

**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**



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# PANSY CHEERS

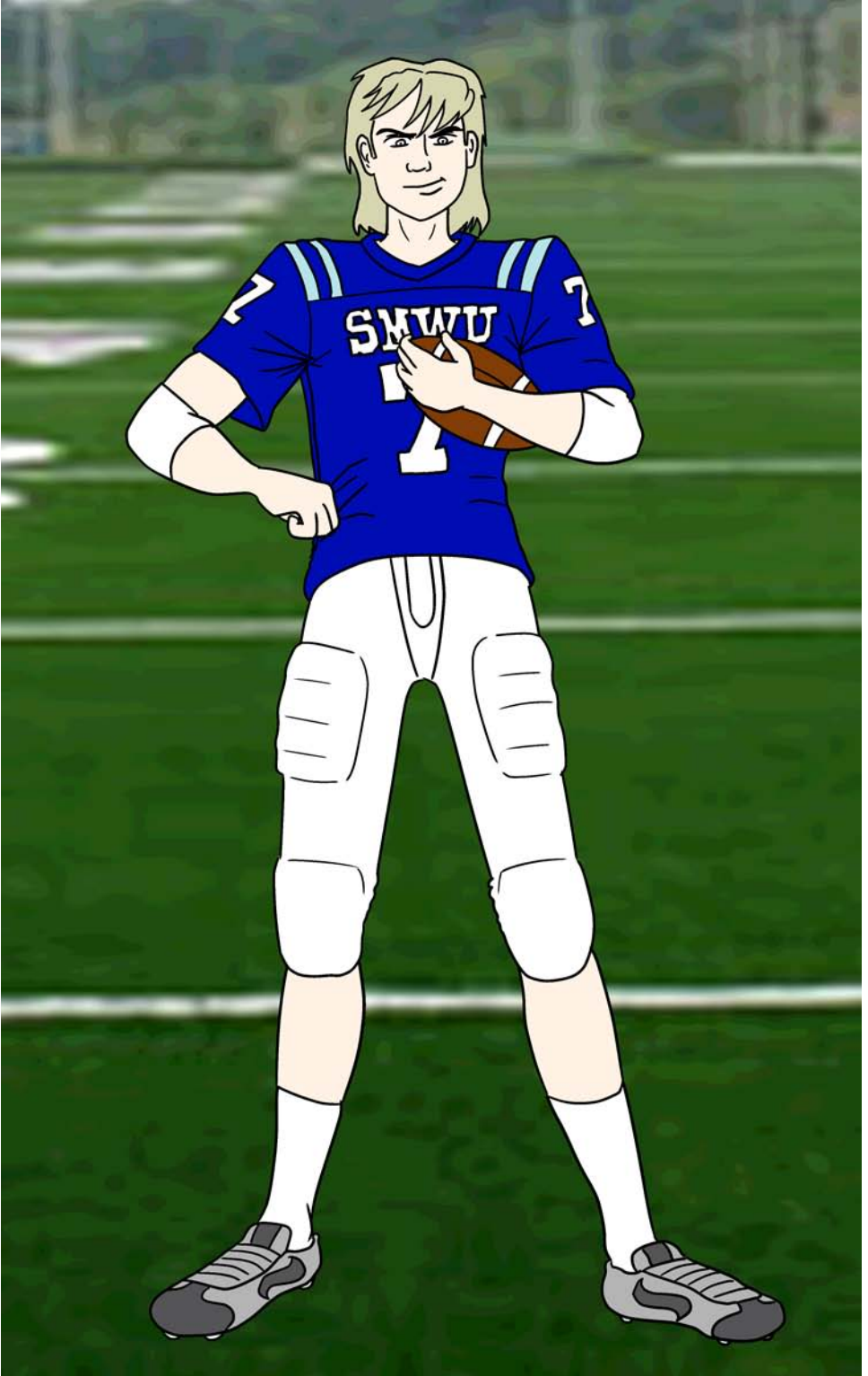
## *The Life Of A Football Playboy*

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.

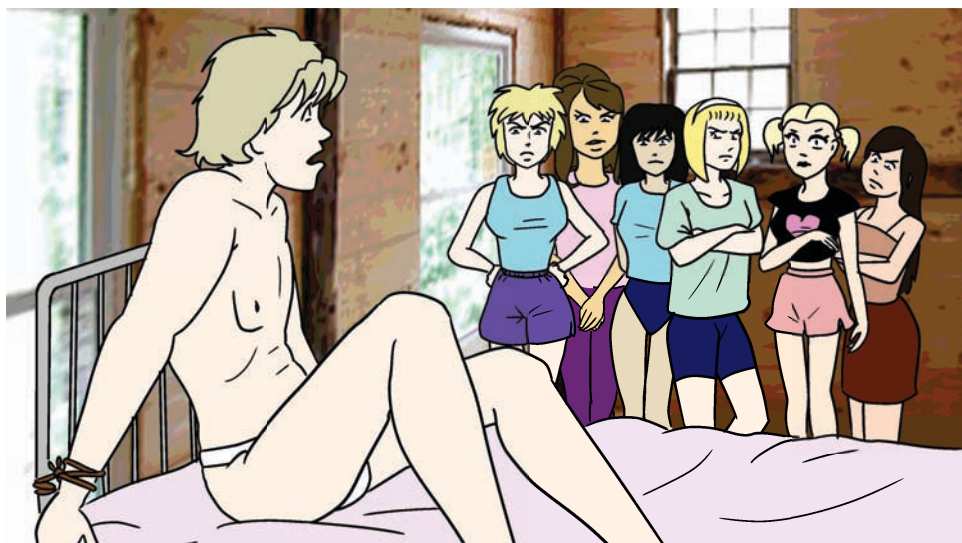
## Waking Up

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 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 he 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.”

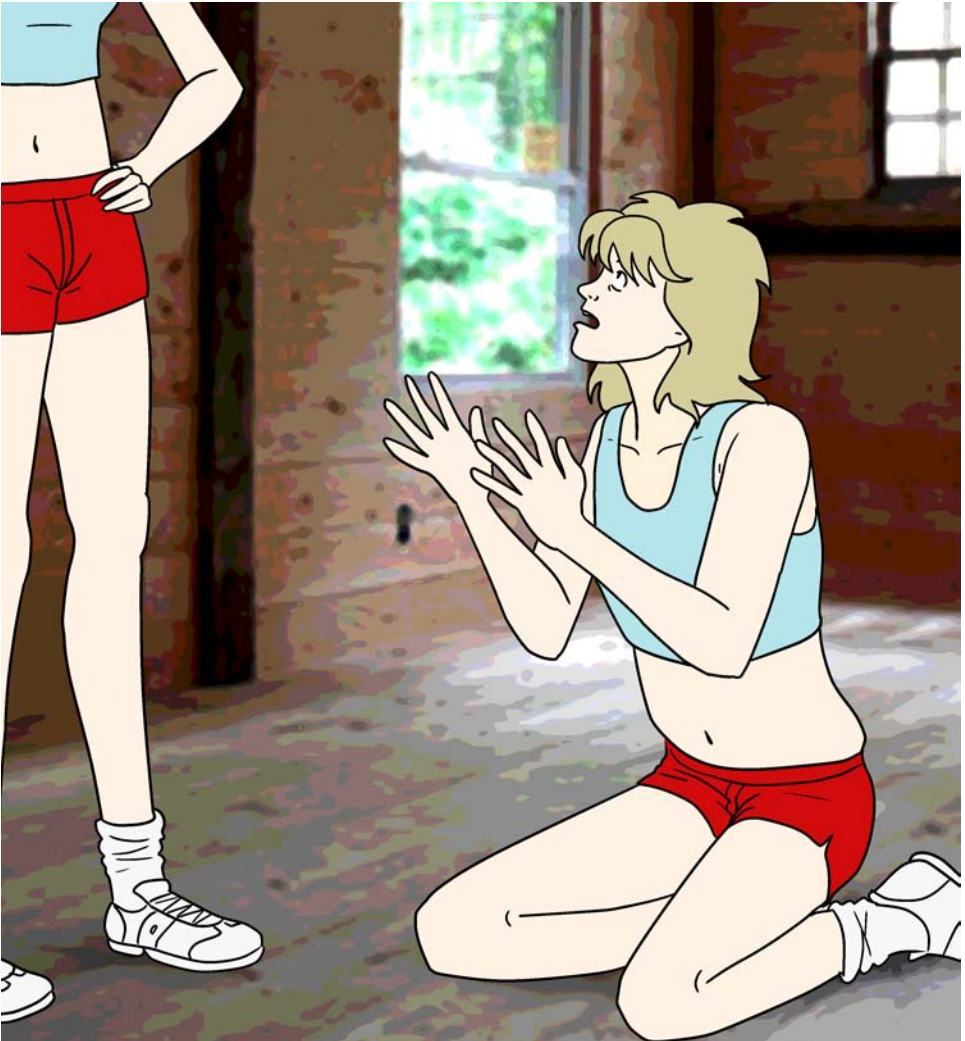
“I... I can’t,” Patrick stated. He knew that was just handing them another piece of evidence he’d be blackmailed with. “Not a chance.”

“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.