Suprema Ballerina

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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Robbie groaned as he heard the overly sweet tones of the opening theme to Suprema Ballerina, his sister Cassie's absolute favorite show. He had the sneaking suspicion she never missed an episode solely because of how vocally he hated it. It was thirty minutes of a bunch of girls prancing around in tutus as Madame Magique talked to the audience about all sorts of dumb girly things. There was not even a plot!

The boy stormed into the living room to demand that she turn it off. He did not know why he was so upset, but enough was enough!

"Leave me alone, Robbie!" Cassie protested.

"This show's so dumb! It's just a bunch of dumb girls prancing and twirling in sissy tutus!" He did an intentionally bad mocking impression as Cassie glared at him.

"I think we've got one ballerina who needs a little more practice." Madame Magique said on the screen.

"Turn this thing off. I hate her voice."

"I'm talking to you, Robbie Allen." Robbie spun around and saw Madame Magique looking directly at him. She usually addressed the audience, but this time, there was something different. It was like she was looking him right in the eye, specifically him! "Come to class!" Robbie felt the room spin

and suddenly, he was standing in the ballet studio where the show was set. A rectangle in front of him showed Cassie, sitting on the couch, clearly puzzled and intrigued.

“Robbie!” She said.

“Cassie!” He tried to run to the rectangle or screen, but Madame Magique grabbed his wrist. She looked the boy over in his t-shirt and grubby jeans, clucking disapprovingly.

“This won’t do at all. Strip.”

“What?”

“I said strip, please.” Robbie felt strangely compelled to obey, pulling his shirt over his head. “See? Please really is the magic word.” Madame Magique said to the screen. Robbie stood there, hands crossed bashfully over his Minecraft boxer briefs. Cassie giggled from the couch, delighting in her brother’s misfortune. “Hmm,” Madame Magique said. “Those aren’t aren’t quite what a ballerina should wear.” She smiled and looked at the screen. “Time for a sparkle fix!” Robbie felt a tingle all over his body as sparkles surrounded him and Cassie watched as her brother suddenly stood there in a pink camisole and lacey pink ballet panties.

“Please” Robbie said pleadingly.

“Yes, please is the magic word.” Madame Magique said. “You know what else is magic?” She smiled as she heard Cassie say it. “That’s right, the magic hairbrush!” She pulled the hairbrush out of seemingly nowhere and began to brush Robbie’s hair. Somehow, after only a moment’s brushing,

Robbie's hair had become long and silky, expertly bound in a tight bun. "Hair fit for the suprema ballerina." Madame Magique said. "Ready for your tights?" Robbie could not do anything other than sit down and pull them on over his panties. Madame Magique knelt down and put slippers onto his feet. "Such dainty little dancer feet." She said. "No wonder you were so light on them before." Robbie glared at her. "Oh, I forgot your favorite part, didn't I? The sissy tutu?" She smiled and handed Robbie a pink leotard with attached tutu. He felt like a backseat passenger as his body pulled it on. "Little dash of make-up…" Cassie giggled.

"He's a ballerina!" She exclaimed. Robbie crossed his hands again, pushing down on the tutu, which only made him look more like a prissy ballerina.

"What shall we name you? All my ballerinas get names, you know." She smiled and snapped her fingers. "Bella. Bella Ballerina!" She clapped her hands. "Into line with your classmates, Bella Ballerina." Robbie could not stop himself from prancing girlishly over to the bar.

For the next half hour, Cassie watched, not even daring to blink, as her brother was put through a full class of ballet with Madame Magique. She knew he was not that graceful, but knew that Madame Magique did not accept anything less than trying your best. Watching him prance around with the other girls, clearly trying his hardest to fight the spell, delighted Cassie to no end, but finally, the show came to an end.

“Alright, Robbie, I think it’s time for you to go back to your world.” Madame Magique said. “But every time my show airs, I expect you back in class.” She turned to the screen. “So, Cassie, make sure you watch every single episode to see if Bella Ballerina becomes my very best ballerina.”