

Wrestling With Femininity

Mindi
Harris



A first time forced
feminization fantasy

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By Mindi Harris

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For Mature audiences only

All characters are above the legal age

Sneak Preview—Warning: For Mature Readers Only!

Waiting for me was my arch nemesis, my bully, my most feared assailant. Saying Anastasia Wendell was a tomboy was like saying King Kong was a big ape. She was a sports-obsessed alpha female I'd met years ago. Everyone called her Staci.

Our mothers were close friends, almost like sisters, and that meant we'd have a "play date" whenever they got together. That was something that happened quite a lot. We even had birthdays on the same day, leading our moms to call us "the twins." I hated that, and I guess all of that made me resent Staci a little bit.

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At first, Staci and I got along fine, just as long as she let me boss her around. As time passed though, she grew increasingly assertive, and began challenging me and my decisions. After a while, she was getting more and more aggressive with me. Her dominating personality and behavior made me feel less manly each time we were together. This got much worse when her growth spurt left her considerably taller and stronger than I was.

She had three older brothers, and they'd taught her how to fight and play sports, along with the finer points of bullying. She soon started to practice her bullying techniques on me, like twisting my arm behind my back and making me cry. That only encouraged her to treat me even more roughly, as her brothers told her only girls cried and my tears made me into a simpering sissy in her eyes.

She'd twist me up like a pretzel, and refuse to release until I said, "I'm a pretty little girl" or offered some other similarly emasculating admission. It was so humiliating, and this manhandling at the hands of a girl my age hurt my budding male ego at least as much as it hurt my aching shoulder.

Once she realized she had the upper hand on me, Staci kept increasing my misery. On Halloween one year, she forced me to switch costumes with her. I didn't even know what her costume was at that point, and when she showed it to me I tried to make a run for it. Staci was too quick for me, however. She tackled me, and bent back my thumb until I begged to wear her underwear along with the costume as well.

She demanded to go trick or treating in my Superman costume. That left me to venture out in search of candy dressed in her outfit—a red, white, and blue bustier top and a tiny skirt with an attached golden belt, plus a golden lasso and golden gauntlets with red and golden boots.

She brushed my dark hair into a close match for the Amazonian warrior princess's hair style and placed a feminine tiara in it. Staci had even made me wear bright red lipstick, elaborate eyeshadow, and mascara she'd found in my mom's room. It took her a while, but when she finally pronounced me ready, I had to admit I looked exactly like a girl!

When our moms saw me, they burst out laughing. I was shaking with mortification. She told them that I'd begged her to trade costumes with her. While that was technically true, it was only because she'd held me in a headlock and refused to let me go until I said, "Please let me wear your costume!"

My humiliation was unimaginable! I nearly melted into a puddle of sissified shame when her mom, Mrs. Wendell, laughed, pinched my cheek and proclaimed me "the most beautiful little girl in the world."

Staci was clearly the happiest little girl in the world hearing that. "Kayla is even wearing one of my bras and a pair of my panties!" she chirped as my mom looked at me thoughtfully. I wished the ground would open up and swallow me. I felt sure that mom could tell that Staci had painted my face with my mother's own cosmetics.

"'Kayla,' is it?" she laughed hearing the feminine name Staci called me. "What a pretty name for such a pretty girl!" I knew I'd never live this

down.

Staci said, “Yes! ‘Kayla,’ short for ‘Mikayla!’” She always called me “Kayla” from that day on and, to my horror, so did my own mother whenever she wanted to embarrass me.

Unfortunately for me, my feminization was about to go public! Yes, much to my eternal embarrassment, my mom made me walk around my own neighborhood dressed as Wonder Woman. I felt entirely emasculated when my neighbors, people who knew me very well, didn’t recognize me.

They remarked, “My what a pretty little Wonder Woman! You go girl! I haven’t seen you around here before. Are you visiting? What’s your name, precious?” and other equally embarrassing things.

Staci giggled and hinted at my secret identity—and I don’t mean “Diana Prince.” She always enjoyed feminizing and humiliating me, and especially liked mocking me and teasing me about exposing my name!

The worst time I’d been bullied by Staci—I remember it vividly—was at her family’s home. My mom had driven me to her place for “play time,” much against my furious protests. She said I was too young to be left alone by myself, and I had to accompany her for the visit to the Wendells.

The moment we arrived, I felt cold fear and beads of sweat run down my back. Something was seriously off, and I figured out what that was even before I heard loud peels of girlish giggling from inside and outside the home.

There were several cars parked in their driveway and spilling out onto their street. This because they were having a pool party. As I found out soon after I walked inside, it was an all-girls’ pool party.

Staci made a bee-line toward me the second she saw me. She was flanked by about a dozen girls I knew from our school. Laughing, they immediately surrounded me. A few grabbed and pulled my feet up into the air, while a few others held me by the arms, head, and shoulders.

Without much effort, they lifted me—and despite my desperate squirming—carried me upstairs and into Staci’s room. There, they stripped me, shaved me with an electric razor, and dressed me in a neon lime green string bikini. To my dismay, I saw my crush, a beautiful girl named Kimberlee (with two e’s at the end) giggling at my humiliating predicament.

I was forced to pose for countless photos and several videos that the girls used to create several social media accounts for “Kayla Watkins.” Staci kept the humiliating accounts set to private, but she blackmailed me with them. She taunted me endlessly, using my fear of exposure to control me. She found other clever ways to tease and embarrass me.

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Author's Forward

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Chapter Two: Bullied By Staci

Chapter Three: Humiliated By Staci

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Chapter Five: Feminized Into Staci's Princess

Afterward by the Author

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Author's Forward

For our hero, Michael Watkins, an unwanted spot on his college wrestling team turned into an even more unwanted spot on the cheerleading team, thanks to a humiliating encounter with his childhood bully.

That bully had repeatedly tormented him throughout his school years, and she—yes his bully was a girl—was intent on turning him into a cheerleader. Problem? It was an all-girl squad! That's fine with Staci Wendell, the bully. She was also intent on feminizing her prey, just like she had so many times before, but this time she wanted to take Michael to the limits—and well beyond!

Will Michael regain any control over his life and reestablish his male identity? Or will he be forced to endure an excruciatingly feminized fate as a college co-ed, a flirty female cheerleader, and a sexy sorority sister? Find out what happens next in this humiliating scintillating 6,000+ word tale of Submissive, Sexy, LGBTQ+ Kinky, Crossdressing, Forced Feminization Fantasy—if you dare!

Elements featured in this book include detailed feminizing makeovers, lifestyle change, demeaning and humiliating treatment by a young man at the hands of sexy women, male nudity, small penis humiliation, female domination, and other kinks. **Do not read this book if any of these 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 purely coincidental. All of the action in these stories is for personal entertainment only. Do not try this at home!

Beware! This story will immerse YOU into a kinky new lifestyle! You will find 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 including MTF (male-to-female), TG (transgender), CD (crossdressing) light BDSM (bondage, discipline, sadomasochism), LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, cross-dressing, submission to female domination, public humiliation and emasculation, as well as power exchange, role reversal, lifestyle change, and sissification. **If any of these topics offend you, please stop reading!**

Chapter One: Wrestling With Femininity

As if I didn't have enough pressure on me already! I didn't even want to be on the wrestling team, but I was the only guy who could qualify for the lightest weight class in my whole college, and I needed to stay on an athletic team to keep my scholarship to Venus University. Otherwise, I'd be out of luck and on the streets!

I looked across the gym trying to find my coach, hoping to tell him I had a bad muscle strain and couldn't compete. In frustration I realized that it was too late as the referee called out my name, Michael Watkins. Wrestling in the lightest weight class, my match would always be the first.

Apparently our arch-rival college had even more trouble finding a boy light enough to qualify for the smallest weight class, because when I weighed in for the match, I noticed that my opponent was a girl. Her sexy, curvaceous feminine shape was unmistakable even from all the way across the gym.

I was moving briskly toward the center mat when I recognized that my she was someone I knew all too well. I felt like I'd been punched in the gut, hard! From that point, my pace slowed to nearly motionless, like a condemned man dragging his feet as he was dragged toward the gallows.

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Staci said, "Yes! 'Kayla,' short for 'Mikayla!'" She always called me "Kayla" from that day on and, to my horror, so did my own mother whenever she wanted to embarrass me.

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When I tried to stand up to her, she set the Kayla accounts to limited public. Then, she convinced each one of her older brothers that I had a crush on them! The eldest was a sophomore in college, and the twins were one year older than us.

She friended all three of them on my “Kayla” accounts with photos that showed me off posed like some kind of pin up girl! They all liked and commented on my most provocative photos. Then, she slid into their DMs sending them all messages supposedly from me flirting with them. She even gave them my phone number, all without giving me any warning!

The first time one of them called me and asked when we could go out or “stay in for some sexy fun,” I dropped my phone in shock! I kept putting them off and making excuses. I said I already had a boyfriend, but they showed me all the flirty DMs Staci had been sending them. It took forever before they stopped texting me and calling me for dates, and even then they called me a slut and a cock tease!

Staci forced me to put on fashion shows every holiday, using each of the special occasions as themes. She made me take selfies in the costumes, then she photoshopped them and added them to the “Kayla” social media accounts.

That Fourth of July, I modeled her Wonder Woman costume again, and she put a virtual “stars and stripes” background behind those pics. On Labor Day, I was dressed as a Promiscuous Teacher, tight short pencil skirt, feminine glasses, and a barely buttoned tight white blouse that showed off the lacy pink bra she made me wear. And so it went, every single month.

She dressed me up as a Sexy Soldier for Veteran’s Day, and as a culturally appropriating Naughty Native American girl for Thanksgiving. Staci decked me out as a Sexy Santa’s Helper on Christmas, and on and on. That was the most humiliating year of my life, and of course each new photo spread found its way onto “my” social media pages.

Luckily, the Wendells moved to another school district soon after that, but Staci never stopped teasing me throughout high school. As a final feminizing dig, she made me into her own little calendar girl as she compiled my sexiest, most suggestive poses into a monthly montage and gave it to me as a high school graduation present. She hinted at sharing a

copy with my mom, her brothers, and other people. I begged her not to, but she just laughed.

After we graduated, I made sure we went to different colleges. There was no way I was letting her get me under her control again! Although both of the colleges we went to were in our home state, I hoped to never see her again. I blocked her and made sure that we fell out of contact as I'd intended.

At least until we celebrated our "twins" birthday at her family home just the week before the fateful wrestling showdown. I'd expected some kind of feminization and humiliation, so I tried to prepare myself for the worst. Instead, she was delightful.

To my surprise, Staci apologized for force feminizing and bullying me all those times before. I guessed that college changes a girl? We hadn't seen each other for years at that point, because I was avoiding her. And who could blame me? If she knew that we were fated to wrestle against each other, she didn't mention it.

I first found out that she was my opponent as we approached each other that fateful day in the gym. She kept flashing a chilling, huge and predatory grin—the same one she'd shown all those years ago. None of her remorse from our birthday party remained.

She knew I hated it when she called me Kayla, so of course when she shook my hand before the match she said, "Good luck, Kayla, may the best girl win." Then she winked at me as the referee laughed and I felt a knot in the pit of my stomach.

It was time for me to face my fears. The match was about to begin. I mustered all my courage as I told her, "I'm not afraid of you!" To reassure myself I thought aloud, "I've had years for my masculine biology to build muscle. As obnoxious as she is, Staci is still just a girl, and I am still a man!"

“Oh is that so?” she snapped, “so you’re saying that whoever wins this match is a big strong man and whoever loses is a weak little girl?”

In my anxiety attack, I hadn’t even realized that I’d spoken out loud until she smiled and replied. I was gaping in stunned silence. Staci growled impatiently, “Speak up if you’re such a big strong man!”

I tried, but I could not speak up. Her retort brought back all kinds of humiliating memories. My mouth went dry and I bit my tongue as my fear muzzled me. I involuntarily shook my head “no” as sweat poured down my back.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought!” said Staci, “well you just made a challenge and I accept! When I win, you’re going to be forced to look and act like the submissive little girl we all know you really are.”

I turned my eyes away from her fierce glare as she easily intimidated me. The referee snorted and laughed as he positioned us to begin the match. The first round would begin with Staci on all fours, and me beside and behind her. I took hold of her firmly around her waist and shoulders.

Chapter Three: Humiliated By Staci

When the whistle blew, within the blink of an eye, she grabbed my right wrist firmly and rolled over. That action shifted her body weight to drag me into helpless motion, pulling me across her body. She twisted with all her strength, forcing me onto back on the mat underneath her.

“Submission!” declared the referee.

Staci grabbed my left wrist and held me down, immobilized, just like she’d done so many times in the past when we were growing up. She’d often hold my nose and threaten to spit into my mouth at that point.

When she began to speak, my heart skipped a beat in fear that she’d repeat that little bullying tactic in front of everyone in the gym. Instead she made me an offer.

“Tell you what, girly,” she smirked, “if you can score even one point against me—just one escape, reversal, or anything—I’ll go to Fall Formal with you. You can even pick out my dress, heels, and my sexy lingerie. I know how much you love shopping for that kind of thing!”

She giggled as my face went red, and not just from my straining to break her vice-like grip on me. “But! If you fail to score a point, if I shut you out like the weak little sissy girl you are, then you will go to my Fall Formal with me, as my date, in the slinky dress and lacy lingerie and everything else I pick out for you!” she said, loud enough for the referee to hear.

Before I could protest or react at all, he shook his head and stared into my eyes. “Look son, you have to take that bet,” he said, “there’s no way a girl can shut out a guy in wrestling. If you say no, everyone here will realize that you’re some kind of weak little sissy. You should beat her easily, to be honest, but you’re bound to get at least a point for an escape!”

There was no way out of this trap for me, and Staci knew it. If I refused her dare, I’d look like the worst wimp in history. Then I considered

his advice. Of course I could get at least one point! Was I feeling her left hand slipping? Was she was loosening her grip already?

Fall Formal was a just few months away, and having Staci go with me dressed like a princess would be fun for me and so humiliating for a tomboy like her. I'd finally get some payback for all the times she'd feminized me and exposed me to my neighbors, our classmates and even to my mom dressed as a pretty girl.

So I nodded and grinned, "You've got a deal! I know you'll look sooooo beautiful in your gorgeous gown and—"

Before I could say another word, Staci wrapped her legs around me and squeezed. Like a boa constrictor, she tightened her inexorable grip and forced all the air out of my lungs! She had me and she knew it! Her giggles made it clear that she was toying with me all along. She was just pretending to lose her hold on me moments earlier.

I saw stars and I labored heavily trying to breathe, ensnared as I was in her crushing embrace. She twisted her body, and leaned her entire body's weight onto my helpless chest. I floundered helplessly as Staci laughed and slammed my back down onto the mat. I wriggled desperately but uselessly, struggling to free myself in vain.

"One-two-three-four-five! That's a pin!" shouted the referee, slapping the mat. The worst had happened. Staci had shut me out in front of hundreds of people from both of our schools, and she wasn't even breathing heavily.

"Staci," I began, panting, "you have to realize that I—"

"There you go, Formal Princess! I'm looking forward to seeing you all dolled up!" Staci laughed, "I still have all of those social media accounts so don't even think of backing out of going as my girl...unless you'd rather go with one of my brothers?"

I recalled in horror how I'd only barely escaped going to proms with her brothers. Two of them actually showed up at my home, corsages in hand, only to have my mother shoo them away. After that, mom sat me down for the most excruciatingly embarrassing talk ever. I'm still not sure that she believed me that I wasn't a trans girl after that.

My already monumental shame was only multiplied when Kimberlee Lane, the captain of my school's cheerleading team, offered me a bundle of brightly-colored cloth wrapped in plastic.

She'd been one of Staci's best friends for years. Worse from my point of view, she'd also been the worst of many coconspirators in countless schemes to expose me as a 100% emasculated, feminized sissy.

"It's a cheerleading uniform, princess," the sexy, athletic, petite honey blonde said unnecessarily. Her bright blue eyes sparkled as she explained, "You're obviously a total failure as a wrestler and as a boy, but maybe you'll do better as a cheer girl?"

Standing beside me, her arm wrapped tightly around my shoulders, Staci laughed and said to her friend, "Did you hear? Kayla here agreed to be my date for the Fall Formal. Maybe you'll help her shop for her dress, shoes, and all that. Oh, and can she tag along with you for all of the necessary girly girl beauty treatments?"

From the way the two girls giggled, it was obvious that they'd discussed my public humiliation and feminization ahead of time! I felt a massive boulder forming in the pit of my stomach when Kimberlee smiled and nodded, "Of course! The cheer squad always does Fall Formal together. We'll make it a girls' weekend!"

Chapter Four: My New Life As A Girl

The next weekend was homecoming. I tried to avoid Kimberlee and her clique of cheerleaders, but it was no use. They'd used their connections with the college administration to get me transferred out of my dorm room and into their sorority!

I protested, but the school's computer had me listed as "Kayla Watkins," female, member of the Tau Beta Gamma sorority. And a member of the all-girls cheerleading squad—no longer the wrestling team. I'd been unceremoniously kicked off wrestling, and with no hope of joining any other athletic team, my scholarship depended on me staying on the cheer squad in good standing.

As Kimberlee had told Staci, I'd be going to Homecoming dance as a girl, in a sexy dress. As cheer captain and my chief captor, she closely supervised my preparations for my "Home Coming Out," as she called it with a loud laugh.

Kimberlee, Brittany, Kaneesha, and Tanya woke me from my fitful slumber the very first morning I spent at the sorority. The previous day had exhausted me, especially considering the stress of seeing them dump all of my male clothing into a huge locked donation box. They loaned me a skimpy baby doll nightie in pale pink silk to sleep in, as I didn't have a stitch of my own clothing left to wear.

When they shook me into unhappy consciousness the next morning, I awoke totally disoriented in the cloyingly feminine room. I sat up stunned, looking at the mauve walls and cutesy stuffed animals that surrounded me. Before I could gather myself, a swarm of sorority girls surrounded me.

I was embarrassed beyond words when Tanya pointed at my morning erection saying, "Looks like someone is enjoying her feminization!" My shame only multiplied when Kimberlee added, "Yes, she certainly is, and her clitty is so tiny it's very easy to hide. The first time I saw it, we had her in a teeny green bikini, and there was absolutely no sign of masculinity at all!" I shuddered remembering that pool party at Staci's years ago.

The girls quickly stripped off my nightie, and dressed me in a tight denim miniskirt, thick leggings that hid my leg hair, a padded bra under a tight pink top, and two-inch white pumps. They styled my shoulder-length hair into a cute high ponytail, with a red plaid ribbon.

Then, they covered my face with makeup including foundation, powder, eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, and bright bubble gum pink lip gloss. When they stood me up before a full-length mirror, I trembled with humiliation seeing how easily they'd turned me into the very image of a typical sorority girl.

Laughing at my obvious humiliation, they dragged me to the local mall shopping for "my new wardrobe." That meant forcing me to try on and model everything for them. They made me try and buy an extensive array of feminine clothing, everything from bras and panties to skirts and blouses, dresses and hose, heels, makeup and overcoats. Each item was more feminine than the last, and my male ego was quickly dissolved by all of this.

To finish off this utterly emasculating excursion, they took me to a jewelry store where they had a gorgeous twenty-something redhead with shining emerald eyes triple pierce my ears. The pain wasn't too bad, just six quick stings. When I saw the sparkling studs, I knew just how girlish they made me look.

Realizing that every single article of clothing we'd bought was also totally girly, I begged them to let me buy some pants or shorts. Kimberlee refused, saying, "No pants for you, girl, at least not yet! Maybe we'll let you buy some skinny jeans and cute short shorts, but only if you're a very good girl."

Dejected, I demanded that they take me home, but they again refused. "We have to get you looking 'cheer-tastic' for your debut at Saturday's game!" said Kimberlee as she and Tanya grabbed me by my arms and escorted me into a large beauty salon called "Femme Fatale."

As we entered the elaborately, exquisitely feminine salon, a young girl with pink highlighted hair welcomed us. She wore a pink smock with the name “Melanie” sewn on it in a fancy cursive script over her left breast.

“Hi girls! So great to see you again!” Melanie gushed, “We’re all ready for your makeovers! I have you all down for the Pompom Pampering Special?”

My heart sank as I dreaded finding out what all was included in a “Pompom Pampering Special.” I imagined I’d have to endure endless emasculating spa treatments, but nothing could have prepared me for the feminization that awaited me. It made all of the humiliations I’d endure at Staci’s hands seem like joining the Marine Corps!

Kimberlee said, “Start with Kayla here. She’s our newest cheerleader and need the most TLC to get cheer ready!” She was speaking to a petite Latina woman who, like Melanie, was wearing a pink smock with her name stitched over her pocket indicating she was Juanita.

“Okay, Kayla, we’ll get you going right away. I’m surprised that Kimberlee thinks you need much work, though. You’re one hot little *mamacita*, girl!”

“Yes, she is! And Kayla here will make an even sexier little cheer girl when we’re finished with her,” smiled a tall, lanky brunette whose smock identified her as Anna Lynne. Before I could even sputter a protest, the two began escorting me toward the rear of the salon and into one of the cordoned off areas.

Juanita smiled at me and said, “Get naked, pretty lady! While Anna Lynne waxes your legs and, ahem, other areas, I’ll prepare my station for your hair extensions, color, and perm processes. A pretty little *chica* like you needs super girly glam hair to match your pretty face and soon to be sexy smooth legs!”

Anna Lynne nodded eagerly and led me to a clinical looking table. She repeated Juanita’s instructions to, “Strip down to your panties, Kayla,

then get your cute little ass up here.” She patted the table which was covered with protective paper. I felt like I was in a dream—or more accurately a nightmare—as I robotically obeyed her instructions. I unbuttoned the miniskirt and let it slide down my legs. Then, as if sleepwalking, I stepped out of it and my pumps.

I unbuttoned the pink top I wore, and shrugged it off my shoulders. I gasped in embarrassment when Anna Lynne winked at me and said, “Such sexy panties and bra! Your body is so slim and sexy, if I didn’t know any better I’d think you’d been born a girl!”

I was shocked at this. I’d consoled myself with the thought that the sorority girls had so thoroughly transformed me into one of the girls that no one could tell I was really a guy. I trembled in humiliation when I realized that Anna Lynne knew my true gender. Maximizing my embarrassment, she smirked and pointed at my tiny erection!

“OMG it’s so small!” she laughed, “no wonder you want to be a girl, and a sexy little cheerleader at that!” I felt dizzy and almost fainted with the utter humiliation! She thought I wanted to be transformed into a girl! With nothing else to do, I blushed deeply and peeled off my thick tights and bra, then scampered onto the table and laid on my back to await my next ordeal.

“Good girl,” said Anna Lynne, as she began apply hot wax all over my legs, arms, and chest. “I see you have about the same amount of body hair as any girl,” said Anna Lynne, “how long have you been on hormones?” Stunned by her question and too ashamed to say I wasn’t taking estrogen, I just shrugged.

If she noticed my reticence, she gave no sign of it as she explained, “In case you’ve never been waxed before, this will hurt. But it’s sooooo worth it to have sexy, smooth legs and everything!” She said, “One! Two!” then pulled on the cloth tearing out all my hair at the roots. “Three!” Anna Lynne giggled. Then said, “Sorry, that’s an old estheticians’ joke! Hope that didn’t hurt too much?”

It did, but the physical pain was nothing compared to the incredible damage this caused my male ego—or whatever little was left of it—as she methodically yanked away one strip of cloth after another, and with it all my body hair below my eyebrows. She told me to flip over and the painful process continued until my legs, arms, under arms and chest were entirely bare, silky, and oh so feminine.

She pulled down my panties with a flick of her wrist and giggled at my tiny cock. “OMG it really is just a swollen little clitty!” Anna Lynne said, making me shrivel in humiliation. She grabbed an electric razor and used it to trim “my bush” into a cute little heart shape.

An all too familiar voice chimed in, “Yes, such a cute little clitty! And OH MY GAWD that heart shape is just too adorable for words!” She then laughed uproariously. It was Staci, and she was beaming, clearly overjoyed at watching my utter humiliation. “I never even thought of trimming her little bush like that!”

I was gasping, exasperated at this latest insult to my last remaining shreds of masculinity. I was too paralyzed with abasement to object when Anna Lynne waxed my balls. The sudden pain made me quickly snap back to attention, causing me to yelp in a high pitched squeak that sounded like a girl’s voice, even to my newly triple-pierced ears! Staci burst into another round of raucous laughter at my discomfort, my girlish reaction, or most likely both.

“Almost done!” Anna Lynne chirped, as my eyes watered from the stinging pain all over my tortured skin. She carefully shaped my brows and then tinted them until they were expertly shaped into unmistakably delicate feminine arches. “Perfect brows for a pretty little cheer princess!” she smiled.

Staci giggled and nodded in agreement. “I’d never wear my brows in such a feminine girly girl style! Then again, I’m not such a princess like you, Kayla!”

The reflection in the mirrored wall showed she was right! My face had been transformed into that of a very stylish looking girl. I trembled realizing that of the three girls in the reflection, the girliest girl was me!

Anna Lynne gently pampered my screaming skin with soothing cream that helped to ease my physical pain, but did nothing to elevate my shame at my newly feminized body. She finished off the first phase of my spa-based feminization by gluing two very realistic C-cup sized breast forms onto my chest. They even had lifelike areola and nipples!

“These are among the most lifelike boobs on the market,” she explained. Twisting the knife Staci mocked, “I hope you’ll be satisfied with them Kayla, at least until you grow your own or maybe get some implants!”

I was blushing, overwhelmed with humiliation. “There’s no way I can hide these!” I cried. I was shaken feeling the weight of my new breasts as they jiggled with my every movement.

“Of course not! Why would you want to, sexy lady?” Anna Lynne asked, looking confused. Staci was about to say something, but she was convulsed with laughter, I realized that it was somehow less embarrassing if Anna Lynne thought I wanted all this rather than knowing I’d become a powerless pawn, force-feminized by Staci and a bunch of sexy sorority girls.

In a daze, I sat stunned as Anna Lynne gave me a manicure and a pedicure, shaping my nails and coating them with sparkling pink polish, after affixing half-inch acrylic nails to each of my fingers. She escorted me to Juanita’s station.

Staci tagged along, giggling the whole way. With my mind in a blur, I felt Juanita busily attaching long hair extensions to my scalp, and then brushing a thick strong-smelling paste onto my newly elongated locks.

The beautiful olive skinned beautician buzzed excitedly and chatted with Staci as she worked. My head was spinning too dizzily for me to listen

carefully. I only caught random words like, “All your cheer teammates” and “sewn-in extensions” and “such a sexy look for your coloring!”

While I was waiting for “the process” to finish, Anna Lynne returned and injected my lips with “plumper.” It stung my lips, but hurt my male ego worse as I saw my face take on an ultra flirty look with alluringly kissable lips. Juanita washed out my hair and gave me a blow out leaving my hair thick and full, with permanent curls and a sexy burgundy tone!

Chapter Five: Feminized Into Staci's Princess

At some point, Staci slipped away. Back at the sorority house, my new sisters fussed over me. They oohed and aahed at my pierced ears and silky smooth body. Tanya held up a sexy pink party dress I didn't remember buying, along with a scandalously sexy lingerie set in sizzling hot pink.

In a whirlwind of motion, several of the girls had me primped, painted, and posed like a pretty princess. They declared themselves "The Glam Squad," high-fiving each other at their success in making me into a "sexy snack."

As a special surprise, Staci decided to accompany me to the Homecoming Dance, wearing a tux of course. She treated me "just like the feminine princess I looked like," holding doors open for me, and even putting a flowery corsage on my "dainty little wrist."

She smirked at me in my fluffy pink princess dress. She tormented me as she walked me into the ball room, reaching under the hem to trace the lace on my thong panties and garter belt, and snapping my bra straps mischievously.

As if going to the biggest dance of the year as a girl wasn't bad enough, the next day Kimberlee officially welcomed me to the cheerleading team. Practicing dainty, coquettish dance moves with a bunch of giggly girls was unnerving and totally embarrassing.

Still, the full ramifications of this bizarre turn of events only hit me when I had to suit up for my first football game. I wore a flirty, feminine uniform that included a very tight, tiny skirt and tight crop top that was little more than a sports bra, both in navy blue and white, trimmed in gold.

I held a pair of pompons in the same colors. I wore my hair pinned up in a high ponytail with a huge, ultra feminine ribbon that matched my skirt and top. Of course I was also adorned with flamboyant makeup, and had to wear a pair of girl's briefs beneath my skirt.

It would be humiliating enough if only the other cheerleaders saw me. Instead, to my eternal embarrassment, this was the biggest game of the year, the Homecoming Game. I was there on fully feminized display in front of the entire school.

Everyone in the stands saw me flouncing around on the sidelines and on the field just like the other cheer girls, in the exact same sexy uniform. They all watched my gyrate and shake my booty and boobs. Everyone! The entire student body, countless alumni, and hundreds of parents, including my own mother. After the game, she gushed about her “beautiful daughter finally coming out as a girl.”

Staci traveled from her college to watch my humiliation in person. After that first game, she gleefully reminded me that I’d have to cheer at every football game, and soon I’d be twerking, sashaying, and pirouetting at every basketball game as well.

She called Kimberlee over and gave her a complete list of the dress, shoes, and lingerie I’d be wearing to her fall formal. Kimberlee laughed loudly as she perused the incredibly sexy couture her friend had selected. Over my loud objections, the girls dragged me to the mall for another makeover and forced me to try on dozens of party dresses until they agreed on “the one!”

Back at the sorority house, I tried to resist, but my sorority sisters overwhelmed me. I was helpless to stop them and, within a few hours, I was standing there in a stylish little black dress. The sexy, scalloped hem tickled my knees, and left the tops of my sheer black stockings exposed.

“You better be careful how you sit in that mini dress, Kayla,” Kimberlee warned, “if not, you’re gonna flash your thong to everyone!” The girls who were gathered around us laughed and laughed. I gulped, knowing she was right.

I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn’t see a shred of masculinity. My hair was long, wavy, and silky smooth. My face was

exquisitely made up, from my smoky, alluring eyes, to my dainty eyebrows and my smooth porcelain face, to my bee-stung, scarlet lips.

Once again, Staci wore a tux as my date. She had looked forward to escorting me to the Fall Formal for weeks, and the fateful day was finally here. I was feeling utterly humiliated and she was ecstatic.

She cuddled me like a delicate flower, whispering into my ear using a mocking baby talk tone calling me her “beautiful princess” and her “sexy little girl” as she led me onto the dance floor. She sniffed my flowery perfume, squeezed my ass, and never let me forget that she’d completely transformed me into a soft, shy, submissive, and feminine girl.

Thanks to her machinations, I’d been manipulated into living as a college co-ed. I’d been wearing skirts and feminine tops or dresses with a bra and panties to class every day, and even on weekends. I’d been force feminized into a sorority girl and a sexy little cheerleader. I’d been put on display at sports events, clad in a revealing, skimpy uniform, and prancing around like alluring eye candy.

As we danced, with her leading of course, Staci nibbled on my earlobe. She smiled widely, and with a smirk informed me that we’d be spending Thanksgiving with her family at the Wendells’ ski chalet.

Before I could object she said, “We’ll be spending Christmas and New Years with my folks as well. You’ll be so adorable as my little snow bunny!” I gaped as she giggled at me. “That means you’ll be spending both vacations in panties, bras, skirts, and dresses! You’ll love it, girl!”

Afterward by the Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book! 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?](#)

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I hope you liked reading this story as much as I liked writing it! If so, please give me a 5 star rating. I'll settle for 4 stars, but to be honest, that's only an 80% or barely a B grade. I put so much effort into these stories, I really think I deserve better than that. If you disagree, please consider that negative reviews really hurt authors like me.

I don't want to complain. I am very fortunate to have so many kind and enthusiastic fans. Still, I'm puzzled when I get low ratings and bad reviews. I always describe my stories in significant detail, so no one should be surprised by the content or the length.

I need you to rate and review generously to overcome the bad faith reviews I get from malicious people. I understand that not everyone is able to publicly say they enjoy these types of stories. Still, you can rate this book with 5 feminizing stars anonymously. Also, if you're so inclined, please add a positive review as well anonymously if you feel that's best.

Thank you again, Dear Reader! I wouldn't write a thing without your kind support!

XOX

Mindi Harris