

## Mini-Story: Supportive Girlfriend (Cheerleader to Shy Nerd Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

*Tired of constantly being put down by his bitchy and jealous cheerleader girlfriend; a jock named Harris makes a wish for a girl who makes him feel like a real man. Overnight, Erica the cheerleader becomes a timid and shy nerd girl who the jock can't help but protect from bullies.*

### Supportive Girlfriend

"Why can't you be a real man and win something for once in your life?"

Harris sighed. Erica was so beautiful - a total blonde, busty babe - but that sweet cheerleading exterior had fooled the footballer into thinking her personality would be just as beautiful. Instead, she was putting him down yet again.

"I told you, Erica, it's a team sport."

Erica scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Puh-lease. Jared is out there getting all the accolades while you're playing second fiddle. Sometimes I wonder why I'm even with such a second-rate man. God, you're barely even a jock."

Harris raised an eyebrow as he looked over himself. He was six feet tall, heavily muscled, and quite handsome. And while he didn't like to brag about it, he knew he had a damn fine dick too; Erica loved it when she wasn't bitching at him.

"C'mon, Erica, that's going too far. I'm literally on the football team. I might even have a career in it. I just wish sometimes you'd be more supportive of me."

Erica huffed. They were on the college grounds in the central green space, and the argument was becoming more public than Harris would have liked, not that the cheerleader cared.

"I *dance* for you, isn't that enough? At least I'm the goddamn head cheerleader, Harris. I swear, I need a man who will actually stand up for his woman and protect her. I like to think that should be you, but if you're not willing to be number one and shove the other competition out of the way, how good will you be in taking care of me? Think on that, won't you? I'm off to practice. Try not to lick the bottom of Jared's shoes or something."

Frustration brewed within Harris. This was only the most recent time he'd thought about dumping her, but she'd threatened to make all sorts of embarrassing rumours if he even thought about doing that. Instead, he went to the wishing fountain in the centre of the college park. Drawing out a coin, he tossed it in idly.

"I wish I had a girl who makes me feel like a real man," he said.

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Erica was establishing her dominance in the cheerleading hierarchy when she felt something odd. They were in the middle of another practice, and as she was vaulted into the air she stumbled the landing, falling down and collapsing the pyramid.

“Are you okay, Erica?” Jasmine asked, one of her - well, not *friends*, but allies.

Erica managed to get to her feet. She was quite the sight in her green and white two-piece cheerleading outfit. Her midriff was bare and gorgeous, her thighs strong and perfect, and her bust impressive. Her face was that of a supermodel's . . . at least until it began to change.

“I’m fine - Ohhhh!”

Everything seemed to happen at once. Erica moaned as her body deflated, literally shrinking before everyone’s eyes. Her statuesque height dissipated, leaving her a mere five-foot-three, while her breasts became mere B-cups compared to her glorious double-D’s. Her hair turned a mousey brown, shortening until it hung to just below her chin rather than in a long ponytail. Her hourglass figure became less pronounced, and while she was still petite, there was more of a mousey nature to her.

“Wh-what’s happening to m-me!?” she screeched, even as her face became a bit more plain, and a pair of glasses fitted over her eyes. Even her outfit changed, going from a cheerleading uniform to a plaid skirt and cute blue sweater over a casual tee. These were not the last changes either. The crowd withdrew from her slightly as her mind began to change. She clutched her head and groaned, feeling the ability to cheerlead, to command people’s attention, to boss them around, all disappearing. Instead, an innate nervousness came over her, a demure shyness that made her dependent on others. She quivered as new knowledge came over her: advanced mathematics, latin studies, ancient history, physics and chemistry and a host of other subjects that raised her IQ significantly.

The changes ended, and she was left standing there, panting.

“Oh - oh my God, I’ve become a total nerd!” she cried.

“Duh,” Jasmine said. “You’ve always been a nerd, Melissa.”

“M-Melissa?”

“That’s your name, dork. What are you even doing here? No one wants to see a plain Jane loser like you cheerleading. Go back to your textbooks. I don’t know what Harris sees in you.”

Melissa - for that was the name that now rang through her brain - didn’t know what to say. She couldn’t even stand up for herself. Thankfully, someone else could.

Harris advanced, seeing this play out. He had come to finally break up with Erica, and damn the consequences, when suddenly he witnessed this rather cute nerdy girl being abused by Jasmine. He'd never liked Erica's cruel friends.

"Hey, leave her alone!"

Jasmine sighed. "And here we have Harris. So cute, so jock-like, and yet apparently dating this little waif."

Harris paused, as did Melissa. She looked at him with shock. "H-Harris! It's m-me! It's Melissa. I mean, Melissa. I - something changed about me!"

"Jesus, now she's even repeating her own name out of nervousness. Just what the hell do you see in this girlfriend of yours, Harris?"

The jock realised quickly what had happened. Erica's eyes had not changed in Melissa, nor the way she rubbed her toes nervously against the ground when she was anxious - though that was rare. The wish must have worked, it was the only explanation. Somehow, by accident, he'd transformed his bitchy cheerleader girlfriend into a cute, shy nerd.

"Please help me," Melissa whispered, feeling helpless. She needed Harris to protect her; it was an almost instinctive need, like breathing air and drinking water. She needed *her boyfriend*. Her *loving, caring, sweet, kind, funny, handsome* boyfriend. God, it made her want to melt just to look at him, looming over her and yet being so compassionate.

"Shut up, Jasmine," Harris said. "If I ever hear you say something mean about her again, even a rumour, I'll make sure everyone knows what you did at the McEllerson Party."

Jasmine's face fell. Now *she* had no response.

Harris took Melissa's hand and led her away. She kept close to him, hugging up against him.

"I changed," she said.

"I know," he replied. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this. I made a wish by the fountain and somehow-"

"Don't!"

Melissa was shocked by her own words, but Harris stopped to hear her out.

"Don't what?"

She blushed, struggling to form the words. She was much shyer now. "Don't change me back. I feel so different. I know so much. And I was so, so horrible to you. Please, forgive me, Harris. I don't want to lose you. I'm so proud of you in your games, and in everything you do. I don't want to be that person again."

Harris was stunned. "You want to stay like this?"

"Um . . . yes. I don't know. I need time. But . . . I want to support you. And I want to be yours. And if this is how you like me, then . . ."

She had to get on her toes to kiss him, but when they kissed, it was long and gentle and loving. She moaned, just a little. It seemed her libido had not dissipated. Hell, maybe it was higher. It was often joked that nerdy girls had a hidden wild side. She felt it burn within her.

“Wow,” Harris said. “That was awesome.”

She blushed timidly, tucking some hairs behind her head. “You like me this way, then?”

“I won’t lie, I absolutely do, Melissa.”

She took his hand in hers. “Then maybe . . . maybe we can start again?”

Harris grinned. “I’d love nothing more,” he said. And with that, he swept his adorably short nerdy girlfriend up in his arms. The pair of them laughed, finally compatible with one another.

It was the beginning of a very long, and very supportive relationship.

**The End**