

High School Transition: Cheers

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(This story takes place in March of sophomore year for our characters. Chronologically, it's been four months since "Home Life")

(Wednesday...11:46 am)

...

Katy smiled as she walked next to her friend, the red fox, in the cafeteria.

"So, still planning on coming over this weekend?" the silver vixen needled, smiling.

The red fox chuckled. "Yeah. What's planned?"

Both foxes sat down, all smiles.

"Well...Mom wants to take us to the mall, again," Katy said. "Get us some clothes for the trip this summer."

The red fox nodded. "Good idea. I want to get something light for that trip."

Katy chuckled. "Then probably to Ritter's."

...

I blinked, puzzled.

Ritter's was this area's big, upscale department store...so I was quite puzzled.

"Ritter's? Why?" I asked.

Katy took a sip of her juice.

"For prom dresses," she replied, calmly.

I felt my whole body blush.

"Prom dresses? Did you get asked to the prom?" I asked, still feeling very hot from blushing...and secretly hoping Katy did not notice.

Katy shook her head. "No. For Junior prom. Kinda get an idea about sizing and styles. Get a jump on things."

Then she looked up at me...and she grinned...

...and I knew I was busted.

"Maybe find a nice one for you too," she purred coyly.

I felt my entire body blush...and Katy giggled.

"Oh, come on Rob...I'm not going to make you do that," she said.

I nibbled on my sandwich, still blushing.

...

Katy smiled, lightly nibbling on her sandwich.

It would be a good experience for him, though...and no one would really suspect...

Katy let out a soft sigh.

Who'm I kidding? He'd get outed by everyone there...probably make "Carrie" seem tame by comparison...

"Look..."

The red fox looked up, ears still flat.

"...how about this," Katy proposed. "We go, take a look...and, if you feel uncomfortable or don't find anything you like, you don't get a dress. Simple as that." She held up a french fry, wagging it at her friend. "No pressure, no teasing, no coercion. Deal?"

The red fox stared...and Katy felt some intensity in that stare...

...then the red fox darted forward, biting the fry in half and swallowing it before she could react.

"Deal," the red fox said, smiling. "Besides, if nothing else, I can help you pick out something awesome for prom, right?"

Katy chuckled, popping the rest of the fry into her muzzle...then nodded. "Right!"

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(12:21pm)

...

"So, what class you have next?" Katy asked, leaning next to my locker.

"Chemistry," I groused. "Then phys ed and health class."

"Oog. Not a good class to have after lunch," Katy commented.

I nodded.

"Hey fag."

I blinked, puzzled by the odd voice...and saw Katy scowl. Then I turned...

...and saw a slender brown calico, clad in our school's cheerleading uniform: silver top with black sleeves and a matching pleated skirt. And her friends, a sleek brown and white collie and a grey Siamese, all dressed the same way...surrounding us.

"Hello, Brittney," I said politely. Katy didn't say anything.

"Oh, hello, loser fag," the calico replied. "And how are you and your dyke friend doing today?"

I could feel Katy tense...but instead decided to keep things civil.

"I don't know. How ARE you doing, Brittney?" I asked, smiling slightly.

Her friends chuckled a little bit...before Brittney glared at them, silencing them.

"So, what brings you by?" I asked, smiling a bit as I shut my locker.

"Oh my boyfriend told me to let you get a look at a REAL girl...since, you know, it's as close as you'll ever GET to one," the calico replied, turning a slow circle in front of me.

I chuckled, "Well, if I ever see a real girl...instead of one who has obviously been..."enhanced"..." I stated, pointing at her chest, drawing a snort from Katy, "I'll be sure to let Larry know."

Brittney glared daggers at me, and her friends were smiling, enjoying the exchange between us.

"Why you little fag! You wouldn't know what to do with me even if I gave you a manual!" she snapped.

I smiled, leaning in closer to her.

"Sorry. I don't do lower species," I said, shouldering my backpack. "Shall we head off, Katy?"

Katy nodded as we both turned to walk away...

"Now you hold on a second, fag!"

I stopped and looked back...as Brittney and her friends came over to us again, moving as if they were one unit.

"I bet you're just jealous," Brittney said, "cause you can't have this..." She gestured at herself... "and have to settle for THAT." She pointed at Katy.

I chuckled, feeling Katy glare at me.

"Oh please, honey...I prefer Katy to you," I said. "I prefer her company...her attitude...and her fashion sense." I adopted a blatantly gay pose, my left wrist resting under my muzzle. "I mean, silver with BLACK? Please. That is SO last season."

Again, her friends giggled a bit...until Brittney glared at them.

"You...you..." she began.

"Look, " I said. "I don't know why you feel this need to harass me...and quite honestly, I don't care." I leaned toward her.

"You aren't going to make yourself feel better by harassing me, so I'd suggest you stop and go back to the men's room floor, giving your boyfriend a good time."

Katy gave a sharp laugh at that...as I turned and walked away.

"Goddammit! You get back here right now, fag!"

I kept right on walking, my tail swaying in unison with Katy's.

"Damn Rob...you got her good," Katy whispered as we walked.

I smiled. "Yeah, I think so. Maybe she'll start leaving both of us alone now."

Katy shook her head slightly as we rounded the corner. "I doubt it."

Sadly, I nodded. "Wishful thinking then."

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(Friday...2:34pm)

...

Katy and I walked down the halls of our school, laughing.

"Oh man...so the projector just fell apart?" I asked, chuckling.

Katy nodded. "It not only fell apart...but the film rolled all the way to the back of the classroom. EVERYONE started cracking up, watching Mr Leonard try to pick the film up."

I laughed...then fell quiet...

...as a large grey-furred wolf in a silver and black varsity jacket loomed in front of us.

"Uh-oh..." Katy whispered. "Looks like Brittney decided to sic the hounds on you."

I nodded, then continued walking forward. "Ignore him. He isn't worth our time."

We kept walking, the wolf looming a bit larger, blocking the door...

...and then I frowned, seeing two of Larry's fellow football players, a mud-brown hyena and a tan fennec, step out from behind him, completely cutting off access to the door.

"Crap..." I heard Katy say.

"Relax," I said. "There are teachers nearby. He won't try anything male." I winked at her, trying to play things cool...

...but inside, I was terrified.

"I heard what you said to my girl, fag," Larry growled as we got within a few lockers of the door.

I stopped..and looked puzzled. "Which thing are you here to discuss, Lawrence?" I asked, trying to ooze calm and confidence.

I watched as his eyes narrowed.

"You called her a dyke," the wolf growled.

I nodded. "I did. I also told her that she was...ahem..." I mimed quotation marks in the air with my fingers, "enhanced...and that she should go back to servicing you in the men's room. Did I leave anything out, cause now I'd like to discuss what SHE said about ME..."

"Shut up you fag!" he growled.

I feigned being insulted, placing a paw on my chest.

"Fag? Me? Why? What makes me a fag?" I asked him.

"Because I choose to be friends with a pretty lady like Katy here..." I gestured at Katy, drawing the gaze of the three jocks, "instead of simply using her as a sperm-dump?"

I took a step forward, feeling Katy grab onto my arm.

"Because I treat a girl with RESPECT, not as PROPERTY?" I asked, feeling some anger build. "Does Brittney know you refer to her as YOUR girl, Lawrence? Hmm?"

He didn't move an inch. Didn't even breathe.

"Well, if that all makes me a fag," I said, feeling my anger swell, "then, y'know what?"

I stared up into his face, making sure that he got my message.

"If all of that makes me a fag...then I'd rather be a fag than a chauvinistic ASS," I said.

I turned to look at Katy. "Shall we?"

She nodded...and skittered behind me...

...as I nudged the hyena out of the way and held the door open for the silver vixen.

"This isn't over, fag," Larry rumbled, glaring at me.

I nodded. "I know that, Lawrence," I replied. "And I look forward to our next chat."

Then, I slammed the door shut in his face.

...

"Wow...Rob, that was really gutsy," Katy said as we made our way to her mom's car.

I exhaled, feeling my whole body unclench.

"Yeah...just lucky he didn't mangle me," I said, relieved.

"Yeah. Me too," Katy said...then paused.

I looked at her, and saw that she was studying me intently.

...

"What?" the red fox asked.

"Are you?" Katy asked.

Rob blinked. "Am I what?"

Katy crossed her arms. "Are you gay?"

Rob stared at her, shock crossing his face...

...then he looked away.

"I don't know," he said softly.

Katy slid next to the red fox, holding his paw.

"I mean...I like looking at girls...but I don't think of them...y'know...THAT way," he said, shrugging. "And I don't look at guys THAT way, at all."

He looked up...and Katy saw the confusion in her friend's eyes.

"I just...I don't really know," the red fox said...then shrugged. "I guess I'm just too focused on being a better girl to worry about stuff like that."

Katy smiled, squeezing her friend's paw.

"Yeah. You need all the practice you can get," the silver vixen said.

Rob chuckled. "Oh, yeah, I sure do."

Katy smiled, walking with her friend.
Yeah...he needs lots of practice...but...

"Hey Rob?"

The red fox looked at her...and she blushed.

"Umm...you do know that, if you go all the way with this...you'll have to eventually...y'know..." Katy said, trailing off.

To her surprise, Rob nodded.

"Yeah...but by then, I'll know how to...and who I want to do that stuff with," the red fox replied. "Till then...lots of training and practice..." He smiled and winked at her. "And LOTS of shopping."

Katy giggled, lightly swatting her friend's shoulder.

"You silly goof," she chided...then waved at her mom, who waved back.

Still...

Katy became lost in thought.

...maybe...someday...

...

(the following Friday...12:24pm)

...

"Hey fag!"

I sighed, hearing the female voice yelling at me.

"Hi Brittney," I said, cheerfully. "How's my favorite cheerleader today?"

"Stow it fag. Where do you get off calling my boyfriend a chauvinistic ass?" she snapped.

I faked being lost in thought.

"Umm...cause he IS," I replied. "He refers to you as HIS girl, like you're nothing more than his property." I swapped out my morning books for my afternoon ones. "That's why I called him that."

I felt Brittney stare at me...then turned to look at her.

"Do you have a problem with me being nice and actually sticking up for you?" I asked, a bit annoyed.

She looked at me for a bit, her face a mass of confusion...her friends standing behind her, looking at her.

"Britt?"

We both looked...as the Siamese spoke up.

"He does kinda treat you like a trophy," the Siamese said.

The calico looked at the collie...who nodded silently.

Then she turned back to me...and for a second, I saw behind the mask of the "popular girl" she wore.

Then, she stiffened up, lifting her self up.

"Well...I..." she began.

"Brittney?"

She fell silent, as I shut my locker.

"Now, maybe, Larry isn't that bad..." I went on. "You see different sides of him than I do...but any guy who refers to a girl as HIS girl? Usually, he's not a nice fella."

I shouldered my bag. "So yeah...I stuck up for you. Now what happens?"

I turned away from her...

...and smiled a bit.

Wow...I actually got her to shut up for once...

...

(2:21pm)

...

"Hey fa...hey fox! Wait up!"

Katy and I both blinked, puzzled...

...as Brittney and her friends approached us, actually smiling.

"Uh-oh...Britney's smiling. That can't be good," Katy said.

"Probably not," I whispered back...then smiled as she approached.

"Hey Brittney, girls," I said cheerfully.

"I have a little proposition for you," the calico stated, a smirk crossing her muzzle.

I blinked, puzzled.

"See...we had one of our girls get hurt," Brittney went on. "She's a fox, like the two of you...and my friends and I were talking...and well...I thought maybe one of you would like to fill in for her. Just for one event."

...

Katy stared at the calico, frowning.

"What's the catch?" the silver vixen asked.

Brittney flashed a sly smile.

"The catch is...the girl who is hurt...is a red fox," the calico said. "Just like you, fag."

The red fox's mouth fell open and Katy's eyes went wide.

"Wait a second...you want Rob...to be a cheerleader?" she asked, stunned.

The calico nodded. "Yup. You agree to do this for us...and I'll get Larry off your back. Deal?"

Katy stepped in front of the red fox.

"No way! You just want to embarrass him in front of the whole school!" Katy pointed out. "There's no way he's gonna..."

"Okay."

Everyone fell silent...and stared at the red fox.

"But...here's the deal," Rob said. "One, you provide the uniform AND help train me..."

Brittney nodded. "Okay."

"...and, once this is over, I keep the uniform," Rob went on.

Katy watched, completely stunned.

No freaking way...

"Two, you embarrass me in any way at the event...and I

will make your life hell," Rob said, glaring at her.

Brittney swallowed. "How...how?"

"Well, think of it like this..." Rob went on. "Imagine how the school board will react to finding out a guy was a female cheerleader for an event. And then, think of how the school board will react when they find out who put them up to it..."

Katy watched...as Brittney shook a bit.

"Third...Katy gets to watch. As insurance against any harassment," Rob concluded. "You agree to that, I'll help you out."

Brittney stared from one fox to the other...and Katy saw the gears turning in the calico's head.

Then, to her complete surprise...she nodded.

"Okay. You have a deal, Fa..."she began, then smiled. "You have a deal, Rob. The event is in a couple of weeks, so we'll have to start today. Is that okay?"

Katy saw Rob turn to her.

"I'll let Mom know to come back in a couple of hours," she said.

...

(a short while later)

...

"Okay...now, stand with your feet apart, hands on your hips," Brittney said, commandingly.

I did, feeling the pom-poms bounce against my cheerleading skirt...and smiled.

My skirt...

"Okay. Then?" I asked, looking at Brittney.

"Then, you lift your left arm up and step up with your right leg, like this." She performed the motion, in front of me.

I nodded...then duplicated the step as best I could, wobbling just slightly.

I watched...as Brittney nodded.

"Little wobbly, but good," she said. "Let's move on..."

...

(an hour later)

...

I sat at the end of the bench, sweat dripping into my fur, panting heavily.

"Here."

I blinked as a bottle of water was eased into my field of view...and took it, eagerly unscrewing the top...

...as Brittney and Katy bookended me.

"You looked really good out there, Rob," Katy commented.

I took a big swig of water...then looked from Katy to Brittney.

To my surprise, the calico nodded.

"She's right. You really did great," she said...and I was genuinely surprised by the respect in her voice.

"Thanks..." I breathed, wiping my forehead with a sleeve.

"Still got a long way to go though..."

Brittney nodded...and her friends came over to us as well.

"Hey newbie...great job out there," the Siamese said, smiling.

I chuckled. "Thanks."

"Yeah...he could probably replace Leanne, if she needs more time to recover," the collie said.

I felt myself blush.

"Nah...it'll just be this one time," Brittney said. "Besides, Leanne would get pissed if she got replaced."

"I know I would," I replied, taking another swig of water.

Brittney nodded. "So, we'll do practice again on Monday, Wednesday and Friday...then have the full practice Tuesday, with the event on Friday night. By then, you should be ready."

"Hopefully," the Siamese commented.

"He will be, Gloria," the calico commented...then looked at me. "Right?"

I nodded. "Sure hope so."

Brittney nodded...then looked up.

"Looks like the boys are here," she said, then looked at me. "You two better scoot. If Larry sees you..."

"We're gone," Katy said, helping me up and walking me away.

...

Brittney smiled, watching the two vixens walk away, toward the parking lot.

Damn...he looks good in the outfit.

"Hey Britt," a deep voice said...and she felt the bench shake under her.

She turned...and looked at her boyfriend, smiling.

"Hey stud," the calico replied, batting her eyes.

"Looks like you got a replacement for your squad," Larry commented. "Cute little number too."

Brittney put her paws on her hips...and Larry chuckled.

"Just saying she's cute, that's all," the wolf said.

Gloria chuckled, drawing a scathing look from Brittney.

"What?" Larry asked, looking from the Siamese to the calico.

"Nothing," Brittney said. "Just a little inside joke among us girls."

"Well, all right then," Larry said, grinning. "So, how is my girl doing?"

Brittney purred as she slid closer to the wolf. "Tired and sweaty. Take me home?"

He smiled, helping her up. "Sure thing, Britt."

Brittney smiled as she walked next to Larry...

...then looked back at the retreating forms of the two foxes,

heading in the opposite direction...
...and wondered.

...

"Oh...my...God..." Mrs Nicolette declared as we approached. "Rob...what are you WEARING?"

I blushed, having completely forgotten that I was still wearing the cheerleading uniform.

"Umm...we can explain..." I began.

"You'd better. Get inside before someone sees you," the older vixen declared, shooin us into the car.

I slipped in, adjusting my skirt to make sure everything was covered, Katy right next to me.

"Okay...what is going on?" Mrs Nicolette asked, turning in the seat to look at us.

"Well, Mom..." Katy began.

"The cheerleaders needed a replacement for their squad, since one of their members got injured," I stated. "Since the injured member was a red fox, they asked me."

Katy and her mom both stared at me...Katy looking angry, Mrs Nicolette looking shocked.

"But...but..." the older vixen stammered.

"It's for an event in a couple of weeks," I went on. "It's a one-shot deal, but I do need practice to get ready, so I'm attending practices all next week and the week after, to make sure I know the routines..."

"But, dear..." Mrs Nicolette continued.

"...after which, life goes back to normal," I finished. "But I get to keep the uniform."

Mrs Nicolette looked at me...then frowned.

"But you aren't out at school, Tara," she said, using my female name. "What if someone notices that you're a boy?"

I shrugged.

"I doubt they will, unless one of the girls lets it slip," I said, buckling my seat belt...then automatically smoothing out my skirt, feeling very pleased to be wearing it. "Besides, Katy is going to be at all the practices and at the event, to keep an eye on me."

"Yeah, Mom...so that means we're gonna be late a few days," Katy commented. "Probably a couple of hours."

Mrs Nicolette nodded. "Okay, that shouldn't be an issue."

...

"Mrs Nicolette?"

Sandra paused in her thoughts, looking at the red fox, her adopted "daughter".

"I know this is likely asking a lot...since you work and all..." the red fox began, its ears sliding back flat on its head, "but...since you're kinda like a second mom to me...and,well...my mom won't show up...so...uh..."

She watched...as the red fox stared at its lap.

"Would you...be at the event?" her "daughter" finally asked, softly.

Sandra smiled...then reached back and ruffled the red fox's head, causing it to squeak softly...and Katy to giggle.

"I wouldn't miss it, Tara," Mrs Nicolette said...then sighed. "I'm just worried about you, hon."

She watched as the red fox nodded. "Me too," it replied...then turned to look out the window.

Sandra turned back to the front of the car and turned the engine on.

I AM worried about you hon, the elder vixen thought, a concerned look crossing her face as she pulled away from the school.

...

(Two Fridays later...5:46pm)

...

"Okay! Huddle up!"

I fell into place with the other cheerleaders, all of us circling Brittney, the head of the squad.

"Now...we're going to be doing the routines we practiced, just like we practiced," the calico said. "We'll do our routines, and the school is going to love us."

"Right," we all said...and I felt honored to be involved in this.

"All right. Let's go show them our spirit!" Brittney said.

"Yeah!" we all yelled, and peeled off, making our final preparations for the routine.

I checked my pom-poms...adjusted my gleaming white shoes...then checked the fit of my skirt for the tenth time...

"Nervous?" I heard someone say from behind me.

I looked up...at Brittney...and nodded.

"Yeah," I admitted.

She rested a paw on my left shoulder...kinda creeping me out a little.

"Relax. You've done great in the practices," she said softly, so that only the two of us could hear it. "You've been just like all the other girls here. You CAN do this...and we can't do it without you."

I let out a nervous chuckle. "Gee, no pressure or anything, Brittney."

She chuckled a bit. "Just relax and know you're great at this." She flashed a coy smile at me. "First guy to ever cheer for our school...and only we know that."

I looked at her...and she nodded.

"Ready to show them what you've got?" the calico asked, easing back a bit.

I grabbed my pom-poms...took a deep breath...and nodded.

...

We all ran out onto the field, leading the baseball team out

of the lockers...

...and I felt myself have an out of body experience, as I saw everything happen from a distance, like I was in the stands watching it all happen.

I saw myself and the other cheerleaders going through the routines flawlessly...

...watched as Brittney and I performed our passing cartwheels perfectly...

...watched as Lisa and I caught Gloria after tossing her into the air...

...and watched us form up and lead the assembly in the cheer for the baseball team...

...and feeling the roar from the assembly, a primal, guttural thing as we cheered and rallied them in support of the team...

...then I was back in my body, looking out at the assembly...

...and I smiled, spotting Katy and her mom in the front row, applauding and cheering as well, Katy holding a video camera.

I felt completely elated.

I did it...I'm a cheerleader...

Then we all hooted and rallied the assembly even more, driving them into a fever pitch...

...then scooted back into the girl's locker room area...

...and I felt like I was bouncing on air from the experience.

I was a cheerleader!

I felt a huge smile form.

I WAS A CHEERLEADER!

...

"Awesome job everyone! Did you feel that roar? They LOVED us out there!" Brittney yelled in the locker room.

"Yeah. We did GREAT!" Lisa, the collie, declared.

"Great? We fucking RULED!" Gloria declared.

They all carried on...then fell silent, looking...
...at the red fox that they had brought in as Leanne's replacement...

...and they smiled.

"Hey," Brittney said.

The red fox looked up from the locker, puzzled.

"You did great out there, Rob," the calico said, cheerfully.

The fox blushed. "Thanks. But we all did great, not just me."

Lisa nodded. "Damned right. We all rocked out there." The collie high-fived Gloria, who laughed and leaned against the collie.

"Hey girls?"

The two chipper girls looked at Brittney.

"Can I have some private time with Rob?" the calico asked.

"Umm...sure," Lisa said, a little confused. "We'll be waiting outside."

"Yeah," Gloria said, grabbing her bag and slipping out...
...leaving her alone with the red fox.

...

I felt myself blush a bit. "So...what happens now?" I asked. Brittney looked at me.

"Well, I doubt we're really going to be friends," the calico admitted, sitting down on a bench. "But, I will say that I gained a lot of respect for you, Rob..."

"I meant, with Larry," I said, grabbing out the duffel bag that had my male clothing in it.

"I'll keep my word, Rob," Brittney said.

"Cool," I said...then pointed at my uniform. "Better not tell him about this though."

She chuckled. "Yeah. It'd only convince him you're gay."

"Not only that..."

...

Brittney looked up...as the fox's expression softened a bit, concern crossing its face.

"If he found out you were involved with this...well, I doubt he'd be happy about it," Rob went on. "And, even though we aren't friends..." The red fox turned back to the locker. "...I'd feel bad if you got hurt because of me."

Brittney studied the fox in front of her as it gathered its things...then stood up.

"Y'know...I just don't GET you," she stated.

The red fox turned to look at her, confused.

"I mean...any other guy in the school...hell, EVERY other guy in the school...if I'd approached them and asked them, "Hey, would you mind being a female cheerleader for a couple of weeks?", they'd all look at me like I was nuts and walk away laughing their asses off," Brittney stated. "But YOU? You actually said YES."

She threw her arms out to the side, exasperated.

"Granted, you did condition the hell out of it, but YOU SAID YES!" She looked at the red fox, thoroughly confused. "What kind of guy...what kind of MAN would do that?"

She watched...as the red fox's brow furrowed, like there was some sort of inner debate going on...

...then it turned away, closing the locker door.

"Maybe someday...I can explain that to you," the fox said softly...then looked up. "And, when I do...you'll understand how much these past two weeks meant to me."

She watched, confused...as the fox shouldered the duffel bag and its backpack.

"Thanks for the uniform," he said softly, then headed for the door. "Take care."

Stunned, she watched as the red fox slipped out of the locker room, still in uniform...

...and sat back down on the bench, feeling very puzzled.
What did he mean by that?

...

I made my way out of the school, looking around...

...then smiling when I saw Katy and her mom standing by their car, on the other side of the lawn.

I waved back, making my way toward them excitedly...

...when I stumbled...

...and bumped into someone, dropping my backpack and hitting the grass with an "Oomph!"

"Oh jeez...are you okay, Miss?" I heard a soft male voice ask.

I slowly looked up...and stared...

...at a slender brown-furred wolf, looking down at me, his right paw extended to me, the glasses on his face slightly askew.

I felt my whole body blush as I gently took his paw...and let him help me up.

"I'm fine. Sorry about running into you," I said softly, feeling incredibly embarrassed.

"Not a problem," the wolf said, then picked up my backpack. "Think this is yours."

I took it and slid it back over my shoulder, feeling my cheekfur heat up with embarrassment.

"Thanks. Sorry again," I said quickly, then turned and ran to the car.

...

Lucas fixed his glasses as he watched the red vixen join a pair of silver foxes near an old sedan...and sighed.

"Smooth move, Lucas," he chided himself...then looked up again...

...and spotting the red vixen, clad in their school's cheerleading colors, getting into the sedan...

...and felt the world fade into the background, instantly smitten with the vixen.

Maybe...someday...

He sighed...and padded toward his dad's station wagon...still seeing the red vixen in his head.

...