

# Tomboy (Jock to Tomboy TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## An Anonymous Commission

*Brock the jock accidentally walks in on his roommate performing a magical ritual, accidentally transforming him into a busty, buff tomboy. Despite her roommate apologising profusely, she's initially pissed, but she gradually warms up to her roommate. Eventually she embraces being a tomboy, and starts dating her roommate passionately.*

## Tomboy

'Brock the Jock,' they called him. It was for good reason too. The man was six-foot-two, built like a brick shithouse, and the leading sports person at his university campus. It didn't hurt that he was handsome too; a strong jawline inherited from his father and bright blue eyes from his mother. It gave him quite the success with the ladies, especially in the last two years on campus. At just twenty years old, he'd already slept with all the available girls on the cheer squad, not to mention a heap of the hottie fashion chicks as well. He had dreams of seducing one of the sexy English professors, a mid-thirties woman named Melissa, but even he knew that might be a bit of a reach. Still, he had noted the way she looked at him when he passed.

And this was nothing compared to his presence at clubs, parties, and wild nights hosted by fraternities and sororities alike. Brock partied hard, drank until he was drunk, and then seduced the nearest hot chick and found a place to get it on. More than once he'd been a force to reckon with, competing with other male peers over a woman or just plain getting into a fight. One incident at the Mary Looaha Club was particularly memorable.

"She's my fucking girlfriend!" this random guy had screamed over the music, pushing Brock away from the hot Latina he was dancing up on. She had the kind of hips that were just made to be held during sex, and her hair smelled fucking fine. The fact that her body was wrapped up in a tight little black number only made her all the more enticing.

"Dude, she's dancing up on me! If she's your girlfriend, I'd suggest you find another!"

Brock chuckled and continued to dance up on the woman. She was tipsy, but so was he, and neither were drunk yet. They were just having a good time, and she was yelling in Spanish at her boyfriend to scram. He didn't get the picture.

"You can't just do this!" the man whined. "She's my fucking girl! I said back the hell off!"

He went to push Brock again, but it wasn't even a competition. Brock sent the guy flying with a one-two punch combo that briefly knocked him out. The Latina lady was shocked, but only for a time.

"That was so freakin' hot," she whispered in his ear later when he took her back to his place. She slipped out of that little black number, and soon she was crying out in Spanish for altogether different reasons. Her name had been Marcia or Gabriella or something. She'd wanted to go steady, but that wasn't Brock's way. No, he wanted to stay mobile and sample every hot lady he could find. The relationship, therefore, was just a couple of weeks of hot sex and delayed commitment, followed by a 'that was fun, good luck with your next man!' farewell. The funny part was, as devastated as she clearly was, she didn't even curse him out. That was the thing about Brock, a feature he was well aware of: a handsome grin, an offhand joke, and a few charismatic words will not only charm the pants off of a lady, but prevent any rumours that you were some kind of asshole.

Even if he knew he kinda was.

Still, chicks weren't the only obsession Brock had. Part of the reason he stayed so fit and handsome, not to mention popular, was because of his heavy involvement in sports. Specifically, the college football team. He was its captain, and one of the best damn players on the field. Often the bleachers would be chanting his name, and he would revel in that fact. His teammate and friendly rival Dustin often made comments about such.

"C'mon man," he said once. "I was fighting out there just as hard as you. Hell, we ended up getting the same amount of points over the line. How come they aren't chanting my name?"

Brock teased his friend by giving his curly black hair a noogie and then placing his friend into a headlock.

"You know exactly why, buddy. 'Cause I always get the winning touchdown. Not to mention I'm the Captain."

"It's a wonder you can play with an ego that big," Dustin said, pulling out of the headlock.

"It's not the ego that's too big," Brock replied before tapping crudely at his crotch. "Now, if you'll excuse me, Sabrina Manecki is looking for a place to store this big dick of mine!"

"You really are too lucky, man."

He truly was, not that he ever minded it. The only thing that wasn't lucky, as far as he was concerned, was his actual living situation. Brock, despite his wishes, had not secured a stay this year at his preferred party boy fraternity Kappa Kappa Psi. One too many drunk incidences, one too many pranks, one too many times when he was caught up in a scandal or fight involving the hot girl of the week had infuriated his father, who had determined that if

Brock was going to have his college experience paid for, then his father would choose where he was living.

Which meant Brock was staying in a college apartment block instead of a fraternity, with his roommate *Edgar*.

Edgar was about as far from a jock as one could imagine without actually looking like a nerd. He was of average height, average weight, average appearance, and with his brown hair and brown eyes he could practically sink into the background of any photograph you took of him, even if he was the only one in it. He wasn't majorly into sports, though he did sometimes sit down to watch the NBL or matches from the World Cup. Most of the time he simply kept to himself, studying away on his education degree. Still, sometimes the situation chafed.

"Do you have to be bringing back girls at such late hours?" Edgar had complained just a week ago.

"Hey man, just because you can't pull-"

"Jesus, not this again. I have had girlfriends. I have had sex."

"And yet, no girl in sight."

"Look, it's not about that, Brock. You can't just bring in a giggling drunk girl at 2am and then fuck so loudly you might well be waking people up in *Europe*. I have to study! I have exams coming up! I have a fucking *life!*"

Brock just rolled his eyes. "Fine, we'll be *quiet* next time. Quietly *not being virgins*."

The man had huffed, but peace was restored over the following days. Brock knew there was a line to toe, and didn't want to anger his father. And it wasn't the most unreasonable request. It wasn't like he hadn't asked Edgar to put some of his weirder decorations in his own room instead of out in the living area, or to quieten down when he was doing his weird chants. Brock didn't really know the guy all that much, but his roommate had some weird religious leanings, or interest in the supernatural. He had lots of books about the occult, and occasionally collected odd spices and chemicals and residues in various vials that formed racks upon his shelf. Brock knew that because he'd almost used one as a spice once until Edgar stopped him.

"Don't use that! It's literally the ground-up eye of a newt!"

"The fuck!?"

He claimed he was into Wicca and stuff, but Brock just thought it was weirdo nonsense. No wonder the guy was a virgin, or close enough to one these days. He just had to ignore it and continue enjoying his college experience. Live that frat bro life, even if he didn't exactly have a fraternity living style.

At least, that was what he thought he would do. But everything changed when he returned to his apartment one warm spring day having just finished up with his football

practice. Brock was feeling good, and while he knew there was another big practice before the next game, he was keen to hit the clubs tonight. Ashley Terram was going to be there, and she had tits like fine, dark fruit that he just couldn't wait to squeeze and suck on. She'd sent him the signals, and now he just had to reel that busty, dark-skinned fish in.

But those thoughts evaporated from his head when he entered through the door and saw the strange state of the living room. The furniture had been cleared, and there were strange chalk lines and depictions all over the woodwork where the carpet had been pulled back. A number of multicoloured candles had been lit, and Edgar was in the centre of all these circles, making a strange chant while wearing a dark hood that made him look positively ridiculous.

"Ed, what in the living fuck is this?"

The young man looked up in surprised. Clearly he hadn't heard Brock come in. He stopped mid-chant, and suddenly something bizarre happened: glowing sigils and symbols, pink and purple in colour, began to glow menacingly around him, hovering impossibly in the air.

"B-Brock! What are you doing?"

"Dude, what are *you* doing? Is this some weird freakin' special effect!?"

Edgar panicked, and quickly managed out another strange incantation. The sigils floated around him, glowing brighter. Even the chalk was glowing softly. It was weirding Brock right out.

"You weren't meant to be home so soon! You said you'd be back after two!"

"Practice ended early when Dave busted his knee, and I couldn't be assed attending my English lecture. What the fuck is going on here? What weird fantasy nerd stuff is this?"

He stepped forward, and at this, Edgar's eyes went wide. He suddenly reached out with his hands.

"No! Don't! You can't step over the-"

But it was too late. Brock realised too late that he'd slid his foot over the chalk line and disrupted it. All of a sudden, the strange sigils floating in the air shifted in colour, turning vibrant hues and shaking as if totally unstable. The chalk circles and signs began to shake, almost as if a miniature earthquake was unfolding. Even the density of the air seemed to change; Brock felt a sudden urge to blow his ears out, like one would at a high altitude on a commercial air flight.

"Shit! Shit!" Edgar whined. "I have to try and fix it!"

"What did I do? What is this?"

"It's a ritual! A magic ritual! And you've broken the arcane circle. We have to get more chalk and fix it up, because if we don't, all the energy released might cause a fluctuation in reality. Shit, Brock, listen to me, whatever you do, don't-"

*BWOOOOM!*

Before Brock could even move, a flood of that pink and purple energy cascaded over him, around him, and *into* him. He cried out in horror, hands moving to his handsome face to shield it from the blast, but it was far too late by that point: the impossible magic energy poured into him, suffusing every cell, energising his very essence. He was blinded by the glowing sigils swirling all around him, shifting and interlocking into new configurations, spelling out his fate in a long-dead language. Brock couldn't even hear his own terrified screams, the sound of the energy blast was so loud in his ears. More than that, it blared inside his mind as well, bypassing his auditory senses entirely.

Then, as quickly as it had come, the bright violet light disappeared. Specifically, it disappeared *into him*, sucking like a vortex into his boxy, centred on his chest. It swirled, hurricane-like, or perhaps as if the plug had been pulled from a bath. The tall, powerful jock grunted and moaned, clutching his chest even as the last of the energy disappeared into it. He stood there, panting in the aftermath, trying to figure out what had just happened.

"E-Edgar," he managed. "What the fuck was - nghh!"

He cringed. There were little pressures. Pinpricks of energy forming within him that were growing by the second.

"Brock, are you okay?"

"Nghh! No, obviously I'm not fucking okay! What is this? Fuck, if f-feels weird! Ahh!"

"Oh God," Edgar muttered.

He noticed it just before Brock himself did; all of a sudden, the ripple of energy within him kickstarted a transformation of his entire being. Brock clutched his midsection, overwhelmed by the feeling of every single cell in his body flaring up and changing into something new, his very DNA resequencing. Brock's powerful, manly body began to rapidly change. Groaning, the man was unable to properly speak as his muscles shifted, limbs altering in length and strength. His biceps reduced in size, his height as well, bringing him down to a still-tall six foot even.

"What - what the fuck is h-happening to m-meeee!?"

"I don't know!" Edgar screeched back, just as shocked. "I'll see if I can reverse it! Um . . ."

He started to stammer out an incantation, but it was useless, and the man was clearly falling over his own sentences in a panic. Meanwhile, Brock continued to change, muscles falling away, his figure becoming slender. He groaned from the sheer pressure of it; there was no pain, but it was certainly alien and discomforting and five different slices of emasculating. His shoulders lost their great width, while his jaw became rounded rather than square, giving him a tough but far more feminine appearance. His hair remained short, though it grew out a little to cover his ears, and this added to the femininity, because now he

had a tomboyish pixie cut, the kind that suited a girl more than a boy despite the shortness, and even more so because his hair was far shinier, his dark curls strangely pretty, not that he knew that just yet. The hair on his chest and legs and arms and even his face, on the other hand, zapped away. There was the briefest of pains as it went, but then suddenly he was looking at smooth arms which, thanks to their being more slender and having perfect nails, now appeared to *definitely* belong to a woman, rather than a man.

“Stop it! Fucking stop it!” he cried, voice going higher. It took on the husky, growly tone of a tough, authoritative woman, but a woman nonetheless. Brock gasped, and even that sounded all wrong compared to his usual baritone. “I said stop it!” he continued, trying to keep his voice low. “Before something happens to my - oh God! NO!”

It was too late. His nipples flared, and the pressure growing in his chest was impossible to contain. Breasts - large ones - expanded from his chest, complete with big, sensitive nipples. They pushed against his shirt, which was just now loose on him and his tinier waist, but now stretched tight around his large bosom. Sexual pleasure radiated from his new tits, which grew and grew until they were easily bigger than Stephanie Debicki's, and she was the chick who always bragged about her 'Double-D Degrees.'

“I've got TITS!? Why the hell do I have freaking *TITS!*?”

They were heavy and full and they hung from his chest. Just having his nipples suddenly so much further away was all kinds of strange. But the changes did not stop to give him time to take stock of himself. Instead, his waist pressed in further and his hips flared out. Thankfully, he did not lose all of his musculature, but his body became more toned than bulked, his midriff still possessing visible abs but not to the extent he'd once possessed.

“Edgar, put a stop to this! Stop it now before I lose my fucking cock!”

He was panicking now; everything was feminine, and his new large tits were blocking the view of his own feet, though he could feel them shrinking slightly.

“I'm trying but I can't! I don't know why this is happening!”

It was too late. Suddenly, Brock experienced a sharp *tug*, one that pulled his member right back into his body in one fell swoop. He groaned loudly, clutching his crotch, his eyes rolling into the back of his head from the alien sensation. A new pussy *bored* through him, tunnelling straight towards a uterus that was part way through forming. His testes followed, and they squeezed discomfitingly into his vagina with a loud *Pop! Pop!*

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh,” he whined, shuddering, the foreign sensations mingling with a strange and unwanted sense of pleasure. He stood there, posing oddly, holding his crotch, even as his clothing re-wove itself, changing to match his new female appearance. All Brock could do was touch his new opening, which was wet and aroused, his new clit bulging.

“Ohhhhhh, f-f-f-fuck! FUCK!”

In moments, the changes were over, and Brock was no longer a jock at all, but an attractive and powerful-looking woman. She was still very tall - though not as tall as before - and incredibly fit, and certainly she looked like she worked out often. Her dark hair was in a pixie cut, and her face was almost cute despite her despair: she had a small nose and large blue eyes, and a set of lips that were not plump, but certainly not as thin as they used to be. Her eyebrows were thick but not bushy, giving her plenty of expression. Edgar looked up at her, blinking and voiceless, not knowing what to say. She was obviously very, very good looking, and he was finding it hard not to stare. This was, no doubt, because she was undeniably a woman as well when it came to her figure: her breasts were large, cupped together in a sports bra to form a long line of cleavage, and the fact that she was wearing a white tomboyish tank top only added to the effect. Her thighs were thick and powerful, her legs long - runner's legs - and while she did not have a quarterback's shoulders anymore, she certainly had a female swimmer's shoulders. All in all, she looked like a bombshell athlete; tall and curvaceous, with a short haircut and casual shorts and tank top to demonstrate her tomboyish personality.

At least, that's what she appeared like. And she was certainly able to take in that appearance, too. The stirrings of magic were gone, and she stumbled to her room where her full figure mirror sat. With each great breath, her large breasts rose and fell, hanging on her chest and thankfully not quite so heavy with a sports bra on, though it did emphasise her chest yet further. She spun, trying to get used to her changed centre of gravity.

"You fucking dweeb! What the hell did you do to me?"

Edgar swallowed. It was clear even he hadn't anticipated this outcome. "Um, I think it's best if I explain that over a hot tea," he said. "It'll take some time."

"I've got a goddamn better idea," Brock said, marching to the fridge and trying not to be thrown off by the way his hips swivelled differently. He pulled out a six-pack of beer, the stronger stuff.

"I need some fucking alcohol for this," he said, cracking one open. "And if you don't find a way to explain what happened and how to turn me back, I'm going to turn you inside fucking out, man."

Edgar swallowed again. "I'll do my best. I swear."

He did explain, all of it that he knew, though Brock could barely keep still thanks to the strangeness of his new body. Whenever he shifted, so too did his boobs move pneumatically, and he kept touching his crotch occasionally, as if in hope that his impressive penis that he'd used on so many women (and happily at that for all parties involved) would miraculously grow back.

"The thing is," Edgar said. "I'm a warlock. Well, I'm trying to be. Look, the first thing you need to know is that magic is actually real."

“I’m well fucking aware of that, thank you!” the new woman spat. She cupped her large chest and pushed it up to show off an impressive amount of her large bosom. “Or did these fucking cantaloupes not give anything away?”

Edgar blushed a deep shade of red and tried to keep his eyes on Brock’s. “Well, yeah, I guess you do. Look, there’s magical talent in my family ancestry I’ve discovered, so I got really into the occult a few years ago, and Wicca and Pagan rituals and the like. I met up with some others with limited talent, and I’ve found that I’ve had some minor success in summoning circles. You know, turning rats purple for thirty seconds or getting a plate to float in the air until someone else sees it. Nothing really impressive.”

“Okay, magic exists! How the hell does that lead me to having E-cup tits?”

He’d checked his new bra and gone goggle-eyed at it earlier while Edgar made them tea. E-cups? That was huge! They felt even bigger on his smaller frame.

“I, um, well I was trying to say . . . okay, look. This is very embarrassing, but I was trying to summon a succubus.”

“A what?”

“A demoness with the powers of seduction and arts of lovemaking. Think of her as a really hot looking woman but with red skin and horns and wings and all that. Very dangerous to deal with, but I thought I’d done my research.”

“Why the fuck would you want to summon that?”

Edgar blushed further. “Well, you’d been making fun of me for being such a virgin lately! I’m not, but I’m not pulling as much as I’d hope. And I kept on striking out, so I thought, why not magic? If you summon a succubus correctly, you can keep them bound temporarily and force them to give you blessings and boons of love, seduction, even virility. I wanted to be, I don’t know, better with girls and shit.”

Brock looked over himself again. He cupped his breasts for emphasis, not realising it was actually turning Edgar on. “And how does it lead to these frickin’ puppies?”

“I don’t know! I think . . . I think by breaching the chalk summoning circle when I was only part way through the ritual summoning spell, you must have absorbed the feminising energies of the ritual entirely.”

“WHAT!?”

“Succubi are like the incarnation of female sexuality and seduction. I guess it sort of mingled with and overpowered your own body, but not entirely. I mean, you still think of yourself as a man, right?”

“Of course!”

“And you’re not, well, not the *typical* kind of woman. You look more like a really hot athletic tomboy chick.”

Brock cringed. “Did you just call me hot?”

At this, Edgar gave the most slightly amused smirk. "I mean, can you blame me?"

Brock looked down at his deep line of cleavage. At his powerful, athletic, but very attractive figure. And that wasn't even getting into his cute face and his short pixie cut.

"Fuck," he said, which was basically an admission. "Well, turn it back! Hurry up then, resummon this and do it-"

"I can't," Edgar said. "You can only summon a succubus once. You can only even *try* once. You can't even do it on behalf of someone else as a workaround. If you've been touched by succubus power, energy, or even the summoning process . . ."

"You're fucking with me."

"I'm not. I really thought I had time. You said you weren't going to be home!"

Brock growled. He stood up, still annoyed at how much his bust 'jumped' with him, and stormed back to his room.

"Then what the actual shit am I gonna do now, dude!? I can't exactly go around as Brock now, can I?"

He marched back with his wallet out, tears brimming in his eyes, new emotions springing forth thanks to his more feminine nature.

"Just have a look at this! Do I look like my photo anymore, huh?"

Edgar's eyes went wide. "Uh, yes. Actually. Identical."

"What? Seriously?"

The new woman turned the wallet around, and then gaped. His ID had changed, as had his student card. Both showed his cute new face. He wasn't listed as Brock now either.

He was *Barbara*.

Quickly, the former male ran back into his room, only to realise for the first time since changing that all the clothing had transformed too. He had piles of women's underwear, and bras too. There were skirts, a single dress, but mostly lots of tank tops, t-shirts, and various shorts and trousers in women's sizes.

"What the hell now?" he asked, bewildered.

"I think we didn't just change your body," Edgar said, appearing at the doorway and looking utterly sheepish. "I think, when you stepped through that chalk line, you changed your entire reality. I think you're Barbara now. I think you've always *been* Barbara."

The new woman absorbed this, taking in her room and her ID card again. And then, 'Barbara' fainted.

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Brock was, of course, horrified by the fact that his entire reality had changed, and the more it dawned on him in coming days, the more horrified he became. It wasn't just his body, but his

entire history that had been altered. He uncovered his new life from photos, from mementos, from internet histories, even from (shudder) football players that had once been his teammates who now smiled eagerly and showered him with compliments. Brock got the sense that 'Barbara' had put out more than once, and that quite a few players liked the big, strong girl type. It was gross to even think about. Well, it wasn't *that* gross, because that was the other thing that shocked Brock: *Barbara* was into boys. His damn body couldn't help it. Even as he kept up appearances on campus and attended lectures and tried to get used to putting on a freaking *bra*, he found it hard not to look curiously at other men. This even extended to Edgar, who was working tirelessly away to try and turn Brock back, despite the apparent lack of hope. Sometimes Brock would just stare at the man as he read, admiring his intensity, his plain looks giving away to something more . . .

And then he'd have to shut the door to his room and goddamn *masturbate* already, and feel his big, sensitive tits up too while he was doing it, just to get these gay thoughts away. Not that they felt gay to his new female mind.

He supposed it made sense. In this shifted reality, as Barbara, he'd *always* been a girl. Always. The only real ups were that 'she' wasn't a girly girl. No, his entire new history showed that Barbara was a tomboy through and through. Even the photos of her as a kid revealed her to be rolling in the mud, playing soccer as soon as she could walk upright, camping in the wild and grinning from ear to ear. There were old medals in her room that somehow outstripped Brock's own achievements.

"Goddamn," he said to himself, still not used to his new voice after several days. "I'm the captain of the football team, still. The *women's* football team."

It was a small consolation, he supposed. They had practice the next day, and he wasn't looking forward to feeling so much weaker, smaller, and girlier on the field. Could his large breasts even take it? Did they make sports bras that good?

With a weary sigh, he exited the shower with these thoughts, having cleaned off his very female body after yet another round of masturbation. *That*, he would make no apologies for, not even the quite female sounds he accidentally produced during the act. At the very least, he was getting to experience the amazing female orgasm. He towed himself down and got dressed in some jeans and a t-shirt. It stretched tighter across his chest than he would have liked, but at least the bra covered his nipples. It was as close to looking like a boy that he could get right now.

"Okay, man. It's been three days," he said as he stormed out. He loomed over the five-foot-seven Edgar, and put his hands on his wider hips. "Tell me you've found a way to turn back."

But he knew from the moment Edgar looked at him that all hope was lost.

"I'm sorry, I don't think it's possible," Edgar explained, indicating some old writing in one of his many tomes. "Breaching a chalk circle during a ritual is a dangerous thing, and can result in permanent change. I think you're stuck like this, Barb. I'm so sorry!"

"I'm not Barb!" he said, grabbing the book and throwing it in anger across the room. "I'm Brock! No matter how your goddamn magic changed things! And if you can't solve it, I'll do it myself! Right after football practice tomorrow!"

Of course, that meant getting *through* football practice. Being the captain of the female football team, Brock was at least in his element. He even knew some of the players, like Evelyn Hughes, who he'd had a delightful one night stand with in his other life. Now, however, he was one of them. Getting changed in the changeroom with them, and not having one iota of attraction to them. At least it was a familiar environment.

"Okay, guys - girls - we get out there and we fuck up the opposition," he said.

"It's a practice, Barb."

"Y-yeah. But you gotta stay in the fuck-em-up mindset. We're going all in today. So no complaints abbot period cramps or emotions or whatever-"

Evelyn gave Brock a look like he was going crazy, which he honestly felt like lately.

"Barb, what the heck are you goin' on about?"

"Yeah," Helen Mayes said. "Don't tell us you've been taking coaching tips from Dustin Leward or something!"

The girls guffawed among themselves, and Brock had to break into a sheepish smile.

"Um, yeah. Those dumb jock boys, right?"

"I don't know, some aren't bad," Evelyn said with a smirk. "Are you feeling sick or something today, Barb?"

"You've got no idea," he muttered under his breath. "Look, let's just get out on the field, can we?"

It was, at least, quite freeing. Yes, his big boobs bounced even in the supportive sports bra, and yes, he wasn't as fast or strong or implacable as he was used to being, but at least he was a muscular, toned tomboy who could dominate the field, man or woman. The kicks and passes weren't as aggressive, few of the players were, in fact, but it was still aggressive on *some* level. By the end, he was left panting, drinking from his water bottle, and for the first time since becoming a woman, he actually felt *good*.

"Damn, Barb," Evelyn said. "You weren't right out!"

"Just needed to prove something to myself," he said, before taking another drink.

The good feelings didn't last, however. While football practice gave the new woman some of her mojo and self-confidence back, Brock didn't have nearly the same success when it came to things outside his proverbial fields of expertise. As Barbara, he visited the library numerous times, and took advantage of an academic record that was more

impressive and less scandalous in order to check the school archives as well. All this high-level academics was far beyond him, but surely there was something online or physical that could change him back? Unfortunately, nothing turned up, and not even going over Edgar's weird notes while he was away could help Brock. The new woman might as well have been training to be an engineer on Mars. The whole task became impossible, and by the time a week had passed and an actual women's football game was looming on the horizon, he hadn't advanced a single bit.

"Ughhh! Fuuuuuuuck!" he moaned, slamming his head into the desk he had at home. Well, Edgar's desk. "I'm never gonna change back! Never!"

At this, Edgar, who was standing by, placed a hand on the woman's shoulder. Annoyingly, there was a kind of ripple of warmth he felt in response to that. He pulled away.

"Dude, I'm not really a chick. Don't touch me."

"S-sorry," Edgar said. "I was just trying to comfort you."

"Yeah, well, I don't fucking need that, do I? I need to have my cock back, but since I can't have that, I guess I gotta adjust." He stormed out of the room. "I've got a game tomorrow night. I'm gonna go relax."

Relaxing, of course, entailed *self-pleasure*. To Brock's humiliation, he'd become quite addicted to the female orgasm. And this body gave *plenty*. Beneath the bed covers, the former male played with his new parts, teasing his opening and rubbing his nipples. The feeling of cupping his breasts left him imagining a man doing the same, and perhaps because of their proximity and Ed's wandering eye, part of Brock imagined *him* touching her as well. Yes, *her*, because during those moments of self-pleasure her female side came out, and she couldn't help but *feel like a woman*.

"Ohhhhh, yesss. F-fuck me," she moaned. "Fuck me with your big - ahhhh!"

She squirmed, shaking with passion, images of a man taking her - *Edgar* taking her - flooding through her mind. It should have revolted her, and it later would, but in those moments of arousal it was all too much, and all the better for being so.

"Stupid fucking body," she complained, "making me gay for men. And why the hell am I into fucking *Ed* of all people!? I should be into goddamn athletes! Hunks like Dustin!"

But in her imagination, she was *riding* Edgar, showing him who was boss. She fantasised about him during those moments of peak arousal precisely because he was more average-sized. She was still taller than him, and likely stronger too. She may be a tomboy, but she was also the one in control. The hot athletic chick who was bagging a guy who had to worship her, because they both knew she was out of his league.

At least, that was the fantasy. The more she indulged in it, the more her mind naturally pivoted towards femininity. There's only so much you can do to try and maintain an image of yourself as a male, and by the time two weeks had passed, Barbara was struggling

to hold onto that particular self-image. By that point, she was having to shave her legs, habitually sitting down to pee, and found putting on her E-cup bra second nature. She'd had guys catcall her, usually while walking back to the apartment from campus, often with some variant of "I'd like to climb you, tall girl!" or "nice rack, tomboy! Not fooling anyone with jugs like that!" She wanted to scream at them, and particularly tell them that being a tomboy had nothing to do with one's figure and everything to do with aesthetic, but she always stopped herself short; saying so would admit that she actually cared about her tomboy aesthetic.

There was also the fact that everyone was calling her Barbara, too. Not just the bitchy girls jealous of her figure, either, and not just the guys on campus who hit on her (which flattered her as much as it grossed her out). No, there were her teammates, good people like Evelyn and Helen who she was getting close to. They had that same sporty drive to them, and while Evelyn had that inner rivalrous fire, Helen was the team comedian, and actually managed to lift Barbara's spirits more than once.

But the biggest thing that truly made it difficult for Barbara to think of herself as Brock, beyond going through her first humiliating period or learning to cross her legs properly or deal with her new feelings towards guys . . . was having her name chanted out loud in the stadium after their first major win.

It had been an arduous game, so close that the Dolphins had nearly pulled off a victory against them. Barbara wasn't used to captaining a women's team, or factoring in the different kind of plays and athletics of their weaker frames, but she quickly learned she could factor in an impressive amount of endurance from her girls.

"Fuck yeah!" she cried. "We did it! We did it, girls! We did it!"

She'd scored the final touchdown. It was so much like being Brock, and yet different enough that she was still Barbara.

*"Hooked by the Barb!"* her supporters chanted. *"Hooked by the Barb!"*

The girls gathered around, and Evelyn wrapped Barbara in a glorious hug, followed by the others. The emotion of the moment hit Barb like a cannon shot. She couldn't stop beaming and yelling out in victory, throwing her fist up to the crowd. She felt *proud*, damn it, and not just of herself but her team as well.

And that was when she noticed someone yelling from the crowd, someone who looked distinctly out of place yet more revved up than even the most diehard women's sports enthusiasts. It was Edgar. He'd come out to watch her play, and was roaring and swinging his fist in the air like he was some kind of jock instead of the weirdly cute guy she'd started to think of him as. With a smile on her lips, she raised her hand and waved it to him, and he waved back. The two exchanged a big-toothed grin to the other.

It was also the first time she hadn't been angry at him for the change.

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Barbara was on a good streak. Yeah, it was still annoying to be a woman, especially when her big boobs just wanted to be free of a bra at the end of the day, and she was dreading her next period, since it turned out she was quite a crammer, but a sense of normality was returning. She'd spoken to her parents for the first time, and her father in particular was way nicer to her, perhaps because this new her wasn't nearly so scandal-driven.

"Yeah, Dad," she said on the phone. "I'm doing fine. We won our second game in a row last night, so that was pretty damn cool."

*"I saw on the TV! I'm proud, sweetie. You're doing us all very proud. I'll have to come visit. You know, I know we discussed this, but if you truly still want to join a sorority, I'll support you. I was being far too overprotective before. I guess I still just think of you as my little girl too much, sometimes."*

The words were alien, yet . . . weirdly comforting to hear.

"Dad, I'm not a little girl, you know that."

*"You never were! I mean, you grew up like a shoot, darling! Truth be told, when you turned out to be such a tomboy, your mother and I thought you might be, well, trans or something."*

Barbara had to keep herself from chuckling sadly. "Who knows, maybe in another life? I'm just kidding, Dad. Look, I don't think the sorority life is for me. I'd rather stay with Ed."

*"Is there something going on with you and Ed? Your mother and I have talked, and she seems to think that you two would make a lovely-"*

It was at that point that she heard Edgar return, the door to the apartment opening.

"Sorry, Dad, gotta go! Love you, bye!"

She hung up. Funny how much easier it was to say 'I love you' now that she was a woman. There was a small smile on her lips even when Ed entered the living room.

"What's up?" he asked. "Were you talking to someone?"

"Just my Dad."

"Ah, hope everything is . . . okay?"

"Yeah, it's fine. Better, actually. We got along better with me as a chick, who would have thought, huh?"

"I've still been researching, by the way. I haven't found anything to help, I'm sorry, but I'm trying, Barb. Brock, I mean."

She put up a hand. "Don't, dude. I'm Barbara now. Barb. Look, it's not all that bad, okay? And it was my fault as much as yours. I stepped in on something weird and kept on barging forward like I was on the football field. By the way, I saw you at last night's game."

He blushed a little. It was a cute look. "Yeah, I thought I might go."

"I didn't figure you for a big football guy. More soccer and NBA."

Ed scratched the back of his head. "Yeah, well, I wanted to support you."

For just a moment, her heart fluttered. Goddamn, these female emotions. She was still brusque and often tactless and aggressive, still a total tomboy even if she wasn't a *boy* any longer. But then something like this happened and she actually felt . . . touched.

"You don't have to do that. Fuck, man, you really don't."

Edgar shrugged. "I want to, though."

She was about to argue against him, but decided there would be no point. She wanted him there as well.

"Hey," she said. "Let's watch an action movie tonight or something. I'm in the mood for something testosterone-driven and with hot people in it. You down?"

He actually smiled. "Is sci-fi off the table?"

"Definitely. Well . . . mostly."

"That gives me some leeway for suggestions. Let's do it."

They did. The pair of them ordered Chinese takeaway and watched some sci-fi action flick that Ed suggested. It wasn't too bad, but the main thing was that it was *entertaining*. Barb enjoyed the hot leading man, but when she pointed out the lingerie scene with the attractive leading lady, Edgar just shrugged.

"Not really my type," he said.

"You don't go for the barbie types?" Barb asked.

"I thought I would, but not anymore."

"Oh, what type of gal are you into, Mr Virgin?"

"Hey, none of that, now."

"I'm just kidding," she said, before nudging him. "Go on, tell me. What type of girl revs Mr Edgar's engine?"

He looked up at her, his brown eyes large and surprisingly beautiful up close.

"Tomboys," he said, and the words slipped from his mouth with total sincerity.

Barbara paused, not quite knowing what to say. She hadn't even thought about the fact that she was wearing just shorts and a tight tank top, her boobs sticking out dramatically. She took in Edgar, as if seeing him truly for the first time.

And then she did something that surprised even herself. She moved in to kiss him. Edgar did the same, and their lips brushed, a soft, meaningful kiss. A spark of passion and attraction and-

Barb pulled back. Her cheeks were red as strawberries.

"Shit. Fuck. I - I don't know what came over me. I've been drinking too much beer."

"I'm sorry!" Ed said suddenly. "I don't know what I was thinking either. It's just . . . you were sitting here and we were talking about girls and . . . shit."

"Let's just watch the movie."

"Yup."

They watched it in near total silence, barely taking it in, the tension between them so highly strung that it could have been cut with a pair of plastic child play scissors. When the movie was finished and the credits began to roll, Barb got up wordlessly and went to her room and lay down in bed.

She lasted about thirty minutes of restless movement before she gave up and masturbated. She thought of Ed the entire time.

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The awkwardness, though still present, did not last as long as Barb expected. Life was simply too busy, and she enjoyed Ed's company too much. She started asking him about his private magic studies, which were on hold for a time, and he in turn met with her often on campus. She continued to develop her friendships with Evelyn and Helen, and even attended a party for the first time at the local frat.

It wasn't exactly as fun as she'd hoped. Yes, there was the familiarity of the music and the tipsiness and laughter and social connection, but the boys were like sharks circling bloody waters. On Evelyn's advice, she had to watch her own drink to make sure nothing was slipped into it, and while Jack Hunter was a very good looking football player, she found she had no interest in sleeping with him. Sure, her damn heterosexual female mind had a desire for it, but her male pride revolted at the prospect. More than that, she didn't want it to be *him*.

"C'mon," he said, getting up close to her, looking at her large chest. "I bet I could have lots of fun with these. Trust me, I'll make you cum like crazy."

"I think I'll go like crazy, dude," she said.

That was when he grabbed her arm. "Hey, bitch. I was just flirting, don't be such a slu-"

He didn't even get to finish the word, because Barb punched him right out with a single thrown fist. The man fell to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

"Yeah, still got it," she said to herself. "Anyone else wanna get up in my face? Huh? Didn't fucking think so."

It was a spoiled night in all, and Edgar could obviously sense it, because the next day he took her out for brunch, his treat. She ate a big breakfast as an athlete's life demanded, and something more familiar continued to stir between them.

“This is so fucking good,” she said between mouthfuls.

“I told you, this place is the best.”

“The company ain’t bad either. I can’t believe I used to think you were boring.”

He chuckled. “Lots of people do. I guess I just fly under the radar.”

“Way under. Girls are missing out. All those *tomboys* out there.”

They both exchanged a glance, but no more was said until she had a lightbulb moment. It was silly, she knew. Far too flirtatious, and yet . . .

“Hey, it’s been over a month and a half since I changed. I need some new clothes. Gotta work out this new tomboy style of mine. Plus, I don’t think some of my bras are the right size.”

“I can drop you off at the mall, if you want?”

She shrugged, hiding her smirk. “I was thinking . . . I could use a second pair of eyes. Someone to help me with my new style, yeah?”

At this, Ed went wide-eyed. “Uh, yeah. Hell yeah, I’ll help. Anything I can do to help.”

“Don’t get too excited, Ed. You’re not gonna see my tits.”

But a small part of her wanted to show him. Let this would-be warlock see the fruits of his work. And what lovely, big, wobbly, ripe, sensitive fruits they were.

In the end, he sort of did get to see them, at least supported by a bra and with no top in sight. Barbara couldn’t help herself. That electric chemistry was still in the air, and Edgar was being more open about it now, too. At one point he even called a tight black top she was thinking of purchasing “really sexy,” and pointed out a pair of shoes that would totally suit her: boots that were tomboyish but not goth. He had a good eye for that stuff. So she repaid him by letting him see if a bra “looked right.” Yes, she mostly went with sports bras, compression bandages, and things that dressed down. Just for the hell of it, she chose a black push up bra that hefted her E-cup puppies up into massive *jugs*, full and round on her chest, with a line of cleavage you could stuff bills into.

“What do you think?” she asked him, hand on her hip. “Too much?”

The look on Ed’s face was fucking *priceless*. The man practically spluttered his response: “I - I mean, I thought you weren’t - I mean, you look amazing, Barb. but, uh . . .”

She was pretty sure her cackling laughter annoyed everyone in the store, but she couldn’t hold it in. The fact that each guffaw caused her boobs to wobble only made Ed’s discomfort all the better.

“Man, being a chick really does have its perks,” she noted. “I can literally hypnotise guys. Ha!”

At that, even Ed had to laugh too.

This was the dynamic that continued between them for some time. Barb played her football games, and continued to be the star of the team. It was hard not to fall in love with

the girls, and without all that testosterone in her system, she even found herself cheering for Evelyn when she got the winning touchdown instead of her.

“You did it, you crazy bitch! You fucking did it! GO EVELYN!”

They hit the clubs that night, and this time she actually invited Ed to go with her. The music blared loudly, and her body vibed with it. The girls mainly wore dresses, but she had her denim shorts, leather jacket, and *ACDC* shirt on. It was a magnificent vibe, and for once she held back on making fun of Ed, even with his ridiculous dance moves. The man was awkward on the dance floor, but instead of joking about it, she found herself dancing up against him, the two of them given liquid courage to do so.

“Use your hips!” she said. “Follow what I do! And start to jump with the music, man! Like this!”

Ed actually managed to get into it. Barb was starting to bite her lip, looking at this cute guy. God, she wanted to do things to him. She wanted to be *his* tomboy. She barely managed to keep these thoughts to herself, but Evelyn and Helen were soon backing off, giving her and Ed space to dance.

“C’mon, you two are totally cute together!” the former said. “Have a fun night, now!”

Barb took that as a cue to get home. She booked a taxi for her and Ed, and they piled into it, still laughing over their shared dance moves. But their conversation died down when they were dropped off. The pair stepped into their living space, not quite knowing what to say.

“Hey, Barb-”

“I don’t understand why you’re doing all this, man,” she told him, leaning up against the wall and folding her arms beneath her chest. “It wasn’t your fault, really. I barged on in like a total dickhead. You shouldn’t feel the need to hang out with me just because I turned into a woman and can’t turn back.”

Edgar blushed a little. “I know. I used to blame myself, but not anymore. It was just a dumb accident. But I like spending time with you. You know that. You’re a cool person, Barb, and if there’s one thing this change has done is that it’s brought us closer together.”

Barb smiled, and her gaze lingered over him. Her annoying female brain, even if it was a tomboy’s brain, was definitely into dudes now. More than that, she really wanted a dude she could be taller than, stronger than. She wanted *him* to be her emotional anchor, and to be totally okay with an elite athlete chick being the one in charge . . . at least physically. And if one thing was for certain, it was that Edgar was not intimidated by such displays. In fact, quite the opposite.

“We are pretty close, aren’t we?” she said. “Like besties, right.”

“Something like that,” he said. “We were dancing pretty close, you know.”

She bit her lip. God, her nipples were hardening. And there was that warmth between her thighs. She exhaled slowly, noting how Ed's gaze fell to her bosom as it rose and fell.

"We were pretty close when we were watching that movie too, weren't we?"

She stepped closer to him, and Ed didn't step back.

"Y-yeah, we were."

"And when we went golfing, I held you from behind, showing you how to swing."

"I thought you called that embarrassing?"

She took another step. "Maybe I was just . . . in denial about how much I liked it?"

"You were?"

"It's pretty fucking comfortable with you, dude. All the time. Shit, I'm not good at this emotional stuff, even when I've got a pussy. Look, Ed . . ."

She was working up the courage of what to say next. Ed moved slightly closer to her. Their gazes were locked.

"Yeah, Barb?"

"Did you want to . . . go out to the club again, tomorrow?"

"Sure thing. Wasn't that the plan already?"

"No, I don't mean just go. I mean go together."

He cocked his head. "Wasn't that still the plan?"

She chuckled in embarrassment. "No, I mean *together together*, dude. As in . . . Jesus, this is humiliating. As in you and me, as a couple."

Edgar blinked. "Um, are you asking what I think you're asking?"

"Christ, dude, just answer already! I'm not going to repeat myself."

"Then yes, absolutely! I'd love that, Barb."

She breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank fuck. You know I mean as a date, right? Like, going out with a girl and shit?"

Ed chuckled this time. "I get it, don't worry. Actually, cards on the table, I've wanted that for some weeks now. I just didn't want to say anything or take advantage of you, given that you're - MMPHH!!"

She couldn't resist her body's needs anymore, especially now that they were in line with her heart's as well. She pulled him against her, lowering her face to kiss him on his lips. Her nipples brushed against his chest, and the feeling was sensational. Slowly, he melted against her, the two feeling one another's bodies as they made out on their apartment couch together. Barb finally felt like she had something to look forward to in matters of sex, especially as that wonderful heat built up between her thighs. She was a woman, sure, but things hadn't changed *that* much. She was still tall, buff and tough. She was still pretty damn masculine, hot looks aside. She was still a sports star, and damn confident. Aggressive, even.

She pulled off her top, then worked the bands of her bra, releasing her large breasts right before Ed's face. The man paused, taking in the sight of them.

"Go on then," she said with a wink. "You wanted a tomboy girlfriend, here she is. Now hurry up and squeeze my huge tits while I fuck your brains out, dude. I've been wanting to do this for *weeks* now, and I've only gotten more eager since."

"Yes, ma'am," Ed said, a smile on his face. She lifted his hands up to grope her breasts, and she let out a long, passionate moan from the sheer bliss of it. She pulled at his trousers, releasing his member. It was, surprisingly, quite well-sized. Not up to the stature of her previous member, but she wanted all of Edgar, and this would easily do. Licking her lips, she adjusted her position and tugged down her shorts and underwear, flinging them to the other side of the room. Now she was naked on him, and he in turn had removed his shirt. She leaned down and kissed him again, her nipples brushing against his chest.

"Fuck yeah," she moaned. "I think I can get used to this."

"I think I can get used to you getting used to this," Ed said, stroking her nipples.

She cooed, overwhelmed by the pleasure of it all. Barb straddled his hips and began to lower herself down, his erection so very close to her opening.

"Time to lose your virginity, big boy," she teased.

"I told you, I'm not a - ahhh!"

With a grin, she lowered herself down on him, crying out in passion as he slid into her sensitive depths. Fuck, it felt good. So damn good, and not wrong one bit at all. This was exactly what she wanted, and she wouldn't give it up for the world.

Barb had a strong feeling she was going to love being a tomboy.

By the time she began bouncing on Ed's lap and milking his cock for all it was worth, she was absolutely sure.

**The End**