

Flora to Fashion

Author's Note: This story is a continuation of a TF concept created by [Fluttershi](#), AKA Tea Jay. I liked the idea so much that I asked him if I could get my own pony OC in on that TF action too. Enjoy!

See here for the original TF comic by RenardGia: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/48442431/>

See here for a picture of my pony OC, Hyacinth, drawn by Parclytaxel: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/43334530/>

Deep in the wilder part of the forest, Hyacinth took in a breath filled with the heavy scent of fresh, loamy soil. In this dank environment, her deep brown coat blended so well that even if anypony were around to see the earth pony mare, they might still overlook her. That suited Hyacinth just fine, as it meant more undisturbed time with her flowers.

Well, to be more accurate, they were not *her* flowers - they were definitively wild, growing with barely a nudge from anypony - but she always felt a kinship with these hardy-yet-beautiful plants. Her floral cutie mark testified to that, depicting her namesake, a water hyacinth, in full bloom.

She felt one of the vivid flowers with a hoof as if to sense the vitality within, but she didn't even need to - she could see from the vibrance of its colors that it was doing fine. All of these plants were doing great. All was well...

A loud but muted *pop* suddenly sounded from somewhere beneath her hooves, making her blink in surprise and look down at the ground under her feet. She'd definitely felt that, but it wasn't something she'd been expecting. If there were any burrowing animals beneath her feet, that wasn't the kind of sound they would make.

The sound turned into a rapid shifting, getting louder, and she could feel something moving under her hooves. As she looked down, she noticed that the blades of grass were diverging, bulging outward, like someone was inflating a giant bubble beneath the earth. She realized, a second too late, what was about to happen...

Hyacinth gave a squeak of alarm as the expanding sphere of earth threw her up in the air a few feet, causing her to flail and stumble when she landed back on the ground again. With a sound of tearing roots and shifting soil, the bubble of dirt swelled outward and popped in a shower of earthy particulates, revealing a dirty and rather annoyed-looking draconequus.

"Ugh, *again*? Something must really be off with the cosmological constant in this universe," the tall creature said, brushing the worst of the dirt from his coat. He looked all around, before his eyes turned downward and landed on the earth pony who was gazing at him in shock. "Ah, there you are... oh really, *another* flower pony? Is this the hippy universe or something? If you start trying to feel my chakras, I'm afraid I *am* going to have to banish you into the sun."

Hyacinth looked up at the bizarre creature in fascinated terror as it stepped out of the crater it had created in the patch of forest flowers, the earth pony backing away in fright. "Huh... wha... what?" she blinked. "Are you... are you a djinn?"

"I'm guessing djinn look different in your universe," Discord mused. "No, I'm not a djinn, no, I'm not going to grant any wishes. I'm a draconequus, I am Discord, Lord of Chaos and Disharmony, yada yada yada. Apparently politeness dictates that I should allow you to ask a question at this point. Any questions?"

"Wh-what?"

"That technically counts as a question, so I'll take it," said Discord. He snapped his fingers and the pair of them vanished from the forest in a flash of white light.

The next thing Hyacinth knew, she was standing in a bare, wallpapered room. It seemed to be some kind of lounge, as she could see a cheap-looking couch, a leaflet of instructions on how to assemble the couch written in a language she didn't know, and a few cardboard boxes stashed in the corner. There were also doors placed in very non-door-like positions and orientations on the wall, one on the ceiling leading up into a gravity-defying corridor, and outside she could see a swirling nebula of colors and dancing stars.

Hyacinth screamed.

"Yes, I know, I need to get on and sort this place out," said Discord, idly poking at one of the cardboard boxes, which recoiled and made a grumbling sound. "I just haven't had time. Your universe is in rather worse shape than I had hoped, so I've been devoting most of my time to that lately."

"Wh-where are we? Where have you taken me?" Hyacinth stammered. "Take me back home!"

Discord sighed. The screaming always confused him. Ponies screaming, he had been told, was generally bad, yet mind-controlling them to accept their fate without question was somehow even worse. It didn't make any sense, which Discord considered to be rather hypocritical considering that ponies also tended to reject *him* for being the nonsensical one.

Still, as a reformed master of chaos, he made a determined effort to try doing it the hard way. He snapped his talons and produced a table, two cups of steaming

tea, and two chairs, one of which made Hyacinth eep as it tucked itself underneath her and forced her to sit.

Discord casually lowered himself into his own chair and motioned to a stack of sugar cubes between the two cups. "Please, be my guest," he said. "I apologize if I startled you."

Hyacinth struggled to control her breathing, looking around her new confines in amazement and terror. "Are we in... space?"

"We're in *a* space, although I suspect that's not what you meant. This is the realm of chaos, it's a sort of hyperspatial void between dimensions. I have a nice little place about ten universes down that way," he said, pointing in an impossible direction. "This one's just temporary accommodation while I'm doing a little job in your universe," Discord explained, between sips of tea.

"And I'm not... dreaming this, right?"

"No, that would be dream space. This is chaotic space. Do keep up," Discord leaned back casually in his chair. "So, Flower Power, I brought you here because apparently that's polite, and I wonder if you might return my kindness by listening to my proposal for a moment."

"P-Proposal?"

"Yes, just keep parroting words I say, that's the quickest way to be done with this discussion," Discord affirmed, summoning a clipboard and parchment with a snap of his fingers. "Tell me, how do you feel about flying very fast? Would you say that's something that appeals to you?"

Hyacinth blinked. Something told her that the best way to get through this would be to cooperate with her captor, and so far he hadn't done anything to harm her. Perhaps if she just answered his questions, he would be satisfied enough to let her go. Even if the questions made no sense. "Um... I can't... fly," she said, flapping her forelegs to accentuate her lack of wings.

"You may have noticed that I have extremely powerful magic that can solve trivial problems like that," Discord noted, sounding very bored. "If you had wings, would you enjoy racing? Aerobatics?"

Hyacinth pondered this. "...no?"

"You wouldn't?"

"I, um... I don't think so. I kind of like being on the ground. It's where all the flowers are."

"Only in *your* boring universe," Discord mused, crossing the first item off his parchment. "Okay, fine. How about magic? Would you like to be a dull bookworm with extremely poor social skills, but an incredible aptitude for spellcasting?"

"Um... no?"

"In case it wasn't obvious, you're a unicorn in this hypothetical scenario," Discord added, swiping his paw over his forehead to reveal a spiralling purple horn that hadn't been there moments earlier. "No? No to the magical bookworm with princess potential?"

"I don't think so?"

"No, I suppose I didn't sell that one very well, did I? No matter. Well, this one *has* to get you - how about a nice simple apple farmer? You get to stay on the ground where all the flowers are, and look after an orchard full of trees which are basically large flowers, wouldn't you agree? I can't see how you could possibly turn that one down."

Hyacinth shook her head. "Don't like apples."

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that," Discord said. "Where I come from, ponies are obsessed with the things."

"I know, I'm just kind of - weird like that, I guess. I find them too sweet, or sometimes too sour, and they make me feel thirsty. I've never had an apple I really liked."

Discord's eyes flared with momentary fire, an angry scowl on his face. "Are you doing this on purpose?"

Hyacinth shrank back under the creature's gaze, her coat bristling with fear. "Wh-What? No! I... I just wanted to answer your questions -"

Discord took a breath and settled himself. "How about this. Do you like being happy?"

Hyacinth looked confused. "Of course! That's... that's a really weird question, if you don't mind me saying so? Who doesn't want to be happy?"

"I'm asking the questions," Discord snapped. "When I say 'happy', I'm referring to an irrational, almost chaotic level of unfettered exuberance, one so insuppressible that you feel the need to infect others with it as well. You'll be throwing parties almost constantly, have an incredible tolerance for cakes and sugary treats, and get to cheer up your friends whenever they're feeling sad, or down, or really just any emotion at all."

"Oh, no, that sounds exhausting," Hyacinth said, before looking into the draconequus' eyes for his reaction and hurriedly backtracking. "I mean... maybe it's good?" she amended. "I guess it has its benefits? I don't really like cake though."

"*You don't like cake,*" Discord hissed, a sugar cube shattering in the grip of two of his talons.

"I do like cake!" Hyacinth squeaked. "Just... just not all the time! Sometimes! It's just that I couldn't eat cake all the time because it's too sweet and I'll be sick!"

"*Fashion!*" Discord boomed.

"F-Fashion?"

"*Clothes! Sparkly things!*" Discord intoned. "*Tell me that you like those!*"

"I love them!" Hyacinth wailed, shrinking into a ball and hiding behind her hooves. "P-Please don't hurt me!"

"Good," Discord smiled. "I knew we'd get there eventually. Well, Flower Girl, I have the perfect proposition for you, then. You, my dear, have just volunteered to be my Rarity. Which is frankly a relief, because I don't really know anything about fashion."

"Nor do I!" Hyacinth cried. "I don't even wear clothes!"

"If you're trying to back out..." Discord growled.

"I'm not!" Hyacinth sputtered. "I just... I don't... I don't know what you want! What's a Rarity?"

"She's a pony where I come from. Kind of like a whiny marshmallow," Discord explained.

"She's... she's a pony?" Hyacinth said, confused. "But you said you wanted me to... 'be' her?"

"Yes, I'm glad you're catching on," Discord said. "Don't worry, it only takes a minute, and the other fellow rather seemed to enjoy the process. I'm sure you'll find it to your liking too."

"The other fellow... you mean..." Hyacinth's eyes widened. "T-Tea Jay?"

"Yes, that sounds like a name he might have had," Discord said casually. "But 'Fluttershy' sounds much better, don't you think? Rolls off the tongue much more easily."

Hyacinth's mind whirled with a mounting feeling of horror as she rapidly put the pieces together. "You mean... that... that new pegasus... Fluttershy... that's Tea Jay? You used your powers to turn him... into her?"

"Yes," Discord said. "I'm sorry, should I have led with that? I'm building a new Mane Six in this universe. I thought just having Fluttershy would be enough, but it turns out there's some stupid Harmony rule that requires me to balance the Elements or something, so I need the whole set."

"And you want to..." Hyacinth gulped. "...to turn me into another, uh, another pony too? Like you did with him?"

"Yes, you're getting it!" Discord said excitedly. "I thought this would be much more difficult. Now, if you'll just stand over there, I'll do the honors."

Hyacinth closed her mouth to prevent a panicked scream from leaving her throat. "I, um... may I... may I go outside for a moment, Mister Discord? To get some air while I consider your proposal?"

Discord nodded. "Of course," he said, opening a door in thin air which led to the void outside the house.

Hyacinth stepped through the doorway with a shiver of terror, her hooves landing on purple-and-yellow striped grass growing out of solid rock on the other side. She might have been fascinated to study it if she wasn't so scared. She looked back at the doorway, finding herself looking back at the outside of a nonsense jumble of architecture, and then ran for her life, screaming.

It took Discord fifteen minutes to finally catch up with the mare, due to her incredible stamina and the fact that her panicked escape attempt had gotten her deeply lost in hyperbolic space. He found her backed against a wall, cowering.

"Okay, I've had enough of the good way," Discord said gruffly. "I'm sure Harmony will thank me later for this."

"No! No!" Hyacinth sobbed. "P-Please don't... don't turn me into -"

Discord gently bonked her on the head with a flick of one of his leonine fingers, and her body warped like jello from the impact, her belly bouncing comically as it hit the floor and rebounded. Dazed stars danced in her eyes as her bodily vibrations died away, the earth pony tottering from the mistreatment. It was a few moments before she could stand still again or see anything clearly.

"Guuh!" Hyacinth cried. "What did you do? I feel weird..."

"Transmogrification isn't always as easy as it is in the movies, my dear."

Hyacinth blinked the stars from her eyes, lifting her hooves to find that all the color was draining out of them rapidly, her rich forest brown coat bleaching to a stark pale white. "Wait, no! Stop, please!"

Discord frowned. "Of course, it would be *much* easier if you would stop resisting. You earth ponies are stubborn in any universe."

"B-But I don't want to be somepony else!" Hyacinth sputtered.

Discord pursed his lips. "You've got the whining down perfectly, at least."

In a single, smooth motion that Hyacinth couldn't follow with her eyes, he slithered and wound around her body, coiling her like a snake before looming over her head, fixing her with a serious stare that made her shrink back in fear and close her eyes. "My dear, let me offer you a different perspective."

He held aloft a paw and a scroll fell from it, unfurling into a short illustrated comic strip. Against her better judgement, Hyacinth opened her eyes to take a look at what he was showing her. She immediately recognized the unicorn depicted in the illustrations: Tea Jay's distinctive coloration and vine-like markings were unmistakable.

Yet, as the strip progressed, she could see him becoming less and less like himself. His stallion proportions slimming and softening to become shaped, demure. Wing-bearing. Pink streaks painted his mane and tail, turning the unkempt hair into beautiful, silky curls until his expression became hidden behind a gorgeous pink mane, eyelashes fluttering timidly as if terribly embarrassed to be caught pictured like this.

Hyacinth had never seen him like this before. By the final panel, she saw a brand new pegasus - confused, a little giddy, but clearly enraptured by her new form, her lips unable to clamp down on the smile forming at the corners and an adorable blush in her cheeks. Even the slight imperfections in her features - a mismatched eye, a snagging tooth - seemed not to bother her at all.

"You now have a unique opportunity ahead of you, if only you'll embrace it," Discord proclaimed. "Your unicorn friend seized the possibilities I opened for him, and he is now a beautiful mare in body and spirit, very much in love with life in ways he never could have dreamed. He found this an immensely enjoyable experience from the moment he embraced it, and I dare say you could too."

From his other hand, a second scroll of comic images unfurled, this one exclusively featuring a white unicorn Hyacinth had never seen. She was very attractive, but in a different way that Fluttershy had been. This was a mare who clearly knew how to make herself good. Or at least, sometimes good - Hyacinth noticed that not all the pictures were flattering. For every shot of the unicorn in some glamorous outfit, dynamic pose, or flirtatious pout, there were others

showing her lips curled in disgust, or dispiritedly consuming ice-cream, or having a full-on sobbing fit. Hyacinth had never seen so much emotion in one place or from one pony.

She gave a little shiver as, in her distraction, the transformation to her body had continued unabated. The white coloration had reached the ends of her hooves, but had skipped over her fetlocks, each of which had instead pomfed out into a fluffy pom-pom of coffee-colored fur. A vestige of her former appearance. "I... but... you don't understand... this isn't me..." she protested.

"I would be a rather poor agent of chaos if I offered you exactly what you already have," Discord pointed out.

He vanished the two scrolls, and waved his paw in a circle, causing a vortex of architecture began to swirl around them both: garish walls, richly-carpeted floors, and candy-striped columns assembling themselves into a comfortable, if rather ostentatious, circular building. Faceless ponequins landed all around them, giving Hyacinth the feeling like she was inside a circus tent or a fairground carousel.

"For the unicorn, I gave him peace of mind and opened his eyes to the boundless wonders of nature. But to you, I offer something different, something more terrifying and beautiful. The chaos of unfettered inspiration. You, my dear, will be a veritable whirlwind of creativity. You will never be still, always seeking the next boundary to break, creating new possibilities faster than you can ever hope to seize them."

Hyacinth stared at herself in a wall mirror, clutching her whitened cheeks, her pom-pom fetlocks puffed cutely as she blinked newly-lengthened eyelashes. The nub of an unusual horn was growing from the center of her forehead. She closed her eyes. "That sounds like... too much excitement..."

"Too much for you, maybe. But for Rarity the unicorn, the fashionista extraordinaire, the Bearer of Generosity, these things are all just another day in her life."

Hyacinth shuddered, groaning as her body pushed back at the chaotic influence. Had Tea Jay really made this choice too? How could he? How could anyone decide something like this... especially somepony as timid and passive as herself? She couldn't. She could never do something like this. She didn't have the confidence, or the certainty...

She opened her eyes suddenly. But maybe that was exactly what Discord was trying to tell her. She was coming at this backwards. *She* couldn't do this. But *Rarity* could, and obviously would, in a heartbeat. Rarity could solve the problem

that she couldn't. And once she became her, there wouldn't be any problem any more.

All Hyacinth had to do was channel the tiniest piece of that confidence.

"I..." Hyacinth winced, holding up her whitened hoof and trying - for once in her life - to summon the courage to say what she meant. "How do I... how do I become her?"

She gave a loud gasp as her magical resistance evaporated in a blink, and transmutational energy rushed into every cell of her body, its peculiar tingling warmth taking hold of her.

"I believe you've just figured it out," Discord said with a smile, uncoiling from her as the mare staggered under the influx of magic.

Assaulted by a barrage of sensations from every inch of her body, Hyacinth found that Discord hadn't been lying to her. It *did* feel incredible - not just the extremely weird physical feeling of having her body changed, but the terrifying exhilaration of going into the unknown and having no idea what was about to happen to her.

Her strangely-curved horn strengthened and lengthened, her brain glittering with new neural connections as the magical organ became fully part of her, making her gasp at the alien feeling of her raw thaumic potential. Her stout, mud-caked legs squeezed and narrowed, becoming slender and tipped with delightfully dainty hooves, her perfectly-polished hooftips gleaming.

As she raised her new foreleg to her eyes, she felt a momentary pang of doubt... could this *really* be her? She had no idea how to even manage the upkeep of hooves like these. She shuddered as more and more doubts bubbled up. She couldn't do this. Ponies would know she was faking. A fashionista? Really? She barely knew how to sew a button. *What was I thinking? I can't do this! This is a mistake! I have to tell him...*

She looked up at Discord. "I..." she began, but that was as far as she was able to get; Discord's finger pressed against her forehead, making her go cross-eyed, and then her thoughts slurred and veered in all directions. She completely forgot what she'd been about to say, or even what she'd been worried about. Her eyes swirled in spiral patterns of purple and pink as she looked up at him, her mouth open with her unspoken question on her lips, but no available brainpower to complete it.

"Now, I must admit, I don't know Rarity quite as well as I know my Fluttershy," Discord told her, bending down to look into her swirling eyes. Her addled mind heard the words, but couldn't extract any meaning from them. "I'm afraid you'll be left with a few holes in your mind here and there... luckily for you, the pony

you're becoming is the most inventive of souls, so I'm sure you'll have no problems."

Hyacinth didn't understand what he said, nor did she care at this moment. Her lips slackened into a ridiculous grin as she gazed up at him with her spiralling eyes. New memories were swirling into her mind, each one affirming her new mindset, her new unicorn form, her new perspective, way of life. It felt so good to be *sure* for once. It was good to be herself. It was good to be Hya... to be... to be Rarity. Rarity. That was her name. Of course it was.

Her body shuddered a little as that final thread of her identity unravelled, and with it so did her cutie mark. The flower that was her former namesake melted away, yet its inspiration remained. Threads of magic curled and spiralled along her thigh, tracing out an elegant flower stalk on each flank, each sporting a bloom of six crystalline petals. It had no botanical accuracy whatsoever, but as an emblem, it was perfect, like an exquisite piece of embroidery.

Her wild forest green mane, now clashing horribly against her alabaster coat, managed to turn itself to an elegant purple, but even chaos magic was unable to do anything with the tangled mess its previous owner had left it in, and it fell in a messy heap around her head. Instinctively, she tossed her neck back to settle it. Her eyes blinked dimly as the swirls faded out of them, her irises now a sparkling blue.

She felt *amazing*. And also very, very tired, all of a sudden.

"Uhhh... I... oh, my goodness," she said, her voice croaking as she produced an affected accent that her throat wasn't used to. "I feel a bit peculiar."

"Not entirely surprising," Discord said, smirking at his creation proudly. "You came out pretty decently, if I do say so myself."

Rarity rubbed the bridge of her muzzle with her fetlock, squinting tiredly. "What... what are you talking about?"

"Oh, nothing," Discord said. "At least, nothing that need concern you. How do you feel?"

"I told you, peculiar," Rarity said. She blink-blinked some of the confusion away, looking around her empty-looking boutique, populated only by herself and a hoofful of naked mannequins. Something didn't feel right. It felt so *lifeless* in here.

That would not do. As desperately tired as she felt, the call to action was stronger. She had a lot of work to do. She lit her horn, and a drawer somewhere burst open, forcing Discord to duck as a host of dressmaking implements and power tools hurtled through the air.

"Whoa!" Discord said, his snakelike body contorting to avoid the flying items as they floated to a halt around Rarity. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but... try to be careful? That horn of yours is not a toy."

Rarity tched as she grabbed a measuring tape from the items and wore it around her shoulders. "Mmm-hmm?" she said, taking a random selection of other items and sending the rest back. Rolls of fabric, musical instruments, Hearth's Warming decorations and other bizarre items began zooming through the air and piling onto her workspace. The wild-maned unicorn looked up innocently at him, and Discord saw in her eyes the clear indicators of a fey mood, a creative trance that even he knew better than to interfere with. Her hooves twitched with increasing impatience every second that she waited for him to speak, tiny arcs of creative energy crackling around her horn.

"I... you know what, I'll come back later," Discord said sheepishly, backing away from the mare's intense thousand-yard-stare. "Just... don't overwork yourself, okay? You've just been through a rather intensive transmogrification and you really should try to recuperate..." Even as he said it, he knew his words were falling on deaf ears, the unicorn's eyes gazing dreamily and her attention clearly elsewhere.

"Mmmm, yes yes, when I'm done," Rarity said, shooing him to the door and ushering him back out into the chaotic realm. With a manic grin, she closed the door on him, and went back to her workspace. Her head was buzzing giddily, her mind practically on the verge of passing out, yet somehow staying active and focused. She didn't know what she was about to create, but she knew, without a doubt, that it would be *fabulous*.

Discord looked at the closed boutique door, his paw outstretched as he considered going back in, but decided against it. "She'll be fine," he decided. "Probably. At least this should keep Harmony off my back for a bit."