

Time for a Pinkie-Up

By: Firingwall

“Hey!” an older, mustache man in a business suit firmly stated, “Pardon me young man!”

“Meh...”

“Ooff!” grumbled a lady on rollerblades, “Careful there! I nearly tripped!”

“Eh...”

“Watch it asshole!” a teenage girl out with her friends, clearly out way too late, hissed.

“Meh...” Nikko mumbled again as he walked along. It had been a long day. A VERY long day on the job for the young man with tanned skin and bushy black hair. He was held back several extra hours at work due to a coworker not being there that day. Now, night had long since fallen and it was soon to strike 11 o’clock.

Between that and his already less than sunny disposition, Nikko was in a crabby mood. With no more buses running, the tall young man had to walk home and he wasn’t going to take anyone’s crap. He constantly bumped into people and barely seemed to acknowledge them or their existence as he did.

Just wanna go home, he frustratedly thought, just wanna go to bed and sleep all night and don’t have to...

GRRRROOWLLLLL. Suddenly, his stomach rumbled and quite loudly at that. *Well... I didn’t have dinner yet... maybe I should at least stop somewhere and get something to chow down on...*

Adjusting his glasses, Nikko glanced around the area he was in. He was in a quieter apart of the city, one he usually didn’t travel through due to taking the bus through the area all the time. As such, he didn’t see any places he was familiar with or any fast food restaurants either. He saw a night club, but he wouldn’t find what he wanted or fit in there with his current attitude.

However, he did spy a curious little establishment: a diner that looked like it stepped out of the 50’s with the shape and style it had. *Probably have something in there,* he thought, approaching the place, *just a quick bite to eat and then home...*

The place even screamed 50’s on the inside as well with the barstools, the color scheme, booths, and even the waitress’s uniform. Speaking of which, a young woman with red freckles and curly red hair approached him with a menu. She gave him a big, warm smile and said, “Hi hun! Welcome to the best place in town to eat! We have...”

“Ah-huh,” Nikko grumbled, mumbled and bumping past her to a booth, “I’ll be the judge of that. Menu!”

“...okay then,” the waitress remarked as she moved over to his booth. Her expression was neutral and blank, except for an eyebrow that was raised ever so slightly. She handed him a menu, which he just snatched out of her hand.

Nikko looked over what was offered, his hard gaze burning holes through the paper it felt like. The waitress, however, said nothing as she pulled out her notepad to write down whatever he'd order. Her expression shifted slightly when he yanked the menu from her hand, but her face went almost immediately back to normal.

After several minutes, the woman curiously asked, “so... find anything you lik...”

“Stttttiiiiiiii looking,” Nikko flatty stated, continuing to scan the menu, “I'll let you know if I want something.” The waitress said nothing more, a slight frown cracking on her face, before going back to neutral once more.

Several more minutes later, Nikko tossed the menu at the waitress and grumbled, “well so much for the best place in town to get food. There's nothing here I want. What a waste...”

The employee now clearly and openly frowned as she fiercely glared at him. “I see,” she spoke, trying to hide as much of her contempt as she could, despite how difficult it was. A rage was burning within her.

However, it suddenly quelled and she began to smirk. She simply asked, “well, I'm sorry that we didn't have anything you wanted sir. However, would you care for some complimentary confetti cake on the house? You know, to make up for your time that was clearly wasted.”

Nikko's eyebrow raised as she talked, going on to explain the cake and what it was like. He wasn't in the mood for sweets, especially at that time of night, but his stomach growled loudly right then. “Well,” he mumbled, “if it's on the house... I can guess I can accept it.”

“Wonderful!” the waitress exclaimed with a large smile, “I'll be right back with your slice of cake my dear.” With that, she headed off into the kitchen area. Nikko could hear her talking with someone in the back, but couldn't make out any of the words. He swore there was some chuckling between the two of them back there too, but he couldn't be sure.

Two or three minutes later, the waitress returned with a huge slice of cake. It was vanilla with several, multi-color “confetti” pieces within the soft cake while pink frosting covered the top and backside of the slice. There were also sprinkles on that, making for one rather gaudy, but scrumptious-looking piece of dessert.

A very sweet and mouth-watering scent wafted off the dessert as the plate it was on was set before him, entrancing Nikko almost instantly. “Wow” he remarked, taking the fork on the plate, “that's... that's something alright...”

With that said, he chopped off a small sliver of the cake and stabbed at the sliver with his fork, popping the piece into his mouth. The taste was as amazing as it looked and smelled, giving his body a small rush. “This,” he spoke softly, “this... this is pretty *good*.”

As those words came out, his voice grew softer and rather sweet. There was a sense of energy and giddiness, along with a distinct, pippy girl tone to it. The waitress smiled and replied, “well I’m glad you...”

“Hey!” Nikko snapped at her, “I’m trying to eat and enjoy this in peace here!”

“...okay... have another bite then.”

Nikko huffed and chomped down another slice he ripped off. Again, he seemed to enjoy it from the waitress’ point of view, a very small and brief, subtle smile appearing across his lips. Once the smile was gone, he took his glasses off and rubbed his eyes.

Been up too long, he thought grumpily, *I can’t wait to get some sleep after this cake...* Once he stopped rubbing his eyes, however, he did not put the glasses back on. In fact, he didn’t even consider putting them back on, his eyesight having significantly improved. The color of his irises even turned to a very bright and cheerful blue.

It was the only thing about him that looked cheerful or happy at all, Nikko still having a dissatisfied and grumpy expression as he chowed down on his cake. His attitude did not change either when he felt his pants grow tighter on him. *Oh what now?* He grumbled in his mind, *did they shrink in the wash or is this damn cake making me fatter?*

What he did not realize though was that he wasn’t gaining fat. He was, in fact, gaining rather seductive and alluring curves. His hips had widened by quite a bit, pressing against the insides of his work jeans as they gained child-rearing proportions. His thighs thickened, becoming fuller and fitter, while his rear grew. Its flabbiness began to change to both plumper and rounder, looking tighter and firmer than it once was.

Nikko shifted uncomfortably in his seat, the waitress asking, “is there something wrong?”

“No,” he flatty stated, “I’m fine.” He took another bite out of his confetti cake and his hands shivered and shook lightly. The waitress’ eyes fell upon his quivering hands, seeing a very soft, thin layer of fur sprouting up. It seeped out of the back of his hands and slowly spread over his fingers and palms, completely covering them in a shade of pink. A rather strangely dull shade of pink at that.

The young woman looked at his hand and at his face, confusion filling her face. Nikko, about to take another bite from the cake, noticed her staring and asked indignantly, “What?”

“Nothing,” said the young waitress, “nothing at all.”

“Then stop staring at me!” Nikko growled. However, due to his girly, sweet voice, he did not sound as intimidating or strong as he thought. He continued eating his cake, still unaware of

any of his changes. More dullish pink fur spread across his entire body, hidden beneath his clothing. The pelt started appearing over his feet, spreading over and up his legs as the fur on his hands moved up his arms as well.

The waitress nodded and walked away, still staying close enough so that she could keep an eye on him. With her out of sight, Nikko went back to his cake, a little less than half left now. The newest bite brought color and change to his hair, its black shade turning a darker shade of pink and instead of its bushy look, it flattened and limped down his head like a deflated balloon.

The shade for his hair, much like his growing fur, was strangely dull as well. There was no luster or glow to it, the waitress' smile dimming more as she watched the transformation from behind the countertop. She was so disappointed that she missed Nikko's shirt beginning to tent in his chest region. The skin around his nipples began to inflate, fat and other substances building up within to develop a small set of A-cup breasts.

Suuuuch a good cake! Nikko thought pleasantly, *maybe I should come get some after work all the time? ...nah, I'll just end up getting fatter and have buy more clothing. Ugh, this whole thing sucks!* As his mind spiraled and went all over the place, a small nub popped out of his back and started rapidly growing out between his pants and shirt. It was a tail that was covered in long, slick, dark pink, slightly dull, fur.

He took another bite of the cake, which was almost gone at this point. The light, dullish pink fur spread over his entire torso, spreading over his hips, stomach, and eventually reaching his neck. His breasts swelled another cup size as his waist pushed inward, developing an hourglass figure for himself. His shoulders also fell back and his chest pushed more, his breasts looking far more prominent on him.

As he cut off one more piece of cake, leaving one remaining chunk covered in tons of frosting and sprinkles, the waitress came back to him. She looked confused and frustrated as she asked, "soooo... enjoying the cake? Feeling... ANY bit different?"

"I'm feeling pretty annoyed," spat Nikko, as he ate the new slice, "I'm trying to enjoy this, but you keep insisting on pestering me!" His breasts inflated to a firm and perky C-cup, his shirt start to stretch around his chest. His hair grew incredibly long, falling down the right side of his face and partially covering his eye as it stretched down just above her navel.

"...I gave you confetti cake right?"

"Yes! Bad memory or something?"

"No," huffed the waitress, "It's just... you sure you really don't feel anything else at all?"

"Are you frickin' deaf or something lady?" the dullish pink guy exclaimed, "I'm feeling pissed off that you keep bothering the hell out of me! I'm trying to finish my cake and you..." With that, he swallowed the final piece, taking in all of its frosting and sprinkles.

His eyes grew wide and his body shivered, his face muscles twitching and sometimes forming a big, warm smile for a second or two. His face pushed and stretched outwards into a

cute, short pony muzzle, his nose shrinking into it and leaving him with small horse nostrils. His teeth thickened into pearly white chompers and his hair and tail shook like mad.

“Oh my head,” groaned Nikko, the color dimming and greying again. The waitress’s expression twisted as her eyebrows raised and her mouth hung open. The expression twisted more when the color brightened once again, before quickly dimming another time.

“What the hell,” she muttered, “What’s wrong with you? Why is this happening?”

“What is hap-happening?” he moaned again, “I feel so... so weird... like happy and giggly, but... but... but... but no! Just happy and giggly!” The fur color brightened one final time and stayed that way.

Suddenly, the sound of a party horn blared from nowhere and Nikko’s body exploded... in several different areas. First, his chest inflated up into a heavy set of E-sized breasts, wrapping around his large mounds. His ass grew much larger into a full-on bubble butt and his tail stretched an extra foot or two in length. In contrast, the bulge in his pants retracted into his body.

A blush came to Nikko’s face as her male bulge vanished, but she didn’t have time to dwell or care about it. Instead, an eruption of color and joy filled her and this time, they would stay. Her pink fur brightened considerably until it was positively glowing it felt like. Her hair and tail color did the same, also ballooning up into some incredibly thick, curly, puffy mops. There was a slight glow from the sides of her hips as three balloons markings appeared on them. A Pinkie Pie anthro had been born.

“How are we feeling now my dear?” the waitress giggled, looking at the new anthro.

Nikki turned and faced her, looking at the woman strangely and cocking her head to the side. She stood up from the booth and walked over to the employee. The Pinkie Pie clone smiled brightly and gave her a huge hug, lifting her off the ground. “I am super-duper good now!” Pinkie-Nikko declared, “That was the bestest cake I ever had! I feel so alive and happy right now!”

“Awww,” the waitress giggled, petting the anthro’s head, “That’s nice to hear. You were all grumpy just a little bit ago.”

“And that was super not cool of me!” the anthro stated, setting her down. The pony woman looked over herself, taking in all of her clothing, before remarking, “and these clothes don’t fit me at all either!” She did a quick Wonder Woman twirl and soon, she ended up wearing a lowcut, neon-pink, form-fitting party dress that went halfway down her thighs.

“OOOoooo!” the waitress remarked, “You look great!”

“Thanks!” giggled Nikki, hopping about and her chest jiggling due to her overabundance of joy within, “I’m soooooo feeling energized and excited right now! I feel like going out and having fun partying! I saw this cool club not too far from here and I wanna go dance there!”

“Sounds like fun,” the woman stated, “I think you would be a big hit with everyone.”

“I know!” Nikki declared. She pulled out her wallet from nowhere and handed the waitress a twenty from it. The pony anthro giggled and said, “here’s a tip for the wonderful cake sweetie! I’ll be sure to stop by all the time for more!”

With those words, Nikki skipped out of the diner merrily and headed for the club she saw earlier. She was ready to finally have a good time tonight, especially with her new, improved mood. No one was going to bring down her at all.

The waitress watched the pony anthro skipped off down the street, disappearing into the distance. The employee smiled and sighed, thinking happily, *another satisfied and improved customer. Was a bit worried there for a sec, but it all worked out. Nothing beats pony cake. Always improves their mood~*

THE END