

SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE

SORORITY GIRL CHEERLEADER



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE SORORITY GIRL CHEERLEADER PART I

**By Janice Wildflower Gemini**

## **Introduction**

As a boy dressed and living as a college co-ed, a girl, in a sorority house, after having just become a cheerleader I was in an impossible situation, and didn't know how I was going to get out of it. I think what made it even worse, at the time, was that after telephoning my mom to try to get some assistance to help out of the situation she had no sympathy for me, laughed and told me it served

me right and was in no hurry to rescue her son from such a fate. It was after explaining the situation to my mom and asking her to help get me out of it and back to being a boy, and after she had absorbed the entire story in the circuitous way I had told it, as I had attempted to hide as much of my situation as I could while she none the less had gotten the entire embarrassing story out of me, and then it was after she just couldn't stop laughing at me and the situation into which I had gotten myself that I really knew I was in trouble.

And I was right, for then she told me that it served me right, and laughed some more. And she didn't even view it as an emergency situation. She told me it would be at least two weeks before she could come over to me; and then perhaps get me out of my predicament, if she thought I had learned my lesson by then. I had caught her in between business trips and she was off shortly and couldn't cut it short just to bail me out of wearing dresses, when it was nothing less than I deserved. At the time, the thought that she might leave me, her son, living as a sorority girl and a cheerleader was terrifying. I begged her, and again she told me two weeks sweat heart, and that's if I behaved myself, and then she hung up, with a last laugh at her son's expense. And as it turned out though she showed in two weeks as promised, but she didn't quite think I had quite learned my lesson...

Listening to my friends and girlfriend I had gotten myself into that situation, pretending to be a girl and then stuck in that role. And embarrassing, as it was for me, my mom still didn't see it as a problem. I had explained the situation to my mom and ask her for help. And after I explained my situation she just told me it served me right and repeated it getting a kick out of rubbing it in, because she had warned me and I hadn't listened. No sympathy at all for me in my situation. She laughed at me and told me,

her son that it served me right to be dressed as a girl, completely, and having to perform as a cheerleader and live in a sorority house as a pledge all while having to attend college as a girl. And she told me that I would have to put up with it for those two weeks before she could make the trip out to rescue me. And my begging did no good; there was nothing I could do but put up with the situation. She told me she couldn't get out there any earlier, and even if she could have, she wouldn't, because I needed to live with the results of my foolishness to teach me a lesson. And since there was no getting back to being a boy until my mom got there to rescue me I had at least another two weeks of living as a girl with continued feminization to put up with, and there weren't any indications that it would get better, and every indication that it would continue to get worse.

The only good thing coming out of that conversation was that I finally figured out how I got labeled as a transgender, which had turned temporarily dressing up as a girl to try out for the cheerleader team from a stupid fraternity hazing prank into permanent mode of dress, and even worse, life style for me. During my conversation with my mom when I was trying to get her to help me out as soon as possible when my mom asked me how bad it could be I told her that I was completely dressed as a girl, living as a girl and a member of the cheerleading team. How worse could it get for a guy? And it was partially her fault as for some reason she had told some councilor that I had always wanted to be a girl and signed a paper indicating that I was transgender and so I was stuck with that designation and the situation of being allowed, and as it turned out, actually forced, by the college to dress and live as a girl until she showed up in person and cleared up the matter.

Well she told me she had never had such a discussion with any counselor for the school and had never signed such a paper and we went back and forth about it, until my sister walked in. Mom spoke with sis and mom came back to the telephone laughing again. Apparently my sister impersonating my mom had told the school I was transgender and had always wanted to be a girl and in fact had even done a bit of cheerleading in a skirt after being contacted by the school counseling services about my escapades as a cheerleader; and had gotten a boyfriend who was interning to send the school the appropriate medical papers. She explained to mom she thought that would have kept me out of trouble over the matter; and would have kept my mom, from finding out about it. My sister had assumed correctly that I had been involved in some pledging prank, after mom had told me absolutely no pledging. But I am sure, knowing sis, it hadn't been her intention to get me out of trouble, only to make it worse for me; but she wouldn't let mom know that. Little did she know what she would be getting me into was real trouble and into life as a coed.

Mom then got serious for a moment and told me to just walk away from it as they can't really force me to dress as a girl and be a cheerleader; and I explained why I couldn't and that they could and how circumstances did force me to stay a cheerleader, and the rest of my life as a girl just then fell into place. The situation was such that I had lost my sports scholarship, which partially paid my tuition, for as a supposed transgender presenting myself as a girl I couldn't play on the boy's team. So the way things had been worked out the Cheerleading Team Coach had found another partial scholarship for me as a cheerleader offered by my sorority and so and I was stuck on the cheerleading team and pledging the sorority to keep that scholarship. That is until my mother got there and explained the situation and got me out from under

the transgender label so I could get my original sports scholarship back and could drop the cheerleader sorority thing.

Then the presenting my self as a girl then got her attention and I had to explain that, and how it was part of joining a fraternity. When I had to explain the whole cheerleading thing I just cut my legs out from under me and there was no way mom was running over to bail me out as quickly as possible. She was definitely going to let me stew for a while. The whole mess started with a fraternity-pledging stunt, and my mother had absolutely forbid me to pledge my dad's old frat, so when that came out as the source of the problem there was no way my mom was bailing me out right away. I would have to wait the two weeks until she got around to it.

Then forgetting the sorority part of the scholarship she told me to go back to my dorm and stop pledging the sorority. Even if I was a cheerleader until she got there, and why couldn't just live in a dorm. Well I couldn't. There wasn't a place for me in either the boys' dormitories or the girls' dormitories. I was actually lucky to have gotten a spot in the sorority house.

The sorority had pledged me because I was a cheerleader, and in actuality I had become one, at least for the short term, and because I was a legacy, it was my mom's old sorority. The as I had been listed as a transgender I could actually pledge a sorority, and as it turned out they wanted me regardless and they had an accommodation that would work under the circumstances. And so as long as I was stuck a cheerleader I was stuck pledging the sorority. I couldn't afford off campus accommodations, and who would take me?

My mom still stuck with the two-week wait. She told me it would be two weeks and for me to make the best out of being a coed, as I was living every girl's dream of

making a sorority and the cheerleader squad, it would be a good life lesson for me. And almost as a second thought she told me, and not quite kidding, that at least she was very happy that at least one of her children had followed in her footsteps and had become a cheerleader and a sorority girl, joining her old sorority and her old college cheerleading team, even if it was her son. However, she would rescue me, that was unless I changed my mind in the interim, and decided to stay a co-ed. But she really couldn't get there any earlier under any circumstances, and none of my winning would do any good as I had brought this entire thing on myself and should pay the price.

And when she did get down there, and before she rescued me, if she did, I had better be ready to introduce her to my sorority sisters, and she wanted to hear good things about me, or she would leave me in dresses. And she also expected to see me in my cheerleader outfit participating with the team, or she would leave me to spend the semester in my uniform learning cheers. She expected me to be a good sport about the whole thing and take my punishment. And if she had to make the trip to the college she expected me to make it worth her while... sorority and cheerleader participation or no bail out.

And of course I really had no choice in the matter and realized even if I hadn't intended to maintain a low profile about the situation and go with the program for the short term, I had just been convinced to do so. I did not want to further anger my mother. She was my only source of rescue. Now at that point I probably could have walked away from the whole thing, albeit in a dress cause I couldn't get access to my boy clothing; but I would have lost my scholarship and my chance at a college education, at least for that year.



So I was stuck for two weeks as a coed, or so I thought, just two weeks. Well I thought it wasn't any worse than a bad frat hazing, and I would live through it. The embarrassment wouldn't kill me. But the circumstances that just fell into place which fixed it so that I wouldn't be able to pass as a boy, at least a straight one, by the time the two weeks were over, and mother to the rescue or not it would be very difficult for me to represent myself as a boy once every one was done with me. So my sports scholarship as a male was over for that year, and the only way I would be able to stay in school was as a coed cheerleader, and the only place I had to live was in the sorority house. And the killer was once locked into that mode I just became more and more of a girl. And I also wound up playing tennis with the girl's team, doing the whole prom thing as a coed, and after the fraternity-sorority talent show with my role in the burlesque number getting nominated as one of the sexiest girls on campus. But I get ahead of myself.

And then by the time my mom actually got to see me and spend a weekend with me at her old sorority house she found herself happy with her situation, that of mother to a cheerleader and sorority girl following in her footsteps at her college, even if it was her son. And then she was able to rationalize my situation, and accept me as her other daughter. I mean she took me to the beauty parlor and shopping for more girl things and started treating me like a daughter. It was actually nice, the mother – daughter bindings; but also really horrible being treated and accepted by my own mom as a girl.

And if that hadn't been enough, the school student services and student health services got involved and by the time the nurse and counselor were done with me, I was really stuck as a girl for at least another semester; which seemed to work for everyone... but me.

## Chapter I: Getting Ready for the Cheerleader Try-Outs as a Fraternity Hazing

I was a bit nerdy though not quite a nerd, but leaning towards it; while my two college buddies from freshman year were regular types, but as I had helped them out academically they had stood with me and we hung together when I wasn't with my more academically inclined friends. And I actually had a girl friend and though not a nerd and actually a "looker" she had a thing for the type of boys she could alpha doge it around. She was a junior and I was a sophomore, if you get the picture. My two buddies convinced me to go along with them and try out for a frat. It worked out as my dad had been a member the fraternity so the fraternity took me in as a legacy and I grew on them so I was pretty much in. And so were my friends, though on their own; and we all got to pledge.

During the hazing period each pledge had to dress up as a girl and try to pledge a sorority or try out for the cheerleaders. It was a lottery situation and I got picked for the cheerleader tryouts. Typically for the cheerleader thing the frat guys dress up as girls in tights and girls shorts, a stuffed bra and girl's tee shirt, with makeup and make the best of it, an embarrassing situation at best. The pledges are all sophomores and all typically have girl friends that help them out. Then depending on the coach running the try outs and her sense of humor or her feeling of having been put upon by those frat boys the "punishment" can run any where from a quick good-by fellow, nice try etc. to actually getting a kick line try out which was always a real killer for the guys, and in both cases typically with a short detention for a day or two.

I was worried about the detention as I had a job interview for an on-campus job, associated with my partial scholarship, to help make ends meet. And if I missed the

interview then I would not even be eligible for that job, with that type of detention. It was an open interview already scheduled and that was it. So I was debating about just skipping the whole frat thing, as my mom had cautioned me against it anyway; and wouldn't be happy if she knew I was pledging a fraternity. But there were my two buddies egging me on and my girl friend thought it would be nice if her boy friend could offer her a fraternity ring. The solution my girl friend came up with was to actually pass as a girl at the cheerleaders try out, or at least prepare for the worst and to not get caught as a boy, and then there wouldn't be any threat of a detention. I would just be forced to go through with most of the cheer leader try out, or in a worst case scenario the whole try out, while the other guys would get a pass on that, and then I could leave, no foul no harm.

Cindy my girlfriend was a junior and had sort of adopted me, a sophomore, as her boyfriend; towards the end of the year before when I had been a freshman and she had been a sophomore. She liked that I was smart, quick on the uptake, with a good sense of humor, and treated girls, and her especially as equals. Oh, yea, and I took orders well, could cook a bit, and knew how to do laundry and could iron, and on various occasions performed some or all of those functions for her, in exchanged for... her keeping me happy.

I discussed with Cindy that the problem with that solution, we me actually passing as a girl though it was in theory a good idea; it wouldn't be that easy to pass, to really pass as a girl. Having a mother who had been a college cheerleader, and at that very school, and a sister who had been a high school cheerleader, I was familiar with cheerleading and the tryouts. I explained to Cindy that there was a possibility, depending on the turn out, that if I actually passed as a girl, albeit a tom-boyish one, that I

just might have to suit up, that is put on the cheerleader outfit, and at that point my package would be a dead give away, and I would definitely get detention, and have to suffer being totally embarrassed, having had to appear in that short skirted costume and cheerleader panties, when none of the other pledges would have had to do. And if I got marched off in that cheerleader skirt I would never live that one down. So as much as I did not want to drop the frat, I might be forced to. If I missed that interview and ran into problems with college living expenses, then what would have even been the point of joining a frat?

Cindy told me, "If you really want to have your cake and eat it too, we have some time to get you ready for this, and I may be able to get you passable as a girl, even if exposed, you'll forgive me, in cheerleader panties. I have a girlfriend who works at a local bar where there is a transvestite show every once in a while, and I've seen them in outfits so tight down there and they still look like girls down there, so there must be a way of hiding it. And if there is, I'll find out how. We'll give it a try and then you can always walk away. But let's not give up so easily. I don't like a quitter and you aren't a quitter. And it would be nice if my boyfriend was a fraternity guy. And besides I think you'll make a cute cheerleader and there might be a bonus in it for you, if you let me be your quarterback." We'll she was the lead in our sex life, so if role reversal worked for her I would give the cheerleader thing a try, at least in the bedroom. I liked her being in charge and I liked being allowed to be the passive one in our lovemaking and in our relationship in general. All my life I had taken orders from females, first my mother and then my sister, and for the most part it hadn't been problematic for me.

Cindy explained, "And we have two girls in the sorority going out for the cheerleader team, who might help

you. They went to a girl's finishing school. So they know every thing about being lady like and they may be able to help you to pass as a girl, and might also be able to show you enough about cheerleading to fake it and pass as a girl. They know how to act like ladies and know some of the cheer leading routines, and you know the girls, Alice and Nancy, and have helped them out with there school work more times than I can recall. So I am sure they would work with you, if I asked them to. I am the older sorority sister. And any way they like you and owe you the favor. And if this goes as planned then I will be waiting outside for you, so again, worse case scenario, and you are making the team, when everyone is suiting up, you just sneak out the back door and I'll be there to whisk you away, before any one gets to see you in a skirt."

I told Cindy I didn't know about asking those girls to teach how to pass as a girl and to teach me cheerleading, it was too embarrassing, but if she would and they were willing I would give the whole thing a try. After all I really wanted to make the fraternity, if she wanted me to make it.

So Cindy asked, and Alice and Nancy said they would give it a try, as they thought it would be a kick, assuming I cooperated, fully cooperated that was, and at least they would give it a try and do the best they could, but made no promises. They did think I had some possibilities to pass as a tomboyish girl but didn't really think a boy could pick up on the type of cheerleading girls did. But they did owe me and did like me, as a friend, so were ready to go, regardless of whether I was passable or not. And they thought it would be fun, having me dressed up as a girl and teaching me to pass as a girl, whether or not I could actually pick up on the cheers. Though they didn't want to waist their time. And when they took a good look at me they smiled, and told me, "Yes, Chris, you do have

some potential as a girl, and if anyone can bring it out it would be us." And they told Cindy, "Yes, it might be fun to teach Chris girly stuff and watch him trying to pass as a girl at the cheerleader try outs. We do owe him the favor, if it can be called that. But he will have to give it his all. No half-way attempts at being a girl. We don't want to waist our time or feel that we are being used. This won't be a joke or half hearted. If we are to teach Chris to be a girl we are really going to teach him to be a girl." And so I had to agree to be serious about the whole thing and not campy, and to do every thing I was told to do...or else.

So I agreed to give it a try and Cindy found out about and introduced me much to my embarrassment to the art of inserting my male attributes into my body, so that with support panties and the right type of girdle on or with a specialized girdle just made for tucking I would appear as flat as a girl and would have a chance to actually pass as a girl; even in a cheerleader outfit with my skirt up. Additionally, under the circumstances she was able to and borrowed for me a pair of high quality, though a bit worse for the wear, breast prosthesis to top off my look, and was also able to borrow a professional quality padded high waist girdle made to be used with tucking, and so I really appeared to be a girl where it counted. Though in return I had to agree to make a trip over to the club to show off in my cheerleader get up if I actually made the team and got into a cheerleader outfit. And I agreed thinking little chance of that. Little did I know?

Her girlfriend, the bartender, introduced Cindy to a number of the local transvestite performers at the bar who got a kick out of the whole thing and explained various methods of hiding and passing and gave her, for me to use, the breast forms and the padded and waist cinching panty girdle. Cindy called me over to her sorority house and up in her room and we got started. She had me strip

down to my jockey shorts and slip into a tight pair of girl's gym shorts, for the last time over my male underwear. Stepping back to look she told me, "The legs ain't bad. You know that shaved and in cheerleader stockings, the legs could just pass for those of an athletic girl. Now let's see how you look with breasts?" Then she got me into my first bra and inserted the breast forms. And then with one of her tee shirts on I looked passable. I mean my hair was long, my face was roundish, without much hair, and I was slim enough. Just the shoulder hip ratio was off. She took a look at me and told me, "You know, this might work. You are just a tad broad in the shoulder, but with the padded girdle I borrowed for you, that won't matter as much. So let's try the insertion technique for you're package. You look girlish enough, and once you're flat I think you will actually look like a girl. It's the toughest way to go, but I think it is the only way that will insure you pass and get by undetected. And it doesn't matter what else says 'boy' if you are flat down there, people just assume you are a girl. And with these breasts backing that up, you will be a girl."

We were at the sorority house and she had cleared it with her friends, so we had the use of the bathroom and some privacy for an hour or so. She had me strip down and took me into the bathroom. She told me to wash around my private parts and left for a moment. When she returned the first thing she did was to start to masturbate me; which was always a good way to get my attention and control over me, and stop any discussions. For some reason it was a favorite of hers, and had always been part of our sex play. I think because it gave her so much control over me. Then at the point I really wanted release, she stopped and she got down to the nasty part of my transformation. She took an electric trimmer and shaved that area completely. As I objected she just played with my stiffness and that kept me in line and letting her have her

way. After that it was really almost too late. Then she used depilatory to remove any stubble, and then it was really too late. Once that was over she smiled and took my thing and released me, much to my enjoyment, and of course after that I was totally under her control until that glow wore off. She again left for a moment and told me again to clean myself off and then meet her in her bedroom. My male and female clothing was gone and so I wrapped a towel around me and joined her in her bedroom.

Once there she first put me back in the bra and inserted the breast forms and then she had me lay down on the bed on a towel. Then before I realized it I was cuffed and at under her complete control. She explained, "It will just be easier this way, I won't have to deal with your objections, and I think a bit more fun for me. I don't like to start some thing and not at least give it a fair shake, and I can see you are already ready to back out of this. Well I planned for that, and this is it. I love you. But you can be a bit of a wimp at times." I of course objected, but she told me she didn't have time to discuss the matter, and stuffed a pair of her panties into my mouth and taped over it, so I couldn't speak, let alone object. Now I was even more hesitant about the plan, but Cindy wasn't letting me back out.

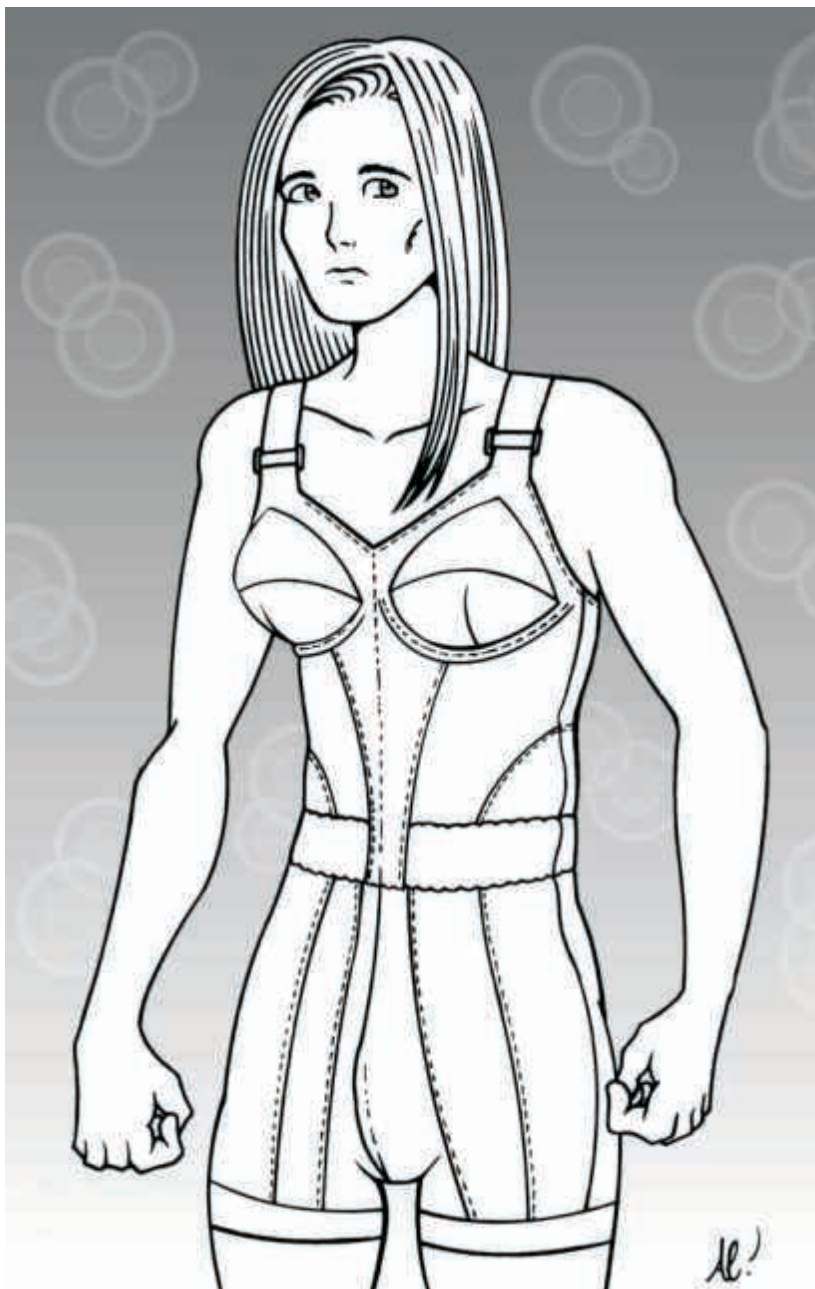
Then she wrapped tape around my softening penis, around the base until she created a tube. That wasn't so bad so I couldn't yet figure out why the restraints. I thought kinky. Then she applied a cold ice pack, and I knew why she had fixed it so I couldn't move away. She left it there until I was numb and I don't think I would have put up with that if I could have stopped it, or at least I would have been argumentative and the restraint put a stop to that. And the panty in my mouth muffled the shriek. Now between the release and the cold my testes



had shrunk to nothing. At that point she took them one at a time and pushed them into me. Again the restraints prevented any discussion on the matter though the pain was short lived, I don't think I would have let her do it twice. After each one was respectively pushed in, she taped the area, therefore the reason for the hair removal. Then she pushed my penis in to the tube and closed it over with more tape, that had already been sort of cut and shaped for that purpose, so that only the head was exposed, so sitting I could pee, thought I would have to lean forward to get the flow pointing down into the bowl. Finally she pulled my scrotum up and over the newly flattened area and with more pre-shaped tape she taped it down creating the shape of a female's groin area. Looking at it I was stunned at the transformation. Cindy standing back and looking at her handy work was smiling.

Cindy smiled and told me, "You know I wouldn't believe it, but you're not only flat, but you kind a look like a girl down there. My groin was totally flat and even looked like a female's groin and I couldn't believe it. It showed on my face. Next Cindy slide a heavy pair of nylon panties on me, cut tight and clinging to me, the feel of which against my shaved and shaped scrotum and groin was actually delightful. It was my first feel of females nylon clothing and it actually felt wonderful and a bit of a turn on against my naked and hairless skin. And again looking at me down there the look was of a girl. Finally she slipped a really controlling high waist, padded, tucking panty girdle on me, and tugged it into place, as it was tight and even tighter around the waist. It wasn't going to shift, too tight, and it would make sure nothing else shifted or dropped to give me away or more importantly cause pain. And it was well padded to give me girlish hips and a girlish butt and with a high tight waist which took some inches off my waist, that is where my girl waist

would be, and thereby also accentuating my hips and butt.



And the padding in the girdle was of silicone, not foam, and so it moved on me like a genuine part of me, and not padding. The girdle was also lined with satiny nylon so it could be worn without panties and still feel comfortable, so without panties the lines could be neater and the bottom could be opened so one could relieve themselves like any girl would. My new look for that part of my body was totally feminine. It wasn't show girl feminine, or even top of the figure line feminine, but I looked female enough around the hips and waist to pass as a girl, a typical 18 or 19 year old college coed. Finally she rolled a pair of heavy cheerleader panty hose on to me and had me shift around so she could get them in place. As she ran her hands along the nylon legs to get them pulled taught, I felt chills going up my spine. I didn't know what was happening. I liked it, but I didn't like it.

She then released me, and had me and let me free my mouth. Then she had me stand in front of a full-length mirror. I just looked like a girl. My figure, while not voluptuous was feminine. I had passable breasts, a slimmed and definitely feminine waist, a rounded feminine butt and rounded feminine hips, and I was totally flat down there, with a feminine shaped groin, the effect of re-shaping my scrotum. Now my roundish face set off by my long hair just looked tomboyish and definitely not boyish. And then when she combed my hair into bangs to cover my forehead I was even more passable. I looked like a girl, like a coed in this case, and I knew that appearance wise I could pass even in the short skirted cheerleader outfit which I only might have to don, let alone in the short and tee shirt outfit I would start off in. Looking at my self in the mirror and seeing me with a girl's figure for the first time was really weird and gave me a strange thrill. The reflection was me, but in a girl's body with breasts and hips and a nice shapely rear. Looking at my self in the mirror I ran my hands along my figure to make

sure every thing was really there and on me and it was. And looking at myself as I checked my self out, running my hands along my bra and girdle waist cincher and pantyhose, with the feels of those materials was almost like "feeling up" a girl; only the girl was me. It was weirdly sensual. It was like being on a drug. The look and feel was addictive to me, and I felt it to my core and wanted out. It was too dangerous for me. For some reason I was really feeling like I was a girl.

I looked at my girl friend and I told her "Thanks, but no thanks. This is too scary for me. No how, no way. I really look like a girl, I am not doing this. Even if I don't get caught I couldn't live this down. And if I'm not careful there is an outside chance I could even make the team." And what I didn't tell her was that I found the panties and panty hose stockings and even the girdle very comfortable and even a bit sensual. And that seeing myself as a girl in lingerie, though frightening, was also calming in a strange way; and a bit of a turn on. I don't know what had predisposed me to such feelings, but I was having them and knew I had to get out.

Well Cindy didn't think she was going to let me back out, at least not yet, and she told me so. And as it turned out she had prepared for this possibility. Before I realized it, she had snapped my photograph with her phone camera and walked out of her dorm room. It was too late to grab her, and the first thing I did was look for my clothes, so I could run after her, but they were gone. It was then too late to catch up with her, but as I needed my clothes I started to look for them before trying to get my body back to normal. I mean I didn't want to be running around her dorm room in the nude, in case on of the sorority girls walked in. It was better to be caught in the bra and girdle if Cindy wasn't going to be there to offer an explanation. And because I wasn't too sure how easy it would have

been to get that tape off and so I just wanted to get my own clothes on as soon as possible.

Any way I couldn't find my clothes, but shortly after leaving she returned. She just wanted to get the photograph out of my reach, so I would be less argumentative about what she wanted me to do. When she came back she told me, "I've gone to a bit of trouble to help you out on this and I don't think it is right for you to just walk away from it because it is a bit scary. That's not very male of you. And Nancy and Alice are waiting and I promised them a look at you as a girl. And surprisingly I find you make a rather cute and interesting girl, so even I think you should give it a fair try. So let's get you dressed in something not so revealing and you can give it a try. If Nancy and Alice give it the thumbs down, we'll all walk away from it. But I think its fun. You really look amazing." And then jokingly, at least I thought jokingly she added, "I really want you to give being a girl a try before you walk away from this. I am finding it fun. You really look darling. I can't get over it."

That being said, it was obvious I would have to give this being a girl a try. I typically did what Cindy told me to do, and I had come too far with the thing to turn back with out giving it a try, and so I was stuck. Then Cindy came up with an all girl outfit for me; a t- shirt and jeans, and socks and sneakers, all girls's clothing. She presented them and told me, "You really need to put these on, and make yourself presentable, before one of the girls comes in and finds you in a girdle and a bra. And don't worry; you will pass as a girl in those undergarments and these clothes. Just think girlish and you'll be fine. And when you walk make sure you move from the hips and take small girlish steps one foot in front of the other and keep your thighs pressed together. I was told it will prevent any painful accidents, if we didn't pack you in right, and

make you appear and feel more like a girl. And its all for the best, as after going through this you really need to give passing as a girl a try. I promised the 'girls' from the club that lent me this stuff that you would or at least I would make you give it an honest try, and so you will. I keep my word."

So with out much of a choice I slipped into the clothing she had provided. Every thing fit fine, and the jeans hugged my new girlish figure, leaving me looking like a girl. And when I walked I kept my thighs pressed together and took small steps, with one foot placed in front of the other, which felt very comfortable, and took pressure off of my groin area, which had felt a bit uncomfortable otherwise. The effect of which was to give me a girlish walk, adding to the whole effect. And it felt really so strange not having any thing hanging and being able to walk with one thigh against the other, with the feel of one leg brushing against the other. With the nylons on it was almost pleasant as it was weird. I didn't know what to make of my reaction to it. The whole thing made me feel a little light headed. I didn't know what to think about it.

Downstairs in the lounge I almost expected to be greeted by Cindy's entire sorority in a frat style hazing, but that was not the case. Only waiting were the two sorority sisters who were supposed to help me pass as a girl, Alice and Nancy, who I knew and with whom I was friendly. And who true to Cindy's word, as it turned out were genuinely going out for the cheerleader team and so already knew some of the routines. And she thought if they found me cute enough as a girl, they might help me out to pass as a girl along with teaching me some of the routines so I could get through the whole thing.

Now as things worked out, they did help me present myself better as a girl, but I actually helped them out with the cheerleader routines, and they were so pleased with

that we became, for lack of a better description to that relationship, girlfriends. And as told, the road to hell, in this case my road to hell was paved with their good intentions. For as it takes three sisters to nominate a pledge to this sorority, so after all our work together along with my girlfriend I would have two sponsoring sisters, making the required three, for me to technically pledge the sorority. But I get ahead of the story.

## **Chapter II – Preparing for the Cheerleader Try out with little time to be a Guy**

The girls were doing Cindy, an “older” sorority sister a favor, and going into it hadn’t thought that I would really look as passable as I did, and in any case didn’t think their involvement with me for this thing would be long, thinking that no “boy-friend” of Cindy’s was going to pass as a girl let alone be able to do any cheerleader routines. They were willing to give it a try because of Cindy, and because I had helped them out with school work, and because had thought that I did have a bit of potential to pass as a girl, and they had thought it could be fun playing that game with a boy. In any case they were pleasantly surprised with my look. I had turned out, as a girl, better than they had thought I would turn out, thanks to the professional grade breast falsies and hip and butt padding, and the fact that my waist cinched in so well. I really appeared to be girlish, and so they figured to at least have some fun with me, this boy, and though why not see what I could do.

Alice the optimist was the first to speak. She told Cindy, “Cindy you certainly did a swell job on Chris here. He certainly looks girlish enough...even cute. And with a little make-up I think he will actually pass. This won’t be as hard as I thought. And it may even be fun. He makes a cute girl...” That actually made me feel better, yes I might

actually pull this off, without getting caught; but it didn't make me feel better, because she was telling me that I really looked like some sort of a girl. And Alice continued, "It's really all in the face...and Chris has a face that can go either way. If we cover the forehead with hair and use makeup to round the face and soften it, facially he can pass as a girl. I've seen this on television shows where the guys cross dress, and typically there is always one or two that have faces so feminine with makeup that they actually are attractive as girls. It's the lack of a figure that gives them away. But with Chris with whatever padding you got on Chris he even looks pretty good in that department. I think with makeup Chris will pass as a girl...look wise that is. The rest is up to him. We'll see what he can learn about acting and moving like a girl. But it is worth the try. And I think if he actually picks up on it all it will be fun to watch him at the try outs."

Then Nancy a bit more of a pessimist chimed in, "Yea, our original assessment was dead on...your boy friend looks sweet as a girl. The looks will help and he does look rather girlish in passing. His hands aren't so big and his neck isn't either, so the 'give a ways' aren't there. He looks the tomboyish athletic type, but sweet. But if he can't move like a cheerleader and if he moves like an elephant, a male elephant, he won't escape notice. But he looks good enough to give him a try. Let's go for it, and if he has any potential we've got more than a week or so to work with her...I mean with him." So the girls shoed Cindy and they got started with me. They told her, "You'd better go; this may be too embarrassing for Chris to do, at first, in front of you, his girl friend. After all we are going to be turning Chris into as much of a girl as we can turn him into, and treating him pretty much like he is a girl, so he can learn to act like a girl and then he can pass as a girl. You shouldn't be around. Not just yet any way."