



Cheerleader Love
- A TG Short -
By Razmagurk

In a scene that would have made me the envy of men everywhere, I was surrounded by naked women.

All around me were aching attractive college girls in various states of sultry undress, teasing and playful. Grace and beauty in their oh-so-sexual feminine form. They were the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen and the locker room was full of them.

Was this heaven? In every direction there was a cavalcade of luscious ripe female flesh, one slutty naked angel after another. It was as close to heaven as I was ever going to get, that was for sure. It was like my every adolescent male fantasy come to life, beautiful big butts bobbling about as gigantic jugs jiggled and jiggled. I drank it in.

I guess what I was trying to say was hot, horny girls? Yes, please!

It would be perfect if not for two teensy details. First, they had all been men just a few weeks ago. Second, I was one of them.

That's right, I too had bodacious boobs and juicy junk in my trunk. I too was one of these sexy horny angels. And not because I wanted it, not because I'd chosen this, but because I'd been forced into this! It was all that bitch Angela's fault, that spell she'd put over us. She'd made us into these giggling hot girly messes.

Not that I really was woman of course, not truly, not deep down. I had to keep telling myself that. We are all still men, no matter how horny and soft we've become, no matter how sweet our pussies (that ultimate proof of womanhood!) were no matter how curvaceous and exaggerated our bodies. Despite all of that, we were still men. Right? It was like, totes obvs, am I right? When push came to shove, that's what would win out. We hoped.

Times like this it was important to remind myself of my masculinity, of what we were fighting for. Even if it was so hard to remember what that gross scruffy face in the mirror had looked like. It wasn't always easy, reaffirming my manhood. Any illusions I might somehow still be harbouring were easily dismissed.

Like right now for instance. I checked myself in the mirror, sizing myself up. A soft-eyed doe stared back. Behind me I could see the twins bending over lasciviously to help each other strip off their matching thongs. Next to me Marci was putting on her little skirt, giddily wiggling her extra-wide childbearing hips to make the fabric playfully swish swish swish. On my other side Janet was applying another thick coat of dark gothic lipstick on her pale and hauntingly beautiful face.

I focused on my reflection. There's no way the face staring back at me could be anything but a girl's. It was soft and round, with a button nose and big expressive improbably blue eyes that complemented the wavy blonde hair falling in a sultry mess about my face and down my back. My makeup, as always, was

immaculate, highlighting the softness of my cheeks and nose while drawing attention to the way the white eyeliner and mascara made my eyes absolutely pop.

I pulled a tube from my clutch and touched up the shiny pink gloss on my lips, then blew a little kiss to my reflection. I giggled. I looked gorgeous! I was lush and kissable and more than a little bit slutty.

I traced a sensuous hand down my body, taking inventory. Everything had to go perfectly today. Luckily all my charm points were firing on full cylinders. My taut athletic belly, my spankable behind, my pretty peach panties, it was all so pretty and perfect and pure.

Not that anyone would be thinking pure thoughts looking at me. Not when they got a look at my big fat G-cup breasts. They were cupped delicately in a lacy peach bra. On anyone else it would be a cute look, but with boobs this big it was impossible to cover them in a way that didn't look downright skanky. Not that I minded.

I reached behind my back to unclip my bra, but the damn thing was so tight I was struggling. Luckily Janet (formerly Johnny) saw my trouble and came to my rescue.

"I got you, girl!" Janet cooed. Despite her busty gothic exterior, her voice was that of an adorable bubblegum-brained bimbo, always ready to break into a giggle. She reached up and unclipped me.

I gave a little eek and giggled myself at the rough treatment. As my boobies toppled out of the bra, they were eager to be free, bouncing and swaying this way and that. They were heavy and playful and big, as eager to bobble and jiggle and jump as those of all my now-feminine fellows. I grinned at the sight of them jostling in the mirror and reached up with both hands to give them a playful squeeze. They were just so... fun! Soft and squishy and warm. I giggled again, hugging them against myself like the giant pillows they were. I could spend all day playing with these things. They certainly loved the attention. My nipples were hardening invitingly.

Like they always did, the motion of my udders caught appreciative stares from all around. Janet and Marci, who had the advantage of changing right next to me, were especially appreciative in their distraction. They were horny girls who liked what they saw. And who could blame them? My boobs were a goddamn triumph. I had the biggest boobs on the team by a few cup sizes. Not that any of the girls here were lacking in that department. Nonetheless, my sweet sweater stuffers always started such a stir.

It wasn't easy having boobs like this, of course. I constantly had to mind where I went or how I moved, not to mention the sheer weight of them. It didn't jive with any of the high-fashion outfits I was always drooling over either, and it was pretty much impossible to buy bras off the shelf. Not to mention, come on, I was a flyer! Do you know how much these things bounce when you're getting thrown around and flipping in the air? Most girls would view them as a curse. How could anything so beautiful and fun be a curse, though? It just filled me with so much pride that my big pretty titties were so huge.

Plus, come on, seeing the looks on everybody's faces when they got just a glimpse of them? Seeing their eyes bulge? It made it all worth while.

Sarah's slutty E-cup melons came a close second, but mine had more personality, if I do say so myself. Nonetheless, I was so happy for her that she had found a pair that matched her aesthetic! She'd gone all

in on the fake look: great big ultra-perky orbs that were so high and tight she almost never needed to wear a bra. Hell, sometimes she didn't even bother with a top! You go, girl!

I briefly wondered how I would feel about that, just running around topless. God knows my titties loved attention, and it had been such a thrill when they'd first grown and snapped the binding I'd been wearing to hide them, but how would I feel going topless intentionally?

I gave the notion some thought. I flushed at the idea of everybody staring at my naked boobs like that, how humiliating it would be; but the familiar heat of shame in my cheeks was cut off abruptly and replaced by something different. I felt that even more familiar tingle moving into its place, the soft glitter fireworks going off in my brain. Stars exploding in my eyes as the humiliation I was feeling turned into feminine pride.

I blinked and suddenly felt differently on the matter. Next time Sarah went out half naked, maybe I'd join her. After all, didn't I love showing off my body? Didn't I like my boobs? Didn't I want everybody to know about these works of art hanging from my chest?

Have I mentioned how much I loved having huge girly tits? I highly recommend them.

And now, suddenly, I also loved the idea of waving them naked in front of people in public. Yay! I was going to have so much fun with that.

As the pink receded from my vision, I put a hand to the wall to steady myself, trying to blink back the glitter in my brain. I had just changed again, I could feel it. This is how Angela had gotten us. She had twisted up our emotions, weaponized them against us. All the humiliation, all the masculine bravado and rebellion we should have been feeling had turned into... cuteness and glitter and love.

I had to be careful. The more I tried to be a guy, the more of a girl I'd become. We had all been changing less as the weeks went on, but this was as firm a reminder as any that this curse was far from over.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my pounding heart.

The true curse wasn't getting turned into a woman, it was being made to love every second of it. I adored the way I looked. I loved my smooth skin and my pretty face, and my exotic way-too-blue eyes and my stylish blonde hair. I'd been an absolute slob before but all my disgust at high fashion had turned to utter delight when I saw that designer blouse on sale at the mall. I'd been drinking up fashion magazines ever since. I'd had no idea they were so enthralling!

"You okay, Danielle?" Janet asked. "You want some help with that?" She gestured at my horny nipples and my idle groping as I considered the situation. Janet had been a freckly mess as a guy before, obsessed with camping and outdoor stuff, but as a girl he had become a pale and willowy gothic beauty. Well, if you could still call someone with DD-cups willowy.

"Mm." I nodded my head invitingly, biting my lip adorably. "That would be heaven, girl."

"Ooh, me too!" Marci, on the other side of me, bounced. "Me too!"

I leaned back against my locker and pulled the two girls in. They each took a side, playing hungrily with one of my enormous delightfully sensitive fun bags, squeezing and caressing and making me weak at the knees. They knew my every sensitive point by now and there were oh so many of them to play with. Every soft touch of their delicate hands across my breasts left me tingling, like hot lightning exploding beneath my skin. Janet dove in first, kissing and sucking and doing that thing where she fluttered her tongue just right at the tip of my nipple. I didn't even care she was leaving a smear of her dark goth lipstick all over my big round boobs.

Marci followed her lead shortly after, diving in, delighted, to my other delicious breast. While she didn't have the special techniques Janet had mastered, she more than made up for it with enthusiasm. She was moaning and grunting and gasping just as much as I was, working herself into a sexual frenzy just from her love of my bountiful boob.

"Oh god!" I leaned my head back and sighed contentedly. Warmth exploded through me. My beautiful little pussy was gushing so hard that I reached down to slide my cute little panties down and kick them off, before I soaked them through completely.

"I was just thinking," I gasped. "About all this."

"Thinking too much stresses you out, Danielle, you know that." chastised Marci, grinning, as she came up for air. She giggled extra hard at that.

When Marci had been Mark he had had some... old fashioned ideas about women. Sexist, more like. He had been a nerd before too, always top of his grade. I don't know how he'd managed both that and being our wide receiver, but he had. He always liked to lord it over everybody else. As a result he had always been so high and mighty, especially around women.

Now she was a boy-crazy bimbo who dreamed of being a tradwife. She spent all day in class drawing little hearts and writing the name of her latest crush in her notebook and batting her lashes at any boy with a cute smile.

Seeing that change in him should have horrified us, but the magic running through us turned that horror into something else instead. Something pink and sparkly. Instead of hating it, we loved her for it. We were filled with love and support for her, so of course, how could we have done anything else but encouraged her decision to become the biggest bimbo on campus? We were always there for her, helping her flirt with all the cute guys whose babies she wanted to have. We had her back no matter her decision. We had even had to work together to convince her professors to pass her when her grades started to plummet.

We always had each other's backs. That's what being a team was all about. Even when it meant doubling down on all this amazing beautiful girly bullshit. I think deep down in our souls we wanted to save each other from this sparkly rainbow hell, but instead of outrage all that manifested was glittering pink eagerness.

"Really ladies?" said Zoe, already completely changed into her sultry little cheerleader outfit. "There'll be time for that later."

“Aww,” moaned Janet, coming off my boob with a loud pop. “We were just helping Danielle here out.” She gave me a sultry gothic wink.

“Mmmmmm,” Marci moaned in agreement. “Her boobies are just soooo suckable. They’re the best!”

“Don’t I know it.” Zoe raised a covetous eyebrow, “but it’ll have to wait until later. We don’t want a repeat of last practice. Everything has to go off without a hitch tonight, you know that.”

There was a flash of impatience in Marci’s eyes, rebellion, but it faded and died as quickly as it appeared, replaced with gushy girly acquiescence. “Okay!” She wiggled her wide hips. “I’ll be a good girl.”

I was left panting and reeling as the sapphic warmth of those sweet girl-lips left my tingling breasts. Just great, now I was even hornier than before. I considered briefly slipping my fingers inside my lush cleft – could I quickly finish myself off? – but instead sighed. Later, I promised myself.

“Good. Thank you, sweetie.” Zoe sighed. “Hurry up, girls! We gotta be ready in 15 minutes. Danielle, if you’re aching, just make sure to use that out on the field.”

I nodded. I’d have to, wouldn’t I?

Zoe was team captain. She had been a bench warmer before, when we’d been the football team. For some reason she wasn’t as affected by the changes as the rest of us. I think it was something to do with how, when the rest of us had been disgusted by our transformations, she hadn’t been. I don’t know what that said about the guy she had been before, but when it hit she was more curious than afraid.

Zoe hadn’t struggled the way the rest of us had and so it hadn’t hit her nearly as hard. Now she was almost tomboyish, short hair and a slender build. Part of me was jealous, but that part was balanced out by the much bigger part that felt bad she couldn’t ever know the joy of having giant titties or having your long beautiful hair braided by the girls during one of our sleepovers, so I guess it balanced out.

We’d learned a few days into things that her sister had been trans. Zoe (Zach at the time) had given her a hard time about it. It seems when the spell had rewritten Zoe’s life, it had made it so Zoe had been there to help her along in her transformation. She’d somehow ended up with a better life all around.

The rest of us weren’t so lucky. We were men, after all. Stubborn till our last breath. We roiled and raged against our situation in those early days – and learned the hard way that the price of our defiance was to have our beloved hatred plucked from our breast and hammered into shiny pink love instead.

That’s the reason I have such ridiculous boobies. Why I love them so much. On one of the early days I’d tried to bind them and dress in shirts and sweaters that hid my then subtle mounds. By the end of that day my breasts had grown so much they’d literally burst out of my top. The birth of my G-cup beauties! Oh, I hated them at first, but the more I expressed it the more that hatred turned to love. The night I’d grown them I’d stayed up late watching them bounce and jiggle in the mirror and learning just how fun they could be!

Have I mentioned how much I love my tits?

Our changing bodies had been the most obvious signs, of course, but there were subtler elements as well.

We all fell victim to our own machismo impulses. I had railed against fashion only to develop a love of designer clothing. Jacki had tried to wear nothing but pants and now she had an ass you could bounce a quarter off of and an addiction to miniskirts. Debby had been a stereotypical bully, always railing against geek culture and getting into fights, now she was a cosplay queen and so gentle I don't know if she could even defend herself if she had to. Sarah had tried to resist by going ham on the most red-blooded male-gazey porn she could find, but it had just turned her into a total slut as all her disgust turned to kink.

I suppose it could be worse. The twins had always struggled so hard to prove themselves unique and now they finished each other's sentences and giggled in tandem. I'd probably find it creepy if I was allowed to feel it was creepy. Instead, that emotion was just replaced by glittering pink encouragement. I loved that about them. I loved they were so close. Plus, come on. Twins! Super hot. They would do that thing where they'd each take one of my boobs and coordinate their attentions, licking and squeezing and slurping in symmetrical synchronisation. Mmm!

I wiped Janet's dark lipstick from my breasts, squirming as I brushed my excited nipple. As fun as it was to be marked with girlish kisses, we had a show to put on. If all went according to plan there'd be much more time for hot lesbian make outs later. In so many exciting flavours. So many hot girls, and me one of them.

That had been one of the biggest changes. Never in my life as a guy had I ever been hot! I hadn't been bad looking, but girl-hot was a whole different beast than guy-hot. I'd never realized how good hot girls had it. It was like the whole world was suddenly willing to bend over backwards for me. All you had to do was smile. I had never before known that glowing warmth you feel when you're the center of attention, the thrill of everybody stopping and staring, soaking up every little detail about you. You know that feeling when you wiggle your cute patootie and giant jugs past guys in the hall and they drop their jaws to turn and watch you go? I had never known that feeling before. Now I couldn't live without it.

Mm... and who had known guys were so hot? Woof! That had taken some coming to terms with. My disgust and homophobia had turned to delight and homophilia. I wanted more boys in my life, yes please! After the transformation it was like everything they said suddenly sounded so interesting and funny, and they were all so very eager to get to know me.

Funny story, actually. Turns out guys also like my giant titties. We have so much in common!

Not that my love of women had faded, obviously. At all. Girls were still... yowza! You know? You'd think getting to see a beautiful body in the mirror every night would make it less special, but you'd be wrong, especially when you get to spend all night under those silky-smooth sheets getting to know a body's most sensitive areas. As a girl, every night I was finding oh so many new spots to have a bit of fun with. I was horny, hot and multi-orgasmic. So many pleasant dreams.

Hell, I somehow think I was even more into girls than before! Now I could relate to them so much more, I could appreciate who they were as people, their struggles, their strife. I was so full of love for them that it always seemed to keep spilling out. I wanted to share it, to make them feel good, instead of just getting myself off. I was more of lesbian than I had been straight.

Plus, of course, there was all this: a locker room full of beautiful busty girls. All my gorgeous friends. My smoking hot besties who I saw naked every day, who saw me naked everyday. The horny cheerleaders who loved staring at my big jiggly tits just as much as I loved showing them off! We were always putting on a show for each other. I loved it.

"Danielle, come on!" Zoe begged.

"Oh, sorry! Right!"

I'd been getting too in my own head. I was always doing that. I shook my head and started to pull up my little cheer skirt. I had not put my panties back on. None of us had. A dozen hot horny cheerleader sluts, ripe and ready for a fucking with nothing to get in the way. And oh how hot we were.

The mutual attraction had been awkward at first. Those first few days, we were still thinking of ourselves as guys so seeing all these naked women was this whole crazy thing, and you can imagine how difficult it was to try to remember the babe your drooling over used to be a guy too despite how we looked and how we acted and how we felt.

We knew who we all were, was the point. We should have been disgusted by the idea of banging each other, but that disgust was turned to lust instead. There was no holding it back. We all had raging lady-boners for each other, and it was so damn obvious to see. There wasn't one of my girly girl cheerleader besties I didn't want to take home and bury between my tits, not a one whose pussy I didn't want to feel against my face as I feverishly tongued and nuzzled and sucked her clit for all it was worth. We all felt that way.

A bead of girl juice ran down my thigh at the thought. Don't get me wrong there was cuddling and hugging and kissing too, but when your around that many gorgeous girls your libido sort of goes out of control.

Devonne and Darci (still insisting we call him Dylan at the time) had been the first. We'd walked into the changeroom one morning, eager to get ready for cheer practice, only to see the two of them furiously making out. They were gasping and moaning so loud I was surprised the whole world didn't hear. They told me after they were trying to hold back, but that just drove them harder. We'd walked in to find them with their hands on each other's pussy and humping against each other's arms for all they were worth.

The two had been inseparable ever since. As guys they'd always bickered and argued, but after that they were inseparable. Heck, they were making out right now while they waited for the rest of us to change.

But back then, it had been shocking. We'd been horrified. At least we should have been. They were our friends, our teammates, our *brothers*. Sure, they'd become smoking hot cheerleader babes, but that didn't make it right. At least, that was how we'd felt then.

That fear and disgust, though, turned to something else entirely. We felt horny eagerness and curiosity blossom inside each of us. We each hoped we'd be next, and soon found the confidence to act on the awkward sexual tension that had been developing. We weren't afraid of it anymore, quite the opposite. We wanted to get into hot steamy lesbian action with our fellow teammates too! We wanted to press our tender flesh together and make each other feel oh so good.

We had spent that whole cheer practice giggling and groping and exchanging cheesy flirtations out on the field. We said we wouldn't let it get in the way of anything, that we'd keep it under control, but that barely lasted one practice. The changeroom after had practically been an orgy, girls pairing up or in threes, jumping on each other in a frenzy of barely-contained lust. Zoe and I had ended up getting all hot and steamy in the showers. I had tried to be discreet at first with my passions, especially as it was the first time knowing love with another woman, but that urge was replaced by moaning and screams as loud as any of my fellows.

And of course, we were encouraging each other. That's what teams are for. The girls were cheering us on even as we cheered them on, so happy they could find love and passion and hot lesbian sex. Everybody was smooching and stripping and ogling each other, the whole horny TG-ed cheer team getting down and busy for the first time. A treasured memory. We spent the rest of that afternoon learning what each other's tongues tasted like.

I'd thought we should hide our new relationship, but I soon found I eagerly, girlishly wanted everybody to see how much I loved those girls! I didn't just want the cheer team to know, but the whole world. That day Zoe and I walked to class together, holding hands the whole way. I should have hated it, but I loved how gay it felt. I wanted everybody to know! That I had been there, that we were together and loving it!

Never in my life had I felt so accepted, so loved. Never in my life had I loved so truly and so openly. Not that I had any fucking choice in the matter. The more I tried to hide my feelings the prouder and truer I became.

Until, over the course of the weeks, I had become this. I loved showing off the person I had become. I was proud of it.

We all were.

"Ready girls?" Zoe asked.

"Yeah!" We gave a girlish cry of delight, our team of eager horny girls ready to show off what we had become for the world. To show off for Angela, who had done this to us.

If we were lucky, we'd manage to pull it off. This would be our only shot at redemption. And god knows what Angela would do to us if we failed.

I took a deep breath as we walked through the tunnel up to the football field. I was in the back, getting a good long look at Jacki's beautiful behind swinging and swaying. I gave it a playful smack and we all giggled at her adorable little squeak.

We'd come a long way. I just hope we'd come far enough.

I still remembered that first morning. You can imagine how difficult it was to wake up one morning and find your whole life changed. I had gone to bed a 6'2" 230lb linebacker and woken up a 5'2, 99lb varsity cheer flyer.

Everything had been different. My room had gone from football trophies to cheer awards. All so different, all so pink. I had thought it a dream at first. How else would you explain the strange state I found myself in mentally? Instead of panic I'd been filled with a strange pink calm. Instead of being horrified by the pink glittery mess of a room I found myself, in I was oohing and ahing at all the stuffed animals and fluffy pillows and kitschy cute elements. It was like rainbow Barbie glitter was exploding in my brain and the only explanation I could think of was that it was some kind of weird dream logic.

But then the dream didn't end, no matter how nightmarish I should have found it.

My room was so different. All my clothes had been a mess on the floor before but were now all neatly folded and hung and put away. There were drawers stuffed full of clothes in all types. I opened one up to see rows and rows of the sweetest, cutest panties, perfectly folded and meticulously organized.

I was so distracted by my surroundings I didn't even notice my changed body at first. Then I saw myself in the mirror and jumped in alarm. I rushed forward to take a closer look, then screamed. In delight. My reflection was that of a beautiful girl. I was wearing a sexy little negligee and my hair had that perfect freshly fucked look.

I'd felt disgust and terror and panic flooding through my brain but then, for the first time, they all transformed into other things entirely. With a glittery pink pop they transformed into curiosity and excitement and exhilaration. And arousal, of course. What kind of guy would I be if my pussy didn't get all gushy getting to play with a fresh pair of boobs? Not that they were the jumbo fun sized behemoths they are now, but still!

My roommates had been no help at all. I wanted to just run away, to get away from everything and everybody, but instead I sat down and talked to them, gushing and gossiping like a girl about everything and nothing. They acted like I had always been a girl! They didn't even try to hide their gazes as they looked my body over. Instead of getting the urge to punch them, their lusty stares just made me feel all warm and gooey and valued inside. I wanted to tell them the truth of what had happened, but that urge gave way to a sudden need to avoid telling anyone. It was like my every masculine instinct was countered by some feminine opposite!

Going to school that day had been hard. I'd wanted to stay at home and hide, but that twisted into the irresistible urge to go out. I had to show off my beautiful new body!

That day had seen so many firsts. First time touching boobs, first time flirting with a hunky guy, first time in a dress. Because of course I had to wear the girliest outfit I could find! I chose a beautiful pink sundress that showed off my legs so well in those tall platform heels I found. And I just had to accessorize it with rings and necklaces and bracelets galore.

Getting dressed? Putting on makeup? Seeing my new body in action? I knew I should have been hating it, but I was loving every second. I thought I was losing my mind, even as it felt so calm and right.

Luckily I wasn't going through this alone. That had been a hell of a surprise, but it soon felt so right. Of course whatever had caught me had caught them too. There was a goodness in that, a completeness. There's no one I'd have rather been with. We were never all that close as guys, to be honest, but as girls? Sisterhood was a hell of a thing. I was grateful every day since for the support of my team.

Not that we were a football team anymore. We were cheerleaders. I knew it the same way I knew how to walk in these heels, or how I knew the difference between highlighter and bronzer or how to do a backflip. Cheerleaders! I should have been so mad. Of all the stupid girly things! I was distraught, which turned into excitement. I loved the idea of being a cheerleader! I loved being a cheerleader. I tried to think of football plays and all the hard work we'd put out on the field, but it just turned to cheer routines and acrobatics and the thrill of getting thrown around by the rest of the team.

Football seemed so far and distant, and rather than feeling saddened at this loss, I felt instead so lucky that I got this chance! Jumping around shaking my body for all to see? Being so expressively feminine? It sent shivers right through me. I couldn't wait to get back out onto the field!

My whole life was like that. Masculine chunks removed with the most humiliatingly feminine things I could imagine replacing them. I had been in Chemistry before and now I was a Fashion major, it still made me feel all gooey and tingly thinking about it. The subject should have been agonizing but instead it was fascinating. I was learning so much! A whole world opening up to me, shining and beautiful, whether I liked it or not. I suppose I should be at least grateful I had any ambitions at all, given how hard Marci was going for her 'MRS degree'.

That first day, when we saw each other in the changeroom for the first time, we knew immediately who we were, who we had been. We had just cooed in excited support as all our fear and panic turned to love and pompoms.

When we took to the field we saw in surprise that there was a football team out practicing on the field. They looked familiar. We'd found out soon enough they were all the girls that had been the cheerleaders before, now transformed just the same as we were. Had they deserved it, as we had? Or had they just been caught up in our story?

More importantly, there stood Angela. She had been head bitch in charge of the former cheer team. She was still a girl, though she looked different. She had become this hyper-exaggerated over-sexed version of herself. Just... jaw droppingly attractive. Far hotter than any of us could have dreamed. I still have sexy little nightmares about her. Everybody was treating her with deference and respect too, that she most certainly did not deserve.

She grinned when she saw us, then pulled out a slender wand made of some too-white wood. It looked like a prop from some movie. I thought it was a joke at first, but my heart skipped a beat as I stared at it. There was something about it that thrummed powerfully, timed perfectly with the pounding of my own heart. It was like I was connected to it somehow.

I didn't normally believe in magic, but it's amazing how much your perspective on life can change when you magically wake up with boobs one day.

She waved that wand at us and our uniforms shifted and changed. Fabric slid across our bodies in a riot of sparkles like something out of a magical girl anime. We were left practically naked, our workout uniforms turning into showy competition uniforms, but with a slutty twist. Our toned girlish midriffs were exposed and our workout booty shorts had turning into tight little skirts that only just barely covered our expansive assets. Perhaps most scandalously, our panties disappearing completely.

Then she laughed derisively for three minutes solid. We stood there and took it, painfully aware of our new place in life.

We were still so humiliated in general from that first day, this was the icing on the cake. I'd never been so ashamed in my life, but with a pulse of the wand all that shame turned to something else.

Suddenly I was glad for the lack of panties. The intensity of emotion was the same, but it went from the urge to crawl into a hole and die to an intense need to show off. It sent shivers of excitement through me to be looked at. The others were in the same boat. How lucky we were to be wearing slutty cheerleader outfits, to get the chance to be slutty cheerleaders ourselves! Now no one would look at us practicing and not know the truth about our girlish bodies.

Angela told us everything. She had used that wand on us. She had magicked us into girls. Cheerleaders. 'The harder we struggled the more we'd love it,' she told us. She was grinning, gloating. She even gave a bow. We all rushed forward, but don't think for more than a second it was to kill her. No, we mobbed her, cheering and shouting her name, exuberant beyond belief! We giggled and cooed and cheered.

That bitch.

I mean... don't get me wrong. I loved it. I loved the makeup, I loved the shoes, I loved the body, ooh boy did I ever love the body! I loved how obsessed I was with all things cute and pink and glittery. But that didn't mean I liked it! That didn't mean I was okay with it! Not really. Not deep down.

She said this was punishment for the way we'd treated the cheerleaders, the way we'd treated girls in general. I don't know what the hell she was talking about. I couldn't speak for the rest of the team, but I had never done a damn thing to them! As if I hijacking peoples lives for some ill-conceived stab at revenge was any different. I should have felt so righteous at this indignity, but I felt guilty instead.

We had been defeated, utterly, but she wouldn't even give us our proper defeat. Instead we all felt it as a great victory, as though we were turning over a new leaf in life.

But of course, Angela was completely full of shit. This wasn't about revenge. This was about sex.

You could see it in the way she inspected her handiwork. She wanted to rub it in. She had made herself the cheer coach and led us through one humiliating practice after another, forcing us to show off and dance and strip. What kind of a girl would make us practically naked if she wasn't into seeing girls like that? No real routine was so sexy as that. She drilled us and worked our sexy butts off. We followed her lead gladly, whether we liked it or not. The whole time she shouted at us, emasculating us, and we ate it all up. Her words were cruel and designed to make us rail and fight against her, to make us change. In the early days, we didn't know any better.

The truth of it was plain to see. She was getting off on it. The lurid look in her stupid sexy eyes as she watched our nubile bodies bounce and jump. She gave us a routine of whorish stunts and increasingly sexualized displays, grinning the whole time. I could tell her body on fire as she watched our carnally charged display. Trust me, I knew what a horny closeted girl looked like.

Our only saving grace was that she was so shy. Chickenshit, more like. She never acted on her desires, never took things beyond looking, much to our forced disappointment.

Until now, at least.

That was today's true test. The true prize. If we cheered the team on to victory at today's homecoming game, she said was going to celebrate with us. She'd finally be taking a bite at the fruits of her labour.

"Girls..." Zoe said, her voice heavy even as it echoed off the walls of the tunnel. "I just want you to know... if this doesn't work... I..."

"We know." Debby put a hand on her shoulder. "We love you too."

"Come on, Zoe." Jenny laughed. "What's the worse that could happen?"

We all exchanged a look.

"Yeah, we got this!" Marci cried. "Just like we practiced."

There was a murmur of support from all around. We were going to be ready. We had to be. My team. My girls. My sisters.

I don't know if I could have done it without them. I don't know if I could have coped. I hated what had been done to them, but that just meant I loved them so much. We all found ourselves hugging and crying together, or hanging out or chatting or just constant texting. We all had a big cry that first day as we worked through the high emotions flooding our estrogen-soaked brains. I told myself never again would I let tears fall down my cheeks, but of course that backfired. They came so easily now. I sometimes cried seeing something so cute I couldn't take it anymore.

Sharing made it easier, though. We had each other, all the warmth, the comfort of best friends, our cursed sorority. All the worse because it was all the better.

And we did support each other. No matter what. Even when it was foolish or dangerous or girly. Even when that support meant driving someone over the edge. There were lots of that in the weeks that followed, but we were there to pick up the pieces too. Sharing makeup tips and going shopping together and gossiping about boys and exchanging tender looks and embraces. Its surprising how nice a hug can be when you're small and weak and helpless.

In the early days we resisted, boyish fools that we were. I stole clothes from my roommate Richard, and as ugly as I found them, I forced myself to wear them. I bound my beautiful chest with athletic tape to make them fit. Some part of me hoped I would look like that fleeting image still in my head, and that hope prevailed even as it battled the worry that I would actually turn back, that I'd go back to being a boring normal guy.

I don't think I could have done that again. Now I realize how ugly, how hideous guys' clothing could be. By the end of the day all I was noticing was how beautiful women's clothing was, how stylish, how put together and purposeful. And with my own boobs growing and growing beneath my binding, threatening to explode, I hardly made it to through my afternoon classes before the tape exploded, bursting through

my shirt. I still remember it fondly. Everybody could see me running half naked around campus with my enormous breasts bouncing this way and that.

I'd failed, and I'd failed hard. I treated myself to a shopping spree in the aftermath to console myself and/or celebrate. I'd never maxed out a credit card before, but that time certainly felt worth it.

Femininity was the price of resistance. We learned that lesson soon enough.

What held us back wasn't terror of what might happen, though, but how easy it would be to go too far over the edge. I loved my boobs, and I knew how simple it would be to make them even bigger, to make them even more perfect. But I knew if I did that I'd just want even more and more until I was more boob than girl, until all I could think about was getting even larger. Even now the idea sent a thrill through me. We walked a fine line.

Some walked it better than others.

In Sarah's case, it was more like she'd dived off the line into the pink waters below. For her, masculinity had meant banging chicks; it had been about libido. She spent half a week locked in her room consuming as much raunchy hardcore misogynistic pornography as she could. All her attempts at picturing herself as the big hard stud banging the whimpering slut backfired. All the disgust she should have felt at that 'gay shit' as she had once called it now turned into a kink, and the shame of that just drove her wilder and wilder.

And even though we were horrified, we were there for her, encouraging our friend to be as big a skank as she could muster the courage for. You go girl! You'd better believe we'd help her find all the most hung guys to bang her silly. I'd even jumped in to fluff one or two guys for her at that party last weekend, keeping them good and hard while she finished up a blow job with some other dude.

Sarah was clever though. She was gaming the system. She had intentionally gone hyper conservative with the makeup and clothing one day and was rewarded for it with a closet overflowing with the skankiest stuff imaginable as a response. She bound her breasts and butt for a day and was rewarded with an hourglass figure. She was playing the system for all it was worth.

None of the rest of us dared even try such boldness. What need was there when we were already having so much fun with the changes we had? I mean, come on! Do you know how exciting it is putting on makeup? Or coordinating an outfit? Oh my god, I use to mope around and be bored all the time – now I could spend hours just going through my closet.

Needless to say, the team had grown closer through our mutual changes, but it had been playing right into Angela's trap. The girls on the team were shopping together and giggling to each other and gossiping and making out and girling out as much as possible, we were loving every minute of it, and the more we were hanging with each other earth more fun it all became, because I loved being able to help my busty bestie kill it in that new blouse, or assit Debbie with her cosplay, or take makeup advice from Devonne, or just enjoy the camaraderie of all of us turning our heads to check out a cute girl walking past.

And as enriching and fulfilling and lovely as that all was, it was exactly what Angela wanted.

It wasn't long before some of them tried dating people outside the team. Marci was the first of course, completely boy crazy. She spent so much time talking with guys about what kind of babies they were going to have and coming up for signatures for her new last name. Not that any of them lasted, of course. Not a lot of college guys were quite at the 'fuck me until we're a family of five' level she needed, but we were going to keep looking.

Several of us ended up hooking up with the hunks on the football team, because that felt like it had a symmetry to it. You should see the way Jacki's eyes flutter when Milton (formerly Milly) is around, going on and on about cars. Jacki used to know more about cars than anyone, but now he seemed happy just to see that in other people.

I remained single, mostly. Zoe and I were still close. But what kind of a world would it be if I denied people the hope and joy of my beautiful boobs? I owed it to humanity to keep them available for anybody who might want a peek. Anyone I dated would have to realize that.

It hadn't even been a week before some of us former guys ended up getting busy with people outside the locker room. Have a few of us been involved in threesomes? I don't like to kiss and tell, but omg yes! The rule is it doesn't count if it's with the squad, we're there for each other. No matter what.

We'd... we'd come a long way.

And now it was all on the line.

We stepped out of the tunnel. There were tears in my eyes. Tears of pride, I was sure. Tears of joy.

Tonight was a very special night. The big homecoming game. Everybody would be there watching. If we managed to cheer the football former girls on to victory, Angela said she had a very special surprise for us. We were all giddy with girlish anticipation, because none of us were capable of feeling dread.

Tonight, everything had to be perfect. All our hair, all our makeup.

We wore special cheer uniforms that Angela had hand created for the occasion, even skimpier than our usual slutty fare. They didn't hide for an instant that we were all busty nympho cheerleader sluts, and that we loved it. She had brought the wand just to do the change, keeping it in a locked box in her bag.

My pussy was positively gushy as we walked out onto the field. I could hear the crowd murmuring, the music playing. The crowds were big and impressive, filling the college stadium to capacity and with cameras ready to project our beauty to the world beyond.

Standing nearby where she could get the best look as we walked out was Angela, shamelessly ogling us. Her jaw had dropped as though this hadn't been her stupid slutty costume design. She was wearing the proper version of the cheer outfit, which made our whorish parodies look all the skankier. None of us doubted that what she had in mind involved a whole lot of sex.

Had I mentioned our lack of panties?

I let out a little breath. Just the thought of Angela's hot face between my legs, her body pressed into mine, her sweet succulent lips sucking at my own glossy ones was enough to make me sick, so of course I was completely turned on by it.

"Ready?" Zoe called.

"Okay!" we cried in return.

The game started and we did what we'd been created to do. We cheered. Whorishly, exuberantly, with as much love and thunder in our lungs as we could muster. We posed acrobatically and swung and flipped. I was thrown and tossed and lifted high. We did daring deeds that showcased our hot slutty bodies. Everybody got a look at all our pretty pussies as our skirts and bodies flashed about.

It was the hottest, funnest night of my life. I loved every second.

In a proper world there would have been outrage, cries for decency as we shook our bare cunts. This was not a proper world.

We cheered so hard, in fact, that no one was even watching the game. The poor football team. They'd been working so hard too. I'm sure they must have been going through the same emotional gymnastics we were. They couldn't talk about it, the same way we couldn't.

How could we not be the centers of attention, though? We were hot young cheerleader sluts, girly and eager to shake our pompoms and our bodies in those scandalous outfits for all the world to see.

I had always assumed the lurid nature of Angela's practices was to just entertain herself, but now I saw the true genius in it. She was having us perform for her, slutting around for her, seducing her. But it wasn't just her, it was all who watched. Our hands groped and caressed and explored our bodies as we manhandled our hot nubile bodies for all to see, and we loved and grew even hornier the whole time.

Our boys won, in the end. The rival team crashed out when they were unable to tear their eyes from us. Even still, our new boys played better than we ever had. I thought I'd be disappointed at that, but I was proud of them.

And while we were glad we had cheered our team along to victory, the real goal wasn't that. The real goal had been to get Angela so worked up, so horny herself that we could predict exactly what she'd do next.

After the game, the true challenge began.

Angela, true to her word, and so full of herself that she believed our appreciation for her was genuine, decided to take things to the next level.

We'd have a great big lesbian orgy, to celebrate, she declared. With her, of course, the center of attention. We'd show her all the things we had learned about our sensitive sensual and athletic bodies, all we knew about making girls feel toe-curlingly good.

We worked our way back to the changeroom, the thrill of victory coursing through us. We were hot, sweaty, and out of breath. Mostly though we were horny. It was bad enough I had been so worked up beforehand. It had taken all I had not to take my top off and swirl it around over my head from the top of the human pyramid and give the audience a proper view of the two very important features on my chest. Luckily, I'd had lots of practice holding my horny self back. I couldn't let the girls down. The stakes were too high.

We reached the changeroom. Angela sat down on one of the benches. She opened her mouth to speak, to command, to direct. She'd spent a lot of time as our couch doing just that. This time though we weren't going to give her that chance.

Zoe and Marci moved in to start making out in front of her. It was slow and tender, far slower than they normally did. Small careful explorations of each other's plush lips.

Around Angela the other girls formed into pairs and trios. Some started to strip off their outfits, others left them on. Lord knows everybody's bodies remained still accessible even wearing the odd skirt or top.

I took my top off, letting my mountainous breasts swing hypnotically back and forth. The twins dived in to grab one each, making out with each other between bouts of making out with my boobs.

None of us were wearing any panties, which meant all our wonderful feminine pussies were all angled directly at Angela. We made sure to present her with an all you can eat buffet.

Angela's jaw just dropped. We'd taken the wind right from her sails. Whatever she'd been expecting, she clearly hadn't actually been prepared for it.

Devonne and Darci moved to intercept, crawling over to Angela, eyes and body language needy and full of desire, they were burning in the fire of her body's heat.

"Please," they begged. "Let us make you feel good!"

"Uh," she gulped. "Yes!" she commanded. "That."

And so, they did. They venerated and worshipped her, working together as a team. They too started slow, the barest of caresses, the gentlest of touches, as only girls can. Soft and tender even to this hated (loved) enemy. Angela grunted softly, her breath growing heavy and her face turning red.

I couldn't believe it, could we be so lucky? For all her talk, Angela was a blushing virgin.

We'd been having lesbian sex for weeks, but for her... was this really her first time? This was going to be too good.

She may have been jilling off to the fantasies of us, to the image of us performing, but she'd never had the courage to *be* with any of us. We were going to make her regret that.

The temperature rose as a dozen hot bodies writhed in carnal passion. I screamed and moaned and cried out as the twins collaborated to devour my tender succulent breasts. I was trying not to give in too completely, but I didn't dare hold back too much either. I really wanted to sell it.

Angela's legs spread open. She was looking right at my great big beautiful boobies. I saw my opportunity.

I pressed forward, crawling across the tiled floor, shooting Angela a smouldering glare. I wanted her to see the way my massive milkers hung down pendulously, showcasing their enormity. I wriggled my way over to her and pressed my needy nipples against her leg.

She gulped, then opened her legs wider. This was it! I drove forward until I was face to face with Angela's neatly trimmed pussy. I looked hungrily up at her and she nodded. I pressed my face in and she squirmed in obvious delight.

"That's right," she chided, dirty talk or derision, I couldn't tell. She was getting into it, that was the important thing. "You were all such limp-dicked bastards. You're so much better with sweet pussies, aren't you?"

We took it in the same good stride we took her taunts in practice. None of us were rebelling at this point, we knew her game.

I inhaled deeply of Angela's angelic musk. Behind me, one of the twins was fingering me while the other nibbled at my clit. My body spasmed in joy, in passion, melting in the heat of my beautiful friend's wonderful fingers. They knew just where to press, when to plunge and when to pull. It would make a lesser girl lose her mind, but for me it made me all the more eager to pass that pleasure along.

I ran my tongue along Angela's mound in time with the twins' assault, tasting her vulva, seeing her clit throbbing. I delicately licked a circle around it. Her pussy was so wet my face was already soaked. Devin and Darci were doing their job, that was for sure. Angela rolled her head back at the touch of my juicy tongue.

I hazarded a glance over to Sarah, standing aside, watching us all with a great big grin on her face and a hand buried in her cunt as she struggled to open her locker with her free hand. I made sure to time one of my moans with the sound of her opening it.

I must have fallen off my rhythm in my distraction though. Angela lowered her head. I hastily turned my attention back to her cunt and redoubled my efforts, praying she hadn't noticed.

I had to give this to Angela, she had a delicious pussy. I felt bad I was loving this so much. I let out a loud moan of delight and pressed my face in that much further, harder, conveying the purr of my throat into her loins. Her eyes fluttered in delight. Good. That was it. I'd practised long and hard for this moment. We all had.

The rest of the team had stopped fucking, they'd all gathered in around her now, each taking some small part of her and pressing their sex to it, getting in close with their fingers, their lips, their pussies. Mostly they rubbed and squeezed at her tender nubile cheerleader body, probing for weak points.

Any pretense that we were here for anything but her, fell away at this point, but Angela was too caught up in her own pleasure to tell. Not that we weren't still making each other feel good too. The twins were still making my heart pound with their attentions, but all eyes were on our tormenter.

The entire cheer team, against one girl.

The entire team, but one.

For several long minutes we strung this girl along, raising her pleasures up further and further. We'd expected a challenge. We'd thought maybe we'd be here all night. Turns out it didn't take more than ten minutes before Angela was shivering and flexing and gasping for breath. It wasn't long before she was screaming out, "oh, oh, oh!" as I led her from one pleasure-capped peak to another.

She was oh so close, her horny TG cheerleader orgy fantasy come to life, all those sexy nights, this whole sexy plan finally coming to a toe-curling, nirvana-seeing climax!

"Got it!" Sarah yelled.

Angela fell off the train of pleasure like it had thrown a wheel. We all turned to look at Sarah.

She was clutching the unmistakable white wooden shaft of Angela's wand before her. It looked so mundane in her hands. No pulsing, no light. She was clutching it so close to her it had found a place between her big slutty boobs.

"What? What!?" Angela tripped over me as she tried to stand, trying to figure out what was happening. The rest of us were surrounding her though, blocking her way. Hands that had been giving pleasure now held her back. "How!?"

"You let your guard down," I whispered sensually.

She groaned carnally as I gave her one last long sensuous lick to drive the point home. Her naked cheerleader body turned red. Fury? Shame? Desire?

"Did you really think we'd just let you do this?" Zoe declaimed.

"But I thought you liked it! " Angela was tearing up. Did she feel betrayed? Surely, she should have seen this coming.

"We do," Sarah moaned, rubbing the long firm shaft of the wand against her clit. "We love it so much. But it's not cool just changing us! I mean, it's awesome but it's like... you know what I mean!"

"Yeah!" We all giggled in support.

"We're not going to let you get away with this!" Marci jumped in, striking a dramatic pose – somewhat ruined by the skirt still caught between her ankles.

Angela tried to stand tall and firm, to resist us, but we pressed in. We may not have been football players anymore but we outnumbered her. We packed in around her with our naked horny bodies. And sure, the thought of violence made us sick, but there were so many other horny things we could do to get our revenge.

"We're done being your toys." And with that, Sarah snapped the wand in half and threw it at Angela.

"No!" Angela's eyes went even wider; we let her go as she scrambled to pick up the two halves. She screamed. In frustration, in disbelief.

"Now you're going to pay," purred Marci, wiping the girl juice from her lips. Our giggling took on a sinister tone.

I could tell by the expression on her face that everything was starting to click in that pretty little head of hers.. Those beautiful green eyes, which had been so full of hatred as she had mocked us, which had been so full of delight as we lavished her with our forced attentions, now showed only terror. She did what any reasonable person would do when faced with an angry squad of naked horny cheerleaders: she clutched her broken wand to her bare breasts and ran naked out into the student gym beyond.

The twins chased her as far as the changeroom doors, but the rest of us just watched, letting her go.

After, there was a long moment of silence. Each of us just waiting for the other shoe to drop, for some arcane vengeance to unleash itself upon us.

It never did.

Darci let out a sigh of relief. "Did that seriously just work?"

"Oh my god Debby, you did so good on that fake wand!" I gushed. "I couldn't even tell."

Debby blushed as we all ran over to pull her into a massive group hug.

"Aw, thanks girls!" Debby grinned. "But I couldn't have done it without you, Sarah did such a good job selling it, and she was so distracted by all the sex to notice it was like, two inches too short. I'm just glad all this cosplay stuff proved useful for something besides looking totally hot."

"And now we can use the real wand to turn us back, right?" Jacki raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah!" cheered Janet in her cotton candy voice, pulling a pair of bolt cutters out of her locker. Devonne scrambled over to where Angela had dropped her bag when she's stripped down out of her clothes and picked it up. Darci opened the strap and pulled out the locked box within

Janet walked over to it and delicately cut the padlock sealing it shut. Inside was the real wand, glowing and pulsing with arcane energy. The plan had worked! We'd gotten her so distracted she didn't even notice the cheap forgery.

Janet reached out gently to take the wand, as though if she made one wrong move we'd all end up frogs.

"Now we can use it to turn back!" Zoe exclaimed.

There was another long silence.

"Y-yeah!" I responded, though more for the sake of the supporting Zoe than anything.

"We are using the wand, aren't we?" She raised an eyebrow.

More silence.

"I mean..." Marci stepped forward, twiddling her fingers. "I didn't know how to tell you girls, but I really don't want to ruin what I've got going with Zach. I really think he's the one! He's so sweet and handsome and he does this thing with his hands, oh my gosh!"

We all giggled scandalously. We knew all too well what he could do with his hands. We all exchanged a few glances.

"Does... anyone want to change back?" I hazarded.

"And give up this butt?" Jacki chided, one hand on her hip. "You're dreaming."

It was true, it would be a crime against humanity to deny the world such a perfect ass. Poets would weep.

I felt the same way about my boobs. I thought of how much joy they brought to everybody around me, how proud I was of them. I could light up a room with just a bounce! It was like a super power. I had to use it for good. I loved my boobs! I couldn't just give them up now! Also, I'd have to wear boys clothing again? Ew. No thanks.

But... how genuine were these thoughts? Was that hesitation part of the spell upon us? Was it taking our desire to change back and turning it into a desire to stay? Or was this actually how we felt?

I looked around, thinking about how everything had been before. A dozen lone wolves. I had barely known any of them. Now, now we were a team, a squad. We supported each other, backed each other's plays, celebrated each other's joys and commiserated in the inevitable sorrows.

Plus, come on, the horny lesbian cheerleader sex was *amazing!*

If we turned back, we'd be alone. No support. No community. And we'd be all the worse for having known heaven and willingly turned our backs upon it. Sure, any of us who did get to be a guy would probably have tons of amazing sex, but wasn't there already tons of amazing sex?

Silence descended once more, as each of us dug inside ourselves to see if we had what it took.

One by one, we shook our heads.

"So... what do we do now?" blinked Janet, still holding the wand to her pale tender gothic flesh, marred in all the funnest places by lip gloss kisses.

I cleared my throat and put up my hand. "I think I have an idea..."

Everyone turned to look.

"I know we've been through a lot. We have a big decision before us. I say we take some time and regroup, figure out what we really want, then we should come together and maybe spend the night discussing it."

"So what you're saying," said Marci, furrowing her bimbo brow, "is..."

"Magic princess sleepover!" cheered Debbi, bubbly girlish exuberance spilling out of her.

"Oh my god yes!" Jacki laughed. "Sleepover! Sleepover!"

There was a chorus of giggling and cheers of agreement.

As we laughed, we all felt an intense relief. All our planning had paid off. We'd dealt with Angela. More importantly, none of us were being forced to turn back into guys, which had been the far more terrifying prospect.

Push had come to shove and we'd found at the end of the day we weren't really guys anymore after all, but what made all the difference is that we were discovering it for ourselves, through our own decision. Victory not just out on the field, but in our hearts as well.

And now we were going to celebrate on our own terms. Wherever that wand was going to take us, we were going to love every minute, because we were together. Sisters, free, at last.

And we all lived happily ever after.

The End