

Mini-Story: 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 *Cutthroat*."

"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 performances.

"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.

The End