

Team Player - Alternate Ending: Nerd Edition (Footballer to Nerd Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An alternate take on Team Player: *What if instead of becoming a buxom cheerleader type due to his Lumin's, Richard instead turned into an adorkable and shy nerd girl? How would she cope with suddenly being everything she thought was weak and pathetic when she was a man?*

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It was the most humiliating experience Richard Starre had experienced. Here he was, making out with Dina Paley, the hottest fucking chick on campus with a serious stacked chest, and he was struggling to stay hard. She moaned in his mouth, pressing her huge melons against his muscular chest, and he in turn cupped them, lowering one hand to squeeze her pert ass.

“Mhmm, yeah, Richard, f-fuck me already! I want your big hard dick inside - oh.”

It was then that she looked down and saw that his normally large and ready-to-go cock was only deflating. Richard cringed. He was the fucking alpha male. He was the goddamn powerhouse of the college football team, their star linebacker and team captain for Christ's sake!

“I can do things to take care of that,” Dina said, smiling sweetly. She lowered a soft hand to softly caress his balls, sliding her fingers along his stem. It was enough to make him go slightly hard, but his penis soon went limp again, causing him to go red with humiliation.

“Not in the mood?” she asked. “I thought you were always in the mood?”

“I was! I am! It's . . . fuck, I don't know. Football has me stressed or some shit, and you were complaining too much earlier about that dumb show you wanted to watch. You've got me all wound tight, Dina.”

She frowned, crossing her arms across her breasts. “Are you sure it's not all those doctor visits you've been making?”

“Who told you that?”

“I just saw you at the GP the other day, and you've been taking lots of calls and I've seen that they were from someone called Dr Kaley when you answered your-”

“That's none of your fucking business!” Richard spat. He began to gather up his clothes. “This was just a mistake. I wanted to get a nice lay with my girlfriend and you've ruined it all by making this all a bigger thing.”

Dina sighed. "Rich, I didn't mean it like that. I'm just worried about you. You know I've been talking about how we should make our relationship something more than just sex. Why don't you tell me about what's going on?"

Richard just scoffed. He finished putting on his clothing. "Yeah, maybe some other time, babe. I've got some shit to sort out. Maybe next time we start with a blowjob, and that'll keep me hard. Think about *that*, huh?"

He stepped out of the room, trying to keep his composure as calm and confident and manly as possible. It was only when he reached his car that he kicked the door and made a dent, so filled with fury was he.

"Goddamn it! Fuck! FUCK! Stupid fucking disease. What the hell is wrong with me? I can't even get hard with the goddamn hottest chick on campus anymore? Goddamnit!"

He got into the car and rode off, still fuming, burning with humiliation. It had been this way ever since the changes had first started, gradual as they were. He'd gone to the doctor to get some standard blood tests done because he was losing muscle mass and feeling sensitive. He told them that he'd been feeling oddly emotional as well, and that his nipples were weirdly swollen and chafing against his shirts. He was redirected to Dr Kaley, a woman who wasn't exactly bangable from his point of view but seemed to understand what was talking about. She was the one to inform him that he had Lumin's Syndrome: the ultra rare genetic condition that would cause him to slowly change into the opposite gender; into a *woman*.

It was the worst news Richard had ever heard, especially since it had over a ninety percent rate of transitioning a person. Worse, there was no apparent cure, at least none that the useless doctor could provide. It couldn't have come at a worse time: Richard was the beloved star - appropriate given his last name - of the college football team, beloved by thousands, a total jock of the most supreme variety. He loved showing up the second on the team, Brandon, and mocking him for the fact that Richard was going to be taken into the serious national league, while Brandon would be left behind.

And now he couldn't even get his dick hard. His muscles were evaporating. His hair was growing longer and shinier each passing day, and his nipples were even more swollen, his pecs starting to become softer . . . more rounded. He was also shorter, and his teammates were starting to notice.

"Need to get stronger. Need to fight this fucking womanising. I'm not becoming some kind of bimbo. I'm an alpha male! A jock! I won't become weak!"

He made a call. That pint-sized goth chick Liza had given him her number. She fucking hated him for whatever reason, but he had money, and was willing to pay her well to plan a 'masculinisation' routine for him.

'Hey, is this everyone's favourite womanising douchebag?'

“Why, you looking to be womanised?”

There was a cackle on the other end. *‘First, even if I wasn’t a lesbian, no way. Secondly, I’m looking for your money, actually. I take it your own attempts to stay all buff and manly are falling apart?’*

He grit his teeth. “I’ll pay your rates, however ridiculous they are. Just make sure I’m not a goddamn bimbo by the end of it. I know how they end up; I won’t be some fucking cheerleader type.”

There was an odd pause on the other end of the phone as he dodged through traffic, heading back to the campus.

“What? Did I say something?”

‘Oh, nothing. Just gave me an idea, based on what I’ve read of your condition. Meet me on campus in the afternoon, behind the maritime studies complex. This’ll be fun. Bring your phone or chequebook or whatever.’

And with that, she hung up. Richard almost cut her off first, but the throbbing in his nipples only told him that he needed to tread a careful line. He had to stay a man.

He *had* to. And if that meant getting some loser goth nerd girl to help him, then fine.

Liza was short, wore all black, and generally had that whole ‘perky goth’ look to her, complete with a purple stripe through her hair. She was actually kind of hot in an alternative way, and Richard would happily fuck her, but it was clear she wouldn’t let that happen. Her loss, as far as he was concerned.

“Huh, didn’t realise you were getting that short,” she remarked, smirking as he approached.

“Whatever, fuck you. What can you do for me? Have you cooked something?”

The goth nerd chuckled. “Oh yeah. All big science shit, not that you care for it . . . yet. Come take a look at this.”

She sat down on the grass and brought out several folders, many of them marked with numerous tabs and bits of information. They were also numbered.

“What’s this? Protein schedules? Scientific readings? Engineering and chemistry introductions? This is all nerd shit! How does this help me become a man!?”

“By keeping your brain active and trained, you dumb beef-headed jock! This is exactly what you need to stay a man: to get educated, to know your condition, to learn and study a bunch of smarty pants courses. The brain is where the change happens, so we need to distract it, see?”

Richard nodded, though he was a little uncertain.

“But why all a bunch of nerd shit?”

Liza rolled her eyes. “Hey, you do know that *men* are the ones who invented and created all the really intelligent shit, right?”

He detected a hint of sarcasm in her voice, but whether she was making a joke or not, the logic seemed to make sense to him. He’d always felt that men were the leaders, the decision-makers, emboldened by their testosterone and brains and confidence. Besides, they didn’t have gross periods once a month, or get super emotional. Which, weirdly, was exactly how he felt right at that very moment. The thought that, even if she was being paid, this woman had put in so much effort for him, made the alpha male sob beneath his breath for a moment.

“Dude, you okay?” she said.

“Fine,” he said, playing it off. “Fine, I’ll go through your nerdy study plans. They better work. I better end up the person I’m supposed to be.”

It was then that Liza flashed one of her know-it-all smiles. “Oh, I promise, you’ll end up *exactly as the person you’re supposed to be.*”

Richard took the folders, and gave her the money as promised. Five hundred dollars was far more than he wanted to spend, but if it meant remaining a man, then it was worth it.

It wasn’t working, no matter how much Richard studied all the nerdy shit that Liza had gotten him. He was still going to the gym, of course, pumping the iron that he still could, but just a week after he’d received the material, his body was still becoming increasingly feminine, much to the footballer’s shame. Brandon was noticing in the change rooms recently, chuckling and pointing out the ways in which Richard’s body was getting less and less able to perform upon the field.

“Looks like Richard the ‘Starre player’ is getting pretty scrawny these days. Perhaps he isn’t up for team captain, particularly after today’s performance. It was only thanks to the rest of the team carrying your weak, dead weight that we managed to win.”

“Shut the fuck up, Brandon,” Richard said, standing up to his full height, which had reduced somewhat. He was now clearly shorter than Brandon, and far less muscled too. For a footballer, he really was getting quite scrawny. “I’m still team captain. I can boot you off the team.”

“Oh yeah?” Brandon said, drawing closer. “Try me. Try and boot me. Just try and shove me.”

Richard did . . . and failed. Brandon was like a brick wall. He couldn't even budge him an inch. His cheeks burned with impotent rage and humiliation as Brandon just chuckled darkly.

"That's what I thought. I don't know what's goin' on with you man, but it's clear you're not what this team needs anymore. Maybe the cheerleading squad has a position for you. You're looking like a real chick these days anyway."

Richard simply had to change and leave. He went straight to the gym as he had been doing for days, pumping iron and listening to the podcasts that Liza had left him. They were all on weird nerdy subjects like chemistry, biology, physics, mathematics, as well as classic literature and postmodernist analysis and the history of drama and all that. It didn't grab his attention, but strangely he was finding it not all that bad to listen to. There was a calmness to it, and he found himself understanding more than he expected to understand. Still, despite his devotion, his body continued to weaken, his height decreased, and his figure changed more and more to womanhood. He tried to conceal it with shoulder pads that Liza got for him (with his money, of course), along with pumps for his shoes and padding for his arms to simulate the biceps he once had. He even started using nipple tape, the kind that women wore when donning scantily clad dresses without bras, just to hide his increasingly female nipples, which by this point were large and pink and worryingly sensitive. Sensitive enough, in fact, that he moaned audibly when he accidentally stimulated them.

"This isn't working!" he whined to Liza after meeting up with her for study in the library. It was something she'd started organising just two days before, and while Richard scoffed at it, he found himself attending with an almost compulsive intent.

"Not working how?" Liza asked, looking him up and down.

"Not working as in my musculature is reducing in scope, and my testosterone levels are clearly reducing in favour of estrogen development! Chemistry-wise, I'm looking at a complete flip in my chromosomal order here and it has me fucking panicking!"

Liza giggled, then outright *guffawed*.

"What? What's so damn funny? This is my body chemistry at stake here!"

"Oh, nothing! It's just, I never expected a footballer jock - let alone one like Richard Starre - to start talking in such technicalities, especially discussing his chromosomes!"

Richard blushed. When had he learned that stuff? He supposed he had picked it up thanks to Liza's materials.

"Whatever, I guess I am learning. But it's not helping."

"Ah, but it is! Most Lumin's subjects would have changed fully by now. You would probably have big ripe E-cups and all that. Instead, we're rechanneling the mental aspect that leads to the physical changes. Which is why I'm giving you your next assignment: nerd girls!"

Richard blinked. "What?"

"It's simple: we can't have you lusting after big-boobed bimbos or you'll become one. But you admit you're not attracted to nerdy girls, right?"

He wasn't, and said as much.

"Then that's what you need to surround yourself with. Cute, shy, petite nerd girls who still *remind* you of what you're meant to be attracted to, while also stimulating intellectual curiosity, *and* not activating your arousal response that helps trigger the transformation. Makes sense, right?"

Richard wasn't sure it did, but couldn't quite poke any holes in the logic. His mind races - more than usual - considering and weighing the factors she had brought to his attention. Only then did he sigh and agree.

"Fine, where can I get these images or depictions or nerdy girls, or whatever?"

Liza grinned. "Well, you're in luck, mister, because it turns out that cute nerd girls are right up my lesbian alley."

Richard had initially scoffed at the posters and calendars and images that Liza had given him. They all displayed shy, petite women with pixie cuts and glasses and scarves and beanies, often quite short in size and clearly not that big in the chest. Oh sure, they were pretty, but they weren't drop-dead gorgeous, and they certainly didn't have the curves he found hot. And yet . . . after a few days he began to find himself staring at those posters on his wall with more curiosity, admiring the features of these women, and starting to recognise that there was an intense appeal to girls who were 'cute' and 'adorable' and shy and demure, rather than bold and sexy. It got to the point where thinking of Dina Paley wasn't doing much for him, because she wasn't *that* type of girl. He'd long stopped responding to her calls or texts, feigning further sickness as the reason he couldn't keep contacting her back. It was the same reason he had to pull out from the damn football team: he was now only five foot seven and still shrinking, and his thinning musculature only made him more unrecognisable. His hair was still getting longer, and now it was a bit curly as well. His female curves were starting to come in: he'd noticed that his ass was a bit more rounded, his hips wider, and his cock was certainly still shrinking, now noticeably below average in size.

He brought these complaints to Liza multiple times, but she just shrugged them off, insisting that he had to go even harder for the nerd girl stuff. That, at least, he was succeeding in, along with his studies. It was bizarre, really, but the more he engaged with online physics lectures or read up on ancient Byzantine history or tackled advanced mathematical equations, the more he sort of came to . . . like it. It was strangely intoxicating,

perhaps even empowering. Perhaps it was just because he couldn't pursue his football career until this situation was sorted, but the ability to thrive in intellectual debate with Liza during study, discussing the factors that led to the fall of the Abbasid Dynasty or complexities around the subject of Dark Matter, it made his brain *race*. It was getting to be as big of a thrill as scoring a touchdown before a crowd, only he needed no crowd to congratulate him; the pursuit of the mind was more *pure*, in a way. Of course, it didn't hurt that Liza was always saying nice things. In fact, despite her initial hostility towards him, she had become increasingly a champion of his, always peppering him with compliments.

"That's brilliant, Richard! You're turning into quite the hot nerd, you know. And trust me, I may be into girls, but game recognises game."

"I know you're upset about becoming so short and petite, but that big dorky brain of yours is more than compensating for it."

"Hey, don't be embarrassed about being shy when it comes to putting your hand up in class. That's just how it is, sometimes. In fact, it's kinda cute."

He was starting to think she was more bisexual than lesbian, especially since she liked to comment on his body.

"I don't know, Richard. You say you wished you were six feet tall and bulging with muscle again, but despite doing everything right you're still getting petite and short and cute. Maybe this is meant to be the real you?"

It was that last comment that made Richard snap out of it a bit, pushing his study book away from him.

"Hey! I agreed to pay you to make me the man I was! Not to tease me for turning into some kind of sissy! I'm not here to become some kind of Romanticist era willowy dark poet type like Percy Bysshe Shelley, no matter how influential he was upon the development of literature and theme in the English speaking literary world!"

Liza managed to choke back a chuckle, which only made Richard fume more. He was always saying stuff like that now, and worse, it seemed to *suit* his new form: he really did look like a total nerd now, one that was increasingly androgynous, perhaps even feminine.

"Well, to be fair, Richard, I didn't actually promise that I'd help you become the man you were. I actually said that I'd help you become 'the person you were supposed to be.' And from where I'm sitting, you're becoming one cute nerd chick."

Richard paused, blinked, gaped. He was briefly without words.

"What - what did you say I'm becoming?"

Liza winced a little. "Whoops! I guess I gave the game away a bit early there. Still, it's pretty obvious, right? I have to assume it's because you're so non-confrontational and shy lately that you didn't figure it out."

"I am not non-confrontational!"

"You quit the football team rather than fight to keep your position! And you broke up with Dina Paley via text message! I'd say those are two behaviours that show you're at least a little shy about these sorts of things! You don't even yap in the lecture theatre anymore; you take notes quietly and interestedly, but you struggle to put up your hand."

Richard cringed a little just hearing it. It was true, he *had* been struggling to be bold and confident lately. Hell, he was even walking with his head down and his hands in his coat pockets. Hell, he was starting to *wear* coats! The baggy kind!

"Whatever! Just because my psychological makeup has shifted doesn't mean it's irrevocable! And you're dodging the damn question! You said I was becoming a nerd girl. You need to tell me what's going on . . . please."

The last word had just sort of slipped out, and in a higher register.

Liza sighed and shifted around the table beside Richard. Surprisingly, she took his soft, delicate hands in hers. It was weirdly comfortable.

"Okay, so I've been a bit of a bad girl, Richard, but to be fair, you were pretty damn horrible and sexist *and* homophobic with me before. Suffice to say that I've not been entirely honest with you. Lumin's Syndrome has *no* chance of you becoming a man again. Ever. The only thing I could do was help redirect what *kind* of woman you became."

"I - I can't be a man again?"

She shook her head, then lifted one hand to scratch an eyebrow piercing before taking his hand again. "No, I'm sorry dude. But you were so scared as shit of becoming a dumb bimbo I thought, hey, why not see how he goes becoming a cute nerd girl? I admit, it was just a fun project at first, not least because I find shy bookworm gals really fucking sexy."

Just the mention of what Liza found sexy made his body thrum. Richard could swear a change was happening in real time: his waist thinning, his hips widening, his member shrinking, his face softening.

"I - you manipulated me?"

"Kinda, yeah. Well, outright, I did. Pretty shitty thing to do, right? I just figured that giving you some ethics and understanding of the kind of people you were shitty to all your life would be a kind of karmic revenge. But lately we've been studying together, working together, having long discussions about art history together, and, well, I guess it's time to come clean; you're becoming an adorable nerd girl, Richard."

Richard jumped back. He was already shorter again. He could feel it. Something about the reality of it hit him, and the crumbling walls of his hope of regaining his manliness was sparking further change, as if it were letting his Lumin's free.

"I - I can't believe you did this!" he said, voice rising in pitch. "It's such a betrayal! I thought we were becoming fr - igh! You've changed my mind so it's all soft and full of feelings, now! I can't stop thinking about freakin' history facts and great books to read and how much I love the library now and nng! You did this to me! I - I have to get away! I'll find a way to be a man again, I will! I'm not going to be some kind of petite bookworm!"

"Look, Richard, I'm really sorry. I really am. I was shitty, but at least this is better than becoming some horny bimbo, right?"

"A nerd is worse!" he cried, rather pathetically, as he fled the scene. Further confrontation just felt all too wrong, and besides, there were tears dripping from his eyes, a result of his heightened female emotion. He clutched his books, unable to part with them, as he ran out of the library. Unfortunately, he slammed straight into a powerful figure walking by. It caused Richard to scatter to the ground, grabbing numerous books that had spilled out of his hands.

"Woah, watch where you're going, miss!"

He recognised the voice. Richard looked up to see Brandon, the new leader of the football team, smirking with amusement and surprise, already half bent at the knees to grab a few books for him.

"Hang on . . . you look familiar. Are you related to Richard Starre, by chance?"

"I'm . . . uh, his sister. Mabel."

The name had just come to him, but it felt so right, as if in giving a name to his changing identity he was confirming and accelerating its consolidation. He imagined it like a bonded molecule, unable to be separated with ease and now becoming something new.

Brandon chuckled, handing Richard - who was trying not to think of himself as Mabel - the last of his books. "That's hilarious. Figures that Richard has a secret nerd sister he never told anyone about. Where is your brother these days? He was looking sick last time I saw him. Is he still a sick jackass or a recovering jackass?"

Mabel swallowed. "He . . . he's recovering. But still a jackass."

Brandon laughed. "Well, see ya round, Mabel. Tell your brother thanks for dropping out. The team is doing much better without him. Everyone's getting their fair play and attention now."

Somehow, that was the deepest wound yet. Richard's team didn't need him. They had won their last game, he knew, only he hadn't been there at all. And now . . .

"Oh God, I'm becoming a nerd girl," he said, feeling his insides squirm about and his member shrink. "I - I need to get back to my apartment!"

Richard managed to stagger into his apartment, shocked at how much effort all that running had taken. He was a weak person now, even by girl standards. It took him a few moments to catch his breath, but once he did, he realised that coming here had been a bad, bad decision. Because not only was his body changing faster and faster now that Liza had revealed his ultimate path, but the *appearance* of that ultimate path were all around him now, in the form of nerdy girl posters and calendars stuck to the walls everywhere.

Girls with cute rimmed glasses.

Girls with adorable petite figures and woollen sweaters.

Girls with shy, demure faces that blushed easily.

Girls who looked shy in the streets and passionate between the sheets.

Girls with short, curly pixie cuts and nice beanies and long pleated skirts.

Girls who radiated *nerd*, the kind of bookworms who were shy and submissive and yet brilliant and genius at the same time.

Exactly the kind of girl that Liza liked. The kind of girl that Richard was becoming.

“M-Mabel,” he whispered to himself, feeling the most powerful set of changes coming yet. “I’m b-becoming Mabel.”

There was a moment, perhaps, when Richard could have resisted the change that happened next. An effort of willpower, a focus on his footballing career, his former hatred of women who didn’t conform to the curvaceous bimbo look he loved so much. Any of that might have helped. But thanks to Liza and his own choices, he had been left with far less confidence and an instinctive need to avoid confrontation. He wanted to just find the comfort of a good book by the far, wrapped up in someone’s arms who made him feel safe in such times. And, despite her betrayal, all Richard could think of was Liza being that person, his sexy pint-sized goth girlfriend holding her taller, yet still small frame, protecting her comfortingly and *lovingly*, lifting her up even as the pair began to put away their books and get a little frisky.

“Ohhhhhh, why does that s-sound so enticing? Why does using the word ‘enticing’ sound so enticing? Mhmmm . . . can’t f-fight it. Scientifically falsifiable to even try. Not worth proceeding on. God, I’m talking like such a goddamn nerd. Like I’m already Mabel. Mhmm . . . but I did become her, would that be so b-bad? Would it be so - OHHHH!!!”

He would soon find out, because the changes began in full at that very moment. Richard staggered on his feet, collapsing against the wall with the most posters. He breathed heavily as his breasts - so small that he was in denial about them - rose steadily to become modest but respectable B-cups, large enough that they needed their own bra. He gasped at the surprising heft and weight they possessed, and again as his figure slimmed and his hips widened, leaving him with a slight pear-shaped figure.

“Mhmm - oh God, why does it f-feel so r-right!? Mhmmh!!”

The changing man writhed as the Lumin's Syndrome coursed through him, completing his change. His black hair became a dark brunette, and more curls settled into it. His nose softened, becoming button cute, while his lips became just a little more full, though not like Dina's pouty pair. His jaw cracked, softening yet further, while his Adam's apple disappeared entirely. Soon, his panting and moaning sounded like a young woman's, one who was quite petite and soft-voiced.

"Ohhhhh, just do it already!" he cried. "M-make me a nerd girl then, if I c-can't stop it! Hurry up and make me a cute b-bookworm, just like she wanted! It's what I deserve, isn't it?"

The universe seemed to agree, because at that moment his member and testicles withdrew, pulling back into his body and inverting. The new woman groaned, writhing in reluctant ecstasy as her manhood became a womanhood, her feminine flower forming in moments, already wet. She couldn't help herself; she lowered a soft hand down to rub her new, throbbing clit - all that remained of her once-mighty penis.

"Yessss!" she cried, gasping in arousal as her stomach slimmed and the last of her visible muscles shrank away. "Yesss! I want to b-be a cute nerd! I want to wear glasses and read books and fuck Liza and - oh God, I want to f-fuck Liza! I want her so bad! I want her to - OHHH!!!"

The orgasm came, completing the last of the changes. The last remains of Richard's masculine pride were sealed away - forever there but forever helpless - as Mabel rose to the forefront. The new cute nerd shook, collapsing to the floor as she felt her humble breasts, imagining Liza fondling them. It took a while for her to calm herself and realise all that had just happened. Slowly, almost as if she were traumatised, she picked herself up and moved to the bathroom to see her new, fully female appearance. But when she tried to see herself in the mirror, she just cracked up laughing, tears of despair and relief and a strange kind of ecstatic joy swirling within her mind.

"Of course!" she managed between laughs. "I can't see a thing! I need glasses!"

A month had passed, and Mabel Starre was slowly adjusting. Her past as Richard was behind her, though not so far away that she didn't think of it often. Dr Kaley and a legal aid team had been helpful in getting her her new identity. She was now Mabel Regan Starre, twin to Richard Starre officially, though the government knew what had actually happened. She now had a new wardrobe and aesthetic, and because of her new dorky compulsions she tended to favour cute coats, sweaters, and sometimes slim t-shirts with science jokes on them. Her hair was short and curly and she rather liked it, oddly enough, and she now wore rectangular glasses that somehow enhanced her cuteness.

And she did *feel* cute. It was small compensation for all that had happened to her, but it was oddly empowering. She didn't like to show off her slim body, her new Mabel self was too shy to do so. She sometimes looked at Dina Paley passing her by with awe, and Dina would just smile and nod warmly to her, asking how she was doing. Mabel suspected that Dina knew what had happened, but wasn't saying a word, which she was thankful for; it was hard enough navigating a new life with female plumbing and getting past her first period and sitting to pee and wearing a bra and generally having guys look her way with interest. It was all confusing. It didn't help that she hadn't seen Liza for a while - they both tended to walk the other way when they saw one another.

Only today would be different. It took Mabel a longer time to summon courage for anything these days, but she was doing exceptionally well in her studies - all A's in her latest round of assignments - and that was doing a lot to boost her confidence. Besides, she'd just finished reading *Les Miserables* after three intense weeks of bookworm obsession, and it too had filled her with a revolutionary confidence. And so she had dressed in a cute blue jacket and pleated skirt and stockings - all feeling much more natural these days even if it embarrassed her somewhat - and marched up to the study bay of the library.

Liza was there, sitting along, studying by herself. She looked up with wide eyes as Mabel entered with her whole stack of books.

"Richard! Wow, I didn't expect - I can go if you -"

"Don't . . . please. And I'm Mabel now."

"Oh, Mabel. That's a really lovely name."

Mabel blushed red. She did that a lot now; the rosy-cheek look suited her. "Thanks. I, um, think I'm coming to like it too. I've been a girl for a month now, you know. A full girl, in terms of my physiological status and my mental one, that is. And as you can probably tell by my diction, I've gone full nerd too. Thanks to you, I suppose."

It was Liza's turn to blush. "Look, if you're here to accuse me, then I know I deserve it. You were an asshole, and I won't say you didn't deserve Lumin's Syndrome, but I could have not been manipulative. I really am sorry."

"I know," Mabel said. "I just needed time to forgive you."

"You forgive me? Richard Starre forgave someone?"

Mabel smiled. "I guess I'm a new woman, huh? So, uh, do you mind if I take a seat? I was wondering if you wanted a study partner, and besides, I found out you only got a B on your physics assignment, and I think I can get you to the A standard, um, if you let me."

Liza slowly smiled. Wordlessly, she pushed back a chair for Mabel to take a seat right beside her. "I'd be absolutely chuffed, Mabel. I missed you as my study partner, you know."

"I - I missed you too. We could start up our sessions again, maybe?"

"I'd really love that."

Mabel blushed, and pushed back some stray curly hairs over her ears. She found it hard to look at Liza she was so nervous. Damn her shy little nerd girl body!

“And maybe . . . you know . . . we could catch up outside of school sometime? Just you and me?”

Liza beamed. Slowly, she moved her hand over to take Mabel’s. It made the dorky new bookworm shiver in excitement at her touch.

“You know Mabel, I think I’d really like that.”

Mabel did too. She liked the idea of it a lot.

The End