

**A N G E L A J**

**REVENGE  
OF THE  
CHEERLEADERS**

**“Pansy Cheers” by Angela J.  
A Seriously Sissified Story**

**Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack**



2012 First Edition

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# PANSY CHEERS

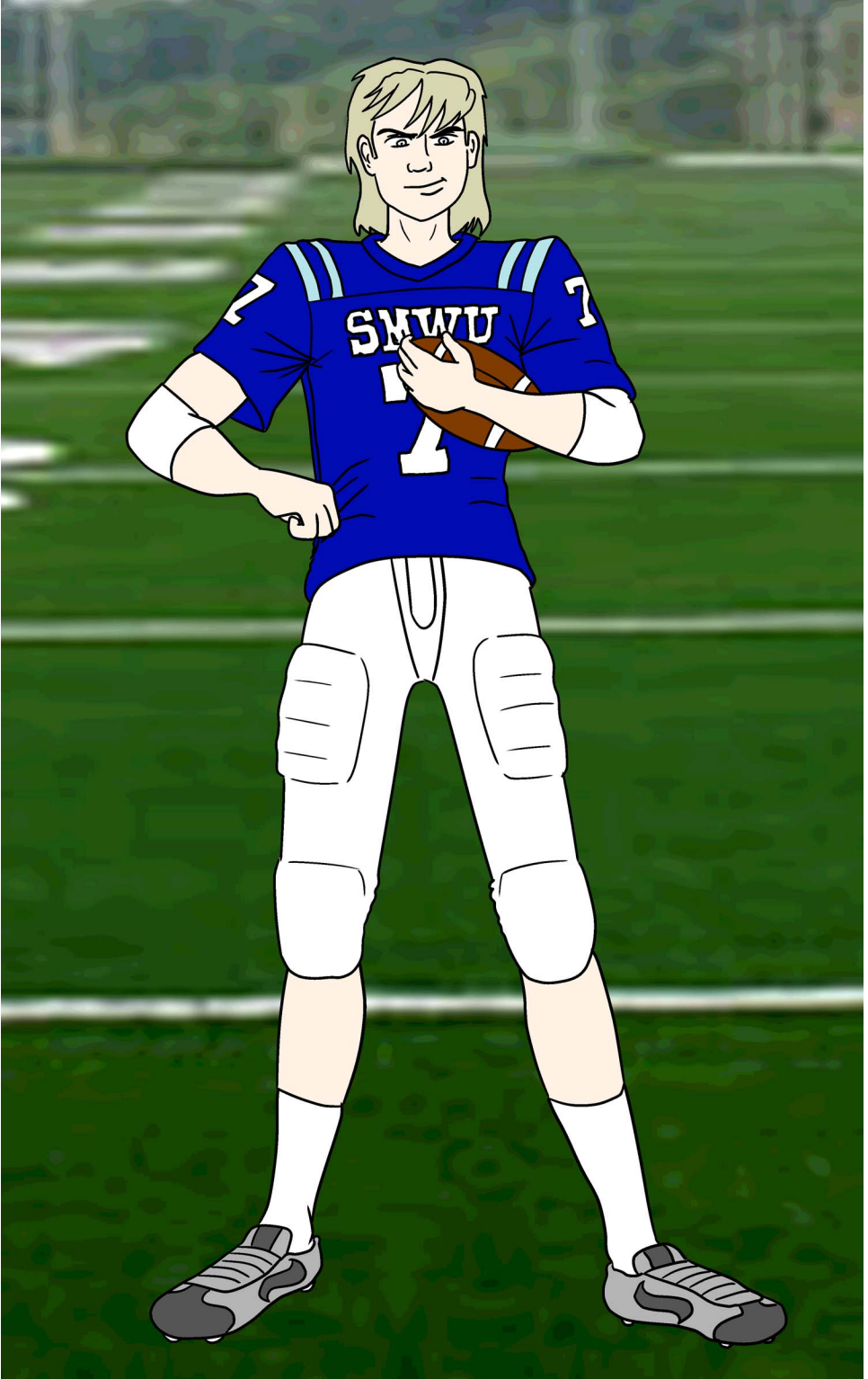
## *The Life Of A Football Playboy*

Patrick Sears was a football stud. No, he wasn't a muscular giant that most people think of as typical football player. In fact he was skinny and without much muscles. But that didn't matter. Measuring only 5'9" he was the shortest of his teams' wide receivers. But that didn't matter either.

Despite his lack of muscles and size, he was a starting wide receiver for State Midwestern University's Division II football team. He was also the most productive wide receiver in his conference. He not only overcame his small size, but he used it to his advantage. As the typical wide receiver became taller, so did the corners and safeties that were charged with covering them. His lack of height created mismatch problems for these tall players, who had a hard time defending balls that were thrown low to him. Sure, the corners tried press coverage on him where they tried to jam him at the line of scrimmage. This technique worked in his freshman year. But weightlifting allowed him to break the jam quickly. He was deceptively strong.

But Patrick Sears' best asset was not his size but his almost super-speed. He ran the forty in only 4.1 seconds. Furthermore, his ability to stop on a dime and change directions at will made him an almost impossible person to cover one on one. After each catch, his speed and agility made him difficult to tackle. No doubt about it, Patrick Sears was a great college football player. He was also fearless. Due to his small size, he had a chip on his shoulder. Bigger safeties tried to hit him hard to discourage him from going on middle of the field routes, but every time a safety hit him hard, he got up quickly as it wasn't a big deal. He was a superstar stud.

Just a Junior, he was very close to getting the conference record for most receptions and most reception yards. These goals were easily reachable this year, with one game, the championship game, left on the schedule. He was well ahead of the goals that he set for himself when he first started to play.



He sat with his football buddies at his favorite bar, Rallies'. Framed near the booth where he and his friends sat, was his favorite university newspaper article. He read that article for the tenth time, almost ignoring his friends. After all, it was about his favorite subject, himself. It boasted and gloated about how Patrick was making all those Division I schools that didn't recruit him regret it. The article predicted that by the end of his senior year, Patrick would also have the most touchdown records by a wide receiver. The article further suggested that if he continued to have similar success in his senior year, the pro teams should not pass on drafting him, or they too would regret it too. The article even mentioned that the quarterback, John Sannem, often miss-threw the ball low and how Patrick was able to compensate and make fantastic catches by grabbing the ball right before it hit the ground. Patrick smiled, agreeing with everything in that article. He knew he was a total, grade-A football stud and thanks to the article, more people would know it too. He was proud of himself.

The only thing that bothered Patrick was the article next to his article, about the defensive tackle, Marcus Sanchez. It praised Marcus for being one of the best defensive tackles in the nation. Somehow having that article next to his lessened the glory of his article.

He made a mental note to seek out and talk to the author of the two pieces, John Lewis. Patrick felt that he earned everything that was said about him. He didn't think the same about Marcus. He wanted to encourage the dweeb that wrote the article to write more articles about him. Perhaps the owners of this small establishment had enough sense to remove the article about Marcus and frame another article about Patrick in its place. Patrick decided that he would meet with this guy and give him the thrill of his life. Maybe he would even sign an autograph.

## ***A Stud With The Ladies***

His football abilities were not the only reason Patrick Sears thought of himself as a stud. He was also a tremendous success with the fairer sex. Being a football star helped him in this regard, but it was not the only reason for this success. Due to his small frame and shoulder length hair, few would have guessed it, but Patrick Sears was impressively large where it counted. His status as a football player initially got him the girls, but his cock and balls got them to come back and beg for more.

Still, he wasn't happy with just bedding some of the hottest girls on campus. He wanted to be a legend. So he set a goal for himself that would make him a God on campus. His goal was to fuck all six cheerleaders at his university by the time he graduated.

At first, it was easy for Patrick. He started with Sue Ann Rogers, well known as the sluttiest of the cheerleaders. The rumors about this red-head being the best cocksucker at the university were true. She went wild when she first saw the size of his manhood and blew him like a pro. Of course, he fucked her too, leaving her screaming for more. She blabbed to all her friends how great he was in bed, which led to one more cheerleader conquest, Lori Sanchez. Lori acted innocent when others were around, but when they were alone, she was crazy for him. The two quick successes lead Patrick to think that the rest of the cheerleaders would be conquered easily too. But that's when his football player status and his well endowment no longer seemed to work. To get his next conquest, Jennifer Wang, he had to lie.

He pretended to fall in love with her. He had to romance her for two months. In the end, despite her friends warning her that all he wanted was to get into her panties, he was able to charm his way into fucking her. All it took were several love letters, pretending to listen and saying what he thought she wanted to hear. Of course, he dumped her as soon as she gave into his desires. Patrick smiled to himself as he remembered giving her the "it's not you, it's me" speech that was anything but genuine. The only hard part was ignoring all the calls from Jennifer afterwards begging him to rekindle their relationship – as if they had a relationship. *Chicks can be so dumb*, he thought.

His time romancing Jennifer was productive in another way. During an "intimate" moment where he was trying to play up some sympathy by

sharing false stories about an overly demanding father, she revealed to him that two of the cheerleaders that he was having difficulty bedding – Beth Hunter and Michelle Frames – were lesbian lovers. He used this knowledge to his advantage, and threatened to reveal their secret unless both girls submitted to his sexual advances. Beth was so scared that she actually offered her body in exchange of his promise to protect their secret and swear to leave Michelle alone. He gladly took up the offer. Just to add humiliation, he made Beth beg for him to fuck her before he took her roughly from behind. *Homos deserved to be fucked like animals*, he thought.

As soon as he got what he wanted from Beth, he again resumed his threats on Michelle. She pleaded with him, saying through her sobbing that she had never been with a man and that she did not want to do it. But in the end she also submitted to him in tears. The tears of course, did not bother him. In fact, when he found out that she was never with a man before, it thrilled him to no end. It didn't take him long after that for him to break his promise to keep the girls' secret as promised. He told everyone that would listen that he was so great in bed that he was able to convert couple of lesbian cheerleaders. His legend was growing. He made sure that everyone knew that he had fucked the whole squad of cheerleaders – all but one.

He had five cheerleader conquests, and only had one more to go. His final target was Cindy Morgan, the head cheerleader and the quarterback's girlfriend. He tried all his tricks but nothing worked. He was so close to accomplishing his goal with seemingly no way to overcome the final obstacle. This bothered him a great deal. But during a victory party held at Cindy's apartment, Patrick finally got his opportunity when he found Cindy sleeping in her room. Luckily for him, she was completely drunk. With her boyfriend and most of her friends in the living room, Patrick quietly took Cindy in the darkness of her bedroom. She was so drunk that he was sure she didn't even know what happened. After doing his deed, he quietly pulled out of her, left the bedroom and rejoined the party, leaving her legs spread and her pussy full of his sperm. His only regret was that he had to keep this conquest to himself so he didn't get in trouble. He took small satisfaction that he had completed his goal but hated the fact that he could not brag about it. His legendary status, for now, had to be a secret.

## ***The Championship Game***

It was near the end of the second quarter of the championship game. Their opponents, the Bobcats, were winning fourteen to ten. So far, the head coach, Coach Davis, had used the strategy of trying to keep the ball away from the Bobcats' potent offense by running the ball as much as possible. So it wasn't surprising that Patrick Sears, who needed only one more catch to break the conference record for most reception and only thirty seven more yards receiving to break the record for most reception yards, still had no catches and no yards. Patrick was getting frustrated. Now that the time was running out on the first half his team was finally passing the ball. But the quarterback, John Sannem, seemed to be going out of his way to avoid throwing the ball to Patrick. He felt that he was open all the time, but the passes did not come his way. With only ten seconds remaining, the corner covering Patrick Sears fell down, and Patrick found himself wide open in the end zone. He waived his arms feverishly towards the quarterback. But for some reason, Sannem held on to the ball looking for another receiver. About to be sacked, John Sannem finally threw the ball towards Patrick – unfortunately, the normally accurate quarterback threw the ball high. Patrick jumped towards the ball but due to his short height, only his fingers were able to graze the ball. The ball fell to the ground with only two seconds remaining. His team had to settle for a field goal. The half ended with the Bobcats on top fourteen to thirteen.

That wasn't the worst part. Patrick's right hand pinky finger felt like it had just been hit with a hammer. The pain and the frustration were bringing tears to his eyes. Fussing over his throbbing finger, he didn't bother to listen to the Coach Davis' halftime inspirational speech. He just sat there, gripping his hand.

Then Coach Davis yelled at him. "What in the world? Sears – are you *crying?*?" The coach looked at him in disgust. "Are you a freaking *pansy?*?"

Patrick, his eyes wet, pointed to his hand. "I think my pinky is broken," he said.

Everyone laughed at that. Not just a snicker. The whole team laughed with a roar. Patrick was shocked. He was injured. The star player of the



team was injured, and this was the way they reacted? How dare they laugh at Patrick Sears? He was the star of the team. He was pissed.

That's when the signal came that it was time for the team to head back out to the field. The rest of team left the locker room, Patrick stayed. He wasn't about to give these jerks one ounce of help. He would show them that the team was worthless without him. He was sure that Coach Davis would come back and beg forgiveness and ask him to play.

But he did not. Not after one minute, not after two. Not after ten minutes. Not after thirty. In fact, no one came back.

As he sat in the locker by himself, Patrick got angrier and angrier. Did that fat ass Coach Davis call him a pansy in front of everyone? How dare the entire team laugh at him? He hated them, all of them.

Patrick Sears sensed that the game was almost over. He knew that without his skills, his team had lost the game for sure. That's when he got a brilliant idea. He would go out and talk to the local press. Normally, only Coach Davis and a few players that the coach selected would answer questions after they got showered and dressed. Most of the time, only the local news reporters and the school paper reporters would be there. But this was the championship game, and he knew that some national reporters might be there too. This was his chance to get his revenge on Coach Davis and the idiots he called teammates.

He decided to go let them know why his team lost this game. He planned to blame Coach Davis for a horrible game plan and that stupid quarterback for not throwing to him and missing that one throw. Further, he decided to blame the entire team and point out all the mistakes that each player made. That would teach the team to laugh at him.

Right before the game was over, Patrick walked into the pressroom and headed straight to the podium. Before the surprised media could react, he went on a tirade of blame. He pointed a finger at his teammates for blowing the championship game.

In the middle of his tirade, some stupid reporter asked him why he didn't go out of the locker room during the second half. He showed his little finger in his right hand, and said "my pinky is broken." The press started to laugh. This angered him even more. He started to yell loudly and angrily told the stupid reporters not to ask any more questions. He continued on his tirade of blame for another ten minutes. Towards the end of Patrick's speech, Coach Davis walked in the room. Patrick pointed right at the coach and stated, "his fat ass should be fired for that terrible game plan and for the loss." That's when the weirdest thing happened. The entire room broke out into hysterical laughter.

"We won," Coach Davis stated calmly, "the score was forty one to twenty one." Patrick couldn't believe his ears. How could they have won without him? His team not only won, but scored three touchdowns without him. "You apologize to me and your teammates this instant or you're off the team."

Out of embarrassment, anger and frustration, Patrick yelled, "*go fuck yourself!*" and ran out of the room and out of the stadium still wearing his uniform and pads.

## **The Pick Up**

“Fuck,” Patrick thought to himself as he continued to walk away from the stadium towards his dorm, “I got myself kicked off the team.” He came to the stadium in the team bus so his only way to get back to his dorm, a few miles away, was by walking. “Those assholes will probably take my scholarship, too,” he thought. “*Shit!*” he yelled.

“What the fuck am I going to do?” he asked himself. “I’ll transfer,” he said to no one in particular, “that’ll show them.”

As he was thinking loudly to himself, he heard a car honk at him from behind. “Fuck you!” he replied without even looking. Then the car pulled up next to him. It was Sue Ann Rogers, the cheerleader – his first conquest of the squad. “Do you want a ride?” she asked.

He quickly accepted the offer for a ride.

As she drove him towards his dorm, Sue Ann patiently listened to all his complaints about his team and his coach. Patrick was on an epic tirade, blaming everyone from his coach to the guy selling hot dogs at the concession stand. He was so angry that he didn’t notice her taking a wrong turn. By the time he noticed that she was off course, she had gone for a few miles in the wrong direction. When he commented on the fact that she was going the wrong way, she said, “I thought you needed a drink and some cheering up,” she said, winking at him. “I’m driving to my parent’s house. They are out of town and they’ve got a full bar.”

Patrick agreed to himself that he did need a drink and a good fuck to help him relax and think about the day’s events. This was a terrible day, but things surely would get better. So he relaxed. Worse comes to worst, he could always apologize to the head coach and get back on the team. He was convinced that the team needed him more than he needed them. He decided not to worry about it anymore tonight. The young man had enough time to worry about it later. The university was going on Winter break, so he had about a month to straighten out his problems. Tonight he was going to enjoy some drinks and Sue Ann’s body.

As promised, the nice house had a full bar, and Sue Ann quickly got him a mixed drink. He drank it down fast. She offered another, and he drank that one even faster and a few more that followed. After getting

drunk, he pulled Sue Ann towards him with the intent of ripping her clothing off and fucking her. But she pulled away. "Please stop," she said.

All the frustrations of the days' prior event returned. He was angry. "What the fuck?" he yelled, "you drive me all the way here and get me liquored up and now you want to play all innocent. Everyone knows that you're the biggest slut in school," he yelled.

"I'm not a slut!" she said and began to cry and ran away from him towards a bedroom, intent on locking herself in. But before she could reach it, he grabbed her and began to rip her clothing. She yelled, "Please stop... Please stop!" over and over again, but he didn't stop. Her clothing half ripped, he dragged her into the same room that she was intending to lock herself inside. He threw her on the bed and began to take his football uniform off. He was struggling with it more than usual. Sure, he was drunk but he always prided himself in being able to take alcohol like a man. The alcohol didn't explain the sudden intense dizziness that he felt. Something was wrong. He was struggling to keep consciousness and then he passed out.

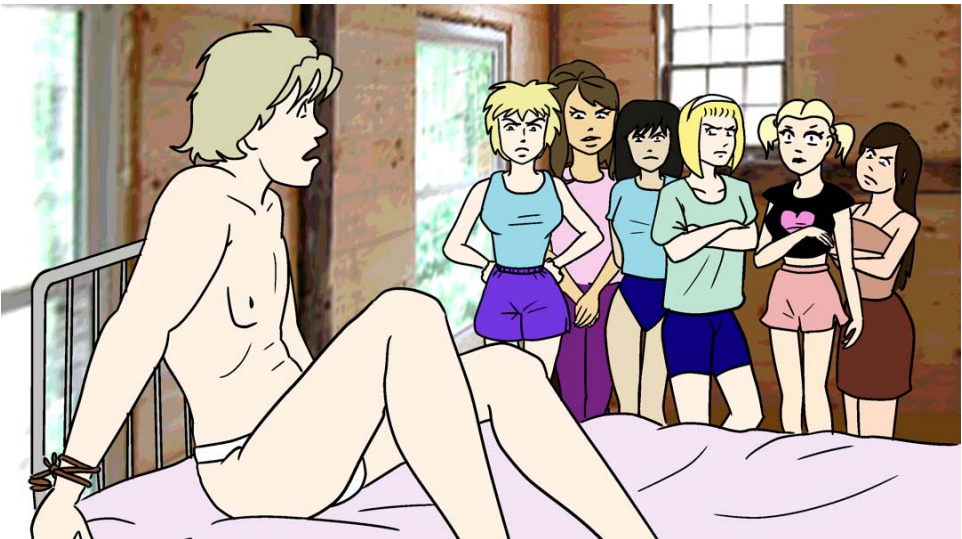
## Waking Up

He woke up groggy with a big headache. Something wasn't right. He was no longer in Sue Ann's parents' house. The building he was in appeared more like a small one room wood cabin. He was in the main room that was decorated with typical bedroom furniture. This room had one front door and another smaller door that opened to a tiny bathroom with a commode, sink and shower. "What the fuck?" he thought. He tried to get up but couldn't. That's when he noticed that he was tied to a bed. He was almost naked. He only had on his jock strap. His football uniform was nowhere to be seen. Did he take it off? He remembered starting to take them off to fuck... but did he finish taking them off? Did he do Sue Ann? Did he get caught in the act? Is that why he was now tied to the bed? That didn't make sense. He wasn't in a jail. They don't make jails with wood and they don't tie people to a bed in jail – at least he didn't *think* that they did that in jail. His head hurt. He knew that he was in big trouble but couldn't remember exactly what happened. Then bright light came on, the front door to cabin opened and walked in the six cheerleaders from State Midwestern University.

"You're finally awake," said Cindy Morgan, the head cheerleader.

"What the fuck is going on?" Patrick said, "You bitches better untie me."

Cindy Morgan smiled and walked straight towards him. She pushed some buttons on her phone and placed it close to Patrick's face. The



small screen showed him video images of him and Sue Ann in Sue Ann's parent's living room. It showed her repeatedly begging him to stop and trying to get away, then him grabbing her, ripping her clothing, and dragging her into a bedroom. The door closed behind them. After that, only sounds could be heard – but the sounds were damning. He heard the sound of bedsprings and Sue Anne crying and continuously begging him to stop raping her. Cindy turned the phone off.

“I was set up...” Patrick said not really sure if that was true.

“Of course,” Sue Ann said, “Am I not a great actress?”

“That's all fake?” Patrick said, somewhat surprised.

“It doesn't matter if that's fake,” Cindy said, “You raped me.”

“What?” Patrick said pretending not to know what Cindy was talking about.

“Don't lie,” she said, “I know what you did at the party in my apartment. I even have DNA evidence. A lab confirmed that it was your sperm in me. But I know scum like you just will lie and say it was consensual. My word against yours. Others may have even believed your bullshit. But now with this evidence,” she pointed to the phone, “everyone will believe me... that's two rapes.... Guess how long you will be in prison?”

“Make that four,” said Beth Hunter, “Don't forget what he did to Michelle and me. I say let's just cut off his dick and feed it to him.”

For the first time in his life, Patrick Sears was afraid. The cheerleaders seemed to have him in a serious bind. “Please don't hurt me and don't tell anyone,” he said, “I will do anything you want,” he pleaded, in tears.

The cheerleaders smiled. “I'm glad you said that,” Cindy said, “All we want is for you is to learn a lesson.”

“I've learned my lesson,” said Patrick quickly.

“Yeah, right. To truly learn your lesson,” said Cindy, “You need to see things from our point of view.” That's when Lori Sanchez came towards the front holding an outfit ensemble consisting of a pink sweatshirt and pants with the words “State Midwestern University Cheerleader” written on it. The cheerleaders were already wearing the same outfit.

“What...what do you mean?” Patrick asked.

“You will have to join the cheerleader squad,” said Cindy with a big smile.

## **Summer Camp**

Secluded in what turned out to be Lori Sanchez's uncle's cabin, the cheerleaders practiced their new cheers. Since Lori's freshman year, they came here every year, during the winter break, to practice without being bothered by others. Patrick Sears, ex-football player, never would have believed that he would someday be wearing a girl's cheerleader sweats. It was similar to the gray sweats that he wore to work out in the weight room but it was pink and had the words "State Midwestern University Cheerleader" on it. He never would have believed that he would be practicing all the cheerleader drills. Thanks to his small and skinny frame, his shoulder length blond hair, he already had some feminine traits. In a football uniform, he looked dashing. In pink sweats, he looked like a swish. Except for his somewhat masculine voice, he appeared to be a sissy boy doing his best to learn the moves and the cheers.

The girls certainly didn't give him any breaks, either. They had Patrick on his feet and cheering as hard as they could make him. He was hoping that he could just move around and do the minimum amount of cheering. The girls weren't giving him the chance. They took shifts, keeping Patrick moving all the time. Still, Patrick kept going through the girls' silly routines and doing what he was told, hoping for the right moment to find a way out of his predicament.

Memorizing those mindless chants was easy. He certainly heard them enough on the football field and they were not complicated. But those kicks, and jumps, and shakes, they were something else. He hated making those silly cheerleader moves wearing that pink outfit. Try as he might, he could not avoid thinking about how gay he looked. Being embarrassed was an understatement. But what could he do? The girls trapped him good. As degrading as this was, it certainly was better than prison. Sue Ann had video evidence. Cindy had DNA evidence. *Why didn't he clean her up after he fucked her?* Patrick asked himself. *Why didn't he stop when she plead with him to stop?* He wondered. Together, the two pieces of evidence would support each other and no one would believe his side of the story. Add the lesbians' claims of being blackmailed into sex, how could he possibly escape without going to prison? He shouldn't have bragged to everyone that he fucked the two Lesbos.



Now, he had to endure this humiliation to avoid going to prison. He hoped that the girls would soon get bored with him and decide that he had learned his lesson. His only saving grace was that no one, other than the cheerleaders, was there to see his shame.

As he practiced the cheers and moves, he was told to pretend like he was really enjoying this experience. "Smile!" the girls kept telling him. With the constant threat of prison, he did as told. He smiled and acted like he enjoyed "being" a cheerleader. Under further threat, he also spoke in falsetto and mimicked the girls' movements. He even gave a long speech how this was his life long dream. The girls took turns with him instructing him how to move and act. At first he could not do even the simplest moves well. The girls took turns spanking him every time he massed up a move. The spanking didn't hurt him physically that much, but the humiliation of having to receive such punishment was horrible. Of course, he was physically strong enough to stop the girls but the constant threat of prison stopped him from even trying. He tried his best to please the girls to avoid the humiliating treatment.

One whole day passed, and he figured he was going to be let off the hook. Then, another day. A third day. A week later, Patrick was getting the very chilling sense that he wasn't just being harassed, he was now being held captive. When he asked, the girls never even gave him a hint of how long this was going to go on. The cheerleaders didn't seem to get tired of making him do the dumbest, most mortifying things. There was no sign they ever would. He had to do his hair in pigtails, wear the sweats, giggle and talk like a girl and act like he was enjoying every minute of being one of the girls on the squad. Eventually, over a two-week period of constant practice, his natural athleticism allowed him to pick up the moves. He was beginning to move like a cheerleader.

## ***A New Name***

Patrick Sears and the girls sat in the cabin watching a playback of their practices. All the cheerleaders and Patrick wore matching red shorts and a shirt that said, “Midwestern State University Cheerleader.” He hated this new “indoor outfit” but agreed to wear it when the girls threatened blackmail.

At first, he had been shocked to learn that the girls recorded everything. Apparently there were hidden cameras everywhere. “How else are we going to see our mistakes?” Cindy responded when he asked why they were recording the practices. He saw himself doing those silly cheers over and over again in his pink sweats. He saw himself confessing how this was his life long dream and that he was a sissy at heart.

After the video show was finished, Cindy got up and faced the girls. “I think Pansy Cheers is coming along nicely.” Patrick wanted to scream every time he heard this degrading nickname. The girls gave him this nickname the day before and used it every opportunity to humiliate him. The first time Cindy called him Pansy Cheers, he yelled at her. After another spanking from all the girls, he learned his lesson.

Earlier that day, the girls even made him refer to himself as Pansy Cheers. “I am a Pansy and I love cheering, so my name is Pansy Cheers,” he heard himself say in a high pitched falsetto. This was on the video, too. “Don’t call me Patrick Sears, please call me Pansy Cheers.” He would die if anyone else saw this tape.

Sitting there watching the video of himself saying all those shameful things made Patrick tear up. “I’ve learned my lesson,” Patrick said in tears. “Please no more. I will never rape a girl again. I now know what it’s like to be a cheerleader.”

“Poor Pansy,” said Cindy, “she thinks a few cheers make her a cheerleader. Well, Pansy Cheers, I don’t think you’ve learned what it’s like for us cheerleaders just yet and until you do, your lesson is not over.”

The girls continued to call Patrick, “Pansy Cheers” or “Pansy” or “Ms. Cheers” from that day forward. After hearing his nickname for what seemed like the 1000<sup>th</sup> time, he just took it, pretending that it did not bother him. What else could he do, knowing the type of evidence the girls had on him.

## ***The Pills***

A serious discussion about nail colors was abruptly interrupted by Michelle. “Guys, we have a problem. I don’t think Ms. Cheers will be ready,” she said, “she just isn’t presentable.”

Patrick wondered what the hell Michelle was talking about, “ready for what?” He began to panic. Surely, they weren’t going to make him do something more embarrassing than what he has been doing so far. He knew that winter break was almost over. He feared the future, but remained silent – with a big smile, as instructed numerous times. Surely the girls would let him go as soon as classes started.

“Sure, he needs hair removal, makeup and accessories but we have enough time to get all that,” Cindy replied.

“We’re not talking about that,” Beth stated, “Michelle’s right, if we don’t take drastic measures, he will never be ready.”

“What do you mean?” Cindy asked.

“I’ll show you,” Beth stated as she grabbed the remote from Cindy. She rewound the video and paused it on a screen of a close up of Patrick performing a high kick move in short shorts. “See that,” she stated pointing to the obvious male bulge protruding from his tight short shorts. The girls made him wear this super-insulting outfit lately. It was similar to the indoor cheerleader practice outfit that the girls wore when inside or under their sweats when outside with special modifications. The shorts were far shorter and the shirt was essentially a tank top. The girls told him that he had to wear this ‘specially made’ outfit when practicing because he was a ‘special’ cheerleader. They called it the “sissy cheerleader practice outfit.” Wearing it outside meant that he was freezing when outside, though the girls just didn’t seem to care. But more troubling than the possibility of catching pneumonia, the outfit left nothing to the imagination. It revealed everything including an un-girly bulge in his pants.

“That won’t do,” said Sue Ann, with a giggle. “But what can we do?” “I mean I know from personal experience, it’s large... and it won’t be easy to hide.

“My mother is a doctor. Sometimes, she even works with transsexual patients. I’m sure she will get us something to tame that thing,” Beth volunteered.

“Like what?” Cindy asked.

“Female hormones,” Beth stated.

“You think your mother will help us?” Cindy asked.

“Sure...” Beth replied, “My mother knows what Pansy did to all of us. She will be glad to help.”

“What will it do?” Sue Anne asked looking a little concerned.

“For one thing, it will shrink his thing into a manageable size,” Beth stated, “we can then hide it using a gaff.”

“What’s a gaff?” asked Jennifer.

“It’s a device used by transsexuals to hide their maleness.” Beth stated.

“So what do say Pansy?” Cindy asked turning to Patrick. “This will be your choice. We will have open practices soon on campus. You can either take the girly pills or show the world your secret.”

Patrick didn’t take the threat that seriously. If there was such a thing as a pill that could shrink a man’s penis, surely he’d have heard about it. He had taken steroids a couple of years ago to bulk up, and the guys in the gym called them hormones. So these girls didn’t know what they were talking about – hormones made you even bigger and stronger. True, he wasn’t exactly up-to-date with what medicine could do, but something as stupid sounding as female hormones was impossible. Hormones were steroids, and they made you big. Besides, hormones weren’t permanent. Even if they were real, they’d wear off or he’d just take male hormones to be like an antidote.

More importantly, the words “open practices” and “on campus” kept ringing inside his head. They couldn’t be serious.

He knew what “open practices” meant. Crowds, mostly boys and men from local town would come watch the cheerleaders and leer at them in the small gym used by the cheerleaders to practice. In fact, if you could believe it, he had been one of those men. One wrong kick would mean that everyone would know that the new cheerleader was a boy. Sure the rest of him looked like an effeminate boy, but with makeup and some

padding, the girls convinced him that it would be possible to make him look like a plain girl.

“You want to take me and have me practice with you guys, in front of everyone?” Patrick said. “Wouldn’t that kind of be, um, you know, against the rules?”

Confident he had easily shot down the girl’s incredibly dumb plan, Patrick crossed his arms in a rare display of his inner emotions. He had them.

“If anyone can tell you’re not part of the squad, Pansy, we can just say you lied to us,” Michelle replied, just as confident.

“Yeah,” Cindy said, “You better make sure no one can tell. It might embarrass us a little, but you’ll be laughed right out of school.”

“And right into jail,” Beth added.

All of the sudden, he realized that they were perfectly serious. Patrick now knew that there was no way the girls would not allow him to not participate in open practices. As embarrassing as open practices would be, it was still better than prison. Plus all the video evidence of prancing like a cheerleader and his embarrassing statements probably would be made public if he didn’t do what he was told. So he couldn’t save himself from the humiliation by refusing to cooperate.

It wasn’t much of a choice. As much as he hated the thought of taking something called ‘female hormones,’ he could not bear the thought of some else discovering his secret. He just hoped that the female hormones might actually work. His future was now on the line. Either it was who knows how many years in jail and permanent humiliation, or do this. Would they work fast enough to hide his pride and joy in time for open practices? He could only pray that they would be. Fortunately, the effects would only be temporary.

“I’ll take the pills,” Patrick announced, to the cheers of the girls, except Beth and Sue Anne.

“You’ve got to do better than that,” Beth stated, “you’re going to have to beg us, on camera, for the pills that will make you girly and shrink your thingy.”

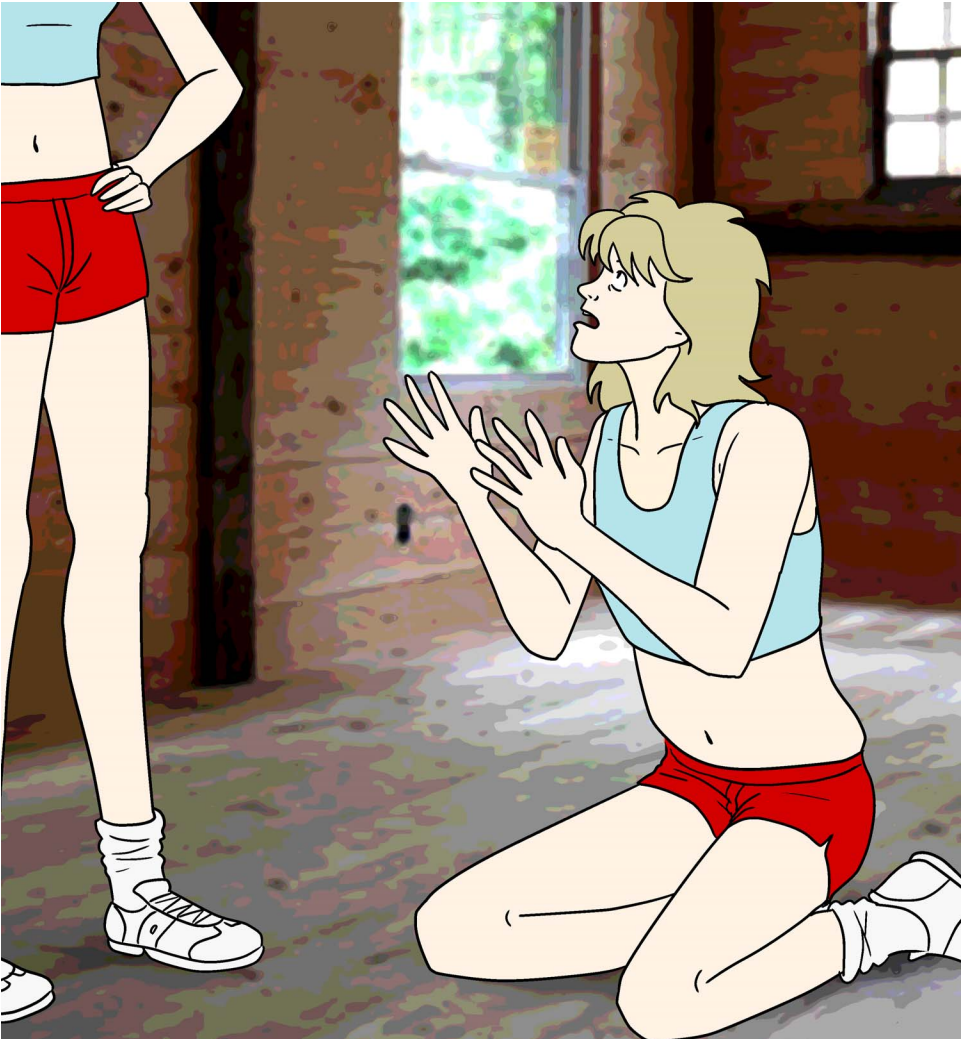
“I... I can’t,” Patrick stated. He knew that was just handing them another piece of evidence he’d be blackmailed with. “Not a chance.”

“Well that’s your choice,” Beth stated with an evil grin. “I guess everyone will know your secret. In a way, I’m glad, since you told everyone my and Michelle’s secret. Now they’ll know your secret, *Pansy*.”

Patrick couldn’t risk the chance of someone finding out that the new cheerleader was actually him. “Please give me the pills,” Patrick stated in tears.

“Then ask for them the way I want you to,” Beth instructed. “Get on your knees and beg. Pansy, you better make me believe that you desperately want the pills,” stated Beth.

Reluctantly, Patrick got on his knees and began to beg, “Please, give me the female hormones.” There was no reaction. He needed to do more, it



seemed. “I want to be girly. I need to be girly so I can fulfill my life long dream of being a sissy cheerleader.” Still no answer. He was going to have to take it farther. “I must be Pansy Cheers, the sissy cheerleader. Please, I will do anything.” Patrick of course did not mean any of what he said, but knew that he had to convince Beth to let him have the pills so that he could hide his secret.

## ***His Body***

Another day of seemingly endless cheer practices was about to end. Patrick had to endure another day of being called Pansy Cheers and another day of taking the girly pills that were already slowly feminizing his body.

As he got out of his cheerleader practice uniform made up of red short shorts and a tank top to take a shower, he thought that he noticed some changes to his body. This was one of the few times where he had any time alone without the prying eyes of at least one of the girls. They only allowed him privacy to use the bathroom to shower, use the facilities and to change for the evening and again in the morning. The girls kept him on a strict schedule and took turns standing guard. Patrick knew he had to change quickly and get out, or the girls would punish him.

So he hurriedly took this opportunity to check his body. Perhaps it was just his imagination, perhaps not. Even flaccid, his dick was still large. But was it smaller than before? He thought it was. Perhaps it was just his mind playing tricks. He felt like a hypochondriac, after having heard about a disease and imagining that he had the symptoms of that same disease.

A part of him did not want his manhood to shrink but another part of him wanted it desperately. He knew that it was still way too big for these open practices that were coming up soon. He again had asked the girls if he could wear something less revealing, something a little less tight. But the girls just responded that his practice clothing was standard issue for a sissy.

Beth explained what a gaff was and how it worked. So Patrick knew that the horrible device would help him hide his secret. But he had no idea how much his dick needed to shrink before a gaff would work. He also wondered if it would grow back once he stopped taking the pills. He desperately hoped so.

He was so tired from all the practices that he hadn't had a chance to think about making a move on any of the girls. Despite being surrounded by beautiful girls all the time, he hadn't had an erection ever since he woke in this cheerleader camp from hell. He even suspected that the girls had been secretly giving him the feminizing pills even before he made his choice to take them and that the scene where he an-

nounced in front of the hidden camera that he wanted to take this pill, was all for show.

Now, he wondered if he could get hard even if he wasn't so tired. He tried to play with it just to see if it would come to attention, but no luck.

He didn't have much time to change into his pale yellow long shirt. It looked a little like a mini dress with his college logo in the front. The girls recently started to make him wear it each night. It was obviously a feminine garment and they thought it would be funny. He really didn't find any humor in it. But when he tried to complain, Cindy made it very clear that he had to obey or he would be sent off to prison and all the private videos would be released to the public. So what choice did he have? Other than the cheerleaders at this camp, no one was there to see him wear such inappropriate clothing. At least they didn't make him wear panties or such other nonsense. Soon after he arrived in this camp, the girls got rid of his jocks, since then, he had gone without underwear. He thought about asking for some underwear, but had decided against it for the fear of having to wear feminine undies.

With the knowledge that his private time was about to end soon, his inspection moved upwards. Even with the long yellow shirt on, he noticed tiny protrusions up in his chest area that looked like hints of breasts. He also felt that his nipples were bigger and more sensitive than usual.

Was he growing breasts? Was he imagining this too? The girls never told him about breasts. But he worried about this particular possible side effect of taking the feminizing pills. He slowly raised his hands and felt up that area. He felt small bumps he had never had before with his hands. Over and over again, he checked, not believing it was possible. But he was now sure of the fact that he was starting to grow real breasts.

Maybe it was just imagination, but he also thought that his body seemed rounder and while he was still skinny as usual, his bottom seemed to flare out just a bit.

He heard knock on the door. His time was up. He quickly took his hands off his breasts and stepped out of the bathroom.

"What the hell were you doing in there, Pansy?" Beth demanded.

“I’m sorry,” Patrick answered, “I just wanted to be beautiful for the night.” He knew that was the only answer that would allow him to avoid a spanking.

“I should spank you right now for taking so long... but it’s going to have to wait till tomorrow,” Beth said, “Michelle and I have special evening planned for us.”

**Mr. Small**

There were only three of them in the cabin that night – Beth, Michelle and Patrick. All the girls had left right after practice had ended.

“Normally I don’t like guys.” Beth stated, “But since you started to dress like a pansy and take female hormones, you don’t exactly look like a guy anymore. I wouldn’t say that you look like a girl, yet. But you certainly don’t look like a man.”

“I don’t know,” Michelle stated, “he kind of still looks something like a guy.”

“I would say more like a queer.” Beth responded, “like a sissy.”

Patrick hated the fact that these two lesbians were talking about him as if he wasn’t even in the room. How dare they call him queer when in fact *they* were the queers.

“You know queers like to take it in the ass,” Beth stated taking out a small vibrating dildo from a bag. “Meet Mr. Small. Do you like taking it in the ass, Pansy?”

Patrick’s eyes opened wide in shock. He feverishly shook his head side to side and yelled, “No.... no, no.” He started to back up from these evil girls.

“Meet Mr. Small.” Beth used strings attached to the realistic looking dildo to strap it onto herself. “I know this one isn’t that big. You must be disappointed. But this is your first time so I don’t want to hurt you.

“If you come near me with that thing,” Patrick stated, “I’m going to kill you and your lesbo friend.” He meant it too.

Michelle suddenly looked worried. Maybe it was a bad idea asking all the other girls to leave early that night. But Beth didn’t seem afraid.

“That’s too bad. You’re so close to finishing your lessons here. But I guess you want to go to prison after all. I’m sure you will be very popular after the girls release the tapes to public.”

“What do you mean?” Patrick asked.

“Be my bitch tonight and you can leave here tomorrow morning.” Beth stated. “But you have to beg for it just like I had to beg for it. You remember that night when you tricked me into letting you fuck me.”

Patrick hesitated. His fists were clenched and ready to carry out the threat that he had made just a minute ago. He could kill these bitches and perhaps find and delete some of the videos. But the other girls may also have copies of the video and they certainly would report him to the cops and even distribute the movies if he hurt these two. Even if he somehow found all the other girls and killed them as well, before they distributed them, they could have taken steps to make sure he gets caught in such event. He couldn't take that risk. Beth even said that her mother knew what happened. Maybe others knew too, and had evidence.

"I guess you want to be a bitch to real men in prison," Beth stated, "No problem. We can arrange that," she stated removing a strap from the dildo.

"No, stop," Patrick stated softly, in a barely audible voice.

"What?" Beth asked.

"Please fuck me," Patrick stated in a low voice which was again, barely audible.

"That's not how you beg to be fucked," Beth stated, "you know better than that. After all, you gave me very clear instructions on how to beg the last time."

"Please fuck me," Patrick stated louder in as sexy voice that he could muster. He had been practicing his feminine voice and it was sounding less like a false alto and more like a natural female voice, on the low side. While getting on all fours and raising his ass, he said the words that he had made Beth say previously, "Please make me your bitch."

"Now that's better," Beth stated, "but don't stop your begging. I want you to continue to beg and moan while I fuck your brains out."

Michelle's fears evaporated and she started to smile again. She and Beth were finally going to get their revenge.

Beth stood behind Patrick and raised his yellow nightshirt just enough to reveal his back entrance. She held his ass with both hands and while he repeatedly begged to be fucked, started to push the dildo into his ass. Michelle took her camera phone and started to record the events close up, careful not to tape Beth's face.

Patrick was yelling from the pain.

Beth slapped Patrick's ass hard, "Relax bitch!" She demanded. "This thing is much smaller than what you attacked me with."

He tried his best to relax and little by little the dildo disappeared into his ass. Patrick stopped begging because it hurt so much, all he could do was concentrate on breathing.

"If you don't continue to beg for it, I'm going to stop fucking you." Beth stated.

The threat was obvious to Patrick. If he didn't beg, she would stop fucking him, and then his "lessons" would continue or worse yet he would go to prison and his humiliation would be revealed to the world. So despite the great pain and humiliation, Patrick begged to be fucked like a bitch over and over again while Beth pumped him full of the small, realistic dildo.

After several minutes of being fucked, the weirdest thing happened. His body started to respond to the fucking. Without even realizing it, Patrick was actually moving his ass back and forth in rhythm with the fucking. His fake moans slowly turned into real ones. Finally, Patrick gave several loud moans and then, came into the insides of his nightshirt. He actually came from being butt-fucked. How is that possible? He didn't even get an erection and somehow he came. Exhausted, his legs gave way and he collapsed on the floor.

At first Beth was mad. But when Beth realized what happened she smiled. "I see that you like being my bitch?" Beth forcibly made Patrick stand and then raised the front part of his shirt to reveal the inside and showed it to Michelle who looked puzzled.

"The Pansy came from being fucked," Beth told Michelle. "Make sure you get a nice close up of the inside of the shirt. This will prove that Patrick Sears really is a sissy."

Both girls laughed while Patrick looked in horror as the evidence of his humiliating cum was being video taped.

"You can go to bed now," Beth said apparently satisfied with her revenge.

Pansy began to cry from the humiliation and pain. He pointed to the wet spot on his nightshirt and said "can I at least change?"

Beth smiled an evil grin, and said, “No, I think a sissy like you should learn to sleep with a wet spot.”

Despite what the Pansy did to her and Beth, Michelle actually began to feel sorry for Pansy. “Let’s at least give him some panties. I have an extra pair in my bag.”

“Why?” asked Beth.

“It’s not proper to make him sleep like that,” she stated.

“Alright,” Beth relented, “if Pansy asks nicely, he could have your panties.”

Pansy wanted to say, “fuck off,” to both girls. He did not want to wear panties and he wanted to rip off the feminine nightshirt. But he remem-



bered that Beth said that he could leave this place in the morning and didn't want anything to jeopardize this. He had to guess what would be the best move to insure that he didn't piss off the girl. So reluctantly, he asked Michelle to give him her panties.

Michelle took out a pair of plain looking white panties from her beg and handed to Patrick. After he received the panties and wore it, he smiled as best he could under the circumstance and said, "Thank you for letting me wear your panties."

## ***Last Day Of Camp***

Morning arrived slowly for the Pansy. Despite being tired, he couldn't sleep much. His ass and ego hurt like hell. He couldn't get his mind to stop thinking about that dildo going in and out of him and how humiliated he felt when he actually came.

But at least it was almost over. Michelle and Beth promised last night that he would be allowed to leave the camp this morning. He hoped that he would be set free soon.

"Wake up bitch," Beth yelled at him. Last night, Beth told him that he could leave this nightmare of a camp, if he cooperated with her. Still wearing his yellow long shirt that he wore while being fucked last night, he got up from his bed.

"Assume the position, Pansy Cheers," demanded Beth, sitting on a chair.

Pansy knew from prior experience what Beth wanted. He knew that he would be spanked. Knowing that his humiliation could be over soon if he cooperated, he didn't want to give Beth any reason to change her mind. So he quickly got into position by raising his nightshirt and then laying on her knees with his backside to her.

She spanked him good. The butt fucking that he received last night made the spanking a lot more painful than he remembered. He was so in pain that he began to cry and beg her to stop.

After a few spanks, Michelle actually began to cry, too, and begged Beth to stop.

Beth, seeing Michelle cry, suddenly stopped and told Pansy Cheers to get off of her. Beth grabbed Michelle's hand and they both went out of the cabin together. Pansy just stood there. He could barely hear the arguments between the girls, but could not make out enough words to determine the nature of the argument. He hoped that Michelle was arguing to Beth to keep her promise and let him go.

He planned get revenge on all these dumb bitches once he was able to destroy all the evidence against him. But right now, his top priority was to get the fuck out of this hell hole.

After a few minutes the argument stopped and the door opened. Pansy was surprised to see Cindy.

“Get dressed quickly,” she ordered and tossed to him jeans, a shirt and a coat.

He looked at the garments that were tossed to him. The jeans were obviously a pair of girl’s jeans. It was a double button skinny denim jeans with a faded back. The shirt was a pale blue shirt with the words “Girl Power!” written on the front.

“I can’t wear this,” Pansy said.

“That’s all I got,” Cindy said, “so you can either leave here wearing the night shirt you’re wearing, the sissy cheerleader practice outfit, or what I graciously gave to you. Or if you prefer you can stay here a little longer.”

Apparently, his ordeal was going to be over soon and he would be allowed to leave this camp. “Thank you,” he said. He looked at the clothing again. They weren’t too bad. He could always change after he left this place. He walked towards the restroom so that he could change into the jeans and shirt but Cindy stopped him.

“We don’t have a lot of time,” Cindy responded, “change now or we won’t be going.”

Having no choice, Pansy took off his nightshirt.

Cindy laughed when she saw his panties. “I guess you decided to wear panties now.”

Not even responding, Pansy quickly got dressed. The pants were too tight in some places and too loose in others. The worse part of the outfit was the fact that the top of the pants were so low riding, that the top of his panties were showing. Pansy was also worried about what he thought was an obvious male bulge protruding from his pants. In reality the bulge wasn’t that noticeable and unless someone was paying close focus to his groin area, it was unlikely that it would be noticed. But Pansy didn’t see it that way. He felt like it was in obvious display screaming that he was a male wearing female clothing. Pansy guessed that he probably looked ridiculous in this outfit, but Pansy didn’t care, he just wanted to leave. After he got dressed, Cindy tossed him a pair of sandals to complete his outfit.

“You may want to put on your coat,” Cindy said, “it’s freezing outside.” The coat had a plunging neck meant to accentuate breasts, breasts that Pansy was afraid he would soon grow. It had two large decorative but-

tons and a built in wide faux leather belt that hung loosely across the narrowed waste. It was definitely made for a girl. The wide ruffled collar and long sleeves that puffed at the ends also revealed that it was a feminine coat. Without hesitation he put it on too.

Anxious to leave the place, he gladly obeyed Cindy's command when she stated, "let's go."

He quickly followed Cindy to her car. Outside of the cabin, he didn't see Beth, Michelle or anyone else. After Cindy opened her passenger door, he quickly got in and they drove out of the camp. He hoped that he would never see this awful place again. When Cindy drove towards the city, he smiled for the first time in a long time. But his relief was short lived when they finally arrived at their destination, a beauty shop.

## ***Outside The Shop***

Cindy's car was parked in the parking lot of the beauty shop called Mimi's Beauty Place and she and Pansy were still sitting inside the car.

"Stop pouting, little Pansy" stated Cindy, "did you really think your lesson was ending today?"

"But," Pansy stated, "Beth said I could get out ... if I let her... I mean if I let her..."

"...fuck you," Cindy finished Pansy's words. "That's right pansy, you got to leave the camp but that doesn't mean that your lesson is finished. On the contrary, your lesson is just beginning."

"What do you mean?" Pansy asked, scared of what's to come.

"I told you about open practices on campus. Our open practices starts tomorrow," Cindy replied.

Pansy began to cry again knowing what open practices meant. He had hoped that his ordeal was about to end, and that the threat of open practices were just that, but now realized that he still had to endure this humiliation.

"Silly pansy, Cindy stated, "You didn't really think we made you practice this hard just to keep you hidden at camp, did you?"

"But I can't," Pansy said, "Someone is bound to find out about me."

"That's why we are here," Cindy replied, "Lori's aunt, Mimi, owns the place and she agreed to help you look presentable as a cheerleader."

"I can't go in there," Pansy said, "It's a beauty shop..."

"Where else would we to make you look more like a girl?" Cindy replied.

Pansy still would not get out of the car. "I don't want to look more like a girl," Pansy finally said.

"Suit yourself," Cindy said starting her car again as if to leave, "you can go to school as you are. I'm sure that someone will recognize you and then everyone will love to meet the new Patrick Sears."

Hearing his own name brought to the center his greatest fear. Pansy didn't want to be discovered. So he reluctantly said, "Okay, okay! I'll go inside but give me a few minutes to ready myself." He began to fidget

with his unfamiliar clothing. He tried to pull up his pants more and pull down his shirt and coat to hide the exposed parts of his panties and that unfeminine bulge in his pants. But try as he might he couldn't fully hide his panties or his bulge. In reality only the very top part of his panties was showing and the bulge in his pants was not that noticeable. But in Pansy's mind, the panties and the bulge were in obvious display.

Cindy stopped her car again. "Take as much time as you want," she said, "We are already late for your appointment and Mimi will likely have appointments after yours. I was trying to save you the embarrassment of being seen by the local ladies that frequent the place. But if you want an audience we can wait. Just don't blame me if the ladies gossip about you to the entire town."

Pansy began to panic imagining the local ladies talk about him and so he got out of the car. The sign on the door said closed but Cindy didn't seem to care. She knocked on the door as if she was told to do so upon arrival.

A few minutes later, a thin Latino woman in her thirties, opened the door and said, "What took you so long? You're late. Quickly get in and go the back."

## **Hair And A Gift**

As ordered, Pansy followed Cindy towards the back of the beauty shop. “So this is the self-proclaimed stud that took advantage of my niece?” the older woman said looking at Pansy. “Sit here,” she ordered pointing to a salon chair at the back end of the beauty shop. Pansy did as ordered.

After Pansy sat down, the older woman, who Pansy assumed was Lori’s aunt, did a close up investigation of his face. “He doesn’t look much like a stud,” she said, continuing to look at Pansy. Pansy’s eyes followed the older woman’s eyes as she looked at the top part of his exposed panties and then down to the slight bulge in his pants.

“Oh, I see what my niece liked about you,” she said with a wink and then to Pansy’s shock, groped his penis. “It’s a nice size. Too bad that’s wasted on such a pussy.” Pansy’s face turned red from the insult and from being groped. He wanted to desperately say he wasn’t a pussy but decided not to cause trouble or delays by arguing.

Lori’s Aunts’ eyes returned to the Pansy’s face. “I can do it,” she said, “he has nice features that can be accentuated.

Cindy smiled and asked, “You can make him pretty?”

“Yes,” Lori’s aunt said, “but we need to do a *lot* of work.” She then stated to Pansy, “First take off all your clothing except your panties.”

Not knowing what to do, Pansy just sat there. He certainly did not want to get undressed.

“Hurry,” the older woman said, “my next appointment will be here in a few hours and we don’t have much time if we want to finish before they get here.”

Pansy couldn’t imagine being at this beauty shop for a few hours. He was used to going to hair salon and getting his hair cut in thirty minutes or less. What did girls do in a beauty shop that took so long?

“Unless you want an audience,” Cindy said, “I would listen to Mimi’s instructions closely.”

Having no other choice, Pansy stood up and took off his coat, his shirt and pants and just stood there in his panties.

“We will have to do something about that ugly body hair first,” Lori’s aunt said. In truth Pansy did not have much body hair but the little that

was there was soon waxed. As Lori's aunt began to peel off the wax from his body, Pansy couldn't help but scream.

"You truly are a pussy," the older woman said.

"We don't call him Pansy for nothing," Cindy said smiling. After those insulting comments, Pansy did his best to man up and not cry out in pain while his body hair was removed.

Having finished with the body hair, Lori's aunt looked closely at his face once again. "Sit down," she ordered.

After he was seated, Lori's aunt said, "No facial hair," and then said, "you don't shave?"

Pansy just looked down to avoid looking at her prying eyes and said "no, not yet."

"It figures," she said. "Now, we will need to take care of the eyebrows."

Lori's aunt began plucking his eyebrows.

"Do we have to make them so thin?" he asked. But she didn't respond. She just continued to pluck his eyebrows. Pansy began to worry when his eyebrows were way too thin for a male and she just continued to meticulously pluck away. "Please stop," he finally said when he couldn't bear it anymore.

She just laughed at his face and said, "if you say one more word, I will just pluck all of it."

He remained quite after that threat until she finished, leaving only a pair of very thin high arches. Pansy couldn't believe the dramatic changes to his face just from the plucking of his eyebrows. His face went from looking like it belonged to a pretty boy to a girl.

"Now take off the panties," said Lori's aunt.

Pansy again hesitated. But with another reminder that others will be here soon, Pansy took off his panties, revealing his rather large flaccid penis.

"It definitely looks out of place on you," Lori's aunt declared, "it's really too bad."

"Beth wanted to cut it off," Cindy said, "but we convinced her that this is a better solution."

Lori's aunt didn't respond to Cindy's comment and instead focused on the task at hand. She began to put the wax on his pubic hair careful to leave a small patch. As soon as the wax solidified, she quickly pulled it off, leaving only a small inverted triangle. When she noticed Pansy looking at what was left of his pubic hair with a worried expression, she smiled and winked and said, "It's called a landing strip. Perhaps one day you will have a pussy for guys to land their dicks into."

Pansy was so mortified by this statement. She couldn't be serious. It was joke, right? He just sat there with an open mouth.

She then went to a locker and opened it and got out a small package. "This is for you," she stated, handing Pansy the package.

Looking inside the see through package, Pansy could see several panties in different colors. The package said that they were "Romance Boy-short Cut Panties." They looked delicate and were decorated with intricate quipure flowers.

"They will help you feel more feminine than your plain panties," Lori's aunt said. "But not too feminine, after all you're just a sissy."

"Now you have your very own panties," Cindy said, "Thank Ms. Mimi for the nice gift."

The fact that Lori's Aunt had such a gift ready for Pansy made it was obvious to him that this was planned.

"Thank you," he said meekly to Lori's aunt.

"Put on the light beige one," said Lori's aunt.

Not wanting to be naked anymore, he quickly opened the package and did as instructed. Mimi then tossed him a dark blue robe with the beauty shop's logo and said, "Put this on too."

He put on the robe as instructed. Mimi then went to front the store and came back with some large rollers. "These will give your hair some feminine curls." As soon as she put a few rollers on his hair, the front door to the beauty shop opened and walked in two women in their forties.

### ***The Beauty Treatment***

“I *am* sorry ladies,” Lori’s aunt said, “but I’m running a bit late. Please wait in the waiting area. I will be with you as soon as I can.”

But instead of waiting, the two women walked towards the back of the beauty shop to where Pansy, Cindy and Mimi were. Pansy was extremely worried about being discovered.

The woman with short brunette hair said, “we want to see your handiwork, Mimi.”

“We’re just getting started,” Mimi responded.

“Hello Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Howard,” Cindy said cheerfully after recognizing the two women that just entered the shop.

“Cindy,” the women said in unison. The blond woman said, “we didn’t recognize you without your cheerleader outfit. How are you and your family?”

“We’re all doing great, Mrs. Johnson,” Cindy replied.

“And who is this pretty friend of yours?” asked the woman with the burnet hair.

Pansy panicked not knowing how to respond to such a simple question. He was afraid that Cindy would reveal his true identity.

“Pansy,” replied Cindy.

“What a strange name,” said the blond woman.

“It’s just a nickname,” Cindy said. Pansy just sat there quietly in hopes that these women would go wait in the waiting area.

“It’s a strange nickname for a girl,” added the brunette woman.

A part of Pansy was relieved to know that these two women didn’t figure out that he was a boy but was also depressed that with such little work and just by wearing a simple beauty shop robe, he could fool these women into thinking that he was a girl. “I will tell the story behind the name later,” said Mimi, “right now I have work to do.”

“Sorry to be a bother,” said the burnet woman to Mimi in a sarcastic tone, and then turned to Pansy and said, “Nice to meet you Pansy, my name is Mrs. Howard.”

“I’m Mrs. Johnson,” added the blond woman and then asked Pansy, “So what’s Mimi doing for you?”

“Pansy has been a tomboy,” Cindy replied when Pansy didn’t offer an answer, “but now wants to be a girly as possible. Isn’t that right Pansy?”

Not wanting his secret to be discovered, Pansy quickly said, “yes” in the most feminine voice he could muster. Unfortunately it didn’t sound all that natural. It was sounded like falsetto. He had practiced his feminine voice so much during the cheer practice but it failed him in this crucial moment. He was sure that the women would be suspicious. But luckily, they didn’t seem to notice.

“I would start with a decent hair cut,” suggested Ms. Howard. “That cut is just too boyish. It’s like a boy’s long hair.”

“You should have styled it before putting the rollers,” stated Ms. Johnson, “and maybe colored it blond. I think blond is a good color for you. It will go well with your eyes.”

“Okay, okay, ladies,” Mimi said, “I know what I’m doing. Please go wait in the waiting room.”

“Geez, we are just trying to help,” said Mrs. Howard. With that the two ladies went back to the front of the shop and sat in the waiting area.

As Mimi worked on Pansy, he could hear the two women gossip about various people. From the way they talked, he was sure that these women would spread his secret to the whole city if they found out about it. So he just sat at the salon seat, quietly enduring the beauty treatment that Mimi was giving him. He wanted to complain when she continued to put rollers on his hair but didn’t do so. After she was finished putting the rollers, she went to the front and began cutting Mrs. Johnson’s hair. He just sat there quietly as she left him while his hair was setting.

After what seemed like hours later, the front door to the shop opened again and Lori walked in and came towards Pansy.

She looked at Pansy and yelled to her aunt, “he’s looking great, Aunt Mimi. You’re a miracle worker.”

Pansy’s face turned white with fear. He was afraid that the two women in the front heard Lori call him “he.” But he relaxed a bit when he noticed that the women were still gossiping about someone else. Apparently, they were no longer paying attention to him.

“Gracias!” Mimi yelled back, “But wait until you see what I do with makeup.”

Pansy was scared that Mimi would put makeup on him. But instead of bringing out a makeup kit, Mimi went back to the back of the store with a nail kit and started to file and paint his toe nails. She gave him a full pedicure. Afterwards she worked on his fingers by extending the nails and then painting them red.

Finally she removed the rollers to show cascading curls of hair. Pansy was told to get dressed again as Mimi went back to Mrs. Johnson to continue working on her hair.

He was allowed to go into the unisex restroom to change. After taking off his robe he closely examined his new appearance. He had to admit with the curls and plucked eyebrows, he did look like a real girl. It was probably his imagination but he thought that his breasts looked slightly larger. He put on his shirt. He looked at his smooth legs and the bulge in his panties. To Pansy, it looked smaller than before, but that too was probably his imagination. He put on his jeans and was thankful that no part of his new panties showed above his low cut pants. The boy-cut of the panties at least saved him from that embarrassment. He then wore his coat and walked out of the restroom. Pansy tried to quickly walk past the two women and Mimi in the front of the store, but the women



would not have it. The two women wanted to see the finished product. Pansy was afraid that the women would see the unsightly bulge in his pants but luckily the women concentrated their attention on his face and hair. They gushed over and over again how girly he now looked, and that boys would be all over him now. He was mortified.

Once out of the beauty shop, Pansy was told that he would go with Lori. After Cindy drove off in her car, Pansy was moving towards Lori's car, when he heard loud laughter coming from inside the beauty shop. Did Lori's aunt tell those women that Pansy was not a girl? He was sure that they would reveal his secret to every one if they ever found out. At that moment, he almost made a run for it. He had nowhere to run, but he wanted to run as quickly as possible and as far away as possible. But after thinking about it briefly, he knew that with the evidence that the girls had in their possession, the running would be useless. Not wanting to draw any unwanted attention to himself, he quickly got inside Lori's car and then she drove away from the beauty shop. Pansy hoped that he would never see this shop again.

## ***At The Food Court***

Pansy had hoped that his humiliating ordeal was over – at least for the day. But he had no such luck. Lori’s car pulled into a local mall. Because it was the day before the start of a new semester, the parking lot was almost full.

“Why are we here?” Pansy asked fearing the worst.

“To get you something special for tomorrow,” Lori responded, “after all, tomorrow is your very first day of school as a sissy.”

“I... I can’t,” Pansy said, “I can’t go in there looking like this. There’s going to be people in there. Some of them might actually recognize me.”

“Yeah, you might run into someone you know at school,” Lori replied, “So this will be great practice for you. Besides you already look like a girl so all you have to do is pretend that you are one and no one will know any better.”

Despite Lori’s statement, Pansy refused to leave the relative safety of Lori’s car.

“But what about this?” Pansy said pointing to the bulge in his pants. “Someone is bound to see it and ask questions.”

“It’s not that large,” Lori said, with a giggle, “from the way Sue Ann was talking about it I thought it would be a lot larger. It’s just slight above average, if you ask me.”

“It’s still noticeable,” Pansy said.

“Here,” Lori said handing him a small carrying purse, “you can hide it by holding the purse in front of your pants. It will look a little strange but at least no one will think you are a boy.”

“I can’t carry a purse,” Pansy said not liking the suggestion

Lori laughed. “You’re wearing girl’s clothing and are worried about carrying a *purse*?”

Pansy had to admit that Lori had a point. But he was still uneasy about going into a crowded mall dressed as a girl carrying a purse. He just sat in Lori’s car trying to delay it as much as possible.

After about five minutes of making bigger and bigger threats, Lori actually had to pretend to call the police and report the “rape” before he finally agreed to go into the mall with her.

Pansy was sure that everyone was looking at him and laughing in the inside. But in reality, the people in the busy mall paid little attention to him. He clutched his small carrying purse in front of his pants as if his life depended on it, and followed Lori. He hoped that Lori would buy whatever she was there to buy quickly so that they could leave. To Pansy's surprise, Lori went straight to the food court in the middle of the mall.

Lori sat at seat near a table and said, "I'm starving. Let's eat first."

Pansy assumed that Lori would want to get a salad or yogurt or some other similar things that girls ate. But instead she said "go buy us two #1 meals at MegaBurger and I want coke with my meal. She continued, "Don't you dare get me a diet coke. It's nasty."

"I don't have any money," said Pansy.

"I got your wallet from your old roommate last night," she said, "look in your purse."

Pansy looked inside and saw that indeed there was a wallet inside. But it wasn't his wallet. He took it out of the purse. It was wide tangerine wallet with the logo OX written all over it in different colors in feminine script. It was definitely a girl's wallet. Pansy looked inside it and found his driver's license, school id, his credit cards and a single ten-dollar bill. As Pansy was about to put his wallet back in his purse, he saw another item in the purse. It was Mr. Small, the small dildo that Beth had used to fuck him. His face turned ghost white and he quickly put the wallet inside the purse and closed the purse to hide the dildo.

Not wanting to cause a scene by disobeying Lori's orders, Pansy walked towards the counter of the MegaBurger and got in line. When it was his turn to order, he did so in the most feminine voice he could muster. He tried to remember all the techniques that he had used to sound more natural when doing his cheers. And this time, his voice sounded like it belonged to a girl.

To Pansy's surprise the total amount due for the food was 11 dollars and 19 cents. He carefully took out his wallet so that his dildo would not be seen by anyone and then looked inside his wallet again in hopes that he would find more money in it than the last time he checked. Unfortunately for Pansy, the wallet still only had ten dollars in it. Because his

credit card was in his male name, he did not want to use it. He was flustered and had great difficulty taking the ten dollars bill out due to his long fingernails and the fact that he was holding his purse. So he put the down purse on the counter and then noticed the boy at the counter look into its contents. Pansy was now afraid that the boy at the counter saw his dildo and became ghost white. He quickly closed the purse.

The boy at the counter gave him a great big smile.

Pansy was now sure that the boy had seen his dildo. Not knowing what else to do he gave the ten dollars bill to the boy and said, "that's all I have."

Perhaps it was the desperate look on his face or perhaps the boy at the counter really liked the way Pansy looked or perhaps boy thought that Pansy was an easy lay or something. "It's okay," the boy said, "for such a pretty lady, I'll cover the rest."

Pansy was genuinely thankful for not having to pay using his credit card with his real name on it and said "Thank you," to the boy.

Pansy grabbed the tray with the food on it and his purse and quickly walked back to the table where Lori was waiting.

"You tricked me," Pansy said. "You knew I didn't have enough to pay for this."

"I figured you'd be smart enough to use the student discount," Lori replied. "So, are you *trying* to be discovered as a sissy?"

Pansy looked around. Did Lori and others see the dildo too? "What did I do wrong?" he asked fearing that somehow she had seen it.

"You walk like a Neanderthal." Lori said.

"That's how people walk," Pansy said thinking that there was nothing wrong.

"That maybe ok for a football player," Lori said, "but if you walk that way someone will definitely suspect that you're not a girl. Shake you butt and take small steps. Glide. I mean, look around."

Pansy took a glance around the area and noticed that the girls did possess a particular grace that he needed to mimic. He made a mental note to be more mindful of the way he walked from that point on.

Lori grabbed her burger and started to eat it. “We don’t have much time so you better eat your meal quickly.”

Pansy hadn’t eaten all day and started to wolf down his food in very unlady like manner.

“We cheerleaders get to eat more than most girls because we exercise so much,” Lori said. “But we still have to be careful and watch our figures. So remember only one meal like this a day.” Then Lori looked at Pansy and said, “Maybe two meals like this for you for now since you’re so thin. You still need some fat for your growing breasts.”

That made Pansy want to throw his food away. Being so skinny, Pansy never worried about what he ate. But at that moment, he didn’t want to gain a single pound because he was now worried about growing his unwanted breasts. Despite being hungry, Pansy just nibbled at his food.

As they were finishing up their meal, two boys approached them. “Don’t look now,” Lori said in a soft barely audible voice, “two cute boys coming our way.”

Pansy was frightened by this. He did not dare to look up. What if the boys sat next to them and started a conversation? What if they knew him? What if the boys recognized him? “Cross your legs,” Lori said to Pansy.

Quickly Pansy crossed his legs in a feminine way and hoped that the boys would just walk right past them. He looked down at his food to avoid any eye contact. But to his surprise Lori said, “hi boys.”

The two boys stopped and looked at Lori and Pansy and in unison said, “Hi girls.” One of the boys actually sat next to Lori and said, “you look familiar – do you go to the State Midwestern University?”

Lori smiled broadly and said “yeah, how about you?”

“We both go there,” said the other kid and then he looked at Pansy. “My name is Steve and my friend’s name is Mike, what are your names?”

“My name is Lori,” said Lori, “and this is Pansy.”

Pansy felt another shame as his nickname was stated to the boys. He was sure that they would ask about the unusual name. But thankfully neither boy did.

Instead Mike said to Lori, “Wait a minute I know who you are.”



Pansy panicked thinking the boys somehow figured out his secret. To his relief, Mike said, “You’re a cheerleader. I know because we are in the marching band.”

“Are you a cheerleader too?” asked Steve to Pansy.

Pansy just sat there not knowing how to respond to that question. Lori responded for Pansy, “Yeah, Pansy just joined the squad.”

“Cool!” said Steve.

Mike then started to talk about a movie the boys were going to go see and whether Pansy and Lori were willing to join them. “Our treat,” said Mike with a smile.

“We would love to, but we got to do some shopping today.” Lori said.

The boys looked disappointed. “Is it okay if we call you... you know... to hang out sometime?” asked Steve.

“Sure,” Lori said and then wrote a phone number on a napkin and handed it to Steve. As Lori and Pansy left the food court, Pansy was very careful to walk in the most feminine way possible. He could feel the guys’ eyes on his butt as he walked away from them.

After leaving the food court Lori and Pansy headed to the main department store in the mall. “What if they call?” asked Pansy with concern in his voice.

“Don’t worry,” Lori said, “I gave them the loser phone line.”

“What’s that?” Pansy asked.

“That’s the phone number I give to boys that I don’t want to call me,” Lori responded, “they were cute but they were losers. Marching band geeks! Yuck.”

Pansy was at least thankful that he wouldn’t have to deal with those boys again.

### ***Visiting The Department Store***

When they arrived at the department store, Lori began to pick out various items for Pansy to wear on his first day back to school. She picked out panty hose, a blouse, a pair of two-inch heel shoes, an over the shoulder purse, a sweater, a bra and then a skirt. She wanted Pansy to try out what Lori had picked out. The blouse was a long-sleeve blue shirt with rounded neckline and side vents. The skirt was a matching long blue skirt with simple blue and green designs.

“I can’t wear a skirt,” Pansy declared.

“Why not?” asked Lori.

“It’s not right,” Pansy said, “skirts are for girls.”

“And sissies,” Lori said.

“I don’t care what you say,” Pansy said, “I’m not going to wear a skirt. Besides, plenty of girls and sissies wear pants.”

“Have it your way,” Lori said and then picked out a blue shade high waist mid thigh tights for Pansy. “Try this on with the blouse,” Lori said to Pansy.

Pansy was happy that he finally won an argument and headed towards the men’s dressing room when Lori stopped him. “Where do you think you are going?” she asked.

“You told me to try the clothing,” he said.

“Yeah, but you’re heading to the wrong dressing room,” she said.

He wanted to argue with her but had to admit that she had a point. Dressed the way he was and trying out the clothing that she wanted him to try out, there was no way he could escape unwanted attention if he went to the men’s dressing room. Shrugging, he went to the women’s dressing room.

In the dressing room, he tried on the tights and the blouse. The tights left nothing to the imagination. The outline of his penis was clearly visible through the very tight material. It was definitely more visible than when he wore his girl jeans. He quickly put on the tight sweater in hopes that it would hide the shameful outline in his tights. But the sweater was too short to cover anything. If he pulled down on the sweater, the sweater stretched to cover his private area but as soon as he let go of the

sweater it went back to its place and his crotch was visible. Not wanting anyone else to see him in this outfit, he refused to go out of the dressing room. He just stayed in there until he heard Lori's voice.

"Pansy, get out now," Lori said, "or I'm going to start yelling that there is a sissy in the women's dressing room."

Not having any choice, Pansy reluctantly walked out of the women's dressing room covering his crotch area with his purse.

"Move your purse," Lori said with a knowing smile.

Pansy reluctantly did as told. Lori laughed pointing at the outline of his maleness. "This is just too precious," she said.

"I change my mind," Pansy said, "I want to wear the skirt."

"Too late," she said, "this will teach you to do as you are told."

Pansy got on his knees and begged, "Please Lori, I can't wear this to school. Everyone will know. Please, let me wear the skirt."

"One more word and I will make you go to school in your panties and bra," she said, "now



change back so that we can buy the stuff that I picked out.”

Pansy did as told and came back with the blouse, tights, and sweater.

Lori, in the mean time, picked out a makeup touch-up kit for Pansy. It had nail polish and remover, nail cutter and file, a concealer, a small compact with mirror, two lipsticks, a hair band, four bobby pins, and an extra pouch for a pad or tampon.

After all the items that Lori had picked out was in the cart, they both headed to cashier and got in line. When all the items were entered into the cash register and the store clerk stated the total figure.

“Well what you waiting for?” Lori said, “Pay her.”

“But I thought you were buying these,” Pansy said.

“Do I look like I’m made out of money,” Lori said, “these items are yours. I’m just helping you to shop. So pay her.”

Pansy carefully took out his wallet from his purse and then closed the purse before putting in on the counter. His cash was all gone from lunch, so he then removed one of his credit cards from his wallet and handed it to the store clerk.

“I.D.” the clerk said.

He started to panic. He couldn’t show his I.D. dressed the way he was dressed and buying the stuff that he was buying. But the people behind them were voicing their impatience and so he took out his driver’s license and handed it to the clerk in hopes that she would not look at it carefully.

But the clerk did look at it and then at him and then back at the driver’s license and the credit card and then back at him. “This is not your I.D. or card. They say Patrick Sears on it and it says he is a male.”

“I am Patrick Sears,” Pansy said softly in hopes that the people behind them would not hear.

The clerk looked at him again and then said loudly, “Oh My God! You’re a guy!”

Patrick just wanted to run and hide away. But he just stayed there looking down to avoid eye contact with everyone. He could hear people whisper and barely hide their laughter.

“I’m sorry, sir” the clerk said, “uh... I mean Madam. I mean... you know what I mean. It’s just that I never had dealings with a sissy before. Oh no, is the term sissy an insult? I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“It’s okay,” Lori said finally, “Pansy is used to it. Just charge the card.”

The clerk quickly did as told and then started to put everything that was purchased in several bags.

“Don’t put the shoes in the bag,” Lori said, “Pansy will be wearing those. He needs all the practice he can get.”

Lori took out the shoes with the two-inch heels from the box and then handed them to Pansy. He wasn’t about to attract any more attention than he already had, and hastily put them on. After all the items were placed in the bags, Pansy and Lori walked out the department store. Pansy carried his purse and two bags while Lori carried two other bags. Pansy’s walk was definitely not graceful. As he struggled to keep his balance, others stared at him. Of course, Lori had to park in the lot on the opposite side of the mall. It took a full five minutes of walking around one corner and another, with skeptical glances from everyone he passed. He was glad when Lori and he finally reached her car in the parking lot. After putting all the items in the car, Lori drove them to the next destination.

## ***A New Taste***

By the time they arrived at Cindy's apartment complex, it was really late. All Pansy had to eat all day was just a few bites from his burger at the mall. So he was starving, but more than that, he was emotionally exhausted. At this point, all he wanted to do was rest. So he was extremely happy when Lori told him that he would sleep in Cindy's apartment for the night. He was hopeful that he would be allowed to go to sleep soon and end this nightmarish day. Lori told him the correct apartment number and then right after he existed from her vehicle with the bags of items and purse, Lori took off.

He knew the place, from the after football game victory parties frequently held there. So he walked the short distance gingerly in his high heels from the parking lot to Cindy's apartment and knocked on the door. It was not easy carrying all the bags and his purse and walking in his uncomfortable heels.

To his great surprise, John Sannem, the quarterback, opened the door. Even more shockingly, John seemed to be fully informed on Patrick Spears' new look and just smiled when he saw him.

"Hello beautiful," John said, "Come in. Your arrival is perfect timing."

As soon as Pansy entered the apartment, John groped Pansy's ass hard with his right hand and said, "Being a pansy suits you." Pansy tried to get away from John, but with one hand continuously on Pansy's ass and the other hand holding him close around his waist, John was able to continue to keep his hold.

Pansy was mortified that John apparently knew who he was and at being groped. "The girls talked me out of doing what I really wanted to do. When I first heard about what you had done to Cindy, and to the rest of the girls – I seriously planned on killing you. But I am not yet convinced whether this punishment is better. If you try anything or hurt any of the girls, believe me Pansy, I will kill you. And if I don't there are plenty of other guys in the football team that will. Do you understand?"

Pansy was never afraid of John or any other man before. Being a football player, he always thought of himself as being one of the tough guys. But after being threatened, having John fondle his ass and not be able to

do anything to stop him, Pansy felt more vulnerable than ever before. He was actually scared of John. Terrified, really. He was shaking.

“I’m sorry,” was all Pansy was able to say.

“Cindy wants to see you in her room right away. Put down your purchases here.” John stated, “I will be in here the whole time to make sure you do everything she tells you to do.” With that John let go of Pansy’s ass.

As Pansy started to head towards Cindy’s room after putting down his bags and purse, John gave him a big slap in Pansy’s butt. It surprised Pansy and made him move a little faster.

“Wait, I almost forgot,” John said. “Before you see Cindy, she said you’ll have to change. There’s something for you to wear in the restroom. Go change now.”

Pansy found a nightie folded near the bathroom sink. It was black and sheer lace. The solid trim at the waist was made to highlight feminine curves. This couldn’t be what John meant, Pansy thought. Pansy looked around the restroom but could not find anything else to wear. Not wanting to cause any trouble, Pansy finally changed out of his clothing, and wearing only his panties wore the nightie. His panties were clearly visible through the sheer material and his cups looked a little deflated. Even Pansy had to admit that his long shaven legs looked sexy in the outfit. Reluctantly, Pansy opened the door to the restroom and stepped out gingerly.

John gave a loud whistle. “You really do look like a girl,” he said.

Not even acknowledging John’s comments, Pansy quickly made his way to Cindy’s room.

Pansy knocked on the door to Cindy’s room and waited for Cindy to tell him to come in before entering. What he saw when he entered shocked him to no end.

Cindy was lying in bed with her legs spread wide open. She was wearing the same nightie that Pansy was wearing but was not wearing any panties. Her nightie was raised up so that her pussy was clearly visible. It was right there, in front of him. A beautiful girl laid out, ready to be screwed into submission. Pansy should have had a raging hard on by

now. After all, he hadn't had sex in a long time. But his maleness stayed soft and useless.

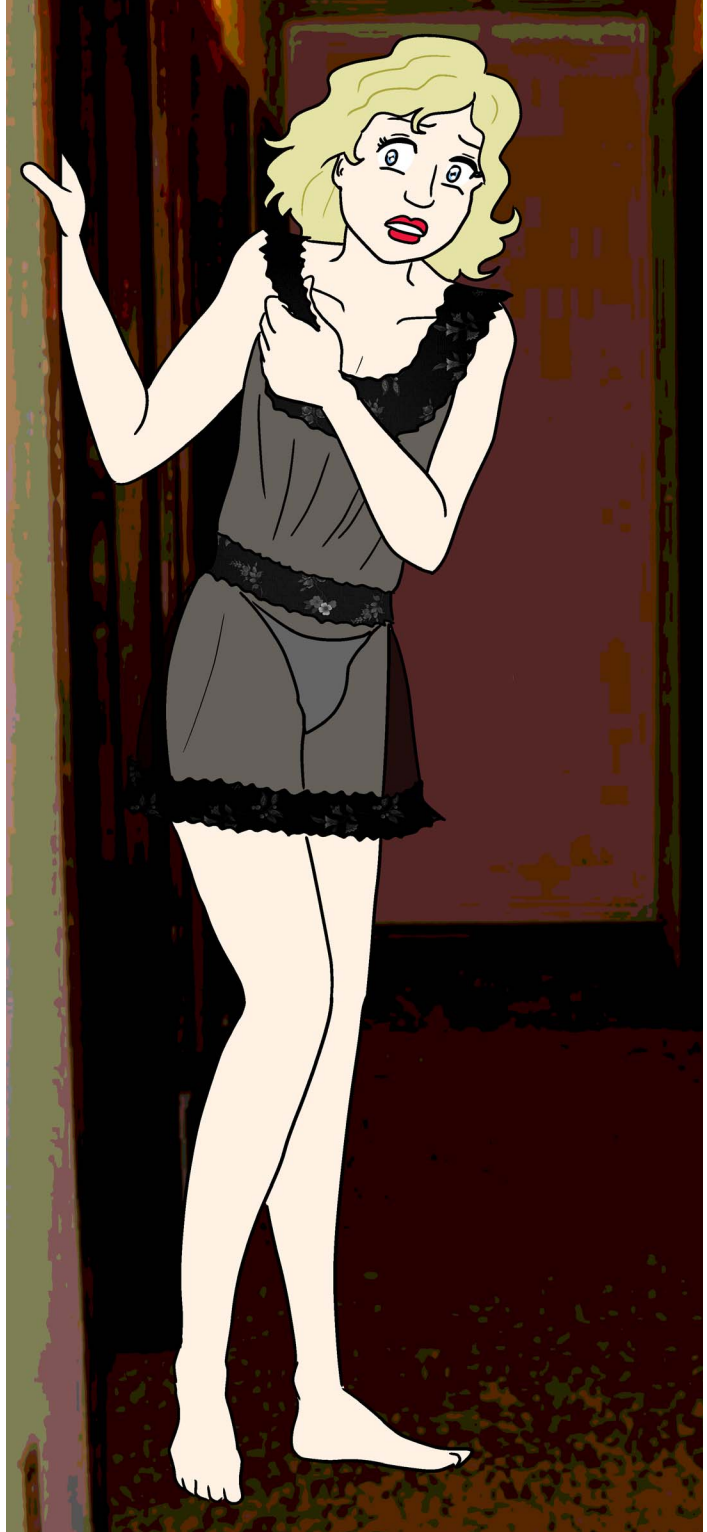
"The nightie you're wearing, do you recognize it, Pansy Cheers?" Cindy asked.

What an odd question, Pansy thought as he replied, "no."

"It's the nightie I was wearing when you left me in this position after you took advantage of me."

"I'm sorry," Pansy stated falling to his knees. He feared that he was about to face great punishment.

"Come closer," Cindy ordered. "You left me like this. Look at me. I'm wearing an identical night-



gown. But you're wearing the original."

Patrick crawled to her, on his hands and knees afraid to get up. As he approached the bed, he was able to confirm that she indeed was wearing an identical nightie. When Pansy reached the bed, she sat up and then moved to the edge of the bed and opened her legs wider. He crawled between her legs.

"Clean me up with your tongue," she ordered.

Pansy hesitated.

"Lick my vagina, little sissy," she ordered.

He had never performed cunnilingus before. He always thought that it was the girl's job to satisfy his needs and not the other way around. But Patrick knew better than to disobey. John was in the other room and he didn't want to find out what John would do if he disobeyed Cindy. Therefore he lowered his head and took a tentative lick. Oddly he tasted a white salty gooey substance.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It's my boyfriend's cum," she answered, "he just fucked me. Since you left me all dirty before, I thought you should clean it up now."

"I will get a towel," Patrick stated in disgust.

But before he could move, Cindy closed her legs tightly around his head. "No, I want you to clean me up using your tongue, like a proper Pansy.

He could have used his strength to get out of this situation. But knowing the evidence that the girls had on him, plus the threat from John, he had to submit. He licked the outside of her pussy lips tentatively again and again, tasting with each lick not only her but her boyfriend's sticky cum. He wanted to spit it out but just swallowed dutifully.

"Put your mouth right below the opening and suck every last drop out." Cindy said getting impatient.

Pansy did as told and was awarded with globs of cum that flowed out of her pussy.

"Don't swallow yet," Cindy instructed, "just hold it in your mouth and savor it."

Pansy hated every moment of this torture, but complied with Cindy's wishes.

"Come here and show me," Cindy ordered as she loosened her legs from around his head.

Pansy crawled on to the bed next to Cindy and opened his mouth to show that he had globs of cum inside.

"Do you like how my boyfriend tastes?" Cindy asked.

With shame he realized that he now knew what the star quarterback's cum tasted like. Looking straight into Cindy's eyes, he knew she wanted him to answer yes. A no answer was surely to be punished. So with great shame, he nodded his head yes.

"Good sissy," Cindy stated, "now swallow it all, don't waste a drop."

With big gulp, Pansy swallowed John Sannmem's cum and then showed Cindy that he had complied with her orders.

*"Get the fuck out of my room, you sissy!"* Was Cindy's last command for the night.

After leaving Cindy's room, Pansy couldn't bear look at John's eyes. So he lowered his head.

"Get some sleep," John said, "the couch is yours for the night and remember if you try anything stupid, I will kill you."

John turned out the lights, as he headed out of the apartment.

With the after taste of John's cum still in his mouth, Pansy slowly, fitfully, fell asleep.

## ***On Campus***

“Wake up Pansy!” Cindy said in a loud voice. “You’re going to be late for school.”

The last place that Pansy wanted to go was back to the university. But he knew that this was part of his punishment. So he brushed his teeth, showered, and did what he could do with his now curly hair and quickly got dressed. The tights, shirt and sweater combo was definitely not something that he would have picked out. But he didn’t even try to argue because he knew it was pointless. After unsuccessfully trying to stretch down the sweater to cover his privates, he grabbed his purse and moved it forward in order to cover his shameful maleness.

When Pansy finally got out of the restroom, Cindy impatiently said, “What took you so long?”

Pansy just said, “I’m sorry.” He quickly wore his high heel shoes again and followed Cindy out the door and into her car.

Pansy soon found himself not at his familiar university, but at the beauty salon that he had been just the day before. Knowing the routine, he followed Cindy and after a quick knock on the door, they entered.

“I just love your new outfit, Pansy,” Mimi said. “It really brings out the sissy in you.”

Pansy was ushered to the back part of the store where Mimi made him sit in a beauty station chair. Mimi began by fixing his hair and then turned to makeup. She grabbed a makeup kit and then said to Pansy, “pay close attention, you will have to do this yourself one day.”

As she put on each stage of makeup, she instructed Pansy on what she was doing and why. Pansy had no intention of listening to this nonsense. He just wanted to get this day over with so that he could return to being himself. He sat there for what seemed hours before Mimi announced that he was ready for his first day at school as a sissy.

Pansy thought that he had mentally prepared for the humiliation that he was going to suffer at his school. But as Cindy’s car approached the familiar roads near the Midwestern University, he began to panic. What if someone found out that he was a boy in girl’s clothing? What if someone recognized him? He sank down as far as possible into the car seat but could not hide much of his body.

Then to Pansy's great despair, they arrived at the campus. Cindy parked her car at designated spot reserved for the head cheerleader and they exited the car.

"Follow me," Cindy said as she headed to the main courtyard on campus.

Not knowing what to do, Pansy just followed Cindy. He was extremely worried any time someone paid even the smallest attention to him. Pansy grabbed his purse and made sure that it covered his private area. When some guy gave him a friendly "Good Morning," Pansy just looked away and didn't say anything. He just kept walking. Pansy never in a million years would have imagined himself in this situation. Previously, on campus, he felt like a king. He was at the top of the food chain and walked with great confidence. But now, dressed as a girl, or worse a sissy, he was not feeling confidence. Quite the opposite, he felt vulnerable. It almost felt like a dream, a nightmare to be more precise. But all he could do was closely follow Cindy and act as normal as possible under the circumstances to not draw any unwanted attention.

As he entered the courtyard, with what seemed like hundreds of people, Pansy felt that everyone was looking at him. He was deathly afraid that they were staring at him because they noted something odd about him. In reality, most people were not looking in his direction. The few that were looking in his direction were doing so because they liked looking at young girls walking on campus. Out of those few looking in their direction, a fewer number still recognized Cindy as the head cheerleader and were looking her over, well, because they enjoyed looking at cheerleaders.

But one person that was staring directly at Cindy's and Pansy's direction was more than just looking. A small guy with glasses was actually turning his direction so that he could approach them.

*Who was this guy?* Pansy wondered. He looked somewhat familiar but Pansy did not remember ever meeting him.

"John Lewis," he said extending his hand to Cindy, "reporter for University News."

Pansy's stressed look suddenly got five times worse. This was the last guy that Pansy wanted to run into.

Cindy didn't say anything and refused to shake his hand.

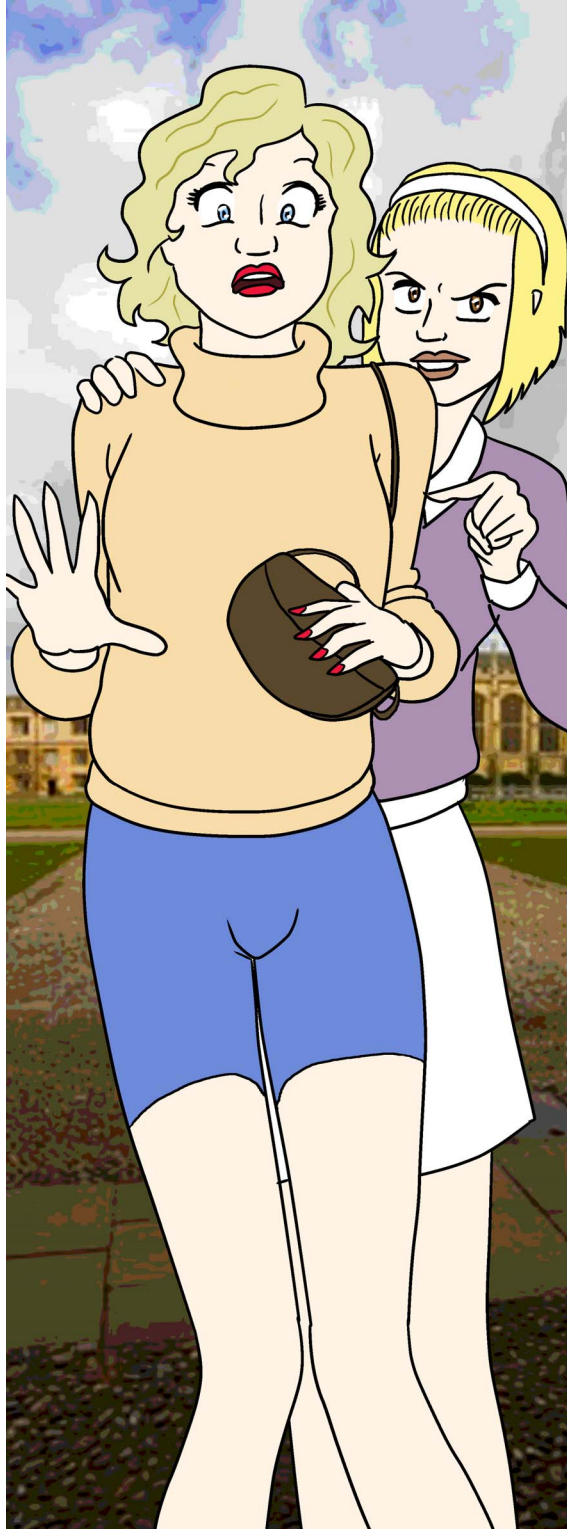
"And you are Cindy Morgan, head cheerleader for our fine university," John Lewis continued un-phased by the lack of response from Cindy. "I called you many times about the possibility of doing a story on you and the other cheerleaders."

Cindy seemed very annoyed, "I told you many times, we are not interest..." but suddenly she stopped in mid sentence. "Actually, if you are interested in doing a story about our new cheerleader, then I think we can work out an interview," she said turning her annoyed look into a happy cooperative look.

"Of course I'm definitely interested in writing a story about a new cheerleader," John Lewis said, "When can I meet her?"

Cindy pointed to Pansy, "That's the new cheerleader."

John Lewis quickly got out his notepad and pen from his backpack ready to con-



duct the interview right then and there. Pansy wanted to run away.

“Oh, uh, not now,” Cindy said, “we have a very tight schedule. Give me your phone number and I’ll set it up.”

John Lewis smiled, “Here’s my card,” he said producing a business card from his front shirt pocket.

Cindy grabbed it. “Don’t call me,” she said, “I’ll call you.”

Then Cindy walked off and Pansy followed suit. Pansy was definitely worried about this interview and wanted to ask Cindy why she agreed to it but decided not to ask any questions while others were around. Besides what good would it do to ask her? She obviously made up her mind and there was no way Pansy was going to change it.

## **Registration For Classes**

Cindy led Pansy into the Registrar's office. When it was Pansy's turn to register for class, the woman at the registrar's office asked for Pansy's name.

Not knowing what to do, Pansy gave his real name, "Patrick Sears," in quiet voice so that no one else would over hear them.

"I can't hear you," the registrar office woman stated, "you have to speak louder, Miss."

"Patrick Sears," Pansy repeated this time in a little louder voice. He imagined that he heard whispers in the back from others near him. Was he being paranoid or did others hear his name? He wanted to look around to see other's facial expressions. He heard some laughter but wasn't sure if they were laughing at him or whether they were just having some private conversation and fun.

The woman at the registrar's office looked at him with a puzzled expression. "You can't be Patrick Sears," she said, "that's a boy's name." She then looked at him again and said with disdain in her voice, "oh you're one of those freaks!"

Pansy did not reply. The woman typed his name on the computer and then said, shocked by what she found, "You were a football player? I can't believe that they let such a sissy play football. Anyway, I can't register you because you no longer have a scholarship and you didn't pay your tuition on time."

That's when Pansy remembered that he had no business on campus. He was off the football team, which did mean that he lost his scholarship. And since he didn't pay tuition he was no longer qualified to register for class. As awful as it was to be kicked out of school, he realized that this was his ticket out of this mess. He was about to leave the registrar's office, when Cindy came to his "rescue." "Look up Pansy Cheers," she said.

The woman at the registrar's office typed that name instead. "I found the name and it's for a person in the cheerleader squad, but he can't be..."

To Pansy's complete surprise, Cindy then produced a document. "This is a court order changing his name from Patrick Sears to Pansy Cheers."

“Well Ms. Cheers it looks like I can register you after all. What classes do you want?”

Before Pansy could reply, Cindy again produced a document. “He wants to register for these classes.”

The woman looked at the paper, then said, “Home Economics, P.E. in Cheerleading, Cooking with Nutrition in Mind, Office Administration, and Shop. Are you sure you want to take these classes. The classes don’t go with your major and won’t help you graduate in time.”

“On don’t worry about that,” Cindy said, “he doesn’t care about graduation. He just wants to go to school so that he could find Mr. Right.”

Pansy wanted to deny everything that Cindy was saying. But one firm look from her made him just stand there quietly. He knew that Cindy had all the power to humiliate him further or disclose all of his secrets if he argued with her.

“Well Pansy, is that true?” the registrar woman asked.

“Yes ma-am I want to take those classes,” was his weak response.

“Well, I never,” she said then looked at the document listing the classes that Pansy said he wanted, and then began to type into her computer.

“You sure you want shop,” she asked, “it seems out of place. Maybe a sissy like you would want to take dance or something like that instead.”

Cindy again spoke for Pansy, “Oh he wants to take shop to meet boys. I’m sure he will get all the help he needs doing her projects from the big strong boys by flirting with them.”

Pansy was again mortified that Cindy would say such a thing, but remained quiet to make sure that things wouldn’t get worse. The woman at the registrar’s office sighed very loudly and typed in the last class and printed Pansy’s new schedule and handed it to him.

After Pansy was done with his registration Cindy registered for her classes which included courses like Biology IV, Advanced Physiology, and other pre-med courses.

Pansy left the registrar’s office avoiding any eye contact with everyone in line to go register for classes. He was sure that at least a few of them heard the conversations, and that rumors about him would quickly spread.

## ***The Outfit***

Before Pansy could worry too much about what happened at the registrar's office, Pansy found himself with a new thing to worry about. Cindy and Pansy had arrived at the university gym and were standing next to the woman's and men's locker rooms.

"What is that?" he asked.

"That's your cheerleader outfit," she said, "you will need to change into it for our open practice." Pansy looked at the outfit handed to him. It consisted of typical cheerleader top and miniskirt.

"Please don't make me do this. I can't wear this," he said.

"You can and you will," Cindy replied, "or we will report you to the police for raping us."

Pansy looked at the outfit again. He had no choice. With his head down, he was about to follow Cindy into the woman's locker room.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" Cindy yelled. "You pervert!"

"I can't go into the men's locker room dressed like this to change into this," Pansy stated.

"Well you can't go into the woman's locker room either," she said.

"Where am I going to change?" Pansy asked.

"That's your problem, not mine." Cindy replied and then proceeded to enter the woman's locker room. But suddenly stopped and turned around. "I almost forgot," she said, "you will need this too." Cindy pulled out what appeared to be white panties from her purse.

Pansy took the item from Cindy. It felt weird. It was much ticker than panties. "What is it?" Pansy asked.

"It's your gaff," Cindy replied.

From prior conversation, Pansy already knew what a gaff was, but Cindy, nonetheless, began to explain. "It's a device that will help you hide your penis," Cindy replied. The wide part should be facing the front and the thinner part is in the back. Put your testicles up into your abdominal cavity. You can do this by simply holding each testicle and gently pushing until you find the opening for the cavity. Once you have

both testicles up, hold them there in front and tuck your penis between your legs and pull your gaff up.”

Pansy looked at the gaff with disgust.

“Meet me back here in ten minutes,” Cindy said, “if I have to wait for you, I’m going to be pissed.”

Pansy began to panic. He knew from experience that disobeying her even if unintentionally could have bad consequences. So he had to find a place to change. With only ten minutes, he couldn’t go to far.

Deciding he had no place to change near the locker room, he walked around the gym to look for a suitable place. All he could find near by was the bleachers next to the basketball court. He made his way to the bleachers quickly and went underneath. Hoping that no one else saw him, he quickly removed his tights and panties and put on the gaff as instructed. Praying that no one saw that, he put on the panties on top of the gaff changed into the cheerleader outfit.

When he came out of the bleachers, he saw several guys standing nearby. They were applauding Pansy. “We loved the strip show,” said one of them.

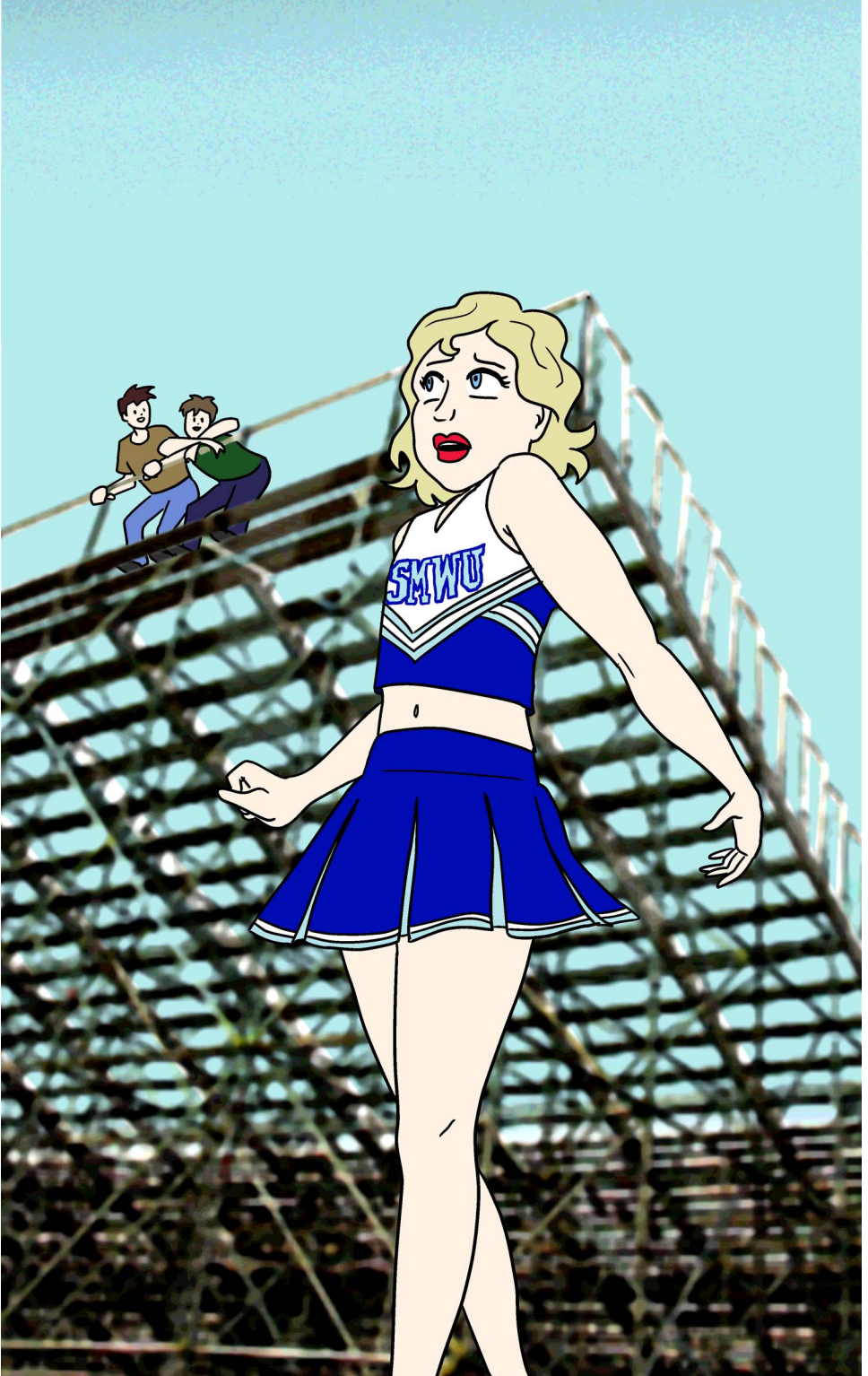
“I saw her play with her self a little,” said another. “Very naughty.”

Pansy was relieved that they apparently didn’t see his penis. Pansy did not reply to the boys and quickly made his way back to the gym. He was glad to find that Cindy was not outside of the locker room waiting for him.

As he stood there, near the locker room doors, he felt very vulnerable as every male student openly stared at him. Pansy could not decide whether they were staring at him because they thought he was a boy or because they thought he was a hot cheerleader. Either reason humiliated Pansy.

After waiting for several minutes, Cindy and the other cheerleaders came out of the woman’s locker room.

Pansy followed the cheerleaders. He was mortified to find himself back in the basketball court. By this time, there were several males sitting on the bleachers. A few of them were openly pointing at him and laughing. He recognized them as the boys that witnessed him changing.



“Why are we here?” asked Pansy feeling very uncomfortable standing in the middle of the basketball court.

“We decided to have open practice in here because it’s too cold outside,” Jennifer Wang replied.

“Girls, get into your stance!” Cindy yelled.

The cheerleaders quickly went into their default stance. Not knowing what else to do, Pansy followed suit. The girls and Pansy began to do their first routine. That’s when Pansy began to panic. In his haste to change, he did not check and see if the gaff was working. He was afraid that the high kicks that were coming would reveal his secret, but what else could he do? He just did the routines and hoped that the gaff would do its job. If not, he hoped that the distance from the basketball court and the bleachers would help hide his secret.

As the practice went on, more and more people, mostly male, entered the gym and sat in the bleachers to watch the open practice. They were applauding and shouting encouragements as the cheerleaders continued to do their routines. After it was finally finished, Cindy and the rest of the cheerleaders went up into the bleachers to mingle with the various people gathered there. Pansy just stood in the middle of the basketball court afraid to get close to anyone. He saw Cindy talk to one of the boys – one that saw Pansy change – and heard her laughing. Pansy just wanted to go hide somewhere but there was nowhere to go.

As the crowd began to dwindle, Pansy was relieved that this ordeal was finally over. With the end of the open cheerleader practice he felt the tension start to drain from him, as his punishment was about to end.

## ***A Night At Rallies***

After a few days passed, though, still dressing in skirts and blouses, it became slowly apparent to him that his punishment, his torture, wasn't coming to an end. He wasn't to know that it was far from over. Day after day passed with no sign of a release from this insanity. In fact, during the first three months of school, he spent every day and went to every class as a girl. The worst class by far, was the shop. Sure, he hated learning about all the girly stuff in his other classes, but at least, in those classes, he was just treated as one of the girls. He could just keep to himself and no one bothered him. The shop was a different story.

Despite the fact that Pansy had taken shop before, and it was one of the few classes he aced with ease, he found that life as the only girl in a class full of boys was much harder. The shop teacher treated him like a second-class citizen. He would not let him touch any of the equipment, claiming that the equipment was expensive and dangerous and not meant for somebody as delicate as him. The shop teacher, instead of allowing Pansy to do the assignments as the other boys, made Pansy run errands for everyone. Pansy was busy carrying this tool to this boy and then handing another tool to another boy. If a boy made a mistake and asked for the wrong tool, somehow it still was Pansy's fault for being such a ditz. But that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was all the open staring that the boys engaged in and the teasing. Pansy had a suspicion that he was made to grab tools that were on the ground so the boys could stare at his ass as he bent down to pick them up.

Each weekend meant that Pansy got a break from classes and the humiliation of being at school dressed a girl. So each week, he couldn't wait for the weekend to arrive.

After a long stressful week, Pansy was looking forward to again a rather peaceful weekend. But this particular weekend, he had just found out from Lori that he had no such luck.

"Every year, we cheerleaders do a fund raiser at Rallies' Restaurant. You know, the sports bar? We're celebrity waitresses for a day. And since you're now on the cheerleader squad, you *have* to be part of it," Lori said as she drove to her aunt's beauty store.

Pansy just sat there in the passenger seat. He knew that wining about the situation was useless.

As usual, Mimi did a fantastic job on Pansy. He really did appear as the pretty girl that he was pretending to be. Pansy didn't even react, when Mimi commented on his minimized penis. He had inspected it several times right before showering each morning and already knew that his penis had shrunk quite a bit. It had shrunk so much so that he no longer even needed to wear a gaff anymore. In fact his entire body had changed dramatically. He now had real boobs. Yes, they were rather on the small size, but boobs were clearly visible even when he wore clothing. His body also had female contours. Diet and cheer practice had re-sculpted his body to have slender curves. He definitely looked like a pretty girl.

When his beauty treatment was over, Lori drove them to Rallies'. As usual the place was packed with mostly male clientele. Pansy was relieved to learn that the regular waitress still did most of the work. All the cheerleaders did was dress as Rallies' girls, deliver glasses or bottles of beer, and mingle with the customers. Pansy kept his part of the conversation at a minimum, just responding to any questions that they asked with simple one-word answers. Luckily, the guys seemed to be okay with his limited conversation. They seemed to be content with him just bringing them beer and looking pretty.

It didn't seem that bad, and Pansy began to relax a little. But about 10:00 p.m., Pansy's sense of relaxation ended. Three football players arrived and asked for their 'usual' spot. The Rallies' girls quickly made the space available for the football players by asking some of the other customers move to other seats. Some of them – and others that were still waiting for their seats – complained a little, but in this small town, everyone knew that football players were kings and they got pretty much anything they wanted.

Pansy tried his best to stay away from the football players. John Sannem was with them, and of course, he knew Pansy's secret. "Pansy!" Sannem said in a loud voice that everyone could hear, "I want Pansy Cheers to deliver our beer, one at a time," he said with a laugh.

A waitress quickly handed Pansy a bottle of beer and pushed him towards the football players' table. Pansy was panicking so much that he was sure his knees would buckle.

"So you're a cheerleader?" Sannem asked. Pansy hoped that John Sannem did not reveal his secret and was pretending to see him for the first

time. “What do you think guys?” the quarterback asked the other football players. “Is she hot or what?”

Marcus Sanchez, a defensive tackle, replied, “Me like!”

The others laughed. Jim, a wide receiver, asked pointing at a news article framed on the wall, “is everything in the article true?”

That’s the first time Pansy noticed the new article hanging on the wall. It had been Pansy’s dream to see another big article next to his old one about being a great wide receiver. The new article had replaced the article about Marcus Sanchez. But to Pansy’s great shame, it was not about being a great wide receiver. Instead it was about the new cheerleader named Pansy Cheers. It featured a picture of him kicking high in the air, exposing his panties. The other cheerleaders wore spandex shorts called cheer bloomers under their skirts. But Mi-



chelle would not allow Pansy to wear them. Instead he had to wear frilly panties. The panties, visible in this article, were lacy and pink.

Pansy quickly read the article and was mortified to read that it made him sound like a boy-crazy bimbo. The article went on and on about how he constantly had boys in his mind. The article said that Pansy was still a virgin but that he couldn't wait to meet Mr. Right so that he could break Pansy's cherry. All of it was what he was told to say, and it looked so humiliating in print. The other cheerleaders' words were quoted as saying that Pansy constantly talked about wanting to 'hook up' with men but that he was still trying to save himself for that special someone. The article ended with a request that if someone thought that he was Mr. Right that he should not hesitate to ask Pansy on a date.

Pansy did not respond to Jim's question. He just stood there like a zombie.

The football players laughed. "By the blush on her face, I'd say everything in that article is true," declared Marcus Sanchez.

"Get me my beer girl," Jim said.

Pansy used this opportunity to walk away from the football players' table. But before he could rest and relax a bit, a waitress handed him a glass of beer. "This one is for the tall one," she said pointing at Jim.

After taking a minute to compose himself, Pansy took the beer to Jim. Jim smiled and took the beer.

"Now get *me* a beer, sugar." Marcus said.

Pansy again left the football players' table and noticed that the boys were staring at his ass as he walked away. They were just playing games with him.

The waitress handed him another beer. "This one is for that hunk over there," she said pointing at Marcus.

Pansy took the glass and walked over to the football players' table again. As he handed the beer to Marcus and turned to leave, Marcus grabbed him by the waist. "What's the hurry, sugar," he said. "Sit with us for awhile." He pulled Pansy to his lap. On his heels, Pansy could not get away from Marcus and ended sitting on his lap.

Marcus then whispered in Pansy's ears. "My sister told me who you are, Patrick. If you're nice, I won't tell anyone. Now smile and act like you enjoy sitting on my lap."

Pansy was in shock. Marcus *knew*.

Who was his sister? That's when Pansy connected the dots for the first time and noticed that Lori and Marcus had the same last name. Pansy's look of shock turned into a forced smile as he was desperate to protect his secret. John already knew his secret, but Pansy wasn't sure if Jim also knew. He couldn't take the chance of more people finding out.

"Let's see if I'm Mr. Right," Marcus said.

"How are you going to that?" Jim asked.

"I'll show you," Marcus said and without any further warning gently held Pansy's face and then kissed Pansy on the lips.

Pansy's forced smile disappeared. Despite the warning, he could not keep up the act at that moment. Pansy jumped up from Marcus' lap and leapt back from the table.

John and Jim just laughed at Marcus. "I guess you're not Mr. Right," Jim said.

Marcus was not amused. "You want to know a little secret about Pansy," he said loud enough for Pansy to hear, even over the noise of a busy restaurant.

Pansy's fear was at maximum level and quickly turned around with a forced smile in his face. He returned to the football players' table.

"What is it sugar," Marcus asked patting his behind, "did you forget something?"

Not knowing what else to do, Pansy said in the most sweet voice he could manage, "I forgot to thank you for the kiss."

"How about *you* kiss *me* to thank me," Marcus said. Hesitantly, Pansy leaned in, dreading what he had to do. He was just intending to give him a short peck. But before he knew what was happening, Marcus grabbed him again and this time kissed Pansy deeply. Pansy at first struggled against the kiss, but then remembered that he had to act nice. His secret depended on it. So he returned the kiss equally as deeply.

After the kiss finally ended Marcus asked, "So sugar, am I Mr. Right?"

Pansy did not know how to respond to the question. Luckily, Sue Ann Rogers came to the rescue. “Why does she get to have all the fun?” she said. “It’s my turn.”

Jim and John laughed. Jim said, “Sue Ann is right, it’s only fair that she gets a turn.” Sue Ann sat on Jim’s lap and gave a dirty look to Pansy. “I think table 4 needs some service,” she said.

Pansy quickly took the opportunity to leave the football players’ table. Fortunately for Pansy, that night ended without having to serve beer to the football players again.

## ***The Love Letter***

The moment that Pansy was waiting for had finally arrived. The cheerleaders had been taking turns hosting Pansy for the night. Finally it was Jennifer Wang's turn again. His mind hadn't completely been idle over the past months. He had been able to formulate some kind of plan. Pansy knew that if anyone was going to help him, it would be Jennifer. She was the nicest and most gullible of all the cheerleaders. All he had to do was pretend that he had feelings for her and convince her to help him. Once she agreed, he would have her gather all the evidence against him.

Of course, he would tell Jennifer that he was really sorry for his actions. He would even tell her that if she helped him that he would be her boyfriend. But he knew once the evidence was destroyed, he would take great pleasure in taking revenge against the girls by humiliating them, even sweet, too-trusting Jennifer.

He just had to convince her that he was being sincere. Since he had convinced her once before that he actually loved Jennifer, he was confident that he could do it again.

He waited for the right moment when Jennifer and he were alone in Jennifer's apartment. During prior stays with Jennifer, her roommate was always present, keeping a suspicious eye on him. But this night, her roommate had just left to go on a date. This was his chance.

Pansy waited for the right moment that night, and approached Jennifer using his saddest puppy-dog face. "I'm sorry," he said softly. "I'm sorry for what I did to the girls. But I am most sorry for what I did to you." He was able to force a few tears to flow from his eyes. He looked at Jennifer, and she seemed to be receptive.

"I am so sorry," Pansy said, "I realize now how much I hurt you. I deserve all the punishment that I received."

Jennifer did not respond.

"I hope you find it in your heart to eventually forgive me," he said, "that's all I want. Because," Pansy paused, "because I actually have feelings for you."

Jennifer quickly looked away. She got up from her seat. "Wait here for a minute." She then quickly made her way to her bedroom and carried

back a shoebox. After sitting back down, she opened the shoebox to reveal several letters. The letters were love letters that Patrick had written to Jennifer in an attempt to seduce her.

She opened one letter and began to read it. After she finished, she opened another letter and began to read it too. She continued until she had read all the letters. Jennifer looked at him with a desperate look.

“Write another letter like these,” she said, “and then we’ll talk.”

Pansy quickly agreed and began to write a letter with as much love junk that he could muster. This was it. He was about to get out of this trap and all he had to do was write a perfect love letter.

But before he got far, Jennifer stopped him.

“Don’t address it to me by my name,” she said.

He didn’t understand her request.

“It still hurts to see you write my name on the letter,” she said.

Pansy nodded his understanding. *He really had her by the heartstrings*, he thought to himself.

“Just write the body of the letter and then you can add the top part and signature line later,” she said. Jennifer handed him another piece of paper.

Following Jennifer’s instruction, Pansy again began to write the letter. He wanted this letter to be the best one he ever wrote. He needed it to help convince her to help him.

Late that night, he finished the letter, and showed it to Jennifer. She read it. Unfortunately for Pansy, Jennifer wasn’t too impressed with it. She made him write it again and again, way into the next day, Sunday and on to that night.

By Sunday night, Pansy was exhausted from writing. He was only allowed short breaks to eat but was not allowed to sleep. He was glad when Jennifer finally was happy with his work.

When he asked her to help him escape this punishment, Jennifer responded by saying that she was exhausted from staying up all night and that she wanted to sleep on it.

Pansy was a little disappointed but accepted her answer. At least it wasn’t a “no.” He still had hope.

He fell asleep dreaming of revenge.

## ***Delivering The Letter***

With great anticipation Pansy waited for Jennifer to wake up on Monday morning. But to his great disappointment, Jennifer told him that she did not believe his letter. In fact, she thought that he was a liar.

“You must think that I’m fool,” she said coldly. “You were trying to take advantage of my feelings for you again. But I’m no fool.”

“I was just trying to apologize,” Pansy said quickly, “and express my true feelings.”

“*Stop it!*” Jennifer yelled at him. “No more lies. I actually thought that the girls were going too far. But I realized Saturday that you deserve all the punishment. It’s obvious that you still don’t know how much you hurt me and the others.”

“But then why did you make me write that letter and revise it over and over again,” Pansy asked.

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head,” Jennifer said. “Believe me that letter will not go to waste.”

Pansy did not know what she meant.

Jennifer placed the final version of the letter on the table next to them. “I want you to address the letter to Coach Davis and sign it *With Love and Kisses, Pansy Cheers*. After you sign it, you will deliver it personally to Coach Davis.”

“What?” Pansy said in shock, “you can’t be serious!”

“Oh I’m serious,” Jennifer said, “after you fell asleep, I called all the girls and they all agreed that this is a good punishment for you. If you don’t do what I tell you, you better be ready to go to prison.”

“Please,” Pansy got on his knees, “please don’t..”

“If I don’t call the girls within two hours and let them know that you did as instructed, the girls will call the police,” Jennifer replied.

“What if Coach Davis recognizes me?” Pansy asked.

“Well you better make sure that he doesn’t,” she responded, “you better dress nice for him.”

That’s how Pansy ended in front of Coach Davis’ office, with a love letter in hand. He was holding the letter that he had written over and over

again expressing his apology and confessing his love to the recipient. He even signed the letter as Pansy Cheers. He was expected to deliver the letter to Coach Davis personally. To prove that he delivered it personally, he was carrying a recording device in his purse. Did he dare to do this humiliating task? Did he dare disobey the girls? He had to do it. He had no choice.

Pansy did not want the coach to recognize him so he checked his appearance again. Pansy was dressed in a pretty blouse and long skirt. His hair was in a ponytail. He even wore some makeup. He practiced his voice softly. It sounded feminine enough. He looked like a girl and sounded like a girl.

Pansy gathered all the courage he could muster and turned on the recording device. He then gently knocked on Coach Davis' door.

"Come in," said the Coach.

Pansy opened the door and walked into the Coach's office. The coach looked up from his paper work to see Pansy standing nervously by the door to his office. Pansy just stood there not knowing what to do. His mind was in panic mode, which made him freeze.

"I don't have all day, Miss," Coach Davis said. "What can I do for you?"

"I wrote a letter to you coach," Pansy finally spoke up in a feminine voice,

"Well? Hand it over," the coach said sounding impatient.

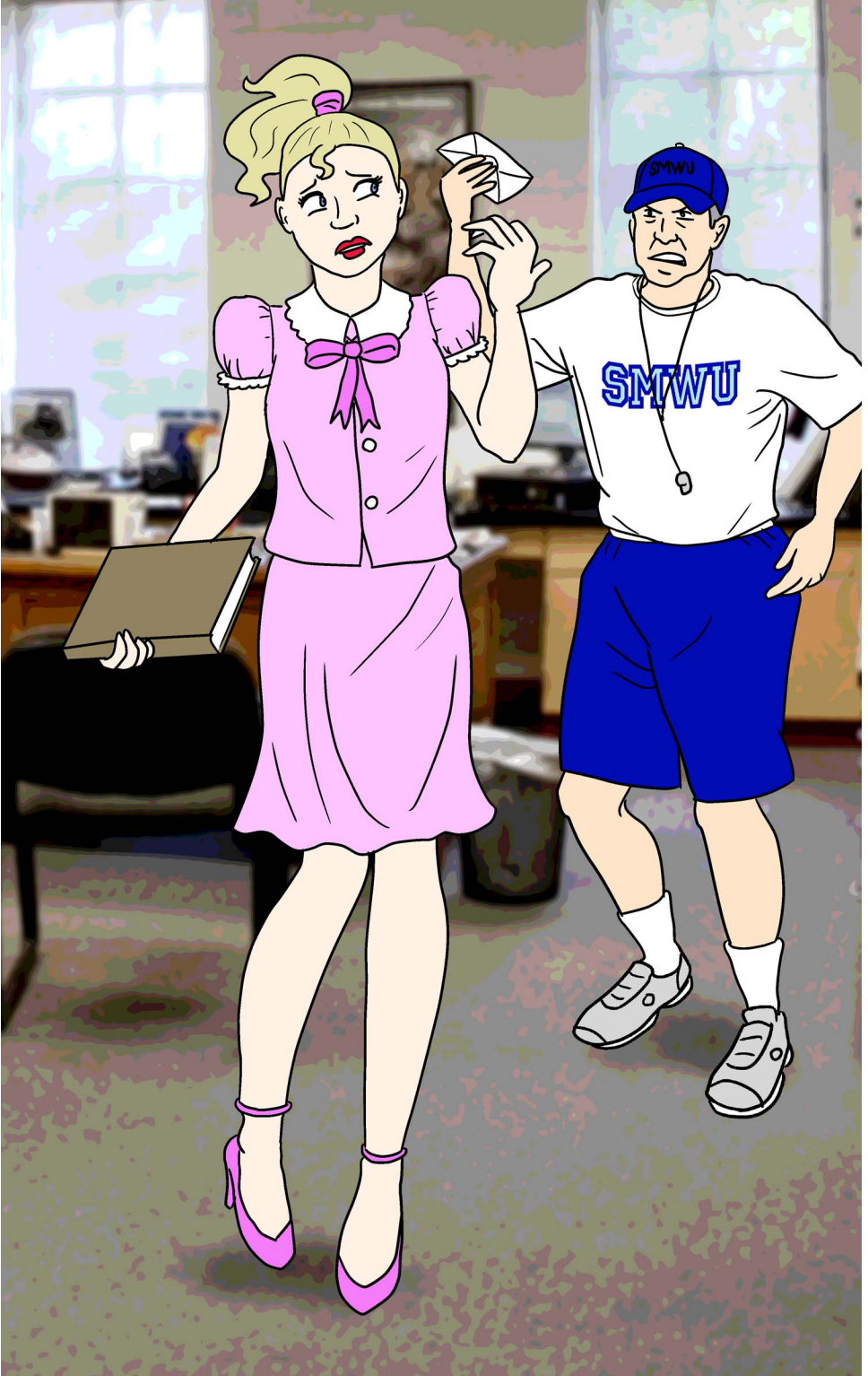
Pansy gingerly walked closer to the coach and still keeping as much distance as possible but being close enough to hand the letter, he gave the letter to coach Davis. With his deed done, he turned around to leave the office.

"Wait a minute Miss," the coach said, "let me read the letter before you leave." Guessing that Jennifer wanted him to stay, he turned around to wait for the coach to read the letter.

The coach unfolded the letter and started to read. About halve way through the letter, he looked up at Pansy and smiled a broad smile.

"You love me," he said, "is that it?"

"Yes," Pansy said meekly.



“Well if you want me you can have me,” the coach said as he got up from his chair and quickly moved towards Pansy. Before Pansy could escape the coach grabbed him around his waist.

Seeing Pansy’s facial expression of panic, the coach let go of him and said, “what’s wrong? I thought you wanted me. Don’t go writing...” Then the coach flinched as he looked closely at Pansy.

“Patrick?” he asked, “Patrick Sears?”

Pansy began to panic. A look of disgust replaced the smile on the coach’s face.

The coach pushed Pansy to the floor. “*You fucking faggot!*” he yelled. “If you don’t leave this office right this second I’m going to give you a beating that you will not recover from!”

Pansy quickly got up to his feet. With tears flowing down his face, he ran as quickly as his high heeled legs would carry him. He didn’t stop until he was out of the campus. To that date, this was the most embarrassing moment of his life. Despite his great attempt to disguise himself, somehow the coach recognized him.

As he sobbed on a park bench far away from anyone’s prying eyes, Pansy came to a frightening realization. If that dumb coach could see through his disguise, then anyone could. If this was the most humiliating moment in his life, he realized that he could be in for many, many more moment like that one. He decided then and there to perfect his disguise even more so that no one would ever recognize him again.

### ***The Princess Sign-up***

The next morning, Cindy picked up Pansy from Mimi's beauty shop to take him to school. Pansy asked Mimi to color his hair blond to better his disguise. He also asked Mimi to give him a full make over and to help him learn all about makeup starting with foundation. He wanted to know everything, and intensely focused on every word Mimi said.

As soon as his makeup lesson was finished, Cindy came into the beauty shop to join Pansy and Mimi.

"So Pansy, Jennifer tells me that you were trying to weasel your way out of your punishment," said Cindy.

"I didn't do anything but apologize," Pansy said trying to defend himself.

"Save it," she said. "But honestly, I don't think we've been fair to you. We haven't told you how you could get off the cheerleader squad."

"Don't screw with me," he said.

"No! Really!" Cindy said. "You think we want to keep you around forever? Just between you and me, this is starting to get a little dull." Pansy had been afraid of further punishment for trying to convince Jennifer to help him. But now it sounded like Cindy was offering a way out. So he listened carefully.

"Each year, our school elects the Spring Game Princess for our annual spring football game." Cindy said. "None of the cheerleaders run for it because we think it's below us. Besides, we would rather be homecoming queen. It's just a contest between the various sorority girls. But this year could be different. If you enter the contest and win, you will be off the cheerleader squad at the end of the spring game."

Pansy's hopes were dashed. This was impossible. How could he win? "I can't win this contest," Pansy said, "The sorority girls compete like crazy to win."

"Don't worry your little head too much about winning," Cindy dismissed Pansy's concern, "we will help you. All you have to do today is go sign up for the contest. That's simple right. Just go to the registrar's office and tell the lady in the front that you want to run for Spring Game Princess."

Pansy did not respond. He just assumed that he had no choice in the matter.

“I will not force you to do this,” Cindy said. “But that’s the only way you can get off the cheerleader squad.” Pansy knew that it was unlikely that he would ever win the contest. But he had to try. It was his only hope. So he reluctantly agreed to run for Spring Game Princess.

Soon they arrived on campus. Pansy walked towards the registrar’s office to sign up for the Spring Game Princess. In the office, he recognized the woman sitting at her desk. She was the woman that registered him for his classes. He hoped that the woman did not recognize him.

“How can I help you?” said the woman at the registrar’s office.

“I’m here to register to be Spring Game Princess.”

Looking bored, the woman got a piece of paper from her desk. “Name,” she said.

In a soft voice so that no one else could hear, Pansy said, “Pansy Cheers.”

The woman looked at him once more. “Oh my God!” she said. “You’ve changed so much!. Who would’ve thought that a football player could look like that.”

“Please,” Pansy pleaded, “others can hear you.”

“You make yourself look like *that* and you’re afraid that someone might think you’re a freak?” She said and then gave a laugh. “I don’t know if I can register you for this contest. After all it’s for girls only.”

“Please,” Pansy said, “I have to win the contest.”

“I’m sure you do,” the woman replied, “but I will have to check with my manager. You wait here.”

Others at the office were looking at him funny. They had overheard the woman call him a football player and say that the contest was for girls only. Those comments confused others and they were examining him very closely.

Pansy wanted to run away. But how could he? Winning this contest was his only way out.

The woman came back with a man who was dressed in a suit. He looked at Pansy carefully. “Umm, Miss... I mean sir,” he looked embar-

rassed. “The contest does not specify the gender of the contestants. Federal law requires us to be respectful and not to discriminate on the basis of religion, age, race or gender. I guess we all just assumed that only girls would want to be princesses. But since the rules are the rules, I guess you can register.

“Thank you,” Pansy said.

“But I want to say that this is highly irregular,” the man continued, “and I would strongly recommend against it. You’re a man for God’s sake. This is not right.”

Pansy had to sign up. So he mustered all the courage that he had and said, “You said the rules don’t disqualify men. And as you can see I’m not much of a man. So please register me for Spring Game Princess.”

“No, you’re *not* much of a man,” said the manager. He looked at the woman, said, “Sign him up,” and then left.

The woman made a big deal about signing up a freak for Spring Game Princess, but eventually signed up Princess for the contest.

### ***A Little Expansion***

Finally, it was spring break. Pansy was so happy. He hoped that he would get a small break from the humiliation that he suffered at school, but he quickly learned that the girls had other ideas.

“Boobs,” Beth said, meeting Pansy at the university library. She had a table all by themselves, and had spread out a pile of books in front of Pansy. They were the past ten years’ worth of university yearbooks, all turned to the page displaying the winner of the Spring Game Princess.

“They have nice hair,” Pansy said.

“Don’t you kid yourself,” Beth replied. “Boobs.” Beth explained that all Spring Game Princess candidates had big boobs, and the judges for the contest knew it. “They even joke about it. They just choose the girl with the biggest tits. It’s a running joke.”

Pansy was fidgeting in his seat. He knew how the girls on the squad thought. He knew where this was going. He couldn’t believe it, but they were going to make him do this.

Beth laid out her case. She was a convincing speaker. She built her case well. By the time she was finished, it was very clear. The only way Pansy stood a chance to win the contest was to get big boobs himself.

“We told you that we would help you win the contest and this is the most important step.” Beth said. “You do want to win don’t you?”

*Don’t say no*, he thought to himself, *If you say no you’re never going to get away from them.* He decided to just cut to the chase. They wanted him to get a boob job. “Is it reversible?” Pansy asked.

“Of course it is, dumb ass!” Beth said. “My mother was kind enough to agree to do the procedure free of charge. But you better make up your mind soon. She has a busy schedule and she can only fit you in this afternoon.”

So despite great misgivings, Pansy found himself at Beth’s mother’s clinic.

Beth’s mother was not happy to see him either. “I’ve spent several years helping good people synchronize their inner self with their appearance and take great pride in excellent work. These people deserve to be

happy. But you, you disgust me. How dare you come here after what you did to my daughter!”

“Mother,” Beth said, “you agreed to perform the procedure, remember? Please, this is all part of his punishment. No more lectures, just give him the boobs.”

Beth’s mother still looked angry but remained silent. She took out some forms for Pansy to sign and just pointed.

Pansy wanted to read the paperwork, but was rightfully afraid to ask. So he just signed. “Pansy Cheers,” he signed. After all, it was his legal name.

“You’re lucky that Beth is here. Otherwise, I would have castrated you and fed you your disgusting penis and scrotum to you.”

Pansy looked at Beth’s mother with animal fear. “Undress quickly,” Beth’s mother said.

Pansy did as ordered. It wasn’t long before he was sitting on the doctor’s bench with little lines being made on his chest in marker. They were where she was going to cut for the implants. She also made some marks around his nipple, that seemed to indicate it was going to be operated on, as well. That didn’t seem very temporary to him, but he was too scared to ask questions.

Finally, Pansy was told to get onto a gurney and lie back. Beth’s mother brought in a tray with two syringes. “First we’ll give you this one to help you sleep,” she said to Pansy. “And this one?” she said, holding up the second, smaller, syringe. “This one’s for me. Say ‘ahh.’”

Pansy did so, expecting a pill, and he was quickly given an injection on the tip of his tongue. It hurt like crazy and Pansy yelped in pain. “What with that?” he said, with his throbbing tongue.

“A little Botox. It will kill the muscle control at the front of your tongue.”

Pansy was confused. “Why? My tongue hath nothing to do with bweaths,” he said.

“What a wonderfully sissy lisp you have now, Pansy.” The doctor replied with a smile. “Get used to it. It’ll be with you for a while.”

Pansy wanted to get up, he wanted to object, but his strength was draining quickly. Before he could fight, he fell back into his surgical bed, quickly drifting off to sleep. And before he could escape, he passed out.

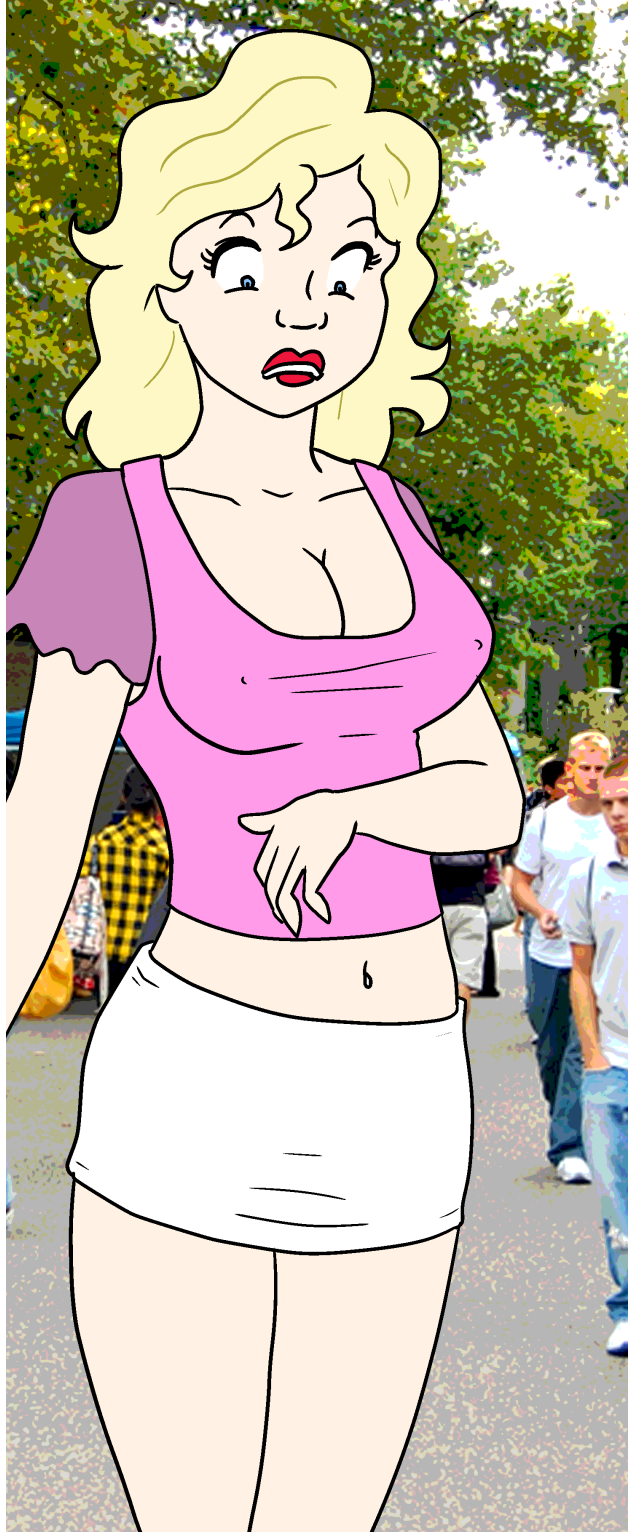
He woke up with great pain in chest area. But before he could dwell on his pain, he remembered what Beth's mother had said. So his first instinct was to check his groin area. Luckily he didn't feel any pain in his groin and his hands verified that he still had his tiny penis and balls. Momentarily relieved, his focus returned to his chest. His new breasts were huge. They were so big that he could not see his body below his chest. Pansy passed out from the shock.

The girls woke him up so that he could be taken to the same cabin where he had practiced being a cheerleader. That was to be his home for the next few days as he slowly began to recover from his surgery, and to get used to the new Pansy.

It took a lot to get used to the mounds on his body. His center of gravity was different, and he was used to having the space on his chest vacant. He would occasionally move a hand and accidentally collide into his chest. More amusingly, he'd run into a shelf or a piece of furniture that would whack him right in his boobs. "Thtupid bweathts!" he would say, in his lisping voice.

### **The Campaign**

Wearing a short skirt and a low-cut top designed to give his new breasts as much exposure as possible without being topless, Pansy campaigned his butt off. You had to get the students to vote for you, and then the five finalist receiving the most votes would be revealed soon after the vote was taken but the winner would not be announced until the halftime of the spring game. At first, he was hesitant to do anything but just ask various students walking by for their vote. But after seeing how the sorority girls were campaigning, Pansy had to do what he needed to do. This was his one big chance to end his nightmare. So he began to flirt with all the guys he set eyes on. At first, it was hard for Pansy to pretend to like a guy. But eventually, with great practice, he was becoming



a real tease. He even kissed several guys on the cheek. There was no way to know who was winning the contest. All Pansy could do was campaign as if his life depended on it.

As the hours passed, one of the sorority girls upped the ante by opening a kissing booth. She offered to kiss boys for their promise to vote for her. All the girls called her a slut. But the strategy was working for her. Many guys promised to vote for her. It seemed hopeless for Pansy. That's when Lori approached him.

"It's crunch time," Lori said, "the voting polls will close soon. That slut is winning. It's time for extreme measures. Pucker up!"

"I can't kith guyth on the wipth," Pansy said, in his lisp. He had tried to stop talking like this for days, but he just couldn't help it. All his "s" sounds came out as sissy little "th" sounds.

"Not on the lips," Lori said with an evil smile. "Do you remember those band geeks that we met at the mall? Well it turns out that they are the unofficial leaders of the band. We asked them to get all the band geeks to vote for you. But unfortunately you pissed them off by giving them the phone number to the loser line."

"I didn't do that," Pansy said, "you did."

"Regardless," Lori continued, "we came up with a solution. The two boys we met will convince everyone in the band to vote for you, if you give them blow jobs."

"What?" Pansy said covering his mouth with his perfectly manicured hand. "I can't do that," Pansy, "I jutht won't."

"Suit yourself," Lori said, "I guess you will be a member of the cheerleader squad until you graduate. Oh, that's right, you aren't taking any classes towards your graduation," she said with a laugh.

Pansy hated the idea of giving two guys blowjobs. But if that's what it took to win this stupid contest and to end this nightmare, he just *had* to do it.

With his head bowed, he said, "Ok, I'll do it."

"Don't sound so eager," said Lori with a laugh. Go to Hanson Hall's men's restroom in the basement and into the middle stall. The boys cre-

ated a special kissing booth for you. And you better hurry and get them off, the voting is closing soon.”

Having made up his mind to do this vile act, Pansy quickly made his way to the described men’s restroom. Gingerly he opened the door and saw that it was empty. Quickly before anyone could see him, Pansy made his way into the middle stall and closed the door. Inside the stall, Pansy noticed two big holes on both sides. After a few minutes, Pansy heard the restroom door open and heard footsteps approaching.

“This is Steve and Mike,” a male voice said, “Pansy are you in the middle stall.”

“Yeth,” Pansy said meekly.

Then the two boys entered the stalls surrounding the middle stall and got into position. Pansy heard a zipper go down and then saw a semi hard penis enter the hole in the right.

“Hurry,” the voice on the right said, “we don’t want to get in trouble.”

Pansy took the penis by both hands and started to stroke it. The penis grew and became hard. Then he saw another penis enter the hole on his left. Sitting on the closed toilet seat, Pansy took hold of the other penis with his left hand while still stroking the one in the right with his right hand.

“Hey,” the voice on the right said, “you agreed to a blow job, not just a hand job.

Not knowing what else to do, Pansy lowered his head towards the penis on his right, while still stroking both. As his lips were inches away from the penis on the right, Pansy hesitated. Could he really do this? Would he really become a cocksucker? “Hurry,” said the voice on the right. “We will need time to convince the others to vote for you.” Pansy was sure he could hear a muffled laugh.

Deciding that he no longer had any time to waste, Pansy lowered his head further and gingerly licked the penis with his tongue. It tasted horrible. But he could not stop now. He lowered further and planted a kiss and then took the head of the penis into his mouth and started to suck.

“Don’t forget me,” said the voice on the left. “I’m getting soft.”

Pansy quickly moved his head towards the other penis and began to suck on it too. So there was Pansy, sitting on the toilet seat while sucking one cock for a few seconds and then sucking the other cock for a few seconds – while continuously stroking cocks with his hands. He was at it for what seemed like eternity. No matter what technique he used, it seemed hard to bring the cocks into climax because he couldn't devote full attention to one of them.

But, eventually, he could sense that the one on the right was getting close to climax. So he concentrated on that one more. He heard voices of complaint from the left, but ignored them for now. He had to make the one on the right reach its climax. Pansy's efforts were rewarded with a big gulp of semen entering his mouth. Not having time to spit the disgusting fluid from his mouth, Pansy just swallowed the load and then left that cock to quickly take on the other cock. But as he turned his face, the cock on his right continued to cum and the semen splashed all over his face. Pansy did not have time to clean up the mess, as he now concentrated his efforts on the cock to his left. As he sucked on the second cock, he could feel the semen on his face slowly drip downwards and then fall on his clothing. He ignored it and continued to suck on the cock on the left.

His work paid off with semen. This time, not wanting to repeat the splash, he continued to suck and swallow every last drop. When Pansy felt that it was safe, he finally let the cock fall out of his mouth. The boys quickly zipped up and left the restroom.

Pansy got out of the middle stall after checking to see if anyone was there. He was about to leave the restroom quickly but then saw the mirror. His low cut blouse had cum stains all over it. He tried to wash it out but it was no use. The stains would not go away. So he reluctantly left the restroom, with his shame on display.

Lori was waiting outside of the building and smiled when she saw the stains on his clothing. "You have to go back to campaigning quickly. With the band's votes, it will be close, but I think you still need as many as you can get to make the cut."

So Pansy stood campaigning for more votes with a big stain on his top. Pansy hoped that no one would recognize what the stain was.

Finally the voting booths were closed, and Pansy sat down on the ground – exhausted. He was expecting to feel awash in humiliation, but for some strange reason, he couldn't manage it. Pansy's inner voice just kept telling him that it was just a means to an end. He could be free soon. To his great relief, he heard the announcement that he was one of the five finalists. He had made the cut. He hoped that he won the contest but knew that he would not find out until the halftime of the Spring Game.

### ***In The Men's Lockers***

The next day at campus, Pansy overheard couple of girls call him a slut. On Sue Ann's insistence, Pansy was wearing a tank top with very tight and brief demin shorts. His hairs were in pigtails and his makeup was put on very heavy. He did look like a slut. He hoped that the comments were made based on his appearance and not what he did the day before. He still had hopes that the restroom scene would remain a secret.

"You are getting quite a reputation," Sue Ann said. "I'm so glad that you're starting to take the title of slut cheerleader from me. I believe it was you who started calling me that, last year." Pansy opened his mouth to speak, but Sue Ann cut him off. "Oh don't look so innocent. I know what you called me behind my back. So what if I like to have sex?"

"Thue Ann," Pansy said, "I didn't mean anything by it."

"Do you know how much it hurts to be treated like a sex object?" Sue Ann said, "I guess you kind of do now don't you?"

"Yeth I do," Pansy replied, "and I'm tho thorry."

"Well," Sue Ann said, "I said that you're starting to take on the reputation from me. But starting is not good enough. I want you to own it – permanently."

"I don't underthtand," Pansy said fearing the worst.

"You will soon enough," Sue Ann said. "Here. Take this." Sue Ann handed Pansy a package. "Take it into the football players' locker room and open it there. Inside you will find further instructions."

"I can't go in there," Pansy said, "The football playerth jutht finished their practith."

"I know, Sue Ann said with a wink, "that means that they are taking their showers. So you have a few minutes to sneak in and sneak out."

"What if one of them finithes their thower early?" Pansy asked.

"If they finish their shower early? You better hurry then," Sue Ann said.

Knowing that it was useless to argue, Pansy quickly went inside the football players' locker room and tore the package open. The contents of what was inside almost gave him a heart attack. Inside were a video camera, a note, and a large realistic dildo.

He read the note which said, “Meet Mr. Big. You will fuck your self with it while sniffing a dirty jock. So find a open locker and take out a jock and start sniffing it. While sniffing on it, fuck yourself with Mr. Big, until you cum from the fucking. Record the event with the camera. If you come out of the locker room without the video of you doing what’s instructed, we will call the police.”

Pansy could hear the male voices in the shower. Fearing discovery and fearing the police, Pansy only had one option and that was to quickly do as instructed.

He turned on the video camera and placed it on top of the locker facing down so that his shameful acts would be recorded. Then he found an open locker and took out a used jock. While sniffing on it, he took off his shorts and panties and then got out Mr. Big and started to penetrate himself in the ass. It hurt like hell, but he didn’t let that stop him. He continued to fuck himself with it. He was again surprised to see that his body was starting to enjoy the fucking. Maybe it was the extra fear that existed from the potential discovery, but he quickly came. As soon as his ordeal was finished, he quickly got dressed, grabbed everything, including the jock, and ran out of the locker room.

Sue Ann took the video camera from his hand and said just, “that will do it.” He didn’t like the way that sounded.

The next day, Pansy saw flyers posted on trees with a picture of Pansy. He was fucking himself with a dildo while sniffing a jock. Sue Ann had selected a picture where his face was still clearly visible but his groin remained hidden. The caption to the picture read “Slut Cheerleader.” In a way, it was so outlandish that it looked fake. It almost looked like someone created it using a computer graphics software. So Pansy just told anyone who asked that it was fake. Unfortunately for Pansy, his walk was a little awkward, his butt still on fire from “Mr. Big,” and the way he walked seemed to give more than a little credence to the picture.

## ***The Day Of The Spring Game***

Pansy woke up with great anticipation. If everything went well this day, Pansy would be finally free from punishment and he would return to being Patrick Sears, the football player. Well, not a football player – since he was off the team. But at least, with time, he could return to being male. For now, he was getting ready for the biggest day of his life.

He didn't want to endanger the possibility of his escape from this nightmare, so he was extra careful to obey all the girls' commands without any questions.

So he went to Mimi's salon and once again got the full treatment. Mrs. Johnson's and Mrs. Howard's presence made him a little upset. They obviously found out about his true gender and were having the time of their lives making fun of him. Pansy tried to just laughed with them. He did not want to give them the satisfaction of knowing how much he suffered. So he pretended like he was enjoying being a female cheerleader and looking forward to winning Spring Game Princess so that he could kiss a big hunk. But in the inside he was burning mad at these two women. What did these idiots know about him? How dare they make fun of him. He swore that as soon as he got back to normal, that he would take revenge on the girls, these women and the guys that he sucked off. They would be punished.

He got dressed into the now familiar cheerleader outfit made up of a small top and a short skirt. As usual, unlike the other girls, Pansy wore provocative panties under his skirt. He wore makeup and even wore large hoop earrings that bounced up and down when he moved. Again he did all this without complaining or wining.

But before he could leave the beauty shop, Pansy's determination not to complain ended.

Lori gave Pansy a little package. "Open it," she said.

Inside the package, Pansy found a pink ribbon.

"What it's for? Pansy asked.

"It's for your little pinky," Lori said, "take off your panties, and tie it to your tiny thingy between your legs in a bow."

"I don't get it," Pansy replied, "Why do I have to do that?"



“Do you remember your little press conference where you told everyone that your little pinky was broken? This is your way of letting all concerned parties that your little pinky is just fine.”

“I wath talking about my finger not my penith!” Pansy complained.

“I know,” Lori said. “This will be a joke between us cheerleaders.”

“But it’ll be uncomfortable,” Pansy wined.

“I really don’t care,” Lori said.

Pansy complained but Lori refused to change her mind.

Not having any choices, Pansy tied the pink ribbon around his tiny penis and made a bow on top. Before he could put his panty back on, Lori made him say over and over again how his little pinky was much better

now that it had its pretty bow tied to it. Lori used her phone to record the statement. She told Pansy that the other cheerleaders would get a kick out of it.

After Pansy was ready, Lori drove herself and Pansy to a designated stop on campus where the other cheerleaders had gathered.

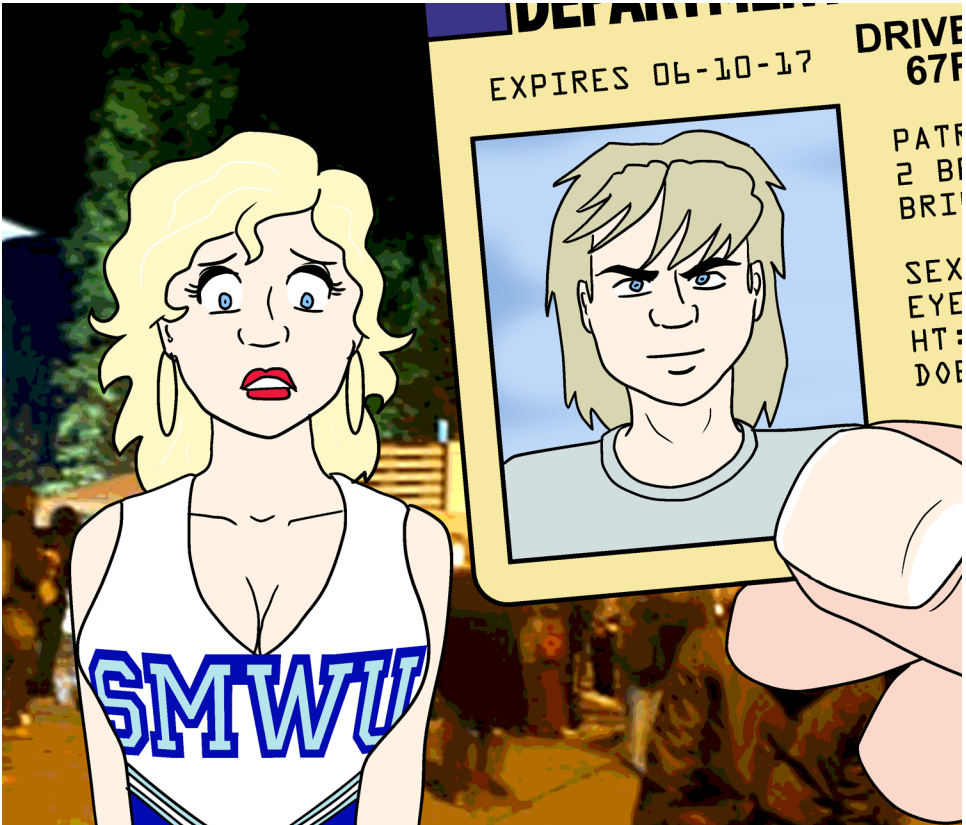
The girls all entered a van marked with big letters saying “State Midwestern University Cheerleaders” on both sides and the University logo all over it. The van was the designated van for the cheerleaders. After loading the girls’ pompoms, blow horns, signs, bags of clothing, and purses, a volunteer drove them to the stadium parking lot located a few minutes away from the campus.

When they arrived, Pansy could see groups gathering for the pre-game tailgating. The cheerleaders exited the van, still leaving their stuff in the van, and started to walk around the crowd cheering their usual cheers. Pansy watched the other girls and just followed their lead.

After couple of hours of cheering outside of the stadium, the girls made a quick stop at the van and gathered their belongings and then proceeded to the special gate used by football players, coaches, cheerleaders, band members, concession stand workers, and others that authority to enter the stadium without tickets. At the gate, there were multiple security guards checking identification to make sure that each individual entering was on their list.

When it was Pansy’s turn to show his identification, Pansy was in full panic mode. He only had his school identification card, and that card said “Patrick Sears.” At first, Pansy pretended to have forgotten his identification card. But when the security insisted that only individuals with identification cards and on the list could enter, Pansy had no choice but to fish out his identification from his purse and show it to the security guard.

The security gave a funny expression and said, “I know Patrick Sears. He used to be a football player. He was a complete jerk who looked down upon everyone that didn’t play football. Why do you have his identification card?”



“This is Patrick Sears,” Cindy replied pointing at Pansy, “more accurately this used to be Patrick Sears but now his name is Pansy Cheers. Isn’t that right, Pansy?”

Pansy’s face burned red with embarrassment. While looking down into the ground, he nodded his head to indicate a yes.

The security guard still looked confused, until Cindy took out the court order changing Pansy’s name from Patrick Sears to Pansy Cheers from her purse and showing it to the guard.

“What the fuck?” the security guard said, “Mr. Tough Guy is now a simpering sissy cheerleader?” he said and then started to laugh. He continued to laugh as he said, “Well Ms. Cheers, let me check if you are on the list. Yes, you’re listed as one of the cheerleaders.”

As Pansy walked passed the security guard, the guard gave Pansy a big slap on Pansy’s skirted behind and then broke out in laughter again. Wanting to quickly get away from the guard, Pansy ignored him and walked as fast as his feminine legs could carry him. But even as he en-

tered the stadium he could hear the security guard laugh and say “this is so rich. I can’t wait to tell the others.”

Pansy was scared that others would soon find out about his secret.

### ***Finally, The Spring Game***

Once in the stadium, the squad went into the girls' locker room. Pansy was afraid that the girls would make him use the men's locker room but no one seemed to mind him entering the girls' locker room so he didn't bring it up.

Pansy and the girls put their purses in the various lockers with their names on them.

The squad gathered so that Cindy could give last minute instructions and say an encouraging statement. Pansy didn't hear a word of it, his ears were just filled with a ringing noise as his mind struggled to keep him from a total nervous breakdown. Afterwards they went to the front of the entrance to the football field and waited. Being a former football player, Pansy knew exactly what would happen. The football players would soon stand behind the cheerleaders. When the band began to play the school fight song, the cheerleaders would then run into the football field and continue to run to other side. The football players would run right behind the cheerleaders. When Pansy was a football player he always imagined himself as the manly hunter chasing down his feminine prey. But soon, he would be the prey.

With dread he waited with the other cheerleaders for the football players to gather behind them. They were standing so close Pansy could feel their breath on his neck. One football player in particular moved around to be closer to Pansy. Pansy looked to see who it was and got a huge wink and a smile from Marcus Sanchez, Lori's brother. Pansy quickly returned his gaze back to the entrance of the football field. But Marcus moved even closer and then started to rub his lower body against Pansy's bottom. Pansy could feel hard flesh against his now soft back side. Eventually Pansy began to feel a hard-on rub against the small of his of back. Pansy tried to move forwards, but the other girls would not allow it.

Finally the band began to play, and the girls in front of Pansy ran out into the football field. Distracted by the hard bar against his back, and his shoes in the soft turf, Pansy was late in entering the football field. The other girls were well ahead of him. Pansy tried to catch up to the girls. But before he could do so, several football players caught up to him. Pansy found himself surrounded by football players as they ran. Pansy had run with the football players before when he was also a foot-

ball player. At that time he was confident. It was different when he wore football pads. But now dressed as a cheerleader, he was afraid that these big guys might actually run him over. Finally when Pansy caught up to the girls, the football players went to a different location.

The relatively small stadium was only about half full. But to Pansy, all those eyes in the stands, which numbered in tens of thousands, made him very self-conscious. But he had no time to dwell on his worries, as the girls quickly got into line and began doing their cheers; Pansy had to follow them too. When the game started, Pansy began to relax and just let the many hours of practice take over as he cheered his heart out.

When the half time started, the girls quickly went back to the locker room.

“You have to change quickly for the announcement of Spring Game Princess,” Cindy said. Out of one of the clothing bags, Cindy produced a pink mini-dress. Without argument, Pansy quickly changed into. The skirt of the dress was so short that it barely covered his panties. The top of the dress was also so low cut that it almost fully exposed his big breasts. But Pansy didn’t complain, knowing that if he won, his ordeal would be over and this dress would be the last one he ever wore.

After quickly changing, Pansy and the cheerleaders went back to the football field. Pansy was ordered to stand next to the other finalists for Princess. The president got up on the temporary stage, made for this occasion, on the 50-yard line. After a panel of judges examined the sealed envelope with the results of the vote, they talked amongst themselves and came to an agreement as to who had won. They handed a piece of paper to the university president. He began by telling everyone that the candidates were all beautiful and that the votes were very close. He then announced the winner.

To Pansy’s great joy, he was now the reigning Spring Game Princess. All the other finalists hugged him and then he turned to see Marcus Sanchez wearing a tuxedo. He winked again and said, “I’ve been chosen by the football team to be your escort.” Marcus held Pansy’s hand and led Pansy to the stage. At the stage, the president of the school crowned the new princess with a tiara and congratulated Pansy. Then before Pansy knew what was happening, Marcus grabbed Pansy and gave him a big kiss right on the lips. Everyone applauded. Marcus gave a big smile and

wave and left the stage. As the dazed princess was about to leave the stage, the big jumbo screen came on. Pansy froze on stage as he watched himself on the enormous screen.

First the video showed Patrick Sears dressed in football uniform at the press conference telling everyone that his pinky was broken and then it showed clips of Pansy practicing the various cheers at the cheer camp. It also showed clips of Pansy begging for female hormones and stating that it was his life dream to be a cheerleader. The early scenes in the camp made it clear that Patrick was Pansy as it showed him slowly transform into Pansy. The scenes in the Mimi's beauty shop also showed the transition from male to female. The next clip featured Pansy as he participated in the prep rallies. It also showed Pansy delivering the lover letter to the coach and the shameful act in the men's locker room (edited to hide any nudity) where he sniffed on jocks while fucking himself.

Then came Pansy with huge boobs, campaigning to be a princess. A close up of his dress featured a clear white stain in front of it. Then it showed Pansy tying his pink bow onto a tastefully blurred-out penis while saying that his little pinky was all fixed now. Then the video showed the live events on stage where a mortified Pansy stood not knowing what to do. The video ended with a before picture and after picture right next to each other with a caption that said "Patrick Sears the Football Player is now Pansy Cheers the Cheerleader." He could hear the crowd mumble and then laugh at him. Pansy ran off the stage and headed towards the locker room. But before he could get there, Cindy stopped him.

"You better go change back into the cheerleader outfit for the second half," she said.

"How could I, after you thowed everyone who I really am?" Pansy stated with tears flowing down his face.

"If you want to be off the cheerleader squad at the end of this, you better change into the cheerleader outfit and cheer your ass off in the second half," Cindy said.

Pansy gave a look, as if to ask if Cindy was serious.

Cindy looked right back at Pansy, which made it clear that Cindy was deadly serious.

Wanting this ordeal to end, Pansy lowered his head and said, “okay.”

“Stop crying and fix your make up before you come out,” Cindy said.

Pansy went back into the girls’ locker room and slowly changed into the cheerleader outfit. By the time he had finished changing, Pansy could hear that the game had already resumed.

He looked in the mirror and fixed his makeup and hair and then slowly proceeded to enter the stadium again.

As soon as the crowd could see him, a small group began to chant his name, “Pansy Cheers... Pansy Cheers,” over and over again. With each passing minute more and more people started to chant. Soon the entire stadium was chanting Pansy’s new name.

Pansy went back to the cheerleaders and joined them as they continued to their cheers. But the sound of the people in the stand chanting Pansy’s name was drowning out the sound of the cheers.

After what seemed like an eternity, the game finally ended. The cheerleaders headed towards their locker room. Pansy followed them. But when they got to the locker room, Cindy stopped him from entering.

“You’re officially off the cheerleader squad,” Cindy said, “which means you no longer can use the locker room.”

“But,” Pansy said, “all my thuff is inthide and I need to change.”

“Too bad,” Cindy said, “only cheerleaders are allowed in there. I’m sure one of the girls will return your stuff soon. You better get the fuck out of here, if you know what’s good for you.” With that Cindy entered the locker room with the rest of the cheerleaders.

Not knowing what else to do, Pansy just waited for the girls, right outside of the locker room. When they headed to the cheerleaders’ van, Pansy followed. He was told that only cheerleaders and the volunteer were allowed in the van. Pansy was again reminded that he was off the cheerleader squad and that he had to find his own way back into town, several miles away.

## ***The Ride Home***

Dejected, Pansy began to walk away from the stadium towards the town. Wearing only his cheerleader outfit he was glad that the crowd had already left the stadium while the girls were changing.

Then his heart skipped a beat when he heard a car pull up right behind him and give a loud honk. Whoever it was, they probably were honking to make fun of Pansy. Pansy ignored the honk and just continued to walk. The car honked again as it slowly followed Pansy.

Pansy was now afraid of this stranger, so he quickened his pace. The car then pulled up next to him. The driver of the vehicle opened his window and said, "it's a long walk back to town... do you want a ride?"

The voice sounded familiar. So Pansy looked to see who it belonged to. Marcus Sanchez was driving his truck and there were no passengers.

"Fuck you," Pansy said and started to walk again.

Marcus slowly drove his truck so that his truck would be parallel to Pansy. "Now don't be like that," Marcus said, "I know a lot of people were laughing at you but I wasn't one of them."

Pansy looked again at Marcus and his facial expression showed that Marcus was being sincere.

"It's a long walk," Marcus repeated, "It's also a little dangerous for a young girl to walk by herself."

"I'm not a girl," Pansy said firmly.

"I know," Marcus said, "but you look like a girl and you would be safer in my truck."

Pansy thought about it. Marcus was right. Someone could really hurt Pansy. At least Pansy knew Marcus and he seemed sincere in his willingness to help.

So Pansy stopped walking and faced Marcus. "You will really give me a ride?" he asked, "what if someone teases me in your truck? People already tease you. Aren't you afraid that someone will make fun of you?"

"Me? Afraid?" Marcus laughed, "I'm almost 300 pounds of muscle and I bench press 450. I'm not afraid of anything or anyone. If someone says anything or laughs at me, I will *kick their ass*."

“Okay,” Pansy said meekly, “thank you,” and quickly got in the passenger side of the truck.

Somehow Pansy felt much safer in the truck and began to relax. Marcus said that his sister told him and other football players what Patrick had done to the cheerleaders. Marcus then said that at first he wanted to kill Patrick.

Pansy’s fear quickly returned. Maybe it was a huge mistake getting in this truck. He now feared for his life.

But Marcus continued. He said that after he saw Pansy for the first time, he changed his mind. He no longer wanted to kill Pansy. He kind of thought that Pansy was hot and it was hard for him to see Pansy as Patrick anymore.

Despite himself, Pansy blushed. Pansy began to cry and told Marcus how humiliating this day was.

Marcus seemed to get angry and then said, “I’ll protect you from now on. Nobody is going to bother you.”

Before Pansy knew what was going on, Marcus drove to his apartment. “I figured you don’t have a place to crash. So you can stay at my place while you figure things out.”

“Okay,” Pansy said knowing that a warm couch was better than sleeping outside in the streets.

When they entered Marcus’ apartment, Marcus made couple of drinks for them. “I think you will need this to forget today’s events.”

Pansy agreed and quickly drank his drink. Marcus was happy to fill Pansy’s glass again with another drink. Before long, Pansy was drunk from all the alcohol. And before Pansy knew what was happening, Marcus was kissing Pansy. At first Pansy wanted it to stop. But he was just too weak and too drunk to stop Marcus. As the kisses became longer and deeper, Pansy began to slowly like the kisses. Not even realizing it, Pansy began to return the kisses. The long kisses then turned into French kisses. Marcus’ hands began to feel up Pansy’s body. Again, Pansy thought about stopping this. But as Marcus’ strong hands touched Pansy’s body, Pansy lost the will to stop Marcus. It felt too good, especially when Marcus began to feel up Pansy’s breasts.

Marcus easily picked up Pansy from couch and carried Pansy into the bedroom. This time Pansy did complain. “I don’t want to go to your bedroom.”

But Marcus replied, “we will be much more comfortable in here.”

Before Pansy could say something else, Marcus kissed Pansy again. Before long, Pansy forgot what else he wanted to say. Marcus, for a big



man, had great dexterity and easily removed Pansy's cheerleader skirt and top. Wearing only his panties and bra, Pansy saw Marcus get up and take off his clothing except for his underwear.

His big cock was making a huge tent on his underwear. The sight of it brought Pansy back to reality. "I can't do thith," Pansy said, "I'm a boy!"

But Marcus bent down close to Pansy and looked deeply into Pansy's eyes. "No you're not," Marcus said, "and deep inside you know it." With that Marcus kissed Pansy again deeper than before. Pansy's arms automatically circled Marcus' neck and pulled him close. It felt good to be kissed.

Marcus again began to caress Pansy's body. Pansy began to moan in pleasure. Marcus quickly removed Pansy's bra and gave his breasts oral attention. The soft moaning continued to escape Pansy's mouth. As Marcus continued to suck on Pansy's nipple, Marcus' hand began their slow journey down Pansy's body. The hands then gently removed Pansy's pink panties.

Pansy was afraid that Pansy's tiny penis would ruin Marcus' fantasy. This fear seemed to have come true and Marcus suddenly stopped kissing and stood up from the bed.

But to Pansy's surprise, Marcus had a big smile. "A pink bow for me to untie my present." He then reached down and untied the bow tied to Pansy's penis.

"Now remove my underwear," Marcus said.

With trepidation, Pansy looked at the huge tent on Marcus' underwear and wondered if he dared to obey Marcus.

Marcus looked down at Pansy and looked deep into his eyes again. "You're mine now. It's okay."

For Pansy, Marcus' words ringed true. It was as if it magically transformed Pansy. There was no real magic. After all, nothing physically changed. But something happened in Pansy's mind. It was like he was in a trance without really being hypnotized.

Pansy's timid hands slowly reached out and pulled down' Marcus' underwear. Marcus' huge tent was gone replaced by a huge cock.

"Go ahead lick it," Marcus said, "It's okay."

Pansy did as told and without any further instructions began to suck on it. The cock was so huge that it stretched the insides of her mouth. At first it was very difficult for Pansy to continue to suck the cock. But somehow Pansy got used to it.

After a few minutes of orally pleasuring her man, Pansy wondered when Marcus would cum. And when that happened, would Pansy swallow the loads? But before this question could be answered Marcus pulled out of Pansy's mouth.

Pansy looked at her man with confused expression. "Did I do something wrong?" Pansy asked.

"No, you are a great cock sucker," Marcus said, "I just want to fuck my girl, that's all."

Suddenly a look of fear appeared before Pansy's face.

But Marcus' soft, reassuring statements again relaxed Pansy. Following Marcus' instructions, Pansy laid face down onto a pillow. Marcus then put a couple of pillows beneath her crotch to raise her ass slightly into the air.

Marcus put two fingers close to Pansy's face and told Pansy to lick them. Pansy licked those fingers and sucked them.

After those fingers were nice and wet, Marcus pulled his hand away from Pansy. Pansy then felt one large finger enter his ass slowly. It hurt like hell. How could one finger hurt so much? There was no way that Marcus' cock could ever fit into Pansy's ass, Pansy thought.

But as Marcus started to pump his lone finger in and out of Pansy's ass, it started to feel good. Then again pain returned when Marcus added a second finger. It took a little longer for the pain to stop and for the pleasurable feeling to come back.

When those fingers stopped fucking Pansy, Pansy felt a sense of regret. Then pain again was felt, when Marcus got on bed on top of him and started to penetrate Pansy's ass.

"It hurth tho much," Pansy cried out.

"Relax," Marcus said, "I promise to be gentle."

Marcus kept his word and at first slowly pumped his large cock into Pansy's ass. Before long both couples were breathing heavily and moan-

ing. It was actually Pansy that wanted the fucking to become faster and harder. She found herself begging her man to fuck her hard and fast between her loud moans of pleasure. By the time Marcus came in her ass, Pansy had couple of orgasms. After the intense intercourse, the couple laid in bed together a long time talking about each other. Pansy fell asleep first, with a smile on her face for the first time in a long time.

### ***The New Mascot***

When the Fall football season started, Marcus convinced Pansy to continue to cheer for the football team. But instead of being a cheerleader, Pansy was demoted to being the sissy cheerleader mascot. No matter how much Pansy begged, Cindy and the other cheerleaders refused to let her join the squad again.

So the only way he could cheer for the team was to become a mascot. It was humiliating at first. She knew that she would be forced to wear an insanely girlish outfit as she cheered her little heart out for the team. But for Marcus, she was willing to endure this humiliation.

Pansy didn't even blanch at the ridiculously girlish version of his hairstyle Mimi had done for him. It was blond and curly, but the crispness made his hair look like curled ribbons. "Shirley Temple Curls," Mimi had called them. He had no idea what a Shirley Temple was, but he knew they made him look like a nine year old girl.

Pansy found his locker, with a new uniform inside of it. It wasn't like the other girls uniforms. His was different.

"It's our special uniform for you, Pansy," Beth said with a smile. "Don't waste time. Put it on." With dread and fear in his heart, Pansy took the uniform off its' hangar and gave it one more look. He couldn't believe he was about to wear this in public. He had almost gotten himself to the point where he could accept wearing a uniform like the girls did. But this thing he held in his hands was... A nightmare.

"Remember to smile, Pansy," Lori said, holding back the laughter that wanted to explode from her lips.

"Come here, my little Pansy," Sue Ann said, with a right, happy grin on her face. She took out a leash and clipped it to the collar that was a part of Pansy's special uniform. "That's a good Pansy," she said, patting him on the head.

Sue Ann then turned and walked out the door, yanking the leash. Pansy followed, scampering along in his shoes.

"Say hello to our new mascot, Pansy the Sissy Cheerleader!" Cindy shouted through her megaphone. The crowd, initially startled to see such a thing a, clapped politely. Most figured that it was just some crazy college stunt or goofy student prank.

The squad set up in their usual spot, behind the player's bench. Sue Ann led Pansy over to a pole that supported one of the stadium PA speakers and tied the leash to the pole. He didn't have to be told that he wasn't to untie himself, and he couldn't do that even if he tried.

It was then that he was on full display in his shameful, ridiculous outfit. The regular cheerleading uniform was a simple white top and blue skirt with blue and light blue trim, the school's colors. Pansy was in a uniform in much the same design, but in pink. Bright pink. Instead of spelling out the school's name as "SMWU" on the sweater, like the regular uniforms did, purple letters spelled out the word "SISSY." The pink skirt had been intentionally cut short so that there was no way to cover his bottom, showing of the ruffled white panties he wore underneath.

He had two pink pom-poms that were stitched into mittens, and the mittens were fastened to his hands. He couldn't take them off, and he couldn't do anything with his hands. All he could do with his arms was to shake his pom-poms. Pink ribbons tied up the twin, curled ponytails on his head, with long tails that reached below his breasts.

Pansy also wore purple stockings that were held up by garters, and fluffy pink shoes with a foot-crunching five-inch heel. He couldn't do much more than make short mincing steps just a few inches apart.

The crowd didn't laugh at the sissy because they knew that Marcus and the entire football team was 100% supportive of the sissy mascot. Soon the crowd earnestly began to like the new addition. It was whimsical, and it wasn't hurting anyone. Pansy was the first sissy cheerleader mascot for State Midwestern University. But she certainly was not the last. But that's another story to be told another time...



## ***Epilogue***

Once Pansy accepted her fate as a sissy, Pansy began to enjoy life again. No, maybe not “happily ever after” – just like any other person, Pansy Cheers had ups and downs. But there were more happy times than sad ones for Pansy. She eventually won over Marcus and he let her start to save up for surgery to turn her genitalia to female. She wanted to, because she continued to develop feelings for Marcus Sanchez.

Exactly two years after the couple graduated from college, Pansy Cheers had agreed to become Mrs. Pansy Sanchez, wife of an NFL football player. It was a beautiful wedding. Everyone in attendance noticed the five beautiful former cheerleaders dressed in bridesmaid’s gowns. But everyone agreed that the bride in white was the most beautiful girl at the wedding.

Why only five former cheerleaders? Well, Lori Sanchez did not attend the wedding. In fact Marcus Sanchez’ entire family, except Aunt Mimi, did not attend. They did not approve of Marcus marrying a man. The tricky relationship between the Sanchez’ family and Pansy was one of the rough spots in Pansy’s life. But, to the surprise of Pansy, her blood relatives actually supported her without hesitation. Her father even gave her away at the wedding. As Pansy and her father walked down the aisle to join her soon to be husband, Pansy’s father whispered into her ear. “You made a lousy son. You make a much better bride.” That brought a great smile to Pansy’s face. She was barely able to stop the tears of joy from flowing down her face. When she finally said, “I do,” she felt like she was the happiest sissy on the planet.

The End

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