

Mini-Story: Soccer Mom (Hot Mom TG AP)

By FoxFaceStories

As voted by you deluxe tier patrons as the most popular mini-story choice this month! Hope you enjoy.

Soccer Mom

Todd was only present because of his stupid nephew. He hated kid's soccer. It was a pointless waist of time where children with no talent played a game of no interest for a prize of no value. The fact that he'd been asked to cover for his sister should have meant nothing, but he owed her a favour ever since she'd fixed his sink. It was humiliating, being a man in his early twenties but not knowing how to maintenance his own apartment, while his tradie sister was all on top of it. And because she helped him, now he had to watch his nephew for the first half of the game. He was a dorky kid with too-long hair and buck teeth. Having always had a childfree attitude, it made Todd annoyed just to have to be in his overeager presence.

"Uncle Todd! Uncle Todd! Did you see that? I almost stopped a goal!"

Todd rolled his eyes from afar. Almost wouldn't cut it in his book. Still, he put on a fake smile. "Well done, Jake! Keep at it. *Not that you'll succeed.*"

He said the last part under his breath so no one would hear.

"Is he going well?"

Todd sighed with relief at his sister's arrival. She'd needed to go to a GP appointment, but thankfully was back earlier than expected.

"Pretty shit sis. How can you stand these games? All these dumb soccer moms cheering on moron kids who can't even play."

She scoffed. "Fine, be that way. But don't expect me to help you out next time."

"Look, I didn't mean it like that. Jake is different, he's -"

"I think we both know you included him. Get out of here, Todd. I'll take it from here. You go sulk at kids or whatever it is you do."

With a frustrated sigh, Todd stood up and left without even waving to Jake, who was trying to get his attention again before the game started. As he made to exit across the edge of the field, he accidentally ran into a young boy and girl, both of whom were wearing jerseys for a third team. Obviously they were playing in the next game.

"Hey, what the fuck! You nearly bowled me over. Didn't your parents teach you to behave and look where you're going?"

The girl and boy looked to be twins. They couldn't have been older than seven years old each, and that was at a max. They exchanged a brief glance, their same-coloured auburn hair rustling in the wind.

"We don't have parents," the boy exclaimed. "We're being fostered. I'm David, and this is Kim."

Todd chuckled. "I don't care what your names are. So you're telling me that when you play in a moment, you're gonna be the only kids on the entire field that *don't* have a lame soccer mom cheering them on? Jesus, and I thought the *other* kids were sad. This is hilarious."

He barged through them, catching their devastated looks for only a moment, and utterly failing to care. In fact, it left a little smirk on his face. It was easy to imagine those kids as a representation of everything he hated about having had to attend that stupid game.

"Orphans at a soccer game. Where the fuck are their foster parents then? Probably somewhere way better, ha!"

He chuckled to himself, only to freeze as the wind changed suddenly. There was a weird force to it, a shift that seemed to flow not just against him, but *through* him, infusing his very being.

"Woah, that felt w-weird," he stammered.

And then everything changed. All at once, Todd's body seemed to explode with energy as a series of pressures and pulses and tensions rocketed through him. He squirmed upon the field, nearly falling over. He began to move, terrified that he was having a stroke. There was no one near him: the two kids had fled, just when he needed their help with whatever medical episode he was going through. He stumbled off the field back to the bleachers, only to collapse around their corner in the shadowed recess where the legion of soccer moms couldn't see him, not even his sister and nephew. The sounds of the game continued in full swing, and no one could witness what was happening to him.

"H-help me!" he cried, only for his weak voice to crack, going up several octaves. "Help m-me! Oh God, my voice! What's h-happening to my voice!?"

It had become positively feminine, sounding like a mature woman's voice. But he had no time to focus upon that, because all of a sudden he felt a tremendous pressure in his chest. His nipples swelled up like little golf balls, causing him to drool in unexpected pleasure and sensitivity.

"Wh-what the f-UUUUHHH!!!"

Suddenly, his chest seemed to *explode* outwards. Two enormous pounds of flesh jutting out from his frame, his enlarged nipples atop them. They ripped through his clothing, shredding his shirt apart and revealing them for what they were: a pair of massive melon-like breasts. Female breasts. What other type was there? They jiggled on his shaking chest, heaving and pert and unbelievably full. They must have been F-cups, nearly the size of his own head, with big dish-like areolas!"

"This is impossible!" his whined, his voice taking on a mature, husky quality. "This - MMHMHPH!!!"

Another wave of change hit him, this time causing his ass to swell out, tearing his jeans with a loud *rip*. He groaned at the enormous piles of flesh that were now his backside, and even more when his hips cracked wider until he had an hourglass figure. His waist thinned, but only slightly, and he developed a small pooch in his belly. His body hair fell away, causing him to panic as his facial hair likewise disappeared.

"No! I don't want to become a woman! Least of all one in her fucking thirties or something!"

But there was no stopping the winds of change. Another breeze washed over Todd, and his hair rustled in its wake, extending so that it fell to his shoulders, changing from spiky dark brown to a gorgeous, curly auburn. His face soften, jaw cracked and shifted to give him a cute oval shape to his face, and his lips puffed up to become full and luscious. He pawed at his face with his hands, terrified, only to pull them back as they too changed. They thinned, became slender and soft. His arms followed, and his legs, though his thighs became thick and slightly wobbly.

"Please not my dick! Not my motherf-fucking diiiick!"

The breeze seemed to target that region specifically. It brushed at his underwear, exposed by the tearing of his jeans, and then the final part of his change began. He whined high and loud, terror in his voice as his penis shrunk back into his body until it was a mere nub. A new clitoris. His balls withdrew with a *plop plop*, and his stomach gurgled as a new womb formed, followed by those same testicles flowering into what he could only imagine were ovaries. Finally, he squirmed in response to the formation of a full female vagina, complete with labial lips and vulva opening.

It left him reeling in unexpected pleasure.

"OOHhhhhhhh n-noooooooo! Ahhh! Ah! AHHH!!!"

At the moment of unwanted female orgasm - the first he had ever experienced of its like - his clothes shifted and repaired themselves. They became a cute green top with a soccer jersey over the top, and his jeans reshaped to become a more feminine variety that confirmed to his childbearing hips and huge ass.

Finally, the changes were done. Todd stood, not used to the feeling of his big boobs wobbling in his top, or of how his hips shifted from side to side as he walked. He was older, that much was for certain: likely in his mid-thirties, maybe even close to forty. He didn't have the same energy reserves, and his body just felt older, somehow.

He staggered to the field, intent on trying to find his sister and ask for help, if his condition could even be helped. He'd turned into a freakin' woman, after all!

"This is insane. I'm not meant to be *a lovely soccer mom to David and Kim. I hope they do so well in their game.*"

The new woman clutched his - or rather, *her* - throat, shocked at what she'd just said. She was even further shocked at what happened next as two young kids of equal age ran to her.

"Mom! MOM! MOOOM!"

It was David and Kim, the two orphans she'd mocked mere minutes before. But now they seemed to recognise her, and were ecstatic. They launched towards her, and despite her terror, she couldn't help but go down on one knee and widen her arms, catching them as they hugged her lovingly.

"Mom! The game is about to start!"

"We're so glad you came! Mom, we might win this one!"

"Just remember to try your best. Win or lose, that's what counts. Now go on, I know you two will make your momma proud."

She hugged them deeply against her will, unable to speak or scream or do anything outside her role. The kids hugged back, and then excitedly ran back onto the field in time for the game to start.

"This is insane. I'm not meant to be a soccer mom. I shouldn't be like this. I *should be cheering them on from the seats with my gorgeous husband. He's such a good father to our kids.*"

Her eyes went wide as her body moved automatically to the seats. Indeed, a handsome man with eyes just like those of the twins was seated there. Had he been invented by this reality? Was he another punished individual by that wind of change? Or had reality been rewritten so that they'd met in this timeline? Her mind raced, trying to figure it out, but her body only had one thing on its own mind, which was to lean over and kiss him on his lips.

"Just in time, love," he said. His deep voice made her body feel funny. Warm. "Game's about to start."

"I know," she heard herself say. "I'm so proud of our little ones. Let's make our cheers the loudest. I want them to know we're behind their team one hundred percent."

Her apparent husband chuckled. "You are such a soccer mom."

She grinned against her will. *"You love it. Admit it."*

He placed an arm around her thick waist, and snuggled against her. Around them, parents were already cheering as the game began. She felt an urge to do the same, and call out to her little children. Her new husband whispered in her ear.

"And if they get really worn out after the game, they might even have an early night, and we can get some alone time."

Her body tingled with desire, while Todd's mind raged with fear. She was trapped as a soccer mom, and the winds of change would not come again. She was a mother to two little sporty kids, and the man who had once hated this field would soon come to know it very well.

A good mother attended every game, after all.

The End