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BORN LEADERS

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER **STORIES OF THE
SUPERNATURAL**

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J O E S I X P A C K

BORN LEADERS

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Stories of the Supernatural tale



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BORN LEADERS

The plan began in December.

“Check this out, dude.” Matt flung an opened letter to his pal Todd. He picked it up and put the Playstation on pause.

“Are you stealing mail?” Todd asked.

“Didn’t steal nuthin’” Matt replied. “It was delivered here.”

It was a letter, mis-delivered to his house just yesterday. It was a form letter welcoming Nicole and Brianna Lannigan to Oak Pines Cheerleading Camp. But the Lannigans lived halfway across town, in the upper upper-class suburbs — somehow the letter had been totally misrouted and wound up in the mailbox of Matt’s house.

They both knew Nicole and Brianna, they were a couple of sisters in the freshman class when they were seniors in high school. But Matt and Todd graduated three years ago, never going to college and staying home with their parents. They worked various part-time jobs to at least pretend they had a real life.

Todd started to read the letter out loud. “Congratulations! You are accepted to Oak Pines Cheerleading Camp for the Summer of 2024! Your skills as cheerleaders are among the best and we look forward to helping you realize the maximum of your cheer potential! You will find your airline tickets and acceptance certificates inside. Read our brochures and fill out your forms, and remember to bring your certificates with you — we will be seeing you in June! Call (311) 167-4308 with any questions. Once again, congratulations!”

“Huh. Great for them.” Todd said, tossing it aside. “You gonna go over and give it to them?”

“No. Better idea,” Matt said. “I’m gonna keep it.” A sinister twinge deepened his voice. “And we’re gonna use it.”

That’s how the plan began.



The initial idea was met with the same accolades that met the invention of the polio vaccine. A boon to mankind, a triumph of the spirit and a tran-

scendent moment in the lives of... well, just Matt and Todd. They had the plane tickets, they had the acceptance letter. They had everything they needed to go there themselves.

“A whole camp of cheerleaders!” Matt enthused.

“Hundreds of teenage virgins!” Todd chimed.

“And we’ll have the whole place to ourselves!” Matt concluded on the evidence.

They were beside themselves with anticipation. They believed they literally had the tickets to paradise in their hands.

But then came the problem.

“Dude,” Todd said during a game of Resident Evil, some weeks later. “Think they let guys like us into an all-girls’ camp?”

“Aw, fuck!” Matt realized.

And then the boys deliberated for another couple of weeks. They finally emerged from long discussions and negotiations with a new accord towards achieving a more perfect plan for the future.

“We should pretend we’re cheerleaders, man,” Matt said, shoveling dry Cheerios into his mouth.

“Like that movie,” Todd added.

“What movie?” Matt asked.

“You know, that one.”

“Oh. Yeah.”

And then a few days later Todd ratified the initiative.

“What you said, about pretending to be cheerleaders?” Todd asked Matt when they waited for burgers at the drive thru. “We could do that.”

“Right,” Matt said, expressing his doubts with this course of action. “Like that’s possible.”

“You leave this to me, dude,” Todd said with conviction. “I’ll figure this out.”

And so it was that the plan went into action.





By the time June rolled around, the boys were ready. They had spent the six months by concocting a diabolical plan worthy of a children's cartoon show. They had: grown out their hair to shoulder length, bought fake breasts, acquired girls clothing, waxed themselves clean, and practiced speaking in a falsetto reminiscent of Howdy Doody.

They both felt that they had come up with a fail proof plan. This from the minds of boys who grew up with not enough TLC and a far too much THC. But they showed up at the airport, flew to Scranton, Pennsylvania and met the bus sent from the camp. In their sweats and baseball cap getup, they had managed to get past every possible checkpoint, and when they presented the official letters of acceptance to the supervisor on the bus, they were warmly accepted.

Never mind that the boys were bigger, taller, uglier and harrier than any girl should be. Somehow they had snuck under the radar. As they rode aboard the old school bus into the hills, Matt and Todd were nervously anticipating the moments and hours ahead. Frankly, they hadn't thought as far ahead as days, or even weeks. They both figured they'd have to get out of there much quicker than that.

So they started to scan the bus for early conquests. But after only a few minutes, it became obvious that they had boarded some sort of bus designated for the freak girls. There were a lot of chubbies on board, a few horse-faced girls, some skags, a couple of pizza faces and one mutant escapee. It didn't occur to them, but the whole reason they had been able to "slip" by so far was because they weren't the ugliest ones on the bus — by quite a bit. Which was quite sad.

"Hi!" One of the chubbies said to Todd. She was seated in front of them. "Do you know if they have pony rides at the camp?" She grinned. "I love ponies. I hope they have pony rides. Because I really like ponies."

"Uh..." Todd replied.

"I know the brochure said nothing about pony rides, but all camps have pony rides, and I was just thinking that this one would have pony rides, and the last camp I went to had pony rides, and the one before that had pony rides, but maybe that's because they were pony riding camps."

Todd kicked the seat. "Shut up, fatty," he groused. And the girl slowly turned to face forward again. "Dude, this is a horse trailer, not a hottie van," he said to Matt.

"It's like riding the special ed bus for cheerleaders," Matt observed. "This sucks."



It wasn't long before the bus pulled into a driveway, and the group filed out onto the woody, grassy terrain of the lakeside camp. Matt and Todd ignored the pastoral scenery and tranquil setting and just ogled chicks. At least they tried to. The place was full of snag-faced girls that were desperately trying to look good and failing spectacularly. It was even worse than the girls on the bus.

Todd had a plan. "Let's just get back on the bus and get the fuck outta here, man."

"Yeah. This is a total rip-off." Matt concluded.

And as the boys turned to see the bus pull away, it dawned on them that they were stuck hundreds of miles from home with no way back.



The Brambley Academy for Young Ladies was founded in 1887, by Lucretia Brambley and advertised as way for young girls to acclimate to the demands of being attentive wives. From the very beginning, the academy regarded itself as one of the finest, and held itself to a high standard of perfection. Since then, it had changed its name a dozen times and moved its location five times — all to periodically transform itself into the sort of place that would attract girls in need of help. It had been very successful. The camp was still in the hands of the Brambley family, and held true to its original mission, no matter what the place was called.

And what was its mission? To control the United States.

Lucretia Brambley was a suffragette before the term became well-known. She longed for the power and influence that only men held in this world, and she made it her calling in life to achieve the same level of privilege that males enjoyed. And she eventually succeeded.

'By the side of every good man is a good woman' so goes the phrase, and it was the unofficial credo of the Brambley family. For they knew that to control men, the most effective and subtle way was to control the women they loved.

And that's what the Oak Pines Cheerleading School was set up to do. Unattractive, misfit girls would arrive from all over the country and return as the perfect companion — but under the direct influence of the Brambley family. The camp had been careful to select the most promising young men in schools around the country, and they invited girls from those schools to the

camp. When they returned home, they would then mate for life, and the men would unknowingly be under the control of the Brambleys, by proxy.

The plan had worked very well. The Brambleys controlled some of congress, the courts, the executive branch, military, Fortune 500 companies, media outlets, colleges and local authorities. And less than a dozen people knew it.

They are benevolent rulers, doing the very best to let the country rule itself just as it should. But when they need to, they can scold the country, and punish it like a naughty child.



Matt and Todd were assigned a bunk bed in a small cabin, with just six others. They left their bags there and were told that the camp would assemble soon. Meanwhile, the boys needed to find a phone. They wanted out, and pronto.

“I’m gonna take a piss,” Todd said, in his goofy falsetto.

Matt relaxed on the bed. “Make it quick. Then we go call a taxi or something.” Todd then wandered out to find a bathroom. Matt turned over on his front to lie flat, but found two obtrusive pieces of latex in his way. He nearly grabbed them out of his shirt, but decided better of it, and settled for lying on his back.

“Hi!” A voice said. Matt snapped to attention. “I guess we’re sharing a room. My name’s Amelia.” When Matt got a good look at the face the voice was coming from, he was disappointed. The voice was very seductive. Kind of throaty and breathy at the same time. What he saw was a girl with braces and limp pigtails.

Matt answered. “I’m Matt.” Oh oh. He forgot who he was supposed to be. And was he Nicole or was he Brianna? The boys hadn’t really decided. “I mean Nicole.” He said, realizing it didn’t really matter.

“Hey, Nicole.” Amelia replied. “That bus ride was so long I forgot my name too.”

“Two hours. No shocks on the bus, either. My ass hurts.”

“I’m so wiped. I just want to get wasted,” Amelia said. “You didn’t bring any skunk, did you?”



“Nah. I was afraid I was gonna get searched.” Matt was intrigued. This girl at least knew how to relax.

Amelia was bummed. “Shit.”

All of the sudden, they were interrupted. “Hi there! I’m Carol Ann. I go to Hogansport High School, home of the fighting crawfish! Double A southern league champs seven years running!” She then ended her little introduction by bouncing. “Gooo crawfish!”

“Hey there,” Amelia said, trying not to pay much attention to her. Matt barely even nodded.

“Where are you guys from?” She asked, but then didn’t even wait for an answer. “You all amped? This is gonna be the best summer ever, don’t you think? I can’t wait!”

This Carol Ann girl, besides being an empty-headed fool, was about twenty pounds over the unspoken cheerleader minimum weight, and thirty pounds beyond hottie status. Which in Matt’s eyes made her as interesting as a tree stump.

Todd returned, looking dejected. “Matt, dude, they told me they don’t have any phones...” He said before realizing his mistake. Fortunately, no one had time to digest it.

“Hi! I’m Carol Ann, I go to Hogansport High School, home of the fighting crawfish!” Carol Ann said. Again.

“Yeah,” Todd replied. “I’m Nicole.”

“I’m Nicole. You’re Brianna,” Matt interjected.

“Oh yeah.” Todd realized. “Well, anyway. The counselor said that there aren’t any phones here. They have a radio thing, but no phones. There’s no signal out here.”

“Aw, that rips.” Matt complained. “Now what?”

Before any more decisions could be made, though, an announcement was made for the camp to assemble in the courtyard. All four trudged off together, some anticipating with great hope, others wondering who they had to bribe to get outta here.



“Hoo doggie!” Cletus said, looking at the forms he had just been handed. “Got some heartbreakers here, don’t we?” In a clean, bright white room

located twenty feet below the camp, Dr. C. R. Fowler, Ph.D., was looking over the reports for his unwitting clients. Dr. Fowler was a genius at everything from geopolitics to brain surgery. But his position here was as the camp witch doctor. Literally.

The secret of the camp's success wasn't surgery, mind control or other technological approaches, they used good old-fashioned sorcery. Tried and true for tens of thousands of years. No need to "fool with all that modern claptrap" as Dr. Fowler would say.

Dr. Fowler, or Cletus as his coworkers called him, broke down the pile into three categories: "Needs Help," "Needs Lots of Help" and "Dawg Pound." Guess where he put Matt and Todd's reports?

He then brought them with him into the computer room. "Gots to git me some help. These girls get uglier every year," Cletus said in his southern drawl to his assembled staff. "Everybody ready now? We's gonna have our first visitor right soon."

Up top, the gathered crowd of campers was greeted and briefed. Then they were told to pick up their personalized schedules and activity list, then report to the outfitters for the camp uniform and workout wear. Then they broke by doing the camp cheer. At least most of them did.

Matt and Todd had already started to wander away. "Like a bunch of zombies." Matt observed.

"Not the brightest bunch, are they?" Amelia said, catching up to the two. "You guys gonna go get the schedules?"

"I guess," Todd said.

"Whatever," Matt enthused.

"Yeah," Amelia added. "This is gonna be one freakin' long camp."

Silently, they all agreed.



Clad in the camp-issued short shorts and sports bras, Matt and Todd looked at each other with equal amounts of ridicule and disgust. How had they miscalculated so badly that they wound up in this condition? How had their brilliant plan gone so wrong? Well there was little time for the deep, critical analysis the two boys were sure to engage in later. It was now time for Todd's "Individual Skills Assessment Test," the first scheduled activity, as

the personalized schedule dictated. Matt's test was scheduled to come soon after.

A loose line had formed outside the cabin in which the assessment was be made. Todd was let in, and Matt and Amelia waited outside for Todd to finish.

"You big into the whole cheer thing?" Matt asked her.

"My mom was way big into it, and she signed me up." Amelia admitted. "I'd much rather be home playing th' Switch."

"Switch's for fags," Matt commented.

"That's what my bother says. You a gamer?"

"All the way. I got my PS5 and an XBox Series X."

"No way!"

"Oh yeah. It's suh-weet."

Amelia was impressed. "That's so cool. I could only afford the Switch. Dumb motion control shit."

"It's not that bad for the classic Nintendo franchise games, but..."

"Hey guys!" Carol Ann had pranced over, interrupting again. "You here for the skills test? I'm pretty good, but I'm so excited to see what an expert thinks! You guys excited too?"

Matt and Amelia were getting fed up. Amelia spoke. "Look, Trixie Joe, or whatever your name is, we're having a conversation here."

"Yeah, skankbag," Matt threw in.

Carol Ann put her hand on her hip and smiled even more. "Oh, you guys!" She said in a good-natured way that indicated she wasn't capable of interpreting an insult.

"Hey, Carol Ann!" A voice came from behind. It was Todd. "Hey guys!"

"How'd you do, Brianna?" Carol Ann asked Todd.

"Oh, I need some work, they said." He replied. "But they said I had a lot of potential!"

Matt snickered. "That's great." He stretched his neck. "Guess it's my turn. Wish me luck."

"Good luck, Nicole!" Carol Ann energetically said.

Matt let himself into the cabin, exiting the sunlit outside into the dark interior. "Hop up on the chair, sweetie," a voice said.

Matt saw an examination chair in the middle of the room and crawled up onto it. There was only one person in the room, a middle-aged woman who had a stethoscope and clipboard.

“You’re Nicole Lannigan?” She asked.

“Yeah.” Matt replied. He was worried that this test was going to be a little more intimate than he had first assumed. But Todd got out of it okay, so this must not be that big a deal.

“I just had your sister in here,” the woman said. “My name’s Patty, by the way.” She hit a lever and the chair fell back even further. “Now I want you to relax and breathe deeply. What we’ll be doing first is checking your blood pressure and pulse, just to make sure you’re in good health. No reason to be scared.”

Patty wrapped the blood pressure cuff around Matt’s arm and started to pump. As she let the air out and checked her watch, twenty feet below ground, Dr. Fowler began his incantations.

“You care about your appearance, don’t you?” Patty asked.

“Like anybody else,” Matt replied, shrugging. He felt like he was drifting.

“Nicole, you care about your appearance. It is very important to you.”

Matt thought. It was hard for him to concentrate. He felt a little high — and he had plenty of experience with that feeling. It was true, he did care about his appearance... And it was very important to him.

“It is important for you to look beautiful at all times.” Patty continued.

Beautiful. Matt wanted to be beautiful. At all times.

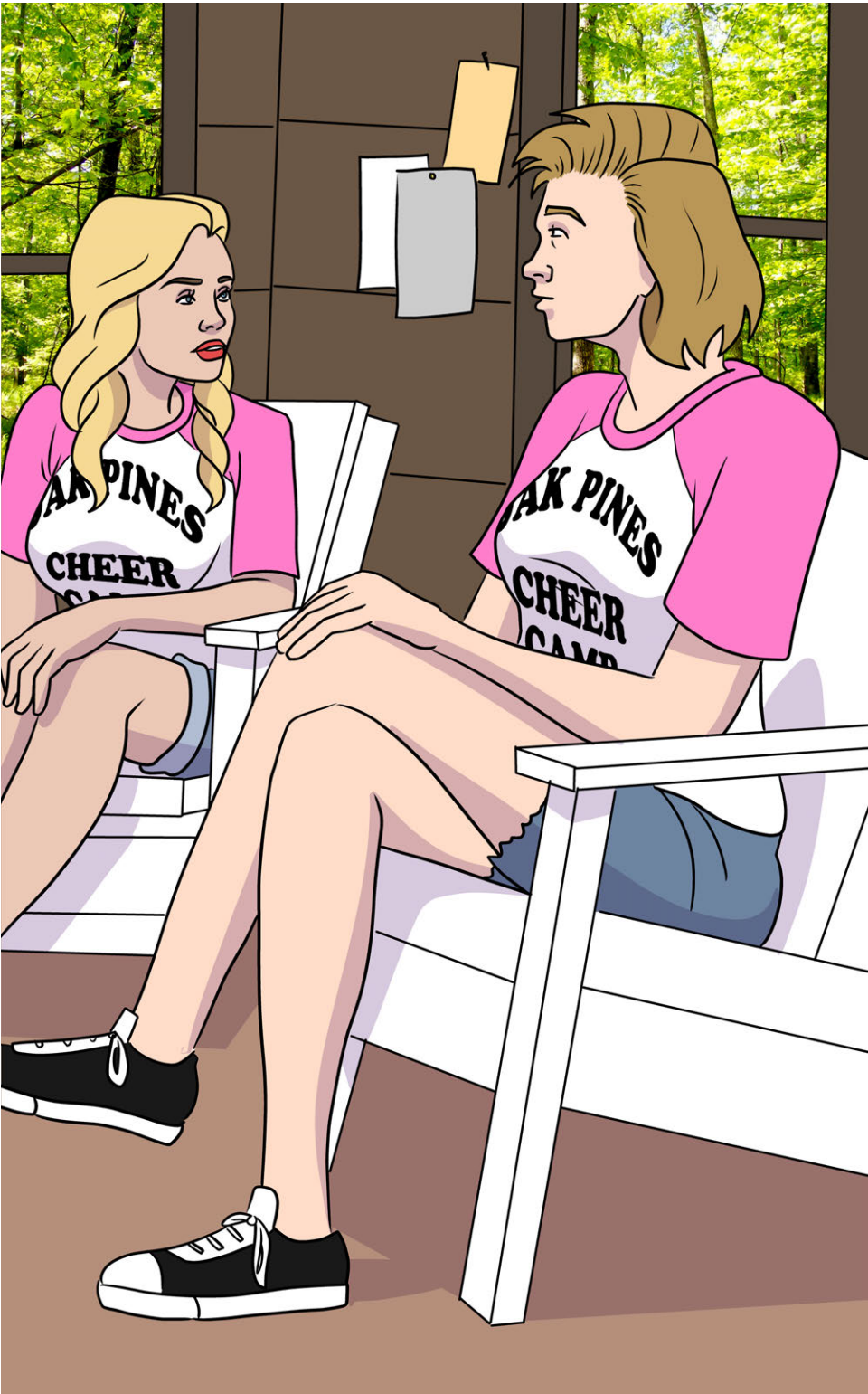
“Like a lot of young women your age, you will be becoming more beautiful and more desirable. You want this, and you welcome it. You will not be alarmed when it happens. You will accept it, and not question it.”

He was maturing. Soon, he would be beautiful. How he looked forward to that.

“You love to wear make-up. You want to wear lipstick, mascara, blush and powder. Learning how to apply it and use it is something you will always work hard on. You are naked without make-up.”

Make-up was crucial. How had he not understood this before? It was so important. Where could he find some? He needed it now.

“You will want to be the very picture of femininity. You will act like the delicate young lady that you are. You will be a well-behaved, considerate and



docile girl.”

He would be these things. Matt knew he was going to be everything Patty said he was.

“This is Nicole. This person who is a beautiful, delicate girl is Nicole. This is you.”

He was Nicole. This was who he was.

“How’d it go?” Amelia asked Matt when he left the cabin.

“Hey guys! Oh, I need some work, they said.” He replied. “But they said I had a lot of potential!”

Amelia looked at him a little cockeyed. “Uh, good?” She wasn’t sure what this meant.

“Amelia Romero?” Patty called from inside the cabin. “You’re next!” Amelia hesitatingly entered, looking at Todd and Matt with doubt. But she still went inside.

“Do you know where I can get some make-up, Carol Ann?” Matt asked.

“Make-up?” Todd asked. “What would you want with make-up?” Matt was a guy. He wouldn’t need any make-up. That was pretty gay — but *he* needed some. “Yeah, Carol Ann? Do you have any we can borrow?” Todd begged.

Carol Ann had all the answers. “There’s tons at the supply shack. They have a whole bunch of stuff, and it’s all free!”

“Great!” Todd said.

“That’s terrific!” Matt echoed.



Todd sat on the bed with Matt as they ravaged through a sack of assorted cosmetics. They were lucky to get them, as every girl in camp seemed to want some as well. Todd was trying his third shade of lipstick and considering the results in a hand mirror he held. Matt was practicing his mascara with his mirror in hand, one eye on the reflection and one eye on his friend.

“Dude,” he said to Todd, “why are you wearing lipstick? It makes you look so totally homo.”

“Lipstick is the most crucial part of my face!” Todd declared. “But I don’t understand why *you’re* wearing make-up, Matt.”