

Team Mascot

For SpiralTrace000

By TheSpiralledEye

A timid woman decides to use magic in order to become more beautiful and a better asset to her swim team. In her haste though, the spell has some unforeseen side effects, not only making her incredibly horny in front of everybody but turning her into an anthro otter girl!

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Taylor hid behind the bleachers, watching as the other teams slowly started to fill the pool area. This was her first proper swim meet as part of the college team but it wasn't at all what she'd imagined. Even though she'd been working hard all semester to improve her skills she still hadn't even been approved to do more than a fifty metre freestyle; the most basic of all the races. Half the time people thought it was just a warm up and got confused when the announcers declared a winner. In short, it was the pity race, only there for people like her who couldn't really compete; that way the coaches at least had an excuse not to put them in any proper races.

Taylor had pouted the entire bus ride over and resisted the urge to rip the little timecard with her race on it to shreds out of frustration. The rest of the team gave her pitying smile; any hopes of making friends had long since faded. The rest of her teammates had been doing swimming for years before college, they were practically professional athletes already and didn't have time to help somebody who could barely dog paddle.

Taylor watched silently as the rest of the women on her team stood by the poolside, chatting and getting excited for the event. All of them wore the same tight fitting red one piece swimsuit that she did, but unlike her, they actually filled it out. Taylor had been part of the 'itty bitty titty committee', as her team leader liked to joke, ever since high school. She hated it; most girls outgrew A cups by the time they were fifteen, yet here she was, twenty-two and still with a chest so small you could barely see it under her suit.

"Taylor!" The coach smiled, suddenly appearing behind her and making the woman jump.

"Oh s-sorry!"

“There has been a slight change of plans.” The coach said, somewhat awkwardly. “They have cancelled the fifty metre freestyle.”

“But that’s my only event!” Taylor cried, sure it felt crappy to be given the pity event but it was still better than nothing.

“I know>” The coach said, not sounding sympathetic at all. “But it’s okay, we have a new role for you!”

The coach reached into her back and held up two red and white pom poms.

“You can be our cheerleader! Our team doesn’t have one yet and we are looking a little under supported today anyway.”

“A cheerleader?” Taylor said, glancing over to the far side of the pool where all the other teams cheer squads were; busty, beautiful women with tits as big as their pom poms in skimpy outfits milled about practising. Taylor felt her face go red.

“But I don’t know-”

“Just smile and jump up and down screaming go team go!” The coach said quickly, “I’m sure you’ll get the hang of it, now I have to go talk to Chelsea about her event..”

Taylor was left with her jaw on the floor as the coach walked off. Just when she thought this day couldn’t get any worse! At least when she was in the water people wouldn’t be able to tell that she was lacking in the curves department but being forced to stand next to all those busty cheerleaders would only make it *more* obvious!

Taylor’s eyes slid to her duffle bag, mind already considering the item in the secret compartment. When nobody was looking she quickly reached inside and retrieved the vial hidden under her spare towel. She’d gotten desperate the last few weeks, looking into the occult for a solution to her problems since a change in attitude had done squat. The spell was supposed to sit and mature for another week before being consumed but she had to take the risk. The idea of going up there looking like she did was too humiliating to consider otherwise.

“Essence of otter.” She muttered, “You’d better work.”

“Taylor, the first event is starting!” Chelsea called, “Get up there and cheer your little heart out.”

Taylor winced at the word ‘little’ ; she knew Chelsea didn't mean anything by it. She was one of those girls who was too stupid to have a malicious bone in her body; but still, it stung. Taylor gulped down the potion so fast she didn't even taste it and picked up her pom poms.

“Please work fast.” She whispered to the universe, begging whatever deity would listen.

She covered her body with the large pom poms as much as she could, feeling slightly bitter at just how easy it was, and made her way to the edge of the pool where the other team's cheer squads were already hooting and hollering away. There was a sudden jolt in Taylor's chest and she looked down and noticed her tits starting to press against the front of her swimsuit.

“Yes!” She yelled, jumping up and down just as the first race started. “I mean, uh Go team!”

Excitement flooded her system as she felt her tits slowly growing larger and larger with each passing second. Her As turning into Bs by the time the first race had finished! They felt so good too! Every time she jumped she could feel them jiggle against her chest, a sensation she could only have dreamt about until now.

Were her nipples growing too? It felt like they were, or at least, they seemed a lot more sensitive all of a sudden. Taylor continued to jump and cheer but found it increasingly difficult to come up with anything clever to say as her tits got more and more stimulated. She could feel the diamond hard numbs starting to press hard against her swimsuit, making them easily noticeable even across the pool. There was nothing she could do to hide them though; she had double Ds now and people were starting to notice.

She could see flustered men in the audience trying hard not to be caught staring and the attention only made Taylor feel more horny. She bit the inside of her cheeks; now was not the time to be getting turned on, people were watching! But as she continued to jump and cheer she couldn't help but notice just how good her body was feeling. Her tits were obvious but it was more than that, the skin all over her body was getting sensitive. Every time the pom poms brushed her skin somewhere it sent forks of pleasure straight between her legs. It had to be a side effect of the potion, she didn't normally get so turned on it was

almost painful. God she wanted to touch herself so badly but she was in full view of the crowd!

Taylor's breathing was starting to come in short bursts now. She was so wet, it was starting to leak through her swimsuit and stain it a darker shade of red. Oh God, that was so embarrassing, if only she'd gotten a chance to jump in the pool the water would hide it but she didn't have that option now. Instead she awkwardly did her best to hold one pom pom in front of her crotch at all times, or jump and swim around fast enough that nobody would be able to see.

But that only caused more problems. The more she moved, the more her tits jiggled and the hornier she got. There was also a strange pressure, right above her ass that was getting stronger with every jump until it was impossible to ignore. Her vagina was aching, desperate to be touched and Taylor found that she just couldn't take it anymore.

Taylor uncurled a finger from the pom pom stick in front of her crotch and slipped it into her swimsuit. She could feel the slick juices and in seconds her finger was soaked. It glided between her folds with ease, making her vision white out for a moment with pleasure. She'd touched herself plenty of times but it had never felt *this* good. Any sense of subtlety fled as she started to finger herself right there at the side of the pool. She did her best to disguise her thrusting pom pom as a cheer move but even Taylor knew she wasn't doing a very good job.

“G-go team g—oooooooooh....”

The moan escaped before she could stop it, she was just so turned on and that pressure above her butt exploded outwards. Taylor felt something rip a hole in her swimwear and she turned to see...a tail?

“Wha-oooooh, ohhhhhh...”

The tail was thick and covered in a shiny layer of fur that was rapidly spreading up her back and around her sides. She felt the fur prickle under her skin as it spread, first coating her stomach, then passing over her pussy which made her shudder, then down her legs. Almost everybody was still watching the pool events, but it was only a matter of time before she started to draw eyes.

Despite the fact that something had obviously gone wrong with her spell, Taylor still couldn't make herself stop masturbating. She was just so goddamn horny and yet, she couldn't seem to cum! Her fingers curled up into her hole just as the fur enveloped her bare feet and started to rush over her chest.

She sucked in a sharp breath as the fur covered her tits, leaving only her sensitive nipples bare, before it continued across her shoulders and down her arms. People in the crowd were starting to look and point now but even as her cheeks began to burn with humiliation she couldn't bring herself to stop. Taylor felt the fur creep up her sensitive throat and start to cover her face.

"Oh God, Taylor what are you doing, stop...stoooooop." She hissed, but she couldn't.

It felt so good; yet she still wasn't cumming. It was all one giant tease; each stroke felt better than the last but it still wasn't enough. She felt the prickle of fur coating her fingers and shivered as it pressed into her sensitive folds. But then, she felt something else, her fingers themselves were changing. Taylor groaned in frustration as she felt them getting shorter, unable to reach deep inside her pussy anymore. The joints shorted and she had no choice but to drop both pom poms, revealing to the whole pool exactly what was happening to her.

There were shocked gasps across the pool as more people noticed Taylor transforming before their eyes, some people even averted their eyes as she continued to desperately try to finger herself. It was hopeless though, her hands seemed so much smaller and less nimble all of a sudden. She kept one between her legs, swirling a rough pad against her clit while raising the other to her face to inspect. It wasn't a hand at all anymore, it was a paw. A cute, furry little paw complete with little toe beans.

"Ooooooh noooo, the o-otter essence." She groaned, "Oh fuck, why am I so horny, fuck...fuuuuuck."

Even transforming into an otter in front of a crowd couldn't break through her horny haze. In fact, now that she no longer had to hide she only touched herself more furiously, using her free paw to rub at her nipples through the bathing suit.

She could feel her face changing beneath the fur and looked down into the pool water at her reflection. The events had stopped now, everybody was too busy staring at her transforming to compete, so the water was still. She could see her face taking on a more otter-like appearance. Her mouth and nose seemed to join and lengthen to form a snout and her ears turned round and furry.

"Oh god, I'm turning into an otter woman, ohhh, ohhhh gods..."

Her thick tail lashed as she got closer and closer to the edge, orgasm was so close, if she could just cum maybe she could think clearly and stop putting on such a lewd show. She

knew she was making a spectacle of herself but she was so close to the edge she couldn't stop now! Not even when she noticed that the people in the cheer squad next to her were growing.

No, that wasn't right, they weren't growing, she was *shrinking!* Her swimsuit became baggy before it fell off completely, leaving her naked and still fingering herself until she reached barely three feet tall. It was hard to keep her balance as she got shorter and shorter, especially when her feet were starting to change too. She wobbled as her paws formed; she was so close-!

“Uhhhhhhh...uhhhh...oh, oh yes! Yes! Yeeeeees!!”

She toppled over into the water and came as soon as she hit the surface. To her surprise, she rose to the surface almost instantly, rolling onto her back and floating with ease as she continued to rub at her clit to prolong the orgasm. The whole pool was watching, a few people were even filming the whole display. Thankfully, the second orgasm didn't take quite so long and she shuddered as she came once more; finally sated. The reality of the situation came crashing down though as her ears twitched and finally focused on the voices all around her.

“What the hell?”

“What is she?”

“She looks sort of like an otter?”

“A hot otter!”

“What is wrong with you man, she'd like half your size!”

Taylor had been so focused on getting off she hadn't even noticed that she'd floated into the centre of the pool. She would have blushed, but she couldn't anymore. Or at least if she could, the fur hit it. She swiftly turned over to try and hide her huge new tits but that only meant she was showing off her butt and new tail. With a flick of her tail and powerful paws she was under the water, darting to the edge and climbing out all in one quick movement.

Not only had her spell gone wrong, she'd humiliated herself in front of an entire room full of people. She would never live this down! She was a freak; a horny otter freak! Tears

burned behind her eyes for a moment only to disappear as a pair of arms appeared and encircled her. A second later she was cradled like a large child in somebody's arms.

"Oh, I think she's sort of cute." Chelsea smiled.

Taylor blinked at her wide eyed; she was crushed up against Chelsea's chest and one furry cheek was resting against the other woman's breast. Suddenly, things didn't seem quite so bad.

"You think I'm cute?" Taylor asked quietly and Chelsea nodded.

"Among other things." She whispered huskily. "I like exotic women."

"Well, I'm certainly that." Taylor grinned.

She subtly pressed one of her cute little paws against the soft skin of Chelsea's breast and the women giggled. Taylor couldn't say she was thrilled that she was so small now, but her paws and little furry face were pretty cute. Not to mention she was a pretty good swimmer now, in a way, the spell had worked as intended just with a few little extra details. Emphasis on little.

"Are you going to change back?" Chelsea asked.

"I don't know how, but maybe I could be a better competitor like this?"

"That's not fair!" One of the other coaches yelled. "You can't have an otter compete for you, that's cheating."

Taylor pouted but Chelsea gave her a little squeeze.

"That's okay," She reassured her, "You made a pretty good cheerleader when you weren't...y'know. You can be our new mascot!"

Taylor gave it a moment's thought before nodding; now that she was curvy enough, being a cheerleader wouldn't be so bad, not to mention, their team could make their symbol and otter just like her; it was perfect! And judging by the way Chelsea was checking her out, she wasn't going to be having any trouble making friends in this body either.

People all around them were muttering but Taylor decided she didn't care anymore. She was cute, beautiful, sexy and wrapped up in the hottest girl on the team's arms. Things could certainly be worse.

“Oh, just one thing.” Chelsea giggled.

“Yes?”

“We should probably find you some clothes that fit.”