

# Magical Milly

## Part One

In the land of Fredonia, from time immemorial, magical girls are imbued with powers once a generation. While still in the womb, each magical girl is selected by Destiny to be one of the seven magical girls of that generation. They are blessed to have a peaceful life until the spring following their eighteenth birthdays. This way, they're allowed to keep their childlike innocence to save them from King Nightmare, who comes to try to corrupt them and turn them to his side. Should he corrupt all the magical girls in a generation, the world, it's said, will fall into misery.

On the spring equinox following their eighteenth birthday, minions of King Nightmare will be drawn to attack and corrupt the magical girl, forcing her powers to manifest. Her clothing will shift to mirror how her powers work and her body will change to help masquerade herself from the rest of the world. As with all magical girls, she will be pleasing to the eye, especially to the one who is destined to hold her heart.

As is the case with all magical girls, her powers will be derived from her magical words. Each is different for each magical girl. The sorceress could be powered by Latin while the bard could be powered by rhymes. It causes their will to be manifest on reality, limited only by their wit and imagination.

However, in this generation, there was a small mistake. A seed that King Nightmare planted eons ago caused a boy to be selected as one of this generation's magical girls. Such a thing had never happened before. The hope was that the boy would rebel against what he was becoming and turn to King Nightmare faster to try to "fix him". So, for Miles, he led a wonderfully quiet life, unaware of what was about to happen to him.

Miles looked up from his textbook as his best friend, Misty, walked up to him in the college cafeteria. The young man, fresh out of high school, had been best friends with Misty for as long as he could recall. He'd also had been completely smitten with her. Both had graduated high school in the same year. While Misty was a tomboy, Miles was always the creative free spirit. They balanced each other out. While the raven-haired Misty was brave, athletic and adventurous, the blonde Miles was shy and sedate, though happy to be dragged along. As his eyes slid along the curve of her body, he tried hard not to stare at her breasts, which were quite large. "30G," she'd proudly admitted one night when she and some of her friends had played truth or dare. Miles had decided not to play but had listened in.

If he was honest with himself, he preferred to hang out more with girls than guys for some reason. It could be because girls had never picked on him about his height, a mere five foot, four inches, or his slight build. It could also be because Misty never hung out with guys, regardless of what sport she was involved with. So long as she was around, Miles was happy.

"Caught you staring again," Misty said, grinning at Miles as she stood by him. Miles looked down bashfully, causing Misty to giggle. "You're adorable and a sweetie, you know that, right?" Misty asked

before looking around. "Too bad we're both looking for a girlfriend. At least our options are a lot more open now that we're in college, right?"

"I suppose so," Miles said. He didn't have it in him to say the only girl he ever wanted was in front of him.

"You'll find someone," Misty said with a smile. "I just wanted to check on you before I headed to my childcare class. You take care, okay?" Miles nodded and watched Misty walk away, enjoying the view of her rear swaying back and forth. Shaking his head, he closed his textbook and prepared for his next class.

A few hours later, it was Miles's favorite part of the day. While he wasn't an overly athletic person, he loved his afternoon jogs. He slipped his backpack over his shoulders, deciding to hit the forest trails near his home, and headed out. He loved it out here. As he jogged down the familiar forest path, he felt at peace. It was so calm and tranquil. He could practically lose himself here.

"Found you, I have," a distorted bass voice said as Miles rounded the corner of the wooded trail. "King Nightmare will be pleased when I catch you."

Miles blinked as a ten-foot-tall ogre blocked his path. When the ogre swung with tree trunk sized club at Miles, Miles instinctively raised and crossed both his arms in front of him in desperation. The world flashed a bright pink. When Miles's eyes opened, the ogre was staggering back. Miles's wrists were covered in what looked like pink children's bracelets. Looking down at himself, Miles's eyes widened. "I must be losing my mind," he thought. To his surprise, he was dressed in a pastel pink dress and had softball sized breasts hanging from his chest. While the ogre roared in disbelief, Miles stepped around, his feet leaving the forest path as he realized there was a thick bulk between his legs. His backpack was missing, replaced by a cute pink bag in one hand and an oversized rattle in the other.

"Whoever you are, you need to stop this," is what Miles tried to say. Instead, in a very girlish tone, he said: "Stop being a meanie head." Miles blinked. *What the holy hell?* The ogre started to charge Miles. Looking around, Miles thought frantically. A memory of his childhood surfaced. Pointing the huge rattle at the dirt path the ogre was charging on, he yelled out. "The path is lava!"

To his surprise, a blast shot from the rattle and the dirt path did, in fact, turn to lava. The ogre howled out in pain as he ran through it. Miles smiled and spun around somewhat awkwardly, still neither used to the weird bulk between his legs or his wider hips. The rattle glowed as he did. "Can't get through my wall, meanie," Miles said, grinning as the ogre tried pounding on a now invisible wall. Miles heard himself giggle instead of laugh as he swung the oversized rattle in an arc, connecting with the ogre's chin and sending it soaring. "Your mama's calling. You should go home," Miles said, dropping the bag in his left hand and waving goodbye.

The path began to turn back to normal. With the quiet of the forest returned, Miles took a moment to examine himself. Lifting the frilly pink skirt, he was astonished to find himself to be thickly diapered. Touching his large breasts, he found them to be his actual flesh, given how good it felt to squeeze them. Checking the bag that he'd been holding, he found all the things that had been in his backpack along

with a large, pink disposable diaper. *What's happening to me?* Trying to sort things out, Miles was starting to get worried. He had to get back to his dorm. Someone there would know what to do, right?

Waddling down the path, he felt the need to pee about ten steps back down the path. Within twenty, he couldn't hold back any longer and resigned himself to his fate. When he let go, the direction of the pee made him wonder if he wasn't female down there, too. Continuing down the path, the only good thing about it was how the wet diaper felt between his legs. Still, he didn't want to be stuck this way. Miles began to cry as he waddled back the way he'd come, hoping he'd turn back. He wished Misty were there. Misty would make everything better.

Just as Miles, dressed up like a pink baby girl, rounded the last corner of the trail, there was a flash of pink light. To his astonishment, everything was back to normal: his clothes, his body, everything. Checking his backpack, Miles noted the large pink disposable diaper. Had that all been real? At least he wasn't wearing a wet diaper anymore. Shaking his head, Miles jogged back to his dorm. He needed a shower.

As Miles towed himself dry thirty minutes later, he failed to notice all the hair on his body below his eyebrows had begun to thin or had outrightly disappeared. Reaching for a pair of briefs, he momentarily contemplated the diaper that was still in his backpack. Whatever had happened earlier had been real and something about the diaper felt comforting. He needed a little comforting. He had to look up how to put it on, but, after a few minutes, the pink diaper was around his waist. Looking at himself in the mirror, he thought he looked silly, but the diaper did feel nice. Sitting down, he started working on his homework. He barely thought about the diaper, even when he made his way to bed a couple of hours later.

That night, he had dreams of Misty in his room, changing his diapers and telling him that he was a good girl. As she said it, his body returned to the form from the forest, complete with large breasts and a super thick diaper. As the Misty in his dreams rubbed the front of Miles's diaper, he heard his female voice say "love my mommy" just before waking up.

Miles woke, though, to a raging hard-on and his hand already rubbing himself through it. It wasn't long before he came. With sudden embarrassment, he also realized that his diaper was warm and wet, which meant not only had he done it in his sleep, it hadn't been that long ago. Part of him was relieved that he'd worn the diaper to bed but part of him was concerned as to what was happening to him.

Looking at the clock, his eyes widened. He'd overslept. If he didn't hurry, he'd be late for lunch with Misty. Climbing out of bed, he made his way to the bathroom, peeling the tapes away from his diaper and balling it up before taking another shower. Miles put on a pair of briefs, a pair of shorts, a t-shirt, tennis shoes and grabbed his bookbag before running out of his dorm. Stopping at a sandwich shop on the way through, he jogged the rest of way to the park he was meeting Misty at.

As Miles neared, he heard people screaming and then saw them running toward him. Sprinting forward, he froze as he saw the ogre from the other day. His eyes widened when he saw the ogre clenching Misty by the waist with one of his huge hands, sniffing her. "Stink like a magical girl, you do," the ogre grunted. "Take you to King Nightmare, I will."

With a pink flash, Miles found himself back in his magical girl form. The cute pink dress rode slightly higher in the windy park, letting the pink diapers between Miles's legs peek out. Pointing the huge

rattle in his hand at the ogre, Miles's melonous breasts bounced when he stamped his foot, both feet now covered in Mary Janes. "No one wants to play with you, you big meanie head. You go home now."

The ogre laughed and tossed Misty over one shoulder, grabbing his club in the process. "Smash you, I will," the ogre roared, charging toward Miles.

Miles looked around and remembered a childhood rhyme. Grinning, he skipped forward. "Step on a crack," he said, his voice high and feminine, "break an ogre's back." As he finished, he stomped with both feet on a crack in the sidewalk. The ogre howled in pain, flinging Misty into the air. "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, catch the girl, don't let go!" Miles yelled, pointing his rattle at Misty. A fluffy pink pillow appeared behind Misty and carefully lowered her to the ground.

"That was mean, you meanie head," Miles yelled at the ogre as she started skipping around the ogre. "We all fall down!" Miles turned and clobbered the ogre with everything he had, smashing him with the oversized rattle. The ogre groaned and vaporized in a puff of green smoke.

"Aren't you the most adorable thing!" Misty said before hugging Miles close. "You saved me. What was that thing?"

"It was a big stupid head," Miles said, still a little annoyed that he couldn't talk like an adult. Being hugged by Misty, though, almost made it worth it. "Is you okay, pretty lady?"

Misty blushed a bit and stepped back. "You think I'm pretty?"

Miles nodded, his blonde pigtails bouncing. "You the prettiest lady ever."

"Such a sweetie," Misty said. She blinked. "Speaking of sweeties, I wonder where Miles is. He was supposed to meet me for lunch."

"Me go now, pretty lady," Miles said in his female voice, starting to waddle to the bathroom building in the park. Sneaking in, Miles was glad to find it empty. As he stepped inside, he felt his crotch warm up. Turning toward the mirror, he hiked his skirt to find he'd wet himself without warning. Slipping into one of the stalls, he sat down and sniffled. He had to come up with a plan.

Remembering that his pink bag had held the contents of his backpack before, he opened it up and found, much like last time, all his stuff, along with a fresh, pink disposable diaper. Reaching deep into the bag, he found his phone. To his relief, he was able to text normally. Quickly sending Misty a text that he was running late, he hoped that the transformation would wear off soon.

A couple of minutes later, in a pink flash, Miles found himself wearing boys clothing again. As he stood up, though, there was a familiar bulk between his legs. Tugging at his shorts, he realized that, instead of the briefs he'd put on later, he was now wearing a diaper. It wasn't as thick as the ones from when he was a magical girl, but still, he was certain someone would notice.

Not hearing anyone in the restroom, he stepped out of the stall and paused to look at himself in the mirror. His hand went to his face and throat. His Adam's apple was completely gone, his nose was smaller, and his chest looked a little puffier. Turning to his side, he swore that his rear end was bigger, too, though how much of that was the diaper, he had no idea. Even his face looked rounder. Sucking on his lip, Miles shook his head. He'd worry about that later.

Making his way out of the girl's bathroom, he peeked out again to make sure no one saw him leaving it. He was late for lunch with Misty and knew there was no way he was going to be able to explain that he'd been the magical girl that had saved her.

(To be continued...)