

No More Mr Nice Guy (Man to Hot Nerd Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When Daniel goes off on a sexist rant in public about how he deserves a girlfriend because he's 'nice,' he is overheard by a witch who punishes him by making him the kind of sexy nerd girl he feels entitled too. Now the shoe is on the other foot for 'Danielle.'

No More Mr Nice Guy

"Oh, so you're too good for me, are you? Jesus, you cosplay fake fangirl types are all the same. You suck up all the male attention but the second one of us is nice to you, you reject us outright. Hope you die alone, *bitch!*"

I just sigh as the annoying nerd walks off. Yet another entitled asshole who thinks he's got the right to my body just because he treated me nicely and we're both at a freakin' Comic-Con Convention. To think, I used to be just like him once. It feels like forever ago, but in reality it's been just a year since I was turned into the mega hot nerd girl you see now. Back then, I definitely wouldn't have been able to fit inside this Meteor Woman costume, and I certainly didn't have this spectacular pair of tits that some of these mouthbreathers just can't stop salivating at. Hell, my name wasn't even Danielle back then.

It was Daniel.

It's my own fault that I'm like this, I guess. I've got a lot more perspective now that I'm a woman who gets approached by guys, but back then I was angry and felt entitled to a girlfriend. I made it known when I went to this very Comic-Con event last year that I was sick of all the booth babes and cosplayer girls who clearly weren't 'real fans', as if I was somehow a mind-reader. I looked at one girl dressed up as Lightning Lass and rolled my eyes. She was a faker, I just knew it. A guy was taking photos of her in all sorts of poses, and in my mind, that meant she wasn't the real deal. I tried to track down an actual nerdy girl with a nice body, one I could charm the pants off of and make my girlfriend. That was my oh-so-brilliant plan at the time, not that I realised how flawed and egotistical it was. I thought that if I just flashed my comic book knowledge at a girl, quizzed them on some knowledge to make sure they were legit, and then flattered them about their costume, then I'd be in their pants and in a relationship by the end of the day. I'd fantasised about it, like a total loony. And trust me, I went all in. There was this one nerdy girl who was dressed up as an elven archer from the Erutell game series, and I complimented her on how lore-accurate it was. She thanked me, and we got to chatting. I made sure to shower her with praise, talking about nerdy stuff, our favourite games and the like. I went to the same events as her, and I

really thought we were hitting it off. I was being *kind* to her. I was *nice*. And in my mind, at least at the time, that meant she had a legal duty to put out.

You can imagine the shock on my face when she turned me down.

Jesus, I got angry. I think I actually stomped my foot like a child, startling her.

“Oh, so you let me buy you stuff from the stands first, right? You dress up as a sexy elf to get a nice guy’s attention, and then you make him into a total simp while you get what you want.”

She protested that she didn’t like me in that way, and that I had followed her, and that I was being really damn entitled, and so on. God, I just couldn’t listen, could I? If I had calmed down and apologised, perhaps things might have gone differently. Instead, I ratcheted things up. I accused her of being a booth babe, of being a fake gamer girl, a pussy-pass nerd, a girl who led guys on to take advantage of them. And, finally, I puffed out my chest (a chest that was about to get a lot bigger in a moment, thanks to my very own comments) and declared that infamous line.

“Why won’t girls like you go out with me? I deserve a girl! I’m a *nice guy*.”

She stormed off, and hell, I don’t blame her. I storm off like that all the time now. Trust me, it happens way more than guys think, and I would know, since I’m a gal who used to *be* a guy, and had been most of her life. But I didn’t know that was coming. Instead, I turned around, furious, only for a woman dressed as a fantasy witch stride right up to me.

“You think you deserve a woman like that just because you’re ‘nice’? That’s the bare minimum of being a goddamn person in society, dickwad.”

“Fuck off!” I told her.

“Oh, you’ll be doing the fucking off, mister! I’m a real bonafide witch, and I curse you to possess the very body of the kind of woman you think you’re so entitled to. Let’s see how you like it, huh? No more Mr Nice Guy!”

I thought she was crazy, except that suddenly her hands glowed, and then I started feeling all strange as I moved through the crowd in a panic. I won’t bore you with all the details of it all. I doubled over. I clenched my teeth. My body started to change; hips getting wider, height getting shorter, waist going thinner. I grew a big pair of spectacularly ample tits, which freaked the fuck right out of me, and my hair grew out long and vibrantly ginger, my face freckled and suddenly adorned with glasses, the very image of the voluptuous redhead, just the way I liked them. Hell, I even manifested a costume on my person: a sexy warrior outfit that left my midriff entirely uncovered and a breastplate that was more breast than plate. I was left horrified at my new body, the big pair of boobs blocking my view of my own feet, my skin so much on display. I was suddenly a booth babe. A geek girl. A nerdy hottie with curves in all the right places. And everyone around me was acting like I’d always been like that.

I tried to track down the witch, but I couldn't find her. I tried to find someone to help me, but when a man approached and helped me on my quest, he started acting . . . weird. His hand hovered over my back, and he leaned in to smell my hair. His eyes fell on my new and very deep cleavage, and after trying to help me find the witch for an hour - an hour that ended in failure, naturally - he finally asked me out.

"What!?" I declared. "No, no way! I'm sorry, but I need to find this woman. I'm not looking for a boyfriend right now."

He instantly soured, and I recognised something of my male self in his expression.

"Jesus, and I helped you. I was *nice* to you. Women are all the same. They just want bad boys and can't fucking stand Nice Guys."

Yeah, reality couldn't have been more subtle if it tried. Suffice to say, I never found the witch who transformed me, and to this day I'm still Danielle. I've got EE-cup breasts that are, trust me, a lot to handle, and it doesn't hurt that my backside is pretty peachy too, especially when I'm dressed up in tight cosplay outfits, like I am now. I've had quite a few guys in the last year obviously trying to get a peek at my boobs and my butt, and more than a few of *those* trying to get into my pants as well. Doesn't help that the witch made me attracted to dudes now, so I actually sometimes do get tempted.

Have I had sex?

Yeah, of course I have. I'm not made of fucking stone here. And some guys really are good. Not *nice*, which I once thought was a virtue, but *good*. Virtuous, kind, compassionate, caring, and willing to help me for my sake, not just their selfish desires. All the qualities I thought I possessed but didn't. It's why one of them stuck around, in fact, and to this day is still my boyfriend. His name is Thomas, by the way. He's amazing. And yes, we have a lot of fun with my sexy cosplay outfits in private.

But that doesn't make the fact that there are a lot of jerks out there any easier. The witch set out to punish me and teach me a lesson, and that she certainly did. Since being changed, I've experienced catcalling, sexual harassment, more than a few gross rumours and comments about my figure, and all sorts of claims that I'm just a 'fake nerd' at conventions like these, or when I proudly upload a photo of my cosplays. All because I'm a woman, and an attractive one at that. It's not my fault she made me have curves like this! It's not even my fault I'm into cosplay; I feel a compulsion to be so now, because I'm my own perfect nerd girl. Ah, but that's the point, isn't it? It *isn't* my fault. It isn't any girl's fault.

I can honestly say I've never led a guy on. Since coming to terms with who I am, I've made it clear when I'm interested, and shut it down when I'm not. I've had *the* female experience of being blamed by assholes who feel entitled to my body, just like that guy who just now called me a bitch. I can safely say that I've learned to never view women like that again, and I just wish I'd realised that back as a man. It certainly would have saved me a lot

of time dealing with men ogling my chest or trying to cop a feel of my ass in crowded spaces, and that's not even getting into regular female bugbears like not having your opinion taken seriously by men, or just plain have to go through periods in all their cramp-filled glory.

But hey, there's no point looking back. I'm here, I'm a woman, and I figure I'm here to stay. I've got an amazing boyfriend, and I'm fully on team 'women have the better sex' now. Trust me, I know. I just wish I didn't have to put up with Nice Guys all the time at places like this, especially when I'm on my own because Thomas can't make it. I suppose that -

Wait.

What.

No.

Holy shit!

It's her! I can see her! She's heading to the fantasy booth, the one with that Erutell book series author, Kate Teller. She's fantastic. I devour her books, and because they're aimed at women, guys don't feel the need to quiz me on them. I could go right in there and confront her. I could tell her all that I've learned, and show her that I'm a better person now. That I'll never be a Nice Guy ever again.

Ah, but what would be the point? She might turn me back, and frankly I don't really want that. I've learned my lesson, and this is my punishment, sure. But my redemption is also learning to love being a woman, being an earnest nerdy gal, and getting out there in my awesome Meteor Woman cosplay and not giving a shit what a bunch of neckbeard losers have to say about me. Besides, the cosplay contest is just about to start, and after working on this costume for two months and looking damn great in it, I think I finally deserve a win.

Maybe I'll see the witch next year and thank her. For now, I'll let her be. Maybe she's got other 'nice guys' to deal with. In fact, considering how much her magic made me a better person, I really hope she does.

The End