

## A Life Full of Cheer

For Chrusheart

By TheSpiralledEye

Danny glanced at the cracked screen of his phone, checking the time. It had been almost twenty minutes since the lecture finished, the hall should be well and truly empty by now. Meaning he could return and collect the term paper he'd stupidly forgotten on his desk. He'd realise as soon as he walked out the door of course, and the smart thing to do would have been to turn around, grab it and gone on his way. But instead, he'd hidden in the toilet around the corner for almost half an hour like a complete weirdo. He couldn't stop those invasive, anxious thoughts

*'If you turned around straight away, everybody would see you.'*

*'They'd all look at you walking against the grain.'*

*'They'd see you forgot your paper and all silently laugh at your forgetfulness'*

*'They'd all whisper about it behind your back, more than they already do.'*

And so here he was, having wasted almost half an hour hiding and hoping the cleaners hadn't thrown a quarter of his grade for the semester in the bin. Oh well, it's not like he had anything planned or anybody waiting on his return, unless you counted his ever-wilting houseplant.

Danny sighed with relief upon entering the lecture hall; his paper was still sitting there and even the lecturer was gone. He jumped up the steps to the back of the hall where he always sat, intending to grab the paper and leave when a flash of colour caught his eye. A set of pompoms in the college colours, red and white and flecked with gold, were sitting underneath one of the desks. Danny knew who's they were instantly; how many times had he been distracted in class and let his gaze drift down to where Laci was sitting? He knew it was wrong to stare but the woman wore her cheerleading outfit nearly everywhere, what did she expect? With her amazing beauty combined with a skimpy outfit, she was just begging to be stared at. Danny was sure he'd even caught his lecturers ogling her once or twice, though at least they had the excuse of being exposed to her bountiful cleavage rather than her back and hair like him.

He'd often gone to the college football and basketball games under the guise of watching the sport like all the other guys when really, he spent the time watching the cheerleading routines. He was fascinated by the way those cheerleaders moved, how their bodies twisted and turned in the air in that strange combination of dance in gymnastics. He meant that honestly too; yes, there was the titillation of watching hot girls in short skirts jump around but he really did respect and admire their skills. He wished he could move like that; it certainly looked a lot more fun than running around a muddy field getting tackled by dudes in helmets. But he was already the creepy, quiet guy in the back of the classroom, even if he was talented enough to join the cheer squad it would just be a new excuse to get called 'gay' and be further ostracized.

Still, he couldn't resist picking them up; after a quick glance to ensure the coast was still clear. They were surprisingly heavy, doing all those jumps and flips while holding them would certainly be a workout, Danny found his admiration for Laci and her cohort growing even more. He pumped his arms up and down, feeling the muscles start to burn after only a few seconds. Not a painful burn, more like his underused muscles were finally getting the workout they sorely needed. Danny closed his eyes and for a moment, imagined what it might feel like, standing by the side of the field, holding these pompoms getting ready to wow the audience with a display of acrobatics with his arms burning from his warm up. Actually, now that he was focusing on the sensation, he couldn't help but notice it was growing, spreading up his arms till it reached his shoulders. He was no expert but surely that wasn't normal. His eyes shot open and to his shock, his long sleeves were gone and now his bare arms were exposed to the air.

Except they weren't his arms.

They were in the sense that they were attached to his body and he could feel them, but gone was the dark smattering of hair and limp wrists. Instead, the hair there was so fine he could barely see it hidden against the sun kissed skin. His eyes followed the strange new limbs to his now also bare shoulder and down his chest and he felt his jaw drop. His shirt had been transformed into a cropped, cheerleading tank top! Before he could even process what was happening and how he felt cool air against his thighs and watched as, before his very eyes, his jeans unravelled into a blur of threads and fabric that knitted themselves back together in the form of a matching pleated skirt.

Oh God, what if somebody walked in right now and saw him dressed like this? Holding Laci's pom poms! They'd think he was some kind of psycho stalker! He let go of the pom poms, wanting to throw them across the room, sure they were the cause of this.

But he couldn't let go.

His grip remained ironclad around the tiny rods hidden beneath the tinsel and strands. Almost like he'd been locked in by an electrical current, a current that was presently moving through his body at a rapid pace. That strange burning sensation now spreading to his chest and down his torso in a wave and as it did so, that tanned skin spread with it. However, it wasn't just his skin changing now. He could feel it, hidden away behind the crop top, his skin was beginning to swell and stretch in a way that should have been painful but instead, felt oh so good. He gasped, both from shock and pleasure as he felt and saw the shirt beginning to fill out, his skin humming with vibrations. The centre of his shirt was stretching between two round, perky breasts. He couldn't help but shiver in arousal slightly watching them grow; in response his nipples hardened to diamond points, pushing against the fabric of his new top. That pleasant hum spread through them and he moaned; it felt as though gentle fingers were caressing the soft skin there, he wished his hands were free of those damn pom poms just so he could cup and feel them for himself.

The strange vibration continued down his midriff and he watched with fascination as the skin darkened from his unhealthy pallor and hair fell away. At first his stomach smoothed, then hardened ever so slightly, the slight definition of abs forming just like Laci had. Instantly, his core felt stronger and a sudden feeling of confidence surged through him; for the first time in his life, he felt strong, despite the strange circumstances. By the time the buzzing had reached his hips he was filled

with anticipation, rather than dread; subconsciously he tightened his grip on the pom poms and eagerly await what was to come.

Once again, a moan escaped him, this time as that wonderful electrical current moved into his ass. He twisted his spine awkwardly in order to watch his skirt slowly rise and his cheeks grew and hips widened. He could only imagine how beautiful the ass beneath those pleats was; he could see it in his minds eye. Jiggling, tanned skin that shone under the sunlight. Soon it was so inflated his figure was truly impressive; oh, how he wished to have a free finger to lift the skirt and take a look! A moment later though, the thought had fled his mind entirely; his thought solely focused on that pleasurable sensation which was now burrowing in between he legs.

He could feel his cock shrinking, something that should be horrific, emasculating even; yet it felt so good! His balls disappeared along with his length and for a moment, he felt almost like a doll, crotch completely smooth and featureless before the skin parted and formed warm lips. He was intimately aware of each part of his new pussy as it formed; he could feel his clit bulging, already wet and sensitive thanks to the pleasure of the change. Slowly but surely a gentle ache was forming behind it as his hole deepened. It was pressed against the panties built into his cheerleading skirt and within moments he could feel juices beginning to drip from it and soak into the fabric.

He was gasping now, breasts heaving with every deep breath he took. He was beginning to feel overwhelmed; that tingling was spreading across his entire form; not a single patch of skin was free of its touch. Almost like a wave it continued down his legs, smoothing his thighs and turning his feet dainty yet strong. A pair of tight, fashionable red and white converse covered them; perfect for running and dancing across the courts. He could resist the urge to do a little jump; enjoying the burn in the curve of his foot. More than that, he got to feel his new curves move. Unsupported under the shirt his new breasts bounced, their weight being so much it was almost painful; yet the sight alone was worth the twinge of pain. His ass too, followed suit and he swayed his hips from side to side experimentally, enjoying the feeling of muscles and fat shifting and his cheeks bounced. He was almost sad to be dressed in such a sexy outfit; he wanted to see what the movement would look like with nothing to impede it.

He held up one of the pompoms, admiring his now long fingers and delicately painted nails. It was hard to see, with his grip so tight, but he was sure he could see nail art of the school's mascot, a chipmunk, painted on a few of them. So *darling*.

As the tingling moved up his neck he sighed in pleasure. It was like the words deepest, most luxurious facial. He could practically feel the oil draining from his skin as it too smoothed. His lips began to plump and when his tongue darted out instinctually, he tasted strawberries. The tell-tale stickiness of gloss coated the tip. His cheekbones sharpened as his jawline smoothed, balancing one another out as finally, the buzzing reached his hair. It was as if a dam had burst, waves spilled forth from his skull but instead of water, it was hair. Blonde, silky and beautiful, it fell till it was brushing his shoulders and several strands wove themselves into a fashionable plait. He tossed his head from side to side like a shampoo commercial, revelling in the tickle and weight of it all. He felt so...glamorous.

Finally, the strange feeling began to shrink, focusing around his eyes. He resisted the urge to close them, even as his vision blurred and eyelashes lengthened. He expected that to be the end of it; his entire body had changed, there was nowhere else for this magic feeling to go.

Except there was.

Danny's mouth fell open as bliss invaded his mind; for a moment there was nothing but pleasure and then, unceremoniously, it dulled. The buzzing was still there, gently tickling the back of his thoughts but otherwise dissipated. He felt a jolt and all of a sudden, his hands were his to control again and the reality of his new situation slammed into him like a train. Danny looked down at his new body, jaw still hanging open; he twisted and turned, taking in every angle, looking for some sign of trickery yet deep down he knew, this was real. He didn't just look like a woman, his body felt like that of a woman. Intimately; inside and out.

Finally able, he dropped one of the pom poms and fumbled for his phone; but instead of an old cracked last gen model it was now the latest iPhone. Decorated with a bright pink case patterned with stars and hearts. If this...spell or whatever it was had changed his phone, what else could it have changed?

It took him a moment to find the camera, his apps had all been rearranged and there were a dozen he didn't recognise. When he finally did though and turned the camera front facing, he was met with; Laci. Blonde hair, blue eyes, glossy pink lips; perfection in every way. Had he...somehow traded places with her? No that couldn't be right. The longer he looked the more tiny differences he saw; a smattering of freckles across the bridge of his nose, the tinge of green in his eyes, the slightly sharper cheekbones; this face didn't belong to Laci, despite the resemblance, but it was familiar in a way he couldn't quite put his finger on. The electrical buzz was still there in the back of his brain and as he gazed into the eyes of the woman looking back at him it seemed to come to life and like water through a crack, memories began to unlock.

Memories so unlike the ones usually in his head. Memories of a girlhood spent taking ballet lessons, of Christmas' with a grandmother who wasn't his own. Slowly the trickle turned into a flood and his was suddenly beset with dozens upon dozens of them; an entire life time flashing before his eyes. A second life that felt as real and lived as his original. Then a name.

Traci.

Elation and excitement began to build within him; Laci was no longer a woman far beyond his reach, he knew her and she him, they were closer than best friends; they were sisters, *twins*. They had entered this world together and spent every day since at one another's side. It was Traci who's convinced them both to start cheerleading a few years ago and it had since become their passion. They spent hours each week practicing, perfecting their routine. There was nothing like standing atop the pyramid, side by side, in front of a roaring crowd.

He was-no, she was Traci, and this was the life she lived; one of happiness, beauty, and fun with her sister by her side. Yet, Danny was still there. She remembered his life, how he walked through it, head bowed and miserable; so scared of making a fool of himself he never took any risks or made a single friend. Traci thought for a moment; there was a football game starting up soon, she had Laci were going to be performing with the rest of the squad throughout the game, naturally. Afterwards they were going to a party help by one of their fellow cheerleaders and then, assuming they didn't get so drunk they just fell asleep, watch a movie together. The Princess Bride, their favourite since childhood. What did Danny have waiting for him? A house plant he forgot to water most days? A middling GPA and no desires or dreams for the future besides staying low and keeping out of sight? No thank you.

With a wide smile she put away her phone and grabbed the pom poms; the weight felt right in her hands. She skipped down the stairs, taking them two at a time in her haste and enjoying the

way her body bounced in places. Life was suddenly vibrant and full of so much potential; her mind was filtering through memories; so many friendships with both men and other girls. How had Danny ever found it so difficult?

She walked through the centre of the halls, rather than keeping to the side. People turned their heads to watch her go by but unlike Danny, who shied away from such attention, Traci revelled in it. She smiled and waved, even stopping to give one girl a hi-5. Her hips swayed gently with each step, making her rump jiggle ever so slightly and shift the short skirt. Guys and girls alike checked her out with unabashedly, she gave them all a wink and smile; with a body like hers, why not flaunt it?

When she finally reached the oval, the game was only a few minutes away from starting; she could see the gaggle of girls that made up the squad all standing by the bleachers in a huddle. In the centre of it; stood Laci. Her beloved sister. Her bright eyes met Traci's and a warm smile split across her face; Danny had often wondered how it would feel to have such a smile directed at him, now as Traci, he knew; it felt like home.

“There you are! We were starting to worry-oh! You found my pom poms, thank goodness!”

The bodacious blonde ran up to her, hugging her sister tight. Traci handed over the pom poms with a blush, picking up her own from the box nearby.

“Sorry, I got caught up with...something.”

Laci grinned like the cat who got the cream and wiggled her eyebrows.

“Was this ‘something’ a *someone*?” She teased and Traci stuck out her tongue.

“I’ll tell you later...maybe.”

Laci just laughed. It had always been a joke between them, adding maybe. They always spilled the beans in the end. The blaring of a horn made them all jump when suddenly their routine music came over the loud speakers, Laci gave her sister one last squeeze on the shoulder before picking up her pom poms and rushing onto the grass, team in tow. For a moment, Traci closed her eyes, breathing in deeply and savouring the moment; the rise and fall of her breasts, the excited beating of her heart, the roar of the expectant crowd. She would never truly forget her life as Danny but this, this was truly a life worth living.

Filled with confidence that Danny would never have been able to muster, she ran onto the field to take her place at Laci's side.