

# Three Tales



**Vivian Slinker**

A "New Woman" Novel

## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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# Three Tales

## Vivian Slinker

### CHEER SUMMER

#### Chapter 1:

It's no mystery why my parents wanted me out of the house that summer. By age 18 I had become a sullen teenager filled with sarcasm and a habit of unleashing it on everyone around me. This was a personal evolution that had begun in my early teens, and I had pretty much assumed my ultimate form—perpetually annoyed, uncommunicative adolescent—right on time to receive my high school diploma. Not that I actually received it.

I had refused to attend the graduation ceremony, for no reason other than not seeing the point in going. That was merely the most recent of my conflicts with my parents, who understandably wanted to see their son up on stage with that rolled up sheet of paper in hand. But I refused, and my parents were

faced with the prospect of enduring my company for several months before I headed off to the third-tier college that had accepted me for the fall semester. The decision was made, without my participation, that I would be spending the summer at my Aunt Amy's house.

I had no objection to the arrangement. I assumed that I would be able to pass the summer playing video games in the house Aunt Amy owned some three hours' drive away. It was a modest two-story home in a small town that wasn't quite in the countryside, and wasn't quite in an urban area, but existed somewhere in the middle. I had only ever been there once as a kid.

Aunt Amy herself was the sort of relative you saw only on occasion, usually on a major holiday. I didn't have a strong impression of her; she just seemed to fall into the category of the slightly crazy aunt that so many people seemed to have in their family. There was something a little unusual about her. She told strange jokes that rarely got a laugh. She had never married, and lived alone.

That's how I ended up at Aunt Amy's house, not even one whole week after my non-graduation from high school. I brought two suitcases of clothing and other things. I had received assurances that Aunt Amy had a laptop computer that was well-suited for playing the games I preferred; I was hardly through the front door of her house when I went to check that this was actually the case. The laptop, which was in the spare bedroom set aside for me, was indeed ready for action.

Aunt Amy happily told me all about what she'd been doing the last few years. She was employed as the coach of the cheer-leading squad at a local high school, a position she'd held for seven years and counting. This came as a revelation—as I've said, I knew little about Aunt Amy's private life, but I never imagined her in a role remotely of that nature. I had a vague image of her as a secretary or a bank clerk or something equally

dull. But no, she was a cheer coach. This led to a rambling talk about her days as a high school cheerleader, all the fun times she had at the football games, and how she eventually came to be hired as a coach, charged with the task of transmitting ancient cheerleading wisdom to the new generation. It was a job she seemed to take seriously, very seriously. Cheerleading was more than a way to give girls something to do during boys' games, she insisted; it was a genuine sport in itself.

The earnest way she emphasized this last point aroused my cynicism. Aunt Amy could see the skepticism on my face. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Cheerleading isn't a sport," I said. "It's a bunch of girls jumping up and down and flashing their underwear. A sport is what the guys on the field are doing."

"Is that what you think?" Aunt Amy replied, with an edge of irritation. "Maybe you can tell that to the cheer squad when you meet them."

"I'd rather not meet them." This was true—groups of teen girls made me uncomfortable, as I was never the type of boy they found attractive. They were rarely shy about informing me of that fact either.

"You may not have a choice," Aunt Amy replied. "They hang out here all the time, especially after practice."

I laughed derisively. "What practice? During the summer?"

"Yes, cheerleaders often meet up to practice during the summer, even when there are no games. It's a way to avoid becoming rusty. Maybe you don't know as much about cheerleading as you think."

A few days later I learned that Aunt Amy wasn't kidding when she said the cheer squad liked to hang out at the house. Five

of them showed up suddenly in the early afternoon. They weren't wearing their uniforms, but I knew instantly, as they chatted with Aunt Amy at the front door, that they must be members of the cheer squad. I was watching TV in the living room and immediately decided that it might be wise to relocate myself upstairs. But Aunt Amy ruined that plan when she pointed me out to the visitors.

"This is my nephew," Aunt Amy told the girls. "He's staying with me for the summer. And he has some strong opinions about cheerleaders."

Aunt Amy waved me over to the powwow at the front door. I would rather have been anywhere else, but I couldn't see a way to refuse. I got a closer look at the girls standing at the doorway—the kinds of cute, confident girls who used to make fun of me in school.

"He says that cheerleading isn't a sport," Aunt Amy continued. "He says that it's really a bunch of girls jumping up and down and flashing their underwear."

"Oh, really," one of the girls said, in a voice oozing with indignant hostility. She was an attractive blonde. Due to her confident bearing, and the fact that the other girls visibly deferred to her, I guessed she was the leader of the group.

"He's such an expert on cheerleading, Brittany," Aunt Amy told the head girl, then turned her attention back to me. "So how many years were you a cheerleader at your school?"

"Zero," I said curtly, trying not to get further involved in the conversation.

"Are you sure? Maybe you've at least been in a cheerleader uniform once or twice?"

"No."

“I guess that settles that then. I was so concerned about him,” Aunt Amy told Brittany. “I was talking to his mother, you see, and she found some girls’ clothes in his room. She was worried that he was wearing them or doing something similar, but I told her it was nothing to be concerned about. I’m sure he’d never do something like that.”

I think all the blood in my body must have dropped down to my ankles. In a few seconds’ time I was confronted with multiple revelations, none of them pleasant: My mother had found my stash of clothes; she had surmised—correctly—that I had been wearing them; and she had told Aunt Amy.

I had stolen the clothes from the girls’ locker room at school, in one of the more reckless escapades of my academic career. I knew that the lockers were typically secured with a U-shaped rotary combination padlock, and I also knew that it was common for time-crunched students to forget the lock, leaving the contents of their locker vulnerable to theft. That knowledge led me on a stealth raid of the girls’ locker room one day, which yielded a treasure in the form of actual girls’ clothes, just what I had been looking for. They soon found a new home hidden away in my bedroom—or so I thought. You can’t really hide these things from your mother, can you?

A broad mocking smile spread across Brittany’s face. The other four girls stared at me in equal parts horror and morbid fascination.

“He would never wear a cheer uniform. It’s absurd. He says cheerleading is stupid,” Aunt Amy said to the girls. Her tone of voice communicated another meaning to the girls, who seemed giddy from the exposure of embarrassing family secrets.

“I have to go to the bathroom,” I said, and scurried away upstairs. I couldn’t believe what had happened.



I went to the spare bedroom that Aunt Amy had set up for me. For the next half an hour I lay in bed, a thousand anxious thoughts running through me. My only consolation was that my secret was still safe from my mother, if I could trust Aunt Amy at her word that she had convinced my mom that I hadn't worn the clothes.

I heard a knock at the door, and without waiting for an invitation, Aunt Amy let herself in.

It was almost as if she could read my mind. She assured me that my mother didn't believe I was wearing the clothes. Aunt Amy had told her that it was common for boys my age to put on "drag" as a joke, that there was no reason to assume that I had any untoward motives for having such clothes in my room, that I was hiding them from her only because I was embarrassed to admit that I participated in that sort of prank.

"You don't have to lie to me, though. I know the truth, and it's nothing to be ashamed of," Aunt Amy said.

This was slightly reassuring. What she said next was less reassuring.

"I have to be at the school tomorrow for a meeting, and then I have some errands to run afterward. Brittany and the others will probably come over. I let them hang out here whenever they feel like. You don't have to let them in or anything; they have a key. But be nice to them. Brittany—the blonde girl I was talking to—comes from the richest family in town. They own half of this area. Try not to make her mad, okay?"

"Why would I make her mad?"

"Well, she's used to getting what she wants. Just go along with anything she asks."

I decided that I would be spending all of the next day in the bedroom playing video games. I had no interest in any further interactions with Brittany and the cheer brigade. Of course, my wish did not come true. At all.

The next morning, Aunt Amy left for her meeting at the school. That left me alone in the house.

Around noon, I heard multiple female voices coming from the living room. Brittany and the gang had arrived. I tried to ignore their presence in the house. A few minutes later, though, I heard them in the hallway. Then there was a knock at the door. I decided to stay silent; maybe they would leave. Instead, the door swung open, and there was Brittany and three of her fellow cheerleaders, all in normal street clothes.

“Oh, there he is. It’s Aunt Amy’s nephew. We’ve heard about you,” said Brittany, in a sarcastic way. “You’re the expert at cheerleading.”

“I don’t know anything about cheerleading,” I said. I hoped that they would get bored with this conversation and go back to doing whatever.

“Actually, you said cheerleading is really easy. It’s just a bunch of girls jumping up and down,” Brittany said. “That’s really strange—we all thought it’s a sport that you have to practice for hours each week. But you seem to know so much more about it than we do.”

Brittany seemed genuinely irritated, and I didn’t want to say anything to make the situation worse.

“I’m in the middle of a game,” I said, feebly.

“That’s too bad,” Brittany said. “You’re going to have to teach us stupid girls about cheerleading.”

One of the other girls entered the room carrying a large retail-store bag and set it on the bed. She began pulling out its contents: various articles of clothing, predominantly colored red.

“Take your clothes off,” Brittany told me.

“What?” I said dumbly.

The girls giggled maliciously.

“Don’t play stupid. You heard me. We’re all 18. You can be naked in front of us. Most guys aren’t nearly this shy when girls ask them to take their clothes off.”

“I’ve got to leave,” I said. I gestured at the girls in the doorway to move aside, but they refused.

Brittany was visibly losing patience. With an edge in her voice, she said, “I don’t know if you are aware of this, but my dad has a lot of power in this area. He’s worth tons of money, and he’s friends with other people with tons of money. So when I say take your clothes off, that’s what’s going to happen. Get it?” This was said with a smile that belied her hostile tone.

On an impulse, in the way you yank off a bandage to minimize the pain, I pulled my t-shirt over my head and threw it into the corner of the room. “Are you happy now?”

“No, I think we need to see the rest of it.” Brittany said.

There seemed to be no escape. I pulled down my pants and stepped out of each leg. Several of the girls giggled in their cruel way. It was clear from the look on Brittany’s face that she expected me to get rid of the last article, my underwear. And I did.

Brittany's mouth formed an "O" of mock surprise. "Wow, there's so much less than I expected." She turned to the other girls. "What do you think?"

They all shook their heads disapprovingly. "Not much of a man," one said.

"Good thing we have a solution for that," Brittany said. She moved to the bed and grabbed an article of clothing from the bag. A pair of high-cut panties, colored pink.

"I think you know what you need to do with these," Brittany said. She tossed the panties to me.

I hesitated. The situation was getting exponentially more embarrassing by the moment.

"Come on, you've done this before," Brittany said. "Put 'em on."

I did, one leg at a time, then pulled the panties up. They fit snugly. My dick—not showing any sign of excitement—rested comfortably inside the fabric. It occurred to me that the girls must have known what would fit me. How did they get my measurements? From Aunt Amy? Or did they just make a reasonable guess based on what they saw of me during that first encounter? Suddenly it seemed that all this was more than an impulsive prank—actual planning had been involved.

"Wow, you're almost on your way to becoming a cheerleader," Brittany said. The other girls giggled.

"I'm sorry I said all that," I said, pathetically, in hopes that they'd set me free.

"Now here's the thing," Brittany went on. "Some cheerleaders wear sports bras, but we usually have normal bras. But in

your case we had to find a special type.” Brittany retrieved a pink brassiere from the pile of clothing. Its cups were filled with thick padding. Another item I was expected to put on.

I fumbled a bit with the brassiere, while a few girls audibly snorted at my discomfort. When I successfully got my arms through the straps, Brittany came up to help me fasten the back band and make slight adjustments to the sliders. The padding of the bra pushed firmly against my chest. I could feel the straps pressing into my shoulders. Not unpleasant sensations, even under the circumstances.

“That looks nice,” one of the girls said. She didn’t seem to be joking. Oddly, the atmosphere of the room had shifted. No longer was it dominated by sadistic mockery. This was serious business.

Brittany next picked a pair of black briefs from the pile on the bed. “These are called spankies. You put them on over your panties. That’s why it’s kind of stupid to say that cheerleaders show their underwear. They’re actually showing their spankies. Oh, and speaking of which, you’re putting these on too.”

I realized that this game was not going to stop before its completion.

Several minutes later I stood fully dressed in a cheerleading outfit. I wore a sleeveless top that covered my midriff and a light-weight pleated skirt of the type seemingly designed to bounce upward at the slightest movement. I was uncomfortable standing there, in front of four leering girls, and could only make a few lame jokes. The problem wasn’t what I was wearing, but what I wasn’t. Above the neck, I was plainly still a male. Inexperienced in these matters though I was, one principle was clear to me: if you were getting dressed, you needed to go all the way, at least in public. Being halfway to femininity, or even three-quarters there, didn’t really count—or so I tended to think.

You can imagine the feelings that erupted inside me when Brittany picked up a small rectangular box and opened it to reveal a blonde wig. The girls who weren't named Brittany seemed to notice a change in my disposition; they looked on with bemused fascination, but they remained silent, apparently not wishing to interrupt anything.

I had never worn a wig. Those things were harder to find than female clothing. While dressed I'd always pretended that I had a lovely head of pretty hair.

"Usually you have a cap and wig tape to make sure everything stays on, but I want to see what this looks like," Brittany said. She walked around behind me and placed the wig on my head, moving it around to get it into position.

The doorway girls let out a few "oooh"s of mock excitement. And I have to admit, I was desperate to see how I looked in a wig. But there was no mirror in the bedroom.

"Now you need to show us how to cheer," Brittany said. "Come on, jump up and down. That's all there is to it."

"You better do it," one of the doorway girls said.

Half-heartedly, I jumped in the air a few times.

"Wow, that's amazing," Brittany said sarcastically. "We all need to start doing that."

I was afraid Brittany was going to insist on my going through an entire routine, but I was rescued by an interruption. The doorway girls suddenly became distracted by a noise downstairs: a door slamming shut. "Amy's back," one said. She yelled down to Amy, "You need to see this."

I think that's when I realized my summer was about to take a turn I hadn't anticipated when I had visualized spending those months playing video games.

Aunt Amy soon appeared in the doorway, appraising her nephew's outfit with an approving look that showed not a hint of surprise. "I think he looks good. What do you girls think?" Amy said. She addressed me directly: "I'm referring to them, not you." Everyone laughed.

Strangely, as everyone made fun of me, I felt at ease, and not nearly as humiliated as you might think. If you had told me a week earlier that I'd soon be forced by a gaggle of girls into wearing a cheerleading outfit, I would have been horrified. But going through the actual experience wasn't uncomfortable. I did, however, feel that it was time to pull the plug on the experiment.

"I think maybe I should get back into my real clothing," I said.

"I don't know. Maybe it's better this way," Brittany said. "I mean, you could teach us so much about cheerleading." She turned to Aunt Amy. "Didn't you say he's staying here all summer long?"

"Yes, he is," Aunt Amy said.

"I say he should wear a uniform for the whole summer," Brittany said. A few of the other girls nodded their heads in agreement.

"Maybe we should try that," Aunt Amy said in a jocular way. She moved over to the desk, on which I had placed my suitcase. I hadn't unpacked it yet—actually, it's not likely that I ever would have. Amy grabbed the suitcase by the handle and said to me, "I guess you won't be needing this after all." She walked out of the room with it; I was left, all dressed up, in a room with four smirking girls.





I thought I was in the middle of a joke that would soon be called off. That's not what happened. In fact, when Amy departed the room with my suitcase, it marked the last time all summer that I would even see my male clothes, much less wear them.

## Chapter 2:

What happened after that? The girls hung around for a little while, mainly engrossed in idle chatter with one another while occasionally making some silly joke about my appearance, then departed to do what cheerleaders did during summer vacation. That left me in the cheerleader outfit. I assumed that, once the cheer team left and there were no more jokes to be made, I would be able to get back into my normal clothes. Amy had other ideas.

“Where did you put my suitcase? I need it back,” I told her.

“I'm afraid that can't happen,” she said, in a sort of mock-regretful way. “I've already thrown out everything.”

That I doubted, but Amy was eccentric enough that it wasn't outside the range of possibility that, in a mischievous spirit, she had actually tossed out my clothes.

“What am I gonna do? Wear this all the time? It's not Halloween,” I said.

“Come to think of it, maybe you should,” Amy said. “I think it becomes you, myself.”

I couldn't think of anything to do but make myself comfortable on the living room couch and watch TV for a few hours. Wearing the cheer outfit felt strange—a sensation that had less to do with the tactile sensation of the clothes than the fact that, for the first time, I had an audience for one of my dressing episodes. Weirdly, being seen in girls' clothes made me feel exposed, naked even.

As nighttime came, Amy showed no willingness to return my clothes. I had no desire to argue with her. That night, I took off the uniform, put everything—wig, top, bra, skirt, and spankies—in a pile on a chair, and went to bed in the panties. I thought of them as “THE panties” rather than “MY panties.”

The morning brought new surprises. I woke to the sound of loud talking downstairs, and instantly I knew that the cheer team had returned. A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. My heart froze. Still in bed, I pulled the blanket up to my neck and said, “Come in.”

Amy entered, but the cheer girls weren’t with her. She had two shopping bags and immediately began emptying their contents onto the end of the bed, near my feet. I saw a lot of clothing attached to hangers. She picked up one hanger: a cheer uniform, identical to the one I had worn the previous day. Actually, there were half a dozen other cheer uniforms in the pile.

“We can’t have you wearing the same uniform every day,” Amy explained, like it was the most natural thing in the world, “so the girls got you a bunch of replacement uniforms. You can wear one each day, and we’ll wash them all at the end of the week.”

“Amy, I really need my guy clothes back,” I said, but the words seemed futile even as they left my mouth.

“Oh, come on. The girls did you a favor. Look.” She held up an unopened package of panties. She found a white bra in the pile, held it up as well. “They got you everything you need, and it’s all in your size.”

I protested, but not enthusiastically. I wound up getting dressed in one of the new cheer outfits, this time with no audience. The last item to be put on was the wig. And suddenly I was consumed by the desire to see myself in a mirror. I went into the

bathroom and did just that. I looked fairly feminine, I thought, even without the aid of makeup.

In the bathroom I could hear talking in the living room—those cheer girls really did spend a lot of time at the house, I was beginning to realize. I figured there was no point in delaying the inevitable, so I went downstairs to join them, expecting to be greeted by jeers. Instead, they complimented me. “That looks nice,” Brittany said, and she seemed to be only half-joking. The other girls—there were now six in total—nodded their heads in agreement.

“I think we need a name for you,” Brittany said. This instantly kicked off an earnest discussion among the girls about the ideal name for me, while I could only stand there.

Eventually they settled on the perfect name: Monique. I would be Monique. And the first task they had in mind for the newly christened Monique was to learn the art of makeup.

Before I knew what was happening, I was in the bathroom getting a crash course on foundation, concealer, eyeliner, lipstick, and all those other little aids customarily used on the female face. My prior experience with these things had been limited, to say the least, and mostly had to do with fumbling around with my mother’s makeup, which invariably left me looking like I had been repeatedly punched in the face. Here, I was finally in expert hands.

I had begun accepting my new identity, permitting myself to be manipulated this way and that, but I still felt like a boy. That was hardly unexpected. Though I had occasionally donned girls’ clothes in the past, it had never brought a sense of transformation. The clothes felt good on my body, and there was a thrill of the forbidden attached to the act, but essentially I always remained plain old me. That feeling persisted at Aunt Amy’s house, although I had already spent hours in a cheer outfit. Still, I

was growing increasingly comfortable in these clothes. In retrospect, I think the girls sensed this.

While in the bathroom I also learned the purpose of a wig cap, and how to use tape to keep my hairpiece in place. All this took around an hour. At the end of the session I was startled by what I saw in the mirror—me, but a feminized version of me. My arched eyebrows gave my eyes a prominence they never before had. The wig, however, is what made the biggest difference. Without it, I looked like a boy in makeup; once it was affixed to my head, I had effectively changed gender. You would have had to scrutinize my face to see the hints of maleness behind the cosmetics.

The girls spent several minutes cooing over my appearance and suggesting possible improvements. That's when Brittany casually made a remark that changed everything: "I think Monique should come to cheer practice."

The girls seemed to think this was a fabulous idea. I wasn't so sure. I also knew that there was no point in resisting if this is what they wanted.

Within minutes, a bunch of us piled into Brittany's sports car, which was a pricey model of a type that few teenagers drove. She really did come from a well-off background, as Aunt Amy had said. We soon arrived at the parking lot of the high school. Only a few other cars were around. I followed the girls onto the vacant football field.

I felt like the whole world could see me out there, in a cheerleader outfit. It was the first time I had ventured outside Aunt Amy's house in this clothing, and what's more, I was the only one in the group who was in their uniform. The others all wore gym clothes. This was when I learned that cheerleaders usually do not practice in their game-day uniforms, as there's no point in putting wear and tear on your outfit when you can rehearse in more casual clothing. But I was to be the sole exception. The

girls were eager to enforce the new rule: I had to wear the cheer uniform, and nothing else.

There were a few other girls on the field whom I saw for the first time, and Brittany simply gave them a brief recap of my feminization and told them that I would be joining the team for practice. They seemed to accept this without resistance. I realize now that this was key to my acceptance by the group. Brittany was the queen bee, and her word outweighed any reluctance the others might have had about my presence.

Brittany said that it would be best for me to watch as the girls performed their routine, which turned out to involve a lot of waving of arms and kicking of legs. A simple routine, I thought. Later I would learn that, due to safety concerns, the school barred the cheer squad from performing more elaborate stunts. Seeing the girls do their thing sent mixed feelings through me. Nothing seemed beyond my physical abilities, limited though they were, so I could likely participate in the routines—but did I really want to? Did I have a choice?

As these thoughts ran through my mind, in the middle of a football field on a warm summer day, it occurred to me that I had already gotten comfortable with this new state of being. The girls seemed to accept me as one of them; the earlier tone of sadism had faded away.

I was conscious of my uniform, but not uncomfortably so. It seemed to suit me well. On occasion I felt the breeze run past my bare legs and tugged at my skirt to ensure that nothing underneath could show to anyone who might be looking. That possibility—of being watched by someone with a view of the wide-open field, which was visible from the road—was pleasant to think about. Any such peeper couldn't get close enough to guess my secret, and they would have no reason to believe they were seeing anything but a cute 18-year-old girl.