

Plain Jane (Jock to Nerd Girl RC TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Aaron is a douchebag with a heart of gold, but not everyone sees it, especially the witch that sees some of his more unacceptable behaviour. Unfortunately for him, this misunderstanding sees him transformed into a plain Jane nerd, and a Korean one at that! But that's okay; she's destined to fall in love with another jerk with a heart of gold himself!

Plain Jane

Aaron yelled at his team. Again.

“You can't let this happen, goddamn it! You all need to get into shape. We were a joke out there. Not one of you worked together to make our plays. It was like watching a pack of middle schoolers, or worse, toddlers!”

One of his teammates, Brian, sighed. “We get it, Aaron. We fucked up. You don't have to keep chewing us out for it like some douchebag.”

“I think I do!” Aaron said, glowering. “I'll be the douchebag if that's what's necessary to get us over the line. Everyone is dismissed. Think about your failures today.”

Aaron's teammates left, and after calming himself down and banging his own head against the locker, so did he. He'd been under a lot of stress lately with the college football team and their latest round of losses, not to mention his own academic studies. Most people knew him as a total hardass of a jock, the kind of guy who was, as Brian had said, a total douchebag. Little did they know that he only pushed people to the brink to make them truly excel, and that he was harder on himself than anyone else. Anyone that truly knew Aaron understood that he may have been a jerk, but he was a jerk with a heart of gold. He didn't like many people to know this, though, so when a campus group was raising money for charity or some other cause, he only ever donated anonymously. It was the same reason why when his best friend kept getting terrible grades despite his great work, Aaron was the one to corner the professor in a parking lot and intimidate them into admitting they were actively trying to get the student to fail. It was a big risk to his own future as a twenty year old student, but it was the right thing to do; his friend's grades went up from that point.

Unfortunately, being the kind of guy who's secretly nice deep down doesn't exactly help you when you come across the wrong person, especially one that doesn't have time for secrets. Aaron was out partying with his friends just two days after the football incidents, and ended up a little tipsy. He was starting to bemoan their performance while he grabbed another drink from the bar, unaware that another pair of ears were listening.

"I'm not joking! They were pathetic, seriously! I just need to bash some team spirit into them, or they'll never go places. They'll end up like those nerds on the robotics and debate teams. No, that's not true. At least those geeks can work together, ha!"

It was then that he noticed a beautiful woman across the room staring at him from her booth, a gorgeous brunette with a delightfully tight red dress.

"Hang on fellas," he said, putting his glass down. "I'll be right back."

He approached the gorgeous blonde, ready to try his smoothest one liner, but she just smirked at him as he drew near.

"I heard what you were saying over there, making fun of nerds and being a real jerk about your teammates. Not exactly a nice guy, are you?"

Aaron put up his hands. "Okay, you got me. But trust me, I'm not that bad deep down. I'm just letting off some steam. I really try to-"

"I don't care about the lies you tell yourself. A jock like you would never understand how people lesser down the ladder of life had it. The nerds you mock, the plain janes. There are women all across this room looking at you, but you only came to me, why? Because you're shallow. And that shallowness will cost you. Enjoy a new life as a total nerd, Aaron."

She stood up and walked away, leaving Aaron confused.

"Wait, how did you know my name?"

But she was already gone.

Aaron dreamed of technical readouts and the table of elements. Mathematical formulas whizzed through his head as easily as reference systems according to subject. When he woke, it was with the realisation that everything was different. For one, he was much smaller. For two, there was a distinct absence of a penis and testicles between his legs. And for three, his thoughts were not in English anymore.

They were in Korean.

"<What the hell!?!>" he cried in his new language, jumping out of his dorm bed. But even his dorm looked different, with posters of female scientists and jokes about noble gases, and little figurines of nerdy monsters he somehow recognised were from a famous tabletop game. "<This isn't my room!>"

But it was. She could feel it. *She* could feel it; which made her realise she was thinking of herself as a *she*. More than that, she had a different name: Allison Choi. The new woman let loose a girlish squeal and ran to the bathroom, only to be confronted by a person who was everything her male self was not. Where Aaron had been tall and handsome, Allison was small and plain. Where Aaron had been healthy and fit, Allison had glasses, an

inhaler on the kitchen bench, and had tiny arms and legs. And of course, Aaron had been caucasian, with blonde hair, while Allison Choi was clearly Asian, with olive skin and slimmer eyes and a more button-shaped nose.

“I - I don’t understand,” she said, summoning her English back. It seemed like a second language to her. “What has happened to me? Why am I a total nerd?”

But the realisation was obvious: the woman the previous night had done this. She had alluded to as much. Because she hadn’t known the true, more kindly Aaron she had assumed he was just some douchebag jock through and through. Now she had punished him by making him a plain Jane Asian nerd.

“I know so many formulas,” she said, clutching her head and feeling her shoulder length hair spilling over her hands. “So much more about history. Oh God, I’m part of the debate team! I *am* in the robotics group. This is - this is unfair! I don’t deserve this!”

For the next two weeks, Allison was forced to live her new life while she tried to find the woman responsible for turning back. Her mind was much more advanced, but she barely got any attention now due to her tinny voice and average looks. Footballers bumping into her shoulder nearly sent her flying, and it was a struggle carrying heavier texts to class. Her shortness made it difficult to navigate crowds, and embarrassingly she had to ask for help repeatedly when needing to reach for stuff. All that time she searched for the woman who had changed her, but to no avail. Her intense library research - part of her new skillset - also achieved nothing.

The entire experience was leaving her miserable. Not only was she a girl, having to put up with being weaker, but she had to deal with feminine hygiene, bras for her small breasts, hair care, and focus on her academic career, since her sports one was nonexistent. People could be so mean to her, and because of her slight accent, some saw her as distant or odd. Or perhaps she was just becoming shy out of shame.

Allison had nearly lost hope in everything when she was walking to the college campus, and suddenly it began pouring down with rain. She had no cover, and her books were becoming soaked. The mist rising up from the nearby grass and bushline were also causing her glasses to seriously fog up, but she couldn’t free up any hands to deal with it.

“<This sucks!>” she cried in her new native language. “<I want to go back to how I was before! I’m telling you, this sucks!>”

She began to cry, her emotions rushing through her so much more easily now. But right before the tears could turn to heaving sobs, the rain suddenly stopped.

“Hey, are you alright there?”

Allison looked up, and to her shock it was her former teammate Brian who was holding the umbrella, looking down on her with a gentle smile on his features.

"I'm - the rain - and my books, and I can't with my glasses like this."

Brian hunched the umbrella over his shoulder. "Pass them to me."

She did, and he calmly cleaned them and passed them back. It caused Allison to blush; now he *really* looked handsome.

"Hey, have I seen you before?"

"I - maybe around a little?"

"Yeah, you're Allison, right? Allison Choi? You kicked ass in the debate last night."

Allison was astonished. She'd always thought Brian was just some thick-headed moron, but he went and watched the debates?

"You saw that?"

"Yeah, I enjoy watching them. Can't do it myself, but I always really admired it. You crushed it out there."

Allison swallowed. "Thank you."

"So where are you going? The main theatre hall? I can give you cover while you get there."

"I - why would you do that?"

"Because you're a girl who looks like she needs a bit of help."

Allison was about to ask another question when she noticed the slight blush on Brian's cheeks. Could this handsome footballer, this apparent *other* jerk with a heart of gold, actually be *into* her? The notion was terrifying, and weird, and unexpected, and . . . strangely wonderful. It seemed to fill her spirit with just a bit more hope, for reasons she couldn't quite figure out.

"I'd love you to help me," she said. "Thank you. Brian, isn't it?"

"Hey, you do know me!"

"I thought I did, but I was wrong. I'd like to know you more, though."

The two walked through the rain together.

The End