

Pink Hope Continued - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

Jun reluctantly continues his life as a secret magical girl while trying to figure out his confusing feelings for his male teammate.

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Jun floated gently through the air; a cloud of pink sparkles and light flowing in his wake as he landed gently on the rooftop. His pink sugar beam had just ripped through another negative emotion monster. Of course it was much less gory than it should have been; the giant gorilla, born of arrogance, disintegrated into pink and silver light. Dissipating into nothing as the crowds cheered and Blue Purity gave him a thumbs up from the ground below; next to him an very embarrassed looking man in a basketball shirt who looked like he lived at the gym; the source of the creature no doubt.

He tossed one of his long pink pigtails over his shoulder, placing a hand on his hip ready to give a rousing catchphrase as had become his habit when suddenly the crowd gasped. He looked up to see the disintegrating monster making one last final swipe at him with its giant, meaty fist.

It should have been something simple to dodge; he had been doing it this entire battle after all but for some reason the shock seemed to freeze him in place. Why couldn't he move!? Just before the fist could smash him into dust warm hands appeared at his shoulders and thigh and he was swept off his feet.

High in the air, held bridal style, he stared up at the handsome face of Red Chivalry, smiling confidently as he landed them both safely on the neighbouring building. Jun felt his face turn pink in embarrassment as he was laid down on the roof.

"Are you hurt?" Red Chivalry asked, cupping his face gently, who did that to somebody who wasn't their partner? Honestly?

That blush was spreading across his whole body now; Jun hated just how flustered this man made him; with his strong jawline and handsome red armour. He really was like a knight out of a children's storybook.

"I'm fine." he squeaked.

“Then I must away.” Red Chivalry said dramatically, swinging his cape around in a circle and raising his ruby sword to the sky. The light glinted off the metal, or perhaps it was gemstone, it was hard to tell.

The light glinted off the shiny surface, temporarily blinding Jun and in the split second his eyes closed, Red Chivalry was gone. He could hear women in the crowd below swooning and expressing their jealousy over Pink Hope getting rescued by him. Jun’s face still felt hot and he was sure it was as pink as his garish costume.

He decided to forgo the catchphrase and instead began bounding over the rooftops. There was no point waiting for Daisuke; every time they had a battle Blue Purity spent at least an hour signing autographs and posing for instagram photos with her fans. It was downright embarrassing really.

When he was finally a good distance away he found a quiet alley and transformed back into his boring, middle aged male self. Coughing a few times and watching as glitter swirled; just how much glitter was strictly necessary for a magical girl anyway? It seemed excessive, no matter what Clo argued.

“Well done, Pink Hope!”

Speak of the devil; there was Clo, in all his adorable, frustrating glory. Sitting on a trash can like it were a throne.

“You’ve collected a lot of those meteorite fragments!”

“Are we getting close to having them all?” Jun groaned, “I’m not sure how many more of these monster attacks Tokyo can take, you’d think getting attacked by a new kaiju every week would have affected the economy or something by now...Or at least have people moving.”

“Humans are very resilient.” Clo said knowingly, “Especially you and your team.”

“We’d work better together if you would tell me who the hell Red Chivalry is.” Jun pouted, immediately blushing and fixing his expression into something less...girly.

“They swore me to secrecy.” Clo replied, “and I cannot break a promise.”

“Since when is that a thing?”

“Since always.”

As always the rabbits face was implacable; Jun couldn't read it but he got the distinct impression he was being fucked with. He'd tried to think of all the men his 'heart' could have chosen to be the third member of their team, Daisuke had spent several days theorising but so far nothing concrete had come up.

Not that he'd had much time to dedicate to it, between trying to keep his classes in check, all their work marked and working as a magical girl on the side he barely had time to think. He walked down the street and grimaced at the TV screen inside the local cafe; the news station was covering his latest battle. There he was, being hefted into the air by Red Chivalry looking at him with all the love and wonder of a fresh faced teen with her first crush. God he looked so ridiculous.

The fact that he had grown used to seeing his female form appearing on the news, clad in that stupid miniskirt and ribbons was more than a little embarrassing. Not as embarrassing as watching Daisuke make peace signs and posing afterwards though; at least he still had a single sliver of dignity left. A sliver Red chivalry threatened to disappear any day now if he gave into the urges that appeared whenever he was around...

Jun didn't understand it; he wasn't attracted to men at all. After that day on the rooftop he'd even tried looking up some more...gay porn to see if something had awakened in him and it most certainly had not. It was just Red Chivalry. There was something about the man that drew him in and made him feel things he really didn't want to.

It didn't help that the man seemed to come out of nowhere; rescue him whenever he needed it and then was gone. Sometimes in a literal flash like before. They never really had a chance to talk.

Jun's phone beeped and he groaned, looking as his alarm went off; he had five minutes to get across town to the school before class started. There was no way he'd make it like this so that meant he only had one option. With a defeated sigh he struck a pose, holding the Hope Crystal to his chest and letting himself transform once more to bounce across the rooftops.

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To say that his teaching had suffered due to his new side gig would be an understatement. Once the school had been repaired management had them working double time to ensure the students caught up. Jun walked into class sore from fights and exhausted constantly; he

didn't even have the drive to wake sleeping students anymore. If anything, he just felt jealous that they could subtly nap in class while he was stuck at the front with the board.

By the time lunch rolled around he felt ready to give up. A gentle clink made him look up from where he collapsed against the lunch table and he saw Mira grinning down at him as she pushed the coffee cup closer.

“It’s Irish style.” She grinned, “You look like you need it.”

“God yes.”

Jun drained the lukewarm mug gratefully, enjoying the warmth generated from the alcohol Mira had mixed in.

“You and Daisuke really need to stop it with the long nights.” Mira chuckled, “I think the big man is worried you’re coming to work hungover.”

Did being exhausted from fighting giant squirrels count as a hangover?

“Just...not sleeping well.” He half lied, “With all these giant monster attacks can you blame me?”

“If you ask me,” A rough voice interrupted, “It’s that Pink Hope girl’s fault.”

Jun turned to see Mr. Tanaka looking down on them; he was a huge man, muscle bound. He took all the sports teams and gym classes for a reason, and also had an awful habit of giving his opinion when nobody asked.

“What do you mean?” Jun replied defensively, “That poor girl is defending the city with everything she’s got. She probably has better things to be doing but can’t stand by when she has the power to stop them.”

“Exactly!” Tanaka pointed a fat finger in his direction, “These monsters suddenly start appearing and magically, at the same time, some mini skirt wearing, pink haired hero appears and she and her little friends are the only ones who can stop them? It’s a set up, she’s the one summoning them, I’d bet my left bicep!”

Jun felt his bad mood increase; it was one thing to have the responsibility of protecting all of Tokyo thrust upon him, and being changed into a woman to do it but to not even have a little appreciation for it was the last straw.

“I think Pink Hope is a force for good.” Mira spoke up, “She’s a hero.”

“Just you wait,” Tanaka warned, “People online are already working to expose her little secrets, I follow all the blogs.”

Jun had no idea, he’d stopped looking up Pink Hope news if he could help it, sick of seeing himself posing and flying around in a skirt.

“It’s clear that Blue Purity is a glory hound, you should see the stuff she posts online about herself.”

That Jun couldn’t really refute; Daisuke was doing himself no favours acting the way that he was.

“Think what you want,” Mira replied haughtily, “but I think she’s a hero.”

“She’s always so dour and disappears quickly, I think it’s because she’s actually controlling the monster as well. That’s why she has the blue one jumping about acting all flashy. It’s all a distraction. Open up your eyes, man. See the truth.”

“I’m a woman but thanks anyway.” Mira snorted, “come on Jun, let’s go enjoy our coffee somewhere with less paranoid idiots.”

Jun nodded and followed but Tanaka’s voice still echoed in his mind. Of course he knew the man was spouting rubbish but he hadn’t realised his grumpy attitude was so noticeable. He’d been so busy scoffing at Daisuke running around posing and giggling like an idiot that he’d never given much thought to how he was coming across.

He passed his students in the hall as he and Mira made their way to a free balcony. The girls were huddled around their phones, watching his latest fight online. Like it or not he was a role model now; maybe, just maybe, he’d better start acting like one.

His chance came that very next afternoon. Jun sighed as the ground shook beneath him; he knew what that sensation meant. He didn't even bother looking to see what he was fighting before drawing out the Hope Crystal and holding it to his chest as that familiar pink void opened up before him. He thought about what Daisuke said, about their image and his attitude problem. Most people dreamed of being a superhero; hell, even he had as a boy.

His ass swelled and the long pigtails sprouted from his head as his body was forced to perform its delicate ballet style dance as he changed; Sure, this wasn't exactly what he had in mind when it came to being a hero but...he was a hero, right?

His lips plumped as a sweet layer of strawberry lip gloss coated them and he smiled; the music was sort of catchy and Jun let himself enjoy the change for the first time. Stretching out as his bust grew and his leopard snapped around his skin. The void and music disappeared and Jun found himself striking a pose; butt out, head held high for once and he giggled. It felt...good.

Remembering Tanaka's words he kept that smile on his face; it was time he embraced this new life of his, it obviously wasn't going away anytime soon. He jumped into the sky and began bounding over the rooftops; the source of the rumbling quickly presenting itself in the form of a giant, glowing butterfly.

A streak of blue in the sky to his left caught his eye and Jun grinned at Blue Purity, you pirouetted before landing delicately on the rooftop. For the first time, Jun let himself relax and take on the role of Pink Hope in full. He pointed dramatically at the butterfly, summoning his wand.

"Blue Purity, go find the source, I'll take care of this!"

Daisuke grinned and gave him a quick salute before diving down into the busy crowd in search of the rotten heart that had summoned the creature. Jun took to the skies, letting his female body guide his movements and all at once things seemed to click into place; his balance was perfect, his movements graceful and almost dancer-like. He spun out of the way of the razor sharp wings as they slashed at him, and the stabbing proboscis of the butterfly with ease.

It was exhilarating; like performing on a stage without any of the stage fright. Beam after beam failed to connect until finally, the creature began to tire and weaken; Daisuke must have found the source. It was time.

Jun struck another pose, gathering all the elation and joy that was filling his heart in that moment and held out the wand.

"Pink Sugar Beam!"

The sparkling beam that was summoned was twice the size it usually was. It glittered so much Jun almost had to shield his eyes from the dazzling light as it tore through the butterfly and transformed it into a shower of pink sparks that rained down like soft snow before dissipating in the wind.

For the first time he let himself enjoy the spectacle; it really was beautiful. Below the crowd cheered and Jun smiled; giving them a friendly wave as he landed on a nearby lamppost. Perfectly poised and balanced on the mental tip.

“It’s alright, everything is okay now!” He called before giving a little twirl.

He giggled; feeling free and happy in his secret identity for the first time. Jun’s life was dour and boring but Mira was right; Pink Hope was a hero. He lept down into the crowd and for the first time offered his hand to shake for those reaching for him. He posed for a few pictures and found his body naturally stretched and posed without him having to think. The people flocked to him; eager to finally get up close and personal with the formerly aloof hero.

“Pink Hope!”

A small voice broke through the crowd; it was a girl who couldn’t be older than eight; she had a scrawled drawing in her hands that showed a crude version of Pink hope firing her Sugar Beam. Jun felt his heart ache a little.

“You’re my hero!” The girl smiled, “Look, I made this for you!”

She thrust the picture into his hands and Jun felt genuine tears burning behind them; he’d done that. He’d actually inspired a child. Hadn;t that been why he became a teacher in the first place? To try and inspire the next generation? How had he forgotten that?

“Thank you.” He said, carefully folding the picture and placing it within one of the many ruffled layers of his leotard where it wouldn’t fly away in the wind.

A shimmer of red caught his eye and he saw Red Chivalry standing atop a nearby building. He was leaning against the rooftop entrance and grinning and Jun felt himself blushing self consciously. Excusing himself he lept up there to join him.

“You could have helped.” He said, crossing his arms but Red Chivalry just chuckled.

“You had it well in hand, taking a page out of Purity’s book I see?”

“I just thought it might be nice for the people to know the woman saving them a bit better is all.” Jun replied.

“I know I would.”

It was then Jun realised just how close their bodies were. The leotard and skirt Clo so generously called his armour felt paper thin as his chest pressed against Red Chivalry. To his horror; Jun realised he could feel wetness forming between his legs. His nipples were hardening and somehow, despite the armour, Red Chivalry seemed to notice and grinned.

Before he could do anything to stop it; their lips were touching. Jun honestly didn't know which one of them learned at first but once they were together all reason fled his mind. Those lips felt so nice on his own and the hand that cradled the back of his head made him feel so safe and secure. He moaned into the man’s mouth and let him swallow the sound down. All while that heat between his legs increased.

That want was enough to break him out of whatever spell he’d fallen under and Jun jumped backward; face burning. He could feel a blush spreading down his cheek and across his breasts as well. It was like his whole body was betraying him. Red Chivalry lived up to his name though and simply bowed.

“Forgive me, that was very forward.” He said and Jun’s heart gave a flutter.

He really was like the knight in shining armour from all those story books he’d read as a kid. Granted; back then he’d been imagining himself in the knights place, not the princess’.

“You cannot deny there is a spark between us though.” he added.\

“I know.” Jun replied before he could stop himself and instantly cringed; why did he admit that.

“Then what’s the problem?”

“I...I...”

Jun felt his heart beginning to race; he couldn't tell him the truth. Not only because it was embarrassing to admit that under all these ruffles and pigtails he was a man but also...because deep down he hated the idea of Red Chivalry hating him. What if he was disgusted and refused to work with him and Daisuke anymore?

"I can't explain." Jun said lamely, turning on his heels quickly and jumping off the roof. "I have to go!"

See how Chivalry liked it when he was the one pulling the disappearing act for once. He moved quickly as lightning, forcing magic into his feet to pick up speed and height with his jumps, he was moving so fast and far it almost felt like flying. By the time he ran out of energy and had to transform back he was halfway across Tokyo; several trains away from his apartment and so winded he could barely breathe.

Despite all that though; his fingers went to his lips. They were still tingling and no matter how hard he tried to ignore it; he could still taste Chivalry on his tongue.

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Jun tossed and turned, trying to sleep but his mind was racing; he kept reliving the kiss. The electricity that passed between them; he'd thought that was the sort of thing made up for fairy tales. He'd never experienced attraction like this before and it was tearing him apart. His whole body felt like it was on fire and every time he closed his eyes it was that handsome, blue eyed face that appeared before him.

Jun bit his lip; sexual frustration had an easy solution of course but the idea of getting off to another man was...unsettling. Clo was fast asleep in the other room so he had privacy at least. If he was going to get any sleep, perhaps he should just do it and get it over with?

With hands shaking from both awkwardness and excitement he reached into his boxers and slowly began to stroke him. He was already hard and so turned on he expected the whole process to only take a few seconds but to his utter frustration it barely helped at all.

His palm felt good wrapped around his length but it wasn't bringin the usual satisfaction. If anything it was a tease and an ungratifying one at that. Jun swallowed, as his eyes slid to his bedside table. He could see a faint pink outline where the hope crystal was slowly glowing inside the drawer.

"Nobody has to know," he whispered.

But he would know; and that alone made him feel so much shame. Not enough shame to stop him reaching inside and letting the crystal transform him though. When the literal song and dance were done he found himself in full Pink Hope Regalia, laying on his bed; painfully horny and now in possession of a pussy.

Jun took a deep breath and closed his eyes; taking a few moments to acclimate to what it felt like to be horny as a woman. His hard on was gone, replaced with soft warmth. He could feel moisture building between the folds and an ache both near the front and toward the back. As well as a hollowness. Without opening his eyes he let his fingers wander, slipping beneath the mini skirt and under the leotard until they met dampness.

The pleasure was instant and harsh; almost painful. Yet it was delicious at the same time. He pressed against the hard little bundle that was his clit and gasped before slapping his free hand over his mouth. His breathing got faster and harsher as he continued to press and play; trying desperately not to imagine Red Chivalry in his mind before giving in.

Jun imagined it was the magical knight touching him; whispering in his ear as he came and pleasure along with white hot shame flooded his body as he shuddered. The orgasm left him gasping for breath and as quickly as he'd come he quickly turned back into himself, shoving the crystal back in his drawer in shame. Already knowing that it wouldn't be the last time he indulged himself this way.