

Soccer Mom Timeline - Extended (Man to Soccer Mom TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Dustin who is about to enter university on a soccer scholarship when he starts seeing a busty middle-aged woman when looking in the mirror one night. As he makes contact with the mirror, he trades places with the woman. Now he is stuck as an alternative version of himself, raising children as a soccer mom. Can he cope?

Soccer Mom Timeline

Dustin's life was all set. He was going to become a successful soccer player just like his father. It was practically in his genes. He had a sports scholarship through university purely because of how good of a player he was, and while he made sure to at least get the mandatory C's and passes on all of his classes, it was obvious to everyone that his ultimate aim was to become a star on the field, kicking spectacular goals for his team.

At least, that was the plan. But the best laid plans of mice and men will often go awry. Dustin was heading to bed one night after a long day of practicing on the field with his mates and hitting on the hot girls on campus when he noticed something really weird about the mirror in the bathroom. His reflection didn't match.

"The hell . . . I look like a chick. An older chick."

He switched on the light to get a better look and actually gasped. He was tired and ready to hit the hay, but he was fully woken by the sight of a very obviously female face in the mirror.

"What the fuck? Who are you?"

The woman in the mirror said nothing, but her mouth movements - all her movements - matched his perfectly. She looked like a member of his family. She had the same light brown hair and sharp angular face, the kind that had others calling him a 'shark on the field.' This woman was the same: sharp but refined nose and slim jawline and an overall oval-shaped head. She was quite pretty, though, with eyes that were pale blue just like his. Her hair fell in tresses, and her small smattering of freckles added to the cuteness. He was only twenty, but this woman looked to be in her mid-thirties. Maybe late thirties, though she was looking good for it.

"This is crazy. I must be dreaming."

He stepped back, and the woman in the mirror did so too. He almost snorted in shock: she wasn't just pretty, she was a total *MILF*. Now that he could see his bizarre reflection's body wearing a set of pajamas just like his, he could take in the fact that she had

a total mom-bod: big breasts pushing out the material, as well as a nice, thick waist and wide childbearing hips.

“Who are you?” he asked, but again the reflection repeated his phrases. He touched his chest, and the reflection cupped her breasts, lifting them. It showed off some impressive cleavage.

“Hot damn, if this is a dream, it’s a nice one!”

He reached out and touched the mirror, the older woman’s hand reaching out to touch his. It was just an action taken out of idle interest, but suddenly he found he was unable to pull his hand back at all. It wouldn’t budge. Worse, it appeared to be *melting into the mirror*.

“Hey! Stop that! Someone wake me up! This is too weird! Hey, stop fucking pulling me in! Someone heeeeelp!”

He cried out as he was sucked into the mirror, which was by that point swirling about as if it were no longer a pane of glass, but a portal into another time. Another world.

Another reality.

The last thing Dustin felt before being pulled through to the other side was his flesh changing on the other end. It felt softer. Feminine.

When he emerged out the other side he felt a distinct pair of weights upon his chest that had not been there before, and an absence between his thickened thighs. He was back in his room, albeit on the ‘other side.’ And it didn’t take a genius to realise he was now a woman. He could tell just from his feminine-sounding pants, and the way his chest jiggled.

“No way! No way! Let me back!”

He got to his feet, his gravity now lower, his entire figure feeling wrong. But when he turned he could only see the woman looking back at him through a regular pane of glass.

“What the fuck!?” he cried.

And then he heard something even more terrifying, coming from down the dark hall. A deep, masculine, and suddenly sexy voice.

“Honey, are you okay? You’ll wake the kids.”

Delaney didn’t know what to do. One moment she’d been her ordinary self, a total soccer champ with a big future in store for him when it came to the sport. And then the next moment *she* was waking up in bed screaming at the fact that a *man* was beside her, one claiming to be *her* husband. Worse, her husband and the *father of her children*.

She had to play it off as a horrible nightmare that affected her for the rest of the day. What else could she do? The poor woman had been sucked through a mirror into some kind

of alternate reality where instead of being a young, athletic man, she was instead a hot MILF in her mid-thirties with a sexy mombod. She even had to take her kids to school the next morning, and it was only thanks to her having a GPS in the car and her own children complaining about the traffic that she was able to get them to the right location. Afterwards, she drove straight home, probably breaking speed limits.

Only the 'home' she drove to was her new one, not the university campus, despite her inner intent.

"What the hell!?" she cried. "Why did I just drive back here? Ugh, this is a total nightmare!"

She exited the car, trying to ignore how her heavy boobs jostled in her bra, or how her wide maternal hips swung. She didn't even have the energy she was supposed to have; Delaney had lost an entire decade of her life and her body was damn well feeling it.

"Stupid, stupid," she muttered to herself. "This can't be real. This is just some nightmare. Harry isn't real. Michael and Cassidy aren't real. They're just . . . figments of my imagination or something. Maybe a drink was spiked or something and - agh!"

She tripped over some Lego, presumably belonging to her young children. She landed on her knees and was immediately hit by the painful feeling of her heavy breasts - E-cups, she'd learned they were from the damn bra she'd had to put on this morning - bouncing and wobbling from the sudden jolt.

Slowly, Delaney picked herself up. She adjusted her blouse - she refused to put on a dress despite her apparent 'husband' Harry urging her to put on that 'nice red one . . . for later.' The mere thought of his expression made her shiver, and left her large nipples throbbing, growing erect.

"Fuck, what is wrong with me!?" she whined, still not used to her lighter, motherly voice. "Why am I feeling these things? Why am I thinking of myself as Delaney? My real name is Delaney. I mean, my real name is Delaney. Grrr! This just keeps getting worse and worse!"

She moved up to the bathroom. She'd already inspected herself numerous times here, but she did so again, examining her beautiful figure and her lovely pear-shape. Those hips really were a pair of babymakers, and they apparently *had* made babies in this strange alternate reality. She roamed her hands down them and huffed.

"Jesus, I'd love to fuck a lady like this . . . only I'm not attracted to her. Wait . . ."

She quickly moved back to her room - the room she shared with her new husband who had *cuddled her* that very morning and smelled so very damn fine. They had a laptop, and she opened it. She typed in the password without thinking.

SoccerMom1990

“How do I . . . is that my new birthday? Oh shit, I’m like thirty five years old now. This sucks!”

But it allowed her to access the internet. She searched for her favourite social media influencers, all young busty girls with dynamite figures.

“C’mon, still be hot, still be hot!”

And they were . . . objectively speaking. She could tell that they were still hot, but she didn’t find them attractive. There was no sense of arousal, even for her female body. Feeling trepidation, she started to type in something else.

‘Hot silver-haired hunks.’

‘George Clooney handsome.’

‘Poolboys.’

‘Soccer players - male.’

Slowly, she started to lick her lips. Her nipples throbbed again, and a warmth stirred in her loins, a wet warmth that was so alien and yet demanded attention. Her breasts rose and fell with every heaving breath, taking in the sight of these *men* who were so deeply attractive, including the soccer players. *Especially* the soccer players. She could see them on the field, imagine their prowess, their sense of victory, their muscles and reflexes.

“Oh God,” she murmured. “Ohhhh, God. So hot. It’s a pity that Harry isn’t -”

She paused as she looked across the room and saw a framed photo on her bedside table. It was an image of her - the female mom-bod her - while very heavily pregnant. She was wearing a soccer jersey in bright blue and red, the same one that her husband wore. Only he was clearly an actual soccer player, one foot on the ball while he stood on the field, an arm wrapped around her thickened waist and his lips upon her cheek.

“He plays soccer,” she said with a gulp. “He’s a soccer player. A handsome soccer player. Oh, shit!”

They were all soccer players, as it turned out. Her son and daughter were young but already in the sport, and she herself was expected to take them to a game on Saturday. Delaney could barely come to terms with it. She’d gone from a future star player to a woman married to an accountant who played soccer every weekend and obsessed over every game. She picked up her kids and heard them talk soccer, soccer, soccer, and did her best to smile and nod and go along with it. There had to be some way to turn back but no mirror was helping her, and her every attempt to avoid her new motherly responsibilities was met by this nagging maternal instinct that she could never, ever abandon her family.

“Mom, you should have seen Cassidy’s kick! She’s getting so good at it!”

"That's . . . wonderful, dear. Did you kick any goals today during lunch?"

"Mom, you know I play defence! C'mon!"

"Oh, uh, that's right! Wait, what's your strategy?"

"Strategy? I just kick the ball away from the goals."

"Well, uh, honey, that won't help you win. You see, you need to set up a defence perimeter. Position your defence so that . . ."

By the time she was feeling that instinct to cook dinner like a total *Mom*, Delaney had actually enjoyed talking with her kids, especially Michael, about the sport, and her daughter's young keenness was, well, at least a little endearing.

"No, no," she muttered to herself as she readied her roast chicken. "You are *not* going to like this. It's only been a day, Delaney. You can figure this out. It's just some freak science accident or something. You are *not* a mom. You are not a -"

"There's my gorgeous wife!"

Before she could turn around, two powerful arms encircled her, and the warmth of a very male presence pressed against her from behind.

"And you put on the red dress," he whispered in his ear, taking a moment to squeeze her ass while the kids weren't looking. "I'll treat you later for that, honey."

She swallowed. She'd put it on, yes. She hadn't known why, other than the blouse just wasn't working. But . . . fuck, Harry was tall. And strong. And *warm*. She had to calm herself; her impressive chest was getting all flushed.

"I, uh, look forward to it. Chicken roast tonight."

"Mhm, my favourite. Always keeping my strength up for the games ahead, huh?"

"Y-yep! That's me."

"Dad!"

The kids came screaming up to their father, tackling him to the ground in the kitchen, which gave Delaney an opportunity to get them out and try to calm herself. Why had she put on that dress? Damn if it didn't show off her thick curves and total soccer mom hot body. It embarrassed her, but then seeing her not-husband playing with her not-kids . . . it was hard not to feel that shiver of warmth inside her. And a deeper warmth, of course, when she beheld her husband.

She could imagine him in a soccer jersey.

Delaney moaned as her husband fucked her on their bed. The kids had gone to sleep and they'd shut the door to their room, and something had just gone completely wrong and led to this moment. It was Delaney's fault, she knew it. She'd had a bit of wine at dinner to calm

her anxious nerves. And she'd asked Harry to put on a jersey just so she could see him in it. And - and she'd been so damn aroused and then he'd picked her up and put her on the bed and her body had become like putty in Harry's hands.

"OHhhhh! I'm g-getting f-fucked by you! Fucked like a l-lady!"

"My beautiful lady," Harry said, sliding even deeper into her. He squeezed her large breasts together, then shifted so he could suck on her large left nipple, extracting yet more pleasure.

"Ahh - ahh - it feels so - mhm! Feels so g-good! Why does it f-feel so f-fucking g-good!? Ahhh!"

"We've been married for ten years, my love. I know how to please my woman. Just. Like. This!"

He rammed into her *hard* just as he began to suck on her tender neck. It drove her crazy, especially when his hands cupped her large, soft ass and then moved to grip her wide maternal hips. He still had his jersey on, and something about being fucked by a strong soccer player - even one who was just recreational, not professional - was making her all the wetter. It was the most insane situation, but Delaney couldn't help but cry out in an increasingly enthusiastic voice. This man was everything her body wanted, and so she spread her legs wider, only to shift them to grip around his waist, her ankles crossed over him as he dominated her.

"You're s-so handsome!" she whimpered. "So s-strong! My b-big strong soccer player! Ohhhhh, why am I like this? Why am I acting like a total MILF!?"

"Because you're the hottest damn mom around," Harry said. "And this soccer player loves his gal."

He thrust again, and the combination of his words and movements finally drove her to orgasm. It bubbled up inside of her, building and building until she could take no more, and she unleashed a high wail that her husband had to halt with a hand over her mouth. It only left her more pleased by his dominating actions. Delaney's body shuddered with orgasm after orgasm, and when her husband groaned in bliss she climaxed again from the sensation of his hot cum oozing into her.

In the aftermath she went to her side, her husband's arm around her soft belly, rising up occasionally to cup her large right breast. She was in perfect bliss, and yet utterly horrified. What had she just done? And so soon! She'd only been a hot soccer mom MILF for a day, and yet . . . she'd just laid back and taken it, *literally*.

"I'm not . . . I can't live like this," she whispered to herself, long after her husband had gone to sleep.

But then why was she still snuggled up against her husband, feeling all warm and gooey?

Life wasn't too bad, Delaney supposed. It had been nearly six months since that portal to another timeline had opened up in her apartment and she had been sucked through it. She had gone from being a young, virile twenty year old future soccer star to a thirty five year old soccer *mom*. Yes, a *mom*, complete with a husband and kids. It had been a lot to get used to; not only was she now an older female version of herself, but she had a husband her body insisted on being attracted to and two young kids who her instincts insisted on being protective towards. The former had led to her getting the regular full experience as a woman; Harry was so damn horny and her body was always ready for him, it seemed! The fact that he regularly worked out and played soccer only increased their sex life. While she met up with other wives who complained about dead bedrooms and waning sex lives, Delaney could only blush with the knowledge that she was fucked nightly, and often in a variety of positions. Somehow, the emasculation hadn't reached its fruition in that first sexual experience. No, that had come when, a week and a half later, she'd gone down on her knees and placed her lips over her husband's proud cock, as congratulations for winning his latest game two-nil. And that wasn't even getting to the way she'd moaned when going at it doggy style when the kids had gone to the grandparents for a night, letting the pair have the house to themselves for more than a little friskiness. She'd worn the red dress again that night . . . and was starting to enjoy how it flattered her thick and voluptuous figure.

Still, it was absolutely galling to think how much things had changed. From just one dimensional accident she had become a housewife and caretaker of the home, and the woman who took Michael and Cassidy to school and picked them up. Both were hugely into sports, of course. It was almost a twist of the knife to have soccer be their favourite.

"Delaney, so great to see you! I love that jacket!"

The former male smiled at her friend Sophia, a fellow soccer mom, and one who was pregnant with her third child.

"Thanks," she said, turning a little to show it off. "I found it on sale. God, the things I care about now that I'm in my thirties!"

Sophia laughed, never knowing the double meaning. "Well, it looks lovely. And how good is little Michael out there? Kicking goals left and right! Gets it from his grandad, I imagine."

Delaney sighed. Her father had been a soccer player, and she'd hoped to follow in his footsteps. Now, her role was to foster the same path for her twelve year old son, who was laughing madly as he kicked the ball around with his mates during half-time.

"Yeah," she says, "I suppose he does."

“And Cassidy is a soccer star too! My word, with Harry being into it, I suppose you’re the odd one out!”

Delaney could only give a wan smile. Even her husband was a soccer freak, and the fact that it was a huge turn on only added to the embarrassment. She got a little flustered when she got the pleasure of watching him play: the build up of sweat, the muscles on display, the aggression that showed his testosterone-fuelled side. There was a reason she practically tore off her clothing on those nights and let him shove his face in her giant bust. She couldn’t help but want to congratulate him on his success.

And yet, Sophia was right. Delaney was the odd one out who couldn’t play soccer. She didn’t have the body for it anymore, particularly with her large wobbling tits and her widened hips. She got exhausted more easily these days, probably a consequence of having two kids and being older. Still, she could practice in the yard with Michael and Cassidy from time to time, or watch her husband do the same. The latter she quite enjoyed doing, and was more open about it the less she got embarrassed over actively finding her hubbie to be a total hunk. It wasn’t like she had ever found a way to turn back, after all.”

“I certainly feel the odd one out at times,” she admitted to Sophia. “But I’m adapting. I guess I’m just a total soccer mom these days, right?”

Sophia laughed. “Nothing wrong with that! Gets us out of the house and involved. Besides, I love cheering for my little man. Go Timothy!”

The game had started again, and already Sophia was waving a little flag with her son’s name on it like this was an all-star league instead of a juniors match. Delaney couldn’t help but smile at how involved her friend was. Of course, now that she could no longer play soccer as she once did, being a hyper-involved soccer mom was, she supposed, the next best thing.

“Go Michael! Kick the goal! You can do it! KICK THE GOAL! YESSSSS!!!”

Another three months later. Nine months since becoming a woman. Delaney woke to find herself alone in her bed after instinctively reaching for her husband.

“Ugh,” she grunted, slowly getting up. Her nipples were sore again, and her stomach was tender, much like her breasts. She looked at the time and gasped. It was 10am! She’s massively overslept, and it was only the realisation that it was a Saturday and so the kids didn’t have school that prevented her from panicking. Delaney had a quick shower, making sure to wash under her breasts and apply feminine hygiene - lessons she had learned from necessity - before putting on a nice blue summer dress. She cringed a bit as she caught herself in the mirror. Sophia had told her that this piece looked so lovely and ‘respectable’ on

her just a couple of months ago, but now, to Delaney's embarrassment, it looked a little too showy around her bust, showing off more cleavage than she would have liked. It also was tighter across her stomach. She touched it, feeling her middle and wincing.

"I know I've got a thicker mombod, but I swear I'm putting on weight."

She'd complained about it a few times recently, in fact. Harry had assured her that she was still a goddess to him, but after nine months of being a woman, Delaney was definitely self-conscious about putting on weight. Being quite a good-looking MILF was one of the few things she could take absolute pride in when it came to her changed form.

"It's just your period, Delaney," she told herself. "You always get bloated when it comes late. God, I have periods now. Worst part of being a chick by far . . ."

When had her last period been, exactly? Surely it was six weeks ago? Maybe eight? Perhaps more? She huffed. No wonder she was bloated if it was so overdue.

The former male descended the stairs of their home and moaned a little. The scent of bacon and eggs were in the air, and when she reached the kitchen she could see her husband cooking them up. Outside, their children were playing in the yard. Kicking the soccer ball about, naturally. Cassidy was showing off her latest moves, keeping it from touching the ground as she bounced the ball on her feet.

"Well, someone's finally awake!" Harry declared, turning to smile at her.

"Sorry," she replied, rubbing her left eye. "Tired and sore."

"I figured. I made you breakfast to wake you up, and I guess the scent worked."

"Mhmm, it sure did, sweetie," she said, moving to kiss him. She winced again from her tender boobs pressing against his chest, though she didn't mind the way he sneaked another squeeze of her ass. It was, she knew by now, a damn good ass for squeezing. "You have no idea how hungry I am right now. I am seriously *craving* bacon and eggs with some salted mango slices and chicken nuggets on the side."

"Salted . . . mango slices?"

Delaney breathed in the meal that had been placed on the dining table, loving the scent of breakfast food. But suddenly, her eyes went wide. A sudden lurch manifested in her stomach, one that audibly groaned.

"Ughhhhhh," she grunted.

"Delaney? Honey, you okay?"

Another lurch, one that leapt up to her throat. Delaney immediately panicked. She pushed her husband to the side and ran for the lower bathroom, trying to keep her stomach under control. She fell to her knees and lifted the toilet seat just in time, because she proceeded to throw up the entire contents of last night's dinner into the bowl. The nausea was unbearable, but quickly passed after she had coughed up enough substance. Harry was already behind her, holding her hair to prevent it from getting soaked in her own vomit.

“Oh God,” she muttered. “I thought I was just getting bloated. I thought my period was finally coming.” She wiped her mouth with the wet wipe that Harry passed her. “I must be sick. No wonder my boobs are so sore and my stomach has been all bloated lately.”

“Um, honey?” Harry said. “Are you sure it’s not something else?”

She rose and flushed the toilet, her head starting to clear again. “What do you mean?”

Harry gave an awkward grin. “We haven’t been using contraception as much as we should have. I’m just saying . . . do we need to get you a pregnancy test in case we’ve got another little soccer player on the way?”

It took a moment for Delaney to absorb her husband’s words, but when she did, her jaw dropped.

“Oh, shit!”

There was no denying that Delaney was pregnant now that she was starting to enter her third trimester. Harry had been right: she was indeed pregnant with their next little soccer player, and from the way her latest baby boy loved to kick about in her massively expanded uterus, he was probably going to become a star player one day. It had been quite the shock for Delaney to find out she had been knocked up. In many ways, she had been grateful to skip that particular stage - especially birth - when it came to Michael and Cassidy. She’d come to absolutely adore and love her son and daughter, but getting *pregnant*? That was alien even for a young man who’d been turned into a hot soccer mom MILF.

But now she was pregnant, and slowly her belly had continued to expand, swelling outwards even as her already large breasts went up a whole other cupsize, just in time for Michael to start finding his mother’s figure embarrassing now that he was in high school and his friends were calling Delaney a ‘total busty MILF’, a phrase she’d overheard when picking him up from school more than once. Of course, her pregnancy embarrassed Michael in other ways.

“Another baby? Are you guys serious!? Cassidy’s like ten years old. There’s going to be a ten year age gap, and twelve for me!”

Harry just held Delaney from behind and placed his hands on her growing stomach, a stomach she was still trying to come to terms with as it gained more obvious prominence and made her shift her own walking stance.

“Calm down, Mikey. It’s just more family to love. Besides, you two can teach the little guy how to play soccer, right?”

At this, Cassidy and Michael reconsidered their positions, and started to grin.

“I can teach him how to intercept!”

“I can teach him how to balance it on your foot!”

And suddenly, they were now *enthusiastic* for their mother to give them a new little sibling, just as their father was joyful to be having a third kid. The only one that was not so keen was Delaney herself. Setting aside the fact that she still vividly remembered being a man, and that the idea of spreading her legs and pushing a baby out of her vagina was even more emasculating in her mind than the many times she'd sucked her husband's cock, but there were a whole host of pregnancy symptoms that were now making her life as difficult as any late-game desperate play. And it wasn't just the obvious stuff either like the sore boobs, the weird cravings, the pressure in her stomach, the enormous tiredness in her first trimester. No, there were other things too, ones she'd never heard about until she started experiencing them.

Like the constipation.

Like the sweating.

Like the fact that she cried during freaking *commercials*.

Like how her nose kept getting blocked, leaving her all snuffly. When she yelled out in support of her family during the endless parade of soccer games, or cheering when the World Cup was on, she sounded like a goose honking loudly.

Delaney had also never really considered what happened to the core muscles during pregnancy either. Now, the former sportsman was very much aware that her ab muscles had *separated* to make room for her ballooning belly. The exact core muscles that a would-be athlete needed to take care of, which served as just yet another reminder of how much of a total mom she was, and that her soccer career was never coming back.

It got to her more than once. She ended up crying in her husband's arms, weeping as she mourned her old male body, knowing she couldn't tell anyone the insane truth. She'd imagined having kids one day, perhaps with a supermodel girlfriend on her arm who she'd gotten knocked up. Well, now she was a hot MILF with yet another baby on the way, and her stomach was bloating up. Harry always complimented her, still squeezed her ass, and their love life skyrocketed again in the second trimester, which helped things.

But what really turned Delaney's attitude around was during, rather appropriately, her son's soccer game on a nice warm Saturday morning. She was wearing a purple maternity dress as she sat on the bleachers, watching her son dodge and weave past his opponents. She was getting very much into the game, cheering on Michael and clenching her husband's hand far too tightly.

“You and your soccer!” her friend Sophia giggled. “I swear, you should have been born as a boy.”

Harry chuckled, whereas Delaney could only sigh a little, knowing exactly how true that statement was. She was about to reply with a quiet implication along those lines, when suddenly she felt a strange sensation within her. A shift. A flutter. A hint of movement. Her eyes went wide, to the point where she didn't even notice that Michael had just scored a goal and that her husband and her daughter were up on their feet, cheering and carrying on in support of Michael. Instead, Delaney simply had her hand on her four-months-along dome of a belly, rubbing it gently and gazing down at her bump with a sense of awe.

"Delaney? You okay, honey?"

She barely heard Harry speak. Instead, her gaze was fixed upon her stomach. There was that flutter again. That marvellous little hint of movement. Of *life* within her.

"Feel!" she said, grabbing Harry's hand and pulling it against her so that he was rubbing her belly slowly. "There! Do you feel that?"

"Sorry honey, a bit too small for me! Is the baby moving? Oh my God, is it the first time you've felt them move?"

She nodded, her eyes welling up a little with tears as she took in the sheer immensity of what she was feeling.

"My little soccer player," she cooed, rubbing her stomach.

The next time the baby kicked, it was when Michael intercepted the ball. Definitely a future soccer player.

That was the major turning point for Delaney, the moment she began to truly leave her old life behind. Everything changed now that she could feel her baby - *her baby* - moving about inside of her, totally dependent upon her, already loving her even if the baby didn't truly know who she was. She was *growing* this child. She was a beautiful, motherly woman who was experiencing the miracle of pregnancy, and as much as all the symptoms and aches and pains and tiredness and the endless flip-flop of hormones made her agitated and frustrated, she became more and more excited to meet her little one, and to appreciate the journey along the way. Delaney stopped hiding her bump so much. She started styling herself a little more. She bought some naughty lingerie that fit her gravid form, all for Harry's enjoyment after yet another win upon the field - *that* was a fun night. She giggled as she asked her husband to pick up her cravings from the market, and let Cassidy and Michael feel her belly when their baby brother started to kick - a brother! A little boy! They'd found that out after a scan, and it made the former male all the more weepy.

Soon she was entering her third trimester, her pregnant mound impossible to hide, and her not wanting to hide it anyway. Goodness knows that Harry liked her pregnant appearance. Her husband got all primal and possessive seeing her so full with his baby, especially in private, and it made her appreciate her new life even further. In fact, occasionally Delaney had a little dream. It was ridiculous, she knew. She was now thirty-six

years old, closer to forty than thirty. And yet . . . occasionally she dreamed of making an entire little soccer team for her husband. It was just an idle dream, of course, but feeling her baby move inside her womb was enough to put aside her fear of giving birth, of all the emasculation to come, and start to even wonder if at least one more baby closer to her new son's age wouldn't be so bad. Food for thought, anyway.

As it was, the former would-be soccer champion was finally at peace with her life as a soccer mom. Sure, there were some parts she didn't love - though at least periods were on hold for a bit - and that often included getting catcalled and having even teenagers comment on her large boobs and her wide butt. Some people took her less seriously because she was a woman, and she had lost over a decade of her life.

But in the end, she decided that this strange reality change was worth it.

Birth was not far away. It was still something to fear, but Delaney had a far greater fear that was playing out before her: America might get knocked out of the World Cup, and early at that. The entire family was in the living room together, their eyes glued to the television as they watched the game against Portugal unfold. Michael was practically jumping up and down, while Cassidy was in the process of biting off all her fingernails. They were in their American sports jerseys, and the same was true of her and her husband. Her own stretched tightly around her belly, with more than a little skin and her own popped-out bellybutton showing. Delaney didn't care; she wanted to wear the jersey even if she was too pregnant for it, because this was her tradition even back when she was Dustin, and she wasn't giving it up now.

"C'mon, score the freakin' goal!" she exclaimed, one hand on her massive stomach. "You're so close! Stop taking a fall!"

Harry smirked and squeezed her hand back. "Honey, don't get too worked up or the baby will be doing flips."

"Too late for that! He's as angry as I am."

"I just don't want you to go into labor."

"I'd rather labor than this performance! God, what is the captain thinking? You've got to be aggressive against Portugal. It's how they play! Ugh, I swear! When you kids are playing in the world cup, I expect you to do better than this!"

Michael and Cassidy giggled. "You really think we're gonna be in the World Cup one day, Mom?" her son asked.

Delaney just smirked, rubbing her huge belly and feeling her baby move about within. He was kicking alright, kicking like a future sportstar, and she had a strong feeling that he would be. Call it a motherly hunch.

"I think we might even have a few members on the team," she murmured to herself as her husband stroked her belly idly. She leaned against him, enjoying his warmth.

"Maybe even a few more than you expect."

Delaney kissed Harry on the lips and then gave him a knowing look that she knew he liked to see.

Yeah, having a few more prospective soccer players sounded like a pretty good idea. She may not have a future as a grand soccer star, but who was to say she couldn't raise a few of her own?

The End