

FEMININE CHARMS

By Melissa Anne Rogan



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

TWO 'NEW WOMAN' STORIES

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MAGIC MOMENTS?

By **Melissa Anne Rogan.**

Chapter 1.

Peter Rogan looked down in triumph at the nubile young body on his bed. The body belonged to Sarah, an eighteen year old pupil at the school in which Peter taught physical education. Like so many young girls before her, she had fallen to his rugged charms and, yet again, he had been able to use his position and the vulnerability of adolescent girls just becoming aware of their awakening sexuality to satisfy his lust for young flesh, his desire to welcome them into the sordid real world by depriving them of their most precious possession; their virginity.

As the magnitude of what she had just done dawned on her, Sarah broke into tears. Peter was unmoved. She was of a legal age (he was very careful of that) and he had not forced her. She had come to his bed of her own free will. Like so many female pupils, she had developed a crush on the young teacher which he had exploited to the full, taking his pick of the prettiest girls in his class. They were susceptible to his charms when more mature women weren't. Illegal? No. Unethical? Most certainly.

Suddenly, the temperature dropped and the air became still, the sky dark and purple. There was a flash and before him stood a tall man in strange garb:- a long silk robe of lilac, covered with arcane symbols; the classical wizard. He vaguely remembered rumors that Sarah came from a family of witches, but he put it down to school-girl bitchiness, a mistake he was to regret for the rest of his life.

“So!” stated the wizard, “You are the bastard who has upset my daughter so.” The wizard had telepathically detected his child's distress and hurried immediately to her aid.

“I've done nothing wrong,” said Peter. “I've broken no law, and she was more than willing.”

“You have abused your position in the most unforgivable of ways. I will see to it that you never again abuse vulnerable young girls. You will come with me!” With a sweep of his arm, the magician vanished, as did Sarah.

Peter stood up from the bed then felt giddy. He felt as if there were a whirlpool inside his head. He closed his eyes until the feeling passed. When he opened them he was in a place he had never seen before. It was a place of beauty. He was in a large, well tended garden in a very sunny, warm climate. Nearby was a large mansion. In front of him were the man and the girl.

The wizard spoke.

“My name is Gareth, and as you may have guessed, I am a magician. Not a conjurer, such as those who entertain by illusion, but a wizard in the true sense. For thousands

of years our sacred order have studied until now we can achieve almost anything by simply altering reality. We do not intrude into the world at large, preferring whenever possible to live quietly, and as much like ordinary people as possible. When one of ours is hurt however, our wrath knows no bounds. You, worm, have incurred that wrath. Now we must think of a punishment that fits your crime, and assures that you do not commit your sin again.”

“What will you do to me?” Peter asked, licking his lips nervously? “I did nothing wrong. If it hadn't been me, it would have been one of her classmates. At least I knew what I was doing. She enjoyed it!”

“Silence!” roared Garet. “You have abused your position of trust in the most heinous of ways. Most importantly, you did it to one of my daughters, and for that you will suffer! As to what your punishment is to be.. that I have yet to decide.”

Garet felt a tugging at his robe and turned to see Sarah trying to catch his attention. He bent to her and she whispered in his ear. A grin split his face.

“So,” he said, “The victim chooses the punishment. I lay this geas on you. Your final fate will not be decided for one year and a day. Until that time you will be made safe.”

He raised his arms and pointed his hands at Peter. A flash of purple light streaked from his hands to bathe Peter's body from head to foot. When it had cleared Peter felt very odd.

“Your body has been altered,” said Garet. “You no longer have a penis but now have the outer sex of a little girl between your legs. You are not a total female, but neither are you any longer a male, no longer dangerous. Your body is entirely hairless, smooth as a child's. In fact, apart from your face, your body looks just like a little girl's.” Garet smiled. “You will be returned to your home now. Several times over the next year you will be summoned here for further humiliations. Now go!”

Peter was staggered but the whirlpool was building up in his head again.

“One final thing,” laughed the wizard, “You will find that you will be physically incapable of wearing men's underwear. Instead you will always wear pretty girls things, lacy or frilly panties and vests, satin and cotton. And you will always wear a night-dress to bed. Pink is your favorite color.”

The world went dark.

Chapter 2.

When Peter woke it was morning, and he was in his own bed.

“Whew!” he thought, “What a weird dream! Still, must get up or I'll be late for school.”

He dived out of bed, threw his dressing gown over his pajamas and went to have his usual breakfast of cereal and juice then headed for the bathroom for his daily shower and shave. Stripping off his dressing gown and pajamas he dived into the steaming shower - and screamed!

For the first time he became aware of his body. His skin was satin smooth and as soft as silk. He was totally hairless with the exception of his head and eyebrows. Get-

ting out of the shower he examined himself carefully. There was nothing between his legs except the thick lips of a small girls pudendum.

It hadn't been a dream after all- it was true.

He sat down heavily, shocked at his new body. What could he do? He decided to finish his shower - he certainly didn't need to shave. Then he went back to his bedroom to examine himself more thoroughly in the full length mirror that was there. From the neck down his body was that of any pre-pubescent little girl - except that he was six feet tall.

He was horrified, and strangely fascinated, at the sight. Finally he decided that there was very little he could do until he could find that bitch Sarah and force her to have her father change him back.

"I must get dressed," he thought "But, to ensure no one sees me I better wear a track suit instead of shorts."

He went to his underwear drawer to get a clean pair of underpants but when he opened it he was greeted by an alarming sight. To one side were his jockey shorts but to the other were items he had never seen before. Examining them he found them to be a collection of little girl's knickers and matching vests; panties of cotton, some of satin, with pretty floral designs and lace around the elasticated legs; white and pink and yellow and every other pastel color, all dainty and frilly and feminine.

He dropped them in horror.

"I'm not wearing those," he cried. He reached for his own things but his hands went unerringly to the pile of panties. No matter how often he tried he couldn't pick the jockey shorts up.

Almost without realizing it he found himself dressed in plain white cotton panties with pink bows on the front and pink lace on the elasticated legs. Another second and he was wearing a matching vest. They fit him perfectly and after the initial shock he felt totally natural wearing them.

Several times he tried to take them off, but each time the thought just seemed to slip out of his mind. Sighing in resignation he pulled on his track suit, making sure that none of his dainties were showing.

If his students or fellow teachers got an inkling of what he was wearing he would be rapidly out of a job, if not arrested as a pervert for corrupting the morals of minors.

When he arrived home that evening he was exhausted, physically and, most especially, mentally. His colleagues had immediately noticed that he was wearing a track suit and asked him why. Thinking fast, he managed to come up with a plausible story.

"I read recently about a man in another part of the country," he said. "Like me he was a young P.E. teacher and like me he taught adolescent girls, several of whom inevitably got a crush on him on seeing his well developed male physique. Unfortunately he let his body rule his head and had sex with a fifteen year old girl. He's now serving fifteen years for statutory rape! I don't want that to happen to me, so I've decided to remove temptation and cover up my body."

Little did his work mates realize how near to home his story was!

The most awkward part was when he took a shower after the afternoon session in the staff shower room. He had had to be very careful that no other members of staff were present to see his undies or his body. He'd had a very near escape when the football coach had come in to take his shower and was only a whisker from being discovered!

"I'm almost certainly going to be found out if I continue to use the staff facilities," he thought. "I'll have to wait until I get home, but God knows what excuse I can come up with. If I tell them I've got a disease or rash or something they'll tell the head who will insist on a medical examination. I can't let that happen!"

After a desultory evening meal he moped about but couldn't settle to anything. He tried the TV but there was nothing on that grabbed his interest. He tried reading but couldn't maintain any level of concentration. By 9.30 he had had enough.

"Sod it," he thought, "I'll have an early night."

He went up stairs, carried out his ablutions and stripped off his clothes. He examined the girls underwear on his body with interest before stripping it off and placing it in the dirty clothes basket. When he went for his pajamas he couldn't find them. On his pillow was a pink froth of nylon. Fascinated, he picked it up. It was a very frilly baby doll nightdress with matching panties. His body was soon clothed in the feminine finery and he found himself prancing in front of his mirror.

He couldn't stop stroking the silky material and found himself reveling in the feel of it on his smooth body. After almost half an hour he managed to break his almost trance like state. He felt a brief spasm of horror and a feeling of panic at his behavior but it soon passed. In other circumstances he may have become sexually aroused but of course he was no longer physically capable of that.

Sighing he climbed into bed and turned out the light. As he lay there he was acutely aware of the sensual feeling of the nylon, feeling a strange feeling of comfort at being surrounded by such feminine garb.

Chapter 3.

Thus life went on for several weeks. No hair grew on his body or his chin and he was now used to wearing girls underwear and nighties.

Both colleagues and pupils had got used to his idiosyncrasies. No nubile females had crushes on him now - he had ceased to show any interest in them and they could sense but not explain something about him, a subtle femininity which even Peter was not aware of. It may have been suspected that he was gay but he was equally indifferent to the boys.

The students had no complaints on a professional level because he was, if anything, even more conscientious in the performance of his duties than he used to be, giving full attention to his teaching and the welfare of his classes, a change in attitude most welcomed by staff and students alike.

Sarah, he hadn't seen since that fateful day. When he made discrete inquiries he was told she had left, but no one knew why.

One of his favorite pastimes was swimming, both for exercise and relaxation. He generally used the school's pool, but quickly gave this up when he found himself on the verge of leaving his changing cubicle dressed in a pretty, frilly, pink one piece bathing suit (female, of course).

The lack of a manly bulge in his costume along with his satin smooth and hairless skin were other telling factors. When quizzed by the colleagues awaiting him in the pool, he blamed his sudden change of mind on a migraine, something they knew he never suffered from. They could only accept his explanation and add it to the growing list of odd behavioral traits exhibited by him.

One Saturday morning he awoke glad that he was not at work today - he could do with the break and the chance to catch up on his household chores. As usual he arose, breakfasted and showered. He went to his underwear drawer, not giving the contents a second thought. When he opened it he noticed something he hadn't seen before. Lifting up the garment he saw a full panty in pink satin replete with layer upon layer of white lace across the seat. They looked for all the world like the rumba panties worn by baby girls over their diapers.

He was mesmerized and in seconds he had them on. Quickly he found and donned the matching vest. Prancing around in front of the mirror he was totally absorbed in the extremely frilly garments he was wearing. He couldn't keep his hands off them.

Still - the housework awaited so he reluctantly finished and set to.

By ten thirty he had cleaned, dusted and polished everywhere, and washed his laundry which was now drying in the warm sunshine. He made a cup of coffee and sat down to relax and read the newspaper.

After he had drunk his coffee he started dozing off when he suddenly became aware of a whirlpool in his head. He was being summoned by the Wizard. Again he was transported to Garet's home, wherever that was. When his mind cleared he found himself standing in a richly furnished study.

In front of him stood Garet, Sarah and several other people.

"Welcome!" smiled Garet. "We have given your case much thought. As you can see as well as Sarah I have four daughters and a son. Each will be given the opportunity to decide on a humiliation for you. Now, to work. Strip to your underwear."

Peter refused, just standing there.

Garet was furious. "You will obey me in my own house," he snarled. His eyes glowed red and Peter felt waves of compulsion in his mind. He could not resist and found himself submitting to Garet's will. He took off his shoes, socks, pants and shirt and stood there clad only in his frilly knickers and vest, clasping his hands in front of him to hide his embarrassment. Little did he realize that his stance was precisely that which a young girl in the same position would adopt.

"Well," Garet laughed, "What a pretty baby girl we have here! So be it if that's what you want. You will spend the day keeping my baby daughter company. You will be dressed like a one year old baby girl. You will have no choice but to act in the same

way. While you are here your name will be Melissa Anne, you will not recognize any other name as belonging to you.”

He waved his hands in a way that Peter recognized and again he was enveloped in purple light. He found himself shrinking and again his body felt odd. There was an odd fullness between his legs.

“Come,” smiled Garet, lifting him up, “There's a mirror over here for you to admire yourself in.”

He was placed in front of a mirror where he stared in amazement. The reflection he saw was of a very pretty baby girl but when he moved the reflection moved with him.

The child was wearing a pink organza baby dress. It was high waisted, very frilly and very short. Underneath, white taffeta petticoats were clearly visible as were the pink, frilly, rumba panties, which were obviously covering a diaper. The dress had cute little sleeves and a daintily ruched bodice. On his feet were lacy, white, ankle socks and white, strapped, baby walker shoes with the reinforced heel.

He felt very unsteady on his pins. His head was covered with golden curls with a little pink bow on either side. He looked like a doll. As he moved he suddenly fell onto his rump. Although he was not physically hurt the humiliation was extreme and he found himself crying just like a baby.

“There, there,” soothed Sarah, picking him up and nestling him in her arms. “Has baby had a fall? Never mind, she's safe now. Here's your didy Melissa,” she cooed, placing a pink pacifier in his mouth which he automatically started to suck.

The laughter in her eyes was painfully obvious.

“Now, Melissa, you can play with little Mandy, won't that be nice? Of course she's two so she may boss you about a bit. Still you won't mind that will you precious?”

Melissa was transported upstairs to the nursery and introduced to her new play-mate. Sarah placed her on her feet and calmly adjusted Melissa's dress and panties, much to her embarrassment. Melissa tried to object, spitting out the pacifier.

Unfortunately, although his mind was that of a twenty five year old male, her body was that of a one year old girl so all that came out was baby talk which was even more humiliating.

When Mandy led her to play her body went quite happily though his mind screamed in silent protest. He had no choice but to go with the flow.

Whenever someone called “Melissa,” she happily toddled across, but when the name Peter was spoken she did not recognize it and ignored it.

Mandy kept her happy for hours playing with dolls and other girls toys. Melissa joined in with great enthusiasm.

When lunch time arrived she was fed baby food:- strained vegetables, fruit puree and a nice bottle of warm milk. Again though his mind protested, her body thoroughly enjoyed it.

Shortly after he felt the urge to go to the toilet. When he tried to tell Sarah the only word that came out was "Peepee." Sarah laughed. "Little baby girls don't use the toilet, darling, you're wearing a diaper."

After half an hour of holding on, Melissa finally succumbed, again crying in frustration.

"Is baby wet?" asked Sarah, feeling between Melissa's legs. "There, there, sweetheart, we'll soon have you changed."

"Oh god," Melissa thought, "I don't believe it. She's going to change me. Me, her teacher!"

Melissa was carried over to a rubber sheeted changing table. She was soon laid on her back and her panties pulled down. Her wet diaper was removed and dropped into a diaper pail.

Deftly, Sarah cleaned out between her legs with a sweetly perfumed wipe before liberally applying zinc oxide cream over Melissa's labia, ensuring that it was rubbed well in.

"Wouldn't want baby to get diaper rash, would we?" she cooed, sprinkling baby talc over the target area and quickly applying a clean diaper and pulling up Melissa's panties. It felt strangely comforting to have her sex rubbed and creamed in this way and she closed her eyes and gurgled in pleasure.

"There, all finished," said a deep voice. Melissa quickly opened her eyes to see Garet and the other members of the family watching with intense amusement.

Thus was the pattern set for the rest of the day. He played with dolls and Mandy babied him. She was a big girl, she didn't wear diapers and was faintly contemptuous of this little playmate who did.

In mid afternoon Melissa was placed in a cot for a nap which she was glad to have. Her ordeal was very tiring. Three more times she had her diaper changed by various of the older members of the family. Once she really soiled her diaper and had to have a baby bath, to her intense humiliation.

Finally the day came to an end and she was returned to full size and to her original garb.

"Did you enjoy your day?" enquired Garet, "We enjoyed having you. As you obviously did, we'll add to your home training," he smirked. "You will go to bed at nine o'clock. Before bed you will play for half an hour with Lucy, your favorite dolly. You will of course cuddle up to her in bed and for full comfort will not be able to settle unless you are sucking a pacifier. Pleasant dreams!"

Again Peter felt the now familiar whirlpool in his mind as everything went dark.

Chapter 4.

When Peter awoke it was Sunday morning and sunlight was streaming through the window. He was back in his own bed. He lay there for a while feeling extremely comfortable and contented without knowing why. Gradually, however, a new sensation intruded on his consciousness:- a feeling of wetness between his legs.

As he became aware of this he noticed also that he was cuddling a doll tightly and sucking avidly on a pacifier. Spitting out the pacifier in disgust, he dropped Lucy and jumped out of bed to survey the damage to his masculinity. It was massive. He was wearing the pink baby doll nightie and pink rumba panties but he was used to these. More seriously he was tightly clad in a diaper and he had wet it.

“Oh my God!” he moaned, stripping off. “What else will I have to endure? Gareth didn't say anything about diapers and bed wetting.”

Fortunately for Peter, this last bit had been a farewell present from Gareth and was not part of his permanently altered behavior.

After showering and dressing in more conventional attire (except for his pretty underwear) he stripped and remade the bed, making sure that no wetness had seeped through to the mattress. He tried to throw out the doll and pacifier but every time he went to the waste bin he got very upset. Finally, cuddling and soothing poor Lucy, he carefully placed her on his pillow with a clean nightie. The pacifier was placed on the night-stand next to his bed.

Normally, Sunday was a day when Peter relaxed but as he had lost most of Saturday to Gareth he still had much of his housework to finish so he set to. By lunch time he had finished.

Normally he would go down to the pub for a lunch time beer with his mates but under the circumstances he thought all that liquid might be tempting fate.

He settled for a long walk in the park instead.

On his return he spent two hours marking exercises from school. It was perhaps surprising just how much theory and class work was involved in physical education. Most people weren't aware of this aspect of his job but he taught diet and nutrition and took 'Body Awareness' classes for want of a better name, covering such topics as the major muscles and their weaknesses, and sports injuries, their avoidance and treatment. After a light supper he settled down to watch a film on the box.

“At least I'll get some leisure this weekend,” he thought, obviously not including yesterdays' hours of play. Halfway through the film, at nine o'clock, he decided he had had enough and was going to bed.

Climbing the stairs he went to the toilet (sitting of course), washed and cleaned his teeth before climbing into his clean nightie.

This one was full length, white brushed nylon with little pink rosebuds over it. The sleeves were three quarter length with pink lace around the elasticated cuffs. Little matching panties completed the set. He no longer felt any qualms about wearing such dainty attire.

When he went to climb into bed he noticed the doll, seeming very forlorn.

“There, there,” he soothed, picking it up and cradling it, “Don't cry Lucy, Mummy's here now.”

He started to play with the doll. At first he felt totally daft but he couldn't stop and soon slipped into the pattern. For half an hour he played, just like a little girl would, at being a proper little mother to his baby, undressing and redressing the doll, pretend-

ing to feed it and all the time prattling on in a girlish, childish voice. He even read it a fairy story to settle it.

“How apt,” he thought, wryly.

Finally, he was able to get into bed and snuggle down, cuddling Lucy to him. At least he hadn't felt compelled to don a diaper, he reflected in relief. After five minutes he became aware of a restlessness - he couldn't settle.

Then he realized that he had forgotten his pacifier. Placing the pink ribbon over his head so it wouldn't slip out and get lost when he was asleep he popped it into his mouth and, sucking happily, he settled down and was quickly asleep.

One bonus of his misfortune was that he was now able to enjoy the trouble-free sleep of the innocent child he was half way to becoming.

Chapter 5.

Once again Peter quickly slipped into a routine. School in the daytime, playing with dolls and sleeping with a pacifier at night.

He'd even felt an irresistible urge to buy a toy baby carriage for Lucy, which made his doll play much more rewarding. He felt like a proper little mummy as he pushed his baby up and down his bedroom, rocking her to sleep. Although he was now thoroughly used to his new life style he felt a little lonely; he had long since lost contact with his friends. He just didn't take the chance.

“Still,” he mused, “At least no one asks me questions any more.”

One Sunday, having completed his chores the previous day, he planned a nice relaxing day.

“Perhaps I'll take a drive into the country,” he thought. Getting dressed after his shower, he surveyed his panty drawer. He had so many of them now his masculine underwear had been consigned to the bin. There wasn't a pair in the house. What was the point? He couldn't wear them anyway.

“I fancy a change,” he thought, sifting through the cotton panties; pretty but practical. “Ah, here we are,” he said, finding a cream satin pair. They were extremely feminine, with a lacy inset in the front and a discrete lacy finish to the elastic on the waist and leg holes. He found a dainty matching camisole with wide shoulder straps ending in pretty bows. A pleasant change from a vest indeed. Donning the garments he reveled in the smooth satin feel against his smooth satin skin.

Suddenly he became aware of a rushing in his head;- the whirlpool again.

“Oh no,” he cried, as the world around him vanished, “Here we go again.”

He materialized in the same study as before, standing there in just his panties and camisole.

“Very pretty, Melissa,” Gareth said smiling, “At least you seem to have taste. Meet Sue, my second daughter.”

Standing in front of Melissa was a sweet little girl all bedecked in a delicious pink party dress. She smiled at him and he found himself smiling back.

“Little Sue is five years old today.”

“Happy birthday,” Melissa said to her.

“She's having a birthday party today and she would desperately like her friend Melissa to come,” smiled Gareth.

“Isn't nine o'clock in the morning rather early for a party?” asked Melissa.

“What? Oh, I see,” said Gareth. “The time here is not the same as time where you come from. It's actually three in the afternoon. Now come, you'll be late.”

Raising his hands in the now familiar way, Peter (sorry, Melissa) again experienced the purple light bathing her body. Again she was aware of an odd feeling. When it passed she noticed that she had shrunk again but not to the extent of her previous visit.

“Today you are a pretty four year old,” said Gareth, “Now come to the mirror and admire your party dress.”

This time in the mirror Melissa saw a pretty young girl dressed in an extremely fancy party dress. It flared out over white taffeta petticoats showing her sturdy little legs. The sleeves were puffed and there was white lace around the Peter Pan collar and cuffs. The material was a very delicate yellow organza, with little flowers in the fabric. A wide matching sash went around her middle, ending in a large bow in the small of her back, the sash ends dangling down to tickle the backs of her knees. Her feet were clad with lacy yellow anklets and very shiny black patent leather shoes, fastened with a silver buckle on the side. Her long dark hair was separated into two bunches held in place with matching yellow hair ribbons. The outfit was completed with dainty white net gloves and a little white handbag over Melissa's wrist.

The vision was of a daughter that any parent would be proud to have. She was lovely, and all the more humiliated for that.

“Let's go, little Melissa,” laughed Sue, “I can't be late for my own party.” Taking Melissa's hand she ran out into the garden.

Again Peter's 25 year old mind was impotent to protest while Melissa's four year old body was terribly excited:- she couldn't wait.

In the garden the servants had set up trestle tables which were laden with goodies just right for a children's party:- dainty sandwiches, little fairy cakes, jelly and ice cream, soft drinks and of course a big birthday cake with five candles ready to be blown out by the birthday girl. Games came first.

Formal entertainment was laid on for the twenty children invited. Clowns played jokes and a conjurer (the illusionist type) performed amazing tricks. A puppeteer kept them entertained for ages.

Melissa, like her peers, was totally absorbed. This was the best party any little girl could go to.

After the formal entertainment, the children played while the food was readied. The boys played ball while the girls inevitably played skip rope. Melissa soon found herself jumping in the middle, her skirts billowing, exposing her dainty underthings to the

oohs and aahs of the assembled parents and the amusement of Gareth and his family. Sarah especially enjoyed the spectacle of her erstwhile teacher enjoying himself in physical activity which she knew he loved. Melissa really enjoyed the freedom of her swishy dress and the feeling of the breeze on her bare legs.

Finally came the food and Melissa joined in the feast with gusto, though inside, Peter was appalled at the junk he was eating with such relish (except for the hot dogs maybe). When it was time for Sue to blow out the candles Melissa sang 'Happy birthday to you..' as loudly as any of the other children.

The party wound down then with party games like pass the parcel, musical chairs and pin the tail on the donkey. Melissa was really pleased to win a prize - a little girl's pretend make up kit. When the other children finally went home, she and Sue practiced putting on make up and lipstick, making a thorough mess of themselves in the process. Juliet, The oldest daughter, washed their faces then sat them down quietly and read fairy stories to them.

At the end of the day Gareth restored an exhausted Melissa to full size and returned her to home.

He must have been feeling mellow, the only addition to Peter's punishment was a requirement to read fairy stories, nursery rhymes or other books suitable for a young girl each night before bed.

Again the whirlpool came, followed by the darkness.

Chapter 6.

Life went on for Peter. One little surprise lay in wait for him. Gareth had become tired of expending valuable magical energy in providing Peter with the little necessities of life:- underwear (which he would have to buy anyway) and books. After all, Peter had a good salary coming in.

Peter therefore found that he had to buy his panties and books of fairy stories. The books he could always say were a present for a niece, the underwear was rather more difficult to explain. His home was in a small town and gossip was quick to start. Besides, there were very few shops which stocked his size so he found himself looking forward to shopping expeditions to the big city though he did try to limit himself to one a month - his panty drawer was becoming rather full.

It had been almost three months since he had last been summoned by Gareth. He half hoped Gareth had forgotten about him, though deep down he knew that this was unlikely in the extreme.

And so it proved to be.

The day was a bank holiday and he had been looking forward to the extra day off. His requirement for early nights, doll play and reading severely curtailed his ability to watch the TV and look at late night films, even with a video machine. This day he had planned to hire a couple of the latest videos and just be a couch potato for the day.

Alas, Gareth had other plans and just as Peter settled down the whirlpool started. Although resigned to his fate he was annoyed that it had happened after he had paid out for the videos.

Peter, as was now usual, materialized in Garet's study. Garet seemed to be in no mood to be messed about.

“Right,” he said, “Let's see what pretties you're wearing, Melissa. Strip!”

Peter immediately started to take off his clothes. He was now so under Garet's magical control that the possibility of objecting just did not enter his mind. He was wearing a brief and crop top set of the kind which was all the rage amongst modern young misses. The material was a very soft cotton, pale pink with white polka dots. The briefs were high waisted panties. The crop top was like the top of a vest but only went down to just below his chest, leaving his midriff bare. The top of the panties and the bottom of the crop top had a two inch elasticated lace band to hold the respective garments securely and snugly in place. Arm, neck and leg holes were decorating with matching lace. The overall effect was of a young girl's bra and pantie set though of course his chest was flat.

“Well, well,” laughed Garet, “We are growing up fast aren't we? We'll soon be a very attractive young lady. Quite appropriate really. This is Stephanie, my fourteen year old daughter. She is having a fancy dress party this evening and you will be her thirteen year old guest. As you are now much older, you can dress yourself.”

Stephanie took him by the hand.

“Come,” she smiled, “Your costume is in my room.”

“What am I going as?” Peter asked apprehensively.

“Can't you guess?” laughed Garet, “Why, Alice in Wonderland of course.”

Peter was led away to the sound of Garet's roars of laughter.

No sooner had he entered Stephanie's room than he was bathed in purple light. He shrunk, but only to about four feet ten inches and he felt a slight feeling of heaviness on his chest as Melissa's adolescent, barely developing breasts protruded. Also, there was a slight widening of the hips, showing a promise of feminine curves to come. Her hair was down her back also.

Taking off her underwear, she was clothed in old fashioned bloomers down to her knees, with frills around the bottom of the elasticated legs. A white poplin training bra, lacy and dainty, was fitted to her chest, to lift and support her succulent young breasts. White stockings were placed on her legs, tucked under her bloomers so the elasticated legs would hold them up. Next came a full petticoat with voluminous skirts, layer upon layer of net. The dress was pale blue, with buttons down the back, which Melissa could not reach unaided. The sleeves were short and puffed, with white lace trim. The Peter Pan collar was in a matching material. The skirt was to just below her knees with the lacy petticoats peeping saucily out from underneath. Black, patent Mary Jane shoes were next, followed finally by a white pinafore. This plain garment set off her dress perfectly, covering the front with straps over shoulders and around her narrow waist, tied in place in a large bow at the small of her back. Her long blond hair was carefully brushed into a girlish fringe and held in place with a blue Alice band.

When she was led to the inevitable mirror, she saw Alice in Wonderland, straight from the cartoon. Her eyes were a pretty blue under dark, long lashes. Her snub nose

was set off with rosy cheeks and the most beautiful rosebud lips. Peter was staggered, Melissa was ecstatic.

She was gorgeous. The boys would love her.

The party itself was wonderful, much more grown up than her previous excursions. She danced with pirates, gorillas, Tarzan (he was older than her, and his hands roamed, to Melissa's, but not Peter's, delight). When his hands found her derriere, she was quick to bat them away. Nevertheless, she felt a strange and pleasurable tingling in her tummy.

After all, she was a young and healthy teenage girl, in body if not in mind.

Sitting with Stephanie and her chums, between dances, she spent hours discussing fashion, make-up, and BOYS. Melissa was younger than her new friends so wasn't quite as besotted as the others but the potential was there, and she felt it, much to Peter's chagrin (and fear).

Melissa danced through the evening.

Garet and his wife, Rhianna, who Melissa had not previously met, chaperoned the party. After all these were young teenagers, still children under the law.

In recognition of the fact their daughter was growing up, was becoming a young lady, they let the party go on far later than was normal for Stephanie. They also knew that Melissa was enjoying herself so much and didn't want to interrupt her fun.

Several of the boys tried to arrange dates with Melissa, who very tactfully gave them noncommittal answers, though her body was screaming "YES" to Tarzan who was a bit of a hunk. Peter felt thoroughly ashamed at this brazen hussy he had become.

Finally, the party ended. Melissa was exhausted. She had danced and gossiped herself out, showing avid interest, when talking fashion, giggling self-consciously when talking boys.

Rhianna was present when she was finally taken back to Garet's study. "So! Are you sure this little prick tease is the man that seduced our little Sarah? From the way she was all over David 'Tarzan' Cummings, I'd say she was more interested in taking cock than giving it."

Melissa blushed deeply, shocked to hear a woman talk so coarsely. If the truth be known, Melissa (but not Peter) had entertained some of the thoughts that Rhianna was voicing. Peter hoped that Rhianna wasn't going to think up a humiliation for him. He had a feeling that if she did it would be cruel in the extreme. She didn't look to have a very forgiving nature.

"Come," said Garet, "Time to get you home."

"Have you anything planned for the summer holidays, pretty one?" asked Rhianna.

"I hadn't given it much thought," Peter replied, "Why?"

"Oh, I thought you might like to spend a week or two here. Teachers need a break and Stephanie would dearly love the company. So would David, I bet." Rhianna's smile was far from warm.