**Cheer Camp**

by spookyscaryskeletons

**Part 1 -- Addie**

Addie flopped down on the bottom bunk and let out a massive sigh. "I'm so glad we're finally here," she breathed. Emily, her best friend, plopped down next to her and they both sighed in unison. Addie suddenly turned and clasped her best friend's hand. "Oh, my God, we better be on the same team." Emily nodded, blue eyes wide. "They can't separate us! We've been on the same team since second grade!" Addie nodded, comforted by the thought.

At cheer camp, there were four teams: The pink team, the yellow team, the green team, and the blue team. Each team would compete with the help of their color-coordinated counselors to help build teamwork, learn new skills, and yada yada yada..." finished Brittany, daintily sitting down on her trunk and kicking off her shoes. "We know the drill, Naomi."

Naomi frowned and crossed her arms, her black braided ponytail swinging as she tried to hold the frown on her face, until she broke down into a pretty grin. Addie swallowed her jealousy. Her dark complexion accented her straight white teeth so well; she clearly had the prettiest smile in the friend group. She was always jealous of her friends, even though they were all gorgeous. Slim waists, big tits and butts, and pretty faces to match it off. Guys would always hit on them when they were together, and the very revealing cheerleading outfits topped it off.

Despite being very attractive, they always turned down the guys who would hit on them. They wanted to wait until the big ball at the end of their last year of cheer camp to find the perfect guys. The cheerleaders go over to the football guy's camp on the last day of the week to have a big dance, and it usually ended in bed. Addie sighed dreamily as she thought of the hot guys that she could hook up with.

Brittany sat on the ladder while Naomi plopped herself in between the two girls already on the bed. She never really cuddled with the rest of them like Naomi and Emily did. Emily was a real cuddlebug sometimes. Emily suddenly propped herself on the bed with her elbow and looked mischievously at the three of them. "You know what would make this more interesting?" she said daringly. "If we made this trip a prank war." Addie looked up and met her friend's brown eyes. "I hear you," she answered, equally mischievously. Brittany nodded. "I'm in," and Naomi agreed with her, saying, "Let's make this trip interesting."

The four collaborated to set up the rules. The first was that nothing could inherently put them in danger. The second was that you couldn't prank anyone outside of the four, and the final one was that the person who lost received a punishment that the other three would decide. The four put their hands in the middle and agreed to these rules. Addie grinned. "Let the prank wars begin."

**Part 2 -- Emily**

"Line up, single file!" Coach Bones barked, tapping her pen against her clipboard aggressively. Emily rolled her eyes. She always went too far when she came to Cheer Camp. So bossy. The girls lined up in single file, whispers drifting through the air as they prayed to be on the same team. Addie and Emily had been best friends since they were in diapers, and Naomi and Brittany were just as close. She could bear it if Naomi and Brittany weren't on her team, but Addie had to be with her. They always had!

Coach Bones flipped a paper over on her clipboard and started to list off names. "Pink team!" Emily clutched Addie's hand. "Lizzie! Tara! Ashley! Maddie! Caroline! Nicole! Madeline! Monica! Kathy! and... Addie! Yellow team! Lauren! Adrienne!..." Emily's heart dropped to her stomach. She wasn't on the pink team, but Addie was! This was awful! She would never recover from this. Addie seemed even more shocked. Her hands were over her mouth and it looked like she had tears in her eyes. Even though Emily was still recovering from this tragedy, she remembered the prank war. This is the perfect time to begin, while Addie was distracted. She grinned evilly. "Let them begin," she whispered. She grabbed Addie's pink skirt and gave a good ol' yank.

Addie's skirt was soon around her ankles, revealing her white lacy thong. She let out a shriek, which alerted all the girl's eyes to her. Then Emily pushed her legs out, and she stumbled and tripped onto the ground, right in front of all of the other cheerleaders. It was sheer in the back, so they had a clear and unobstructed view of her bare ass. "Don't look at me!" she shrieked again, as she fumbled to cover herself. She managed to put her skirt back on, stood up, and walked back to her position, face burning red. All the girls were giggling, and Naomi and Brittany were doubled over laughing. Addie glared at Emily and flipped her off behind her back. Emily just laughed, although she was aware that Addie could hold a grudge. Maybe targeting her first wasn't the best idea...

She zoned back in to hear her name being called for the green team. She shrugged. It wasn't too bad, as long as Naomi was with her... but Naomi's name wasn't called for the green team, either. All four of the girls were on separate teams, Addie on pink, Brittany on yellow, herself on green, and Naomi on blue. She knew that this prank war would be very intense now!

**Part 3 -- Brittany**

Brittany was glad she was on the yellow team, at least. It complimented her skin tone much better than pink ever did. Since she was Hispanic, the colors that were often made for blonde haired blue eyed cheerleaders didn't compliment her as well. But yellow was good, she decided. She looked around at the other girls that had the yellow ribbons in their hands, and idly wondered if there would be any pretty girls on her team. Of course, they were all pretty, but she'd really like a pretty girl on her team who was... well, gay, like she was. She'd never told her friends that she was secretly a lesbian, but she hoped they would accept her someday. She caught a glimpse of a tall, blonde girl who was tying the yellow ribbon into her beachy waves, and her heart skipped a beat as she came over to her!

"Brittany, right?" she smiled, perfect teeth flashing in a sweet smile. Brittany nodded, her tongue sticking to the roof of her mouth, trying to form a sentence correctly. "What's your name?" "Julia," the pretty girl said. "Wanna come meet our other teammates?"

Julia introduced her to some of her friends already in the yellow team and Brittany introduced herself. They chatted for a bit, but Brittany noticed that Julia hung back when the football players were mentioned. Could she be a lesbian too? Brittany wondered, her cheeks heating up a bit. After they all got to know each other, they headed over to the yellow gym to get some training in before they went to dinner and bed.

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Naomi

Naomi sagged in the yellow folding chair after a brutal leg circuit. They had spent an hour doing leg exercises in the blue gym, and she was exhausted. She decided to come over to the yellow gym to watch Brittany wrap up and then they could go to dinner together. She stretched out her legs as Brittany did some chin-ups. Her yellow ribbon was falling out of her hair, so Naomi decided to go over and fix it for her. She jogged up (wincing) and reached up to tighten the ribbon. Brittany looked down at her, surprised, and then smiled. "Thanks, Naomi." Naomi saw that her face was red and sweaty, and the veins in her arms were visible, clear signs of overexertion. "Brittany, you're so tired! You need to take a break." Brittany did another chin-up, a wheeze escaping her, and then scoffed. "I'm not tired," peeking a glance over to the sidelines. Naomi looked over and saw a pretty blonde girl there, drinking water. Naomi stifled a chuckle. Did Brittany really think that she didn't know that she was gay? She could tell Brittany was dying to impress the pretty blonde.

Then Naomi got an evil idea. Here's something that'll really impress her, she thought wickedly. "Hold on, there's a hair on the back of your tank," she said. She reached up and grabbed the hem of her red workout tank top. "Naomi?" Brittany said worriedly. "What are you--" yank!

Brittany was suddenly topless on the bar, in just her tiny workout shorts and her red sports bra that showed off a lot of cleavage. The whole gym had a clear view of her slim, muscled abs and her big boobs barely held up in the little sports bra. Brittany swung there for half of a second, confused, before hopping down and covering her chest. Her face was almost as red as her bra. "Naomi!" she hissed, kicking her. Naomi was cackling at her shock and tossed the tank top back at her. While she was scrambling to put it back on, she saw the girl that Brittany had been staring at was cleaning the water off the floor.

**Part 4 -- Addie**

Addie sat down at the table, still silently seething from Emily's prank from earlier. She couldn't believe that Emily had pantsed her in front of all of the girls at camp, and even had the audacity to push her forward so everyone could see her bare ass. No matter if it was sheer. She sat down with a little huff and pointedly looked away from Emily. Emily noticed and pushed her a little on the shoulder. "Aw, lighten up, Adds, it was just a prank. It is a prank war for a reason! You're gonna have to get used to a lot of pantsing in the next week," she added on with a little grin.

Addie looked away, still irritated. "I wish we could just stick to regular pranks, like... like..." "Like what?" Brittany challenged. Addie crossed her arms and tried to stay angry, but it didn't work and they all dissolved into giggles. "Well, you should've seen what I did to Brittany," Naomi laughed. She told the story of how she ripped her tank top off. The sleeves had ripped at the top, but she had managed to tuck it into a sort of crop top when she got it back, so it was pretty tame anyway. They all laughed, and Naomi pulled out the schedule for tomorrow, prepared as always. "Here's the schedule for tomorrow..." she read.

6:00 -- Wake Up/Bathroom

6:30 -- Flag Up

7:00 -- Breakfast

7:30 -- Morning Workout

8:00 -- Team Routines

9:30 -- Planned Recreation

10:30 -- Individual Routines

11:30 -- Lunch

12:00 -- Afternoon Workout

12:30 -- Team Routines

2:00 -- Motions, Chants, and Cheers

2:30 -- Recreation

5:00 -- Dinner

5:30 -- Cleaning

6:00 -- Team Bonding

6:30 -- Cabin Bonding

7:00 -- Nightly Workout

7:30 -- Showers

8:00 -- Curfew

Note: Any girls outside of their cabins after curfew will be punished as deemed fit by the other three teams.

"Wow, that's a lot of recreation time," observed Emily. "That's soooo much working out," whined Addie. "This will be agony." "It's not that bad," Brittany said, her cheeks a bit red. Emily let out a small burp and they all chorused in ewwws and laughter. "I'm going to get more," said Emily, as she stood up. This was exactly what Addie was waiting for. Emily, at the moment, was wearing a black leather mini-skirt and a dark green crop top with ruffled sleeves. She didn't care about the top at the moment, but the mini-skirt had a zipper that went right from the top to the bottom. If she were to unzip it, her skirt would be completely off. It would be difficult to put back on without help, as well.

Emily got up and walked right past her, completely oblivious to Addie's evil plan. Reaching out, Addie grabbed the top of the zipper and gave a magnificent yank.

**Part 5 -- Addie**

Emily got up and walked right past her, completely oblivious to Addie's evil plan. Reaching out, Addie grabbed the top of the zipper and gave a magnificent yank. The skirt fell down and Addie grabbed it up, hiding it in her string bag that she had stashed under the table. Emily shrieked and dropped her lunch tray, splattering the trash everywhere. Then Addie noticed something that made this prank even more intense: Emily wasn't wearing any underwear. She was completely naked from her waist down. Since she was facing away from her, she couldn't see her pussy, but her bubble butt was completely on show. Girls from all over the cafeteria were standing up and pointing, realizing that she wasn't fully clothed.

Emily slapped one hand over her pussy and one hand over her butt. By now, the entire cafeteria was roaring at Emily's predicament. She looked around frantically, looking for a place to hide. The issue was that they had picked a table near the middle. The only door was about twenty feet away, and she decided to take that route. Clapping both hands under her pussy, she bolted towards the door, her bare buttcheeks jiggling with every bound. Coach Bones suddenly stepped in front of the door and blew her whistle. Now, if anyone hadn't noticed Emily yet, they did now. She put one of her hands back over her butt so they couldn't see as much, but it really didn't cover much. They could still see a fair inch of buttcrack and a lot was hanging out the bottom, too.

"No one is allowed to leave the cafeteria until dinner is over," Coach barked. "But-but-but-" Emily stuttered, humiliation washing over her as the reality of the situation hit. "Butt?" Coach Bones turned to look at her bare ass. "I can see that." Now the giggling of the crowd turned into a full-blown mayhem of laughter. Emily's face was washed over red with embarrassment. "Coach, please," she begged, standing sideways so that people couldn't see as much. Coach blew her whistle again for emphasis. "There's no excuses. Get back in your seat before I make you remove your hands." "Coach, please," Emily begged again, tears streaming down her face. "That's it. You have thirty seconds to get back to your seat before I make you remove your hands and stand on a table!" she barked. "Now go!" She set a stopwatch on her phone, which started beeping obnoxiously.

Emily spread her hands to cover as much of her exposed skin as possible and jogged, trying to keep her legs together, her face bright red with intense humiliation. "FIFTEEN SECONDS LEFT!" Coach bellowed. Emily's stomach dropped as she realized she had much more to go. She dropped her hand from her ass and used it to swing back and forth, trying to get her to go faster. "TEN! NINE! EIGHT! SEVEN! SIX!" Coach shouted, counting down from ten. Emily's tears streamed freely as she refused to take her hand away from her pussy, running as fast as she could back to her chair, where her friends were crying laughing. "THREE! TWO! ONE!" The timer blared as Emily made a last desperate leap for her chair, instead collapsing to the floor, her bare ass high in the air. She started crying in defeat as she realized she would have to stand on a table with her hands by her sides now. What could she do now?

She was slumped to the floor in child's pose, one hand stubbornly clutching her pussy and one swiping away the mascara trails on her cheeks. She felt a breeze blow across her tight asshole and realized that everyone could see the most intimate parts of her ass, inside and out. She tried to close her legs as best as she could and heard an awful noise: the clicking of a shutter. Cameras?? This day couldn't get any worse. She looked up and saw Addie grinning at her, holding up a photo of her backside, looking similar to a frog in her pose. Her asscheeks were spread wide straight down into her asshole. Her bare legs were completely shown and everyone could see that she was naked all except for her crop top.

She sniffed and stood up, holding her pussy so she couldn't be any more exposed than she already was. Coach was standing right in front of her, and she started to cry again as she remembered her punishment. Coach looked her up and down, (although quite a bit was focused on the down) and said, "I think you've been humiliated enough for one night, girl." Emily slumped in an inexpressible amount of relief. "Your punishment will instead take place tomorrow evening." Addie tossed the skirt towards Emily, but Coach caught it with one hand. "But," she said sternly. "As a punishment for your inappropriate behavior, you will spend the rest of the day without anything covering your lower half." "But Coach--" "No buts," Coach said. She took a pair of scissors out of her string bag and cut the skirt into three pieces, rendering it completely unable to cover anything. "The only butts here will be yours." She lightly slapped Emily's bare bottom and Emily blushed. "I'm very disappointed. Stripping in the lunchroom? That's very inappropriate behavior, and you will pay for it."

**Emily -- Part 6**

Addie was wheezing with laughter as Emily sat down, crossing her legs so her buttcheeks parted and her pussy was covered. Naomi moved her chair over to the other side and sat behind her so she was more covered, but Coach blew her whistle. "I said nothing covering your bottom half." She turned around, confusion and embarrassment on her face. "Coach, what..." "Stand up," Coach said strictly. She reluctantly stood up, her hands still clutching her pussy. "You know what I said," Coach repeated. "Nothing covering yourself." Emily was desperate. Showing her bare ass to everyone was incredibly embarrassing, but her pussy was a whole other embarrassment. "Please, Coach, I can't-" "Emily! I've told you once and I've told you again. If you refuse to follow my rules, you might even have to have a spanking tomorrow night! Now remove your hands at once!"

Emily was humiliated beyond belief, and slowly removed her hands from her pussy. The girls in the cafeteria gasped as she showed them a full head of bush, and then some. It was incredibly hairy, so coarse and curly it looked like a little afro down there. There were a few seconds of tense silence before the cafeteria burst out laughing. "Damn, it's a whole entire field down there!" one girl sneered in between laughs. "It looks like Bob Ross's afro!" another girl cackled. Emily stood with her hands firmly clasped at her sides, humiliated and crying quietly. She didn't think the prank war would go so far. "Stand there for the rest of the dinner. After this, you have team bonding and then cabin bonding. After this, you will have an extra workout. You are permitted to put on your workout clothes for this. Immediately after workout, you will strip completely naked and walk to the showers with your arms straight out in a 'T' position. When you go to shower, you must leave the shower curtain open. Any girl can come in and watch if she wishes. After your shower, you must come straight out without drying or covering. You must spend the entire night naked. You will not use any covers. In the morning, you may put your clothes on as desired, until I tell you again. If you cover at all, in any way, shape, or form, your punishment will be worsened." The entire cafeteria listened intently as Coach explained these rules. Emily's jaw dropped. This was insane. "What??" she shrieked. "This is ridiculous! I can't believe it! No! I won't!" Coach slapped a hand against her mouth. "Any talkback will result in five spankings. In the nude."

The cafeteria hung on to her every word. Emily, crying quietly, stood still for a few moments, her hands digging into the sides of her bare thighs. Then she looked up, hatred in her eyes. "Yes, Coach."

Addie

Emily stood with her hands by her sides, and Addie grinned as she took in every exposed inch of her naked flesh: her giant bush, her pale thighs, and her bare bubble butt. She stood up with her lunchtray and slapped her ass in passing. She heard a faint yelp as Emily jumped, and she snickered to herself. She figured it would be best to let Emily cool down by herself, so she went to go sit with some of her friends on the pink team. She felt a familiar pang of loneliness when she remembered that Emily wasn't on her team, but with one glance back at the furious friend with her pussy hanging out, she was almost a bit glad. Her friend Haley was laughing still as Addie sat down. "Damn, has she never seen a razor before?" she said laughingly. The table busted out laughing and Addie was happy to join in. "I've been friends with her since we were babies, and I always thought she'd shaved her pussy. I guess not!" she giggled. The table laughed again at her friend's humiliation.

Haley brushed her light brown hair out of her face, and said, "Any particular reason that you decided to pants her like that?" Addie grinned slightly and explained the prank war and the rules with it. "Ah," Haley said wisely. "A good ol' fashioned prank war. Have you thought of any other pranks that you could try on them?" Addie shook her head doubtfully. "I don't have many good ideas, I'm afraid," she chuckled. "Well, some of the pranks we pulled last year were pranks like freezing clothes, especially underwear, making dissolving swimsuits, and hiding panties and bras so they had to go the day commando. Oh, and once, we all went skinny dipping, and we stole one of the girl's clothes. She had to walk the whole half mile back to camp, butt-ass naked!" They all giggled, a few looking back at Emily and her naked bottom half. "I'll definitely keep those in mind," Addie said happily, just as Coach blew her whistle again. "Dinner's over!" she bellowed. "Clear your lunch trays and head to your team gyms!"