

Mini-Story: Cheering from the Side (Footballer to Cheerleader TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Devon is the football captain of the Harper University Lions. But when he entered a 'thin space' belonging to the fey folk, he soon finds his body, his mind, and his reality changing to accommodate his new cheerleader lifestyle.

Cheering from the Side

Devon Atkin had it all. He was tall, athletic, charismatic, wealthy, and the head of the Harper University Lions team to boot. With his tousled black hair and his square jaw, he was also quite the hit with the ladies, something he took advantage of whenever he could, especially with the sexy cheerleaders that always cheered him from the side. Sasha Wilkins was his favourite: she had the classic buxom blonde look, and she could be absolutely wild in bed. Yes, life was going Devon's way, and with a sports scholarship readying him to go professional once he graduated, the sky was the limit. That was, until a fateful choice one morning upended his own fate, resulting in a very different life indeed.

Devon was simply on one of his early morning runs. He liked to go across the suburbs, sometimes around the central city park, but occasionally he liked to go to other places he hadn't been before and take in nature. He wasn't a lunkhead, after all; as much as he was a party goer and a lady killer, he still enjoyed the sights and sounds of nature. And on this particular morning, he found himself oddly drawn to the mildewy surroundings at the eastern edge of the city, where the last neighbourhoods gave way to lush surroundings that merged into forests and eventual swamps. He'd been running a good while when he spotted a strange sight across a puddle strewn path that led off of the main one: a large tree that was raised on its roots so that it formed a sort of natural archway over a large puddle. It was a strangely beautiful sight, and one that he felt compelled to enter under. As he did so, he noticed that his reflection was strange: he still had his black hair and his clothing, but the figure was thinner, the hair longer, the face more feminine. It was difficult to tell with the droplets, but some strange effect made him appear female. Devon just smirked, shook his head, and stepped through the archway. As he did so, there was a ripple of energy. He couldn't know it just yet, but he'd just sealed his fate . . . forever.

You see, Devon had just entered one of those elusive and changeable locations known as a 'thin space.' These are realms into and through the land of the fae folk, filled with pixie magic and reality warping powers upon our own material plane. The second Devon stepped through the other side, his essence had passed quickly through the fey realm, and the magic and trickery within it had altered his body in mere seconds.

Devon looked down at himself as he shivered, only to halt. There was a heaviness upon his chest, and yet a rounded softness too. Two things that were rounded and soft, in fact, forming a long line of cleavage that was impossibly running up nearly to his clavicle. He was shorter too, and his limbs thinner, and his body overall weaker. He looked around in confusion, only to find long, dark hair whipping about as well. Even his ass felt different, and between his legs . . .

He yelped, screaming curses of confusion and horror. Devon patted his body down with petite hands, confirming that it was female. This included his manhood, which now undeniably had a feminine slit there. He was alone, and even checked it up close, though he had to hold in a rather large pair of breasts that were now constantly bouncing and jiggling. To say that he was freaking out was an understatement. He tried going back and forth beneath the tree but it did nothing. Pinching himself did nothing. Screaming out loud and begging and praying did nothing. He ripped at his clothing, fearful that he had been infected by the splashes or mud water or something, but all it did was expose his surprisingly voluptuous form. In the end he decided to look at himself in the pond - herself, now. This caused the new woman to gasp: she was unbelievably beautiful, with piercing ice-blue eyes, full lips, a cute nose, and luscious silky dark hair. Her figure was gorgeous too, complete with an hourglass figure and the kind of hips and ass and tits that any cheerleader would dream of. His mind lingered on the word 'cheerleader' for reasons he couldn't fathom, even as his freakout subsided. Thinking practically, he decided he needed to run back to his university and get help from the doctors there. He still had his ID with his old name and photo on it, so not all hope was lost!

Only, as Devon raced back home on legs that were surprisingly still very athletic, other things began to change. For one, his clothing altered slowly, even as he tried to stop it. It reduced in size, splitting up to bare his impressive female abs. The running shorts became a soft skirt, while the top became a cheerleader's crop top, complete with the Harper University Lions team logo upon it. Even his hair altered so that it was pulled back into a loose ponytail, while his shoes became form fitting and practical for a woman, matching the rest of her outfit. Makeup appeared on her face, enhancing her already attractive features.

But these were just physical changes. Other ones were occurring that were even more shocking to the former male. For one, she was starting to *think* of herself as female. She couldn't help it. It took over an hour to get back to the dorm, by which point the fey magic had rendered her unable *not* to think in female pronouns. Worse, she kept thinking her name was Devine instead of Devon, and that she was indeed a cheerleader. It was like having two memories of two separate lives: one in which she was a virile alpha male football captain, respected and loved, and the other in which she was a goddamn smokeshow of a cheerleading captain, respected and loved also, albeit in ways that often got the boys

whooping and cheering for totally different reasons; namely, the way her heavy bust bounced when she twirled and flipped and jumped. Despite her fear she couldn't help but giggle at that thought, which was becoming increasingly sweet to her. She had to reprimand herself a number of times that this was all wrong, that she was a man, that she would change back. But her ID had altered to reflect her new identity, and as she got to the university others were calling out her name, friends from her new life saying hi, footballers whistling at her, and even her teachers and professors wishing her all the best for the dance.

What dance? Well, she knew already. Her instincts were carrying her there, straight to the university stadium. The game wouldn't be until the next day, she knew that as the football captain of her so-recent previous life. But she also knew by experiences male and female that the cheerleaders practised at the same time, often doing their best to deliberately distract the boys for amusement when they started. The new woman ran onto the field, and people on both 'teams' called out for her. Her new female cheerleader instincts willed her to accept this new life and run to the women, but she held out as best she could, refusing to give in to being female. She was a man, damn it, even if she couldn't think like one! She ran to the football team, hoping against hope that they would embrace her and somehow remember that she was their captain, and help her find some way out of this gender bending mess.

She hoped all of that, that was, until she saw him. Michael. He had been her best friend. Her wingman. Her right-hand man on the team. Her most trusted player. But in this new reality, he was now the football captain, not her. And she . . . she was his loving, sexy, devoted *girlfriend*. "Devine!" he called. "Come here, you!"

There was no stopping the impulse that came next. She might as well have tried to fight an avalanche for all the good it would have done her. She leapt into his arms and he easily caught her with his impressive muscles. He twirled her about and planted his lips upon hers, kissing her passionately. It was this, more than anything, that clinched her fate. She kissed him back, moaning a little in his mouth, pressing her busty body against his and relishing the feel of his hard muscle against her soft curves.

She was Devine Atkin now. She was still a captain. She was still athletic, still popular, still beloved by men and women alike. And she would still have lots of sex, even if it was just with one person. A man, to be specific. But from now on, she'd be a woman, with a whole new reality and life before her.

But from the way Michael felt at that moment, it didn't seem like such a bad life. In fact, she was rather looking forward to breaking her new body in. And she wasn't just thinking about trying her new cheer dance moves on.

The End