

## Cheers!

A chill wind blew in on this otherwise temperate summer day - a signalling the return of another Autumn. School had just started again, and there was no way Roxanna was going to lose this year's position as head cheerleader. She practiced all year just for this moment of glory. She was going to do her routine, it was going to blow everyone's mind away, and it was going to be what they performed at the big game at the end of the year. She was going to be cool and popular and everyone would want to know her.

It was mid afternoon, and the athletic field was buzzing. In the distance, students were playing football, others running track. In a little section by the bleachers a crowd was gathered to watch the cheerleaders perform, and Roxanna was up next. This year was her last chance to prove her creativity and skill. Roxanna adjusted her outfit - not that there was much to adjust. She pulled down her short cerulean skirt a little as she really didn't enjoy the occasional glimpse of her underwear beneath it - but there really wasn't much she could do about that. The matching top hugged her chest tightly - and thankfully, unlike the other girls, there wasn't a whole lot going on in the chest. She was athletic, and the lack of breasts served her well. The competition would be about her form, not her *form*.

Roxanna took a deep breath and began her routine in front of the judging eyes of her peers.

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Tears streamed down Roxanna's face as she slammed the bedroom door behind her. She lost again to Christine. Pristine Christine everyone called her. A perfect angel. Christine's routines were chosen 3 years in a row, it wasn't fair! Roxanna played back every move she did, every flip, kick, and spin. Her own routine was a beautiful display of action, compared to Christine's vanilla performance! What had she done wrong? What was missing? She punched her pillow in rage - what would it have taken to win? It was her last year, there were no more chances. She was done, relegated to second-best and totally forgettable.

Roxanna wished with all her might for a second chance, a redo of the day's events. She wished she had what it took to win, to be appreciated by everyone, to be the star she was always deserved. And in a haze as anger turned to fatigue, she drifted off into a deep sleep.



A chill wind blew in on this otherwise temperate summer day - a signalling the return of another Autumn. School had just started again, and there was no way Roxanna was going to lose this year's position as head cheerleader. She shook her head to clear her muddled thoughts, washing away the feeling of déjà vu.

It was mid afternoon, and the athletic field was buzzing. In the distance, students were playing football, others running track. In a little section by the bleachers a crowd was gathered to watch the cheerleaders perform, and Roxanna was up next. This year was going to be it - she was going to be the star.

Roxanna adjusted her outfit - not that there was any point to it. She pulled down her short cerulean skirt as much as she could, but it futilely covered her penis. Even flaccid, the dark shriveled organ was a foot long and as thick as her leg. Paired with it were her testicles, each productive sperm factory clocked in at a size slightly smaller than a beach ball.

No underwear could reasonably cover her privates, so Roxanna just let them hang. The matching cerulean top could never fit her, so she had a bikini custom tailored for her, though by now she had just about outgrown them again - and any major movement could cause them to snap. Thankfully, unlike the other girls, there was a whole lot going on in the chest. It wasn't Roxanna's massive set of male genitals that got people staring, it was her breasts. Each measured 3 and a half feet in diameter and topped with nipples the size of her own head. They were so large and plump the bottoms hung below her hips - without any sagging. They were what set her apart from Pristine Christine, the flat chested. They were what set her apart from every normal girl. The competition would be about both of her forms.

Roxanna took a deep breath to clear her head again. She couldn't help but feel that something was off. Her body felt so foreign, so unnatural. She steeled herself and began her routine in front of the adoring eyes of her peers.





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