The New Cheerleader

by andlat

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

The New Cheerleader

Spencer was minding his own business, wandering the halls of Buren High. As long as he was careful, no one would find out he was skipping the pep rally in the big gym on the other side of the school. He walked past a row of lockers, when he suddenly felt hands wrap around him and pull him into, of all places, the girls locker room! He tried to call for help, but a bandana was forced into his mouth and tied around his head, gagging him.

“Well, hello there, little twerp.” He recognized the voice immediately, his sister Cayleigh. She smirked as he was roughly sat on a wooden bench in the locker room. She was the head cheerleader and her and all of the other cheerleaders were dressed in their uniforms. They wrapped tape around his wrists, binding them together in front of him. “Remember how you said cheerleaders just pranced around like dummies?" He shook his head. It had not been him who had said that, it was his friend Max! “Brittlyn heard you, Spencer!” Cayleigh said accusingly. “Well, we're going to teach you a lesson. Strip him, girls!” Try as Spencer might, he could not fight off half a dozen determined cheerleaders. In no time flat, he was naked, his clothes disappearing into a garbage can. He did not like the looks of that!

“Stinky boy.” Brittlyn teased as they shoved him along toward the showers. He saw an enormous washtub in the middle of the floor and they forced him into it. A half dozen

hands scrubbed him vigorously, but he could get no enjoyment out of it as the floral scent of the soap in the tub filled his nostrils. It was almost overpoweringly strong and their scrubs were starting to hurt!

“Stand up.” Cayleigh said, supervising the whole thing. He complied, gasping as he saw that he was now entirely hairless from the neck down. “Let's get our new recruit into uniform.” Cayleigh ordered. Spencer once again found himself forced onto the bench, but this time, they made him lie down. “Panties.” One of the cheerleaders tugged a pair of pink panties up his legs. “Look at that,” Cayleigh said. “You have my ass, little bro. It's made for panties.” She snapped her fingers and they cut through the tape, ripping it off his wrists as he moaned into the bandana that had grown wet from drool and the splashed bathwater. “Bra.” He found himself wearing a lacey pink bra in no time flat, whimpering as they snapped the straps, just to make him feel it. Cayleigh stood by, documenting her brother in his bra and panties on her phone before giving the signal to dress him in their uniform.

The cheerleaders then split into two teams. One team pulled white socks with pink puffballs on the ankles over his feet, followed by a sparkly pink pair of sneakers. Cayleigh stood by, documenting her brother in his bra and panties on her phone. The second team forced pom poms into his hands and taped them there so he could not let them go, try as he might. His hands were effectively rendered useless to remove his new outfit.

“Alright, let's get out to the field. The rally will be starting

soon!” Cayleigh grinned as her brother was dragged along. “Try your best to keep up with our routine, Spencer. The whole school's going to be watching.”