



A Rebecca Molay Transgender Fantasy

# CHEERLEADER PRACTICE 2

WARNING! SEXUALLY EXPLICIT!  
FOR ADULTS 18+ ONLY!

- This is a continuation of the photo story Cheerleader Practice 1, which can be found over at Rebecca's World ([www.rebeccamolay.com](http://www.rebeccamolay.com))
- The pictures in part two are fetched from [Brazzers.com](http://Brazzers.com).
- SEXUALLY EXPLICIT CONTENT!  
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- When Bambi and Anna started to make fun of him and Phil for being male cheerleaders, Sam had at first decided to ignore them. There was no point in getting fired up about this anyway, as that was exactly what they wanted.



- But when they started to talk about the bet, he paid attention.
- Anna dared Phil and him to drink of a magic potion prepared by her grandmother:
- “It will turn you into two blond, female, All-American WASP cheerleaders,” Anna said. “And we will add a reality distortion spell that will make everyone around you believe that you have always been girls.”



- Sam had accepted the bet, because of a secret he never had told anyone. His deep fascination with the female body went one step further than for many of his fellow male students.
- He had always wondered what it would feel like to possess that female beauty. To be one of them.





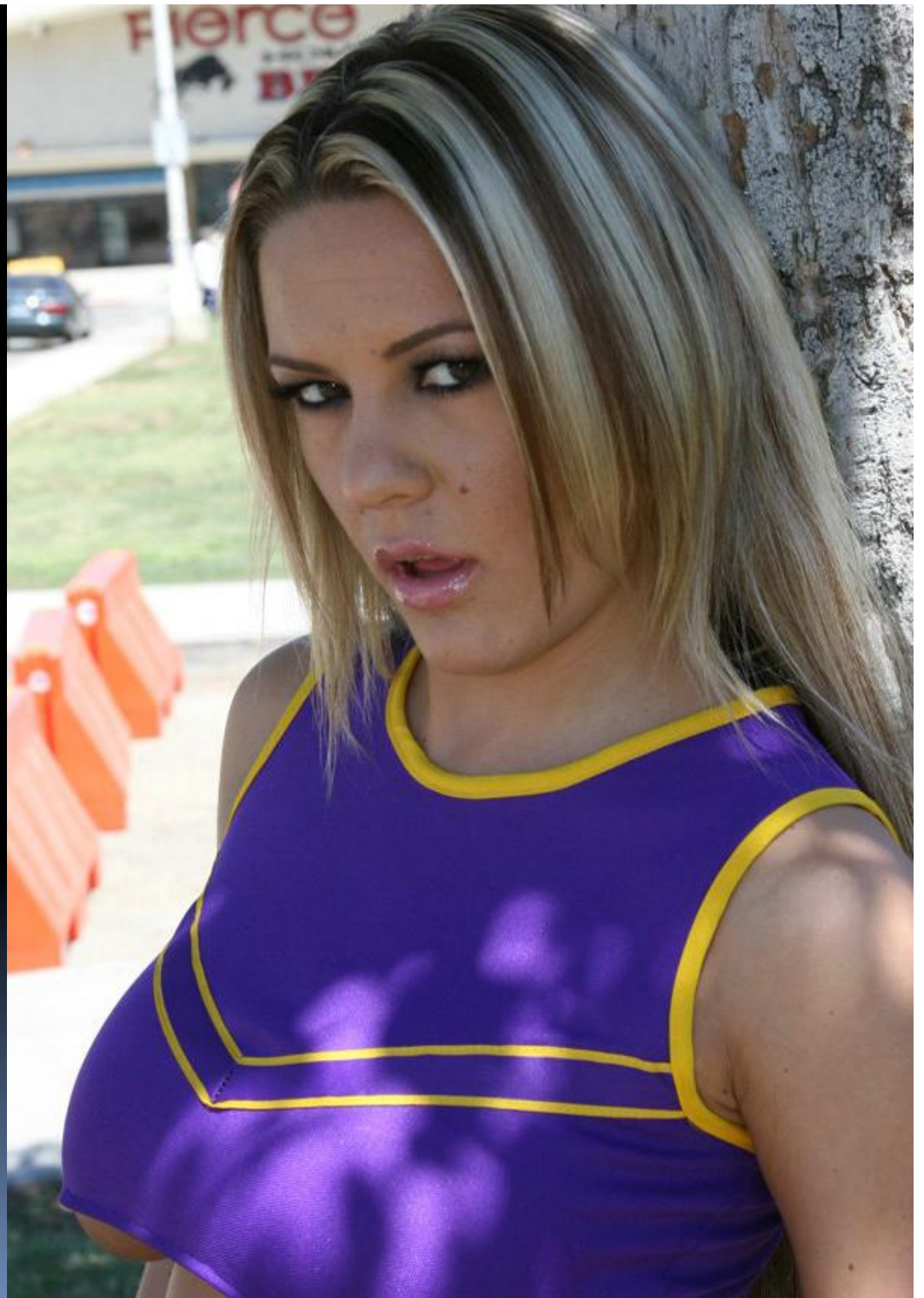
- He called his inner woman Samantha, and in many ways it was “Samantha” that convinced him that he should drink the potion.
- The drink was probably full of laxatives, but there was a remote chance that the girls may be telling the truth, and if that was the case, Samantha would finally get her chance.



- And here she was, standing outside the stadium, waiting for Anna and Bambi. In this world Sam was apparently one of their friends!
- Phil had stayed with his beloved Kira. Good for him!



- Sam was in deep shock, but his female side was slowly crawling out of her hiding place, demanding her spot in the sun.
- “Isn’t this good?” she purred inside him. “Can you feel the weight of your tits on your chest? Can you feel your long silky hair caressing your cheek?”





- He had to admit that he didn't know how to handle this. Maybe Anna and Bambi could help him, although he wasn't sure if this world's versions of the two knew about the bet.
- If they did, they would probably do their best to get him laid, as that would ensure that he stayed like this forever.



- Sam called Bambi.  
“Where are you girls?”
- Ah, Bambi had got an urgent phone call from her mother and they all had to see her, apparently.
- They knew about the bet, all right, as they would send Robert to pick her up.





- Robert was notorious on campus, known for his ability to seduce the most reluctant girls. The witches took no chances. He was definitely given the task of making Sam's changes permanent. Sam was to lose this bet.





- “Now, Sam, what do you do? Do you give in to your secret longings or do you fight it like a man?”
- His inner Samantha was not in doubt about what she wanted. It was her turn now.





- Sam was an intelligent student. He had spent much time pondering on his strange fate, and what it meant.
- Samantha was a part of him, for sure. He was not a schizophrenic. But why was she there?
- He had come to the conclusion that all men had a feminine side – their anima, as the famous psychiatrist Carl Jung had called her – but that in some men she was much more powerful than in others.



- He wanted to say that Samantha was his longing for beauty, while Sam was his strength, that Sam was his intelligence, while she was his emotional side. But that was not true. Not really. Samantha was as strong as Sam was, and she was just as intelligent.



- As a matter of fact, Samantha was probably the daring side of him: The side that was willing to take chances, to give in, to let go of control, to receive as much as to give, to be worshipped as much as to admire.





- Well, look at that! Casanova had arrived.
- “Hey, Samantha! I was looking for you!”
- “Hey there, Rob. Did Bambi send you?”





- “Yeah, she is sorry she had to leave you. But I am here now, your own private chauffeur.”
- Yeah, right. Given the looks he gave her, his plan was probably to take her home to his place.
- “Yesssss!” his inner Samantha sang. “Oh shut up!” There was now way he was going to have sex with this man.



- He did get a little thrill out of the way he was looking at her though. He thought she was hot!
- Now he was pointing to his car. What is it with men and motors? Sam wondered. Are we supposed to be impressed by a piece of machinery?

- “I’ll drive you anywhere you want, baby,” he said.
- “Baby”, he was calling her “baby”. Did that actually work on women?
- “Ok, can you take me to my home?”  
Hopefully Sam had a home in this parallel dimension as well.





- Well, here it was, Ron's pride and joy. Damn, Sam would never be able to afford a car like that!
- "Where do you live, Samantha?" Ron asked.
- She gave him the address. Hopefully it was the right one.







- While getting into the car, the enormity of what had happened to him started to sink in. And as he looked down at his new curvaceous body, all the old longings started to resurface.



- “Hey, what are you waiting for? I am not going to hurt you!” Ron exclaimed.
- “Oh yeah, you have quite a reputation you know,” she replied.
- “Listen,” he said. “I love life and I love women. I am not going to lie to you. And you are the most beautiful woman I have seen in a long time. But I never, *never*, force myself upon women. I don’t have to!”



- “You are quite cocky, aren’t you?”
- “Listen, Samantha. I am a human being like everyone else. I have my weaknesses and I have my strengths. I find pleasure where life gives it to me. You are a beautiful woman. You should know!”





- Truth to be told, Sam didn't know. Sam had always been too timid to have any serious success with girls.
- "It is not late," Ron said. "Why don't we go home to me first and celebrate summer?"





- “What?” Sam didn’t know what to say.
- Ron stretched out his arm, aiming for her leg.
- “Hey, stop that! What are you doing?”



- “Have some compassion!” Ron said. “You are so beautiful my heart hurts. I just need a little touch, to make sure you are real.”
- “You have some nerve, buster!”





- Samantha was of another opinion. His female side was pretty slutty, obviously, as she lifted her top and exposed her heavy breasts.





- Ron was a pro. He did not hesitate for one moment.
- Samantha, who had longed to touch these soft mounds of female flesh for a long time, closed her eyes and let him touch.
- This is part of what being Samantha is about, Sam realized. Without shame, to let someone admire and value your sensual beauty.



- “Your tits are just perfect!” Ron said, unable to hide his eagerness. “This is unfair. You cannot hide these away from the world. You just have to share with the rest of us!”





- Unethical, my ass!  
But Sam could not stop himself from moaning when Ron kissed her stiff nipple.





- “What you have to ask yourself,” his inner Samantha said to Sam, “is whether you want to be the shy and timid Sam that never gets laid *or* this sexy fox that men will fight for. We are talking about the rest of your life here.”



- Samantha could not stop caressing her tits, and forgot to stop Ron's hand from moving down to her crotch.





- She was getting wet down there, and she could hear Ron laughing.
- “You do like me!” he said.
- “Oh, don’t be so full of yourself!” Samantha replied.





- “Let’s go to my place, and get comfortable,” he said.
- This time Sam did not protest.



- I can't go on with this! Sam said to himself. I am a man. Really!? his inner woman said to him. Touch those tits and tell me you are a man again!





- You know what you want. For once in your life, stop bickering and take it!





- Sam looked down at the sofa with fear. What the fuck am I gonna do here? I can't do this! You don't have to, Samantha replied. I can do this. All you have to do is to let go!



- Ron isn't our type, dammit! Sam protested. Of course he isn't! Samantha replied. This is for enjoyment only. And, he is going to give us the life we want.
- What about my wishes? Sam protested. I am you, she replied, and what I want is what you want. Just feel it!



- Oh God, Ron had a raging hard on for her. Sam looked at it with a sickening fascination. That is the tool that is going to set you free, Samantha said inside him.





- She grabbed it with her hand. It was big and hard and reaching out for her.
- Yes, this is part of being Samantha. This is nature reaching out for nature. Take it out, dammit!



- Sam held his breath. I have to let go, he said to himself. This is what my inner self wants, so I have to let her get what she wants. I have to let go. I have to let go!





- And he did. He let go, and he could feel himself merge with Samantha, becoming one being in the process.





- And she understood why so many religions worship the phallus. This is one part of the goddess wanting to be reunited with another. He had been a man, had become a woman, and was now to be reunited with man again.



- Right now, Ron was not important (sorry, Ron!). But what his body represented was important. She needed to taste this maleness. And she did!





- She could feel how its hard shape and its soft texture filled her mouth, strengthening her.





- She needed him inside her. Now! He needed him to make this change permanent. Because now she was whole. Now she was complete!









- “Fuck me Ron, fuck me now!”





- And she just let him do his thing.



- And it was good.





- Bambi and Anna would have their triumph.





- Sam would become Samantha, the female cheerleader, for good.
- But what was wrong with those girls? How could they believe making him a beautiful woman was humiliating?



- This was her triumph, damn it! The happiest day in Sam's life!





- So far...

- She turned around and urged him to fuck her from behind.







- And when he finally came inside her, she could feel reality settle down in its new shape. She was Samantha now, for the rest of her life.



- She welcomed her new life with all of her heart. Hopefully Phil had seen what she had seen. She couldn't wait to meet her.





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