

Night of the Tom Gal

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Commission done for [ryu238 of DeviantArt](#)

A check of the phone brought an exhausted sigh from Ron Hill. He felt drained. He had been queueing in a long line, awaiting the release of a special video game. Thank god it wasn't a midnight release this time, but it was past ten and he had been there for five hours at least.

He rubbed his eyes and yawned. *Need to get home and start pounding down energy drinks.*

He clutched his prize tightly in his hands, cradling it like it was some rare, valuable object of myth and legend. Another sigh left him, this one much more positive. In his mind, he was already picturing it: sitting down at his home and playing the game for several hours straight. He would get nice and deep into it before finally sleeping and later bragging to all of his online friends about how far he was.

The thought of that rejuvenated him slightly.

"I'm telling you, man, this is the night." Ron's blissful thoughts were interrupted. The people beside him at the bus stop, two rather large men, suddenly started talking.

The other man chuckled. "Oh really now?"

The first man huffed. "You laugh, but trust me, this is going to be my night. The big fight is starting soon, and I'm going to crush every idiot who faces me."

The other man laughed harder. "You say that, but when the undefeated champion shows, you'll get wrecked like every other fool."

"Champion... who the hell is that?"

He shrugged. "Don't really know. Just someone really strong chick. Only ever saw her once, but I hear from the folks who hit every fight that she's never lost a single match."

"For real?"

"Yeah. She doesn't always show, but word is she definitely does on nights like this." He pointed up, the dark grey, cloudy sky above. "Full moon and she's out looking for a fight."

"She some werewolf or something?" The first guy snorted.

The two of them continued their discussion, Ron looking in their direction and listening closely now. *Fighting lady... warrior gal, huh?* In his mind, images of the lady warriors and female martial artists from the games he played started appearing. He smirked a little, picturing any one of them fighting these two guys.

He thought a bit longer, frowning now. *Huh... now that I think about it... fight club... undefeated champion... why does that all sound-*

He flinched, his head aching after a sudden, piercing sting. Where did that come from?

“Hey... hey! What are you looking at?” Ron flinched again, noticing the two men were staring at him. It was then he realized just how much they towered over him and how muscular they were. He felt a shiver run down his spine.

He looked away, biting his lip. Despite feeling their gaze still on his shoulders, they said and did nothing else.

The awkwardness finally settled as the bus rolled up, creaking loudly. He let out a small sigh and turned towards it. However, he stopped when he saw the two men board it themselves. His heart was racing, sweat forming on his forehead.

He glanced past the bus and onto the dimly lit streets before him. *It's... it's not that far of a walk, right? Just a few blocks... I could use the exercise, right? Won't kill me...* He gulped and hurried away from the bus, ignoring the odd look the bus driver was more than likely giving him.

Ron walked down the empty streets. It was quiet, a little cold despite the earlier heat in the day. The streetlights above his head buzzed softly. In his mind, his head drifted to all of those Japanese horror games that reminded me of this very scenario he was in.

Though, thankfully, no monsters or ghosts or whatever appeared. It was just him walking along with no dangers at all. He sighed. *At least nothing is happening...*

High above him in the sky, the clouds were beginning to part. Pale, eerie moonlight ever so softly peered through openings and light cloud coverage. More and more clouds parted and opened; more and more of the streets lit up.

The moonlight shined down upon the young man. He paid it no mind, just focusing on his walk home. He felt a little warmer than before and his pace picked up, but nothing else.

As he walked, his short, messy black hair straightened. It was as if a hairbrush had run through it after days of neglect. Once straight, it slowly grew, falling just below his shoulders. It brightened to a lovely, radiant red, and then its tips became curly, bouncing with each step of his.

He stretched his arms, his stride growing more confident and quick. He blinked a few times and rolled his shoulders. Curious, he felt more awake, rather energized now.

Whatever the reason why, he didn't care or think much of it. He was just happy to be able to keep going without passing out on the sidewalk. He just thought about the game, sitting down and finally playing it. He had been waiting such a long time.

It's getting late... should I call it and play it first thing in the morning? His skin darkened, developing a slight tan.

He frowned, shaking his head. Away with that stupid thought. It was game time!

After several minutes of walking, he finally arrived at his destination: his apartment complex. No one was hanging out in the lobby at this time of night. Unlocking the door, he casually stepped through, his mind still on the game and all the excitement of playing it.

But stepping inside, his body tensed up. He felt an odd pain and sting throughout himself. His teeth gritted, his jaw shaking. Curiously, his cheekbones rose while his chin retracted. His jaws even thinned as well. His face looked softer almost.

His hands and arms were both shaking, muscles pulsating and goosebumps rising across them. His fingers cracked and popped, stretching out. Traces of body fat vanished from his limbs, body hair falling out and leaving them smooth. His arms thinned to a slender form, except for some slight muscle definition developing.

His shoulders were clenched up, a gruff, but soft grunt leaving his mouth. They raised up before falling. Broadness left his shoulders, which curved downward as well.

Eventually, the sensation passed. Ron was left panting, hunched over and clutching his knee. *What the hell was that?! Where... where did that even come from?! I just... just...*

He looked ahead and spotted the elevator. He rushed over and opened it up, diving inside. He pressed the button for his floor and felt the jolt of the room as it slowly rose. *Okay, okay... maybe... maybe I do need to rest. Maybe just play the game right away in the morning. I don't know what's going on but maybe-*

His mind wandered off as something grabbed his eye. The elevator had mirror walls for three sides and even though the lighting was slightly dimmed, he could still see himself well in their reflection. In it, he saw his long red hair.

Ron gasped, his heart thumping. He removed his glasses and rubbed his eyes quickly. Opening them and putting his eyewear back on, his eyes now had bright, emerald green irises. He looked at his reflection again, seeing his long locks on his head. His heartbeat lessened.

A sense of calm was washing over him, but it wasn't helping make things better. *Shit... what the hell is going on with me? I gotta... gotta...*

Ding. The elevator door started opening. He walked forward and straight into the door frame. He stumbled back, groaning. Blinking his eyes a bit, the world looked entirely blurry and unfocused. He couldn't see a thing clearly at all.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his glasses case, putting his specs in there. Everything came into much clearer vision now.

Shit... this is awful. What the hell is up with my coordination tonight? If it stays this shit, I'll fucking lose my next match! He shook his head, which throbbed. This was getting worse and worse. It was so hard to focus.

His body stung then, the young man hunching over. His form pulsed and quivered before slowly lengthening. He gained a few extra inches here and there, pushing up much higher. Along with that, his arms and legs swelled a tad, gaining some key musculature and definition.

He got to his feet, standing tall once more. He moved towards the open door again, taking one more glance at the elevator's mirror walls. Gazing into it, he saw a soft, more womanly version of his face looking back.

Muscles twitched and panic struck, freezing him momentarily. Seeing that lovely face filled him with dread. But, a sense of pride was also bubbling forth, relaxing and easing him. His body and head felt like a blender of so many feelings and emotions.

Regardless, he rushed out of the door and headed for his apartment as swiftly as possible. *Uuuuugh, my head...* He gripped his forehead. *Need... just need to rest... lay down or something. Gotta be... gotta be something... or...*

He reached his front door and unlocked it quickly. He felt his arms throb again, muscles pulsating repeatedly. Looking at them both, he watched as they thickened, gaining some very well-defined musculature, like Rumi from My Hero Academia. He could feel the strength and power within them.

Ron panted heavily, his heart racing. *Can't be real, can't be!* He got in the door and slammed it behind him. However, he toppled to his knees, wincing as his body cramped even harder than before. The game he was holding fell to the floor, sliding away.

Groans left his mouth as he felt more and more of his body quake and cramp. His legs spread open, slipping to the sides as his joints became more flexible. His thighs thickened up, followed by his calves, adding more shape and power to his figure.

He felt his pants tightening on him, first in the thighs as they became rather tender. Then it came in the hips, which widened and curved considerably. Lastly, it came in the rear as his buttocks swelled, giving him a firm, but perky butt that his pants hugged and showed off.

His mind felt dizzy, the room spinning. It was so hard to think straight anymore. *Uuuuugh, why is this happening? I gotta... I gotta stop training at the gym so late... no! That's... that's not what... what is happening?!*

He wrapped his arms around his torso, hunching forward. His chest felt warm, his heart pounding harder and sweat dripping down his forehead. His shirt bulged out, two small mounds growing on his chest. They swelled quickly, forming into B-cup sized breasts.

Not... not right... right? He felt his body quake one final time. *No... this... this is my fault... right?* His stomach toned, muscles building up until he had abs on his torso. *Need... need to quit with these long training sessions.* His face softened just a little more, completely feminizing it. *Yeah. Ease up before a big match. Don't wanna cramp up.* His chest swelled, jumping up to C-cups now.

Ron shook his head. *This can't be right. What's ever happening is... is changing me.* He shivered, biting his bottom lip as it thickened. *But... it feels... feels toooo good.* His hands slid down his torso. *Much too good...*

His mouth twisted into a bright, lustful smile. *Toooo good. Toooooo fantastic.* He quivered, his breasts swelling to D-cup with one final push. Out came a loud moan of delight, his body tensing up.

He felt a burning sensation in his crotch. The area bulged, but slowly retracted until it was gone. His crotch had completely flattened. She moaned one final time, everything being pushed from her mind as something else fully took over.

Katherine panted a bit before slowly, weakly getting to her feet. She brushed some of her long red locks behind her head. She sighed, "Phew! Don't know what the fuck happened there, but I'm feeling awesome! Probably should slow down on the working out. Don't wanna cramp my muscles before my next match."

She grinned, flexing her right arm. Her biceps bulged a little, pride welling up inside.

However, a thought crossed her mind. She slapped her forehead, groaning. "Dammit, I almost forgot! The next match is tonight! Uuuugh, idiot. You don't wanna some scrub stealing your spotlight, do ya?"

She flexed both of her arms, bent her knees, and even twisted her waist. *Hmmm, no more cramps or soreness. Don't know what happened, but whatever, that shit won't stop me now. Time to go smack down any jackass who thinks they can dethrone Queen Kat.*

Katherine looked down at herself, frowning. *First thing first, get out of these nerd clothes. Don't even know why the hell I'm wearing this crap.*

The werewoman started walking towards her room when her foot smacked against something. Looking down, it was the video game her other self had bought. She picked it up and looked at it closely, frowning.

What the hell is this dweeb shit? Why do I own this crap? Uuuugh, it's not even a fighting game either. Not my scene at all!

She tossed the game on the counter. She'll deal with it when she gets back... or whenever she felt like it. Right now, it was time to get dressed in proper fighting attire. Something far more fitting and flexible.

Once Katherine was set, it would be time for the queen to make her move. The night had only begun. This tough tomboy was going to have some fun.

THE END?