

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white headband with a white flower, a white collared shirt, and a dark maroon school uniform jacket and skirt. She is standing against a grey background, looking over her shoulder towards the camera.

LISA CHANGE

His New
Life as a
School
Girl

(the grown man who
became a teenage girl - a
transgender fantasy)

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Prologue:

Melvin

Today is the day, Natalie thought, her face set in determination. *Today is the day I show that bitch up once and for all.*

'Today' was a cool, bright spring day. Outside the glass walls of the anonymous, small town office block, birds were singing, clouds were scudding across the sky, and a gentle wind was teasing people's hair.

It was the sort of day that – after yet *another* long, harsh New England winter – should have made even the most decayed and shriveled heart sing.

But Natalie wasn't in the mood for singing.

As the pretty, 29-year old woman strode purposefully along the corridor, her long chestnut hair flowing out behind her as the heels of her stylish, knee-length black boots tapped out a rhythm on the floor, there was only one feeling in her heart.

Today was the day she was gonna have her *revenge*.

The word was so strange in Natalie's head that it almost brought an involuntary smile to her face. As she made her way through the office, barely acknowledging the various greetings from her colleagues, she had to admit it wasn't a normal thought for her.

All her life, she'd been... well, not *demure*, exactly, God no. What sort of male fantasy bullshit was *that*? But maybe more gentle. Held back. Not like some of those gossipy bitches she knew.

No, normally she was never one to say anything. Never one to do anything but suck it up, take a deep breath, and try to forget about it – except maybe to laugh with Mark about it over dinner that night.

Emma, though. Emma was a *special* case.

Today, the words returned, beating out a pulse in Natalie's head that perfectly matched the *tap-tap* of her boots, *today, Emma, you will finally learn your lesson. You immature bitch.*

In all her life, Natalie had never met anyone as infuriating as Emma.

She was young, for one thing. Not, like, physically. To her mild surprise, Natalie had learned the short blonde woman was really 27, only two years younger than her.

But in attitude?

In attitude, Emma sometimes seemed like she was barely out of puberty. From the moment she started in their office, she'd been gossiping behind everyone's backs, digging her claws into other women like some sort of robot powered by backstabbing.

She'd tried to rope Natalie in too, the older woman dimly recalled. Saying things about Sharon, about Theresa, hoping Nat would take the bait.

But she hadn't. And now Natalie knew all too well that she was one of Emma's main targets.

As these thoughts rattled around her head, Natalie smiled distractedly at a passing coworker, before stepping into the elevator. One of the older guys from two floors up was in there, and he gave her body a quick one over – she could almost *feel* his eyes resting on her ass.

Show some respect, huh? Natalie silently fumed, *or maybe I'll cast a spell on you, too.*

She had to give her head a little shake.

Nu-uh. She wasn't getting into that dark shit, like some black witch or something. There was only one person she was gonna curse around here.

The funny thing was, it was how men reacted around Emma too that had made Natalie so mad.

She was pretty, Natalie had to admit it. Well, maybe more *cute* than actually pretty, but whatever. And she was blonde, which was apparently still like catnip to men.

But the way she flirted with literally *everything* with a penis...

The way she fluttered those stupid eyelashes of hers, and gave men a look like she was so helpless before them...

The way she wore those push-up bras like a *total* whore...

For a moment, the image surfaced in Natalie's mind again. The one from their office Christmas party five months ago. The one that may have faded a little over time, but still had the power to make Natalie feel physically sick.

Mark, sat in the corner of that restaurant the company had rented out. A drink clasped in one hand and a tipsy smile on his face as he talked, that look of cocky confidence men always seemed to get around *her*.

And before him. Emma. Casually flirting, one finger wrapped through her blonde curls. Her blue eyes shining as she laughed, reached out, and gently touched his knee, an aura about her like a girl who thinks she can make men do *anything*.

Natalie had to stop herself there. If she carried on remembering like this, she thought she might scream.

It's not like she's even all that, the older woman thought sourly as the elevator *ding*-ed and she stepped out, trying to ignore the old guy giving her backside one last, admiring glance. *It's all in the makeup, she's just like those girls at school...*

The thought lifted her spirits a little, put a spring back into her step.

If all went to plan, that comparison soon wouldn't be all that far off the mark.

"Hey, Melvin. How'd the trip go?"

The averagely good-looking guy looked up from his desk, blinked and gave Natalie a school boyish smile.

"Oh hey, Nat. Pretty good, I guess. Y'know, considering..."

"*Considering?*" Natalie leaned on the desk, raised one eyebrow. "Sounds ominous. Tell me more."

Melvin gave a strained chuckle. At 33, he was slightly older than Natalie, but he sure didn't look it.

With his short, chestnut hair, designer stubble and semi-regular gym visits, he still gave off a youthful vibe.

He's not exactly Chris Pratt, Natalie thought to herself, *but hey, he's maybe the closest thing to eye candy around here.*

“Well, Sophie may not have been exactly into the casinos. Or, um, anything else.”

At the mention of Melvin’s wife, Natalie briefly got a mental image of a blonde woman with a pleasantly round face and freckles on her nose.

Nope. She couldn’t imagine anyone that innocent-looking being into Las Vegas.

“Oh, Melvin,” she said out loud in a mock-sigh, “you are gonna have to start treating that woman better.”

“Yeah, I guess.” Melvin gave an embarrassed grin. “It’s just women, y’know? Who can understand them?”

He seemed to remember himself.

“Uh, present company excepted.”

“Good job, too.” Natalie smiled at him. “Listen, I gotta go see someone. But let’s talk about it over coffee later, huh?”

“Oh. Yeah. Sure. I’ve actually gotta see someone too…” Melvin started getting up, pulling his work jacket on. “I’ll catch you…”

But Natalie was already gone, their little chat already fading in her mind.

Now, Emma. Where the actual fuck are you?

She checked the break room first, sure her target would be wasting time in there like usual, maybe getting Ryan to talk about his MMA classes, *again*.

But Natalie was disappointed. There was no Emma in the break room. No Emma at her desk, either.

Jesus, she thought as she headed towards the storeroom, her heart sinking a little, don’t tell me she’s taken today off of all days.

Angry as she was, Natalie already knew she couldn’t keep this flame of vengeance burning a whole extra twenty four hours.

It had sprung into existence just yesterday, after some *stupid* argument she’d had with Mark over breakfast.

It had been standard couple stuff, the sort of blowing off of steam that usually leaves you with a sour taste in your mouth while you’re at work, before ending with a big kiss and a cuddle when you both finally apologize.

Only, this time, she’d just happened to step past the break room as Emma and one of her confidantes were inside. And she’d just happened to overhear what the two were saying.

“*You mean Natalie’s man? Oh my Gawwd!*” The voices echoed in her head, laughing, mocking reminders of what she’d overheard. “*But he’s-!*”

“*He’s actually cute.*” Emma, her voice low, but not low enough. “*I dunno what he’s doing with a stick-up-the-ass bitch like her.*”

“*You’d actually go for him? Like, seriously?*”

“*Who knows?*” A laugh. “*Maybe.*”

And then the words that had cut through Natalie’s heart like a knife.

“I think he’s already kinda into me…”

That night, there had been no makeup kisses between her and Mark. No cuddles. Just another furious row which had left Mark confused and angry, and Natalie feeling like she’d swallowed a vial of black poison.

You’re only doing this because of Emma! She’d screamed at herself as she and Mark outwardly screamed at one another. *You’re letting that bitch get to you!*

But it had been no use. Try as she might, Natalie couldn’t shake that image of Emma touching Mark’s knee at the party. Even though she knew there was nothing happening there.

By the time Mark had given up and stomped off to bed, Natalie had been just about ready to kill the woman who’d poisoned her mind like this.

It was then that she’d had the most extraordinary piece of good luck.

Natalie’s feet suddenly stopped moving. There were voices up ahead, near the storeroom. She held her breath, her reminiscences forgotten.

Is that…?

Feeling a little bit like a kid playing spy games, she inched towards the edge of the plyboard wall separating her from the area outside the storeroom. Steeled herself.

Silent as can be, she peered around the corner. Her dark eyes went wide. As she slipped her head back out of sight, a cruel smile broke out on her pretty face.

There you are! She thought triumphantly. *I’ve got you now.*

Emma had been not twenty feet away from her, holding herself in that flirty way she always did around guys, saying something to someone *just* out of Natalie’s eyeline. Probably some poor sap she’d roped into lifting something for her.

Well. If everything went to plan now, Emma would have to get *real* used to parents and teachers forcing some responsibility on her.

In its own way, it had been like a miracle.

After Mark had gone to bed, Natalie had sat up on her phone, thinking dull, angry thoughts as she flipped through various websites, her rage refusing to dissipate.

NON-VIOLENT WAYS TO GET REVENGE, she’d typed into Google at one point, only to become even more annoyed when the #1 result was: LIVE HAPPILY.

She’d been deep into the 32nd page of results, and just about ready to flip off her phone and give up, when she found it.

The link.

The link to a website that promised strange things to those in need. A little-visited site that must have been set up in the late-90s and dismissed by everyone since as a poor joke.

A website that was home to a very specific spell.

A vicious grin broke out across Natalie’s face as she looked down at the spell now, written on that piece of scrap paper she’d grabbed. The spell that would fix Emma, hopefully forever.

“Oh, Emma…” the chestnut-haired woman whispered with glee, “you’re about to get what you deserve, all right.”

Raising herself up, Natalie quickly peeped around the corner again. Noted her target was still there, unmoving. Still flirting away.

She leaned back out of sight. Looked at the spell again.

Was she *really* gonna do this?

Why not? A voice in her head drawled. *It's not like it's gonna work anyway. Magic isn't real, remember?*

No. Of course it wasn't. And if it was, there was no way she'd ever use it to curse someone. That would be wrong, even if that person was Emma!

Nah. This was just blowing off steam. A little trick for making herself feel better about the argument last night. About her annoying colleague.

She'd just pretend to cast it, and feel a little flicker of satisfaction as she did so, then just get back to work and forget she'd ever done something so dumb.

Yep, she was sure it was gonna be totally harmless.

So why hadn't she done it already?

For a moment, Natalie gripped the paper, feeling her breath catch in her throat. There was a strange tingling in her fingertips, almost as the spell itself was warning her, warning her not to cast it. Not to mess with things beyond her understanding.

Calm down, you're being paranoid. We don't gotta do this, remember? We can just throw this in the trash and forget all about it.

Yeah. Maybe that would be for the best. Natalie swallowed. Maybe she should...

And then she heard it. Emma's laugh. That same annoying, tinkling laugh she'd used with Mark that night, echoing over from near the storeroom.

At the sound of it, a dark cloud crossed Natalie's features. A wild look came into her eyes.

"OK, Emma," she heard herself whisper, "if you want to be so immature and flirt with all the boys and act like a teenage girl..."

...then maybe you should try *being one!*"

With that, she closed her eyes, reciting the spell, the spell that she'd decided, hours ago, would be perfect to use on her nemesis.

"Make this bitch into a brand new 13-year old girl, and make it so no-one on Earth can remember her old life, not even me!"

No sooner were the words out Natalie's lips than a strange tingling seemed to fill the air. A tremble of static passed through her body, making her feel alive, making her feel *powerful*.

Oh my God! It's actually working! In that case...

Natalie opened her eyes. Let out a cruel little laugh.

Let's see how you like your new life, Emma!

The energy in her body poured into her fingertips. With a wild grin, Natalie leaped to her feet, span around the corner, pointed...

...and laughed with delight as a bolt of magic *shot* out of her fingertips and blasted into the

figures stood by the storeroom!

There was a flash of light. The very fabric of the universe seemed to shudder, to change. Natalie let out a squeal of joy...

...and then the light started to fade, her vision came back into focus, and she felt the bottom of her stomach drop out.

Of course. Figures by the storeroom. Not figure, not just one! Oh God, I've cursed someone else! I've cursed...

Melvin!

Stood by the open storeroom door, a stack of paper in his hands, Melvin blinked around him, a look of confusion on his attractive male features. Before him, Emma was doing the same.

"Did you just see a...?" Natalie heard him say, but she heard no more.

She was already running back to her desk as fast as her legs could carry her.

Oh shit! I cursed Melvin too! Is he gonna turn into a teenage boy now? What did I make the spell say again? Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit...

She pushed past a group of women, who raised their eyebrows at one another, rolled their eyes at crazy Natalie.

Not that crazy Natalie was paying much attention to them.

I've got to find the reverse spell and save Melvin! I've gotta... I've gotta...

But it was too late.

Even as she ran, Natalie was already aware that the spell was beginning to work. That it was erasing itself from her memory, even as it set about changing the lives of all of them.

No! Don't forget! You can't forget, not yet... It's too early! Melvin will... Melvin will...

Melvin...

There was a tingling of static. Natalie's feet slowed to a jog. To a walk. Came to a stop.

Stood before her desk, the 29-year old woman frowned to herself. Wracked her brain.

She couldn't remember for the life of her what she'd just been thinking about.

Was I running just now? Natalie thought, uneasily glancing around her. *Like, in a real hurry?*

I'm sure there was something I needed to do...

For a moment, she felt the edges of her mind clasp at something. Something to do with a fight she'd had with Mark just yesterday. Something to do with a-a *magic spell* or something.

Something to do with...

Natalie's face suddenly cleared. She shook herself a little. Sat down before her PC.

Nope, whatever it was, it was gone. Vanished like leaves on the wind.

It can't have been very important if you've forgotten it. She gave a little sigh. *Oh well, I'm sure it will come back to you...*

As her PC warmed up to start the day's work, she glanced down at her phone. Smiled as she saw the message from Mark.

HEY BABE, it read. I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT LAST NIGHT. YOU WERE SO INCREDIBLE. WE SHOULD DO THAT MORE OFTEN. Followed by a very suggestive wink.

Of course, Natalie smiled to herself. We didn't fight yesterday, what was I thinking? We had a romantic evening in. A sexy evening.

Without even thinking about it, she carelessly chucked the scrap piece of paper with the strange words scribbled on it into the trashcan by her desk.

I must be going mad...

Outside the storeroom, Melvin and Emma were still obliviously chatting away, that sudden flash of light and weird tingling feeling now completely forgotten.

Melvin didn't know it, but his last chance at remaining male had just vanished along with Natalie's memories.

Part One:

Mel

If a great witch had been stalking the corridors of their office that day, she would have instinctively known something was up.

With the senses of someone trained in magic, she would have been able to tell that someone had cast a spell that was warping the fabric of the entire universe, reshaping two human lives into a form the spell-caster had decided was more pleasing.

If she was a sufficiently powerful witch, she might have even been able to put a stop to it. To reverse it.

But there were no witches left in that average New England town. Hadn't been since the era of witch trials had swept through the area hundreds of years ago.

So as Melvin drifted to the restroom after his little chat with Emma, he had no idea that his entire life was in the process of changing.

That soon he'd emerge from his magical cocoon like a butterfly spreading her wings for the first time.

No, he simply thought it was a normal day.

I'm like ninety percent sure Emma is into me... the man who was still a man thought as he pushed his way into the company restrooms. *Maybe if I'd never met Sophie, we could have...*

He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he didn't even clock the lack of urinals. Didn't even notice as he pushed his way inside one of the stalls, sat down and urinated while primly perched on the toilet's edge.

Sophie...

For some reason, as he thought of his wife, his normal mental image of her refused to form properly. Instead of a detailed picture of her face, only the vaguest outlines bubbled up inside his brain, all faded and indistinct.

Strangely, this didn't happen when he thought of Emma.

You've got Emma on the brain... he scolded himself as he wiped between his legs, stood up, pulled his pants back up, tucked his dick away and unlocked the door. *Good job we're proper besties...*

Pushing his way out, Melvin noticed Sharon was stood at the mirror, carefully checking her eyeliner. He gave her a friendly smile, and was surprised to see her face turn white.

"Wha...?" Was all he managed to get out.

"Melvin!" Sharon practically screamed, spinning around to face him. "Dude, what the *fuck* are you doing in here?!"

There was something in her vehemence that made Melvin nearly panic. Like he'd done something *really* wrong. Like he was gonna get arrested for being a peeping Tom.

For a split second, he started frantically raising his arms, opening his mouth to apologize...

Then he frowned a little. Lowered them.

“What are you talking about, Sharon?” He said with a nervous giggle, barely even noticing the magical tingling in his skin. “Where else would I go?”

In response, Sharon folded her arms. Gave him a withering *look*.

“Are you serious? Don’t be dumb, Melvin. This is the *women’s* toilet. You’re meant to use the... to use the... the...”

Once again, a faint ripple of magical energy passed through reality, too powerful to be detected by any human.

As it passed, a look of confusion swept over Sharon’s face. She blinked. Gave Melvin an awkward smile.

“Sorry, Melvin, I don’t know what just came over me...”

She coughed, shuffled her feet.

“I mean, of *course* you’re meant to be in here. You couldn’t exactly use the *men’s* restroom, could you?”

She gave a hollow laugh, as if unconvinced by her own statement, but unable to believe otherwise. Melvin laughed identically.

“No. No I couldn’t, could I? Ha ha...”

He quickly washed his hands, aware Sharon was looking at him the entire time, a look on her face like she desperately wanted to say something important, but couldn’t remember what it was.

Stop spooking yourself, you’re not a baby anymore, Melvin scolded himself mentally. *For God’s sake, you have every right to be in this bathroom. It’s not like you haven’t used it a billion times before...*

But even as he thought these things, he was also aware that the restroom seemed *different* somehow. Like he had to look to see where things like the hand towels were, rather than just knowing, as he would have in a restroom he used every single day.

God, what’s up with me today? First I couldn’t remember... couldn’t remember...

He frowned.

Couldn’t remember someone. And now this...

Sharon was still staring at him like he was some sort of exotic fish in an aquarium. Desperate to distract her, Melvin forced up a smile.

“I like your shoes,” he said, nodding down at her heels, “are they new?”

“Huh?” Sharon gave herself a visible shake, seemingly forced herself to return Melvin’s smile.

“Oh. Yeah, they’re adorable, aren’t they?”

A look crossed her face, like a part of her was screaming that this was a weird conversation to be having. She quickly squashed it down, nodded at Melvin’s feet.

“Hey, yours are cute, too. Really suit you.”

“Mine?” Melvin laughed. “Boring, standard issue...”

Then he happened to glance down and stopped. Far below, his pink Converse sneakers looked blandly back at him, as spotless as the day he got them.

There was a long pause as both Sharon and Melvin stared at his shoes, both aware there was something wrong, but prevented by Natalie's slow-acting spell from figuring out what.

At last, Melvin looked back up. Exchanged one last bewildered smile with Sharon.

"Thanks, Shaz. My mom bought them for me."

"And they look *awesome* on you, sweetie." Sharon gave one last confused, terrified smile.

"Catch you later, Mel."

Mel? Melvin thought as he made his way back out into the office, casting occasional glances down at his feet to make sure the sneakers were really real. *That's not my name. My name is...*

He thought for a moment, then snorted with laughter and shook his head.

Of course. Mel for Melvin. Duh.

Hey, maybe I should start calling myself Mel all the time...?

With a sudden spring in his step, he made his way back to his desk, singing tunelessly to himself as he went.

As Mel passed their stations, a few of his colleagues looked up, took in his sneakers, his general demeanor.

None of them mentioned it, but they all felt that strange twinge of confusion too.

Almost as though something was happening today that was utterly beyond their comprehension.

If Mel noticed this atmosphere though he didn't comment on it. In no time at all, he was sat down at his desk, swinging his chair around with bored flicks of his feet, and wondering what the hell the deal with that stupid picture was.

It was an old, retro photo, like the kind parents still liked to stick up around their houses, with an important black frame and its own stand.

But rather than containing the image of a smiling mom and dad, or a young child posing for a school picture, it contained a headshot of an old woman.

Well, OK. Not quite old. Not like grandmothers were old, or anything like that. But middle aged, probably. Over thirty, or maybe even *older*.

(Not that Mel's mind seemed capable of grasping what it'd be like to be as old as thirty).

Who the hell is that...?

The older woman, whoever she was, was blonde, with a pleasant, round face, freckles dusting her nose, and these nice blue eyes that Mel liked the look of.

She was well kept for someone over thirty, with barely any wrinkle lines. She was looking out the photo frame in a coy way that dimly made Mel think thoughts of S-E-X and things like that.

Without being quite sure why, he picked up the frame. Held it before him.

As he did so, he vaguely noticed that his hands seemed smaller than he remembered them being. His arms more slender and his wrists daintier.

A little plaque at the bottom of the picture said the woman's name in arty, joined up writing. SOPHIE.

For a second, the name made a little shiver run down Mel's spine. He was surprised to note the

downy hairs on his arm standing up.

There was something about the woman that made him feel... *odd*. Strange feelings of protectiveness coursed through him, alongside a weird desire to lie in her arms and never let go.

At the same time, there was this simultaneous feeling of frustration. Of routine. Of normality.

Of so many different things that, in the mind of someone older, would have added up to what we like to call love.

These thoughts passed in under a second. Mel gave himself a little shake. Smiled nervously.

Must be one of mom's friends, he thought, dropping the picture into the nearest trashcan. *Dunno why she'd give me something so dumb...*

But the feelings associated with the picture didn't fade away. As he glanced down at the slice of Sophie's face peering up at him from the trash, Mel got a horrible twinge of guilt, like he'd just done something very wrong.

Oh my God, you're so paranoid. Just chill the fuck out already...

With deliberate movements, he turned from the blonde woman's accusative glance, and tried to focus on his work. Clicked open a Microsoft spreadsheet. Prepared to lose himself in numbers, as he usually did.

Mel had been sat there, staring blankly at the screen for five whole minutes when it dawned on him he didn't have a clue what he was doing.

The cursor winked before him at the top of some color-coded columns with weird, complex-seeming names like ARD, and GROSS, and Q1 PRED., or Q2 FORECAST.

Below each header lay an arcane pile of numbers, seemingly stacked higgledy-piggledy atop one another without any rhyme or reason.

There were strange deductions. References to EUROPEAN VAT – whatever that was. Names and dates and codes inserted in a confusing mishmash.

It looked like the sort of dumb chart you saw adults in boring jobs working with in movies. Just there to show you their lives are dull before you cut away to the real story.

It made just about as much sense to Mel as any of those fake charts did.

What the hell does all this mean? He thought, grouchily, kicking his legs as he did so. *Why have I got to look at all this shit?*

Even so, the sight of the chart stirred something odd in him. A feeling not just of recognition, but of disappointment.

Hey... a worried voice whispered in his head, we should know how to do this. This is our job, remember? Working company accounts?

So why can't we remember any of this, huh?

If there was an answer, it wasn't forthcoming. Mel simply sat there, swinging on his chair until he got bored and turned the computer off.

Nu-uh. He wasn't gonna waste any more time with that junk.

"Hey, Theresa!" He suddenly called across the office. A slender black woman with a pleasant face who was passing by stopped and gave him a big, warm smile that didn't reach her eyes.

“Wanna hang out in the break room? I can show you my new sneakers.”

“Aw, honey,” Theresa replied, that weird smile still on her face, “I’d love to, but I’m busy doing boring grown-up stuff.”

She gave him a little grin, turned to go, then seemed to stop. Gave herself a little shake. Turned back.

“Um. Mel. Sweetie?” His colleague shook her head slightly, as if trying to clear her mind.

“Don’t forget we have that meeting later.”

“Huh? Oh, sure. No problem. I’m a professional, remember?”

Again with that warm-yet-weird smile. A look in her eyes like some part of her was trying to figure out what was wrong today...

...and then Theresa was off, strutting between the desks towards whatever important thing she had to do, leaving Mel all alone and all confused.

As he sat there in his chair, idly swinging back and forth, Mel replayed his last words in his head.

I’m a professional...

They seemed a little *off*, somehow. A little too adult. Like some old grown-up had gotten inside his head for a moment, and was making him say things you weren’t supposed to say at his age.

What are you talking about? That voice inside him whispered again, *you are a grown-up, remember? Isn’t that why you’re here, working in an office, instead of at school?*

Yes. Of course. That was right. He was a grown man, a grown man with a job to do.

So why couldn’t his brain remember how to do it?

For a moment, a creeping feeling of – not exactly *terror*, but anxiety stole over Mel. That feeling of sublime horror you experience looking at a landscape beyond human comprehension, like staring at a mountain so vast you cannot perceive its edges.

A feeling of being something small and insignificant, trapped in a world governed by forces you don’t understand.

The feeling faded as quickly as it had come. With a carefree little snort, Mel got to his feet. Smiled down at his sneakers. They really *did* suit him.

“Maybe someone else will wanna hang out around here,” he muttered to himself, before taking off for the break room, his anxiety already forgotten.

As he went, he vaguely noticed that his pants and shirt seemed looser than normal today.

Almost like he was slowly getting smaller.

*

The rest of the day passed in a blur of progressively greater weirdness.

No matter what Mel did...

No matter where he went...

No matter who he talked to...

Something, somehow seemed *wrong*.

There was the way a part of his brain kept whispering that he should be working, that he would

get in trouble if he didn't work, but couldn't then tell him what that work was meant to be.

There was the way his coworkers kept giving him those little sidelong glances, alternately amused and confused, indulgent and weirded out.

And then there was the way those coworkers actually acted when he tried to speak with them.

At one point, he drifted over to a group of female colleagues, wondering if he could alleviate his boredom by joining their conversation.

But instead of continuing to talk about figures and "Q2 earnings" when Mel appeared, all four women gave one another self-conscious smiles, before falling silent. Eventually, one of them had asked him what he thought of Harry Styles.

It had been such a condescending question that it had taken all of Mel's self-control to politely smile back and say he'd liked One Direction when he was younger, but they weren't really his thing now, while the other three women kept giving each other those odd little smiles.

Jeezus! He thought as he walked away from the encounter, a feeling of annoyance in his soul, *adults can be so condescending...*

I hope I'm not like that when I'm older.

His mind had hastily corrected him.

I mean, obviously I am an adult. But I mean when I'm older older. Like those ladies.

It wasn't until half an hour later that he realized all four of those women were in their mid-twenties. Younger than he was.

At another point, he'd sat down with some male colleagues in the break room, and instantly felt an icy kind of awkwardness descend.

"What?" He'd asked in his softening voice, feeling a little stupid. "What's up?"

One of the guys – Ryan, a good-looking guy who made good use of the company's free gym pass – shifted a little in his seat. Gave Mel a peculiar smile.

As he did so, Mel had felt an extremely strange pang of longing shoot through him. A sudden desire to fall completely silent and try absolutely desperately not to blush in front of this handsome man.

God, Ryan looks just like a-a movie star or something... he thought, giddily, *how did I never notice that before?*

Then Ryan actually spoke, and Mel's strange, warm feelings for him instantly soured.

"How come you're not in school, little missy?"

"What?" Mel forced up a laugh. "Ryan. Come on. It's me. *Mel.*"

When the group of guys exchanged worried glances, he'd let out a high-pitched laugh.

"I *work* here, remember?"

For a long moment, Ryan had given him a strange look. Suddenly, he shook his head, gave an incredulous smile.

"Shit. Of *course*. Sorry, Mel, I must've..."

"Don't worry about it. It's cool."

But although he spent the next twenty minutes making awkward small-talk with Ryan, Mel *was* worried about it.

No matter what he did today, everything seemed *off* somehow. Like his life had changed in some vast, profound way he was incapable of recognizing.

Had a witch been listening to his thoughts at that moment, she'd have been unable to stop herself from laughing.

"That's what these slow acting spells do, honey," she might have said, humor in her voice.

"Confuse you, change you and, by the time your brain is working again, you're already trapped as a pig, or a frog..."

...or maybe a girl."

But no witch was listening. No one was there to explain.

And so it was left to Mel's magic-warped mind to conjure its own excuses.

You're being paranoid... he thought as he walked to his big meeting. *It's just a normal day today, there's nothing wrong...*

Mel was so busy telling himself this over and over that he barely registered as he passed a reflective window and caught a brief glimpse of his own reflection.

Barely registered the softness in his face as his jawline lost its masculine edge. The way his nose was smaller than it had been that morning. The way his eyes were wider and more innocent.

The way his features now had a vaguely feminine look to them.

Almost like they no longer belonged to a man.

When Mel finally arrived at the meeting, things got even stranger.

"Mel! *There* you are..."

Theresa frowned at his baggy clothes.

"Look at you... couldn't your mom have laid out some better-fitting clothes for you today? This is an *important* meeting."

Mel glanced dumbly at his shirt. It felt about four sizes too big for him. The sleeves of his jacket were hanging over and semi-obscuring his hands.

"I don't live with my mom, Theresa," he heard himself say out loud. "I'm a grownup, remember?"

Aren't I?

Theresa hesitated. Nodded, a doubtful look on her dark features.

"Yeah. Sure. I mean, of course you are. Umm..."

She gave his outfit one last, regretful look, lingering a little on his sneakers.

"I guess we'd better get you inside..."

Mel nodded. He was just about to enter the meeting room – to do what, he wasn't entirely sure – when Sharon suddenly stepped up to the door, glared at Theresa.

"Tez, what are you playing at?" She gestured Mel. "We can't have *kids* in here."

Mel blinked.

“Sharon? But I’m not a-!”

“You’ll have to wait outside,” the woman said, speaking over him. “I’m sorry, sweetie, but this really has to be just for grownups.”

She flashed him a hurried smile, gave Theresa a warning look, and then vanished back into the meeting room. Over Theresa’s shoulder, Mel could just make out a group of adults (*your colleagues*, his brain reminded him) sat around in leather chairs, preparing notes and doing things he was incapable of understanding.

Theresa slowly turned back to him.

“Theresa...?”

“Maybe it’s for the best. Why don’t you wait just out here, huh?” She suddenly smiled. “Hey! I’ll ask someone to give you the wifi and some headphones. You can have a little YouTube session.”

“But Theresa...”

But it was too late. With one last smile, Theresa closed the door, cutting him off. Cutting him off from the world of adults, from the world of work, and leaving him stood alone in this empty corridor, no longer one of their group.

“This *sucks*,” Mel whispered grouchy to himself. Nonetheless, he obediently sat outside the meeting room, playing *Candy Crush* until forty minutes had passed and he thought he might die of boredom.

In all that time, he failed to notice how much bigger his phone now felt in his hands. How much bulkier. How its casing was no longer white but a kind of faded rose color, like it was slowly turning pink.

By the time the meeting finally let out, Mel could no longer remember why he’d wanted to go in there with those boring adults in the first place.

*

“Wow. Those are so cool. Where’d you get them?”

“These?” Emma self-consciously touched her earlobes, where two little earrings dangled.

“They’re fake. My mom would *kill* me if I came home with actual pearls.”

“They really suit you.” Mel tried not to let his envy show. “Oh my God, I’d actually *kill* for a pair of those.”

He sat back with a sigh. Deliberately crossed one leg over the other, as he’d seen grownup women do before.

“I bet I couldn’t pull them off like you do, though.”

It was mid-afternoon, a full six hours since Natalie’s spell had first torn apart the fabric of the universe, forcing existence to knit itself back together in new and wonderful ways.

In that short time, Mel had lost nearly a foot in height. His once-thinning chestnut hair was now thick and luscious, getting slowly longer, so it currently looked like something an emo boy might wear as a teen.

His arms and legs had shed muscle. As he shrank, he’d become much more slender, much

lighter. His work clothes now hung off him like he was a scarecrow.

(Or a little girl playing dress up in her daddy's clothes).

His face, too had changed. Where until recently he'd had a fairly manly look about him – not exactly George Clooney, but certainly a red-blooded male – he now had an androgynous face, with a soft jaw and slightly pouty lips, that could have belonged to either a boyish woman or a girlish man.

Not that the words “woman” and “man” seemed to apply anymore.

As he changed, Mel had lost not just his sense of being an adult and how to act like one, but his adult appearance, too.

Although nobody in the office had mentioned it – incapable as they were of seeing through Natalie's intensely powerful spell – he now looked younger than he had in over a decade. More boy or girl than man or woman.

Not that Mel noticed any of this.

Inside his mind, he was the one who was normal, while the rest of the world acted strange around him.

Well, except for Emma, of course.

The girl sat next to him touched her earrings again, smiling as she did so. She looked so happy and pretty at that moment that Mel briefly wished he could *be* her.

If I looked like that, he thought to himself, I wouldn't have any problem finding a boyfriend.

The thought made him hesitate.

Wait, why would I want a boyfriend? I'm not meant to be into guys...

But he couldn't for the life of him think why.

“My mom's taking me to the mall on Sunday,” Emma was saying, that carefree smile still on her lips. “You could come if you want? Get yourself a pair.”

“Yeah! We could maybe catch a movie too? There's this new thriller with Chris Hemsworth...”

Emma's eyes practically rolled back into her head.

“Like oh-*emm-gee*, he's so friggin' *cute!*”

They both burst into giggles at the exact same time. Over at the front desk of their office building, one of the receptionists gave them a little frown. The two of them had moved down here after bumping into one another upstairs, and no-one seemed quite sure what to do with them.

“If I was gonna marry an Avenger...” Emma held up a hand to hide her smile. “I swear, Mel...”

Mel giggled right along with his friend. It was so relaxing, finding someone else around the office who wasn't acting weird. Someone who seemed to understand him, to be on his wavelength.

As the magic continued to fog his brain, it didn't even occur to Mel that Emma might seem normal to him because she was being slowly transformed, too.

Over the past six hours, the spell had worked its magic on Emma as surely as it had on Mel.

Like him, she'd lost a lot of inches, but fewer, since she'd always been shorter to start with. Like Mel, she was also lighter now. More slender. Weaker. Her face more youthful and innocent. Unlike Mel, though, she was going through some changes that only a woman could experience. Just as Mel's body had slowly lost its male shape, Emma's was losing its female one. Her hips were no longer as wide as they had been, her ass no longer so prominent. While they still retained some of their feminine curves, they'd sunk back in towards her body, leaving her with a far more childish figure.

Her breasts, too, had shrunk, gently sinking into her body as they reduced from their normal C cup down to an A cup.

(Mel had no way of knowing it, but the strangest moment for Emma so far that day had been feeling her bra get more and more loose and uncomfortable until she'd been forced to take it off in the restroom and stuff it in her bag).

Her legs were shorter, less womanly. Overall, she still had her female shape, but it was no longer the shape of a woman.

As the spell continued to work its magic, Emma was slowly starting to look more and more like a girl who has just entered puberty.

Not that the magic was over yet. Both of them still retained an adult-ish air about them. If you'd happened to have walked past and glanced in their direction with the magic somehow not affecting you, you'd have thought they were a pair of androgynous 18 year-olds, slightly on the short side, who'd decided for some reason to wear a weird mix of teenage accessories and oversized adult work clothes.

Not that anyone did notice. Not that anyone *could* notice.

Natalie's spell was *far* too strong for that.

As Mel sat there, trying not to giggle at the thought of Chris Hemsworth *marrying him!*, Emma gave a little frown, looked around the reception hall.

"Emma?" He asked. "Emma, you OK?"

"Why do you keep calling me that?" Emma murmured, "my name's *Emily*, remember?"

Mel blinked. Of course it was.

Now that he thought about it, Emily looked absolutely nothing like his mental image of what an Emma would look like.

He had no way of knowing this was because Natalie's spell wasn't just regressing Emma into a younger version of herself. It was changing her face, too. Making her slowly look like an entirely different person – albeit one who was still blonde and annoyingly pretty.

Not that he was capable of understanding this.

"Sorry, Emily. Silly me. *Duh*. Umm... why are you...?"

"I'm just thinking..." Emily said, slowly, "are we waiting for our moms or something?"

Mel shook his head. The action felt slightly different now his hair was longer.

"I don't think so. Why?"

Emily pursed her lips, like she was trying to figure out some difficult math problem.

“School must’ve let out like half an hour ago.”

“So?”

Emily turned to him.

“So why are we here?”

Mel blinked at her words. Looked around the office entrance.

Now he thought about it, it *did* seem strange that the two of them should be here.

A faint prickle ran across his skin, causing the downy little hairs on the nape of his neck to rise up.

Something’s not right ...

The feeling went just as abruptly as it had come. Mel gave himself a little shake.

Was I thinking something just then?

He turned to Emily.

“You’re right. We should go.”

Emily nodded, her expression still thoughtful.

“Yeah. We wouldn’t wanna miss the school bus.”

The two of them got up as one, both awkwardly trying to ignore the way their clothes now practically billowed around them, and started for the exit.

As they did so, they passed Natalie, just returning from a quick cigarette break.

Sharon’s such a bitch... the older woman was thinking, her pretty face creased into a scowl. *The goddamn way she was smiling at Mark at the Christmas party. If only I had a way to get back at her...*

She barely noticed as Mel and Emily passed her, just as the two victims of her spell didn’t even recognize the woman who’d cast it.

It wasn’t until she was nearly in the elevators that Natalie stopped and frowned to herself.

Those two girls... She thought, uneasily, *wasn’t there something I was meant to do? Something important I was meant to say that would help them somehow...?*

For a split second, the memory seemed within her grasp. Then it slipped through her fingertips, as if yanked away by some invisible force. She sighed. Oh well, she’d remember it if it was important enough.

“What the hell are they doing letting middle school girls hang around here anyway?” She grouched as the elevator doors slid shut with a *ping*.

As the elevator began to rise upwards, taking her back to her normal life, back to her job, Natalie smiled to herself.

Maybe tonight she could look online for some sort of non-violent way to get back at Sharon? Like, maybe if a spell existed on some website that could turn her coworker slowly into a pig...

She abruptly shook her head. Laughed at herself.

Yeah right... like I'm gonna waste time looking for a magic spell online when I could be screwing Mark's brains out...

By the time Natalie stepped out on the third floor, she'd completely forgotten about the two girls. Just as everyone at their company had now forgotten a man called Melvin and a woman called Emma had ever even existed.

*

They should have missed the bus.

Mel was sure of it. That weird office he and Emily had been sat in was just too far outside of town, too far off the bus routes for any school that there was no way they should have been able to catch it.

And yet... and yet...

And yet, here they were. Sat together, watching the world go past outside. Surrounded by kids who accepted them without any of the weirdness, without any of the stares that the adults in that office had kept on giving them.

As Emily chatted away about her new nail polish, Mel glanced around the bus. Took in the faces of the middle schoolers surrounding him. The boys and girls *just* verging on the cusp of puberty, just beginning their long transition into adulthood.

He couldn't say why, exactly, but he felt strangely at home.

Home... he suddenly thought to himself. *That's an odd one. Where is home, anyway?*

He tried to concentrate. For a moment, a fuzzy image of an apartment in an urban area sprang up, side-by-side with an image of that blonde haired woman from the picture frame.

But no sooner had the image formed than it faded into dust. Mel leaned back in his seat, shrugged his now-slender shoulders and smiled at Emily.

Wow, what a brain fart, he thought as Emily examined his nails, asking if he'd ever thought of wearing pink, *I can't remember my own home.*

He frowned slightly.

Just like I can't remember what I was doing at that dumb office...

By now, concepts like "work" no longer really existed in Mel's mind as a tangible thing. They'd been scrubbed, replaced by a vague notion that it was something adults did.

Not that his brain thought of him as an adult any longer.

It couldn't seem to quite figure out *what* he was, but it felt fairly sure it didn't involve being a grownup.

"Evergreen Terrace," the sullen, bearded driver yelled as the bus pulled to a stop.

Mel ignored him, kept right on talking about Emily's nails, until he noticed his friend was staring at him.

Did her face change? She looks different somehow. Like a whole other person...

Outwardly, he simply said:

"What?"

“Evergreen Terrace,” Emily echoed, before rolling her eyes when Mel just looked blank. “Your stop, dumbass.”

“Oh. Sure.” Of course it was.

Mel jumped to his feet. Grabbed the school satchel that had seemingly materialized out of thin air. Raised one uncertain – and very dainty – hand to Emily.

“See you at school tomorrow.”

“Just *go* already!” Emily laughed, waving her hand. “The driver’s gonna *kill* you!”

It wasn’t even an exaggeration. Or at least not much of one.

When Mel and Emily had first gone to get on the bus, the driver had started shouting that they couldn’t get on *a school bus*, goddamnit... before blinking and muttering some grouchy apology.

Now, he eyed Mel suspiciously as he left Emily behind, his satchel hooked over one shoulder as he walked up the aisle, towards the doors.

“Um, hey,” Mel said, stopping by him. He didn’t even notice the way he unconsciously stood with his legs bent slightly, one wrist loose, the other tossing back his lengthening hair in a perfect feminine pose. “I just wanted to say thanks for the ride.”

“G’night,” the driver simply muttered in return, refusing to meet Mel’s eyes.

As he stepped down onto the cool grass of his front lawn, Mel gave an imperceptible shrug. People had been acting odd around him all day. What was another strange encounter, huh?

“Some people are weird,” he whispered as the bus roared back to life and vanished into the evening. He stopped long enough to wave at Emily through the window, then turned and faced his home.

And immediately felt that same old confusion surging through him again.

Was Emily right? He thought, a prickle of nervousness running over his skin, *is this really my home?*

This was a sleepy suburban family house identical to a bazillion across the country, bar a few half-hearted nods by the architect to classic New England style.

It was big-ish. Comfortably so, but not in any way that would imply wealth. A big, well-kept lawn surrounded it, edged by a white picket fence.

Only...

Only, the lawn wasn’t *quite* so well kept as it appeared at first glance. There were dying weeds littered here and there, and tufts of grass that weren’t quite uniform length.

The picket fence, too, was tacky looking. As if it had been recently repainted. The house itself had a strangely *haunted* quality, like there was something not quite right with it.

In fact, this house had been empty only a few hours ago. A blot on the landscape of this suburb; a house that had been foreclosed in the darkest days of the recession and never sold on.

It was only when Natalie had cast her spell, summoning a whole new history for Melvin, that the magic had seized on it as the perfect place for the new family home.

Not that Mel had any way of knowing this. As he stood there, trying to figure out what was off about this home, the magic fogged his brain again. He gave a little shake, then grinned up at the

house.

“*Home...*” he whispered in his softening voice.

Then, with a feeling of happiness, he skipped down the path towards it, enjoying the way his now shoulder-length chestnut hair flowed out behind him as he did so.

Inside, the house seemed just as out of whack as it had from the lawn.

The walls managed to look both strangely dilapidated and well-maintained, even cozy.

Furniture shimmered in some rooms, as though it was being pulled into existence by a force beyond human understanding.

Empty photo frames hung on the walls, shadow figures starting to form within their confines; images of the people who would soon populate this family home.

And through the middle of it all walked Mel, his happiness once again transformed into confusion as his magically-altered brain struggled to cope with what it was being forced to process.

Everything in this house seemed to radiate with a swirling mix of emotions.

As he passed through the slowly-forming living room, he thought he heard vague echoes of voices: a man and a woman, and a young girl who were talking indistinctly, as if their voices were being transmitted from another universe.

“Hello?” He tried calling at one point, barely even noticing how high-pitched and youthful his voice was. “Hey, can you hear me?”

But the voices didn’t react. They simply kept up their echoey, indecipherable chat, until Mel gave up and went upstairs.

More faintly filled frames flickered on the walls, as the staircase itself quietly creaked, its long-loosened steps snapping back into place as the house became habitable once again.

Bedrooms lay off the upstairs hallway, which Mel curiously poked his head into as he passed.

The first one – the biggest – had a big, double bed slowly appearing in the middle of it, alongside a vanity chest and a big, important-looking closet.

Mel lingered in the doorway for a moment, wondering if he should go in and check it out, but a faint warning bell sounded in his mind, telling him he wasn’t allowed to go in there. So he moved on instead.

The second room was less intimidating, by far.

Girly posters were plastered over the walls, alongside a small, child’s bed that held a rumpled pile of pink sheets.

Toys spilled out from a chest in one corner, a ballerina’s costume hung up over the closet’s door handle, as if waiting for its owner to come back.

For Mel, looking into this room gave him no feelings of fear. Of being naughty.

Rather, he felt a surge of warmth accompanied by a surge of frustration, like whoever lived here was both incredibly important to him, and perhaps the closest thing he had to a nemesis.

“Julia.” Mel muttered to himself. “Don’t you *ever* tidy up?”

He bit his lower lip, suddenly deep in thought.

Who the hell is Julia?

But the spell hadn't been working long enough to answer that question. Not quite yet. So, once again, Mel simply dithered in the doorway of this strange room for a while before leaving.

At last, he finally stepped into a room right down the end of the hallway...

...and immediately knew this was where he was meant to be.

It would have been hard for him to tell you exactly why. The room itself was as vague and unformed as the rest of the house, with patches here that suggested abandonment, and spots there that suggested a lived-in room.

There were posters on the walls that were filling in just as the photo frames had. Images of male singers that hadn't *quite* become visible yet.

A short-ish bed was pushed up against one wall; not exactly a child's size, but not quite an adult's either. Alongside it lay a small pile of discarded plush toys that looked like they'd been kicked out of sight by an owner who was both embarrassed by them and too attached to throw them away.

Yet there simply wasn't enough evidence to say for certain what sort of person this room belonged to.

The full-length mirror that was losing its cracks and forming in one corner could have belonged to an adult, for example. And the writing desk that was creaking into existence beside it would have almost looked at home in the study of an old man.

As Mel padded into the room, closing the door behind him, he got a strange sensation of vertigo. Of time and space being all squashed up together in some impossible way.

But there was another feeling, too. One that required far more immediate attention.

He was more tired than he could ever remember being in his life.

As he swept a discarded bra off the bed and plonked down onto it, he was all too aware that his arms and legs felt as heavy as they would for someone standing on the surface of Jupiter.

His eyelids, too, were dragging downwards, determined to close and cut him off from this shifting, changing world.

It was barely five pm, and already Mel felt like he was on the verge of sleep.

"Ah, yes," a knowledgeable witch would have said at this point, "it's the energy drain. A spell as strong as this one takes an incredible amount of energy. The only way to stop the mind from cracking is to include a period of induced sleep while the transformations take hold..."

But even if she had been there to say such a thing, and even if she had said it, the nature of the spell meant Mel would have never been able to understand it. Never been capable of realizing that his life, his body, and his identity were disappearing forever.

So he simply forced himself to get to his feet one last time and, with a stifled yawn, began getting ready for bed.

The first thing he felt was relief as he pulled off these dumb, adult clothes he was wearing for some reason.

By now, his shirt had become like a circus big top, billowing around him and making him feel smaller than ever. His pants were so long that it was difficult not to trip as he walked in them.

So it was with a sigh of happiness that Mel tore off these clothes and chucked them onto a nearby chair, marveling at the sight of the HUGE male underpants he'd apparently been wearing all day.

Why the hell did I wear these stupid things, anyway? He groused as he stripped off, *they don't even fit me.*

At last, he was completely naked, alone in his room.

For the first time since Natalie had cast her spell, Mel found himself looking down at his body with real interest.

In the nearly eight hours the magic had been working, Mel's form had changed almost beyond recognition.

The biggest change overall was how slender he now was. How small and skinny, his mass reduced by maybe as much as forty percent from when he was a tall, strong-ish male.

But even as his overall shape got smaller, it didn't do so uniformly. In fact, some parts even seemed to be *growing*.

Take his hips, for example.

As a guy, Mel was used to his hips being relatively unnoticeable, a part of his body he never even thought to think about.

Now, though...

Now, they seemed *wider* somehow. Not by a lot, but by just enough to be noticeable, just enough to give him a kind of *curved* shape that didn't seem quite right.

His waist, too, seemed slightly tighter than he remembered it being. Like someone had pulled an invisible corset around it, while simultaneously pumping up his hips.

In fact, everything seemed to be different.

His arms and legs were devoid of muscle, weak and slender, his biceps all but vanished.

His shoulders were no longer broad, but narrow and willowy, his masculine V-shape replaced by a developing feminine body shape.

His chest had swollen up slightly, as two breasts magically developed, filling with breast tissue and becoming more prominent.

For a moment, Mel frowned down at them. They were still small – no more than bee stings, really – but growing almost before his eyes.

Is that right? He thought to himself. *Am I meant to have breasts...?*

But it seemed like a stupid question, so eventually he gave up thinking about it.

Of *course* he was meant to be growing breasts. Just like he was supposed to use the women's restroom and wear pink and talk about his nails.

That was just what happened when you were a... were a...

Well. A *teenage girl*.

Finally, Mel bent forward and peered down at his crotch.

His balls had vanished long ago, shriveling up and disappearing inside him as he sat on the school bus.

Now there was merely a tiny, shriveled little penis poking forlornly out from a desert of blank, pink skin, where the magic hadn't quite gotten around to giving him a vagina just yet.

Hesitantly, Mel poked the skin around his shrunken member with one finger. Was surprised at how sensitive it was.

Do human bodies always look like this? This doesn't seem right...

The thought ended there, cut off as a magical veil dropped across his mind, preventing him from recognizing the danger he was in.

By the time it lifted, Mel's body was stood in front of the bathroom mirror, brushing its teeth with a pink toothbrush, a too-small set of pink pajamas clinging to its skin.

As Mel brushed and stared at his reflection, that day's all-too familiar confusion crept over him again.

The face that was looking back at him from the glass seemed almost new, somehow. Almost like this was the first time he was seeing it.

His chestnut hair was now down to his shoulders and wonderfully thick, with a kind of shine and bounce to it that men's hair simply never had.

All traces of his male jawline had gone, along with most of the traces of his male face.

Although Mel remained blissfully unaware of it, *everything* about him was changing. He didn't look simply like a feminizing version of himself, but like a man who is very slowly changing into a girl he has no family connection with whatsoever.

His eyes were different. The shape of his nose. The structure of his face.

While there were still traces of his old, male self in there, they were slowly being swamped by his new, magically-induced features.

Not only was Mel now about sixty five percent female...

...he was also sixty five percent an entirely different person.

Perhaps there was some tiny corner of his brain that recognized what was happening. That lamented and wailed as it saw the changes Natalie had so carelessly wrought upon him.

But, if it existed, it had no way of communicating with the rest of his mind. So when Mel delicately spat out his toothpaste and gave his reflection one last smile, he didn't see a man who is on the verge of permanently becoming a girl.

He thought he saw his face as it always was, as it always had been, and as it always would be.

Finally, around six o'clock, the poor, tired, not-quite girl stumbled back into his new bedroom and tumbled onto the bed, curling up in a little ball underneath the sheets.

As the magic sent Mel drifting off into the deepest sleep of his life, in preparation for being reborn anew the next day, the cursed man thought he heard those voices again downstairs. Only they were no longer so indistinct now. If he concentrated, he could almost hear what they were saying.

That's my mom and pop... Mel thought with a warm little smile. *I love them so much...*

It wasn't until he was on the very cusp of sleep that Mel frowned to himself, the movement creasing his angelic new face.

Wait. I moved out my mom and pop's years ago...

If there was more to discover in that ominous thought, though, Mel was not aware of it.

No sooner had it formed than he surrendered to the sandman, sinking into a warm, comforting blackness that completely enveloped him. Unaware that, with each breath, the magic was quietly rewiring his brain, rewriting his life, to make it into exactly what Natalie had wished it would be.

Unaware that the man known as Melvin was being erased from history as surely as footprints in sand are erased by the tide.

By the time the two adult figures quietly came upstairs to look in on him, Mel was lost inside happy dreams, a great, big smile on his girly face.

Part Two:

Melissa

The first thing Mel noticed when he woke up the next day was that his pajamas now fit.

When he'd fallen asleep the night before, he'd been consciously aware that they seemed a few sizes too small for him, just as the bed had seemed a little on the short side.

Now, though, as he blinked and opened his eyes and watched as his bedroom snapped into focus, he could feel that they fit perfectly.

With a yawn, Mel sat up in bed, stretching his arms out above his head as he did so. Over his bed, posters of a seriously *cute* male singer twinkled down at him, alongside some retro ones of Lady Gaga from, like, back in *2008* or something.

As Mel stretched, he was surprised to note how light his body seemed this morning, almost as if he was made of air. Surprised, too, to notice how stretching like this made his breasts seem all prominent.

Were they that big before? He thought, frowning down at his chest and the gentle swell of his still-developing B Cup boobs, *I could've sworn they were smaller last night...*

He quickly shrugged the thought off with a self-conscious laugh.

Breasts didn't just magically grow in the night, not even when you were in the middle of puberty.

His phone was buzzing on the bedside table, vibrating away inside its pink casing like a trapped wasp. Mel picked it and swiped it to silent, marveling at how big his phone was in his hand.

He thought about going back to sleep, but already he knew that would just be delaying the inevitable.

So, with all the energy and confidence of youth, he swung himself out of the bed, jumped down onto the deep white carpet and skipped over to his mirror.

From the depths of the silvery glass, a cute 13-year old girl smiled back at him, a retainer glinting on her teeth.

She had long chestnut hair that was down to her still-developing chest. A little button nose and eyes that twinkled with a faint air of mischief. Dimples had appeared in her ears – little holes that had grown overnight to accommodate earrings.

She was pretty, in an ordinary sort of a way. A cute, girl next door-type that 13-year old boys would find themselves getting very tongue-tied and embarrassed in the presence of, but who was never going to be a model or anything.

In short, she looked like the kind of carefree teen so many adults wish they could be again.

The only slightly discordant notes were the eyes, which seemed somehow older than their years. Combined with a slight *maleness* to her gait, and the fact that her jaw was a *little* too prominent, it created a slightly 'off' air to her. Something you couldn't quite put your finger on.

Almost as if she was really a man who was now only eighty-five percent of the way through her transformation into a girl.

What a dumb thought, Mel sniffed. What am I, crazy?

Without thinking about what he was doing, Mel dropped himself into the sort of pose he saw women doing in magazines, one hand resting on his swollen hips, the other dangling free. The teenage girl in the mirror did likewise, her confidence a marked counterpoint to her old fashioned pajamas.

The sight made Mel giggle, a high-pitched sound. He was in a silly mood today, all right.

“Suppose I’d better get ready,” he said in his girl-voice, turning away from the mirror and picking his work clothes up off the chair. Damn, they seemed big.

Are you sure about this? His brain hummed. *They don’t exactly look, y’know, right for school.*

At the words, a finger of doubt wormed its way into Mel’s brain.

No, that’s not right. I’m not meant to go to school, am I? I meant to go to work...

He hesitated, wondering what was wrong with him today.

These adult clothes *obviously* wouldn’t fit him. And yet... and yet, he felt like he *had* to wear them. Like he would get in trouble if he didn’t.

So, still feeling confused, Mel dutifully got out of his pajamas – barely noticing the now fully-formed vagina between his legs – and slipped into his ridiculous, baggy adult clothes.

Then, still not quite sure if he was doing the right thing, he traipsed out his bedroom to get some breakfast.

As he carefully made his way downstairs, desperately trying not to trip in his ill-fitting pants, Mel heard those voices from the night before again. The male and the female one, and the younger female one, too.

Only they were now no longer coming from the living room, but the kitchen. And they no longer sounded so indistinct, so echoey.

Who is that...? Mel thought as he reached the bottom of the staircase and started for the kitchen. He didn’t even note that the house’s dilapidated look had vanished, replaced with the air of a lived-in family home. *Sophie?*

It wasn’t until he stepped around the corner and saw the woman drinking her coffee, the man making waffles, and the 10-year old girl sat at the table that the full memories of his new life properly kicked in.

“Mom! Dad! Julia!”

“Melissa!” Mock-exclaimed the man making waffles, the man with the dark beard and the broad shoulders. “Imagine seeing you here!”

“Dad, you’re so *funny*,” groaned the young girl at the table (*Julia*, Mel’s brain informed him).

“Melissa thinks so, don’t you Melissa?” The man shot a grin at Mel, then stopped and frowned. “Err, Melissa...?”

“Huh?” Mel blinked at him. “Who... who is...?”

His train of thought was interrupted by a shriek of laughter. Julia pointed right at him, her eyes alive with amusement.

“Oh my God! *Look* what Melissa’s wearing, mom! Mom? *Mom!*”

The attractive, thirty-something woman raised her head from the newspaper. Snorted with laughter, nearly spitting out some of her coffee.

Mel looked at her in bafflement, aware that she looked like a grown up version of him, only with much lighter hair.

Aware, too, that the sight of her was causing this great feeling of love to swell up inside of him.

“Melissa...” the woman smiled, after choking down her coffee. “Sweetie. What on *Earth* are you wearing?”

“Are those my work clothes?” The man asked, his face astonished.

Stood in the doorway, Mel glanced miserably from one face to another, his mind horribly fogged. Wondering why he couldn’t think straight, why everyone was laughing at him.

“Why are you calling me *Melissa?!?*” He whined. “That’s a *girl’s* name!”

To his amazement, the girl called Julia – dark haired like him – laughed so loudly he thought she was having a fit.

The man and the woman exchanged amused glances.

“Because that’s your *name*, sweetie pie,” the woman said. “And you *are* a girl. Remember?”

No I’m not! Mel wanted to yell. *I’m...*

...what?

He stood there for a moment in silence, his mouth dangling open, his mind spinning. Stood there until another magical ripple passed through the universe, ironing out the kinks the spell had left in its fabric.

But Mel barely noticed. All he knew was that he was stood there, ready to argue that he was a man called Mel...

...and then there was a faint tingling...

...and when it passed the teenage girl no longer remembered why she thought she was a man. No longer remembered why she thought she was Mel and not Melissa.

“S-sorry...” Melissa mumbled. “Sorry mom. You’re right. I am a... am a...”

She frowned. Set her jaw.

“I *am* a girl, aren’t I? I’m Melissa. And I always have been.”

Her mom rolled her eyes.

“Well figured out, honey. Did someone stay up too late playing Fortnite again?”

Melissa shook her head uncertainly. Truth be told, she had no idea *why* she felt so whacked out this morning.

Luckily, she was saved from having to think about it when her mom waved one hand.

“Go change into something proper, OK, young lady? And leave your dad’s clothes where you find them from now on.”

Melissa dumbly nodded. Glanced down at the baggy male suit her teen body was now encased in.

What the *Hell* had she been thinking?!

As she dragged herself back upstairs again, she heard Julia wailing with giggles.

“Mom! Melissa thinks she’s a *bo-oy...!*”

Bitch, Melissa thought to herself with dull anger, *just wait till next time some boy turns you down for one of your stupid elementary school dances. Then you’ll see who can act like a boy. No big sis for you to cry with, nu-uh!*

Even so, she did have to admit that it was weird, the way she was wearing her dad’s clothes like this.

The sooner she got back into her regular stuff, the better.

Ten minutes later, Melissa was stood back in front of her bedroom mirror, a vague feeling of relief coursing through her as she checked out her new clothes.

She was now wearing a pair of stylish slim jeans that had been a *bitch* to get on, but which she had to admit looked great with her figure.

A pink hoodie covered her top, all cute and cozy and *slightly* too big in a way that looked adorable, rather than silly.

On her feet, her pink Converse sneakers twinkled. Fake little diamond studs had appeared on the edges overnight that now caught the light and threw it back.

Stud earrings twinkled in her earlobes. Her hair was freshly combed and all lovely and straight.

As she tossed her long chestnut hair back one final time and gave herself a smile, Melissa had to admit that she did look pretty good today.

“There,” she said to her reflection, enjoying the way the girl in the mirror moved her lips in time with her, “that’s better.”

Her reflection smiled back at her. Truth be told, there had been one discordant note. As she’d slipped her new panties on and hooked her bra over her shoulders, Melissa had got this strange feeling like she was doing something somehow taboo. Like she shouldn’t be wearing women’s underwear.

The feeling hadn’t lasted, though. Now stood there, able to feel the way her still-developing breasts were resting in her bra, she didn’t feel weird anymore.

She just felt *normal*.

Finally..., a female voice whispered in her head, *why the hell were we wearing those dumb clothes earlier anyway?*

For a moment, Melissa tensed herself, ready for that vague feeling of weirdness to come back, to make her all confused again, as it had repeatedly the last day or so.

But this time, there was nothing. That old, male voice in her head, whatever it had been, was silent.

Good, the teenage girl thought to herself. *I’ve got enough to deal with already.*

She struck one last pose in the mirror, feeling pleased with herself. Then she clapped her hands.

“Right! Here goes Melissa, ready to kick ass like Wonder Woman!”

She felt a *tiny* bit silly, like she was a bit too old to be pretending to be a movie character. But no-one was around to see, right, so who cared?

As the 13-year old girl bounded out her room and down the stairs, she didn't know that the spell was just then erasing the last traces of maleness from her mind, obliterating the man who had once been called Melvin.

Even if she had known, she probably wouldn't have cared.

*

The rest of the morning passed in a blissful, ordinary blur.

Melissa ate breakfast with her new family, tucking into waffles while her dad cracked *lame* jokes, her mom read aloud from the newspaper and her sister alternately annoyed her by pulling dumb faces and saying dumb things, and made her smile by cracking jokes in their secret sister language just to irritate their parents.

It was a perfectly average morning, in other words; just like any of the other millions of mornings being played out across America that spring day – heck, across the world.

Yet Melissa still felt a strange sadness when the bus pulled up and it was time to go to school, like she didn't want to leave this little family scene behind. Like a part of her was scared it was just a mirage and would vanish forever the moment she turned her back.

She needn't have worried. Natalie's spell was so strong that even if a thousand sorcerers had cursed the family at that moment, they'd have been unable to break their happy little lives.

"Make sure you eat the whole lot this time, I spent *ages* making it."

Melissa rolled her eyes, snatching her lunch off her dad.

"Dad, I'm not a *baby* anymore."

She had to admit, though, her dad *did* cook some awesome grub. Even if she didn't have the heart to tell him that his recent obsession with chickpeas was giving her just the *worst* gas.

"You'll always be *my* little baby, sweetheart. Even when you're as big as mom."

"Mom, can you seriously tell him that he's being annoying."

"Oh, let him, sweetie pie," her mom sighed, pulling on her own work blazer and scooping up her keys, "heaven knows he's not got much else going for him."

She gave dad a sly little wink. The older man pretended to look hurt.

"After all the cooking and cleaning I do for you..."

"Love you really, you big baboon." Mom gave her husband a quick peck, turned to Melissa.

"Where's my kiss, young lady?"

"Mo-om..."

But Melissa dutifully gave her mom a kiss on the cheek, secretly pleased with their little, loving ritual.

Then she mischievously messed up Julia's just-combed hair, causing her little sister to wail to their parents, grabbed her satchel and bolted out the door for the bright yellow bus.

"Morning, 'Lissa!" The driver greeted her, a hearty smile on his bearded face. "How's tricks, young lady?"

"Morning!" Melissa beamed, scooting past him.

As she did so, a faint memory tiptoed around the edges of her consciousness. Something about this same driver shouting at her last night, then acting all grumpy with her...

Melissa shook herself.

Nah. She must be imagining it. Any driver who chewed out a student for no reason would be in endless trouble.

She plonked down next to Emily. Her friend gave her a little smile.

“Hey, Em.”

If you’d have taken a photo of Emily at that exact moment and placed it next to one of Emma, the difference would have been astonishing.

Overnight, the other girl’s face had completely changed. Although she was still cute, in a tween sort of a way, she looked nothing like the woman she’d been only twenty four hours before.

Her face shape was completely different. Her eyes utterly changed.

She wasn’t just younger. She was an entire new human being, utterly distinct from the woman who’d now been scrubbed from history.

Perhaps the only thing the two had in common was their extremely blonde hair. But while Emma had worn hers loose and flowing with ringlets, Emily had hers tied back in a ponytail that made Melissa wonder if she shouldn’t start wearing hers that way too.

“You *actually* won’t believe what happened last night,” the other girl said as Melissa sat down.

For a moment, Melissa wondered if Emily had also found herself traipsing around a strange house for some reason, but then her friend carried on speaking and the memory vanished from her mind.

“Mom totally told me I can buy some real pearl earrings on Saturday.”

“What? No. *Way!*” Melissa let out a noise that was somewhere between a gasp and a giggle.

“Like, for realsies?”

In response, Emily grinned.

“Really. *Actual* expensive ones. Wanna come with?”

“I don’t think my mom would let me spend my allowance on...”

“Liss-ah! Don’t make me go alone...! Or worse, with my *parents*.”

Melissa knew she should say no, knew her mom would not be happy if she actually went and blew dozens of dollars – all that allowance she’d been saving up! – on a proper pair of grownup earrings.

So she was surprised to find herself barely hesitating before saying “Fine, OK. No, seriously, I’ll go.”

“Amaze-balls!” Emily shrieked, pulled her into a hug. “This is gonna be so awesome!”

Look at me... Melissa thought to herself. *Buying proper pearl earrings. Like an actual grownup. I’m getting dangerously mature...*

If you’d told her at that exact moment she really had been an adult only one day ago, she’d have looked at you like you’d grown an extra head.

The rest of the ride into school passed in a blur of girl-chat. As more and more kids got on, Melissa found herself subconsciously flicking her hair and glancing around in mild surprise at the way a handful of the boys kept sneaking her forlorn little glances.

What the hell? Why are Toby and Martin and Jake being so weird? Boys aren't meant to...

But again, the magic blocked any remembrance of her old gender. Of her old sexuality. She gave herself a little shrug.

Well. Boys just *were* weird, right? Who could help it.

Not that she minded the thought of *some* guys looking at her like that.

In fact, when she caught sporty Adam sneaking her a little glance, it was all she could do to stop herself from blushing bright pink.

At last they arrived at school. As Melissa and Emily departed the bus together, Melissa automatically giving Adam a smile that made the boy turn crimson and quickly look away, another girl suddenly came up to join them, a big grin on her face.

“Em!” The dark skinned girl yelled. “Oh Em Gee, like I *cannot* believe your mom agreed to that!”

She shot Melissa a quick smile, one clearly turned down a notch or two.

“Hey, ‘Lissa.”

“Hey, Amber,” Melissa heard herself say automatically.

Who’s Amber? Her brain wondered, that faint mist of confusion rising up again.

But before she could think about it any further, Emily was turning and giving her a bright smile.

“Catch ya later, ‘Lissa. Don’t forget about Saturday!”

And then she was off, walking practically arm in arm with Amber, the two of them laughing, joking, chatting like the bestest friends in the world.

For some time after she left, Melissa simply stood there, strange dual feelings of confusion and betrayal inside her.

But what about me...? I thought I was the only one Emily knew here. Who even is Amber...?

There was a second when the day suddenly seemed that much darker, that much grayer, and Melissa thought she might cry.

A feeling coursed through her that she couldn’t understand. Of loss. Of being wrenched out her old life and being put in this new one without even the safety net of a friend to share the experience with.

Does that mean I don’t have any friends at all...?

But what sort of spell would conjure a teenage girl into existence without giving her any friends at all?

“Melissa! Hey...” A distant giggle. “She’s *actually* blind. Hey! *Melissa!*”

Melissa blinked to herself, frowned at the gaggle of girls over by the school entrance.

“Over here, dummy!”

Who...? Her brain just had time to ask.

And then another ripple was passing through the fabric of reality. A ripple that left memories in its wake. Warm memories of friendship, of love, of people you couldn't live without.

An involuntary grin broke out across Melissa's pretty face.

Of course. My other friends.

As she smiled, names appeared in her head: Jessica, Suzie, Rachel, Tina, Crystal...

The names of her new friends.

Melissa frantically waved at them, jumping up and down on her tiptoes.

"Be right there, bitches!"

(A nearby teacher did the decent thing and pretended he hadn't heard her.)

That's right, Melissa thought as she hitched her satchel and ran over to her besties, smiling as Jessica turned to grin at her, *Emily's just a friend from the bus. I mean, she's cool, but...*

But these are my real friends.

She looked so happy that, if Natalie had seen her at that moment and could remember the spell she'd cast, she might almost have decided she'd done the right thing.

*

And so the school day passed.

As Melissa moved from class to class, the spell made its final adjustments to her body.

Deep inside her, her new womb finished growing, her ovaries came into being, ready to one day allow her to bear children.

Inside her brain, the cocktail of hormones that came with being a girl finally balanced out – well, to the extent they *can* be balanced in a girl getting walloped with puberty.

The last traces of Melvin vanished from her eyes. Her way of walking and holding herself became permanently feminine.

And her thoughts and desires...

Well. They settled down into the thoughts and desires of an ordinary teenage girl.

Oh, there were hiccups, of course, as the spell adjusted itself.

Like the moment in the hallway when Melissa passed Miss Herron, the cute, twenty-six year old blonde with the big boobs who taught art, and automatically found herself glancing at her body and wondering vaguely what it'd be like to kiss her.

Eww! Gross! Her brain quickly cut in. *You're straight, remember? Why would you want to kiss a teacher?*

The teenage girl who used to be a grown man nodded to herself. Yeah... that had been a pretty weird thought all right.

Almost to test herself, she summoned an image into her mind of Mr. Harker, the broad shouldered, handsome American literature teacher all the girls had a not-so-secret crush on.

She was relieved, if mildly embarrassed, to find the thought of his smile, his voice, still made funny feelings run through her body.

Not that there's anything wrong with being into girls... Melissa told herself as she walked on,

it's just not for me.

A thought suddenly occurred to her, one strangely forward looking for a girl of only thirteen.

Hey. I wonder if I'll get a boyfriend soon?

It was a wonderful thought. Terrifying.

It also made her want to start giggling uncontrollably, so she quickly pushed it away.

By the time lunch rolled around, all memories of being at the office the day before, or the strange bus ride home, or the way the house had twisted and warped, even of accidentally wearing adult clothes that morning; all had been scrubbed from Melissa's mind.

In the same way that our dreams lose their shape and disintegrate like spiderweb after waking, all traces of Melissa's old life or her strange transformation were vanishing from history.

At this point, so deep into the spell, the lives of Melvin and Emma were nothing more than a fleeting dream the universe had once had, long ago.

Now it was over, everyone could go back to getting on with their waking lives again.

*

Late that afternoon, Melissa found herself sitting on the bus again, staring out the window and not thinking about anything much.

She was alone this time. Emily had WhatsApp-ed her just after the last bell rang to say she was getting a ride with Amber's mom, so she'd see her on Saturday instead.

Melissa had been a *tiny* bit annoyed by that, but not really very much. And, actually, it had even been something of a blessing in disguise. She'd wound up sitting next to Adam the entire journey, laughing at his awkward jokes while some of the other boys looked at him with envious eyes.

Now, though, she was alone. Adam had got off a few stops ago, and there was barely anyone left onboard.

Oh well, nearly home... she thought, with a little sigh. *I'm still not sure how mom's gonna take me busting open my piggybank to buy pearl earrings...*

They seemed to be taking a different route today. As the suburbs moved past outside their window, Melissa thought maybe the driver had taken a wrong turning or something. Not by much, just a few blocks or so.

I don't think I've ever been to this street before. I wonder if I know anyone who lives here?

She was just looking out the window, idly thinking these thoughts, when the bus abruptly came to a stop...

...and Melissa found herself face to face with her own past.

There, stood on the front lawn of a nearby house, a moving van unloading just outside, was... was...

Sophie.

She was dressed in a simple pair of loose pants and a flowing tee, her blonde hair tied back in a practical ponytail. She looked tired but happy, a little more worn out than when she'd been Melvin's wife, but with an aura of contentedness around her that had never existed before.

But that wasn't the biggest change.

The biggest change was the way her belly now swelled out in front of her, all big and heavy with pregnancy. With the baby that was slowly growing in there.

The baby that belonged to another man.

As Melissa watched this new mommy with curiosity, she thought she felt the faintest flicker of recognition. Like she'd seen her somewhere before.

She didn't know why, but the image of a picture frame lying in a trash can appeared in her mind.

Do I know this woman? She thought, the downy little hairs on the nape of her neck all rising up. *Is that...?*

But the name wouldn't come.

Instead, Melissa simply watched as the pregnant woman smiled up at her new home, one hand clasped protectively over her belly. Watched as the tall and muscular man emerged from the inside of the house, a big grin on his dark face as he jogged over to the woman and took her in his powerful arms.

Watched as the two of them kissed, the man putting one of his giant hands over the woman's bump, making her give him a smile of pure bliss.

Had Melvin still been inside Melissa's head, he would have dimly recognized the man as Brett, his old college roomie. Brett, who'd been into Sophie, but failed to make a move before Melvin got there first.

Brett, who was now Sophie's husband in this new reality, and had made her far happier than Melvin ever had.

Not that Melvin was there to see it. His identity was dead now, completely scrubbed from history.

Now there was only Melissa.

And she couldn't have told you why the sight of this couple made her feel faintly confused in a million years.

There must be some reason. Come on, Melissa. Think. Think...

But it was too late.

The bus kicked back into life. Hummed on. The couple slipped past outside the window, and then they were gone, replaced with the ever-changing line of houses making up these calm suburban streets.

On the bus, Melissa thoughtfully sat back. The faint feeling of recognition she'd felt seeing that pregnant woman was already gone from her mind, lost on a magical breeze.

"That lady sure looked happy," the teenage girl whispered vaguely to herself.

Melissa glanced down at her own female body, with its strange and frightening ability to change like that, to get *pregnant*. Took in the comforting swell of her budding breasts. The shape of her hips, the kink of her waist, the long hair that trailed down her chest.

Took in the whole *femaleness* of herself, of the body she would now inhabit until the day she died.

You know what? Her brain murmured to her. *She's not the only one. I'm goddamn happy, too.*
She smiled to herself. Wiggled her feet, checking out the way the fake diamonds on her sneakers sparkled.

Yup, she was happy all right. Happy with her friends, with her family, with the certainty that Adam was gonna ask her to the dance next month, as surely as the sun rose and set and the Earth kept on spinning.

She was even happy with Julia, and it wasn't every day she felt like saying *that* about her little sister.

"It's been a good day," the 13-year old girl said to no-one in particular. "I dunno why, but it *has*, hasn't it?"

Then she settled back into her seat with a warm smile. Turned her face towards the distant sun, towards the future.

If anyone had happened to glance in her direction at that moment, they'd have thought pretty, 13-year old Melissa looked like she might be just about the happiest girl on Earth.

The End.

*

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Free Extract:

She Turned Him into a Pregnant Girl

“Please!” Hank wailed. “Please stop!”

Before him, the woman shrugged.

“Maybe you shoulda thought of that before you refused to give up your seat.” She gave him a dark grin that made Hank want to go mad. “Now maybe *you’ll* see how it feels to be all big and pregnant and have no-one to help you.”

As Hank started to cry, big, salty girl-tears rolling down his soft cheeks, he felt his belly get ever-bigger. Something was filling was womb, growing in him at a phenomenal rate.

At the same time, he could see his already big breasts swelling up even further. Feel his nipples getting tender and sore.

In dazed horror, he watched as a little dribble of watery milk dripped out the end of one, and felt like maybe he really had gone crazy.

At last, his belly got so big that he was forced to stand with his lower back curved forwards in an intensely uncomfortable way. His belly button suddenly popped out with a little *pop!* sticking out in front of him, a little, inch long pink nub that looked like a mocking reminder of his lost manhood.

Finally, the magic stopped working. Hank’s swollen girl-belly stopped growing. He looked down at the huge pink dome now sticking far out in front of him with a dual feeling of revulsion and fear.

He didn’t need to ask to know he wasn’t just *pregnant*.

He was about to pop.

“Congratulations, mommy,” the woman smirked. “You’re now *nine months pregnant*. You’re due any day now.”

She gave a sigh and put her hand onto Hank’s swollen womb.

“What do you think? Will it be a little girl, just like her mommy? Or a little man just like his daddy?”

As Hank shrank away from her touch, she laughed out loud.

“Oh, you better get used to people touching you without your permission! Pregnant women have to put up with that shit *all* the damn time!”

But not me! Hank wanted to sob. *Not me, I’m not supposed to get pregnant!*

But what was the point in saying such a thing?

He was no longer a man. He was a *girl* now. A girl who had let some man put his dick inside her, and come in her, and get her all knocked up.

God help him, he was carrying someone’s *baby*...!

Continue reading at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)...

Free Extract:

Turned into a Geek Girl

As Harvey sat there, frozen in shock, he slowly became aware of the way his long, ginger hair was tickling at the back of his neck, strands of it lying across his forehead and irritating his eyes.

At the same time, he became aware of a strange weight on his chest that he'd never felt before, a weight that seemed to contrast with the sudden lightness of his body, like his bones were suddenly filled with air.

Like the room around him had grown, and the world and everything in it got heavier, while he'd stayed the same.

No. More like he'd somehow shrunk in the night, lost his muscle and hard *maleness*, and become a... become a...

Hardly daring to breathe, Harvey slowly pushed himself into a sitting position, making sure he stayed staring straight ahead, not wanting to glance down at his body and send himself mad.

Like a robot, he carefully swung his legs out of the bed, trying to ignore the space he could now feel between his legs, trying to ignore how much shorter he now was standing up.

Then, with slow, fateful steps, he crossed the room towards his full-length mirror.

The silvery surface of the mirror glinted in the morning sunlight, seeming to mock him, reminding him of something he couldn't remember – some forgotten dream that still haunted his subconscious.

Trying not to notice the way his hips naturally curved with each step, trying not to notice the faint jiggle in his chest as he moved, Harvey crossed the room, his breath held. Hoping against hope that he wouldn't see his worst fears realized, but knowing that it was useless.

He stopped, just to one edge of the mirror's line of sight. In the corner of its metal frame, he could *just* make out a glint of long, messy red hair. Of a body shape that curved in the wrong way, that held itself with one leg slightly crooked, one hip raised, its hands playing nervously with the hem of its super-uncool red cotton nightshirt.

Don't look, a voice whispered in his head, *if you don't look, it hasn't happened. We can turn around and go back to bed, go back to sleep. And, when we wake up, everything will be normal...*

But Harvey knew there was no going back. Knew that whatever impossible thing had happened to him as he slept wasn't something he could just hide from.

You have to look, dude, a different voice urged him. *Just take a deep breath and be a man, OK?*

"That's exactly what I'm worried about," Harvey heard himself whisper out loud, all too horribly aware that his voice was about two octaves higher than normal, that he couldn't lower it, even if he wanted to.

For a split second longer, he hesitated, unsure if he really wanted to do this. If he really wanted to know.

With a feeling like a man stepping over a cliff edge, Harvey took a big step forward in front of the mirror...

And instantly felt like screaming.

What was looking out at him from the silvery depths of the glass was a million times worse than he'd feared.

Gone was big, strong, muscular and very *male* Harvey. Gone was the star of the football team, the big guy who'd pantsed Karl yesterday. Gone was the dreamy guy all the girls had loved.

In his place... in his place was...

"Oh my God!" Harvey wailed. "I'm a *girl!*"

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Also by Lisa Change

*

The 40 Year Old Man Who Woke Up as a 14 Year Old Girl

*“No...” whimpered Rob, “you can’t mean...” But there was no denying the evidence before his eyes. Overnight he’d somehow changed from a middle-aged man into **a teenage girl...***

The night before his fortieth birthday, unhappy man Rob Stephens makes an ill-advised wish. He wishes he was young again. But he didn’t specify what gender, and now his wish is coming true in the craziest way possible!

From the moment he wakes up the next morning, Rob is thrown headlong into a nightmare. Trapped in the body of pretty, popular fourteen year old girl Ruby, Rob suddenly finds himself adrift in a sea of lipstick, fashion, girlfriends, and hormones. If that wasn’t enough, he must also deal with having the body, thoughts, and feelings of **a teenage girl!**

But trouble is brewing for this transformed man. Because if the wish isn’t undone within twelve hours, then Rob will become trapped as cute teen Ruby... *permanently*. Can Rob get his manhood back, or is this grown man doomed to spend the rest of his life as **a fourteen year old girl?**

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She Made Him into a School Girl

*“Any minute now,” whispered the Scientist with a smile, “you’ll find out what it’s like to lose that big, strong man-body of yours... and **wake up as a school girl!**”*

32-year old Alex thought he had it made: a good job, a loving fiancée and an apartment in the city. But then They came for him, and made him a subject in one of their unethical experiments. An experiment to take a grown man **and turn him into a teenage girl.**

Stuck as beautiful, 18-year old Lena, Alex must suddenly learn to deal with life as a school girl with school girl thoughts, school girl feelings... and school girl *crushes*. Because the experiment has done more than transform his body and wipe his memories. It’s made him into a **teenage hottie** with all the cute boys falling at her feet!

Can Alex fight his new feelings and escape back to his male body? Or will he discover that being an adorable 18-year old girl with a teenage boyfriend is what he secretly wanted all along?

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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...

To see hot new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her [blog](#).

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