

MY LITTLE DINNER DATE: COLORING IS MAGIC

By: Firingwall

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 1: Babysitting Magic

DING-DONG!

“Oh! That must be her!” Caroline Rogers finished putting in her earrings and headed for the front door.

“Rang the doorbell, huh?” Peter Rogers said, looking up from his phone. He had just gotten a text alert from the restaurant. Their table would be ready for them when they arrived. “Would’ve expected something a little bit flashier to say she was here.”

“Hush now!” Caroline huffed, stopping to give her husband a look as she passed through the living room. “I don’t want you to be rude here!”

She stepped into the hall and looked up the stairs. She called out, “Lily, sweetie! The babysitter is here!” There was some light, shuffling sounds coming from upstairs. Lily was being shy as always. Caroline was sure she would love her.

“Really now,” sighed Peter, stepping into the hall, “Honey, I love you. You know I love you a lot, but I’m still going to remain adamant about this. I don’t think this is a good idea.”

“Well, it’s too late now.” Caroline huffed. “She is going to be fine. Jenny recommended her, and she has never been wrong before, has she?” Peter went quiet, Caroline a bit satisfied. Their friend was always a good judge of character, even he had to admit that.

“Fine, but I still don’t think this Eve is right.”

“Yes, she’s a bit different from the usual girl, but she is available, and everything I heard makes her sound like a complete angel!”

“Ah-huh.” Peter looked off to the side. “It’s not like she’s gonna cook our child for dinner or anything.”

“Peter!” Caroline snapped. “That’s a hurtful stereotype! Don’t you talk to her like that when I let her in!” She huffed. “Now, you act like the man I married or I’ll cancel our dinner plans and you’ll get to sulk on the couch tonight.”

There was nothing else said. Peter frowned, but just sighed and nodded.

Caroline gave him a stern look and headed for the front door. *Eve is a sweet girl. I'm sure she'll do a wonderful job.* She opened the door up.

Standing outside on the doormat, a young lady was waiting. She had bright green skin and short black hair curled at its ends in the back. She wore all black and gray, a cute skirt and dress-up shirt combo. A large, white bag hung off her shoulder.

The young witch flashed a brilliant, cheery smile. "Hello, Mrs. Rogers and..." She looked past the wife to the husband in the living room doorway. "...and Mr. Rogers! Thank you for having me!"

"It is a pleasure to have you, Eve!" Caroline chimed back with an equally cheery smile.

Eve was a witch, or an apprentice witch to be exact. They were not the usual kind of people to call to watch your children, but this one was different. Caroline's friend hired her as a babysitter once, and Eve was an absolute saint. Caroline's kids loved her and, apparently, so did the other parents and kids Caroline recommended Eve too.

Even beyond that, the witch seemed trustworthy. No issues or questionable things in her background from what Caroline researched, she worked several other jobs, and she had plenty of good references! She was a dream.

Eve stepped inside, wiping her shoes on the rug. She slipped out of them and looked around. "So, where is Lily?"

"Oh, right!" Caroline called back up the stairs. "Sweetie, Lily! Eve is here!"

There were a few light footsteps and at the top of the stairs, a head peeked out from around a corner. It was a young girl, about eight-years-old or so, with rough brown hair. She looked at her mom, then at her dad, and then at the witch. She stared long at the witch, her expression softening and filling with curiosity.

"It's impolite to stare!" Caroline waved. "Come down here and meet Eve, honey."

The girl stared for a bit longer before cautiously descending the stairs, holding a book in her hand. She stopped by her mom's side before approaching Eve. The green lady beamed, bending down. "Hi! You must be Lily! I'm Eve, and I'll be your super, fun babysitter tonight!"

"You're... you're a witch."

“Correct!” Eve twirled a finger, a yellowish aura rotating around it. “So, I’m full of magic fun!”

“...are you gonna eat me for dinner?” Peter gave Caroline a look. She shot a harsher one back.

Eve giggled, patting the girl’s head. “That’s silly talk! I’m just a normal girl with green skin, a long nose & chin, and some magic! Fairy tales like that are just silly.”

“Okay.” Lily’s head tilted, looking at the witch more. “Umm...” She held up the book to Eve. “Do you want to color?” Caroline recognized it. It was the My Little Pony coloring book she got her a few days ago. She had been so absorbed in it lately.

“Sure!” Eve said without missing a beat. “That sounds like fun!”

The mom sighed. Everything was going well so far. She stepped up to the two. “It seems like you two are already friends!” She smiled and looked at Eve. “Now, there are few rules you need to know...”

“Now,” Caroline said, tossing her purse over her shoulder, “Everything all set?”

“Yes ma’am!” Eve smiled, looking totally confident. “Bedtime is at 8:30. Dinner is in the fridge and should be around 6:30. No YouTube shows. Stick to Netflix cartoons.”

“Perfect!” The mom stepped outside and headed for the car, “Now, you two have a good night! Call me if there are any problems!”

“Don’t worry! I have everything down just fine!” Eve flashed a thumbs up. “We’ll just be coloring until dinner time and maybe watch something.”

“Good good... I did give you the number for the restaurant and-”

“I got it!” Eve chuckled. “Just get to your dinner. I think your hubby is waiting.” Peter was already in the car, starting and revving it up. The message was loud, clear, and annoying.

“You two have a nice night out! Enjoy yourselves!” With that, Eve closed the door.

Caroline headed over and got in the car. She gave Peter another narrow look, buckling in. “See? Everything is going to be fine. Don’t freak out on me.”

“You say that but something weird is going to be waiting for us when we get home.” Peter started pulling out, ignoring her and watching the street. “You don’t mess with magic or magical beings, let alone leave our children with them.”

“For god’s sake, just give her a chance! Everything will be fine. None of our friends or their friends had problems with her.”

“Okay.” Peter sighed. “I’m just keeping my expectations realistic. Let’s just enjoy dinner then, alright?”

“Let’s!” With that, the conversation was over. There would be no more talk about it.

The car pulled into the road and drove off for a pleasant, warm evening.

Chapter 2: Coloring Emergency

6 PM and everything is going smoothly! Eve sighed happily, pocketing her phone.

The witch couldn't help it. She was a naturally nervous, anxious individual. It didn't matter how many potions she brewed, how many items she enchanted, or, in this case, babysitting jobs she did, a nagging sensation always lingered in her mind.

Eve looked down at Lily, sitting at the coffee table. The young girl was busy coloring, working on her My Little Pony coloring book. She was just finishing up a page with Rarity, adding the final touches to her tail.

Eve had tried helping her earlier on a page, but the results weren't exactly great. In fact, Lily ended up suggesting she should finish without her. Some might take that as a blow to their pride, but the witch took it in stride. Artistry wasn't really a talent of hers anyway.

"D-done!" Lily chimed.

Eve stood up and bent over the young girl. "Oh wow, it's really good!" It wasn't an exaggeration either. Rarity looked amazing under Lily's coloring. The use of dark and light tones, especially in the mane and tail made the character really pop. The level of detail and quality seemed like it would've come from someone much older than her.

"Th-thank you." Lily blushed, looking to the side. "I'll start on another one."

Eve nodded as the girl turned the page. *Probably should start dinner soon. I believe they left instructions saying-*

"Oh!" The next page showed Fluttershy and a pre-Alicorn Twilight Sparkle together, prancing in a field. The girl smiled. "Fluttershy is daddy's favorite pony. Mommy likes Twilight the best too!"

"Understandable. They are the best ponies, of course."

"No." The kid spoke with complete, steadfast conviction, shaking her head. "Pinkie Pie is best. Fluttershy and Twi are okay." The way she said it so firmly made the witch chuckle and merely nod. She couldn't argue with her.

Lily reached over to her large box of crayons and started looking through it. She shifted through a few crayons, even shaking the container and dumping some out.

“Oh...” Her expression darkened.

“Something the matter?” Eve bent and sat down on her knees beside her.

“I... I don't have enough yellow or pink.” She looked even gloomier. “The purples aren't right either...” The little girl sighed, somehow looking even darker now.

Well, that's trouble. Eve frowned herself. It didn't seem like that big a deal to her, but for a kid, anything can blow up into something huge. Thinking back on her childhood and how things went, Eve knew that she had to do something for Lily at least.

Okay, I'll just use a little magic and...

And her confidence dropped. *Crap, I don't know any good conjuring spells.* Eve sighed to herself. *I really should've studied that more.* She could see her mistress and fellow witches now, capable of summoning anything they desired (within a level of reason) with only a few words. She was so far behind compared to them.

There goes the night. It's already ruined. Couldn't do anything to help the kid I'm supposed to watch. I'm just really bad at-

Eve shook her head. *Stupid doubts. I can do something.* An idea popped into her mind. *There **is** something I can do!*

“Lily, I'm just gonna step into the kitchen to work on dinner. I'll be right back.” She took the remote from the table and put on some familiar Skittle-colored equines on the TV. “You just stay here and watch this.”

“Okay...” It was hard to tell. Was Lily agreeing to stay because she heard what Eve was saying? Or, perhaps, was she just too down in the dumps to notice what was asked. Either way, the witch took her leave quickly.

Eve stepped in the kitchen and headed to the farthest corner of the room, putting as much distance between her and the girl. *Okay, let's do this.* Her eyes clenched shut.

Need doorway. The ceiling light flickered. *Need help.* The flickering slowed, and the lighting dimmed. *I need help.* A faint, purple aura appeared a few steps from her. *Please, I need magical help now!*

The aura grew and brightened, solidifying into a squarish shape. Details followed, the lighting dying back. Soon, a floating window was before her. The pane wiggled and opened.

“Heellllllloooooooo, dear customer!” A voice emerged, one that was a mixture of strained enthusiasm and indifference. “How can Witchy Times Inc. help you to... wait, Eve?”

In the window was another witch, one from Eve's coven. It was Beatrice, an older witch with brighter, more lime-ish green skin. The witch looked at the younger one with surprise only momentarily before letting out an exhausted sigh. She blew some of her long black hair from her face and slumped onto the window sill.

“It's just you,” Beatrice sighed, “Don't you have some baby to watch or something?” She shook her head dismissively.

Eve was friendly with most of her fellow witch sisters. Beatrice was the exception. The woman was powerful but also lazy, inconsiderate, cared little for her role in the coven, and caused more problems than she solved. She would have preferred to talk to anyone else but her.

“I gotta be ready for when a real customer calls out for our service.” Beatrice stood up and grabbed the window. “So, if you excuse me-”

“WAIT!” Beatrice would have to do regardless of how Eve felt. “I need your help with something! I don't want to disappoint Lily!”

“...who?”

“The little girl I'm babysitting.”

“Oh... does she want to buy something?” The older witch's head tilted.

“No, but I could really use your help for something.”

“Well then, I'll be off.” Beatrice started pulling the window down.

“WAIT!” Eve sighed. “I'll cover your next shift! Please, just stay and help me!”

The window went right back up, a wide smirk now on Beatrice's face. “Well, when you talk nice like that, how can I refuse to help my fellow witch sister? What does the kid need?”

“New crayons, stat!” Eve held up Lily's crayon box. She had swiped it before she left, the little girl not even noticing due to how down in the dumps she was.

The older witch took the box and looked curiously at it. Eve continued, "She's coloring ponies and is all out of the colors for Fluttershy and Twilight Sparkle. ...they're from this show called My Little-"

"I know what Friendship is Magic is." Beatrice rolled her eyes. She looked at the box again, stroking her chin. "So, Flutter and Twi, eh?"

"Yeah, they're her parents' favorites. She got so sad when she didn't have the crayons for them." Eve shrugged. "I think she might want to show her parents the picture later. Just please, I need some new crayons for her!"

"Oh suuuuuure!" Beatrice spoke with a delighted smile, "I can do that. Better yet I can make some Fluttershy and Twilight specific color crayons even! Not a problem at all!" There was a small chuckle at the end there. It was a bit off-putting to Eve.

Despite that, she said nothing and let Beatrice work her magic. She held the box out and wiggled her fingers over it. Her eyes closed, and she mouthed an incantation under her breath. A glow came from the box, a piercing light of many colors that lasted only a brief moment in time.

"There we go!" The light ended, and Beatrice handed the box back. "She may continue her art once again!"

Looking inside, there was a new set of crayons. Every shade and tone of the pegasus and alicorn were packed into the box, bright as can be. Even the remaining old crayons that were inside had been restored to full form as a bonus. They were incredibly vibrant to the eye, almost as if they were glowing!

Eve's heart rose. For once, just for once, Beatrice actually came through. The older witch smiled. "Your kid will thank me!" She leaned in close to Eve's face. "I'll see you tomorrow for my... your new shift."

With a devious wink, Beatrice slipped back inside the window and closed it. A mere blink later, she and the magical doorway were gone. The lighting returned to normal in the room.

Has to ruin the mood, doesn't she? Eve looked at the box again with a smile. *Still, she really outdid herself! I can't wait to show Lily her new crayons!*

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, 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, they would seem 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 daintier. 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, 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 daintier 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 did. 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... pooooorrr... 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 noooo.* 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 bright, shining cyan shade.

“Being 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 even more, 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, its 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.

Chapter 4: The Colors of a Princess

Caroline sighed, placing her phone down on the table. *Where did he go? I hope he's not really sick.*

The evening had been going well so far. Once Peter had actually settled down and got over the whole witch babysitter thing, he returned to his charming, sweet self. Sure, the food was certainly running late, but the two had been having a lovely conversation and drinking wine together. Things just felt right.

Then suddenly, things weren't. He started acting strange and having these weird, uncomfortable looks on his face. He was so agitated about something before he rushed off to the restroom. How bad was he feeling? Was he really that sick?

Though, maybe she was feeling a little under the weather herself and seeing things. For a second there when he was leaving, his butt... his hips... they all looked so much bigger. So much wider, rounder... maybe a little yellow from what she saw of his butt sticking out.

She shook her head. *Just the lighting... It's dim in here. Just... just in my mind.* She took a sip from her wine and closed her eyes, soaking in that taste. *He's fine. Just probably stuck in the bathroom is all. I'll get an answer from him in a sec, and everything will be alright.*

Caroline sat there for a little bit, keeping her eyes closed and breathing slowly. Just taking a moment to recompose herself.

There, she heard something approaching. It sounded like heels. For a moment, she thought it was the waiter, but remembered they weren't wearing heels.

"I'm so sorry about that!" a voice said, first above her and then, across from her, *"I just felt under the weather and h-had to leave. I'm really sorry!"*

...who's talking to me?

Caroline's eyes snapped open. Her heart skipped a beat, and she nearly jolted out of her seat. There was a yellow pony woman with elegant wings standing beside the table, bowing apologetically before taking a seat. *"Sorry, Caroline,"* she meekly said, *"I-I'm here now!"*

Caroline said nothing, mouth slightly agape at the sight. So many thoughts and questions were whipping through her mind as she stared ahead. Who was this pony? Why did she sit down

at her table? How did she know her name? ...why did she look like some porn parody of Fluttershy? She looked so... much with massive breasts, wide hips, narrow waist...

Caroline blushed, fidgeting. *Why do I feel so hot?* She brushed her forehead of sweat.

“Cutiemark down!” Lily chimed, placing her crayon down. She had finished coloring in Twilight Sparkle's mark, expertly capturing that perfect tone and color like the show. “And the rest of the princess to go!”

Well, pre-princess, Eve thought. The mostly uncolored Twilight was of her when she didn't have her wings yet. Was the book made before the season three finale or did it have the princess in all of her alicorn glory later on? Who was to say?

Eve's job here was to be the little girl's coloring assistant, not to think of the details. The witch babysitter took out a violet crayon from the box and handed it to her. She in turn brought it down to one of the pony's legs, ready to dive in.

Then, she paused, looking at the crayon. “Something wrong, Lily?”

Lily smiled. “Wrong crayon! This is for the eyes, not the fur!” She giggled and turned her attention now to Twilight's face.

“No seriously!” Caroline asked, sweat dripping down her forehead. “Wh-who are you?!”

“*P... P-P...*” The pony gulped yet again, her muzzle fidgeting. The word seemed to struggle coming out, like it was held up in her throat. “*P... P-P-P-P-P-P...*”

Eventually, she sighed, head drooping. “*I'm Fl-Fluttershy.*” She began to twiddle her fingers. “*Umm, ya know... your hus... hub... huuuub... wife.*”

“No!” Caroline spat, Fluttershy jerking nervously in her seat. Despite her height and wide wings, she looked so small compared to the actually small human. “Enough of this nonsense! Who are you?!”

“*Your spouse?*” Her voice was so meek and small, barely audible with the sounds of the other patrons in the restaurant talking. It was weird that they seemed to take no mind to the pony

woman or the argument, but that hardly mattered it felt. She gulped again, twiddling her fingers harder as she answered, *"I... I kind of changed, b-b-b-but I still love you and"*

"No, that's not right! That's..." Caroline winced. Her head throbbed, and her vision went blurry. "That... that can't be..."

Her eyes closed, hands rubbing her temples. "That can't be... it... it..."

There was a pause. She rubbed her eyes with the back of her hands for a bit, waiting for that weird feeling in her head to vanish. Once it did, she opened them again.

Bright, sparkling violet eyes stared at Fluttershy now, looking deep into her's. Caroline felt her heart thump pleasantly. She gazed at the pony's soft mane, cute features, elegant wings, and her impressive, curvaceous form. She stared and stared.

She stared until everything felt... right.

Wow. Caroline gulped, biting the bottom of her lip. *She looks so beautiful.* Fluttershy was very pretty and so very... familiar. She felt as if she knew her forever and not just as some cartoon character her daughter watched. She knew her well.

Her heart thumped eagerly again, a soft blush coming to her cheeks. Was she always attracted to pony women?

"How about this one?" Eve asked, handing Lily another crayon.

The little girl only took a quick glance at it before shaking her head. "No, that's for her hair and tail, not fur."

Eve looked at the crayon. "Yeah... it is a pretty dark shade of purple, isn't it?" The witch softly chuckled, looking a bit embarrassed by her color blindness. "Buuuut..."

She took the crayon box and gave it a better look through. "Might as well, right?" She plucked out two other crayons that went with the first one. "Gotta get Twilight's mane and tail down eventually, right?"

Lily smiled. "Mhm!"

"I th-think it was that witch..." Fluttershy nervously said, twiddling her fingers yet again. Her gaze was off to the side, even embarrassed to say such a thing. That attitude was certainly far different from Peter's earlier one.

"Well, I guess it is possible," Caroline said with a soft nod, "But why would she change you? It's not like you said anything to her."

Fluttershy's cheeks grew redder than ever, her gaze going down to where her plate should've been by now. *"Ooooh, I feel horrible!"* Her lower lip quivered. *"I was so rude and unpleasant! Ma-maybe I should call her and apologize!"*

"Well..." Caroline awkwardly smiled. "I guess that could get you to change back." There was a twinge in her heart. She didn't quite understand it, but it hurt to say those words.

Fluttershy went quiet for a moment, her gaze never leaving the table. *"Turn back..."* she said softly after a long while. *"Turn..."* A quiet gulp left her throat. *"Umm... would it... would it be weird if I-I-I say I... I kind of like this?"*

That pain vanished. Caroline could feel her heart soar. She understood now, even if it was strange. She liked it as well. Having a pony for a spouse felt right. It was almost like there were two sides to her. One was her mind, remembering Peter so perfectly and clearly. The other was her body, pining and feeling at ease with Fluttershy. Neither side was wrong.

Caroline could ponder that development, but she found herself shifting a bit in her seat. She scooted forward. There was an odd feeling, something tight and bulging above her rear that made her want to put some space between it and the back of the chair..

"Is... is something wrong?" Fluttershy asked, looking up again.

"It's... nothing. My dress just feels a bit ti-"

There was a sudden and sharp rip, tightness and tension leaving the human. Caroline looked over her shoulder and gasped. A long, elegantly brushed and straight purple tail had come out from her behind. A light raspberry and a brighter purple streak ran down it.

"Wha-what's wrong?" the yellow pegasus asked.

“I... I...” Caroline hesitantly stood up, unable to properly express the words. She turned to the side, showing the pony the tail that had sprouted. It said everything that needed to be said.

Fluttershy gasped. “*OH! Oh my!*” Her hand went to her face, her beautiful eyes wide. “*You’re... you’re turning into a pony too! That’s ba... baaaa... ba... interesting.*”

Caroline looked at her and back at her tail. She shook her hips, her tail swaying from side to side a little. Fluttershy was right. It was... interesting.

Caroline reached down and stroked her tail. She twitched again, but only slightly. It felt odd, but not... bad? It certainly felt natural and normal on her. *Gonna have to be careful closing doors in the future.*

Suddenly, her elegantly made hair bun came undone. Red locks fell down the back of her neck to her shoulders, the soft brush of it making her shiver. The red was washed away as a dark sapphire purple flowed through it from root to tip. Her hair straightened and smoothed out, locks now going past her shoulders. A sharp, bowlish cut hit her bangs above her forehead, the tail streaks appearing there too.

“Oh wow...” Caroline reached up and twiddled with some of her bangs. She looked at the hair that rested on her shoulders, running a hand through the other locks in the back. It felt so silky smooth and well cared for.

“*OH!*” Fluttershy gasped, her jaw dropping. “*It... it looks like Twilight Sparkle’s mane!*”

Given everything that was happening, Caroline suspected that. She definitely had the mane of the Princess of Friendship. Her hair... was rather lovely and nice, wasn't it?

“That's it!” Lily happily exclaimed, taking the crayon from Eve.

“Heh, third time's the charm, right?” the witch chuckled, blushing. “Sorry it took so long, but hey! You can work on that fur now.”

“Ah-huh!” Lily took the purple crayon and started right on the front legs, working on the hooves and then going up.

Caroline's fingers twitched and jerked. She held up her hands, watching her fingertips closely. First, her fingernails darkened, the red polish vanishing and replaced with dark purple. Then, fur sprouted around them, a deep Mulberry tone, before moving down her digits.

It looked rather nice on her.

She looked back to Fluttershy. The pegasus was watching her closely, her cheeks still red. There was a slight tremble in her body, the pony biting down on her bottom lip a smidgen.

"Is something the matter?"

Flutter twitched, snapping out of whatever trance she was in. "*Oh, it's just... watching you Twi-*" She stopped, clearing her throat. "*Caroline, seeing you change... It-it's making me... anxious.*"

"Anxious?" Caroline's arms turned fully purple from hand to shoulder.

Lily hummed happily, moving onto the back legs. Her pace was quickening.

"*Yes,*" Fluttershy quietly spoke, gently nodding. Her eyes looked off to the side. "*Anxious. It's... everything.*"

Caroline nodded. At that moment, she felt an aggressive tightness and odd sensation in her heels. She tried her best to ignore it, shifting in her seat again. However, the feeling persisted no matter how much she focused on Fluttershy.

The reason was simple. Her heels were coming off. When they weren't coming off, they were breaking. Her feet had been shrinking back towards the ankles, toes merging and toenails growing and wrapping around her feet. Once fully back in, her foot stumps expanded, the nails turning a dark purple like her fingernails and smoothing over.

Her broken, cracked heels fell to the floor, letting her new, glossy, purple hooves that rested comfortably on the restaurant carpeting.

Fluttershy didn't seem to notice her wife's subtle squirming as she continued talking. *"When the changes were happening to me, I was so ner-nervous and fl-flustered."* She cleared her throat, hands clenching tightly. *"I felt so lost, confused, sc-sc-scared!"*

Caroline nodded, feeling a touch warmer as purple fur spread up her legs. She understood why it would be scary for Fluttershy. She was a naturally, easily scared pony and given the situation, who wouldn't be frightened to find themselves in that?

Caroline suspected she would've felt the same way, but there was one difference. She wasn't alone as she changed. She was with someone who was in the same boat as her, just all done. Things didn't feel all that frightening or even that mystifying.

I'm not scared... I feel... The humanish woman thought carefully. What did she feel about all of this? What were her true feelings?

"Are... are you going to be okay?" Fluttershy meekly asked. She leaned forward, not really noticing how much cleavage she was showing while doing so. Caroline blushed at the sight, that warm sensation growing stronger within.

After a moment, Caroline cleared her throat and closed her eyes. Was she going to be okay? She thought about that for a moment.

But only for a moment. She looked at her wife and gave her a reassuring smile. Warmth grew stronger within her, especially below the belt. Everything was growing there, her dress tightening. Her thighs swelled softly, her hips widening and rounding more. Her rear especially inflated, her butt cheeks just as bubbly as Flutter's.

"I'm going to be just fine." Caroline's whole body tingled. It felt very good to say that.

It looked like the pegasus got brain whiplash, blinking several times, mouth slightly agape. Her muzzle twitched a few times, like it was trying to make words. Eventually, she managed to speak, her tone utterly shocked, *"R-really?! Are you sure?"*

Caroline nodded without a second of hesitation. "Mhm!"

She never felt more sure. This transformation felt great, pleasant, even fun. There was something satisfying, rewarding even, in it, donning this new, furry look and getting to match her wife now.

Though, a part of her mind said differently. Matching now? They always matched. They were always two lovely pony women that started as friends and became something much more.

Her body continued changing throughout this. Now, it was her torso, slimming down to the same fit, lovely shape that Fluttershy had. All that weight that she could never quite lose from her pregnancy was gone, leaving her with such the narrow waist and toned tummy.

“*Well,*” Fluttershy said, starting to smile, even if there was a bit of uncertainty in it, “*Then... then I'm happy. I'm very happy for you.*”

“Awww,” Caroline softly giggled, “That's nice. I'm happy that your hap-oooooooo!” A big, heated wave struck Caroline, her body tingling delightfully. The pleasurable wave hit her straight in the chest, everything there feeling so much more sensitive.

Her breasts jiggled suddenly and expanded. Her dress stretched out as her soft mounds swelled to hefty, wide E-cups, just on par with her wife's own. Her clothing snugged them tightly, highlighting their shape teasingly. Then, the collar dipped and dipped, showing a wide valley of purple-furred cleavage.

Fluttershy's face went completely red, her yellow fur doing little to hide it. Her jaw dropped, her eyes locked to the purple melons. Caroline grinned, gently bringing her arms in and squeezing her breasts between them. “Happy about these too?”

“*J-J-J-J-J-J-J-J-J-J-J...*” It went on and on like that, Fluttershy getting flustered and overanimated like an embarrassed anime character. Caroline could only giggle more. She did like her new chest, especially since it didn't seem to cause any strain on her back. In fact, her breasts felt almost weightless. It must've been a nice perk of being a magical pony gal.

“You're so silly *and very cute.*” Caroline teased, purple fur rising up and over her throat.

“*Oh my!*” Fluttershy snapped out of her over-flustered state. “*Caroline, you sound just like Twilight now!*”

“Hmm? Sound... sound like Twilight Sparkle?” It was true. Her voice was a dead ringer for the Princess of Friendship if she recalled her daughter's cartoon correctly.

Sound... just sound? For some reason, Caroline felt offended. She was sure Fluttershy didn't mean any disrespect, but the only thing she pointed out that was like Twilight was her voice and mane. She felt... no, she **knew** she was more than.

“Caroline” smiled. “*Of course I sound like Twilight Sparkle, Fluttershy.*” Purple fur slowly crept up and over her head, going along the sides of her face first. Her ears stretched and pulled into pony ones, a small unicorn popping out above her forehead.

“*I am Twilight Sparkle,*” Twilight lightly chuckled. Her face slowly crept out, pushing forward into a cute, equine muzzle. She was complete.

“*Yes,*” Fluttershy quietly spoke, her smile growing, “*Yes, you are.*”

“Wow, you did a great job, Lily!” Eve complimented. The little girl had finished Twilight and finished coloring in the letters, finishing the page at last.

The witch wasn't lying. When all was said and done, the girl had done an incredible job on these two ponies, having an impressive eye for shades and tones that even some adult artwork she'd seen couldn't match. She almost wanted to get her another coloring book with different cartoon characters to see what she could do.

“Th-thank you!” Lily blushed. She looked at the picture closely. “Do... do you think they'll like it?”

“Mhm! I'm sure your parents will love it, especially since you made it!” Eve gently patted the girl's head, the child giggling.

A sharp gurgle came from both of their stomachs, almost simultaneously. The two looked at each other and giggled together. “Looks like it's time for supper! You can color some more pages after!”

“Yay!” Lily placed her crayons down and got up with Eve. The two of them left the room together, heading for the kitchen.

Moments after the two left, something shifted in the room. The bright, vibrancy of the crayons vanished from them and the picture. They remained colorful, but there was something less eye-catching and popping in them now, as if an energy had left the page.

Chapter 5: The Return

“Mommies!” Lily charged towards the door and threw herself at the two women who had entered.

Eve, for her part, only stared ahead. Her jaw hung loose, head tilting. She tried processing what she saw, her mind slowly going over everything there. *This... this was... what? What the hell?*

She rubbed her eyes and looked again. Twilight Sparkle and Fluttershy were standing in the doorway, gently looking down and petting Lily on the head, smoothly talking to her like it was the most normal thing.

The young green witch could only look on in sheer bafflement. She had gotten a text a little bit ago from Caroline saying that she and Peter were on their way home. Lily wanted to stay up a little longer to greet them, and Eve had allowed it. However, these two ponies entered through the front door and not the humans she was expecting.

“*I-I see,*” Fluttershy spoke, looking up at the baffled-looking witch, “*You expected something, b-but not this, right?*”

“I-I-I ju-just... I don't...” Eve tried forming the words. “I'm sorry?” She wasn't sure what she was sorry for exactly. It seemed like Fluttershy expected her to know what was up, but honestly, she hadn't the foggiest idea.

“It's okay!” Twilight chuckled softly, “We're not upset.” She bent down to Lily's level, giving her the most motherly, sweet look Eve had ever seen the character give. “Thank you for meeting us when we got home, but it's past your bedtime. Off to sleep, sweetie.”

“Can't I show you what I colored?”

“*In the morning,*” Fluttershy spoke up now, looking down and stroking Lily's hair again.

“Okay... good night, mommies!” Lily kissed Twilight on the cheek and hugged Fluttershy's side. Then, she hurried up the stairs and disappeared into her room.

Eve was left alone with the two pony women, who gave her the kindest of smiles. She was just completely lost by all of this. “Okay, I just... just... what happened to you two?”

The two ponies gave each other a look, seeming confused themselves, like they definitely expected Eve would've already known what the deal was. However, they each explained their story in detail, how Peter started changing into Fluttershy and how Caroline followed suit when the pegasus returned from changing. The two looked like that now.

As they explained, Eve listened carefully. The certain details of how they changed that was mentioned and the order the changes occurred, they made her think. They made her think until a weird thought came to her mind.

Beatrice... The young green witch gulped. *Those crayons she gave me... I mentioned what the parents' favorite ponies were and... and...*

She suddenly gasped, and rather loudly at that, surprising the cartoon couple who were curiously awaiting what she'd say. It all made perfect sense. The crayons were the cause. She certainly didn't cast any magic or anything that would've caused this.

Dammit Beatrice, Eve muttered in her mind. She took a deep breath and looked at the ponies again. "I... I think I know why this happened! It... well, these crayons... your daughter didn't have any for Twi and Flutter, and, I, ah, I asked a colleague to make some and... I'm so sorry! This is all my fault for getting your daughter cursed crayons!"

Twilight and Fluttershy exchanged a look before softly giggling. "Oh, that's quite alright!" the purple one said, "We already told you, but we quite like this!"

Somehow, this news Eve had heard already, but missed due to her worrying, now sunk in. "Wait... really?"

"*Y-y-yes!*" Fluttershy took Twilight's hand, holding it tightly and pulling close to her. They looked into one another's eyes. "*W-we... we really love this!*" The two pulled closer, arms wrapping around one another and their large chests pressing into each other. They kissed.

Eve looked awkwardly away. *That's a... relief? That's good, but... what will happen to them now?* She couldn't help but feel a little worried. They were ponies now, a far cry from how they used to look! How would their friends, family, work, and basically everyone react to them?

It was then, as Eve looked off to the side from the couple, that she noticed something. There were plenty of family pictures hanging up in the hall or on some fancy end tables. She didn't really give them a look before when she arrived outside of maybe a glance.

However, despite how little she looked at them, she knew they didn't have ponies in them. There were photos of Twilight and Fluttershy on vacation, around the house, and with Lily. They looked completely natural, like nothing was out of the ordinary with them.

Eve looked back at the couple, who were breaking from their kiss now. Another thought came to her, especially remembering how Lily reacted to them. "Umm, so, after you changed, how was dinner? Did anyone say anything or give you any weird looks?"

"Hmm, I don't recall anything." Twilight frowned, eyes off to the side as she thought. *"The staff seemed rather cool with us, didn't make a fuss or anything. Treated us like normal. Even called us by our new names. I thought they were just being nice and didn't want to cause a scene."*

"Well, it seems like this magic at work really changed things a lot," Eve explained, "It seems like it bent reality so everyone would always think you were like this. I mean, look at your pictures!" She pointed them out.

The ponies looked at them but didn't seem to react. If anything, they seemed rather nonplussed by the whole situation. *"B-but why do you remember?"* Fluttershy asked.

"It's probably because I'm a witch," Eve guessed, "But... are you sure you're alright? I mean, everything's changed and not just your bodies either! This is serious!"

"Oh, relax!" Twilight waved her hand. *"We're fine! Don't worry so much!"* She glanced at her wrist. *"Oh, it is getting late. You should probably head home."*

Fluttershy reached into the purse she had, pulling out several twenties and handing them to Eve. *"Here you are. I, ah, I even gave a little extra as a thank you for everything. This was truly one of the best nights of our lives."*

"We'll be sure to recommend you to all of our friends!" Twilight smiled, which then it turned into a devious grin. *"Maybe you could even get their kids some of those special crayons too."*

"Nope!" Eve huffed, shaking her head. "No more pony crayons!" She recomposed herself. "Look, I promise I'll fix this! I'll figure out a way to turn you two back! I'm sure you're all just still in shock or something!"

“Oh,” Fluttershy quietly spoke, blushing gently, “*Do take your time if you do. We’re in no rush or anything.*”

Twilight's horn glowed softly, a magical aura appearing around the front door. It opened up and a second after that, Eve's white bag floated out of the living room and into the witch's hands. “*You don't have to worry about us, I promise. You just have a splendid evening. We'll call again if we need you!*”

“Sure...” Eve blushed, nodding gently. “Have a good night.” She stepped outside, still feeling very unsure about all of this. The door closed behind her soon after.

After walking to the end of the driveway, Eve pulled out her phone and furiously dialed a number. “Helllllooooo, Eve!” Beatrice could be heard saying soon after the call was made, “That you, hun? How was babysitting tonight?”

Eve snorted. “I think we need to discuss the finer points of crayon making and placing unwanted enchantments on them, Bea.”

Chapter 6: The Colors of a New Life

And, carefully... Fluttershy slipped out of the front seat of her car, clenching her wings close together. Once she took a few steps back and made sure her long tail was clear, she closed the door.

There were no problems that time. She was determined to make sure she never closed any door on any parts of her pony self ever again. Once was more than enough.

“Gooood morning, Mrs. Shy!” The yellow pegasus flinched, her heart racing. She turned a trembling head towards the call. She felt some relief. It was just the elderly lady next door, watering her bushes. Of course it was. She needed to stop freaking out so much.

The lady smiled. “Take Lily to school?”

“*O-o-oh, yes!*” Fluttershy's cheeks turned red, even with the fuzzy coating over them.

“You're such a sweetheart.” The older woman chuckled. “Lily is very lucky to have such caring ponies as parents. Most people are just fuddy-duddies, thinking so little of you equines. If only they could see you and Twilight, my, the world would be a better place! I think-”

Fluttershy said nothing. She just stood there, by her car, listening and giving a nod occasionally. She wasn't sure how to respond, just anxiously waiting for a break to leave. If there was one downside to her transformation it was that her people and conversational skills just were not up to par as they once were.

For Fluttershy, formerly Peter Rogers, things had changed but also somewhat stayed the same. She still worked as a veterinarian and was beloved by all pet owners. However, she seemed to have a deeper connection with animals, better able to read what they needed and tend to whatever wounds or illnesses they had. Her co-workers seemed to really like her more as well.

Though, talking about anything other than animals with most people was difficult. It was hard to interject herself into conversations or keep a talk going. She was far more easily surprised and caught off guard by noises or actions. She also tended to get more emotional during tough situations despite the quality of her work never slipping.

It was a familiar but yet very new life for her that she had grown into.

“Oh, but I'm rambling!” The elderly neighbor chuckled, the pony realizing the woman had finished talking. “I'm sure you must get going. I'll see you around, Mrs. Shy. You have a splendid day. Tell Twilight I said hi.”

“*O-oh, sure!*” Fluttershy nodded, a bit relieved that their talk was over.

She hurried up to the front door, reaching into her sweater pocket for the keys. She had the day off from work for once, so she was going to make the most of it. She was going to do a little cleaning and organizing, even get started on dinner prep.

Caroline will love... Twilight will love it. Fluttershy shook her head. She still thought of her wife by her old name occasionally. She needed to stop doing that. They were ponies now, new people with new lives. It was best to move forward.

Twilight Sparkle had gotten on with her new life quick and easy, adjusting to everything without trouble. She was now the head librarian in town, a favorite of all the children with her cute pony features (and a figure that some parents quite enjoyed). She had an eye for order and a sharp memory that served her well.

Although, she did have the character's tendency to flip and stress out when it came to deadlines and the finer details in her organization. Fluttershy was hoping to relieve some of that so she didn't have to worry when her purple alicorn got home.

Still, everything was fine. The two of them were very happy. Lily was very happy. The world seemed very happy with them. The only one who seemed unhappy was that witch, Eve, who made occasional visits to check in on them. The gesture was sweet, but they usually had to insist that she didn't have to worry about them.

So, start with the living room. Organize the movies and dust all the ledges... Fluttershy thought as she unlocked the front door. *Then, fluff the pillows and put them where Twi likes...*

Stepping into her humble domain, pleasant music meets her equine ears. They perk straight up eagerly after being stiffly bent backwards since dropping her daughter off. The music was coming from upstairs, seeming to drift out of her bedroom.

Her heart beated faster, a chill going down her spine. Hesitantly, Fluttershy approaches the melody, walking carefully up those stairs. What could this be? What could this mean?

However, the answer became apparent soon. Upon reaching the bedroom, she gently pushed on the door, already open a crack. The door swung faster than expected, a soft, purplish aura around it momentarily to speed it along. The aura belonged to the obvious.

Laying on the bedroom in the dimly lit room, Twilight Sparkle was there. She laid on her side, only in the most sultry of laced underwear. Her incredible breasts threatened to pop out of her bra with any bit of sudden movement, her underwear pressed tightly against her loins.

“Welcome back, Fluttershy~.” She cooed, her eyes gazed upon her with the purple pony's best attempt at sensual, bedroom eyes she could give.

Fluttershy's mane frazzled like an anime character's, her body heat exploding. Pupils dilating and face turning beet red, she began to stammer. “OHMYOHMYOHMYOHMY!!”

“Surprise! I took the day off to spend a little more time at home too!” She giggled softly. “We really need to get more organized around here.”

“Y-y-yes, wel-well, I-I-I-I was... gonna do...” Fluttershy stammered harder, trying to express what she felt but unable to get anything done.

“But, I also wanted to spend a little more time with my special shy pony as well.” Twilight smiled, patting the bed gently.

“Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!” Fluttershy gulped, body quivering. “Twi... this... this is too much!” It was a lot. It was so much that her mind was overloading.

Yet, she couldn't help but be drawn in like following the line down in a spiral.

“Come on!” Twilight cooed, “We don't often get quiet time like this to ourselves. Let's enjoy it while we can.” Her horn glowed and a moment later, the door closed behind Fluttershy. The lighting turned moodier, the music shifting to invigorating, Latin beats.

Fluttershy was nervous, but not that nervous. She knew what she wanted. She undid the buttons on her sweater blouse, her heart beating quick. She could do this and then do the organizing around the house for her beloved.

As she took her top off carefully, making sure it didn't get caught on her wings, her mind wandered back to what she thought of earlier. This was another area that improved significantly since their transformation: their special time together. She wouldn't have it any other way.

THE END