

Tomboy (Jock to Tomboy TG)

By FoxFaceStories

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. Brock was six-foot-two, built like a brick shithouse, and the leading sports person at his university campus. He took pride in his masculinity, and certainly in how successful he was with the ladies. More than once he had slept with the hottest girls on campus, and when he hit the clubs he was easily a force to be reckoned with; he'd been in more than one drunk fight over a woman and punched his way to victory. Of course, most of the time he had a natural, confident charm as well.

But all that changed the day he walked in on his roommate conducting a strange ritual. His previous friend Jeffrey had left the state only a few weeks ago, and Brock needed help to pay the rent. The only one that could fill the spot on short notice was a guy named Edgar. He didn't know him super well, but he was a fairly average guy who mostly kept to himself. Not a big athlete like Brock, but not exactly nerdy at least, either. As far as Brock was concerned, the best roommates kept to themselves and didn't complain when he brought hot girls back home to bang in his bed. And Edgar fulfilled both those conditions. In fact, he was quite private. One Wednesday morning, Brock found out why.

It was because his damn car keys were missing. He couldn't find them anywhere. Normally, he wouldn't open up the door to another man's room without knocking, but he'd slept like hell and for the first time in a while had actually struck out at the club, so with the hangover he was nursing his patience was shot. He pushed open the door.

"Hey Ed, I need my fucking car keys or I'll be late to campus, have you seen - what the hell?"

Edgar was in the centre of a chalk-drawn circle on the wooden floorboards, a series of candles burning as he mumbled a strange incantation. Pink and purple sigils glowed menacingly around him, hovering in the air. His eyes opened, concentration broken as Brock realised that he'd slid his foot over the chalk line and disrupted it.

"No! Brock, what are you doing!?"

"What am I doing? What is this stuff?"

"The circle! You've broken the ritual! The energy released might-"

Before Edgar could even finish his sentence, a flood of that pink and purple energy cascaded over his body. He cried out in horror, but it was already too late: the energy poured into him, suffusing his very essence.

“Nghh! What - what is this!? Fuck, it f-feels weird!”

“Oh God,” Edgar muttered.

Brock’s muscular 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 but not immense five-foot-nine. His shoulders lost their great width, while his jaw became rounded rather than square. His hair remained short, though it grew out a little to cover his ears. The hair on his chest and legs and arms and even his face, on the other hand, zapped away. Breasts - large ones - expanded from his chest, complete with big, sensitive nipples. His clothing re-woven even as his waist shrunk and his hips flared out. His musculature remained powerful, but more toned and lithe than the bulk he had possessed. He cried out as his member slid back inside him, followed by his testes. A womanly slit replaced them.

“Ohhhhh, f-f-f-fuck! FUCK!”

In moments, the changes were over, and Brock was no longer a jock at all, but a cute, powerful-looking woman. She was still tall - though not as tall as before - and incredibly fit, and certainly she looked like she worked out often. But she was also undeniably a woman; her large breasts tenting out her tomboyish tanktop attested to that.

“What the hell did you do to me?” she gasped.

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.”

Edgar was a warlock, or at least he was trying to be. He had some form of magical talent, and had achieved minor success in summoning circles. He was attempting that very morning to summon a succubus in the hopes of learning the secrets of love and seduction, having had very little success in the arts himself. But by breaching the chalk summoning circle, Brock had somehow been subjected to the feminising energies of the ritual, and now had been turned into a buff, tough woman.

Brock, of course, was horrified. His body had been changed, true, but his entire life was also altered. In this shifted reality, he was now known as Barbara, and he’d always been a girl. *She’d* always been a girl. It disgusted her, and she naturally acted like a complete tomboy. She kept her hair short, wore men’s clothing or women’s clothing that was as androgynous as possible, all while trying to get Edgar to turn her back.

“I’m sorry, I don’t think it’s possible,” Edgar explained after several days of research. “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!”

The new Barbara was, naturally, absolutely pissed. She did her best to conduct her own research, but she might as well have been training to be an engineer on Mars. It was impossible, and soon she had to come to grips with the fact that she might well now be female for life. It wasn't all bad, of course. Sure, guys catcalled her, and she got bitchy comments from other girls for being such a tomboy despite her obviously voluptuous figure, but she at least had a pair of big, sensitive tits to play with whenever she wanted, and like any jock who'd been turned into a woman, she quickly found pleasure in, well, *pleasuring* herself. It wasn't enough to make up for the emasculation, but she slowly came to enjoy it, even if her damned new female brain kept thinking about other guys . . . even Edgar.

As the weeks passed, Barb got a bit more used to her reality. It wasn't one thing, it was a series of small steps. Being the head of the girls' football team for the university was a major achievement for her, as was when she was able to punch out the lights of a dumbass jock who was hitting on her. Finding her own boyish dress sense also helped; she doubted even if she accepted her new body and identity that she'd ever give up her masculine sense. Certainly, Edgar did everything he could to help her, including shopping with her, cheering her up with action movies she loved, and even hitting the clubs with her so she could party, though neither of them had success these days (even if some assholes hit on her, despite her now being dressed for the occasion whatsoever).

"I don't understand why you're doing all this, man," she told him two months after her change. "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, 'man.' 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. It was hard not to see Edgar through that lens occasionally, and this time she let herself see him that way. In fact, she realised that part of the reason she enjoyed his company so much was that they were practically dating already. They watched movies together, hit the club together, even practised sports together - something she was always superior in. They lived in the same space, and she was most comfortable around him.

It was a revelation, and one that made her feel a warmth in her impressive chest.

"Ed," she said, working up the courage of what to say next.

"Yeah, Barb?"

"Did you want to . . . go out to the club 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. Actually, I've wanted that for some weeks now, but I didn't want to say anything or take advantage of you, given that you're - MMPHH!!"

She pulled him against her, kissing 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, 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.

And she could still get damn lucky when she wanted to.

She certainly felt lucky with Edgar.

He'd feel lucky soon too.

The End