

Team Player - Alternate Ending (Footballer to Sexy Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An alternate take on Team Player: *what if Brandon caught Lumin's Syndrome instead of Richard? Richard takes advantage of the situation to try and transform Brandon into his sexy black girlfriend, one that exceeds a normal bra size in spades, and develops an incredibly erotic figure wholly dependent on Richard.*

Team Player - Alternate Ending

Brandon was acting weird. Richard Starre and him had always been rivals, but was Brandon starting to try and sabotage the team just to undermine Richard's leadership as team captain? It didn't make sense: the only person being blamed was Brandon: everyone knew he had been underperforming in recent games, despite previously being the one to try and always outdo Richard and compete for leadership. It was no hidden knowledge that both men were being courted for the national lineup once they graduated college, but likely only one would be chosen. Football was nothing if not competitive, and neither were all that good about being team players at the end of the day.

So why was Brandon acting all weird?

"It's fucking nothing, dude," the dark-skinned man said when Richard confronted him alone in the locker room to set the record straight. "I'm just having an off few games, that's all. Maybe if ya'll tried to strategise more and use my skillsets, then-"

"We both know you've been fucking up, not me! Besides, I give the crowd what I want - I'm the star of the show. It's literally in my name."

"And that's the problem. You are always the star. The centre of attention. Always landing the final score and making the crowd cheer. I *refuse* to live in your shadow, dude. No way are ya'll going to eclipse me. I'm going to be the centre of attention when it's my turn to shine. Just you wait, people won't be able to look away."

Richard just smirked. "Sure, once you stop making an ass of yourself on the field. Speaking of, have you been eating more or something?"

Brandon shot him a very dark look. "What the fuck does that mean?"

"It's just that your *ass* is looking a bit more padded than usual, man."

"The fuck are you talking about?"

Richard just chuckled and walked away.

Man, that guy is angry. And for some reason even more emotional than usual. He actually looked hurt when I pointed out he'd put on weight. Weird, he works out even more than me. Probably just trying to get out of my shadow. Good luck with that!

Things continued to escalate in tension between Richard and Brandon as the football season continued. They were touted to win game after game, but they began to slip in the rankings as Brandon's performance suffered, despite his previous dedication to outdoing Richard at every turn.

"Dude, just back off!" he cried after Richard gave him shit as the team captain. "I'm doing my best here, and ya'll are all crowding me! I wouldn't be having trouble on the field if I was the one calling the shots. Then it would at least be a team game."

It would perhaps have had more of an effect if his voice wasn't cracking as he talked, and that was something. As a tall black man, Brandon had an impressively deep voice. Richard had seen him naked in the change room more than once, and while he wasn't the biggest player on the team - that went to Tain, the kind-natured ginger who loomed like a giant on the field - he was certainly the biggest *down there*. It was the one area Richard had never outdone him on, but now it allowed him to make a single crack that clearly hit the chink in Brandon's armour.

"How could anyone lead the team if their balls haven't dropped yet, Brandon?"

There was a sniggering among the team, and Brandon coughed, clearly humiliated by this. The fact that his features looked softer than usual only made the fact that actual tears developed in the corners of his eyes all the worse for him.

"F-fuck you, dude. You're the worst. This team deserves someone who isn't obsessed with little more than himself."

Richard put an arm on Brandon. He was nearly one foot taller, but that gap seemed even bigger now, impossibly. "Hey now, that's not true. I'm also obsessed with getting laid with the hottest chick on campus. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to suck on Dina Paley's perfect tits. Catch ya later, *number two*."

There was a chorus of jealousy from the team as he went off to fuck his ongoing girlfriend and total knockout of a woman. Brandon fumed, but that was just Brandon.

Seriously, he is way more aggro than usual. If he was angling to beat me I'd understand, but it's like he's getting weaker and smaller all the time. What's up with that?

The answer would soon manifest.

"Mhhmm, fuck yeah, Richard! Fuck me! Suck on my big tits, I love it when you do that!"

“God, you are the sexiest woman alive Dina. I’m s-so close to cumming. I’m so close.”

“Do it! Cum in me! I love the feel of it! Look at me Richard, I love it when you look at me when you cum!”

Richard winced a little. For all that Dina Paley was hella hot, her voice was more than a little annoying; it had a whiny tinge to it that he just couldn’t escape from. As far as he was concerned, she was a dumb Instagram-obsessed bimbo, but it was her body that kept bringing him back. She thought he was truly in love with her, but those big handful of tits were what really got him going. He came, grunting, but didn’t look at her, instead planting his face in those tits.

It was only afterwards that she complained, despite having orgasmed multiple times herself. She lay naked next to him, still panting a little.

“Why didn’t you look at me, Rich? I told you that I like it.”

He just shrugged as he sat up. “I wasn’t into it. Besides, you know how it is; when a man like me gets going you can’t slow him down or get him to follow orders. It’s why I’m team captain.”

Dina huffed a little. He got the sense that the relationship wouldn’t last too much longer, so he had to think of some interesting positions for them so he could have his full ‘use’ of her before she ended things. Well, *he* would claim he ended things later.

“Well, are you going to be team captain forever? Isn’t Brandon-”

“Brandon’s a nobody who keeps fucking up.”

“No, but I mean . . . haven’t you seen him lately? He looks really odd. Like, all the girls were talking about it last night. He was crying in one of the stalls. The *girls stalls*. He must have walked in there accidentally, but he was wearing a wig or something. There’s no way he grew hair that fast. But then he told us things . . . well, it was pretty private. I shouldn’t share . . .”

Richard was intrigued. It followed the pattern of Brandon acting strangely feminine despite his usual aggression. He latched onto this. “Don’t worry babe, it won’t affect me as team captain. We all know the weak link is him. But can you tell me more about what went down in the stall? I need to know as the captain of the team. You wouldn’t want to let down the ‘Star’ player would you?”

Dina bit her lip as she smirked. “Okay, fiiiine. But only because I totally love you.”

“Yeah, sure,” he said, wanting to avoid the L-word.

“Okay,” she said, sitting up. “It’s pretty big. Like, really, really big. Brandon has *Lumin’s Syndrome*.”

Richard shrugged. “I’m not a doctor, Dina. Am I supposed to know what that is?”

She deflated, but only a little. “Um, it’s the one where you have, like, a genetic condition and if you’re a guy you totally turn into a girl.”

“Get out of town.”

“I’m serious! Look it up! It’s a real thing, and the worst part is it, like, can change your mind and stuff, especially if people around you influence your change.”

“Influence how?”

She bit her lip again, but once Dina started blabbing, she wasn’t likely to stop.

“Well,” she said, starting to get excited. “Apparently Brandon has been told to keep away from, like, psychological discussion of women or whatever. Pictures and photos and masturbation and all that. Basically anything that would turn him on or make other men turned on, because it could, like, make him *into* that kind of woman, y’know?”

Richard was starting to develop an understanding. It was still a shock to him, but explained everything; Brandon’s recent emotional state, his weakness, how strangely soft he had started looking, and, of course, their recent failures on the field. He kissed Dina on the forehead.

“Thanks Dina, you’re the best.”

“You’re not going to, like, tell about this, are you?”

He grinned. “Of course not! I’m just gonna take care of my teammate. We may clash, but I’ve got Brandon’s best interests at heart.”

“Awww, that’s so cute. That’s just another reason I love you.”

“Yeah, you’re not bad either, Dina.”

He made a quick exit to the shower before having to explain why he wasn’t using the L-word.

I’m thinking this Dina thing will be over sooner than later. But this Brandon situation is something else. I need to find out more . . .

Richard spent all night researching, and that was no small thing, given that he was not an academic type in the least. He’d never heard of Lumin’s Syndrome, but it was not only apparently a real thing, but one in which information was still being discovered. But like Dina said, apparently the changes could be influenced, and previous Lumin’s victims even became full-on submissive loyal types, obsessed with their man.

A plan formed in Richard’s head, one that even had him questioning the rightness of it. But with things fizzling with Dina and with him wanting to succeed enough to go to the big leagues, he now had a chance not only to get the team back on the victory circuit again, but also remove his biggest rival.

And, just maybe, get the perfect girlfriend and future wife. If other Lumin's people have become perfect trophy wives to the man they attached themselves to, why can't I do that for Brandon? I can literally make him into the perfect gal to cheer me on. Jesus, it would be the ultimate punishment for all his smack talk if I can manipulate him into getting bigger tits than frickin' Dina Paley.

He grinned at the thought. Hell, it was turning him on. He started searching for images of busty black women, the kind with huge pouty DSLs (Dick Sucking Lips) and impressively fertile-looking hips and ass and thighs. No one matched the perfect criteria of what he wanted, but that was okay. With these images and some inspiration, it would be enough. Soon Brandon would fit the description perfectly.

I can't wait to see him change. If this works, I'll be the true Starre of the show, ha!

In the following days, Richard kept checking in on Brandon, finding excuses to be alone with him, or be in the locker room while he was changing. Brandon was hostile as ever, but that hostility carried a desperation to it now, especially since Richard was doing everything in his power to bring up all the kinds of things he loved about women, especially black girls.

"I'm just saying man, Dina is hot, but she's not nearly as attractive as some of the other darker-skinned girls on campus. Like, seriously, you know what I'm talking about. You're a black dude, and you've had your share of hot black chicks before. Some of them have tits out to here! And that's not even talking about the hair - man, that casual afro look drives me crazy, you know?"

Each time Brandon would wince, his already-soft features scrunching up as he tried to obviously not think about what was being said.

"Dude, why are ya'll talking to me about this? It's the furthest thing from my mind right now."

The bulge in his pants said otherwise, though Richard suspected that this condition was making him more turned on at the thought of *becoming* a woman like that than being with one.

"I guess I'm just coming to you because I know you hate me and all that for stealing the show all the time, but maybe you have some ins with some hot black girls you can help me out with. Dina and I are splitting up, and much as her tits are freakin' divine, I know other women can have even bigger jugs. Plus, I was checking out some chicks on campus, and the African-American ladies just have the hottest backsides, man. I remember you saying that a few months back, right? The thighs, the hips, the ass all of that! Not to mention those big lips: perfect for sucking on my big, hard, long-"

“DUDE! Just shut the fuck up! I - ohhhhh - can’t take this! I - ahhhh - need to g-get out of here.”

Richard hid his smirk as Brandon ran to the locker room restroom, clutching his gut and groaning. “Are you okay? Everything good, Brandon?”

“Like you fucking c-care! NGH!! Just leave me alone!”

“Okay, but tell me if you find any perfect women like I just described! Especially if they’re really horny and submissive. You know the type; not like an Insta-obsessed bimbo but definitely one that knows how to treat and dress for her man!”

More moans echoed from the restroom, and Richard decided that was enough. It wasn’t his only talk of such matters with Brandon, and at first his rival had simply blocked him off. Now, the chats were getting longer and longer, and while Brandon clearly didn’t like them, it was like his body wanted to stick around to hear the descriptions that little bit more each time.

And it seemed to be working. Even Tain, who tried to settle disputes peacefully and certainly never start them, had openly commented on the fact that Brandon was “starting to look like a total chick. It’s not just me right? Like, just look at his face and listen to his voice!” Indeed, ever since Richard had begun openly discussing his ideal woman, flexing his naked torso for faux practice, and finding convenient excuses to show Brandon images of hot women with his skin tone, the man himself had experienced accelerated change. Each day brought further transformation: his face was blemish free on Monday, had a cuter nose on Tuesday, increasingly puffy and pouty lips across Wednesday to Friday, and a rounder jaw by Sunday. Hair growth was happening faster than he could shave it, and once again Tain had questions when they got ready to train on Monday.

“Um, isn’t it impossible to grow hair that fast? Are you wearing a wig, Brandon?”

“It’s not a wig, you moron!” Brandon snapped in his now androgynous voice. “It’s a medical condition, alright?”

Another team member, Dennis, spoke up. “The same medical condition that means you’ve become so much weaker? That’s shrinking your shoulders? Dude, something weird is up. I vouched for you to try for team captain but now I have no idea what crazy pills I was taking. You seriously look like you’re transitioning or something.”

This set off the rest of the team, who immediately began speculating on Brandon’s form, from his shrunken shoulders to his weirdly soft neck - where was his Adam’s apple, anyway? - to how his hips were looking very snug in his training shorts. The fact that his arm hair was gone - he’d never been massively hairy but his skin seriously looked like he’d been putting product on it - only made a great contrast to the growth of curly hair on his head. He winced and grimaced as these comments were made, and Richard took the opportunity to

sidle up beside the changing man and place his hand on his shoulder. His rather soft, smaller shoulder. Brandon nearly jumped, but found he couldn't pull away.

Let's see how far I can take this. I might even rub the skin a little.

He did so casually, acting as if he wasn't stirring up Brandon's arousal, all while he talked in a deep, baritone voice, albeit one quiet enough to slip under the now-raucous discussion of the rest of the team.

"Don't listen to them, Brandon. You're perfect the way you are. At least, you are to me."

"Wh-what the hell are you saying, m-man?" Brandon stammered, trying not to look at him. Trying not to lose control.

Holy shit, this could work. I can see his hair growing in real time right before my eyes. Hell yes. Richard Starre does it again!

"I'm just saying that I know we've fought a lot, and that you feel out of place on the team. But you'll always have a place . . . with me, that is. There's no one I want around more than you, dude. In fact, don't listen to these shitheads. You look fine the way you are. More than fine, in fact. I love the look. Those lips . . . that hair . . . even your ass."

The last part was particularly forward, and perhaps he'd gone too far, because at that point Brandon jerked away, his expression aghast. "What are you - you can't - ohhhh! Ahh! Nghh!"

The group fell silent as they saw his nipples literally enlarge beneath his shirt, tightening and lengthening, tightening and lengthening, until they dented against the fabric even despite its looseness. Richard, who was closer, marvelled at the growth of actual breast tissue; it was the only way to explain how they jutted forward now. More than that, Brandon also placed his hands between his legs, whining in an even higher, more feminine octave as something developed down there. Or perhaps *undeveloped*.

He's going to be beautiful. He's going to be all mine.

Richard practically licked his lips even as Brandon fled. The rest of the team didn't know what to make of this.

"What the hell was that?" Dennis said.

"That was weird," Tain added. "Like an allergic reaction."

"Does this mean he's off the team?" Jesse asked. "We've got a game in four days and there's no way he'll be able to play if he's like that."

"Nah, he's not leaving the team," Richard said, asserting control. "We're just . . . going to give him a new role."

My sexy cheerleader girlfriend, for instance.

Brandon didn't come to any more practice, nor did he show up on campus. Richard was worried he'd overstepped, but he continued to work independently to track Brandon down. The man was changing into a woman, one who was clearly starting to find men interesting, so it was important to keep close to him and mold him further into what he was meant to be. And thankfully, Dina Paley once more came through. All it took him was giving her a nice date and a good lay - something she was always good for anyway - and then enticing the information out of her. Apparently, Brandon was seeing more and more of the popular girls group as he changed; they were sympathetic to him and doing their best to help him adjust despite his fearful reluctance, viewing him as their project of sorts.

Time to steal the project just like I stole Marv Williams' science project marks back in high school.

Dina told him everything he needed to know, but it did cost him any fallback option.

"I just need to know that, you know, you're actually in this for real. That you really love me, Richard."

He couldn't help but groan in annoyance. "Dina, you're being pushy. You know I'm mad about you, and that I love your body, and those-"

"Big tits. I know, I'm pretty happy with my E-cups, but you can't stop talking about that as if they're the only thing about me. And every time we argue or I try to mention something serious it's back to ogling them and, like, totally having great sex sure, but it's not enough. You didn't just have this date to find out about Brandon, did you?"

He coughed. "Of course not. But you know me, Dina, I'm a free spirit. I can't exactly lock myself down to one woman or anything."

Suffice to say, the rest of the conversation turned ugly. Dina had never been the most eloquent or intelligent woman, but she kicked him to the curb more effectively than any opponent tackle on the field could. Word would rippled out the next day if she wasn't already spamming stuff on social media. Which just meant that it was all on him to make this Brandon plan work. To remake his rival into the sexy new girlfriend he deserved, the kind of gal that would have the world not only love him for his sports skills on the field, but be envious of the woman he'd landed outside of it.

Well, she's still technically part of the team. I guess I'm going to get my perfect girlfriend from within the field too.

He found Brandon exactly where Dina said he would be; on the east end of town at a little apartment complex. Apparently he'd moved there since getting his Lumin's diagnosed, and

was hiding away from the world in private. Richard smirked in amusement at this, and rang the door several times. It opened ajar just slightly after the third rap, the occupant nervous. Even through the thin crack, Richard could see Brandon had changed further.

“R-Richard? What are you doing here?”

He didn't even sound male anymore. Not in the slightest. More like a smoky, sexy woman's voice. Well, nearly sexy. Very nearly.

“Brandon! I've been trying to track you down, dude. We're all worried about you. *I'm especially worried about you.*”

The person on the other side of the door swallowed awkwardly. “That's, um, very nice and stuff. But ya'll shouldn't be here. I mean, fuck! Why am I being nice to you? Why are you being nice to me? This is all fucked up. And how did you even find me - was it, *like*, Dina?”

He says 'like' now, interesting. It's true, I always did find that a little sexy.

“Dina told me. She's concerned about you, though not nearly as much as I am.”

“Dude, you fucking, like, hate me!”

Richard shook his head. “You know I don't. Sure, we were hard on each other, but I want you to be alright, Brandon. Besides, who else can I go to when talking about some of the sexiest dark-skinned mommas out there, am I right?”

Brandon moaned behind the door. It was a nice-sounding moan. “H-how much did Dina tell you about what's going on with me?”

“Nothing,” Richard said. “Well, she told me you had a medical condition. I didn't pry. I just wanted to see how my teammate was going. I want to be a *good captain for you, Brandon. A good leader*, if you know what I mean.”

Another struggle of a moan. “Oh f-fuck. Oh God. Just - just fucking come already! I mean, like, come *in* already! I'll explain it all, and then you need to fucking leave!”

The door opened, though Brandon was practically hiding his form beneath numerous baggy articles of clothing. Still, his face was obviously feminised. No, not feminised. *Female*. Utterly female. His lips were already pouty and full, perfect giving blowjobs, and his jaw was soft, skin without blemish. His eyes were a little bigger, and his nose cute though still appropriately wide. There was a cuteness to it now, but it was giving way to a powerful beauty, particularly as the cheekbones became more pronounced. The rest was covered, until he nervously took Richard into the other room and closed the curtains and turned on the light.

“Don't, like, make fun of me, okay? If you make fun of me I will kick your cute ass so fucking hard!”

Cute ass. Huh. It's working.

Slowly, Brandon nervously disrobed, and Richard had to suppress his joy at what he saw. His embarrassment was incredibly clear, and Richard could imagine why. Perhaps in

another timeline somewhere, this could have been him turning into a woman. He was thankful he was the star, as always, of his own reality, because Brandon's form was turning out to be *perfect*. There was no hiding it, even as he removed his clothing down to a bra - an actual bra! - and a set of ill-fitting male boxers that were somehow sliding off his waist while also pulling tight against his hips. The rest of his form was on full display, and what a display it was. His figure had a fully developed hourglass shape now, with hips that were impressively wide. His stomach had lost the eight-pack that Brandon was always bragging about and showing off to girls. Now he had a toned, flat stomach; athletic but female, with just the slightest amount of curve to it to suggest how voluptuous he was becoming. It made Richard smirk just briefly before catching himself.

Those weren't even the best parts, though. Brandon's legs were hairless and shapely, with thighs that were impressively thick. His previously huge cock barely made a shape against his boxers, while his ass had swollen up massively, just as Richard had hoped it would when he repeatedly tried to manipulate Brandon's change. It only enhanced the hourglass look, making Brandon look well on the way to being a *very* fertile woman, complete with baby making hips. Which connected to the other part that Richard was quite taken by. Or perhaps, *parts* would be a better way to put it.

Brandon had breasts. Boobs. Hell, he had *tits*. They looked almost to be D-cups in size, generous and full, their globe-like outlines pushed up by the bra he was wearing; one clearly supplied by Dina and her friends. They were all natural looking, forming a line of cleavage that would make any teen boy drool to look at. Now that Brandon was just in boxers and a bra, it was impossible to think of him as a man, even if he still likely had some male genitals.

She's a woman now, at least close to being so. A chick. I just have to make her cross the final threshold, just like the sites about Lumin's Syndrome spoke of. Make her mine completely.

He put on a surprised face. "Brandon, Jesus! You look - what on Earth?"

"I've got fucking Lumin's Syndrome, dude!" he cried, getting emotional, teary-eyed. "I'm turning into a goddamn woman. Like, a hot one or something!"

"I can see that. Very hot indeed."

"Dude! What the fuck?"

Richard smiled easily, stepping nearer. He even extended a hand and brushed Brandon's arm. The changing man recoiled, but only slowly, and his body shivered, causing his new tits to jiggle rather obviously.

"I'm just being honest, Brandon. Should I even call you Brandon anymore? You seem more like a Brianna to me, don't you think? Besides, it's a really sexy name for a body like that."

“Don’t - Ohhhh! Nngh!”

The near-woman groaned, clutching his or her body. Right before Richard’s eyes her tits swelled up another cup size, straining her bra and bulging over the cups magnificently. Her lips became even fuller and poutier, and he could just imagine them wrapped around his dick, sucking and sucking until finally he blew a load down her throat and she swallowed it all. There was an audible *crack*, and her hips expanded a bit more, her ass swelling to match. Yes, it was impossible to think of Brandon as a man now. It was impossible to think of her as a ‘Brandon’ now.

“Brianna,” Richard repeated. “Doesn’t that sound better? I mean, look at you. So fucking perfect. Well, maybe with just a little more curves. I could help you, Brianna. I could please you. Wouldn’t you want that? For me to please you? You could be, like, my perfect girlfriend. I’d take really good care of you. Everyone would love you. You would be as much of a star as I am.”

Brandon looked panicked. The fact that he was whining while clutching his crotch - a crotch that appeared to have no more bulge in it all of a sudden - was evidence of his concern.

I bet you’re almost done. Just a few little adjustments, Brandon. Brianna. Oh, this will be perfect.

“P-please. Richard. Rich. You can’t . . . you have to go. If you d-don’t go I’ll keep changing. I’m getting all these f-fucking feelings, man. I can barely control them. If you don’t I-leave I don’t know what I’ll do. I might even . . . ohhhhh, f-fuck. I might even . . .”

Richard put a finger on her lips, shushing her. He stepped forward so that her jutting tits were nearly against him, rubbing against his chest. He smiled down at this gorgeous specimen with her perfect dark skin and outrageous curves.

“Brianna, why don’t we just let what happens, happens, huh? I’m your captain, right? Why don’t you let me take the lead?”

Damn I’m smooth.

He reached out and held the back of her neck lightly, pulling her forward. She didn’t resist. No, that’s not quite right. She resisted for only a moment.

“Oh G-God. Fuck. I need this! I need you so b-bad!”

And then her huge lips were on Richard’s, and the taste of her was delicious. Richard lowered his hands down to her ass, fondling it. It grew, expanding further, accompanied by the moans of reluctant delight from Brianna as it became ever fuller.

“S-so big! Have to s-stop! Fuck, have to - need to keep going!”

She was putty in his hands and they both knew it. Her body continued to perfect itself as she writhed and squirmed against him, the pair making out with extreme passion. Soon

they were in the bedroom, her bra and panties off, her perfect pussy obvious to all. Brianna squeaked as she saw it.

“No! My dick! I’m - I’m a woman!”

“Like you were always meant to be,” Richard remarked. “Isn’t this much better than being my second? You now get to be my *partner*.”

It made her coo, and she was unable to resist her nymphomania for him. He shoved his face in her massive bust, licking and sucking and fondling her huge dark nipples. Then she was on the bed, her legs spread wide.

“P-please, Richard. Please . . . it’s not too late.”

“Not too late for what?” he asked, stroking a thick thigh and gripping her ass as he crawled on top of her.

“Not too late for - for - for - for you to f-fuck me and make me yours, baby!”

“That’s the spirit,” he said, grinning. His cock was harder than it had ever been, practically like steel in his grip as he inserted himself inside her. She moaned in shock, arousal, and unwanted but delighted ecstasy as he slowly entered her. He could tell this was the moment he was pushing her over the threshold and making her his. His completely.

“Ohhhh, it f-feels so s-strange! But, like, sooooo good! Don’t s-stop!”

“I wasn’t going to, Brianna.”

“Mhmm, such a good name. Brianna. I’m Brianna. I’m yours. Richard, m-make me, like, your horny girlfriend! Make me yours!”

He had every intention of doing so, and so he began thrusting, slowly at first and then picking up speed. She writhed against him, her massive tits swelling yet again, her hips widening one final time. Her curves were out of control, her tits bigger than her own head. She was one in a billion, perhaps one in eight billion; there was no other woman like her on the planet, and he had made her. Crafted her. And now he was going to *tame* her. He fucked her harder and faster, all while her pussy milked him, gripping his manhood and making them both moan with pleasure.

“N-need your c-cum! Need you to, like, cum inside me! Need to be complete! PLEASE!”

It was enough to finally send him into climax. He exploded within her, and she had her own explosion, experiencing a series of female orgasms that left her shuddering, heavy breasts wobbling all about the place. Richard himself had never cum so hard in his life, nor expelled so much jizz.

This was meant to be, he thought, caressing her cheek as he collapsed against her, breathing into her mouth and kissing her passionately. *The perfect trophy girl for the football star. We are going places, Brianna. And I’ll make sure you come to love your new life.*

From the sweet contented sighs she made, even as she showed embarrassment on her face, he wasn't wrong. She had fully submitted to him, and now that her changes were complete, there was no going back.

She was Richard Starre's girl for life now.

“AAAAAAAAND TOUCHDOWN! Another magnificent point scored by Richard Starre! This kid is going places, I tell you! Going places! And that's the game folks, and what a game it was. But who could doubt the outcome with a man like Richard Starre at the head of it! The team had its troubles mid-season, but now they've won the whole shebang, and deservedly so! I hate to say it, but dropping Brandon Becker from the roster seems to have made a big difference. Of course, one other difference seems to be motivating our stay player and team captain, and here she is now!”

The crowd roared in approval as Richard made his way across the field after the group celebration huddle, crossing to the incredibly curvaceous and gorgeous black woman in a sexy cheerleaders outfit. Brianna Becker - who was apparently Brandon's cousin as far as the wider world knew - had quickly become the most popular cheerleader at these events, and enough to generate publicity over her own future career. She was madly in love with Richard, and seemed to constantly look for excuses to be near her man, cheer for him, or simply attach herself to him. With her incredible bust and gorgeous hourglass figure, not to mention her incredible ass, she had generated her own incredible following. It was practically a little for Richard to make out with her in a very public PDA before going back on the field. Not many were complaining.

Of course, Richard and Brianna knew the real story. She had once been Brandon, but was helpless to her new affections. She was addicted to pleasing Richard, fucking him twice or more a day, and revelling in giving him long, slow blowjobs. It made her orgasm just to swallow his cum, something which humiliated her, though less and less now. She just couldn't help but be his perfect sexy black girlfriend, always showing off her body and being his trophy, the best one he'd ever earned even when considering his football accomplishments. It had taken a little bit of time to become accustomed to her new life. She still remembered being Brandon, having a dick, being into girls. But the mental changes were far-ranging; she even had a strong fashion sense to always show off her hot curves, especially her deep, deep cleavage. Not to mention a compulsion to be extra girly for Richard, since he rather liked that. And submissive; God, she was submissive, always doing her best to please him not just in the bedroom but by doing the things he liked to do - even if that was indeed often sex. But even at her most hesitant moments, the feeling of having his

big cock thrust into her wet pussy made all concerns melt away, and all but impossible for her to fight what she had become. It was just as Richard had planned.

And as far as I'm concerned, Richard thought as she moaned into his mouth, clearly eager to fuck him straight after the game, I've earned this. I finally made Brandon into a team player.

Brianna herself wasn't going to offer up any complaint even if she was still occasionally embarrassed by her new life. Richard was now her guiding 'Starre,' and she literally couldn't imagine a life without him. When he became a true football sensation in the national league, she'd be right there as his hot trophy wife.

Just the thought of it made her shiver in delight, and Richard knew it.

The End