

# Cheerleaders



## Part 2

By Areg5



click click click ...



click click click ...



click click click ...

Service, Ma'am.

Huh?



We have an incident  
at the *high school* ...

I'm not *on call*.  
I think It's Sara  
Jones ...

Our apologies, Ma'am but  
she *hasn't answered*. We  
have you on as the  
*alternate cleaner*.

*\*sigh\** Very well.  
The *high school*,  
you say?



Yes, Ma'am. There appear to be *two magical discharges* in *close succession*.

Any idea who?

We don't recognize the *signature*. The discharges are *temporal* in nature.

I see. I'll take care of it.



Sara *never* misses a call. What can be up *with that*?

*Shit.* I'm *due* at Melissa's, and if I can't talk her out of ...*it* ... I won't be able to *leave her alone* ...

...hope Amy's not busy ...

A woman with long brown hair is shown from the waist up, talking on a mobile phone. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved cardigan over a white mesh top. The background is an outdoor setting with a brick wall and a black metal fence.

Hi Hon. I know this is *short notice*, but I'm in a *jam*. Are you *free* this afternoon?

Uh ...I sorta have *plans* ...

I'll *make it up* to you ...show you a *few things* ...

Well ...



*I guess I can miss the Rally ...but I can't miss the game ...*

*Thanks! Shouldn't be a problem.*

*So ...what's the deal?*

*My best friend's birthday ...*

\*Click for  
Half Way There

...and she wants me to  
*make her* ...well ... let's  
just say *she'll need a  
sitter.* \*

Geez, she actually  
*asked for that?*

Yes. I'm at her place  
*now*, and I got an *urgent  
call*. From *your school* in  
fact. Anything *weird*  
going on there?

Not that I  
know of.

Shouldn't take me long to sort out. Anyway, if I can talk her out of it you're off the hook. If you don't hear from me, just come over my place.

'k. I'll be there after I go home and change, unless you text.

You're the best, Amy. Bye!



A 3D rendered character, a young woman with short blonde hair, stands in a locker room. She is wearing a red cheerleader outfit with a large white 'W' on the chest and white chevron patterns. The room features red lockers, wooden benches, and a checkered tile floor. A thought bubble is positioned to her left, containing text.

I'm sure I can get out  
of the *Rally*. Hmmmm  
...wonder *what things*  
Em will *show me*?







I ...I *don't know* about this.  
What if someone *sees me*?

Relax.

But I've never been *in here* before.

*\*giggle\** I should *hope* not. If it'll make you *feel better*, I'll *check* to make sure its *empty*.

I don't know ...

Coast is clear.  
C'mon.

It's fine. *Really.*



Are you sure?

It's always empty  
*between classes.*

*\*gulp\**  
O ...ok.



I just don't want  
anyone to *see me*.

I know, but *if they do*, they'll just see a  
*girl in baggy clothes*.  
Not Danny.

I guess you're  
right.



Ok. This looks  
*just like the boy's*  
locker room.

My locker's  
*back here.*

What did you  
*expect it to look*  
like?

I don't know.  
*Just different.*

There. Help yourself.

I don't know if I could wear *that*.

*Sure* you can. It might even feel *...right*.

I guess. C...can you *turn around* while I *change*?

Sure.

A blonde woman with long hair, wearing a red cheerleader outfit with white trim and a white logo on the chest, stands in a locker room with her arms crossed. She has a somber expression. The background consists of red lockers with silver handles.

You're *so nice* to help me, Mel.

No prob. If it makes you *feel* any better, I know *exactly* what you're going through.

How could you?

It happened to *me too*. I was a *guy*. A *grown man*.

*Gosh*. That explains why you *weren't shocked*. Did you *freak out* too?

*Of course*. How can't you? You *get used* to it, though.



I don't *wanna* get used to it! Uh ...can you *help me* with this?

Oh ...of course.



I couldn't figure out *how* ...

It's ok. It *takes practice* ...wow ...

What?



Oh.

I just didn't realize how *petite* you were under those *baggy* clothes.

...I can't believe he said that!

A 3D rendered scene of two women in a locker room. The woman on the left is standing in profile, wearing a red bikini, with her hand to her face in a shocked expression. The woman on the right is seen from behind, also wearing a red bikini, with long blonde hair. The background consists of red lockers with some papers pinned to them. The floor is tiled with a hexagonal pattern.

Oh no ...

He *sure* did.

He's *such*  
a *guy*!



*Someone's in here!*

*Don't worry about it. Just finish getting dressed.*

Hear about any parties after the game?



*That's my sister!  
She'll see me!!*

*What if she does?  
You look a lot  
different than  
you did, Danielle.*

*But ...*

*All Susie would see  
is a freshman girl  
she doesn't know  
changing.*



If I *hear* about one, you'll be the *first* to know.

Cool!

*Freshman?*

Looks that way.

Is *this* all you *have*?

Sorry.



You better not get  
*as drunk* as last  
time!

*\*giggle\** I'll try,  
but *no promises!*

But it's *so short!* Don't  
you have any *pants?*

I'm sure you'll  
look *really cute* in  
it!



Anyway, you're  
one to talk!

Ha ha.  
Yeah ...

*I don't wanna  
look cute!*

*\*sigh\* it's the  
best I can do!*



I hope we *win*  
tonight!

Me too.

There. That's not  
*so bad*, is it?

Um ...I *guess*  
not.



*See? I knew you'd  
get used to it!*

*I'm not getting used  
to anything!*

*Oh, someone's in  
here.*



Thought I  
heard *Melody*.

Me too.

Dammit.