

Nerd Alert (Bully to Hot Nerdy Girl TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An anonymous commission

When the average-looking and slightly nerdy Will is paired up with the muscular jock Todd for a college science project, Will quickly finds himself bullied. But when Todd accidentally opens a magic book during their library work, he quickly finds himself transformed into Will's perfect girlfriend against his will. And much to his chagrin, Will's perfect girlfriend is going to be busty, horny, and nerdy as all hell.

Nerd Alert

Prologue: Will's Story, Before

Will was nervous. He wanted to do well in his college literature major course, particularly since poetry was his area of interest for a future occupation in academia. He was a young twenty year old man of average height, and his sandy-blond hair was probably the most noticeable thing about him. Some of his friends often joked that he had the appearance of a 'background character in a TV show,' the kind of normal-but-forgettable looks that supposedly would let him get away with a crime. Not that he would ever commit a crime. Or break a rule. Or even commit a minor infraction. Will was generally quite timid, and this extended to his love life: he'd only ever had one girlfriend, and barely gotten to second base before she'd moved on to a more interesting jock type. It had left a humiliating impact upon him, and his passions and fantasies largely remained unspoken and restrained.

Which didn't bode well with the upcoming course, which required a *partner* assignment. A *partner assignment*. A *randomly assigned partner assignment*. The idea of working alongside someone he didn't know made him nervous, especially since he had only one other friend in the class, his nerdy Asian-American friend Lee. He tried to hold out hope that Lee would be his partner, especially since the assignment involved discussing ancient Senecan literature and epic prose styles, which were Lee's absolute jam. Anything pre-fall of Rome was their shared specialty in fact, though Will also loved Petrarchan sonnets. It was the kind of literary nerdery that others looked down upon, but there was something pure about love poetry that spoke to his hidden romantic soul, despite his own failings to utilise it in any way in his own love life.

So it was with hesitation and fear that he waited for he and his randomly assigned partner's name to be called out as he sat in the lecture theatre. Lee cast him a glance and crossed his fingers. Will could only nod back, hoping against hope that they would be

chosen together. Professor Langridge began reading the partner names, and Will simply had to wait it out, his own fingers now crossed too.

“Lee Zhou and Stacey Cartright,” she announced.

Will looked over and saw that Lee’s face suddenly changed to one of shocked glee, an expression he quickly had to hide. Stacey Cartright was a real cutie, with gorgeous blonde hair, cute dimples, and a real enthusiastic demeanour. And while he wasn’t a total lech, Will had often looked at her impressive backside as she walked away. He would have been nervous to have Stacey as a partner, but he was jealous of his friend in that moment. Still, he gave him an encouraging ‘well done,’ mouthed silently. He remained still while more names were read out, until finally his arrived, and with it, bad news.

“William Heart and Todd Hudson.”

Will’s face fell. He turned around, looked up to the back row of the theatre, where Todd Hudson was sitting, looking like he’d just won a billion dollars.

“Oh shit,” William said to himself. “This is gonna suck.”

Todd’s Story

Todd *hated* literature. He hated anything nerdy and dorky, particularly anything bullshit like poetry. But he needed his English certification to pass college, and this was his way of doing so: he’d failed his previous course by barely turning up and generally partying when he should have been studying, and his parents were putting their measly feet down that he needed to just pass a course and move on. He was twenty one years old, and you could tell he was a jock type just by looking at him. He was an incredibly 6’2 in height, and rippled with muscles across his dark African-American skin. He had piercing eyes and a smug grin, and his handsome jaw made him very, *very* popular with the girls. In his own words, he was ‘drowning in hot girl pussy’ during his time at college. He worked out regularly, and was a champion of the local football team, being its captain. He was on track to hold a potentially lucrative sports career as well, provided he could pass his college course requirements.

Unfortunately, this meant most of the time having to put up with nerdy losers like William Heart, who had been assigned to be his partner for this dumb romance poetry assignment. As far as Todd was concerned, poetry was something only sexless losers and old fogeys were into, and people only wrote about hot girls and sex if they couldn’t actually get access to either themselves. Still, it had been an assignment he was annoyed at having to complete, so despite getting stuck with the fragile-looking pale white kid one year his junior, he was actually pretty chuffed. Everyone knew that when you had a partner task and weren’t a total dweeb that all you had to do was seek out a total dweeb and get them to do

the work for you. It was that exact arrangement that Todd instructed - not told, *instructed* - Will on when they met outside the football field for study, per Todd's instructions.

"Hey Todd," one the jock's friends said as he approached the timid-looking kid standing awkwardly on the side with a bunch of books, "is this the loser nerd you got stuck with for your assignment?"

"Not stuck with!" Todd shouted back, grinning smugly. "This is the guy who gets to do all my work while I get to fuck Abigail Porter tonight, am I right!?"

There was a resounding, "Fuck yeah!" from the football team. As if to further the humiliation, Todd ruffled William's hair, mussing it up rather painfully.

"You got that, dweeb?" he said. "We're only gonna meet so that Professor Landbridge-

"Langridge," Will said.

"Whatever, I don't give a shit about her. So Professor L can see that I've done my research like a good student, and won't just immediately assume you've done it all. Okay?"

The pasty-faced nerd adjusted his glasses - God, he was even wearing glasses now for reading. Total nerd alert right there. He said so out loud.

"They're just so I can read the small text," Will said a little bit defensively. "Look, um, can we meet at the library or something. If I have to do the work, I mean, I don't want to be rude, but can you at least help me get some of the books?"

Todd chuckled. "Of course I can, dude!" he said. He punched out with an fist like lightning and hit Will in the shoulder so hard that he spun. The kid let out a pained gasp, which just made Todd chuckle loudly again. "Dude, that was just, like, a small hit! It was just a partner thing. You really need to man up like me someday, or you're never gonna succeed in life."

"I - I don't really plan on becoming a sportsman," Will muttered under his breath. He was rubbing his shoulder. Jeez, he was so damn weak, at least in Todd's estimation.

"Oh yeah, what are you planning on doing, becoming a book reader for a living?"

"A novelist, actually," Will said, standing a little taller - not that he was tall. "And, um, literary critic. Particularly with poetry. I've, well, I've always enjoyed it. And that's okay."

Todd just sighed. "Just like I thought, a total sexless dweeb. Good luck getting pussy - even nerd alert pussy - when you're obsessed with love poetry written by a bunch of dead dudes."

And with that dismissive statement, he pushed past Will, hitting him with his shoulder as if there wasn't room to pass by, and chuckled to himself all over again. "See you tomorrow at the library, dweeb!"

If the fragile loser expected things to get better when they actually sat down for 'study', then he was sorely mistaken. Todd didn't 'do' study. He did parties, he did sports, he did fucking hot chicks like an absolute champion, and he did nursing epic hangovers after an awesome night on the town. What he didn't do was study, and he made that damn clear once again to Will over the following days. The assignment centred on analysing the development of romantic poetry and its forms through the ages, which meant that the pair of them had to read an absolute fuckton of these old geezers (and geezettes, on occasion) writing about dark hair and full moons and summer days and dusky women and so on and so forth. It was boring as hell, and Todd made sure to tell William that at every turn.

"I can't believe you're into this dry, boring shit," he said.

"I find it interesting, actually," Will said, not meeting his gaze. He was a submissive little cuck like that.

"Yeah? Why's that?" Todd said, his voice teasing.

"Well, it's just . . . genuine. And it's lovely. I don't know. I think we're afraid of sincerity now, and love poetry speaks to that part of us that want, um, to be recognised. To be seen. And I also like the structure, the rhyme and metre and all that. It's the same reason I like to analyse shows, especially ones that are also philosophical, like *Star Trek* and -"

He halted, and Todd knew why. The loser had made a big, big, *hilarious* mistake in admitting that. "I'm sorry, you're not just a poetry nerd, but you're a sci-fi *Star Wars* nerd as well?"

"*Star Trek*," Will corrected awkwardly, still not meeting his eyes. "It's a lot better than *Star Wars* actually. It really examines the human condition. You know, what it is to be human at all, the morality of no-win scenarios, the idea of a utopian society and how it could be achieved."

"Jesus, that sounds shit. Don't tell me, you're into comic books too? All the little fairy superheroes with their spandex outfits and everything"

Will blushed, and it cracked Todd up. He burst out laughing - right there in the silence of the library, and Todd only went redder.

"Ho-lee shit. You actually are into comic books. Superheroes and big-titted heroines and all that. I bet you're all into that shit, aren't you?"

"It's not - it's not porn, Todd."

Todd just slapped him on the back. He was enjoying taunting the little nerd. It was only toughening him up, after all. Making him deal with reality.

"Sure it's not, ha! I can't wait to tell the whole team about this. And that Stacey whats-her-name, the smart little cutie from our class. I bet she'd find it just hilarious to find out that William Heart has his 'heart' set on all the comic book girls with their spandex!"

“P-please don’t. Todd, you don’t have to be doing this. Please, I’m begging you.”

But it was too late, Todd was more than set upon it. He’d already toyed with Will for days now, and now he’d found a way to really crush the geek, especially since it turned out he truly was a *mega* geek.

“Dude, you have no idea how much I’m gonna have fun with this. I tell you what though, if you make sure I get straight A’s on this, then maybe - just maybe - I won’t make you look like the total dweeb you really are in front of every girl on campus. How about that?”

He extended his hand, and Will hesitantly took it. The two shook, and Todd made a show of easily crushing the pale boy’s hand with his large, dark one. Easily. Of course, he didn’t have any intention of keeping that promise. As soon as the assignment was done, he couldn’t wait to unleash hell on this parody of a wannabe male. But for now, he had to be present for several hours in the study room, and he was already getting bored.

“Okay, deal done then dweeb. What can I do to ‘help’ - and by ‘help’, I mean do the bare minimum possible while still not getting bored to shit?”

Will gave him a look of barely-disguised contempt, but just as Todd assumed would be the case, he didn’t say anything. Instead he just shifted in his seat in the library, and pointed out the wing of the library where he could source some of the poetry books.

“Well, if you could at least find some books on older poetry in the archive room - anything Middle Ages particularly - that would be appreciated. It would fill in a gap we have pre-Shakespeare.”

Todd just rolled his eyes. “Whatever, anything better than spending time with the science fiction nerd. I’ll find something old and leathery, you know, kind of like the only vaginas you’ll ever see.”

He grinned at Will’s expression, then headed for the section of the library and began looking. It was, as expected, the kind of place only someone like William Heart and that other loser Lee what’s-it would go. It annoyed him that the cute Stacey Cartright was into this kind of stuff. He’d learn just enough to get into her pants for the bragging rights, then dump her.

“Ah well, might as well try to actually do a bit of work. Can’t have that dweeb thinking I’m a moron, after all. Just so long as he knows I’ve got the smarts to win, and the smarts to know when to get someone else to win for me.”

He looked over the texts in the archive room. It was a sealed off area that apparently they needed special permission to access or something; he hadn’t really paid attention. All he knew was that some of these old books were apparently the genuine article and really several hundred years old and in need of special care and all that, yada yada, blah blah. Far from being exciting, all of them looked pretty damn boring to him. As he was reaching for a dusty old tome in the archive, Todd noticed one that was hidden behind the shelf, planted

against the wall and wedged against the frame. In the shadowy recess of the area, he could easily have missed it: hell, unless viewing it at the specific angle he was seeing it from, anyone could have missed it. He didn't give two shits about poetry, especially *love* poetry, but he couldn't help but be a bit intrigued as to what this lost book could be. Reached forward and balancing himself, he used his superior strength to pull the shelf forward a little and quickly catch the text. It wasn't huge, but it did feel leathery and ancient. He pulled it back and had a look at it.

"Huh, *The Ancient Recipes of Love*. Jesus, it's caked in dust. This thing's been lost for decades, I'd say. I bet that William Heart would cream in his pants just to have a look at it."

He grinned to himself. So why let William have a look at all? Far better to have a read himself and get his own fingerprints all over it, just for bragging rights over the dweeb. He hated how Will was always looking at him out of the corner of his eyes, obviously looking down on him for not being as smart. Well, why not tear a few pages out, just to see the little bitch cry?

"That'll do it," he said, chuckling. He opened the book, dust flying everywhere for a moment. He flicked through several poetic 'recipes', musing at their ridiculousness. There was *Recipe for Love Divine*, *Recipe of Forbidden Pleasure*, *Recipe of Heart's Desire*. He halted at one that had a peculiar illustration of a half-man, half-woman.

"Recipe of Perfect Physical Compatibility," he read. "The fuck is this shit?"

He read on, oddly fascinated.

*"I wish I could be my partner's love
No just in form but heart and mind.
So that I could fit them like a glove
And he true affection and joy could find
Let me now transform my soul
To sate my partner's amorous lust,
And come to please their spirit whole,
Forever, in permanent binding trust."*

"Well that was stupid," he said. "I can't believe I just read my first bit of poet-wha!?"

The words were lifting off of the page. They were actually, literally turning into golden light and lifting off the page. They swirled around Todd like a miniature hurricane, and the man yelped like a dog, jumping out of the seat he'd taken and trying to scatter the words. But instead they floated down upon his skin, melting into it, feeling strangely warm, like little tingles of pure energy.

“What the hell!? What the fuck is this!? Stop! Goddamn it, someone help me!”

No one came. They should have. But his voice was muffled by the golden light. He threw the book across the room in a panic, sending it behind the archive rack again by pure accident, and the light vanished. Taking his cue, he ran out of the archive room, opening the door only to slam it shut, nearly breaking it with his strength. Every eye in view turned his way in the library, including William’s.

“Um, are you okay, Todd?”

Todd swallowed. He felt like an idiot. It had just been the dust, right? The dust beneath the bright light of the archive room bulb. He’d let himself be freaked out for no reason.

“Fuck off douchebag,” he said, rallying himself. “I’m going to get some lunch. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I said fuck off, nerd.”

Will looked away. To Todd’s surprise, he showed a little spine. “Did you at least grab a book?”

“Nah, you can do that, dude. I’m beaming up out of here like Captain Kirk, y’know?”

Todd paused. Why the hell had he just made a *Star Trek* reference? How the hell did he even know that *was Star Trek*? William looked at him funny.

“Don’t say a word, dweeb,” he said, before getting out of the library. He needed the fresh air anyway. His body was feeling all kinds of tense, especially around his backside and his chest. His crotch was a little tingly too. He got out of the library and put on his glasses and went for a walk.

Todd was eating more than usual. His stomach was hungry, and not for the usual stuff either. To his surprise more than anyone else’s, he stopped at a cafe to get a spiced latte, the kind of thing he always made fun of basic bitch girls for. Then he grabbed a vegetarian platter, despite him being a colossal meat eater.

“Really?” Gabbie said, manning the cafe counter of the campus. “I thought you would go for the meat special, Todd?”

“Oh, uh, yeah,” he said, realising how weird that was. He adjusted his glasses again. “I guess I just feel like eating my good ol’ leafy greens, huh?”

He gave a guffaw-like chuckle, complete with a slight snort. The woman just served him up and laughed in turn. He took the food to a nice spot on campus, near the tech centre. He wasn’t sure why he never hung around the tech centre, it seemed pretty cool. A lot of the

gadgets and gizmos were pretty fascinating, even if he made fun of the eggheads who got into that shit. He scratched his thighs as he moved. They felt odd, less muscular and more sort of soft than usual. He winced a little in response to his hips too, especially as he sat down.

“Fuck, maybe I need this veggie platter,” he said to himself. “I’ve been putting calories into my ass or something.”

He shifted in the seat, still noticing that flab. There was an underlying pressure he couldn’t ignore, and it frustrated him as he continued to eat.

“Hey Tabbie!” Stacey said as she passed.

“Hey Stacey, lookin’ fine, girl,” he replied, grinning. Wait, had she just called him ‘Tabbie?’ What the hell was that about? He looked around the little campus park area but there was no one else she could have been talking to.

“Fucking weird. This is what I get for coming near the tech centre. Full of weirdos and - UGHN!!!”

Suddenly, there was a roiling in his gut. Todd winced, clutching it and doubling over in his seat. He’d just finished his meal, and it felt like it was acting as fuel for something.

“Oh G-God! What the hell is happening t-to me?”

Most other students at the college had a lecture on by that point, so there was barely anyone around. Which meant there was no one around to notice what happened next.

“Why is m-my stomach on f-fire? I f-feel like the fires of Mount Doom are rampaging in there! Why the fuck do I know *Lord of the R-AGGHH!!!*”

The pressure expanded yet further, and this time it was accompanied by a set of impossible changes. As Todd groaned in response to the terrible pressures, his thighs lost their packed sporty muscle and became even softer. They didn’t lose their general thickness - in fact, they gained *even* more - but they were now far more womanly, and it was obvious just from looking at his legs peeking out of his shorts. He saw this and his eyes went wide, but before he could panic further another pressure gave way as well. His pelvis shunted outward, first on the left side-

“Nghh!!”

-then on the right side-

“Aghh!!”

-and finally both sides together, stretching to fully womanly proportions.

“OOhhhhhh!!”

Impossibly, his clothes stretched with him, easily conforming to his new dimensions. Todd panted, overcome by the intensity of the released pressure, and trying to ignore the way it felt weirdly *good* to experience that release.

“What the fuck? My legs! My hips! My - NGH!!”

Another widening of his hips, to the point where he now had the kind of wide stance that Shakira would blush at. Emphasising this femininity, his legs and arms and chest began to shed body hair like dandelions disintegrating before the wind, their matter floating away across the horizon. It matched a warping in his calf muscles which left them looking like shapely female legs, albeit stubbier than they should have been. He'd somehow lost nearly a foot of height in just moments, leaving him oddly lopsided.

"This is fucking impossible! Fucking impossible!"

His bottom half now looked totally dissonant when matched with his top half. Thankfully, his penis was as-yet unchanged, but anyone looking at him would see a football jock on top and some kind of walking advertisement for a female *Magic: the Gathering* card art on the bottom. Those girls always had ridiculous proportions, and - and -

"Why the *FUCK* do I know this shit?"

He fled, moving rapidly across the campus, uncaring at this point who saw him. He needed to get to his car, to get to a damn hospital before his reputation was in the toilet. He was Todd fucking Hudson, star of the football team and slayer of pussy, he wasn't about to made an object of mockery, especially if that goddamn dweeb Will Heart found out about all this. But even as he ran, his pace was awkward, and he nearly slipped over several times. As he did, his glasses came off, making his vision all kinds of blurry.

"My glasses! I can't see without - I *don't have glasses! What the shit!?*"

But though he'd never possessed or had glasses before, he needed them now. He felt along the grass, trying to feel them out, when suddenly a hand outstretched and passed them to him.

"Here you go, Tabitha, everything alright?"

He put them on hurriedly, ignoring the strange pressure in his scalp, the way his hair seemed to be growing longer. The figure in front of him was Lee Zhou, the total nerd alert who was Will's best friend. Stacey was with him, at his side. God, what a waste she was if she was hanging around him, even as an assignment partner. Will was off to the side, clearly on the lookout for his partner.

"Hey, Tabitha," Will said. "Are you okay?"

Todd felt a flash of something strange. Something warm in his belly. His dick rose, and it startled him that for some reason Will's voice and appearance was - was turning him on! He shifted quickly, refusing to acknowledge this.

"My name is not Tabitha!" he cried, scrambling up onto his little legs. "It's Tabitha!"

Stacey and Lee looked at one another. "Um, okay. Did I mispronounce it?"

"Listen you *cool fellow nerd*," he said, "*I've gotta head home and study up hard. Tell my Will that he's welcome to come round as soon as he's done.*"

Lee gave a reassured smile, as if some weird kind of new normal was back on track. "Oh sure, no worries. I'll pass it on. He'll be happy to hear it."

"I really hope so, Will is just the best!"

Todd wanted to scream. Nothing he wanted to say was coming out of his mouth. Instead of saying anything more, he simply pushed past Stacey and Lee in a hurry running to the car park. His hair lengthened as he reached it several minutes later, cascading down his back in cute black frizzy tails. Then, out of nowhere, those tails lifted up and were spun, little scrunchies fixing them in place.

"Pig tails? Are you kidding me!?"

His hair was still a little frizzy, but straight enough now that he had adorable pigtails that bounced with his every movement.

"This is ridiculous, I don't want to look really cute for my Will."

He stopped, just for a moment, then got in his car. He needed to get to the hospital. He had to alter the seat settings just to reach the pedals with his new feet, especially with them being so dainty. He only realised as he got the car going that his shoes still fit him, somehow. Like they had gotten smaller. He shook off the implications of that, intent on this just being some crazy medical episode or . . . something.

"I'm getting this sorted out. Let's go, Night Rider!"

He shot the car out of the park far too fast, only to instantly relent. A wave of fear crashed over him, the likes of which he hadn't felt since he was a kid. What the hell was he doing? You couldn't just break the law like that, right? Someone could get hurt! A sensation that could only be described as 'meekness' replaced his ordinary confidence, and he slowed right down, queueing behind other cars in the leaving traffic despite his rising fear. He knew he needed to move - already his nose was looking different - but that urgency was restrained, just like his voice had been restrained earlier. He focused on his driving. That was the important thing; getting to where he needed to be, to professionals that could restore him to who he was meant to be. He centred his thoughts on that as he drove in the following tens of minutes.

"No way am I becoming a cute nerdy girl," he said, his sentence railroaded again.

"No way! I'm a j-j-j-joyfully geeky girl. God, I can't wait to watch the new season of Strange New Worlds with Will. Pike is such a hot daddy of a captain."

God, he totally was, as well. That silver hair, what a fox! Could Will cosplay as something like that when they next went to Comic-Con? He'd look so yummy, and she would do such naughty things to -

Todd blinked, jettisoning those terrible thoughts. He pulled the car up, having finally arrived at his destination.

Home.

“The fuck? Why am I back at my place? *I’m not meant to be here!*”

He clasped his throat. His voice had changed, rocketing up in octaves until it sounded honey sweet and utterly feminine. How long had he not realised he was driving there? He could have sworn that he was heading for the hospital. Why would he be home? It was an hour away and -

He stopped as he saw his reflection.

Then he screamed. It was a high-pitched scream too.

He launched out of the car, barely catching himself on his feminine feet and oddly proportioned legs. He needed to see himself in full. This wasn’t possible. It couldn’t be! He dashed into the doorway of his apartment, his newly slender hand shaking as he fiddled with the keys. He dashed down the hallway and into his room. Something was off about the room but he couldn’t focus on that, not while his face was so . . .

Feminine.

His full length mirror did not lie. His face had changed into a woman’s without him realising. If he’d seen the face as a normal man, he would have described the woman it belonged to as ‘supremely bangable, if a bit dorky.’ The girl in the mirror was the same age as him, maybe a year younger. She had cute dark features, and big naive-looking eyes behind her nerdy glasses. It was a pretty adorable look. Her lips were full, the kind of lips he’d love to see wrapped around his dick. And she had a gorgeous rounded face. Not fat, but sort of plump in a totally appealing way. That image made him smile, revealing the existence of the most unbelievably cute set of dimples in her reflection.

“*Awwww, I look as cute as a flumph!*”

It was a *Dungeons and Dragons* creature, and a totally goofy one that matched her new personality. Tabitha loved how much Will loved her dimples. He was always talking about them.

“Man, I should put some makeup on. Hang on, I feel like I’m missing something.”

That something was her male personality. It lurked beneath, panicking as this ‘Tabitha’ began applying some light makeup to make herself even more adorable. Through the peripherals of his vision, he could see how his room had somehow magically changed. There were numerous posters of ridiculous K-Pop bands which he all somehow recognised, and also for fantasy movies and *Twilight* and *Vampire Diaries* and Japanese anime galore. There were figurines on the shelves, most of which belonged to video games, ranging from *Horizon* to *Legend of Zelda* to even *Pac-Man*. It was like this Tabitha’s life was a ridiculous parody of geekdom and nerdery, the apex of a pyramid that Todd never wanted to climb.

He tried to push away this new knowledge while she worked her makeup and jewellery, including lovely little squirtle-themed earrings. As she did so, her clothing altered, her shorts shifting to become a more freeing skirt, and a set of knee-high socks stretching up

to envelop her lower legs. They had patterns of cute Pokemon on them, and her shoes likewise changed to become female footwear with little images of Dee Dee from *Dexter's Laboratory* on them. Even as she adjusted herself, her form changed, giving way to pressures she didn't seem to notice, but Todd did, stuck behind her eyes. His - her - *their* waist pulled in a little. Their abs melted away, and their arms shrunk down to match the proportions of their legs. A compression began in their spine as Tabitha adjusted her eyelashes, and Todd couldn't even scream in terror as his height collapsed and collapsed and collapsed, until he had to be 5'1. Suddenly, one last compression left him at an even five feet, a far fall from his proud 6'3.

"God, I feel like waaaaay more like me now," Tabitha said to her reflection. "I wonder what was up with that weird feeling I had earlier. Maybe just something I had for lunch."

Todd was screaming. Crying out in horror as his consciousness tried to resurface. It managed to, but only just, bursting from the deep of his consciousness to freak out.

"Fuck! Oh God, fuck! What the actual hell? Why am I talking like that? Why couldn't I control *mythelf*."

He stuttered.

"Oh *thit*, Do I have a *thudden thtutter!*?"

He groaned, barely managing to keep calm as he balled his little fists. He could literally *feel* himself being pumped with female hormones, and it was driving him up the wall. He'd lost full control for nearly half an hour, and things were only getting worse!

"It was that love poem book, it had to be! The *thtupid* poetry made me change into thome thought of thexy dweeb! UGH! This *thtutter* is ridiculous! *Ridiculously cute!*"

He clamped down on his mouth, refusing to utter another line from *her*. He patted down his skirts, trying to centre himself. He wasn't used to such thick womanly thighs or slender arms, or especially being so short, but he needed to get moving. He needed to get back to the library archives and undo this before it was too late.

"Time to drive again," he said. "Before I end up a *total horny nerd girlfriend to Will!*"

Todd shuddered. It was his worst nightmare come true. He grabbed his jacket to hide his form as much as possible and ran back downstairs, hoping he could make it to the right destination this time. Hoping he wouldn't become Tabitha again.

To his utter shame, he had to adjust the seat yet again.

Todd 'woke' when he parked. He hadn't even realised he'd lost control, but suddenly he was elsewhere, and it *wasn't* the college campus either. He was sitting outside someone's apartment, and he had no idea whose.

“M-maybe they can help me,” he muttered. He took a deep breath, only to feel an intense pressure there. It radiated down his body to between his thighs, and to his ass as well. He hadn’t even realised that his rear had blown up further yet again. It was now massive, the kind of ass that he would have squeezed as it went past regardless of what the owner thought about this. A nice big pair of juicy melons for cheeks, enough for him to actually sit up a little taller in the car than when he’d driven out, though not nearly to his former male height.

“Oh f-fuck, I’ve got a damn *thexy behind*. A real big butt that cannot lie, lol!”

He wanted to shoot himself: he’d just said ‘lol’ like some total dork. He got out of the car for the second time in as many hours, trying to figure out where he was and what to do.

“M-maybe the person that wrote the book is in here, or a descendent, or something! I must be here for a reason! No way am I transforming into Will’s *thexy thicc geek girlfriend who loves letting him have his nerdy way with her*.”

He shuddered as he went up the steps to the front door, overcome by everything. But before he could even ring the front doorbell, the final set of changes began, and the ones he dreaded more than anything. The ones that would seal the deal on his new womanhood. He only had time to whisper two words.

“*This thucks.*”

The pressure unleashed once more, and this time Todd was unable to prevent himself from moaning from the unwanted, yet incredible pleasure of the change. His chest pushed out, nipples growing and enlarging and becoming oh-so-damn sensitive. They inflated like balloons, rising and rising and pressing together until the very fabric and nature of his shirt had to change to contain them. A big black bra weaved into existence, cupping and holding a humongous chest that nearly toppled him forward. They were the biggest tits on a girl his size he’d ever seen, just shy of ridiculous but so incredibly full. His nipples were massive, and they produced waves of pleasure as they rubbed against the inside of the cups of the bra before settling in. His shirt altered to become a bright purple with lime green highlights, with numerous decorations of fantasy characters rendered into Muppets like it was some kind of genius crossover joke.

“Oh G-God! They’re tho big! Way too big!”

He cupped them in his hands, cleavage so immense that they strained the shirt, causing the collar to reveal that delightful brown chasm. Todd would have gone crazy over this chick, but instead he felt an alien pride in how big they were, huge HH-cups that were practically equal to his own head in size. It was a good thing he had such a big ass, because it counterbalanced these colossal, pleasurable tits.

“Ohhhhhhh,” he moaned, overcome.

But that was just the beginning. Even as his wobbling tits settled in, rising and falling with each panicked breath, his downstairs was next on the list. Todd tried to yelp, but was immediately silenced by the foreign sensation of his big dick - his pride and joy, the thing that had given so many women so much pleasure - drawing back into his body.

“N-n-no! I don’t want a *hot tight pussy that is just perfect for my Will!*”

The thought of Will fucking him was utterly repulsive and *totally arousing*. He didn’t want to feel that way - the guy was a fucking loser of a nerd - but somehow the image of him was now deeply attractive, and the idea of him touching Todd’s big brown boobs was phenomenal. It was enough to further his transformation: his testicles pulled inwards as well, and it was over so quickly he never got a chance to even grapple with saying goodbye to them. They simply vanished inside him with a wet *POP*, followed by his big dick. The experience was deeply sensual in a way he did not appreciate, but certainly left him moaning, almost wanting more. He shivered, thighs rubbing together with nothing between them. And he could feel the wetness in his new panties, which moulded to conform to his new dimensions.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck. I’m a woman. I’m a woman. I’ve got a freakin’ vagina. I’m a totally thexy dweeb of a hottie! Thith is all wrong!”

He tried to bang on the door, to demand that whoever was on the other side of it to open up. But instead he simply placed out a demure finger and rang the doorbell, and moments later a figure opened the door.

It was Will, and it made the new woman’s heart leap for joy at the sight of him.

“Oh my God, Tabbie! I was about to come around to your place. I thought you wanted me over there?”

“*Oh, I want you alright, hee hee,*” she giggled, retaking control of Todd’s transformed body. “*But I wath waaaay too horny for my big thexy nerd. I want my Joker to rev up my Harley, if you know what I mean?*”

Will smiled, and Todd couldn’t fight Tabitha’s feelings: it was a gorgeous, handsome smile that made him feel all sorts of strange feelings. He refused to be aroused by it. Demanded his body to not even acknowledge it. But it didn’t stop him from experiencing the rising lust of the ultra-nerd he was trapped in.

“Holy shit,” Will exclaimed. “Wow, you are something else, Tabs. God, I love you.”

They kissed. It happened so quickly. One moment Todd was trying to fight his damn body, and the next he was shivering in delight at this nerdy man macking on his full lips. It was all flavours of wrong, and yet so right. His nipples tingled as they brushed against Will’s chest.

“Ohhhh, yeth, that’s tho nice! You’re thuch a good kither, Will.”

Goddamn that lisp was annoying, but it only seemed to make William Heart more turned on, because he kissed her again and again, and this time Todd relished it each time, his persona becoming more and more female despite his wishes.

"I still can't believe I met someone even nerdier than me," Will said. "You're my Dark Lady, Tabitha. *In the old age, black was not counted fair, Or, if it were, it bore not beauty's name; But now is black beauty's successive heir, And beauty slandered with a bastard shame.*"

It was a total nerd alert. Love poetry in the gaudiest fashion. And yet, magically, she knew what he was referring to: Sonnet 127 of Shakespeare, where his dun-coloured woman becomes the new standard of beauty and elegance and lust. The revelation alone made Todd feel all the more libidinous to this nerd, to his former bully.

"Mmhm, Thonnet 127! I love it when you read love poetry to me, Will!"

"I just love you," he said, kissing her again. "Do you want to come in?"

She shook her head, and it was impossible for Todd to tell if he was willingly going along with this or if Tabitha was in pure control, so powerful was his lust.

"No," she said. "I want you to cum *in me.*"

With an ecstatic grin Will took her hand and pulled her into his apartment. Todd's body heated as they entered the nerd's bedroom, which was geeky as all hell with its Batman posters, but not nearly so much as her own new room. But most importantly of all, there was a bed, and she *need* to be on it with him.

"I need you so bad!" she cried, and Todd realised it was him, not the Tabitha overlay personality, that said it. Because it was true.

Together, they helped Tabitha slip out of her feminine clothing until her gorgeously plump body was just in her black lingerie. Will continued to kiss her neck while he undid her bra, and it was with magnificent relief that he got it off and began to suck on her massive tits. It was ecstasy, it was terrible, it was *wonderful*. Each flick of his tongue on her large brown nipples made her cry out, forcing Todd to be totally compliant with what Tabitha wanted.

"I n-need you in me!" she cried, "*please fuck your n-naughty nerdy girl!*"

"Happy to," he said with a greedy smile. "I love it when you're so meek during sex."

"I c-can't help it!" Todd cried before Tabitha took over. "*I'm just tho thubmissive to my thexy boyfriend and his hot poetry!*"

She helped him take his clothing off, even as she got on the bed, legs already spread wide. Will's cock was freed, and it took every ounce of willpower not to look at it too long. It wasn't like Todd's massive member, but it was more impressive than he would have guessed. And now it was going to be used on *her*.

"Ohhhhhh, I want your cock in me, pretty please!"

“As you wish,” Will chuckled, and she knew instantly it was a quote from *The Princess Bride*, a film they watched all the time together in this new reality of theirs. And with that, he positioned himself over her, squeezed her big tits, and then plunged his cock straight into her opening. Todd cried out. It was too good. Far too good. He had never imagined he’d be penetrated by a cock one day, but now getting fucked by one was all he could think about.

“Yesssss!” he cried, echoing his body’s wants. Tabitha’s wants. “Fuck me, Will! Make me yours. I want to be yours!”

Her glasses fogged up as she panted in pleasure. William looked so hot and manly in this new light, and with each thrust he made her more of a woman. It was heaven and hell, and as Todd’s body came ever closer to orgasm, any semblance of her being a ‘he’, or even being ‘Todd’ anymore, simply slipped away. *She* was Tabitha, and she was no longer in control. Her body was on autopilot, and she could only experience the blissful ride as she was fucked more and more. Will sucked on her tits, kissed her neck and lips, and she moaned and cooed with each touch of his pale skin against her darker softness.

“I c-can’t thtop!” she cried. “I can’t thtop cumming!!!”

She roared in unbridled, delirious joy as he came inside her, his big cock throbbing in her wet tunnel. Her vaginal muscles squeezed tightly on his cock, milking it for all it was worth even as he planted his face into her enormous titties. Her plump body quaked in continuous orgasm, multiple thunderous sensations of pleasure coursing through her. Finally, the pair of them collapsed, and the transformed woman could only breath heavily, languishing in the soothing sensation of Will using her big tits as pillows. She wanted to hate it - she *did* hate it - but a larger, newer part of her loved it.

“That. Was. Amazing,” her boyfriend said. “I’m so glad we found each other, Tabitha. And I’m so glad we’re poetry buddies for this assignment together.”

“Me too,” she said automatically. She squeezed her lover tightly, drawing him in for another big smooch. “After our little thnuggles, we should totally watch *Balance of Terror* together.”

“Ooh, great idea love.”

“Thanks! And then we can watch *Thpock’s Brain*.”

Will raised an eyebrow, lifting his head off her chest. “But you hate that episode?”

Tabitha grinned, and her jock mind sensed something awful was coming.

“Yeah, it’s the worst. But it’ll give me a great excuthe to go down on you and thuck your big cock off, won’t it?”

William grinned. Tabitha continued to grin.

And the part of her that was still Todd, even if it was unable to think of itself as Todd, or as a man, that part simply screamed.

From that day, Tabitha was unable to tell anyone who she had been. She was stuck in her short, curvaceous, nerdy form, with her serious lisp and thick glasses and habit of giggling excitedly whenever she talked about something geeky. She was literally unable *not* to get all passionate about her geeky interests, particularly with Will. And, of course, she was also unable to resist her extreme horniness for him. Where before she had seen him as a total dweeb, now - despite her best efforts not to see him this way - he came across like a totally hot nerd who was just completely adorable.

The two passed their poetry history assignment with flying colours, and it was more Tabitha's doing than even William's. She was a super nerd, after all, and was always presenting herself as such. And all the time they studied together, the male part of her was rallying to try and get her to crack open that lost book of love poetry, but to no avail. Instead, the part that had been Todd was doomed to go on cutesy dates with her boyfriend, wear adorable outfits for him, and rely on him to be her strength. And, of course, to fuck his absolute brains out as a thank you. And while the Todd part of her tried not to enjoy those moments, the truth was that every part of Tabitha - every part - was now addicted to William's cock.

And would be for life.

Epilogue: Will's Story, After

William had no idea how he had gotten so lucky. Tabitha and he had met when he had become a college student, and after an awkward time of getting to know one another, an especially hard task given her shyness, they had become fast friends. Still, they had often exchanged glances, lingered their gazes upon one another a little too long. William knew he was attracted to her, deeply. And not just for her short, plump, sexy body with its huge ass and big tits, but her as a person too.

Eventually, he had decided to ask her out for a date, after Lee and Stacey had pushed him to hurry up and do so. He was so damn nervous when he did, but she had leapt into his arms, practically crying with excitement. It turned out she'd been too nervous to tell him she'd fallen for him the moment they first started talking.

Since that day, William felt like his life was perfect. Almost unnaturally so. Tabitha was literally his perfect woman: she was into all sorts of nerdy and geeky things like him, she was a total brainiac, and she loved sincerity in literature, including in poetry. They had a couple's date with Lee and Stacey the next night, and they couldn't wait. It was so good to

see the pair together, and with all four of them going out for sushi, it was bound to be a total nerd alert.

Tabitha was also an absolute fuck bunny in the bedroom: while she was meek and shy out in public, she was into everything with him in private. As a reward for finishing their poetry assignment for instance, she gave him an incredibly titty job all while she sucked on the head of his cock. She moaned and literally came when he ejaculated into her mouth. It was incredible. And then, just for fun afterwards, she let him take her from behind, gripping her massive ass as he ploughed his dick into it. That too made her orgasm. She was so often like that, and he loved her for it.

Still, sometimes he would catch a look in her eye, or perhaps some small gesture, and he would wonder if he wasn't missing something. Occasionally, he had dreams or mistaken memories of a tall, dark man haunting him, calling him names and making him feel small. That man would sometimes be reflected in Tabitha's eyes, for just a moment. But then he would wake, or the light would shift, or she would alter her expression, and that image would be gone. And then it was only Tabitha, the love of his love, comforting him, and making him feel like the luckiest nerd in the world.

The End