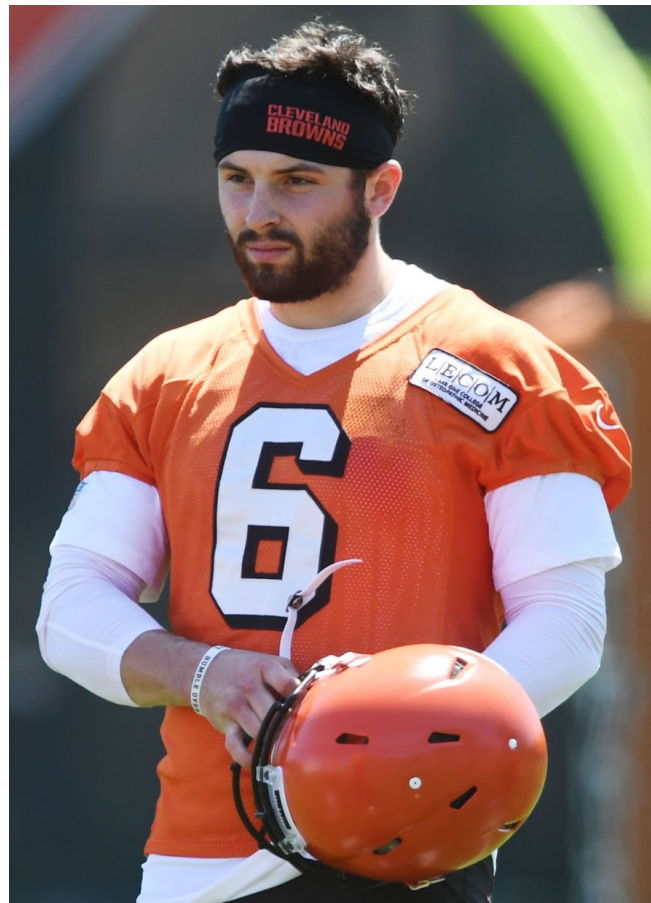


A Different Football Career

By Soul-Controller

For Baker Mayfield, nothing mattered more than playing football. As such, it wasn't surprising that the man was quite furious about his current situation. Ever since his start in 2018, Baker had been the leading quarterback of the Cleveland Browns. However, his team's decision to bring aboard new QBs during the offseason suggested that his days as the starting quarterback were numbered. The coaches had even expressed to him that they were looking to "go in a different direction" in the hopes that a change at the quarterback position might lead to a more successful season for the team. Despite the inevitable fact that he would surely be let go from the team and have to be traded elsewhere, the man tried to take the realization all in good stride. Given the fact that he had a wife to help take care of, the man's extreme ego was quickly pushed aside as he attempted to formulate a trade deal.



To Baker's relief, several teams seemed interested in gaining his expertise on the field as their starting QB. But this relief turned into extreme annoyance when he met with the higher-ups at the Browns in an attempt to get them to officially trade him. Although they all agreed with Baker's assumption that he would no longer be the team's quarterback, the individuals at the meeting refused to accept any of the 27-year-old's requests to be traded.

For the next several months, Baker found himself still unable to make any progress towards getting traded. To add even more insult to injury, the Browns wasted no time showing off their new QB pick to the media while slyly stating that their newest season will be the "best one yet". Simmering in bitterness as a response to the disrespect, Baker soon found himself relying on his wife more and more to comfort him. Given there were articles being published online painting him as a diva who had forced the Browns

management to turn against him, he felt as if the entire world was against him. Being stuck in a weird career limbo only added even further pressure and stress to him, pushing him towards total helplessness. As such, the man often found himself having long discussions about the future with his wife, discussions that would often take them well past midnight. It had affected their sex life too: Baker was simply too stressed to get himself going.

One fateful night, the sleepy man quietly wished that he could be back on the football field as soon as possible before passing out. While he dreamed of being the starting quarterback again and leading his team to a Super Bowl victory, Baker had no way of knowing that something in the universe had picked up on his plea and opted to grant his wish...

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As the sound of a loud pop song suddenly pulled Baker out of his dream of winning his first ever Super Bowl, the man was understandably confused by the bombastic production and youthful male voice that was ringing out in the bedroom. Groaning in dismay at the unusual wakeup, he awkwardly reached out a hand to find the source of the noise and eventually came across the cell phone that was ringing out a custom alarm.



Turning his head away from the pillow, Baker was quite confused when he hit the snooze button on the phone and suddenly saw the lockscreen on it. Instead of the usual lockscreen of a photo of Baker and his wife that they had taken while vacationing in the Bahamas, there was instead a photo of a younger couple in the middle of a passionate embrace. Although it seemed possible that this could have been a photo of Baker given the fact that the man in the photo was in a football uniform, that possibility was quickly proven to be invalid as the player looked nothing like Baker and the slender young woman didn't resemble his wife either.

While this realization was certainly a shock for Baker, that quickly paled in comparison as the screen went dim and the man saw his own reflection. Instead of the manly visage that had neatly trimmed stubble and slightly angular

features, the face Baker saw was one that was much more delicate. In comparison to how he used to look, Baker suddenly found himself in possession of a rounder chin, plumper lips, and a cute little button nose that worked well with the wide doe-eyes right above it.

“Wha- what the FUCK?!” Baker cried out, only for the unfamiliar face to contort into a horrific expression as he heard the light and high-pitched voice that he was now speaking with. Upon having this realization, it quickly became clear that the reflection shock wasn’t just a simple trick of the light. Somehow he had woken up in the body of a woman and spoke like one too!

Clearly in shock and desperate to wake up from this incredibly realistic nightmare that he had seemingly found himself in, Baker quickly pulled back the covers on the bed and caught sight of his new attire. Instead of seeing his buff and shirtless torso, there was now a soft white crop top adorning his chest. Along with this, the black pair of designer underwear that he had fallen asleep with had also changed, with Baker now wearing a light pink pair of shorts. Due to the shock of the situation, Baker immediately hopped up onto his feet and began to look around. In comparison to his buffer male body, there was a nice spryness that left him feeling strangely energetic as he moved around.

But as he rushed around the dorm room (which his quick glance around had identified his nightmare’s setting as) in search of a bathroom to hopefully splash some water onto his face and wake up properly, Baker’s attention was increasingly drawn to the sudden heft he felt along his chest. With the rapid motion that he was going through in search of that bathroom, the breasts that were now jutting out of his chest were wildly bouncing around as the woman had clearly taken her bra off prior to sleeping. To make matters worse, all of those peculiar sensations were for nothing as there was no bathroom inside the dorm room. As he frantically tried to recollect his memories of going to college, it quickly dawned on him that the girl was seemingly in a dorm that shared a communal bathroom.

Despite the intense feelings of embarrassment and awkwardness he felt about operating the slender feminine body he was now in, that quickly fell to the wayside as Baker was desperate to not only get some answers but also to see who he seemingly was now. So after quickly propping open the dorm room door since he couldn’t be bothered to find the room key, Baker quickly crossed his arms around his loose breasts and rushed down the hall to find the bathroom. Luckily, the desired location was only a few doors down so Baker was able to quickly enter the room and escape the potential attention of others in the dorm.

As the door shut, Baker frantically made his way down until he approached the full-length mirror that ran along the eight different sinks in the restroom. Upon having his eyes meet the reflection reflected back at him, the hunky football player immediately gasped in shock and let out a high-pitched squeal. "I- I'm a woman?!" he said aloud, his voice wavering with uncertainty due to the absolute bizarre situation he found himself in. There was no reason why he would suddenly wake up and find himself in the body of a college student, so that left Baker even more confused. He had no questions about his sexuality and adored his masculine identity, so the concept of suddenly being in the body of a young and attractive young woman left him quite fearful. What would happen if he left the dorm and found himself hit on by some college jock? Even more troubling was the concept that they might not accept him brushing them off, which, being a straight man, he would of course do. He had no muscles, so he couldn't physically teach this metaphorical man a lesson if they were to persist!

Thinking about this lack of strength, Baker immediately began inspecting his new feminine physique. While looking in the mirror, the man awkwardly moved his limbs around, taking note of the minimal muscle that he was now sporting. Instead of biceps or anything that was too bulky, Baker's arms just looked soft yet toned, which only made him feel more feminine as a result. Looking closely at the skin of his new limbs, the simple sight of no body hair was enough to cause the man to panic as he found himself missing an aspect of his body that he had never paid much attention to prior. The dark brown dusting of hair that ran along with meaty forearms and sizable biceps was a testament to his manliness, so the fact that the hair there now was minimal and completely colorless along with the lack of any real muscle was a soul-shaking sight for him to behold.

Although he had certainly found himself getting acquainted with his perky breasts as he ran around the dorm room, it was still incredibly horrific for Baker to move his eyes downward and see those soft piles of flesh rather than the firm yet modest pecs that he used to sport. As he moved each hand towards a corresponding breast, Baker looked into the mirror and watched the female reflection mimic him. While he slightly gripped into the soft and doughy breast tissue, the man couldn't help but grimace as he forgot about the long manicured nails he was now sporting that had dug deep into the flesh.

Now proceeding with caution, the man further explored his new chest. Although it was the same sensation he had already gotten used to, the moment his fingers grazed along the areolas of his chest caused him to shiver and gasp in shock. The electric-like tingle of pleasure that coursed through his body was a complete jolt to his system as he found some form of solace in the swap. Despite the fact that he hated being a woman, Baker couldn't resist continuing to rub his nipples through the shirt and enjoy the one

brightside to the situation. It was incredibly peculiar, especially since this brand new sensation was already emitting pleasure that could rival the enjoyment he felt when putting his dick to work with either his wife's eager pussy (or mouth) or his hand when she was away.

Despite this strange new sensuality he had discovered, the football player's unwavering masculinity refused to allow himself to peek beneath the waistband of the woman's shorts to get a glimpse of his new genitalia. The concept of viewing a pussy on his crotch rather than his sizable manhood was a troubling thought, so his mind refused to even acknowledge the possibility. Instead, his eyes continued downward to inspect the lower half of his new body. For years Baker had gained solid quad muscles from running on the field and working hard in the gym, yet now as he looked down at himself, he only saw a thin pair of legs that lacked any real definition besides the natural curve of the feminine physique. Even worse, as he looked down at his thighs, he found that he even had a thigh gap that could easily fit a roll of quarters no problem.

Desperate to finish this horrific body tour and immediately jump into bed in hopes of waking up from this nightmare, his attempt at turning around and tilting his head back to check out his ass was quick but left quite the impression. While there was a slight element of pride at still having a prominent derriere despite it now being soft and supple rather than muscular, Baker immediately began to feel bashful as he noticed how much was revealed due to the tight and extremely short shorts that the woman had put on prior to bed. The bottom fourth of each ass cheek was on display for anyone to see and he had only just noticed!

Trying to push the fear aside though, the man turned back around and took a moment to lean into the mirror and observe his new features (after having to push the woman's huge and wavy hair away from his face). While it was somewhat nice to see the visage in a well-lit mirror rather than a black phone screen, it was still quite terrifying to see not a single morsel of his former self reflected back at him. His facial hair had completely disappeared to leave him with cheeks as smooth as a young child, which only added to how young he felt despite only being regressed less than 10 years. As he continued to tilt his head and observe his delicate features, the man suddenly began to grasp the potential of having to wear makeup if this wasn't some short-term issue. Not surprisingly, Baker was quite terrified about the notion, especially since he had no skill about it and felt no desire to do it, particularly as he had always perceived that to be some sort of "queer" behavior.

Baker's self-inspection was interrupted when the door was pulled open and a young girl began to walk in, prompting him to gasp in alarm. While he tried his best to just ignore

her and pretend like he was just checking in on himself in the mirror, it seemed as though the blonde-haired woman knew the girl who Baker now was.

“Oh hey there girl, I was wondering when we’d bump into each other again! How are you doing?” she inquired in a friendly manner, flashing a pearly white smile in Baker’s direction while walking up towards the woman staring into the mirror.

As Baker tilted his head slightly to look in the girl’s direction, the man immediately began to take note of how attractive the woman was. Unlike the body Baker now found himself in, this total stranger was incredibly curvy with an even heftier pair of breasts and sizable ass. Despite knowing that he was married to a woman, the college-aged hormones coursing through his system left Baker feeling incredibly turned on. But no matter how hard he wanted to jump into flirting so he could hopefully engage in intimacy with the woman, Baker’s status as a male left him completely clueless about how to operate a female-on-female interaction. So instead, the man awkwardly attempted to make his grand exit and return to his room.

“I um- I have to get ready for something,” Baker said, his voice stuttering consistently as he turned away from the door and exited the bathroom. In his haste, he quickly paced towards his still-open dorm room and rushed in. Upon slamming the door, the man was constantly overwhelmed by what was going on. As a result, he quickly rushed over to his bed and jumped into it, hoping that he would be able to fall asleep and wake up from this strange nightmare he was having. But just as he fell into the bed, a sudden knocking on his door left the football player groaning in annoyance. Whether he liked it or not, it seemed as though he would have to remain a college-aged woman for a bit longer...

“Hey Olivia, are you ready to go yet? We need to get moving,” the clearly feminine voice said on the other side of the door. As he finally began to understand what the woman was saying, it quickly dawned on him that one of the many puzzle pieces that he had been searching for had finally arrived. Apparently, the woman he now was had the name Olivia. As he began to pace towards the door, Baker tried his best to formulate a response that would ideally get the woman to leave him alone.

“Uh, hey there,” Baker said, still taking a moment to pause due to how bizarre it was to hear a feminine voice coming out of his mouth. “I’m feeling, um, a bit under the weather right now. I don’t think I’m going to be able to go,” he responded, hoping that his response would ideally get the woman to leave him alone.

Unfortunately though, the woman was unwilling to leave. “Olivia, you know that you can’t miss practice today! We’ve got a big match in a few days to worry about, so you better take some medicine and get your ass ready for cheer practice ASAP!”

Upon hearing the fact that his new body was apparently a college cheerleader, Baker couldn’t stop himself from speaking once more. “Oh for fuck’s sake,” he angrily growled under his breath, but it seemingly wasn’t low enough to avoid the mystery woman’s hearing. As she asked what was going on, Baker just curtly responded with a “Just a minute” and headed away from the door.

For several minutes, Baker paced around and tried to figure out what to do. While it was certainly possible for him to just pretend to be sick, the woman on the other door seemed unwilling to take no for an answer. Plus, as he began to consider the option of going, the man’s eyes brightened at the concept of potentially finding someone like a football coach there who he could try to convince about who he really was. But just as he started to amp himself up towards the possibility of going to the cheer practice, the man instantly cringed at the realization that he would be forced to put on a cheerleading uniform - clothing that had been the source of countless sex dreams of Baker’s high school and college years.

So while Baker could have surely spent several more minutes in deep thought about the situation, the loud knocks on the dorm door forced him to make a quick decision - he would put aside his fears and go to the practice. Upon making the decision, he quickly made his way towards the girl’s bedroom. Given the fact that he was still not used to the dorm room he found himself in, it took Baker a few minutes before he finally was able to search through all of Olivia’s clothing and stumble upon the cheerleading uniform that Olivia wore. Although he was certainly not excited about the fact that he would be forced into wearing a skirt, Baker found some solace in the fact that the university’s cheer uniforms weren’t skimpy at all. The most skin that the uniform showed was from the thighs down, so that provided some comfort in the sense that he wouldn’t be wearing a midriff top that would show off his lean stomach and dainty arms.

Despite his apprehension, the continued yet muffled commentary of the woman on the other side of the door forced Baker to finally get to work and change into the uniform. Upon pulling the uniform and the long-sleeve compression shirt off of the hanger, the man quickly grabbed the garments and made his way into the bathroom inside the dorm. Moving with haste to both avoid the woman’s continued annoyance and to prevent himself from seeing his new feminine body, Baker quickly peeled off the girl’s pajamas and pulled on the cheer uniform. Once this was complete, he finally made his

way out of the bathroom and exited the dorm room to undergo his first ever cheerleading practice.

Given the fact that he knew nothing about cheerleading, Baker prepared for the worst as he made his way out onto the sidelines of the football field and lined up with the other cheerleaders on the squad. Although several girls exchanged pleasantries towards “Olivia”, Baker’s nerves and continued confusion still left him remaining quite closed-off and unresponsive. Luckily, the sudden arrival of who Baker presumed to be the older and intimidating female coach caused all of the girls to stop speaking and prevent Baker from feeling more stressed out.

At first, the football player struggled severely when it came to doing simple tricks such as backflips and reciting the cheers desired from the coach. But as time continued to pass, it seemed as though the combination of the body’s muscle memory and Baker’s calmed nerves helped unlock the much needed cheerleading skills. By the time the cheer coach told the girls to take a break halfway through practice, Baker had somehow been able to perfectly execute every chant and move that he needed to.

Although there was a strange sensation of both relief and panic about suddenly unlocking those skills as he headed away from the coaching staff to get some water, it didn’t take long until Baker was once again having a full-on panic attack. As he took a sip of the water and angrily pushed the ponytail he had haphazardly done back behind his slender shoulder, the NFL star suddenly tensed up as two thick hands moved across the small of his back and moved around until both arms were wrapped around Baker’s slim waist. “Hey there babe, you looked great out there,” a deep voice suddenly purred into Baker’s ear, which caused him to immediately push himself away from the man.

As he turned to look at the man, Baker immediately gasped as he realized several things. Firstly, he immediately recognized the man’s smiling face as the one he saw on Olivia’s phone wallpaper and lock screen, but he also couldn’t deny the sudden shiver that ran



through his body upon taking in the sight of the buff ginger man all decked out in a football uniform.



Despite knowing that he was 100% heterosexual, Baker was suddenly finding himself oddly attracted to the man the longer he continued to stare. With his eyes beginning to wander, he immediately took in the man's trimmed stubble before continuing downward and taking in the man's buff physique. Although he had never really been a fan of tattoos prior, Baker was suddenly overcome with thirst for the one that was proudly displaying a bible verse against the jock's thick and bulky bicep. While he continued to let his eyes wander in strange curiosity, Baker's attention was finally broken as the hunky ginger began to speak once again.

"Hey, what was that for? Did I scare you or something?" he inquired, a deep chuckle escaping from his throat as he tried to move closer and bring the shocked cheerleader in for a hug.

But Baker immediately backed away from the man and tried to get the man to leave him alone. "No, I just don't want to be touched by some asshole I've never met before," he curtly responded, crossing his arms around his midsection after accidentally going too high and meeting resistance from his sizable breasts.

"Liv, why would you say that? I'm your boyfriend! Did you somehow hit your head while you were practicing," the football player responded, that chuckle disappearing for a clear look of concern as he tried to observe the woman. "Let me go tell your coach that something's wrong and I'll take you to see the nurse," he responded, giving Baker no time to respond before immediately jogging off towards the cheer coaches. As Baker turned to watch the jock continue jogging, he instantly began to scold himself as his eyes wandered down past the man's broad back and focused in on the man's firm ass that was bouncing with each step he took. Even though he



was mentally scolding himself for his sudden thirst for the man though, a small smile couldn't help but emerge on his face as the jock returned and led him off of the field.

After heading into the nurse's office, it only took a few minutes before the nurse was able to come into the room. Before beginning the test to see if the cheerleader was concussed, the nurse revealed that she had to run to the nearby basketball arena to get the appropriate equipment. As the nurse quickly excused herself, she silently left the room until the jock and cheerleader were left completely alone.

As a few minutes began to pass by, the two individuals sat in complete silence. But as he continued to observe the busty cheerleader's anxious face and nervous fidgeting, the jock opted to finally break the silence. "Babe, I know when you're happy and when you're going through something. I care for you, you can literally tell me anything and I'll listen and not judge you," he slowly said, his voice full of compassion as he looked directly into Baker's eyes. "So please, if there's something going on, tell me and we can figure it out together!"

Upon hearing that final sentence, Baker was suddenly overcome with butterflies in his stomach. Ever since he woke up, he had felt utterly alone and left to fend for himself. But now with this jock sitting here with him, he no longer felt that way. There was a strange sense of comfort emerging in his mind, so much so that he was unable to stop himself from revealing the truth about his situation. Swallowing deeply, he looked up towards the man and anxiously fiddled with his fingers before letting the truth spill right out: "So uh, I don't really know how else to say this, so I'm just going to say it. I'm not really Olivia, I'm Baker Mayfield."