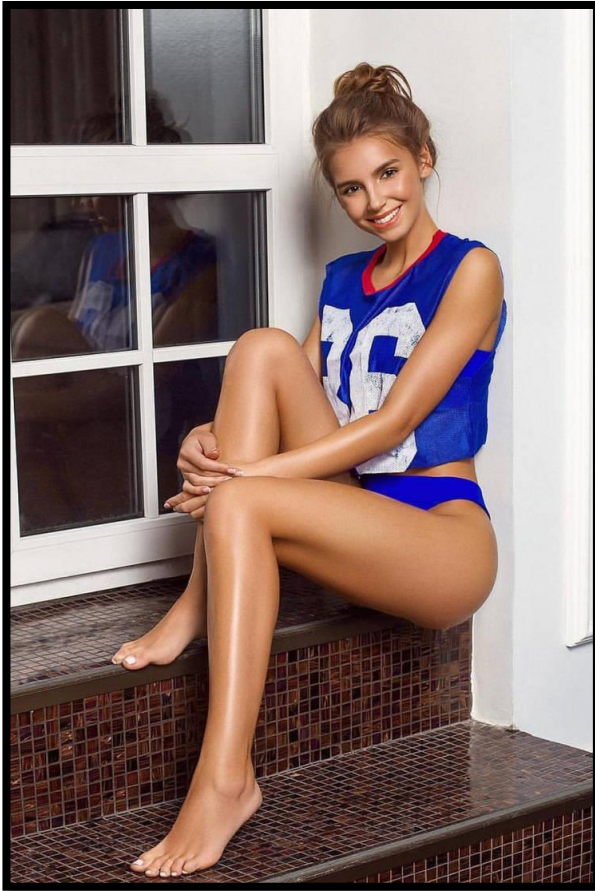


# SOCCER GIRL

By Bewci



It was a cool autumn evening in Atlanta, Georgia and two high school friends, Walt and Ben, were sitting at the local bar, sipping on a couple of beers. The air was filled with the sound of clinking glasses and the laughter of patrons enjoying their drinks.

Walt took a deep gulp of his beer and let out a contented sigh, "Man, that was one hell of a game today. We really kicked some ass out there."

Ben raised his glass in a salute, "you tell me, man! That goal you scored was straight up amazing. I'm so glad I was there to witness it."

Walt chuckled, "Yeah, I know I'm pretty great. But seriously, it's all thanks to those cheerleaders. Man, those hips shaking really motivated me."

Ben laughed, "Really? You're the best player on the team, hands down. Chicks or no chicks, I don't think I've ever seen someone with your skills on the field."

Walt took a moment to bask in the praise before his expression turned serious, "Thanks, man. But don't sell

yourself short. You played a killer game today too. Your defence was on point."

Ben smiled, "Well, someone's got keep those other guys off your back so you can score all those goals."

They clinked their glasses together in a cheer and took another sip of their beers.

The bartender approached them, "Another round, boys?"

Walt heard the jingle of the bell at the door and turned around. It was Rebecca. Walt's eyes lit up at the sight of her.

"Well, well, look who's here," Walt said, a smirk playing on his lips. "The prettiest cheerleader in town."

Rebecca noticed the two boys looking at him and gave them a tight smile, "Hi guys."

Walt made his way over to her, trying to charm her with his usual flirtatious comments, but she didn't seem impressed.

"So, how was the game for you?" Walt asked, trying to strike up a conversation.

Rebecca's expression turned cold. "Ugh, this guy," she thought. She never liked Walt because of his fuck-boy attitude. She muttered, "It was fine. I was there to cheer on the team, not pay attention to individual players."

Walt's smile faded a little, "Oh come on, you have to admit, I was the real star of the game today."

Rebecca rolled her eyes, "That's not how it works, Walt. The whole team works together, not just one person."

Ben chimed in, trying to diffuse the situation, "Yeah, she's right. The team won the game, not just one player."

But Walt was not deterred, and his flirtatious comments turned into mocking remarks, "Oh, come on, Ben. You're just jealous because I'm the one who's always getting all the attention. You're just a benchwarmer."

Rebecca frowned her eyebrows and said, "That's not fair, Walt. You're being really rude right now."

Walt continued to mock her, "What's the matter, can't handle a little competition? Maybe cheerleading is more your speed, since you can't handle playing on the field with the big boys."

Rebecca's face reddened with anger, "You know what, Walt? I'm tired of your arrogance. Just because you're good at soccer doesn't mean you can treat people like this."

Ben stepped in, trying to calm things down, "Hey, guys, let's all just take a step back and relax. There's no need for this kind of argument."

But it was too late. The argument had escalated and Walt and Rebecca continued to trade insults, neither one willing to back down. The other patrons in the bar had fallen silent, watching the scene unfold with interest.

Eventually, Rebecca had had enough and stormed out of the bar, leaving Walt and Ben standing there, surrounded by the awkward silence.

Ben let out a sigh, "What's wrong with you, man? Why did you have to start an argument with her like that?"

Walt shrugged, "What?! She was being the bitch! She started it!"

Ben shook his head and walked out of the bar. Walt looked around at the prying judgemental eyes and felt like a fool. "What?" he scoffed at others and walked out of the bar. As Walt stepped out onto the porch outside the bar, he felt a strange tingle in his legs. He shrugged it off, thinking it was just from all the soccer he had played that day. But as it intensified, spreading from his toes to his knees, he took off his shoes in panic.

He looked down at his feet and gasped in shock. His feet were shrinking, his toes elongating into delicate digits, and his skin smoothing and softening into a tanned complexion. His legs continued to change, the muscles melting and contouring into a more slender and elegant form. The hairs on his legs disappeared, leaving behind a smooth, silky skin. His frantic hands rubbed his hands over his legs, feeling the curves and contours of his new form.

He couldn't believe what was happening to him. He looked around for Ben, but he was nowhere to be seen. "Ben!" he

screamed in horror. Nobody answered. His legs were no longer his own, but belonged to someone else, someone female. “What the fuck?!” he hollered. The tingling sensation had turned into a warm, pulsing energy that radiated from his legs and coursed through his entire body.

He stumbled back onto the porch, crashing down on his bony hips. He felt a wave of emotion wash over him, a mix of fear and excitement as he wondered what was happening to him. As he sat there, his legs fully transformed, he couldn’t help but rub his feet together, amazed by how smooth they felt. “Um, why do I like it? They look so... elegant?” Walt murmured. They were long and slender, with curves in all the right places. The callouses on his feet from the constant running and injuries from the soccer games had vanished. Walt’s fingers traced up to his thighs that seemed a lot thicker and voluptuous instead of firm and muscular. His knees had lost all dark spots from the friction of knee pads and falls.

As Walt’s mind raced for answers, he noticed his hands had followed suit. He looked down to see that his hands were changing, shrinking in size and becoming daintier. The callouses on his palms disappeared and his skin smoothed and softened into a delicate complexion.

His fingers elongated into graceful digits, each nail growing and rounding into a perfect oval shape. The hair on the back of his hands vanished, leaving behind a smooth, silky skin. His shoulders scrunched inwards while his biceps and forearm muscles spasmed, dissolving into nothingness. Walt gawked at his feminine limbs stuck to his masculine torso. A moment of clarity washed over his mind as he recognized those legs and hands. They were Rebecca's limbs!

Walt didn't have a clue how this was happening, but to his strange mind, it didn't matter. Bouts of paranoia escaped him within the sea of tranquillity. The world had come to a standstill, his futile yelps of desperation falling on ears of statues suspended in time. Walt looked down at his white shorts and jersey shirt turning blue, with the number "36," printed in bold. "Oh my God! It's her clothes!" he whispered in a softer, higher voice.

"Oh!" Walt gasped as he could feel his insides churning, giving him wider hips and narrower waist. He tried to stand on his legs, but the centre of gravity had shifted, bringing him back down to his knees. Walt could feel his bony edges being cushioned with fat settling around them. He whimpered, his heart sinking and beating faster as piles of fat pushed the skin over his chest, expanding into supple breasts. Walt saw the shirt resting on his chest rise up, his erect nipples poking through them. "OH... Fuck!" A shot of hot fire coursed through Walt's vessels around his chest as they got filled and stretched to its brim.



Nothing about Walt's body resembled his masculine self anymore, except his head. His rugged cheeks and chiselled jawline softened up, tanning like the rest of his figure. His lips puffed up, getting fuller, and his nose shrunk into a cute button. His eyes adorned themselves with long eyelashes and raised eyebrows. Long strands of brunette locks replaced his short jagged blonde spikes, flowing in the air and tying itself into a messy bun over his head. "Agh! My head hurts!" Walt squealed.

He looked at the sky and saw the birds flying. The bar was humming with gossip and glasses, and Ben was walking back to the bar. "Uh... Rebecca? I thought you left... Where is Walt?" asked Ben.

Walt screamed, "It's me! I don't know how, but I look like Rebecca now!" However, nothing came out of his lips. It was all silent, concealed under a tight smile. Instead, he felt compelled to say, "Hey, Ben. I was waiting for him, actually, I need to talk to him." When Walt thought it couldn't get any worse, he realized he was trapped in his body.

"Well?" Ben raised his eyebrows. Walt, being possessed by Rebecca, answered, "I think I was too harsh with him, you know? It's not like me to lash out on someone like that." Rebecca blushed as she spoke.

“Well, no shit!” Walt clamoured within the confines of his thoughts. “Oh, there he is!” his plump lips exclaimed with a cheerful smile. Ben turned around and saw Walt standing beside him with a smirk on his face. “You wanted to say something?” he asked to Rebecca. “What the—I’m tripping! Is-Is that Rebecca in my body?!” Walt bawled in terror.

“Um, yeah. I wanted to apologize for what happened,” Walt’s lips moved on their own. Ben was amazed and confused at the same time. “I’m listening,” Walt said with a smug look on his face. “Dude,” Ben whispered, stabbing him with his elbow.

“I guess, I was being a bitch in the bar, and yeah, you’re the best player in the team.” Ben’s jaw dropped to the floor. Walt was speechless, yet he kept speaking in Rebecca’s voice, “I’m happy to be the cheerleader for you, you know what I mean,” his possessed cheeks stretched into a sultry smile.

Ben looked into Rebecca’s eyes, wondering how did she flip one-eighty in just a few moments. He couldn’t put his finger on it, but he found an eerie look of sadness in them. “Rebecca, you alright?” he asked with slight concern. “Yes, Ben. I’m fine!” she said with gleaming eyes, her smile even brighter.

“Well, if that’s the case,” Walt said as he walked closer to the porch, “Will you be my valentine for the party this Tuesday?” He fetched a red rose out of his back pocket and extended it to Rebecca. “Yes!” Rebecca accepted his offer, taking the rose from his hand. “No, what the fuck!” Walt, trapped in Rebecca’s body shrieked as loud as he could. Rebecca stood up and left with Walter. “You’ve got to be kidding me,” Ben whispered under his breath, following them.

As they approached Walt’s car, he turned around and said to Ben, “Hey, you don’t mind taking the cab, will you? I’ve got to take Rebecca to the mall for the party dress, and some other stuff.” He winked at Ben. “Huh, alright,” Ben agreed. Walt ushered Rebecca to the front seat and drove off into the golden sunset...

