

Revenge Of The Nerd (Part II)

By Soul-Controller



As Britney Farmer hastily made her way back across campus, the clack of her heels against the concrete sidewalks made sure that everyone steered clear of the angered woman. Originally, her plans for the evening were to get blackout wasted at a party hosted by a fraternity before hooking up with one of the jocks, but this had somehow been foiled by her dweeb of a project partner.

Although Britney could admit that she was ruthless towards Mitchell as she constantly ruined his life in both high school and college, the cheerleader truly had no idea why the nerd had even popped up on her radar. It may have been solely due to her attempts of connecting with any of the hot jockish bullies that she had thirsted over, but even after she had dated all of the men and realized that they weren't good enough for her, she found herself continuing to torment the nerd. In fact, she even found herself starting to love it...

Despite her annoyance at the nerd for delaying her plans for the evening, the cheerleader obeyed the man's text asking her to come to his dorm for a "project-related emergency". Although she had no idea what sort of emergency could occur in regards to a simple humanities project, the cheerleader refused to think much about it. She had purposely made Mitchell's life a living hell for countless years, so if he was practically begging her to come to his apartment, there had to be something serious going on.

Upon making her way to their dorm building, the woman quickly traversed the few flights of stairs before she arrived at Mitchell's room and softly knocked against the hardwood door. After hearing the turn of a deadbolt, Britney watched as the door pulled open and her eyes met Mitchell's gross murky brown irises. Not even waiting for the nerd to say hello, the cheerleader just barged into the room, easily moving the frail man aside with a soft shove. But as she did so, the woman couldn't help but pick up on the slight twinge of pain that permeated throughout her head upon passing the threshold of the doorway.

In search of some relief, Britney narrowed her eyes in hopes that the lack of stimuli would ease the sudden migraine she felt. But as her eyelids nearly closed, no relief came and thus just further annoyed the woman. "Ok, so why the hell am I here," she

angrily growled, her tone incredibly sharp and pointed as she turned in the direction of Mitchell.

“Oh uh, there’s something wrong with the project that we need to figure out together,” he began, the nerd somewhat stumbling on his words as he attempted to formulate an excuse over why she was truly here. “Since the first stage of the project is due on Monday, I figured we needed to get it fixed now so we could actually enjoy our weekends.”

Upon hearing the fact that there was no dire emergency, the woman couldn’t help but huff as she began tapping her foot against the wood floor. “Ugh whatever, let’s get this dumbass project done then so I can get out of this shithole,” she snarled, taking a look and adopting a nauseated expression as she took in the man’s decor and just how nerdy it was as it was adorned with memorabilia and posters of every possible science fiction franchise.

After stumbling for a moment due to Britney’s vicious attitude, Mitchell attempted to further delay as he anxiously awaited for S-C’s apparent revenge to take effect. “I- um, let me go get my laptop from my bedroom. I’ll be right back,” he said, giving the woman no time to respond before awkwardly walking away and heading into his bedroom. For nearly a minute, Britney stood there in anger as she longed to escape and head to the frat party. But as she continued to notice the exponentially increasing intensity of the migraine that was affecting her, the cheerleader also began to pick up on other areas of discomfort that were permeating throughout her body. Her stomach felt as though it was stranded at sea based on just how violently it rocked and thrashed, which was not a great combo given how weak her legs suddenly were.

Although she had no desire of exploring more of the nerd’s apartment, the woman was left with no other choice but to awkwardly walk down the hallway until she stumbled into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. Pressing her back against the door, the woman took several deep breaths as she attempted to comprehend why her sides were aching so badly. Before the woman could try to think about why this was happening though, the sound of fabric ripping stole her attention and forced her to direct her attention into the mirror hanging above the sink.

Upon doing so, Britney’s eyes widened as she noticed how her satin dress had torn directly along the sides. The woman turned and pushed a hip out towards the mirror as she observed the long tear that ran along sixty percent of the side seam. In the midst of attempting to figure out what to do so she could escape back to her dorm room and change into a new dress, this mental plan was quickly foiled as an intense influx of pain

emerged once more just as she began to turn and reach for the door handle. Out of nowhere, the loud sound of cracking emerged in tandem with the high-pitched squeal of more fabric tearing. Gritting her teeth in pain, the woman turned back away from the door and rested her sights on the door. By doing so, her jaw dropped as she took note of her torso. Somehow, it had widened so severely that several inches of tanned flesh was revealed through the side tears of the dress and thus revealed a more rectangular frame rather than her normally curvy form.

While she continued to gawk at her reflection in pure confusion, the woman found herself undergoing more changes as this same widening and cracking of her skeleton occurred around her shoulders. As inches continued to be added towards each of her shoulders, the tiny straps of her dress found themselves slipping away from her collarbone and falling to the side of her arms. By the time her shoulders had finished changing and permanently given her a wide and intimidating presence, the inclusion of some slight trap muscles caused Britney's dress to finally fall to the floor and reveal her completely nude body.

Although the confident woman was no stranger to admiring her nude physique from time to time, the sight before her was extremely bizarre and made Britney feel self-conscious for the first time ever. As her eyes glanced into the mirror and locked in on her modest bosom, a slight tightening sensation emerged in each breast. To her horror, she watched as each breast began to suddenly deflate as if it were a popped balloon. Watching as her bosom lost its teardrop shape with the extra flesh receding back into her chest, the proud woman mourned as the density changed and gave way to the creation of firm muscle above the breastbone. In less than a minute, her soft and supple breasts had been erased and instead replaced with a prominent and firm set of pecs.



Despite her attraction towards a jock physique, the realization that she was somehow gaining one of her own was a horrific conclusion for the petite woman. The concept of becoming so bulky and strong was a nightmare to the dainty and feminine cheerleader, especially as she loathed physical labor beyond her normal cheer routines. No matter how much Britney opposed what was occurring to her, the changes refused to stop as each of her arms began to undergo changes. The woman's slim and slightly defined



upper arms were quickly destroyed, with an influx of muscle invading the area as a sizable set of biceps manifested that would now have a circumference of at least 20 inches. While the woman was mostly devoted to staring at her new upper arms, the rest of her arms were also changing as she gained some meaty forearms and her hands began to alter. As a slew of cracking and popping occurred to her hands, this led to the widening of her palms as her long nails receded and lost their fresh coat of nail polish. To punctuate these changes, a slew of calluses then began to manifest across her hands to give her an indication of her new physique and life as a hard-working jock.

Thinking of the countless buff jocks she had dated throughout the years, a deep pressure emerging deep within her uterus revealed that she would soon gain the manhood of one as well. This realization elicited the biggest reaction from the young woman, as she screamed and begged for salvation as the pressure traversed towards the opening of her female genitalia. Despite being well-acquainted with the male anatomy given her status as a popular and sexually liberated cheerleader, the sight of watching as a tip of a cock exited out of her womb made the woman nearly faint. In search of a place to sit and remain stable, Britney quickly took a seat on Mitchell's toilet and forced her eyes to look down and watch the remainder of the changes. By the time she had taken a seat, her new genitalia was already poking out of her pussy by at least 4 inches. Upon adding another inch into the length, the woman found herself with a fully functional cock that rested along the porcelain toilet seat and caused a shiver to pass through Britney's bulkier body.

To add to her horror and humiliation, the sudden emergence of Mitchell on the other side of the door startled the cheerleader and left Britney feeling quite terrified. "Britney? Are you ok? I heard screaming," he asked, punctuating his sentence with a few knocks to make sure he got the prissy cheerleader's attention.

With tears beginning to well up in the corners of her eyes over what was occurring to her, the cheerleader was torn. Although she desperately wanted someone to help her, the concept of relying on the pathetic nerd that she loved to bully was a step too far in her eyes. As such, she tried quickly to get the man to leave her alone so she could ultimately suffer in solitude. "Uh yeah, I just dropped something," she awkwardly said,

attempting to formulate a decent response to explain her loud outburst. To her relief though, the plan seemed to work as Mitchell accepted the response and stated that he'd be waiting in the living room for them to discuss the project once she's done.

Upon hearing the nerd's footsteps grow distant, Britney breathed a sigh of relief as she leaned back against the lid of the toilet. While she was too busy focusing on getting Mitchell to leave her alone, the cheerleader was oblivious to the fact that more changes had been occurring to her. Although she couldn't see or feel it, the woman's ovaries were altering as they moved closer towards her new cock. By the time they finally reached the slit of her vagina, they had changed function and form to become a hefty pair of testes that dropped down from the slit and into a brand new ball sack that just barely rested above the water in the toilet. To make matters even more dizzying for the woman, Britney found her eyeline changing as she was suddenly being lifted up several inches. Upon allowing her hands to explore in search of an answer, the woman grimaced as she realized that she was now in possession of a thick yet firm ass.

Despite her confusion and horror about what was happening to her, Britney's curiosity took precedence and thus caused her wobbly legs to sit up from the toilet and return to standing in front of the mirror. Upon doing so, the woman turned around and tilted her head back to look at the mirror. Looking back at her was a wide and firm bubble butt that would surely fill out any pair of pants or shorts that she dared to wear with her new form. Allowing one of her wide and callused hands to grip onto an asscheek and give it a squeeze, the woman cringed as she realized her soft and doughy ass was no more. Instead, there was an intense firmness that made it clear that this new version of her loved to squat and do intense glute workouts at the gym.

As she began to turn back around though, Britney found herself feeling uncomfortable with how her new cock and balls limply hung or even slapped against her thighs while moving. To make matters worse, discomfort soon began to emerge as the woman's upper legs were now suddenly rubbing together. Upon peering down to see what was going on, Britney watched as her thighs were quickly widening to become just as hefty and strong as the rest of her new male form. In an instant, the female's thigh gap was decimated as she found herself having to adjust her stance to prevent further discomfort.



With her eyes continuing to look down at her changing legs, the woman was able to get a clear view as her calves and feet were both changing in tandem. Britney's slightly firm calves were exponentially growing with firm muscle just as her feet were cracking and altering their physiology. Despite the intense muscle that was filling her calves, the cheerleader's attention was solely trained on her feet as she could both watch and feel as the bones cracked and widened. Similar to the rest of her original physique, the woman's feet were incredibly small and dainty (which worked well as it allowed her to easily be lifted and thrown into the air by her fellow cheerleaders), which meant that the changes that were affecting her were rather extreme. In an instant, the size 6.5 feet grew to freakish proportions in Britney's eyes, ultimately becoming size 13s.

With the intense tingling finally leaving her body, the woman breathed a sigh of relief as she assumed the changes had finally finished affecting her. Upon looking up at her reflection though, the woman realized that this couldn't be the case as her soft and feminine visage was still staring back at her along with her long blonde hair. Just as this realization dawned on her, the woman's eyes widened as she witnessed the next series of changes begin to affect her newly male body...