

Amazing Altering Galactic Guardians: Episode 2

For Leonthar

By TheSpiralledEye

Toby is still getting used to transforming into the female Pink Guardian when the universe throws him a new curve ball. He's started to stay female even when he changes back and every time it lasts just a little bit longer...

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Toby raised his leg high above his hip and kicked the Morphling in the chin, sending it flying back against a nearby tree where it shattered to pieces. In one smooth movement he lowered his leg, twirling on the tips of his toes and snapping out his rose whip to destroy another. After three weeks on the job as the Pink Galactic Guardian of Earth he'd mastered this new female body of his. He moved like a dancer across the battlefield; tying up Morphlings for Ella to stab through with her icy sword. They didn't need to talk anymore, they could move in perfect sync without even thinking about it.

With ease he backflipped through the air, spinning the whip around behind him before landing on his toes and pirouetting to keep his balance. It was incredible, being a guardian. The enhanced speed, strength and balance was impressive and he'd be lying if he said he didn't feel good moving his new curves. Thank goodness this transformation apparently came with a bra.

The final Morphling shattered and he struck a pose, back straight and head held high. The crowd nearby that he'd saved from the attack cheered and he gave them a wave, smiling behind his visor before using his whip to easily collect up the fragments and place them inside his utility belt. He'd just managed to gather them all before the flashing camera lights appeared along with the usual gaggle of reporters.

"Pink Guardian! Pink Guardian! Are you the only new member of the team?"

"Where are the other Guardians?"

"Isn't Red your leader? What happened to him?"

"Is this an all girls team now?"

It was the same every time they fought; no matter where on the planet they travelled the reporters would eventually find them and start asking the same questions. Sometimes Ella would give a comment or two; telling them the other Guardian's were off on a secret mission that could not be disclosed. Other times they made a run for it; this was one of those times.

Ella gave his hand a squeeze and they both wordlessly pressed the recall buttons on their gauntlets and teleported back to the Nexus. Ella sighed in relief, removing her helmet and shaking out her hair.

“Three attacks in Seraphim Lake alone this month, what on Earth is going on there?”

“No idea.”

Toby dropped the crystals into their storage containers and transformed back into himself. Except he didn't. His armour disappeared but his female body remained, wearing the same jeans and shirt he'd been wearing prior to transformation, only now they were an unbearably bad fit.

“Dammit! I liked this shirt.” He muttered, looking down at the graphic on the front that was now stretched beyond repair.

“Again?” Ella looked concerned, “did you want me to time it?”

“No, it's fine. I'm sure I'll change back in a second or two.”

At least he hoped so, his jeans were so tight across his ass he was genuinely worried they were going to rip. Up until a week ago, he only had a female body while he was in his armour but the last few times, he'd started staying that way even after he'd dematerialised the outfit. At first it was only for a few seconds, then a minute, now it was almost five full minutes before he turned back into his male self with a sigh of relief.

“That was longer than last time, wasn't it?”

“Yeah.”

Ella came over and gave him a one armed hug and Toby felt his cheeks burn slightly. She still hadn't done anything to suggest she realised he was attracted to her. At least he didn't

think so. She was quite physical around him, always hugging and high-fiving him, especially during or after fights. But no more than he'd seen normal female friends do, girls were just more touchy feely like that, weren't they? He didn't want to read too much into things and ruin their friendship or team work.

After a few seconds Ella removed her arm but he swore her fingers lingered, brushing against the nape of his neck in a way that made him shiver. Maybe he could test the waters, just a little.

“Hey, Ella, did you want to get something to ea-”

WOOOOOP! WOOOOOP! WOOOOOP!

The attack alarm. Again.

“Morphling attack in...Georgetown, USA.” GAIA announced, immediately flashing it up on the screen and both Guardian's groaned.

“Already? Okay, let's suit up!” Ella announced, transforming in a bright burst of blue.

Toby bit his lip and silently begged that whatever entity that made this transformation possible didn't extend his gender change again before hitting his Altering Emblem, which he kept on a thick brace around his wrist. Just like before, he felt his body change slower than the brief flash of pink would imply. His ass expanded, breasts grew in and his hair turned long before being shut up in the helmet and visor. He winced a little, feeling his cock disappear; it was always the one part of the change he could never quite get used to.

“Alright,” he shook himself loose, “let's go.”

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The fight was the longest he'd ever had, the Morphlings weren't the toughest he'd faced in the last few weeks but there were just so damn many! He spun on his toes and kicked out a leg to shatter one while punching another before backflipping to doge a third's blow.

“We have got to figure out who's making these!” He called to Ella.

“Agreed.” She grunted, dodging out of the way of another attack, “There is no way they are growing naturally, whoever is making these things has stepped up their game. But why?”

Toby gracefully sidestepped before throwing out his whip; his eyes glanced around rapidly looking for the next target. Instead his eyes landed on the mirrors taking up the front of a shop display. He could see himself clearly and felt his heart stutter in shock. Logically, he knew he had a female body but seeing his pose and realising just how...girly he looked had his face heating.

A blow took him from behind and he cursed as he tried to refocus. Suddenly he became hyper aware of every move; how his breasts jiggled subtly, how his toes pointed without a second thought and how he twirled and leapt like a ballet dancer across the battlefield.

He was crushing enemies left and right; he should have felt like a powerful badass but instead he just felt humiliated. How had he been moving like this and not realised just how feminine he'd become? The fact that it felt so natural to move this way only added more heaping piles of shame to the embarrassment pile.

Finally, they vanquished the last of their foes and the pair of Guardian's were left panting for breath. Toby could feel his chest heaving and the extra weight there; he was glad his helmet and visor hid his blush from Ella. He couldn't believe he'd actually entertained the idea of asking her on a date; no woman would want a man as girly as him!

“Let's get out of here.” Ella groaned, shovelling the crystals into her belt pockets. “If we're lucky we'll finally get a break. A few hours without an attack would be nice.”

“Yeah...I'd better get home.”

Toby smashed the button on his gauntlet before Ella could argue; he didn't want to go back to the nexus, he needed to be alone. Luckily, his gauntlet was able to bypass actually landing at the Nexus itself and deposit him back in his small town, just around the corner from his apartment. He hit the emblem and swore again; he was still female.

Lacking any better ideas Toby waited for the change to revert, bouncing on his toes impatiently while trying not to think about the odd ways his body moved. Without the support of a bra that was a lot harder said than done. He waited and a full minute passed, then two, then five. By the time he was brushing up on ten his heart was starting to race till finally, the change reverted.

It wasn't an instant though; Toby was forced to grit his teeth and stand through the feeling of his breasts receding and cock reemerging. The whole process took a minute, maybe two but it felt like an age.

"That can't be good." He bit his lip, finally exiting the alley and heading up to his apartment.

His shirt looked loose around the middle now, having been stretched by his tits and he flushed in embarrassment as he passed his landlady who gave him a withering look; clearly disapproving of his shabby appearance. He closed the door behind him and took a deep breath; there was no hiding it, he was taking longer and longer to change back with every transformation.

If he kept fighting, especially long fights like that last one, how long would he be spending as a woman? Sure it was ten minutes now but pretty soon it would be an hour, then multiple hours...then days. What if eventually he couldn't change back at all?

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Toby spun through the air; he tried to run normally after he landed but his body seemed to have a mind of its own. He was skipping, his curves twice their usual side bouncing with every jump.

"Toby!?"

"Oh my God is that Toby, what the hell is wrong with him?"

"What a wuss."

The voices came from all directions, no matter which way he skipped, there was another face; his father, his old friends from high school, his gym teacher, all his ex girlfriends, even his old boss. They all looked at him with derision while they laughed. He tried to stop himself from dancing but he couldn't, all his feminine features got stronger and stronger as his clothing changed; frills, bows and so, so much pink. The crowd parted and there was Ella, giggling, then full on laughing.

"I forgot you were even a guy!" She taunted, "What a loser."

Signs formed on all the buildings as he tried to escape; 'Pink Ranger actually a man!' complete with his face, half male and female, plastered every wall. The laughter got louder and louder until-

Toby awoke with a gasp, clutching the sheets to his chest as though he were trying to hide his modesty. His cheeks were still burning with embarrassment as his Altering Emblem began to beep. Ella was trying to call him again.

It had been three days since their last fight and he'd managed to avoid attending the last few summons but he was running out of excuses. Reluctantly he hit the emblem and held his nose with his other hand to try and sound nasally.

"Hello?"

"Toby? God, you sound awful."

"I caught a cold." he lied, burying the guilt as much as he could.

"Well, Morphlings are attacking in Seraphim Lake again...but I guess I can handle it on my own."

"Sorry, good luck."

"Yeah...okay."

Toby hated how disappointed she sounded; guilt formed into a solid stone in his stomach as he put the emblem down and began to pace. He couldn't keep this up forever, sooner or later Ella was going to need his help. If he could just hold out until the other Guardian's returned from their mission, then he could give the emblem back and they could find another Pink Guardian. One who was actually a woman.

Maybe it was the guilt, but his apartment felt stuffy; desperate to burn some of his nervous energy he stepped out onto the street and began to power walk with no real destination in mind. With every step though he felt an irritation growing at the back of his mind.

His steps were solid, masculine; so why didn't he feel right? The uncomfortable truth he didn't want to face was right there; he liked fighting as a Guardian. He liked being a hero and helping people, he especially liked Ella and...he liked how it felt to move as the Pink

Guardian. The surefootedness and strength, but also the gentle slope of his shoulders, the curves of his body...

He turned to look at himself in a nearby shop window. Toby was just a boring, normal man but Pink Guardian...she was a hero. He looked past the reflection in the glass to the items inside the shop window. It was filled with mannequins all wearing the latest fashions; tight fitting jeans, cropped singlets and hoodies, short skirts.

Toby had seen clothes like this every day in stores and on the women he passed on the street. But today was the first time he gave them more than a passing thought. For the first time he wondered; what would it be like to wear clothes like that on his female body. Would having clothes that fitted him properly help him to feel more at home in his female skin; would that necessarily be a bad thing?

He shook his head to try and get rid of the urge, the last thing he needed was to be *more* girly. Even if it did feel oddly tempting right now. Toby forced his head down and kept walking, trying not to let the various boutiques catch his eye. He was about to turn around and head home, hoping the walk would have tired him out enough to sleep dreamlessly tonight when a voice made him freeze.

"Toby?"

Oh shit.

"Ella!"

She was standing there in her casual clothes holding a half drunk iced coffee and looking shocked and angry. Toby looked at the bags under her eyes and winced with guilt; despite her obvious rage she looked so tired; that was his fault.

"You don't look sick." She said flatly, giving him an expectant look.

Toby recognised the expression, it was the one every teacher had given him from grade school all the way through university; the one that said 'you'd better have a really convincing lie to tell me to get out of this one'.

"I...got some medicine." He said lamely, even he didn't believe it and judging by her scoff, neither did Ella.

"Try again."

He couldn't do this now; his thoughts were still a mess, Toby started to speed walk away, yelling over his shoulder.

"Look, I am actually running late so I need to move-"

"No, talk to me." Ella grabbed his wrist. "Tell me why you're leaving me out to dry all the time! Do you have any idea how exhausting it is defending the whole planet from Morphlings alone!?"

Her voice cracked and she blinked away tears.

"I was so excited when I found you, I thought I'd finally have somebody in my life who understood what it was like to have a whole other identity to keep secret. All the pressures that came with being a Guardian. Now I am alone again but it's even worse because I do have another Guardian, they're just ignoring me! Is...is it me? Do you not like me or something?"

"No!" Toby cried and Ella winced. "No, I mean that's not what's going on. You're great, Ella. Really. It's not you...it's...me."

God, that sounded so lame and Ella didn't look like she bought it for a single second.

"Oh really? Well if it isn't me, tell me why you won't help me fight or research who's making these Morphlings!"

"Because...Because I am afraid ok." Toby blushed.

"You don't need to be afraid." Ella said, her face softening. "You're already such a good fighter and I'm watching you back-"

"I'm not afraid of being hurt, I'm afraid of being a woman!"

"Oh..."

People were giving them odd looks and Toby felt his face turn beet red; God what must they all think they were talking about for him to yell that?

“Look, I like you Ella, really I do.” If nothing else it was important to him that she knew that. “But transforming into a woman every day plus the fact that it’s taking longer and longer to run back. It’s a lot for a guy to take you know? I think it would be better if somebody else was the Pink Guardian. Not me.”

“But...okay.” Ella bit her lip, and Toby desperately wished he knew what she’d been about to say. “Just hang onto the emblem till I find somebody else then I guess, I promise I’ll only call you in if I really need help. I’m used to being on my own anyway.”

She pulled her hand away from his and Toby felt like ice water had been dumped all over him. Ella's face was so detached now, resigned and the guilt gnawed at him.

“Maybe I will see you around.” She shrugged before walking off toward the train station.

Toby wasn't sure what possessed him but he reached out and grabbed her arm.

“Wait!”

She turned and gave him a look but said nothing; her eyes were so cold it almost made him shiver.

“How long has it been since the other guardians left?” Toby asked

How long had she been doing this alone?

“Does it matter?” She sighed, pulling her arm away before walking off into the crowd leaving Toby with nothing but his guilt.

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Toby spent the entire walk home justifying what he’d said to himself. Didn’t he have the right to be comfortable in his own body? Not that his female form was uncomfortable but...well it should be that was the point. Clearly that Altering Emblem was messing with his head or

something to make being a woman so intuitive and fun. Yes, that had to be it, it was the only explanation.

Emotionally exhausted he flopped face first onto his couch and laid there feeling sorry for himself. He must have drifted off because the sound of his phone chime woke him and the time showed that several hours had passed. Groggily he rubbed the sleep from his eyes and raised an eyebrow; the caller ID said Sara, his sister.

“Hello?”

“Tanner?” Sara’s voice replied, sounding confused.

“Uh, no. Toby.”

“Oh! I must have hit the wrong contact.”

Toby was about to ask how she managed that when the sound of an explosion in the background made him startle.

“Jesus, Sara where are you!?”

“Seraphin Lake.” She replied breathlessly and Toby felt his heart seize.

He’d never been close to his sister; he was a graduated, male adult and she was still a teenager, they had about as much in common as a fish and a bird. That being said, she was still his kid sister and the fact that she was, for some reason, in Morphling Central wasn’t something he wanted to hear.

“Why the hell are you in Seraphin Lake?” He hissed, “Haven’t you seen the news?”

“That’s why I came! Morphlings have attacked her more than anywhere else in the world and I wanted to see the Guardians up close and personal.”

The sound of a crowd running was in the background now and Toby was on his feet, pacing in a panic.

“Is the Blue Guardian there? Are you safe?”

“Yeah, she is, she’s doing her best but I think she’s getting a bit overwhelmed.”

Ella. Oh no.

“Look, Sara, get out of there okay. It’s not safe.”

“She’ll get the upper hand, they always do!”

There was a cry from the other end of the line and the sound of feet against the ground.

“Sorry Toby, gotta go!”

The line went dead and Toby realised he was holding his phone so tightly his knuckles had turned white. Sara would be fine, he was sure but Ella...what had he been thinking, putting his pride over her wellbeing? What sort of shitty friend did that? With a few sharp, fluid movements he made his decision.

“Pink Guardian Power!”

It felt oddly comforting, after days without a change, to be back in his Pink Guardian form. He took a few short seconds just to revel in the feeling of being female again before snapping himself out of it and asking GAIA to teleport him straight to the battle in Seraphin Lake.

The place was absolute insanity; more Morphlings than he had ever seen in a single place were running amok and in the centre of it all was Ella. She wove and danced between opponents, cutting them down with ease but the numbers were against her. Thanks to the visor her face was hidden but Toby could tell she was struggling.

“Hey! Why don’t you guys fight fair!” He cried, summoning his whip and striking a pose. “Try this on for size!”

“Pink!” Ella cried, sounding relieved.

Toby danced and fought his way through the mass of Morphlings till he was back to back with her.

“I couldn’t leave you out to dry. I’m sorry.”

“Later, let’s finish this!”

Even with the two of them it was a hard fight; and Toby could feel the clock ticking, how long would it take him to turn back after all this? They were almost at the end when Toby heard a familiar yell and turned to see none other than his own sister backing up against a wall. A humanoid Morphling was stalking toward her, taking on an almost wolf like appearance as it closed in.

“Not on my watch!” He yelled, flipping through the air and landing between Sara and the monster. “Pick on somebody your own size!”

His whip made short work of the creature and he turned to see Sarah looking up at him with wise eyes full of awe.

“Thank you.”

A warm feeling flourished in his chest; Sara had never paid him much attention before, let alone looked at him with such respect.

“You’re welcome kid, now get out of here!”

She nodded, but as Toby rejoined Ella to dispatch the last few Morphlings he swore he could see her lingering at the edge of the battle field with her phone camera in hand. After what felt like an age, the battle was won and Toby found himself with an armful of Ella, hugging him tight enough that he could feel their breasts squishing together through their suits.

“Thank you for coming back!”

“Nah, I should have been here the whole time. I was being an ass.”

“Just a bit.”

“Hey!” He cried playfully, “you’re supposed to say ‘no you weren’t I understand!’ and then I get to be all humble.”

“Well too bad, you were being a bit of an ass.” Ella giggled and the two of them grinned.

“Pink Guardian!” Called a reporter, “Where have you been? Do you have news of the others yet?”

“Oh God, here comes the press.” Ella sighed.

“Nexus?” Toby suggested.

“Nexus.” Ella nodded and they both teleported out and back to the hub.

Ella transformed back into her civilian outfit and went about dealing with the altering crystals left by the Morphlings while Toby stood back. He was almost scared to change back because he knew what would happen. Taking a deep breath he hit the crystal and closed his eyes; as expected his armour disappeared but his body stayed the same.

“Another ruined shirt.” He sighed, looking down at himself and quickly crossing his arms to hide his nipples. They were still hard from Ella’s huge and poking through the thin fabric of his shirt quite prominently.

Ella pressed her lips together.

“How long will you stay like this?”

“I’m not sure.” He shrugged. “But I think it’s going to be a while.”

“Why don’t we go get you some clothes?”

Toby blinked.

“Just one set of women’s clothes!” Ella held up her hands defensively. “You could change quickly before we go to fight whenever possible, that way you’ll at least be a little more comfortable when you change back and have to spend time in this body afterwards.”

It wasn’t the worst idea.

“Alright, why not.”

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He felt a little nervous walking through the shop; he could change back at any second and if he did, Toby would only have a few seconds to find a place to hide away so nobody saw. Even though he looked like a woman right now, he couldn't help but feel embarrassed browsing through racks of ladies fashions. He kept expecting one of the sales people or another customer to give him an odd look. Instead they barely glanced at him, in their minds he was just another woman looking for a new fit. He wasn't sure if that made him feel better or worse.

He picked out a pair of women's jeans and admired the fit; the wider waist would ride low on his wide hips and the tight legs would show off the gentle curve of his legs. They were oddly alluring, especially with the little blue flowers embellished on the cuffs.

“I think you should get a dress.” Ella said quietly and Toby felt his cheeks turn red.

Not just the ones on his face either. One fun fact he was learning about being a woman was that they had a lot more places to go red when they were feeling flustered. That same heat that filled his cheeks spread across his shoulders, breasts and ass. It only made him feel more self conscious.

“Why a dress?”

“Well, this outfit is so you can change quickly before transforming right? It'll be a lot faster to quickly strip down and put on a dress than changing a shirt and pants.”

She had a point and Toby suddenly realised that he'd actually been shopping for something pretty over something functional. He put the jeans back quickly and didn't dare glance at the pretty flower decals again.

Ella led him through the aisles until they reached the skirts and dresses and Toby felt overwhelmed. There was just so much variety; plain dresses, patterned, frills, lace, even leather and other fabrics he didn't know the name of.

“I guess we will just find something the right size and that'll be that.” Ella said, “I don't want to make this any more difficult than it has to be.”

Toby stared at the racks, taking in the plain, dull dresses that were basically just sheets with holes in the top, then comparing them to the more expensive, much more beautiful options.

“Well, there is no harm in at least finding something flattering. This is about comfort after all.” He said, trying hard to sound casual. “I don’t want to walk around feeling ugly.”

“With that body? You’d look beautiful wearing a potato sack.” Ella laughed and Toby looked at her in surprise and she quickly added, “I just mean, you know, your female body is nice.”

A small smile formed on Toby’s face; the complement sent a warm fuzzy feeling through his whole body that he did his best to stamp down. No need to start reading too much into things after all. He turned back to the rack and quickly scanned the options, pretending to be engrossed in his options.

Finally a patch of fabric caught his eye; a pink dress, the same colour as his uniform, with a paler pink rose pattern across it and matching belt. There was something about it that was calling to him. Apparently the universe agreed because Ella gasped in delight as he held it up against his body to check the sizing.

“Pink is definitely your colour.” She beamed.

A few minutes later he was in the change room, pulling the dress on and instantly, he felt the change. The soft brush of fabric against his legs, the cinching action of the belt made his figure all the more pronounced and the soft pink colours contrasted beautifully with his honey brown hair.

The woman staring back at him in the mirror was undeniably gorgeous. In the privacy of the changing booth with only his reflection to see, Toby couldn’t help but pose a few times. One leg popped, hands up like a dancer; he looked like one of the idol girls his sister had been into when she was a tween; the thought made him giggle and sealed the image. This felt fun!

Just as he was starting to enjoy himself he felt it; the change. His breasts were shrinking and his cock regrowing. Toby barely had enough time to get his new dress off before he was back in his old male body and forced to put his pants and shirt on instead while trying to quash his disappointment.

With a glance at his phone he was shocked to see it had been almost three hours since they finished the fight; God knew how long it would take for him to change abc next

time. The dress idea was sounding better and better by the minute. He was about to put his phone away when the screen lit up with Sara's ID again.

"Hit the wrong button again?" He asked only for Sara to snap at him.

"Thanks for checking on me, asshole. I could have been killed in that Morphling attack for all you care."

Oh yeah. Sara had no idea he had been there and knew she was safe; from her point of view he probably did seem like a bit of an ass. Crap.

"I was just about to call you!" He lied.

"Oh really? Three hours after I hung up? What on Earth could be so important checking on your little sister's welfare had to be put on hold for three hours and don't say mom or dad told you I was fine because I know they didn't."

"You could have called me."

"I wanted to wait and see how long it would take but I got the feeling I would have been waiting till Christmas."

God, these stupid teenage games; Toby was swiftly remembering why he and his sister rarely spoke now.

"I knew the guardians would project you." He said truthfully, "and look, you're totally fine!"

"Yeah, thanks to Pink Guardian." Sara's voice lost all its anger in a moment. "She's so cool, Toby. I got so many pictures too! I am going to try and meet her again."

Toby's stomach twisted; he recognised that voice, it was the same one she used when she was talking about pop idols as a kid. His sister was obsessive, if Pink Guardian was her newest fixation, that couldn't be good for him.

"She's just the best, Toby. You should have seen her with that whip, I have been on all the foams..."

She kept going like that as Toby made his way to the counter to buy his dress. As risky as it was he couldn't help but grin just a little. It felt good to have a fan. Ella was smiling at him too, their fight now forgotten. Those two things, combined with the dress now folded neatly in a shopping bag hanging by side made the grin turn almost manic. Maybe being The Pink Guardian wouldn't be so bad after all.