

MY LITTLE DINNER DATE: COLORING IS MAGIC

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

Chapter 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 now was to assist the little girl in her coloring like a proper assistant. 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 brush 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 farther ahead it appeared. 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 otherly 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. The girl had done an incredible job with coloring the page for her age, having an impressive eye for shades and tones that even some adult artwork she'd seen couldn't match. She definitely had a future in art if she kept it up.

“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.