

Soccer Mom Timeline (Man to Soccer Mom TG)

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 angular face sharp, 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 mombod: 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.”

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 teens who her instincts insisted on being

protective towards. The former had led to her getting a full experience as a woman; Harry was so damn horny and her body was always ready for him, it seemed!

From just one dimensional accident she had become a housewife and caretaker of the home, and the person who took the kids - 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. She didn’t have the body for it anymore, particularly with her large wobbling tits. Still, she could practice in the yard with Michael and Cassidy from time to time, or watch her husband do the same.

“I certainly feel the odd one out at times,” she admitted. “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!!!”

The End