

The Cheerleader

I was standing by my locker, it was the end of the school year, and people were cleaning things out and dumping them into large trash cans that had been moved into the halls for this purpose. I was talking to my buddy Jim.

“What are you doing this summer?” I asked.

“Probably summer school, ugh,” Jim said. “I think my dad is going to flip when he sees my report card.”

I smiled to myself, stepped back a safe distance, and said: “Like this?” I crouched through my hands back and did a backflip.

Jim started to laugh. “Where did you learn to do that?”

I told him that some other kids and I at camp several years back had started doing backflips into the pool and had worked up through dares and much practice to learn how to do it on the ground alone. I think I was pretty close to breaking my neck a few times before I got it down.

Right then a girl came up to us. “Can you do that again? My friends didn’t see it.”

Sure, what the hell, I thought. I did it again.

The girls chattered to themselves a second, and then the first one asked, “How strong are you? Do you think you can lift me?”

I wasn’t sure, but this looked like it was going to be interesting. I stood behind her, and grabbed her by the waist and lifted. She was pretty small and light. I got her up to about my shoulders and figured what the hell, and ducked my head between her legs and dropped her on my shoulders and held my arms out, “Tada!”

“Good, now put me down.” I bent down and let her hop off. “What about you?” she asked Jim.

“No way. I’m way to chicken to put my ass over my head like that.”

“You ever consider cheerleading?” she asked.

No, I couldn’t say I had. I mean, I liked cheerleaders. They were real cute in their short dresses, and they were sort of the untouchable desire of most of the male student body. They always went out with football players and the like.

“That’s a girl thing,” I blurted out.

“No, we have a coed squad. We need guys with good gymnastic skills and are strong enough to lift girls.”

“I don’t know anything about it. And my gymnastics are pretty much limited to the backflip I learned at camp a long time ago.”

“You can learn. Think about it. “

I did think about it. I didn’t want to be a sissy cheerleader, but hell, these girls were cute and maybe if I was one of them. In fact, I just had my hands on a real cheerleader though I didn’t know it at the time. So much for untouchable. She’d been sitting on my shoulders.

I saw her later in the day and told her I was thinking about it, “What would I have to do?”

“Tryouts are in a few days. We don’t expect you to know how to do everything, and I can work with you to teach you what you need for the tryout.”

This was getting interesting, some personal attention from this cute cheerleader.

“OK,” I said.

“My name’s Katelyn, and yours?”

“Tom.”

“Great, can you meet me in the gym after school today?”

“Sure.”

CHAPTER 2

Katelyn was in the gym wearing shorts and a t-shirt when I got there, and we got started. She had me to a few more of my flips, “back tucks,” she called them. She got me to tuck tighter. We then moved on to a running front flip thing. She said that this combined with my back tuck would be plenty for that part of the tryout.

My first attempt, I didn’t make it over and flopped down nearly on my face.

“Come on, boy. You aren’t afraid to put your ass over your head,” she said, mimicking Jim’s earlier comment. After a few more tries and her helping me by giving me a little lift in the middle a few times, I got it down.

“OK, homework,” she handed me a sheet of paper. “Learn the words for this cheer for tomorrow. And wear something more appropriate. You’ve got gym shorts or something? We need to work on partner stunts tomorrow.”

The next day Katelyn was waiting. She had me try the cheer. I had the words, but she just shook her head. “Rhythm, boy. Listen to me, and try to do it like I do.”

I tried it again. “That’s better, but you need to project. You’re leading a crowd. You need to be heard from the middle of the football field.”

I tried again nearly screaming. “Better, but try to be loud without sounding angry, and smile. You need to smile all the time.”

I must have tried it twenty times more. Then we added the movement to it. I felt sort of silly, like trying to learn how to do the Cotton-eyed Joe the first time. But it got better. She then started into the finer details like how I had to hold my hands at various parts.

“You need to know this. While we don’t expect newbies to know everything, you have to understand that most of the people trying out here have been cheering in middle school or in all-stars for years.”

Next, we started into the partner stunt. Katelyn explained she’d be my partner for the tryout. The first was a lift. Pretty much, I was just to throw her into the air. That went pretty well. The next was a simple “chair.” I was to hold my hand down as she stepped into it and lifted her into the air, and she would end up sitting on my right hand with my left hand holding her leg.

The first try was awful. I only got her up to about waist height before I dropped her. “You really can’t work up to this slowly. You need to make it all one motion or we’ll run out of steam before we get to the top.”

The second was better. I got her above my head but missed getting my hand under her. The third time I got my hand up under her. Holy cow, I’ve got my hand in this girl’s crotch. I tried not to put it anywhere nasty and ended up dropping her.

“You can’t be shy about this. Yeah, you’ve got your hand between my legs, but believe me, it’s not sexual. Just don’t go feeling around once you’ve got me there.”

We tried it a few more times, and I thought I had it pretty good. We practiced another day and tryouts came. I tumbled in with the forward flip. Jumped in place and clapped and launched into the back tuck. I did the cheer as Katelyn taught me and then she stepped to my side and we did the toss and chair. The two of us yelling, “Tigers!” as she flung her arms up. We held it a beat, and then I let her down.

“Good,” she turned to me.

We waited and watched some of the other tryouts. Katelyn was right. There were a lot of girls who obviously had been doing this a long time. After a while, a different girl came up to us.

“I’m Brittany, squad captain. So you’ve never cheered before?”

I shook my head.

“OK, well, you’ve got potential. Camp is in four weeks. Katelyn wants to be your mentor. Here’s a list of what we expect people to be able to do when they get to camp.”

She handed me a check-off list. All the cheers I had to learn, tumbling moves, partner stunts, etc... “We better get going,” Katelyn said, “That’s a big list.”

So for the next three weeks, for as much as we could stand, I worked on all the moves required. I went home and memorized the cheers. Katelyn gave me a video of the squad from last year, and I watched that and tried to get the moves down. She worked with me more on those. We got some of the other squad members and those trying out and practiced some of the stunts requiring more than two.

I was dead tired by the end of the three weeks.

“Well, I think you’ve made it. You should be in good shape for camp, which is good because we leave in two days.”

“Thanks, I couldn’t do any of this without you.”

“OK, just let me tell you. If you found this rough, camp is harder, especially on the new ones. It’s where we learn how to do everything as a team. You’ll be under the command of Brittany and the other co-captains. It can be rough.”

“I’ll do my best.”

CHAPTER 3

While we were in the pre-camp phase, Katelyn had brought me the information on camp. A permission slip to be filled out by my parents along with a check. Since I was new, I would have to get camp wear ordered which they’d provide when I got there along with proper cheerleading shoes. We worked through the sizing information. “It’s important to get this right. They’ll order your uniform from this too.”

Anyhow, I packed my toiletries and some socks and underwear in my bag. I got to school the morning of our departure. It was pretty busy around the buses. I looked around to see if I could find Katelyn, but I couldn't spot her in the crowd. I went and sat by myself on bus. Soon, a girl sat beside me.

"Amy," she said pointing at herself with her thumb.

"Tom," I replied.

"Are you a cheer baby, too?" she asked.

"A what?"

"Oh, that's what they call the new squad members at camp. I figured you were because the new ones are the ones who aren't already wearing their camp wear."

"Splendid bit of detective work."

We laughed and talked all the way to the camp. The bus pulled into a camp which didn't look much different than the one I went to years ago as a cub scout. A larger building, a dining hall perhaps in the middle, with cabins around it.

As we unloaded ourselves from the bus, Brittany was shouting orders. "Returning members, over here. Pick up your assignments. Cheer babies! Cheer babies over here. Monica and Paul!" A girl and boy held up their arms, and we moved over towards them.

Monica spoke, "Ok, babies. I'm Monica, and this is Paul, and we will be your mommy and daddy for the next two weeks." I giggled at the analogy. Monica glared at me. "Do you think this is funny? You won't in a minute."

The two lead us into a cabin. Each cot had a stack of clothes on it, our camp wear, I guess. I walked through and found my name on one of the stacks.

"OK, babies! Time to get you dressed properly. Take your clothes off."

There was a little pause as we tried to take in the instruction.

"C'mon, babies, let's get going. We have a lot to do before you earn your spankies."

That got most of us going. I kicked my shoes off and dropped my shorts. Others were starting to do the same. I pulled off my shirt.

"C'mon, c'mon, babies, let's get going. Panties too!"

I looked around. Amy was there pulling down her panties. I did the same.

“What’s your problem, Sweetcakes?” I heard Monica shouting at one of the girls who hadn’t managed to progress very far in the process.

“B.b.b.but there are boys here,” she stammered.

“Babies aren’t supposed to be modest,” Monica snapped. “Do you want to be on this squad or not?”

She got undressed. We all were looking around, trying not to look at each other but we were looking. Some held their hands over their privates. Others just stood there. Some, including Sweetcakes, were fighting back tears.

“Ok, there’s a shirt on your cot that looks like this,” Paul was talking for the first time. He pointed at his own shirt. “Find it and put it on. Then put your shoes and socks on.”

I did as instructed. There were several shirts, some black, some gold, but I found the one that matched what Paul was wearing and pulled it on. I found the socks and sat on the cot and put those on. A box on the bed had my shoes in it. They were somewhat like running shoes but different. The one thing that we didn’t have was any shorts.

“OK, babies!” Monica was talking again. “Line up here and will get you your diapers.”

Diapers? Surely she was joking, but we all lined up. Sure enough, one by one, we were led to a table and had a diaper fit on us, and plastic pants pulled over it. This was just way too weird.

“Lunch is in ten, babies. Get the rest of your stuff put away and get out to the dining hall.”

I put my clothes in the footlocker at the end of my bunk. Amy came up to me.

“Well, how do you like it so far?”

“Weird, really weird.”

“Yeah, cheer babies is a right of passage. “

“You knew about this?”

“Of course, I’ve been looking forward to high school cheer camp for years.”

“Oh, and one more thing. What’s all this about spanking?”

“Spanking?”

“Brittany said something about us earning a spanking.”

“Spankies, not spanking.” Amy laughed. “You know, the panties cheerleaders wear under their skirts. We get our uniforms as a matter of being on the team, but we have to earn our spankies.”

CHAPTER 4

We babies made our way to the dining hall. The tables were filling up with girls and boys in camp wear. Each place had a water bottle and a notebook. Monica led us to our seats that were the same except our bottles had nipples on them.

There was much chatter as lunch was set out before us. I was starved and scarfed down the sandwich that was placed before me. Amy was sitting across from me and was sucking from the bottle. I smiled; she looked cute.

Brittany got up in front of the group. “Welcome to Tiger Camp 2012.” There was much cheering and clapping. “I’d like to welcome back the returning team members, and everybody give a big hand to our new crop of cheer babies.” More cheering. “I want to remind everybody that it’s hot out there and we’ll be working hard. Take your water bottles and don’t forget to hydrate. This afternoon’s schedule is crowd cheering. Don’t forget to check the bulletin board each night for the next day’s uniform and schedule.”

Amy explained the binders contained the new cheers and routines for the coming year. Crowd cheers would be easy and fun. It’s what we do at the games. When we started working on our competition routine, it would be real work.

We picked up our bottles and started down to the practice field. I was thirsty, and I had resisted drinking out of the nipple before, but I figured what the hell. They lined us babies up in front facing the returning kids, and we went through the 1, 2, 3, Tigers cheer which had been the first I had learned when trying out. While it was ridiculous for us to be standing there in a T-shirt and diapers, the returning kids responded as we would want the crowd to do.

After the first cheer, we got in line with the others and worked through many of the other cheers. Between cheers, people would stop and drink. It was hot, and I drained the last of my bottle. There was a cooler jug where people were refilling bottles, and I refilled mine. Also, at one end of the field was a few portapotties, and periodically students were heading that way.

One of the cheer babies started down that way. It was the girl Monica had called Sweetcakes before. Monica's sharp voice came: "Where are you going, Sweetcakes?" Sweetcakes turned and somewhat embarrassed stated she had to use the bathroom.

"No way, Sweetcakes," Monica shouted, "Cheer babies use their diapers."

It took a second, but soon it sunk in, and it looked like Sweetcakes was going to cry.

"Are you crying? There's no crying in cheerleading. Even if you are a cheer baby."

It was beginning to sink into the rest of us. I mean, we had been sweating and drinking like crazy. We would all have to go. I made it through a couple of more cheers, and then I stopped and let loose. I found Amy looking at my crotch and laughing, "I guess we're all cheer babies now," How did she...I looked at her crotch and noticed the darkening of the diaper through the plastic. I looked at mine. Gee, not only were we on parade in our diapers, but it was going to be clear when we used them.

"You seem to be taking this well," I asked.

"Well, I guess since I knew about it in advance, I'm pretty prepared. I hear that they used to haze the new kids much worse. I've been working for years to get to this point. Still, I don't relish the idea of having to poop in these things."

"Poop?"

"Well, you don't think we can go two weeks without doing that? "

"Oh my gosh,"

"I'm not sure Sweetcakes is going to make it. She looks like she's barely handling it as it is."

"Do you know what her real name is? "

"No, and really we'll all get nicknames, either from Monica or one of the other girls that will stick with us while we are babies."

We moved on to happy subjects and were soon laughing. We were still joking when Brittany started in on one of the new cheers. Monica came hustling over. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," Amy said, not doing too well suppressing laughing.

“Straighten up, Giggles.” Amy brought herself to attention. I was pretty sure she’d just gotten her nickname. I couldn’t help but laugh.

“And what are you, some kind of Joker?” she turned to me. I got serious quickly. “Some people might call you a space cowboy. I sure as hell not going to call you the gangster of love, soggy britches. I guess we’ll have to call you Maurice.”

Practice went on. Monica and Paul kept an eye on us babies. However, it was Monica that did most of the yelling and assigning names. Soon we marched back for dinner. Then we headed back to the babies’ cabin. Katelyn and another girl came in and one by one we got our diapers changed.

“How are you doing, Tom?” she asked while she attended to me.

“This is all too weird,” I said.

“Don’t worry, we all went through it. You’ll make it through. I’m just glad we take turns cleaning you guys up.”

After that, we went back to the dining hall. Everybody took turns introducing themselves, indicating what year they were in, how long they had been cheerleading. When it was my turn, I stood up. Again it was weird standing there in a diaper addressing a crowd.

“My name is Tom Green.”

“Excuse me!” Monica piped up.

“Sorry, My name is Maurice,” I forgot babies only have their given nicknames, “This is my first year cheering, and I’m going to be a Sophomore this year.”

It went around to Amy, “Hi, I’mGiggles. Freshman. I’ve been doing all-stars since I was 8, and I was on the cheer squad at South Middle for the past two years.”

The last one was Sweetcakes. She again looked like she was about to cry. “My name is,” she paused trying to get it out, “Sweetcakes. I’m a sophomore. I cheered for two years at East Middle. I tried out last year, and didn’t make it, so I’m ...” She forced it to sound positive, “happy to be here.”

The meeting soon broke up, and Monica and Paul led us back to our cabins. “OK, babies. Tomorrow we’ll be working on partner stunts in the morning, and doing the walkthrough on the new routine in the afternoon.” She was reading from a piece of paper. “Dress of the day will be the gold team shirts and camp shorts, which for you babies means your diapers. Sleep tight. We’ve got a big day ahead.”

I crawled into my cot and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER 5

Next morning we got up and went to breakfast. I wet my diaper on the way back. I stripped it off and dumped it into the can, and hit the showers. Afterward, I rediapered and put on the requisite gold shirt and headed down to the practice field, carrying my “bottle.”

Morning practice was partner stunts. We practiced throwing the flyers, the smaller, lighter girls. We practiced lifting them to the ‘chair’ position as I had done in the tryout, and also got them up to liberties. This involved launching the girl up to the point where she was standing on one hand, the other steadying her and she stood there balanced on one foot while holding her arms in the air.

I dropped the flyer assigned to me several times before getting a wobbly approximation of a liberty. After a while we changed flyers and repeated things. After the third rotation, I got Amy as a flyer. After a few practice lifts, I went to put her up in the chair. As she landed on my upstretched hand, I felt an odd squish in her diaper. “Sorry, I couldn’t hold it any longer.”

It took me a second to realize that I was feeling her poop in the diaper. I was just coming to grips with the concept when I realized my bowels were cramping up as well. I had to keep working, and soon, I couldn’t hold it either. At first, I felt relief from the pressure building inside me, but soon the feeling was replaced with the gross feeling of the poop mushrooming around inside the confined space of my diaper.

I kept up with the practice, tossing, catching, lifting, all while the poop got further smeared around inside the diaper. After what seemed like hours of this, we were told to go back to camp for lunch. Amy and I ran into the shower and did our best to clean up. We quickly got rediapered and headed to lunch.

CHAPTER 6

One evening we got some time off, and we cheer babies hung out in a circle on the floor of our cabin. We introduced each other by our real names. Sweetcakes name really was Katie. We went around with introductions. There were five girls and one other boy. Nicknamed Meat, his name was really Mike.

We discussed how we had gotten to this point. Most of the girls had been aspiring to make this squad for several years. Amy really had it bad as she explained being in all-stars since she was 11, and joining the middle school squad in sixth grade. She had been talking to squad members and hanging out in their practices when she could manage it.

“So you knew about cheer babies and diapers,” Mike asked.

“Yes,” she stated. “Really, I had it so bad that last summer right before the school year started, I put a diaper on too. I really wanted this bad. I mean, not to wear diapers, but to be part of the squad. I watched every practice between camp and the first game last year, and I went to the game too. I would have loved to make the pep rally, but I couldn’t ditch school.”

“You wore diapers on your own?” one of the girls asked.

“Well, it was my way of kind of pretending I was part of the team. I’d watch the babies, and hoped I’d be one of them.”

“That’s too weird,” the other girl said. “I guess I heard of cheer babies, but I assumed it was just a nickname. I didn’t know about this,” she said, pointing at her diaper. “How far did you take it...”

Amy blushed, “I wet myself watching those practices. I was shadowing all the cheers over on the sidelines. I figured it was part of belonging, and I would need to be used to it if I wanted to be on the squad.”

Katie spoke up, “I knew about it all. My older sister was on the squad. I wanted to be on the squad too, but I didn’t think I could do this. I almost didn’t try out both times. Last year I was so nervous about everything I screwed up badly. I was of mixed feelings last year. Happy to avoid having to be a baby, sad for missing the team. The opposite this year.”

There were other comments about the whole thing. At one point Mike stood up. “Where are you going?” someone asked.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Mike replied.

Then Amy noticed what was happening to his diaper. “Looks like you’re going right here.” We all laughed, including Mike. After a minute, he sat down.

Something Amy said had me wondering. “Amy, you said you watched the babies post-camp last year? Were they wearing diapers at school? I thought this was just a camp thing.”

“We’re cheer babies until we make our first cheer and we earn our spankies. We’ll wear our diapers until then. Don’t worry. Practices aren’t open to the public except for those like me who snuck in, and you can wear your clothes most of the time. We’ll be getting our uniforms at one of the early practices.”

“Oh, gosh...I didn’t think this was going on for much longer.”

“You haven’t caught on yet. The squad is EVERYTHING. They’ll tell you how to dress, how to do your hair. When we’ll be in uniform. How we do our makeup. Everything. I’ve heard of girls who got the ire of the squad captain being assigned to wear diapers under their spankies for some events.”

Anyhow, with that, we decided to move on to more fun topics. We did a cheer sitting their on the floor and talked about other things. They asked me and Mike how we managed to get into cheerleading. I told them my story of Katelyn catching my backflip. Mike, it turns out, had a girlfriend who was a varsity basketball player, and she had put him up to trying out.

Soon it was lights out time. We went to sleep with dreams of our cheering at our first game in our heads.

CHAPTER 7

Camp came to an end, and we waved goodbye to our cheer baby friends. We had a couple of weeks off. Tthis is when you were expected to take your family vacation if you were on the squad, camp, precamp, and postcamp were all immovable on the schedule.

I got the schedule of the postcamp practices in the mail. Monday morning was uniform distribution. Uniform was camp attire, and of course that meant t-shirt and diaper for us cheer babies. I pulled a pair of shorts on over the diaper until I got to the practice room at the school and then pulled them off.

Several of the veteran cheerleaders came in carrying boxes. Names were called, and we each went one by one up to retrieve our uniforms. We all were now tearing open the bags they were packed in and getting ready to try them on. Sweetcakes took a furtive look around and then pulled off her shirt and slipped the top of her uniform on. She then stepped into the skirt and pulled it up over the diaper.

The first item I pulled out was my top. Unlike the girls’ which had sleeveless tops, mine had short sleeves. I pulled off my shirt and put the uniform top on. A pair of long pants were in the bag, and I pulled those on. The fit was good. Then I noticed something else in the bag. I pulled it out. It was a skirt. This had to be a mistake. I stood there holding it, looking around to figure out what I should do.

“Don’t just stand there, Maurice, you need to try that on, too,” Brittany shouted in my direction. I still didn’t understand. Brittany marched up to me. “This is a coed squad in name only. It is controlled by us girls, and when we say you will wear the skirt, you’ll wear the skirt.”

Not really having any choice at this point I pulled off my uniform pants and stepped into the skirt. I pulled it up and was trying to fasten the button behind my back. “Do it this way.” I heard Giggles say. She was demonstrating buttoning and zipping

the skirt while he opening was facing forward and then she slid the skirt around so it was in the back where it belongs. Duh, I thought and repeated her technique.

I tried a couple of flips in the new outfit and decided that the fit was good. The air around my legs was about the same as I had experienced in all the previous weeks in just the diaper, but the skirt flipping up and down when I turned quickly or flipped was a new experience.

“OK! Squad. Let’s do one run through of the half-time routine and then we can call it a day.”

CHAPTER 8

Postcamp continued with daily run throughs of the half-time performance, as well as all our during the game cheers. We were coming together as a squad, and it was good. On the last Friday before labor day weekend we got handouts on what was coming up next week.

We had the long weekend off. Tuesday was the first day of school. Uniform of the day was squad t-shirts and our choice of bottoms, with a reminder that cheer babies were still to wear diapers underneath. We’d have practices Wednesday and Thursday after school. Pep rally was Friday afternoon. As was the custom, the squad wore their uniforms to school that day. A brief team meeting after the pep rally and then the football game that evening.

“Great,” I thought, “I didn’t realize we’d have to wear diapers to school other than practice.”

“Yeah,” Giggles said, “I guess I forgot to tell you about that. At least you’ll be covered up. When I do a flip or come dismount from a stunt, my skirt will lift, showing everybody my diaper.”

I thought about that for a second and then stared at the paper again to confirm what I had read earlier. “Well, it looks like I’m in the same boat. It says I’m to wear the uniform skirt during the day and the pep rally, but pants to the game.”

“Oh,” Giggles said, “At least the pep rally is our first cheer. I think the meeting in between the rally and the game is when we get our spankies. It will be the end of cheer baby for us!”

Tuesday wasn’t too bad. I got a little ribbing for my cheerleading uniform, but I pointed out that I got to hang with the girls. The diaper bothered me at first, but I got used to it as the day went by. I had to pee late in the day and was faced with the choice of figuring out how to get it off in the bathroom without anybody noticing it or just wetting it. I chose the latter.

Friday came, and with great trepidation, I got into my diaper and then put the uniform on, skirt this time. I got to school and sat down in homeroom to some snickers.

“Dude,” my friend called from behind. “What’s with the dress?”

“Skirt,” I corrected. “The girls want to remind us boys that they run the squad.”

He seemed to accept that but laughed as he walked away. The day went on more of the same. It took some getting used to having the air blow on my legs. I tried to be discrete about not flashing my diaper.

At lunchtime, Giggles and I were met up and were standing in the lunch line. I felt my skirt being lifted. I swung around to see two girls. Apparently, from Giggles’s look, they’d lifted her skirt as well.

“Are you wearing diapers? Why aren’t you wearing those cheerleader panties.”

“Spankies,” Giggles said. “We haven’t earned ours yet. We’re still cheer babies.”

The girl stood staring at us. “Oh, my gosh,” one said. “Do you actually, um, use them?”

“Yes.”

They ran away laughing.

Finally, the pep rally came. The squad entered the gym doing flips and whatever. I figured, what the hell and did one of my backflips. I knew my skirt would flip up, flashing the diaper. We did a cheer, and then the coach spoke. More cheers. The team was introduced entering between our lines of pom-poms. One more cheer and it was over. We moved to a classroom for a team meeting.

The cheer babies names were called, and we moved to the front of the room. “It is at this point, having done your first cheer, you are officially part of the squad. Wear these with honor.” The captains handed us each a package with our spankies.

“You are no longer cheer babies. You will wear the spankies with your uniform. Guys, that means under your pants, too. You need not wear the diaper anymore unless we specifically tell you.”

A few procedural things were discussed, and then we broke. Giggles reached under her skirt and ripped the diaper off.

“I didn’t bring any panties,” she said. “I’ll not be wearing anything under these. You can think about that during our partner stunts.” She pulled up her spankies in place. I smiled.

I was thinking about removing my skirt first, but then I remembered, I didn’t have panties either. I ripped off my diaper first and pulled the spankie up. I did a flip and asked Giggles how I looked.

I then took the skirt off and put on my pants and headed out to the game.

Football season went on. Home game Fridays usually meant me wearing my uniform. Every once and a while I got a message that I should wear the skirt rather than pants, but usually it was just pants. The diaper was a thing of the past, though I heard one of the girls was ordered to wear a diaper for missing a practice.

At the homecoming game, they videoed our crowd interaction so we could submit it to the competition. Our practices then evolved more to getting ready for our competition act. We drilled it over and over. We performed it at halftime at the football games. We pretty much had it wired.

One day we were ordered to practice. We were to wear camp wear (meaning shorts and t-shirt) but bring out uniforms (including skirts for us guys). This was going to be something special. Prior to getting started, the captains handed out boxes. This was different. I looked at the box. “Fleet Enema,” it read. What?

The captain got up and addressed us. “OK, girls. I want you to take your enema and get good and cleaned up. I don’t want to see any brown out there.” Brown? “If you need a second, we have extras.”

I looked at Giggles, and she just shrugged. As much as she knew about the squad from the outside, apparently she didn’t know about this. I asked one of the other girls. “Cream practice,” she said as she headed off. “Be sure to get cleaned out good.” I took the box and read it. Seemed easy enough. I went to the boys’ room and dropped my pants. I shoved the thing into me and squeezed. It was an odd feeling. I tried to wait the five minutes and then expelled it. Was this good enough? I went back and got another and repeated.

We filtered back to the meeting room. “Put on your uniforms, no spankies or other panties.” I got mine on. It really felt weird not having anything on down there. The coaches handed out another item. I opened it up, and it was a clear plastic raincoat.

“We’ve not had any rainy days yet,” the captain said, “So we haven’t needed these yet, but we will today.” This confused me. The weather was nice outside. “Line up in four rows here by group. Once we get loaded up, we’ll go outside and get started immediately in the competition piece.” Loaded up?

I got lined up. As the line moved forward, I found that the person at the head of the line would bend over a table. The group leader picked up a can of whipped cream, flipped up the girl's skirt and applied it to her anus and worked the valve. The girl groaned but after the discharge stood up and made her way outside. Whipped cream? Cream practice. I reached the head of the line and assumed the position. I felt my insides rapidly fill. I squeezed my butt together and headed outside.

The captains made their way out and looked around. "Everybody still loaded? Good." We started the routine. The first tumbling pass went by. One girl dropped whipped cream on the landing. Oh my. I did my pass. I felt a little escape me. The routine continued. I saw little squirts of cream around. I lifted giggles into the chairlift. This was strange as she had no panties. When I went to give her a little push for the dismount, cream fell on me. She had let loose half her load.

"Sorry," she said.

"At least you were cleaned out good," I said. I had noticed that some of the piles had brown tinges to them.