

"Debbie Woods here, reporting live from Hollywood at the premier of the summer blockbuster we've all been waiting for: Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther! It's been over three years since the events in Bensonville, Oklahoma captivated the world, and finally we all get to see the adventures from the perspective of the two heroes at the center of it. Here they are, coming across the red carpet now, Jennifer Monroe and Matt Peterson! Jennifer, Matt, what can you tell us about the movie?"

"Always good to see you again, Debbie," said Jennifer. "The actors that are portraying us are amazing, the special effects are beyond amazing, and I think everybody is going to really enjoy the film."

"I know you worked very closely with the studio on this, how true to life is what we're going to see on the big screen?" Debbie asked.

Matt replied, "Well Debbie, we did have to leave some things out for, uh, time considerations, but all the vital events are there and we think it absolutely captures the feel of how things happened. One thing that's definitely accurate is this reporter right here as herself in the movie."

"And my thanks again to the studio for allowing me that incredible opportunity," Debbie said. "Who's this here with you?"

"This is our best friend in the whole world, our biggest supporter and the first person to know our secret, Theresa Fawcett," Jennifer replied.

Theresa waved to the camera and cheerfully said, "Hi!"

Jennifer continued, "She's portrayed in the movie too. It's a small role but we just couldn't leave her out."

Debbie said, "Well that's fantastic! So other than the film, what have you been up to and what's next for you?"

"Matt's attending a very good engineering college, and Theresa and I are at a State University close by to him. We've just finished up for the year and are looking forward to a quiet summer back home," Jennifer said.

Matt added, "Panther and I are going to assist with a test out of Artemis Base next week, the first field trial for new technology derived from attempts to reverse engineer some of what's found in Panther. It's very exciting stuff and hopefully it will help keep the brave men and women of our armed forces safer in the years ahead."


"That's wonderful to hear, and it's been great talking with you again. I see coming up next here, the movie leads, playing Jennifer and Matt—" Debbie was cut off by the blast of cold and snow washing over the television. As frost grew rapidly across the screen, it cracked from the sudden temperature change and the picture went dead.

"Soon, Cheer Raider. Soon..."

CHEER RAIDER



by the Perv Otaku

[Title Theme: "All For You" by In This Moment] 

"Oh my word, this is the hotel the studio is putting us up in?" Jennifer's mom asked.

"Don't get used to it. Tomorrow it's back to Oklahoma," said Jennifer's dad.

"Now, now, don't be a spoil sport," Theresa's dad scolded.

"That's right! Just for tonight, we're living it up!" Matt's mom added.

"I guess I'll get our room keys, then," Matt's dad said. He headed towards the check-in counter, and everybody else fell in behind him.

"Alright, I have one suite each for the Monroe, Peterson, and Fawcett families, and then for Matt and Jennifer, the VIP suite," said the hotel desk clerk.

"Hey, no fair, why do they get their own room?" Neil complained.

"I think it has something to do with us saving the world and then being poised to make the studio a ton of money with a movie about it, little bro," said Matt.

"Yeah, I know, but still," Neil said.

Theresa sidled up to him and said quietly, "Neil, you know my sister Vicky over there, right? She's in your class."

"Sure," Neil confirmed. He looked over at Vicky, and when he caught her eye, she looked away shyly, but then smiled.

"Well I happen to know three things that are facts: this hotel has a swimming pool that stays open late, she has an incredibly sexy bikini packed in her bag, and she thinks that you're very cute."

Neil's eyes went wide. "Really?"

"I would never lie about this sort of thing. Go get her, tiger," Theresa said, pushing him in her sister's direction.

Everybody got their room keys without further incident, and they rode up the elevator together. Matt noticed that Neil had managed to position himself next to Vicky and marveled that he was already holding hands with her. The parents and younger siblings got off on their floor, leaving Matt, Jennifer, and Theresa to finish the trip to the top floor. Theresa's mom held back behind the rest, and as the doors closed she said with a knowing wink, "Have fun, you three!"

"Mom!" gasped Theresa.

As the elevator started moving again, Jennifer said, "Well it's good to see that she's supportive of you being gay."

"Yeah, they both are," Theresa said, and sighed. "You two are lucky. The way your parents learned your secret didn't make you worry and stress about it." The elevator stopped and they headed towards their suite.

"Girl, don't make it a contest about parents causing you stress. I had to put up with both of mine rejoining reality after all those years," Jennifer said.

"Your dad's never looked better, though. I barely recognize him compared to the first time we met," Matt said while unlocking the suite door.

"Yeah, that's what happens when you quit drinking and start taking care of yourself again," Jennifer replied. "Holy shit, this is our room? It's huge!"

"Wow. That's Hollywood opulence for you, though," said Matt.

"Ridiculous is what it is," Jennifer said. "But we're here, and for tonight, I'm going to enjoy it. And I'm going to enjoy the two of you even more." She pulled Matt in for a deep, passionate kiss, then immediately turned towards Theresa for another. Both girls' hands found their way to the zippers on each other's backs and pulled them down, allowing their elegant strapless red dresses to fall to the ground around their ankles, leaving them in nothing but panties. "Mmmm, I've been waiting to do that since the limo ride to the theater."

"Tell me about it," Theresa said.

"So was your little side trip earlier successful?"

"Oh yeah, I got a great haul. It's too bad you're too famous to be seen in a Hollywood adult toy store. You would have loved it in there."

"Let's see what you've got," Jennifer said, already opening Theresa's suitcase. "Ohhh, this is beautiful. Put it on," she said, handing her a strap-on dildo. While Theresa freed the toy from its package and secured it in position on herself, Matt shed his tuxedo as well and knelt in front of Jennifer. He slipped her panties down her smooth legs and took a taste of her dripping wet pussy. She gasped softly and said, "God yes, lick me." She moaned as he ran his tongue through the folds of her sex and teased her clit. When the now well-endowed Theresa nudged him aside to eat Jennifer herself, Matt moved around behind her, spread her cheeks, and ran his tongue over her asshole. "Oh fuck!" Jennifer yelled, and let out a long groan as her two lovers licked her from both sides.

When she couldn't stand it any longer, she said, "Please, oh please fuck me with your cocks now!" Theresa stood up and kissed her while pushing her back. Matt got down onto his back and guided her down onto him, her asshole opening to accept his hard member as she settled in. Theresa came down on top and easily pushed her faux dick inside Jennifer's eager muff. She squealed with pleasure as she felt her holes get stuffed and moaned as they got fucked hard, and it wasn't long before her body shook with her first orgasm of the night.

Theresa pulled Jennifer off of Matt and flipped her over onto all fours beside him. She leaned in and engulfed his penis in her mouth, cleaning off Jennifer's ass juices, before turning and licking them from the source, pushing her tongue inside Jennifer's gaping asshole. She guided the moaning Jennifer onto Matt with his flesh rod sliding into her pussy, and then took Jennifer's ass with her own artificial one. Jennifer loudly expressed her pleasure at being double penetrated once again, and built to her second orgasm as the two cocks thrust quickly in and out of her tight fuck holes.

After a brief rest, Jennifer looked back at Theresa and said, "Your turn now. Stand up." Theresa got to her feet and Jennifer dove for the strap-on cock, sucking it down and moaning as she tasted her own ass on it. She loosened the straps and slid the harness down Theresa's legs, letting the cock slip free from her mouth and instantly moving to Theresa's waiting pussy.

"Oh yes baby, please, I need you so bad," Theresa said as Jennifer's tongue went to work on her damp cunt. She yelped in surprise and then moaned long and deep as she felt Matt's tongue join in against her asshole. When Jennifer finally pulled away, she begged, "Oh please don't stop."

Jennifer lay back, now brandishing the strap-on herself, and invited, "Come on baby, you know you want this inside you." Theresa moaned and sank down onto Jennifer, working her wet pussy lips down the length of the girl penis and riding it. She felt Matt against her back and leaned forward to grant him access, and as his meat entered her asshole she screamed out, "Fuck!" She went all the way down against Jennifer and kissed her hard, their large breasts smooshed together, moaning loudly into her mouth as both her holes got pounded. Now it was her turn to cum, as Theresa's back arched and she let out a long and contented scream.

"Mmmm, that tasty ass of yours is mine next," Jennifer declared, and she slipped out from underneath Theresa and replaced Matt's cock with her tongue. Theresa groaned softly, and then louder as the strap-on dick pushed into her back door. Matt stood up so Jennifer could taste Theresa's ass on his cock while she rammed into that same ass, and also reached around to finger Theresa's pussy.

"Oh baby, use me, use all of me, I'm yours!" Theresa encouraged. She grunted as she felt

suddenly empty, then opened her mouth wide to accept the dildo as Jennifer pushed it into her mouth, letting her taste her own rear passage.

While Theresa's lips were still moving up and down the fake cock, Jennifer looked at Matt with a sly smile and said, "Now it's your turn to take this cock."

"What, me?" Matt asked in surprise.

"Oh come on, I realize I wasn't quite myself the last time we did that, but I *know* you enjoyed it," Jennifer insisted.

"Well, I mean, sure, yeah," Matt admitted. "Just, can you start out a little gentler this time instead of full bore right from the get-go?" She smiled coyly and knelt down behind him, spread his cheeks and ran her tongue across his asshole. Theresa took the front and took his cock deep into her mouth. "Oh fuuuck," he groaned as the two girls worked him over orally, their tongues massaging his cock head and his tight rear entry.

When Jennifer was satisfied that he was ready, she guided Theresa down onto her back and Matt on top of her with his cock inside her pussy. Jennifer got behind Matt, pressed the head of her strap-on cock against his back door, and started pushing it inside. Matt grunted as it penetrated him, and Jennifer rubbed his back saying, "Shhhh, just relax yourself, you can take it." Matt nodded but continued grunting softly as Jennifer worked her dong deeper inside him.

When she finally buried the entire length of the strap-on dildo up his ass, she began fucking him slowly with long strokes. Matt groaned and worked his hips back to meet her, which also moved his cock within Theresa's pussy. "Mmm, you like that baby?" Jennifer said.

"Aaaaahhh, yeeesss," Matt replied, and Theresa also moaned and nodded her head in response. Jennifer quickened the pace of her thrusts, which increased the volume of Matt's moaning, and Theresa's as well.

Jennifer gave Matt's ass a slap and demanded, "Beg me for it!"

Matt immediately moaned, "Ohhhhhh fuck my ass baby yeeessss fuck me!" Jennifer increased her speed again, now pounding the artificial penis into his eager asshole.

Theresa yelled out, "Aaaahhhh Jennifer, you're fucking me with Matt's cock, it's you with his cock, fuck me Jennifer!" A huge lust-filled smile grew across Jennifer's face as she continued ramming her cock into Matt and his cock into Theresa.

"Fuuuuck I'm cumming!" Matt burst out and grunted loudly as he pumped his jism into Theresa.

"Yes Jennifer cum inside me!" Theresa shouted before succumbing to her own screaming orgasm.

Jennifer pushed her cock deep into Matt and held it there while her two lovers came, then resumed with an easier, slower pace. Matt moaned softly as he felt the dildo working his ass again. "Theresa, slide back. Matt, eat your cream pie out of her." Matt groaned but did not protest, and set to licking Theresa's pussy as soon as it was within reach of his mouth, lapping up his cum and hers from within her cunt.

Feeling his tongue at her folds and deep between them, Theresa moaned, "Oooohhhhhh, fuck."

After giving him several minutes, Jennifer asked, "Did you get it all, slut?" Matt nodded, and she said, "Good boy. Theresa, go get ready with the other strap-on." As Theresa pulled away, Matt looked back over his shoulder at Jennifer, who replied by grabbing a handful of his hair and yanking his head back while pushing into him harder. "That's right, you're going to take both of our hard cocks inside you." He only moaned in reply.

When Theresa strode over with her own tool in place, Jennifer pulled out and gave her the

spot. Theresa pushed her rod into Matt easily and resumed his ass fucking. Jennifer circled around to his front, and without a word he obediently raised himself up with his arms and opened his mouth wide, accepting the dildo inside and tasting his ass on it. Jennifer moaned out of pure excitement as she pushed her toy into his mouth and watched Theresa fucking his ass with hers. Matt continued moaning in pleasure through the dildo filling his mouth as he took it from both ends. After several minutes of that the girls traded places again, and Matt now eagerly took Theresa's strap-on from ass to mouth

"Oh, you dirty boy, you really are into it, aren't you?" Theresa smirked.

She allowed Matt to pull free in order to answer, "She kinda has that effect, you know? And it— uuhhhnnn! —really does feel fucking great."

"Yeah, that's our girl, making us both learn to appreciate getting stuffed with cock," Theresa said, while forcing Matt's face back down onto her own.

"Fortunately the two of you are quick studies and I was able to bring you up to my level. Congratulations, you're both grade-A sluts," Jennifer said, while continuing to pound against Matt's ass, thrusting her dildo hard up into him. Soon she switched places back to Matt's mouth, delivering to it a fresh cock load of his ass juices.

When the two girls finally pulled their tools free of him for good, he dropped to the floor and groaned a weary, "Ohhh, fuckin' shiiiiit."

"Let's let him rest a bit and give him a nice show," Jennifer suggested.

"I have just the thing," Theresa said, retrieving two double-ended dildos from her suitcase and freeing them from their packaging.

"Oh, fuck yes," Jennifer said, taking one of the extra long phalluses and holding it up between them. Both girls took an end into their mouths, and then pushed it deeper and deeper until their lips met in the middle. They managed to hold it for a couple of seconds, and then quickly pulled free, leaving it well coated with their saliva. Theresa held up the other one, and they repeated the move, this time gagging through the dildo-stuffed kiss a little longer before pulling back. "Turn around, on all fours," Jennifer directed.

Theresa did as she was told, while Jennifer did the same and positioned herself ass-to-ass with her. She reached back with her double dildo and first worked it into her own pussy, then the other end into Theresa's. Theresa moaned softly, then louder as she followed suit and inserted her dildo into her asshole and then Jennifer's. Both of them moaned even louder as they slowly brought their asses all the way together with four stuffed holes between them, then began rocking forward and back, working both dildos back and forth inside them.

"God damn, that's hot," said Matt, his cock once again hard as could be, and his sore asshole all but forgotten. He got up and knelt in front of Jennifer, who took his meat all the way into her mouth, and didn't protest when he took hold of her head and started face-fucking her with hard thrusts. Her moans were replaced by gagging sounds and his moans.

When he finally released her, she gasped for breath and said, "Fuuuuck, yes." Matt moved to the other end of the double dildo double penetration and offered his cock to Theresa, who also took it all the way in. Matt took a handful of her hair and guided her slowly up and all the way back down the length of his rod, listening to her gag on it as her lips reached the base. Then Jennifer begged, "Uuhhhnnn, Matt I need you back over here."

He obliged her and returned his penis to her mouth. This time she slammed it down into her throat, gagging rapidly and repeatedly, all on her own without his help. "Oh shiiiiit!" he exclaimed, as her over-the-top enthusiasm made the tightness of her throat feel all the better. He screamed out

as several spurts of cum pumped into Jennifer's mouth, and she pulled back slightly to capture it there rather than let it go straight down her esophagus. She immediately pulled away entirely and spun around to face Theresa, setting both double dildos free to slide out of their wet holes and fall to the floor.

She took Theresa's face in her hands and tilted it back, then leaned in above her and let Matt's cum drip down from her mouth. Theresa opened her own mouth to receive it all, then smiled as she savored the taste. Jennifer dropped to the floor and opened her mouth wide, and Theresa complied by letting the cum drain back out from her lips to Jennifer's. Matt watched while stroking his suddenly renewed erection as they traded places yet again, and his cum flowed once more into Theresa's mouth and then back to Jennifer. Finally, Jennifer shared a very sloppy kiss with Theresa, with both of them eventually swallowing the remainder of the swapped cum that wasn't now on their faces.

"Daaaamn, I don't know how we are going to top that," Matt said.

Theresa moved to her bag and rummaged through it, pulling out various implements. "How about you take a little revenge on us for earlier?" she said, bringing the pile over to Matt.

"Oooo. So are you ready to pay for being such naughty girls?" Matt asked.

"Oh, yes sir. Punish us! We've been very bad!" Jennifer replied enthusiastically. Matt took the load of toys from Theresa and brought it over to the bed. The girls dutifully followed behind. First, he stuffed ball gags in both of their mouths and fastened them tightly. Next, he sat on the bed, pulled Jennifer down over his lap, and gave her a swift and hard spanking. She wiggled and squealed through her gag as his hand repeatedly slapped against her ass, turning it red. After the final swat, he pushed a buttplug into her asshole, which took it with little resistance. Then he pushed her aside onto the bed and pulled Theresa down for the same treatment.

With Theresa's spanking completed and her ass plugged as well, he positioned them on the quite large bed and set about tying them down with rope and bondage cuffs. When he finished, they were both on their backs, side by side, with Jennifer on Matt's right and Theresa on his left. The girls' arms and legs between them were bound to each other, and then secured tight towards the head and foot of the bed. Their arms and legs to the outside were tied off to the bed's corners.

"Well well, isn't this a pretty sight," Matt said before taking several photographs of the scene with his phone. Then he set the phone aside and picked up a riding crop. After testing it against his other hand a couple of times, he turned it on the helpless pair. Every slap of the crop against their bodies evoked a jump and a cry from the targeted girl, and even more pronounced ones when the crop struck a plump breast or a moist pair of pussy lips.

After abusing them both up and down their bodies from their collarbones to their thighs and all points between, Matt could stand it no longer. He fell upon them and greedily licked, sucked, and squeezed the row of four breasts that lay before him as his mercy. The girls moaned through their gags and squealed whenever he pinched a nipple between his teeth and pulled it upwards.

His hands roamed downwards to their very wet pussies and he sank three fingers deep into both of them. His mouth soon followed, and the moans increased in volume from whichever of the girls presently had his tongue teasing against her clit. Those moans again turned to sharp squeals whenever he gently nibbled on a clit with his teeth, before returning to sucking it hard and lashing it with his tongue, all while continuously probing both of their cunts with his fingers.

Finally satisfied with his feast of tits and pussies, Matt turned away and retrieved a pair of vibrating dildos, which hummed in his hands once he installed batteries and turned them on. They were only six inches long but they were bigger around than even an above-average cock. "Let's see

how you handle these," he said, forcing a tone of faux cruelty into his voice. He plunged them into both girls at the same time and rapidly rammed them in and out of their wet muffs. Both girls screamed and strained against their bonds as their sex tunnels were fucked hard by the wide, buzzing toys.

"That's right bitches, take it, take it hard!" Matt teased as he pumped the vibrators as fast and as hard as he could. Theresa came first, her orgasm arching her back and forcing her muffled scream even louder. Hearing Theresa immediately set off Jennifer, and she too came hard, screaming at full volume through her gag and her body straining to the full limit that her bonds allowed. The orgasms having run their course, both girls collapsed back onto the bed and groaned and panted through their gags.

Matt disappeared briefly, with the sound of water filling the bathtub giving an indication of why, and then he returned and went to work setting them free, while also tenderly caressing and groping their bodies. With the ropes, cuffs, gags, and plugs all discarded onto the floor, he helped Jennifer and Theresa up and led them on wobbly legs to the extremely fancy tub, where they gratefully sank into the warm water and relaxed as soothing jets of water blasted against their bodies.

As her energy returned, Jennifer's hands began to roam, first over her own body, and then over to Theresa's. She groped the other girl's legs, then her breasts, then grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her in close for a long, deep kiss. Matt watched with interest, and then Jennifer lashed her hand out and grabbed him by the arm, pulled him in as well, and switched her kiss to his mouth. While she tried to reach down his throat with her tongue, she pulled herself over onto his lap, straddling him and slipping her pussy down over his engorged cock. Theresa rapidly moved in behind her and embraced her tightly while squeezing her tits.

Jennifer let her lips part from Matt as she moaned from the cock up her pussy and Theresa pinching her nipples. "Let's get out of the tub and do this properly," Jennifer suggested. The other two eagerly followed her lead. Without even bothering to dry off, Jennifer took hold of Matt's hard rod and led him back to the bed. She pushed him down onto his back, and he scooted up onto the middle of the bed while she hopped up and instantly remounted him. "Aaahhh, yeeess," she said as her pussy swallowed his cock once more.

Theresa quickly followed, and Jennifer directed her to Matt's face. She lowered her pussy onto his waiting tongue and moaned as he went to work. The two girls were facing each other, and without a word they leaned in to close the gap between them, their lips meeting and their hands finding each other's titties. Their bodies pitched back and forth as Jennifer's legs raised and lowered her wet love tunnel on Matt's tool, and Theresa fidgeted her hips, grinding her cunt on Matt's face while he gave it a tongue lashing.

The moans of the two girls mixes together as their tongues danced and intertwined. Finally, though, Theresa pulled back and begged, "Trade places with him."

Jennifer's loud moan escaped her now sadly unoccupied lips, and she replied, "Good idea, baby." Theresa pulled away from Matt's face as Jennifer lay down fully on top of him. As she stole a taste of Theresa's pussy from his lips, the two of them rolled over, putting Matt on top. He repositioned himself to make room for Theresa to rejoin, his cock never leaving Jennifer's pussy the entire time.

"Fuuuck, yes!" Theresa yelled as she brought her pussy to Jennifer's mouth and felt her eating the folds of her sex like a meal. She had sat down on Jennifer's face with her back to Matt, so he reached around to her front and helped himself to two handfuls of titty. Theresa's moans pitched up into pleasure-filled yells, and Jennifer's own screams could even be heard though her mouthful of

pussy as Matt rammed his cock into her as deep and as fast as he could. "God yes I'm cummmiiiiiiiiing!" Theresa screamed as her body jerked back and forth in orgasmic spasms.

She continued moaning as she gasped for air on the way down from her peak, as Jennifer showed no signs of letting up. Once she could form words again, she said, "Okay, I'm going to let you two have some fun alone for a bit. I gotta go pee."

As Theresa moved to pull away from Jennifer's face, arms came up to pull her back down. "Wait, don't waste it," said Jennifer from below her crotch before her lips re-affixed themselves to Theresa's nether lips.

"You're kidding me. You don't really mean— Ohhhhhh, you do!" Theresa said as she felt the girl beneath her lick and suck at her cunt with a clear insistence. "Shit, I can't... hold it any more," she said desperately before letting out a deep sigh that signaled her bladder emptying into Jennifer's mouth. When she felt Jennifer's tongue lick the last drops of piss from her folds, Theresa looked down at her and said, "Holy fuck, I can't believe you just did that."

This time Jennifer allowed Theresa to dismount from her face. "Matt..." she whispered. He leaned in close to hear, and saw that her eyes were in a thousand-yard stare. She was taking short, shallow breaths.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I need you to fist me... in both holes... as hard as you can." Matt's face showed his surprise, but he only nodded and moved back down to her wide open legs. Jennifer continued, "Theresa... I need one of the double dildos... and you might have to hold me down." Theresa looked concerned, but followed Matt's lead and did as requested without a word. She retrieved one of the double-ended dildos they had used earlier, handed it to Jennifer, and then took position holding her shoulders to the bed.

Jennifer let out a deep, guttural groan as Matt easily pushed four fingers each into her pussy and ass, and then slowly added his thumbs, easing his hands in until Jennifer's orifices swallowed them to his wrists. He paused there and looked up at her for reassurance that she was handling the massive stretching of her fuck holes. What he saw was Jennifer doing her best to ram the entire length of the double dildo into her mouth and down her throat. He shrugged his shoulders and pushed hard with both arms, as if attempting to bury them inside her up to his elbows. He didn't make it quite that far, but it clearly had the desired effect as Jennifer's throat-stuffed scream filled the room.

Her body thrashed as he plunged his hands back and forth within her vaginal and anal passages, her gagging came at full volume as she repeatedly forced the enormous length down her throat while her lungs tried to expel the sounds of her extreme triple penetrative fucking.

"Shit, how much of this can she take?" Theresa asked with a mix of awe and worry. But take it she did, over and over for minutes on end, until finally her orgasm shattered through her. She lost her grip on the dildo and it flew out of her mouth, and her now unmuffled scream beyond the top of her lungs blared out. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her back arched high off the bed, and Matt's arms felt a crushing tightness as her ass and pussy spasmed around them.

When she finally collapsed back down to the bed and fell silent, her head lolled to the side, with her eyes still rolled back and her mouth open with her tongue slightly hanging out. Her body twitched as Matt slowly pulled his arms free, but she was otherwise unresponsive.

"Jennifer has gone bye-bye. Matt, do you have anything left?" Theresa asked.

"I think I'm pretty much tapped out at this point," he said.

Theresa moved closer and helped herself to licking his hands and sucking his fingers,

cleaning Jennifer's juices off of them. When she finished, she smiled and said, "Me too." She cuddled up against Jennifer's side with a hand cradling one of her breasts. Matt nodded, mirrored her position on Jennifer's other side, and they both fell sound asleep.

"You're going to love the movie. They even got the original Princess Sugarshine voice actress in, so you sound just like yourself!" Matt said.

"I have to admit I was skeptical of the entire thing at first, but now I'm really excited to see it," the plush alicorn replied. "It's so strange to think that the entire world knows the heroism of you and Jennifer. The fame of the previous guardians never spread much beyond the vicinity of the battles they waged against evil."

"Yep, that's the blessing and the curse of the twenty-first century," said Matt.

"It was really nice of the studio to sponsor free screenings for the entire town," said Theresa from behind the wheel of her pickup truck.

"Everybody here deserves it for what they've been put through," Jennifer said. "And with this one last appearance, it'll all finally be over. No more promotional appearances, no more interviews. Done."

"Oh come on, it wasn't so bad, was it? Though I'm kind of glad to be at the end of it too," said Matt.

"I'm not like you, mister über-geek, whose lifelong dream was fulfilled by not just going to that monstrous comic convention in California, but by being the center of attention there," Jennifer teased.

"Hey hey, we were both the center of attention. In fact probably you more than me," Matt countered.

"I still can't believe how many of the girls were dressed as Cheer Raider," Jennifer said.

"Cosplayers are very into you right now. You've got lots of fangirls that look up to you," said Matt.

"What in the hell?" asked Theresa as they arrived at Bensonville's movie theater and saw that the entrance was blocked by a shell of ice that covered nearly half the building. She stopped the truck and the four of them got out. A girl was standing in front of the barrier, waiting for them.

"Ah, Cheer Raider, finally you've arrived! Now, transform and face me!" she declared loudly.

"What the hell is she supposed to be? Another one of those cosplayers?" Jennifer said.

"It's your uniform alright, but it's like she's done a palette swap on it," Matt answered. Rather than red, the dominant color was light blue, and the decorative braid stripes had a teal-white-purple-white-teal color scheme. The helmet visor was also light blue, and the helmet was colored purple on top and white on the bottom, with a long braid of black hair coming out behind it. The white block letters on the front of the shell top were outlined in purple, and rather than "Cheer", read "Chill".

"I am Chill Raider! And I'm about to show the world that I'm the superior magical girl!" she announced.

"Oh for fuck's sake. 'Chill Raider'? Really?" Jennifer said incredulously.

"Wait, I know that voice. Oh my God. Cassandra Taylor, is that you?" Theresa asked.

"Wha... uh, I said call me Chill Raider!" she stammered.

"You're right! It *is* her!" Jennifer said. "Cassandra, what the hell is this?"

"Who's Cassandra Taylor?" asked Matt.

"She was the captain of the our cheerleader squad here for two years. She graduated the year before all the monster stuff happened. I heard she even got a cheerleading scholarship to college. She was always a major prima donna, though," Theresa explained.

"Hey, that means you just graduated from university, right? Congrats," Jennifer said.

"Silence!" Cassandra shouted. "Never mind that. You're nothing special. I was always a better cheerleader than you. Why should you get all the fame, and a movie, and dolls with your face on them, just for doing what I could have done, given the chance?"

"Wait, are you... are you *jealous* of me?" Jennifer asked in disbelief. "Do you have any *idea* what I went through? I was almost killed, several times. I was captured and tortured in ways you wouldn't even want to hear about. I grew up for over half my life without my *mother*, or a functioning father, because of those monsters. So don't stand there and tell me you wish it had been you."

"None of that matters anymore. I have powers now too, and once everybody sees that I'm the better hero, I'll get the recognition I deserve. Change so we can begin our duel!" Cassandra demanded.

"Come off it. What powers? To be even more annoying than you were back in high school?" said Jennifer.

"Uh, actually that ice barricade must have come from somewhere," Matt interjected quietly.

"You doubt me? I'll show you! Pom-poms!" Cassandra called, and indeed a pair of pom-poms in colors matching her uniform appeared in her hands. "Rally Pride Blizzard Fury!" she shouted, producing a projectile of snow and ice that hit a lamppost and left a thick layer of ice around it.

"Shit!" Jennifer said, taken by surprise. "Sugarshine, what is this? Is she really another magical girl?"

"Impossible. There can only be one guardian at a time. I have no idea where her ability came from. I didn't even sense her power until she used it just now," the pony replied.

"Okay, fine. You have powers. That's wonderful for you," Jennifer said sarcastically. "But right now we have a local movie premier to be guests of honor for. Just unblock the damn doors, because I'm not going to fight you."

"Did you hear me say I'm giving you a choice? A forfeit just won't do, your defeat must be genuine!" Cassandra said.

"Oh come on, would you? All of the fame, we didn't ask for it! We avoided it as long as we could! I haven't even transformed into Cheer Raider since we rescued my Mom and stopped the invasion!" Jennifer said.

"She's telling the truth," Matt said. "The studio's effects people practically begged to see her transform, but in the end they had to make do with Panther's video logs."

"No! You won't take this away from me this time! Battle me now or I'll make you wish you had!" Cassandra threatened.

"Okay, you know, everybody's going to start showing up pretty soon," Matt said. "You girls work this out, I'm going to go fetch Panther to get that ice melted. Hell, it's his movie too, people will love seeing him here. Emergency pilot retrieval, dimensional fold, activate."

"Stay out of it! Rally Pride Blizzard Fury!" Cassandra shouted, her ice attack striking Matt just as he disappeared in Panther's teleport.

"Matt! No! What did you do?" cried Jennifer. "If you hurt him, I swear I will end you."

Cassandra smiled. "Well now, you still have two friends left. Shall we see how they like the

cold?"

Jennifer's eyes burned with fury as she gave Cassandra a death glare. "Fine! You want a fight with Cheer Raider? I'll give you a fight with fucking Cheer Raider!" She tossed her purse to Theresa 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.

"Matt, Matt are you okay?" Jennifer asked.

"After a fashion, yeah," Matt replied through her helmet communicator. "I'm encased in ice, except for my head, fortunately. The base personnel are heating up some water to get me out, but it's gonna be a while I think."

"Oh thank goodness," Jennifer said. She turned towards Cassandra. "I still owe you a beating for that, though, bitch! Pom-poms!"

Cassandra dropped her pom-poms and summoned a different weapon. "Baton! Whirling Baton Icy Barrier!" As she spun her baton, a curved wall of ice formed in front of her, reaching from the ground to a few inches over her head.

"Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" Jennifer shouted, multiple times, each time launching a fireball that puffed out harmlessly against the ice shield. Jennifer took off running towards Cassandra, pulling back a fist and shouting, "Pom-Pom Flaming..." As she got within reach, she performed a round off move, springing off her hands to Cassandra's side and landing just behind her, while reversing the direction she was facing. "...Punch!" she finished, landing a fiery blow to Cassandra's backside and sending her sprawling through her ice shield, which shattered on impact.

Cassandra picked herself up off the ground and said, "That was a cheap shot." She twirled her baton, tossing it into the air twice. "Cutting... Chill... Frigid... Glaive!" The resulting weapon was tipped with an eighteen-inch-long ice-encrusted curved blade. With a wide two-handed grip on her polearm, she charged at Jennifer.

Jennifer quickly switched to her own defensive posture. "Baton! Baton Twirl Blazing Shield!" The hot energy shield formed just in time to block Cassandra's strike. Sparks and steam shot out as Cassandra leaned in hard with her blade's edge, but the shield held firm. She hopped back and spun around, dropping low and reaching the glaive forward with one hand. The back of the blade struck Jennifer's ankles, taking her feet out from under her. She landed hard on her back, her shield and baton lost. She quickly rolled to the side, narrowly escaping as Cassandra drove the glaive's blade into the ground where she had fallen.

On her back again, Jennifer kicked her legs up and back down, letting the momentum roll her onto her feet. She let it carry her through to a forward-leaning crouch, then pushed off with her

legs, landing a head-butt to Cassandra's gut. Cassandra fell back with the wind knocked out of her, dropping her glaive, and Jennifer pounced on her. The two girls grappled on the ground in a tangle of limbs, rolling this way and that, neither able to maintain the upper hand.

Eventually Cassandra managed to end up on her back with both her arms in front of her, and Jennifer on top. She called out, "Pom-poms! Rally Pride Blizzard Fury!" The icy explosion between them sent Jennifer flying through the air, her body encrusted in ice.

Theresa, who had been recording the fight with Jennifer's smart phone, ran to where she landed. "Jennifer! Are you okay?"

She heard Jennifer mumble, "Pom-poms." The ice around her instantly shattered as the pom-poms flamed into existence in her hands. She lay on the ground, looking up at Theresa. "I was fighting angry. It ruined my focus," she admitted.

Cassandra, now on her feet, laughed heartily. "Is that all you've got? You're rusty, Cheer Raider! Or maybe you were never that good to begin with!"

"Right about now is when Matt would usually come up with an idea to exploit the enemy's weakness," Jennifer said.


"Yeah, I got nothin'," said Matt's voice in her ear.

"Cassandra was always the alpha bitch," Theresa said. "I don't think she has a weakness."

"Maybe not *her* weakness," Jennifer said, sitting up. "Maybe one that we share. Theresa, use your phone, get online, and play 'Call Me' as loud as you can."

"'Call Me', ha!" Theresa said. "We practiced that routine so many times, whenever I hear that song I have to stop myself from— Ohhhhhh. Devious. I like it." Jennifer slowly got to her feet while Theresa ran back to her truck. "Sugarshine, want to play camera pony? Here, hold this." She passed Jennifer's phone to the plush alicorn and connected hers to the truck's data port. She pulled up the song and cranked the volume way up.

"Time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive," said Jennifer.

[Background Theme: "Call Me" performed by In This Moment] 

As the opening riffs played, Jennifer's head nodded to the beat. She let the music flow through her and take over her body. When the lyrics started, her arms took the cue and moved on their own, shaking her pom-poms up, down, left, and right in rhythm with the song, producing small wisps of flame from them. She cycled through the well-rehearsed sequence of Ts, Vs, Ls, Ks, diagonals, punches, bow and arrows, daggers, and touchdown motions. She marched ahead towards Cassandra, rather than behind her in formation as they had done many, many times.

"You've got to be kidding me," Cassandra said as she watched the scene. Even Theresa back at her truck was dancing along, waving around some plastic shopping bags she'd dug out from under the seats. "If you can't take this seriously, you're only going to make it worse for yourself!" she shouted. Jennifer just smiled. She could see Cassandra's arms twitching in time with the music.

"Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" Jennifer yelled, launching a fireball just as the song crescendoed into the first refrain. It hit the ground a foot in front of Cassandra, leaving a scorch mark in the pavement.

"Ha! You mi—" Cassandra looked back upwards from where it landed and was interrupted by Jennifer's high kick, which sent her to the ground. She quickly got back to her feet, but Jennifer had danced backwards and was now out of reach again, and had also resumed the pom routine as if nothing had happened. "What in the fuck was *that*?" Cassandra demanded.

The song entered the second verse, and Cassandra ran towards Jennifer. She pulled her right fist back and shouted, "Pom-Pom Sub-Zero Smash!" Jennifer, however, easily sidestepped the punch she threw. "Pom-Pom Sub-Zero Smash!", she shouted again, this time with a punch from the left. "Pom-Pom Sub-Zero Smash!" A right-handed punch again, and this time Jennifer not only dodged it, she danced around behind Cassandra and gave her a hard shove.

Cassandra stumbled, then righted herself and spun around to face Jennifer again, just in time for the second refrain and another "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" This time Jennifer didn't miss. Cassandra was blown to the ground. Before she could move, yet another "Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" hit her dead center, adding insult to injury.

Cassandra pulled herself up off the ground as the third verse began. "Dammit..." she mumbled. She saw Jennifer had returned to the pom routine and shouted, "Stop dancing, you fuck!" Jennifer only smiled wider. "Rally Pride Blizzard Fury! Rally Pride Blizzard Fury! Rally Pride Blizzard Fury!" Cassandra shouted as she shot off a barrage of ice blasts, some aimed at Jennifer, some deliberately aimed around her, in an effort to prevent her from maneuvering. It didn't work, however, and Jennifer dodged all the attacks, not even missing a beat and making it look effortless.

The song entered its musical bridge, and Cassandra screamed with frustration and fury. She ran straight at Jennifer and lashed out with her fists, punching at her rapidly but without much coordination, and not even remembering to summon any magical attacks from the pom-poms. Jennifer blocked most of the strikes with her arms, and was unfazed by the ones that actually hit her.

As the song reached the final refrain, Jennifer pulled back her fist and shouted, "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" She hit Cassandra right in the face, the punch slamming against her helmet's visor. Cassandra stumbled back, but it was followed by another hit to the face from a "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" Jennifer called out a third time, "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" This time she struck low, at Cassandra's gut, causing her to double over with the wind knocked out of her. Cassandra heard her shout again, "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" However, she didn't see the uppercut until it impacted her jaw, sending her flying backwards onto the ground.

Jennifer watched to make sure Cassandra wasn't getting back up, but immediately resumed dancing, and finished on the final beat with a low V flourish. Theresa immediately started clapping and cheering, "Go Jennifer! Woo!"

"So, do you wanna know why you're down there and I'm still standing, Cassandra?" Jennifer said. "You were fighting the music, and it split your focus. I went *with* it, and was able to focus entirely on kicking your *ass*."

"It's not fair! You—you cheated! It's not fair!" Cassandra whined while she stood up on unsteady feet. The two girls glared at each other, Cassandra looking on the verge of losing her composure while Jennifer was calm and defiant. Finally Cassandra came to a decision. "Rally Pride Blizzard Fury!" she shouted, aiming the shot at the ground in front of her and creating a mound of ice there. She tossed the pom-poms away and called out, "Megaphone! Adoration of the Masses Arctic Tempest Gale!" She aimed that at the ice she had just created, causing it to explode into a fog of ice crystals that covered the cinema's parking lot.

"Jennifer!" Theresa called out, running towards her.

"Over here!" Jennifer replied.

"Where's Cassandra?"

"Gone, I think."

"Should we go after her?"

"No," Jennifer said. "Later. Right now I need to get those doors cleared. Once Matt gets his

ass back here, we have a movie premier to oversee."

The sun was just setting as they drove up to the house. "Is this it?" Jennifer asked.

"Yep, this is Cassandra's address, according to the old squad roster," Theresa answered.

"This is the place alright, see the ice blocking the front door?" Matt said. They all got out and walked up to the door.

"I got this," Jennifer said. "Pom-poms! Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" rather than a swift punch, she pushed the pom-pom slowly into the block of ice, letting the fire rapidly melt it. Once cleared, they found the door was unlocked and they stepped inside the house. "Cassandra? We need to talk about this! Hello?" Jennifer called out.

"Looks like nobody's home," Theresa said.

"Better check the bedrooms," Matt said. "I think that way."

They ventured down the hallway and saw Cassandra's parents, calling for help from their bedroom, where they were trapped by a pillar of ice filling the doorway. "Oh, shit!" Jennifer said. "Stand back, I'll get you out! Pom-pom Flaming Punch!"

"Oh thank God!" Mrs. Taylor said.

"Cheer Raider, please, our daughter, she's always been difficult at times, but we have no idea where all this is coming from!" said Mr. Taylor.

"Yeah, we got a taste of that earlier," Jennifer said. "Theresa, could you get them to a neighbor's house or something? It doesn't seem to be safe here."

"Right. Please, come with me. Let's get you out of here," Theresa said, leading them away.

"Uh, Jennifer, you... need to see this," said Matt from down the hall.

"What is it?" she asked, walking towards him.

"Cassandra's bedroom, I think", he replied, pointing at a doorway.

"Holy shit," she said as she stepped past him into the room and saw the contents. She pulled her helmet off and took a good look around. The walls were mostly covered with posters of her as Cheer Raider, all defaced in a variety of ways, with the faces scribbled on in black marker and words written all over like "bitch", "whore", and "you're going down". The rest of the room was littered with various Cheer Raider merchandise, all of it damaged: action figures and fashion dolls missing limbs or heads and scarred by some sharp implement, plush dolls that had been ripped apart or partially burned, the smashed remains of battery-operated toy versions of her weapons, various other cheap knickknacks broken to pieces for merely being branded with her picture. There was even a high school yearbook lying open to Jennifer's class photo, also defaced.

The only part of the room that didn't seem angry was the dresser mirror and the wall around it. Taped there were pages torn from Cheer Raider & SABRE Panther coloring books, but with Cheer Raider rendered in Chill Raider's color scheme. However, these too showed a disturbing progression from pages that had been slowly and carefully filled in, to pages where the applied color was a messy scrawl as if the work of a small child.

"I think she's got more of my shit than you do," Jennifer said.

"Not possible," said Matt. "But, close to it, yeah."

"What the fuck are you doing in my room?" screeched Cassandra, just before she finished climbing in through the window.

"Oh shit!" exclaimed Matt.

"You, stay out! Pom-poms! Rally Pride Blizzard Fury!" Cassandra screamed, launching a blast that filled the doorway with ice nearly to the top, blocking Matt from entry.

"Oh, honey, I understand now. The reason for all of this," Jennifer said with deep sympathy in her voice as she approached Cassandra.

"Wha?" Cassandra said, caught off guard by her tone. She tried to back away as Jennifer drew in close, but the wall denied her further movement.

Jennifer lifted Cassandra's helmet from her head and let it fall to the floor, then looked into her eyes said, "You just need to get *laid*."

"What? How dare you! Mmmpphh!" Cassandra's angry shouts were cut off by Jennifer's lips meeting hers. She dropped her pom-poms in shock, then put her arms up and tried to push Jennifer away. Jennifer already had her left hand in place groping Cassandra's breast, and her right hand under her skirt, rubbing her pussy through her bloomers. Cassandra's moans of protest trailed off and turned into moans of pleasure, her efforts to push Jennifer off of her similarly petered out until her arms dropped to her sides.

"Whoa, fuck yes," Matt said under his breath, and climbed up to the small gap left between the ice and the top of the doorframe in order to get a better view for both himself and his phone's camera.

At this point Jennifer had already moved her hands to underneath Cassandra's clothing and was fondling her breast and pussy with direct skin-to-skin contact. She felt Cassandra's tongue starting to engage hers, she was now returning the kiss instead of resisting it. She pulled her hand free from inside Cassandra's bra, moved it to her shoulder, and slowly led her to the bed. Jennifer guided her down to the mattress, then finally broke the kiss and transitioned to a trail of kisses down her neck and collarbone.

Jennifer eased Cassandra's top and bra up off her breasts, and immediately began sucking and licking them while Cassandra moaned quietly. She lingered there but a short time, and soon moved further down. She slid Cassandra's bloomers and thong down her legs, and tossed them onto the floor. Her lips found her pussy mere moments later, evoking a loud gasp and an even louder moan from the girl.

Cassandra continued moaning in pleasure, and as Jennifer's tongue moved skillfully against her clit, she came quickly, crying out, "Oh fuck, fuck, aaaahhhhhh!" When her orgasm subsided, Jennifer crawled back up the length of her body and kissed her again, letting her taste her juices in Jennifer's mouth, which she did eagerly. Cassandra abruptly rolled them both to the side, putting her on top of Jennifer. She pulled away and said with cold determination, "You're not better than me at anything."

She quickly exposed Jennifer's breasts, then licked and sucked them as if she had something to prove. "Ohhh yeah, that's right, suck my titties, baby," Jennifer encouraged. Cassandra worked Jennifer's bloomers and thong off while her lips were locked on Jennifer's nipple, but when Jennifer spread her legs wide, Cassandra immediately relocated her mouth to her smooth pussy and licked it with a desperate fervor. "Oh God yes, fuck! Eat my fucking pussy! Aaahhh!" Jennifer exclaimed.

What she lacked in experience pleasuring another girl, Cassandra made up for with enthusiasm. Her tongue moved up and down over Jennifer's pussy lips and toyed with her clit with an intensity that soon had her screaming with orgasm. Cassandra rose triumphantly from her muff, Jennifer's juices glistening on her chin. Jennifer sat up to meet her in another kiss. If Cassandra's response to their fist kiss had been pure reflex, and the second was her actually getting into her first lesbian encounter, this one she was turning into a competition. Her tongue practically dueled with Jennifer's within their mouths as she pushed forward aggressively.

Jennifer ended the kiss by pushing Cassandra down onto her back again, then straddled her

face and lowered herself to the other girl's wet slit for a sixty-nine position. She heard Cassandra moan as she once more teased her clit with lips and tongue, and then moaned herself as Cassandra returned the favor.

Matt held his phone as steady as possible to capture the action of the two girls groaning in pleasure with their faces buried in each other's pussies, with their cheerleader garb out of place just enough to expose their bodies. This was especially difficult with his free hand occupied by freeing his hard cock from his pants and stroking it.

Jennifer felt her second orgasm rising within her, and tried to hold it at bay while she increased her oral assault on Cassandra's clit. It forced its way to the surface nevertheless, but at the same instant she felt Cassandra's body tense and shake beneath her in its own orgasm. The muffled screams from both of them mixed together as neither one parted from the other's cunt while they came.

When their shared orgasm had subsided, Jennifer turned herself around and laid down alongside Cassandra while they both recovered and caught their breath. Jennifer turned her head to the side and smiled at her bedmate. Cassandra let out a contented sigh as her breathing slowed, but suddenly it quickened again. With increasing levels of panic in her voice, she said, "What did I— What did we just— What did you make me— *What did you do to me?*"

Jennifer responded in a soothing voice, "Hey, shhhh, it's okay, calm do —"

"No!" Cassandra shouted, and shoved Jennifer out of the bed, causing her to fall to the floor with a loud thump. Cassandra leaped out of the bed, with tears forming in her eyes. "You bitch!" she sobbed. "You horrible fucking bitch!" She bent down and grabbed her bloomers, thong, and helmet, then jumped out the window into the night.

Jennifer sat up and sighed. "Well, *damn*. That didn't end like I planned."

"Damn her! Damn her! That bitch! Damn her!" Cassandra shouted over and over, each sentence punctuated by a swing of her glaive against the backside of the stone pedestal in front of City Hall, upon which sat the bronze sculpture celebrating the city's heroes. She'd been at it for a while, and the huge gash in the stone was bringing it close to its breaking point. The tears that had been streaming down her face were only just starting to dry.

"So, this is where you ran off to. Taking out a little frustration, are we?" a boyish voice said.

"She violated me! She molested me! She *humiliated* me!" Cassandra yelled, with three more strikes of her glaive.

"Are you sure? From my view on the bookshelf, it looked like you were enjoying yourself."

"Shut up!" replied Cassandra as the glaive cut away another chunk.

"Do you think Cheer Raider was right, and a few orgasms are enough to make you happy?"

"Shut up! Shut up! *Shut up!*" With the glaive's final blow, the pedestal gave out. There was a loud crack as the remaining stone broke, and Cassandra jumped out of the way as the statue fell backwards, landing with a even louder clang and cracking the pavement. She stepped close again and looked down at the statue, composed of life-size likenesses of Cheer Raider and Matt, standing side by side, and a much smaller than life-size version of SABRE Panther behind them.

"Well, impressive work, considering this Cheer Raider doesn't fight back. Satisfied?"

"No," Cassandra said coldly. "I need to make her feel this way. I need to humiliate her the same way she did me." She looked again at Matt's bronze face. "And I know exactly how."

Matt awoke as she sat down on his bed. The lamp was still off, but there was enough light

coming in through the open window to see the shape of the familiar helmet. "Hmm? Jennifer? What are you doing here?" he asked. "Did you just come in through my window? Boy, does that bring back memories."

"Guess again, dork," she sneered.

"Cassandra!" Matt exclaimed.

He didn't have time to say anything further before she raised her pom-poms and said "Rally Pride Blizzard Fury!"

[Ring Tone Theme: "Her Kiss" by In This Moment] 

The rock song refrain roused Jennifer from sleep. It was the ring tone she had assigned to calls from Matt. She rushed to her phone and accepted the call just as the last lyric finished. "Matt? It's the middle of the night, what's going on?"

"Matt can't come to the phone right now. I just texted you some things showing why," replied the caller, followed by laughter.

"Cassandra! What have you done?" Jennifer demanded.

"Take a look, you'll see," Cassandra replied, and then ended the call.

"Shit," Jennifer muttered, and called up the messages from Matt's phone. The first photo showed Matt, naked and secured to the floor by ice that encased his lower arms and legs. The second photo showed Cassandra lifting enough of her skirt pleats to reveal she had mounted him and had his cock inside her pussy. Then came a short video, showing Cassandra actively riding his cock. They were both moaning in pleasure, and Matt's moans crescendoed as he clearly reached climax. The photo after that clearly showed his cum dripping from Cassandra's pussy and down her leg. "That fucking whore," Jennifer said.

"Jennifer? What's going on?" asked Sugarshine, now also stirred from her slumber.

"Cassandra's kidnaped Matt. She's just toying with him at the moment, but I'd better go stop her before she decides to go too far." She set her phone down 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 nightclothes 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 opened her window and climbed outside, and immediately went into a round off back handspring full twist layout. When she landed, she looked around and discovered she was still in her front yard. "What the hell? Sugarshine, why am I still here?"

"I don't know," the pony replied from the window. "Maybe it's the same reason I haven't detected Cassandra's presence this entire time. I suspect that's because she's not threatening the city,

just you and Matt."

"Jennifer to Matt. Where did she take you? Matt? Can you hear me? No answer. Dammit. Now what?" Jennifer wondered. She climbed back into her room and examined the photos on her phone again. "I can see boxes of food at the edges of the photos she sent. It looks like she has him in a walk-in freezer, like at a restaurant. Fuck."

"How many restaurants are there in town?" Sugarshine asked.

"Too many to check one by one," Jennifer answered. "Alright, think. If Matt were here, how would he find himself? Track his phone? But I don't know how, and it would take too long to get the police to do it. Cassandra's probably thought of that anyway and done something to it after she called. Wait. Panther could do it. With those microscopic pilot robot things in his head, Panther must always know where he is."

"But we can't talk with Panther, only Matt does," Sugarshine pointed out.

"Maybe there's a way around that. I have an idea. Fly to Artemis Base and get into Panther's cockpit. Tell me when you get there. I'm going to drive downtown, that'll get me closer to most of the restaurants than I am just sitting here."

"Okay!" Sugarshine said, and flew out the window, disappearing into the night sky.

"Sorry about that, but I had to go back into the kitchen to get any bars on your phone and let Cheer Raider know what we're doing," Cassandra said as she reentered the freezer.

"The fr-fr-freezer acts as a Fa-Fa-Faraday cage," a shivering Matt stuttered out.

"Whatever that means," Cassandra scoffed. "Now, where were we? Oh right, fucking. I really don't know what she sees in you, but I guess you've got an okay cock." She settled back down onto him cowgirl style, and rubbed his cock until it was hard enough to push back into her pussy. She pulled her top and bra up, freeing her D-cup tits and letting him watch them bounce as she rode him, with her tight pussy lips sliding up and down his rod. Despite the circumstances, he couldn't help but enjoy the pleasurable sensation.

"You d-d-don't have to do this, you know," Matt pleaded in between moans. "Y-you can join us. Lots of t-t-teammates in anime start out as adversaries."

"And play second fiddle to *her*? Not a chance in hell," Cassandra sneered. "It's always 'Cheer Raider and SABRE Panther', she didn't even let you have second billing over that stupid robot. I still can't believe they renamed the school team after it, either, and yet again you're left out."

"I'm the p-p-pilot, it's implied," Matt said. "Besides, the mecha is always the title character of the sh-sh-show, not the human."

"And see how much you screwed up, letting that stand? Not me. I'm going to get the stardom I deserve. Aaahhhh, just thinking about it gets me going and makes your cock feel extra wonderful," Cassandra said and moaned again. She rode his cock faster as her excitement increased, even the gentle sloshing sound of flesh moving within flesh indicated the flow of her love juices had increased.

"Please..." Matt begged. "I c-c-can't last much longer here."

"Mmmm, if you have to cum again, go ahead. Right up inside my pussy. Oh, wait, you mean you're too cold? I'm sorry, I didn't realize. I don't notice the cold myself," Cassandra said mockingly, indicating she had known damn well what he meant. "Well, I suppose I have to keep you breathing, or I won't get the response out of Cheer Raider that I need. Alright, here." She turned around and moved back to position her pussy over his mouth, then laid down across his body in the sixty-nine position. "Is that a little better? Be a good boy and lick me nice, now, and maybe I'll get

you something warm to drink."

As she set to work sucking and licking his cock, he did the same for her pussy. Despite being a disingenuous show of mercy, the warmth of her body against his was welcome, as was the warmer air trapped between his face and her crotch. She moaned as he worked his tongue over her pussy lips and against her clit, and he couldn't help but moan himself as she sucked his rod hard and teased his glans expertly with her tongue.

"Okay Jennifer, I'm inside Panther's cockpit. It's all dark except for the hangar lights outside," Sugarshine said in Jennifer's head.

"Good. I'm parked in the center of town. I hope this works," Jennifer said. She closed her eyes. "SABRE Panther. I know you can hear me. You made this comm unit for my helmet. You're always listening, ready to relay my voice to Matt or Artemis Base. But now I'm talking to *you*. Matt's in trouble. You probably know that already. He needs my help, and I need your help to find him. Show Sugarshine where I have to go. Please, please help us. Together, we can save him. Please!"

"Something's happening! The screens are lighting up!" Sugarshine reported. Jennifer opened her eyes and wiped away the tears that had fallen down her face. "He's showing me a map of the town, and Matt's position earlier tonight, moving away from his house, then his signal cut out. Identifying the address now... he's got it! Matt's at Bennet's Family Diner!"

"I'm close by there. On my way! Panther, thank you," Jennifer said.

Cassandra screamed long and loud with her second orgasm brought on by Matt's tongue action. "Ohhhh, good boy, that felt soooo good," she said. "I made you a promise, didn't I. Mmmm and you certainly earned it. Okay, drink it all down, now."

Matt realized what she was planning to do mere moments before her piss started flowing into his mouth. He nearly gagged on the putrid taste, but it was also one thing for certain: very warm. He forced himself to swallow it down as quickly as he could, suffering through it for precious heat. Once Cassandra had emptied her bladder, she cackled with laughter. "Holy shit! You actually did it! What a little fucking sissy you are!"

"Cassandra. She's arrived," said a boyish voice in her head.

"Ah. Pardon me. It's time to go tell Cheer Raider how much you've been enjoying me," Cassandra said, and laughed again.

The door had already been forced open, so Jennifer walked right in. The large windows let in just enough of the street lights outside to see decently well. Cassandra emerged from the kitchen door in the back, making a big show of pulling her panties and bloomers back into place. "So you've come. We've been waiting," she said with a cruel smile.

"Let him go, Cassandra," Jennifer demanded.

"So tell me Cheer Raider, how does it feel seeing your guy getting off, balls deep inside another woman?" Cassandra taunted.

"Huh? Oh, that?" Jennifer said. "It's about time he got his cock into a pussy other than mine and Theresa's."

Cassandra's face fell. "What."

"He'd still be a virgin if it wasn't for me," Jennifer said. "Sometimes I feel bad that he never had a chance to play the field, but then I remind myself of that. Now, if he had it in him to play up

the hero thing, he'd find all sorts of girls willing to throw themselves at him, but that kind of thing comes with its own problems too."

Cassandra trembled with anger. "Dammit! Damn you! I'll wipe that smug grin off your ugly face! Pom-poms!" She ran towards Jennifer, ready to strike. "Pom-Pom Sub-Zero Smash!" Jennifer deftly dodged the attacking pom-pom, grabbed the arm behind it, and carried Cassandra's motion into a throw, flipping her onto her back. Cassandra grunted in pain but quickly got to her feet. "I won't let your tricks get the better of me this time. I will defeat you here and now!"

Jennifer was already walking away, but turned back to face her. "Bitch, please. I'm not going to fight you. All I needed was to get past you. You left Matt in there, right?" she said, pointing towards the kitchen door.

Cassandra shrieked with rage. "That does it! Megaphone!"

As the megaphone appeared in her hand, Jennifer shouted, "No! Not indoors!"

Cassandra raised it to her mouth and shouted, "Adoration of the Masses Arctic Tempest Gale!"

Jennifer dove across the top of a table, catching the edge with her trailing hand, and pulled it down behind her just as the shock wave of cold hit. Half of the windows blew out completely, and the other tables and chairs were tossed by the force. A thin sheen of ice covered nearly everything on that side of the restaurant.

"You wanna take it there, fine, let's go there. Megaphone!" said Jennifer. She stood up from behind her emergency shelter and shouted, "Roar of the Crowd Scorching Sonic Blast!" The other half of the windows were promptly blown out, and the opposing side of the restaurant was left black and scorched. "Cassandra? You gonna give me any more trouble here?" Jennifer said, walking over and looking for her.

As she approached a support pillar, Cassandra jumped out from behind it where she had escaped the blast. She grabbed Jennifer by the neck and forced her back against the pillar. With her other hand, she raised her megaphone. "You're mine! Adoration of the Masses Arctic Tempest—" Jennifer desperately grabbed the back of a still-standing chair that she saw out of the corner of her eye, and yanked it hard. It swung around and the seat caught Cassandra from behind, knocking her backwards. "—Gale!" The blast shot out straight upwards into the ceiling. Jennifer again reacted quickly, diving to the side as the roof collapsed onto Cassandra. Jennifer stood up and looked at the wreckage, her mouth agape. She hesitated, but then looked backed towards the kitchen, and turned to run towards it.

She found Matt still bound to the floor of the freezer, his teeth chattering. "Matt!"

"Jennifer! Thank g-g-goodness!" he said.

"Pom-poms!" she called, summoning them. She shook the pom-poms and generated enough heat to melt the ice and get Matt up and into the kitchen. He stumbled to the sink, turned the hot water on full, and ran his hands under it. "I found your pyjamas on the floor over here. Come on, let's get you home and into a hot shower," Jennifer said.

They emerged from the kitchen to find a new hole in the piece of roof that now lay on the floor of the restaurant. Jennifer examined it with concern. "Was Cassandra under there?" Matt asked.

"Yeah, but she's gone now," she said.

"You know, I liked this restaurant," said Matt, looking around at the extent of the damage. Jennifer sighed. "Me too."

"I'll call the accountant in the morning. We'll get them rebuilt," he said.

"So, this Cassandra Taylor, this 'Chill Raider', is she going to be a problem?" General Alvarez asked from behind his desk. "I've got a dozen VIPs already in town for the demonstration tomorrow. I cannot reschedule it."

"Well, that's the thing, sir, I was hoping to use the field test to our advantage," Matt said.

"Explain," the general asked.

"Cassandra seems to be operating under some kind of delusion that if she bests Jennifer in a fight, she will automatically replace her and inherit her status, her fame, and everything that goes along with that," Matt said.

"If it were that easy, I might have just given it to her had she asked nicely," Jennifer said.

"She's not really out to attack the town, just Jennifer. That's why she hit the theater yesterday, everybody knew we were going to be there," Matt continued. "I'm sure she expected that would be all she needed. But then last night she showed she was capable of attacking us in our homes. She kidnaped me to draw Jennifer out. Next time she might do worse. Both of our families, and Theresa and hers, could be at risk. We have to take control of the situation back. So we announce that instead of just Panther and me tomorrow, Cheer Raider will be with us to oversee the test. Cassandra will have to take the bait of another public appearance. She and Jennifer will fight, I make sure Cassandra doesn't escape afterwards, and the test run continues unabated."

"I don't like it," the general said. "But you're right, there's not going to be a better excuse than this to stage your little showdown. I'll have the word put out about Cheer Raider's participation. I'm letting you have this opportunity, make sure it's worth it."

"Oh, don't worry, General, I intend to settle things with Cassandra once and for all," Jennifer promised.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to this demonstration of the prototype mecha weapons and reconnaissance system, designation MCH-X01, built by Crosby Robotics and known as the 'Wolf Pack'. Lieutenant Ricketts here has been training with the system and will be the operator for our test today. I'll let him take things from here. Lieutenant," General Alvarez said.

"Thank you, General," Ricketts began. "The Wolf Pack is the product of cutting edge technology, augmented by limited reverse engineering of the extraterrestrial mecha SABRE Panther. Each Wolf unit is about 15 feet long not counting the tail, and 9 feet tall. They are unmanned, remote-piloted drones. The major innovation involved is the artificial intelligence that allows the standard control system to be goal-oriented. Rather than directly controlling the drone's movement, the operator tells the system where to go and what to do. This allows the unit to remain in operation during signal drops, and allows one operator to control several units together at one time. However, when the situation calls for it, additional operators can be brought in on the fly for individual unit control, and they can be switched to a direct control mode.

"For our field trial today, we have pack comprised of seven units. We will begin in the forest preserve with a live-fire demonstration on a few old trucks that have been placed there for our use. We will then bring the pack through the center of Bensonville, demonstrating their viability for urban operations with minimal impact on the resident population. The townspeople have agreed to cooperate with this phase of the demonstration and we expect at least a few of them to be out and about on their normal Sunday afternoon business. The pack will finish here at Artemis Base, where we will refit the unit guns with paintball ammunition for a combat exercise with base personnel in order to show the pack's anti-personnel capabilities.

"For the purposes of the demonstration, the Wolf Pack units have been painted white for high

visibility. We have some men in the field with them, who will be our cameramen for today. As an added safety measure, Matt Peterson in the SABER Panther and Cheer Raider will also be accompanying the pack. Matt, your status?"

"We read you loud and clear, Lieutenant Ricketts. I think we're all set to go out here, at your convenience," Matt replied.

"General?" Ricketts asked.

"You may commence the trial, Lieutenant," Alvarez said.

Out in the forest, the seven giant robotic wolves stirred to life and began moving. "There they go," said Jennifer, who was sitting on Panther's left shoulder.

"Yep. Hold on tight!" Matt said as he set Panther in motion to follow. The pack ran deftly through the trees, pursued by Panther and the cameramen on ATVs. They soon arrived at the designated location where the scrapped trucks were set out. The wolves surrounded one of the trucks. The back of each one opened up, and a double barreled cannon rose into place. Machine gun fire erupted from the guns, riddling the truck with holes. Then one of the wolves fired an artillery shot, obliterating the truck. They repeated this process while running in a circle around the second truck, and while running past the third in two rows, with the final wolf taking the kill shot. "Not bad at all. Artemis Base, phase one complete," Matt said.

"No sign of her yet, but she's got to be here somewhere," Sugarshine said. "Oh, that was Jennifer checking in. She says they just hit the edge of town and will be here soon," she said to Theresa.

"Yeah, I figured. I thought we'd be able to spot her by now. That glory hog wouldn't lie in wait for this anywhere other than downtown. So much for taking away her element of surprise," Theresa replied.

"Yes, but even so, I'm sure it won't matter in the— wait. I'm starting to sense danger. There's something close by," said Sugarshine.

"I'm right here!" shouted a boyish voice as a small form tackled Sugarshine out of the air and brought her plummeting to the ground.

"Sugarshine!" Theresa yelled as she ran over to find a plush rabbit with bluish-gray fur pinning the alicorn to the ground and drawing a glowing energy out of her and into his mouth. Theresa grabbed him by the ears and pulled him off of Sugarshine.

"Unhand me, you stupid girl!" the rabbit demanded.

"Bad rabbit! What did you do to her? Wait... aren't you Mr. Hoppers from that cartoon movie a few years back?" Theresa asked.

Mr. Hoppers laughed maniacally. "Yes, and her magic power tastes so good! I can feel it surging inside me!"

"You!" Sugarshine said weakly, struggling to get back to her feet. "That's impossible. The guardian destroyed you."

"Oh, no, not quite. I survived, just barely, and I've been biding my time ever since, building my power back up, waiting for my chance to triumph!" Mr. Hoppers proclaimed.

"What the hell's going on? You know him?" Theresa asked.

"One of Jennifer's predecessors fought against him, a long time ago. He draws strength from war, violence, hatred, that sort of thing, and then reveals himself to conquer and destroy," Sugarshine explained.

"And let me tell you, the wars have just been getting better and better over the centuries!"

And the battles here in your quiet little town three years back? Fantastic! Fortunately I learned how to shield myself from your detection. Alas, it was over all too soon, and your wretched guardian triumphed again. I thought my fun was over. Then I found Cassandra."

While the Wolf Pack walked slowly and carefully through the downtown streets and sent a stream of data back to the base detailing threat assessments on every building, vehicle, and pedestrian, Matt and Jennifer were scanning the area for one threat in particular. "Oh, shit. There she is," Jennifer said.

"Where?" asked Matt.

"Two o'clock high. Standing up on top of that street light," Jennifer replied. Matt looked and saw her perched atop the wooden pole. She held her glaive in her hand, pointed downward at an angle. Her ponytail and skirt blew in the breeze, along with bits of frost from the glaive's frozen blade. She glared at Panther and Jennifer, calmly waiting.

"Oh, nice. Classic pose," Matt said.

"Matt!" Jennifer scolded.

"Sorry!" Matt said, and walked Panther closer, stopping with the two girls facing each other eye to eye, about fifteen feet apart.

"Cheer Raider, good afternoon! Nice day, don't you think?" Cassandra said cheerfully.

"I'm not going to keep putting up with your bullshit, Cassandra. I'm putting an end to it, right now," Jennifer said.

"Oh, agreed! One final, decisive battle to show the world once and for all that you're nothing compared to me."

Jennifer rolled her eyes and called forth her weapon. "Baton! Spinning... Ignition... Burning... Pike!"

"One more thing," Cassandra said. "If your pet dork and his wind-up toy come to your rescue, you've admitted defeat."

"He won't interfere," Jennifer assured.

"Let's make sure of that, shall we?" Cassandra said.

"Ah, there's my cue. So sorry, but I'm needed elsewhere," Mr. Hoppers said. Theresa dropped the plush rabbit in surprise as a huge black serpent-shaped form emerged from it and streaked away across the ground. Matt caught it out of the corner of his eye as it split into seven pieces and each leaped into one of the wolf robots. They all stopped, and then turned and advanced towards Panther, with a red glow in their eyes that hadn't been there before.

"What the hell? The Wolf Pack just stopped responding to commands! Matt, what's going on out there?" said Ricketts.

"Oh, shit," Matt said, as the pack ran at him at full speed.

Jennifer raised her pike and bent her legs into a fighting stance. Cassandra did the same. "Let's finish this!" Jennifer shouted. The two girls leaped forwards towards each other. As they passed each other in the air, Jennifer used her pike to parry Cassandra's glaive, deflecting it away from plunging into her chest. She continued falling, and landed with a rolling stop on a shop roof. Cassandra did the same across the street.

"Nice doggies, good doggies, easy now," Matt said as the wolf pack reached Panther. Two of them jumped and slammed into him, knocking him down. The rest of them quickly piled on to the fallen mech. "Gah! Get of me, get off, geez!" Matt shouted.

Jennifer and Cassandra, having jumped down to street level, ran towards each other again.

This time rather than trying to run Jennifer through, Cassandra swung her glaive in an arc, and managed to slash several of the pleats on her skirt in half, also cutting her legs just enough to draw a little blood. "Dammit! Bitch!" Jennifer yelled as she counterattacked with her pike.

"Oh. Right. I still forget sometimes, here in the cockpit they're just images," realized an unharmed Matt. "Okay, panic over. Panther, how are you holding up? That's good, but still, we can't just let them keep this up. SABRE pilot to Artemis command. Give my apologies to the good people of Crosby Robotics, I'm going to have to wreck their robots just a little." He reached up his hands to the two wolves directly on top of Panther, and slammed them together. Panther's claws lit up with hot plasma and sliced deep into two more. As he got to his feet, he punched and kicked the drones until all seven units lay on the ground unable to move.

Jennifer and Cassandra continued to fight, the arms and legs of both of them now covered with minor cuts, but neither managing to strike a solid hit. Jennifer dodged the glaive and swung her pike wildly. The blade cut across Cassandra's top, and the gash opened into a wide cleavage window that showed a good portion of her large breasts. She yelped and jumped back. She glowered at Jennifer, then glanced at Panther standing over the remains of the wolf pack, and said, "I can see I'm going to have to step up my game if I want to claim what's mine. Alright, then! No more holding back! Gimme a W! O! L! V! E! S! What's that spell? Wolves!!"

On the final word she her uniform burst into a swirling cloud of silver sparkles that levitated her off the ground. The fallen wolf robots shook, and pieces flew off of them and into her transformative whirlwind.

When the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated, she was wearing white armor that was patterned after Jennifer's Panther armor, but themed after the wolf pack. The helmet bore a canine face design with glowing red eyes, and the tooth-edged visor was light blue. Written across the front of the armored crop top, outlined in glowing light blue, was the word "Wolves". From the back of the armored skirt's waistband hung a wide white tail.

"That hypocritical bitch, she went and saw our movie!" Matt muttered.

"What the fuck! She can't do that! She's never seen those wolf robots until today! Can she do that?" Jennifer protested.

"No, don't you get it? She doesn't have powers similar to yours because they come from the same place," Matt explained. "She has powers similar to yours because she's *copying* you. She's just a knock-off!"

Cassandra flexed her fingers and watched her movements get copied by the armor's giant robotic hands with shimmering ice claws at their fingertip. She adjusted her stance, testing the weight of her knee-high boots with toes shaped like wolf paws. "Yeeeeeess, that's more like it! Now you're going down!" she said, and charged at Jennifer with claws up.

"Baton Twirl Blazing Shield!" Jennifer yelled. The extra length of the pike faded away as she spun it to create the barrier. Cassandra's claws hit the shield hard, sparks and steam flying as cold met hot. Cassandra leaned in hard, pushing her advantage against the shield. Jennifer resisted as best she could, but her knees slowly gave way under the force, and finally she fell onto her back. Somehow she kept the baton spinning, but Cassandra didn't let up, and immediately started slashing at the shield, alternating between her left and right hands in rapid succession.

Despite the completion of Cassandra's armor, the wolf robots continued to shake, and then moved together, pulled by an unseen force. Three of them aligned side by side, with their heads together. The other four attached themselves to that group by their tail end, in an arrangement suggesting arm and legs, with the heads as the hands and feet. Then it stood up. "Oh, look at you!

Coming back for another round, I see!" Matt said. With its six eyes glowing red, the merged wolf pack reached its right jaw-hand forward. The wolf tails flew into its grip and connected end to end, shaping themselves into a sword with a curved blade that shined with an icy edge, and a full hand guard reaching from the crossguard to the pommel. "Oh, very cute. A sabre sword. Alright, then, let's go!" Matt said, and reached behind him to retrieve Panther's axe as it unfolded for battle. The two metal giants advanced on each other, weapons swinging.

Jennifer strained under the ongoing assault against her shield. Deciding she couldn't hold out like that for much longer, she abandoned the baton and rolled to the side to get away. She couldn't escape the extended reach of the wolf armor, however, and screamed out as Cassandra clawed her back, leaving four icy slash marks. Laughing, Cassandra grabbed Jennifer's legs in one hand and flung her through a large glass store window.

"Pom-poms! Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst! Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst! Fighting Spirit Fiery Burst!" Jennifer started shouting, and a series of fireballs shot out from inside the store. They struck harmlessly against the back of Cassandra's hand as she calmly walked into the store. Jennifer kept up the futile barrage until Cassandra got too close, and then switched instead to yelling, "Pom-pom Flaming Punch!" Cassandra caught the punch in her hand, the robotic fingers wrapping around half of Jennifer's arm. She turned and flung Jennifer right back out through the broken window.

Panther and the wolf-mech traded blows back and forth, each one scoring a few minor hits but mostly parrying each other's strikes as their blades clashed, gaining and losing ground in equal measure. Matt spared himself a few sideways glances towards the girls below. "Jennifer, how are you holding up?" he asked, worried.

"It's taking everything I've got just to avoid half of her attacks," Jennifer answered. Bruises were now evident all over her body, and her hair was coming undone from its braid. Once again she couldn't dodge fast enough, and Cassandra landed an oversized punch straight into her face. In the brief moment of flying through the air from the impact, before she hit the ground, Jennifer noticed that her helmet's visor was now riddled with cracks.

Matt took a wild backhanded swing with Panther's axe into the wolf-mech's sword, and it paid off. The impact broke the blade in two near the hilt, and the sharp length landed well out of reach. The small victory was short-lived, however. The move left Panther wide open, and the wolf-mech took full advantage, dropping the sword hilt and reaching up to clamp down on Panther's left arm with its jaw-hand. "Ah! Let go!" Matt yelled, but instead it reached in with its other hand, too, crushing Panther's arm with the wolf jaws. Matt struggled, but was only able to fall back when the arm finally sheared off just below the shoulder.

"Fuck!" Matt exclaimed as his opponent dropped the now useless limb to the ground. "Alright, that's a point to you. But I'll have you know, out of the four options, that's the limb I'll miss the least. In fact... Panther, help me the aim on this kick. Jennifer, heads up!" Matt lunged at the wolf-mech, pushing it back with axe strike to its chest, and then kicked the severed arm towards the other fight. It bounced a couple of times but then rolled the rest of the way. Jennifer was bracing herself for another attack as Cassandra approached, but was spared when the arm suddenly collided with Cassandra and rolled right over her, leaving her flat on the ground.

Jennifer looked up at Panther, and then back down at the arm, confirming what had happened. She allowed a smile to form across her face. "Oh, it's on, now. Gimme a P! A! N! T! H! E! R! What's that spell? Panther!!" 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. Glowing green plasma, a sparkling silver dust of repair nanites, and chunks of black armor and internal

mechanisms streamed out of the severed limb and joined the cloud. When the sparkles lowered her to the ground and dissipated, she was in the Panther armor, and her cuts and bruises were gone.

"So you've armored up now, too," Cassandra said, once again on her feet. "No matter! I will still crush you!"

"Bring it on, bitch! It's time to be aggressive. B, E, aggressive," Jennifer declared.

"Shut up and fight!" Cassandra shouted, rushing in and throwing a punch. Rather than block or dodge, Jennifer threw a punch of her own. The punches landed at the same time, but the two opponents barely flinched from the impact. What followed was a flurry of punches, claw strikes, and kicks as the two of them rushed at each other again and again with their mechanically enhanced speed and power, bashing each other over and over, and spreading collateral damage all over the street as they went.

Panther's opponent had settled into alternating between close-up fisticuffs and shooting from a distance using the on-board cannons in its arms. Panther countered with his axe and antimatter cannons to devastating effect, but the wolf-mech still endured and kept fighting. Jennifer hurled Cassandra into a parked car, causing much more damage to the car, and said, "I guess the Crosby guys will be happy. If the super robot they designed has lasted this long against you and Panther, the army's going to want a fleet of them!"

"Don't be silly. Nobody would design a robot this way, and nobody would want one," Matt replied.

"Don't give me that. I've seen your toys. You have all sorts of big robots that put together from little robots," Jennifer protested.

"A foot tall and made out of plastic, sure! But on a full size battle mecha? Easy disassembly and holding up in a fight are mutually exclusive requirements!" Matt explained. "The only reason this thing is even standing is that it's got magic holding it together! In fact it's quite frustrating, none of the damage I'm doing matters one bit."

Jennifer caught Cassandra's leg in mid-kick, heaved her up into the air over her head, and slammed her down into the pavement behind her. Then she asked, "Wait, so it's nothing but a big monster made out of magic?"

"Well sure, of course!" Matt said. "Oh. Oh, right. Well, by all means. He's all yours."

Jennifer pointed to Cassandra and said, "Wait here. I'll be right back for you. Here I go!" She started running towards the wolf-mech. "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..."

"Oh no you don't!" Cassandra screamed as she rocketed in from behind on columns of blue flame brightly lit with a line of shock diamonds in the exhaust. She rammed into Jennifer from the side, throwing her off course. Acting quickly, Matt dropped Panther's axe, grabbed the wolf-mech's arm and rammed a knee into its chest to knock it off-balance, then yanked hard. The wolf-mech was forced to stumble into the new spiraling trajectory of the two girls. The three of them collided, and the wolf robots collapsed into a pile. The sound of a small explosion followed, and several large spikes of ice and bursts of fire erupted from the heap.

"Well... I guess that still worked," Matt said, bending Panther down to retrieve the axe. About half a minute later, a piece of scrap stirred and tumbled off the pile. Jennifer crawled out from the new hole, dragging Cassandra behind her, then let herself collapse on the ground.

Cassandra stirred, and said weakly, "Don't think that I'm finished with you. This fight isn't

over."

"Oh, give it a rest, would you?" Jennifer said. Before Cassandra could come up with another retort, they were interrupted by an extremely loud thunderclap. Swirling storm clouds appeared out of nowhere directly above them, turning the sky orange. They rapidly expanded to cover the entire town, and beyond. The sound of sinister laughter from a boyish voice echoed out of the scrap pile. Hailstones began to plummet from the oddly colored clouds, and even more oddly, they were on fire but did not melt.

"Whoa, cool! Flaming hail! I wonder how it does that? Methane bubbles in the ice, maybe?" Matt said.

"Matt!" Jennifer scolded.

"Sorry! Sorry, right. Apocalyptic weather is bad," said Matt.

Suddenly, the pile of scrap burst apart, and a three-headed dragon emerged from underneath and grew until it was as tall as Panther, not counting the long necks, which towered over him. The central portion of the dragon, from the middle head to the hind legs and tail, was black, but it wore remnants of the wolf robots as armor from its head all the way down the length of its spine and tail. The dragon's right side, including the head, front leg, and bat-like wing, was red and burning with fire, while their opposites on the dragon's left were white and covered with ice.

"Fuck!" Jennifer yelled, quickly got to her feet, pulled Cassandra up onto hers, and then took off running while pulling Cassandra along behind her.

The dragon's left and right heads roared and shot streams of fire and freezing mist into the air, while the middle one continued laughing. "Finally! At long last, I am at my full power! Stronger than I ever was before! Now, I reign supreme, and I owe it all to you, you ridiculous girl," he declared.

Cassandra stopped running and turned back to face the dragon. "Mr. Hoppers? Is that you? What are you saying?"

"Your petty insecurities and your idiotic jealousy gave me exactly what I needed! I bestowed some of my power on you and encouraged your anger and hate, and it paid off better than I could have hoped! Now I can have my vengeance, destroy the guardian, and lay waste to this world as I was always meant to!" the dragon said.

"No, she's mine! It doesn't mean anything if I'm not the one to defeat her!" Cassandra protested.

"Do you still not understand, you stupid brat?" the dragon mocked. "You've been nothing but my pawn all along. You've served your purpose and I have no further use for you. You can die right alongside her, and I will never again have to listen to your conceited bullshit or your pathetically entitled delusions of grandeur!"

"What? No... no, that's not true... You can't mean that..." Cassandra said, her confidence falling away.

"Cassa—" Jennifer started to say, then paused. "Chill Raider. I think we need to work together on this one."

"Stay the fuck out of my way!" Cassandra yelled, and sent Jennifer flying with a mighty punch. She hit the ground rolling and came to a stop some distance away.

Matt surveyed the scene: Cassandra on his left, Jennifer now on his right, the dragon in front of all of them, with both girls matched to the respective head in fire versus ice pairings. "I'm gonna go with you on this one. A simultaneous attack is the best bet," he said.

"Be ready to move when she does," Jennifer said, standing and preparing herself.

"Panther, deploy the shoulder cannons, and prepare to send maximum possible plasma output to the axe. Ignore safety protocols," Matt instructed.

"And you!" Cassandra shouted at the dragon, her bravado restored. "This was supposed to be *my* big premier. How *dare* you try to steal the spotlight! I deserve it! I've *always* deserved it! I won't let you, or her, or anyone else stop me from getting what's mine! I'll show you! I'll show everyone! I'll prove that I'm a superstar right now! Here I go!" She started running towards the dragon. Jennifer and Matt followed suit.

"Superior talent..."

"Team spirit..."

The girls extended their fingers, and the robot hands followed suit with the claws flaring to twice their original size, excess frost and plasma streaming behind them. Panther let loose a continuous antimatter barrage towards the dragon.

"Frozen vengeance..."

"Plasma inferno..."

The girls leapt into the air, and their rockets blazed to life, propelling them up and forward. The dragon shot back with its fire breath, ice breath, and the artillery cannons mounted on its central spine armor.

"Rightful glory..."

"Conquering love..."

The girls drew their right arms back, and then slashed forward. Panther did the same as the plasma edge of his axe blade roared to multiple times its ordinary size, and Matt screamed out a battle roar of his own.

"Ultimate strike!"

The explosion could be seen from Artemis Base. Its shockwave broke nearly every window within a radius covering two thirds of the town, and completely cleared the sky of clouds, orange or otherwise. The underground utilities and storm sewer system were demolished within the crater it left behind.

Matt lay in the control armature, surrounded by darkness, save for the occasional burst of electrical sparks. He moaned, and said, "Did anybody get the tail number of the jetliner that hit me?" He heard the creaking of metal above him, and then light poured in as large mechanical claws pushed the cockpit doors open. Jennifer reached down in with her giant mech hand and plucked him out of the armature. She pulled him right up close and gave him a deep kiss. "Mmm. What was that for?" he asked when their lips parted.

"I figure it's tradition," Jennifer said. Matt smiled, threw his arms around her, and pulled himself in for another kiss.

A small black worm crawled along the ground, heading away from the battlefield. It was halted when a shoe came down over its rear half, trapping it in place. "Now where do you think you're going?" Theresa asked.

"Release me, you filthy human," demanded the worm in a boyish voice that was rather smaller than it was before.

Princess Sugarshine jumped out of Theresa's arms to the ground, and said, "You may have drained most of my magic, but I still have enough power to disperse what's left of you forever."

"No! No, have mercy! Mercy!" the worm begged. Sugarshine's horn lit up and shot a beam of bright light at the worm. Theresa stepped off as the worm as it and its screams faded into nothing. Sugarshine's magic beam stopped, and she collapsed onto her side.

Jennifer broke her kiss with Matt and said, "Now get back." Matt stepped clear as her armor burst apart, and the swirling cloud of golden sparkles restored her usual uniform while returning Panther's components to his damaged arm. "How's Panther doing?" she asked.

"I think every system might be down, I'm only receiving intermittent bits of telemetry in my head. The repair nanites really have their work cut out for them this time. He might be out of commission for a while," Matt said.

"Yes! I did it! I saved the world! I'm the hero now!" They both turned to see Cassandra, facing away from them, jumping and waving her arms with excitement. "Woohoo! Hollywood, here I come! I'm ready for my close-up! I'd like to thank you all for the love you've shown me!" Suddenly, her armor fell to pieces, dropping to the ground around her with a series of clangs and clanks. Her usual uniform, sans helmet, appeared underneath, but it was unraveling from the bottom up and fading away with a faint blue glow.

"No! No, you can't!" Cassandra said desperately, grabbing at the fabric and futilely trying to hold it together. "I need you! I have to be Chill Raider, I have to! You can't leave me with nothing! I'm the hero! I'm the hero!" With a silver flash, the last of the uniform disintegrated, leaving her instead wearing a different cheerleader uniform: the maroon and white of her days in the Bensonville Prairie Dogs cheer squad. She dropped to her knees and screamed, "Noooooooooooooooooooo!"

She then collapsed to the ground with her face in her arms, crying loudly. In between sobs, she said, "What am I gonna do now? I'm not anything! All I have is a crap degree in a worthless major from a shit school! How am I ever going to be a celebrity? It's not fair! It was supposed to be me!"

"Hey." Cassandra looked up, tears streaming down her face, to see Jennifer standing over her, leaning down with her hand extended. "Come on," she invited.

Cassandra reached up and slapped Jennifer's hand away. "Fuck off! I don't need your pity!" she said, and returned to crying into her arms.

Jennifer stared, dumbfounded. "Fine. Be that way. Cunt," she said, and walked away.

Jennifer got back to Matt just as Theresa did. "Oh no, Sugarshine! What happened?" she asked, seeing the plush alicorn cradled in Theresa's arms.

"She's really worn out," Theresa answered. "She said she'll be fine once her magic recharges. She just needs to sleep it off for a week or three."

"Good. You can tell us about it later. For right now, though, where'd you park your truck?" Jennifer said.

"It's a few blocks down that way, why?"

"We need to get to somewhere we can be alone for a while. Maybe the far side of the forest preserve again. Because *you* have never gotten the chance to fuck me in my Cheer Raider uniform, so we're going to fix that."

Theresa gasped and said, "Oooo! Goodie!"

As the three of them started walking, Jennifer continued, "And I have to take care of Matt here, too. He got to see me in the Panther armor, so now his cock is trying to jump out of his pants."

Matt smiled, not denying the accusation in the slightest. He decided to change the subject. "Hey, what's that you have there?" he asked, referring to the plush rabbit that Theresa was holding by the ears with much less care than she was giving to Sugarshine.

"Oh, this? Just a little souvenir. I figured Cassandra wouldn't want it anymore," she answered with a smile. "Speaking of, how bad off was she back there?"

"If she's got any sense left in her at all, she'll pull herself together and get the fuck out of town before somebody arrests her," Jennifer said. "Either way, she's not our problem anymore."

"You know..." said Matt. "When the studio gets wind of this, they're going to want to—"

"No." Jennifer interrupted.

"Oh, come on. Cassandra would get to have her face on posters, and dolls, and school supplies, and all the other stuff, just like she's always wanted!" Theresa teased.

Jennifer came to a halt and considered it. "Oh. Well, in that case... *fuck* no," she said, and resumed walking. All three of them laughed.



[Credits Theme: "You Always Believed" by In This Moment] 

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