

New Year, New Pink

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YCH Commission Done for Traveling Mage

“Alright, everyone!” Emiko loudly declared, punctuating it with an even louder clap. Everyone in the room stopped what they were doing and looked at her. She gave them a big smile. “Only a minute to go now! Got your poppers ready?”

Everyone held their hands up, clutching their party poppers. “Great!” the glasses-wearing woman said, holding up her own blue one, “We’ll be doing this together soon! Be ready!”

Travis smiled gently, letting out a small yawn. He didn’t usually stay up this late, nor was he one for parties either. However, tonight was special. It was New Year’s Eve after all!

He was invited to this shindig by a friend, who was very insistent that he come. Said friend ended up getting sick at the last minute, Travis only finding out after he arrived and got a text. He could’ve left, but since he already made this much of an effort and didn’t want to appear rude, he hung around.

In the end, it hadn’t been all that bad. He ate some food, mingled with others [though, only when people came up to talk to him], and so on. It was a pleasant, warm atmosphere, and it made him feel equally pleasant. Perhaps this was a good way to start the coming year.

“Popper good?” “Everything set?” “You ready?” “This is going to be so much fun!” Emiko Urasawa, the host, hurried from person to person, checking on everyone’s party popper situation or saying hi quickly. She was a very excited lady, if a bit much for Travis.

She had personally greeted him when he arrived, which was nice. However, she apparently did that for everyone, making sure they got a popper from her box full of them. She said she wanted to start the year off with a bang.

He appreciated the sentiment still and had dug into the box, far deeper than most did. The popper he pulled out was so bright pink that it seemed to positively glow. Unlike the others, with their plain, flat colors, this one had pictures of balloons on, giving it a more festive, party feel.

He glanced at the popper in his hand, nearly dropping it when Emiko shouted, “HERE WE GO!”

She pointed at the TV. The news reporter, surrounded by many people with their own poppers and cups, declared, “It’s time! 10!”

The final countdown had begun, the numbers flashing on the screen. “10!” Emiko repeated, “9! 8!” She held out her popper, everyone doing the same and joining in the count.

Travis did so as well, setting his cup down and holding his pink popper up high. *Here's hoping for a brighter, better year!*

“2! 1! HAPPY NEW YEAR!” The room erupted with shouts and cheers, Travis even joining in. Party poppers exploded all around, almost in unison with Emiko's, whose, of course, was the first. Confetti flew into the air, a scent of smoke wafting about with all the pops.

The only popper that didn't blow was Travis'. Not because he didn't try. He certainly did, tugging on the cord alongside the partygoers. However, it didn't budge.

What the heck? He pulled on the string a few more times. *Why is-*

POP! His party popper finally went off. In return for being so late, that popper was the most extra of them all. There was far more confetti in that blast, the sound coming from it like a unison of party horns all blaring at once. The soft bit of smoke that came from it was pink and smelled... like cupcakes? Cake? It was something sweet, that much was sure.

On one hand, no one noticed that he went last with his popper, avoiding any awkward looks or bemused chuckles. On the other hand, he was disappointed that no one did. He would've loved confirmation on what just happened.

Weird thing... Travis brought it up for a closer look, looking through the empty hole and along its sides. *Wonder why that...*

His thoughts trailed off. Something was wrong. The fingers holding that party toy? They were pink.

They were layered over by a coat of bright pink fur, thin and packed so tightly together it almost looked like paint. Even his fingernails were pink, if just a darker shade of it.

“What the heck!” Travis held out his hands in shock. Pink fur poured down those digits like paint down a wall. It bled onto the hands and palms... and then onto the wrists.

The fur moved quickly up his limbs, disappearing out of sight beneath the hoodie's sleeves. He could feel it, brushing against cottony fabric. It was an awkward sensation, causing him to quiver.

The coat spread further, reaching his shoulders and falling down his torso, over his belly. The awkwardness gave way to a brief fit of itchiness before he adjusted to it. After it came warmth, a heat that was quickly starting to overwhelm him.

As awkward as it would be to undress at a party, he had to. He yanked off that hoodie, feeling sweat start to form and his cheeks cook a little. A few people did look at him when he did that, but much to his relief, they went back to their food, drinks, or chatting.

Better... Travis thought, wiping his forehead. He tried not to pay attention to the feeling of fur brushing against his skin.

“Is something wrong?” Emiko approached him, seeming like the only person to really notice what he had done. “Is it too warm in here?”

“Err...” Travis gently gulped, casually placing his arms behind his back. “It's fine. Nothing to worry about. I'm probably just going to le-”

FWOOMP! The sound was both loud and incredibly cartoonish. Right behind, a puffy, dark pink, fluffy tail sprouted out between his shirt and pants. It wiggled and bounced as it came out, swishing with any bit of movement by him, like when he jerked his head around to look at it.

That certainly caught everyone's attention. All eyes in the room were on Travis, a mixture of stunned silence and bewildering confusion in them. He didn't see them exactly with his gaze on his tail, but he could feel it all. It made him blush.

Staring at that new addition to him, the gears in his brain started turning. That tail was awfully familiar... so fluffy and pink. A darker pink than his fur... His eyes widened. Tail, the fur, and the balloons on that pink party popper. It all made sense.

Before he could fully say it in his mind, he was distracted. His sweatpants felt tight, far more than should've been possible.

Looking down, he saw the reason: his hips were expanding. They were widening further, greatly rounding out to be quite pronounced. His thighs thickened up to fit them before, tender to the touch and gently rubbing against one another.

All the while, the silence fell away, whispering taking place. People had found their voices again, talking about the sight before them, some even pointing at different parts of him.

Travis blushed intensely, the whispering and staring too much. He opened his mouth, trying to politely ask them to stop that or maybe at least consider stopping. He was getting too embarrassed!

However, all that came out was a long “Oooooooooooooo!”

At the very end of it, it cracked into a pippy, girly squeak. His pupils dilated, his body quivering as a surprisingly enticing pulse hit below the belt. The bump in his crotch vanished with a pop, as if being pushed in by a heavy weight.

In return, his rear burst forward. It swelled into a round, more protruding behind that took his sweatpants to the limit. The fabric hugged his bottom so much that it was almost skintight like spandex, showing off its bouncy form.

He blinked once and then twice, his cheeks still red and warm, but a little less so now. His mind was empty as if that burst had cleared it.

Soon, his thoughts returned, his eyes looking down at himself again and then at the crowd. *Huh... maybe... maybe it's not sooooo bad if people wanna stare and look. It's not like I'm not gonna be the life of the party soon!*

That thought didn't feel strange to have. It actually felt rather nice and somehow right.

He quivered, starting to wobble. His legs grew, adding a little extra height on him as the fur spread down his legs to his feet. After a moment, he began to topple forward, unable to properly stand straight as his balance felt out of whack. Two party guests quickly got to him and took his arm before he fully fell.

“Th-thanks!” Travis sighed, taking a few steps forward with their help. He stood up straight and looked down. His shoes and socks had been left behind with his steps. His feet were now dark pink hooves, perfectly fitting and perfectly capable of keeping his balance now.

“Coolio!” Travis declared, his voice shifting lighter and more effeminate... and far more perky, “Look at those hooves!”

“How can you stand and walk on those?!” “They're so small!” “So much pink!” The quiet stares had given way to curiosity. The partygoers started asking and calling out things, just entranced by the sight going on.

“Totally pink!” Travis declared with a giggle, peppiness and energy increasing by the second, their tiredness long a thing of the past now. “As for walkin', dunno! It's just soooo easy!” He began to grin. “I could just dance!”

Dance. That sounded like fun and something he should totally do! He began to wiggle and shake his hips, following a beat only he could hear.

His hips widened just a tad more, but the real growth came in the back. His rear ballooned with the force of a truck behind it. It formed into a big, firm bubble butt, perfectly round and heart-shaped. The top of his buttocks poked out of his sweatpants, adding to their new jiggle and wiggle.

All around, Travis could hear them. The oo's and the aw's from the people made his changing heart soar. He grinned wider, feeling more alive than ever before. He felt so alive that he wanted to jump!

So, he did and with a big **BLOOMP!** As he leapt into the air, his chest sprung to life. Starting with small bumps, large, C-cup sized breasts sprung out. They stretched fabric on their shirt, lifting it gently and showing some of their navel. They bounced and jiggled when they landed, making the pony-ifying woman giggle.

“Oooooo! Big!” Travis swooned, looking at her melons and poking them. They felt pretty good to poke as well.

“How is this happening?” “Why are you transforming?” “Why so pink?” So many more questions followed, the crowd looking redder in the face after her bounce.

Travis comically shrugged. “I dunno! This all happened after I pulled that popper and-”

“Wait!” Emiko spoke up for the first time in a while. “Can I see your popper?” Travis picked it up from where it rolled off to after dropping it by accident. She took it, gave it a quick look, and nodded. “Ooooooh, I know what’s going on here. You-”

PWWOOMP! Travis’ messy blond hair quivered before exploding like an airbag and then shrinking back in... somewhat. Her hair was thicker, puffier, and longer, going down her back and partially over her face. It turned pink in an instant too, adding to its cotton candy vibe.

Travis blinked and reached up, groping her mess of a mane. “Oooooo, puffy!” She wiggled her head, her hair jiggling and bouncing with its movements.

“Yeah,” Emiko remarked, unphased by the mane ballooning, “This is definitely the fault of my company's new prototype party popper!” She shook her head. “I don't know how it got mixed in with all the other ones though. I know I gave two to some friends to use, but this? Not a clue!”

“Soooo, what does that mean?” Travis asked, her voice squeaking a little higher. The pink fur crawled up her throat and went along the sides of her head to her ears. They wiggled gently, moving to the top of her head and pulling out into pony-shaped ones.

“It means you're turning into Pinkie Pie, the ultimate, big party animal!”

“OOOOOOO!” Travis giggled, her voice now a perfect match for Pinkie's own. She, of course, already suspected that but appreciated the confirmation.

The confirmation seemed to click something within her. Her face quivered and snapped forward, fuzz racing across her mug to its very tip. Her nostrils flared and lengthened, shifting to the very end of it. Her glasses went crooked, but somehow stayed on despite it all.

Travis blinked a few times, her eyes turning sparkling blue and eyebrows becoming as pink as her mane. Pinkie Pie. *Pinkie Pie*. ***Pinkie Pie!***

“Being Pinkie is sooooo cute!!” The pink pony rubbed and felt her cheeks. “I feel sooo giddy and energized and ooooo, I feel like eating cake, cupcakes, and mmmmmmm, so much dessert right now, you have no idea!”

Emiko blinked. “Sooo, you're not mad? I mean, I can fix this once I get back to wor-”

BA-GAH! A goofy chicken sound blared, Pinkie Trav gasping. She leaned in, looking far more serious than she had been since she started changing. “NEVER! Dontcha worry about me! I looove this!

“I love this soooo much that I wanna just hug you!” In fact, she did so! She took Emiko and brought her in for a big hug straight into her chest.

BLOOMP! Before Emiko's mug even hit it though, Pinkie's breasts exploded into one final big surge of growth. Large, squishy yet firm boobs over half the size of the pony's head came out, stretching her shirt to its limits. They were soft as marshmallows and never once sagged, jiggling ever so subtly with every bit of movement.

Especially with Emiko trying to push away, suffocating in the massive funbags. Pinkie Trav eventually released her, the black-haired woman stumbling back a little bit. Her face was flushed, her eyes dizzy and glasses off-centered from the impact.

Pinkie Trav giggled, watching the woman stumble back and try to recompose herself. Emiko probably liked that. She just wasn't sure how to express that yet!

The pony looked at herself, finally complete from head to hoof. She gave her hips a shake, feeling her butt bounced a little along with her breasts. She looked and felt amazing! She was a whole new her: a Pinkie her.

Thinking about it, wasn't this perfect? Like, it was the perfect way to start a new year, right? A whole new outlook and feel? It was the kind of thing that was just perfect for Trav, who felt unsure about their future.

A fresh coat of pink made all the difference!

“So, what are you going to do now, um, Pinkie?” someone in the room asked.

Pinkie “Trav” Pie grinned, an idea instantly hitting her. “I’m gonna do what I gotta do!”

She reached behind her back and pulled out two large, wooden mugs. Within them, the delicious scent of hard cider wafted out. She had no idea how she just did that, but it made perfect sense to her that she could do such a thing.

“It’s a brand new year, so let’s PARTY!” Everyone instantly brightened up and grinned, clapping or cheering. Her overwhelming positive vibes and cheer were infectious! She was going to have so much fun that night and going forward.

As she handed those two mugs off and pulled out more, Pinkie Trav couldn't help but feel a little glum on the inside. Her friend wasn't there to enjoy her new look!

That would not stand! She would have to swing by their home later to party with them too! More cider with plenty of cake and balloons! It may only be two people then, but that's enough for this party queen to party right!

THE END