

Pinkifying Movie Promotion

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Featuring Vinkuro and Wes13 of DeviantArt

“Going to be a loooong day,” JD mumbled quietly. He stretched his arms and looked over at the counters. Left out was a stack of Shadow the Hedgehog posters and a box full of keychains that had Sonic, Shadow, Tails, and Knuckles on them. *Lots of stuff to give out...*

And it was all for a good reason. It was the morning of Sonic the Hedgehog 3’s movie release, and JD worked at one of the many theaters showing it. Today, he was handling the box office and all the ticket sales that would surely be coming his way.

The movie had opened the previous night for its early evening release. He hadn't worked that shift nor did he come to see the movie then, suspecting it would be very busy. It sounded like it was the case too from overhearing the managers talking when he clocked in.

There was no way today wasn't going to be even worse. *It's going to be a long day.* He placed his bottle of water and sanitizer off to the side near his computer terminal. *8 hours to go.*

JD took a deep breath and released it. He needed to not think about it too much or he was going to be stressed the whole time. He just needed to relax, go with the flow for whatever happened, and think positively. For instance, there was no line outside the box office despite only being minutes away from opening, so he wasn't going to be swarmed right off the bat.

Another reason to be positive was that he was working in the box office. Sure, there would be plenty of walk-up customers, but a good chunk of people nowadays bought their tickets in advance. That would limit the amount of people he would personally deal with, hopefully.

It certainly wouldn't be anywhere as bad as the other jobs. The ticket taker was going to have to check every single person walking in, and the two people at the concession stand were handling all the food and drink orders for who knew how many customers. JD had wished them all the luck before, partially jokingly but mostly seriously. They would need it.

As JD took a drink from his bottle, the door into the box office opened behind him. In walked the general manager for the whole place, an older man named Steve. “Heeeey JD, all ready to go?”

“As ready as I ever will be!” JD lightly chuckled. The manager was a fairly chill man, so it was cool to joke around with him like that.

“Good good,” Steve chuckled. “But don't be too worried. You'll be fine. Most schools are still in session and the numbers for pre-sales are high, so you shouldn't have too many people hassling you right away.”

JD smiled. It was comforting to actually have that confirmed. He could at least ease into a more hectic, stressful day rather than dealing with one from the start.

“Anyways, I'm here to give you this.” Steve held up his hand, JD now noticing he was holding something in it. It was a lanyard with a badge attached to it. “You forgot to take one when you clocked in.”

“Oh, thank you.” JD took it and looked at it. He suddenly felt very, very strange about it. It was bright pink with “Sonic the Hedgehog 3” woven into it. The badge itself was pink with a red border. Its picture showed some standard promotional artwork of Amy the Hedgehog.

Before he could ask, Steve answered him. “Yeah, that's part of our company's special promotion for Sonic 3. Something the heads came up with and want all of our employees to wear. I got one too.” He reached for his pocket and then went to his other. “Somewhere.”

JD looked at the badge again, staring at Amy's smiling face. *I don't think she's even in the movie.*

Of course, he couldn't be sure about that. He hadn't seen the film yet and was avoiding online spoilers as best as he could. He'd have to see it after work, so for now, what did he really know?

“Are there any Sonic or Shadow ones left?” JD decided to ask.

“Sorry. Only one character per employee, and those were given out last night to people working then.” That was a weird choice to JD. When they had Inside Out 2, every emotion had multiple badges available.

However, it wasn't really his place to argue about this or pursue further. It wasn't really that big of a deal anyway. So what if he didn't understand this promo or the order from the top? He'd go with it regardless.

“Alright then.” JD placed the lanyard on the counter and pointed over to the other items there. “Anything to know about those?”

“Sure. Everyone seeing Sonic 3 gets a poster, but the keychains are only for kids. Don't give them away to anyone else.” JD nodded. It was probably a rule for dealing with scalpers and oddballs. Those people always ruined things for kids.

“Alright, that's everything! I'm heading back upstairs to find my badge. Call me if you need anything.” Steve gave him a nod and left the box office, closing the door behind him.

JD nodded, if only to himself, and returned to getting set up. He logged into the terminal and checked the time on. *9:30 AM. It's showtime.*

Well, here we go! JD slipped the lanyard over his head, resting the badge on the center of his chest so it wouldn't cover his nametag. He took a deep breath and opened the box office window out into the mall.

He would not have to wait long. His first customer showed up less than a minute later. He was in his thirties if JD had to guess. He had scruffy hair and facial hair, wearing rather thick glasses. The man looked like a stereotype of a neckbeard.

Didn't see him out there. He's fast. He blinked his eyes once, then twice. On the third time, there was a sparkle in them. The dullish hazel had brightened in a vibrant light green.

“Good morning!” JD greeted him pleasantly. “What are we seeing today?”

“One for Sonic 3,” the guy bluntly said, not adding anything else. It wasn't an unexpected choice given it was the first film starting, and he had that certain “feel” to him.

JD punched in the ticket option on the terminal and opened the auditorium seating. “Now, take a look at this.” He directed the man's attention over to the other screen that was facing outward and showed the seating. “Where would you like to sit? White is open and gray is taken.”

The man leaned in and looked closely at the screen behind the window. After a moment, he said something. What it was, JD did not know. His voice suddenly felt so far away and quiet.

The customer wasn't talking quietly though. Something had changed with JD's ears. Everything was shifting with them, their shape and innards. They pulled both into wide-ish triangles and moved up to the top of his head. Short pink fur sprouted on the back and sides of it, light, peach-ish fuzz on the insides.

As his glasses magically adjusted to fit and stay firm on his face, JD asked, “Could you repeat that sir? I didn't catch that.” His own voice seemed far away as well, but after his ears settled into their new form, it came back in total clarity.

“I said, I’ll take Seat F7.” The guy’s voice came in clear now too. He looked back at JD, seeming annoyed that he had to repeat himself. However, he flinched the moment he saw the boxer’s ears.

“Something wrong?”

“Ah... nothing...” The guy stared at him oddly as he handed over his credit card to pay.

“Okay then... it’s \$10.28.” *What’s his problem? Too early to start like this.* JD frowned internally as he ran the credit card through on the payment page.

As he waited for that to be processed, his short blond hair shook like a breeze went through it. Pink highlights and streaks ran through it. Some of the bangs on his forehead rose, growing longer and pulling into curved spikes.

“...heard about this... ..last night... ..people online talking about it.” The man started muttering, JD only picking up bits and pieces of it.

“Are you talking to me?” JD asked, handing the card back.

“No, it’s nothing.” The guy quickly replied, taking his card back. Again, he was being weird to JD.

It didn’t matter. It was best to just get the guy moving. The ticket finished printing off, so JD snatched it and handed it over. “Well, thank you for your purchase. You’ll be in Auditorium #1 for your showing. Have a good-OH!”

He almost forgot what Steve just told him about. “Would you like a poster?”

The man smiled for the first time. “Sure!”

JD reached over and snatched one of the Shadow riding his motorcycle posters. “Here you are!” He cleared his voice and handed the poster over. “Enjoy the–” He cleared his voice one more time. “*Enjoy the show!*” The guy hurried off with his trinket, disappearing through the tinted window doors and behind the regular tinted windows.

The man left JD’s mind as he focused on the fact that his voice cracked strangely. He cleared his throat for the third time, even coughing on purpose. It sounded much lighter than it usually was.

He rubbed his neck gently and took a drink from his bottle. *Man, I better not be getting sick. Really don't want to spend the holidays sick.*

After that, JD stood there and waited. People started coming, but they headed inside instead of stopping by him. Some would occasionally flash physical tickets or digital ones on their phones before continuing past. He couldn't tell what movies they were for from a distance, but it wasn't really his problem as much as it was the ticket taker's.

He watched quietly, not really thinking or noticing much. He didn't even seem to pick up on how loose his clothing felt. His body had dropped quite a few pounds with a flatter tummy to a thinner waist. His limbs looked daintier, muscle mass and fat shaved off.

A mom with two kids, a boy and a girl, came walking up after a bit. The mom had her eyes on the digital display board above the box office window, mouthing the times and listings. When she came right up, she finally looked at JD and paused.

"Something wrong?"

The mom looked like she wanted to say something but couldn't find the right words. After a bit, she simply said, "Th-three tickets t-to Sonic 3. One adult, two children."

Again, people are weird today. JD shrugged to himself and entered the ticket info into the terminal. He popped up the seat screen and pointed at it. *"Okay, where'd you like to sit? White is available, gray is taken."*

The mom started looking at the screen, JD watching her briefly. His eyes eventually turned to her small children behind her, who were eyeing him with amazement. The boy's mouth hung open, the girl's eyes positively sparkling with delight.

"Your ears are so cool!" the boy chimed.

"Can we have ears like that too?" the girl added.

That's a new one. JD was puzzled. Over the years working the box office, he had gotten many a compliment or comment, mostly from the elderly, about his hair and liking how curly it was. This time, it was directed at his ears, and he couldn't understand why.

The mom looked back at them. "I don't think they're giving out headbands. Shush now."

Headband? I'm not wearing any head-

“We would like seats C3 through 5, please,” the mom said, looking back at him now. JD didn't understand what they were all talking about but decided not to press it.

He selected the seats and rang up their ticket purchase like the last customer. The tickets started printing soon after, and JD reached for them like he had before.

Then, just as his hand was about to touch the first ticket, it jerked. In a blink of an eye, a white glove appeared over it. It was thin and made of silk it felt like, fitting him perfectly. A golden, ring-like band appeared around his wrist over top of it.

The sudden appearance caught him completely off guard. JD flinched and stepped back. Taking that step though, his balance was suddenly thrown off as his feet felt elevated and awkward. Both of his black dress shoes rapidly morphed into red boots with a white stripe going down the front. The boots had thick, two inch heels that he couldn't control.

JD stumbled back into the wall with a soft thud and slid to the ground slowly. He groaned, rubbing his head. *What the hell is happening?!*

He then realized two things as he sat on the ground. One, the other hand had its own glove and ring band to it now. Two, there were new boots on his feet with thick heels. *No way! What the hell?! Why... what am I wear-*

“Sir, are you okay?” He looked up, seeing the mom leaning through the window and looking down. She looked quite concerned, though it was due to his fall and not seeing the suddenly appearing gloves and boots.

“*I'm... I'm okay!*” JD internally cringed. His voice was so naturally light and girly now.

This was all an incredible shock to him. His voice, his clothing... surely something physical that he wasn't seeing either. He was in the midst of a transformation! Anyone would lose their cool and composure.

However, he was a professional of sorts. This wasn't his first rodeo when it came to unexpected transformations and probably, unfortunately, wouldn't be his last time either. He could freak out or do any number of help/unhelpful things. However, he wouldn't stop doing his job. He wasn't going to let this stop some kids from seeing the movie they wanted.

Slowly, JD got to his feet. His legs felt wobbly trying to get the right balance on those heels, but he managed to get something close to stable by grabbing onto the countertop tightly.

Though, he almost flinched and fell back again. He could feel something sliding out, brushing against the top of his pants and bottom back of his shirt. He had a good feeling he knew what it was too.

Blushing gently once he was on his feet, JD took the tickets and handed them over. “Okay, here you are. Auditorium #1, taking the left hallway when you get inside. You all have a good-”

“Don't we get something else?” the mom asked, “The ad I saw said something about gifts being given out for kids today.”

“Oh right! My mistake!” JD apologized fast. He was trying to rush them away so he could check himself out. He grabbed another poster and two keychains, one of Sonic and one of Shadow, and handed them over. “You have a good day now! Enjoy the movie!”

“Thank you! You as well.” The mom said, handing the trinkets to the kids, who eagerly snatched them up. They then finally headed inside.

If it was any other day, JD would've made a joke about “you as well” and not actually being able to see the movie given he was in the middle of his shift. But, he was too anxious to think about doing such a thing.

He took a few steps back from the window and looked over his shoulder. He could just barely make it out. There was a short, bright pink tail sticking out of his clothes.

Embarrassment rose. *Why am I transforming now? Why does this have to happen at work when I'm trying to do my damn job?! Why is-*

“Excuse me! We would like to buy some tickets for Sonic 3.”

JD flinched. *Crap, forgot to close the box office window.* Though, that wouldn't have mattered. People would've still walked up regardless. He was going to have to face the public in this changing state regardless.

He took a long, deep breath and released it. His face softened, features turning feminine and cute all across it. Facial fuzz vanished, alongside blemishes too.

The employee turned around, trying to have the best smile he could muster given the circumstances. “Oh, s-sure! I can do that.”

JD recognized who the voice belonged to. It was from the wife of the elderly couple that just arrived. They were regulars who saw about anything and everything that came to the theater from intense horror flicks to childish family shows. When you were retired and had tons of free time, he supposed there were worse things to do than to try and see every film that came out.

He saw them all the time and thankfully, they didn't seem to recognize him now. He supposed he had changed enough to be somewhat unrecognizable. That would hopefully avoid any awkward comments directed towards him.

It didn't make the situation any less embarrassing though as he started getting their tickets and seats figured out. *Really just wanna hide out upstairs in the employee lounge until this blows over.* He internally sighed. *Wish I didn't have to stay here.*

It wasn't just a matter of professionalism that kept him going like with the kids before. That kind of thing only took him so far. He had to keep going because transformation was not an excuse to stop doing your job according to his training. It was an oddly specific scenario to happen, but it had come true all the same.

Just keep it going... JD thought, squirming in place slightly as he handled the payment now. *Almost done with them.*

Things were growing uncomfortable below. His pants felt so oddly tight on him, clenching his sides and squeezing his bottom. As he waited for the tickets to print, he subtly moved his hands down and adjusted his belt. It relieved some tension but not too much. His hips had widened to a fine, curvy shape. His rear had inflated, filling out his pants to a fit, firm figure worth admiring.

JD wiggled a little more to adjust himself as the ticket popped out. "Here you are!" he handed them over to the husband, "Would either of you like a poster?"

The wife smiled bemusedly. "No thank you, sweetie. The tickets will do."

"Thank you for your help, miss!" the older man added, "You have a good day."

JD blushed. *Miss? I... I guess.* "Y-yes. You have a good day as welooooooooOO!"

He was overcome by a pleasurable wave, causing him to shiver and squeak. The wave passed through his body before coming to rest in his chest. The area slowly inflated, mounds forming and growing into a set of notable breasts. They dug into his top, stretching it out just enough to pop the top button on his collar and show a hint of cleavage.

Oh dear, oh dear! That swell and surge got him rather flustered and heated there. He was very happy that the couple had already started leaving when it happened. He could only imagine how they would've reacted to see some bewbs just popping out.

He wouldn't have much time to compose himself as a new parent, a dad, walked up with two children of his own, two girls. JD, happy that curvy growth was done, held his breath internally. Would they say anything and make this anymore awkward?

Thankfully, no. The dad gave his appearance no notice, half paying attention to him and half paying attention to his giggy girls, trying to make them stay still. "Three tickets for Sonic 3... Caitlin, please stay still!"

"I want Buncha Crunch, dad!" one of the girls pleaded.

JD nodded. "Sure! Three tickets for Sonic the... the... **ACHOOOO!**"

He quickly turned his head and sneezed down at the floor. His nose wobbled as he blew. It turned black and small, stretching a little in shape. By the time he looked back at the parent, his nose had become a cute, small, black animal snoot.

"S-sorry. Three tickets for Sonic 3." JD punched in the correct ticket types and pulled up the seating screen like before. "Take a look here." He patted on the monitor facing them. "White is available and gray is already taken."

The dad and girls looked at it, arguing amongst themselves for a bit as JD waited patiently for their decision. As he waited, fur began creeping up his neck and across his face. Soft peach fur spread across the front of his neck and around his mouth, stretching across his cheeks to where his ears used to be. Pink fur appeared above his nose and the rest of his mug.

The dad turned to the employee just in time to see some more changes. With the fur in place, some slight numbness set into his face. His cheeks puffed out a little and his mug stretched out short, forming a gentle, familiar muzzle.

The man gave JD a strange look, one like previous customers had before. He could only blush, having felt that new fuzz and face stretching, seeing his black snoot out of the corner of his eyes. The staring felt frankly embarrassing.

"It's Amy!" One of the little girls cried out excitedly.

“Hehe, are you sure? She doesn't have Amy's hair!” As if on cue, JD's hair finished growing with locks that went down to his shoulders, long bangs on the sides of his face, and thicker fringe and spike that puffed out on the front. Everything pink-ified.

“Ooooooh! Yeah! It's Amy!”

“Toooooold you!”

JD blushed deeply. *Amy... oh no, I'm Amy?!*

“K-kids, don't stare.” The dad stared though, continuing his piercing, weird gaze as he handed over his credit card to pay.

JD responded by quickly rushing through the payment process and yanking out each ticket as they finished printing. He handed them over, along with two posters and two keychains without even asking if they wanted any. “Thankyouhaveagoodday!”

“Bye Amy!” both girls said in unison as the dad ushered them away into the theater.

JD let out a long, exhausted sigh, one built up from all the embarrassment and frazzling they felt. They felt warmth too. Fur had finished growing out over all of their body, making them a touch toasty under the collar.

They looked over at the wall where all of the certificates and important documents were hung in their glass portraits. They looked into one of them, just able to see their reflection in the glass. Amy was looking back. An older Amy, but still one that was very pink and cute.

This is crazy! JD frowned. It was simply too much for them... her. She needed help, or to at least report what was happening. She needed her manager right now. Even if the policy was to keep serving customers, she still wanted to talk to him.

She glanced around the room and realized something. There was no radio. A little walkie-talkie was handed out to the employees to call for a manager or shift lead if they had an issue with a customer or tricky problem. However, she was never given one nor was there anything left like that in the box office.

Of all the times not to... JD Amy took a deep breath and released it. *Okay, okay... the ticket taker probably has one I can use. I can just ask them and...*

The hedgehog girl frowned. How was that going to play out? How would they react to a pink hedgehog walking out of the box office instead of the usual guy?

She thought about it for a moment before sighing. There was no real good option in this scenario. She would just have to suck it up, go out there, and get some help.

But before she could even try such a thing and slip out that door, someone called to her. “Hellooooo! I'd like to buy a ticket?”

Oh no... She knew that voice very well. Her cheeks burned a deep red, one that was somehow despite her fur covering. This was the last thing she needed right now.

She turned and saw one of her best friends there, Vinny. The black hoodie-wearing guy was eagerly waiting at the window. Seeing the pink hedgehog, his expression turned very curious, looking her up and down.

Well... at least he doesn't recognize me? JD breathed a sigh of relief and approached the window again. “H-hi. How may I help-”

“Hey JD!” Vinny chimed with a bright smile, “Nice look!”

JD flinched. “Wha-what?! H-how did you know it was me?!”

His friend laughed. “It's very obvious. One, you're wearing your name tag.” He pointed at her chest, the tag indeed showing his name still. “Plus, that uniform doesn't look like it fits too well, indicating that somebody had a transformation recently.”

“Well, aren't you just a detec-” Before she could finish that sarcastic remark, she suddenly quieted down. Her clothing wobbled, like a strong breeze ruffled through and over it.

Slowly, her uniform began its own transformation. The bottom of her work shirt merged with the top of her black jeans, material shifting into something silky and smooth. Pants legs pressed together and shrank, gaining small frills as it turned into a knee-high skirt. Sleeves shrank and the collar and buttons vanished, leaving a low neckhole for her cleavage.

Lastly, the lanyard vanished and the nametag shifted, “Amy” replacing “JD” on it. Not a trace of the old her was left outside of her modified glasses.

Vinny whistled. “Okay! I probably wouldn't recognize you now if I just came up. So, what's going on with all of this?”

“I really don't know!” JD Amy sighed, rubbing her face. “I just started working and suddenly, all of this!”

“Well, that's a shame, I guess... can I still buy a ticket for Sonic 3?”

“Yeah...” Amy started up the ticket process part, pulling up the seating screen. “Sure. Have to do it. It's my job and all.” She gained a few inches to her height, legs growing longer and skirt slipping midway up her thighs.

When she swiped his credit card, Vinny smiled, eyes narrowing. “Ya know, you do look pretty good in that dress, Amy.”

“V-Vinny, please!” Amy pleaded, blushing and squeaking very cutely.

“Heh, it's kind of funny, ya know? You weren't into being a witch with me when Wicked came out. I guess you're more into being a pink cutie than a green cutie, eh? I can respect that!”

The hedgehog rose over six and half feet tall/two meters tall, towering over him. She handed him back his card and then quickly gave him his ticket “Your ticket, sir! Please enjoy the show and have a good day!”

“What about my poster?” She swiftly shoved one of those into his hands, blushing more.

“En-enjoy the movie, sir!” Amy stuttered, twiddling her fingers.

“Will do, Amy!” Vinny brightly said, “Have a good day as well! See you after the movie!” He waved goodbye and headed on inside after another family passed him by.

JD Amy was utterly flustered, hiding her face in her gloved hands. *Oooooh, I'm not sure if I can handle any more of this. Please don't let there be any other-*

“Hi! One ticket forOH!”

I shouldn't have said anything. Amy looked up and realized that another one of her friends had arrived. This was a blond-haired pal named Wes.

Wes was looking up at her, perhaps blushing even harder than she had done that day. He was completely speechless at the sight of her. She knew why; he loved big, tall, anthro ladies in cute dresses, and she fit the bill incredibly well. If the situation was reversed, she would probably react the same way.

Though, while the frozen ogling couldn't be helped on his part, it was making the situation somehow more unbearable than it already was. Amy quickly broke the ice. "Umm, hi. Would you like to buy a ticket to Sonic 3?"

Wes slowly nodded, not looking away or even appearing to blink either. "R-right! Let's get you one!" The hedgehog selected a ticket and popped up the seating screen. "So, where'd you l-like to sit? We have everything available in whiiiiOOOOH!"

Amy let out a big, girlish squeak suddenly. Her lower half rumbled and expanded. Her hips widened just a tad more while her booty bloomed. It stretched and pushed out reasonably far, forming not just a firm buttocks, but a big bubble butt that cartoonishly bounced with her movements. Her skirt dug into it, highlighting its curvaceous shape.

She could feel it, feel that big butt in her skirt and with her underwear riding up. That big burst of warmth threw her off badly, her mind swirling for a moment. She did her best to claw her back to some level of composure.

Turning to Wes, he didn't seem to notice that ass expansion with her bum out of sight. It was a good thing too since the poor guy would've probably fainted if he saw her new cake.

"Ahem! White is available, gray is taken. Where would you like to sit?" Even if he didn't see the butt swell, he was still too awestruck by the pink hedgehog. It didn't even seem like he noticed the seating chart on the screen facing him.

After a moment, Amy picked a seat at random. He needed some help. "You know, G17 is a nice spot. I'll give you that. Your total today comes to \$10.28. Cash or credit, sir?"

"...oh!" That seemed to get a response out of Wes. "Ahhh, card." He pulled out his wallet and handed her a credit card, never really taking his eyes off of her.

He might faint if I don't get him out of here soon. She quickly swiped the card and handed it back. *Let's get you in there.* The ticket slowly started printing off. *Come on, come on!*

The ticket popped out, and she took it. She leaned forward, bending down a little to be at eye-level with him. "Here you are! You'll be in Auditorium #3. You take the left hall-"

FWOOOMP!!! For the first, and only, time, a familiar, cartoonish sound effect blared. Amy knew what it was before even needing to feel it.

Her breasts ballooned. All the way from a normal B-cup size, they inflated to mighty F-cups, almost the size of her head. Her dress opened up greatly, dipping further down and baring most of her shoulders and collarbone. The neck hole stretched wide, showing most of the top of breasts and a vast valley of peach-tinted, furry cleavage that could barely be held in.

The weight and force of the growth pushed her down despite how oddly light her breasts actually felt. Her mounds heaved, pressing and smooshing against her collar. With her bending forward, so much cleavage was shown off.

The massive bewb expansion made Wes flinch. His eyes almost bugged out while his jaw dropped lower, almost cartoonishly. Forget about fainting soon. He was about to pass out any second or maybe explode with an anime nosebleed.

Amy had no time to be shocked or embarrassed by her humongous pillow inflation. She needed to act fast. She shoved the ticket in her pal's hands and stammered as fast and loudly as she could, "Thankyousomuch!Enjoytheshow!Byeeeeee!"

That seemed to snap Wes out of it, if only to keep him standing. "Ah... ah... sure... th-thank you..." He managed out a nod and walked away with a slight sway, occasionally looking back at her with awe. He even ran into the door before quickly ducking inside.

Oh god, oh god! I can't keep doing this anymore! Amy's heart was racing out of her control, her hands pressed against her cheeks in horror. *I need help now!*

She peered out of the box office window and looked around, ignoring her chesticles pressing into the countertop. It didn't look like anyone else was coming her way. Any person she did see were heading straight for the theater door. This was her chance.

JD Amy closed the window and hurried over to the door, heading out into the lobby.

After just a few steps, she immediately stopped and gasped. She was heading for the ticket taker, but all she saw was Fang the Hunter in their place wearing an employee uniform. The jerboa was busy checking Wes' ticket, looking up and blushing when he saw Amy. Wes turned and froze up all over again.

N-no way! Amy looked over to the concession stand. A moderately busty Fiona Fox and fairly buff Vector the Crocodile were busy helping customers with their food, Vinny being one of them. Her friend looked over and waved.

Every employee was Sonic & Friends-ified! *Wh-what's going?!* She rapidly looked between all the workers. *What's happened to all of us?!*

“Hey! You can't be out here!” Coming out from one of the hallways, a new Sonic Pal showed up. It was Blaze the Cat in a similar dress as hers. She was curvy too but didn't reach the voluptuous proportions that Amy achieved.

“Another rush could be here any minute! You have to be in there,” Blaze stated as she walked over.

“Oh...” Amy stuttered, not sure how to answer the nonchalant newcomer. “I, ah, need to talk to the manager. The... um... something is happening and it's freaking me out!”

“Manager?” The purple cat looked at her nametag, which just said “Blaze” on it. “Oooh, right! You didn't know?” She scratched her chin. “Gees, someone should've mentioned it.

“First things first, you forgot this when you clocked in.” She handed over a radio to Amy, one that she was very much missing. “Secondly, you're looking at the manager, JD.”

The pink hedgehog blinked, slowly processing the statement. *...Steve?!* That was her middle-aged, slightly balding manager?! “Wait, what's going on?!”

“Oh, it's a bit complicated to get into right now, but I'll give you a quick summary. This...” Blaze motioned to herself and then to all of the other employees. “...is all part of our theater's promotion: Sonic and friends welcoming and treating patrons to a fun time when they go to the movies.”

Amy blinked. “...I have so many questions.”

“I'm sure you do, but for right now, you need to return to the box.” Her cat manager pointed back to the door. “You can ask as many questions as you want to when you have your break. Just focus on the customers for right now.”

If that was possible! Amy's mind was swirling with so many different thoughts and feelings about what was going on. Just the non-reaction and cool attitude her boss was having was the icing on the cake to it all.

Yet, she merely nodded and walked back to the office. *Oh yeah... I'm gonna have a ton of questions to ask!* She huffed, hand clenching that radio tightly. *So many damn questions.*

For one, what the hell kind of promo is this?! Amy looked down into melons' cleavage and back at Blaze and Fiona briefly. *None of us look age appropriate for this movie!* The company has had many bizarre deals and promotions lately between the Venom bucket and Wicked's witch pricing, but this had to be maybe the craziest yet.

Second, is Sega even on board with this kind of promotion? The company had done some weird things and promos in the past, but this? Would this be considered too much for them?

Also, who picked these characters?! Amy's mind went back to Fiona Fox, an obscure character from the pre-Archie comics reboot. *She's definitely not going to be in this movie. Vector and Fang are not going to be in this movie, and I don't even need to see it to know that! None of this makes any-*

"OOOOOOOOOO, someone is looking pink!" Amy had stepped back into the box office and closed the door behind her. Not a second after, that voice pierced into her soul. Perhaps the worst possible person to show up had just shown up.

Her girlfriend and partner-in-life, Rachel Groves, was at the box office window. The blue-haired woman was looking at the hedgehog woman with her bright, excited blue eyes. She leaned in, head resting in her palms.

"Oh... ah.... ummm..." JD Amy was at a loss for words again. Did she recognize her?

"Looking cute!" Rachel giggled, "I didn't know you could pull off Amy soooo well, *JD!*" Yep, she definitely knew.

Before she could ask, Rachel was already explaining. "I can always tell when it's you after you transform. You just have that certain energy and look in you. Plus, I knew you were working the box, so it all clicked."

"Great... great..." Amy sighed, "What are you doing here?"

"I just wanted to stop by, say hi, and maybe see if you can reserve us some tickets for Sonic 3 later." Rachel looked her over, eyes staring intensely at her girlfriend's bosom. "You look amazingly soft! What's the deal?"

“New movie promo going on...” she said so flatly and lifeless.

“Awesome!” her girlfriend exclaimed, her smile positively blinding, “I’m so jealous!” She leaned closer in. “Say, you think you can get me a Tails one, but one that can make me into girl Tails with big “bazongas” like yours too?”

“R-Rachel!” Amy’s cheeks burned red again.

“Oh come on! A cute hedgehog deserves an equally cute partner! Just imagine it!” Amy’s mind did just that at the suggestion.

The pink hedgehog was walking through the park, holding a lovely parasol to shade herself. Besides her, taking her free arm, was a fox woman with many tails. Her eyes were deep and inviting, her cleavage just as vast as her own and stuffed into a red dress. The two softly giggled, chatting happily about the weather and how lovely each looked in the sunlight.

Amy’s ears and tail jerked, her heart racing again as a pleasant warmth came to her. *Oh... oh no...* She bit her bottom lip. *Why...*

Rachel grinned. “Saaaa? It does sound like fun!”

Amy gulped. *Dang it!* Why did Rachel have to make her feel so confused and fluttery inside? She should really hate this, but now, she was starting to like the idea of this form and that rather pleasing idea. She was such a bad influence on her.

THE END?