and even his eyes,” added Monica, another *Vixens*’ saleswoman, “I’ve watched that video literally hundreds of times and I still can’t stop looking at it!”

Rosa nodded, agreeing with this assessment as Amber slumped to the floor in frustration—both fiscal and sexual. She was beyond desperate to get “Brielle” back to shoot another “Magic Bra” video, and the sooner the better!

She was well aware that her family’s lingerie stores had been much more profitable in years past, and she was determined to bring *Vixens* back their glory days, by any means necessary. Even if that meant dragging Garret back to the store kicking and screaming. Even if that meant sacrificing his masculinity, against his will.

Still, without an address for their runaway reluctant bra model, their searching was all in vain. That is, until Rosa stumbled into Garret at his new job. She knew him, but he didn’t know her. She led him on, making him think she wanted to date the poor guy. Instead, she quickly contacted Amber.

Amber, overjoyed, wasted no time rushing over to the hut on the beach. There, she almost immediately grabbed her elusive, emasculated prey, and began emotionally and physically dominating him. She even spanked her involuntary model until he “agreed” to let them force feminize him again, albeit under duress.

Carried away by the long-delayed transformation of Garret into Brielle and her own excitement at dominating the sensuous sissy, Amber forced him to undergo several new and increasingly emasculating procedures. These included a spa visit where she had directed the estheticians to apply long lasting makeup, hair extensions, a perm, a mani-pedi, and an ombré dye job.

Maximizing Garret’s humiliation, Amber summoned one of his ex-BFF’s to give him multiple ear piercings, and more—all to further feminize him and bend his gender and his will. When harsh spankings were necessary to keep the poor sissy in line, Amber was all too willing to pull him into her lap and slap his ass through his skimpy panties.

When even that wasn’t enough to silence his complaints and command his obedience, Amber gave Garret an ultimatum. She got in his face and said, “Brielle, here’s your choice. An

offer you can't refuse. Either you bring back that Magic Bra modeling magic and get a 10% commission on every bra we sell, plus a two month contract with a year option at \$1,000 per month—"

"Or?" he asked.

"Or, I tie you up, beat your ass, and we rebrand with an S and M theme."

Garret liked the sound of two thousand dollars for a Summer's work, but he hated the idea of being tied up and beaten. So he cautiously accepted Amber's offer to "just do some occasional photo and video shoots, and a few personal appearances."

Chapter Two: Brielle Becomes A Reluctant Influencer

As all this was happening, Brielle had become an accidental viral sensation. Rosa asked Amber, “Did you post anything about Brielle to the net?”

She said, “Yes! Why do you ask? I posted the video to *PageGram*, so what? Only old people go on there.”

Things don’t stay always where they’re put on the internet. Some things get reposted, and some even go viral. The video of Garret doing a sexy strip-tease as Brielle was reposted to *ClickClock*—a platform for short videos favored by younger people—and viral it went, spreading across social media like a hot new “celebutante’s” sex tape.

In some ways, that’s what Brielle’s coming out video was! Soon, her video had 25 million shares with the likes adding up too quickly to be counted. The mysterious new gender bending lingerie model was rapidly gaining a rabid following.

For her part, the reluctant crossdressed sissy had heard (and fled from) the tumultuous near-riot happening just outside the studio. There, a mob of young girls had gathered when one recognized “her,” and the assembled tweens and teens loudly chanted demands to meet “her.”

It began with just five or six hyper fan girls, but word quickly spread throughout the mall. Soon, dozens of girls who’d seen Brielle’s video on social media gathered and demanded to meet the new “It girl.” That “girl” was terrified by the commotion, and fled to the relative safety of a large closet that she’d taken for a restroom.

She was hiding, still wearing a sizzling maxi dress that featured slim, sexy pink spaghetti straps, a provocative halter top that left her entire back exposed. This scrumptious dress also had a sexy front leg slit that showed off her shapely legs, and daring, strategically placed cutouts that left her midriff bare.

There was no way she was coming out of the closet dressed like that! Not with a mob of strangers chanting “We want Brielle!” at the top of their lungs. They probably considered themselves her fans, but from her point of view, they were essentially stalking her!

Amber had no patience for this mess. “Time is money,” she muttered, and every minute away from *Vixens* meant money going down the drain. This she could not stand. So she contacted the mall cops using the special code all shop personnel had to memorize.

Responding almost immediately, the uniformed men and women quickly cleared the hallway of the shrieking Brielle fan girls. Once security had dealt with this small incipient riot, Rosa went into the closet to retrieve the shy, sissified model.

“Brielle” never forgot that she was still really Garret, even if everyone around her seemed

to lose sight of that important fact. Although she looked like a princess and even felt like one in the stunning prom ensemble she wore.

She definitely didn't want anyone to know her real identity. Least of all of bunch of rabid, hyper active, social media-obsessed "fans." The very idea of it agitated the overwhelmed sissy.

"Fans?" Garret whined, "you have got to be kidding me, right? 'Brielle' doesn't even exist! There's no such person as 'Brielle!' How can 'she' have fans??"

Complicating the situation, before she could even come up with an answer to appease the increasingly anxious lingerie model, Rosa's phone chirped that exact moment. She held up her hand toward the exasperated and emasculated "girl," and answered. "Hey, Marisol! I'm kinda busy right now, and—"

Even without the phone on speaker, they could both hear Rosa's younger cousin Marisol squealing. "Hey R! You work at Vixens, right? Have you ever met Brielle?"

Shocked by this, Rosa asked, "How do *you* know about Brielle??" Then, she listened to the excited tween babbling word salad for a few minutes, just long enough to reconfirm that the phenomenon known as "Brielle" had spread far and wide, her fame was going way beyond their intended demographic.

"Look, Mari? Yes, I know her! In fact I've got to get her ready for—"

"OMG! You're with her *now*??" Marisol shrieked even louder, heard easily through the phone.

This was getting out of hand quickly, making the artist formerly known as Garret nervously ask, "What's *that* about?"

"Oh nothing," sighed Rosa, eager to avoid this situation escalating into another hide and seek mess. She immediately said, "Yes, OK, love you! Mmmm hmmm! Bye, Mari!" She hung up on her hysterical little cousin, and smiled at the skittish model, who stood there nervously, still clad in a stunning pink velvet prom queen ensemble.

Sure enough, the skyrocketing social media sensation known as Brielle was verging on developing into an influencer, despite not even having her own accounts on any platforms! As she soothed the feminized model, Rosa was thinking about remedying that situation, or at least setting up *Vixen* accounts on *Chitter*, *ClickClock*, and *ViewCube*.

Still, Rose realized that her immediate priority was to coax Brielle back to the main room of the studio and get her finish the video and photo shoot. "Come on, Bri," she cooed, rubbing her companion's silky smooth arm comfortingly, "let's get this over with! There's no one out there now except Amber and Monica! We've just got a few wardrobe changes and *voila*!! You'll be all done!"

Skeptical after being manipulated so many times before, Brielle poked her head out of the door, just to make sure the coast was really clear. A hasty glance around the small but modern studio confirmed that, for once, one of her captors was actually telling the truth. So, appeased for the moment, the glamorous, gorgeous Brielle reluctantly agreed to resume her modeling shoot.

Within a few accelerated heartbeats, she was back on the video stage under the bright lights, “working it” like a super model. The young, trendy videographer Monica was back to giving her model reassuring directions, helping the reluctant seductress let loose so her inner slut could take over.

After settling in, Brielle made love to the camera, serving up red hot eye candy with a large side order of pouty, come-hither looks, even adding in some candy apple red kisses. The whirlwind video session involved her showing off and stripping out of three exquisitely feminine outfits, all with a series of seductive poses. The lithe, coquettish sissy provided flirty, coy, and even outright salacious gestures as directed.

Amber nodded like a bobblehead doll, giddy with dollar signs dancing in her eyes. She recognized pure sexually-charged advertising gold when she saw it. After this second, even sexier and more revealing video and photo shoot, she had great big dollar signs in her eyes.

She knew she’d soon need to have Brielle bringing in even more income. In part, to pay off the costs of all the beauty treatments, sexy outfits, and jewelry they’d already run up. In part because making money from dominating and feminizing Garret into Brielle was turning Amber on like nothing had ever done before!

Chapter Three: Brielle Becomes A Princess

Always looking to cash in, and overcome with enthusiasm bordering on sexual ecstasy, Amber called her friend Stephanie Parsons. Steph as her friends called her worked as a booker for Princess Parties Inc., a company specializing in “renting out” pretty girls done up as a princess—Cinderella, Snow White, Ariel the Little Mermaid, and so on—for little girls’ birthday parties and other special events.

Amber knew that the company was always on the look out for stylish, extremely feminine models to dress up in fancy gowns and preen for pre-teens for a few hours at a time. So she got right to the point, “Hey Steph? Amber here. Yes, that’s right! Hey, I have a great lead for you. Ever hear of ‘Brielle’ the hot new— Oh, you have? What do you mean ‘everyone has?’”

As Stephanie was still talking excitedly, Amber muted her phone, turned to Rosa and said, “You were right! Brielle is an absolute sensation! Apparently everyone knows about her! I can’t wait to see what this will do to boost our sales at *Vixens*...hold on a sec, let me fill Steph in?”

Apparently Stephanie had finally stopped talking to take a breath, pausing just long enough for Amber to finally reply, “Oh, ok! Okay! OKAY! Listen! No, listen! No, not a ‘Brielle *lookalike*—’ No, that’s not what I— NO listen to me! I have *Brielle*. No, not a girl who *looks like* her, I have the *real* ‘Brielle!’”

Within moments, the two women had agreed to “rent out” Brielle as a Party Princess each of the next three weekends. First, though, she had to trick Brielle into taking on another role as a feminized girl. By this point, the money-obsessed young businesswoman knew just how she could manipulate her model into an ever more public and humiliating job, specifically by getting the model all worked up.

She knew that simply informing her she was obligated in a side gig as a Party Princess girl would do the trick, so she just flatly stated, “Hey, guess what? You’re going to be entertaining little girls at parties as a brand new princess! I think we’ll call you ‘Brienderella!’ Or ‘Briariel!’ Whatever! We’ll come up with something—”

“Amber! You have to be reasonable!” the feminized sissy pleaded, looking lovely in the last ensemble she’d modeled. This was a slinky, sparkling red gown that made her look like Jessica Rabbit’s sluttier sister. “You have to let me change back into a guy! I have a life to live, and I can’t live it looking like a sissy!”

“You don’t look like a sissy!” Amber rolled her emerald eyes impatiently, “you look exactly like a girl, a lovely girl at that!”

“Maybe in those humiliating videos, with the special lighting and other effects Monica uses? But come on! There’s no way I could ever pass as a girl in real life!” he whined, feeling

frustrated at his bossy, dominating employer.

“Yes you absolutely do ‘pass as a girl in real life!’ I’ll bet you \$10,000 on it!”

“I don’t have \$10,000,” he shrugged, thinking and hoping that statement would end this annoying conversation. No such luck.

“Don’t worry. If you win, I’ll pay you 10 grand. If you lose, you sign a lifetime modeling contract with *Vixens*.”

“Lifetime modeling—”

“Look, if you’re so sure you won’t pass for a girl, why would you care?” Amber asked, using all of her persuasiveness. “If you pass as a girl at every one of three tests, you win. We’ll doll you up as a Disney princess, a dancing girl, and as a French maid. If you’re recognized as a guy, you lose. Deal?”

He felt overwhelmed with frustration at this affront to his masculinity. “How dare you say I’d pass as a Disney princess, a dancing girl, and a French maid!” she fumed. Her anger clouded his mind and she signed the contracts with a flourish in the many places she indicated, even using the name “Brielle” in a few spots, and she initialed several at other places as well. She never even wondered why Amber “just so happened” to have such documents right at hand.

In it, she agreed to try her best to pass as a feminine princess hired out for little girls’ parties, also as a scantily clad pompon girl marching in a Fourth of July parade, and lastly as a cocktail waitress dressed as a sexy French maid serving at an exclusive gentleman’s club. In addition, it included paper work for an official legal name change to “Brielle,” and gender change to female.

Amber quickly took the signed documents, scanned them to the cloud with her phone, and smirked at her. She’d tricked her reluctant model into signing a legally binding agreement that would force her to take three “real life tests.”

If she passed as girl in each one, would hold her under contract to *Vixens* as a female bra and lingerie model for three years. Worse for the former Garret, if she *didn’t* pass as a girl, it’d obligate her to a *lifetime* contract modeling as a woman named “Brielle!”

“What’s so funny?” the angry feminized model demanded, manicured hands on her hips, trying to look intimidating. Amber laughed in her face as she was looking so adorable, trying to be assertive while dressed and made up as a beautiful feminine model called Brielle.

“You just agreed that if you *didn’t* pass as a girl, you’d be a full-time feminized model for *Vixens* for life!”

“Wait! I thought you said if I *didn’t* pass as a girl I’d *win* the bet?”

“Did I say that? Well, that’s not what I meant and that’s not what the contract you signed says. It has to be this way. Otherwise? You could always try not to pass to win, and that would hardly be fair, would it?”

“Let’s get this over with!” growled the model, hoping to reassert the Garret identity before the situation got any more humiliating. She wanted to settle this miserable predicament as quickly as possible, then reverse all of the feminizing treatments so her parents and older sister would never know about this humiliating emasculation.

She wasn’t sure how she could hide all of this from her sister Jana, but she hoped she’d figure out something. Unfortunately, the girls didn’t give their new model, now also a Party Princess and soon to be a pompon girl and French maid, much time to think. They had new sexy raw video to cut and edit, then post to the *Vixens* store feed as well as to their soon-to-be-created social media accounts.

Distracted, Amber and Monica sent Brielle home with Rosa, still dressed as a sexy girl. The happy shop girl chattered at her sexy model passenger excitedly on the drive to Garret’s family home. Rosa was excited, and more than a little star struck. She loved celebrities and was a bit bi-curious.

She felt an electrifying sensation, a stimulating charge starting in her nether regions and sending tingling throughout her body! Was this signaling a strangely sexual attraction to the feminine creature sitting next to her?

Chapter Four: Brielle Becomes Ambushed By Paparazzi

Every red light was an ordeal for the new model, as people in the other cars gawked, rolled down their windows and yelled when they recognized the social media darling. Many even honked their horns, attracting even more unwanted attention to the online sensation. Unable to remove her hair extensions, makeup, or sexy outfit while driving home, there was nothing to be done about it.

Between the distracting “paparazzi” incidents, Rosa was saying, “OMG you are the absolute next big thing, girl! Everyone knows you! You’re a mega mega! I am so jealous!”

As if on its own accord, Rosa’s right arm reached over, and her fingers began caressing Brielle’s smooth, naked thighs. This made the emasculated sissy sigh and writhe.

“I hate this! Want to trade places?” the reluctant bra model moaned.

“Hell yeah I would! Obvs!” Rosa replied, increasing her probing, stroking, teasing finger-tip exploration of Brielle’s soft, silky skin.

Suddenly, they were nearly at Garret’s family home, about to turn into their sleepy cul-de-sac. Unfortunately, about seven cars had followed them there. Looking around at their unintended and unwanted entourage, Garret whined, “Now what do we do?”

“I’ll keep driving past the turn to your house, and head around the corner. You call the cops!” Rosa said, tossing her pink covered iPhone into the sexy model’s lap.

Brielle nodded, called 9-1-1, and frantically explained the situation over the phone. Understanding that a celebrity was in distress, the dispatcher—a Brielle fan girl herself—made this call a top level priority emergency.

Moments later, 3 squad cars rolled up, lights flashing. As Rosa and Brielle watched, the cops fiercely roused the “Brielle Hive” fanboys and fangirls and cleared the way for their safe way home. This, after demanding autographs from the highly embarrassed emasculated Brielle, of course.

Rescued from her adoring if overzealous fans, Brielle was still completely disoriented, and hardly out of trouble. She was forced to leave the relative safety of Rosa’s little jeep and venture inside her family’s home.

She tried to sneak upstairs in her high heels, but the loud *click-clack click-clack* from her three-inch sparkling scarlet pumps gave her away. Big sister Jana, who was curious about the flashing lights and mini-traffic jam at the end of their cul-de-sac, had been on high alert. Within 30 seconds after she’d watched her new sister enter through the back door, she’d caught her.

Chapter Five: Brielle Becomes A Little Sister

Smiling widely, Jana confronted the girly girl who was once a her little brother Garret, and demanded that she explain what was going on. As expected, the attractive, twenty-something petite young brunette teased her crossdressed sibling without mercy, “Why are you dressed up like Brielle, you little sissy?” Jana demanded, “I always suspected you were trans!”

She was shaking her head impatiently, but didn’t even wait for a reply before adding, “Still, I had no idea you were living a double life, *sis*! Not only as a girl, but as the clone of a new fan-favorite model!”

“Shut up, Jana! I’ve had a long day and—”

Laughing loudly and not even pretending to listen to her younger sibling, Jana just kept on mocking her, “Are you going on RuPaul’s Drag Race or America’s Next Model—or maybe both? The very idea of you dressing up as Brielle! So pathetic—”

“I’m not *dressing up* as Brielle, I really *am*—” the frustrated model interrupted, before slapping her exquisitely manicured hands over her mouth! “Oh shit!” she mumbled as she began blushing in indescribable embarrassment.

“OH! MY! GAWWWD! You’re not just *pretending* to be Brielle! You really *ARE* Brielle! Oh no WAY! My new little sister is a new sensation! I can’t believe it! This is just too funny!”

“Shut up, Jana! I’m not going to—”

“Oh you’re going to, Missy! Unless you want mom and dad to know all about this, you’re going to do everything I say, and I say you’re going to live as a girl every second for the next two weeks until they get back!”

Groaning at her own stupidity at giving herself away, the exhausted, feminized, and increasingly humiliated bra model slapped herself in the face out of sheer frustration. At this, Jana collapsed, convulsing into uncontrollable giggle fits.

Grunting, Brielle dragged her tired legs upstairs to her room. There, she stripped off her heels, dress, and lingerie, and staggered into the bathroom she shared with Jana. Finally, she took a long, hot shower hoping the water would wash away her humiliation and somehow help her escape her emasculated fate.

Unfortunately for her, she was now facing a new, glamorous life as a pretty girl and a celebrity fashionista, not only to at work at Vixens, but also as a Party Princess every weekend. Worse—with her older sister wise to the sitch—she was stuck as a sexy girl at home as well, making her a feminine, sexy girl 24/7. How much so hit home when Jana knocked on the door

and shouted.

“Hey *sis*! I am still totes mad at you for not telling me that you’re a bonafide celeb, but I figured out how you’re going to make it up to me. My boyfriend Jimmy’s been nagging me about getting some chick desperate enough to double date with us and his gross buddy Frankie. You’re that desperate chick, got it?”

“Frankie?” Brielle yelled, “he’s a total sleaze! Has he ever even heard of the word ‘hygiene?’”

“Probably not,” Jana shrugged, “not my problem! Unless you want Mom and Dad to find out—”

“You are not seriously blackmailing me into going out with a total scum bag!” the exasperated emasculated sissy cried, drying off with a big fluffy towel. “Not even you would—”

“Uhh yeah! Have you met me?” Jana laughed, “anyway, be ready by 7 Friday night. Dress sexy casual. Jimmy probably wants to go bowling or try mini-golf again—” Jana said in her usual bossy tone.

“I have no idea what ‘sexy casual’ means! Even if I did, it’s not like I have anything like that to wear!” Brielle whined.

“I find that hard to believe, *ClickClock* Queen,” Jana rolled her eyes, “but if you’re trying to say want to borrow an outfit, you just have to ask. You don’t have to pull all this poor girl drama.”

“I wasn’t pulling any ‘poor girl drama!’ I am poor and I’m not a girl!”

“Whatever, super model! Anyway? You’re going to have to wear your own bra and panties, of course because eww! Not sharing! Besides, you’ve got to have tons of lingerie, you *Vixens* vixen!”

Blushing bright red at the memory of her fashion shoots, Brielle threw up her hands and huffed loudly in aggravation. She realized one positive thing from this utterly humiliating encounter.

She told herself hopefully, “Jana saw the video and didn’t know who Brielle really was—that I’m her, that she is me! If my own sister didn’t recognize me, maybe no one else will either?”

Of course the feminized sissy knew that his sister Jana was particularly self-centered, but even so this was some good news for a change! “At least I have a decent chance of surviving this absurd situation while avoiding public exposure as the guy who became a bra model!”

With their parents out of town for another few weeks, Jana had resolved to help Amber

keep Brielle in panties, bras, and sexy outfits the entire time. Brielle hoped she'd be able to revert back to Garret and her mom and dad would never know. Until then, she'd be stuck living as a model, a princess, a French maid, and even a pompon girl. It wouldn't be easy, but she could survive.

She slept fitfully, dressed in a soft, silk baby doll set in lavender. She dreamed of her former life as a guy, working at her former job renting out small boats and surf boards from a hut on the beach.

She was back as a he, chatting with a gorgeous redhead wearing a bright lemon yellow bikini, when all of a sudden the girl pointed at him and laughed. Soon, everyone on the beach was pointing and laughing. This, because Garret was wearing a hot pink bikini bottom that tied with little bows at his hips and a matching halter-style top that showed off his bouncing C cup breasts enticingly.

She woke up with a start, noticing that the morning sun was shining into the bedroom. She checked her iPhone, now encased in a sparkling silver case, and saw a new message from Amber.

It read, "Morning, girl friend! I dropped off your uniform. Be in it and ready for us by 7am for your real-life test number one! Remember, if you don't pass as a girl, you're stuck in a lifetime modeling contract with *Vixens* so you'd better do your best to fit in with the rest of the cheerleaders!

Chapter Six: Brielle Becomes A Cheerleader

With a groan, Brielle realized that today was Thursday, the Fourth of July. Thanks to the insane contract Amber tricked her into signing, soon she'd be marching in an Independence Day parade through her home town alongside her high school's cheerleaders, desperately hoping no one would recognize her!

Checking the front porch, she found a gym bag in her alma matter's colors, royal blue and gold, with the words "Varsity Cheer" across the front in a sparkling silver cursive font. Sighing, Brielle grabbed the bag, brought it inside, and opened it.

Expecting the worst, she pulled out some skimpy scraps of cloth that unfurled into a tiny crop top and even tinier pleated skirt, both in royal blue trimmed with gold. The small, skin tight top had the letters "CHS" in gold, standing for "Central High School."

Also in the bag were a golden "Miracle Bra" in a sports bra style, and a matching pair of cheerleader spans—extremely tight lycra short shorts the girls wore under their skirts for modesty. She noticed a huge pair of pompons and a cheerleader's hair bow—of course in matching blue and gold. Lastly she found a pair of pure white cheer socks and a pair of cheer shoes, the latter with gold and blue laces.

Hoping to forestall the inevitable a bit longer, Brielle took a quick shower, conditioned her long hair-extended locks, and moisturized her satin-smooth skin. She patted herself dry, then hurried to get dressed for her parade performance. If she were too late to participate, she'd default on the ridiculous contract and be stuck as a bra model until Amber decided to release her!

So she hurried to get into uniform in time for her next humiliating *rendezvous* with femininity. Sighing dejectedly, she quickly dressed in the uniform, alarmed at how big her fake titties looked in the new "Magic Bra," and how little the crop top and skirt covered.

The emasculated sissy told herself, "I never thought I'd be grateful for wearing any article of women's clothing, but these spans are a life-saver! Without them, this minuscule, lacy thong would leave my butt on full display!" Even so, the skirt still displayed her rounded ass-cheeks most enticingly, and in the entire skimpy ensemble, she was showing an incredible amount of creamy, soft skin.

Clueless about how to style her long hair, she woke her sister Jana to help her get ready. The sleepy-eyed older sibling giggled at the sight of her former little brother resplendent in a flirty, feminine cheerleader uniform.

Jana's hearty hilarity made her shake so hard that she was almost unable to use her blowdryer and curling iron. Jana laughed even harder when her sister frantically urged her to hurry along the process. Somehow she managed to give Brielle a sassy, sexy style complete with tucked under bangs and spiral curls.

Checking the time—6:45—Brielle pulled her long, flowing hair into a high ponytail and held it in place with the comically huge, floppy, feminine bow. Then, she picked up her poms and checked her look in the full-length mirror.

Even without any makeup, no one could possibly see her as a guy. Jana teased her about that, saying, “OMG! You’re such a pretty princess, Bri! Who knew?” Then, she once again collapsed in laughing fits.

Brielle sighed again, seeing herself as a cute, perky girl. She shook her head in the sad, humiliating knowledge that she was wearing everything all of the other young cheerleaders would be wearing as they marched past thousands of people. She was even holding the exact same poms the other girls would be shaking during the parade—along with their boobs and butts that they’d also be shaking, of course.

The emasculated, effeminate cheerleader barely had any time to feel sorry for herself before a knock on the door jolted her back to reality. It was Amber, and the overly eager feminizer was early, as usual.

“Come on, Bri!” Amber barked, “you still need to put on your makeup! I’ve arranged for your fellow cheer girls to do that, but we have to get to the high school like now! You look totes adorbs in your uniform, BTW! I love your hair in that bow!”

“How? How did you arrange all this?” Brielle asked as the two hurried toward Amber’s brand new candy apple red Mercedes convertible and slid inside. Once again, Brielle was astounded at Amber’s uncanny ability to get whatever she wanted.

“Easy! All I had to do was say was that the new international social media sensation Brielle wants to show her pride in America, and the parade organizers agreed immediately. Then I added, ‘She wants to march as a cheerleader, would that be a problem?’ They had the cute little outfit you’re wearing dropped off here in about an hour, no questions asked!”

Amber smirked triumphantly as Brielle moaned. She hated being a feminized bra model, and she hated being exposed in public as a famous “celebutante” even more. Every single person who knew her new name and saw her videos meant there was one more chance she’d be exposed for who she really was!

The very thought was almost as uncomfortable as the sensation of her little thong pressing up between her butt cheeks. It felt like a perpetual wedgie! As Amber pulled into the Central High parking lot, she snickered seeing her sexy little sissy’s hand under her tiny cheer skirt, picking at her spanks, trying in vain to alleviate the sensation of penetration.

A throng of cute little cheerleaders surrounded the car as Amber turned off the ignition. They all recognized the famous model, even without her makeup. This troubled Brielle, but she didn’t have even a second to ponder this. She was whisked away in a wave of blue and gold clad star-struck girls, all who shouted gleefully.

“Can I take a selfie with you, Brielle?”

“Not before we do her make up!”

“I get to do her eyes!”

“No me!”

“Listen! I’m the cheer captain! I get to do her eyes, you can do her lips!”

It was sheer chaos until Cindy Bradford, the cheerleading coach, blew her whistle. She was barely able to bring the assembled teen queens to order before the whole situation became a full-scale riot.

“Listen! We have to get to the parade starting point in 20 minutes! So we have to get our shit together, now!” Cindy yelled, “here’s how this is going to work. Missy, you do her eyes. Mandi, you get her lips. We want the full-glam competition look.”

The other girls whined, but stepped back and let Missy and Mandi do their magic. Amber stood by laughing at Brielle’s pathetic pout as the two girls painted their honorary cheer mate’s face as their coach directed, leaving her looking more like a living doll than anyone who could have ever been considered a young man.

The dozen excited girls grabbed their poms and began bouncing and shouting excitedly. Brielle looked around, disoriented, through extravagant fake lashes. Her eyes looked ravishing in black liner, thick mascara, and exquisite shadows in blue and gold. Her lips were radiant scarlet with shiny gloss, and her face featured rosy blush, and the letters “CHS” had been drawn on her left cheek in blue eye pencil. She was in every way one of the cheerleaders. Every way but one.

Mandi and Missy demanded that Brielle ride with them, but Amber pulled rank and invited Coach Cindy and one of the other cheerleaders, LaShonda, to ride with them. They arrived at the parade’s starting point with minutes to spare.

Mr. James McClure, the parade director, worked with Coach Cindy to position the excited young girls at the very front of the line. When he gave the signal, the whole parade began to march down Main Street. Together, the hyperactive cheerleaders led the way, dancing, waving their poms and shaking what their mommas gave them.

A murmur ran through the crowd watching along the route, growing louder as the cheer squad bounced and chanted in front of the various floats and so on. “Is that?” some asked. “No, it couldn’t be?” others answered. “It IS!” more people shouted, “it’s Brielle! OMG! It’s really her!”

The whole time, no one questioned that Brielle was anything but the beautiful, feminine girl she appeared to be. With mixed feelings, the model who was dressed up as a local high school cheerleader realized that she’d passed the first “real life test” by easily passing as a girl.

One down, two to go. The ever-more reluctant bra model sighed, knowing that even more humiliating tests awaited her.

~ End of Reluctant Bra Model Three ~

Continued in Reluctant Bra Model Four

Afterward By The Author

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