

Extension: Please Hold Me! (Tough Guy to Nerdy Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

It's Halloween, and time for a slasher movie night between tough guy Henry and his far more timid friend Alex. But as the movie progresses, Henry soon finds himself changing with each sequential fright. Soon he'll be the one clinging to Alex's arm as a woman too frightened to finish the film!

Please Hold Me!

"Are you sure you're ready?" Henry teased. "I've heard this one is pretty damn scary. *The Final Cut* is meant to take things to a whole new level."

"S-sure," Alex said. "It's Halloween, right?"

Henry grinned. "Just don't start begging me to stop the film halfway through, man. We're watching this one to the end, so you'll have to toughen up."

He inserted the DVD into the drive and sat back on the couch next to his friend. This was an old tradition between the pair of them: they would always watch a scary film on Halloween night after festivities, late when the imagination could run wild. Henry was a tough guy with rugged good looks and brown hair that always seemed to arrange itself in a 'handsomely just woken up' style. Alex, on the other hand, was a smaller man with light blonde hair and smart glasses. He enjoyed watching movies with his friend, but was more prone to those films filling his thoughts during and afterwards, and lately his buddy had been teasing him far more about it. He was determined to see this one through to its end.

"Where do you even find these films anyway?" Alex asked. "I've never even heard of *The Final Cut*."

"Dude, you're a bigger movie nerd and you haven't heard of this? It's a whole supernatural thing: it's meant to curse the watcher or something."

Alex smirked, trying to hide his nervousness. "Spooky."

"Yeah, try not to cave on this one, buddy!"

The film began, the film grain showing its age and authenticity. A woman was fleeing from some unseen force in a dark forest, panting as she tried to find her way. She was barely dressed, and Henry thought she looked hot, but something about the scene made him oddly uncomfortable. There was a figure in the shadows, he could see it flitting in the trees. It was damn good cinematography.

"Jesus, this is getting me already," Alex admitted.

"Don't be a p-pussy," Henry stammered, trying to hide his own anxiousness. He gripped the edge of the couch, not even noticing the way his hands were softening and

becoming daintier, the way his arm hair retracted even as his goosebumps raised. "It's just a movie, man."

But then it happened; the big jumpscare. The figure pounded from the shadows upon the woman, knife raised, and an orgy of blood and terror followed. Henry's heart was suddenly in his chest, beating frantically. He bit his lip, again forcing himself to contain his genuinely fearful reaction. Unfortunately, said lip began to swell, becoming fuller and more feminine. He took a shaky breath, not even noticing the way his jaw rounded a little, reshaping very slowly to take on more feminine dimensions.

Thankfully, there was a lull. Henry was about to spout off a line about Alex being nervous to deflect from himself, and take a sip from his soda as the cast of expendable teens were introduced, the ones having a party in the woods, ignoring the tales of the mysterious undead horror that resided there.

And that's when Henry noticed it; the shadow again. The figure. Stalking them even in daylight. Always at the edges of the screen.

"H-holy shit," he managed. "Can you s-see him?"

Alex coughed. "Oh, wow! I didn't notice that. Creepy, right?"

"No! Just . . . cool."

But Henry was very creeped out. He shifted closer to Alex on the couch for reasons he couldn't figure out, only that his presence made him more comfortable. He ran his fingers through his hair, which lengthened and thickened, becoming lush and gorgeous as it trailed down his shoulders. When they first entered the forest he began to shiver, and that left his body almost vibrating; with each little shudder of fear, his waist contracted, his hips widened subtly, and his pectorals lost their muscle mass and gained fatty tissue.

"Oh God! Oh God what's out there! Taylor, is that you! TAYLOR! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME!"

Scarlet cried out, the gorgeous scream queen horrified as the figure advanced on her. Henry cried out too, only to place his feminine hand on his mouth. The woman's full chest heaved onscreen, and his own did to match it, blooming a full pair of breasts even as his shoulders shrank to give him much more petite proportions.

"Are you okay dude?" Alex asked, unable to look away. "I thought you were tough with these things."

"I - I usually am!" Henry squeaked, voice higher than it should have been. He trembled as the tall, undead slasher villain advanced on the remaining crew. They fled, the heroic final girl having to leave her best friend behind. A terrifying cry rang out and a quick gory shot followed. Henry clenched his fists, burying his head in his hands and trying to hold back tears. What was wrong with him? He was meant to be a man, damn it!

But even at that moment, his manhood was sliding back inside of him without his noticing, leaving a perfectly formed feminine slit and tunnel behind instead. He quivered as the film raced towards its climax, and without even thinking he shifted right up against Alex, who awkwardly put a hand around his waist.

"It's okay man, it's okay," he said, not sure why he felt so comfortable doing this, or why Henry was so comfortable with it.

"I just - please hold me! It's so scary!"

"It's okay! I'm here."

Henry was comforted by these words. He peered at the screen, then quickly looked away as the ghastly monster advanced through the dilapidated cabin towards the sole survivor, a machete glistening with blood in its hand. Henry squeaked, and this time the changes went beyond his body: his shirt tightened on his form, becoming a cute shirt for a girl, while his pants reformed to become a casual skirt. A pair of glasses formed on his eyes as his vision became momentarily fuzzy as well. But this was nothing compared to the mental changes: all of a sudden Henry wasn't Henry at all: *she* was Hazel, a nerdy girl who loved film trivia but was absolutely terrified of scary films. And there was only one source of comfort against them.

"Alex, please hold me!" she repeated, her voice now light and cute. Her entire figure was, in fact, with modest B-cup breasts and a petite figure.

"Of course, Hazel," Alex said, his mind also affected. He held her close as the climax drew near. The figure advanced. Advanced. Advanced.

"Oooh, I can't watch!"

"Put your face into my shoulder. I'll tell you what happens."

Hazel was glad of it. She loved her boyfriend. He was so cute and nerdy and comforting, and he told her as it unfolded what was occurring, and reassured her at the very moment the villain was defeated, his form lost in the thick swamp from which it had first emerged. Hazel breathed a sigh of relief, slowly calming down as the final girl Taylor walked off into the sunrise, finally free of the nightmare.

And then, out of nowhere, a hand jolted out of the swamp in one final jumpscare."

"EEEEP!" she cried, clinging to her loving boyfriend again.

Alex just laughed, and so did she as the credits thankfully rolled.

"Wow, I guess you really struggled with that one, Henry," he teased, hitting the remote button to turn the movie off.

"H-Henry?" Hazel asked. "Who's . . . oh God, what's happened to me? Why am I now a girl? Why am your *girlfriend!*?"

Alex's eyes widened in shock. It was as if the crashing realisation of her changes had finally come down upon the pair of them, the movie's effects no longer holding sway now that it had been turned off.

"I - oh my God, there was a curse! Henry - Hazel - you've been cursed!"

Hazel looked down at her cute, nerd girl form, and did the only thing she could in reaction to this news: she let loose a terrified scream and gripped her new boyfriend around his waist.

It was a night for horror, after all, and she needed a comforting presence.

"Are you sure you're okay with this, sweetie?"

Hazel blushed. She was still getting used to the fact that her nerdy best friend was now her *boyfriend*, let alone the fact that she was a woman, but being called *sweetie* was another thing entirely. And yet it made the cute new nerdy girl blush from how nice it was to be called that.

"I'm not not okay with any of it," she muttered, folding her arms beneath her modest-sized breasts. "But it seems I'm stuck like this, so I'd rather get out and about and back on campus rather than hide away in my - *our* - apartment all the time. Besides, if we stay there without leaving, you know what happens."

"What happens?"

She blushed even further and adjusted her suddenly foggy glasses. "Y-you know. The thing that happens between us."

Her cute nerdy boyfriend's eyes widened in realisation. "Oh, *that!* Um, yeah. I can see how that might still be awkward for you, Hazel."

Awkward was one way to put it. Ever since watching that cursed film *The Final Cut* with Alex, Henry had been stuck as Hazel, a timid shy woman with an utterly attractive nerdy look to her. She needed glasses, she wore long skirts and sweaters, and she had a sweet cherubic face that was perfect for blushing when things got awkward. Which they certainly did that first night, when her new bodily need for her friend to hold her after a scary movie transformed into a powerful passion that led them straight to the bedroom. She still couldn't believe that she had spread her legs wide as Alex entered her and then thrust into her, or that she had kissed him so passionately and cried out in her adorable whimpers when they both came. She had even clutched him in the aftermath, finding such peace in his protective presence. It was so pathetic . . . and yet she'd done it a good number of times since, always feeling submissive and needing her nerdy lover to take a bit more charge. Sometimes she was a bit more of a freak in the sheets, but on the whole it was that closeness, that

sensation of being held and dominated and *protected*, that made her gasp in ecstasy by the end. The feeling of his dick inside of her. He wasn't the biggest, but it didn't matter. She'd discovered recently that women didn't often need a dick to be *that* big, just for their lover to do their job, to focus on their woman's own pleasure instead of just their own, and to hit all of her buttons just right. And Alex had done all of that for her and then some. Hell, just that very morning they'd woken up against one another in bed, and he'd actually gone *down on her*. He hadn't cared that she hadn't even showered yet; he just knew that her cute nerdy body was needy, and he'd taken care of her first. And in return . . . well, she hadn't sucked his dick yet, but she'd badly wanted to. But she had let him take her from behind, and that was an experience that had just felt so deeply *hot*, especially because she was so small and helpless, and he was now the bigger one of the two of them.

It was a far cry from the tough guy she used to be, but the curse of the tape had changed her; she literally couldn't help but want to feel safe in her friend-turned-boyfriend's arms, just like she leaned against him when they watched sci-fi shows together, and how she was suddenly reading more in the last two weeks than she ever had in her entire life. She even liked listening to True Crime podcasts before going to sleep, but she had to cling to Alex when they got scary, and his arm around her helped calm any shyness. The short, cute girl frowned a little as she thought of this, all while taking in the sight of the campus.

"Well, you know I'm here with you, okay?" Alex said. "I'm right beside you."

She nodded, then fidgeted a little, the innate shyness of her change hitting her.

"Um, could you hold my hand?"

"Oh, yeah, of course."

"It's just the curse. It makes me so nervous, sweetie. Alex. I just need you to keep me, um, calm."

He flashed her a smile that almost made her melt inside.

"I'll do whatever I can for you, Hazel."

She beamed, only to catch herself and bite her own lip lightly to stop from smiling. The pair walked onto the campus grounds together. Hazel wasn't worried about sticking out, at least she intellectually knew that she shouldn't be. The former man-turned-nerdy girl had had her entire reality changed. Her mother now thought she'd always raised 'a brilliant academic girl', while her sister now texted her far more often, making sure her 'little sis' was alright and not too nervous about everything. It also meant that she had a new student ID, one in which she looked very pretty. Not beautiful, at least not in the 'hot girl' kind of sense, but rather as a very adorable woman with pixie-like features; her little button nose, her large doe-like eyes, and her very rounded cheeks which gave her a great deal of expression. She wore a scarf in the image, and had a beret on as well. Signs of her current fashion sense, it seemed. It was altogether alien from her time as a football quarterback and track field star.

Hell, even as Alex walked her to her first lecture - now on physics rather than sports ed - she was shocked at how *tall* everyone was, all thanks to her reduced height. She had to weave around them, or rely on Alex to help part the crowd, and people paid her no notice. Worse, she didn't even find some of the women she passed attractive.

"God, I really am totally into guys now," she noted.

"Oh, still nothing?"

"Stacey Ackermann is literally wearing that pink crop top, you know the one. We talked about it all last summer. And I feel zip, sweetie. Nada."

Alex nodded. "So . . . just the guys, then? The muscular types?"

She gave him a playful punch on the shoulder. "The nerdy ones, lucky for you. God, that damn tape. Okay, this is my first lecture. Wish me luck, you know, for my first day at college as Hazel. As a *nerdy girl*."

He leaned down - it was weird how being so much shorter now actually excited her - and kissed her on the lips.

"You're going to do great, Hazel. I know you will. You've done so well already."

At this, she looked down and scuffed her shoe a little on the pavement outside the lecture theatre. "What are you talking about? I've gone from a big-time tough guy to . . . this."

"Yeah, and you're doing an incredible job of dealing with it."

"No, I'm not. We've had sex! I suck at fighting it."

Alex blushed a little this time. It was a good look. "I'm not talking about fighting it, I'm talking about how you've adjusted. You're enjoying your books! You're still watching movies with me. You're here and ready to take on a frickin' *physics* degree. That's pretty amazing that you're taking that on and not running away, Hazel."

She pivoted the end of her foot on the ground, her hands behind her back as she turned a little from side to side in that classical pose of a woman being complimented by someone she had a total crush on.

"Well . . . I would have run away, but you've been there to keep me safe. I swear, I've always got you to hold onto, Alex. I'm glad that, if I'm stuck like this, then I'm stuck like this with you. I actually . . . I don't mind it. Um, I really like it sometimes, actually."

She'd never seen Alex so quietly happy before. She quickly pulled him in for a kiss, then pushed him back.

"Just - just don't make it awkward, okay?"

"No way, sweetie."

She giggled and headed into the lecture theatre, though she blew him a kiss like a total dork, which he returned in an equally dorky fashion.

"Someone's in love," a girl mentioned to her side.

"Oh, um . . . I don't know about that."

“New relationship though?”

Hazel smiled sheepishly at the woman, who was a dark-skinned lady with lovely braids in her hair. “Yeah. V-very new. Very different to what I’m used to . . . but I like it, I think. I like the way he holds me.”

The other woman chuckled. “Sounds like love to me! I’m Gabriella.”

“H-Hazel,” the nerdy girl replied. “Are you a physics major too?”

“Trying to be!” she said with a laugh. “I just got enrolled here after moving and transferring my credits. Looking for some new friends. Would you like to sit together?”

Hazel smiled, and found her nervousness shrinking away. “I’d really like that,” she replied.

“Sweet! Say, Hazel, are you a bit of a movie nerd, perchance?”

At this, the nerdy young woman hesitated, then gave an awkward grin.

“Why d-do you ask?”

Gabriella sat down in the theatre and gestured for Hazel to sit too. “Oh, I just noticed that there’s no movie club here at the college, and was thinking of starting one. Would you be up for that?”

At this, Hazel fidgeted with her glasses before looking down at her female form.

“W-well, would we be watching horror movies?”

“Ooh, yes! I love a good horror movie. Are you a big fan?”

“Let’s just say a horror film can be lifechanging for me.”

“Awesome. You’d come along?”

Hazel giggled. “So long as I can bring my boyfriend. When it gets too scary, I need my big man to hold onto!”

They laughed together, and Hazel once more felt that warmth within her. Somehow, things were starting to look up. She could do this. And besides, any excuse for her to have Alex’s arms around her. *That* part, she was very much looking forward to.

The End