

CHEER RAIDER



by the
Perv Otaku



Episode Menu:

1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8

9 10 11

12 13

Click  icons for theme songs on YouTube.

CHEER RAIDER



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 1:
"A Mecha Falls to Earth!
The Magical Girl Needs My Help!
Now She's in My Bedroom?"

It was quite late, well after midnight, but Matt had to watch it just one more time before going to bed. He took his web browser back to the video and hit play.

"There's been another remarkable incident in Bensonville today, our Debbie Woods is still in town there with the story. Debbie?"

"Thanks, Richard. Another attack, and another save by the hometown hero calling herself Cheer Raider. This time in broad daylight, in a shopping center parking lot. We have exclusive footage gathered by eyewitnesses."

"Baton Twirl Blazing Shield!" the girl dressed as a cheerleader shouted in the smartphone video that had captured some of the action. Matt had spent the better part of the evening, after the report had first aired, learning more than he'd ever wanted to know about cheerleader uniforms in order to analyze what she was wearing. The sleeveless top or "shell" was primarily red, while the striped trim at the top and bottom, more properly called the braid, was arranged yellow-white-orange-white-yellow. It had a "sweetheart neck", which meant a sort of crooked V shape rather than a straight V, and the bottom was also cut in a wide V shape, high enough to expose her midriff. It said "Cheer" on the front, in the typical all-caps serif block letters, colored white with a yellow border. He also couldn't help but notice that she filled it out well, she definitely had a nice set of tits underneath.

The skirt was red as well, cut in a 16 pleat style generally known as "fly away", which meant the individual pleats were not connected to each other and fast movement would cause them to rise up away from her legs due to centripetal force. This revealed that the undersides were colored in alternating orange and yellow, and showed her red briefs, also known variously as bloomers, spankies, or lollies. Each pleat ended with a V shape as well, known as "gladiator" style, decorated in the same braid scheme. At the other end of her long, sexy legs, her shoes were the typical plain white, but they resembled hiking boots more than they did athletic shoes.

Also, unusual for a cheerleader but prudent for battle, she wore a helmet. It had an open-faced style that didn't cover her mouth or jaw. The yellow-tinted visor was chevron-shaped, coming to a point at her nose and sweeping back into pointed tips on either side of the helmet. The top of the helmet was white while the sides and back, below the visor, were red. A single braid of blonde hair came out from under the helmet in the rear and reached halfway down her back.

The shield she had called for formed in front of her twirling baton, glowing sparks shooting from its circumference, and protecting her from the long chains that a monstrous creature was flailing around. A voice-over from Debbie said, "This was the scene here earlier today, where this chain-wielding creature started attacking everything in sight, including these shoppers and their cars. Suddenly, a savior arrived. The mysterious Cheer Raider appeared and attacked, ultimately defeating the monster." The video showed the girl impaling the creature with a spear- or pike-style weapon. "This is the second such attack to take place here in Bensonville. The first was less than a week ago, and I was able to speak with the local police officers that witnessed that event."

"Damnedest thing I've ever seen, I can tell you that. We thought it was a guy in a costume at first, but it wrecked a power transformer with its big pincers like it was nothing. We got out of our car and shouted at it, but that just drew its attention to us."

The second cop continued, "We shot at it, that didn't do any good. We got back in the car, but it started tearing into it, ripped our engine completely apart."

The first cop resumed, "Then she was there, hitting it with fireballs out of nowhere. Then she switched to a megaphone that send out a big blast wave, and the creature just exploded."

The second cop finished, "We got back out of the car, we didn't know what the hell we just saw, so we asked her. All she said was her name is Cheer Raider, then she took off running, did some flips, and vanished into mid-air."

The video returned to the then-live shot of Debbie. "So far nothing further is known about the invading creatures or the mysterious defender, but officials here say there may very well be more attacks. Reporting live from Bensonville, Debbie Woods, KHNT 34 Action News. Back to you, Richard." The video ended there.

It really was a real live magical girl. These things weren't supposed to happen outside of comics and television. Yet it was happening, and not in Tokyo, not in any big western city either, but here in suburban Oklahoma. Matt was so excited at the prospect that he wasn't sure he could sleep, even given the late hour. He needed to try anyway, and shut his bedroom lights off.

Before he had a chance to settle in and close his eyes, he noticed the unusual bright light outside. He went to the window to see, but his view was obstructed. He raised the window, undid the latches on the screen, and pulled it inside. His window was over the front porch roof, and he crawled outside onto it for a better look. He was just in time to see the fireball streak low across the sky with a roar, and land with an mighty crash in the forest preserve outside town. "Holy shit!" he exclaimed.

Monsters and magical girls were momentarily forgotten at the prospect of a fresh meteorite crater within easy reach. He would have to take his bicycle; if he took the car it would leave him on foot in the woods, plus it might wake his parents.

With flashlights tied down to his handlebars and using his smartphone's GPS receiver to keep track of his search pattern, Matt rode through the trees looking for the second most incredible thing to happen in town since, well, ever. Even sooner than he'd hoped, he found the swath of damaged trees, their tops demolished, and followed it to the crash site.

He was amazed to find, rather than a space rock, a giant humanoid form sprawled out on its side against some intact trees, having apparently been thrown from the impact. It appeared to be composed completely from a black-colored metallic material. A green glow spilled out from various vents across its body, but shone most prominently from the angled eyes. Electrical sparks and fumes billowed out from several points of damage. It had been a hard landing. "Fucking shit, no way," Matt said in amazement. He freed one of his flashlights and carefully crept closer. He estimated it was about thirty-five or forty feet tall. The head had a decidedly feline look to it, with pointed ears on top and a snout with pointed teeth around the mouth, though they appeared to be decorative only. Other than that, it was clearly designed for function over form, as the body was fairly plain and without ornamentation, no extraneous spikes, fins, giant shoulder guards, or anything of the sort. "Hello? Can any life form hear me?" Matt said nervously.

A section of armor was hanging forward off its belly area. Matt approached it slowly. The flashlight beam showed a seam in the metal there. He reached out and touched it, and the panels popped inward, then slid sideways in either direction, revealing the inside. It was a cockpit, and an empty one at that. "It's a mecha. An extraterrestrial mecha," Matt whispered with amazement. Rather than a seat with controls, the cockpit was a fully open space with a remote manipulation armature in the center, held in place by a support beam to the rear. Mechanical limbs attached to the pilot's, and his movements would be copied by the larger robot. Potentially very user-friendly. The space required to allow the pilot a full range of motion also explained why the mecha had a bit of a potbellied appearance.

Everything was on its side, but Matt stepped in for a better look, walking on the cockpit wall. As he reached out to touch the armature, a sparkling mist sprayed onto him from the cockpit ceiling. He wondered what it was, and then he started screaming and fell to his knees, clutching his head.

"Aaaaaah! Stop! It's too much, too fast! Stop! Stop! No more!" He was able to bring his hands down as the pain ebbed. "That's better," he said. "I can't process that much at once, so you're going to have to keep it closer to a need-to-know basis, okay? Right. So, neural interface nanites? That makes me the official pilot? Awesome. My very own space alien battle robot. Hey, that's one letter off from a pretty sweet acronym. So then E is for... exoframe. And your face looks like an animal we have here called a panther, so I'll call you SABRE Panther."

Matt pulled himself up into position in the armature, and it attached around him, automatically adjusting to his body size. He noted that there were only four fingers to the armature gloves, leaving his pinkies free. The species that built Panther must only have had four. "It's a good thing you have self-repair nanites too, because I certainly wouldn't know how to fix you. Alright, then let's see how the mobility works," he said. The cockpit hummed to life, and he could see the woods outside around him. He tested an arm. "Nice response. Smooth and instantaneous." He got to his feet and looked around. He put his hand up onto one of the trees and pushed. It felt solid. "Force feedback to the armature, nice. What else can you show me, anything else online yet?"

He heard some mechanical movement from behind him and then a solid clunk as something latched into place. He reached an arm back behind his head and took hold of the handle that was there. He felt the thing release from Panther's back and brought it forward. The handle had telescoped out from a round central core, which also held two semicircular blades. "An axe. Nice," he said. He could see how the blades slid together into the core for the axe to stow compacted on Panther's back. In his hand the core looked about nine inches across, and the blades a diameter of twelve inches or so. That meant the real blades outside were roughly six feet tall.

"This might be big enough to block some incoming fire, too," Matt mused. "Yeah? No

kidding." He checked the axe, and could see the two attachment clamp points on the back face of the core. Then he looked at Panther's forearms and saw matching clamp points on both of them. He placed his left arm against the axe and the clamps engaged. The handle retracted and the axe was now a shield. Matt chuckled. "Awesome, man. You are one sweet-ass ride. Damn, I really need to stash you somewhere to finish your repairs and get home though. I'm probably going to sleep through all my classes tomorrow now. Yeah? Oh, that will definitely be useful. It must be in the impact crater still, let's go pull it out."

Matt rushed into the family room when he heard the channel 34 nightly news theme music on the television. He hadn't previously been so dedicated to it like his parents were, but since Cheer Raider showed up he never missed it. "We start out with breaking news from Bensonville, where a third monster is on a rampage. Debbie Woods is on the scene. Debbie?"

"Richard, it is a scene of horror here as the new creature has set fire to a series of homes. The fire department is out in force but they are being overwhelmed. Wait, what's that?" Debbie turned and the camera panned off her and zoomed in on a figure in the distance. "And here she is, the heroine Cheer Raider! This is a live exclusive on KHNT, Cheer Raider in Bensonville fighting the fire monster!"

"What?" Matt exclaimed. "Cheer Raider's attacks are fire based, she's going to have a lot of trouble against a fire adversary!"

"So that's what all those sirens were," said Matt's mom. Matt moved to leave the room.

"Hey, aren't you going to watch? I thought you were a big fanboy for her," Matt's younger brother Neil said.

"No! I've got to... go... to my room, because... I can't stand here and watch her lose," Matt stammered.

"Suit yourself. I'll record it for you in case you change your mind," Neil said.

Rather than heading upstairs, Matt quietly went outside. Sneaking out of the house in the middle of the night to visit Panther was starting to become a habit. So was his mom scolding him for leaving his bike outside. As he pedaled off down the road, he said, "You know, this wasn't such a big deal when it was just goofing off with weapons practice in the woods, but this is a real emergency. At this rate I'm not going to make it in time." Then he came to a quick stop and dropped his feet to the ground. "No kidding? Well alright then, let's give it a try. Emergency pilot retrieval, dimensional fold, activate!" Matt and his bike promptly vanished in a burst of light.

"Well, they do say to fight fire with fire," Cheer Raider said.

"Wouldn't that be just a metaphor?" asked the squeaky voice in her head.

"Not tonight it isn't." Then she switched to a shout, "Hey, ugly! Over here!" The creature was insectoid in form, same as the others, like a guy in a big ugly bug suit. Except this one was launching gobs of goo out of its arms, and where the goo from both arms mixed together, they instantly burst into flame. It ignored her. "Maybe this will get your attention. Pom-poms!" Her pom-poms appeared in her hands with short puffs of flame. They were a mix of red, orange, and yellow, matching her uniform. "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" She put her hands together and thrust them forward, launching a fireball at the creature. Then several more. "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst! Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst! Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!"

It finally turned towards her, firing from both arms. She jumped aside, dodging the blasts, but she could tell she wouldn't be able to keep that up. She tossed the pom-poms aside and they

vanished back into puffs of flame. She brought her hands together and called out "Baton!" As she moved her arms apart, a twirling baton appeared in her hands, starting with the metallic red shaft and finishing at the white tips. Once it was fully formed, she transferred it to her right hand and started twirling it. "Baton Twirl Blazing Shield!" Hot embers shot out from the ends of the spinning baton like grinder sparks as the glowing shield formed in front of it.

Flames licked around the edge of the shield as a continuous barrage of the monster's flammable goo impacted upon it. Cheer Raider started falling back as the monster approached her. Eventually it stopped shooting, growled and chittered at her, then turned away, back towards the houses. "Dammit, distance hits aren't going to cut it. I need to take one of those arms out. Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive." She tossed the spinning baton in the air. "Spinning..." When it came down again, now half again as long as it had been, she caught it and kept the spin going. "Ignition..." She tossed it up again. "Burning..." This time rather than waiting for it to come all the way back down, she thrust her hand up and caught it tightly, halting the spin. It was now double the original 28-inch length. "Pike!" One end of the baton burst into a blaze of sparks as a ten inch pointed spike appeared.

She lowered the weapon, took it in both hands, and ran at the creature. "Hey, fucker, I'm not done with you yet!" It turned back and resumed shooting at her. She managed to dodge most of the blasts, but one finally got through. It hit quite hard, somehow she managed to maintain her charge, knowing that another hit meant she would be cooked. She aimed for one of the arms. At the last moment, it thrust its arms upwards. She tried to adjust, but it threw her off balance. The pike glanced harmlessly off the creature's armored carapace, and she lost her grip on it while she fell to the ground, her momentum causing her to roll for several feet. The pike hit the ground and vanished.

She looked up from the pavement, the creature had her dead to rights, aiming at her with both arms. She instinctively closed her eyes and put her own arms up to guard her face, not that it would protect her in the least. The creature fired. She heard two large impacts, one to her right and other directly in front of her. She also wasn't consumed in flames. She lowered her arms and opened her eyes. Embedded in the ground in front of her, shielding her from the creature's attack, was a huge axe with what looked like green fire around its blade edges. She looked up along the axe's handle, past the large arm holding it, and saw the giant robot with a cat-like face and green glowing eyes. The pavement was cracked where it had landed on its knees.

The robot gave her a thumbs-up with its other four-fingered hand. Then ports on its shoulders opened up, and the guns concealed inside shot yellow energy bolts towards the back side of the axe. It pulled the axe free and stood up, revealing the creature in very sorry shape. Cheer Raider called out, "Megaphone!" At her command, an acoustic megaphone flamed into existence in her hand. It too matched her uniform, red with "Cheer" written on each side. She aimed it at the creature and shouted into it, "Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The resulting wave of condensed heat and sound slammed into the creature, destroying it utterly.

"Nice!" said Matt inside the cockpit. "Panther, can you detect life signs inside the burning houses? Give it to me. Oh shit, look at that. Let's go. Activate the plasma claws." He stowed the axe on his arm in shield mode, ran to one of the burning houses, slashed the wall open with bright green claws that appeared on each fingertip, and plunged first one arm, then the other inside. He stepped into the street and lowered his hands to the ground, depositing the child and the firefighter he had rescued. "What else needs doing, let's see, what are the firemen focusing on? Over there!" Most of the affected houses had been abandoned to the fires as lost causes, the main effort now was to keep it from spreading to the other houses. Matt deployed Panther's axe again and used it to

smash down the ruined homes that were putting their neighbors at risk.

Cheer Raider watched the robot finish its assistance to the firefighters, then some kind of aircraft, really just a flying wing, descended from the air. The robot reached up and took hold of handles on the underside, and the wing lifted it off the ground. "And I thought all of this couldn't get any weirder. Sugarshine, can you follow that thing? I want to know everything about it." Suddenly, the robot and its wing vanished into thin air. "Holy shit!" she said.

"Shouldn't be a problem," replied the voice in her head. "It may have turned invisible, but I'm pretty sure I can still follow it."

"This is the house?" Cheer Raider asked.

"I followed him on his bicycle back to here and saw him through the window above the porch. The light went out a few minutes before you got here. He looks to be of high school age, like yourself."

"Thanks, Sugarshine. Time to go say hello." The porch roof was about as high as she could jump with her magically-enhanced body, but she made it up okay. She pushed the window up and climbed inside, noticing the screen had been removed and was leaning against the wall beneath it. The room's occupant did not stir, apparently he had fallen asleep immediately. She turned on a lamp and sat down on his bed next to him, which was enough to wake him.

"Oh my God! Cheer Raider!" he said, sitting up. Seeing her up close for the first time, she was even more beautiful than Matt had expected.

"And you're the one who was piloting that robot thing?" He nodded. She smiled, and said, "You were a big help. Thank you." She removed her helmet and dropped it on the floor, then she leaned in, putting one hand behind his head, and kissed him. It was a nice, deep kiss, but he didn't respond at all. He just sat there stiffly. She pulled away. "What's the matter, haven't you ever kissed a girl before?"

That's when she started to actually notice his room. Most guys had posters of girls in their bedroom, usually bikini models. His posters were for science fiction movies. The girls he had were plastic figurines sitting on bookshelves. Some had bikinis on, others some sort of old fashioned sailor uniform, and the rest had even stranger clothing or armor. Many of them were wielding a gun or a sword, several of which were impractically large size. Some had cat ears and tails. Also on the shelves were plastics robots. Most of those had car or airplane parts hanging off of them, implying they converted into said vehicles. "Never mind, I just answered my own question," she said. She had only been planning on the kiss to show her gratitude, but now she knew what she had to do.

She stood up and pulled his bedsheet away. He was average height and a touch scrawny, with brown hair in a sensible boy's style, and eyeglasses on the nightstand. He fit the cliché extremely well. He was wearing a light cotton t-shirt and shorts as pajamas. She grabbed the shorts and the briefs underneath them and pulled them down to his ankles. "What..." was all he could say before her mouth closed over his cock. It became hard almost instantly. He moaned, "Ooohhhh." She released it from her mouth, moved into position on top of him, reached under her skirt to push her bloomers and thong to one side, and lowered herself onto his rod. "Ooohhhh my God," he said as he felt her tight, warm pussy engulfing him. She rode him slowly, siding up and down his dick, but even then it wasn't very long before he paused his moans and whispered, "If you don't stop I'm going to cum."

"Do it. Cum inside my magic cheerleader pussy," she encouraged. She put her hand over

his mouth as he did exactly that, muffling his orgasmic outburst as he shot his jism up into her. He breathed heavily as he came back down from his peak. She climbed back off the bed and adjusted her garments back into place. "You're welcome," she said with a wink, then picked up her helmet and moved towards the window.

"Wait!" he said. "We, ah... in case we battle together again some time, we should have a way to communicate."

"This your phone?" she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she picked it up from the nightstand and tapped at the screen. When she was done she tossed it onto the bed. "Don't text or call me during school. Don't talk to me there, either. My kind and your kind don't associate with each other."

He picked up the phone and looked at the screen. She had added her number to his contact list. Jennifer. Her name was Jennifer. "Okay, but I was talking about communicating during..." he looked up. She was gone. "...battle," he finished. "Wow."

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. Holy shit, is Matt the luckiest guy alive or what? First he gets his own giant robot, then he loses his virginity to a magical girl cheerleader! Can he keep the streak going? Join us next time, as the battle takes to the air, and the sex gets even better, in Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 2: 'The Radical Aerial Battle! She's Way More Experienced!' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 2: "The Radical Aerial Battle! She's Way More Experienced!"

Matt thought he'd been obsessed with Cheer Raider before, but it was on a whole other level now. Ever since that night, he couldn't get her out of his head. It was very distracting, especially during class. It was close to the end of the class period before lunch, and most of his classmates were thinking about food. He was thinking about that soft, wet, tight pussy sliding up and down his cock. Pretty much only one thing could pull his attention away from sex, and suddenly there it was. Another monster had appeared in town. Not a good time for that. He raised his hand and acquired permission to leave early to use the bathroom. He grabbed his books and hurried from the room.

After stashing his things in his locker, he made his way to the rear entrance of the school, back where the trash dumpsters were. Not much activity there at this time of day. He burst out the door. Somebody else was there after all. She gasped and turned towards him, then look of panic on her face softened. "Oh, it's only you."

"Jennifer," he said, almost not recognizing her in normal clothes, and with her wavy hair flowing free. "Matt. I'm Matt. Peterson. So, another one, right?" he stammered.

"Yeah. Lucky us," she said. Then she called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air. A gold bracelet on her wrist burst apart into a mass of golden sparkles which swirled around her body. Matt could no longer see her inside the cloud of sparkles as it lifted off the ground. When it brought her back down and faded away, she was wearing her Cheer Raider uniform. The process had even braided her hair.

"Wow! Awesome transformation!" Matt said. "Oh, wait, I have something for you. Put this in your helmet, it's a comm unit that SABRE Panther's repair nanites made. So we can talk to each other during battles." She removed her helmet, installed the small device that he had fished out of his pocket and handed to her, and put it back on. Matt got busy affixing another device to the underside of the dumpster.

"What's that one?" she asked.

"A dimensional fold beacon. It turns out I can teleport into the cockpit from anywhere within

range, but I can only teleport back out to places I've planted a target," he explained.

"Ah. Mine takes me to where the monster is, and then back where I started. Okay. See you there!" she said, and took off at a run, dove forward with a half turn into several backflips that ended in an aerial longitudinal spin, then vanished in midair.

"Oh, cool teleport," said Matt. "My turn. Emergency pilot retrieval, dimensional fold, activate!" With a burst of light, he too was gone.

Jennifer landed in the town park. Mothers and small children were running away screaming as a creature terrorized them from the air, shooting at the park benches and playground equipment. Though the rest of it had the familiar insectoid body type, it flew on flapping bat-like wings that extended wide from its arms, rather than buzzing bug wings. "Testing testing, one two. I'm up and on my way to you," Matt said in her ear.

"Yeah, I can hear you. I'm here. We've got a flying bugger, it's up there shooting red beams out of its eyes, I think."

"Eyelasers! Fucking sweet!" Matt said. "Wait, no, no, that's bad. When the monster has eyelasers, it's bad."

Jennifer shook her head and called forth her pom-poms. "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" she shouted, shooting a fireball up at the monster. It dodged it easily. She fired off another three. It dodged those too, spinning out of the way at the last moment each time. "He turns really fast. I don't think I can hit him. You can fly up there, right?"

"Hold on, I'm disengaging the cloak," Matt said, as Panther and his flying wing appeared out of thin air and landed gently in the park. Once released by the robot, the wing ascended again and took up a holding pattern overhead. "The hoverwing is just a transport, it's not maneuverable enough for battle, and Panther's arms are occupied just holding on. Check this out though. The shoulder cannons shoot bursts of anti-alpha particles. Actual antimatter helium nuclei. They blow shit up real good, even the air along the travel path, which is why you can see the shots." Panther's shoulder guns emerged and fired several shots at the creature, which dodged out of the way each time. This time, it returned fire, blasting Panther's armor and knocking him back a couple of steps.

"Okay, I see what you mean," said Matt. He leaned down and ripped a park trash can from its concrete mount. "Let's try both of us together." He threw the trash can into the sky towards the monster, then opened fire.

Jennifer shot off more fireballs, "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" The creature evaded everything, even the trash can, then shot its beams down towards Jennifer, who just barely jumped out of the way.

"Shit. It's anticipating everything," Matt said. "Straight shots from the shoulder cannons and the fighting spirit fiery burst, the ballistic trajectory of the trash can too. What we really need is a guided missile. Something that can adjust its trajectory in mid-flight. Hmm. Wait. I have a radical idea."

"What the hell does that mean? Is that good or bad?" Jennifer asked.

"It's, uh, kind of a so crazy it just might work kind of thing. You... might not like it."

She sighed. "Tell me."

"I think you can use the roar of the crowd scorching sonic blast like a rocket exhaust to change direction and catch that thing off guard. But to get close enough to the creature, I'm going to have to throw you."

"Throw me?" She sighed again. "That's your only idea?"

"Given short notice and what we have on hand, yes."

"Goddammit. Fine. Do it." Matt lowered Panther's hand to the ground, and Jennifer stepped on. He stood up, and carefully pulled his arm back into pitching position. "Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive," she said, but more nervous than enthusiastic, and then called forth the megaphone.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Okay!" Jennifer responded out of sheer habit. He launched her into the air. The speed and rushing wind was exhilarating, but it was spoiled by the creature she was rapidly approaching. She saw it turn away swiftly. She carefully aimed the megaphone and shouted "Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" Without her feet planted firmly on the ground, it indeed propelled her backwards. She twisted around to lead with her feet, and hit the creature square in the middle of its body. The momentum carried both of them straight down. "Holy shit, it worked!" she said.

"Great hit! Give him some more, quickly!" Matt urged.

Jennifer wasted no time. "Pom-poms! Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" The poms blazed into fireballs in her hands and she pounded them into the creature's back over and over.

"You're gonna crash! Kick off! Kick off!" Matt warned urgently.

Jennifer crouched low on the monster's back, and shouted one final, "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" She jumped away as the large fireball blasted out beneath her. She was still falling, though.

"Shit, shit, what the hell was I thinking, I suck at catching anything, shit!" Matt said while running along Jennifer's trajectory, looking up over his shoulder at her approaching form. He heard the creature slam into the ground some distance behind him. He turned and fell back, coming down right onto the park's supply shed with Panther's hands clutched against his chest. He opened them slowly.

"I'm never letting you talk me into anything ever again," Jennifer said wearily, emerging from underneath them.

"Oh thank God," Matt said, relief clear in his voice.

Jennifer jumped down and jogged over to the monster. It was trying to get up but was in no shape to do so. She put it out of its misery with the megaphone and a "Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" They got back to school in time to be late for the first class period after lunch.

Matt rode his bike into the driveway at Jennifer's house. "Are you free tonight?" the text message on his phone had asked. When he answered in the affirmative, Jennifer sent him her address and told him to get his ass over there when he could. He went right after dinner.

She opened the front door. "Hey. I'm here. So, what's up?" Matt asked.

"Finishing what I started," Jennifer said. She took him by the hand and led him into her bedroom. It looked about like what a high school girl's bedroom should look like, he supposed. She closed the door, then pulled him over to her bed and sat down with him. "Now this time, when I stick my tongue in your mouth, do something about it." He got the same helpless deer in the headlights expression he'd had the first time she kissed him. "Jesus, just relax, would you? Relax." He nodded.

She pulled him to her and pressed her open mouth to his. He slowly started to get it. "Mmmm, that's right. Now yours into mine," she encouraged. He did as instructed, still a bit clumsy, but catching on quickly.

"How do I know how much, um, tongue action to do?" he asked timidly.

"Let the girl set the pace. You should lead a little, but don't get too far ahead of her responses," she instructed, and then resumed demonstrating. They moaned softly into each other's

mouths as their tongues played against each other. She took his hand and pulled it to her breast, which he gently squeezed. "Mmm, shit, you're a fast learner. I think I'll skip us ahead a bit." She removed her shirt and bra and leaned back on her arms. Matt's hazel eyes went wide. "Go on, you don't have to wait for permission at this point," she said.

He reached out with both hands, took a breast in each one, and started fondling them. Jennifer dropped down all the way onto her back and relaxed while Matt explored. He leaned in and ran his tongue across her right nipple, twice, then planted his lips on it and sucked gently. He switched to the left side and did the same thing. "Mmm, yesss," said Jennifer. "You can squeeze a little harder with me. Listen to her moans, keep an eye on her face if you can, anything that she likes, do more of it. If you're getting too rough for her, back off a little. Oooohh, yeah, suck those titties."

She let him enjoy her tits for several minutes, then she gently pulled him forwards and kissed him again. When she broke the kiss, she said, "Time to take your clothes off." He nodded and did so while she finished removing hers. He stared at her body, which was lean and athletic, with curves in all the right places. His cock was of course as hard as could be. It wasn't overly large, more average size really, but Jennifer already knew it worked just fine. She lay down on the bed and waited for him to do the same, then she moved to his cock. "Let me relieve that for you so you'll last longer later. This time you can be as loud as you want," she said, and then took the entire length into her mouth.

"Oh, shit!" Matt exclaimed, and then moaned. He moaned louder as her tongue wound around the head of his penis. He looked down at her and saw that she was looking back up at him with her blue eyes while moving her lips up and down his shaft, which her tongue working magic behind them. "Oh fuck I'm cumming!" he said, and grunted loudly with each shot of jism that he released into her mouth. She slid her mouth up and off his cock, swallowed with an exaggerated motion, and smiled.

"Now your turn to go down on me," she said, lying down on her back and spreading her legs open. He nodded eagerly and moved into position. "You know what the clit is?" she asked.

"Um, it's the most sensitive part, kind of up near the top inside the lips?" he replied.

"That's right. You can do what you want down there but always give the most attention to the clit. Sometimes you want to keep the foreplay going and start slow, tease her thighs for a while and such, but I am ready to go right now, so you can go ahead straight to it." He ran his fingers over her shaved pussy, examining the folds of her sex. He found her clit and massaged it with his finger, then felt down between her lips to the opening of her vagina, and slowly pushed two fingers inside her. She was very wet, so they slipped in easily. He opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue, and dove in. Then he paused briefly to toss his glasses aside, as they were getting in the way.

He was sloppy at first, licking up and down haphazardly, trying to get his tongue everywhere in and around her pussy, but then he moved it upwards and focused on her clit. He licked and sucked on her tiny pleasure button and finger fucked her while she moaned loudly. "Fuuuck yes, right there, you've got it. Aaaahhh. Don't just move your fingers in and out like a cock. Feel around inside me, use some pressure." He did as instructed and she moaned louder. He kept at it, enjoying himself and what he was doing to her. Her moans and cries built in a crescendo, until she yelled out in orgasm. He continued licking as she panted to get her breath back, but she pushed him away. "Mmm, you're doing such a good job, but now I want your cock inside."

Matt nodded and moved upwards along her naked form, getting into position. "Um, should we be using a condom?" he asked.

Jennifer gave him a quick kiss and said, "You're sweet to ask, but I'm on birth control pills, so don't worry about that. Just push it in." He did so, slowly sliding his hard rod into her soft, wet tunnel. He started thrusting in and out, increasing speed as he gained confidence. They moaned in pleasure together, and Jennifer urged, "Yes, fuck me Matt, fuck me, oooohhhh."

"Fuuuck, your pussy feels so good," Matt responded.

"Wait, wait, let me change positions," Jennifer said. Matt reluctantly pulled away and she flipped over onto all fours. "You have to try out doggie style too." He sank his cock back deep inside her, took hold of her hips and started pounding away. "Ohhh God yes, harder, fuck me harder baby!" she moaned.

"I can't hold out much longer," Matt warned as he increased his speed.

"Yes, give it to me, give me your cum!" she yelled. He screamed as he spewed his load deep in her pussy. He slipped out of her as his cock returned to its resting state. She looked back at him over her shoulder, then spit into her hand. She rubbed it over her asshole, and even slid a finger inside. "Do you think you can get it back up one last time for my final hole?" she asked.

"Whoa," Matt said in surprise as his dick came back to life. "Uh, yeah, it looks like I can."

"Now remember, not all girls like ass play, and take it real slow with lots of lube with beginners. I'm not a beginner, so don't hold back." Matt spread her cheeks open and eased his cock into her rear entry. Once it was all the way inside, he started moving it in and out, rapidly picking up speed. "Aaahh, yeah, fuck that ass, yeeeess," she cried as he rammed her asshole. Without being told, he moved a hand around to her pussy and rubbed fiercely at her clit. She responded instantly, screaming louder and cumming moments later. She collapsed forwards onto the bed. Matt followed her example but then turned onto his side and pulled her up against him, with him spooning her from behind.

She moaned softly while snuggling against him. "So what did you call that robot of yours? Panther something?" she asked.

"SABRE Panther. It's an acronym for... um, never mind, it's corny," he replied.

"It can't be any worse than 'Cheer Raider'. Come on, you can tell me."

"Space Alien Battle Robot Exoframe."

"So it's from space?"

"Yeah," Matt said. "There was an interstellar war, somewhere in the galaxy, a long time ago. The names don't really translate, and Panther don't have any cultural information on his people, just tactical data concerning the war. So the enemy, they used these portals to travel, entire armies appearing from nowhere on a planet, in orbit, or in deep space. From where exactly, somewhere else in this galaxy, another universe entirely, was unknown."

"Panther was on a troop transport, one among hundreds of SABRE mechs and their SABRE pilots. It was attacked suddenly and destroyed in deep space. The mechs in their orbital drop pods were designed to survive planetary reentry, so they were thrown from the explosion intact. Well, Panther was, anyway. He drifted for decades, centuries maybe. Then he detected an enemy portal. The automatic systems determined that he should be wherever the fight is, so the pod retrorockets adjusted his course, and he crash landed in the woods outside town. In a normal planetfall, the pod is supposed to unfold and convert to the hoverwing before actually hitting ground, but that part isn't automated, it has to be done manually by the pilot, which he didn't have."

"So the monsters attacking town are the same as from this war?" Jennifer asked.

"Maybe. Or maybe it's another group that just invented the same type of portals. Anyway, I saw the pod as it came down, and when I got there I was automatically designated the unit's new

SABRE pilot with a dose of neural interface nanites. Um, tiny machines that went into my brain so Panther can communicate with me," he explained.

"It talks to you? Is it alive?"

"Well, no, not really. The AI is kind of on the level of a smartphone's personal assistant. Responds to commands and questions, but no personality. And he doesn't say anything in words, he just inserts information into my brain. It's like suddenly remembering something even though I didn't actually know it before. It's very weird, especially the portal alert, which I had him set up after we fought that pyromaniac creature. I tried to get him to explain some of his tech to me, but it's all way over my head. Probably beyond anybody on Earth, really. The power core alone would revolutionize things if we could crack its secrets. The extra plasma it generates is even weaponized on the axe blade and claws. Really sweet stuff."

Silence fell between them, and Matt idly ran his hand over her breast. "Hey, can I ask you something?" he said.

"What is it?"

"I don't want to sound ungrateful, but why all of this? Without even really getting to know each other or anything."

She turned over to face him, and said, "When I started doing this hero thing, I made a decision not to deny myself anything. All the fun things that we might put off until later, or talk ourselves out of, because of what we do, we deserve to just do them and enjoy ourselves right now."

Matt nodded, then added, "Well thank you. For tonight and the other night too."

She smiled, gave him a quick kiss, and said, "You're a sweet guy. You're welcome."

"How did you find my house anyway?" he asked.

"Oh, that? I had Princess Sugarshine follow you."

"Sugarshine? Isn't that a character from that pony cartoon a few years back?"

"Right," Jennifer said, nodding. "My old plushie of her came to life, gave me my powers, and told me I had to save the Earth. Crazy, right?"

"Oh, so she's your magical girl familiar. Cool!" Matt said. "Where is she, can I meet her?"

"Sure. We mutually agreed that she not stay in here when I'm fucking my boyfriend or whomever, so she's in the guest bedroom across the hall. Put your clothes on," she said, while putting on her panties and an oversized t-shirt.

"Did you say 'boyfriend'?" asked Matt.

"Sure. He's on the football team," she said. Once Matt was decent, she opened the door and softly called, "Sugarshine, we're done, you can come back over now." At that, an eight inch stuffed alicorn flew into the room. She was pink, with pegasus wings and a unicorn horn. Her mane and tail were primarily yellow, with a few streaks of orange. On her haunch was an icon of a smiling sugar cube with a circle of yellow triangles around it like the rays of a cartoon sun. She spoke with the same high-pitched voice she'd had in the cartoon, saying, "It's Matt, right? Pleased to meet you!"

"Wow! That's amazing!" Matt exclaimed. "Nice to meet you, too. Where do you come from?"

"That's kind of hard to explain," the toy pony said. "I'm from nowhere, and everywhere. Whenever mankind has need, a guardian shall be chosen, and I will be there to guide her."

"Awesome," said Matt.

"Alright, you'd better get home before your parents start to worry," Jennifer said.

"Yeah, okay. Lucky thing for us yours were out tonight, though," Matt said.

"Oh, no, not at all. Dad's in the family room passed out drunk in his easy chair, like usual."

"Whu— what?" Matt stammered.

Jennifer turned solemn. "My mom ran out on us when I was younger. Dad didn't take it well, he pretty much crawled into the bottle and never came out. He's a functional alcoholic I guess, as much as anyone can be. He still does fine at his job, but every evening he drinks himself into a stupor, either here or at a bar. He doesn't really pay attention to me anymore, so I can do just about anything I want."

"That's horrible! I'm so sorry," Matt said.

"It's okay. It's been almost ten years, I'm used to it now. Some girls would kill for this kind of freedom." She forced a smile.

"He doesn't... give you any problems, does he?" Matt asked.

"What? No, no. He's not an angry drunk, he's a melancholy drunk. The most trouble I have with him is making sure he eats dinner." She gave Matt a hug and a peck on the cheek. "Thank you for caring, though. See you around at school, and the next time something attacks."

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. It looks like Matt is now prepared for anything that comes his way. He's going to have to take a break seat for a while, though. Every magical girl has a beginning, and it's time to show you Jennifer's. Join us next time for Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 3: 'Flashback! A Magical Girl is Born! Two Guys at the Same Time?' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



CHEER Raider Panther

[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 3: "Flashback! A Magical Girl is Born! Two Guys at the Same Time?"

"Oh God! Yes, fuck me Wade, yes, oooohhh!" screamed Jennifer as her pussy was pounded from behind by the football player's rock hard dick.

"Yeah, take it babe, take it! I'm cumming! Aaaaahhh!" Wade yelled in return, as his jism unloaded into her. He pulled out of her and lay back onto her bed. She turned around on her hands and knees and took his shrinking cock into her mouth, licking up the combination of their juices from it. "Shit, baby, you are so fucking hot," he said.

She smiled and settled in alongside him to snuggle, rubbing her breasts against his body. "Damn straight, and don't you forget it," she said.

"You know Jeff was saying the same thing in the locker room the other day, and how jealous he is that I get to tap that ass of yours." He smacked her bottom lightly for emphasis, and continued, "So I was thinking, maybe I could invite him to join us one night and let him have the chance."

"A threesome? I don't know..." Jennifer said wearily.

"Come on baby, threesomes are hot," Wade insisted.

"I'll think about it, okay?" she said. With the mood spoiled, she pulled away from him and reached for her panties on the floor. He took the hint and got dressed as she pulled a nightshirt on.

"See you at school tomorrow, babe," he said with one final kiss, and let himself out. Jennifer sighed and flopped back into bed. She grabbed the television remote control and turned the set on.

"We're looking at clear skies the rest of the week. Back to you, Richard."

"Thanks, Nelson. Now in local news, Bensonville has something to celebrate. Here's Debbie Woods with the story."

"That's right Richard, here behind me is the brand new Bensonville town hall, which officially opened today after years of construction and local controversy. The centerpiece is this majestic water fountain in the courtyard. I spoke with Mayor Kevin Grady earlier today."

"We've all been looking forward to these new state-of-the-art facilities. We really needed to upgrade from the old building. This should serve our needs for decades."

"Tell me about this beautiful fountain here, Mayor."

"Oh yes, we're especially proud of that. This was designed by a local artist, and much of what you see here was also sourced locally."

"Boring!" Jennifer proclaimed and hit the mute button. Of course she knew about the new town hall, and she couldn't care less about it. She started flipping through the channels, looking for something decent to watch.

Suddenly, a bright light shone in through her window. She put up her arm to shield her eyes and said, "What the fuck?" The light coalesced in to a yellow glowing ball that flew erratically around the room. "Ah! Shit!" she exclaimed while dodging it as it zipped past her. Finally it streaked towards her bookshelf and entered her old Princess Sugarshine plushie. The stuffed toy glowed, then started to move on its own. It tested out its legs and flapped its wings slowly. Then it turned and saw Jennifer.

"You!" she exclaimed in the character's proper high-pitched voice, and launched off the shelf, flying towards Jennifer.

"Holy shit!" Jennifer said.

"Jennifer, you have been chosen by destiny to be the guardian of this world. Your town is under attack, you must defend it from the monster!" the pony said, landing on the bed.

"Princess Sugarshine? What is this? What are you?" Jennifer stammered.

"I'm here to guide you into the heroine you will become. Now quickly, use this to transform into the guardian!" She tilted her head down and shot a burst of glowing sparkles out of her horn. It went to Jennifer's right wrist and formed into a gold charm bracelet.

"What? What guardian?" Jennifer asked. She examined the bracelet. The only charms on it were a series of letters. "V, I, C, T, O, R, Y," she read aloud. "Victory?" At that, the charms flew off the bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the floor, and all her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the floor and dissipated.

"Holy. Fuck," Jennifer said. She turned towards her mirror to look at the results of the transformation. "A cheerleader uniform?"

"Each guardian's powers adapt to best suit her," said Sugarshine.

"It's sexier than the one I wear for school, I'll give you that." She gave her tits a squeeze and jumped in place a couple times. "Holy shit, this is the best sports bra I've ever worn. There's hardly any bounce at all," she said.

"Magically optimized for movement in battle."

"I don't know about the helmet, though. I guess it's kind of cool. Maybe."

"You must hurry, Jennifer. Who knows what destruction the monster is carrying out?"

"You really expect me to fight some monster? Even if I accepted that, how am I supposed

to get there? I haven't heard Dad come back from the bar yet," Jennifer said. Without waiting for a response, she walked out of her room, though the house, and out the front door. Sugarshine followed, flying behind her. "Yeah, see? No car. I'm not going anywhere."

"Use your instincts. How do cheerleaders usually get around?" Sugarshine asked.

"I don't know, the school bus I guess," said Jennifer. "No, wait. We tumble." Without thinking, she performed a round off back handspring full twist layout. When she landed out of the twist, she saw that she wasn't in her neighborhood anymore. She was downtown. Around her was the bank, the dentist, the auto repair garage, and the garden center. "Wow, shit. That actually worked. Sugarshine? Are you here?"

She heard the reply as a voice in her head. "I'm on my way to you. I can't teleport, but I can fly very fast." Just then, there was a loud noise, and all the street lights and buildings went dark. Fortunately it was a relatively cloudless night with a bright moon. She turned to see sparks flying from a ground-level pad-mounted power transformer. Something was standing there, still hacking away at it with its arms while making strange, animalistic guttural noises.

Suddenly it was illuminated by bright lights, revealing it to be insect-like. Its body was composed of a dark carapace and exoskeleton, its face had huge bug eyes and mandibles for a mouth, though it lacked antennae. Rather than hands, it had large pincers, and a third pincer at the end of a scorpion-like tail. It might have been merely a man in an elaborate costume, but its strength in smashing the transformer belied that.

The light was from the headlights of a police car, and the two officers stepped out, drew their guns, and immediately opened fire. The creature didn't even flinch, instead it turned and charged at them. They quickly got back in the car, but didn't have a chance to drive away before the monster smashed the hood in and began tearing up the engine block.

"Fuck! You want me to fight that? How am I supposed to fight that?" Jennifer said.

"You are the guardian. Summon one of your weapons," Sugarshine replied, still in her head.

"Weapons?" Jennifer said incredulously. "Cheerleaders don't have weapons! We have pom-poms!" At that, puffs of flame appeared around her hands and formed into a pair of red, orange, and yellow pom-poms. She yelped in surprise and jerked back. The movement created more wisps of fire around them. She stared in amazement, and gave them a couple of shakes to confirm the flames they created were under her control.

"Well, okay then. I guess I'm really doing this," she said. "Like we say during games, it's time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive." She ran towards the one-sided fight. As she got within reach, she pulled her arm back and shouted something that seemed appropriate, "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" The pom-pom roared into a fireball as she swung her arm forward and connected with the bug creature's head, sending it sprawling. It quickly got back to its feet, but Jennifer had already closed in and hit it several more times with the pom-pom fireballs. It staggered back in pain, but then lashed forward with its tail, catching Jennifer off guard. The tail's pincer grabbed her tightly around her waist, then the creature screeched and lifted her into the air over its head and back down behind it.

She landed on her head, then dropped down onto her back when the creature released her. "Ow! Okay, I definitely like the helmet. Yipe!" she squealed, and quickly rolled out of the way as the monster's tail struck the ground where she'd just been. She scrambled to her feet and retreated several yards. "Close up isn't such a good idea. How can I hit it from further away?"

"Follow your instincts, Jennifer," Sugarshine encouraged.

"Sure. Um, how about... Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" she shouted, holding the pom-poms

close to her and then thrusting them forward together. A huge fireball shot forth and hit the creature, knocking it off its feet. It got back up and started towards her. She hit it again. "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" Parts of it stayed on fire this time, and its body had several cracked, open wounds. It still advanced on her, but slowly and with great difficulty.

"You've almost got it!" said Sugarshine, this time out loud, from just overhead. "Now you must use your finishing attack!"

"What's a finishing attack? What do you want me to do, shout at it with a megaphone?" Jennifer asked. In response, an acoustic megaphone appeared in her hands from a quick burst of fire. "Yeah, why not. Making it up as I go has worked so far," she said. She raised the megaphone to her mouth, aimed it at the monster, and shouted, "Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The megaphone emitted a shock wave of hot, condensed air that hit the creature like a wall of fire. It instantly exploded, leaving no remains.

"Fuck yeah! Holy shit, I did it!" Jennifer said, excitedly thrusting her arms into the air. The megaphone evaporated in a puff of fire.

"I knew you had it within you," said Sugarshine. "Now this town will be protected against whatever comes."

"Shit, you mean there's going to be more of those things?" asked Jennifer.

"Of that there is no doubt. A new guardian appears only in times of greatest need. This is only the beginning."

"Well, fuck. No, screw that. Bring 'em on!"

"That's the spirit!" Sugarshine said enthusiastically.

"Hey, um, thanks for the help back there." Jennifer turned and saw the policemen were back out of their car. "What was that thing? Who are you?" one of them asked.

"Me? I'm Je—" she cut herself off, deciding that telling them her name might not be the best idea. "Uh, I'm just a cheer..." Just a cheer leader? That would just be insulting their intelligence. However, she had committed herself to that word now. She tried to quickly think of a different word to pair with it, maybe something that still sounded a little like "leader". Feeder, beater, reader... wait, that could work. It would have to do. She announced, with as much confidence as she could fake, "I'm Cheer Raider."

The cops looked at each other, then back at her. The other one said, "The chief is going to have a lot of questions about this. Would you mind coming in to the station with us?"

"Um... sorry. Bye!" she said, and immediately set off into a round off back handspring full twist layout. When she landed, she was back outside her house. "Right. Sugarshine, can you hear me?"

"I'm on my way back to you," she replied, once again in Jennifer's head.

"I'll open my window for you," Jennifer said as she went inside and back to her bedroom. "Now how do I change out of this thing? Wait, let's see, something like... Final score, game over!" The cheer uniform burst into a cloud of golden sparkles that swirled around her and reformed into the charm bracelet as her nightshirt and panties reappeared. She sighed, and wondered aloud, "What the hell have I gotten myself into?"

She noticed that her phone had a text message waiting. She picked it up and read it. "Hey baby. I mentioned the plan to Jeff and he's super excited for it. When do you want to have us over?"

"Dammit, Wade," she said. She typed out, "I never said that I," and then stopped. She stared at the phone, and then she stared at her new charm bracelet. She deleted what she had and wrote instead, "Yeah. I'm in. Let's do it this week."

"Come on in, boys," Jennifer said, motioning them into the house with a mischievous smile. She led them down the hallway and into her room.

"Hey, Jennifer, this is really awesome of you to be doing this. So, uh, how do we get started?" Jeff asked.

"How about you get those pants off and show me some hard cocks," Jennifer replied, while pulling her shirt off, revealing that she hadn't been wearing anything underneath.

"Wow, shit," Jeff said, ogling her, until her words sunk in and he did as instructed, as did Wade. Jennifer knelt in front of them, took a cock in each hand, and stroked them. She leaned in and took Jeff's meat into her mouth, bobbing her head up and down along its length, then switched and did the same to Wade's. She moved back and forth between them, until Wade moved around behind her, reached up her skirt and pulled her panties off.

"Let me at that pussy while you suck him, babe," he said.

"Mmmm, sure, but up on the bed," she replied. The three of them finished undressing, and Jennifer got on all fours on her bed. Jeff knelt in front of her and Wade knelt behind her, and together they slid their cocks into her wet and waiting holes. Jennifer sucked and moaned as the two hard dicks moved in and out of both her pairs of lips.

"Fuck, this is so hot, dude," said Jeff. "When do I get a turn in her cunt?"

"What did I tell you man, she's the best girlfriend ever. And she's my girl, so you're getting my sloppy seconds. Oh, fuck yes!" he thrust hard into Jennifer as he sprayed his cum into her, then pulled out and moved back to give Jeff his turn.

Jennifer rolled onto her back and gave Jeff an inviting smile. "Come on baby, let me feel that big thing inside me." Jeff wasted no time in doing exactly that and started pounding his cock inside her while fondling her tits. "Oohhh yeah, fuck me, fuck me Jeff, yes, yes!" she moaned.

"Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!" Jeff yelled, and as his jism entered Jennifer's pussy, she realized she had cum from two guys inside her, which finally triggered her own loud orgasm.

As Jeff moved off of Jennifer, Wade moved in, his penis once again hard and ready. Jennifer intercepted him and pushed him onto his back, then straddled him and eased her cum-filled pussy down his rod. They moaned together as she rode him. She looked back over her shoulder at Jeff, who was also regaining his hard-on. She slipped a finger into her mouth, then reached behind her and pushed it into her asshole. "Get that cock over here," she demanded.

Jeff did as he was told and Jennifer held still long enough for him to stuff his cock into her back door. "Oh, fuck!" she yelled as the three of them started moving together, with her pair of fuck holes getting pounded by the two boys. "Shit yes! Aaaaaahhhh fuck me! Fuck my ass and pussy! Oh God yes! Fuck meeeeeee!" She came again, screaming in pleasure. Both boys were brought back over the edge again and moaned and grunted as they shot their loads into her double penetrated holes.

Jennifer collapsed into Wade and Jeff rolled onto his back beside them. When Jennifer got her breath back, she gave Wade a passionate kiss, then leaned across and gave Jeff an even longer kiss.

"Fuck, babe, that was awesome!" Wade said.

Jennifer broke her kiss with Jeff and said to him, "Thank you for coming over."

"Hell yeah. Anytime. I can't wait to do it again," Jeff said. The three of them rested for a bit, then the two guys put their clothes back on, gave Jennifer's tits a final grope, and left. She relaxed on her bed and rubbed her fingers across her clit as the two boys' cum oozed out of her cunt. Princess Sugarshine flew into the room and went back to her place on the bookshelf. She turned

towards the wall, deliberately averting her gaze from the naked girl.

"What's the matter, you disapprove?" Jennifer asked.

"Not at all. Your private life is your own as long as it doesn't interfere with your duties as the guardian," the animate stuffed alicorn replied. "But I must say, your present society is much different from what I've seen before."

"Mmmm, the girls back then didn't know what they were missing," Jennifer replied.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. Jennifer sure is having a good time, but will she be up to the challenge of the next monster? Then, have you ever wondered what those hot, young, high school cheerleaders get up to in the locker room after practice? Find out next time on Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 4: 'Flashback! A New Weapon Against the Chains! Cheerleaders Have Fun in the Showers!' Go! Fight! Win!"



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 4:

"Flashback! A New Weapon Against the Chains! Cheerleaders Have Fun in the Showers!"

Jennifer did her best to take notes while the history teacher droned on about some old war. She glanced around the classroom and decided most everyone else looked as bored as she was. Suddenly, a familiar squeaky voice sounded in her head. "Jennifer!"

"What?" she mumbled under her breath. "I'm in class."

"Another monster is attacking the town. You need to change into Cheer Raider and defeat it," Sugarshine commanded.

"I said I'm in school," Jennifer replied. "It's last period, I can go soon."

"Go now. Your town needs you. There isn't a moment to waste."

"It's not that easy to just..." Jennifer sighed in defeat, and added, "Goddammit. Fine. I'll be right there." She raised her hand.

"Yes, Jennifer?" the teacher said.

"May I go to the bathroom?" she asked.

"Can't it wait? Class is almost over," he pointed out.

"It really can't," she said.

The teacher shook his head, but relented. "Go."

"Thank you," Jennifer said, grabbing her things and hurrying out the door. She rushed to her locker and put everything inside. She then made her way to the school's little-used rear door, looked around to make sure there wasn't anybody else in the hall, and slipped out.

Once outside, she called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the ground, and all her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and

the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated.

"I'd better be back in time for cheer practice," she said. Then she performed a round off back handspring full twist layout and vanished. She landed not far from downtown, in the supermarket parking lot. Housewives were screaming and fleeing with their small children. Several cars had already been severely damaged. At the center of the chaos stood the creature. It looked very similar to the first one, but lacking the pincers and tail. Instead, this one had overdeveloped forearms with long chains hanging out from openings at its wrists. Each link in the chains had small spikes sticking out to both sides, and at the end of both was a spiked flail. It was making good use of them, and brought them down on another car, denting the roof and smashing the windshield glass.

"Oh, I know how to deal with the likes of you. Pom-poms!" she called out. They appeared in her hands, and she thrust them forward while yelling, "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" That first fireball caught the monster off guard. It stumbled, then turned its attention towards her. She sent another. "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" This time the creature retracted the chains almost all the way back into its arms, and spun the remainder of one of them around in front of itself. Amazingly, it deflected the oncoming fireball. She tried again. "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" It blocked that one as well, then launched the other chain straight at her, its length extending out from its arm.

"Shit!" she hissed as she just barely dodged it, then yelped in pain as the flail of the first chain caught her off guard, impacting her shoulder and knocking her down. She got to her feet quickly and ran straight at the monster over the chains lying on the ground. "Take this! Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" She aimed a burning pom fist at the creature's head, but was cut short when it yanked the chains upward, hitting across her body with both of them. She dropped the pom-poms, which promptly vanished, and stumbled away to the side.

"This isn't working, Sugarshine," said Jennifer. "I need something else."

"What else have you got?" Sugarshine asked in return.

"Right, right, use my instincts," Jennifer said. "You have no idea how little help that actually— Oh, wait. Duh. How could I forget that? Alright you motherfucker, I can spin shit around too. Watch my baton!" She clenched her hands into fists, put them together and then drew them apart. In the space between them appeared a twirling baton. Once the entire length was there, she transferred it to one hand and started twirling it, saying "Baton Twirl Blazing Shield!" A stream of white hot sparks flowed out from both ends of the baton, and a glowing energy barrier formed in front of it. None too soon, in fact, as the creature's flails bounced off it right away.

It retracted its chains and tried again. This time only one flail struck the shield. The other chain wrapped around a nearby lamppost. Jennifer noticed it in time and got out of the way as the monster pulled it down in her direction. "Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive. Punching and throwing doesn't work, how about we split the difference. Something with some reach," Jennifer said. She twirled the baton again and threw it into the air. "Spinning..." She caught it on the way down and kept the twirl going. "Ignition..." It was noticeably longer. She threw it up again. "Burning..." She quickly reached up and caught it in one hand. "Pike!" The baton was much longer than before, and the end burst into a shower of sparks as a long and flat spike appeared there.

She grasped the pike in two hands and charged at the monster as it reeled its chains back in. It shook its arms to send waves down the length of the chain, but Jennifer deflected them away from herself at a safe distance with the pike. "Take this!" she shouted as she drove the pike into the creature's chest and out its backside, running it entirely through. The beast fell to the ground, and the baton pike vanished as Jennifer jumped back. "Now the megaphone!" she called, and it appeared. As the injured creature staggered to its feet, she shouted through the megaphone, "Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The burning wave obliterated it.

She heard scattered applause as the shoppers that had taken cover behind cars started to reemerge. She gave a quick wave to the crowd, then ran into a round off back handspring full twist and disappeared.

"Miss Monroe, it's good of you to finally join us," said the cheer coach.

"Sorry Coach, I got held up," Jennifer said.

"You'll be joining Fawcett for ten laps after practice. Now get in formation!" he shouted. Jennifer winced. Running laps was a standard punishment in athletics, and ten was going to be unpleasant. It could have been worse, though, and at least she was going to have company.

As promised, when the rest of the squad finally headed inside, the two girls started their laps. Jennifer asked, "So what did you do to piss off Coach, Theresa?"

"Oh, I was chewing gum again and Coach finally caught me. I guess she takes that rule seriously after all," she said.

"Less talking, more running, girls!" the coach shouted. They wisely shut up. After a couple of laps, Jennifer started to get ahead of Theresa, though she could hear her keeping pace a few feet behind her. She slowed down briefly to be friendly and let the other girl catch up, but Theresa just fell behind again after another lap. She let her catch up again, but gave up when Theresa once more couldn't keep up with her. They ran the rest of their laps with Jennifer in front rather than side by side.

The two girls reached the locker room long after everyone else had left, and headed straight to the showers to cool down after the long and sweaty run. Jennifer let the water flow over her face and down her naked body. She suddenly got the nagging feeling of being watched. She turned and looked back over her shoulder. Theresa was under the shower opposite hers, and was doing the same thing, but quickly turned to face her shower again when she saw Jennifer looking her way. Jennifer shrugged and returned to her own shower.

In short order she once again felt eyes on her, and when she turned to check she caught her fellow cheerleader staring again, though once more she immediately turned away. Apparently she hadn't gotten enough of watching Jennifer's backside while they were running. Jennifer crossed over to the other side and asked to her face, "What is it?"

"N— nothing," she stammered, and timidly turned her head down and away from Jennifer.

"Theresa, you're looking at me the way the boys do."

"Sorry," said Teresa meekly, barely audible above the water.

"Hey," Jennifer said, putting her hand under Teresa's chin and pushing her head back up to face her own. "Don't be." She leaned in and kissed her. It started slowly, but quickly built in intensity. Theresa was soon kissing her ravenously, like a starving person eating their first real meal in months. As the water cascaded over both of them, their arms went around each other and pulled their naked bodies tightly together, with one of Teresa's hands on the back on Jennifer's head and the other roaming downwards to squeeze her ass.

Finally Theresa pulled away, and asked quietly, "Does this mean... you're like me?"

Jennifer shook her head. "No, but all straight girls get curious," she replied and resumed their kiss. This time when Theresa broke away, she immediately started moving down Jennifer's body. She kissed her neck, then her collarbone, and then went straight to her nipples, licking and sucking them. Her hands came up to fondle Jennifer's breasts while she tasted them. Jennifer moaned encouragement, "Mmmmm, yeees, suck my titties baby. Lick those boobs."

Theresa let her hands drift downwards across Jennifer's toned belly, but seemed reluctant to let her mouth follow. Twice she moved her head down and then right back up to her breasts. Finally she was able to pull herself away, and continued kissing her way downwards, over Jennifer's navel and towards her pussy that was now wet from more than just the shower. "Wait," Jennifer said. Theresa looked up with a disappointed expression on her face and longing in her green eyes. Jennifer lowered herself to the floor and onto her back, then spread her legs apart. "Now."

Theresa dove in and licked her pussy with a ferocity that surprised Jennifer. She was excited and a bit all over the place at first, but soon settled into licking, sucking, and teasing her clit, with occasional venturing away to lick elsewhere briefly before returning. "Aaahhh, fuck yes, right there, fuck, don't stop!" Jennifer shouted with pleasure. She felt Theresa's fingers moving across her pussy and it sent her over the edge. She grabbed Theresa's head and pushed it hard against her crotch, while screaming with raw orgasm.

After it subsided, Jennifer sat up and pulled Theresa's face to hers, reuniting their lips. She probed the other girl's mouth with her tongue, tasting her own juices secondhand. Then she pushed Theresa down onto her back and took position over her. Jennifer regarded the other girl for a brief moment. Theresa had straight, shoulder length brown hair, at least she did when it was dry. Her pubic hair was untouched, though also wet at the moment. She had a hot body that any guy would be pleased to get his hands on, though apparently that feeling wasn't mutual. Jennifer estimated that her breasts were D-cup in size, the same as her own. She put her hands around them and squeezed while her mouth came down on a nipple and sucked. Theresa gasped, then moaned, low and long.

Jennifer made her tongue dance on Theresa's tits and reached down with her hand to rub her clit through her thick bush. Theresa yelped in surprise, and then several more times in pleasure. Jennifer moved quickly down to replace her finger with her tongue, and pushed her finger into the girl's tight slit. "Oh God!" shouted Theresa. "Fuck! Fuck! Holy shit! Fuuuck!" Jennifer felt her tremble beneath her as Theresa came hard with a loud scream.

As Theresa panted to catch her breath, Jennifer moved up over her and kissed her again. This time they kissed more slowly, with less fervor. Theresa no longer had the energy, or indeed any longer the need, to kiss with the same urgency as before. Jennifer reached up and shut the water off, then sat with her back against the wall. Theresa sat up beside her and asked, "You said you were curious. What that your first time?"

"With another girl, yes," Jennifer confirmed.

"It was my first time with anybody," Theresa admitted. "And it was amazing. Thank you."

Jennifer turned towards her and gave her a quick peck on the lips. "You were really good too. I enjoyed that as much as I hoped I would. Does anybody else know? Have you told your parents?"

"God, no. I've been fighting it, I guess. I've tried going out with guys, but they just aren't... girls."

Jennifer nodded slowly. "They have their uses, but you're right. They aren't us."

"Oh that's right, you're dating Wade, aren't you," Theresa remembered.

"I won't tell him if you don't," Jennifer said with a wink.

"So, do you think we can... I mean... again, sometime?" Theresa asked with a timid but hopeful smile.

"You bet your sweet ass we're gonna fuck again," Jennifer said, before leaning over to give Theresa another passionate kiss. As she pulled away again, she finished, "But next time, we'll do it at my house instead, okay?"

Theresa nodded as a wide smile spread across her face.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. That was one steamy shower for our heroine! Next time, it's back to the present, as Jennifer continues to explore her newfound bisexuality with Theresa, and joins up with Matt against a new creature with its own explosive secret, on Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 5: 'Sleepovers are More Fun with Toys! Deadly Fumes in the Night!' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



CHEER Raider Panther

[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 5: "Sleepovers are More Fun with Toys! Deadly Fumes in the Night!"

The doorbell rang. Jennifer hurried to the door and opened it, revealing a smiling Theresa. Both girls squealed with excitement. "Get in here, you," Jennifer said, grabbing her arm and pulling her inside. As soon as she got the door closed, Theresa pushed her against it and kissed her. Jennifer returned the kiss, and said after Theresa finally pulled away, "Not so shy about what you want anymore, are you."

Theresa smiled again. "Thank you for inviting me over to 'study'. Now take me to your room or I swear I'll rip your clothes off right here."

"Mmm, that's tempting, but it's this way." Jennifer took her by the hand and led her to her bedroom. Theresa closed the door behind them and the two of them shed their clothes on the way to falling onto the bed together. They resumed kissing, and their hands roamed everywhere, feeling and groping each other's breasts, legs, asses, and pussies, moaning into each other's mouths as their excitement grew. As Jennifer's fingers rubbed across Theresa's moist cunt lips, she noticed there was a lot less hair than before, only a small, neatly trimmed patch remained. "Oooo, you shaved," she cooed.

"You like it?" Theresa asked.

"I love it," Jennifer replied, then pulled away and headed straight for it. She immediately started moving her tongue through the folds of Theresa's pussy.

"Oohhh, God yes," Theresa moaned. She reached for Jennifer's leg and pulled it towards her. Jennifer repositioned herself above Theresa for a sixty-nine, and started moaning herself as she felt the other girl's mouth against her own dripping wet slit. The two girls teased each other's cunts briefly but soon moved on to mutual licking and sucking of their clits. Theresa was the first to cum, her head fell back away from Jennifer's pussy as she yelled out in pleasure. As soon as she caught her breath, she dove back in, intent on returning the favor. It wasn't long before she was successful, and heard Jennifer screaming down between her legs. They kept at it until they had both reached orgasm a second time, then Jennifer reversed herself and the two girls kissed again, their lips and

faces wet with each other's juices.

Jennifer pulled herself free from Theresa's arms and slid off the bed. "Mmm, don't go," Theresa pleaded.

"A while back, I was snooping around in my dad's room, and I found this box of Mom's old stuff buried in the back of the closet. I took it, and Dad never said anything," Jennifer explained while sliding the box out from under the bed. Theresa heard a click and then a hum, then Jennifer climbed back into bed holding a vibrating dildo. "So now I get to use this on you."

"Oh shit, you have sex toys? I've had to make do with my hairbrush handle and a back massager," Theresa said, then she moaned as she felt the trembling phallus against her clit. "Aaaahhh, oh fuck, yes, that feels incredible." Jennifer slid the vibrator down along Theresa's pussy lips, and then pushed it slowly inside her, increasing the volume of the girl's moans. She moved her fingers to Theresa's clit and rubbed it vigorously while she moved the vibrator in and out of her pussy, shoving it deep inside. "Oh God, oh God, I'm cummiiing!" Theresa said, and screamed while her back arched against the bed. She panted and moaned while Jennifer left the vibrator buzzing away inside her, and gave a long sigh when she finally pulled it out.

Jennifer vanished from the bed again, and reappeared with another dildo attached firmly in position between her legs. "I didn't think I'd ever actually use this, but now I'm gonna fuck you good."

"Holy shit, your Mom had a strap-on? Who did she use it on?" Theresa wondered.

"No idea, and don't kill the mood by making me think about it," Jennifer said, taking position over Theresa. She aimed the artificial dick at the other girl's soaking wet pussy and pushed it inside. She thrust her hips, ramming the dildo in and out of Theresa's snatch, making her moan loudly. "You like that? You like my cock, baby?"

"Oh fuck yes, I love it, give it to me," Theresa encouraged. Their lips met and they kissed while Jennifer pounded her.

Then Jennifer pulled out and said, "Turn over on all fours. Time for you to take it doggie." Theresa did as instructed and looked back over her shoulder as Jennifer got into position and reinserted the fake cock deep into her. She slammed it in and out, steadyng herself with one hand while she reached forward with the other. She squeezed one of Theresa's breasts, then the other, then moved her hand slowly down across her belly until she finally reached her clit and started teasing it. It wasn't long before Theresa erupted in another orgasm, yelling loudly, and then collapsed on the bed. Jennifer got down beside her and snuggled with her.

After a few minute's rest, Theresa reached down and took hold of the cock, still wet with her juices. "Do I get to use this on you now?"

"You damn well better," Jennifer said, kissing her again. Theresa unbuckled the harness and slid it down Jennifer's legs, then stood beside the bed while she put it on and fastened it. Jennifer quickly moved in and took the faux penis into her mouth, performing an erstaz blowjob while Theresa looked down at her.

"Oh, you're a good cocksucker, aren't you?" Theresa teased.

"Mm-hm," Jennifer replied with her mouth full.

"You want it in your pussy? Ready for me to fuck you hard?"

"Mm-hm," Jennifer repeated. Theresa pushed her back onto the bed and climbed on top of her. Jennifer grabbed the dildo and guided it into her pussy. Theresa thrust with her hips slowly at first, but her speed grew with her confidence and lust as she groped Jennifer's tits and kissed her deeply. Jennifer moaned into her mouth with increasing volume until she finally screamed and

thrashed from orgasm. Theresa lifted her head, and Jennifer smiled up at her, then pulled it back down into another kiss.

The door creaked slightly as it opened a few inches, just enough space to admit a plush alicorn. "Jennifer!" whispered Princess Sugarshine as she landed on the bed. The two girls were sleeping, still naked, with Jennifer spooned against Theresa's back. "Jennifer!" Sugarshine quietly called again, while poking her in the back.

Jennifer groaned, and said, "What is it? Go away, we're sleeping."

"A monster has appeared. You need to go."

"Ohhhh, dammit, why tonight? Fine, I'm coming." Jennifer gently pulled away from Theresa and slipped off the bed. She walked to her window, opened it, and removed the screen. She climbed up and perched, still naked, with her feet on the windowsill.

She looked back to make sure Theresa was still asleep, then whispered "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she leapt out the window, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles dissipated as she landed outside.

She immediately performed a round off back handspring full twist layout, and landed to find herself surrounded by dense fog. "That's weird, it wasn't foggy back home," she mused aloud.

"Nor is it anywhere else, just here," said Matt's voice in her ear.

"Matt? Are you here?" she asked.

"Just arriving. I'm setting down at the edge of the fog. Where are you, can you see anything?"

"Not more than a couple feet in front of me," Jennifer said, reaching out with her arms and taking a few slow steps forward. The fog was faintly illuminated by several nearby light sources, but visibility was near zero. "Where are we?"

"Parking lot. Bensonville Plaza. Plenty of room to move around, so don't worry about that. Just don't smack into any of the lampposts." That was the strip mall, the town's other main shopping area besides downtown proper. Matt could see that the unnatural fog hung thick over the whole area, and was spreading wider. It started to engulf Panther's feet. He heard Jennifer cry out. "What? What is it?"

"Something cut me, on my arm. It went by me very fast," she responded. She pulled a bloodied hand away from her upper arm and examined it. There were three parallel gashes. "Are those claw marks?"

"Claws? How deep? Are you okay?" Matt asked.

"It got me pretty good, but it should heal when I change back, everything else always has," she answered. "Pom-poms," she added, summoning the magical weapons. Then she yelled again,

louder this time.

"Jennifer!" Matt exclaimed.

"I'm okay. Fucker got me in the back this time and knocked me down." Jennifer stood and winced at the pain from the wounds on her back. She felt her bra slipping off her tits, obviously the creature had sliced right through both her uniform shell and the bra.

"Something in the fog is messing with Panther's sensors. He's analyzing it and trying to compensate, but right now I can't get a fix on you. You should get out of there," said Matt.

"Hush!" Jennifer said.

"I'm serious, fighting this one blind may be too dangerous!"

"I'm trying to listen!" she insisted. Matt wisely shut up. Jennifer closed her eyes and concentrated on the sounds around her, pom-poms held at the ready. She heard rapid footsteps moving across the parking lot. She waited until the direction to the sound held steady, no doubt the monster had turned to make another charge at her. "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!"

"Jennifer, wait!" Matt shouted. The fog exploded. Panther's cockpit shook as the blast roared past. "Jennifer!" Matt shouted again.

"Owww, Goddammit," she muttered, while picking herself up off the ground again.

"Panther just now worked out that the fog is explosive, but I guess we found that out the hard way too. I can see you now, are you okay?"

"A little singed. I've had worse. You?"

"Panther has some ankle damage. The gas was getting into the joints, and I bet the shock wave built up a lot of power as it got out this far. You probably got the lightest hit being in the center of it," Matt said. "Oh shit, there he is!" Jennifer turned towards the mecha and saw the creature running towards it at a speed rivaling that of large four-legged animals, and generating more of the fog behind it as it ran. It slipped between Panther's feet, striking with its claws, and they became engulfed in the mist once more.

The damage indications for Panther's left ankle increased, until Matt felt it nearly collapse. He shifted his weight to Panther's right leg, but the monster naturally was attacking that ankle now. "Shit. Shoo, get away," he said, while trying to kick at his right foot using his useless left foot. It didn't do any good. The right ankle gave way completely and he went down hard on Panther's back.

"Matt!" Jennifer shouted.

"Fuuuck. I'm okay, but Panther's repairs will take a little while, and I don't think this thing is going to give us any breathing room," he said. The creature had already sped away, spreading its cloud over the parking lot. Jennifer was once again in the thick of it.

"Jennifer! I saw the explosion and Matt going down. I'm almost there. What's going on?" said Princess Sugarshine in her head.

"Sugarshine, we have a tough one tonight. Can you see anything other than the fog?" Jennifer asked.

"No, nothing," she said.

Jennifer grunted in frustration. "If only there was something to blow this fog away."

"Yeah, too bad it's calm weather tonight," Matt said.

"No, I mean like the wind from a helicopter or something," said Jennifer.

"Rotor wash," said Matt. "Panther, how much downward air flow does the hoverwing create? Good. Okay, Jennifer, we're going with your idea, but with a twist, since that thing still runs too fast to attack from the ground. I heard you say Sugarshine is here, right? Have her fly over the fog and verbally lead you out of it. Get clear and then keep going. I'll send the hoverwing down to pick you

up. Panther, set up remote manual control of the hoverwing for me."

"Sugarshine! Guide me out of this fog. We have a plan," Jennifer called out, while slipping her now useless bra out from under her top and tossing it aside. With the pony's help, she was able to quickly exit the fog bank. She ran another two blocks away, clutching her breasts with her hands to compensate for the loss of her bra, and saw Panther's large aircraft coming down to meet her.

"The repair nanites have created a harness for you. Get your pike ready and latch in," Matt said.

"Baton!" Jennifer called, while putting her hands together and drawing them apart again. After the baton formed, she started it spinning and tossed it into the air twice. "Spinning... Ignition... Burning... Pike!" With a burst of sparks, the baton completed its transformation. She clutched it in her hands and ran under the hoverwing. "Fuck, this thing is huge up close. Okay, I see the harness. Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive." She let the mechanical straps take hold of her and pull her up to the underbelly of the hoverwing. Then it lifted off.

"Here we go," said Matt. "None too soon, either. Panther's armor is taking hits from the monster again, and the damage is really building up." The hoverwing flew low towards the Plaza, and when it arrived the fog was immediately blown away from it, revealing the slightly battered mecha. The monster ceased its attack and fled.

"It's working! I can see you! And the creature! It's on the move!" Jennifer shouted over the noise of the engines.

"Keeping with it," Matt responded. The hoverwing stayed above the creature as it ran across the parking lot, its fog blowing away uselessly as soon as it was created. "Get ready to release."

"What? You didn't say you were going to drop me oh shiiiit!" Jennifer yelled as the harness let go and she fell towards the monster. She quickly reoriented her pike to point downwards and held on tight as it plunged straight into the monster's back, impaling it all the way through. The creature hit the ground and skidded to a stop while Jennifer rolled with her forward momentum away from it. She jumped to her feet as soon as she could and called out, "Megaphone! Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The megaphone appeared in her hand and unleashed its power onto the defeated creature, destroying it utterly.

Jennifer crept towards her window and grabbed onto the sill. She whispered, "Final score, game over!" Her uniform burst into a cloud of golden sparkles that swirled around her and reformed into the charm bracelet as she pulled herself inside, once again naked. She left the screen out for the time being so that Sugarshine could get back in, then yawned and returned to bed next to Theresa. She settled into her pillow and closed her eyes.

"So... were you going to tell me that you're Cheer Raider?" said a clearly not asleep Theresa. Jennifer cringed and cursed silently.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. Uh-oh! It looks like the cat is out of the bag, but these girls definitely know what to do with a loose pussy! Join us next time, when an extra girl means extra hot sex, and an extra large monster means extra trouble, on Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 6: 'You Want to See My Powerful Colossus, and Also My Giant Robot? Bigger is Badder!' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



Panther

[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 6: "You Want to See My Powerful Colossus, and Also My Giant Robot? Bigger is Badder!"

Matt worked his tongue intently on Jennifer's clit while he felt her mouth engulf his hard cock completely. She had invited him over to her house for more practice, and he certainly wasn't going to turn that down. He heard her moaning with her mouth full, felt her tongue moving up and down his rod. His head fell back from her wet pussy as he grunted loudly and pumped his jism into her mouth. She got up and turned around, licking her lips seductively, before settling in alongside him with her breasts nestled against his arm. Her hand drifted down to his cock and took hold of it, fondling and squeezing gently.

"There's, uh, something we need to talk about," she began, sounding worried and uncertain. "We have a small predicament."

"What is it?" Matt asked.

"Well, one of the other girls on the cheerleader squad, Theresa, I discovered that she's a closeted lesbian... right about the same time I discovered I'm bisexual." They both felt Matt's cock twitch and regain some stiffness at that.

"Okay," Matt said, as noncommittally as he could.

"The other night, before we fought that fog monster, she was here, in bed with me. I thought she was asleep, but... she wasn't. I... had to tell her everything. About me, about you, about... us."

"Is she going to be a problem?" Matt asked.

"Oh no, no, she knows how to keep a secret, obviously. She thinks it's all really cool, and she asked... if she could see Panther up close sometime. I told her I'd ask you."

"Sure, why not. I have no problem with that."

"No... that's not it," Jennifer said. "I... already told her you agreed to it, but on one condition."

"What condition?"

"That she... joins us in a threesome." Jennifer felt Matt's dick get instantly hard in her hand.

"Oh. Wow. And she was okay with that?"

"She was."

"Well then, how can I say no?"

Jennifer kissed his cheek and moved up to straddle him. "Good. I'll let her know that it's on. She's never been with a guy before, so you get to have her cock virginity. Don't say I never gave you anything." She gave him a wide, teasing smile as she sank her wet fuck tunnel down onto his rod.

"How much further?" Theresa asked from behind the wheel of her father's pickup truck.

"You can stop. We're here," Matt replied.

"There's nothing here but grass and trees," Theresa insisted. They had driven off-road for quite a ways, circling around the edge of the forest preserve on the far side from town.

"Panther, deactivate cloaking," said Matt. The air shimmered as the mecha appeared, sitting on the ground and leaning against a large tree. The hoverwing appeared also, parked on the ground a short distance away.

"Holy shit! That's awesome!" Theresa turned off the truck, jumped out and ran over for a closer look.

"I have to admit, it's nice to be able to see your robot like this, rather than in the middle of a fight," Jennifer said while they both got out of the vehicle and followed Theresa over to Panther.

"Can we see inside?" Theresa asked excitedly.

"Cockpit open," Matt commanded. The belly armor folded down and the inner panels moved aside, granting them access. Matt climbed inside, followed by the girls.

"This is where you run it from," Theresa said, running her hands over the remote manipulation armature.

"Yep. Close cockpit," Matt said. The walls, ceiling, and floor around them lit up with a view of the surrounding area. The doors slid shut, and their inner surface completed the display. The trees and the truck appeared much smaller than in real life. "This is essentially a virtual reality representation of Panther's view of the world. I can see all around from in here. Anything that falls within the radius of the view screen is input by the pilot nanites directly to my optic nerve instead, sort of like augmented reality without the video glasses."

"Wicked! Thank you for letting me see all this, Matt," Theresa said. Then she turned to Jennifer, pulled her close, and kissed her. "And thank you for letting me into your world."

Jennifer grinned. "I think somebody's ready for some fun." Theresa nodded enthusiastically.

The girls were already naked by the time Matt got the picnic blanket spread out on the grass. They settled onto it and made out while he stripped down. Jennifer sat up, spread her legs, and directed Theresa's face into her pussy. She moaned while Theresa crouched on all fours with her tongue moving rapidly across Jennifer's clit, and her ass up in the air, pussy exposed and waiting. Matt knelt down behind her, his dick incredibly hard from watching the show before him. "Oooohhh put it in, baby, I want to see you fuck her," Jennifer urged.

Matt eased his cock into Theresa's tight but very wet pussy. He held her hips and began fucking her slowly. He heard her moan from between Jennifer's legs. He gave off a groan of his own and increased his speed. "Yeah, lick me good and take that cock, yes, fuck yes!" Jennifer said, moaning in pleasure.

"Oh God yes, aaahhh fuck, fuck. I'm not gonna last too long here," Matt said, feeling that he was close to orgasm.

"Yes, cum inside her Matt, let's see a nice creampie!" Jennifer ordered. Matt thrust inside hard and yelled out while his load spewed into Theresa's cunt. The very instant he pulled out, Jennifer grabbed her, flipped her over, and dove in between her legs.

"Oh God!" Theresa shouted as Jennifer licked and sucked the cum from her. Matt's cock made a heroic recovery due to the sight, he shrugged and rammed it home into Jennifer's pussy. He wasn't sure which girl exactly started cumming first, but both of their bodies shook hard as they screamed.

The three collapsed onto the blanket, but after a few minutes Jennifer propped her head up. "Hey, you wanna taste her? She's really yummy down there."

"Absolutely," Matt responded. Jennifer got on top of him riding cowgirl, and motioned Theresa into place over his mouth, facing her. The both moaned as Matt's tongue and cock worked on their respective pussies, while they kissed and played with each other's tits. This continued until Theresa's moans became more rapid and insistent.

"Cum for us, baby," Jennifer said, and pinched her nipples hard. Theresa's head fell back and her back arched as she screeched in extreme pleasure, and then fell over sideways onto the blanket. Jennifer moved to cuddle with her and continued fondling her breasts. When Theresa's breathing returned to normal, Jennifer said, "Mmmmm, my turn now." She produced her strap-on dildo from her purse and fastened it into position around Theresa's waist.

"Wow, you're just full of surprises, aren't you," Matt observed.

"Yeah, and right now I need my pussy full with your cock," Jennifer said, pulling him down and mounting him once again, sliding his rod into her wet slit. She spat on her hand and rubbed it into her asshole, then motioned Theresa towards her. Theresa obliged, lubing the dildo with some of her own spit, then guiding it into Jennifer's back door. Her moans ratcheted up in response to the double penetration. "Fuck! Yes! Fuck me fuck me fuck me, oh God yes! Give it to me!"

"You like that, slut? You like being all filled up?" Theresa taunted, giving Jennifer's ass a few swats with her hand while pounding the dildo into her.

"Yes I love it! Fuck! I'm cumming! Fuuuuuuuck!" Jennifer shouted, and then collapsed into Matt. As soon as she caught her breath, she grabbed Matt's face and kissed him hard, then pulled Theresa down and did the same to her. She pulled away and ran her hand down Matt's thigh next to his still-hard tool. "Let's take care of that for you. Stand up. Theresa, kneel beside me."

Theresa obediently opened her mouth as Jennifer gently pushed her head down onto Matt's cock. She sucked it up and down, enjoying the taste of Jennifer's pussy juices on it. Then Jennifer pulled her back and took her place, taking his meat deep while he moaned. Next, Jennifer licked with her tongue up and down his shaft, and pulled Theresa back in to join her. The two girls looked up at Matt while they devoured his cock together. His moans intensified, and Jennifer pushed Theresa's mouth down onto it again, just as his heavy groans announced his orgasm. Theresa's mouth filled with his spunk, and then with Jennifer's tongue when she pulled Theresa back and moved in herself for a deep cum-sharing kiss. Afterwards, the three rested together on the blanket, their naked bodies cuddling with Jennifer between the other two.

With the sun low in the sky, the three reluctantly got their clothes back on, folded up the blanket, and prepared to leave. Matt opened the truck door to get in, then stopped, and said, "Uh oh."

"Uh oh? What?" Theresa asked.

"Yeah, Sugarshine, I've got Matt here with me, he got the message too," said Jennifer.

"Oh! A monster?" Theresa realized.

"Watch this. You're going to love it," Matt said, pointing at Jennifer.

Jennifer smiled and called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!"

On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the ground, and all her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated.

Theresa clapped and squealed with glee. "Girl, that is kick ass!" Jennifer winked at her, took off running, and performed a round off back handspring full twist layout, vanishing into thin air. Theresa turned to see Matt already hurrying towards Panther. She ran to catch up. Matt climbed into the cockpit and secured himself into the armature. Theresa stuck her head in. "Matt, good luck out there. Keep her safe."

Matt smiled. "I always do. Panther, synchronize the armature." The control systems brought his legs up to match the sitting posture of the mecha.

Theresa lingered. "Hey, uh, that threesome, it wasn't really your idea, was it. It was hers."

"Yeah, but you didn't hear it from me," Matt said. "So what did you think of it?"

"It was fun, really, but, I think for one on one I'll be sticking with girls," she admitted.

"Fair enough. The thing I don't get though, if all she wanted was a threesome, why did she bring you to me instead of her boyfriend?"

"You mean Wade? The way she's talked about him, I'm pretty sure she doesn't trust him to keep his mouth shut."

"Huh. Oh, do you mind waiting for us here? Jennifer at least will still need a ride home afterwards."

"Sure thing," Theresa said, and then jumped away from the closing cockpit. She watched in awe as the giant robot stood up, grabbed hold of the hoverwing that was now waiting overhead, and rose into the air before vanishing as the cloaking device activated.

The road was a mess of abandoned cars due to drivers fleeing their trapped vehicles on foot. The creature was currently assaulting a semi truck in the middle of the traffic snarl. It was twenty feet tall, with its torso and arms disproportionately large compared to its legs and head, essentially an over-muscled monstrosity. The truck and its trailer were finally pushed over with a loud crash. The monster looked around for its next target, and headed towards a fast food restaurant.

"Aw, shit," Jennifer muttered, and then shouted, "Hey ugly! Pick on something your own size! As soon as he gets here! Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" The fireball, more than the taunt, got its attention, and it turned to come after her instead. She turned and ran. Even with its lumbering gait, it was fairly fast. She ran into a car dealership's lot and judged that was about as far as she

could lead it from innocent people before being in a lot of trouble herself. It was time to make a stand. "Baton!" she called out, summoning it into her hand. She turned towards the approaching beast and set her feet. "Baton Twirl Blazing Shield!" The shield was barely fully formed when the creature swung low and rammed its fist into it. The shield absorbed the blow, but Jennifer's boots skidded across the pavement as she was pushed back several feet.

"Whoa, that's a big motherfucker," said Matt's voice in her ear.

"Matt! About damn time!" she said.

"Get out of the way, I'm coming in hot," he warned. Panther decloaked while riding the hoverwing low to the ground, his legs raised. Jennifer dodged to the side as Panther landed a flying kick into the monster's backside, sending it sprawling to the ground while the mecha passed overhead. Matt released the hoverwing and dropped the short distance to the ground, taking a few steps to come to a halt. In that time, the giant insectoid grabbed a car in each hand and hurled them towards Panther. As Matt turned around, he saw the approaching automobiles and put Panther's arms up in a protective stance. The cars bounced off harmlessly, but when he lowered his arms again, the creature was upon him.

Though it was half Panther's size, the running tackle was effective, and the robot was thrown to the ground on its back with the monster on top. They began trading punches, both getting a fair share of hits in, but with Matt at a clear positional disadvantage. Matt heard Jennifer yelling, "Spinning... Ignition... Burning... Pike!" and then with friendly sarcasm, "Do I have to do everything around here? Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive." She bounded from car to car, running across their roofs, then up onto a row of SUVs, and from there a wild leap towards the creature with the pike held overhead.

It stuck itself into the monster's side, to very little effect. Jennifer pulled herself up and climbed onto its back, staying on her knees for stability. The beast didn't even notice her, but just to make sure, Matt grabbed hold of its arms and held them immobile. "Pom-poms! Pom-pom Flaming Punch! Pom-pom Flaming Punch! Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" she called out over and over as she pounded her fists repeatedly into the creature's backside. She finally stopped, and said, "Shit, I hit it I don't know how many times and the damn thing's shell only has one crack in it."

"How good of a crack?" Matt asked.

"It's nice and gaping, I guess, but it doesn't seem to bother him any."

"Megaphone, in direct contact."

"Oh God, it's a radical idea again. Megaphone!"

"Hurry, I can't hold him much longer!" Matt warned.

"Here it comes," Jennifer warned back, placing the megaphone against the crack she'd made in the monster's carapace. "Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The creature promptly exploded downwards and outwards all around it. Jennifer was knocked over, but the thick rear shell dropped mostly intact onto Panther with her still on top. She jumped down to the ground, and Matt sat Panther up.

"Cheer Raider! Cheer Raider, can I ask you some questions?" shouted a woman's voice. They looked and saw two people running towards them through the rows of cars, one an attractive blonde woman in her late twenties or so, the other a man carrying a video camera.

"Oh, hey, it's that reporter woman," Jennifer said.

"Debbie Woods? Sweet! You should talk to her. People should know what's going on," Matt said.

"With that camera up close? What if people recognize me?" she worried.

"Right. Panther, can you produce a short-range electromagnetic pulse? Nice. Do it," Matt ordered.

The reporters finally made it over to them, and a slightly out of breath Debbie said, "Miss Cheer Raider, I'm Debbie Woods with KHNT 34 Action News. May I please interview you?"

"Sure, I can answer a few questions," Jennifer replied.

"Uh, Debbie?" the cameraman meekly interrupted. "My camera just went dead."

"What? Just one moment, we'll have to make do with this," Debbie said. She fished her smartphone out of a pocket but found that it would not turn on either. "Dammit! Alright, the old fashioned way it is," she said, producing a pen and pad of paper. "Cheer Raider, first I'd like to convey the thanks of a grateful town for everything you've done stopping these monsters. Can you tell us, where are they coming from? What do they want?"

"From what we know, they are arriving here through portals from... somewhere else. I guess we don't know, actually. Or why, other than to wreck stuff and create mayhem," Jennifer admitted.

Debbie nodded, scribbled some notes, and then asked, "You said we. Tell me about your robot friend there."

"The robot's from space. Crashed here. The pilot is local. He named it the SABRE Panther. Oh, the SABRE part stands for 'space'... uh, what was it again?" Jennifer paused to listen, then said, "Space Alien Battle Robot Exoframe. He's been a big help," she added, smiling.

"Got it. So then what about you? Are you from here in town? Where do your amazing abilities come from?" Debbie asked.

"Uh... gotta go, sorry!" Jennifer blurted, then immediately took off running into a round off back handspring full twist layout, and disappeared. Debbie looked up at the giant robot. Panther shrugged its shoulders with upturned palms, then stood up and grabbed hold of the hoverwing as it descended within reach. The aircraft lifted its passenger off the ground, and they vanished as the cloaking device activated, leaving Debbie and her cameraman gaping upwards into the sky.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. It looks like things are heating up for our heroes, in more ways than one! Next up, Jennifer finds herself in a desperate fight against a fierce new enemy, and a desperate situation when her coursework suffers, on Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 7: 'The Tsarina Appears! I'll Do Anything To Save My Grade!' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 7: "The Tsarina Appears! I'll Do Anything To Save My Grade!"

Jennifer sat in her room, typing on her computer. The monsters had been particularly active these past couple weeks, and the timing couldn't have been worse. There hadn't been anything new attacking, it was all creatures of types they'd defeated before, but it still took time she couldn't easily spare. She had two huge reports due nearly at the same time that were both major portions of her grade for their respective classes. She'd managed to get the first one done somehow, but now she was up against the wall on the second. It was due the next day. She wasn't planning on getting any sleep that night.

Princess Sugarshine, on the other hand, was dozing peacefully on the bookshelf. Naturally the quiet didn't last. She suddenly awoke with a start, and said apologetically, "Jennifer..."

"Fuck! Please, not tonight," Jennifer whined.

"Maybe Matt would be able to handle this one on his own?" Sugarshine offered.

"No, I'm the Goddammed guardian, it's my responsibility. Hopefully this won't take long," Jennifer said while opening her window.

She climbed outside and called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the ground, and all her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles

moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated.

She performed the round off back handspring full twist layout and found herself downtown. However, there was no monster. "Matt?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm just coming up on the portal site now. Everything seems quiet. Where are you?" he responded.

"Downtown. Nothing here either. Do you think it's a false alarm?"

"From Panther and Sugarshine both? Doesn't seem likely. Hold on, I'm not too far from you, I'm coming over." Less than a minute later, Panther and the hoverwing decloaked and set down close by. "I'm still not getting anything, even on a wide scan. This is unnerving," Matt said.

Jennifer gazed out over the nearly empty street. Only a few cars were still out and about at the late hour. She saw a shadow pass under the light of a streetlamp, and was just starting to make out the sound of footsteps from that direction. "What's that?" she said, pointing.

"Panther, magnify that for me," Matt ordered. "What the... Is that a woman?" The figure walking towards them at a calm pace looked decidedly like a very beautiful human female with black skin. Not African black, but coal black. Hexadecimal color code #000000 black. She wore a purple garment that just barely qualified as a strapless dress. It amounted to two strips of fabric that reached down to her ankles, held together around her body by laces that criss-crossed the wide gaps on either side, ending high on her hips so that the dress flowed freely between her legs. Her large breasts were not covered very much by the arrangement, and it was clearly visible that she wore no underwear beneath it. Her stiletto heels, long hair flowing down her back, fingernails, lips, and even the irises in her otherwise totally black eyes were the same purple color.

"Well, if that's our invader, she's a lot different from the other ones. Pom-poms," Jennifer said, readying her weapon. Matt did the same, pulling the axe from its place on Panther's back. Jennifer waited until the strange woman got closer, then finally said, "Alright, that's far enough."

"And what the fuck are you supposed to be?" the woman demanded.

"I'm Cheer Raider, my friend there is piloting the SABRE Panther. We are the defenders of this town," Jennifer replied with as much bravado as she could muster.

"This is what has been giving my minions such trouble? A girl playing dress-up and an oversized tin can? Ridiculous," she sneered back.

"Shit, she said 'my minions'. She's the big bad, the one in charge! Be ready for anything. This is not going to be an easy fight," Matt warned.

"Don't underestimate us. We've defeated everything you've sent here. Now it's time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive," Jennifer said defiantly.

The woman laughed mockingly, and said, "You insignificant fools. You'll find me a bit more formidable than those idiot creatures with their penchant for mindless destruction. Now you face the Tsarina, and you will be the first to bow to me when my legions flood this world!" At that she thrust her arms forward, and a stream of electricity shot from her hands to Jennifer, who was thrown from her feet as her muscles spasmed from the shock.

"Jennifer! Shit, lightning powers," Matt said, stepping forward and swinging his axe towards the self-proclaimed Tsarina. She turned her electricity on the approaching blade, and the plasma edge of the axe puffed out. She leapt back, out of the way, as the metal smashed into the pavement with a loud clang.

"Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" shouted Jennifer, shaky but on her feet, shooting a fireball at the dark woman. The Tsarina flicked her hands and sent a cloud of sparks at the oncoming

conflagration, which quickly snuffed out as the two met.

"Shoulder cannons!" Matt commanded, causing them to emerge and open fire. The Tsarina raised her arms, palms forward, in a vaguely defensive posture. The energy bolts never reached her, merely deflecting away in opposite perpendicular directions, one blast hitting the bank, the other the auto repair garage, and dealing severe damage to both. When the barrage ended, she pulled her arms back and thrust them forward again, unleashing a large bolt of lightning that hit the core of the giant robot.

Electricity arced through the cockpit, and then all the screens went dark, leaving Matt in total blackness. "Panther!" he screamed, then paused as the data feed resumed in his brain. "Okay. How long? And skip weapons, just focus on getting us moving again." As he waited for Panther's systems to reinitialize, he tried to work through the problem. "Alright, lightning powers. Massive streams of electrons. Plasma is ionized gas, add electrons and it becomes just plain gas. Negative charge, same as the anti-alphas, stupid me, of course they are going to be repelled. And apparently the electric field can disrupt fire, too. Gotta improvise. So think, electrical safety: lightning rod, Faraday cage, insulators, plastic, rubber, that's it!"

Outside, the Tsarina had turned her attention back towards Jennifer, who was doing her best to keep ahead of the lightning shots being thrown at her. "Matt, get your ass moving, this is not going well," she said desperately, hoping he could hear. She ran back and forth past the front of the shops, hearing the crackle and seeing the bright flashes as the electricity struck just behind her several times. As she passed by the damaged bank wall, one of the bolts finally hit its mark, and she hit the wall, hard. The bricks crumbled and collapsed on top of her.

"Jennifer!" Matt screamed, running over in the once again ambulatory Panther, clutching a bundle of large pickup truck tires in each hand that he'd pulled from the auto garage after smashing through the broken wall there. He dropped to his knees behind the Tsarina and slammed one fist and then the other down over her, cocooning her upper body in a stack of tires.

"What?" shrieked the Tsarina in surprise, and then she growled in frustration as she struggled against her bonds. Matt picked her up, stood, and hung the tires on a utility pole. "Coward! You think you've won?" she snarled, and unleashed a burst of sparks that sputtered out from the top and bottom of the tire stack, was drawn to the wires on the pole, and streamed off along them in both directions. She screamed in anger, and then snapped, "This isn't over! Retrieval!" She promptly vanished in a swirl of purple and blue energy. The tires around her dropped to the ground.

Matt turned back to the ruined bank building, knelt down beside it and started carefully picking through the rubble. "Jennifer? Can you hear me? Please be okay." With the help of Panther's scanners he uncovered her and picked her up. She was like a rag doll in the large robotic hands. He opened the cockpit door and placed her inside, then disconnected from the control armature to check on her. "Jennifer, wake up, please wake up," he begged, shaking her gently.

His phone rang. "Shit, not now. Panther, check the Bluetooth, who is it? What? Home? Why would they be...? Alright, answer it. Hello?"

"Son. You can bring her back here."

"Dad. Uh, what?"

"She may need a doctor, but you probably don't want to take her to the hospital dressed like that. You can bring her here and then we'll figure it out," his father said.

"But... how did you...?" Matt asked, unable to form the full question.

"Debbie Woods has you on live TV. We saw what happened."

"Okay, but, how?" Matt repeated.

"Parents aren't generally as ignorant of what their children are up to as it might seem. They just respect their privacy, until and unless it's something where they have to intervene. And I read superhero comics when I was a kid, too."

Matt processed this. Apparently he hadn't been as subtle as he thought. Finally, he said, "Okay. I need to go park and then we'll teleport in to my bedroom. Stay clear until I get there."

"Understood," replied his father.

Matt returned to the armature and got ready to lift off, summoning the hoverwing down. Looking around, he spotted the KHNT 34 Action News van. There was also a helicopter circling overhead, and with Panther's enhanced vision he could see its weaponry. It was not a civilian chopper. "Wonderful," he said.

A few minutes later, Matt dimensional folded into his room, holding Jennifer in his arms. "Holy shit, that's Cheer Raider! You really are the robot pilot?" Neil asked excitedly from the hallway.

"Neil! Language!" scolded his mom.

"SABRE pilot, and yes, I really am," Matt said, carrying Jennifer to his bed. He laid her in it and gently pulled her helmet off. "I had Panther scan her, there's no broken bones or internal injuries, but she may have a concussion."

"Your mother can change her clothes and we can take her to the hospital right now, or we can give her a few hours first to see if she wakes up on her own," his father offered.

"I don't know. I just don't know," Matt admitted.

Jennifer groaned and opened her eyes. She saw science fiction posters and toys, that meant the bed she was in was Matt's. In fact he was sitting next to it, slumped over asleep in his chair, with his hand reached out, holding hers. A woman sitting in another chair across the room set her book down. "Mrs. Peterson, I presume?" Jennifer said weakly.

"That's right," she said.

"How much did he tell you?" Jennifer asked.

"Enough."

"Oh God, I hurt everywhere. What the hell happened?"

"You had an unfortunate encounter with a brick wall," Matt's mom said. "He hasn't left your side all night, you know."

Jennifer smiled. "He's a good guy."

"Yes, he is. We were debating over taking you to the hospital. We still can," Mrs. Peterson said.

"Well, let's see something first. This should help. Final score, game over," Jennifer said. The cheer uniform burst into a cloud of golden sparkles that swirled around her and reformed into the charm bracelet as her clothes reappeared. It also woke up Matt.

"Jennifer? Jennifer! How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Better now. Maybe a bit of a headache yet," she said, sitting up.

"I'll get you a pain killer. My husband can drive you home," Mrs. Peterson said, standing up.

"Yes, please, and thank you for everything," Jennifer said.

"You're very welcome, dear, and it's nice to finally meet you," Mrs. Peterson said as she walked out.

Jennifer turned to Matt and asked, "And the Tsarina, did you defeat her?"

"I stopped her, but she escaped," Matt said. Jennifer nodded.

Jennifer waved good-bye to Mr. Peterson as he drove away, and climbed back into her window. Her unfinished report was still waiting on her computer. "Oh, fuck," she said. There were only a few hours left before school started, and the pain killer hadn't even kicked in yet.

Sure enough, when the class got their papers back the following week, she had a big fat F. Her grades hadn't been the greatest to begin with, and being Cheer Raider had already been causing them to slip. This one would sink her. She waited after school, and confronted the teacher as he was unlocking his car to go home. "Mr. Lipinski, what can I do to save my grade? I'll do anything."

He turned to her and replied, "Miss Monroe, you had ample time to write that paper and what you turned in shows you didn't use any of it. Even if I were in the habit of granting extra credit assignments, you clearly don't deserve one."

"Mr. Lipinski, please," she said, stepping closer, pushing her body against his. Shifting to a sultry tone of voice, she continued, "I said, I'll do anything. I'll let you... do anything." When the look on his face confirmed he understood the implication, she rubbed her breasts against him for emphasis and kept going. "I know your wife left you. It must be so hard being around all these hot young girls all day with nobody at home to satisfy you."

"Miss Monroe, what you're suggesting could get us both in a great deal of trouble," Lipinski said nervously.

"Only if somebody finds out. It'll be just this once, and I'm not going to tell. Are you?" Jennifer responded, still rubbing her body against his seductively.

Lipinski's face twitched with internal struggle, then he said, "This wouldn't give you a free ticket for the rest of the semester. I expect your work to improve immensely from now on."

"Of course," she said.

"You can't be seen getting into my car here. Go, I'll pick you up down the street."

When they arrived at his house, he led her straight to his bedroom. Jennifer asked, "So, how do you want to start?"

Lipinski slapped her across the face hard enough to knock her to the floor. "What the fuck do you think?" he snarled. "Take those skank clothes off. All you Goddamn tramps these days, dressing like skanks and spreading your legs at the drop of a hat. It disgusts me." She couldn't really contradict him as she pulled off her short skirt and her tight shirt that showed both cleavage and midriff, nor as she removed her bra and panties, revealing her pussy that had seen no shortage of cock inside it.

He grabbed her by the hair and roughly pulled her to her feet, then dragged her over to the bed where he sat down and pulled her down over his lap. He pinned her arms behind her back and fastened a pair of fuzzy bondage handcuffs around her wrists, then started spanking her hard. "All your skank classmates deserve to be punished, but you most of all. Is that what you were doing instead of your paper? Fucking around? A different guy every night, I bet." Jennifer grunted with each slap of his hand against her ass. He finally stopped when both cheeks were plenty red and stinging.

He pulled her off his lap and onto the bed, face down with her ass and legs hanging over the side. She heard him stand up behind her and undress, then she yelped as her head was yanked back from him pulling hard on her hair. She felt his cock head against her cunt lips, and then she squealed as he pushed all the way into her pussy with one thrust. He started pounding her from behind, still pulling her hair, and said, "Look at that, what a disgusting skank you are to take it in so easily." She grunted and moaned as his member pounded into her as hard as he could manage. Having her arms trapped behind her, her neck strained, and her scalp in pain wasn't pleasant, but the cock in her wet

tunnel was some consolation.

"How about your other skank hole?" he asked, pulling out of her and pushing back in a few inches higher. She screamed as he once again rammed in his entire length in one go. "Just as loose, of course it is," Lipinski sneered while regaining his previous pace. Jennifer panted and moaned as her backdoor indeed quickly loosened for the invader.

Just as her body was finally heating up to the point where she could really enjoy herself, Lipinski disappeared. He was only gone for a minute though, and upon his return he flipped her over, her handcuffed arms pinned painfully under her body. He was holding a permanent marker, and uncapped it and began writing. Across one breast, "skank", and "slut" on the other. Above her pussy, "insert cock" with an arrow pointing down, and then written vertically next to her pussy, "cum" on the right and "dump" on the left. It wasn't anything that would show when she had her clothes on, but that wasn't going to be the case quite yet.

He grabbed her by one arm, pulled her to her feet, and then dragged her with him to the bathroom and into the tub. "On your knees, skank!" he ordered, pushing her downwards, and she obliged. She looked up, finally seeing his naked form. He wasn't especially handsome for his age, nor ugly either, more depressingly average with his severely receding hairline and silly mustache. The rest of him followed suit, right down to his penis, which he aimed at her and unleashed a stream of piss. She clamped her mouth shut and watched as the arc of golden fluid cascaded past her face and down onto her body, the surprising warmth of it flowing over her skin. He sprayed his urine over both of her tits, across her collarbone, and briefly onto her chin, then back down to her tits until his bladder could give no more.

Then he stepped closer, raised his cock with his hand, yanked her head back by pulling on her hair again, and dropped his scrotum onto her lips. "Open up, skank," he commanded. She opened her mouth and ran her tongue over his hairy ball sack. "Wider!" She knew what he was after now. She opened wide and pulled one of his testicles into her mouth, then with some difficulty she managed to get the other one in as well. "That's right, you dirty fucking skank, suck those balls!" he said as she did exactly that.

Finally he pulled free from her mouth, tilted her head back down, and stuffed his cock right back inside. He skullfucked her as hard as he could, grunting while slamming his cock in and out of her mouth, making her gag, and several times holding her head tightly to his crotch with his cock filling her oral fuck hole as far as it possibly could. As soon as he was close to blowing his load, he pulled her face off his dick and held it in place while he stroked with his other hand, then finished by shooting his spunk onto her face, hitting her mostly across her cheeks and nose.

He let her go, stepped out of the bathtub, and barked, "Stand up!" She got to her feet, and looked up to see him aiming his smartphone at her, with the simulated camera shutter sound indicating he had taken a photo. "Now that's what a proper skank is supposed to look like," he said, putting the phone down and grabbing a towel. He stepped back to the bathtub, removed the handcuffs, and handed her the towel. "Wipe yourself off and get dressed so I can take you home, skank."

It wasn't until her front door closed behind her, with Lipinski driving away, that she allowed her eyes to fill with tears. She toggled her phone screen on and pulled up her contact list. She scrolled to Wade, then quickly scrolled away. She paused longer over Theresa's name, but finally selected Matt instead.

Matt drove quickly to Jennifer's house. A text message saying she needed him urgently was

rather ambiguous, but the tone of it did seem different from the other times she'd lured him there for sex. The front door wasn't locked, and he walked right in, calling out, "Jennifer?" He ventured down the hallway where the bedrooms were, but she wasn't in hers. He could hear the shower running in the bathroom, though, and that's where he found her, sitting under the torrent of water and crying.

He grabbed a towel, shut the water off and said, "Hey, hey, what's wrong? What happened?" He put the towel around her, sat down next to her and pulled her close. She told him everything, and showed him the writing on her skin. Privately he wished she'd come to him for help with her reports, but despite his own inexperience with girls he'd picked up enough secondhand wisdom to keep his mouth shut about it. What she needed now was empathy. When she finished, he said, "What an asshole. Do you want me to get Panther and step on his house?"

A brief giggle and small smile escaped her lips. "No, and it's not even about the nasty things he did, it was the spirit behind them," she said. "He never asked if I was submissive or if I liked humiliation, never gave me a chance to say if I was curious to try it or not. I know I'd already told him he could do anything, but I think he *wanted* to do things to make me feel bad, to go beyond what he thought I could handle but with no choice except to endure it." Her voice started wavering as she continued, "The worst part is, I always thought it would be so hot to seduce a teacher, it would be all forbidden love and needing each other so much we'd risk everything to be together. Instead I had to beg him to let me sell myself like a common hooker who couldn't cut it on her own." At that, she began sobbing again.

"What can I do?" Matt asked.

"Hold me, just hold me," she said, leaning into him further. So he did.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. Wow, that one sure was rough on Jennifer. She'll be back in shape next time though, when it's time to perform at the biggest game of the year! Afterwards, she'll be at the center of a more private performance for the entire football team. Join us for Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 8: 'Battle on the Football Field! Now I'm the Team's Target?' Go! Fight! Win!"



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 8:
"Battle on the Football Field!
Now I'm the Team's Target?"

"And now for the latest developments in Bensonville, Debbie Woods."

"Thanks, Richard. I'm here just outside Bensonville, where the Army is setting up a Forward Operating Base they are calling Artemis. Here with me is the base commanding officer, General Alvarez, to tell us about it. General, what is the purpose of this base, and why now?"

"Debbie, the U.S. Military has been monitoring the situation in Bensonville and we take the escalating threat to the public very seriously. Artemis will be here to provide a more ready and available response should one be necessary," the General explained.

"General, so far these invading creatures have been kept at bay by the mysterious heroes Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther. Any comment on them?"

"Only that we look forward to having a conversation with them about the ongoing protection of this town and our country."

"Thank you, General. Reporting live from Bensonville, Debbie Woods, KHNT 34 Action News. Back to you, Richard."

"Yeah, now that you mention it, I'm surprised that didn't happen sooner," Matt mused aloud. Any further pondering on the matter was interrupted by his ringing phone. The screen indicated Jennifer was calling. He got up and headed toward his bedroom, answering along the way. "Hey, Jennifer, were you watching the news just now?"

"Pfft, no. I was callin' ta see if you're coming to da game on Saturday," she said.

"Game? What game?"

"Oh come on, how could ya not know? It's been all over da Goddamn school dis week."

"Oh, *that* game," Matt realized. "You know, I don't really understand the whole local rivals thing. Why do we hate Buckland more than any of the other teams we play against?"

"I dunno, it's jus' tradition! So are ya comin'?"

"Me, go to a school football game? I didn't even understand what downs meant until we did the unit on football in Phys Ed."

"God, Matt, could ya be a bigger nerd? Fine, if ya won't come ta watch da game will ya at least come ta watch me?" Jennifer hastily added, "An' Theresa an' da rest of da squad? We work extra hard fer da Buckland game an' you've clearly never seen us perform."

"Ah, when you put it that way, okay, yeah, I'll come," Matt acquiesced. "Where are you, anyway? It sounds noisy."

"It's da pre-Buckland game party, an annual tradition for da football team an' cheerleader squad."

"Oh. Is that why you sound a little off? Party booze?"

"Shut up. I ain't had dat many," Jennifer protested.

"Whatever you say," said Matt.

Just then, Theresa came down the hallway where Jennifer had gone to escape the bulk of the party racket. "There you are! You gotta get back, your boyfriend is telling everyone a little too much about your sex life," she said.

"Shit, Matt, I have ta go. See you in da stands on Saturday!" Jennifer said and ended the call. She followed Theresa back to the center of the party.

"Oh hey, there you are babe! I was jus' tellin' everybody how hot you looked with two cocks inside you!" said Wade upon seeing her. Jennifer shot a dirty look at Jeff, who made a shrugging motion with his arms to indicate he wasn't the one who brought it up.

Jennifer sighed and said, "Wade, could ya not—"

"Oh! I jus' had the greatest idea!" Wade interrupted. "How about a little wager, some incentive for the team? If we beat Buckland, you'll take on the entire team in a gang bang!" The proposal was met with scattered cheers from several of the other players, and sidelong glances from everybody else.

"Jesus Christ, Wade!" Jennifer exclaimed. She wasn't anywhere near sober, but she certainly wasn't *that* drunk.

"C'mon, babe, all the guys runnin' a train on you, it'll be awesome!" Wade said. Jennifer needed to derail this, fast. She knew that he would be persistent on this, and was used to her eventually giving in. That much was her own fault. She crossed the room and sat down in Wade's lap with one arm behind him and the other moving sensually across his chest.

"How about, if ya win against Buckland, I'll let da team give me a bukkake," she said. That evoked another round of cheers. Fortunately, he took the bait.

"Aw yeah! Fuckin' sweet, baby. We are going ta kick so much Buckland ass an' then cream all over dat pretty face of yers. Right guys?" This time all the guys cheered.

Finally the day arrived, the always popular big showdown between the Bensonville Prairie Dogs and the Buckland Jackrabbits, a home game for Bensonville this year. After this, at least Matt would be able to go back to comfortably ignoring the school's athletic teams for a while without the hallway banners and other constant reminders. The cheerleader squad's uniforms were rather plain with flat, unpleated skirts and full length shell tops as required for high school cheerleading, all in a rather drab maroon and white color scheme that represented the school colors. He had to admit, though, their performances were well done and their energy was infectious. They were certainly more fun to watch than the game itself.

Midway through the third quarter, Matt became aware that Panther had detected a portal opening. He looked out at Jennifer and saw her falter ever so slightly in the dance routine the squad was currently engaged in, showing she'd obviously just heard from Sugarshine. She recovered

quickly and looked up into the stands directly at Matt. He nodded and motioned with his hand for her to stay. There was no way she could come up with an excuse good enough to leave in the middle of the game. Matt made his way down from the bleachers and ran towards the school building. Once he was out of sight of the spectators, he said, "This ought to be a bit more exciting. Emergency pilot retrieval, dimensional fold, activate!" The signature burst of light whisked him away to Panther's cockpit.

Back on the sidelines, the cheer squad finished the routine and started into stunts, splitting into groups of five. Jennifer took the front spotter position with Theresa as the flyer, meaning the four girls on the ground were lifting Theresa up, with Jennifer in front of Theresa, her back to the crowd in the stands. They got Theresa up into the prep position, holding her feet at their shoulder level.

Jennifer could see a play start up on the field. The Jackrabbits quarterback threw a pass, and it was intercepted by Jeff! The crowd behind her cheered as Jeff took off running down the field. The Buckland players were caught by surprise and nobody was close enough to stop him. He crossed the 50 yard line, then the 40, and then slowed down and stopped at the 30 yard line. The cheers of the crowd died off into a confused murmur. Jennifer looked down towards the end zone. Something was there, hanging from one side of the goalpost crossbar. A four-pronged mechanical claw at the end of its tail grasped the upright, while instead of a left hand it had what looked to be a circular saw blade, which it was using to cut into the metal tubing. "Oh, shit," Jennifer said.

Theresa heard and turned her head to see for herself, and echoed, "Shit. Pop cradle, one, two." On the unspoken three and four, the girls supporting her tossed her up slightly, then quickly repositioned their arms to catch her on the way down, as per their training on stunt dismounts. Theresa dropped from the cradle to her feet, grabbed Jennifer's hand, and leaned in close to her ear. "Be ready to run," she said, then she turned her face away and screamed at the top of her lungs.

This broke the crowd out of their inaction, converting uncertainty to a screaming panic. The fans in the lower seats ran from the stands, those in the upper seats became a mob pushing their way down to escape. None too soon, either, as the creature had finished sawing through the goalpost. It dropped to the ground with the portion it had cut free and used its tail to fling the upright at the frightened people. It hit the stands, crushing the upper benches, just barely missing the people that had vacated those seats.

Theresa ran, pulling Jennifer along with her, around to the back of the equipment shed that stood a little ways off from the corner of the field past the same end zone where the monster was now at work cutting the base of the goalpost. Once they were out of sight of the fleeing crowd, she said, "You're clear! Go!"

Jennifer nodded and called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the ground, and all her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From

the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated.

"I am not going to get tired of that," Theresa said. She stepped in close and gave Jennifer a short but deep kiss. "Now go kick some ass!"

Jennifer said, "Thanks. Matt! It's here, at the game!"

"Jennifer? The game! Oh, shit!" Matt replied. "Adjusting course, I'll be right there!"

"There's something new about this one. It looks half robot, there's mechanical stuff all over it," she said while running out onto the field.

"A cyborg? The other side is stepping up their game. Do what you can."

"I intend to. Time for a baton!" The baton obediently appeared, and Jennifer twirled it and threw it into the air. "Spinning... Ignition... Burning... Pike!" With the transformation into pole weapon complete, Jennifer aimed it ahead and charged the creature, just as it threw the entire remaining goal post at the players downfield, which stirred their own indecision about what to do into a tactical retreat. She didn't care that it saw her coming, but she was unprepared for the swiftness of its tail, which lashed out, grabbed hold of the pike, and yanked hard with an upwards motion. Jennifer's grip was so tight that she was carried along with it, not letting go until the tail made a whip crack motion at the top of its arc, sending her flying through the air, screaming.

A pair of giant metal hands broke her fall before she had a chance to hit the ground. "Gotta be careful with those stunts, I wouldn't want to see my favorite cheerleader hit a bad landing," Matt said. He held her loosely in his left hand and reached back for his axe with his right.

Jennifer replied, "That damn tail is a lot longer than before. Stronger, too. Look out!" Without warning, the monster made a mighty leap with its mechanically enhanced legs and landed on Panther's face. It immediately grabbed hold and started cutting into it using its saw arm.

"Aaahhh! Fucking shit ass goblin, not in the face!" Matt yelled while helplessly flailing his axe around.

Jennifer stood up and exclaimed, "Hang on! It's time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive. Pom-poms!" With the tricolor puff balls in hand, she charged up Panther's arm, shouting "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" Her fist connected with the half-machine creature with a burst of fire, sending it flying through the air and onto the field below.

"Thanks," Matt said. "Now, right side shoulder cannon!"

Jennifer, perched on Panther's left shoulder, joined in with "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" and a barrage of fireballs and antimatter rained down upon the creature. Despite the damage, it crouched for another leap. Matt was ready for it this time, though, and the axe's plasma blade swung upwards, catching it in mid-jump and launching it further into the air in the other direction, all but cleaved in two.

Jennifer shouted, "Megaphone! Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The shockwave of superheated air spread upwards, slammed into the creature, and destroyed it completely. As she let the megaphone vanish, Jennifer heard cheering from crowd below. She smiled sheepishly and took a bow. Matt stowed Panther's axe and extended his arm into a big thumbs up.

The loud approval was quickly drowned out by the rotor noise of the approaching military helicopter, however. It slowed to a hover over the school, then blasted from a loudspeaker, "Cheer Raider! SABRE Panther! Please stay where you are. We just want to talk."

"Yeah, I'm sure. I don't feel like talking now, do you?" Jennifer asked.

"Nope. Hop in, I'll give you a lift," Matt said. Jennifer saw Panther's cockpit hatch open

beneath her. She carefully jumped down and joined Matt inside. The hatch closed and Panther reached up to grab hold of the hoverwing as it descended. The helicopter started to give chase as the mecha lifted off and flew away, but was forced to give up when Panther's cloaking device activated.

"Alright, ladies and gents, important announcement: There will be *no* photography or video recording of any kind except by myself using Jennifer's personal phone. So before we get started, please all of you line up and deposit your phones and any other cameras into this bag. We thank you for your cooperation." Theresa held up a pillowcase, and after everyone finished groaning in disappointment, started collecting their phones.

Though the game was ended prematurely due to the destruction of the field, the Prairie Dogs already had a solid lead when Jeff's inevitable touchdown had been interrupted, so Bensonville was declared the official winner. As such, Jennifer was obliged to follow through, and was on her knees waiting, completely topless. The entire football team was in attendance to participate, and so was most of the cheerleader squad, primarily out of morbid curiosity to watch the spectacle, but also a few of them had volunteered as fluffers, orally servicing the guys while they waited in line, to keep them ready to go.

Theresa started recording and waved the guys forward. Wade and Jeff stepped forward first, wearing only their shirts. Jennifer eagerly took Wade's hard cock into her mouth, sucking it deeply, then switched to Jeff and did the same. After a few more times back and forth, both guys wrapped their hands around their rods and started pumping furiously. Jennifer tilted her face back, leaned forward, and demanded, "Give me that cum, all over my face."

Wade was the first to pop, spewing his load across Jennifer's lips and chin with a few grunts. Jeff came a few seconds later, his goo landed on her cheek. They stepped aside and the next few guys in line took their place. Jennifer immediately ran her lips down one of the stiff shafts, blowing each dick in turn until their owners delivered their warm, sticky jism onto her face.

As the line of horny guys advanced, she saw a wide variety of penises: short, long, fat, and thin. A few of them unleashed their seed onto her face almost immediately, the rest enjoyed the ministrations of her mouth and tongue working them up to it. Some guys missed her face when their first ejaculatory spurt overshot the mark, others underestimated their firing power as their semen merely dribbled out. Collectively though, they got the job done, covering her forehead, nose, both cheeks, her mouth, and getting a bit in her hair as well. "Mmmmm, yes, more cocks, I need more cum on me!" she encouraged.

One after another, each new load of cream decorated her face with white globs, fading to a clear sheen within minutes but quickly replaced by a fresh deposit. Several streaks of the man juice trailed down her breasts as well, they had been collecting the shots that fell short of her face, as well as everything that ran down her face and dripped from her chin. Several times she had to wipe the accumulated cum from her eyes so she could see everything coming at her, each time she immediately stuck her fingers in her mouth, licked them off, and swallowed. "Oh God yes, more cum! I need all of it! Cover me in cum!"

About half the team managed to come around through the line a second time and drop another burst of their genetic material onto her. Finally, though, the last one made his contribution. "I think that's it, everybody looks spent, they've moved on to the beer over there. You look like an insatiable cum whore. How do you feel?" Theresa asked.

"Like an insatiable cum whore. And God, my pussy is fucking drenched and I need to get pounded, right now," Jennifer replied.

"Well, Wade's just over there. If we can get him hard again I'm sure he'd be happy to take you in one of the bedrooms, or here in front of everyone."

"No, not Wade," Jennifer said, shaking her head slowly. "I've realized that he only sees me as a trophy girlfriend, something to put his cock in and show off, or even both at once. When he suggested a gang bang, do you think I didn't want to? Hell yes, I did. But not when it's his idea. I switched it to a bukkake so it would be *my* idea. Me using them to get off, not just agreeing to let them use me, a concept Wade does not comprehend."

"So if not Wade, then who?"

"Call Matt and tell him to meet us at my house. You're driving."

A sly smile spread across Theresa's lips. "You want to clean up first?"

"Fuck no, I'm going just like this," Jennifer said, her face and tits still glistening.

They arrived only slightly ahead of Matt, who let himself in and headed straight to Jennifer's room. "Wow. Is that... what it looks like?" he asked. The cum that covered Jennifer was no longer fresh and moist, but it remained rather apparent what she'd just gone through.

"It sure is, from the whole football team," said Jennifer, dropping to her knees in front of him. "And you get to be the last one to add to it."

"Ooookay then," Matt said, at a loss for anything more coherent. His hard cock strained to burst free even before he got his pants off. Theresa resumed recording while Jennifer engulfed his dick with her mouth. Matt moaned in pleasure, and didn't last long before he pulled out, gave his rod a few final strokes with his hand, and sprayed his fluid across Jennifer's face.

"Oh God yes, your cum feels so good on my face!" Jennifer nearly shouted. She sprang up, freed herself of her skirt and panties, and fell back onto her bed with pussy at the edge of the mattress and her legs spread wide. "I need you in my pussy, please, fuck me!"

"Um... right now? I might need a couple— ohhh!" Matt said, his protest cut off by Theresa taking his flaccid cock into her mouth. She shoved Jennifer's phone into his hand and he turned it to record her as she easily brought his hard-on back to life.

"There. All fluffed and ready to go," she said, smiling. Matt nodded and immediately stepped over to Jennifer and pushed himself deep into her dripping pussy in one thrust, still capturing the action with her phone.

"Ohhhhhh, fuck yes!" she cried out as he began pounding her. She had clearly been wound tight and ready to explode, within seconds she screamed, "Ahhh! Ahhhhh! I'm cumming! Fuuuuck!" Her body shook as the powerful orgasm washed over her. Matt kept right on ramming into her for the duration, and afterwards as well. Her continued moans mixed with her panting to get her breath back, and slowly built up again, getting longer and louder, finally reaching a second extremely loud orgasm.

"Can I get a turn?" Theresa asked, now sporting the strap-on dildo.

"God yes, come fuck me Theresa!" Jennifer urged. Matt moved up onto the bed, continuing to shoot video as the artificial phallus sank into her eager cunt. He stroked his cock while watching the lesbian girl hammer into the blond bukkake princess, and groaned loudly as he made one final application of cum to her face, which also triggered Jennifer's third screaming orgasm.

The next morning, Jennifer finally, yet still reluctantly, was forced to wash the accumulated dried male bodily fluids from her face and tits. When she returned to her bedroom from the shower, she found a text message from Wade waiting on her phone. "Hey baby. Last night was so fucking hot. All the guys loved it. That was my best idea so far."

Jennifer sighed and shook her head. She tapped in a return message, "Yes it was. But we're done. I'm breaking up with you." She stared at the words on the screen as her finger hovered over the send button, then finally, she screwed her eyes shut and pressed it.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. Now that's what I call messy fun for everyone! Things really get moving in our next episode, when the biggest threat yet crashes the party, and our heroes pull together but are forced into a difficult choice that could change everything! Don't miss it, in Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 9: 'Together at the School Dance! Our Secret Revealed?' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



Panther

[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 9: "Together at the School Dance! Our Secret Revealed?"

Jennifer moaned loudly as Matt held her hips and thrust into her pussy from behind. Her arms gave out and she collapsed, her face against the bed, and she said, "Oh God yes, fuck me, that's it!"

"That's right, take it, you slut," Matt said.

"Ahhhh, say it again," Jennifer urged.

"You dirty, nasty slut, take my fucking cock all the way inside!" Matt shouted at her.

"Oh yeeeaaahh, you say the nicest things. Now my ass, I need you up my ass!" she begged. Matt obliged, pulling his stiff rod from her cunt, repositioning it to the hole above, and easily ramming it back into her. She screeched in appreciation.

"You like that, you naughty cum slut? You like my cock in your filthy asshole?"

"Yes! Harder, do me harder! Deeper! Fuck!" Matt reached a hand forward, grabbed a handful of her hair, and pulled, yanking her head back and making her scream even louder with intense pleasure. As soon as he let go, she lurched forward, pulling off of his dick.

"Hey, what are you—" he started to ask, but was cut off when she quickly spun around and engulfed his cock in her mouth. "Ohhhh. Holy shit, baby. Oh wow," he said as she licked and sucked her own ass juices off of his member while grunting hungrily.

She pulled away and turned around again, looked back over her shoulder at him and moaned, "Mooooore." Matt smiled ear to ear and plunged his tool, wet with her saliva, back into her rear entry, pounding her as hard as he could. He didn't last much longer before emptying his balls up into her bowels, after which Jennifer quickly took his cock back into her mouth, now enjoying the taste of his cum mixed with her ass slime.

"God damn, girl, what's gotten into you tonight?" Matt asked. The only answer she gave was a smile, and then she promptly shoved him onto his back, pushed his legs up, and dropped her mouth onto his asshole. She ran her tongue over his tight opening, licking intently. "Oh shiiit, holy fuck that feels amazing. Oh God! Lick that ass you nasty girl!" He grabbed hold of his legs and held

them in position for her so she could concentrate on spreading his ass cheeks wide open and pushing her tongue as far as she could into him. "Fuuuuuck!" he moaned, nearly overcome by the sensation.

When she pulled back to take a few deep breaths, he pounced on her. "Your turn," he said. Spreading her own ass open he took a lick across her back door and then started feasting on tossed salad. Jennifer screamed in surprise, then in pleasure, yelling, "Jesus Christ, oh fucking hell yes rim my asshole, fuck!" After a few minutes of that, Matt moved his arm around her, reaching his fingers to her mound and rubbing her clit fiercely. She came almost immediately, with a long and loud scream.

He released her and they moved back alongside each other, kissing and cuddling. "So, are you taking anyone to the dance coming up?" Jennifer asked.

"Me, go to a school dance?" Matt said.

"That's what I thought. Good," Jennifer replied, and gave him a peck on the lips. "Because you're taking me."

"Wait, what? Me? What about your boyfriend?" protested Matt.

"I dumped him."

"You... okay, well, then, but what about what you said that first night, that my kind and your kind don't associate with each other?"

She turned away from him. "I never should have said that. It was mean."

"No. Well, maybe. It was still accurate, though. I wasn't offended," he admitted.

"I don't care anymore!" she said. She turned back and looked him straight in the eyes. "I want to go to the dance with *you*. Fuck what anyone else thinks."

"Then how can I possibly say no?" said Matt. Jennifer smiled wide and pulled into him for a deep kiss. As their lips finally parted, he said, "One thing though, I, uh, don't know how to dance."

Jennifer smiled again. "Neither does anyone else, really. When the music is fast, bounce and swing your arms. When the music is slow, we hold each other and sway."

"Do I need to rent a tux or something?"

"Silly, this isn't prom. It's just semi-formal. Wear some slacks, a nice button-down shirt, and borrow a sports jacket from your Dad." Matt nodded. "Oh, and one more thing. If your parents tell you that you should buy me a corsage or something, don't."

"What, don't you like flowers?" Matt asked.

"They... make me sad. My mom always loved flowers, we had them all over the house. She even worked at the garden center downtown, before she..." Jennifer's voice trailed off.

Matt put his hand on her cheek. "Okay. No flowers, I promise."

The night of the dance arrived, and Matt arrived at Jennifer's front door. It was Theresa, however, that opened it. "Jennifer, he's here!" she called, then turned to Matt and said, "She's just about ready." A brief few minutes later, Jennifer emerged into view. She was wearing a blue dress, with a loose-skirt style that went down to her knees. The bodice was covered in sequins and was held around her neck in a halter style, leaving her shoulders bare. Her hair hung loose and free as usual, and from her ears hung a pair of dangle earrings, two-inch long strings of diamonds with a sapphire at the bottom. She had on a touch of blue eyeshadow, and her lipstick was a subtle shade of pink. A pair of blue kitten heel sandals completed the ensemble.

Matt's jaw fell open. "Wow," he finally managed to say.

"I know, right? Doesn't she just look good enough to eat?" Theresa said.

"Now, now, if I'd let you keep doing that, you would've made me late," Jennifer scolded.

Theresa smiled coyly in response. "Shall we?" Jennifer asked, taking hold of Matt's arm. He nodded, still a little tongue-tied from seeing her dressed up. "Dad, we're leaving for the dance now!" she shouted back into the house.

[Background Theme: "Forever" by In This Moment] 

The school gymnasium of course remained the gymnasium, but the dance decorators had done a decent job dressing it up. Matt and Jennifer danced to the fast beat of a pop tune blaring over the DJ's speakers. "This is actually really nice," Matt said, nearly shouting to be heard over the loud music.

"Aren't you glad I made you come?" Jennifer asked.

Matt smiled. "Yeah." Nobody had actually said anything to them, but he'd seen a few stares and pointing at the quiet, introverted nerd that brought the hot cheerleader to the school dance, a scenario that even he thought was the least likely thing that had happened to him so far.

"Jennifer, I hate to interrupt your evening, but a new monster just arrived," sounded the voice of Princess Sugarshine in her head.

"Oh, Goddammit," Jennifer said.

"Agreed. Though at least neither of us has to concoct a lame excuse to suddenly leave alone. Panther, what's the location on that portal?" said Matt. "Uh oh. That's close by. Really close. And this gym is the loudest, most conspicuous thing in the neighborhood right now."

"Come on, then," Jennifer said, taking his hand and moving towards the door.

"Wait," said Matt, standing firm while she tugged on his arm. "Do you hear that?"

"It's just the music."

Matt slowly looked up. Some of the lights that hung from the ceiling were swaying. "It's on the roof!" One light started swinging violently as the ceiling above it began to buckle, right over the center of the dance floor.

"Shit!" said Jennifer, seeing it too. She reversed direction and they both pushed through the crowd of dancing students towards the impending structural failure. "Watch out!" she shouted as she spread her arms wide and shoved a group of students out of the way. Matt did the same, just as the light and a sizable chunk of ceiling crashed into the floor behind them. The dancing ceased as everybody turned to see what had happened.

The creature was now visible through the hole in the ceiling. It was another of the big, twenty foot tall versions, this time outfitted with cyborg enhancements. It snapped off another piece of the ceiling with its mechanical right arm and let it fall, while letting out a shriek even louder than the music. It reached down into the gym with a metal fist that was covered in spikes, and then the fist shot downwards, propelled by three trails of flame and dragging a large chain behind it.

Matt turned and dashed into another pair of students, pushing them out of harm's way as the fist slammed into the floor just behind him. "Rocket fist flail! Wicked!" he exclaimed.

"Don't admire the monster's weapon!" Jennifer scolded. More pieces of ceiling fell as the monster worked to widen the hole. The DJ finally stopped the music, and after a brief stunned moment of silence, the crowd of students fell into panic. The mass of screaming people rushed towards the exits but became bottlenecked, most were trapped in the gym. Only Matt and Jennifer remained in the middle of the room as the rest were squeezed against the walls by the pushing and shoving. The creature, now with sufficient clearance to come through, leapt down and landed in front of them with a loud thud. It screeched again while retracting the chain back into its arm.

"We've got to get you to somewhere you can transform," Matt said.

"There's nowhere to go and no time. It's going to start killing people!" Jennifer replied.

"The secret identity was a pain in the ass anyway," she muttered under her breath, and then called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the floor, and all her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the floor and dissipated.

The monster's fist clunked back into place against its wrist, and it raised its arm to launch it into the crowd. Jennifer ran towards them, calling "Baton!" She skidded to a stop in front of the amazed students and shouted "Baton Twirl Blazing Shield!" The spinning barrier lit up in front of her just in time to blunt the impact of the rocket fist, though she still was nearly knocked over. "Matt, go!" she shouted at him.

"Well, the cat's out of the bag now. Emergency pilot retrieval, dimensional fold, activate!" he said, and disappeared.

Jennifer's baton vanished as she tossed it aside and commanded, "Pom-poms! Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" She launched a fireball right into the monster's face, and while that had it distracted, ran straight at it. She slipped around to its rear, and hit it in the back of the knee with a shout of, "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" She jumped clear as it fell backward and landed with a crash on its back. She circled around to its head, now within reach, and started pounding on it with more rounds of "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" The monster responded with a punch from its left arm that hit her hard and sent her tumbling across the gym floor.

She rolled all the way into the collapsible bleachers which were currently in their stowed position against the wall. She shook off the hit and pulled herself to her feet, then saw the creature working its way back up as well. "Baton! Spinning... Ignition... Burning... Pike!" she said, calling the baton back and transforming it. She scrambled up the bleacher stack and stood on the top row, in front of one of the large windows that lent light to the gymnasium during the daytime. "Hey, asshole! That's right, stay on me, I'm over here," she yelled, hoping to keep the monster's focus away from the other students, many of whom had forgotten about escaping and were watching the battle. It seemed to work, it kept its cold stare on her as the chain pulled its metal fist back into place.

"Are you outside yet?" Jennifer asked.

"Just got here," Matt replied.

Jennifer swung her polearm behind her, knocking out as much of the window's glass and the muntin bars between panes as she could. "Big ugly's getting ready to come straight my way. I'm going to hop out ahead of him. You have me covered?"

"Roger that," Matt said, and crouched Panther down in front of the window, ready to go. He

heard fast and heavy footfalls as the creature charged at Jennifer. She jumped backwards out the window, followed almost immediately by the monster's entire right arm, its running punch carrying it all the way forward into the gym wall. Matt caught Jennifer in Panther's left hand, then as he pulled her clear, he reached up with his right hand, grabbed the beast's arm, and pulled. His assist to the creature's momentum added enough force that the wall crumbled, and the giant cyborg insect thing was pulled through the collapsing bricks and outside the gym.

It stumbled for several more steps before falling forward, but as it went down it aimed its right arm back and fired off its rocket fist. Matt already had attached Panther's axe in shield position on his left forearm, and quickly raised it into a defensive position, much to Jennifer's screaming displeasure. The fist bounced off the shield with a loud clang. "Sorry about that. Oh shit!" Matt said as a trio of missiles exploded against Panther's face, right shoulder, and right thigh. Three wisps of smoke rose from the missile launcher rack that had unfolded from the monster's back over its left shoulder.

"Setting you down now," Matt said. Just as he released Jennifer, he had to quickly raise his arm again to fend off a hit from the creature's fist. The chain was spooled out only a short length now, and the monster was swinging it around like a true medieval flail weapon while continuing to launch missiles. Even with its height deficiency against Panther, the flail had excellent reach. Matt was overwhelmed, blocking as much as he could but taking more hits than he could stop. The fist flail even got him in the left arm as he shielded Panther's face from another missile strike. The creature stepped forward, pressing its advantage as Matt slowly fell back. With no breaks in the attack, he couldn't find an opening to fight back. Even an attempt at using Panther's shoulder cannons failed. With Matt constantly dodging, they couldn't hold a target lock, and he gave up on that after two shots missed completely and hit the school instead.

"What can I do?" Jennifer asked.

"I'm open to ideas!" Matt said.

"Okay. Then it's time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive. Pom-poms!" Readying her weapons, Jennifer once again made a charge towards the monster's vulnerable legs from behind. This time, however, she had to stop short and dive sideways to avoid the missile that shot into the ground from the rear end of the missile rack. "Fuck!"

"Agreed!" Matt said. Alarms were sounding in his head as the damage to Panther accumulated. Then the monster got in a lucky shot, three missiles right over Panther's shield and directly into his left shoulder. The joint failed, and the arm fell useless at his side. The flail fist got in another hit, slamming into Panther's head. "Goddammit, you and that fucking rocket fist flail!" Matt shouted, and without thinking he reached forward in desperation and tried to catch the fist in Panther's right hand. He missed, but he did end up with the chain wrapped around his wrist, halting the flail's spin. The two giant foes paused momentarily, caught off guard by this turn of events.

"Well, shit," Matt said in astonishment. He grabbed the chain, lifted his leg to brace his foot against the creature, and pulled. More chain slid out from the monster's arm. Matt took another handful of the chain and yanked again. However it worked, there was plenty of length in there as the rocket fist had shown to have a decent range. Matt kept going until Panther had several loops of the chain hanging from his hand. Then he let out some slack and began coiling it around the monster, starting at the legs and working his way up. In short order he had the creature completely tied up in its own chain. He untangled the end from around Panther's wrist, took hold of the fist flail, and smashed it into his opponent's face. The beast promptly fell over, hitting the ground with a tremendous thud. Matt sighed. "Now why the fuck didn't I think of that earlier?"

"Nicely done, though," Jennifer remarked as she strolled over to the monster's shattered head. "Megaphone! Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The resulting explosion was somewhat restrained by the chain wrapped around the creature, but regardless it was still blasted into quite a few pieces. Cheers went up from the students watching from inside the gym.

"Are you okay up there? Panther really took a beating," she asked.

"Yeah, repairs will take a while on this one. As for me, hey, I smashed a giant hole in the gymnasium. Living the dream," Matt replied. Jennifer smiled at that. Her smile didn't last long, though, as three army Humvee trucks screeched to a halt in front of the school and several armed soldiers jumped out of each of them. Matt sighed again. "I suppose there's no avoiding it this time," he said, raising Panther's still functioning right arm in surrender. Jennifer put her arms up as well.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. That was one hell of a fight! But now that Matt and Jennifer have been outed, what will the fallout be, and what's the army's interest in all of it? Nothing will be the same! Come back next time for all the consequences and more naughty action, in Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 10: 'Quickie on Base! Uncle Sam Wants Us!' Go! Fight! Win!"



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 10:
"Quickie on Base!
Uncle Sam Wants Us!"

Matt and Jennifer rode quietly to Artemis Base in the back of one of the Humvees. Jennifer had her helmet off and held it in her lap. The soldiers had brought in a flatbed truck to haul Panther away from the school, it was now following just behind them. When they arrived, a soldier led them into one of the temporary support buildings that made up the camp. He delivered them directly to the office of the man in charge. "General Alvarez, sir, this is Cheer Raider and the pilot of the SABRE Panther."

The general read off from his computer screen, "Holy shit. Jennifer Monroe and Matt Peterson are hashtag Cheer Raider and the hashtag Panther pilot." He looked up at them, and continued, "There are dozens more just like that. You're officially trending on the entire internet. High school students. Of course it had to be high school students. I probably shouldn't be talking to you without your parents present. Do they even know what you've been doing?"

"Uh, mine caught on at some point," Matt admitted. "Jennifer just has her dad, he doesn't know."

"He will now. Call them up, get them here."

Matt nodded and got his phone out. "Dad? Have you heard what happened? Yeah, we're both at the base now. The general wants you, Mom, and Jennifer's dad to come over. Yeah." Jennifer motioned with her hand that she wanted the phone. "Oh, here's Jennifer," Matt said before handing it over.

"Mr. Peterson, hi. Would you mind stopping by my house to pick up my dad? Don't bother trying to explain anything, just grab him and tell him I said he has to go with you. Don't give him a choice and he'll come along without a lot of hassle. If the front door's locked there's a spare key in a fake rock under the bush to the left. Yeah. Thanks so much. Okay. Bye." She ended the call, gave the phone back to Matt, and said, "They're on their way."

"Good," General Alvarez said. "I need to make some calls and placate some higher-ups. Lieutenant Ricketts, please take these two and stow them somewhere they can rest until their parents

arrive."

"Sir!" replied Ricketts, who led them out of the General's office and to what seemed to be a supply room. "Sorry about this, but there are no empty bunks in the barracks right now."

"No worries, soldier, this will do fine," Matt said.

"Don't go anywhere, I'll come back for you in a bit," Ricketts said, and left.

Matt sank into a chair, and said, "So much for our nice night together."

Jennifer set her helmet down on a table and nodded. "And the traditional after-dance sex. Unless..." She opened the door a crack and peeked outside. "No guard. We have some time. Say, you haven't done me in my costume since that first night, have you?" Matt's jaw fell open as she reached under her skirt and pulled her bloomers and thong off, not waiting for him to answer. Then she pulled her top and bra up to her collarbone, letting her tits bounce free. She flashed him a sly smile as she picked up her helmet, put it back on, then hopped up on the edge of the table and laid back with her legs spread wide open. "Come on, big shot SABRE pilot, Cheer Raider is waiting for your hard cock."

"Shiiiiit," Matt said, unable to deny the bulge in his trousers. He got up, walked to the table, undid his pants, and dropped them to the floor along with his underwear. Not even bothering to step out of them, he pushed his eager cock into Jennifer's waiting pussy, grabbed hold of her, and started fucking as hard as he could.

"Oh God, yes, fill me up with that big hero cock," Jennifer said, squeezing her tits and moaning.

"Yeah? You like that, you magical girl slut?" Matt demanded while pounding into her.

"Fuck yes, this magical girl cheerleader slut needs your mech pilot cum inside her pussy!"

"Oh, Goddamn!" Matt exclaimed, struggling to contain his wad.

"F, U, C, K, M, E, H, A, R, D, fuck me hard, fuck me hard!" Jennifer chanted. "Aaaahhh, yeah baby, gimme that C, U, M, cum!"

"Holy fucking shit, uuuuggghhh!" Matt grunting, driving his cock as far as he could into her and firing off his payload of warm jism. Jennifer's body tensed immediately and she moaned long and low through her own orgasm. Matt eased his spent cock out of her, and she sat up and pulled him into a kiss, which lasted a while despite his glasses and her helmet being in the way. When she finally released him, he could only say, "Wow!" Jennifer flashed him a shit-eating grin as she wiped her fingers across her pussy, scooping up the mixture of both of their cum that was oozing out, and popped them in her mouth.

When Ricketts came back to get them, they had restored their clothing, and they followed him back to General Alvarez's office. Matt's parents looked slightly concerned, but it was Jennifer's father who spoke first. "Jennifer! Finally! These two said yer in some kinna trouble, but nobody is tellin' me what in da hell da matter is. An' why are ya dressed up like dat superhero girl? I thought you was goin' to a dance."

"I am Cheer Raider, dad. She's always been me. I've been out saving the town from the monsters, with Matt here and the robot he found," Jennifer explained.

Her dad stared at her, then turned towards the general and asked, "Is this some kinna joke?"

Jennifer sighed, and said, "Final score, game over!" The cheer uniform burst into a cloud of golden sparkles that swirled around her and reformed into the charm bracelet as her dress reappeared. Her father's eyes went wide and his jaw dropped.

General Alvarez took that opportunity to jump in. "Now that we have that settled, I'd like

to thank the five of you for seeing me," he said. "I was sent here to oversee the protection of this town, and by extension the country, or even the world if necessary. One thing about the United States Military is, we're control freaks. We like to be informed, in the loop, involved, and in charge. Several of my compatriots in my place would confiscate your robot and then tell the both of you to stay the hell out of it from here on. I, on the other hand, think you've been doing an exemplary job here and I want you do continue doing it, under my supervision. I want to give you any assistance and support you need to keep everybody safe, and all I ask is you keep my superiors happy by cooperating with some of the formalities and protocol that the military holds so dear. We would also like to have the Panther stationed here and would appreciate the opportunity to study it as much as possible. So what do you say, how I can help the both of you?"

Silence fell over the room. Jennifer turned to Matt and said, "What do you think?"

Matt glanced back at her, then looked to the general. "Okay. That seems fair," he said. "You should know that Panther will only operate for me, but I can get him to open some access panels for inspection. I'm not sure how much good it will do, I asked him to give me a look at some of the schematics once and most of it seems far beyond our present technological reach. But I support the effort."

He looked back to Jennifer, and continued. "As for us, our adversaries have been stepping up their game, getting harder to deal with. We've both been getting by so far on the brute strength and powers that fell in our laps, but we need proper training in hand-to-hand combat techniques and good battle tactics. I believe that's the sort of thing the military excels at."

"I think I can find somebody to give you a few lessons, yes," said Alvarez.

"Good," Matt said, and faced the general again. "Then the other main thing, with our names out there now, we're about to be deluged with reporters calling and knocking on our doors. You guys also have experience with public relations, so you'll handle that for us. I want it made clear that we are to be left alone. They won't be satisfied with nothing, so we'll grant one exclusive, comprehensive interview, and that will be the *only* direct press access to us and our families until further notice."

General Alvarez turned to Matt's parents and said, "That's a very smart son you have there. You should be proud."

Matt's dad nodded and said, "We are."

Alvarez looked back to Matt and said, "Any preference on which reporter gets the interview?"

"There's one that's been here from the beginning," Matt said, and turned to Jennifer again. "I think she deserves it most." Jennifer nodded agreement.

"You're referring to Miss Woods. Very well, I'll see to it. It's getting late and I should let you folks get home. Matt, Jennifer, I look forward to working with both of you."

At Jennifer's house, she helped her father inside, came out for one last quick kiss with Matt, and then went back inside. Matt returned to the car for the rest of the trip home. "She's a very nice girl," his Mom said.

Matt considered that his mom might not approve of Jennifer so much if she knew about all the wild sex she'd been involved in, some of which he'd participated in himself. She need not find out, either. "I'm glad you agree," he said. "Oh, Dad, there is one thing, we're going to need to hire a trademark attorney."

"A trademark attorney? What, are you planning on selling merchandise?" his father asked.

Matt replied, "It's already happening. Internet t-shirt sites have been selling 'Cheer Raider' and 'SABRE Panther' designs for a long time now. I just think we need to put a lock on our names and likenesses before somebody else does, and before somebody uses them in a way we really don't like."

"Sounds expensive though."

"I suspect it will pay for itself," Matt said. "And for college," he added.

"Hmm. I'll look into it," said his father.

"Debbie Woods here, and if you're just tuning in you've been missing out on an amazing interview with the heroes of Bensonville, Cheer Raider and the SABRE pilot themselves, Jennifer Monroe and Matt Peterson! We've already heard about how Jennifer was granted her amazing powers, and how Matt found himself in the cockpit of that gift from the stars and proof of extraterrestrial life, SABRE Panther. We've even taken a close up look at Panther and had a peak inside that very cockpit! Now, Matt, Jennifer, what can you tell us about this threat, these monsters that have been invading your quiet town?"

"Well, Debbie, not all that much, unfortunately," Matt answered. "They're coming to Earth through some sort of dimensional portal from an unknown place. We suspect they don't have full control over the portal, which is why the attacks so far have been fairly sporadic and apparently random. However, they are improving. Several recent monsters came through augmented with mechanical weaponry integrated into their bodies, cyborgs, and just two days ago we had three creatures come through at one time, which is the first time that's happened. The troops here at Artemis were very helpful at helping keep that contained, by the way. Only one of the enemy has ever talked to us, their leader, the Tsarina. She indicated that this is the forefront of a full planetary invasion, though when and why we can only speculate about."

"And the people of the Earth thank you for your efforts in making sure that doesn't happen," Debbie said. "So we all know that when you revealed yourselves publicly it was to save the lives of your fellow students, but tell us, why stay hidden for so long?"

"Well, tradition, right? Almost every superhero, western and Japanese, keeps a secret identity," Matt said.

Jennifer quickly added, "I think what Matt is trying to say, Debbie, is we've never been in this for any sort of glory. Were not looking to be famous or celebrated, we've just been trying to keep the town that we love safe."

"What she just said. That's a much better answer," admitted Matt.

"It was during a school dance when that happened. I understand you were there together. Are you officially a couple?"

Matt and Jennifer both blushed at that. Jennifer said, "I think for right now we need to concentrate on defending the town, but once that's over, we'll see where things go." She reached over and squeezed his hand while he looked surprised and optimistic.

"Let me just say, I think you two are darling together, and who doesn't love romance in a superhero story? So what's next for the two of you, other than continuing to fight the invaders?"

"The principal at our school has graciously allowed us an understanding that we may have to leave at a moment's notice, and occasionally turn in an assignment late. We do ask the other students to try to keep things low-key and treat us like they always have. We know we're celebrities now, but we don't want our presence to disrupt anything during school hours," Jennifer said.

"Very admirable," said Debbie. "In closing, Jennifer, Matt, I just want to say on behalf of

a grateful town, thank you for everything, and keep up the good work.

"Thank you, Debbie," both Matt and Jennifer said.

"Did I tell you? The football team and the cheer squad both came to me to say they'll never tell a living soul about that little party after the game."

"Well that's good," Matt said, as he watched the television crew pack up their equipment.

"I mean I'd already sworn them to secrecy about it anyway, but that was when I was just another girl on the squad with a boyfriend too perverted for his own good," Jennifer said. "Jeff tells me that poor Wade still can't believe I left him for you, even if you do have a giant robot." She smiled and kissed him on the cheek. "Oh, and you know what else? Mr. Lipinski apologized for what he put me though. He said he knows now I didn't deserve what happened. He even offered to delete the photo he took."

"No shit? What did you say?"

"I told him to keep it, and give me a copy too," she said with a naughty grin. "Mitigating circumstances aside, I'm the one that begged him to fuck me for a better grade. He was still a royal asshole, but I made that bed and accepted lying in it."

Sugarshine's voice broke in just then. "Jennifer!"

"Sugarshine. Let me guess, it's go time," she said.

"I got it too," said Matt. "SABRE pilot to Artemis command, we have an incursion alert. Cheer Raider and I will be on the move momentarily." Then he called out, "Debbie, get a camera back up. You wanted to see this, now's your chance."

Jennifer rolled her eyes but still waited until a cameraman gave her a thumbs-up. She called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the floor, and all her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the floor and dissipated.

The camera followed her round off back handspring full twist layout up until the point where she vanished. "Now that was worth waiting for, right?" Matt shouted down from Panther's cockpit as it closed. The alien mech walked out of the field hanger, essentially a very large tent employed for housing large vehicles on non-permanent military installations, and took off into the sky on the hoverwing.

"The army will be right behind them. Get in the van, we're following too," Debbie ordered her camera crew.

"How many this time?" Matt asked.

"Two on the ground, and I think two in the air," Jennifer replied, while using her shield to defend against the flammable goo of a familiar creature.

"Shit, the flying one again? And two this time? Correction. There's three up here. Fuck!" The cockpit shook as the hoverwing took damage from the eyelasers of the winged creatures. "That's what I get for deciding I don't need to use the cloaking device anymore. Goddamn, that one's fast. I think it's a cyborg version, jet-propelled."

"Matt!" Jennifer shouted as she watched a fireball erupt from the hoverwing, followed by it and Panther plummeting out of the sky and demolishing the hardware store they crashed into. Then she was thrown back as another fireball exploded at her feet. She had been too distracted by Panther's plight to notice the creature had given up on its futile direct attack and adjusted its aim downward.

"It's okay. The shop broke my fall," Matt deadpanned. "Please tell me that was empty."

"Ow. Yeah, everybody evacuated. Matt, look out!" The giant, twenty-foot-tall creature arrived at the rubble of the store and began beating its fists against Panther. Then she yelped as she barely dodged a laser barrage from above and another blast of fire. "Shit, even my shield won't be much help if attacks are coming from two directions. Both of these guys were problematic on their own, much less together."

"Hang on, I'm coming," Matt said. Panther hefted the wreck of the hoverwing and clobbered the giant beast with it, pushing it back. He hurried in the direction of Jennifer's fight, but fell flat on his face when the big monster made a diving tackle at him and caught his legs. Laser hits streaked across his back as the half mechanical flyer zoomed past at jet speed. "Son of a bitch!" Matt cursed as he kicked the large creature in the face, attempting to shake it off.

The beating sound of helicopter rotors suddenly arrived, immediately accompanied by machine gun fire and air-to-air missiles firing. The three winged invaders were quickly brought down, their speed and maneuverability no match for the multiple attack vectors. One of the choppers came low and turned sideways, enabling one of the soldiers inside to fire a rocket-propelled grenade into the fire creature, which promptly exploded in a gigantic fireball.

"Never mind the pom-poms, where do I get one of *those*?" Jennifer asked. The pom-poms appeared in her hands anyway, summoned by their name. "Right, go to war with the weapons you have. Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive." She ran to Panther's duel with the large monster and leapt into the fray, shouting "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" She landed several blows to the creature's already battered head. Panther pushed himself up to his knees and reached back with his plasma claws, slicing into the monster's head further. "I think it's had enough. Megaphone! Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" Jennifer yelled, her finishing move obliterating the creature.

"Artemis command, the incursion has been repelled. Thanks to you," she reported.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. Holy shit, that interview just made my career! Ahem, and our heroes have valiantly protected the town once again. It only gets worse from here on out. Come back next time, when Matt and Jennifer fight their most desperate battle, in Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 11: 'Mecha Meets its Match? Cheer Raider Captured!' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 11: "Mecha Meets its Match? Cheer Raider Captured!"

"Alright, Matt, come at me," Jennifer invited. Matt smiled and ran towards her, his fist raised in preparation for a punch. The next thing he knew, he was flat on his back with the wind knocked out of him.

"Very good, Jennifer, that was well done," said Ricketts. As promised, General Alvarez had assigned him to give them a crash course in some basic battle techniques. In the spirit of things, they were both wearing camouflage tank tops and sweatpants that they'd gotten from the base quartermaster. The school was allowing them to use the gym mats in the wrecked gymnasium for training and practice. Right now they were doing throws, methods of properly directing an opponent's momentum to get them off their feet. "Now switch. Matt, you try."

Jennifer saw the nervous look on Matt's face and teased, "What's the matter, you afraid of hurting me because I'm a girl?"

Matt shook his head. "Between us you're the athletic one. I'm afraid you'll hurt *me*."

"Ha! Then you'd better get this right!" Jennifer said and charged at him. To his credit, he did manage to pull it off, if rather clumsily.

"Good. Now, practice makes perfect. Give me ten more, each of you, then we'll move on to another style of throw," Ricketts said. The lessons and sparring continued. They were almost done for the day when duty called.

"SABRE pilot to Artemis command. Incursion alert. On my way. Emergency pilot retrieval, dimensional fold, activate!" Matt said, and transported away.

Jennifer called out, "Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles. She levitated off the floor, and her clothes vanished, leaving her completely naked. The rush of sparkles tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her

breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the floor and dissipated.

She immediately launched into a round off back handspring full twist layout, teleporting off to battle.

Matt heard Jennifer's panicked voice over Panther's radio, "Holy fucking shit! It's enormous! Matt, you need to get here, hurry! Artemis command, send everything you have!"

"You're clear on the other side of town from the base. I'm almost there. Backup's coming. Not their fault both of us can reach the field faster," Matt said. As the hoverwing approached the site, he saw what had her so worried. It was a mecha, matching Panther's own size. It looked like it had been cobbled together out of scrap metal and junkyard salvage, with numerous gaps in its armor, but it was functional, and stomping towards several houses. "Well, damn. That's pretty impressive," he admitted.

There was a cockpit of sorts where its head should have been, inside a cyborg creature was wired in with a protective cage over it. Two panels opened on the front in the collarbone area, revealing two of the flying type creatures ensconced inside, and their eyelasers blasted out and hit the approaching Panther. "Shit!" Matt said. Caught off guard, he accidentally released the hoverwing and Panther dropped the rest of the way to the ground. The invader mech charged, swinging a giant club in its right hand. It got in a few good hits before Matt got Panther righted, fighting back with fists and plasma claws.

"Alright, you keep it busy, I'll come in close and see if I can take advantage of those gaps, maybe do some damage from the inside," Jennifer said.

"Oh, no, my dear. Let's let the big boys play by themselves. Your opponent is *me*," said a sinister female voice from behind her. Jennifer turned to see, and then leapt out of the way just in time to avoid a lightning strike.

"Tsarina!" she exclaimed.

"The Tsarina? Where?" asked Matt, the distraction earning Panther another hit to the face. "Goddammit! Jennifer, don't fight her! I'm coming, just as soon as I deal with this!" He drew Panther's axe and parried against the club, not only blocking it, but slicing it in half. He swung it again into the enemy mech, putting a good-sized gouge into its armor. The mech reached up with its left hand. A panel opened, and a pair of chains whipped out and wrapped around the axe, courtesy of the creature hidden inside. The two giant machines wrestled over the axe, ultimately Panther lost his grip and the axe was flung aside, out of reach. "Fuuuck!" Matt shouted. Panther's shoulder cannons opened up and unleashed a barrage, but they were deflected away from the other mech by an electric charge protecting its armor.

Jennifer was now busy running and dodging further lightning attacks. She had summoned her pom-poms, and whenever she could she attacked with, "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" However, the Tsarina was able to electrically extinguish all incoming fireballs, and responded with more bolts of her own. A shock went through Jennifer's body as one connected, and she fell to the ground. She got back up and got moving again, but it wasn't long before another hit sent her flying. It felt like

the Tsarina was toying with her.

"Jennifer!" Matt shouted, with worry in his voice. Several blasts of flame erupted across Panther's body, shot from the invader mech's right hand and the fire-making creature concealed within. "Damn you!" he yelled, attacking again with Panther's bare hands, doing his best to push the enemy's arm up to divert its aim while landing some of his own blows. The eyelasers hit again, at close range. The mech aimed its fire downwards, and shot into the low fog that had been building on the ground, puffing out from vents in its feet. The fog exploded.

Jennifer hit the ground again, struck by another electrical blast. This time, the Tsarina zapped her again as she lay there, and then a third time. She tried to push herself to her feet, but was pulled up by the Tsarina herself, who put the girl in a headlock. "How easily you fall to me. Your friend, too. All will fall before me," she hissed to Jennifer.

The smoke cleared around the two mechanical titans. Panther was on his back, taking a pounding from the other, but a mighty kick sent it reeling back. Panther scrambled to his feet. Matt allowed himself a glance to the other fight, and saw Jennifer tightly in the Tsarina's grip. "Jennifer!" He paused and spared a few seconds to clear his head, the sound of his heavy breaths bringing him focus. His opponent charged at him. With the swiftness of a practiced move, Panther grabbed it just right, letting its momentum carry it over, and tossed the beast mech onto its back with a colossal crash that shook the ground. Panther looked down at the felled foe, raised his foot, and stomped hard onto its cockpit, smashing the protective cage and its occupant. He turned and ran towards the Tsarina and Jennifer.

"Aw, too bad," the Tsarina said. "I was hoping my monstrosity would be able to take yours down, but no matter. It served its purpose, it's given us this time together. Retrieval." She and Jennifer vanished in a swirl of purple and blue energy.

"Jennifeeeeerrr!" Matt screamed as Panther dove onto the ground, his hands closing onto empty space where they had been.

Ricketts and Matt sparred, trading blows back and forth, though the more experienced soldier won out in the end, throwing Matt down once again. "Okay, I think that's good for today," he said.

"No," Matt said, standing. "We go again."

"Matt, I can see you're tired. We'll pick it up again tomorrow."

"Again!" Matt demanded.

"You're pushing yourself too hard, kid. It's been three weeks, you can't keep blaming yourself," Ricketts said, sympathy in his voice.

"That's not it at all. I know there was nothing more I could have done. But one of these days I'm going to have an opportunity to get her back, maybe the only one I'll ever get. When that opportunity comes, I have to be ready for it. I will be ready for it. I promised her father. So we. Go. Again." The intensity in Matt's voice hung in the air.

Finally, Ricketts said, "I probably should be worried about you, but at least you're channeling that energy into something productive. Okay. We'll keep going a little longer. Come at me, then."

"My word, you certainly have been hungry lately," Matt's mom said after he packed away his second helping of dinner.

"It's the training sessions. I'm burning a lot more calories than I used to just sitting at my computer all the time. This must be what life as a jock is like," Matt said.

"And how's that been going?" asked his dad.

"Well, I don't see myself winning any martial arts competitions or anything, but my reflexes and muscle memory are greatly improved."

"I've got some more leftovers for Mr. Monroe. You want to run them over to him, Matt?" his mom said, holding up a bag full of plastic containers.

"Yes, thank you, Mom. Thanks for cooking extra food for him, I'm sure it really means a lot to Jennifer," he said.

"Oh, it's no trouble at all. How is he holding up though all this, anyway?" she asked.

"I wish I could say. The way she tells it, he's already been drowning his sorrows every day for years. I guess it doesn't seem like he's gotten any worse, which may be the best that can be hoped for," he said. He picked up the bag and started towards the garage, then stopped and set it back down. "Actually, would you mind taking this over there? I'm suddenly needed elsewhere. And say 'hi' to Sugarshine for me, she's been a bit lost over there without Jennifer around."

"Go kick their asses, Matt!" encouraged Neil.

"Neil!" their mom scolded.

"You bet, little bro. It hasn't been the same without Jennifer, but we still get the job done. SABRE pilot to Artemis command. Incursion alert. I'm coming in. Emergency pilot retrieval, dimensional fold, activate!" Matt smiled and gave a thumbs-up as he vanished.

The two creatures, both of them the cyborg version of the large twenty-foot adversaries, marched through the forest towards town, one behind the other. The air in front of them shimmered, and without warning Panther appeared, his axe already swinging through the air over his head. The green plasma-lit edge came down hard on the lead monster, splitting its head cleanly in half. "That's right, you assholes, I didn't forget to cloak this time. I may not have to hide my coming and going from the town anymore but I've learned my lesson about tactical first strikes!" Matt said.

The second invader raised its missile rack up from its back and fired several shots. Panther grabbed the first one under its arms and lifted it up, letting the missiles impact harmlessly against its armored backside. He dropped the creature and returned fire from his shoulder cannons. The antimatter bolts struck the enemy's missile battery, causing it to explode. The creature staggered back with a gaping hole in its shoulder, its left arm barely still attached. It raised its right arm to fire its rocket flail. Panther was upon it quickly, deflecting its arm upwards, causing the fail to launch harmlessly into the air. With plasma claws extended, he slammed his hand down into the hole. The creature thrashed and then fell still.

"And to think these fuckers used to be hard to deal with," Matt said, pulling Panther's arm free of the monster carcass. He walked over to the other giant corpse and took hold of the axe handle, though it was buried so deep it refused to pull free.

Suddenly, a girl's scream echoed through the trees, "Heeeeelp!"

Matt let go of the axe. "Panther, can you localize that? Good. Let's go!" He took off running through the woods as she kept calling for aid. The ground shook with giant metal footsteps as Panther dodged trees, sprinting towards the source of the screams. As he caught up to it, Matt saw two cyborg monsters chasing a blonde girl wearing torn camouflage clothing, and said, "Jennifer? Jennifer!" He ran as fast as Panther's legs could carry him.

One of the monsters lagged behind the other, Panther caught up to it and without breaking stride, kicked it into the air. It slammed into a tree, and was sliced to bits by Panther's plasma claws as he ran past. Matt saw Jennifer stumble and fall to the ground, with the other creature almost upon her, its deadly saw arm and tail ready to strike. He leapt forward desperately, Panther's hand

reaching ahead, and hit the ground hard, smashing the monster mere feet away from Jennifer. Panther propped himself up on his elbows, and Matt dropped out of the cockpit and ran towards her, shouting, "Jennifer!"

"Matt? Matt! Oh thank God!" she said as he sat down next to her and pulled her into a tight embrace. She started sobbing, and said, "It was horrible, Matt, they tortured me, over and over, and I thought I was never going to see you or anybody again!"

"Shhhh, shhhh, you're safe now, I've got you, you're safe now," Matt assured her, tears of his own running down his face. "Artemis command, I have recovered Jennifer, repeat, we have her back. We have her back."

"You know, I thought you were finished with all that brooding when you rescued Jennifer, but now you've gone back to it. What's wrong?" Matt's dad asked.

Matt looked up, and said, "It's not like I expected things to be back to normal right away, not after what she's been through, but I haven't seen her at all since the night I saved her. She's been holed up at her house all week. Won't answer calls or respond to texts. She's supposed to be seeing someone, to help her work through the trauma, but I checked, she hasn't gone once. I don't think she's talked to anybody about it except for the debriefing at Artemis, and that was short since she never saw anything over there of any tactical value. We've already seen those creatures are basically low intelligence hive drone soldiers, so it wasn't a huge revelation that the active portal alarm distracted her guards enough that she eventually was able to use that to get away from them. She only got brief glimpses at their side of the portal as they brought her in and while she was escaping. Beyond that, just her cell and some kind of torture chamber which she couldn't bring herself to talk about, she totally fell apart when she tried to.

"So I'm really worried about her. So is Theresa. She paid her an uninvited visit the other day. Jennifer swore to her that she's fine, but Theresa said there was something distant about her, like she's not actually all the way back, you know?"

"Why don't you go over there and talk to her, convince her to go see that doctor and stop isolating herself?" his dad suggested.

"You mean now?" Matt asked.

"You look like you're going to be awake all night worrying if you don't, so yes. Go."

"Right. Thanks, Dad," Matt said, and headed out.

"We're not going to see him back here until morning, are we?" asked his Mom.

"Nope," said his Dad.

He let himself into the house, and found Jennifer lying on her bed in a bathrobe. He knocked on her open door and said, "Jennifer?"

"Matt!" she said, getting up. She closed the door behind him and pulled him into a passionate kiss.

He kissed her back at first, but then tried to pull away, saying, "Wait, this isn't why I came over. We need to talk, I'm worried about you." Without a word, she pushed him down on the bed. She dropped her bathrobe to the floor, revealing her naked body, and climbed up onto him, straddling his head and lowering her pussy right onto his mouth. "Or we can do this," he said, just before the folds of her sex pushed down onto his face. He eagerly licked her, and she moaned in response. She ground her crotch into his tongue hard, making it difficult for him to breathe, but he didn't really mind. He had missed eating her out too.

Just as he was starting to really get desperate for air, she screamed and came, the juices of her orgasm flooding into his mouth. "Get your fucking clothes off," she ordered, finally releasing him. He complied immediately, and as soon as he was naked, she knelt down and went straight for his hard cock, licking it up and down, then taking it into her mouth and sucking, her tongue teasing the tip. Matt moaned his appreciation for her excellent blow job skills, and it wasn't long at all before he pumped his cum into her mouth. She immediately got up and kissed him, and as her tongue played against his, he tasted something unusual, something salty and tangy. He realized it was his own jism. She'd passed it into his mouth. She pulled away, and put two fingers against his lips. "Now swallow," she said. He didn't know what else to do, so he obeyed.

Jennifer smiled, then got up and walked over to her closet, got out her strap-on dildo, and started putting it on. "What's that for, is Theresa coming over?" Matt asked.

With the dildo in place, she walked back to the bed. "No, silly," she said, before pushing him down onto the bed, face first. She spat onto his asshole, and he felt her fingers spreading the saliva around.

"Wait, you're not gonna... hold on here! Wait just a— uuuggghhh!" Matt grunted, his protests cut off by the hard artificial dong pushing into his back door. "Ohhhh, shit, uuuhhh!" he moaned as she eased in deeper and started thrusting. Ignoring his protests, eventually she managed to bury the entire length inside him, and was pounding him at a decent speed once his rear passage loosened a little. She reached up and yanked his head back with a handful of hair. "Fuuuuuuck, fuuuuuck, gaaaahhh!" he yelled, his virgin ass filled hard, and his grunts and groans no longer entirely related to discomfort.

"That's right bitch, take my hard cock in your sissy ass!" Jennifer taunted, while thrusting her hips over and over against his ass. After moaning his way though a long and thorough pounding, she finally pulled out of his sore and well-stretched asshole, dropped her tool to the floor and flipped Matt onto his back. She climbed up on the bed and stood over him. Matt was still groaning when the stream of piss fell from her pussy onto his face and chest, soaking him in her golden shower while she laughed softly. When that was finished, she got down off the bed and he lost sight of her. He decided to rest for a few moments before going after her.

When he woke up, it was just starting to be light outside, and he was alone in her room. "Shit," he said. He took a quick shower, got dressed, then looked around and determined she wasn't in the house. All he found was her dad asleep in his easy chair surrounded by several empty beers, and Sugarshine in the guest bedroom.

"Matt! Thank goodness you're here. I'm worried about Jennifer. She keeps telling me she's fine, but I think her captivity took more of a toll on her than she wants to admit."

"Yeah, tell me about it," Matt said. He got his phone out and called Theresa.

"Dammit, Matt, it's too early. What do you want?" she asked groggily.

"Sorry. Is Jennifer with you? Have you seen her?" Matt said.

"Not since a few days ago. Isn't she at home?"

"No, I'm at her house now. She's gone. She was here last night, and she, uh, went all dominatrix on me. Smothering, snowballing, pegging, even a golden shower."

"Oooo, kinky. She wasn't even interested in fucking when I stopped by. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"I, uh, well," Matt stammered with embarrassment as the question prompted his cock to suddenly grow hard. "That's not my point. We didn't talk about it, she didn't ask me, she just caught me off guard and did it."

"You're right, that's not like her at all. How can I help?"

"We have to find her and get her to that therapist, even if we have to drag her there. Alright, there's two other places she's likely to be. You check at school, I'll go to Artemis."

"Right. Good luck," Theresa said.

"To us both," Matt said, and ended the call. "Sugarshine, come with me, you can help look for her too."

They actually found her right away when they arrived at the base. She was sitting on an equipment crate that had been left outside, staring off into space. "Jennifer, thank goodness. You didn't even take your dad's car when you left, what did you do, spend all night walking here?"

"I needed to think. Clear my head," she said, not even looking at him.

"Well you have everybody worried sick. Come with me now, okay?" Matt said.

"It is time," Jennifer replied.

"Time for what?" Matt asked. "Oh. Of course. SABRE pilot to Artemis command. Incursion alert. I'm already on base, heading to Panther now. Wait, what? It moved? Artemis command, something weird is going on here, Panther is indicating the portal appeared, and then jumped to a different location in town. And there it did it again. We may be looking at multiple incursion points here."

While he was reporting in, Jennifer stood up and started wandering off. Matt called out, "Jennifer! I know you may not be ready for this, and ordinarily I wouldn't be asking you to right now, but if this is what I think it is, we're going to be spread pretty thin. Do you think you're okay to transform and fight?"

She turned and looked at him, then said, "Yes. Fight. Give me a V, I, C, T..." Matt sensed something was wrong. She was deadpanning it rather than her usual enthusiastic chant. He was also so used to Jennifer receiving portal warnings from Sugarshine telepathically, he didn't realize until just then that the pony was right there with them and hadn't said a word. "...I, M. What does that spell? Victim." On the final word she raised her arm level to the ground with her fist outstretched in front of her.

Matt's face fell, and he muttered, "Oh, *shit*." The charms flew off Jennifer's bracelet and circled around her, turning into a dark cloud that lifted off the ground. When it brought her back down and faded away, she was dressed in a football player motif. The helmet was purple, with a long spike jutting out on either side over her ears. The crosspieces on the lower portion of the faceguard were arranged in a diagonal zigzag, in a manner reminiscent of sharp teeth. Rather than mere stripes of eye black on her cheeks, it surrounded her eyes, giving them a sunken skull-like appearance.

She had on a truncated version of black football pads, really just the shoulder pads and enough across her collarbone to hold them on. This kept her breasts in view, clad in a black sports bra that was cut low enough to show plenty of her mounds and cleavage. A purple fishnet shirt was over the top of all this like a football jersey, merely adding a bit of color rather than actually covering anything. Her midriff was completely bare above her black athletic bloomers. She wore purple thigh-high tights that contained integrated padding in the manner of football pants. Finally, on her feet were black cleated football shoes.

"Jennifer? What's going on? Where's Cheer Raider?" Sugarshine asked.

"Fool!" Jennifer spat. "You will call me Fear Raider!"

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. I hardly know what to say after that roller coaster of emotions. This looks very, very bad. We're in real trouble here. Come back next time to find out what really happened to Jennifer on the other side, and witness what may be Bensonville's darkest hour, on Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 12: 'Violated by Evil! Fear Raider Attacks!' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



Panther

[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 12: "Violated by Evil! Fear Raider Attacks!"

"Aw, too bad," the Tsarina said, taunting Jennifer while holding her tightly in a headlock. She willed her muscles to move, to fight back, but her body would not obey after all the lightning hits she'd taken. "I was hoping my monstrosity would be able to take yours down, but no matter. It served its purpose, it's given us this time together. Retrieval." The town vanished in a swirl of purple and blue energy, and then they were somewhere else.

She was surrounded by a large cavern. It was mostly dark, and rather dank, as caves tend to be. To her immediate left and right were metal pillars outfitted with what looked like an improvised mishmash of various technological gizmos and doodads. The portal machine, no doubt. The Tsarina dragged her forward, away from it. "Welcome to my domain, Cheer Raider. You won't be needing this," she said, pulling Jennifer's helmet off and tossing it aside. Then she let go of her, dumping the girl on the ground. "Take her. Carry her there and put her in," she ordered to one of the large twenty-foot beasts that was standing nearby.

The creature picked Jennifer up easily in its oversized hands and toted her off through the cave system. She was starting to regain some muscle control, but was definitely still too weak to put up a fight. Soon they arrived in another cavern, this one smaller, with no notable features except for a ten-foot-wide pool of some sort of black ooze. The creature promptly dropped her into it. She screamed as she landed in the goo, fortunately it turned out to be shallow, only knee-deep. She stood up and slogged through it to the edge of the pool, noticing that the creature was walking away, just leaving her there alone.

She scooped globs of the black slime off of her skin and clothing and tossed it downwards. Some landed back in the pool, some ended up on the ground outside of it. She lifted one leg out of the ooze and got her knee up on the edge, but something held her other leg back just as she was pulling it free. She looked back and saw a black tentacle had extended from the pool and wrapped around it. Two more tentacles launched out of the slime and grabbed her arms before she could react. She screamed as they yanked her backwards, back into the pool.

She landed on the bottom in a kneeling position with her legs held spread apart and immobile, and her arms held behind her back. The slime that coated her front side started moving, sliding off her of its own accord with no residue left behind. It coalesced into another tentacle, which reached out beyond the edge of the pool to where some of the globs of goo had fallen. Each one it touched instantly pulled itself up, joining the tentacle. When it had collected all the pieces, it turned back on Jennifer and split into two tentacles, both of which slipped underneath her top. She screamed again as she felt them lift her bra away from her breasts and coil tightly around them.

"Help me, somebody! What is this? Help!" she pleaded to the empty cavern. "Screw it. Pom-poms!" She felt her weapons form in her hand, but they were immediately yanked out of her grip. "Shit!" she cursed. She could feel more tentacles taking form inside the pool, which in this position was up to her waist. She felt one push her bloomers and panties aside, exposing her pussy and asshole to the slime. "Oh no, no not that, please no. Unnnngghh!" she grunted as it entered her pussy with the approximate size and shape of a cock. She moaned with discomfort as it started fucking her, moving back and forth, in and out of her cunt. "Oh fuck, shit no, stop, please somebody!" she called out again as she felt the length of tentacle within her exceed the biggest penis she'd ever taken. It didn't stop pushing deeper until her pussy reached its absolute limit, and she felt every inch of it.

As it continued fucking her with a vigor also impossible by human standards, she could feel her asshole being probed as well. "No! Not there too! Please, please no!" she said, her voice cracking as tears started streaming down her face. She tried to clench her anus, keep the slime out of her, but her rear entry was too well accustomed to being stuffed with cock and she couldn't hold out for very long. The second tentacle pushed up inside her in the same manner as the first, fucking deeper and deeper until it had an extreme length inside her. She started sobbing as the disgusting ooze tentacles double penetrated her immobilized body deep and hard.

She screamed and cried as they thrust into her constantly. To her dismay, she felt her filled fuck holes responding to the assault. Unbidden moans of pleasure slipped in among her sobs. "Noooo, noooo, aaaaahhhhhh!" she cried out as her body betrayed her and orgasmed. She sobbed again, horrified that the disgusting goo raping her was able to force her to cum. She realized that she was now naked, with her breasts and the slime tentacles wrapped around them fully exposed. She hadn't even noticed her uniform vanishing, or being ripped away, or whatever had happened.

"Enjoying yourself?" came the voice of the Tsarina, just before she stepped into Jennifer's view.

"Please make it stop!" Jennifer begged. "I can't take any mo... more... bleaaahhh!" Jennifer's protest was cut short as she suddenly felt very nauseated, and vomited black slime. It flew from her mouth, then stopped and pulled back, shaping itself into a tentacle protruding from her mouth. Jennifer's eyes went wide and she screamed, but it was greatly muffled by the tentacle.

"Oh, for me? How considerate of you," the Tsarina said. She knelt at the edge of the pool in front of Jennifer and pulled the front of her dress up, exposing her smooth pussy. The tentacle moved straight into it, pulling Jennifer's head along like a puppet. Her face bobbed back and forth into the Tsarina's crotch as the tentacle fucked her vigorously, and the tentacles in Jennifer's own pussy and ass showed no signs of letting up.

How could it be doing this, though? She hadn't swallowed any of the slime, it couldn't be in her stomach. Matt would have been able to explain it. What would he have said? The slime, it was clearly able to exist as a liquid and a solid, presumably in any form or shape it wanted. It was invading her in her pussy and ass, and her ass was just the tail end of the digestive tract, starting all

the up at... holy shit. As long as the slime tentacle narrowed itself enough through the small intestine, it really could reach her mouth from her rear entry. She screamed again into the tentacle filling her mouth.

The Tsarina was quite enjoying herself, though. "Yes, oh fuck yes, give it to me, fuck me harder!" she yelled. Jennifer's body was tossed back and forth like a rag doll by the tentacle that had wormed all the way through her. All three of her fuck holes were filled with the brutal ooze. "Fuck yes, cummiiiiing!" shouted the Tsarina as her back arched. Once her orgasm was complete, she pulled herself away from Jennifer and rested on the ground briefly before standing. "That was very good. I'll be back for more later," she said with a cruel smile, and walked away.

The tentacle protruding from Jennifer's mouth instantly turned to liquid and dropped into the pool. What was still left of it in her throat she instinctively swallowed and sent it back into her stomach. "Please, please someone make it stop," she whispered, knowing that shouting it would have been just as futile. The ramming of the tentacles into her ass and pussy continued unabated, and took her through another unwanted but very powerful orgasm. She could feel her will slipping and suspected it wouldn't take too much more before she broke down and started openly enjoying it. She felt something odd against her belly. She looked down and saw a bulge in her flesh, and then it moved. Something was pushing out against her skin from inside her. Then there was another bulge doing the same, and a third, all moving back and forth within her belly. She finally understood. They were tentacles inside her womb.

But how was that even possible? She would have felt it, painfully, if they had penetrated her cervix. Unless... the slime had gone through the same way it had reversed through her digestive tract, a thin trickle through a tight opening, forming back into the larger tentacles on the other side, with a mere thread of black ooze maintaining an active connection to the pool. Her body was no longer hers, its utter violation complete. Her last sacred place was now a playground for the vile goo. She let loose a tortured scream, louder and longer than any so far. A scream that echoed from the very depths of her soul...

Jennifer's eyes rolled back in her head and she grunted with a wide open mouth as another unbidden orgasm tore through her body. She didn't have the energy to scream anymore, neither from distress nor pleasure, and had long since given up fighting against them. No more tears flowed from her eyes, the last of them now merely dried tracks down her cheeks. The tentacles of black slime were relentless, never even slowing their assault on her body. The ones continuously fucking her pussy and ass had increased in size since they began, stretching her holes more than they had ever been before, and the ones within her womb writhed without ceasing and still quite visible from the outside. Her breasts were fondled and squeezed by them all throughout, and a tentacle periodically reached up from the pool to fuck her throat all the way down to her stomach. She was beyond the ability to care, too exhausted to even put two thoughts together. Acceptance wasn't even relevant. They weren't going to stop anyway. This was her existence now. How long had she been here? Hours? Days? Weeks? She had no idea.

She was physically and mentally worn out, but wasn't aware of having slept at all. Nor had she eaten or drunk anything. It seemed that the slime was providing for her physiological needs, including somehow supplying oxygen to her body whenever it filled her throat and cut off her airway, all so it could fuck her in every way possible without the slightest respite. The only thing her body craved anymore was the orgasms, eagerly accepting each one, despite how sore her fuck holes were from the unending pounding of the dark tentacles inside them. The darkness clung to her

and filled her insides, and every orgasm rattled her body to her very soul, each one allowing the darkness to creep in a little deeper...

Jennifer pulled at the chain that bound the stiff metal collar around her neck to the ring embedded into the cave floor. "Please, please let me go," she begged the Tsarina, who stood over her with a stern expression on her face.

"You want your freedom? You know you have to earn it," she said. Jennifer looked down, nodded, and then got up on her knees. The Tsarina smiled, turned around, and lifted the back of her dress. Jennifer placed her hands on the evil woman's ass cheeks, spread them apart, and moved her face in. The Tsarina moaned as Jennifer's tongue moved across and into her asshole, at the gentle caress of her skilled licks on her back door. She let the girl continue rimming her for a long time, but finally turned around and presented her pussy to the pleasures of Jennifer's mouth. She continued moaning, even louder now, as Jennifer licked and sucked her clit and explored the folds of her cunt with her tongue. She grabbed the girl's head and pushed it harder into her crotch as her moans became louder, building in intensity, and finally reaching a loud orgasm.

The Tsarina maintained her grip on Jennifer's head as her mouth began to fill with the bitter taste of piss. Jennifer grimaced but swallowed quickly as the Tsarina emptied her bladder, determined to take it all, not spilling even a single drop this time. Finally the flow stopped and the Tsarina released her. "Very good, girl. You have done well." She reached down, unlocked and removed the collar, and said, "As promised, then, you are free to go."

"Thank you," Jennifer said. She weakly crawled away from the Tsarina, dragging herself across the cave floor. "Thank you," she repeated. She reached the pool of black slime and pulled herself over the edge, letting her naked body sink into the sludge. "Thank you, Mistress," she said, and moaned with pleasure as she felt her holes opening to accept the slime tentacles.

"Can you feel it?"

"It's barely perceptible, but... the portal to Earth? It's open?" Jennifer replied.

"Only in a precursory form. It is in a constantly active state, and very soon, when the energy finishes building, it will open into a usable gateway," the Tsarina explained. "You will go through, pretend to be in peril, and let your friends 'rescue' you. Then you will lie low and wait. At the next portal we will activate our new modification, which should allow for a large amount of chaos. You will add to it what you can, and then go to the objective."

Jennifer nodded. "Yes, Mistress."

"You will need this," the Tsarina said, holding out a bracelet composed of multicolored gems on a small chain. Jennifer took it and fastened it around her ankle. She continued, "Now, I will show you the objective." She held Jennifer's head in her hands, touched their foreheads together, and sent the relevant images into her mind. "Do you understand?" the Tsarina asked, pulling away.

"Yes, Mistress," Jennifer answered, nodding.

"Good. Now, do something about those clothes. They should be torn and dirty after your ordeal here." Jennifer worked at making her camouflage clothing look distressed as the portal opened fully, ready to send her and several of the beast creatures to Bensonville...

"Fool!" Jennifer spat. "You will call me Fear Raider!"

"Shit, shit, shit! Artemis command, Jennifer has been turned, we have a dark magical girl scenario on our hands!" Matt announced.

Jennifer held her arm up and said, "Long Bomb." A glowing football materialized in her hand, and she threw it into the field hanger where Panther and several army vehicles were housed. An explosion came from inside, and the hangar collapsed.

"Panther!" Matt shouted.

"Long Bomb," she said again, and lobbed another football at the helicopter pads, destroying the choppers in a fiery blast. She launched several more incendiary pigskins around the base as Matt looked on in helpless horror. The sound of a revving engine approached, she turned to see a soldier driving a Humvee truck straight towards her. "Blitz," she said, and ran towards it at an inhuman speed, jumping onto the side of the vehicle. Holding on to the rear-view mirror, she said, "Unnecessary Roughness," and ripped the door off, letting it drop to the ground. She reached inside, grabbed the driver, and yanked him out, letting him fall to the ground as well. She took his place inside and turned the truck towards the base entrance. She crashed through the gate, then sped off towards town.

Matt ran to the fallen soldier's side. "Medic! I need a medic here!" he called. "Panther, status? That's not so bad. If I teleport in, are we good to go? Tangled up in the hangar wreckage. Shit." His eyes fell on the combat knife in the soldier's tactical vest. "If I cut the canvas away, estimate on the remaining structure being a problem? Good, I'll take those odds. Sorry there pal, I need this right now more than you do," he said as he started removing the unconscious soldier's vest. "Sugarshine, once I get Panther out, I'm going after her. You stay on base for now. See if you can find somebody to take care of this guy." The plush alicorn nodded.

"Fuck! Where is it! It has to be here!" The garden center was a shambles. Every shelf and every cabinet was overturned, from the main area to the back office. Dirt, flowers, and broken shards of pots and lawn gnomes were scattered throughout the mess. Jennifer threw the cash register into a display of seed packets, screaming in rage.

A car pulled up outside. It was the shop owner, arriving to open for the day. As he got out of his car, the front window of the store shattered as a screaming Jennifer jumped through it. He screamed himself as she grabbed him by the shirt and threw him up against the side of his car.

"Where is it?" she yelled.

"Where is what?" the frightened man responded.

"A rock with colored gems, about the size of a golf ball. Where?"

"I, I don't have it! I sold it to the city! The architect for the new city hall was buying decorative colored gravel for the fountain and I thought it would look nice there! He agreed and worked it into his design!" he stammered.

"The fountain, of course! That's when all this started," Jennifer said.

"I don't even know where it came from, I found it on the floor in the bathroom, years ago! Please, don't hurt me!" he begged. The sound of the hoverwing overhead interrupted, and Jennifer let him go and turned to face Panther as he landed. The shop owner took the opportunity to run in the opposite direction.

"Now here's the trouble with a mind-controlled ally, stopping them without hurting them too much," Matt said. "You don't exactly have much by way of non-lethal weaponry, and we also don't know how well protected she is by that getup, so this is going to be tricky."

"Shotgun, Hike!" Jennifer called out, and slashed her arm through the air horizontally. A barrage of spectral footballs burst forth towards Panther. Matt instinctively put his arm up as they impacted the mech with a wide spread of small explosions. Then she called, "Unnecessary

Roughness!" He dropped his arm and put it right back up again as the shop owner's car hurled toward him. Panther stood his ground even as the sedan slammed into him, but then with a call of "Blitz!" Jennifer rammed into his foot at full speed, sweeping his leg out from under him. He teetered, then went down, managing to turn and fall on his back. Jennifer jumped up onto him and started pounding at the cockpit doors with another call of "Unnecessary Roughness!"

"Ow, damn. And then sometimes in the end it turns out you shouldn't hold back anyway," Matt said. With a swift punch he sent her flying, and she landed hard against the front of the dentist office. He stood Panther up and pulled his axe, then mounted it in shield position on his left arm. "Let's give her some warning shots to deal with, keep her off-balance." Panther's shoulder cannons fired, and Jennifer of course dodged them easily.

"Long Bomb!" shouted Jennifer, sending another explosive pass. Panther blocked it with the shield, but the blast was enough to knock him off his feet again. Jennifer was quickly back on him hitting the cockpit doors.

"She keeps going for the cockpit. She's targeting me, not you. That's clever," Matt observed. "No, wait, that's brilliant! Ignore the armor, focus on the person inside! And what's the one thing armor doesn't protect you from?" He threw another punch at her, which she was ready for and dodged, but she missed his other hand coming up, which successfully grabbed her by the legs. He stood up quickly. "Motion," he answered as he began spinning his arm around at the shoulder, taking Jennifer though several 360 degree whirls.

"That ought to be enough to keep her head spinning for a bit," Matt said, finally stopping. "...and I didn't think any further ahead than that. Okay, need to get her into something that can hold her long enough for the base to send over something more appropriate. Let's see here, think fast, think fast. Panther, the force feedback in the control armature, can you crank that up to maximum and keep her in place for a while? That'll have to do, then. Open the doors." He dropped a groaning and very dizzy Jennifer into the cockpit, then stepped out of the armature and hauled her up into it, locking it around her arms and legs in a spread-eagle position.

"SABRE pilot to Artemis command. I have her. I know things are chaotic, but can you send somebody with some heavy chains out to my position downtown?" Matt asked. He waited for the base's acknowledgment, and then turned to Jennifer, who was still recovering. "Look at you. It's kind of like I have you in bondage, isn't it. Is that something you would have wanted to try? Who am I kidding, you wanted to try everything. Damn, now I've gone and done it," he said, feeling his pants tighten around his hard-on. He looked at Jennifer again. "Shit. Well, why the hell not. Panther, close the door." He lifted her helmet off and let it fall to the floor, then slid his hands up under her fishnet jersey and sports bra to grope her breasts.

"Get your fucking hands off me. I belong to the Tsarina, and her army is going to raze this pathetic little town and then swarm across your planet," Jennifer said weakly. Matt didn't respond, but he pulled the knife he'd acquired and sliced through her bloomers and panties at one hip, then pushed them down her other leg. He unzipped his pants, freed his stiff cock, and eased it into her pussy. "You piece of shit! When I get free I'm going to cut your puny dick off and feed it to you," she snarled. Despite her protests, though, she was soon moaning with reluctant pleasure as he continued fucking her.

"That's right baby. I still know how you like it," Matt said. "I swear to you we're going to do everything we can to get you back. I will never give up on you. But, if we can't figure it out quickly, we're going to have to lock you away in a hole deep enough that you can't gridiron attack your way out. So this might our last chance to be together like this for a while. My last chance to

tell you." He was pounding his rod into her, and he could tell by the tone of her moans that she was very close to cumming. "Jennifer, if you can hear me at all, from somewhere deep down, just know that I love you."

Immediately Jennifer's back arched and she screamed out in orgasm. Matt was suddenly blinded by a bright light. He fell back away from her and hit the cockpit door behind him. He turned his head away and put his arm up to shield his eyes. The light faded, but he was still waiting for his eyes to recover when he heard Jennifer say, while gasping for air, "I love... you too... Matt... I love you too."

Matt put his arm down and looked. The Fear Raider uniform was gone, she was now completely naked save for the familiar charm bracelet on her wrist and another on her ankle. "Jennifer?" he asked.

She nodded. "It's me. Really me."

"Jennifer!" he shouted, and embraced her tightly, their lips meeting in a long and deep kiss. When they finally parted, he asked, "What the hell did they do to you over there?"

"Everything I described before, it was much, much worse than that. The things she did to me—" Jennifer suddenly cut herself off with a long gasp, her eyes going wide. In a quiet, awed voice, she said, "Oh my God. I know. I know all of it now." She refocused on Matt, and with determination in her voice, said, "I know what we have to do."

Matt smiled broadly. "Excellent."

"First, trade places with me. Then fly us to the new city hall," she said.

"Oh! Of course, my bad. Panther, release her," he said.

As she stepped out of the armature, Jennifer said, "Sugarshine, are you there?"

"Jennifer! Are you you again? Thank goodness!" replied the pony's voice in her head.

"Yes, I'm back all the way now. Can you please fly out and meet us at city hall on the north side of town? It's time to finish this."

"On my way!" she replied.

"So what's the plan?" Matt asked, securing himself back in the control armature.

"There's too many monsters in town right now for us to handle, so we have to stop this at the source," Jennifer answered. "We're going to go get the Tsarina."

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. What a relief, we have our magical girl back on our side, and she's more determined than ever to win! What's her plan for defeating the dark forces besieging the town once and for all, and can our heroes pull it off? Find out next time in the exciting conclusion, Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, Episode 13: 'Attack Through the Portal! It's the Final Battle!' Go! Fight! Win!"

CHEER RAIDER



[Opening Theme: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

EPISODE 13: "Attack Through the Portal! It's the Final Battle!"

"Land near the fountain and let me out," Jennifer said.
Matt said, "Sure. But, uh, you do realize that you're..."
"Naked?" she finished. "May as well be, I'm going to get wet."

Matt set Panther down in front of the recently-built Bensonville city hall, then released the hoverwing and sat down close to the fountain out front. The fountain sat within a shallow circular pool, twenty feet in diameter and filled with multicolored gravel. Five triangular black granite pillars stood eight feet tall around the circumference. Between each were two water jets and a series of colored spotlights, aimed upwards and inwards, towards the middle of the pool. In the center was a five foot tall textured glass pillar, topped with a small stone covered in gemstones of several different colors that sparkled in the play of water and light.

As Panther's cockpit opened, Jennifer said, "I need to borrow that knife." Without waiting for a reply, she pulled it from Matt's vest, left the cockpit, and hopped right into the fountain. She went to the central pillar and used the knife to pry the stone free of its mount. Matt followed her out, his cock raging hard again at the site of her stepping out of the fountain, naked and dripping wet. She returned the knife to Matt just as Princess Sugarshine arrived.

"Jennifer! What's been going on? What is that?" she asked.

"This is what's been causing all out problems. It's the portal generator, but it's damaged and malfunctioning. With the water shorting the circuits and keeping it active, it opens the portals randomly. They've been able to rig some things on the other side to expand how they can use it, but they can't open a proper, fully stable portal. At least, not until I attach this to it," Jennifer said, removing the bracelet from her ankle and holding it up.

"A hardware patch. Clever," Matt said. "So we don't want to do that, right? It would be bad? You're going to do it, aren't you."

Jennifer smiled broadly, and said, "But first, I should be dressed appropriately. Gimme a V! I! C! T! O! R! Y! What's that spell? Victory!" On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and

the charms flew off her bracelet and circled around her, turning into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles that levitated her off the ground. The rush of sparkles dried her off and tickled against her skin, especially her tits and pussy. A sports bra and thong formed around her body. The striped braid appeared, starting from her shoulders and meeting in the middle, then the shell formed moving downward over her breasts, stopping with the lower braid. Bloomers formed over her thong, and the skirt pleats appeared, spinning around her body, drawing closer to her until they attached at her waist. Ankle socks and boots formed around her feet. Her hair blew wildly behind her, then came together and wove itself into a single braid down her back, secured with a red hair tie. A yellow glow appeared over her nose, then split into two that moved up and back, creating the visor. From the top of the visor and around to the back of her head, the helmet formed. A final flurry of sparkles moved over her chest, leaving behind block letters that spelled out "Cheer". Then the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated.

"Now, what did you come up with to defeat the Tsarina's lightning attack?" she asked.

"What makes you think I came up with something?" Matt replied.

"Because you're you."

Matt smiled. "Damn straight. I had to study storm lighting and Panther's video logs of her for a while, but it finally hit me. Lightning is what happens when a large charge imbalance overcomes the electrical resistance of air. You can't just throw electricity at a target. Without a positive charge to draw it, the charge would disperse in all directions. She's using magic, of course, but the best thing is to work with physics, not against it. Which means she's not actually shooting lightning per se, she's creating a huge charge imbalance between herself and her target, setting the condition for a lightning strike, and then just letting it happen on its own. The upshot is, you're actually safer the closer you are to her, because the charge required to bridge the gap is smaller, and if you can get electrically connected to her, it's brought to zero."

"You realize I understood exactly none of that," Jennifer said.

Matt sighed. "Right. Okay, have you ever rubbed your feet on the carpet and given someone a static shock?"

"Sure, I guess," she said.

"But if you're touching that person while you rub your feet, you can't shock them, because you're already sharing the static charge. So I got the guys at the base to help me make these. Panther, the compartment, please." A hatch opened on Panther's lower leg, revealing Matt's secret weapon inside. "We cut some ankle shackles in half and welded a hundred feet of electrical wire between each pair. Get one end on her and one on you, and any charge she tries to put on you will be instantly neutralized, with no way to build to a dangerous level."

"You want me to handcuff myself to the creepy lady with the lightning powers," Jennifer said, incredulous.

"Ah, when you put it that way it does sound counter-intuitive," Matt admitted.

"Another radical idea of yours?"

"Not quite so spur of the moment this time, but if you prefer, sure."

"Do you at least have the keys to unlock those?"

"Several, right in there with them," Matt said.

"Good enough for me. Let's go. They're expecting the portal, so there's going to be a small army waiting on the other side, except for the big guns that were sent over already. Start shooting before we're all the way though. Sugarshine, you might want to ride with Matt for this," she said, and started connecting the repair bracelet to the portal generator.

Matt climbed back into Panther with Sugarshine right behind him. "SABRE pilot to Artemis command. Cheer Raider and I are opening the portal to the enemy source and going through." The portal flared into existence, a great tunnel of swirling purple and blue energy. Jennifer summoned her pom-poms, then ran into it and out of sight, and Panther followed.

They emerged from the portal into the cavern, antimatter cannons and fireballs blazing. The assembled horde was taken by surprise, and those that could, scattered quickly. Jennifer tossed her pom-poms aside and called, "Megaphone! Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The blast swept over the injured and straggling creatures. Those that survived in one piece were nevertheless not getting up again.

"Stand your ground, face the enemy! I command you!" the Tsarina shouted at her retreating forces. "You! Apparently I didn't teach you obedience well enough. I'm going to have to beat it into you again, this time hard enough that you'll have to relearn how to walk!"

Jennifer had already gotten the coils of wire out from Panther's storage compartment. One was slung over her shoulder, while the other trailed behind her, its cuff still hooked to Panther. "You don't scare me anymore, you twisted bitch. We're here to stop you, and get back what I lost, what you took from me!" she countered, then under her breath, added, "Pom-poms!"

The Tsarina laughed. "And what's that, your pride? Pathetic girl, I'm going to reacquaint you with what a desperate slave fuck toy you really are!" She raised her arms to attack, but hesitated when she saw Jennifer running straight at her.

"Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" Jennifer shouted, slamming her right in the face with both pom-poms in one hand, knocking her to the ground. She discarded the pom-poms again, then knelt down and ratcheted the cuff closed around the Tsarina's ankle on the line that led back to Panther. She linked their wrists together via the other line. Then the Tsarina came to and tried to lash out at her, so she jumped back and put some distance between them.

Clearly losing her composure, the Tsarina stood, and snarled, "You dare strike me? Now you'll know my wrath, you impudent little shit!" She raised her arms towards Jennifer, and nothing happened. She thrust her arms forward again, still nothing. "What the fuck?" she asked. She turned and motioned her arms towards Panther, with the same lack of results. "What did you do to me? What is this?" she said, a note of fear creeping into her voice, and noticing the cuffs around her wrist and ankle for the first time.

Jennifer, who had come back within striking distance, said, "That's science, bitch!" She launched a roundhouse kick and sent the Tsarina back to the ground. Then she ran towards a large stalagmite, looped around behind it, and then back to the Tsarina. She unlocked the cuff on her wrist and reattached it to the Tsarina's free wrist. "Matt, I need you out here now, but first, pull back the slack on your line. Slowly and carefully." The Tsarina's arms pulled up over her head as the lines pulled tight, with Jennifer watching them closely. "That's good, stop," she said.

Matt exited Panther and approached the scene. "Let me borrow that knife again," Jennifer asked. Matt handed it over and she knelt down at the Tsarina's side. "Well, how the mighty have been knocked on their ass," she said. She used the knife to cut the laces on each side of her dress, then threw the front half aside, leaving the Tsarina's naked body totally exposed.

"How dare you! You will suffer the consequences for this humiliation!" the Tsarina threatened.

Jennifer ignored her and turned to look up at Matt. "Now, get your cock back out and come fuck her."

"Um, why would I do that?" Matt asked, even though his cock was already hard again from the sight.

"Because she deserves it for what she did to me, because you didn't get a chance to finish back when you had me in the cockpit downtown, and because I know you nerds get off on chicks with weird skin colors like this," Jennifer said. "Please? Do it for me."

"Oh why not, what's one more crazy thing today?" Matt said, and got down on the ground with them. He ran his hands across the Tsarina's jet-black skin from her thighs up to her breasts, and leaned in to taste her nipples.

"Release me right now and your deaths will be swift and merciful!" the Tsarina demanded. Matt ignored her and moved back down to her pussy. He moved his fingers through the folds of her cunt, then spat on it and rubbed his spit into her. He freed his rod from his pants and pushed it inside.

"That's right, give her that cock, baby, give it to her hard," Jennifer said. She had removed her helmet and was now squeezing and licking the Tsarina's tits herself. Moans from both Matt and the Tsarina filled the air as he increased his pace, his pale dick ramming in and out of her warm, dark fuck hole. "Give her a nice, big cream pie for me Matt, fill her up with your tasty cum, then step back and enjoy the show," Jennifer encouraged, which sent him over the edge. He screamed out loudly as he pumped his load of jism into the enemy twat.

Jennifer's lips were in place on the Tsarina's pussy almost before Matt had a chance to pull out. The Tsarina once again attempted protest, saying, "I'm going to make the two of you suffer like— ooooohhhhh, like no one has ever— aaaaahhhh, fuck."

Jennifer licked all of Matt's spunk out of her, then proceeded to lick and suck her clit with a mighty ferocity. She'd serviced the Tsarina this way enough times, she knew her body and her responses, and she could tell from her moans that she was close to orgasm. She looked up from her pussy and said, "I love you, Mommy." Then she dove back in and sucked even harder than before.

The Tsarina gasped. "J... Jenny?" Then she came, hard, screaming, her back arching, and a bright light engulfed her. When it faded, the Tsarina was gone. The woman that remained in her place, skin and hair restored to their true colors, looked quite a bit like an older version of Jennifer herself. Matt had never seen any photos of her on display in Jennifer's house, but there was no doubting it, this was indeed her mother.

She hummed a joyful little tune to herself as she moved the flower into the larger pot and filled around it with dirt. Having to repot all these plants meant they had ordered more inventory than they'd needed, but it was better than ordering too few and running out. Besides, she enjoyed this kind of work, the physical contact with her little floral friends.

She removed another one from its now too-small pot, and noticed something odd caught in its roots. She pulled it out and examined it. Some colored sparkles glistened beneath the dirt as she rubbed it off. "Well, what were you doing in there? How pretty. I think I'll take you home, I'm sure my daughter will like you," she said. She set the stone aside and continued working.

After she had finished, she locked up and was about to go home, when she suddenly remembered the curious stone. She went back into the garden center, fetched it from her work area, and brought it to the bathroom. Mrs. Monroe caught a look at herself in the mirror above the sink, then she looked down and rinsed the stone clean, exposing the array of multicolored gems. She held it up to admire it more closely. Without warning, it began to glow. Purple and blue energy swirled out, and she was in a different place.

The Tsarina finished sending this memory of her long ago previous life into her new slave's mind. It was the only detail of the time before that she could still recall clearly, the rest was an irrelevant blur. She had been back there twice now, to that town, and it had only served to remind her how ripe the Earth was for conquest. If only they could acquire the portal generator, apply one of the repair patches, and activate its full capabilities. She just knew that this girl would finally succeed where her creatures had failed. This girl, who had been against her, that she now owned completely. She released the girl's head and asked, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," confirmed the out-of-uniform Fear Raider.

"Jenny, oh my sweet baby girl! I had no idea it was you. I am so, so sorry for everything I put you through."

Jennifer finished unlocking the cuffs, then hugged her tightly. "It's okay, Mom. I couldn't see it either until Matt freed me."

"Look at how much you've grown! I've missed so much. How is your father?" she asked.

"Dad always thought you'd run off with some other guy, he hasn't been the same since," Jennifer answered.

"Oh the poor man, no, sweetheart, I love you both more than anything."

Matt interrupted, saying, "Wait, wait, that's your *mom*?"

Jennifer looked up and said, "Uh huh."

"The evil lightning witch in charge of the monsters trying to destroy us was your *mom* the entire time."

"Yep."

"The woman both of us just had sex with is your *mom*."

Jennifer looked a little sheepish, and said, "Well, it worked when you did it to me, so it seemed like our best chance."

Matt opened his mouth but couldn't think of another retort. He turned towards Sugarshine, who was lurking over by Panther, and said, "Did you know about this?"

"I had no idea! Although, that probably does explain why destiny's selection of Jennifer was so certain," the pony said.

"Oh, of course it does! It explains the original course correction, too," Matt said. "Wait, *what*? Panther, hit me with that one again. Well, shit. Panther detected a total of three enemy portals before crash landing in the woods. The first one was years ago, at the very edge of his sensor range, and it led him to our star system. That would have been when your Mom disappeared. He arrived last year, and waited for another signal. The first two monsters coming through allowed him to pinpoint the location, first to Earth, and then to Bensonville. That's when he came down and I found him." He suddenly realized that Jennifer's Mom was still quite naked, and added, "Oh, crap, uh, here, put this on." He removed the tactical vest and handed it to her.

"Thank you, Matt, and for everything you've done for my daughter," she said while putting it on.

"She's done a lot for me, too," Matt said. Then, to Jennifer, he said, "You could have told me."

"Sorry about that, but we didn't have time for you to overanalyze everything," she replied.

"Damn. You're right," Matt admitted.

Just then, Sugarshine flew over in a panic, saying, "Everybody! Something's approaching, something powerful!"

Jennifer turned back to her mother. "She's right, I feel it too. Is it...?"

Mrs. Monroe nodded and said, "Yes, it is. It's coming for us."

"What? What is it?" Matt asked.

"I don't have a name for it, but it's the true evil at the root of this place," Jennifer's mom said.

At that point they were able to hear it as well, the sound of rushing water, except it wasn't water. At the other end of the cavern, torrents of black slime burst forth, gushing out from various cracks and fissures in the rock. It coalesced into one blob, then formed itself into a massive humanoid shape that stood a head taller than Panther. Its face remained featureless save for sunken eyes that glowed purple. Rather than hands, its forearms extended into solidified blades with a sheen resembling obsidian, and matching chest armor formed as well.

"There's so much of it!" Jennifer said with awe. "Mom, get to cover. Matt, back into Panther. Our fight's not over."

"Right. Final boss time," Matt said, getting into the cockpit while Jennifer put her helmet back on..

"This thing, what it did to me before, it's not like anything we've been up against so far. We go in with everything we've got. Throw me at it, I'll hit it hard, you come in right behind me and hit it harder. Now, pom-poms!"

"Roger that," Matt said. He drew Panther's axe with his left hand, picked up Jennifer in his right, and charged at the slime creature. He pulled his arm back and then launched Jennifer forward, then tossed the axe over into his right hand.

"Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" Jennifer yelled, her arms outstretched as she soared into the monster's armor and impacted with a large conflagration. She caught her feet against the armor and kicked off into a high backflip, clearing the way for Panther's attack. His axe crashed into the now-cracked armor, and as he pulled it away he reached in with his left arm for a second strike with his plasma claws.

Jennifer managed to catch herself on one of Panther's ears and scrambled up to stand atop his head. "Megaphone! This is for what you did to *my mother*! Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The thermal shockwave of noise pounded against the creature along with a barrage of antimatter from Panther's cannons. Its head blew clean off, and the cracks and slashes in its armor grew deeper and wider. It looked ready to crumble into pieces, and then... it didn't. Liquid goo oozed up through the cracks and resolidified, erasing the damage, and a new head rose up from the creature's shoulders. It raised its arms, blades ready to strike.

"No way... fuck..." Jennifer said

"Hold on tight!" Matt yelled, and he parried one blade with the axe while dodging the other. He lunged in for another axe strike, and dodged another swing of the blades. Jennifer gripped Panther's head as he moved side to side. Dodge, parry, dodge, dodge, strike, dodge, parry, dodge, strike, dodge. The slime beast advanced as Panther stepped back, giving no quarter. It swung high with its left blade, and Panther parried it back against its chest. The right blade swung low, and sunk deep into Panther's left thigh. Matt cried out in phantom pain before reason reasserted itself that his own actual leg was undamaged.

Panther fell forward, and the monster pushed away with its left arm with enough force to send him flying backwards across the cavern. He landed hard on his back, and the damaged leg bounced upwards, ripping the rest of the way free from his body, and landing behind him. Jennifer hit the ground rolling, and quickly got to her feet and ran back towards Panther, shouting, "Matt! Matt, are you okay?" When she got close, she could see sparks and bursts of plasma leaking from

the shredded stump of Panther's leg.

The cockpit door opened and Matt pulled himself up and out. "Owwww, fuck. Yeah, I'm just rattled a bit. But Panther and I are out of this fight. I've failed you," he said.

"No, Matt, you haven't failed me. I would never have gotten this far without you. We're a te—" Jennifer stopped mid-word, and realization spread across her face. "I have a radical idea."

Matt's despair quickly turned into a grin. "I love it already. I'm excited to be a part of it."

Jennifer explained, "That evil thing, we know its power is driven off by love, and I do love you, Matt. You've supported me like nobody else. We've been partners in battle, and in bed. But what do I do to show that? Look at me, this uniform says 'Cheer' on it. That only refers to me. But a cheerleader is nothing without her team. It's the reason she exists. You and that robot have always been there for me. You are my team. And now I'm gonna shout it out! Gimme a P! A! N! T! H! E! R! What's that spell? Panther!!"

[Theme Reprise: "Violet Skies" by In This Moment] 

On the final word she thrust her fist into the air, and her uniform burst into a swirling cloud of golden sparkles that levitated her off the ground. The transformative whirlwind was stronger than ever before, and the leakage from Panther's wound got pulled into it. Glowing green plasma, sparkling silver dust of repair nanites, and chunks of black armor and internal mechanisms joined the cloud. At the center of the whirlwind, Jennifer was calm, overcome with the serenity of knowing that everything was going to be the way it was meant to. She could feel her power surging: the power of a mind finally at peace, the power of her magical abilities, and the power of the alien technology that was constructing itself into armor around her body.

When the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated, her uniform had been replaced by a black metal version. The top of the helmet bore a feline face design, with glowing green eyes, a snout, and protruding cat ears. The yellow visor across her eyes was shaped like teeth along its bottom edge, with two longer fangs extending down over her cheeks. The armored crop top had a jewel neckline, close around the base of her neck, and extended down around the bottom of her breasts, leaving her midriff completely bare. Across the front in all-caps serif block letters, outlined in glowing green, was the word "Panthers". The skirt remained a fly away style, but rather than fabric the pleats were strips of hinged black armor squares. From the back of the skirt's waistband hung a long segmented black tail.

Encasing her forearms were huge gauntlets that ended in giant robotic hands three times larger than her own, with five fingers tipped with plasma claws. Their movement was duplicated from her own hands via remote manipulation gloves. At the back of the gauntlets by her elbows sat rocket exhaust nozzles. Her knee-high boots similarly had rocket propulsion units along the calves ending at exhaust nozzles behind her heels, and the toes were shaped like cat paws.

"Holy shit, she's leveled up to mecha musume. Panther, please tell me you're still recording this," Matt said.

"Wow. I thought that might do something, but I never imagined anything like this," Jennifer said in amazement.

"I always said you have good instincts!" chimed in Sugarshine.

"Right, then. Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive. Here I go!" She started running towards the slime monster. "Team spirit..." She extended her fingers, and the robot hands followed suit with the claws flaring to twice their original size, excess plasma streaming behind them.

"Plasma inferno..." She leapt into the air, and her rockets blazed to life, propelling her up and forward on plumes of fire. "Conquering love..." She drew her right arm back, and then slashed forward. **"Ultimate strike!"**

The monster had its blades up, crossed in a blocking stance, but the blades and armor both shattered as Jennifer hit her target. Then it exploded. The blast reached all the way back to where Panther lay, forcing Matt to jump down and take cover on the lee side. After it passed, he emerged and couldn't see any remaining trace of the black slime. He heard a noise overhead, and looked up to see Jennifer coming down, her rockets bringing her in for a gentle landing.

"Jennifer!" he yelled. He ran to her, threw his arms around her, and gave her a long kiss.

When he pulled back, she said, "Mmm. Are you kissing me like that because you're relieved we beat the humongous slime thing and survived, or because you're turned on by the way I look in this armor?"

Matt looked unsure, and after a pause, replied, "...Yes."

Jennifer smiled and said, "You fucking geek. Come here." She pulled him back in for another kiss with her oversized mechanical hands. Then she released him and stepped back. The armor burst apart, and the familiar swirling cloud of golden sparkles restored her usual uniform while returning Panther's components to his damaged leg. Jennifer stepped over to the mech and placed her hand on his side. "Thank you Panther, for lending me your strength." She turned back to Matt, and said, "Let's go home."

"Absolutely. I'll just go gather up that leg and be right with you," Matt said.

"Mom, you ready to leave?" Jennifer called out.

"Over here, honey. I have something to show you," she called out from the portal receiver pillars. Jennifer ran over to see. "With the portal fully operational, I've managed to reconfigure the retrieval kludge to a wide field. We can clear the town of monsters. And look what I found in this vest." She held out two hand grenades, and said, "What do you say we leave behind a little something on our way out?"

They let Panther have a head start through the portal, limping along by using his own severed leg as a cane. Then they activated the retrieval mechanism on the pillars, and watched as a brigade of the large creatures swarmed out of the portal and into the cavern. The monsters looked around, confused. Mother and daughter pulled the pins on their grenades, dropped them at the base of each pillar, and stepped through, with Sugarshine right behind them.

They emerged on the other side to see Panther flat on the ground again, its leg in its proper place and the repair nanites starting their work reattaching it. Matt pulled the bracelet off the portal generator, and the portal vanished. He placed the two pieces in separate compartments in a miniature version of the hoverwing and stepped back as it took off into the air. "Decided not to keep those?" Jennifer asked.

"As much as the army would no doubt love to study them, it's too risky to have them around. I had Panther cobble together that little launch vehicle to dispose of them," Matt said.

"Where'd you send it to, the desert?" she asked.

"Hell no. It's going straight into the sun," he replied.

She smiled and nodded. "Cheer Raider to Artemis Command. Mission objective achieved. The enemy had been completely neutralized. We also brought, uh, a defector back with us. If you send someone to City Hall to pick us up, we'll be happy to come in for debriefing." She looked to her mother, and added, "Oh, and could you please send along a pair of pants?"

It was evening before the four of them made it back to Jennifer's house. She had changed back into the clothes she'd been wearing that morning, and her mom had on fatigues she'd borrowed from the base quartermaster. Jennifer found her father already in his easy chair, can of beer in hand. "Dad? There's somebody here to see you."

"Who is it, that General again? What's he want?" he grumbled.

"Please, Dad, just get up, okay?" she said.

"Okay, fine, fine, have it your way," he said. He stood up, turned around, and promptly dropped his beer. His mouth fell open, and he looked to Jennifer with uncertainty. She nodded. He walked towards his wife, reached out and put his hands on her shoulders, still not believing his eyes.

"Hi," she said with an uncertain smile. "I'm sorry it took me so long to get home." He immediately pulled her in close, wrapped his arms around her in a tight hug, and began bawling his eyes out.

Matt felt Jennifer's hand take his and squeeze it tightly. He turned to look at her. She was smiling, and it was the biggest, happiest, most genuine smile he'd ever seen her have.

[Ending Theme: "Mechanical Love" by In This Moment] 

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Bensonville. It's been a whole year since this community was saved from destruction by hometown heroes Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther, also known as Jennifer Monroe and piloted by Matt Peterson. Since then, they've managed to turn international fame into a thriving licensing franchise, the proceeds of which have partially gone towards college funds and nest eggs, but mostly were donated towards rebuilding the homes, businesses, and public buildings that were affected by the attacks. In thanks for all they've done, here at City Hall today was unveiled this bronze statue of Cheer Raider, Matt, and Panther. Also, by unanimous agreement of the school board and student body, Bensonville High School is changing their mascot to the Panthers, and their school colors to green and black. I spoke with Jennifer and Matt earlier, and while they are both happy to have returned to the lives of ordinary students, they assured me that if needed again, Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther stand ready to serve. Now back to you, Richard."



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