

A young girl with blonde hair, wearing a pink princess dress with puffed sleeves and a full skirt, is sitting on a wooden bench. She is wearing a pearl necklace and a pearl earring. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

She Turned Him Into Her Little Princess

(gender transformation &
magical age regression)

Lisa Change

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Prologue

“Jesus Christ! Honey, come look at this!”

“Why?” Vicky’s head poked round the door, a slightly-guilty look in her eyes, “something happen?”

“You bet it did!” Rob barely noticed the slight shiftiness in his wife’s movements. His entire being was focused on the piece of card in his trembling hands.

Sweet Jesus, talk about good timing!

“Guess what I just found in the mail?”

“What?” Vicky leaned in the doorway, giving him an innocent look from under her short, blond bangs. Even in his excited state, Rob couldn’t help noticing how adorable she looked; like a mischievous pixie from a Disney film.

“I don’t believe it...” Rob stared at the card with dazed eyes, as if afraid it might vanish, “It’s just what we were hoping for. I mean, what are the chances?”

“Something nice?”

“You bet!” Rob shook his head. “I don’t know who it’s from or why they sent it, but... remember we were talking about a vacation?”

“And you said we couldn’t afford one this year.” Vicky replied.

“Well, we can’t, can we? Or we *couldn’t*.” Rob held up the card, his voice little more than a whisper. “Two tickets. For a 3-week Caribbean cruise. 5 star cabin, first class flights. Baby...”

A big grin broke out over Rob’s face. He had to fight the urge to do a little dance.

“We’ve hit the jackpot!”

“A *cruise*?” Vicky put a hand to her lips in surprise. “But who could’ve sent us *that*?”

“No idea!” Rob said. “Look, the card just says ‘*with best wishes...*’. No name. At first I thought it was a birthday gift for you, but it’s just anonymous.”

Suddenly, he dropped the card, bounded across the room and grabbed his wife in his big, strong arms. Vicky gave a little squeal, a large smile on her pretty face. At only 5ft3, she was a good foot shorter than Rob.

“This is *incredible*,” Rob smiled, looking into his wife’s blue eyes. “I mean, what are the chances? After we had to put all that money on the car...”

Only three months before, they’d been nearly forced into bankruptcy when the car decided to stop working. Ever since, they’d been haunted by money, like plenty of young, 30-year old couples before them.

Looking for well-paid work just after the biggest recession in a century wasn’t exactly easy.

“Don’t think about it too much,” his wife smiled, kissing him back. “We’re just lucky, that’s all.”

“Yeah, but, really...” Rob frowned. “It’s sometimes like we’re *charmed*, y’know. Every year, there’s *something*. Remember last year, when the bank suddenly OK’d our mortgage? Or the year before that, with the job offer?”

His wife shifted uncomfortably in his arms, her blue eyes darting away, as if she felt guilty. She gave a forced, unnatural laugh.

“Every year? I hadn’t noticed...”

“Sure,” Rob nodded. “Every year. About this time. When your birthday comes, there’s always a little... *surprise*. A good one.”

He gave his wife a brilliant grin.

“Almost like someone’s watching out for you.”

He expected his wife to laugh. Or kiss him and tell him to stop being so daft. Instead, she gently extricated herself from his arms and drifted away, as if she didn’t want to look him in the eye.

“Yeah.” Vicky said at last. “I’d never noticed. *Weird*. Guess maybe it’s just in my blood...”

When they’d first met, five long years ago in 2002, Vicky had told Rob how she was supposed to be descended from an ancient line of witches. Since then, it had become a running joke between them: *say that again and I’ll turn you into a toad!*

Of course, neither of them really *believed* that bullshit, but it was still fun to think about.

“Guess so,” Rob agreed.

A thought entered his mind. Something he knew would make his wife feel good.

“Hey! Maybe if our streak continues, we can even think about having *kids* next year!”

He saw Vicky’s shoulders stiffen. She answered without turning round.

“You serious?”

“Sure.” Rob went and put an arm round his wife, clutching her to his chest. “All I need is to get that gig at the agency and we’ll have money to throw around. We can finally start saving. Finally start a family. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

“Yeah.” Vicky nodded, clutching his broad, manly arm with her tiny hands, “yeah, it would.”

She suddenly turned and gave him a look that made Rob’s heart melt; a look that was full of desire and hope and a warning not to bullshit and so many other things.

“You really mean it?” She asked. “No lying. You get the job and we can think about kids?”

“Absolutely,” Rob nodded. “Hey, we’re gonna be married *forever*, right?”

But, deep down, a little part of him knew that wasn’t strictly true. After all, he had more than one reason for chasing that job, didn’t he? A reason with flowing dark hair, an ample chest and legs to *die* for. A reason called Rachel.

No. Maybe better to leave kids out of it, at least until he was *sure* what he wanted.

Vicky leaned forward, tilting her head up so their lips were almost brushing.

“Well, if you *mean* it...” she murmured. “I guess I’d better start getting ready to be a mommy.”

“Only if I get the job,” Rob warned. “Right now, babe, we can’t afford kids. Maybe in six years...”

“Oh, I think you’ll get the job,” Vicky’s eyes flashed with a knowing spark. “Not for a while. Perhaps... this time next year?”

She giggled.

“In fact, I can *guarantee* it.”

For a second, Rob hesitated. There was something odd about the way his wife was acting. Something a little... *spooky*. He wondered if maybe he shouldn’t come clean about the kids, tell Vicky he did want them – one day – but not yet...

But then he pushed the thought to the back of his mind. What the hell. It was a year yet, and he probably wouldn’t get the gig anyway.

“I hope so,” he whispered. “I love you, Vicky.”

“I love you too, babe.”

They kissed, a tender, passionate kiss, still as wonderful as when they'd first met.

"I can't wait to get you on that cruise ship," Rob said at last. "Get you on that big, king sized bed."

"While you wait," Vicky bit her lower lip, a hungry look in her eyes, "why don't you try getting me on the double bed upstairs?"

In response, Rob simply grinned and started kissing her again. Then he took her hand, and gently led her upstairs, his promises already forgotten in the rush of desire.

Exactly one year later, Rob received an email asking him to come to the agency for an interview.

I: The Husband

The evening of Vicky's birthday, Rob was in a foul mood.

He'd accidentally left his phone at home, which meant he had to be sat in the office, glued to the computer all day in case a client tried to get in touch via email.

On top of that, the agency was deluged with work, and Rob was having a hard time keeping on top of it all. Ever since his mysterious promotion in 2011 and the year after in 2012, his life had become a nightmare.

He was now a senior manager, and, despite the enormous pay packet, constantly having to deal with the fact that he simply wasn't very good at his job. He knew everyone at the company thought he'd been promoted beyond his talents, but whose fault was that? If they kept bumping him up the ladder, what did they expect? He was 40 now, for gods' sakes! He couldn't exactly start over!

On top of *that*, he and Rachel were in a pretty bad place right now.

They'd been together – on and off – ever since Rob joined the company way, way back in 2008. At first it had been a few casual flings. Then, sometime around Rob's first promotion, it had become a full-blown affair.

Now, she was practically Rob's second wife. And seriously pissed he still hadn't got round to leaving his first.

"Baby," he'd pleaded with her just the night before, as they lay in bed at Rachel's apartment together, "I'll get round to it. I *promise*. It's just, what with work and everything..."

"You've been saying that for *years*," Rachel replied, flatly. "Literally, years. You're not happy. She's *definitely* not happy. Can't you just... I dunno... *man up*?"

And Rob had felt hurt. Not because Rachel was being unfair – he had no plans to leave Vicky and have to deal with all *that* fallout – but because she'd seen right through him.

"I already stopped us having kids," he'd said, indignant. "Isn't that enough?"

In response, Rachel had simply sighed and gone to get a beer, leaving Rob alone to stew over his thoughts.

She's probably been trying to text me all day, Rob thought, irritably, as he pulled up in the driveway of his and Vicky's large suburban house; a house bought specifically because it had room for plenty of children. *God, why did I have to leave my phone at home today?*

He was still cursing under his breath as he let himself in and saw Vicky waiting for him, a deadly look in her eyes.

She was sat at the head of the large dining room table, facing toward the hallway. The lights were off, the room lit only by the flickering orange glow of a single candle, jammed into the top of a small birthday cake. The light reflected in her eyes, making it look like she was a demon watching Rob from the pits of hell.

But that wasn't what made him freeze and his heart start hammering in his chest.

On the table beside her was his missing phone.

"You're back." It was more a statement than a question. "Cool. We can get started."

Rob swallowed. He stepped slowly into the dining room, trying not to let his nervousness show.

Has she been on that thing? He thought, uneasily, *she can't have, can she?*

"Hey, honey," his voice was neutral, calm. "Sorry I'm so late. Crazy day at the office. We

had this *big* client from Europe and-

"Don't bother." Vicky replied, her voice low. "I went through your phone earlier. '1234' isn't the most secure password, you know?"

Shit...

"And?" Rob struggled not to let his fear show. He'd never seen his wife like this before. So angry. So... *menacing*.

So powerful.

"And I know *exactly* what you've been up to." Now he was closer, Rob could see Vicky's skin was pale, her knuckles white with anger. "I figured out *months* ago that you were having an affair. But I wanted *proof* before I did anything rash."

Rash? What does she mean?

"Vicky. Look. It's not what you think..."

"No?" A hint of steel was creeping into his wife now. "How about I tell you what I think it is and we check, huh? *I* think that you're having an affair with Rachel. I think it's been going on at least since you got this phone three years ago, and probably longer."

She paused.

"How am I doing so far?"

Rob weakly shrugged. There was no point denying it.

"I *also* think," Vicky continued in her dangerous voice, "that you've been stringing me along all these years. Promising me we would start a family. Sleeping with that tart even as I did *everything* for you."

Rob's jaw dropped open. He couldn't let that one past.

"What the *hell* do you mean?!" He exclaimed. "'Do everything?' I'm the one working my ass off out there while you sit at home on your ass doing *nothing*, like some dumb housewife!"

"Bullshit." Vicky sneered. "If it wasn't for *me*, you'd still be stuck back in that old job, pulling in peanuts, with your bitch nowhere in sight."

"And *another* thing!" Rob started, before suddenly lowering his arm and frowning. "Wait. *What?*"

"Oh, good, the penny's finally dropping." Vicky leaned back and stared levelly at her husband. "Remember when I told you I was descended from witches?"

Rob shrugged.

"Sure."

Why the fuck is she bringing that up now?

"I wasn't lying." The candle flickered before Vicky, as if blown by some invisible wind. "It was a long, long way back, and almost none of their powers came down to me. *Almost*."

She gave a tiny smile.

"With one exception. Every year, on my birthday, I get the power to make *one* of my dreams come true. Like a birthday wish, I guess. Some years, that means getting a mortgage. Others, it means going on a cruise. But then *some* years..."

Her voice lowered to almost nothing.

"It means getting my cheating husband a new job. Or maybe a promotion or two."

The silence that followed seemed to stretch on forever. Rob watched his wife uneasily, wondering if she was going mad.

It's definitely one of us, he thought, but what if it's me?

He cleared his throat.

“Babe, that’s *crazy*...”

“Is it?” Vicky didn’t move, simply kept staring at him. “Maybe it is. But it’s also true. And guess what? *Today’s* my birthday. And that means I can make *any* wish come true.”

She suddenly winked at him, a theatrical wink that chilled Rob to the bone.

“*Any wish* at all.”

The shadows were closing in, seeming to surround Rob, threatening to engulf him. He knew he should just leave, leave and get in his car and go to Rachel and tell her what had happened to his wife.

But he couldn’t move. It was like he was rooted to the spot.

“At first I thought I’d wish for you to forget all about Rachel,” Vicky continued. “Then I decided you needed punishment, and that I’d wish for you to turn into a toad. I can do that, you know?”

Rob weakly nodded. At this point, he really believed her.

“But then I saw something on your phone that gave me a *better* idea.”

“What?” Rob’s voice was barely a whisper. He couldn’t believe he was having this conversation.

In response, Vicky simply slid the phone across the table, a dark look in her pretty eyes. Gingerly, Rob picked it up. He swiped the unlock pattern, hardly daring to take his eyes off his wife the entire time.

“I don’t see...”

“Messages. Get on with it.”

Slowly, very slowly, Rob accessed his messages. There was one from Rachel. With a feeling of dread, he opened it...

...and felt his heart stop.

“Well?” Asked Vicky.

Rob shook his head. His entire world was spinning, tilting, like he was drunk.

But we were so careful...

“So, you’ve seen it.” Vicky’s voice was loaded with a terrible satisfaction. “Bad luck for you, I saw it too.”

Rob looked wildly at her, an urgency taking hold of him, a desperate need to make her understand.

“No... Vicky, *please*. I-it’s not like that. It was an... an *accident* or something. We-!”

“Ten years.” Vicky glared at him. “Ten years of waiting for a baby, and you go and have one with your fucking *mistress*. You *knew* how much I wanted kids! You *knew* I was desperate to have children before 40! Fuck, all those wishes I *wasted* on you, hoping to nudge you into wanting kids too!”

“It’s a mistake...” Rob groaned, staring in horror at the phone. “Rachel must’ve been seeing someone else on the side...”

An idea popped into his head.

“We’ll abort it!” He said, eagerly. “I’ll call her now. We-we can go to the clinic this weekend. I’ll *make* her do it!”

“Like hell you will,” Vicky snapped. “That poor kid. Just because *you’re* not man enough to accept your mistakes. Well, guess what? That’ll never be a problem for you again.”

“What do you mean?” Rob was still trying to take onboard the news that his wife knew he was having an affair, and that his mistress was pregnant. What fresh hell was Vicky about to spring on him *now*?

“You’ve been acting like a spoiled little kid,” Vicky was saying. “Thinking you can have whatever *toys* you want, whenever you want. That’s all we were to you, wasn’t it, Rob? *Toys*. Little dollies for you to play with and fuck and do whatever you wanted to.”

“Don’t say that!” Rob yelled, still trying to get his moorings. “It’s not true. I-I just... I need to *think*!”

“Well,” Vicky whispered, “you’ll have plenty more dollies to play with from now on, Rob. And I think *I* might just get something out of our new arrangement, too.”

Rob shook his head helplessly, the phone still clasped in one hand.

“What are you saying?” He asked, miserably.

“I’m *saying*...” a triumphant look came into Vicky’s eyes, “that I know *exactly* what I want my birthday wish to be. Now hold on tight, *Rob*, you’re in for one *hell* of a ride!”

And with that, she closed her eyes, leaned forward and blew out the candle.

The silence that followed was as long and gray as the room became in the dusky evening light. Rob stood frozen to the spot, his heart pounding in his chest. Across the table, Vicky watched him with a devilish grin on her face.

At long last, Rob let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding.

“Vicky...” he began, stepping forward.

Almost as immediately as he began, he stopped. A worried look came into his eyes.

“Oh *Rob*,” Vicky whispered with something like glee, “you should’ve agreed to give me kids *long* ago!”

Rob was shrinking. Before his eyes, the dining table was rising up, up, up, becoming some giant thing that obscured his view. His pants began to get looser, his shirt was hanging from his frame like he was a coat hanger.

“What’s *happening*?” He squeaked. “What did you *do*?!”

“You’ll figure it out soon enough,” Vicky giggled. “I can’t *wait* to see your face when you do!”

She’s turning me into a dwarf! Rob thought, wildly, as his shoes seemed to grow around his feet, becoming two empty leather caves. *She’s going to make me shrink and shrink away to nothing!*

Then he looked down at his hands and realized it was much, much worse than that.

His hands were *changing*. Where they’d once been large, calloused, manly things, they were now small and dainty. His fingers were thinner, his wrists looked like they would snap if you held them too hard.

As Rob watched, the hairs that decorated the backs of his hands shivered and wormed their way back inside his skin. It itched like hell, an itching that seemed to spread out, across his arms. In horror, Rob yanked one ballooning shirt sleeve back and saw his forearms were now as pale and hairless as they had been when he was a child.

There was a grinding sensation that tore through his upper body, making Rob gasp out loud. His shoulders were *tugging* back in towards his spine, losing their masculine broadness, becoming slender and narrow. A hiss filled the room – like air escaping a balloon – and Rob felt his biceps deflate until his arms were nothing but skin and bone.

A weight suddenly seemed to lift off Rob's body. Looking down, he saw his modest beer gut had vanished, the fat trickling away and dispersing under his skin, never to be seen again. In fascination, he watched as his leg muscles went the same way, until at last their shape was completely lost under the rippling folds of his slacks.

He looked like he was wearing clown pants now. Already, his jacket and shirt were weighing on his shoulders. Inside his pants, he could feel his underwear growing loose as he got smaller still.

And *still* he kept shrinking.

A tremendous itching passed across Rob's scalp, like worms were tunneling through his skin. He let out a yowl and grabbed his head just as long, flowing locks of hair *burst* out, cascading down his back and over his eyes like a waterfall.

Rob dumbly held his long new hair in his tiny hands and stared at it. Before his eyes, it turned from black to a brilliant blonde, then suddenly bunched together and leapt up either side of his head with a *tugging* motion that made Rob yell.

He reached out with his hands and was horrified to feel two long, blond pigtails dangling from his scalp, woven together with expert precision. He turned a tearful glance on his wife.

"Vicky, *please*," he whimpered. "Whatever you're doing. Stop it! I-I'll do *anything*!"

Vicky simply shrugged, watching Rob with laughter in her eyes.

"I can't, remember? I only get one wish per year. Besides," she gave her shrinking husband a savage smile, "I kind of *like* you looking like that."

The nightmare was getting worse now. Rob was less than 4ft and still getting smaller. The dining table nearly completely blocked his view of Vicky. He could just about see her eyes if he stretched, watching him with dark amusement.

Invisible hands seemed to grip Rob's face, molding him like clay in the hands of some invisible giant. He tried to scream – a high-pitched, girly scream – and fight them off, but they rudely started yanking his face into new and terrifying shapes.

It's like she's turned into a God, Rob thought, his mind numb with fear, *a God who can do anything she likes to me!*

In no time at all, the invisible hands had made him unrecognizable. From inside his frightened mind, Rob was forced to watch as his nose was pinched and squeezed down into an adorable little button. As his masculine jawline was *shoved* back inside his face, leaving something soft and weak in its place. As his eyes widened out, becoming big and round and innocent.

Trembling, Rob put his tiny hands to his cheeks and was horrified to feel there was no trace of stubble at all. No trace even of downy hair. There was nothing under his fingertips but smooth skin.

As his body continued to warp and change and tuck in here and there, Rob shot Vicky one last, desperate glance.

Please. He mouthed, aware even as he did so that his lips were changing.

Vicky shook her head.

No chance. She mouthed right back.

Finally, the moment came. The moment Rob had been dreading ever since he figured out what he was being transformed into.

There was a tremor in his crotch, like his manhood was saying goodbye. Rob desperately

tried to give it one last look, but all he could see were the folds of his work clothes, spreading out around him like a tent.

Then there was a *yanking* sensation and Rob felt his cock and balls vanish up inside him. A second later there was a tearing sound as a new set of female genitals appeared between his legs.

I knew it. Rob thought, bitterly. *She's turning me into a woman.*

He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. Any second now. Any second now there would be a pressure in his chest and a large pair of breasts would come bursting out. Then Vicky would finish her spell and turn him into a maid, or a cheerleader, or, or...

But there was no pressure. No breasts. Rob's body was female, but he wasn't going to be a *woman*. As he kept on shrinking, Rob opened his eyes, a light suddenly dawning in them.

He weakly shook his head, and was surprised to feel how *light* it felt. How light his *entire* body felt.

"No..." he croaked, the last words he would ever say in his male voice, "anything but that..."

Then he screamed. Screamed a scream that shot up in pitch even as he shrank, until it hovered around the very edges of human hearing.

There could no longer be any doubt about where this was going.

Vicky had used her birthday wish to turn him into *a little girl*.

At long, long last, it was over. Rob stopped shrinking. His new body gave one last twitch as the last traces of his male form vanished forever, and then there was nothing but silence.

For a long time, Rob stayed perfectly still, his breathing rapid. Panicky. He could feel the pigtailed dangles either side of his head. Hear the high-pitched softness of his new voice, even in his breathing. Feel how his body had *changed* in the most-horrific way.

No. His brain whispered. *She's hypnotized you or something. It's not true, just close your eyes and we'll wake up from this awful dream!*

But Rob didn't need to close his eyes to know that hope was useless. Seeing his adult clothes spread out all around him was enough. Seeing how he could no longer see over the table top was enough.

Hearing Vicky's demonic laughter as she walked around the table to him was *more* than enough.

"Well now," Vicky's head appeared over the wooden table top, smiling down at Rob, "who could *this* be?"

Her eyes lit-up with mock surprise.

"Aww! If it isn't the *cutest* little princess!"

Rob *glared* up at her, a scowl on his new features. Inside, he was terrified at how much *bigger* than him his wife now was. From being a foot taller than her, he was now barely eye-level with her crotch.

"Don't *call* me that!" He yelled, then stopped, his eyes wide with horror.

His old, male voice – the voice he'd heard echoing round his head whenever he talked for nearly half a century – was gone. In its place was a soft, squeaky, high-pitched thing. A syrupy, sugary girl's voice.

The sort of voice only a spoiled little girl with the nickname 'princess' could possibly have.

"Oh my God..." Vicky raised a hand to her mouth, stifling a giggle. "That was *perfect*. You

look so *adorable* when you're upset!"

Rob angrily crossed his arms, scowling at her. He didn't want to look *adorable*.

"Now then," Vicky said with a smile. "As you've probably guessed, there's gonna be a few *changes* round here. From now on, your name is..."

She thought for a moment. Then her brow cleared and she clapped her hands.

"Your name is *Anastasia*. Or Annie, for short. What do you think?" Her eyes twinkled. "A proper princess name for my cute little princess!"

Rob's mouth dropped open. He felt a wave of faintness wash over him. No, it was impossible. There was no *way* his wife could get away with calling him that!

"No!" He pleaded in his sugary girl voice. "Vicky, you can't-!"

"And that's another thing." Vicky frowned. "No more 'Vicky'. From now on, Annie, you can call me..."

Her smile grew wider.

"You can call me *mommy*."

"No *way*!" The words were out Rob's mouth before he could stop them. He glared up at his wife, his hands bunched into tiny fists, desperate to have his say.

"Vicky, this is *wrong*!" he said, trying to ignore how high-pitched his voice now was.

"You're a sick woman. I'm *not* a princess and you're *not* my mommy and..."

He stamped his foot.

"I'm *not* a girl!"

"Oh no?" Vicky whispered, her eyes dreamy with power, power over *him*. "Don't forget, Annie, *I'm* the one with the power to turn you back. If you're a good girl for the rest of the year, I'll use my *next* birthday wish to turn you back into my nasty old husband."

A dark cloud passed over her features.

"But if you're a *bad little girl*," she whispered, "I'll use my next wish to erase your memory and make you think you were *always* a little girl. Would you like that?"

She smiled down, pleased at Rob's obvious helplessness.

"I'll comb your hair and you will play with dollies and secretly fancy boys and you'll never, ever realize that you used to be a stupid, fat, *cheating* man. Unless you do exactly what I want."

Rob's mouth hung open. His legs trembled weakly. He didn't know if it was the horror of his situation or just his new body, but he felt an almost overwhelming urge to burst into tears.

"That's not fair..." He said, weakly.

"Life's not fair," Vicky shrugged. "Even someone your age needs to learn that, Annie. You're practically eight now, which means you'll be a big girl soon! So."

She leaned forward.

"What do you call me?" She whispered, her voice deadly.

For a second, Rob thought he'd really do it. Thought he'd hit his *horrible* wife with his tiny, girly fists and scream and scream and scream at her until the police came round and he could tell them what had happened.

But he already knew it was a stupid idea. The police would never believe an 8-year old girl who claimed she was secretly a 40-year old man. And even if by some miracle they *did*, what could they do about it? Vicky was the one with the power to change him back. If he ever wanted to be a man again – and he really, *really* did – she was the one he had to please.

So instead of hitting his wife, Rob simply swallowed and forced up what he hoped was an adorable little smile.

"I-I call you..." He grit his teeth. "I call you *mommy*."

"That's right." Vicky gently patted his head, like the most-patronizing parent from hell. "And who are *you*, honey?"

"I'm Anastasia." Rob couldn't believe what he was saying. Couldn't believe he was a man, trapped for the next year as a little girl. Couldn't believe he was enchanted to call his wife 'mommy' and respond only to the name Anastasia.

Not that he had any choice.

"But!" He suddenly shouted, looking up at his mommy with all the eagerness of a pre-teen girl. "I'm *not* a princess, OK, mommy? I'm *not* a princess."

Vicky's mouth twitched slightly.

"Oh dear. We probably should have agreed on that *before* I made the wish..."

"Why?" Asked Rob. He had a horrible feeling things were about to get even worse.

"Well..." Vicky giggled, "I might have been just a *teensy* bit mad at you when I blew out that candle. Mad enough to wish you'd spend the rest of your life as a little girl, sure, but not just *any* little girl."

"Mom?" Rob's adorable new face was white. "Mommy, what did you *do*?"

Vicky shrugged.

"Exactly what I said I would, my darling. I wished you would turn into my little *princess*."

She let the word hang in the air.

"So I think we'd better make sure you *look* the part, don't you?"

No sooner were the words out her mouth than Rob noticed something that made him scream another high-pitched scream and try and step back.

His old work clothes were *moving*. Spread around him, they were twitching and rippling like they were living beings, on the hunt for prey.

Not only that, they were starting to change. Before Rob's eyes, they shrank back towards him, coming down to his size. As he watched, he saw their colors were shifting; the dull whites, blacks and browns turning pink, becoming ruffled, becoming fluffy.

He shot one last, miserable look at his mommy.

"I don't *wanna* be a princess!" He pleaded.

Vicky simply smiled.

"Tough," she said.

The fabric rolled in like the waves of some pink, foamy sea. It leaped up and clung to Rob's skin, tightening, twisting to fit. He flung his tiny arms out and tried to fight it off, but it was all in vain.

Vicky's wish was simply too powerful for him to put up any resistance.

In quick succession, his old shirt transformed into a bubblegum pink top with big, puffy shoulders and snapped tight around his frame.

His pants split under the crotch, became a ridiculous ruffled, pink, lacy skirt that billowed out and attached itself to his waist.

His socks turned into long white stockings that flowed up until they nearly covered his legs.

His shoes resized themselves to fit his feet and became flimsy little silver slippers that sparkled and twinkled in the evening light.

There was a weird noise like something *stretching* and two white bows appeared in each one of Rob's new pigtails, making him squeal. There was a feeling of pressure on his head and a silver toy crown settled over his hair, just about small enough to not fall over his ears.

Finally, there was tinkling like fairy dust falling and a stick appeared in one of Rob's tiny hands. He looked at it in puzzlement and suddenly a pink star appeared on the end and grew until it was nearly the size of his face.

He was a little princess with her very own magic wand.

When the magic stopped again, Rob couldn't even bear to look at Vicky. Glancing down, he saw with disgust the shiny pink fabric clinging to his skin, the skirt that billowed out in folds around him.

Without doubt, this was the dumbest he'd ever looked in his life.

"*There.*" He heard Vicky purr with satisfaction. "That's better, isn't it?"

Rob couldn't respond. Couldn't even raise his head. Tentatively, he reached out and grasped the fabric of his dress and was amazed at how *silky* it felt. How... *nice*.

"Aww, you poor darling. Feeling all shy? Here..."

Suddenly a shadow fell over him. Too late, Rob realized Vicky was leaning down toward him. He gave a loud squeak, but there was no time to run.

Seconds later, Rob was up in the air, clutched to Vicky's chest, one arm curled around his back so he wouldn't fall, the other laced under his thighs to hold him up. He looked at his wife aghast and was shocked to see her face now looked *enormous*.

It's like she's a giant. He thought. *And I'm just her helpless prey.*

This was all *wrong*. Vicky shouldn't be able to carry him. He was well over 6ft and weighed 14 stone. When they first got married, Vicky had once tried to lift him while in a silly mood and barely been able to shift a single leg. The idea that she'd one day scoop him into her arms and carry him around like a ragdoll was, well, *insane*.

But of course, he wasn't Rob anymore. He was Anastasia. Sweet, pretty little Anastasia who wanted to grow up to be a princess. Anastasia, who was only 7 and barely 3ft10, and probably weighed less than one of his limbs had as a man.

And clutched to his mommy's chest like this, Rob realized with disgust that the new Anastasia part of his brain kind of *liked* being picked up and carried around.

"There we go." Vicky turned and smiled at him, a smile Rob had never seen on her face before.

It wasn't the smile of a woman looking lovingly at her husband. Wasn't the smile of a woman laughing at the man she'd just cursed to a life of feminized humiliation.

It was the look of a mommy, wearily but happily trying to deal with a young daughter's temper tantrum.

"Look, sweetheart," Vicky whispered, nodding over his shoulder. "Have a look!"

Wrapped up with his transformation and being carried around, Rob hadn't realized where they were. Now, with a sinking feeling, it hit him. He looked down and saw from the position of the carpet far below him that they were stood at the head of the table, near the sideboard.

Which could only mean one thing.

"Go on, princess," Vicky said, the humor flooding back into her voice, "don't be shy. Look! Look what mommy's done for you!"

No. Please don't make me...

But Rob knew it was useless. He'd have to look sooner or later anyway, and there was no point in making Vicky angry. Not when she could smack his bottom, or send him to bed without any dinner.

So, with a feeling like a man stepping off the edge of a building, he looked round.

The first thing he realized was that he'd been right. Vicky had picked him up and carried him over to the large, gold-leaf mirror that stood on their sideboard, too high for a kid to see.

This only registered briefly. It was something else that made Rob's breath catch in his throat. Made his tiny heart beat faster in his flat and narrow chest. Made him want to scream and keep on screaming until he finally dropped dead.

In the mirror, looking back at him, was the most *adorable* little poppet in the entire world.

She was slender, with wide, innocent blue eyes and a round little face, decorated with a little button nose. With a start, Rob realized she had a tooth missing at the front where her adult teeth were coming through, the gap serving to make her look even cuter.

Freckles dusted her nose. Her long blond pigtails dangled either side of her head, so utterly *gorgeous* that they practically begged young boys at school to pull them.

Dressed in her princess outfit, the little girl in the mirror looked like one of those 1940s child stars. The kind of syrupy sweetie pie women over a certain age go doo-lally for. The sort of girl any mommy would be proud to walk down the street with.

"Look." Vicky's voice was high-pitched in his ear, like she was talking to a baby. For one bizarre second, Rob felt like shouting at her: *don't talk like that! I'm not a baby. I'm seven!*

"That's *you*," Vicky continued. "That's *you*, Annie. Aren't you just so *sweet*? Aren't you just so *adorable*?"

She hugged Rob tighter, her eyes locking with his in the mirror.

"Aren't you just mommy's *darling* little princess?" She whispered, savagely.

For a second, Rob could only stare at the mirror. Stare at what he'd become. Stare at the little girl he was fated to live as for the next 365 days.

Then the events of the evening, the stress of it all, finally caught up with him. In the mirror, he saw the poppet's face crumple. Saw her eyes start to shine. Then suddenly he was bawling. Big, salty, girl-tears running down his hairless cheeks, spattering onto his princess costume.

"Aww, *baby*!" Vicky exclaimed, hugging him closer. Without even thinking, Rob buried his tiny face in his mom's shoulder and bawled louder than ever.

It's not fair! He sobbed to himself. *I don't wanna be a girl. I don't wanna be a princess!*

But underneath, there was another aspect to his shame, too. One which barely registered, but was there nonetheless.

Rob was ashamed because, at 7, he was a big girl now. And big girls weren't supposed to cry in front of mommy. That was for *babies*.

"You poor little thing," Vicky sighed in his ear. "Don't worry, I've got just the thing to cheer you up."

"Y-you do?" Rob whispered, leaning back. Through his tear-stained eyes, his new mommy was little more than a blur. He couldn't remember the last time he'd cried so openly, with such passion.

"Of course." Vicky playfully tweaked his nose. "After all, it's my baby's new birthday today, isn't it? Her first day of being an *adorable* little girl!"

A smirk twitched at the edges of her lips.

“So guess what mommy did earlier? She threw out *all* your man clothes and replaced them with princess costumes.”

Her smile widened.

“So my little girl can be a princess for the *rest of her life!*”

Rob couldn't help it. He started bawling over again.

II: The Princess

Less than two hours later, Rob lay in bed, all cried out, staring at the ceiling and wondering what the hell had happened to his life.

Everything had changed. Even the bed he was lying in was no longer *his* bed. The large, double bed he shared with Vicky was now *mommy's* bed.

"You're no longer allowed in mommy's room," Vicky had told him, sternly, after he'd stopped crying, "you've got your *own* room now. I spent all day doing it up after I decided to transform you. You're gonna *love* it!"

And Rob had been nervous, because he knew what Vicky meant by that. She meant she'd turned one of the many spare rooms into a perfect *girl's* bedroom.

But it hadn't been until Vicky carried him up the stairs, giggling all the way, that he realized just how bad things were.

His new room was an explosion of pink. The walls were pink, the bedsheets pink, the curtains pink. There were pink posters, pink dollies, and pink stuffed animals, lying scattered across the bed. The only thing that wasn't pink was carpet, which nonetheless had bits of pink crayon trodden into it, as if a little girl had been living here for years already.

When he'd first seen it, Rob had given an involuntary moan of despair. But something odd must've happened inside his body as his voice travelled out, something weird to do with the magic.

Instead of a moan, what had escaped his lips was a gasp of childish joy.

"Wow, that magic's strong!" Vicky had giggled. "So you like it, huh, Annie?"

Rob had immediately clamped his mouth shut, put on a stropky expression, and violently shook his head, his long pigtails flicking back and forth in the corners of his vision. But the damage had already been done.

The Anastasia part of him really *did* like her new room.

With a vague feeling of disgust, Rob felt himself throwing appreciative glances at a rack full of princess costumes, easily visible in the closet. At the collection of little shoes, lined up beside the bed. At the large posters of Princess Elsa from *Frozen* and *The Little Mermaid* hanging over his bed.

It took all his willpower not to drop his angry frown and start giggling with delight.

"Right," Vicky had said, plonking him down on the bed and pulling off his shoes. "Bedtime, young lady. We've got a *big* day tomorrow."

"Why?" Rob had asked sullenly, trying not to notice how vast this child's bed was to his tiny body.

"I made a few *extra* changes with my wish, y'know?" Vicky smiled, tugging at his stockings. "Changes we'll both have to work to get used to. Can I count on you to be a big girl tomorrow, Annie?"

"Yes, mom," Rob muttered.

"Good. Things are gonna be *different* around here, and it's important we start off on the right foot." Vicky had nodded at his outfit. "I'll let you sleep with that on, darling. But you *must* be careful with it, got that?"

"But I don't *wanna* wear it!" Rob whined in his squeaky, sugary voice. He was repulsed to realize quite a large part of him was *happy* mommy was letting him sleep in his outfit.

“Oh, Annie,” Vicky giggled. “You’re a *child* now, remember. A sweet little girl who has to do what mommy tells her. And mommy says you’re wearing that outfit!”

Rob gave a jerky nod of his head, not looking his former wife in the eye. He didn’t want to admit to himself how upset he would’ve been removing it.

“OK, princess, time for bed,” Vicky had said. Then she leaned forward and planted a big kiss on his cheek.

“Eww! Gross mom!” Rob had angrily wiped the kiss away with the back of one impossibly thin arm. “I’m not *five* anymore!”

“Of course not, sugar,” Vicky had smiled. “But you *are* seven. And seven years olds still get kisses!”

And she’d planted silly kisses on his forehead and nose and neck until Rob could no longer help himself and started giggling, a high-pitched, childish sound that made him feel sick.

“Night, night, sweetie,” Vicky had said at last. “Remember I love you.”

“Night, mom,” Rob had called, then bit down on his tongue.

Don’t play along! His brain growled at him. *You’re still a man, remember? A fully grown man. Have some self-respect!*

But it was too late. Vicky had blown him a kiss from the door, then turned the light off and vanished into the depths of the house.

And now here Rob lay, surrounded by stuffed toys, in the middle of a sea of pink, trying to get a handle on the spectacularly fucked-up events that had led to this moment.

Gently, he lifted his head and looked at the orange glow of the nightlight, comfortably installed at the foot of his bed. Great, so he was afraid of the dark now, too. With a sigh, he collapsed back and stared at the ceiling.

The most-obvious thing about his new body was its lightness. Moving its limbs or sitting up was totally different from being an adult. He had to concentrate not to overdo it. It also felt more... energetic. Rob wasn’t exactly sure how to describe the feeling, but it was like being constantly wired. He was pretty sure that a few glasses of coke would be all it took before he was running round a field, skipping rope and dancing to whatever tween crap Anastasia listened to.

From the darkness of the ceiling, the faint outline of a poster started back at him. Leonardo DiCaprio was watching him sleep, as his image had doubtless watched countless other girls over the decades since *Titanic*’s release.

“At least it’s not Justin Bieber,” Rob muttered to himself. He immediately stopped. The sound of his new voice was still too nauseating for him to deal with.

Looking at Leo’s picture, he was aware of a faint stirring within his new body. A kind of vague, confused longing that was hard to pinpoint. It was there, but extremely faint.

I must be too young for boys, Rob thought, *there’s a relief.*

The thought of mooning around after Harry Styles and going all quiet and blushing when boys pulled his pigtails was even worse than the thought of spending eternity pretending to be a fairy princess.

With a soft moan, Rob rolled over and pulled his knees up to his chest. The fabric of his princess costume rustled around him under the bedsheet, giving him a strange sensation of comfort. It couldn’t be 8 o’clock and already he was feeling deathly sleepy.

The blanket was warm, cozy. As Rob started to drift off, one pigtail curled under his cheek,

so the satin bow crinkled against his skin, he turned his mind to what Vicky had been saying as she tucked him in.

Something about changes, he thought, his breathing slowing and becoming regular. *But changes like what?*

Then he thought about his old work, about Rachel. About how much had changed for *them* tonight, too.

Shit... I had that big meeting coming up. Now they'll probably get Tad in to do it. Jesus, what an asshole that guy is. We'll probably lose the contract the moment they get a look at his face...

His thoughts drifted on to Rachel. Perfect, stunning Rachel. Waiting forever for him to ditch Vicky and run away with her. Waiting forever for Rob to give her a taste of freedom.

Well, that sure didn't work out. She got something alright, but not what she was expecting.

At the thought of pregnant Rachel, frantically texting his phone and wondering where the hell he was, Rob began to feel sadness creeping over him. He thought of her, wracking her brains over whether to abort it or go ahead with the birth. Standing in the apartment, furious at the *asshole* who'd knocked her up and vanished, leaving not a single penny to help her out.

Would she ever suspect – no, would she ever *dream* that he might still be living in the area, trapped inside the body of a little poppet who wanted to be a princess?

Guess Vicky screwed up more than just one life with her wish, Rob thought. But it was a faint thought. No sooner had it trailed off than the little princess was asleep, her tiny body rising and falling with each deep breath.

Hours later, there was a knock at the downstairs door, followed by some voices murmuring. The little girl upstairs was so deep asleep by then that she didn't even notice.

*

"Annie!"

The voice cut through Rob's deep sleep like a buzz saw. He groaned and rolled over.

"Two minutes," he thought he heard a girl mutter.

He'd been having the *weirdest* dream. Something about Vicky catching him cheating on her with Rachel. Something about a wish that had turned him into a little girl.

Ugh! That was the *weirdest* bit. There'd been nothing pervy about it, as far as Rob could remember, but still... the idea of a grown man, turned into a 7 year old girl in a princess costume...

Let's just say he wouldn't be telling the boys at work about *that* one.

"Annie!"

There was a smell wafting up from downstairs. Bacon, maybe? Rob smiled to himself.

Good old Vicky, he thought, *making her man breakfast.*

He'd get up and head down in a second. Probably late for work. But first he wanted to try and remember a bit more of that *weird ass* dream. What had been the girl's name again? Something related to princesses, he was sure of that. Something vaguely Russian. Something like...

"Anastasia! Get down here *now!*"

Rob's eyes flew open. In a split second he took it all in. All the endless pink. All the stuffed animals. The blond hair lying in two tangled pigtails on the pillow next to him.

"Shit!" He screamed. In Annie's high-pitched, syrupy voice, it sounded almost comically

incongruous.

In a flash, Rob was on his tiny feet, beside his bed, staring down in mounting horror at his body.

So it *hadn't* been a dream. He was still a little girl. A little girl with pigtails and an adorable little nose. A little girl with tiny hands and freckles and two dainty little feet. A little girl who liked dressing in princess costumes.

Rob suddenly frowned. Wait. There was something...

Footsteps stalked across the downstairs hallway. A stern female voice echoed up the stairs.

"What did you just say, young lady?"

"Nothing!" Rob yelled back, desperately trying to figure out what had changed. "Sorry, mom!"

"Hmm." The female voice replied. "Well, just watch your language, OK? If they hear you saying that at school there'll be trouble!"

"School?!" Rob yelped in fright. It had never occurred to him he might have to go *outside* looking like this.

The female voice ignored him. There were more footsteps, and then the sound of stuff being moved around in the kitchen.

School. The word bounced round Rob's tiny new head like some demonic echo. He was going to have to go to *school*. And play with other kids. And learn his multiplication tables. All while dressed as...

There was an audible click as a light went on in Rob's brain.

Ah. He thought. *So that's what's different.*

Somehow, in the night, his pink princess costume had vanished and been replaced by a fairy blue one. It clung to his form, sparkling in the morning sunlight. The bows in his hair had changed color, too.

Rob had gone from being dressed like a classical Disney princess to Princess Jasmine in *Aladdin*.

With an childish whimper, Rob took his new dress in his hands and shook his head. His fingers looked so impossibly tiny against the fabric, still too undeveloped for growing long nails.

Who did this? He wondered. *Who changed me in the night?*

There was only one person it *could* be. With a bratty scowl across his adorable angel face, Rob turned and stormed out into the house.

Carried upstairs last night by Vicky, he'd been aware that everything looked different. But it was only now that he was walking under his own steam in the bright sunlight that he realized just how *weird* his home now looked.

Everything about it was off by about a factor of 10. After years living there, Rob had gotten used to not thinking about moving around it. Not thinking about where to put his foot as he climbed the stairs, or where to raise his hand if he wanted to flick a light switch on.

Now, it was like living in a whole new building again. One designed by giants to disorientate normal-sized humans.

The stairs were now further apart to his little legs. The distances between places greater. When going downstairs, Rob no longer held the bannister at waist height, but had to raise his arm nearly level with his eyes instead.

It took all his concentration not to fall as he made his way downstairs, a fall that suddenly

seemed much greater in his delicate new body.

This could be dangerous, he thought uneasily as he descended, the edges of his dress swishing around him with each step. *At least kids are good at bouncing back from injuries.*

Strangely, the thought did little to comfort him.

At long last, Rob reached the bottom. Unaware he was doing so, he broke into a big, gap-toothed, adorable smile and skipped into the kitchen.

"Hey mom," he said in his singsong voice as he entered the kitchen. "What did you say about school...?"

The words died in his throat. The cutesy grin dribbled off his face, replaced by a look of horror.

The woman standing at the stove, making breakfast, wasn't Vicky. She was taller, with long, dark hair that flowed down her back like a waterfall. Her skin was darker, olive where Vicky's was pale like china.

At the sound of Rob's voice, she turned around.

"*There* you are, Annie," she smiled. "How's my special little girl today?"

No... thought Rob, weakly. *No! She can't do this!*

But already he knew it was worthless pleading. Already he knew that Vicky had chosen this new aspect of his punishment well, to torment him as he'd never been tormented before.

How did I never know how powerful she was? Rob wondered in misery. *To be able to transform me. To do this to...*

"Well?" Rachel asked. "Aren't you gonna say 'hi' to mommy?"

The word was almost like a physical blow. Rob took a step backwards, his tiny hands held up, pleading. He felt his face crumple again, felt tears threatening to spill down his adorable cheeks once more.

An alarmed look came into Rachel's eyes.

"Annie? Hey, Annie, you OK girl?"

Rob violently shook his head. Rachel came toward him, a look of tender concern on her beautiful features. She knelt down before him, dropping to his height. The realization that his former lover was now a giant was enough to make Rob moan out loud.

"Hey now." Rachel said, sweetly. "What's up? Did you have a bad dream?"

If only... Rob thought. His whole *life* was a bad dream now.

"C'mon, princess." Rachel gave him a kind smile. "You can tell mommy."

Suddenly, all the pent up frustration came bursting out of Rob. He stamped one tiny little foot and let out a scream.

"You're *not* my mommy!"

A cloud passed across Rachel's exotic features. Her smile faltered.

"Annie... we've talked about this. Please..."

"No!" Rob screamed, his entire body prickling with heat. He was acting like a spoiled little brat now, but he couldn't help himself.

It was like he'd forgotten how to behave like an adult.

"You're *not* my mommy! You'll *never* be my mommy! You're *Rachel*. You're *my*!"

Girlfriend is what he'd meant to say, but the word died in his throat. It was like Vicky's magic had reached inside and stopped his vocal chords.

"You're my..." Rob struggled, trying to force his sickly-sweet girl voice to say the words.

“You’re my...”

At last he gave up and crossed his slender arms, a petulant scowl on his angelic features.

“You’re not my mommy,” he finished, lamely.

Once again, the cloud cast a long shadow over Rachel’s eyes. She forced herself to keep an open, tender expression, but Rob could tell it was just an act.

To his surprise, he saw that he’d really hurt her.

“Annie. Look,” Rachel said at last, putting a hand on his shoulder. In his tiny new body, it felt like a slab of meat had just been dropped on Rob.

“I *know* this is new for you,” Rachel was saying. “It’s new for me too, darling. But your mommy and me...”

She didn’t get any further. There was a clack of heels on wood and suddenly Vicky’s voice was echoing through the kitchen.

“There’s my two favorite girls!”

Rob turned his stropy scowl toward the sound of her voice, and felt his mouth drop open again.

What the hell else did she wish for...?

The woman who walked into the room wasn’t Vicky. Or rather, she *was* Vicky, but not as Rob had ever seen her before.

Gone was the demure housewife who waited at home for her cheating husband. In her place was a woman straight out an office based fantasy.

His ex-wife was dressed in a sharp business outfit, a dark blazer offset against a white shirt, with a black pencil skirt thrown in for good measure. On her feet she wore dark heels that clicked against the tiled kitchen floor as she stalked toward them. Her hair was restyled into a serious bob, her face flushed with confidence.

She looked like a CEO, the sort of woman who would never take any shit from any man, and could close a deal in the blink of an eye.

Rachel stood up as Vicky entered, telescoping away from Rob. He had to crane his neck just to see her face.

“Everything OK?” Vicky asked, winking down at Rob, “I thought I could hear Annie kicking off again.”

“It’s fine,” Rachel replied. “Just... teething problems.”

“Don’t worry about it, babe. I’ll have a word with her.” Vicky stopped right in front of Rachel. Rachel gently shook her head.

“God, you look amazing.”

“Thanks.” Vicky grinned. “How about a goodbye kiss?”

Then, to Rob’s horror, his former wife and mistress were kissing. Not a passionate, erotic kiss, but the sort of loving, tender kiss couples give each other before going their separate ways in the morning.

“Is that bacon?” Vicky asked after disengaging. “Wow. I sure picked the perfect wife.”

Rachel rolled her eyes.

“You’re such a flirt,” she giggled. She cast a sideways glance at Rob, who was watching them with an incredulous expression.

“Are you sure we should, in front of...?”

“Annie’s a big girl,” Vicky turned a devilish smile on her former husband. “Isn’t that right,

pumpkin?”

In response, Rob weakly shook his adorable little head. This was getting *too* weird.

“Huh.” Vicky murmured. “Give us a sec, will you babe? I think me and the princess need a talk.”

“Sure thing.” Rachel gave Vicky another kiss, shot Rob a quick smile, and then she was out the door, vanishing into the depths of the house, her dressing gown billowing behind her.

“Take a seat.” Vicky nodded at the small breakfast table, picking up the frying pan as she did so.

Warily, Rob jumped up onto one of the high wooden chairs. It was another weird moment: climbing *up* to sit, instead of dropping down.

“So,” Vicky continued as she spooned out breakfast for him, “I guess my adorable little princess has some questions?”

You’re damn right! Is what Rob wanted to say, but his body refused to make the words. They were too adult. Too *male*. The magic forbid them.

Glowering, Rob thought hard and eventually came up with a more-appropriate question for a girl his age.

“Mommy, why is *Rachel* here? And...” Rob’s cheeks flushed pink, “why did you *kiss* her?”

“It’s simple, darling.” Vicky plonked a plate of bacon and eggs before her princess. “Rachel and I are *married* now. She needed someone to look after her in her condition, and I... *volunteered* my services.”

She winked at him.

“Of course, forcing you to act like a spoiled little girl in front of your tart was part of it too. A fitting punishment, I think. *If* I ever decide to turn you back, I doubt either of you will forget how you used to play dollies and demand to be dressed as a princess.”

So that was it. Rob wouldn’t just spend the next year with his wife delighting in his humiliation.

His mistress would be forced to observe it, too.

“But *why*?” He whined, plaintively. “Why is she my mommy too? You’re not a-a *lez-bee-uhn* mommy.”

The word ‘lesbian’ was suddenly very difficult to say. Like he’d only heard it once in passing and wasn’t sure what it really meant. Rob supposed the magic had decided it was too adult a word for him to know.

“No, I’m not.” Vicky nodded at his food. “Eat up, poppet, you’ve got a big day today.”

She waited until Rob reluctantly picked up his fork. His plate had a picture of Tinkerbell on it.

“Good girl.” Vicky smiled. “I’m *not* gay, but I’ve always been a bit... bi-curious, I guess. And the idea of seducing your mistress, of forcing her to love *me*, while you’re stuck in your room watching cartoons and playing house with your little princess friends...”

Her smile grew a shade crueler.

“Well, it just seemed like too much *fun* to miss out on, y’know?”

His former wife gave Rob a triumphant look that chilled him to the bone.

I never knew she could be so sadistic...

“Now come on, princess,” Vicky suddenly swept Rob’s plate away, “time for you to do

your teeth and get ready.”

“For what?” Rob whined. It was already getting old, being told what to do and when to do it.

“I’m leaving for work in ten minutes,” Vicky said, “I wished myself into your old job. I’m pretty sure I can do it better than you ever could.”

“So?” Rob muttered. He knew losing his job to Vicky should have been humiliating too, but his 7-year old brain seemed incapable of processing the idea of *work*.

It was like he’d been reprogrammed to block out the adult world in favor of candy and skipping rope and princess outfits.

“So.” Vicky smiled, “I’m gonna be giving you a lift, sugarpuff.”

A note of cruel delight entered her voice.

“It’s time for your first day at *school*.”

*

I never knew this could be so terrifying.

Rob stood at the edges of the school grounds, the playground opening up before him like some vast and endless sea. Kids – kids he wouldn’t have even glanced twice at only yesterday – were now elbowing past him, joining the flow into school.

There were little girls even smaller than he was, looking up at him with big, wide eyes. There were boys who couldn’t be more than 9 or 10, but now loomed over his tiny body, able to knock him to the ground with a careless shove.

Rob clutched the Barbie Vicky had given him in the car closer to his chest, suddenly feeling very nervous. His Princess Elsa schoolbag weighed heavy on his shoulders.

What am I doing here?

He no longer felt like an adult. No longer felt like a grown man trapped in a little girl’s body.

All he felt like now was a scared little princess who badly wanted her mommy.

There was a distant honking sound. Rob jerked his head round, his pigtails flicking in the corner of his vision. Across the road, Vicky gave him a cheerful wave from the car, then blew a kiss.

“Goodbye, princess!” He faintly heard her call. “Be a good girl for mommy!”

Rob’s cheeks immediately flushed a deep shade of pink. He turned away as fast as he could, hoping the other kids wouldn’t see his mom embarrassing him like that.

Why does she do that? He thought angrily, staring at his sparkly silver slippers, *I’m not a baby anymore. I hate her!*

But there was another part of him, too. A part of him that was trying its hardest not to cry, not to burst into tears like a silly little girl and run sobbing after his mommy, begging her to take him home.

Fight it! Rob whispered to himself. *Fight it! She can humiliate you as much as she likes, but don’t give her the satisfaction of seeing how it’s hurting you.*

With great effort, Rob slowed his breathing. He got his embarrassment under control. Then, with his head held high, he stepped forward and followed the rest of the kids into school.

He could barely remember the last time he’d done this. Barely remember what it had felt like to trot into school as a young boy. He thought it had been OK. He’d had friends, been popular, never stood out.

Today, though, he was the new kid. Not just the new *kid*, the new *girl*. The new girl who

was coming into school on her first day, still dressed like a princess.

“You have to wear that outfit,” Vicky had told him coldly as he sat beside her in the car, his feet no longer able to reach the bottom of the foot well. “Mommy says so. Besides, it’s not like you have anything else to wear, is it?”

So here Rob was, in his adorable blue princess costume, walking into school and trying to ignore the other kids’ stares.

“Ugh. Look at *her!*”

There was a plethora of giggles. Rob spun round in horror, already feeling mortified, already feeling ashamed.

No. Please no...

A gang of four girls were watching him with mischief in their eyes. They were taller than Rob was in his new body, and probably at least a year older than him. At the sight of them, Rob felt his tiny heart start hammering in his chest.

“You’re dressed like a *baby*,” the leader sneered. She was a tall, skinny girl with brown skin and dark hair that reminded Rob vaguely of Rachel.

“Look at that *baby*,” the skinny girl continued while her minions giggled. “Only *babies* dress like that.”

“I’m *not!*” Rob shouted, his adorable voice sounding so sweetly petulant it made all the girls start giggling again.

“I bet she’s wearing diapers,” the skinny girl declared. “I bet she poops her pants just like a baby too!”

The fresh round of giggles that followed made Rob want to curl up into a ball and die. He could already feel tears pricking at the corners of his eyes, threatening to spill over and humiliate him further.

“Don’t *call* me that!”

“What? Baby? Baby! Baby!”

Rob clenched his tiny hands into little fists. He so desperately wanted to punch this girl. But she was *way* bigger than him and he was scared.

What’s wrong with you? A little voice whispered in the back of his head, you’re a grown man letting an 8-year old girl get to him! Just walk away, forget about her.

Yet it seemed the magic had short-circuited all of Rob’s adult thoughts. He was as upset and angry as a *real* 7-year old girl would be, and there was nothing he could do about it.

“If you call me that again-!”

“You’ll *what?*” The skinny girl put her hands on her hips, defiant. “Start crying? Like a *baby?*”

It was all too much. Before Rob could stop himself the words were bursting out.

“You goddamn *bitch!*”

Immediately the playground fell silent. Kids all around craned their necks to see, to see who had shouted that *naughty word!*

A light came on the girl’s eyes as she smiled at Rob. She’d got him. It was checkmate.

“I’m *telling!*” She suddenly yelled. “The baby said a *bad word!* Teacher! Teacher!”

And she was off, running across the playground towards a distant adult, while Rob looked on in misery.

He hadn’t meant to say that! And if he *did* say it, so what? It was just a word. It didn’t

mean anything!

Only it wasn't. Not now. When a 40-year old man says the word "bitch", the world usually ignores him. When a cute-as-a-button little poppet who looks like sugar wouldn't melt in her mouth says it...

Well, trouble usually follows.

The skinny girl's groupies were still watching Rob with laughter in their eyes. Across the playground, the teacher sternly looked Rob's way. He was a grown-up, but Rob had no idea how old he might be.

It seemed he'd lost the ability to differentiate between the age of anyone over 20.

"You're gonna be in *trouble*..." one of the girls said in a singsong voice.

"Nu-uh!" Rob violently shook his head. He wished he was a man again. Oh, God, he'd give *anything* to be a man again!

"Anastasia!" The man's voice was loud, powerful, loaded with authority. It seemed to shake the very walls of the universe.

Rob couldn't take it anymore. With one last, helpless look at his tormentors, he turned and *ran*. Ran as fast as his little legs would carry him, his dress billowing around his calves, his pigtails trailing out behind. Ran away as shouts of mocking laughter echoed after him.

Ran away like the precious little princess he now was.

*

"You've been a bad girl today, Anastasia. A *very* bad girl."

Rob bowed his head, trying to disguise his helpless sniffles. He looked at his Barbie through tear-stained eyes and gently stroked her hair, wishing he was anywhere but here.

His escape, his big break for it, had lasted precisely twelve minutes. A learning assistant who was probably about 18 but looked to Rob's young eyes like the oldest woman in the world found him lying face down on a patch of grass, bawling his eyes out.

It had been *horrible*. His body had taken control, and Rob had found himself lying on his front, kicking his feet, and hitting the earth with his fists, all while squealing at the top of his lungs.

So this is what it's like to be a kid, he'd thought unhappily as his body threw its tantrum, *bullies, tears and helpless misery*.

But clearly there had still been part of him in there. Because when the kindly learning assistant kneeled down next to him and gently asked him if he was OK, he'd responded by telling her to fuck off.

Hence he was now sat in the principal's office, once again in tears as the stern man in charge of the school told him off.

"Using bad words, fighting with the other girls..."

I wasn't fighting, Rob thought, *this is so unfair!*

Outwardly, he kept his head down, though. His knees were bruised. His blue princess dress was stained with grass and mud that would probably be hell to clean out.

Good. I hope it takes Vicky ages.

At the same time, though, he was secretly terrified. When Vicky saw the state he was in, he was sure to be grounded.

"...I'm afraid," the principal continued, "that we have no choice but to call you mom."

It was like Rob had just been plunged into a cold ice bath. He jerked his head upwards,

fixing the old man before him with a helpless, begging look.

“No!” He wailed. “*Please!*”

The principal sighed. He had messy blond hair, glasses and a well-kept beard. Rob couldn’t be sure, but he thought he was probably younger than he had been as an adult.

“I know you’re new,” he said, gently. “But I’m afraid we have rules here. Swearing isn’t allowed. Swearing at a teacher *definitely* isn’t allowed. You’ll have to go home for the day, Anastasia. We can try again tomorrow.”

“No!” Rob wanted to drop to his knees, wanted to beg this man to see things his way. “I can’t go home. My mom’ll *kill* me!”

The principal nodded. He gave Rob a reassuring smile, then said, casually: “Is everything... OK at home, Annie? There’s nothing... nothing *secret* going on, is there?”

Oh God, what a dope, Rob thought, furiously, *he actually thinks Vicky’s beating me or something sick like that.*

Then his eyes went wide. A thought had just tiptoed into his mind. A way out of this. So long as he played his cards right...

Gently crossing his fingers, Rob gave the principal an urgent look.

“You can tell me.” The guy was saying. “I promise, you won’t be in trouble, Annie. Anything you say here is just between us buddies, right?”

Rob gingerly licked his lips. Was he really gonna say it?

“There... there’s *something*, Mr. Katz, sir.” He looked back down at the dolly, clasped in his hands, nearly as big as his entire forearm. “I’m-I’m not supposed to say...”

Barbie’s blank features looked back at him. As if mocking him, as if daring him to try it. Seeing her stupid face just made Rob angrier.

“I’m not a girl, sir.” Rob suddenly said in his high-pitched voice. “I’m a boy. My mommy, she *made* me dress like this.”

He gave the principal an imploring look.

“She *forced* me to be a girl, sir! I don’t *wanna* be a girl, but she *made* me. She’s horrible, I *hate* her!”

The tears were coming now, streaming down his cheeks. Rob knew from the outside he must look heartbreakingly scared; the sort of kid you desperately want to comfort.

“Please don’t let me go back to her, sir. *Please!*”

There. It was out now. And there was no taking it back.

For a long moment, the principal simply looked at Rob with an inscrutable expression. At last he gave a tiny nod.

“OK, Annie. I understand.”

“And I’m not Annie!” Rob yelled. “My name is *Rob*! I’m a-!”

He’d been about to say ‘a man’, but stopped himself just in time. People might believe he was secretly a boy being forced to live as a girl, but they’d *never* accept he was a fully-grown man who’d been magically transformed into a poppet by his evil wife.

“OK.” The principal nodded again. “Rob. Wait right here, OK, Rob? I’ll be back.”

Then he got to his feet and vanished out the door.

For the next few seconds, Rob didn’t dare move. Didn’t even dare breathe. He simply sat there: a stunned little girl, unable to believe what she’d just said.

Could this really work? If he managed to convince someone in power he really *was* a boy,

deep down inside, they might take him away from Vicky and convict her for cruelty or something.

And, once that had happened, he could *show* them he wasn't just a 7-year old. He could tell them things no child could possibly know at that age. Describe to them how to run an advertising campaign. Talk them through what being an adult *male* was like.

It might take time, a long, long time, but *surely* they'd eventually see that he was telling the truth? And then, when they had proof, they could go to Vicky, and make that awful bitch turn him back into himself again!

He smiled at Barbie, still clutched in his hands. Unconsciously, he started playing with her, making her walk about on his lap.

"We'll show her," he whispered at his Barbie, his tears already half-forgotten. "We'll show her what happens when you fuck with Rob!"

The words sounded ridiculous in his poppet voice, but Rob didn't care. He finally, *finally* had an escape plan!

He kept on playing with Barbie until he finally heard footsteps outside again, and the sound of the principal's voice approaching.

"...yes, I'm glad you warned us. Of course. We should probably arrange for her to see a child psychiatrist..."

The door burst open. Rob looked up from his dolls at the principal, a hopeful smile on his face. A smile that instantly drained away when he saw who was with him.

"Thanks so much for telling me," Rachel sighed, looking at Rob with sadness in her eyes. "We'll arrange an appointment. It's this whole... me and her mom thing, I guess. Vicky said she's always been confused, but now..."

"Don't beat yourself up over it," the principal advised, "wait until you've seen the shrink first."

"Thanks." Rachel gave him a wan smile. "I will."

Her eyes slid over to where Rob was sat, his Barbie clutched to his chest, watching his old mistress in horror.

"In the meantime..." Rachel said, her voice turning stern. "I think we'd better get this naughty little girl home *right now*."

III: The Daughter

The ride home was weird, to say the least.

Rob sat silently next to his old mistress, watching the world go past, trying to ignore Annie's cutesy reflection staring back at him. Beside him, Rachel – now his pregnant second mommy – drove, unsure how to deal with her spoiled little princess.

"Listen, Annie..." she said at last.

"Don't call me that!" Rob snapped. "I'm Rob. *Rob!*"

He turned his wide, innocent eyes toward her. *Surely* she must remember him, remember all the years they'd spent together!

But there was no trace of recognition in Rachel's eyes. Instead, she simply nodded slowly.

"Rob. OK, *Rob*, can I ask you something?"

"Sure." Rob muttered, turning away and folding his little arms across the bosom of his dress.

"Do you really..." Rachel hesitated. "I mean... do you *really* want to be a boy?"

"Not *want*," Rob squeaked, furiously. "*Am*. I *am* a boy!"

Jesus Christ, why was it so hard to get adults to listen to you?!

"Wow." Rachel muttered. "Vicky wasn't joking. *So*."

She gave Rob a sideways glance.

"What makes you think you're a boy?"

"Nothing." Rob's angelic face assumed a petulant expression. "I just *am* a boy. Vick — *mommy* is the one who made me a girl."

He pulled a face, his tongue poking out.

"*Yuck!* Girls are *gross!*"

"Sometimes," Rachel smiled, then suddenly changed tack. "What do you like about being a boy, then Rob? What boy things do you like?"

Rob theatrically rolled his eyes.

What a dumb question!

"That's *easy*," he said in his poppet voice. "Being a boy is *great*. You can..."

He suddenly trailed off, surprised. What *did* boys do? It was like his brain had suddenly shut down.

"Play soccer?" Prompted Rachel.

"Yeah!" Rob's face flushed with triumph. "You can play soccer, and baseball, and-and..."

"Y'know, girls can play those sports too."

"Not *properly*."

"Sure they can," Rachel replied. "Your mommy and me met at a women's soccer match. Our girls *steamrollered* Canada. The *boys* soccer team can't play anywhere near as good."

"That's not what I meant," Rob muttered.

"Well, whatever," Rachel shrugged. "I'm just saying, Rob, that if you decide you... *like* being Annie, you could still play soccer."

They drove on in silence for a while.

"What about girl's stuff?" Rachel suddenly asked. "What don't you like about being a girl?"

"*All* of it," Rob couldn't believe he was having to spell this out. "I *hate* dollies. I *hate* having pigtails. I *hate* wearing princess costumes!"

“We could get rid of that, if you want,” Rachel said, quietly. “We can ditch Barbie right now and get you an Action Man or something.”

Ditch Barbie?

Rob glanced down at the dolly in his hands. At Barbie’s permanently smiley face. At her long, blond hair that was weirdly fun to brush. He thought of his Ken doll, lying at home, and how lonely he’d get if they got rid of Barbie now.

“Well?” Rachel asked. “Shall we chuck Barbie?”

There was another silence. At long last, Rob shook his head. He was furious with himself.

“OK, that’s cool. Boys can play with Barbies too, Rob.” Rachel was keeping her eyes on the road, piloting them out towards the suburbs. “So, let’s keep Barbie, shall we? Right, what about your pigtails?”

Rob looked up at this giant woman sitting next to him in shock.

“What about them?” He squeaked.

“You said you hated them,” said Rachel. “So. Let’s do something about them. There’s a hairdresser about three blocks from here. What’s say you and I go in, get some proper cool new haircuts. Something more boy-style?”

Get rid of my pigtails?

Unaware he was doing so, Rob gently reached up and touched his two long, blond pigtails. Felt their thickness. Felt their weave.

Already, it seemed he was finding it hard to imagine life without them. When he got bored, he’d taken to playing with them, winding them round his wrists.

Then there was how he would *look* with a boy’s haircut. He could already imagine it, sitting so daftly over his freckled poppet face. Already imagine how all the girls at school would laugh and jeer at him.

No. Maybe not. Best to play it safe.

“Rob? Whaddya say?”

Reluctantly, Rob shook his head.

“No thanks,” he muttered, not even able to look at Rachel. “I like my hair.”

“That’s also cool,” Rachel replied. “Well then. So maybe actually we kinda *do* like Barbies and pigtails. What about...”

She turned and gave him a tiny smile.

“What about princess dresses?”

Finally. That was something Rob *definitely* didn’t like!

“I *hate* them!” He squealed, glaring down at his body. “They make me look *stupid*. They’re for *babies*.”

“Do the other – sorry, do the *girls* make fun of you for wearing them, Rob?” Rachel asked.

Rob looked up at her, incredulous.

How did she guess that?

Slowly, he nodded.

“I see.” Rachel said. “Well, then. How about we get rid of them?”

Rob gawped at her. Did she really mean it?

“But mommy said...” he began.

“I’m your mommy too, Rob,” Rachel said, firmly. “Just as much as Vicky is. And if my

little boy wants a new outfit..."

She straightened her shoulders, clasping the wheel. To Rob she suddenly looked like the most-powerful woman alive.

"Then he's sure as *hell* gonna get one!" She declared.

*

The store was enormous. Impossible. Rob wandered through its endless aisles, his Barbie clutched to his chest, overwhelmed by its grand scale.

He'd been through here as an adult before, and never thought of it as being particularly big. But as a child, suddenly it was *massive*!

There were dinosaur t-shirts, little ballerina dresses, swim shorts for the boys, little snuggly onesies for the girls. There were shoes, school uniforms, backpacks, ankle socks...

In short, there was everything a little boy or girl could possibly ever want to wear.

"What do you like?" Rachel asked, towering high above him, one hand gently resting on his shoulders. "Take your time."

Rob shook his head uncertainly. There was too much to choose from. Too much stuff.

"Here, how about I get you started?"

Rachel rummaged through a rack and pulled out a boy's retro *Ghostbusters* t-shirt.

"Ah-ha! That's a proper boy's one, isn't it? You like it?"

Rob gazed despondently at the t-shirt. He shook his head.

"OK... maybe something different? What about *this*?"

A *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* t-shirt magically appeared. The sight of it gave Rob a strange, sinking feeling in his stomach.

No way. It was too *ugly*. Too... too *boy*.

He shook his head again, his pigtails swinging with the movement.

"Tough, isn't it?" Rachel sighed, putting the t-shirt back.

She turned to him with a knowing smile on her face.

"Tell you what, Rob, why don't *you* pick something?"

Don't call me that! Rob wanted to hiss, terrified someone might see him and wonder why a 7-year old girl had a boy's name.

But, after all, Rob *was* his name. And he'd made Rachel promise to call him by it. So instead he simply nodded, and shuffled over to the rack to start looking.

It took almost no time at all for Rob to realize there was nothing there he could possibly wear.

Every t-shirt he pulled out he found himself holding at arms' length, repulsed by its shape and color. The endless logos for boy-ish TV series or bands or whatever was so... so *dull*. So *crappy*.

I wouldn't be seen dead in those, he found himself thinking.

At length, he looked up at Rachel and hesitantly shook his head.

"Still nothing, huh?" Rachel frowned at the rack with mock seriousness, her hands on her hips. With a jolt, Rob realized he could see a little bit of a bump already forming.

"OK, kiddo, how about we try somewhere else?"

Reaching down, she took Rob's hand.

It was a strange moment. He'd held hands with Rachel *plenty* of times before, of course. But back then, Rachel had always been the one with the tiny hands and delicate fingers. Now

her palms alone were bigger than his entire hand, and her fingers seemed to swallow his childish ones up.

Rob found he didn't mind, though. Holding his new mommy's hand was strangely comforting.

"We'll head over this way, OK?" Rachel was saying. "And you just give me a tug if you see anything, yeah?"

Rob gave a jerky nod of his adorable little head, and they were off, cutting a path through the endless clothing racks, Rachel leading the way.

They passed button shirts for little boys. Tiny vests. Sweaters with weird little patterns on them. They passed shorts and slacks and trainers, and everything just looked so *dull* to Rob. So *wrong*.

"Anything?" Rachel asked.

Rob shook his head. He didn't know what he was looking for, but he'd recognize it when he saw it.

At long last they turned a corner and both stopped dead.

There, on a white mannequin no bigger than Rob, was the thing he'd been looking for. Just seeing it, Rob felt his heart start to flutter in his tiny chest. Felt his little hands clenching in excitement. Felt a big gap-toothed grin spread across his cutesy face.

He glanced up at Rachel and nodded eagerly. A slow smile spread over his second mommy's features.

"You *sure*?" She asked.

"I'm sure." Rob said.

"In *that* case," Rachel smiled, "how about we go try it on?"

*

The changing rooms were bright, lit by humming fluorescents. The three sided mirror in the cubicle threw light back at them, banishing shadows. Rob looked at his reflection, and felt a strange happiness surging up in him.

I look perfect, he marveled.

"I gotta say, Rob," Rachel whispered in his ear, "for a boy, you *sure* know how to pick a dress."

The outfit they'd chosen was simple, easy, and *spectacular*. A white dress covered in tiny little colorful dots that hung from Rob's shoulders and billowed out around his waist. It made him look girly. It made him look stylish.

But most of all, it made him look like the most-adorable little poppet in the *world*.

Rob impulsively gave a little twirl, admiring the way the hem of his dress swished as he moved. He giggled out loud, his round little freckled face lighting up. He clutched the fabric, felt it with his fingers and sighed happily.

He no longer looked like a princess. He simply looked like a girl. A happy, giggly, 7-year old girl who loved nothing more than putting on her dresses.

Deep down, Rob knew he should find this as repulsive as his princess costumes. Knew he should be yearning for slacks and a tie and a suit.

He also knew he couldn't help himself. He was a little girl now, and he wanted nothing more than to wear girly clothes.

It's the magic, he heard part of himself desperately say, *you have to fight it!*

But Rob found he no longer really wanted to. He *loved* the way he looked right now. He could feel happiness coursing through him.

The idea of dressing as a boy just seemed ludicrous.

“Well, Rob,” Rachel smiled, “are you happy?”

Rob nodded, giggling. Then suddenly his face became serious.

“Don’t call me that,” he said in his syrupy voice. “Not anymore.”

“What name would you like, then?” Rachel’s voice was warm with gentle good humor. “Anastasia?”

“*No!*” Rob frowned. “Eww, that’s a *princess* name!”

“And you don’t wanna be a princess anymore,” Rachel nodded. “OK, got it. So. Who are you?”

For a long time, Rob just looked at himself in the mirror, thinking. Looked at the adorable girl staring out, who looked so happy in her new dress. The little girl who may have had a man trapped inside her, but *certainly* didn’t want to be a boy.

“I’m Annie,” he said at last. “I’m Annie, and I’m not a boy *or* a princess!”

“What are you then?” A smile tugged at Rachel’s lips.

Rob span round, grabbed hold of her jeans and looked up at her, a delirious, poppet smile on his face.

“I’m a *girl*,” he said, proudly. And at that moment, it hit him.

He didn’t know if it was the magic, or his afternoon with Rachel, or just realizing what he’d always secretly known, deep down inside himself.

He was a little girl.

And he *never* wanted to be a man again.

*

The kitchen clock ticked out its seconds in the long silence. Rob sat there in his new dress, waiting. Waiting for the verdict.

He could hear their voices in the living room. Not quite arguing. A *discussion*, Rachel had called it. She and Vicky were having a *discussion*.

Rob didn’t know exactly what one of those was, but it sounded very adult indeed.

Another minute ticked off the clock. Rob ignored it. Instead, he concentrated on the dramatic scene before him. Ken had been wounded in a motorbike accident and Barbie was freaking out in the hospital.

She’d gone to get his coat from the nurse and found the ring he’d bought in there. The one he was going to propose to Barbie with.

“*Oh Ken,*” Rob whispered in his Barbie voice, “*if only you hadn’t gone to Hollywood to be a driving stuntman!*”

He was getting good at these games now. Starting to enjoy the long, romantic narratives. He barely even registered how weird it was anymore.

After all, what was weird about a 7-year old girl playing with her dolls?

At length, the door opened. Heels clacked across the tiles. Rob didn’t look up. Ken had now had his mind implanted in a stuffed *Shrek* toy, and Barbie couldn’t decide if she still wanted to marry him.

“Annie?”

Reluctantly, Rob abandoned his game. He looked up to see his real mommy watching him

with a peculiar expression on her face.

"I've just been talking with Rachel," Vicky said. "About you not wanting to be a princess anymore."

"That's right," Rob mumbled, looking back down at his toys. He was having so much fun he couldn't believe adults didn't play like this all the time.

"Naturally, I told her you *had* to be a princess," his mommy said, sternly. "I won't have you trying to wheedle out of your punishment. At least, that was what I said at first."

She paused.

"Then your other mommy said something that surprised me, Annie. She told me you'd picked that dress yourself, and lots of others, too. She told me what you said to her. That you..."

She hesitated. Rob waited patiently for his mommy to go on.

"That you *want* to be a girl," Vicky said at last. "Is that... is that true?"

At last, Rob raised his eyes from his toys. He looked right at his mommy. Right at his wonderful, beautiful, strong mommy who he loved like only a daughter can.

"Yes." He said.

A big grin broke across Vicky's face. Her eyes flashed with amusement. She leaned forward onto the table, giving her poppet a tender look.

"I'm so glad you said that, Annie," she murmured. "Really, I am."

Rob shrugged. He was glad he made his mom happy, but it was the truth.

He couldn't even remember why he'd decided he was a boy anymore.

"In that case," Vicky was saying, "we can stop the princess stuff, OK? We'll go out and buy you a whole *load* of dresses on Saturday. Proper, grown-up girl dresses that you won't be ashamed to wear. How would you like that, sugar?"

Rob smiled his gap-toothed smile. He thought that sounded like a *great* idea.

For a long moment, Vicky simply smiled at him. Then she leaned forward and planted a great, big kiss on his nose that made Rob giggle.

"You know something, Annie?" She whispered. "I think the three of us are gonna have an *amazing* year."

Rob nodded happily, his pigtails bouncing. Vicky didn't know it, but he was in complete agreement with her.

In fact, he had a strange feeling that this would turn out to be the best year of his *life*.

Epilogue

“Annie!”

At the sound of her mom’s voice, Annie immediately leaped up from her dollies and eagerly ran across the room. The hem of her new, pink dress trailed out behind her. She was 8 now and growing fast, which meant *lots* of new dresses!

“Annie!”

As she clattered down the stairs, Annie caught a glimpse of her other mommy sat on the sofa, smiling. Rachel had given birth just three months previously to a beautiful baby girl, and was now nursing her in the warm light of a sunbeam.

The sight of her made Annie’s smile grow larger. She had a little sister now; a sister who currently just ate and slept and cried a lot, true, but a sister nonetheless.

Just wait till she gets older, Annie thought, we’re gonna play and she’s gonna think I’m the best older sister ever!

“Annie!”

At long last, Annie bounded into the dining room, where her mommy sat before a tiny birthday cake, a single candle lit in it.

“Good morning,” Vicky said with a faint smile. “How’s my little princess today?”

“*Mo-om!*” Annie moaned, “don’t call me that!”

“Sorry, poppet,” Vicky giggled. “I can’t help it. You just always look *so* adorable!”

Annie made a face, pretending to be grossed out. But she didn’t really mind.

Deep down, she found she kinda *liked* it when mommy called her princess.

“Anyway, Annie,” Vicky went on. “Do you know what day it is today?”

Annie grinned, nodding her head. Her new ponytail bounced behind her. She’d switched from the pigtails only a month before and was already in love with her new hairstyle.

I look like Barbie, she’d thought, happily, in the hairdressers.

“It’s my *birthday!*” The little girl yelled with a giggle. “I’m *eight* today!”

“Of course you are,” Vicky said. “But who *else’s* birthday is it?”

“Ummm...” Annie pretended to think. “Yours? Are you a hundred and ten now?”

“Hey! Watch it!” Vicky’s eyes flashed with laughter. “No, not quite... but it *is* my birthday, and that means I get a birthday wish.”

She leaned back in her chair, suddenly watching her daughter with a serious expression.

“I get *one* wish,” she said, slowly, “and I can use it to make *anything* happen. Do you understand that, Annie? Anything at all.”

Annie nodded. She still remembered from last year.

“Good. Well,” Vicky continued, “since I made my wish last year about *you*, dear, I thought it only fair that *you* get to choose my wish this year. You could wish for a new dolls house, or maybe another sister. Or...”

Vicky looked her daughter right in the eye.

“You could wish to turn into *someone else*.”

She let the words hang in the air. Annie noticed the flame of the candle was flickering, like it was being buffeted by an invisible wind.

“Like who?” She asked at last.

“Doesn’t matter,” Vicky shrugged. “A grown up, maybe. Or even a... a *man*. But it’s up to

you, my darling. It's your choice."

A serious expression crossed Annie's face. She stared deep into the candle, deep into the fire. Thinking. Trying to remember something. Something she knew she'd wanted to do a long, long time ago.

Abruptly, her adorable little face cleared. With another giggle, she ran across to her mommy and whispered in her ear.

Vicky nodded slowly as Annie told her her wish. She turned and looked at her wonderful 8-year old daughter.

"Are you sure, dear? It seems kinda... permanent."

"I'm sure." Annie nodded. She couldn't wait for this wish to come true.

"In that case, then," Vicky murmured, "I guess we'd better get on with it, hadn't we?"

Then she closed her eyes, leaned forward and blew out the candle.

The second the flame went out there was a distant sound like fairy dust falling. Annie looked hopefully at her mom.

"Did it work?" She asked.

Vicky nodded.

"It worked," she said. "Now run along, princess. I'm about to be late for work."

With a laugh, Annie clapped her hands and skipped out the room. She skipped through their big house, perfectly sized to fit many more children over the coming years, and past Rachel, her other mommy.

She kept on skipping all the way upstairs and locked herself in her room with a blissful smile on her face.

That had been a *great* wish. In the history of wishing, Annie was willing to bet no-one had ever made such an *awesome* wish.

"I just got the best birthday present *ever*," she said, making her way over to her Barbie collection. "You wouldn't *believe* what I got!"

She picked up Barbie in one of her tiny hands. The plastic face smiled up at her, her friend from as far back as she could remember.

"*What did you get, Annie?*" Annie said in her Barbie voice, making the doll's head bob.

The 8-year old girl frowned at her toy.

"I'm not sure I'm meant to say," she said. "Wishes sometimes don't come true if you tell."

"*Aww, go on.*" Barbie replied. "*Please.*"

"Well..." Annie said, doubtfully. "If you promise not to tell..."

"*I promise.*"

"OK then!"

Annie leaned forward, pressing her lips up to Barbie's ear. She shot a quick glance around the room, to make sure the other dollies weren't listening.

"I wished," she murmured, "that I would *always* be a little girl. That I would never grow up and get old, and that I'd *always* be mommy's special princess."

"*Wow, Annie,*" Barbie said, admiringly, "*that's some wish!*"

"I'm not done yet," Annie frowned. Talking to Barbie was sometimes annoying.

"I *also* wished," she continued, "that nothing else would ever change. That mommy and Rachel would always be together, and that Rachel would have lots of babies and I would have lots of sisters to look after!"

Barbie smiled back at her like she always did. Annie could tell she approved.

“The last bit was I wished we would always be happy,” Annie whispered. “And that all us girls would love mommy no matter what.”

“Hey,” Barbie smiled, “*that sure was a nice wish, Annie!*”

“I know.” Annie reached out and stroked her doll's hair. She *never* wanted to get too old to play with Barbie.

And now the wish ensured she never would.

Downstairs, Vicky cleared the cake away, slipped into her jacket, gave Rachel a goodbye kiss and made her way out to the car, a secretive smile on her face.

She had her family, had her kids, and all was well in the world.

The End.

Like what you've read? You'll love this free sample from Lisa Change's other novel-length tale of gender transformation and magical age regression...

Turned Into His Wife's Teenage Daughter

There was another flash of light and Hank was wearing his clothes again. Only they weren't *his* clothes...

"Not bad." Hank looked up in fright, the girl was watching him with a smirk. "You've certainly got an... *interesting* fashion sense."

A pair of tight black pants encased Hank's slender legs, clinging to his curves, showing off his bum. His large chest was hidden inside a simple, skimpy white top that left his cleavage on display. Over that he wore a short denim jacket, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Bracelets clattered on his wrists. Looking down, he saw his feet were encased in a pair of high-heeled boots.

There was a feeling of weight on his head. Hank reached up. A fashionable hat perched there, its brim angled away from his forehead. He dropped a hand to his ears and was horrified to feel earrings there.

He turned to the girl.

"What did you *do*?!" He whimpered, hating his soft, girly new voice.

The redhead witch shrugged.

"Exactly what I said I would." She smiled. "I turned you into a teenage girl. Go ahead. Look."

Hank scampered over to his and Jo's car, gazed into the wing mirror. The reflection was distorted, but it was enough to make him want to scream.

Gone was handsome, powerful Hank. In his place was a young teenage girl with a soft face and shy eyes hidden behind too much makeup. She was dressed in a self-consciously adult way that made her look even younger, like an 8-year old playing dress up.

But worse than that, she looked somehow *familiar*. With her big breasts, pleasantly chubby face and blonde hair. She looked like someone he knew. She looked like...

Then the penny dropped. Hank's insides froze.

No. She couldn't, he thought helplessly. *She wouldn't*...

But already, he knew it was true.

The witch hadn't just changed him into a shy, fashion-conscious teenage girl. She'd turned him into a teenage girl who looked just like her mother. Who looked just like...

He turned to his wife Jo with a horrified moan. There was a strange look in her eyes.

"Mom?" He whispered.

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Like your gender transformation tales to come with a darker edge? Why not try this free sample from Lisa Change's new series of gender-swap revenge and magical age regression...

She Turned Him Into a School Girl

Suddenly, it was over. James's body gave one last violent jiggle and the spell was finished.

The silence that followed was broken only by James's breath, coming out his mouth in soft, feminine gasps. He gazed in wonder at his newly-formed body.

"Well? What do you think?"

James swallowed. What *did* he think?

It was *impossible*. Where he'd once been a big, broad man, with a hard, man's body, he now had a soft, delicate one. His outline curved in ways he couldn't believe, naturally tucking in and pointing out where it had once been a simple rectangle.

Experimentally he touched his new skin. It was soft and springy to the touch, the skin of someone far from middle age.

"Come on, I haven't got all day."

James was barely listening. His brand new breasts wobbled in the bottom of his vision. With a jolt, he realized he could see them even when he was looking straight ahead.

He automatically stroked a long lock of white-blonde hair behind his ear and hesitantly grabbed his new boobies. He squeezed them together, marveling at the way they squashed into a vast cleavage just below his chin. He gently tweaked one nipple, and was embarrassed to feel it quickly go hard and pointy, like a bullet.

Oh fuck, that felt good... he thought, not sure how he should feel about that.

He let one dainty hand drop slowly down to his crotch. He hesitated then stroked the new line between his legs with the tip of his finger.

Immediately a tremor passed through his lower body, making him give an involuntary gasp. There was no denying it.

He was a girl.

"Alright, you can examine yourself later. We've got work to do."

Wordlessly, James looked at the woman leaning against the door. Even raising his head like this was different. He could feel his long, blond hair tickling his naked back; feel its near-invisible weight as it lay across his bare shoulders.

He opened his plump new lips, unaware that he was trembling.

"What the *fuck* did you do?" He whispered.

Immediately, he wished he hadn't spoken. The voice that came out of his small, pretty new mouth wasn't the deep, bass-filled voice he was used to hearing. Instead it was soft, high-pitched, almost musical. It was like moving his lips in time with somebody else speaking.

Except it was even worse than that. The vibration it made in his chest, the way it echoed up into his ears. It was all *wrong*. Not just in its girly qualities, either. There was something else, something James couldn't quite put his finger on...

"I did what I said I would." Jay raised an eyebrow at his soft, trembling new form. "Or at least half of it."

"What do you mean, *half*?" James said, crossly, deliberately trying to lower his voice. It didn't work. His words still came out with a soft, singsong quality that made his stomach turn.

What the hell's wrong with it? He thought, furiously. *My voice, there's something weird about it...*

"I mean," Jay drew out the word, "that I said I'd turn you into a schoolgirl, remember?"

Well, you're a girl now, so let's get on with the school part, shall we?"

She clapped her hands.

"Time to get that uniform on!"

Instantly, James felt a horrible tickling sensation. He looked down and saw two long, white stockings furiously knitting themselves together over his feet, travelling up his legs. He frantically tried to pull them off, but they refused to give.

It was like his new clothes were as much a part of his body as his brand new boobies or pussy.

A sensation of cold around his soft new stomach caused him to cry out loud. A strange, dark liquid was flowing round his hips. Before James's fascinated eyes it flowed down his legs, came to a halt and solidified, turning into a piece of navy blue fabric. The edges crinkled, a red checked pattern appeared and suddenly James was wearing a short skirt that barely covered his ass.

He moved his legs, appalled at the way the fabric *whisked* and *swished* and threatened to ride up. If he bent over in this, the whole world would see his sexy new bum!

There was a distant rustling, like the wings of a large bird approaching take off. A white shirt flew in the window and settled over James. It tugged over his head and for a second everything was lost in a whirl of white fabric. Then James blinked and he was wearing a tight, white schoolgirl's shirt, its front buttoned up only halfway.

Without thinking, James tried to fasten the rest of the buttons to hide his big new cleavage, but his fingertips refused to grasp them. He could no longer dress as he wanted, but only as Jay's magic allowed him to.

The changes were coming faster now. James was aware of a tickling in his crotch, then a pair of lacy white panties settled over it, their see-through fabric barely hiding his new pussy from prying eyes. A white, push-up bra formed over his big new breasts, then *yanked* them upwards so suddenly he gasped.

James looked down in horror at his prominent new tits, straining at the fabric of his school shirt.

Oh my God, he whimpered to himself, *I look so slutty!*

A dark green blazer appeared from the sky and draped itself over his shoulders. It buttoned up a single button at the front, clinging to his skin and showing off his curves. It was *way* too small to be practical, but James had a horrible feeling it had been chosen more for how it exaggerated his sexy new body than for practical reasons.

The last changes were over in seconds. A pair of cute little shoes with dainty bows fastened themselves to James's feet. He felt a pressure on his head, and reached up to discover he was wearing a cute little schoolgirl's hat.

Finally, the world went blurry, swimming away into fog. For a second, James thought he was going blind. Then he reached up and removed his glasses. Everything snapped back into focus.

It seemed his new body had perfect vision.

"Oh my God!" He heard Jay laugh, clapping her hands. "You look so *cute!*"

She shook her head.

"No, I wasn't going to, but now I've simply *got* to show you!"

Then she clicked her fingers and James nearly screamed.

The split-second Jay had finished talking, a mirror had appeared directly in front of him. A long, full-body thing with an ornate wooden frame someone had polished to a high finish.

But that wasn't what caught James's eye and made him want to turn and run, run, run away into the cool early morning, screaming his head off.

It was what was *in* the mirror that nearly sent him mad.

Looking back at him from behind the glass was a girl. Not just any girl. She had a soft, innocent face and wide, blue eyes that perched above plump, pink lips. Her straight ultra-blond hair framed her pale skin, making her seem almost ghostly.

She can't be a day older than eighteen, James thought, dizzily. *She looks so... so innocent!*

More than that, he realized, the girl looked *beautiful*. Like an idealized version of a schoolgirl. The sort of girl James would've killed to put in one of his videos.

Especially when you got to the body.

Like a man in a daze, James felt his eyes drift over the girl's figure. Over her slender waist and wide hips. Over her plump breasts, barely concealed behind her tight, white shirt and green blazer. Over her long, slender legs, encased in white stockings.

"She's..." he whimpered in his soft new voice, hating the way the girl moved her lips in time with him. "She's..."

"She's what, dear?"

"She's *me*!" James gave a mortified squeal. In the mirror, the girl's soft face creased, her pretty mouth opened and she squealed right back at him.

That can't be me! James thought, desperately. *It can't!*

There was no way those innocent eyes could be his. No way that swan-like neck could belong to him. No way *he* – James, the straight, women-hating man – could be wearing those clothes!

Yet there was no doubt about it.

The girl in the mirror was him.

The genie had turned him into a beautiful schoolgirl.

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Also by Lisa Change

Turned Into His Best Friend's Girlfriend Sometimes, dreams can come true...

College kid Will seems to have it all: good grades, plenty of girlfriends and a dashing best friend called Chris. But there's something missing from his life, something he can't put his finger on... until an impossible curse reveals his own darkest secrets to him.

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About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

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