

PINK & PINING

COMMISSION STORY

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Growing older came with a lot of thoughts and feelings.

There were the obvious things, of course. A fear of the future, of passing. A desire to dwell on one's youth, on memories. But a lot of the time these things could be much simpler and, honestly? You didn't really need to be *that* old to reminisce on things. Whether it was one year, three, ten, or even twenty; depending on your perception, any of these period of time could feel like forever.

And the things you talked about while reminiscing? Well, they didn't always have to be *important* either. **“So are there any other series you can think of that I might have missed in the 2000s?”** Such was the relevant comment that Kay had posed to Axel while they had been chatting over Discord. He had recently begun to watch more in terms of shows and was looking for recommendations, and Axel had apparently watched anime a lot more back then since he was younger.

“Huh. I don't know. My usual suspects are shounen series, or mecha ones like Gurren Lagann or Gundam.” But he also knew that Kay had seen the former and had at least dabbled in the latter. It was honestly difficult to remember *what* he had watched back then – since it was at least thirteen years ago to take him back to even 2010. It was almost like trying to remember what you ate for lunch one day over a decade ago.

It wasn't exactly a *helpful* answer, but Kay's response was chipper, nonetheless. **“I only ask because I friend of mine sent me a link. I haven't visited the site yet, but apparently they have all kinds of oos anime hosted on it. Here.”** He forwarded the link in

question, and clicked it himself soon after. Maybe Axel would have a recommendation if he saw the lineup? That was the thought at least.

“Link’s dead.”

“Huh?”

“It’s giving me an error.”

The back and forth that followed was brief, particularly after Kay flipped back to his browser and confirmed what Axel had been saying. He quickly double checked the link and compared it to what his friend had sent. It was the same, but *huh*. When had the friend that had sent him that link changed his profile picture to Euphemia from Code Geass? He also hadn’t messaged him since sending the link, and that had been two days ago. But that wasn’t exactly relevant at the moment. Or at least so he *thought*.

“The URL is correct, that’s weird...” But then again, it was possible that the site had already been taken down by copyright holders or something of the like. **“Oh well, I’m sure if you had suggestions I could still find them in other places, though? After all, it might be a good idea for a date with him later.”** It hadn’t immediately struck Kay that this was an odd thing for him to say. After all, he wasn’t in a relationship.

The comment *had* struck Axel’s ear wrong, but before he realized what was happening, a comment in a similar vein escaped his own lips. **“Mhm! Sometimes anime dates can be pretty effective with my guy too!”** It was only after the two of them had both said their very unusual piece that an awkward silence set over their Discord call. Neither of them were in relationships!

“...One sec, I’m gonna mute for a bit!” Kay got ahead of the situation and muted the call, mostly because he wanted to ask his friend *Euphemia* about that link. **“She’ll... Huh?”** *She*? That friend wasn’t a girl! And her name hadn’t been Euphemia, had it? Something was *wrong* here and he couldn’t quite place his finger on *why* it was happening. Maybe he was just *confused*? Thinking this, he removed his headset and stood up.

And for a brief time, he honestly believed that he might have just been sick. A wave of dizziness struck him as soon as he was upright, prompting him to support his weight with a hand on the back of his chair. **“That makes sense... Maybe I’m just sick?”** Contributing further this theory, he was pretty sure he’d just heard his voice crack. Something was wrong with his throat, maybe?

Kay could have easily written off a *lot* of what was happening with that explanation alone. And had he been more critical in examining himself, he might have noticed sooner that this wasn't really the case at all. Because looking not only at the hair upon his head, but also the hairs of his brows, pubes, and all over his body? Their dark colors were lightening, gaining a hue and vibrancy that probably would have only been reserved for cosplay and punks in modern society. Because it all brightened to a rich pink color.

What's more, the now wholly pink locks began to change in length as well. Atop his head, they crept slowly past his neck and shoulders, subtly enough in their change that the tickling of hairs didn't catch his immediate attention. Though, to be fair he was fixated on how unwell he felt anyways. This hair was fuller, softer, and slightly curly as it now hung just a few inches down his back, with bangs slightly messy and framing his face. When it came to any excess hair on his body? It was shaved away, but thinned brows and thinner, trimmed pubes were left in place.

“Maybe *I* should *lay* down?” The dizziness hadn't really subsided, nor had the voice cracks, and Kay was using the hand that wasn't holding the chair to hold his head lightly. But even then, both of these areas were experiencing changes of their own. His hands had the simplest of these changes, with fingers a touch shorter and nails now longer, and on the whole? His hands just seemed *smaller*, much more *effeminate*.

And that was a quality that was gradually being shared with the face that the hand was touching at the time. Cheeks thinned, and the length of the man's face stretched a touch longer overall. But his lips also became fuller and glossier, his nose smaller, and his eyes? Lids stretches so that they were bigger and brighter than ever – showing off a change in the pigmentation of his irises from brown to a green that almost bordered blue depending on lighting. Toss in a smoothing away of his Adam's apple, and from the base of his neck up...

Kay looked more like a young woman around the age of nineteen.

He blinked a moment, seemingly unsure of something. His surroundings? **“H-Huh? Was this room always this big?”** The voice cracks he'd been having were evidently rooted in permanence now, but it didn't hit his ear wrong either. Rather, he was fixated on his room, not realizing that issue was *actually* with himself and related to how his clothes had gradually been getting *bigger*.

Because Kay? He had been growing *smaller*. It was a fairly dramatic shift, from being a height that was close to the six foot mark, all of the way down to a paltry 5'3" by contrast. His limbs and torso were all shorter, allowing smaller hands and now, daintier feet to better match the rest of his frame proportionally. He'd even had to passively adjust his posture with the hand against the back of his desk chair because his shoulders were now so much lower than they *had* been.

But the 'man' blinked once more. Okay, well... Several times in quick succession. But each time he blinked the part of him that felt so at odds with his height became less vocal. It had begun to seem much more *normal*. In fact, other things began to feel strange instead. Such as? **"What am I wearing? He'd probably laugh if he saw me dressed like this..."** It had happened again, and Kay had spoken of some mystery man that he apparently was close with. Except he didn't seem all that bothered by it now.

While beneath the oversized clothes that had caught his attention, he progressively looked less like... Well, less like a *he*.

Smaller now, the youthfulness that his face already reflected now made more sense. He looked like a woman in her late teens, and a change in his general bodily architecture contributed to this further. His waistline narrowed for one, and it looked even *thinner* thanks to his hips pulling several inches wider. There wasn't a shred of excess weight on his body by this juncture, and his tummy was actually quite toned.

But what happened around Kay's chest and around his loins? *Maybe* you could refer to that weight as 'excess'? His nipples had grown swollen, stretching to almost twice their regular sizes while weight pooled beneath them to stretch skin around a pair of C-cup breasts whose shapes could be seen pressing against the shirt. While further down? The cheeks of his ass swelled fuller and perkier, and thighs engaged to help prevent the loss of his pants.

Though they *had* possessed a little bit of help at first. He'd been at full mast ever since his breasts had begun to form, but now that all of that was settled? His dick not only seemed to grow flaccid without the stimulation, but it shrunk and shriveled. It didn't take long for what remained to fold into *her* loins, granting her a changed sex that had all but been guaranteed by this point. Short of a rubbing of her thighs for a moment though? The woman didn't seem to notice.

"Huh? Why was I worried about my clothes again?" She suddenly couldn't recall, but only because those clothes – and her room in its entirety – had all changed instantly. She was wearing white pants and a white shirt now, with a pink jacket open around her shoulders

that only fell just past her chest. It looked like a more realistic take on a fashion you might find in, say, an *anime*? Her hair had been even styled into a ponytail behind her.

Feldt Grace looked around her room suddenly. For a time she had felt like something had been *off* about it, but that feeling didn't linger any longer. Her pink walls, modern bed adorned with sheets of softer pink, her pink laptop with the pink headset she usually wore while chatting... Well, it all more or less looked as it should have. "**Odd...**" It had certainly been a strange occurrence on her part to get so mixed up, but this was most certainly the room that she knew and loved.



There was also the matter of the call she had muted. Why had she done that? She wasn't sure what had compelled her, but she was used to communicating wirelessly. After all, she worked as an air traffic control aide at the nearby airport. That was where she had met *him*, actually. A young pilot who she had become smitten with. A man named Setsuna F. Seiei.

Their relationship had been progressing smoothly, but sometimes some advice and conversation about your relationship was needed. That was why that Discord call had been important. And so, putting her headset back on? Feldt unmuted the other party.

"Sorry about that! I got... distracted!"

Axel had been more than a little confused when Kay had muted him, and for more than one reason at that. Had he just made a comment about having a *boyfriend*? But that just wasn't true *at all*. Not to mention Kay having made a similar comment, and then having muted so suddenly. "**That wasn't much like *Feldt* at all...**" Or so he mused, but after the words lingered a moment it struck him. "**Feldt? Why did I call *her* that? Her name is *Feldt*.**" No, no. That was still wrong. And hadn't it got worse? Why was he referring to them with feminine pronouns?

Confused, he removed his headset and put it on his desk so that he could take a moment to think. He *hadn't* gotten much sleep the night before, so maybe that was messing with him? Maybe walking around the room a little would wake him up? He stood with this idea in mind and *did* begin to pace. It seemed to help, or at least he thought it had – because he almost felt *lighter* somehow?

In truth, this *was* the case, but it wasn't just a feeling. It was *literal*. Walking about his office, Axel's body was thinning dramatically and quickly, the many extra pounds he had accumulated thinning at a rate that certainly couldn't have come from any lifestyle changes. It was almost *miraculous*, but as arms, legs, tummy, and even his face all became thinner?

"Huh?" He paused because something wasn't adding up here. The number of steps he'd taken should have covered more distance, shouldn't they have? But this actually spoke to the change he had been subjected to while getting thinner... because his body had been becoming *shorter* at the exact same time. It hadn't taken long at all for his body to fall to about 5'4", and with his figure so trim now...

Well, he'd lost his pants and boxers, and had stepped out of them without realizing.

Hands and feet had become smaller to match as well, though his fingers did seem a touch longer and his heels a touch rounder as if to compensate. Whether it was Axel's fingers *or* his toes, they all featured lengthened, manicured nails that most certainly better befit a woman. And looking at his height and frame, well... It almost seemed inevitable.

"Ngh!? What the...?" There had been signs of it before, but it seemed that with one last *crack*, the man's voice had settled into something much softer and higher, almost calming in how gentle it sounded. But what had prompted this permanent change was something much more dramatic: *her* genitals had undergone a change to leave her with a woman's counterpart.

She appeared to be stunned in the moments that had followed, because her mind was teetering between wondering what had just happened and wanting to outright *dismiss* it as normal. All the while, Axel's facial features had begun to soften and narrow. Lips were pinker and fuller and her nose was *certainly* smaller. But her eyes? They grew big and bright, but what was exception was what became of their irises.

They glowed pink a moment before expanding into four-leafed flower shapes almost like an intersection, the surrounding irises brightening to a sky blue. **"I... Is something the matter? I don't exactly feel great... Hopefully I don't need to cancel!"** She was the one who had said it, but she couldn't remember *what* might need to be cancelled. It felt important though?

Her pacing around the room had all but stopped, and a weightiness had seized her head briefly. Nothing about that was particularly surprising though, not if you looked at the young woman's hair. It had lengthened

dramatically over a short period of time, spilling past her shoulders, beyond her ass, and even as far as her *ankles* while this hair became fuller in softness and curled so dramatically that it almost looked like intertwining clouds – or perhaps like wool? But this was helped by the color lightening to a light gold with blue undertones. Much like her eyes, there was nothing inherently *normal* about her hair.

All that was really left was to make use of the narrower, shorter canvas that was her body. Her figure was hidden beneath a shirt that was now acting more like a dress than anything as she had shrunken so much, but you could still make out how her thighs and ass had begun to protrude with newfound roundness, or how C-cup breasts blossomed effortlessly upon her chest. These were things the now twenty-one year old didn't bat a lengthened eyelash at. Because this was how she remembered her body looking!

Just as she recalled it being dressed in this long, modern pink dress. For clothing had changed along with *her* room as well.

Shaking her head, *Nia Teppelin's* long, wavy hair danced about against her shoulders as she eyed the pastel pink headset that was sitting beside her similarly colored laptop. Neither of these things had been in Axel's room, but it was clear that her surroundings had changed to match a new personality and a new life, just as Kay's had. **"Oh! I should get back, just in case Miss Feldt is back by now!"**

Slender fingers readorned her headset, smiling and humming to herself all the while before she smoothed out her pink dress and sat back down at her laptop. The two were old friends, and they had recently met the loves of their lives! Wasn't that exciting? In Nia's case, she'd met a young miner named Simon that lived in the same city as herself. While Nia? Well, she was a politician's daughter and was involved in politics herself. She was rather beloved by most for her kind heart and willingness to give help where needed.



Which was the polar opposite of most politicians in this day and age.

It seemed that she had put her headset on just in time, because Feldt's apology came through just as she had sat down. **"Oh, no worries Miss Feldt! I was just freshening up myself!"** That wasn't *really* true. She couldn't remember why she had taken her headset off in the first

place. How strange and fun! **“You were telling me about your date with Setsuna, right?”**

Was that what they had been talking about? Feldt couldn't exactly remember either, but that sounded like something they might have been talking about. **“Oh, yes! Well, get this: he showed up an hour early to the restaurant! It was so cute!”** Setsuna was so endearing with how dedicated he was to being on time.

On the other hand... **“Aww! I almost wish my Simon was more like that. He always shows up at the exact time. I guess that's endearing in its own way though. But sometimes I worry he might be late...”** Nia's concerns were only because *she* was the type to show up an hour early, though.

“But that reminds me...”

“Me too!”

“Oh, you've got a date tonight too?”

“Mhm!”

And off they went to get ready!