Foxy

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Brandon Keall was sweet on Leanne Bowman, point guard for the girl’s college basketball team, “the Vixens”. He was keen to prove himself as worthy of her and attended games shouting loudly in support. His attentions did not go unnoticed.

“You should make yourself useful”, said Leanne. “Our mascot is out of action. You did gymnastics, didn’t you? If you can be our mascot, Femily Fox, you can lead the cheer and be at every game to support me”.

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| It seemed like a good Idea. He would get free and early access to the games. He was not too concerned that the Mascot was female. The uniform was covered his whole body, with tights under a flared mini skirt, and a Vixens tracksuit top, claw tips gloves and a full fox head with impressive ears.  It looked ungainly but it was light, and vision was not bad. He had limited scope for tumbles but most of the routine was just jumping around, and he was expected to lead some chants.  “This could be a little more difficult”, said Leanne. “Femily Fox is female – a vixen – we will need to do something about your voice”. She arranged for Brandon to attend the music school at college where a singing coach was a fan of the team. | [A picture containing orange, mammal, indoor, dog  Description automatically generated](https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/795386022094438440/861768279383212052/d9577e9cfde1e118c485217c50bbbd70.png) |

“You can learn to sing in a higher note and to speak in a higher register, but shouting is the hardest thing for a man to do and still sound female”, said the instructor. He would need to apply himself … and he did. He had assumed that mascots don’t talk, but once he learned how to project a loud female voice through the mask, he was confident in using it.

He attended his first games, and he was a hit. The woman who previously performed mascot duties was never as enthusiastic, or even very active at all. Brandon brought new energy to the role, and that energy seemed to pass on to the supporters and then on to the team. Leanne and the other players were pleased.

Even with a mask incapable of expression a good mascot develops a character, largely through physical gestures. Form somewhere inside himself Brandon found a behavior that surprised even himself. He was very encouraging of male spectators. It seemed to Brandon that these were people like him, whether family or friends, supporting women’s sport. He made a pint of flirting with the men in the crowd and presenting himself as “foxy Femily Fox”.

It all went down very well with the crowd, and with the team. Leanne should have been happy, or even proud, but she wasn’t. Her role in the team was not that secure. Brandon’s position was, and perhaps she resented that. Their relationship cooled.

Then just before the big game the head of Femily Fox went missing. Brandon was disappointed but the team was distraught.

“We need the mascot,” they insisted, as one. “Femily is a big part of our crowd support. And worse yet scouts from two WNBA teams will be in the crowd on the night. You have to be there!”

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| “Make me a head,” said Brandon wryly.  But then one of the girls had an idea. They had some foxy ears hair bands. He suggestion was that the mascot could appear for this game “unmasked”. The mascot could be recreated with a new costume and with makeup. But Brandon would need to be up for it.  With the whole squad looking at him imploringly it was not something he could refuse.  “Just shape your eyebrows a little. You can wear a wig.”  When Brandon saw his reflection in the mirror he was impressed. Femily Fox was even more sexy. | [A picture containing person, person, indoor, hair  Description automatically generated](https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/795386022094438440/861768765074964530/e2ee647b4669a9756a8716a657f0469d.png) |

The tracksuit and paw gloves would need to go. A suitable outfit in fox red was available – a classic catsuit with “Vixens” emblazoned on it. The words “Femily Fox” could easily be added high across the back, but some uncomfortable restraining underwear would be necessary in the crotch. Brandon could still do his moves when that was in place. But the problem was the wig. It was all agreed that the long red hair was the right look, but it did prevent tumbling. A wig falling off mid performance would ruin the special place of Femily Fox for the fans and the team.

“The problem with the extensions that we are talking about is that they need to stay in for the rest of the season,” he was told. It seemed that this was all becoming onerous, but the truth is that he liked being Femily Fox. He had found a place. It was something that he was good at. And it was changing him – Brandon was becoming more outgoing. Or was it Brandon?

The extensions were added to his own dark hair and colored. But the volume was more than he had thought. He had hoped that the long hair could be concealed under a cap, but that seemed difficult. And even without makeup, with the brows and long hair even Leanne started calling him “Girlfriend” and the other girls increasingly called him “Brandi”.

Tod Rogerson was a basketball coach and scout for a major WNBA team. He had been a good player in his time, but not a great one. He had hoped to coach a men’s team, but found himself coaching women. It was something that he had never quite come to accept. His intimate relationship with women had always been a problem, but when it came to coaching that was not a bad thing. He kept things professional. It was easy for him not to be involved. The women playing on his team had learned that. Many thought that he might be gay.

Tod was in the stand when the Vixen’s played. He liked what he saw. One of two players had real skills, but the contest was good, and that is what scouts want to see. He made some notes and took some names.

But what had really caught his attention was the Vixens mascot “Femily Fox”. There was something about this girl that he could not quite work out. She exuded a sexuality that somehow hit a note in his head that was still ringing when the game was over.

He went down to the bench after the game and introduced himself to the Vixen’s coaching staff and they were celebrating their win. Other players gathered around.

“I am thinking about coming to see you play again next week,” said Tod. “I am looking at a few of you. I have only one condition. I would like to meet your mascot. Such energy and personality.”

As the crowd around him parted to allow Brandon to approach somebody whispered in his ear – “Just be good to him. Our best players will depending on you again.”

Brandon was aware of how important he had become. He liked that fact. It was a feeling of pride and achievement that had been lacking in his life. Now as he stepped forward it seemed that he was the star of the show. He liked that feeling to.”

“At last, I meet the fabled Femily Fox,” said Tod, holding Brandon’s hand rather than shaking it. “People have been talking about you, and now I understand why. I am staying in town tonight and I wonder if you might join me for dinner?”

Everybody stared. Some of the girls restrained themselves from bursting out laughing. Behind Tod’s head several of them mouthed “Do it” or just “Yes, yes”. Brandon just heard the words “depending on you” in his head.

“Okay,” said Femily/Brandi, because Brandon never would have. “I just need to get changed.”

Brandon went into the locker room with the girls. It was not something that he ever did, but he was now very firmly “on the team”.

They gathered around him, saying how important it was to keep the scout happy and make sure that he came back the following week.

“I am a mascot, not a woman,” Brandon complained.

“We need to take that makeup off and get an evening look together,” said Leanne. “He needs a dress and shoes to fit. Who has got something for him to wear? And he will need a bag. Come on, Ladies. Get this together!” Leanne smiled at Brandon for the first time in a while. She had realized that theirs was now a new relationship – one of best friends.

There was a period of furious activity before Tod’s date walked out to where he was waiting outside.

“I don’t feel that I can call you Femily all night,” said Tod. “What is your name?”

“Brandi,” said the tall elegant woman, although Tod was taller. He smiled. What was it about this woman that made him feel so comfortable in her company? He knew it then, and he knew it hours later when they were head to head in deep conversation over their dessert.

“I do feel that energy is a collective thing,” said Brandi. “if I could bring it to the court and pass it into the crowd, the crowd can give it on the players on the court.”

“You are a fascinating woman,” said Tod.

“I am different,” said Brandi, and then with a more serious tone – “You know that my teams means everything to me, don’t you? I don’t want anything that you might learn about me to affect the chances of some of them making the professional ranks.”

“I promise. I will be here next week,” he said.

It turned out that he would be, but the following morning at the game debrief, the coaching room was abuzz with talk of Tod and Brandon. And then, arriving quite late but looking very satisfied, was Brandi. Her hair was in a stylish ponytail and she had done a very good job of her own make, and she was wearing a dress!

All were agape. “Well? What happened?”

But they all recognized the look. It was the sly smile of a happy ex-virgin.

“He wants me to get breast implants. I have agreed … but not basketballs. I still want to be able to perform as your mascot.”

It turns that Tod had found what he had always wanted in a woman – he just never knew until it was there, and he was holding it’s limp loveliness while they had sex.

And you know what the say about fox sex? When a tod gets deep into a vixen, they knot together, and have some difficulty getting apart.

The End

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