

## Jack's Magical Lady Adventure – Strange Beginnings

By The SpiralledEye

Jack took a swig from his coffee mug and leaned out the window, watching the scene below. One of his students was about to try giving the boy she liked valentine's Day chocolates and it was bound to be an incredible exchange. How the poor boy hadn't figured out the girls crush yet spoke to just how thick teenagers were. He and the other staff members had witnessed so many awkward encounters between the two he was half tempted to take them aside and explain it himself. Admitting you liked somebody wasn't that hard and yet, for years now he'd watched this tired dance again and again.

"Is she going to do it this time?" Dana asked idly, joining him at the second storey window.

The girl finally approached and shoved the box into the boy's hands so hard he almost fell over.

"Apparently." Jack nodded. "All that talk of the shooting star in the news has put them all in a romantic mood. I heard a bunch of the girls talking about how it was a sign."

*"It's not because I like you or anything i-idiot!"*

"Oh boy here we go." Dana sighed.

"Why are teenagers like this?"

"Beats me. We were teenagers once, remember? It really does feel like the fate of the world is on your shoulders."

"Speak for yourself." Jack stretched, feeling his spine crack, "I came out of the womb a tired man just moments away from a midlife crisis."

Dana snorted and they fell into companionable silence watching a scene worthy of a light novel anime playing out below them. It seems the girl had mistaken his response for an admission of love for her friend...somehow? Honestly, sometimes he felt like weeping for the future of his country. Clearly, he was a shit teacher because the kids just kept getting dumber.

"Oh man, did I miss the confession?"

"Peter, you have to stop treating our students like your own personal soap."

"I will when they do."

Peter was a few years younger than he and Dana and as a result, still have a little energy to him. Jack liked to joke that life hadn't sucked his soul all the way out yet, Peter usually responded with a sucking gesture that no teacher should even make while on premises.

"Don't worry, it looks like they somehow turned giving chocolate into an argument so another confession is on the cards in a weeks' time."

"Or a month, knowing them." Dana retorted, "Ah to have the time and energy to care about the little things, the curse of youth."

"Just because we're all single losers doesn't mean our students have to be!" Peter announced, "Hell we don't have to be either, my beds always open, Dana."

She swatted him on the shoulder.

"You wish."

"Well yeah, that's why I'm offering."

Jack felt his eyes glaze over. He knew for a fact they had a thing on the side occasionally, he'd be lying if he said he wasn't jealous. Not of bedding Dana specifically, just the fact that of the three of them his life was by far the dullest. At least they had an occasional roll in the hay to look forward to. But what could he do? Unlike the stories, adventure didn't just fall out of thin air like shooting stars.

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Friday night, best night of the week in Jack's opinion; it was the longest possible time before he had to go back to work. He was looking forward to a relaxing evening diligently ignoring the piles of paperwork and marking currently nestled away in his bag. The train station near his house even had a little take-out place that sold fried chicken half price as a special Fridays, maybe he'd pick himself up a box and a beer to enjoy while vegging out on the couch. He'd long given up the nights on the town that had dominated his twenties, not he just wanted some peace and quiet.

But of course, the universe was too cruel to even give him that. The earth rumbled beneath his feet and Jack swore, an earthquake? No, earthquakes didn't stop and start like this, it was almost like incredibly heavy footsteps. But what on earth could be big enough to make the ground shake like this? He got his answer a moment later when a creature, three storeys tall with a body shaped like a purple rat with green glowing eyes turned the corner. It's razor sharp claws digging into the concrete like butter as people screamed and ran.

"What the fuck?!" Jack turned to flee but froze when he heard a girl scream.

One of his students! Nancy, the girl who he'd watched awkwardly try to confess to her crush mere hours before. Now, Jack may have been a cynic but he could hardly let this poor girl get crushed beneath a kaiju before she had a real chance at life.

He flung himself forward shoving her out of the way just as the giant rat's foot was about to crush them. Nancy rolled to safety, scrambling to her feet and running without even a glance back at the man who had saved her. Typical, he was about to die and she hadn't even spared him a second glance. Jack looked up at the giant claws foot descending toward him just in time for a blinding pink light to explode in front of his eyes. Time seemed to slow around him; the monster seemingly frozen by that bright light. Squinting through his fingers Jack could see the cause, a tiny pink gem floating free in the air. Instinctually he reached out, grasping it in his palm and suddenly everything seemed to come alive again.

He was seemingly transported to a strange pink void, his naked body totally covered in that conveniently placed light that assured his modesty as the gem settled against his chest.

"What the he-"

He never got to finish the sentence as pink ribbons burst forth, wrapping around his body before rippling to form a short skirt and sailor outfit. Jack could only blink, completely bewildered as cheery pop music played from *somewhere*, his body moving against his will to the rhythm of the song as more of those ribbons appeared. Each time they would dissipate into a shower of pink sparkles, leaving behind a new article of ridiculous clothing; knee high boots, white gloves, and long pink hair in two pigtails tied by heart shaped barrettes. He was spinning, his vision blurred until finally his body posed, chest thrust forward, hips and ass out as the song finally finished.

And just like that he was back; pink void gone and replaced with the normal street. Well, normal save the fact he was standing there before a giant rat monster wearing a pink sailor uniform complete with skirt.

"Pink Hope! Quickly, you must dispatch the monster!"

The voice was coming from his ankle, Jack looked down to see a pale pink rabbit with blue eyes far too big for its face looking up at him.

"Oh cool, I've gone off the deep end." He sighed; the stress must have finally got to him.

"No Pink Hope, this is real!" The rabbit bounced up to his face between every second word, "You must use your Sugar Wand to purify this monster!"

"Sugar wand?" Jack scoffed, "Really?"

"Look out!"

The rabbit darted to the left as the rat's giant paw came down atop them, out of self-preservation Jack jumped only to find himself flying up into the sky a full foot above rat's head. With a surprised yelp he flailed, hovering for a moment before plummeting to the ground only to land on his feet, unharmed.

"Did I just survive a three storey drop?!"

"Of course, fall damage is nothing to a magical being like Pink Hope!" The rabbit cried, "Now summon your weapon and fight!"

Jack dove out of the way of a slashing claw, still shocked at his own agility.

"How?!" He cried; he could worry about whether this was all in his head later.

"Focus on your pure heart!" The rabbit replied, "feel the love become physical!"

"What the fuck does that even *mean*?"

Another dodge. He couldn't keep doing this forever and, mad as it sounded, the magical pink rabbit was his only lead. Jack closed his eyes and thrust out a hand, trying to think about the last time he was in love. He'd been young and stupid; the memory was tainted with years of cynicism but it was all he had. He tried to focus on how it had felt at the time, all exciting and new. Something solid formed in his palm and Jack opened his eyes.

"A wand, really?"

Not even a sword?

"Quickly! You know the words, just let them out!"

"...I really don't."

"Believe!"

Okay, the rabbit was nothing but new age shit, he was on his own. Tensing his muscles Jack jumped, pointing the wand down at the creature in those brief seconds of weightlessness. The heart shaped gem at the tip of the wand started to glow and Jack felt his mouth moving of its own volition.

"Let the negativity that's clouded your heart be purified! Replaced with the love and sweetness of life! *Hopeful Sugar Beam!*"

*God*, he hoped nobody was recording this.

A dazzling beam of pink shimmering light burst forth, slamming into the monster and enveloping it. The creature roared in pain before slowly beginning to disintegrate into tiny motes of light as Jack landed heavily in one of the footprints left behind.

"You did it!" The rabbit bounced in front of his face, "I was worried for a moment there."

"What the fuck is going on?" Jack cried, grabbing the rabbit by the scruff, "How did I do...any of that?"

"You touched the crystal and became Pink Hope!" The rabbit replied as if that remotely answered the question.

Jack was about to start yelling when he realised people were starting to gather and stare now that the rat was gone.

And he was still wearing the pink sailor suit outfit.

Swearing under his breath he stuffed the rabbit under his arm and fled the scene, ducking behind some rubble and disappearing into the alley. He caught a glimpse of his reflection in a broken store window as it flew by, a long pink blur of hair flowed behind him. His free hand reached up, yanking a handful of the pink strands down and wincing when he felt the roots tug at his skull, despite its length and ridiculous colour it was real.

He didn't stop until he'd covered several city blocks, sequestering himself and the rabbit in a quiet alley. He placed the creature onto a dumpster and stood, hands on his hips.

"Now, explain. Why do you keep calling me 'Pink Hope'? And what is this stupid outfit!?"

"Perhaps it would be easier if I explain myself." The rabbit stood up straight, "I'm Clo, my species come from a galaxy far away and are dedicated to pacifism and the protection of sentient life in all its various forms. It is for that reason I have come, to help protect the Earth and Humanity by gifting special humans with the power to defeat creatures call The Negatives."

"...That is the single stupidest thing I have ever heard."

"It's true!" Clo insisted, "The Negatives are the result of an alien pathogen which recently arrived on earth via a meteorite."

"The shooting star from the news? That thing burnt up in the atmosphere."

"Most of it, but in doing so the alien spores have landed across Japan and now are infecting humans. Their negative emotions become manifest as monsters like the one you just saw. With the magic I have granted you through the Hope Crystal, you can purify such creatures and keep humanity safe until the spores have died out."

"Dressed like this?!"

"It's your battle armour."

"What sort of armour has a mini skirt? Or pigtails that reach my damn ass?"

"I don't understand the question." Clo blinked his wide eyes at Jack and he sighed, clearly their races had very different ideas of what constituted protective wear.

"I admit, it doesn't suit you very well though." The rabbit crossed its tiny arms, one ear flopping down in thought, "I was supposed to gift the crystal to a young woman, filled with hope and love. Then you got in the way."

"Wait, you were going to put the burden of protecting all of Japan from monsters on a teenager's shoulders? That's fucked up, Clo."

"Not just one, three!" Clo replied as if that made things any better, "The Purity Crystal and Chivalry Crystal will manifest when you come into contact with those who would best make your team complete."

"Okay, maybe things work differently on Venus or wherever you come from-"

"Thuliaga, in the Pieces system."

"Whatever, point is that even if I wanted to, and I really don't want to, I cannot run around with two teenage girls. It's just not a good look for a man in his thirties."

"We'll figure something out, if you're older your ideal team mates probably are as well." The rabbit shrugged, a truly strange gesture to behold.

"Our biggest problem at the moment is making you fit that armour."

"I can think of a few things that should probably be higher on the list-argh! Did you just *bite* me?"

The rabbit removed his teeth from Jack's ankle.

"Apologies, it's the easiest way for me to alter your chromosomes and dna."

"Sorry, what?! Clo, you can't just do that to somebody without asking!"

Clo seemed unperturbed, hopping back onto his dumpster and giving what may have been a smile; it was hard to tell with a rabbit's mouth.

"But the armour didn't fit you right. Now it will."

Jack opened his mouth to ask again, what that even meant when he realised the front of his strange new outfit was...tighter. The bust had been loose and baggy on his lean male frame but looking down now he was shocked to see the material slowly filling as cleavage formed before his very eyes. He was growing tits! Big ones at that, in shock his hands grabbed at them as if pressing his palms would somehow halt their growth; it didn't. What was worse, this wasn't like the strange pink void with its unexplainable music, these breasts weren't a costume they were real.

And that wasn't the only place he could feel himself growing either.

His hands leapt from his chest to his ass, grabbing fistfuls of the round, soft flesh as he swore under his breath. The movement made the mounds jiggle, the panties beneath his skirt offering no support whatsoever to the heavy cheeks.

"Did you-?"

Jack never finished the question, too distracted by his own voice and how very unlike himself it sounded. It was higher pitched and womanly; had he heard it elsewhere he'd never assume it came from a man's throat. Speaking of his throat, a gentle touch from his now thin and dainty fingers showed that his Adams apple was gone, replaced with slender, smooth skin. This was madness! His hands continued to roam across his body, the smooth expanse of his stomach, the sharpness of his cheekbones and even the gentle slope of his shoulders. He was too scared to place a hand at his crotch but, much to his horror, he noted he could feel nothing hanging between his legs anymore. In fact, it was just the opposite, a distinct absence was there as well as a subtle dampness he'd never experienced. Well, at least not from this point of view.

"There, now you are as Pink Hope should be." Clo beamed.

Jack stared down at his reflection in a nearby puddle.

A grown woman stared back. Clo gave a cheer.

"I am so excited to work together!"