

Dad, Be Careful What You Wish For...

A Story By Soul-Controller

Ever since she was born, Brooke wanted nothing more than to gain her father Brad's approval and love. Even from a young age, she was aware of the fact that she wasn't the child he had expected. He was seemingly dead-set on having a son, so despite the confirmation of his wife being pregnant with a girl, he still set up a more masculine bedroom for his first child. No matter how hard he tried though, he was unable to make Brooke as athletic and manly as he desired... and he was **quite** pissed about that.

Whenever his wife would work a night shift, Brad would force his daughter to watch ESPN with him while making sure to share his anger with his young daughter after having a few too many beers. "I really wish that you had been a boy," he would say with a drunken slur, "I'd rather have no child than some bratty little girl". Of course, these statements only furthered Brooke's own shame in regards to her gender.

This wasn't the only sexism that Brad displayed though, as his wife was forced to subscribe into conventional gender roles (such as making dinner and doing chores around the house) while actually working two jobs to provide for the family. No matter how hard she tried to fight back and assert herself, Brad was quick to dismiss her and knock her down a few pegs. As such, it wasn't a surprise that she finally got up the courage to divorce Brad and flee from the state. While Brooke totally understood why her mom left, there was still some resentment felt as she was now forced by her father to pick up the slack and do those household chores for the family.

No matter how hard she tried to be athletic though to win some approval from her father, she was never able to make it onto the basketball or cheerleading teams as her lack of hand-eye coordination consistently prevented her from ever making the final cut. Luckily for Brooke though, some relief from Brad's constant athletic-related torment came when Braeden and Brighton were born when she was 6. The twin brothers were able to be easily molded into the athletic jocks that Brad had always wanted to help create, which was made especially clear as the trio sat in the living room watching sports and cheering while Brooke was forced to clean up their messes and keep the house looking clean.

This fact was even more of a devastating blow as she made it through high school and found herself constantly coming face-to-face with old photos of her father plastered at the school's athletic hall of fame display. With so many sad and pathetic try-outs under her belt, it had become clear to her that this innate ability to play sports wasn't something that she had inherited from her father. Instead of putting her body through an intense workout in a gym or on a court though, she did end up finding a favorite pastime

that kept her interest. Almost every day after school, she would head to her local library and study countless topics to keep her mind constantly learning new and interesting information. Despite this interest though, her father certainly didn't approve and constantly ridiculed her for being a "pathetic wimp". As such, it wasn't much of a surprise that she felt constantly ashamed to be the daughter of such a well-renowned jock.

Even as she moved on to a local community college, she couldn't escape hearing about the impressive senior twins at the nearby high school who were surely both on their way towards a full ride athletic scholarship anywhere they wanted. Due to the constant praise about her siblings while she remained completely ignored by both the city and her family, it wasn't much of a surprise that she felt constantly ashamed to be the nerdy daughter of such a well-renowned athletic family. In fact, she had grown so depressed that she almost always fell asleep wishing that her life could change for the better.

One day after arriving home after some classes at the college, the 23-year-old was feeling especially upset due to the fact that news had broken that her twin brothers had not only won a full-ride scholarship for their sports abilities, but they also picked to attend her dream school. Upon dropping her bag onto the floor, Brooke felt completely exhausted and emotionally broken. So as soon as she fell back into her bed, Brooke allowed a few tears to run down her cheeks as she slowly cried herself to sleep. As she drifted off into unconsciousness, there were so many thoughts running through her head. She wanted so badly to be respected by her father and brothers, her mind couldn't help but feel intense rage towards them. Just because she was some average girl not gifted with insane athletic ability didn't make her useless! "I wish I had been a boy," she slowly said under her breath, the last words she spoke before finally falling asleep. Unknown to her, the universe heard every thought and word that she muttered and began to help her achieve her dreams and fulfill her wishes...

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As the early morning chimes of an alarm rang out in Brooke's bedroom, a hand was quick to come out from under the covers and turn it off. But instead of Brooke's pale and dainty arm coming out of the sheets, a tanned, buff, and hairy arm was what quickly slammed down onto the clock. As this same arm ripped away the covers and sat up in the bed, it soon became that the former Brooke had become replaced with an absolute hunky stud of a man. Instead of golden blonde hair and an average-looking face, this new brown-haired individual was graced with modelesque features and impressive facial hair. Even as the man widely yawned aloud and stretched out his arms, he still looked absolutely gorgeous while doing it. Upon rubbing his eyes a few times, the man

finally got himself out of bed and started to make his way towards the bathroom. As he passed the threshold of the doorway, he quickly closed the door and flicked on the bathroom light.

While waiting for the shower water to warm up, the man took the opportunity to check himself out in the mirror. It was at this point where it soon became clear that the body of a formerly meek and nervous woman was gone besides a few remnants. Mainly, this was showcased in the brown eyes that remained consistent between the both of them along with the purple panties that she had fallen asleep wearing (which were now a pair of purple briefs).

Besides that though, the man standing in the mirror was a far cry from the woman she used to be. But for the original girl who had made that tearful wish, she had no way of knowing what had happened to her as her mind was also completely transformed. Instead of the name Brooke, the only name that came to mind was Brock, which was most certainly befitting of a bonafide stud like him. His body was the most noticeable difference as his average and slightly toned physique was blessed overnight with incredible musculature: biceps, pecs, and abs that surely would have taken years of hard work. But in his mind, he had undergone all of that hard work as memories conjured up reminded Brock of his upbringing.



From as soon as he could walk, Brock was a naturally athletic and active man. Throughout his childhood, he played countless sports and still found himself eager for more. It was a bit of a chore for his mother to drive him to every possible game and tournament, but she was still willing to do it for her own child's happiness. Luckily, the man soon found the perfect area to tire himself out: the gym. As soon as he was given a gym membership for his 14th birthday, Brock practically lived there whenever he wasn't at school or at practice.

Along with these memories, Brock also learned more about the relationship he had with his father. For years, they had been incredibly close, but as Brock continued to mature and grow bigger and bigger, some strain emerged in their relationship. Clearly, Brad was intimidated by his son's physique as he grew bigger than he had ever been, but

nothing left him angrier than his son's success in all of the same sports that he played in high school. One-by-one, Brock found himself beating his father's long-held records to the point where the high school's athletic hall of fame display was primarily composed of photos of Brock's young jock self. Due to this, their relationship had this one-sided beef due to Brad's intense jealousy. However, this shifting in personality made it so Brock loved that jealousy as he loved getting under his dad's skin. In fact, there were many memories that even involved him taunting his dad by calling him "short stuff" or stating that he was looking smaller than usual. In many ways, these little jabs against his father only pushed him to get bigger and hunkier than his father ever could be!

When it came to his other memories regarding his family, the relationship he had with his brothers seemed to be rather standard. Given his status as the buff older brother, there wasn't a moment that went by where he wasn't tormenting them in clear displays of his power (both physically and mental). Whenever they were distracted, Brock loved nothing more than sneaking up on them and pulling them into a headlock. It was always humorous to watch them struggle against the bulge of his bicep and dampness of his armpits, so even when they begged him to stop, Brock refused to ruin the fun he was having.

While he was certainly enjoying his trip down memory lane, the steam billowing above the shower curtain told Brock that it was finally time to get washed up. So upon stripping out of his clothes, he took a moment to admire his muscular ass and above-average cock before stepping in and washing every inch of his broad and buff body.

Once he had headed back to his bedroom and got dressed, he wasted no time grabbing onto his gym bag and making his way down to the kitchen. The area was rather hectic as Brock's brothers were making a racket while Brad sat in the adjoined living room drinking coffee and watching ESPN. To Brock, this worked to his advantage though as he took the opportunity to sneak up on Braeden and do his usual headlock gag.

"Pfft, Brock stop!" Braeden attempted to say, only to be stopped by finding his face coming face-to-face with Brock's still slightly damp armpit. Chuckling as his young brother flailed in search of an escape, the buff older brother finally let go of Braeden and watched him fall back away from him.

"Gosh bro, why do you always have to do this shit?" Braeden angrily said, trying to be intimidating but clearly failing due to his smaller build.

“Because it’s funny when you whine like a bitch afterwards,” Brock said with a smirk, slugging his brother lightly in the shoulder before making his way over to the kitchen counter.

Upon arriving, the stud began to instinctively make his usual morning protein shake before he headed off to the gym. Throughout this entire process, the two brothers were doe-eyed while talking to their brother. Clearly, despite his torment they still admired him and aspired to be as big as him one day. It was a pleasing thought to Brock as well, especially as he’s always desired to have the most respect out of anyone else in the room at all times.

“So, when do you think you’ll finally let us be in one of your videos?” Brighton asked, trying his best to evoke puppy dog eyes while asking the same age-old question to his brother. Ever since he was 16, Brock had created social media accounts that documented his muscle growth and various routines. To his surprise though, his account “brocktherock” went super viral around his 18th birthday due to his hunkiness and affinity towards thirst trap videos, which quickly turned him into an overnight sensation. Before long, Brock had dropped out of college to embrace his workout dreams by turning his account into something that shared both knowledgeable workout tips and tricks along with consistent thirst trap material that always brought more people into his sizable following.

With the creation of this “brocktherock” brand, this allowed him to quickly become quite wealthy from all of the brand deals, modeling gigs, and offers to pay for personal training he received. Although he still lived in his childhood home, the 26-year-old hunk was thinking strategically by living off of his father’s hard work and saving his cash until he could fully move out and buy a full place of his own.

Returning back to the question posed, Brock shook his head and delivered the same response. “I don’t think you’re ready yet bud, maybe when you’re a bit bigger!” he said, cushioning the blow with a slight pat on the 18-year-old’s shoulder and a flash of his pearly white smile. As he turned off the blender and transferred the drink into one of his workout bottles, Brock quickly grabbed his bag and began to head towards the front door.

Upon seeing his father though, Brock stopped dead in his tracks and turned towards him. “Hey, just wanted to let you know I’m heading to the gym to film another video. Gotta make sure to document all of these gains!” he said, chuckling to himself as Brad stared at him with intense fury in his eyes. But just as he began to move back towards the door, Brock stopped himself to give one final jab towards his father. “Hey dad, are

you looking smaller than usual? I know it's hard to stay buff at your age, but if you ever want any tips, I'm more than liking to help train you!" he smugly said, lifting up a bicep and flexing before finally making his exit from the house.



While Brooke hadn't intended for her wish to turn her into a shift into a buff stud even cockier than her dad and brothers, it was most definitely a necessary transformation. No more would she ever feel ignored or disrespected, especially when it came to her dad and brothers. The brothers adored Brock and essentially worshiped the ground he walked on while Brad was filled to the brim with jealousy and anger. He had always wanted a son to be athletic and hunky like him, but he never could have imagined that he could have ever created someone that was even more attractive and bigger than him!