

Mini-Story: Turn Around (Nerd to Cheerleader Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Alistair is an incredibly arrogant nerd who lords himself as superior to the 'Chads' and 'Staceys' of the world. That is, until he catches Lumin's Syndrome, and soon becomes the friendliest bimbo in town, one with a crush on a local basketball star.

Turn Around

Harriet was in tears.

"Why do you h-have to b-be so mean?" she said. "I was just asking a question about the c-class work!"

Alistair just rolled his eyes. "If you're too much of a dumb blonde bimbo to understand the nature of quantum physics, Harriet, then it's not up to me to explain it. Maybe you should just go get a manicure to treat your feelings, or maybe get a tampon. It seems all your intelligence got swapped out for those oversized tits of yours and the rest is leaking out your eyeballs."

The woman erupted at that point, storming off in tears. Sam, the local basketball legend, approached Alistair straight away. He was strong and tall, his dark skin rippling with muscle.

"You arrogant asshole," he said. "Harriet was just asking a question. I ought to punch you right in the mouth for that."

He grabbed Alistair by the shirt collar, but Alistair just sighed and adjusted his glasses.

"Please, as if you'd engage in such brute physical force while in the middle of the college library. Unless you want to say goodbye to all your scholarships, you white knighting meat head of a jock."

Sneering, Sam put him down. "One day, you'll get your comeuppance, dude."

"Please, *dude*," Alistair replied with a haughty sneer. "You may think you're powerful, but knowledge is power. And right now, I'm the smartest person in this room."

He smirked as Sam also stormed off. He dusted himself off, and went back to his study. For just a moment, he grunted, his nipples tensing strangely. His skin had been getting weirdly soft lately, and his hair was fuller too. And now his nipples were getting larger? The arrogant man frowned.

"Perhaps I'll see a doctor. No, they're too stupid. I can self-diagnose."

Unfortunately for Alistair, a correct self-diagnosis was not in the cards. Over the next week, even as he insulted those he deemed stupid - usually girls - and mocked fellow academics for their idiocy, his body continued to develop aches and soreness, followed by changes. His nipples became larger and pinker, developing wider areolas, and his waist pulled in even as his hips widened. His hair was growing rapidly, and his face was losing its spots and blemishes, even becoming sort of . . . soft! It was enough to make him blush and giggle as he took himself in while gazing at the mirror, only to catch himself.

“What the hell am I doing? My mind must be compromised. Is it estrogen production? Do I have a hormonal issue!?”

The answer came a few days later when he finally relented and let a doctor check him out. By this point his hair was going blonde and almost reaching his shoulders, even when he cut it, it just grew longer again. His lips were pouty and full, and there was no denying that he had breasts now; actual B-cup breasts that jiggled and bounced on his chest. Alistair had never had an impressive manhood - a secret shame - but now even that was shrinking too. Worse, he was starting to feel odd mental changes as well; he was giggling more often, checking out fashion idly on his computer, and struggling to understand the advanced mathematics assessment he thought would be a cakewalk.

“It’s Lumin’s Syndrome, I’m afraid,” his doctor said.

“Like, what’s that?” he asked, cursing his new proclivity to saying ‘like.’

The doctor explained it, and Alistair grew more horrified. Lumin’s was an incredibly rare genetic condition that left a person’s gender to flip to its opposite, usually becoming an object of lust to either someone around them, or even their own preconception of lust. Alistair trembled at this: for all that he hated the ‘Staceys’ of the world, as he called them - the blonde, bubble-headed bimbos with large breasts and empty brains - he secretly found them very hot, and regularly masturbated to them in private.

Now he was becoming that stereotype.

“Please, there must be, like, something I can do!” he screeched.

“I’m afraid it may be too late,” the doctor said. “Your case is advanced. I can provide you some pamphlets-”

“I don’t, like, want to read things!” he said, only to catch himself. Since when did he hate reading!?

“Then perhaps you can seek out someone who may find a more intelligent girl attractive?” the doctor said. “I know it sounds harsh, but proximity may be the only thing that helps you here.”

Alistair felt tears form. Just like Harriet’s had. It was all too overwhelming.

“But I don’t w-want to become a total Stacey!”

It was Monday, and Alistair was desperate. For one, she had started thinking of herself as a *she*. It had just started happening without warning when she woke up, and now she couldn't stop it! Her mind was feminised, and her body was increasingly bimbo-like: her breasts were now large and impossible to hide, and her figure had an itty bitty waist and wide hips that made her soooooo happy. It should have disgusted her, but instead she had ordered some cute pink crop tops and skirts and without even meaning to had begun wearing them with a super cute bra.

"What am I, like, wearing!" she said even as she arrived on campus. "This is a total nightmare! I don't even remember where I'm m-meant to be!"

Her breasts bounced heavily, her cleavage very much on display. As she stepped past the crowd, she smiled at those she passed. She normally would have ignored everyone, but now she felt compelled to be nice, even as she tried to focus on her retreating manhood, getting smaller by the second.

"Good morning Abby!"

"Hey there, Gideon! Looking smart today!"

"Harriet, I'm soooo sorry for being mean to you that other day!"

They looked at her like she was crazy. She would have preferred that, but her dumb bimbo brain found it harder to keep her impulses under control, and so she rattled off an explanation that spread quickly throughout the campus.

"Oh, it's like, I've got this Lumin's Syndrome. I'm actually Alistair but I think that name, like, doesn't suit me anymore, right? Oh my God, Harriet, you have the cutest name, I wish I had a name like that. Would should be my name? Does Stacey suit me?"

Harriet was blown away. "Uh, yeah, I guess so. Wow, you really did change, huh? I can't say it's bad."

"Neither can I," came another voice. This one belonged to someone Alistair/Stacey did know; her old academic rival, Peter.

"Oh, like, hi Peter! Are you still doing super well smashing that physics essay? I, um, might need a bit of help. I've got Lumin's and it's made me such a bubble-brain, I swear."

Peter smirked. He could be just as ruthless as her, and now she felt that ruthlessness applied to her.

"I think you're a bit beyond help now, Alistair. Actually, *Stacey*. Let's call you that. Looks like I'll finally be at the top of the class, now that you're a total blonde bimbo. Nice tits, though. I do like my girls stupid. Do you mind if I have a squeeze?"

He leaned forward, and Stacey panicked. Her IQ was in freefall in this man's presence. It was all going wrong. He wanted her dumb, and as her penis began to retract and complete her change, she could feel her body becoming stupid and submissive just to please him.

"N-no!" she cried as his hands made contact. "Please, don't!"

Harriet called for help, but it was too late. Far too late. She was going to be stuck as a dumb bimbo sex slave to this man for good, and nothing could save her . . .

A powerful hand grabbed Peter, then pushed him right back so that he landed on his ass.

"We're not in the library, Peter," came Sam's low, manly voice - one that made Stacey instantly turned on. "You harass this woman again at your peril."

Peter grumbled insults, but scampered away.

"Thanks for coming, Sam," Harriet said. "That awful jerk was manhandling her. I'll go see if I can get the footage from security and get him expelled. Hopefully."

Sam helped Stacey up to her feet as Harriet rushed away.

"She's such a good person," she said. "Even when I was, like, super mean to her. And you too. You totally saved me just now."

Sam chuckled. "Wow, are you sure you're Alistair?"

Stacey blushed. She was well aware of how hyper female she was now, with her big heavy breasts in her tight pink crop top, her perfect midriff bare, her hair blonde and her wide eyes blue. She looked like a damn cheerleader. Wait, did she want to become a cheerleader?

"I don't think I, like, really am anymore," she said, lowering her hands to between her legs. "Yeah, I, um, definitely am not. I don't, um, feel as super stupid as before, though."

"That's a good thing, right?" Sam said, looking her up and down. Despite herself, she was feeling very warm beneath his male gaze. She thrust out her tits just a little more, to let him take her in.

"Yeah. It is. I'm not super smart or anything, but I think I still understand quantum physics, and I can still get the gist of maths. Why am I not stupid?"

"Were you meant to be?"

"When my transformation finished, yeah. If I was in the presence of . . . wait." She looked up at him. God, he was handsome. She was definitely totally into dudes, now.

"Do you like your girls smart as well as sexy?" she asked.

Sam gave a sheepish grin and scratched the back of his head nervously. "Sure," he said. "Uh, why do you ask?"

Stacey leapt to the top of the pyramid, then somersaulted off into the arms of two of her teammates, who flipped her around so that she landed on her feet after a terrific spin. The crowd went wild.

“GOOOOO LIONS!” she and her cheerleading squad cried. She extended her pom-poms out dramatically, making sure to pose in a way that really showed off her hot body. It was half-time for the big game against the bulls, and she really wanted her sexy boyfriend to feel confident. Sam looked her way and grinned, obviously enjoying her display. She smiled back, unable to hide her joy. She blew him a kiss in the seconds before he was due back on court.

“You’re incredible!” he shouted.

She giggled, waving him off as he headed back out. His gaze remained on her as long as it could. She took her seat to watch him play. Life sure had changed a lot since Lumin’s Syndrome, but Stacey had to admit she was healthier, happier, and a whole lot friendlier. The fact that Harriet was seated next to her as her new BFF was proof of this.

“Stacey, is that physics homework?” the woman asked as Stacey brought out a book and began writing in it.

The former male giggled. “Sure! No offence, but the actual game is, like, super boring. And physics is seriously sexy.”

Harriet just rolled her eyes and laughed, and Stacey joined her. Not everything had changed, it seemed.

The End