

SHE MADE ME HER SHE MALE

SORORITY GIRL CHEERLEADER



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GEMINI

She Made Me Her Shemale Sorority Co-ed & Cheerleader Part IV

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Cast of Characters:

Chris Darling to Christina aka Chrissie

Cindy his girlfriend at College

Alice and Nancy cheer leader sorority Sisters

Coach Samantha Field – Cheerleader coach

Coach Carla/Carline Lawson – Tennis coach

Bob and John/Jack – Male Friends at college

Susie and Terry – sorority sister dancers

Ms. Fine – College Counselor

Ms Frank – Sorority house mother

Sue Harris – HS Sweet Heart

Mrs. Harris – Sue’s mom

Clara & Tom – Bob’s parents

Introduction

As a boy passing as a girl, a college co-ed, and living as a sorority girl after having become a cheerleader Chris found himself trapped passing as a girl. Fortunately for him he found there were many enjoyable, very enjoyable, aspects about being a girl.

In book I, Chris, as a frat initiation had to go out for the cheer leader try outs and there weren’t any boys on the cheer leader team. Convinced him he would stay out of trouble by passing as a girl he took “girl-lessons” from the girls while dressed as a girl and without thinking made the cheerleader team. He was enrolled with the team as a “transgender” and

was stuck as a full time girl. And all the woman and girls around him helped to keep this cute and sweet “transgender” a girl. And Chrissie found to stay in school he had to remain a cheer leader, and on the girl’s tennis team and a member of a sorority. And his school counselor and nurse believed he was a transgender and should be a girl and that he was ready for hormone therapy to help him become a girl

In book II Chris to Chrissie then did get injected with feminizing hormones, estrogens and progesterone to fully feminization his body and mind so he was stuck as a girl. Stuck for the year he agreed to actual physical feminization which included an experimental tucking of his male equipment, breast augmentation, and feminization of his features. His mom convinced he deserved it all kept him as a girl, and then she just thought of him as her daughter.

In book III Chrissie gets fitted for a prom dress provided by his old girlfriend along with an entire wardrobe of her clothing followed by a delightful mother and daughter shopping trip to purchase all the other girl things a boy becoming a girl needed, whether or not wanted. Then Chris’s writes her a thank you note and they become pen-pals with Chris having to share much of his experiences being feminized with his old girl friend. And Chrissie becomes so convincing as a girl that a closeted gay male friend in need of a girlfriend makes Chrissie the offer Chrissie cannot refuse. And the year finishes with Chris’s mom, sister and pen pal girlfriend arrival to see Chrissie as a girl cheer and play tennis and dressed for his prom and to their pleasure find that Chrissie has a date for the prom. A date who tells them that Chrissie really wants to stay a girl, which they all believe despite Chris’s denials, as they all find that Chrissie despite his protests makes such a wonderful girl. And finally at the sorority show Chris is the lead in a burlesque number, “I am a good girl”, and showed off his new girlish self

in a revealing burlesque outfit as he strutted his stuff on stage in front of most of the school, to a standing ovation and an encore.

And now in book IV the mother of Chrissie's boyfriend's finds that this boy to girl is the perfect wife for her gay son and the last chance for her to have a girl of her own to spoil. And so through her efforts Chris is further feminized, with additional surgery, more training, therapy to convince him he wants to be a girl, and loves being spoiled with the pampered girls life provided to him. And so after becoming a bridesmaid for his sister he at last becomes a bride, a wife, and then a mother.

Read on as Chris to Christina continues with his/her story:

Chapter XXVI - The Doctor Teaches Me about Being Real Girl

Cindy was a bit ticked at me, she had heard me murmuring in my sleep about Jennie, and what ever it was it wasn't Cindy. So she was a bit ticked at me she left me high and dry without any sex for quite a while. So with my next visit to the doctor it was found that I was a bit congested below the waist. She asked me if any thing had changed with me and of course I couldn't let her know that I could have sex, as I was not supposed to be able to and so I told her that nothing had changed. Well she told me that I had to be cleared out or there would be problems and I of course assumed a hand job by the nurse and thought that would teach Cindy a lesson about neglecting me. She was jealous about that sort of thing. She was right there with me, and I didn't think she would continue to neglect me if some pretty nurse was doing her job for her. I told the doctor, "What ever you think best, ma'am." What a mistake.

I was just wearing an examination gown, bra, panties and my special support garment. The doctor had me take of my panties and support garment and put on a different support, one with a padded front. Then she

had me get on the exam tablet on my side with my legs pulled up to my stomach. I am still waiting for the hand job and smiling to myself when I feel a greased gloved finger insert into my rectum. I give out a little eek and the doctor tells me, "Now don't you worry Chrissie, this may hurt a bit at first. I am assuming that you are a virgin in this regard. But you need the release and I think you will find that you will enjoy this. Most girls of your type find they do. But in any case you will feel better afterwards...less congested. And it will help to give you a better understanding of being a girl. And if I am mistaken and you don't release we just won't do it again."

Now the finger I was to learn later was massaging my prostate gland and it felt weird but sort of nice and after a while even sort of sensual and I stopped fighting it, and even let out some involuntary sighs. The doctor picked up on that and she told me, "You see sweet heart you can't help but enjoy this. It will be fine. Just think girl and it may just be a fantasy come true. And any way I can't stop, as I need to test your groin cover and make sure you can still release with all of that attached, and since it needs to be done any way as you are so full, let's just get it over with."

Denial was on my lips but she continued, "Yes it is as I thought. You are a bit full and like a girl you do respond to penetration and to message. I've got the measurement and you are relaxed and lubricated so rather than me having to do this digitally let me get a prostate massager, so that you have some thing you can use at home to relieve this if it continues." Well shortly after that while waiting I heard Cindy let out a gasp so what ever the massager was it couldn't be good. I started to ask but before I could I felt something a bit thicker then the doctor's finger entering me. I slid in easy but really spread me and I really felt penetrated.

I was objecting until it hit what the doctor described as my sweet spot and the doctor started moving it in and out along that spot. I told the doctor to

please stop she was killing me and she just laughed, and told me, "Sweet heart I don't think killing you is what's happening here and this really has to be done and I can't stop until the procedure is done."

Well that was some way to describe what she was doing to me, and so as embarrassing as it was the doctor wasn't going to stop and as after the initial shock it felt pleasurable I sort of closed my eyes and just went with it. And as I relaxed she placed her other hand over the front of my groin and pressed. I think because of the padding she couldn't realize how hard I was. But in any case she started rubbing my front to masturbate me while she continued to massage me through the other end. Well it worked and I shortly had a very nice organism and she and Cindy could tell by my oohs and ahs, that I was trying not to make, that I had an orgasm. I just couldn't be quiet about it.

Afterwards the doctor told me, "It's as I thought, you do respond to penetration, which is a good sign that you are a candidate for total sexual reassignment. I believe congratulations are in order. However, I can tell you again that it is a little early for you to make that decision. And I wouldn't press you for it, especially since you are testing my devise which can only be tested by a male. And some guys also respond to message, thought typically gays. But one never knows. And you were really congested." I could only be grateful the doctor had feminized my groin and needed me to stay that way as long as possible or who knows what she would have done to me next. She really seemed to get a kick out of turning boys into girls, and teasing me about it.

Anyway, the doctor seemed pleased enough the way things had gone and sent me to clean myself up and get dressed. When I returned she was explaining some things to Cindy which put a grin on Cindy's face. The doctor then showed me the prostate massager and explained to me how I

could use it, though it would be easier to have a partner.

The thing looked just like the things woman use on them selves to pleasure themselves. It was horrible. I couldn't believe that was what the doctor had put into me. I was mortified and it must have show. She told me, "Chrissie dear lots of girls use these, and you are one of us now, a girl, and there isn't any thing to be embarrassed about."

She showed me the kit she had been showing Cindy. It included a single massager and a double ended massager. When I asked the doctor about the second one, she told me, "Don't...Cindy will explain all. It will be less embarrassing for you. So if you get congested again, just listen to what she tells you to do, and don't give her a hard time. I think it will be less embarrassing for you if Cindy runs this by you rather than me... And try to enjoy. Enjoy being a girl. It's what the doctor orders!"

And then almost as a second thought she told me, "And I am really really happy with you and how the testing is going. So remember there is no rush on my end to finish up here. You can stay a girl and continue to wear the devise as long as it works for you...And you don't have to worry about the surgery until you are really totally sure you are ready to be a total girl. I am sure that will happen in its' own good time. But the longer the test the better for me and so I am not in any rush. As far as I am concerned I could keep you this type of girl for ever. " And I thought great, I got to stop those darn hormones or I don't know how I am going to get out of this. I may be stuck a girl!

When we left the office, Cindy didn't say any thing until we got into the car. And of course she was driving. So after I got in she gave me my package with the prostrate massager. Then as we were driving away she asked me if I had liked the procedure and I had to tell her, except for the release the whole thing was awful. It was just terrible embarrassing for me.

Well she laughed, and told me, “Serves you right. The timing of it could not have been better, because that’s what your boyfriend Bob has in store for you if things go his way. So just keep kissing him in public like you did last night, giving him the wrong idea, and we’ll find out how much you like having your prostrate massaged by a guy rather than a artificial guy!” And I told her, “Not for me dear. If I am a girl I am a lesbian, and you are the only one for me. I’m done with this thing.” I said referring to the package in my lap. Well Cindy wasn’t going to let me off that easy. She told me, “Not quite dear. I still owe you for kissing Bobbie like that. And the whole thing looked like fun. I think I want to give it a try. See if I can make you feel like a real woman,” she said smiling. I didn’t know if she was kidding or not and so I didn’t press the issue. But she wasn’t kidding. And actually as it turned out doing it with Cindy turned out to be a bit of fun, though humiliating and did teach me my lesson about boys.

Chapter XXVII – The Dance

Anyway, any chance of avoiding the dance and not having to wear a gown in public and dance with a boy or boys in public really evaporated with the burlesque show us sorority girls had put on, with us the pledges in those sexy outfits. The rest of the sorority girls, who had played the male parts weren’t going to let any of the stars of the show, especially the three who were cheer leaders which included me, miss the cheer leader dance. And after having appeared in front of much of the campus in my burlesque outfits there wasn’t much I could not do out in public as a girl.

And Bob my gay friend who knew the truth about me wanted me to continue as his girlfriend and was adamant that we partner for the dance, and so I had a date. He used the excuse that he had promised my mom the photograph of us together with me in my prom dress. But the truth was he

had gotten used to escorting a hotie..., me, around campus as his date and found that he liked fitting in with the guys without having to pretend to his date.

But that relationship with him was worse than all of that for he was actually sweet on me, the boy me masquerading as a girl, and as he had told my mom he wanted a real relationship with me as his girl. And by the end of the dance, when Bob pinned me, he told me that as far as he was concerned I was a girl, at least girl enough for him and he was honestly pinning me. He told me that I was the type of girl in which he was interested; and that he would be content if I stayed the way I was, as that way I was the perfect girl for him. And he told me that he wanted and that he needed to introduce me to his parents. But I do get a head again.

Cindy was still a bit aghast at the turn of events, that is with Bob's earlier profession in front of her and my mom and my sister of his fondness if not love for me; and his telling them that I really wanted to be a girl for real, with my sister eating it all up and going for and with it.

And with all that in mind Cindy was convinced that for the dance I had to appear to be all girl, for if Bob really liked boys than with me completely passing as a girl, looking and acting like a total girl should have been a turn off for him. So it was decided from then on out I had to be all girl and appear to enjoy it; at least when I was with Bob.

But in any case we had slept late, exhausted from the day before and both, along with the other girls had to get ready for the dance. It was my first. I had my gown and shoes, I had my lingerie, I knew how to do my makeup, and I had an appointment at the beauty parlor to get my hair done and a facial. I was living the girl's life. By the time we were ready I felt wonderful in my clothes and makeup and I looked wonderful in my clothes and makeup. I felt every bit a female and was thinking about how I had ever

gotten myself into such a situation. And Cindy had me convinced that I had to start, as my mother had insisted to think of myself as and just be a real girl because of my situation with Bob.

Cindy got me up and had already prepared a nice oil and bubble bath for me, and sent me in to soak. She really got a kick out of some aspects of treating me like a girl. It was nice and relaxing and I always enjoyed it even though it always made me feel like a girl. Then I powdered myself, so I smelled and felt wonderfully feminine. There was just something about the smell of the powders and the cosmetics that I used as a female that just made me feel so much like a female, and which I also found sort of addicting and after a while just so comforting.

We went to the beauty parlor with some of the other girls and I got the works...massages, skin treatment, nails manicured and polished and hair washed and styled. The girls at the parlor really did a nice job on me. One of my girlfriends from the community college cosmetics courses worked there and they liked her and so they liked me, and any thought that I had been anything but a tom-boy was over. So I got a nice hand massage and manicure and a wonderful foot message and pedicure and my nails were polished to match my dress, I had a swatch with me. That was followed by a wonderful facial and nice shampoo and hair styling; with my highlights being toned up to also match my dress.

Finally I had the girls do my cosmetics. They knew I was fairly proficient and knowledgeable as I was studying cosmetology and I had already had nice conversations with the girls about the courses and about applying cosmetics. However, I explained to them I was just too nervous what with this the big dance to have to worry about getting my makeup on perfect and I wanted it to be perfect. I didn't tell them that I was really just so nervous about the whole thing, because I was a guy, and that I thought at

the last minute I might just crack and not be able to hold my hands still enough to do my makeup.

Well the girls understood and told me lots of girls had that problem before a really big date. And they did a wonderful job and I looked lovely, and I felt lovely. And I felt like I was really a girl. And what was really awful was that I was sort of happy about it all.

We all got back to the sorority house in time to dress. I had undressed down to my support garment and looking at myself in the mirror, without any clothes and I once again wanted to die. I looked just like an attractive girl, with a nice figure, not voluptuous, but nice for an athletic type girl, and with wonderful breasts, and really all made up to look lovely.

Cindy must have read my mind because she came over and put her hand on my shoulder in a comforting way and told me, using my boy name, "Chris, I can't figure out how you got here, living and looking like a girl, but this has got to be the end of it. The semester is just about over and that will end the hormones and you can go back to being a boy. Let's just get passed this. And tonight, just like your mom keeps saying, you are a girl. Don't even think that you are a boy. You are a girl. It's the end of the semester. You performed wonderfully at the game with the rest of the cheer leaders, just like a cute cheer leader. You did even better in the sorority skit. You were the sexiest. And now you just need to hold it together a little longer for the dance." And she let those words of encouragement sink in.

Then she continued and told me, "But you need to try to end this thing with Bob. Bob is most likely going to pin you and ask you to go steady, and you will have to say yes. And then he is going to kiss you on the lips and you will have to let that happen and kiss back. Hopefully he will find you so much of a girl that it will no longer work for him. So tonight just tell

yourself you are a girl and let's go with the flow. And let's have a wonderful time, two sorority girls at a dance with wonderful dates. You've got to be the envy of loads of girls." And I just thought to myself, yes I am really not a boy any more and can't be a boy. I am really just a girl and I should as a girl have a wonderful time as a girl.

Then she had me slip into my panties and a robe and gave me something to calm my nerves. She let that relax me and get into my mind and then she got behind me and told me to close my eyes and relax and then started rubbing my temples and whispering to me, "For tonight you are a female, a lovely sorority girl, and you are not a boy. So tell me that you are a girl." I tried to get it out and stuttered, and she told me, "Chrissie you are a girl and you need to think it and to say it for this to work." And so I did get it out and I told her, "Yes I am a girl." And Cindy told me, "Now keep telling yourself that you are a girl and you need to believe it. I want you to believe it, and for tonight, and just tonight you will be a girl. A full 100% girl and you will react to everything like a girl and enjoy everything like a girl, for you are a sweet girl. You have really become a girl. You are a girl. You are a real girl."

And Cindy had me repeating, that, "Yes, I am a girl." And it was difficult until something clicked inside me like a warm rush washing over my body and then I was telling her, "Yes, I am a girl. I really am a girl." And all of a sudden I sort of believed it, may be about 85% worth, but it was still real. And I tucked away the part of me that still believed I was a boy, just like my maleness was tucked away and just melted into a full girl. And I was really relaxed and just wanted to get dressed and go to my dance and have a wonderful time.

So I gave Cindy a smile and told her, "I guess thinking about it, tonight I am a girl. I don't know what I could have been thinking. Being a girl at this

time is just so much more convenient for me, and so much more fun. Let's get dressed and have a wonderful time tonight, two girl friends at a wonderful dance. The semester is almost over." So mentally I had accepted that I had really become more girl than boy and relaxed about my situation, at least for the night, and decided to have a good time, as the girl I had become.

And so I got dressed for the dance without another hesitating thought. I slipped into a satin corselet, much like the one I had worn for the skit, but with shoulder straps. I didn't need it for support. I had developed a really nice feminine figure and as athletic as I had been, what with the cheer leading and tennis and the special diet Ms Frank had me on, I was absolutely toned yet femininely soft to the touch. But even thinking as a girl I realized Bob's hands would be all over me and I didn't really want the feel of that just through my dress and slip. I still had no attraction to males.

Then I put on my nylons and worked them up my legs and couldn't help but think how wonderful they felt on my smooth and completely hairless legs running my hands along them over my femininely soft skin to get them taut and in place. Then threading my garter straps through my panties I attached all six of them to my stocking tops. I uncontrollably found myself thinking that I so loved wearing stockings held up by garters. I checked myself in the mirror to make sure every thing was positioned right and holding and couldn't help but once again admire my shapely and smooth legs. Between the hormones and the diet the effect on my legs was that they had really filled out in a feminine way.

Then I slid into my slip. It was satin with lace trim and looked lovely and just felt so wonderful against my satin corselet, and satin panties and tickling the back of my legs through my nylon stockings. It hugged my

figure and just looked wonderful on me and felt wonderful on me.

Then with all my wonderful lingerie in place, I stepped into my satin dress, lifted it into place placing my arms through the cap sleeves and zipped it closed with the back zipper. And as it closed there was again that feeling of finality and that I belonged in this dress that I was wearing...really belonged in it. And it fit well and felt wonderful against my skin and against my satin slip.

It was a sweet looking dress and I couldn't help but think and feel that I looked sweet in it. It was cut high and with cap sleeves so it modestly didn't reveal anything, and then it was tight around my chest to show off my shape, and hugging the waist to show off my slim waist, and loose around the hips and butt, which were ample and feminine in shape but not that ample and the hem reached to my knees, so my legs showed.

Once again I checked myself out in the mirror to make sure every thing was in place and couldn't help thinking how nice I looked. Then I stepped into my shoes, heeled pumps with a solid heel for dancing. My makeup was done but I just had the urge to freshen up my lipstick, which I did. And then I finalized it all by adding perfume at all the right places. I grabbed my small purse and makeup case and wrapped a stole around my shoulders and I was ready to go. And I found that I wanted to go and have a wonderful time. And I found that I was breathing a bit fast and heavy with excitement; though I wasn't sure why.

Then I was looking at Cindy and Cindy took a look at me and I felt like a lesbian. I mean even in this deep state of femininity I still found Cindy attractive. And Cindy looking at me let out a whistle and told me, "Gosh, Chris you are cute. That outfit is you. I mean you are so pretty as a girl that I can't find you attractive. I mean there isn't a thing about you that says boy. I can see why Jenny is so attracted to you. But I just don't know how

Bob is going to handle this. I mean you are so much a girl. And he likes boys. Hopefully you are too much of a girl for him. We'll just have to wait and find out. Let's get going. I am sure Bob and Jack must be waiting for us. We are running a bit late. But then we both are girls!"

Ms. Frank along with Bob and Jack were waiting for us. Ms Frank just beamed and told us how lovely we looked. Bob strangely enough couldn't take his eyes off of me; while Jack truer to his orientation, while complementing his date, my girlfriend Cindy, did not seem to be as interested in his date as my male escort was interested in me. We were both presented with corsages that the boys pinned on us. Cindy had Ms Frank took our pictures, as individual couples and as a foursome, as my mom had been promised.

The other girls had left a bit earlier and so we headed out, to walk over to the festivities. It was a pleasant enough walk over, and I felt comfortable with myself as my girl self, and under Cindy's suggestions, which had been almost hypnotic suggestions I was just thinking of myself as a girl and that I should enjoy the dance and the evening.