



Team Spirit

*by
Janice Dreamer*

Selected Scenes Illustrated

Illustrations for selected scenes.

Preface

Many years ago when I first discovered the growing and already vast troves of TG fiction online, I stumbled upon a story called Team Spirit by Janice Dreamer. This story immediately became one of the favorites, and it has stuck with me all these years as I find myself re-reading it again and again.

I had thought at one time to make a comic book adaption of the story, but I was never able to contact the author to secure permission. So, I decided to create this little document with illustrations for some of the most memorable scenes from the story.

You can find the full story here:

<https://www.fictionmania.tv/stories/readtextstory.html?storyID=2978025147484784>

This little project is an homage to one of my all-time favorite stories, and I do hope you enjoy. It is and will remain an exclusive for my Patreons only.

Also, if anyone knows how to contact Janice Dreamer, please let me know. I would like to share a copy of this with the author who inspired me not only to make these images, but to begin writing my own TG stories!

Notes on Changes

Although I kept all of the details as close to the original text as possible, I did make the following changes:

1. In the story, Josh's first sports bra is striped pink and green. I was unable to find that combination in my textures, so I made it white in this story. Only the straps are visible.
2. Josh wears a leotard in the story, but there is no mention of tights. I added them for the look.
3. In the original story, Josh eventually is forced to wear high-heeled shoes during his dancing lessons. I changed them to boots for my illustrations.

Scene 1

“Mmmm. Your skin's so soft. Not at all like I expected on a big football star.”



The little blonde ran her fingers over Josh's chest. She circled his nipple and he felt an electric thrill of passion. His nipples hadn't ever felt so sensitive.

Scene 2



“What the FUCK is happening to me?!?!“ Josh's soft soprano voice was raised nearly to a shriek.

Amy glanced at him dismissively, as though looking at a bug she was contemplating squashing. She assumed an air of offended dignity. ``What makes you think you can come bursting in to MY office and address me in that tone of voice?"

Josh's face was a mixture of panic and rage. He grasped the baggy sweatshirt he was wearing by it's waistband and pulled it up to his chin, revealing his bare torso. ``You want to know? It's THESE! Look at them! I want you to tell me what is going on!!!"

Amy's mouth twitched in a barely repressed smile. She stood and walked around her desk to get a closer look at Josh's chest. He had two small but very definitely female breasts, maybe an A cup or even a B. They appeared to be normal in every respect, even the nipples would look completely natural -- on a young woman. She cupped one breast and gently squeezed. Josh's breath hissed softly in a reflexive intake and his nipple stiffened. He flinched away from her touch. Amy seemed satisfied.

``They look like breasts to me, Josh." She said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Josh seemed exasperated. ``Of course they look like breasts! They ARE breasts! I can see that. I know what tits look like. But can you tell me WHY I've got tits?"

Scene 3

Done with breakfast, what there was of it, he decided to get dressed. The dresser had three drawers but the bottom two were empty. In the top drawer was a dozen or so pairs of women's satin bikini briefs in bright assorted colors and a satin robe in a soft pink rose pattern. What the hell was going on? He rummaged through the stacks of panties, in hopes of finding something else and his fingers encountered a smooth plastic cylinder. He took this out of the drawer and saw it was a 9 inch long vibrator.

Just then Ms. Connors entered the room without knocking and saw him standing there staring at a handful of panties in one hand and the vibrator in the other. A smile flickered across her face, was quickly repressed, and replaced by a blandly superior expression.

Josh waved the objects at her and asked in an astonished tone, "What in the world are these???"

"Well, Sugar, in your right hand is a vibrator and in your left is your underwear." The nurse replied matter-of-factly.

"I KNOW what they are! Why are they here in my dresser?"

"If you mean the clothing, Honey. You'll find that your skin is very sensitive due to the treatments and the satin won't irritate you like other fabrics. As for the vibrator, I suppose Dr. Hanson thought it might help you relax."

"Well if you think I'm wearing this stuff you're nuts." Josh chose

to ignore her comment on the vibrator.



The nurse shrugged. "Suit yourself, Honey. Although you might find walking about in the nude to be a chilling experience. Or shall I inform Dr. Hanson you've changed your mind about accepting treatment?"

Josh felt ridiculous walking around in the pink satin robe.

Scene 4

“You'll find exercise gear in the changing room, Sugar. Get out of that robe and let's get started.”

“I'll leave you to it, then.” Ms. Connors said. “I'll be back at lunch.”

Josh was back in a few moments, still wearing the robe. Ms. Baker gave him a questioning look.

“The only thing I saw in there was stuff for a girl,” he said.

Ms. Baker icily informed him that his body, as it now was, required support garments to exercise in, especially his breasts. There was no male attire which would fit the current shape of his body and support him suitably. So if he didn't want to remain as he was permanently he should get over it and get dressed so they could get to work.

Josh returned wearing a pink spandex leotard, a pink headband a sports bra, and a very, very embarrassed look.





Scene 5



He now felt relatively familiar with the daily workouts Ms. Baker supervised. Mostly he had to do a lot of stretching and bending. He had a lot of difficulty with some of the more extreme moves like splits but Ms. Baker said he'd limber up. Interspersed were movements that he felt certain were entrechats, pirouettes, and other ballet exercises. Once he grew accustomed to the basics, she had begun teaching him some fairly complicated movements. They were very much like dance routines. These routines mixed together high kicks, somersaults, cartwheels,

skipping, jumping, a sort of high stepping prancing jog, and even some embarrassing moves where he shook his butt or shimmied his shoulders that caused his new-grown breasts to bobble embarrassingly.

Scene 6



Josh was feeling confident. The happy smile plastered on his face that had become second nature while he strutted his stuff was genuine. He was feeling so proud of himself. The session was nearly over and so far he'd run through every routine absolutely perfectly. Ms. Baker even smiled at him a few times when he'd completed some particularly

difficult move. Right now he was in the midst of executing the big finish for one of the harder numbers.

Josh kicked his right leg up HIGH! His foot rose above eye level. A second after his foot hit the floor, he bounced on his toes once, and kicked the other leg up. After several more kicks he transitioned into skipping around in a circle, knees high, prancing, then smoothly leaned over into a cartwheel right on the beat. Completing the cartwheel and landing back on his feet he immediately leaped up and forward, his arms and legs widely spread-eagled. As soon as his feet touched the floor he sank fluidly down to one knee with his arms held precisely, one straight up and the other pointing rigidly out to the right. He stayed on his knee, breathing hard from the exertion and beaming in triumph. He knew he'd done the routine letter-perfectly, exactly on the beat, and while wearing 4 inch heels no less!

Ms. Baker clapped her hands. She hurried over to where he knelt and took both his hands, pulling him to his feet. She gave him a hug. Wow! He must really have done well.

``Honey, that was PERFECT! I'm so proud of you! I knew you could do it!"

The routine was one the of most difficult ones to master. Especially while wearing heels. He felt he'd really accomplished something. And such demonstrative praise from Ms. Baker was rare indeed. He blushed and glanced downward to hide it, a bit embarrassed by her compliment.

Ms. Baker gently put a finger under his chin and raised his face to look at her. He looked up and saw her smiling proudly down at him. Holy Shit!!! His heart thundered in his chest. It suddenly hit him

what his subconscious mind had noted as strange. Something was very, very wrong indeed! He gasped in surprised shock and staggered back a couple of steps.

He was wearing 4 inch heels and he had to look UP at her!!! UP! That meant he must now be only about 5'6" or less! He had shrunk over 9 inches!



Scene 6

Once inside the room he looked at himself in the mirror. This was the first time he'd had a chance to see himself since entering that hellish clinic. He couldn't believe how much he'd changed.



He had to admit that in the sweatshirt, ill-fitting jeans, and loose velour boots he did look like some teen girl into grunge. His face had a very young and innocent look. Very pretty and very sexy and very, very feminine. Large green eyes that gave the appearance of a startled fawn. Childlike. Innocent. Long lashes. High cheekbones. A pert nose. Cupid's bow mouth with big pouty lips. Bright golden blonde hair that fell to his ass. Long slender neck. Perfect peaches and cream complexion.

Scene 7

He pulled off the sweatshirt and skinned out of the jeans and stared at himself totally nude. His body was similarly changed to resemble a pretty young woman. It seemed impossible that he'd gone through such a drastic change and had only realized it recently. He hadn't had mirrors in the clinic but he could see his hands and arms and legs and most especially breasts just by looking down at himself. But it was the totality of seeing his entire body all at once and completely changed that was so shocking and so obvious. He had noted some changes but they had occurred gradually, almost imperceptibly, and he'd been kept drugged so much of the time that he didn't worry for long about such things at the time.

He guessed he was now about 5'4" or 5'5". His entire body was practically hairless with pale flawlessly smooth silky skin. Narrow shoulders with long slender graceful arms and delicate hands, long slim fingers. Almost no muscles at all. Large prominent breasts that jiggled a bit with the motion of his breathing. Pink nipples that were now stiff and crinkled in excitement. A narrow waist and flat stomach. Wide flaring hips and a round, nearly perfect ass. Nice long legs and tiny feet.

Josh thought the image in the mirror was beautiful. He would have loved to fuck this creature that he'd become. For the briefest of instants he wondered if he'd escaped the clinic just in time or a bit too soon.



Scene 8



“Honey! I got a look at you out there during half time. You really know how to strut your stuff, girl!” Billy Joe Coleson said.

She was clinging to Anthony's arm. Honey was still wearing her cheerleading uniform, Anthony insisted on it. They were standing in the entrance to the ballroom rented for the victory party. The room was a madhouse. There was screaming and laughing and dancing everywhere. Billy Joe had seen them as soon as they arrived and hurried over to greet them.

“Thanks Billy Joe,” Honey said shyly. “Congratulations on winning MVP.” She was learning it was smart to be polite.

Billy flashed her his Superbowl ring. ``Bet you wish you won that, don't you Honey?"

She glanced up nervously at Anthony. He was looking at her very intently, waiting.

``No, Billy. I just want to keep my man happy."

She squeezed Anthony's arm and pressed her breasts against his side. He smiled at her. She was learning. What made Anthony happy made her Happy. At least it made her happier than a beating would.

Scene 9

Honey heard the peals of Amy's laughter as Billy lifted her up onto a banquet table and told her to start dancing.

