The Grumpy Cheerleader

by ?

**The Grumpy Cheerleader - Part 1**

I was a high school cheerleader for only one year. Actually, it wasn’t even a full year, just the beginning during football season. I don’t know how I made the squad, but one of my friends talked me into trying out. Although I liked sports, I never considered myself the athletic type. And I had kind of a curvy figure. But I guess that didn’t matter.

So I joined the junior varsity cheer girls and found myself going along with the routines. Not as experienced as some of the others, I never thought I was anything special, just managing the basics. A brunette, I didn’t think I stood out like some of the blondes who seemed to get all the attention. The one thing that did stand out was my personality, which was unlike the typical perky cheerleader.

“Jenna, you’ve got to be more supportive of the team!” Mandy, the head cheerleader was always telling me.

It was true. I discovered that our school football team was very inconsistent, and I did not disguise when I was unhappy with their performance. While the other girls would be enthusiastic during a game, even if our side was losing, I would have a hard time getting worked up. It reached the point where I was critical of the football players, and this really seemed to annoy them. In fact, once I was scolded by the coach in front of everyone at practice when I suggested that perhaps he should be removed. It was embarrassing, but I was convinced there were issues with the play-calling. And the defensive line… and the running game as well. My complaints went on and on throughout the season.

Well, it turned out our school’s team did have a very big game for the divisional title. Like I said, they were inconsistent. They had won their share of games, but lost just as often, which was infuriating. Now they had a tie-breaker scheduled with our rival high school. While everyone was super excited and hyped up, I couldn’t help but feel a bit pessimistic. The whole school made a big deal about it, but I was certain to let people know I thought we would lose.

Finally, the night of the game arrived. The crowd was festive, and there was also tension in the air. It was the nervousness of the fans and also the members of the cheer squad who glowered at me throughout warm-ups. As if I had better be on my best behavior. I caught glances from some of the football players as well. Deep down, I thought they respected me for my appreciation of the game, and pointing out their flaws.

I had my hair pulled back tight, with a ponytail falling down my neck. Some of the other girls were wearing cute pigtails, and a few let their hair fall loose about their shoulders. We were dressed in the orange and black of our school colors, with pleated skirts and tops that were like tank-tops, leaving our arms bare in the mild weather. White sneakers and white ankle socks completed our cheerleader uniforms.

The game started, and our home crowd let out a thunderous roar. I rolled my eyes, but nevertheless played the part, following along with the opening routine to greet the team. After that, it was all over. Not even close. By halftime, our guys were down twenty points, and I was being loudly critical. I even made accusations about the high school officials. Mandy did her best to keep chipper and try to rally everyone. But one look in my direction, and I could see that she was displeased with my lack of spirit. Oh well, I thought.

The score ended as a blowout.

As the crowd of parents, teachers and students dispersed, I tried not to look smug. Really, I wasn’t happy about it. The whole season, I had wanted the team to do well, but I just kept seeing these stupid mistakes. I guess I was only being realistic, and not wanting to get my hopes up when I predicted the disastrous loss.

Because of the disappointment, school officials did not give the athletes a hard time when they lingered around the field after everyone had gone home. Our cheer squad stayed behind too, and soon it was just us hanging out late into the night. I realized why, when one of the football players broke out cases of beer. Sitting around me on the bleachers, were nine other cheerleaders, although this included the three rare guys who were part of the squad.

Opposite us on the field were a dozen of the players. A number of them were the boyfriends or going out with the cheer girls. I wasn’t seeing anyone at the time.

The mood was kind of dark, with them all sitting around dejected. After a while had passed, for some reason I started to rip into the quarterback. I didn’t have anything to drink, so it’s not like the alcohol was making me bold. I just felt like criticizing him in front of the others.

Next to me, Mandy tugged on one of her blonde pigtails and said, “Let up, Jenna. They had a rough game.”

“I’ll say!” I quipped sharply and continued my rant at this big eighteen-year-old.

His name was Ben, and surprisingly, he turned to me with this look on his face. “Jenna, you might be cute, but I’ve had just about enough of you!”

For a brief moment, there was a pause as everyone looked in our direction. Some of the girls were shocked that he had called me out, and I noticed the guys on the sidelines were breaking into wide grins. Did he just call me cute? My own mind started to whirl, a bit caught off guard, and not at all certain of his intentions or what he meant. I watched as he started to get up off the ground, definitely I was now hearing some laughter. That was my signal to move.

“Hey, wait…” I reacted by holding out a hand.

At the same time, I climbed to my feet and started backward, up the outdoor bleachers on the field. Ben was approaching slowly so I lifted my legs carefully, trying not to stumble and embarrass myself. The other girls were laughing and teasing, saying stuff like how he was gonna get me. I didn’t know what they were suggesting. Suddenly, the faces of the other guys lit up, realizing the possibility for some fun. I took a couple more steps higher, as Ben kept coming forward. The chase was on!

The cheerleaders made room for the big quarterback to get through. Just like that, the mood of depression had lifted, everyone was whistling and hollering. But I turned and started climbing toward the higher bleachers where no one was sitting. Because he was also clamoring over the spaces between the seating, I knew I could put some distance between us. The question was, where would I go from there?

When I reached near the top, I spared a second to look back at the scene. The girls and guys from my cheerleading squad were looking back up and waving. The football players on the field had stood and raised their arms, beers in hand. And not too far behind me, Ben was like an oncoming train, covering more ground. I scampered across the bleachers, and saw that my only way out was to climb down and maybe run across the field.

I don’t know why my heart started beating faster. Of course the team and the cheerleaders were mad at me, but I had not considered the consequences of being a poor sport. At least in my eyes, I was only being honest. And now I was being chased. The thought was kind of wild, making the skin on my bare arms tingle.

Once again, I navigated my way down the tiered seating, this time further away from the others so I would be along the edge of the bleachers. Ben was still in pursuit. I had to step over paper bags, plastic bottles, and other garbage left behind by the spectators. It was hard to believe that just a few hours ago, the stands were pack with a huge crowd roaring and groaning as they watched the game. Now there were only the twenty of us out late at night on school property.

I hit the grass of the sidelines, casting another glance over my shoulder. The girls waved their pompoms in my direction. One boy shouted in a megaphone. The other football players chugged beer and encouraged their quarterback. He was nearly on me, leaping over the sports field seating and causing me to run faster.

“Jenna! Jenna!” I heard my name chanted as I crossed onto the football field.

But they were not cheering me. Instead, it was more like the others were taunting and naming me as the target of this game. When I looked back, I saw the guys from the team start after me as well. Eleven huge young men began rushing. It wasn’t the whole football team, but it almost felt like it. I knew I could never outrun them. These guys were athletes, looking for some fun at my expense. I just kept running.

By the time I reached the thirty-yard line, the first few boys had passed me. They weren’t going to tackle me, I realized, that would be too rough and I might get hurt. Instead, they ran ahead of me… and then turned with the intention of blocking me! They were going to set up a defensive perimeter, cut off my escape. Too late, I nearly fell into the arms of a big strong guy. He lifted me off the ground, and then laughing, put me down again.

Dazed at first, I looked around only two see two other linebackers on either side of him. They had formed a wall in front of me. I spun around and started back in the other direction, back toward the bleachers and mocking laughter. But then the rest of the players reared up, essentially cutting off that path. These guys were making a circle around me. A wide circle, that I had room to run back and forth, but could not get through.

The football players were not dressed in their gear. After the dismal game, they had headed back to the locker room to shower and change. They had been hanging out with us later in casual clothes, jeans and shorts and such. Some of these guys were really good-looking. The cheerleaders, however, had remained on the field all night. I was still in my orange and black uniform. I could feel them watching me as I spun around.

Needless to say, the boys made comments and teasing remarks that had me blushing. I was so flustered that I backed into one young man behind me. Raising my head, I looked up and saw it was Ben the quarterback.

“Hello, Jenna,” he said with a wolfish grin as he started to move his fingers to my waist.

“Oh!” I gasped and prepared to break free, to run away from him.

There was the sound of fabric tearing, and material swishing past my hips. I ran into the middle of the twelve football players who were looking at me with great interest. I felt a breeze on my legs and thighs.

One of the other guys smiled and said, “Well, what do we have here?”

I looked down, and then looked back at Ben in disbelief. He was laughing and holding my pleated cheerleader skirt! This left me standing, surrounded by the players, with my panties on display. Not just any panties. They were my little Care Bear underwear that I had picked out tonight because I did not take the game seriously.

“Give that back!” I squealed, horribly embarrassed.

As I approached the much taller quarterback, he simply rolled up my skirt and tossed it to one of the other players, letting it sail over my head. I spun around and dashed toward the guy who now held it teasingly. When I was near his side of the players, I felt a hand swat my bottom. Then the waistband of my panties was snapped playfully. They really were quite snug on my rear end, which was round and bouncing.

The guy raised his arm high, keeping the skirt away from me. I knew there was no way for me to reach it. Slowly, I backed toward the middle of the circle. Looking around nervously, over my shoulder and side to side, the young men just pointed and laughed. I know I had been a bitch, and they were just getting revenge. I tugged on my cheerleader top as best I could, but all eyes were staring at my lower body.

“What are those?” one of the football players finally asked.

The Care Bear panties were so inappropriate for a girl my age in high school. I was humiliated. I explained that I never do any high kicks or jump around a lot, so I didn’t think anyone would see. Now twelve older teenagers had caught me in the childish underwear. Someone in the group mentioned sarcastically that they noticed I was less than enthusiastic about my cheers. This was a stark reminder of why everyone was annoyed at me to begin with.

**The Grumpy Cheerleader - Part 2**

Ashamed, I knelt down in the grass and it felt good to be off my feet for a moment. The boys had chased me to the middle of the football field where they now surrounded me. It was like they formed a huddle around me. I tried to keep my panties covered as best I could. Ben told me to lie on my back. Thinking to myself what it would be like to be tackled to the ground, their hands all over my body, I reclined and stretched out my legs.

The whole time, both of my hands gripped the hem of my shirt in little fists, pulling it as down as far as possible. I didn’t want to tear it at the shoulders. I looked up at the players moving closer. My heart was beating faster. It wasn’t so much fear, although I was a little scared, I felt embarrassment and excitement, and butterflies in my tummy. Then I saw Ben standing in front of me.

He reached down with his long arms, and picked up my foot by the heel, lifting my leg higher. Obviously an expert in sports fitness, it was like he was a trainer helping me with stretching exercises. My face blushed as I kept the shirt tugged over the crotch of my panties. In the meantime, Ben started to untie the laces of my sneaker. I watched mesmerized, breathless, as he wiggled the soft shoe and popped it off my foot.

“What… what do you think you’re doing?” I gasped.

His fingers continued to work the white sock at my ankle, rolling it down shortly, over my heel and then off completely. Ben had one hand on my shapely calf and in his other hand, held my bare foot. I tried to keep my leg straight for him.

“What plump little toes,” he teased while pulling and touching them lightly.

The young man traced a finger down the sole of my foot, causing me to shiver. And then he did something I did not want to happen. He tickled me. The quarterback tickled my bare foot in front of the other players. It made me giggle. And that made it seem like I was enjoying this. In truth, I was growing more embarrassed by all the attention.

Yet I found myself slipping into a sort of daze as he lowered my leg to the ground. I pulled my knee up so I could feel the manicured grass between my toes. Ben took my other foot, untying the laces and removing the sneaker. He pinched the tip of my sock and tugged it right off. I was now completely barefoot in addition to having lost my skirt. But the boys weren’t going to stop.

Behind me, one of the players propped me up, a hand on my ponytail gently lifting my head and then my back. The next thing I knew, I was pulled to my feet, strong hands underneath my arms. These guys were all big and much taller than me. I looked at my sneakers and socks on the field, even my cheerleader skirt had been discarded. The hands gripped my tank-top like shirt and raised it for everyone to see.

There were whistles when my tummy came into view. And of course my little girl panties were totally exposed as I raised my own arms, unintentionally cooperating.

“Mmmmph,” I gave a muffled cry when I realized what was happening.

The orange and black top was pulled over my head and off, leaving me in only a bra and panties. I swiftly lowered my arms and hands for some modesty, while starting to search for a place to run. The football players were stripping me!

A guy behind me found the clasp of my bra. All I could do was peek over my shoulder with full pouting lips as he used two hands to unhook it. At that point, I ran forward, feeling the loose straps against my bare back. However, there were only more of them in front of me. I was so outnumbered and being humiliated further by the second. A grinning teenager took my wrists, and easily moved them away from my chest. The bra was then snatched, pulled off my shoulders and arms.

“Oh!” I gasped in shock from the sudden exposure.

Immediately, I danced backward, crossing my arms again to cover my smaller breasts. I wanted to hide my nipples. In the middle of the players, I was just wearing panties leaving little to the imagination about the shape of my curvy figure. As I looked around, I noticed the bright lights on the football field and realized they would be able to see every inch of me.

I felt a hand on my supple back. The boys made all sorts of comments about what nice skin I had, or, I should play in a shirts versus skins game. Rubbing, the hand moved lower until fingers curled around the waistband at the back of my panties.

“Please don’t,” I murmured, knowing that the embarrassing underwear was my last piece of clothing.

“Sorry, Jenna, you brought this on yourself,” Ben laughed as he came around to stand before me.

My hands were occupied, both of them cupping my tender breasts. So there was no preventing if something should happen. With wide eyes, I watched as the quarterback gave a signal to his teammate behind me. The cotton of the Care Bear panties lifted off my butt, and then they were whisked down my legs. So forcefully, it seemed, I had to skip on my toes as the item was separated from me.

I quickly turned around, unwittingly showing Ben my bottom. The other guy now waved my panties like a trophy, like the prize these players thought they deserved. One of my arms, I lowered so I could use a hand to discreetly hide my pussy.

I was completely naked!

The sound of the other players enveloped me, cheering and laughing, making loud wolf whistles. I knew the girls and rest of my cheer squad on the bleachers could hear. If only they saw what was going on! I blushed, and felt compelled to move. As I slipped past the line of the young men, someone grabbed my ass. It seemed each one had a chance to feel me. Sometimes multiple hands would reach around and jiggle both cheeks. This would be followed by a loud smack!

There was simply no way for me to get beyond the circle of the football team. Soon, I found myself held facing forward, arms pulled apart. I squirmed a little, but let the guys look at the front of my body where a rosy blush was spreading. My hard nipples were flicked as a matter of curiosity. Someone else caressed my stomach. Although there was no penetration, they enjoyed teasing me about my bush. Fingers ran through and brushed the pubic hair softly. I began to moan and feel my arousal building.

“All right, how should we finish her off?” I heard one guy ask.

Ben, the team captain, thought for a moment and said, “I have an idea. Go ahead and pick up Jenna, and follow me.”

One of the burly linebacker types hoisted me naked over his shoulder. I felt supported by his broad arm, while my head and own arms dangled behind him. My legs and feet hung down in front. So as he walked forward, my bottom would be presented, sticking up in the air. I could feel myself bouncing as I was carried like a sack over his shoulder, marching toward the bleachers.

“You can’t take me there like this!” I managed to protest.

I watched as the football field faded, my clothes still scattered on the ground. My cheerleader uniform and underwear, sneakers and socks… everything that had been taken off me. But the strongest reminder of my nudity was when the guy carrying me struck my bottom with his other hand. I had been kicking my legs and feet, putting up a minimal struggle.

“Ouch!” I squealed as the other players laughed.

Another SMACK! made me go quiet. His fingers lingered on my butt, first squeezing the cheek, and then pulling it to the side. I could feel how my cheeks jiggled. My toes curled as I felt the night time breeze tickle me in between.

I knew we were approaching the bleachers when I heard all the laughter and more surprised exclamations coming from the cheerleaders. My bouncing eyes saw white chalk on the field. We had passed into the sidelines. All the football players, and me, came to a stop. At Ben’s instruction, my new friend lowered me to the ground, but still had a firm grasp on both my upper arms.

Facing the linebacker, I looked up into his eyes and had to stand on my toes in the grass. Ben came around and grabbed my ass, which was facing the stands. He started shaking the cheek up and down in front of everyone.

“Do you girls get to see this juicy bottom in the showers?” he asked the cheerleaders.

I heard Mandy answer, “Actually, Jenna is usually very modest. She keeps herself wrapped in a little towel most of the time, and waits to shower until the rest of us have finished. This is the first time we are really getting a good idea about what she’s been hiding under that skirt. Look at how her sides narrow, and then that round bubble-butt sticks out!”

Well, my whole body blushed, hearing her talk about me.

“Then have a good look!” the linebacker holding me suddenly said.

He spun me around, still holding my arms, exposing my full frontal nudity. Erect nipples, bellybutton, bush and all. I saw the three boys on the cheer squad with big grins. And then Mandy had this evil expression as she looked at me, then at the handsome quarterback.

“May I?” she asked Ben.

“My pleasure,” he replied, indicating for his teammate to bring me over.

I was led naked to the girl in blonde pigtails sitting on the lowest bleacher. She was still in her black and orange uniform, as were the rest of the members of cheerleader squad. Mandy was all too delighted to point out that I was not.

“Aw, poor little Jenna lost her uniform!” she made fun of me, and then pulled me over knees.

“Hey!” I cried, not expecting this.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

She was spanking me in front of twenty boys and girls who went to my high school! Earlier, the football players had groped and fondled me, and there were plenty of playful slaps. But Mandy was giving it to me good. She kept talking about what a spoiled little brat I had been, almost as if it was my fault the game was lost.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Owowowowowow!” I wailed and kicked my feet.

I needed to cum badly, but somehow managed to hold off that ultimate humiliation.

When my punishment was over, my round bottom was glowing

bright red. I was allowed to stand up, although I couldn’t cover since I was trying to sooth my sore behind with my hands. Only half-aware, I noticed Mandy walk over to Ben and whisper something in his ear.

“That’s a great idea!” the quarterback said with enthusiasm.

“Let’s go in my SUV,” Mandy replied.

The next thing I knew, I was walking nude down the field, along a couple of other football players. They had grabbed some of the cases of beer. I wanted to ask what about my clothes, but didn’t bother. As we headed into the parking lot of the school, the feeling was unreal. Hours ago, this place had been packed with cars and students hanging out. Now I was ushered over the blacktop without anything on. I bashfully kept my sex covered with one hand, as my breasts moved up and down.

A bunch of us climbed into the head cheerleader’s sports utility vehicle. Mandy and Ben were up front. I piled in with three or four players, and two other cheerleaders coming along for the ride. This extended my disgrace even further, keeping me exposed. We were squeezed in together, so everyone was touching, brushing and rubbing against my bare skin. And my bottom was still sore.

I had no clue where we were going. Soon, the car was rolling through a residential neighborhood on the other side of town. One of the girls had pulled out some paper and a marker from Mandy’s personal bag, and she was writing something. Someone else searched around and found some rope cables from a box of auto care supplies.

“Mmmph!”

A football player brushed a finger over my lips, telling me to be quiet. And then a white handkerchief was pulled around my mouth, tied behind my head. I felt my brunette ponytail lifted up, and then lowered over the cloth knot. They had effectively gagged me.

When I was pulled gently out of the car through the side door, my arms were held behind my back. A girl on the cheer squad came over and tied the rope around my hands. So my arms were pinned behind me, leaving me totally exposed and unable to cover. In this way I was led barefoot across the street, where I noticed many, many cars lined outside one house that was brightly lit and had music playing loudly.

“Mmmph!”

I wanted to say, Oh God, but that was all I could manage. Mandy and the small group of football players and cheerleaders brought me along a driveway, past more parked cars, and up the steps of a porch. I could hear the music more loudly, and the voices of young people celebrating inside. This was the home of the captain of the rival high school’s team, Mandy explained. The other end of the rope was tied to a post of the covered porch, with me facing the front door.

Next to my feet, one of the boys placed a full case of beer. And on this was attached a large printed sign. My eyes shifted down so I could read the writing clearly.

CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING THE BIG GAME.

A football player reached across my body, and fluffed my bush, making me look presentable. They wanted all eyes to be drawn to the area between my legs.

“Mmmph!”

Ben pushed the doorbell, I heard it chime repeatedly.

Then the football players and cheerleaders ran back to the car on the other side of the street.

My night of humiliation was just beginning.

THE END