

THINK PINK

NOVEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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It was a fairly normal day in Luna Nova Academy, which was a welcome change considering all of the recent events. A defection of one of their professors, the secrets of Shiny Chariot, helping get rid of a missile... none of it was really the kind of thing normal sixteen year old girls had to deal with on a regular basis. It had all really made Diana Cavendish appreciate these quiet days where they could relax and study as they were meant to.

But of course, *Akko would still be Akko-ing.*

Earlier that day, before the lunch break they were currently on, Akko had mixed a potion that had backfired dramatically. The brew had essentially exploded and, while harmless, had become a joke within the class. **“And so then the professor made her stand out in the hall! It was so funny!”**

“Wasn’t it!? That girl is a super big idiot, right? Right Diana?” Diana was having lunch with her closest friends Hannah and Barbara, the two chatting about that incident and making fun of Atsuko in the process. Even though Akko had done so much for everyone...

Diana had certainly warmed up to the Japanese witch, so much that she wouldn’t stand to have her name sullied. After all, she was friends with Akko now just as she was friends with these two. **“I don’t think that’s appropriate to say... She works just as hard as the rest of us.”** The other two immediately shied away from saying anything else, as they should have.

But someone had been listening in, and they had only heard Hannah and Barbara mocking Akko. They hadn't heard Diana speak in the girl's defense. Which would lead to a big problem later on.

Because Sucy was the type of witch that liked to get even.

Later that night, Diana was the first to return home to the dorm room she shared with Hannah and Barbara. The day had been a long one and Diana had seen it fit to visit the bath before things got too busy (*which was likely where the other two were now*) so she could at least relax a little. She was surprised to find her door open a crack when she returned however.

“Did one of them leave it open when they grabbed their towels? They need to be more careful...” Not that she expected anyone would rob them in the daylight. The sun was still setting after all. Not thinking much more of it than that, she stepped in and pushed her weight against the door without even an ounce of caution. *That ended up costing her.*

Because she was drenched in the pink contents of bucket that had been hoisted above the door. The kind of childish prank you saw in children's cartoons. “What the--!?” Said bucket ended up smacking Diana on the head and falling to the ground, but despite the fact that she had been momentarily soaked... *she was still completely dry?* No, that wasn't quite right. This wasn't water or juice or anything of the sort. It had been a potion.

One designed to be absorbed by the body.

Typically these kinds of potions were used in transfiguration scenarios, allowing one to modify the form of another without casting a spell. So just *what* had her body absorbed? **“I need to--” SLAM!** Her immediate idea had been to find a professor like Croix before it properly took effect, but the door slammed in her face the moment she had tried to leave. This gave the potion the window it needed to start taking effect, and it did so in a way that, for Diana, rendered her essentially incapable of function temporarily.

Her body was *trembling*. Not just a little bit, but significantly so. It made standing hard, much less grabbing the doorknob and turning it. At first it had been so violent that was forced to sit down on her bed for fear of accidentally hurting herself. She could trip or slip like this, and that would be an easy way to prematurely end her life. **“Do I really have no choice but to wait for this to pass?”** That was frustrating, particularly when she didn't know what it was intended to do nor the

source of its origin. At best this was just an innocent prank, at worst it was something much more sinister.

Diana planted her hands into her duvet cover to try and stabilize herself as her body continued to quiver. With no other option, she focused inwardly to try and get a sense of what was happening, even while the earliest signs were unknowingly things she wouldn't quite be able to feel nor, without a reflective surface, see (*and curse this room for not having a mirror*).

Early on there was just a lot of *pink*. Be it on her head, above her crotch, or on her arms - all of the platinum blonde hair that was synonymous with Diana's identity was dyed in this bubblegum shade that looked more like it belonged on an anime character than a girl of European descent like herself. Her hairstyle likewise met an untimely demise as the cut shortened from halfway down her back to just past her shoulders, natural perm rung through an invisible straightener before all was said and done. All this left was her bangs which lost their natural, resting side sweep in exchange for a leveled, part-less alternative.

The color pink was often suggestive of femininity and high energy, and while Diana embodied the first fairly well, her personality always ran quite opposite to the latter. She was calm and composed, able to keep her cool in every situation. Someone like Akko, if subjected to these circumstances, might have been an unruly and anxious mess, but not her! In fact, she was *humming a little diddy* to herself, that was how calm she was!

...Wait.

"I was humming? Why...?" Humming wasn't an inherently strange thing. But for Diana? It kind of was. She didn't exactly break out into song whenever she felt like it. Nor could she even recognize the song she was humming. The lyrics in her head hadn't even been English? ...They had been *Japanese*. This sudden outburst merely spoke to something the student hadn't quite rationalized yet. She was becoming restless and high energy, and the fact that she was tapping her foot against the ground was *not* because of the trembling.

In fact, going back to that Japanese song fun fact for a moment: the entire process through which the witch processed her thoughts had been changing. She was natively an English speaker, but now her mind was translating whenever she spoke. Her thoughts weren't subconsciously made in this language anymore, they were being made in Japanese and then filtered through to English. Like she had been born and raised in Japan.

And, seeming, *she had*. The bright blues of Diana's eyes sparkled even more than normally, potentially to make up for the fact that design wise their shapes were narrowing into a more traditional almond shape. Those (*now*) pink eyebrows thinned into naught but a pair of thin lines which actually made her eyes look a little bigger than they were, but otherwise they more resembled *Akko's* eyes than, say, *Barbara's*. This Asian aesthetic was sold alongside other reshaped features as well, like lips that appeared far more glossy and pouty naturally, with daintier swells. There was also the matters of her rounder cheekbones and smaller nose, all coming together to make her face appear much, much *cuter*.

The shaking has begun to subside, and as it did Diana's mind... wandered. She wasn't as concerned with what was happening to her body as she likely should have been, and instead she was thinking about her friends. Weren't Hannah and Barbara so *cute*!? More than that, they definitely seemed like, maybe a little bit, *they had crushes on one another? Was that a potential ship? Should she support them in some way in their pursuit of love?*

These were the kinds of thoughts Diana never had, but nonetheless they provoked her expression to reap the benefits of her cuter facial features. The smile she presented was absolutely adorable, if not a little naturally oblivious. Her feet kicked back and forth playfully over the side of the bed, the girl oblivious to the extra jiggle feel her thighs were giving off as she did so. It weren't as if the already present weight was being tossed around more forcefully; there was just more weight to jiggle around from the outset.

She hadn't grown taller, but the witch's gait had expanded itself. Plumper thighs for one, and a rounder rear likewise pushed her seat slightly up and forward. It wasn't substantial in growth, but it was enough to make the skirt of her dress rest closer to her groin... only to get yanked up to the point that the bottom of her undergarments could be seen peeking out thanks to what was happening above.

"Oh!?" Diana exclaimed once it happened, not even noticing how much cheerier her tone had become. There wasn't a single hint of concern in her tone, only surprise pointed at the fact that the front of her dress was being pushed outward by her breasts of all things. Fat bubbled up from their depths and padded them with extra acclaim, making them both rounder and fuller - at the cost of what remained of her Luna Nova dress' fit. She would need to find one that fit properly! *"That's odd, did I put Barbara-chan's uniform on by accident?"* She tilted her head cluelessly to the side while raising a finger to her lips to ponder.

Her mind... it felt largely *vacant*. Diana was supposed to be the type of young woman that thought everything through carefully, prioritizing what was important and seeing through her goals to the very end. As a result she had a tendency to over analyze essentially every facet of her life, but now? She felt content just going with the flow. Absorbing a potion? There was no recollection of that, even if her intellect had hardly been touched.

It was just, in demeanor, *she was much more like Akko*.

In fact from personality to the fact that she was evidently a Japanese girl, it almost looked like none of this was coincidental. It wasn't. After hearing Hannah and Barbara make fun of Akko, Sucy had concocted a potion to turn Diana into 'someone like Akko' as punishment. It had been meant to be a temporary ordeal, but what no one had realized yet that it very much *wasn't*.

The trembling finally subsided, and Diana sprung up to her feet with a bubbly "*HYUP!*". She then extended her arms up to stretch, leaning from side to side eccentrically before likewise leaning forwards and backwards. "*All good to go~! Nooow... Should I go visit Akko-chan?*" Akko was her bestie! Well it wasn't very surprising, since they were basically two peas in a pod. But she couldn't go dressed like this...

"*Chikara no kagiri kagayaku no da (yo) Chika tto Chika tto Chika Chika♥*" Out of nowhere, while rummaging through her dresser, she had started singing the Japanese song she had been humming earlier. It was her favorite song at the time because she'd written it! After all, it was a song about *her!*

A song about Chika!