

MY LITTLE DINNER DATE: COLORING IS MAGIC

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This story contains: Female to Female TF, Male to Female TF, Breast Expansion, Butt Expansion, Light Reality & Mental Shifting, Colorful Pony TFs, and whimsical coloring induced transformations.

Chapter 3: The Colors of Shy

“Oh wow!” Lily's eyes lit up once she opened the crayon box. “So kewl!”

“Yep yep!” Eve looked proud, acting as if she had fixed the little girl's color misfortune. “Brand-new set of special crayons, just for you! No need to thank me! Just enjoy coloring!”

“Thank you, thank you!” Lily hugged Eve tightly. “You're the best witch ever!” Eve smiled, patting her head. Sure, Beatrice had done all the work, and she felt a smidgen of guilt for taking the credit, but she got over it fast. The crisis was averted and that is what mattered.

Lily took the crayons over to her coloring book and flipped it open, returning to Fluttershy and pre-unicorn Twilight. The girl looked at the picture for a while, leaning in and almost seeming to study it. She looked then at her new crayons, a spark appearing in her eyes as she did.

“Ooooooh,” Eve said, having walked up to check on her, “Looks like inspiration struck! Whatcha thinkin’?”

“I'm... I'm gonna start with Fluttershy!” declared the little girl with a sense of fierce determination and drive, “She's daddy's favorite! She'll cheer him up!”

Eve nodded. She hadn't interacted with the dad much, just Mrs. Rogers. However, she got enough from him to get a good sense of the guy, one that even Lily picked up on. He just didn't like the witch, and his mood was apprehensive in the kindest way of putting it.

However, Eve wouldn't comment on it. *It's a nice thought*, she thought, looking down at the girl as she browsed her crayon options, *but he won't cheer up until I'm gone, sweetie*.

Lily pulled out two crayons, one light pink and the other blue, and declared, “Cutie mark, first!”

“Of course~!” Eve chimed with a nod, “A pony isn't complete without her cutie mark.”

“Cheers to a lovely dinner,” Caroline cooed gently. The two wine glasses gently clinked off each other as the married couple took a gentle drink. “Mmm, this is just what we needed.”

“Mhm,” Peter said, showing the first, real pleasant smile of the evening as he placed his glass down. “We should do this more often... though, with less...”

He paused, clearing his throat. "More often, yes." *No, don't ruin the moment.* His mind had wandered back to that witch... whatshername? It didn't matter. He was going to stop thinking about her and just focus on his time with Caroline.

Despite stopping himself, she seemed to pick up on what he was going to say. She was about to comment on it, but, thankfully, the waiter arrived and saved him from the awkwardness.

"I apologize, folks," he spoke with an apologetic bow, "The food will still be a few more minutes. We are, unfortunately, a little understaffed in the kitchen tonight."

"Oh, of course, we understand." Caroline gave the man a pleasant smile and nod, the waiter looking a little relieved.

It was good that he was looking at her, since Peter made it clear from his expression how he felt. He was a little more than peeved about having to wait. It had been quite some time since they arrived and so far, only their wine had been delivered. He had hoped they'd be eating by now, especially since the restaurant made some incredible steaks.

Peter sighed, almost like he was about to express his displeasure but suddenly stopped.

The man fidgeted in his seat. He felt rather warm, like the temperature had just gone up several degrees. He could feel his cheeks warming, reddening ever so slightly, and a bead of sweat forming on his forehead.

The husband took his napkin and brought it to his forehead, dabbling it a little. He even reached for his shirt and popped the top button on it. *Phew...*

Caroline noticed his discomfort as the waiter left. "Is something wrong, honey?"

"No..." Peter said, putting the napkin down and taking a drink from his wine glass. "Just feel a little hot. Did... did the temperature go up in here?"

"Hmm, no. It feels fine to me."

"Alright." *Must be imagining it or something.* Peter sighed and started talking to Caroline about his job and what had been going on in it, putting the heat out of his mind.

However, unknown to either of them, the heat that came on to Peter was the start of something. Something magical, something new, something cute. Beneath his pants, on his outer thighs, something appeared on them.

Tattoos, it would appear to be if anyone could see them. On both sides of him near the upper thighs and hips, three tattoos appeared. They were three pink butterflies.

“Very nice!” Eve remarked, looking down at Lily's work, “You're very good at coloring!” The witch was indeed impressed. The little girl had colored in the cutie marks perfectly. Even beyond staying in the lines, the girl had applied some nice use of tones and shades.

“Th-thank you...” Lily blushed. Eve giggled a little, charmed by her adorableness.

Lily placed the crayons she was using to the side and took out a new one. This was pale gold, a tone pitch perfect for Fluttershy's fur.

“Hooves first...” the girl mouthed under her breath, “Then legs...” Carefully, she colored the legs in the back first, approximately where the hooves would be on a normal horse. She was careful and deliberate, more than any normal little girl might, as she made the spots very light and almost glossy looking.

Then, she moved to just above them, putting more pressure on the paper. The gold looked just a bit darker as she colored the area. It was a small difference, but it helped to make the parts she colored first look like hooves.

How long does it take to even make a salad? Peter was getting impatient. Even beyond waiting for the steaks, the appetizer wasn't even there yet! Sure, the restaurant was apparently understaffed, but just how long would it take to even get that done?

“You're getting that look again.” Caroline's teasing words brought him back to reality. She had a smile on her lips, her gaze staring straight into him. “Somebody's hungry~.”

Peter blushed. “Carol, please. We're not teenagers anymore.”

“Fine,” she said, leaning back, “I just think it's cute.”

Peter smiled. At least she didn't seem upset about the wait. If she could be this relaxed, he could try as well at least.

Oddly, trying to do so, he noticed something else. Now, he was feeling a touch chilly. There was still that curious heat, but now, part of him felt cold. What was up with him?

There was a reason, one that he was missing. Beneath the long table cloth, where his feet went under out of sight, his dress shoes were simply peeling away. Little by little, the leather and material that made up them slowly came undone. They fell off and hit the ground before simply vanishing as if they never existed.

For a moment, only his socks were left, but they looked off. His feet seemed small in them... smaller and compacted. Then, they faded as well, unraveling from the top to the toes. His ankles had a very soft coating of yellow fur.

Beneath them, his feet were indeed compacting. Toes had merged into his feet as their toenails were growing bigger and thicker. They turned glossy yellow, wrapping around the stumps of his feet and growing up to where the fur stopped.

He had hooves, sturdy, polished hooves.

Peter gently rubbed them together absentmindedly. *First hot, then cold. I don't feel sick... is the thermostat broken in here or something?*

Lily gently hummed as she continued up the rest of Fluttershy's back legs. She gave them the same deep, proper color as the fur above the hooves. She even added some even darker tones for some shadows.

Eve couldn't help but continue to be impressed by the girl's skills for her age. *She could be an artist in the future if she keeps this up.*

Peter squirmed in seat, frowning. He was feeling hot again, but more annoyingly, tingly. His legs just felt like they were on pins and needles, like he was sitting down wrong.

"Are you okay?" Caroline asked.

"Just a bit hot... that's all." Peter shifted again in his seat before wiping his brow. Just really hot. He went up and undid one more button on his shirt.

Can't open anymore. P-people will stare at my chest and that's... wait, why would they-

“Are you sure it's just that?” Caroline asked again, leaning in and studying his face carefully, “You look more than just warm.”

“It's fine... maybe get some ice water when the waiter gets back.” She didn't seem to believe him, but she let it slide for now.

He shifted again in his seat, the feeling in his legs becoming more unbearable and even changing. At first, it was just the tingling, his legs getting a little longer and a bit dainter. Then it turned into this insufferable itchiness, one that he had to scratch at. Fur was spreading up from his ankles, brushing against the inside of his dress pants.

Shit... what's wrong with-

Then, the fur spread onto his thighs, climbing higher and higher. The warmth within him grew stronger, along with an odd sensation, one that struck below the belt.

“I'm...” Peter grunted, getting out from under the table, “I'm going to the restroom...”

Lily drew her crayon onto Fluttershy's flank and around her backside. She maneuvered around the cutie mark with precision, never dipping over the lines by accident.

“...I'll be right back.” Peter stood up, immediately feeling uncomfortable. His pants just felt tight on him now.

His crotch was heating up as well. He really needed to reach the bathroom now!

Caroline gave him a curious look at first, but it slowly shifted. Her gaze went down, her expression looking a bit confused and unsure. He looked down as well.

He understood why his pants felt tight. His lower half was getting... impressively shapely, his pants hugging every inch of it. His hips were curvy, wide and round. His thighs had thickened up to match, gently pressing and rubbing against each other.

Peter had to be imagining this, right? *Maybe... maybe I had too much wine? This can't be right.* He quickly turned and started hurrying off for the bathroom, not wishing to look anymore out in public.

As he took off, he missed his wife looking rather baffled. So baffled that she had to rub her eyes, almost as if she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

His rear was growing. It stretched the back of his pants, forming a fit butt at first, looking like he did squats every day to get it into such a firm shape. Then it kept on expanding. Soon, he was packing a bubble butt, his pants hugging it perfectly like they were made of spandex.

Its inflation had been so big that part of it became visible. His shirt untucked itself just enough that the top of his butt was visible. Soft, yellowish fur could be seen over his cheeks.

“Oh! Ears!” Lily suddenly shouted that, making Eve flinch.

“E-ears?” the witch mumbled, completely taken aback.

“Ah-huh!” Lily started coloring Fluttershy's ears. “I keep forgetting about those!”

“Hmmm? Wait, is there-”

“Does he have-”

“Mommy, he has a big butt!”

“Joshua, honey, please don't stare.”

Embarrassment was filling Peter more and more by the second. Before, he could only sense it really, everyone looking at him as he passed by. That was bad, making his skin crawl.

Now, he could hear them. They were so quiet at first with their murmuring, but now? They were loud and clear, all around him. They were staring, talking about him, right? They had to be, surely. He didn't know exactly why, still not wanting to believe anything was wrong, but it felt too... close to him.

Keep the face down. People staring. Don't look. So many people staring! Peter quivered, quickening his pace through the dining area. The entire time, his ears were stretching and moving to the top of his head, gaining yellow fur as they slipped into an equine shape.

With the ears done, Lily moved onto the front legs, starting with her interpretation of the hooves again. She hummed happily as she colored away.

Peter thankfully reached the bathrooms at long last. It felt like such a long trek to reach his destination, his heart racing the entire time.

He hurried straight for the ladies' room but stopped just as he was about to put his hand on the door to push through it. *What am I doing?* He shook his head. *I'm losing it here.*

Peter needed to calm down a little. He was feeling somewhat better after all. His legs didn't feel so awkward and strange, and that weird warmth within him was gone. Sure, he still needed to relax a little and be by himself, but he was better seemingly.

He stepped over to the men's room and tried that again, reaching for the door to push it open.

But he froze up. His right hand was so... yellow and dainty. Soft, thin fur was covering all of it, his fingernails a darker yellow and elegantly manicured.

Wha-what?! He had to do a double take. It was real. Looking at his left hand, it was the same way too.

Lily finished the front hooves, and moved up the legs. Soon, they matched pitch perfectly with the back ones.

Wait... Peter noticed that fur was spreading. The yellow was moving onto his wrist before disappearing beneath the cuffs of his sleeve. He pulled back on it, feeling the fur continue up his arm, which was getting dainter and trimmer as well.

“What the hell, what the hell?!” He croaked, his heart pounding. A second later, he charged into the bathroom. Thankfully, it was empty.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, he took a few steps further in. There was a sharp click and clack sound as he walked. Looking down, he gasped, finally seeing the hooves he now walked naturally on as if he had them all his life.

Hooves too?! He reached down and pulled up on his pants legs. Sure enough, fur and thinner muscle mass greeted him. *What's happening to me?!*

Lily gently hummed away, humming the tune to Winter Wrap-Up, as she finished up the legs. Instead of moving to the body, she went back up to Fluttershy's face. She brought her crayon down on the pony's muzzle and started filling it in.

Peter's face was red, hands grabbing and touching every part of him. His body felt unlike his. Everything was much smaller and thinner. Not grossly or unhealthy thin either. It was more distinctly trim, with some subtle curves to it. It was something akin to that of his wife's.

He was positively womanly in frame and even more so down below. A quick check of his pants revealed that something was missing there.

This is so wr-wrong... He gulped gently, looking over at the mirror. Seeing his reflection, he stared at the fur in there. There was something familiar about it.

That color and tone, he had seen it before. Looking down, he stared at his hooves. *Hooves and fur...* A stray thought crossed his mind. *Wait... Flut... no, can't be. It can't be Flut... Flutter... Flutters-*

“ACHOOO!” A sneeze blared out, his head cocking down. His face shot forward with the speed of a bullet. His jaws stretched out, his nose pulling into a cute horse snoot and stretching to the tip of the mug. Fur sprouted fast, covering only the extended mug.

Peter rubbed his nose and flinched, feeling how odd his face's extension was. He turned back to the mirror and gasped loudly. He had such the cute, equine muzzle now.

“Oh, I think you forgot something.” Eve giggled. “Aren't you coloring the rest of her?”

“Huh?”

“The body, silly. Didn't you want to color that before her head?” Lily blinked and looked at her coloring book again.

The young girl twitched, blushing. It definitely seemed like she forgot to color in the rest of Fluttershy's body. She just went from the legs to the mouth without coloring anything else.

“Oooh, you're right!” Lily blushed even harder.

“Nothing to be embarrassed about. Just make sure Fluttershy gets the rest of her yellow.”

“And her wings too!” The girl giggled, moving to the torso.

“My face, what's wr-EEEEP!” Peter's voice came out so light and cute now. *“My voice is... oh my Celestia!”* He squeaked, that name just casually flowing out. *“I sound like... oh!”*

“Fluttershy!” The thought returned. *“I look like Fluttershy!”* It was so obvious now. The fur, the voice, the hooves (even if they don't match the show), he was becoming the shy, sweet, kindly pegasus from his daughter's show.

With that realization, he quivered. Suddenly, the heat had returned from before. It washed over him like a wave, gluing him to his spot.

He gently panted, his thighs unconsciously rubbing together. *Hot...* He brushed his forehead. *So hot... wait...* He remembered when this occurred before. *This happened last time, and I... I... wait, does this mean-*

The buttons on his shirt popped, or, at least, the next two top buttons not buttoned up. His chest heaved forward in a big burst, the area soft and swelling. Breasts had formed, stretching his shirt and jacket out as they made themselves known.

They ballooned several sizes, reaching a hearty E-cup and showing an impressive amount of cleavage with her opened shirt. His tie rested between them, almost threatening to be sucked into their warm valley.

“Oh my, oh my!” he quietly spoke, biting his bottom lip. He quivered some more, his waistline narrowing. While hidden by how baggy his shirt and jacket were on him, the narrower proportions made his chest and hips pop out if they could be seen.

Peter's hands moved to their chest and pressed down. They quivered intensely. Not only were they soft, but rather sensitive too. They stifled a moan. *"Ooooh, I'm like a por... pooorrrr... a version of Fluttershy made for bad boys and girls!"*

They wanted to say porn parody, but the words wouldn't come. *"Awwwww, poeey."* No swears came out either. Things they wanted to say just weren't capable of leaving their cute maw. *"This can't get anyEEEEEP!"*

There was a sharp tear, their body lurching backwards. Two large, feathery, yellow wings had broken free from their back. They flapped once, lifting the changing man into the air before dropping back down. They closed back in, ready to fly later.

"Ooooh Celestial!" When their shirt and jacket broke in the back, the rest went with them, sleeves slipping off their arms. They were left topless, breasts freely exposed for all to see.

Peter covered them up as best they could with their arms and hands, tightly gripping and holding them back. They quivered but did their best to ignore it. *Ooooh nooooo.* Their face grew redder and redder with embarrassment. *Everyone's g-going to stare.* They couldn't stand the thought of all of that attention on *her*.

"There you go!" Eve commented, admiring Lily's work as she finished getting the last feather colored.

Lily smiled and returned her attention back to Fluttershy's face. It was time to finish making her look so cute!

Soft... One of Peter's hands moved back and felt one of her wings. *So soft...*

She shook her head and trembled. *N-no! This isn't right! I'm... I'm so confused right now! Why am I turning into Fluttershy?*

"Oh!" Looking back at the mirror, she caught the rest of her face changing. It softened, stretched, and pulled, morphing itself into an adorable, pony mug. The only thing left about the old her were her eyes and her untouched hair.

Why me... why... wait! Her ears perked up, bending back. *It's... it's that witch's fault! That... that meanie! She turned me into this! I'm so... so... so peeved!*

Peter flinched. Such saucy language, even after her vocabulary had changed on her.

“Here you go! This is what you wanted, right?” Eve had handed Lily a cyan crayon from the box.

“Ah-huh!” Lily chirped, taking it, “Thank you!”

I'm so peeved! So peeved about this... Peter blinked. Her eyelashes grew ever longer and a touch more elegant. *This...* He blinked again, his brown irises replaced by a shining cyan shade.

“This beautiful, pretty pony...” She uttered.

The words came easily out, causing her to shiver. She couldn't believe that she just said that, but yet... she was so different now. She was so different from what she once was.

She was pretty. For some reason, it felt like she had been told she was pretty before by others... friends? Acquaintances? Loved ones? It was embarrassing to think about.

Only Caroline called her pretty. *...no!* Peter shook her head. *No, handsome! I'm very handsome!*

Her mind was such a mess, just like her hair. She looked at it. It was always the same, curly, messy state no matter how much she brushed it. That was a fact for certain.

Yet, it felt and looked wrong.

“And your lovely pink!” Eve said, handing her the next crayon. She couldn't color with Lily knowing the vast gulf of talent between them. However, she could act as the best art assistant she could possibly be at least.

“Thank you!” chimed Lily, taking the pink and getting to work on-

“Oh, what do I do?” Peter sighed, feeling more down by the second, *“I couldn’t POSSIBLY stay in here! Caroline will be so upset! It’s just so-OOH!”*

She felt something brush against her bottom. She tried looking over her shoulders but couldn't see much past her wings. She put her back to the mirror and looked again.

Just above her round, bubbly butt, still tightly highlighted in her pants, she could see a nub sprouting out. The nub grew longer until it stopped, pink hairs coming out of it. They grew much longer, elegant and smooth.

Tail... Seeing Fluttershy's tail felt comforting. It wasn't necessarily just because it was the pegasus' tail and should've been there. It was more because it felt right to have one. She felt incomplete without such a thing hanging behind her and almost brushing against the floor.

Her eyes went forward, looking back at her hair. That... that was an issue.

Lily finished the shading on the tail, and finally moved onto the mane. It was the last thing needed to complete the animal-loving mare.

Oh! Peter's heart began to race. *There it is.* At the roots, she could see pink begin to make its appearance.

Pink flowed from the follicles to the tips and then, it kept going. Hair began to grow longer, smoothing out and straightening. It flowed down her back like an elegant waterfall, slipping between her ears and some resting on her shoulders. One side of her locks curled up high, like it was held by a lot of hairspray, before flowing back down and curling at the tip.

Fluttershy now stood facing the mirror in all of her anthro glory. Her slim shape, magnificent mane, gorgeous wings, and beautiful face were all being reflected back. There was no more human, only an adorable, beautiful pony.

“Fluttershy” took a deep breath and relaxed, her shoulders drooping. Seeing herself like this made her feel... nervous. Just the thought of people looking at her gave her the jitters.

But beyond that, the mare felt right. She felt complete. She felt pretty.

The pony woman looked from her face and back down again. Her exposed breasts still hung out, her tattered shirt remains littering the floor. Her pants stayed on, hugging her big buttocks and soft thighs considerably.

What... what do I do now?

“Great job, Lily!” Eve said with a bright smile, “She looks incredible!” It was not an exaggeration as far as the witch was concerned. The little girl had done an amazing job of coloring Fluttershy. Again, the green babysitter had never seen such a kid with an eye for art... or even seen a kid attempt shading and lighter tones. She might have a future in art.

“Th-thank you,” Lily said, blushing at all the compliments Eve kept heaping on her.

The little girl grabbed the pink and yellow crayons, her attention going to the top of the page. In big letters were “Fluttershy & Twilight Sparkle”, meant to be colored in too.

She went in and started coloring. First, the “F” was colored yellow, then the “L” with pink. She repeated the process for the rest of the name.

“*Wha-wha-what?!*” Peter gasped. The tattered remains suddenly vanished from the floor as his pants shifted. The pants legs slowly merged together as the top stretched up her torso. Material softened into something silky and smooth, easing significantly up on its tightness.

Slowly, what remained of her clothing had transformed into a backless gown, one that went down to her ankles and covered her breasts. Sure, it's collar dipped down a little to expose some tasteful cleavage, but it certainly beat letting her mounds hang out.

Still, she couldn't help but feel embarrassed. *Oh... why did I wear this? Wait... I didn't-*

“Fluttershy” flinched, her face cringing as her head throbbed. *Come now! I think you pull it off fine! You're a beautiful pony, and you shouldn't be so afraid to hide it, sweetie.*

What was that? That memory just now was so strange. It felt familiar, the voice in it sounding like Caroline's. Yet, it just sounded somewhat off. *I don't... I don't remember-*

“Oh my!” Peter flinched, her blood running cold. Her head slowly turned towards the door. An elderly man had just entered. He looked completely, utterly taken aback by the stunning pony woman there.

“I’m sorry, my dear!” the man quickly said, “I must have the wrong restroom!”

The last bit of color was added to the “Y”. Lily placed the crayon down and smiled. “Fluttershy is done!”

Peter twitched suddenly. Her eyes sparkled, positively brighter than they were before. She blinked as if a switch in her head had been flipped.

Fluttershy shook her head, brushing some of her long mane over part of her face to conceal it out of embarrassment. She gently spoke, some of her words coming out as a stutter. *“N-n-no! I’m sorry. I, ah, got con-confused and entered the wrong room. D-don’t tell anyone!”*

The elderly gentleman chuckled, “I won’t say a thing, my dear.” He opened the door and peeked out. “I would hurry now. No one is around or looking.”

“Th-thank you!” Fluttershy took his advice and fled the room, standing back in the hallway outside of it.

The pegasus sighed, brushing her dress down and fixing her mane. *I can’t believe I did that. Oh Celestia, I’m such a fool sometimes.*

There was a soft rumble in her hand. Fluttershy was holding her phone now. She didn’t recall taking it to the bathroom. She thought it was still in her purse... she brought a purse, right?

Are you okay? It was a text from Caroline.

“Oh no!” She had been gone far too long, that much was clear to Fluttershy. She must be worried about her! She shouldn’t keep her.

Without another word, the pony hurried back to her wife. Well, not hurrying *too* much. She walked carefully, trying to avoid as much jiggle and wiggle in her steps.