

*Wrestling With Femininity
Part Two, My Side of the Story*

Mindi
Harris

*A Dominatrix Utterly Emasculates
and Feminizes a Bossy Guy,
Turning Him into a Submissive
Sorority Girl, a Cute Cheerleader,
and a Pretty Homecoming Princess*

A first time forced feminization fantasy



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Bossy Guy, Turning Him into a Submissive Sorority
Girl, a Cute Cheerleader, and a Pretty Home
Coming Princess*

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fantasy*

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For Mature audiences only. All characters are above the legal age.

Sneak Preview—Warning: For Mature Readers Only!

You may have read about how I am some kind of great big bully, picking on poor Michael Watkins, dressing him up as a pretty little girl. Well, while a lot of what “Kayla” said was true, that’s only half of the tale. He left out most of the best parts! Anyway, as they say, there’s two sides to every story, and this is mine.

Like I said, most of my side of the story will sound almost exactly like Michael’s version, but he left out some of the juiciest details. I guess he—or more accurately she—is still trying to cling to some semblance of masculinity. Good luck with that!

Anyway, I’d met Michael years ago. Our mothers were close friends, and that meant we’d have a “play date” whenever they got together—something that happened quite a lot. We even had birthdays on the same day, leading our moms to call us “the twins.” Michael hated that, and I guess that made him resent me a bit.

I had three older brothers, and they’d taught me how to fight and play sports along with the finer points of self-defense. Soon, I started practicing the techniques I’d learned on Michael, like twisting his arm behind his back and making him cry.

I’d only release him if he said, “I’m a pretty little girl” or another similarly emasculating admission. It was so humiliating for poor Michael. I guess I hurt his budding male ego at least as much as I hurt his aching shoulder. Yeah, you could say that was pretty mean of me, but we were just kids after all. Plus he deserved it because he was always trying to boss me around.

He nearly melted into a puddle of humiliation when my mom pinched his cheek and proclaimed him “the most beautiful little girl in the world.” I

was clearly the happiest little girl in the world, even though I was wearing his costume at the time.

“Michael is even wearing one of my bras and a pair of my panties!” I chirped as his mom looked at him knowingly. His expression was so cute! Like he wished the ground would open up and swallow him. I knew his mom could tell that I had painted his face with her own cosmetics.

No blush was needed, especially when his neighbors, people who knew him very well, didn’t even recognize him. They said things like, “My what a pretty Wonder Woman!” And “I haven’t seen you around here, little girl, are you visiting? What’s your name, little girl?” and other equally embarrassing questions. I giggled and hinted at his secret identity—and I don’t mean “Diana Prince.”

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Author's Forward

This is a new concept for me. We've already heard Michael Watkins' side of the story as an unwanted spot on his college wrestling team turned into an even more unwanted spot on the pompon squad, thanks to a humiliating encounter with his childhood bully. Now, we hear the bully's side of the story!

Please note: the events and descriptions here closely mirror *Wrestling With Femininity Part One*. This is not a sequel. It's a longer, more detailed, and somewhat different retelling of the story from the bully's point of view.

The bully, Staci Wendell, had repeatedly feminized Michael, and she was planning to do so again, but this time she wanted to take him beyond his limits by turning him into a sorority sister and a pompon girl!

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 Kayla, a college flirty female college co-ed? Find out what happens in this humiliating 9,000+ word Kinky, Crossdressing, Forced Feminization Fantasy—if you dare!

This book includes detailed makeovers and demeaning treatment by a young man by sexy women, male nudity with clothed women, spanking, chastity, small penis humiliation, female domination, and other kinks. **Do not read this book if any of these themes offend you!**

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Disclaimers

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 including male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing, spanking, chastity, erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, cross-dressing, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification. **If these topics offend you, stop reading!**

Chapter One: My Side Of The Story

You may have read about how I am some kind of great big bully, picking on poor Michael Watkins, dressing him up as a pretty little girl. Well, while a lot of what “Kayla” said was true, that’s only half of the tale. He left out most of the best parts! Anyway, as they say, there’s two sides to every story, and this is mine.

Like I said, most of my side of the story will sound almost exactly like Michael’s version, but he left out some of the juiciest details. I guess he—or more accurately she—is still trying to cling to some semblance of masculinity. Good luck with that!

Anyway, I’d met Michael years ago. Our mothers were close friends, and that meant we’d have a “play date” whenever they got together—something that happened quite a lot. We even had birthdays on the same day, leading our moms to call us “the twins.” Michael hated that, and I guess that made him resent me a bit.

I could tell he felt that as the boy, he should take charge and pick all the games and activities we played. He sort of picked on me, and I’d just go along with it good-naturedly. I think he took it for granted that I always would.

At first, Michael and I got along fine. As time passed though, I grew increasingly tired of his male posturing. I became more assertive, challenging him and his decisions. After a while, I started getting much more aggressive. This got easier when my growth spurt left me considerably taller and stronger than he was.

I had three older brothers, and they’d taught me how to fight and play sports along with the finer points of self-defense. Soon, I started practicing the techniques I’d learned on Michael, like twisting his arm behind his back and making him cry.

I’d only release him if he said, “I’m a pretty little girl” or another similarly emasculating admission. It was so humiliating for poor Michael. I

guess I hurt his budding male ego at least as much as I hurt his aching shoulder. Yeah, you could say that was pretty mean of me, but we were just kids after all. Plus he deserved it because he was always trying to boss me around.

Once I realized I had the upper hand on Michael, I kept teasing him. On Halloween one year, I forced him to switch costumes with me. I went trick or treating in his Superman costume. That left him to venture out in search of candy dressed in my outfit—a red, white, and blue bustier top, a tiny skirt with an attached golden belt, plus a golden lasso and golden gauntlets with red and golden boots.

Yes, much to his eternal embarrassment, I made him walk around his neighborhood dressed as Wonder Woman. I brushed his long dark hair into a close match for the Amazonian warrior princess's hair style and placed a feminine tiara in it. I had even made him wear lipstick, eyeshadow, and mascara I found in his mom's room.

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

I didn't even let him know what my costume was at that point. When I showed it to him, he tried to make a run for it. I was too quick for him, however. I tackled him, and bent back his thumb until he begged to wear my underwear along with the costume as well. It took me a while, but when I finally pronounced him ready, I had to say he looked exactly like a girl!

He nearly melted into a puddle of humiliation when my mom pinched his cheek and proclaimed him "the most beautiful little girl in the world." I was clearly the happiest little girl in the world, even though I was wearing his costume at the time.

"Michael is even wearing one of my bras and a pair of my panties!" I chirped as his mom looked at him knowingly. His expression was so cute!

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No blush was needed, especially when his neighbors, people who knew him very well, didn't even recognize him. They said things like, "My what a pretty Wonder Woman!" And "I haven't seen you around here, little girl, are you visiting? What's your name, little girl?" and other equally embarrassing questions. I giggled and hinted at his secret identity—and I don't mean "Diana Prince."

Chapter Two: The Best Time I Feminized Kayla

The worst time I bullied Michael—and I remember it vividly—was at my place. His mom had driven him to my family home, much against his furious protests, I bet. She said Michael was too young to be left alone by himself, and he had to accompany her for the visit to my house.

In reality, I'd told her that Michael was upset that he wasn't going to join me and my girlfriends for our usual joint birthday party. I said, "We'd welcome him with open arms if only he felt it'd be OK, but his male ego is standing in the way!"

His mom was easily convinced that he was only pretending he didn't really want to come when I reminded her about him begging to wear my Wonder Woman costume on Halloween. She agreed to "force" him to attend my party. Meanwhile, I'd plotted and planned with the girls to maximize his feminized humiliation.

We watched out of the windows eagerly awaiting his arrival. The moment he appeared, I knew he could tell that something was seriously off. By the time he figured out what it was, it was too late though.

We kept silent for as long as we could, but by the time he'd gotten within range, we couldn't hold back anymore. We were having a pool party, and before he found out it was an all-girls' pool party, we ambushed him. I made a bee-line toward Michael the second I saw him. I was flanked by about a dozen girls from our school, and we quickly surrounded him.

A few of us grabbed him and pulled his feet up into the air, while some others held him by the arms, head, and shoulders. Without much effort, we lifted him—and despite his desperate squirming—carried him into my room.

There, we stripped him, and shaved him with an electric razor. Luckily, he didn't have much hair. We dressed him in a my string bikini, it was pink with little strawberries on it.

We forced him to pose for photos and videos that we used to create a social media presence for “Michael Watkins.” I added other pics and vids I’d made of Michael dressed as a girl that I’d taken over the years. Wonder Woman, a school girl, a French Maid, a cheerleader, you know, the usual male fantasies. He looked absolutely feminine and sexy in all of them—he passed easily for a pretty girl.

By then, I thought of Michael as a girl and always called her “Kayla,” “she” and “her” from then on. I kept all of her humiliating accounts set to private, but I blackmailed her with them, using her fear of exposure to control her. I found many other clever ways to tease and embarrass her.

I told my three older brothers that “she” had a crush on them! I friended them on Kayla’s social media accounts that showed her most provocative photos. Then, I slipped into their DMs with sexy messages supposedly from Kayla, and started flirting with them. I even gave them “her” number, and it took forever before they gave up and finally stopped texting and calling Kayla asking her out on dates!

I even forced Michael to put on fashion shows every holiday, with each of the special occasions as themes. I made her take selfies in the costumes, then I photoshopped them and added them to her social media accounts. That Fourth of July, she modeled my Wonder Woman costume again, and I put a stars and stripes background behind those pics. She looked so sexy in every one, it was hard to pick which pics to use.

On Labor Day, I dressed her up as a Sexy School Teacher with a short tight skirt and unbuttoned white blouse that exposed her sexy, lacy red bra. So it went. I dressed her up as a Sexy Soldier for Veteran’s Day—our shared birthday—and as a culturally appropriating Naughty Native American girl for Thanksgiving. I’m ashamed of that one, but like I said, we were immature teens back then. I decked her out as a Sexy Santa’s Helper on Christmas, and on and on.

Sadly, my family moved to another school district soon after that, but I never stopped teasing Michael throughout high school. As a final feminizing dig, I made her into my own little calendar girl! I chose only her

sexiest, most suggestive poses and used an on demand print company to make them into a calendar. I gave a copy to her as a high school graduation present. Of course I kept another copy for myself!

That was fun, but only made me miss my little dress up sissy all the more once she escaped my grasp. I vowed to recapture her somehow, and I planned to outdo myself in terms of emasculating poor Michael!

Finally, I got my chance! I found out that he needed to keep an athletic scholarship in order to afford tuition, room, and board at a local college in the same state where we grew up. He wasn't much of an athlete. I had easily pinned him every time we'd wrestled. When I was feeling particularly mean, I'd hold his nose forcing him to gasp for air, so I could dribble spit into his mouth. I know! Gross!

Anyway, he made sure I went to another college. There was no way he was going to risk me feminizing and dominating him again, or at least so he thought. I ended up attending a college not too far away from his. So, I signed up and easily won a spot on my college's team just so I could wrestle Michael into submission.

To be honest, I didn't even want to be on the wrestling team, but I knew that my favorite pet was wrestling in the lightest weight class for our arch-rival college. I was a sports-obsessed alpha female, so I had no problem winning the spot on the team. It was actually fun to dominate the only guy who tried out. I decided I'd see about feminizing him to once I was finished feminizing Michael into a girl.

Chapter Three: Wrestling With Femininity

I'd been looking forward to this opportunity for weeks, if not months. I scanned across the gym trying to locate my prey, hoping to see that funny panicked look on his face when he realized who his opponent was. With delight, I heard the referee call out his name, Michael Watkins. Wrestling in the lightest weight class, our match would be the first of the meet.

As I was moving briskly toward the center mat, I couldn't help but notice that Michael was shocked to recognize that his opponent was someone he knew all too well—me! He looked stunned, breathless, like he'd been body slammed hard to the mat! If all went according to plan, he soon would be.

From that point, Michael's pace slowed until he looked like he was moving through molasses, like a condemned man shuffling toward the gallows. He was reluctantly walking toward me, his arch nemesis, his bully, his most feared assailant. I was grinning widely, my eyes sparkling with excitement.

After my family moved and I started at a different high school, I knew he thought he'd be free from my clutches. I'd done what I could to keep dominating and tormenting him, but it wasn't the same. Then, when he made sure we went to different colleges, I guess he finally felt free from my feminization schemes.

Although both of our high schools and colleges were in our home state, we fell out of contact as he definitely intended. That is, at least until we celebrated our traditional "twins" birthday at my family home during the first break from college. That was just the week before the fateful wrestling showdown.

I knew he'd expected I'd try something to humiliate him, and I bet he tried to prepare himself for the worst. Instead, I was delightful if I say so myself. I knew that we were fated to wrestle against each other, but of course I didn't mention that. To get him to lower his guard, I apologized for force-feminizing and bullying him all those many times before.

“Michael, I am so so sorry for being such a bitch to you all those times,” I sighed, my eyes downcast and my entire posture signaling embarrassment and remorse. In reality, I was struggling not to laugh out loud remembering all the times I’d made Michael into my bitch. “I was just so immature and mean! I can’t ever apologize enough!” I said, “I guess college changes a girl?”

We hadn’t seen each other more than once or twice over the previous few years at that point. Of course that’s because he was avoiding me. And who could blame him? I knew that he hated being feminized almost as much as I loved feminizing him.

No real guy could stand even being called a girl, much less dressed and made up as one and then shown off to our moms, my friends, and his neighbors. The photo shoots, social media accounts, and calendar girl treatment made it all the worse for him. I think getting my brothers to hit on him for dates was the worst!

Why did I love it? A lot of reasons. For one thing, I never thought he deserved to be the pushy, bossy boy he acted like. He was a born sissy, and I enjoyed bringing out his feminine side. I especially loved dolling him up and showing him off dressed and made up as a pretty girl. And he definitely made a very pretty girl!

I absolutely loved to sissify him! It was like having a life-sized doll to play with. I plotted and schemed to set him up at my pool party, just so I could parade him around in front of my cute girlfriends in my sexy little bikini. It was amazing how eager they were to help me dress him up, and then how they helped me revel in his emasculation. I think a lot of girls love to feminize and play with sissy boys.

Remembering all of those exquisite tricks I’d played on Michael only made me want more! I was obsessed with making him dress up as a cheerleader and forcing him to perform sexy little dance routines in front of his new schoolmates. I was so excited that I hyperventilated imagining him modeling many other ultra feminine outfits.

So I made sure we'd face each other on the wrestling mat. It took weeks to set him up. Finally, all of my plans were coming to fruition. As we approached each other that fateful day in the gym, none of my pretense of remorse from our birthday party remained. I couldn't help but flash a huge, chilling, predatory grin—the same I'd worn all those times over the several years I'd dominated Michael.

I knew he hated it when I called him “Kayla,” so of course when I shook her hand before the match I said, “Good luck, Kayla, may the best girl win.” Then I winked at him as the referee laughed.

It was time for Michael to face his darkest fears. The match was about to begin, and I was a bit surprised when he told me, “I'm not afraid of you!” To my delight he 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?” I laughed, “so you're saying that whoever wins this match is a big strong man and whoever loses is a weak, submissive little girl?” He seemed shocked, like he hadn't even realized that he'd spoken out loud, and was gaping in stunned silence.

I growled impatiently, “Speak up if you're such a big strong man!” As I expected, he froze! He could not speak. He could hardly stand up. Clearly my retort brought back all kinds of humiliating memories. He shook his head “no” as rivers of sweat poured down his bright red, obviously embarrassed face.

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

Michael turned his eyes away from my fierce glare as I easily intimidated him. The referee snorted and laughed as he positioned us to begin the match. The first round would begin with me on all fours, and

Michael behind me. He took hold of me firmly around my waist and shoulders.

When the whistle blew to start the match, I reacted instantly. Within the blink of an eye, I grabbed his right wrist firmly and rolled my entire body over. That action leveraged his body weight to drag him into helpless motion, pulling him over and across my body. I twisted again with all my strength, forcing him onto his back down on the mat beneath me.

“Submission!” declared the referee. I loved hearing that word applied to the submissive little miss!

I grabbed his left wrist and held him down, immobilized, just like I’d done so many times in the past when we were growing up. I’d often hold his nose and threaten to spit into his mouth when I held him down that way.

When I began to speak, Michael’s face turned ghostly pale—probably in fear that I’d repeat that little bullying tactic in front of everyone in the gym. Instead I made him an offer. “Tell you what, girly,” I smirked, “if you can score even one point against me—just one escape, reversal, or anything—I’ll go to your Fall Formal with you. You can even pick out my dress, heels, and lingerie. I know how much you love shopping for that kind of thing!” I began.

I giggled as his face went from white to humiliated red, and not just from straining to break my vice-like grip on him. “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 dress and lingerie and everything else I pick out for you!” I said, loud enough for the referee to hear.

Before Michael could protest or react at all, the ref shook his head and stared into his eyes. “Look son, you have to take that bet,” he said, “there’s no way a girl can shut out a real guy in wrestling. If you say no, everyone here will realize that you’re some kind of 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 for Michael. If he refused my dare, he'd look like the biggest wimp in history. Then I saw him considering the ref's advice. To trick her, I let my left hand slip—just a bit. That made him think I was losing my grip already.

With false confidence, Michael nodded. He said, "Of course I can get at least one point!" Getting cocky, he grinned, "You've got a deal Staci! I know you'll look sooooo beautiful in your pretty gown and—"

Like a cobra, I struck suddenly. Like boa constrictor, I wrapped my legs around his torso and squeezed. I felt his desperation as he struggled to breathe, ensnared as he was in my crushing embrace.

I twisted him within my grasp, and leaned to push my entire body's weight onto his helpless chest. I paused just for dramatic effect, and laughed as I slammed him back down onto the mat with full force. He wriggled uselessly, trying to free himself in vain.

"One-two-three! That's a pin!" shouted the referee.

The best had happened. I had shut Michael out in front of hundreds of people from both of our schools. They were cheering my victory, and I wasn't even breathing heavily. I held *her* down, and demanded, "Now admit it! Admit you're a submissive, feminine girl!"

At first *she* refused, "Staci," he began, panting, "you have to realize that I can't go to a formal as a girl—"

Ignoring these whiny complaints, crushed the breath from my prey's tortured lungs. "Say it, *Kayla!* Admit who and what you are, girlie!"

For a brief moment, *Kayla* remained stubborn, but I kept increasing pressure until *she* turned blue. Finally, *she* had no other choice.

"Fine!" she gasped, "I-I-I'm a-a-a girl. My name is Kayla and I'm a submissive, feminine girl!"

From this point onward, I'll stop calling my prey "Michael" and start referring to *her* as *Kayla*. *She'd* totally forfeited any right to be called a man.

I declared triumphantly for all to hear, "There! That wasn't so hard, was it *Kayla*! Now everyone here knows what we've both known all along. You're not a man at all, you're not even a boy! No, you're just a girl. A pretty, feminine, sweet, submissive little girl! Your name is *Kayla*!"

Dejected, *she* didn't even try to protest, so I continued: "I'm looking forward to seeing you all dolled up!" I smirked at *her* humiliated face and laughed, "I still have all of those social media accounts, so don't even think of backing out of going as my *female* date...unless you'd rather go with one of my brothers?" She shook her head no, as tears started rolling down her cheeks.

Kayla's shame was only multiplied when Kimberlee Lane skipped up and delivered what might have been a fatal blow to whatever was left of her male ego. Kim was the former captain of our high school's cheerleading team and she was a current member of *Kayla's* college pompom squad. The beautiful young woman held a bundle of brightly-colored cloth wrapped in plastic toward the totally humiliated *girl*.

"Take it, *Kayla*!" I demanded, and she meekly obeyed as everyone there laughed at her.

"It's a pom squad uniform, princess," said Kim with a huge grin. Her bright blue eyes sparkled and she twirled a long lock of her honey blonde hair as she explained, "You're a total failure as a wrestler and as a boy, obvs, but maybe you'll do better as a pompom girl?"

Standing beside *Kayla*, my arm wrapped tightly around her shoulders, I laughed. "Did you hear, Kim? *Kayla* agreed to be my date for my school's Fall Formal. Maybe you can help her shop for her dress, shoes, and all that feminine princess stuff? Oh, and can she tag along with you and your girls for all of the necessary beauty treatments?"

I felt a massive smile spreading across my face when Kim giggled and nodded enthusiastically, “Of course! The pom squad always does Fall Formals together. And Home Coming as well! Maybe you’d like to take her to our school’s Home Coming dance too? We’ll make it a girls’ weekend!”

“Hey! That wasn’t part of the—” Kayla tried to object, but her new pom squad mates quickly grabbed her and dragged her away into the girls’ locker room. I followed along. There, some of the girls held her down, and stripped off her wrestling singlet and then her boxers, socks, everything. That left her totally naked and humiliated in front of seven laughing girls.

“I brought this, especially for the occasion,” Kim said, holding up a tiny pink plastic device.

“What is it?” I asked, although I had a pretty good guess.

“Let me show you! Girls! Hold Kayla down on the bench!” Kim shouted, as her poms teammates quickly jumped on the frightened sissy and held her helpless on the hard, flat surface. She struggled, but she was never very strong and the four beautiful young women had no trouble pinning her down. After all, I had just done the same thing all by myself!

Kim smiled wickedly as she slipped Kayla’s flaccid penis into the little pink tube, looped a metal ring around her balls, and clicked a small metal lock into place. “Wow! Her clitty sure is tiny! For a second I was worried this chastity device would be too big—and I bought the smallest one they had!”

Kayla shook her head back and forth whining “No! No! This wasn’t part of the bet! Let me go!”

In response, Kim squeezed the sissy’s cheeks and taunted her, “You’re not a guy anymore, Kayla, you’re a girl. Girls don’t have cocks, they have little clitties. Just look at what you have! You know you’ve been a girl all along. We’re just helping you out of your yucky tomboy phase! Starting with a new style!”

With that, Kim reached into one of the lockers and pulled out a plastic lavender garment bag. She unzipped it with a flourish, revealing a sexy little minidress. I'd never seen a flirtier, more feminine dress in my life! It was an off the shoulder, skin tight bodycon ruched flounce style with a ribbon-tied front and detached long sleeves in an alluring ruby red jewel tone.

As the stunned sissy tried in vain to resist, three girls I learned were named Brittany, Katie, and Tanya helped Kim force her into a sexy pink thong, a strapless bra, a lacy garter belt, silky fishnet stockings, and finally the exquisitely slutty little dress. It showed off Kayla's slim little body to perfection.

I was amazed at how feminine Kayla looked, and I'd seen her model bikinis, school girl outfits, you name it! We noticed that the chastity device completely hid her little clitty. Once the girls applied makeup and styled her hair, she was all girl. No one could possibly mistake Kayla for a guy. I know she told you a lot of what we did to her, but she left out this part. Gee I wonder why?

I almost felt badly for her. Almost. She'd just been exposed as a girl in front of a huge crowd, and her soon-to-be pom squad teammates had already dressed her up as a girly girl. I knew she'd be going through a lot of very feminine changes in the next week, but even I had no idea how much! It seems my dear diabolical friend Kimberlee loved to feminize sissies every bit as much as I did!

The next weekend was their college's Home Coming game and dance, and I looked forward to seeing my favorite plaything all dolled up like a beautiful princess!

Chapter Three: Kayla's Ultimate Humiliation

Kimberlee had been one of my best friends for years. Worse from Kayla's point of view, she'd also been the very best of my many co-conspirators in countless schemes to expose Kayla as a 100% emasculated, feminized sissy. She loved playing dolly with the sissy almost as much as I did if not more!

From the way the two of us giggled, it was obvious to Kayla that we'd planned her public humiliation and feminization ahead of time. As I mentioned, the next weekend was Home Coming. Kim and her sorority sisters went right to work on feminizing Kayla. We'd worried that she'd put up more of a fight, but after a while locked in chastity, much of her resistance faded away.

Kimberlee kept me informed about Kayla and their efforts to emasculate her. They really went all-out in sissifying her. I have to admit that I couldn't have done it any better myself! At first, Kayla kept trying to hide from the pompon girls, but we had carefully worked out everything in advance. We let her get a false sense of security, but it was no use. There was no escaping from the trap we set.

First, the girls called in some favors. A fiery redhead named Moira McClure met with her uncle over lunch. He just happened to be the Dean of Students. She used all of her irresistible charm to beguile him, and assured him that "her dear friend Kayla" was trans, but was too shy to ask for a transfer out of the dorms and into their sorority.

Dean McClure was still dubious, even with his kid brother's daughter batting her lashes at him. He wouldn't commit to making permanent changes to Kayla's records until he saw the signed documents affirming every word was true.

A few years earlier, I'd forced Kayla to order a stamp with her signature and give it to me. That sure came in handy when I got her enrolled in girl scouts and a few other emasculating traps I set for him back in high school. It worked again when we had to produce proof that she wanted to

join the sorority and the pompon squad, had legally petitioned to change her college records to “gender: female” with “name: Kayla,” and so on.

Of course Kayla protested when she found out, but thanks to our clever scheming, the school’s records now had her permanently listed as “Kayla Watkins,” and a female. She was officially out of the dorms and assigned to live in the Tau Beta Gamma sorority house as one of the sisters, and a member of the all-girls pompon squad. We made sure there was no a male named Michael Watkins at the college, and the girl named Kayla was no longer on the wrestling team. After I kicked his ass, the coach would have probably kicked her off wrestling anyway.

Like I said, Kayla’s scholarship depended her staying on an athletic team in good standing. Considering that no other sport would have her, that meant she’d have to do her best to stay on the pom squad. She blushed adorably when we explained all of this to her, but she still had no idea what she was in for!

Kimberlee was an incredible girly girl, and she absolutely loved to play with dolls. She assured me that Kayla would not only be going to the Home Coming dance as a very feminine girl, but she’d be wearing the sexiest dress there complete with the most alluring makeup, perched on a pair of skyscraper “Fuck Me” shoes.

As Kayla’s “big sister” in the sorority as well as her chief captor, Kim personally arranged every little aspect of Kayla’s girly “Home Coming Out” as a full fledged sorority sister and pompon girl. She even set up an appointment for a complete makeover for Kayla with all the feminizing treatments included!

Kayla’s new sorority sisters laughed telling me about how they’d donated all of her male clothes to charity, and loaned her a sexy little nightie to wear her first night in the sorority house. Kim told me how they kept the poor thing dressed in pale pink and slinky silk to reinforce her new identity as an ultra feminine pretty little princess.

Working with Brittany Swenson, Kaneesha Martin, and Tanya Norris, Kim woke up the newly-feminized Kayla that first morning. They’d all

plotted and planned every detail, and were ready to go into action now that they had Kayla ensnared as their sorority sister.

The girls teased her mercilessly when she awoke looking completely confused in the totally girly room decorated with mauve walls, under frilly comforter, with cute little stuffed animals arrayed all around her. Tanya pointed at Kayla's little clit struggling to come to an erection inside her clear pink chastity tube saying, “Looks like someone is enjoying her feminization!”

Her shame only multiplied when Kimberlee added, “Yes, she certainly is, and her clitty is so tiny it’ll be very easy to hide in that little device. The first time I saw it, we had her in a teeny green bikini, and there was absolutely no sign of masculinity at all—even without a chastity cage!” All the girls laughed as Kayla shuddered with shame as Kim told everyone about that pool party at my place a few years ago.

The girls quickly stripped off her nightie, and dressed her in a tight denim miniskirt, thick leggings that hid her leg hair, a padded bra under a tight pink top, and two-inch white pumps. They styled her shoulder-length hair into cute high pigtails, tied up with red, green, and black plaid ribbons.

Then, they used makeup—foundation, powder, mascara, eye shadow and eye liner, along with bright bubble gum pink lip gloss—to make Kayla into a vivacious, wide-eyed, and very kissable coed with a sweet, sexy, natural daytime look. When they stood her up in front of a full-length mirror, her whole body shook with humiliation seeing how easily they’d turned her into the very image of a hot little sorority minx.

Laughing at her obvious humiliation, the girls grabbed Kayla and quickly whisked her off to a local mall. There, they began shopping for her new wardrobe. That included forcing her to try on and model everything from bras and panties to skirts and blouses. everything for them. Other customers and the sales girls all complimented her on her “adorable” and “sexy” selections, making her cringe.

Kim and the other girls forced Kayla to shop for everything a flirty college girl needed—lingerie and accessories, dresses and pantyhose, high heels and booties, makeup and outerwear. They made her to buy the most feminine clothes available, and maxed out all of her credit cards in the process.

Poor Kayla! She couldn't believe it when the girls completed the incredibly emasculating experience by marching her to a jewelry store where they had a gorgeous young auburn-haired sales girl named Carlie pierce her ears twice in each lobe, and again on the top through both ears' cartilage.

Carlie giggled with her green eyes shining as she inserted gold hoops in the lowest piercings and brightly sparkling pink studs in the upper ones. Kayla shuddered seeing how feminine this all made her look.

Whatever was left of her male ego was quickly destroyed by all of these stereotypically feminine fashions. Realizing that every single article of clothing they'd bought was totally girly, Kayla begged them to let her buy some pants or shorts.

Kimberlee laughed and shook her head no, 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."

Kayla started to throw a tantrum and demanded that they take her home, but Kim knew how to handle a bratty girl. She took out a wooden paddle with the sorority's name on it, and told the other sisters, "Grab her!"

Kaneesha and Tanya held Kayla down on the counter, and with Carlie looking on with wide eyes, Kim smacked the feminized boy's ass. Once, twice, three times! By this point, Kayla was yelping in pain and tears had begun running down her cheeks. "Lucky we used waterproof mascara on her!" Brittany said.

"We have to get you looking 'cheer-tastic' for your debut at Saturday's game!" said Kimberlee as she and Tanya grabbed Kayla by her

arms and escorted their thoroughly dominated and totally feminized new sorority sister into a large beauty salon called “Femme Fatale.”

As the group of girls entered the elaborately, exquisitely decorated feminine salon, a young girl with pink highlighted hair welcomed them. 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?”

Kayla tried to break free and escape her fate when she heard the words “Pompom Pampering Special.” Brittany and Kim were ready for that, however. They grabbed her and held her in place as Tanya brought out the paddle. A quick smack on her ass with the hard wooden disciplinary device brought her to heel.

I can’t even imagine how humiliated she was at that time. She understood that she was about to experience endless emasculating spa treatments, but nothing could have prepared her for the incredibly involved feminization that awaited her!

Kimberlee said, “Start with Kayla here. She’s our newest cheerleader and she needs the most TLC to get cheer ready!” A cute, petite Latina woman named Juanita had joined the little group, and she nodded her head. Like Melanie, she was wearing a pink smock with her name stitched over her pocket.

“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 Anna Lynne. She was a tall, lanky brunette whose smock identified her like the other girls who worked at the spa.

Before Kayla could protest, the two girls grabbed her and pulled her back toward the rear of the salon and into one of the areas cordoned off for privacy. Juanita smiled at her 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 body!”

Anna Lynne nodded eagerly and pushed Kayla down onto a clinical-looking metal table. She repeated Juanita’s instructions saying, “Strip down to your panties, Kayla, then get your cute little ass up here!” She then patted the table which was covered with protective paper.

Kayla obeyed as if in a daze. Obviously her burning ass cheeks and time in chastity had extinguished any rebelliousness. She kicked off her heels, unsnapped her denim miniskirt and let it slide down her legs. Then, she shimmied out of it and pulled off her tights. Finally, she unbuttoned her pink top and slipped it off of her shoulders.

The subjugated, sissified former-male piled her clothes neatly on a chair. She gasped in embarrassment when Anna Lynne winked at her and said, “Such a sexy bra and panties set! They look so hot on you. Your body is so slim and feminine, if I didn’t know any better I’d think you’d been born a girl!”

Kayla had mixed emotions hearing that she’d been clocked as a sissy. She was torn between hoping that she’d passed as a girl to avoid having to explain why she was a guy getting a beauty makeover versus clinging to whatever tiny shred of masculinity that had her praying that she was too male to ever be mistaken for a girl.

“Oh don’t feel bad, pretty girl,” the beautiful beautician assured Kayla, “if your sorority sisters hadn’t told me, I’d never have guessed you weren’t born a girl!”

This was the worst of both worlds for her, being exposed while a sexy girl assured her that she was absolutely feminine enough to pass!

Kayla swooned hearing this, She was shocked at finding out that she was girlish enough to easily pass for female. I guess she'd tried to deny her natural femininity, even though her sorority sisters had so easily transformed her into one of the girls. In reality, no one could tell she has ever been a guy the whole day at the mall, even though the sexy sissy was in denial about that.

My little dress up doll was overwhelmed with humiliation as she realized that Anna Lynne knew her former gender. Exacerbating Kayla's embarrassment, the sexy girl pointed at her tiny would-be erection completely contained within the chastity device and laughed out loud! "OMG it's so small!" she said, "no wonder you want to be a girl, and a sexy little pompon girl at that!"

Kayla's head spun and she almost fainted with the utter degradation! She finally understood the bitter truth! Her sorority sisters had told the spa staff that she wanted to be transformed into a girl and was a member of the all-girls pom squad! She blushed deeply and slowly stripped off her bra, then scampered onto the table and laid on her back to await her next ordeal.

"Good girl," said Anna Lynne, as she began apply hot wax all over her legs, arms, and chest. "I see you have about the same amount of body hair as any typical girl," she said, then asked, "how long have you been on hormones?"

Stunned by the question and too ashamed to say she wasn't taking estrogen or testosterone blockers—at least not yet—Kayla just shrugged.

If Anna Lynne noticed Kayla's reaction, she ignored it and 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 counted down, "One! Two!" then pulled on the cloth tearing out a whole lot of Kayla's body hair at the roots. "Three!" the spa staffer 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 to whatever little was left of Kayla's masculinity as Anna Lynne methodically yanked away one strip of cloth after another, and with it all of the emasculated sissy's body hair below her eyebrows.

She had Kayla flip over and continued the painful process until her legs, arms, under arms and chest were entirely bare, silky, and oh so feminine. Anna Lynne pulled down the new girl's panties with a flick of her wrist and giggled at her tiny cock again.

"OMG it really is just a swollen little clitty!" she said, making both the "clitty" and its humiliated owner shrivel in humiliation. She grabbed an electric razor and used it to trim Kayla's "bush" into a cute little heart shape.

I picked that exact moment to walk over and chimed in, "Yes, such a cute little clitty! And OH MY GAWD that heart shape is just too adorable for words!" I laughed loudly seeing my favorite prey's face light up as red as a stop light, but I was just getting started. "I never even thought of trimming her little bush like that!"

I delighted in seeing Kayla gasping, exasperated at this latest insult to the last remaining shreds of her already minuscule masculinity. I giggled watching Anna Lynne waxing her tiny balls. The obvious pain made Kayla snap back to attention, causing her to yelp in a high pitched squeak that sounded exactly like a girl's voice, probably even to her sexy triple-pierced ears! I burst into another round of raucous laughter at Kayla's discomfort and her dainty girlish reaction.

"Almost done!" Anna Lynne chirped, as Kayla's eyes watered from the stinging pain all over her tortured skin. The sophisticated beautician expertly shaped her brows and tinted them until they were perfectly shaped into high delicate and unmistakably feminine arches. "Perfect brows for a pretty little cheer princess!" she smiled.

I giggled again, too overcome with hilarity to even speak, so I nodded in agreement. When I calmed down enough to regain my power of speech, I

twisted the knife saying, “I’d never wear my brows in such a feminine girly girl style! Then again, I’m not such a princess like you, Kayla!”

Kayla saw that the reflection in the mirrored wall proved I was right. She couldn’t deny that her face had been totally transformed into a very stylish-looking girl’s visage. Her entire body shook as she saw that of the three girls reflected in the image, she was the girliest girl by far!

Anna Lynne gently pampered her screaming skin with soothing cream that helped to ease her physical pain, but did nothing to elevate her shame at her newly feminized face and body. I laughed watching her finish off the first phase of Kayla’s spa-based feminization by gluing two very realistic C-cup sized breast forms onto her hairless chest. They even had realistic areola and nipples!

“These are among the most lifelike boobs on the market,” she explained. Not missing a trick, I mocked, “I hope you’ll be satisfied with them Kayla, at least until you grow your own or maybe get some implants!”

By this point, Kayla was blushing even more deeply, overwhelmed with humiliation. “There’s no way I can hide these!” she cried. I smiled at her knowingly, watching her eyes go wide as she felt the weight of her new breasts and experienced them jiggling with her slightest motion.

“Of course not! Why would you want to, sexy lady?” Anna Lynne asked, looking confused. I was going to say something, but I was once again convulsed with laughter. I realized that it was somehow more embarrassing if Anna Lynne thought Kayla wanted all of this emasculation rather than knowing she’d been dominated and manipulated into becoming a force-feminized sexy little sorority girl!

I sat by grinning as Anna Lynne gave Kayla a manicure and a pedicure, shaping her nails and coating them with sparkling pink polish. This, after affixing half-inch acrylic nails to each of her fingers. When that was done, we escorted her to Juanita’s station.

I was giggling the whole time. With growing exuberance, I watched Juanita attach long hair extensions to her scalp one-by-one, and then brush a thick strong-smelling paste onto her newly elongated locks. The beautiful olive-skinned beautician buzzed excitedly and chatted with me as she worked.

Juanita told our totally feminized boy, “Your hair will be so sexy, just like all of your cheer teammates!” She smiled and added, “I’m using sewn-in extensions, so they’ll stay in place when you dance and cheer! I’ll dye them a stunning red with wine highlight, it’ll be such a sexy look for your coloring!”

While we were waiting for “the process” to finish, Anna Lynne returned and injected Kayla’s lips with “plumper.” It clearly hurt her quickly evaporating male ego worse than any stinging the needles caused. I giggled watching her face take on an ultra flirty look with alluringly kissable lips. Juanita washed out her hair and gave her a Brazilian blow out, making her hair thick and full, with permanent curls and sexy burgundy undertones!

Chapter Five: Feminizing Kayla Into My Princess

At that point, I slipped away. I had to get ready for the big dance, so I let Kayla's sorority sisters get her ready for her "Home Coming Out" as a sexy girl. They didn't disappoint.

Back at the sorority house, Kayla's new sisters were shocked by her transformation so far. They doted on the pretty princess from her triple pierced ears and femininely arched eyebrows all the way down to her pink pedicured toes. They loved her silky smooth body, her cock-sucking full lips, her ultra girlish hair style, and all the rest.

Tanya held up a sexy pink party dress that Kayla 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 her primped, painted, and posed just like a pretty princess. They declared themselves "The Glam Squad," and high-fived each other at their success in turning Kayla into a "sexy snack."

As a special surprise, I decided to accompany Kayla to the Home Coming Dance, wearing a tux of course. I treated her "just like the feminine princess she looked like," holding doors open for her, and even putting a flowery corsage on her "dainty little wrist." I loved every minute of it, even as Kayla felt waves of humiliation.

I smirked at her in her fluffy pink princess dress. I tormented her as I walked her into the ball room, reaching under the hem to trace the lace on her sexy thong panties and garter belt, and snapping her 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 Kayla to the cheerleading team. Practicing dainty, coquettish dance moves with a bunch of giggly girls was unnerving and totally embarrassing for her.

Still, the full ramifications of this bizarre turn of events only hit her when she had to suit up for her first football game. She wore the exact same

flirty, feminine uniform as the other cheer girls, including a very tight, tiny skirt and tight crop top that was little more than a sports bra. They were both in navy blue and white, trimmed in gold.

Kim made her hold a pair of pompons in the same colors. Kayla wore her hair pinned up in a high ponytail with a huge, ultra feminine ribbon that also matched her tight little skirt and sexy crop top. Of course she was also made up flamboyantly, and had to wear a pair of panties as well as matching blue and white girl's cheerleading briefs underneath her skirt.

It would be humiliating enough if only the other pompon girls saw her, but Kayla wasn't so lucky. Instead, to her eternal embarrassment, this was the biggest game of the year, the Home Coming Game. She was there fully feminized, on display in front of everyone—almost the entire student body, countless alumni, and hundreds of parents, including her own mother.

Everyone in the stands saw her flouncing around on the sidelines and on the field, exactly like the other cheer girls, wearing the exact same sexy uniform. They all watched her gyrate and shake her booty and boobs. Everyone saw her! After the game, Mrs. Watkins gushed about her “beautiful daughter finally coming out as the girl she was always meant to be.”

I couldn't miss this, of course! I'd traveled from my college to watch Kayla's greatest humiliation in person. Grabbing her after that first game, I gave her a deep kiss. Then, I gleefully reminded her, “You know you'll have to cheer at every football game, and soon you'll be twerking, sashaying, and pirouetting at every basketball game as well. That'll be even more humiliating for you with the crowd so much closer than at the football games,” I laughed.

I called Kimberlee over and gave her a complete list of the dress, shoes, and lingerie Kayla would have to wear for my fall formal. Kim laughed loudly as she perused the incredibly sexy couture I selected. Over Kayla's loud objections, the girls dragged her to the mall for another

makeover and forced her to try on dozens of pretty party dresses until they agreed they'd found "the one!"

Back at the sorority house, Kayla again tried to resist, but her sorority sisters held her down and spanked any stubbornness out of her. She was helpless to resist them and, within a few hours, they forced her to pose before a full-length mirror in a stylish little black dress. The sexy, scalloped hem tickled her knees, and left the tops of her 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 them laughed and laughed. I can attest to that, as the silly slut flashed me and other people more than once during the big dance.

I looked at Kayla and couldn't see a shred of masculinity left in her. Her hair was long, wavy, and silky smooth. It was colored a seductive burgundy red. Her face was made up perfectly with smoky, alluring eyes, dainty eyebrows and a flawlessly smooth porcelain face. Her scarlet lips looked bee-stung, kissable, and oh so feminine.

Once again, I wore a tux as her date. I had looked forward to escorting her to the Fall Formal for weeks. I coddled her like a delicate flower, whispering into her ear with a mocking baby talk tone as I led her onto the dance floor. I sniffed her flowery perfume, squeezed her ass, and never let her forget that I'd completely transformed her into the feminine girl she was always meant to be.

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

As we danced, with me leading of course, I nibbled on her earlobe, and with a smirk I informed me that we'd be spending Thanksgiving with my family, the Wendells. Before she could object I said, "We'll be spending Christmas and New Years Eve with my folks as well."

She gaped as I giggled at her, "That means you'll be spending both vacations in panties, bras, skirts, and dresses! You'll love it, girl!"

Afterward by the Author

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XOX

Mindi Harris