

The hours ticked by, and before I knew it, it was time: cheer tryouts.

I walked into the girls' changing room, clutching my gym bag tightly. The room buzzed with nervous energy as the other girls chatted or adjusted their outfits. Trying to blend in, I found an empty corner and began changing into my gym gear—a snug set of black shorts and a fitted tank top.

The moment I pulled my top over my head, I could feel the stares. My curves—huge, impossible to ignore—were on full display, and the whispers started almost immediately. The words hit me like a spotlight suddenly turned on. My cheeks burned, and I quickly glanced around, trying to gauge if anyone else had noticed the comment. Of course, they had. I could feel their eyes on me—curious, judging, maybe even envious. My body, this body, felt like it wasn't even mine, a costume I hadn't quite figured out how to wear. The weight of my chest, the curve of my hips—everything about me screamed for attention I didn't want, and yet, here it was. I bit my lip and focused on tying my hair back into a ponytail, hoping to disappear into the background.

We were soon ushered into the gym and lined up in front of the three head cheerleaders. Madison, Chloe, and Belle stood on an elevated platform, looking down at us like queens surveying their court. Madison, as always, exuded an air of aloof superiority, her icy gaze sweeping over the group. "I'll be honest," Madison began, her tone sharp and dismissive. "Most of you don't have a chance. But that's why we're here—to separate the best from the rest. If you're good enough, you'll leave today with a jersey and a spot on the team. If not... good luck next time."

Belle gave a softer smile, but it didn't make her any less intimidating. "We'll start with the basics. Watch, learn, and do your best. That's all we ask. For now."

Chloe didn't say a word, her arms crossed as her piercing gaze swept over us. She was sizing us up, and it was clear most of us didn't impress her.

The first part of the tryouts was all about fundamentals: stretches, basic jumps, and simple routines. At first, I felt completely out of my depth. But as I watched the other girls, something clicked. Copying their movements came naturally, like my body already knew what to do. With every passing drill, I grew more confident, my movements sharper and more precise.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Chloe watching me. Her expression? Unimpressed.

"Alright, enough of that," Chloe said, stepping forward. "Time to separate the hopefuls from the hopeless."

Without another word, she launched into a sequence of flips, handsprings, and a graceful aerial that left the room silent. As she landed, she straightened and stared us down.

"Let's see who can do that," she said flatly.

The room stayed silent. No one dared step forward.

Chloe sighed, her frustration obvious. "Figures." She pointed to a girl near the front. "You. Try it."

The girl hesitated before attempting the moves. She barely managed the first flip before stumbling to the ground. Chloe pulled another girl, then another, but none of them came close.

Then her eyes landed on me.

"You," she said, her voice sharp. "Your turn."

My stomach flipped. "Could you, um, show me one more time?"

Chloe rolled her eyes but complied, executing the sequence with the same effortless grace.

I stepped forward, my heart pounding. There's no way I can do this, I thought. But as I moved, my body seemed to take over. The flips were smoother than I expected, the handsprings fluid. While I stumbled slightly on the aerial, I managed to land on my feet, my chest heaving as I caught my breath.

Gasps filled the room, followed by a few scattered cheers. Even Chloe raised an eyebrow, her expression softening slightly.

I glanced down at myself, half-expecting my top to have failed spectacularly, but somehow, it held firm; I gave a small prayer to the manufacturers of giant sports bras.

"Not bad," Chloe said, almost grudgingly.

The rest of the session was a blur of routines, stunts, and endurance drills. I threw myself into every challenge, my strength and flexibility carrying me through. It was exhausting but exhilarating, and by the end, I felt... alive.

When we were finally called back to the main gym, the air was thick with anticipation. Madison, Chloe, and Belle stood on the platform again, their gazes sweeping over us like judges deliberating a verdict.

One by one, girls were called forward. Some left with jerseys and smiles, others with nothing but disappointment. I stood near the back, waiting, until finally—

"Ellie Nocturnia," Madison called.

I stepped forward, my nerves practically buzzing. The three of them stared down at me, their expressions unreadable.

Madison tilted her head slightly. "Where'd you learn to do that?"

My mind raced. "I, uh, go to the gym a lot," I said quickly. "And I'm a fast learner."

Belle nodded thoughtfully. "That tracks. Some of the football guys have mentioned how strong you are. Makes sense you'd be flexible too."

Madison smiled—a slow, calculated smile that made my stomach twist. "Well, welcome to the team."

I exhaled, relief washing over me. But Madison wasn't finished.

"You'll be training differently, though," she continued. "Most of the girls here will start with the rookies. You, on the other hand..." She exchanged a glance with Belle and Chloe, both of whom nodded.

"You're going straight to the front line," Madison said.

My eyes widened. "Really?"

Chloe stepped forward, her tone blunt but almost amused. "Look at us." She gestured to herself, Belle, and Madison, all three of them impossibly tall and curvaceous. "Women of our stature don't belong anywhere else. And let's be honest—you wouldn't fit into standard uniforms anyway."

I flushed, unsure whether to feel flattered or embarrassed.

"We'll have your kit sent to your dorm tomorrow," Chloe added. "Custom, of course. There's no point pretending anything else would work."

"Thank you," I said softly, glancing between them.

Madison smiled again, this time more unsettling than before. "We'll be in touch," she said.

The way she said it made my stomach churn. This wasn't about cheerleading.

Back in the locker room, most of the girls had already left. A few lingered, chatting in small groups, and I couldn't help but notice some of their whispers. About me, no doubt. I tried to ignore it, heading to the showers. The warm water felt incredible against my skin, a soothing balm for the soreness I didn't know I'd earned during tryouts.

Washing myself was getting easier now. I'd quickly learned the trick of focusing on the areas that mattered—knowing the water wouldn't touch anywhere beneath my massive bust meant I could adjust accordingly. My hands worked methodically as the water streamed down my long, dark hair. For a brief moment, I let myself relax, the heat calming my racing mind.

Then I heard the door open. The faint chatter outside died, replaced by a silence that made me tense. After a moment, I heard the unmistakable voices of Madison, Chloe, and Belle entering the showers.

“God girl,” Belle said, her voice carrying over the sound of running water. “What cow did your dad fuck to give you those?”

She laughed, and so did the other two. I felt my cheeks heat up but turned slightly, catching sight of Belle stepping into the shower next to me. Her body was striking, not unlike mine—tall, curvaceous, and impossibly proportioned.

I raised an eyebrow and shot back, “I could ask you the same question.”

Belle threw her head back and laughed, the sound full and genuine. Even Madison and Chloe chuckled. It was... odd. Right here, right now, they didn't seem so aloof.

The conversation turned casual, the three of them chatting about cheer plans and campus gossip while occasionally pulling me in. It was strange, being included so naturally, and I couldn't help but notice the other girls outside the showers throwing glances our way.

After a moment, Belle turned to me, a sly smile playing on her lips. “So, Ellie. Do you have a boyfriend?”

Before I could answer, Chloe cut in with a teasing tone. “Of course she does. Have you seen her?”

I shook my head. “No, I don't.”

All three of them looked genuinely surprised, but before I could process their reactions, Belle's eyes narrowed slightly. She stepped closer, and before I could step back, I felt her hands press against my shoulders, pushing me gently but firmly against the wall.

The cool tiles met my back, and heat flooded my cheeks as her massive breasts pressed against mine. Her presence was overwhelming, and I barely registered the way one of her hands slid down, brushing against my nipple through the water.

“Wait,” she said, her voice dropping to a low, teasing whisper. “Ellie, are you a virgin?”

I froze, my face burning as I stammered, “I—”

Her grin widened, triumphant. “You are! How do you manage that? Chastity or something?”

I couldn't find the words to respond. Beneath the overwhelming press of our bodies, I felt her fingers tweak my now very hard and very sensitive nipple.

“Or maybe...” She tilted her head, her smile turning sly. “You're a lesbian?”

Her question lingered, and I found myself thinking about Luke, his kind smile and easy charm. I shook my head, forcing the words out. “No, I—I guess I'm bisexual.”

Her grin widened, and I saw a flicker of something almost predatory in her eyes. “Interesting. Well, we need to find you someone. Perhaps... Luke?”

Chloe and Madison exchanged knowing glances, their giggles filling the steamy air.

“He’d be a good match,” Madison said smoothly, “especially since we know how close you two are.”

Before I could respond, Belle leaned in closer, her face just inches from mine. “But maybe,” she said, her voice dropping to a sultry whisper, “I should try you first. Just to see if you’re ready for him.”

Her hand slid up, cupping one of my massive mounds of flesh, and before I could stop her, her lips closed around my nipple. A loud moan escaped me before I clamped my hand over my mouth, my face burning as heat surged through me, right down to my underside which ached for more.

Belle pulled back, a satisfied grin on her face. “Mmm... Delicious,” she murmured, her tone almost playful, but entirely teasing.

She stepped away, turning off her shower. “We should get dressed anyway. See you soon, Ellie.”

Madison and Chloe followed her out, their laughter echoing softly as the door closed behind them.

I gasped, finally catching my breath. How long had I been holding it? My body felt flushed, my skin burning with embarrassment—and something else. My thighs tightened; it was that feeling again, but I couldn’t rub myself, not here. My mind raced as I turned the water to cold, letting the icy spray chase away the lingering heat and lust coiling in my stomach.

When I finally stepped out of the shower, the locker room was nearly empty. I dried myself off quickly, my hands moving on autopilot as my thoughts churned. The few girls who remained threw me curious glances, but I ignored them, slipping into my clothes and heading out the door.

By the time I made it back to my dorm, my mind was still a whirlwind. I couldn’t stop thinking about what had just happened, and the fact that I had enjoyed it far too much.

As I lay in my bed, my mind drifted back to the cheerleading practice earlier. The rhythm, the energy, it had felt good—right even. But the encounter with the three leaders lingered in my mind like a thorn. I couldn’t tell if they were trying to recruit me or just haze me, but one thing was clear: they wanted me. Why, I couldn’t say. Their attention felt flattering yet unnerving, as if I were a puzzle piece they desperately needed to complete their picture.

My thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. Pushing myself upright, I moved to open it, only to find Sophie, Amy, and Harry standing there, each balancing a box of my stuff. Sophie’s cheeky grin was the first thing I noticed.

“We didn’t know if you’d be in,” Amy explained, her voice soft but warm. “We figured we’d keep your stuff in our room if you weren’t here, you know, since moving it from the men’s dorms might have raised some eyebrows.”

I nodded, understanding. “Thanks for covering for me.”

“You’re the new girl, Ellie. People notice everything.” Harry’s tone was casual, but there was a hint of protectiveness in his words.

I smiled at them, my chest warming at the thoughtfulness of their gesture. “Thanks, guys. Come on in.”

They shuffled into the room, dropping the boxes near my bed. I knelt to open the first one, sifting through clothes, books, and trinkets that somehow felt both foreign and familiar now. My friends

made themselves comfortable, Sophie and Amy claiming the bed while Harry plopped down on Mia's unoccupied desk chair.

As I unpacked, the conversation flowed easily. "So, how's the day been?" I asked, glancing at them.

Harry leaned back in Mia's desk chair, his eyes drifting over her meticulously arranged side of the room. "Your roommate's tidy," he noted, his gaze lingering on the stack of books on Mia's desk. "I've seen her in the library a lot. Kinda cute, actually."

Sophie raised an eyebrow, smirking. "Don't tell me you've got a thing for bookworms now?"

"What? She's interesting," Harry said defensively, though the slight blush creeping up his neck gave him away.

Amy giggled. "Interesting, huh? Maybe you should go talk to her instead of just admiring her desk."

The teasing continued, lighthearted and genuine. It felt good, grounding even, to be around them. But as the banter died down, Sophie pulled out her phone, her hacker instincts taking over. "By the way, Ellie, you're making waves on social media," she said, her voice laced with intrigue.

I blinked at her. "What?"

"University gossip boards, private chats, you name it. People are talking about you," Sophie said, her fingers flying across her phone screen. "Check this out: 'That new goth chick? Crazy hot, and did you see her at cheer practice? Unreal.'" She smirked, reading another. "'Bet she's shy, but freaky when it counts.' Ew." She wrinkled her nose at that one, clearly unimpressed.

"Wow," I muttered, unsure whether to laugh or cringe.

"Oh, it gets better," Sophie continued. "'Those boobs? So fake. She's such a show-off.' And then this gem: 'Honestly, she's incredible—did you see her flips? I'd kill to have her skills.'" She snickered. "Mixed bag, huh? Some are jealous, some want to be you, and others... well, let's just say they're creative with their fantasies."

"Fantastic," I said dryly. "Exactly what I wanted: to be a trending topic."

Amy placed a comforting hand on my arm. "It'll blow over eventually. Just hang in there."

"Or," Sophie interjected with a mischievous glint in her eye, "you could totally own it. Make them remember why they're talking about you in the first place."

"Great," I said dryly. "Exactly what I wanted: to be the center of attention."

Amy placed a comforting hand on my arm. "It'll die down eventually. Just hang in there."

"Or lean into it," Sophie suggested, a mischievous glint in her eye. "You could totally own this."

We spent the next hour talking about everything and nothing. Plans began to form for a weekend outing, a chance to escape the whirlwind of university life. "Count me in," I said eagerly. "I need it more than you know."

As the night wore on, the atmosphere grew cozier. Each of them slowly drifted out, leaving me alone once more. I glanced around the room, now littered with pieces of my past. It looked more like home again, yet something felt off.

Sitting on the edge of my bed, I realized the comforts of my old life no longer fit quite right. They were pieces of a puzzle that didn't align with the new image I was becoming. A plan began to form: this weekend, I would find things that felt more like me—the new me.

With nothing else to do, I stood and grabbed my gym gear. Changing quickly, I tied my raven black hair back and glanced at my reflection. I looked determined.

Locking the door behind me, I headed to the gym. If nothing else, I could work through the itch in my chest with a good, hard workout.

The gym was buzzing with activity. It wasn't too late, and I figured most people were trying to squeeze in a workout after their classes had ended about an hour ago. I greeted Scarlett at the desk with a quick smile and set into a light warm-up. As I stretched, a large group emerged from one of the studios—mostly lithe girls, some of whom didn't even look like university students. Curious, I approached Scarlett and asked about it.

“Oh, that's the yoga class,” she explained. “It's the last one for the day. We host different classes throughout the schedule. Pretty popular, huh?”

An idea sparked in my mind. “Is the studio free now?” I asked.

Scarlett nodded. “Yeah, it's open until close. Go ahead.”

Warmed up and ready, I stepped into the padded studio. It was exactly as I'd imagined: mats on the floor for protection, a wide-open space, and a wall of mirrors reflecting every detail. Perfect. Perfect for what? Testing this body—and specifically, testing the moves I'd pulled off at cheer practice.

I needed to know if what I'd done before was a fluke or if I could replicate it. More importantly, I wanted to see how far I could push myself without adrenaline driving me. Starting simple, I went through a series of handstands and long jumps. They were moves even Ethan could've done, and they came easily enough. But as I attempted more advanced techniques, the struggle became real.

Hands hitting the mat for a handspring, I felt my muscles strain, then almost adjust mid-motion. Within minutes, I found myself chaining moves together—handspring into cartwheel, then adding a small flip. Each attempt flowed a little better than the last. My blood pumped in a way I hadn't felt in a long time. This wasn't just exercise; it was exhilaration.

The clock caught my attention: ten minutes to closing. I decided to push through one last run—a full gymnastics routine.

I took a deep breath and started with a powerful handspring, landing smoothly before transitioning into a cartwheel. Gaining momentum, I launched into a backflip, feeling my body arc perfectly through the air. As I landed, I turned it into a forward somersault, then ended with a spin that left me facing the mirror. My reflection showed my panting, exhilarated self. The landing wasn't flawless, but I'd done it—I'd pulled off a routine that felt impossible hours ago. My body could do this.

I almost cheered, bouncing with excitement—until my vision blurred. A wave of dizziness overtook me, and my knees buckled. My body was giving out. Had I pushed too hard? Before I hit the ground, strong arms caught me.

“Whoa there,” a deep voice said. “You shouldn't push yourself so much.”

I looked up to see Luke smiling down at me. His large frame and steady hands made me feel oddly safe. Behind him, a small group of cheerleaders and a couple of guys stood, their faces marked with concern.

“How long have you been there?” I asked breathlessly.

“A good fifteen, twenty minutes,” he said with a chuckle. “You were so in the zone, I don't think you noticed anyone watching.”

I managed a weak smile, but his expression shifted to one of worry. “Ellie, your nose... are you okay?”

Confused, I touched my face and felt a wetness on my upper lip. My fingers came away red. “I... I think so,” I said, though my voice betrayed my uncertainty.

Luke insisted on taking me to the nurse’s office. He wouldn’t take no for an answer and, much to my embarrassment, scooped me up to carry me. His arms were strong, and he made it seem effortless, as if I weighed nothing. A few of the cheer girls cheered softly as he carried me out, telling me I’d done great. Their encouragement warmed me, even as my body protested the strain.

At the nurse’s office, Luke waited outside while I was examined. The nurse, a kind but firm older woman, checked me over carefully. “Nothing serious,” she said, her tone reassuring. “You’ve just overexerted yourself. These things happen, especially when you’re trying new activities like flips and gymnastics. Listen, young lady,” she added with a stern glance, “sometimes you need to know your limits.”

I nodded obediently. She handed me a note, just in case any symptoms came up later that needed monitoring and sent me on my way.

Luke was leaning casually against the wall outside, scrolling on his phone. He looked up as I exited. “All good?” he asked, his voice soft with concern.

I nodded and relayed what the nurse had told me. Before he could say anything more, I hugged him tightly around the waist, burying my face in his chest. “Thank you,” I murmured.

His heart rate quickened slightly under my cheek. Hesitating only for a moment, he rested a hand gently on my head. “It’s no problem at all, Ellie,” he said softly.

I looked up at him, and his gaze locked onto mine. He seemed startled for a moment before saying, “You have the most beautiful emerald eyes.”

Alarm bells rang in my head. Emerald? My eyes weren’t emerald. They were blue, weren’t they? Not green, and certainly not emerald. Instinctively, my mouth retorted before my brain caught up. “I bet you never noticed before because you were too busy staring at my tits, huh?”

Luke’s face flushed a deep crimson, and I couldn’t help but giggle. “I’m teasing, silly,” I said quickly, hoping to ease his embarrassment.

It was then I realized I was still hugging him. Awkwardly, I stepped back, smoothing my hands over my borrowed gym clothes.

“Want me to, uh, walk you back to your dorm?” he asked, his voice still a little flustered.

I nodded. “I’d like that.”

We walked together under the soft glow of campus lights, our conversation meandering through topics like family and hobbies. I found myself opening up more than I usually did, telling him about my parents and how my mom had always encouraged me to push myself. He shared stories about his siblings and their antics, his voice warm and filled with fondness. It was light, easy, and surprisingly intimate.

As we reached the dorms, I stopped and turned to him. “Thanks again, Luke,” I said, leaning up to kiss his cheek. His skin was warm under my lips, and I pulled back to see his stunned expression. “Good night.”

“Good night, Ellie,” he replied, his voice soft and a little dazed.

As I headed inside, my heart raced. I couldn't quite place the feeling—a mix of excitement, gratitude, and something more. Glancing back over my shoulder, I saw Luke still standing there, watching me with an expression I couldn't quite read. For a moment, I hesitated, but then I smiled and disappeared into the dorm, the warmth of the night lingering on my skin.