

The Cult of Friendship: Enjoying the Plot

Spreading Shine tugs on Legante's leash. The sleek black and cyan quadruped rubber pony suited human, feels everything as if this body is his true self. His armbinder cutie mark shines in the lights. The massive pony body only puts him at chest height to his anthropomorphic blue rubber pony Mistress. His null bulge aches, his human cock throbbing within the tight rubber confines, yet his focus is not on his own needs but on his Mistress that is giving him such a golden opportunity.

His latex body is well-polished to a glistening shine, a shiver runs down his spine when Spreading Shine runs her fingers along his spine, the soft squeak, a pleasing sensation grows from each point of contact, his rump hiking when her fingers gently scratch at the base of his tail. Spreading Shine smiles warmly, "Excited and ready to get yourself acclimated to your new position? Your new body?"

He huffs, his body tensing, relaxing, slow deep breaths, pressing his body up against her, something about her touch is wonderful, delightful *addicting*, "I am Mistress Spreading Shine."

"Good, let's start with a little walk. I wouldn't want you tripping over yourself. You have an image to help me maintain."

The force of her words pushes into his mind, making him tense, "*Image to maintain. Image to maintain. Good pony. Listen, obey.*" He nods, "Yes Mistress Spreading Shine. I will do my best," he responds, taking those first tentative steps forward. It's a strange feeling walking on all fours, but at the same time, the suit makes it feel natural. It has a desire to move 'appropriately'. A built-in instinct that gently guides the new pony into taking the right first steps, yet not so overpowering that he can't fail nor unable to make the decision. He stumbles at first, getting the hang of the body's movements.

"Careful, Legante. I don't want you harming yourself," she says, using the leash as support, her free hand gently running under his chin, giving a little squeaky pet, "One hoof in front of the other. It's how we walk."

"Yes Mistress, I will," he responds, feeling his cheeks grow warm, his bound 'bitch suit' set up, having far less control over himself, yet he doesn't quite 'feel' as if he's bound, but freed into a new body. It's hard to describe, by the automation within the suit makes him not feel so helpless but the tight bond locked inside, trapped in the rubber, that faint sense of self, the human underneath is pushed deeper and deeper away, becoming a faint hint in his mind, as he connects further with his rubber pony body, and by the time he makes a good three walks around the room like a show pony being pranced about in a circle, he feels his confidence with his body grow.

"Doing better?" she asks with concern in her voice.

"Yes Mistress, I am. Thank you," he says, understanding his walking is akin to breathing, where it naturally happens if he's not thinking about it, but when he is, he gains a greater control over each step and how he does it.

“That’s very good Legante. I’m so proud that you’ve decided to help me out and take such a commitment to our wonderful community. I hope your friends, Stivile and Cavalla aren’t too jealous of your new position.”

“Jealous?” he asks, looking up with his big ol cyan colored pupil eyes.

“They’ve been part of our community for a while, and their desire to go further into their friendship with us, and they’ve made great strides towards reaching their four hooves. But seeing how you’ve moved through so quickly...”

“Oh... ah, yeah...,” he says, rubbing his head with his hoof, and odd sensation, but one his mind doesn’t question, “I can see that.”

“Your success is their success, but that will certainly be one pony of a sensation that we’ll need to get geared up and settled, if it comes to it. They are good girls, but I want to let you know about that possibility. I do want you to get an in-depth view of us, the biggest skeptic, that has had the worst first impression of us from our overly zealous members. Showing someone as doubtful as you, who deep down I just knew, were one of us, could be made one of us? Now that is the best way to get a glowing review,” she says, tugging on the leash, standing just ahead of him, her blue rubber skin taking up half of his vision.

“Shall we start with a basic tour of your quad grounds? Life is different once you give up your bipedal nature and lean further into the friendly ponies that we are. We have systems to help with the hooves, and those curious about it, providing volunteer aid.”

“That sounds lovely, Mistress. I saw the signs leading toward the areas, but I never went there myself. I’ve always found myself too busy and caught up... wrapped up? Bound up? In other things to really get a chance to go,” he says, a smack on his rump makes him moan, the throb of where Spreading Shine’s hand was lingering in an aching delight.

“You got caught up in our lovely services, you forgot to go and make friends, a core part of who we are, we make friends, as it’s a magical bond we make with others.”

“I made friends. Stivile and Cavalla.”

She grins, giving the leash a little tug, pulling his gaze into her massive pink eyes, “They made friends with you. They met you, you didn’t go meet them or anyone else. Perhaps try to change that? Meet some fun pony who you can share some fun with, even if it’s not all your likes. You might discover something new about yourself, hmm?”

He shifts on his hooves, flicking his tail, “Yes Mistress, I shall do my best.”

She gently caresses and pets his head, “Good, I know you can. Spend the day to get adjusted to your new form, live your best new self, then I’ll be putting you to work. I can’t give you such privileges without an equal amount of responsibility. Do your best Legante. I’m counting on your *dedication* to me.”

Her words dance within his mind, something alluring, commanding, controlling, pleasing, concern, worry, leading, he could listen to her all day, doing what she says, his cock twitches within his tight rubber bondage, giving a soft nicker, “I will Mistress,” he says, following her out of the room. Something about the world has changed now that he’s walking on all fours. It could be something about being shorter than what he once was, or that he’s

physically bigger. A strange mix of things being taller yet smaller than it was before. Other ponies take notice of him, their eyes upon him, send shivers through him, but he quickly relaxes, thinking, *“Nothing new. No one knows or can tell I am in bondage like this. This is rather exciting, and I can be a **good pony**.”* The words “Good Pony” bouncing in his mind for a moment, and he’s only brought to reality by the leash unclicking from his collar.

“Here we are,” she says. The place before him mirrored the other ‘game’ room he’s been in, but the world is designed around quadrupedal ponies. Chairs, buttons to press to serve food, bring drinks, off to the side is where all the fun bondage kink is happening, ponies exposed, teased, being taken as the most wonderful time they could experience. Lustful delights transpiring, friends sitting down to watch the show that spawned it all. Non-pony folk are dressed in BDSM pony gear, their hands in a special rubber hoof that can become hands to manipulate and grab things for the quadrupedal ponies. Brian instantly recognized those people as initiates, where they get to come and enjoy what the commune has to offer but have to dedicate eight hours of the day in service to the commune to pay for their room, board, and to give a glimpse at their possible future if they so wish to pursue it.

What made it worse though is that nearly all eyes were on him, *“Why are they all looking at me? Can they tell that I am in bondage? Or can they? Or is it that I walked in with the Mistress?”* he thinks, looking up at her.

“You have some fun. Make some friends. I’ll be back in about two hours. And then you’re going to be put to work my little work pony. Be ready, but please enjoy yourself.”

“I-I will,” he says, shifting on his hooves, looking over the ponies, giving a friendly wave, “Hello every pony.”

The ponies smile and those who can wave do so as they say, “Hello!” even the bound pony with a gag in their mouth, lets out a muffled moan. The non-ponies give friendly warm greetings.

Spreading Shine gives one last pat on Legante’s rump, “Go, have fun,” she says, giving him a playful wink, “Don’t think of your position to others. Explore, get to know others, and yourself. You might learn something you never knew before.”

“Yes Mistress, I will,” he says, feeling like a kid about to go to his first day of school. Though it's not too far from the truth. He doesn’t know anyone here, the situation was seen at a glance, at a distance, leaving it alien to him. He smiles, waving to other ponies, seeing each already engrossed in their own activities, not in a way that is unwelcoming, but that little whisper in his mind saying, *“I shouldn’t bother them. They are already doing something. Perhaps I shouldn’t intrude. I don’t want to make others think like I own the place and could just join in. Especially after arriving after Mistress? Could they be giving me a positive look but think otherwise? How could I know?”*

“Hello there. Care to share a game of chess with me?” asks in a soft, shy voice but warm and friendly, like an old friend that hasn’t seen you in a long time, but unsure if you remember them.

He turns to the voice, drawn to its calming, friendly nature, catching a unique grey rubber pony, with black hooves. With a big tooth white tooth smile, with big blue eyes that draw you in, and a lovely black mane. He almost has a look of a donkey, two horseshoes one big and the other comparatively small on his flank, he 'sits' on a chair designed for his quadrupedal nature, with a chess set before him, all of which are pony themed.

"Me?" he asks, using his hoof to point to himself, feeling thankful that his bound limbs go down to the joint, allowing such maneuvers, making him further forget that he's held up in a bitchesuit style within his liberating pony body.

"Yes, if you don't mind that is? I find a game of chess is rather calming and a good way to get to know another pony. You seem a bit lost after Spreading Shine dropped you off here. I thought you might need a helping hoof to get started?"

"I wouldn't mind a little help, yeah, thanks," he says, taking a seat across the raised table. A soft red cushion and an oversized back, giving plenty of space for the tail. It's rather comically big and human-like, but then the show had such things too.

"My name is Cetas, and yours?"

"Br... Legante."

"That's a nice name, sounds foreign."

"Same could be said about Cetas."

He chuckles, "I suppose so. Guest gets the first move, unless you want me to."

He looks over the chess pieces, getting ideas of how to move, about to take one but notices his flat useless hooves, "Ahh, how about you go first? Or do you have a helper?"

"Helper?" he asks, tilting his head.

"One of the bipeds, helping and serving the other ponies."

"Oh, none of them are for anyone, they are here to be helpful and friendly, get an idea of what it's like to be a fully committed to the community."

"I knew that, though I um... got here through, no, I shouldn't say that," he says with a nervous chuckle, rubbing the back of his head.

"Because what?"

"I was invited by Mistress Spreading Shine to get an idea of what this place is like, and well... here I am."

"Why feel bad about that?"

"I dunno, more like I feel bad getting special treatment from her?"

"There is nothing you can do about that. Spreading Shine has favoring quirks now and again, but she loves all of us, encouraging us to be true to ourselves, helping the pony within becoming the pony without."

"Not often someone uses that version of the word without."

"Uh? Thanks, I guess?"

"Sorry, sorry I didn't mean to be rude."

He waves him off, “Don’t be. Relax. Be who you are, we aren’t to judge, but to be friends. And I can tell you have a good heart, and a good pony. I bet going through the steps so quickly has put you on an off hoofing, right?”

“You could say someone like that, yeah.”

“Take a deep breath, relax, and enjoy yourself. Isn’t that what the Mistress said?”

“Y-you overheard that?”

“It’s not difficult to tell what she wanted for you. Welcome to being a quad, if you have any questions, don’t hesitate to ask this or any pony here for help,” he says, about to move his first piece but he stops, “You sure you didn’t want to go first? It looked like you had an idea of your first move.”

“Ah, well I did its just...” he says, rubbing his hoof ends together, “I think you should go first.”

Cetas raises an eye ridge, “Really?”

“Really.”

“Really, really?”

“Really, really.”

“Well, if you really think so,” he says, reaching over and with the greatest of ease, despite having flat pony hooves, he grabs a pawn and moves it, “Alright, your move.”

Legante is flabbergasted by what he just saw, “How did you do that?”

“Do what?”

“Move the chess piece.”

“Oh, is this your first time playing chess? You see, the pawn can move...”

“No, no, not that. I mean physically moving the pawn with these,” he says, showing off his flat black rubber hooves that have a cyan colored base.

“Oh, you never used your hooves before? Have you?”

“Ahh... I’ve walked here.”

He smiles, “That’s not what I meant,” he says, moving beside him, “Your hooves aren’t as useless as you think they are. There’s a lot they can manipulate and do, but you have to practice and have a little faith in it,” he says, pushing his hoof against his, “Feel that soft feeling on your hoof? On mine?”

Legante feels the softness of the base of the hoof, it was not something he was expecting, what’s more he feels his hoof end being softer than he was expecting, “It feels strange, cushion like, like rubber stuffed with a type of memory foam or something. But when I was walking, I knew it was tough, and made me clop around.”

“Your body knows when it needs to walk or needs to manipulate items. The hoof becomes softer, cushioned, that can sink around an item and grab it. Your hoof will create surface tension to grab an item. Give it a try, grab your chess piece and place it where you want.”

He nods, “Sure, sure, I just reach over, and the hoof will do the rest?”

“Your body will know what you want, and it will assist you.”

“Okay, here goes nothing,” he says, grabbing the pawn, the piece sinking a little into his hoof, which cushions and grabs around it, “This... feels weird,” he says, picking up the piece, a soft gasp, escaping him, “I’m doing it... I’m actually doing it. This is weird yet so cool,” he nickers, placing the piece where he wants it, the hoof relaxing, hardening to release it, “That was something different.”

“You’ll get used to it, and before you know it. It’s as normal as anything else. You’ll forget you even had fingers,” he chuckles, with a little he-haw to his laugh, getting back to his seat, rubbing his chin with his hoof, thinking of his next move.

“I didn’t know that the quadruped ponies could do so much. I thought they were... more bound than anyone else.”

“What? Naw. We are able to do what they can in the show, minus magic and all. But some psychics can feign such feats, like Spreading Shine.”

“Spreading Shine is psychic?”

“That’s what I... what were we talking about?” he asks, a soft pink haze hanging over his mind, and then it was gone.

Legante blinks, trying to recall what was what he saw but then is looking at the chess game, looking around at the bipeds in heavy pony gear, “Oh, if we can move things around with our hooves so easily, why do we have them? Just to give them an idea of what is to come?”

“A bit, but even those hooves have some limitations, and a little help from friends can’t hurt, right? Speaking of a little help from friends, would you like a drink?”

“A drink? Yeah, yeah, that would be great. I feel like this has been a long day and could use something to pick me up.”

“Something to pick you up? How about some Wakey Bakey Apple Pie Cider. I think that will be perfect.”

“That sounds delicious, even if the name is a bit long.”

“It’s colloquially called Apple Pie Cider.”

“That is better, I’ll have that.”

He smiles, making his chess move, “Perfect,” he waves over a ponied-up person down, “Hey, could you get us two apple pie ciders? Please and thank you.”

A big buff red scaled dragon with light brown scales and predatory yellow eyes turns to the pair. His thick thigh high pony boots with silver metal base, gives a distinct clomp with every step. His massive wings are put into wing binders and tied up, with his arms in an L shape, pony hooves making him completely useless for absolutely anything, but a silver tray in front of him, gives hints to his work. His pony hood gear hides most of his draconic features with blinders that keep his focus, with a lovely red feather fluff that helps make him stand out. With well-trained responses, he lets out a single stomp, heading out.

Legante eyes the get up, admiring it enviously, “Are you sure he can help?”

“Thorphax? He’s a regular. Loves the bondage more than anything.”

“I can see why,” he says, squirming in his chair, reminding of his own heavily ponied up self.

“You’re into the pony play of being a pony, aren’t you?”

“Ah... well...” he says with a blush.

“Nothing to be ashamed about it.”

“I wasn’t ashamed,” he responds quickly, pulling back, “Sorry, I didn’t mean to snap like that.”

He waves his hoof, “It’s completely fine. People think we’re just a fetish, but it’s more than that, it’s a lifestyle.”

“But you didn’t deny it’s a fetish.”

“To some degree, the desire to be a pony has to be a kink or fetish to some degree, right? But it’s more than just the sexual lustful aspects. It’s a liberation, acceptance of who we are, bringing love, friendship to this world that is in so desperate need of it. The magical bond between friends that no matter who you are, what you’ve done, what you like, is a necessity to enjoy life. And we ponies recognize and do our darndest to exemplify it.”

“Yeah... Yeah. I know what you mean. Every pony has been so wonderful and nice ever since I got here,” he says, making his move.

Cetas looks over the board, “I’m glad to hear it, but that makes me wonder why you are by yourself now?” he asks, making his move.

“Oh, well, I just went quad, so I don’t have any quad friends I guess?” he replies, countering Cetas’ move.

“Not been quad for that long? I don’t mean to offend but that is the silliest explanation I ever did hear one.”

“Ah... no offense, but what do you mean?”

“You don’t have to be a quad to make friends. Look at Thorphax, I know him by name, a buddy to many a pony here. Why let looks or place within the commune get in the way of being a friend? Usually, you have to be recommended by a quad to go quad if I am to be honest with you.”

“Oh... well I never expected to go quad, and the two girls that were sent to me to show me around. Stivile and Cavalla are two ponies that became my friends. And they’ve been so wonderful, showing me around, and my little guilty pleasure of pony rides, I never went out to see the other ponies.”

“Ah, I see, you got stuck in a rut, doing the same thing over and over. Not a bad thing for sure, but sometimes you have to change it up, your move.”

“I guess you are right. Spreading Shine saw that too.”

“She’s one smart pony.”

“She’s in charge of this commune for a reason,” he says, making his move as they go back and forth.

“Not just this commune but every commune.”

“Every commune?”

“She’s the leader, the princess, queen if you say, but she doesn’t go by any of those fancy titles.”

“Why is that?”

“From what I hear, she doesn’t want to be above everyone, and the only true princesses and princes are from the show that’s inspired her love of ponies.”

“So, was she not a pony before?”

“Don’t know, maybe? Maybe not, doesn’t matter now, she’s a full pony now, switching between bipedal and quad whenever she wishes.”

“You can switch?”

“Not normally, as it is a bit of a process, but given her duties to the community, she has to.”

“A busy mare isn’t she?” he asks just as the pony dragon returns, the drinks on the tray. His leather gear creaks with his movements, standing there helplessly by their table, the aroma of the mugs of cider reaching his nose, making him feel warm and fuzzy inside.

“She is, ah, our drinks are here. Thank you Thorphax,” says Cetas, grabbing his drink, and then Legante’s, “Here, let me. Till you get a better control of your finesse with your hooves, I recommend using two.”

“Thanks, and thank you too, Thorphax.”

The pony dragon gives a single hard stomp of appreciation, his gear showing a chastity bulge that is now noticeable being so close to him, the sight of which makes the human within the rubber squirm, reminding him of his aching null bulge, flicking his tail with increased excitement.

It’s not long before another pony waves him down, Cetas smiles, “Looks like you’re a popular one. Go, have fun.”

He lets out a stomp, walking off with a hip sway, walking with a perfect trained gait that Legante knows all too well, admiring the bound dragon as he departs.

Cetas chuckles, “You really are a fan of bondage.”

“Ah... yeah, I can’t not like it. It’s a core part of who I am. It sets me free from, everything.”

“Not judging here. I’m sure your love for it is the reason why your cutie mark is an arm binder. Your love is right on the plot.”

“Plot? Oh... yeah, it is,” he replies, grabbing his drink, looking at the bubbling beverage, “Smells good.”

“Tastes good too,” he replies, easily taking a sip.

With two hooves he grabs the cup, bringing it to his lips, the apple taste waves over his taste buds, but it also tingles down his throat, like an alcoholic beverage without a major burn. The drink warms his throat and belly, making his senses come alive, mind opening to the world, catching all the details that he missed before, warming him up to the sense of love and friendship in the air.

“Your move Legante.”

He jumps, “Oh, sorry, apologies, didn’t mean to.”

“Relax, relax. Enjoy your drink?”

“It’s heartwarming.”

“It is made with love and the magic of friendship. And with enough caffeine to keep a horse running a marathon.”

“Do you mean a pony?”

“I know what I said. Just because we choose to live as a fantasy pony, does not mean we don’t recognize the real world.”

“Yeah, sorry. I’m not sure why I’m being so flustered and shy about this. I’ve done a super heavy bondage pony run like it was nothing. But sitting here playing chess with you? With all the other ponies moving about casually? It just feels odd.”

“You’ve been in kinky situations so much that has become your norm, while normal is abnormal to you. I’ve seen it before, check,” he explains, smiling at him.

Legante looks over the board, “You clever pony.”

“Depends on who you ask. I’m just a bit lucky you’re so distracted.”

“I’ll give it to you that you are at least wise.”

“I’ve had time to observe.”

“But you did pay attention.”

“Which makes me poor at everything else, as I’ve spent it all.”

“Dad jokes?”

“Pony jokes.”

“Right, check.”

“A turn around? Huh... hmm,” he says, the game going back and forth with a few more checks till...

“Checkmate!” exclaims Legante with excitement, his drink empty, body feels warm and wanting.

“You got me. Good game,” he says, offering his hoof.

“You did great, you almost had me a few times.”

He shakes the hoof, “You had the advantage. I’m just a silly pony that enjoys a good time hanging with friends.”

“Well... I still have some time, perhaps you could introduce me to your other friends?”

He smiles, “It would be my pleasure, come, they are over there,” he says, waving the group of five ponies that are currently playing with the BDSM rack vac-bed hybrids along with some vibrators, a pony moaning and groaning in delight.

“Oh...” he says with a blush, “I had no idea you were into that.”

“Not much my thing, but I do enjoy helping out and exploring my friends’ interests.”

“Are they going to uh...”

“Shove you in the bed and have their way with you?”

“Y-yes...” he says with a blush.

“Who knows, but how about we start with a hello and some introductions. No need to rush friendship, it's a lifelong pleasure.”

“I suppose you are right,” he says, following his new friend to be introduced to his little herd of friends, drawing him right into it. Though nothing ‘kinky’ transpired, it was a bit of fun to get to know other ponies, some of which had similar interests to him, while others were a bit like Cetas, just enjoying the time spent with their fellow ponies and building up the bonds of friendship, which are forged in the passionate heat and love of one particular show.

“Hey Legante,” says one of the ponies tapping him on the shoulder, his attention drawn away from the magic wand he’s using on pleasing one of his newfound bound up friends, “Huh? What is it? Did you want to go next with the wand use?”

“No, no. I think you’re needed.”

“Needed?”

Cetas chuckles, “Spreading Shine is back,” he says, pointing across the room.

Legante looks, his eyes meeting those deep pink glistening eyes, her friendly wave tugging at his heartstrings. The Mistress Pony is currently dressed in a more public formal casual attire, “Oh... I guess you’re right,” he says, turning back to the group, “It was a real swell time talking to all of you. I hope we can do it again soon.”

“Count on it,” says Cetas, giving one hoof up in approval.

“Good luck on your work with Spreading Shine. She can be a real work pony,” says one of his new friends.

“You have no idea,” he replies, trotting off, giving them all one last goodbye wave.

Spreading Shine smiles, gently caressing his horn, “Looks like someone made some friends.”

“W-well, that is what you were hoping for, isn’t it?”

“It is and I’m glad you’ve met some good friends. Cetas is one of our longest standing members.”

“He is?”

“He brings a warmth and joy to the place that even I can’t match. Now come, we have work to do.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Speaking of which, simply refer to me as Spreading Shine when we head to public places.”

“Of course, Mistress, whatever you say.”

“People tend to think our little commune is just a kink show, but we are more than just the fetishization of ponies, it’s a way of life that emboldens and empowers us. That brings order, love, and joy to all, and all are welcomed to join us.”

“It is lovely Mistress,” he replies, following her out of the mansion to a fancy public road cart that is set up for public road use, like an Amish cart but with more technology and colors with only the fact its horse drawn as the detail that ties them together.

He takes a moment to admire the large fancy cart designed to carry one, his mind working a mile a minute, his crotch growing tight, aching, throbbing, a soft pant escapes his lips, knowing just what is to come. The pony gear is a bit lighter and full of presentation. Stivile and

Cavalla stand there, waving to him, “Hello Legante, my, my you’re looking rather lovely,” says Cavalla.

Stivile blushes, “Congratulations going to all hooves,” she says, twisting and turning her hoof with a soft squeak.

“Thanks, but it’s less of anything that I did, I assure you.”

Spreading Shine, gently runs her fingers under both girl’s chins, drawing them into her gaze, “Fear not ladies. You’re close to joining him. Being supportive of your friends, even if they move a little ahead of you, is key to being a good friend, wouldn’t you both agree?”

“Yes Mistress, it is,” says Cavalla, leaning into the touch.

“Y-yes Mistress,” Stivile adds, tail flicking, body shivering in delight.

“Good mares. Now, please help hook Legante up to the cart. Make sure it’s tight yet comfortable. We have a long rest of the day ahead of us.”

“Yes Mistress,” they reply, Spreading Shine stepping to the side, letting Legante back up into the cart, the soft velvet pink and blue gear wraps around his body, strapping himself nicely and tight to the cart, with a full body harness. The soft blue fuzzy interior rubs across his crotch, hiding his twitching throbbing bulge. A bit is placed between his mouth with a large plume wrapped around his head, making him stand out and truly look like a show pony.

Spreading Shine grabs the reins, “How do you feel Legante? One stomp for good, two for bad.”

With a soft moan he lets out a single stomp.

She smiles, slipping into the cart, “How good is your sense of direction?”

Two stomps.

“Do you need any more help, Mistress Spreading Shine?” asks Cavalla.

“W-we could be guides or guards?”

“As much as I love you both to be with me. More joining will put a greater strain on Legante. I don’t want to overwork him on his first day as my assistant.”

Their ears droop, “Yes Mistress, we understand,” says Cavalla.

“Thank you both for your help. I will remember this. And for Legante, one who doesn’t know their way around. I will use my GPS and I’ll guide you where to go. But I know you don’t mind being guided, isn’t that, right?” she asks with a soft nicker.

“I love to be commanded.”

“I love to follow.”

“Mistress guides me.”

“Mistress owns me.”

“I am part of Mistress’ herd.”

“I obey.”

A shiver runs through his spine, the rubber around him squeezes, caresses, holding him tighter, the pony body feeling so much better than the *plain* old human, he snaps back to reality, letting out a single stomp.

“Good Legante. I knew I could count on you,” she says, pulling out her phone, entering the coordinates.

The phone says in a loud, clear electronic female voice, “Your destination “Prancing Pony” is twenty-three point two miles away.”

“Ready?”

He stomps, swallowing a lump in his throat.

“Giddy-up,” she commands, giving a little tug on the reins, “Head down the private road. We’re going back to the normy world. I have a little meeting and I don’t want to be late.”

He responds with a stomp, taking those first steps. The cart’s weight pulls back against him, tugging against his body harness. The soft fuz rubs against his form, teasing his crotch, toying with him, while also distributing the weight of the cart making it easier to pull. His time being a cart puller is not going to waste, wondering if it's his rubber body doing most of the work or he’s gotten fitter to do it himself. Probably a bit of both as the reason behind it, but now he has a task before him, a job to do, mind thinking less as to how, and why, and toward the actual doing.

Clip, clip, clip, clip. He proudly trots down the road, his movements well-practiced with a perfect gait that now would feel unnatural not to do so, but his body is only helping that feeling as if it was designed to move this way. The hike of his rump, sway of the tail, showing off his body for any to see. His blinders keep his eyes on the road ahead, calming, soothing, the creak of the metal gate barely noticed by him as they go onto the open road, clip, clopping down into the ‘nearby’ town, out of the scenic forest. The hum of automobiles, motorcycles, and the general public eventually drew him out of the passionate trotting mode he found himself in.

He keeps on target, listening to Spreading Shine when to turn, and how far it is to the next junction, but seeing the world around him felt... strange. The rubber squeezes his body more as he thinks about it. Everything this world has to offer felt disconnected from the one he came from. It’s not as clean, friendly, or welcoming. People are moving about doing their own thing for themselves, isolated from each other, not the happy community he’s spent so much time in.

“Everyone is lost in their own thing. Going off to do their own thing. They live together but aren’t a community together. And it’s all so... disconnected and dirty,” he thinks, the scent of the area wafts over him, the distinct lack of latex, leather, the sweetness of fruits in the air from freshly baked fruits and vegetables. Something about this is just...

“We’re almost there Legante, you’re doing great, keep it up,” says Spreading Shine, her words wash over him like a splash of cool water on a hot summer day, refreshing his resolve to continue forward.

“Just keep moving forward. Follow her commands. Be a good member of the herd. Part of the herd. Friends with the herd. Friends with my fellow pony.”

Spreading Shine smiles, her eyes penetrating the back of Legante’s head, guiding him forward, “Just five more miles Legante and we’ll be there just when I need to.”

“Yes Mistress. I’ll get you there on time. I’ll show you what a good pony I can be. I will be useful and helpful to you like any friend should. You’ve done so much for me already Mistress that I can’t and won’t let you down,” he thinks, the pressure to think right, do right, be right pushing into his mind. The tight rubber embracing his form, trotting along, letting the uncaring world around him fade into the backdrop, *“It would be so much nicer if this world was like the world from the show. Open, bright, a wonderful delight,”* he thinks, switching a soft huff, his cock twitching within the tight rubber bondage, the round bulge caressed by his gear, soothing his anxiety of being so far away from his *home*.

He never thought how much he’d miss the commune and their protective wonderful world. As the sun sets, the darkness of the world surrounding him, he feels like a ship at sea in a torrent of the unknown, his captain, guiding him through this, “Right, lights,” she mutters, her horn glowing a pink aura, two electric lanterns are pulled from the trunk of the carriage, attached to the front one on each side of Legante’s body. They flick on, bright lights beaming into the darkness illuminating the road, adding a sense of comfort. The blinders provide extra protection against the light, “There we go. Have to remain legal, you know those people just want to find a reason to pull us over. So many don’t understand our way of life. Just wanting to love each other and be there, expressing ourselves in our little communes,” she says with a soft sigh, hinting at her annoyance, which is transferred into him.

“How could people do that? We just want to be with our herd. To care for each other, be there, be friends. To share the magic, we all have for one another. We stick to each other, for this world around us? Is so bleak,” he thinks, the suit growing tighter around him, squeezing the human down, the latex body around him becoming closer to the core of what he feels he is.

Eventually they reach the island in the storm, the name “Prancing Pony” is lit up by neon signs, a horse dancing along a pole with thumping music heard on the outside. A bouncer, a large anthropomorphic work horse keeps people in line, many ‘normal’ people, more in pony gear with handlers, with a handful of bipedal ponies from the commune.

“Park by the other carts,” Spreading Shine commands, tugging on the reins, guiding him to parking spots for carts like the one he’s drawing. He’s one of five others that have gone by cart.

“Yes Mistress,” he says looking at the other carts, the lights turned off via Spreading Shine’s “Magic”. “Are we late?” he asks, seeing the other cars in the parking lot, and one rather large limo that is off to the side, that has drawn the gaze of a few people that are in line, waiting to get in.

Spreading Shine opens the back of the carriage, the sound of leather and metal rings a memory in Legante’s mind, identifying it as bondage gear of some kind, “No, we are fashionably on time,” she says, unhooking him from the cart, locking the wheels, “Here, you must be thirsty. Drink up, relax, and be a good *pony* and accompany me inside,” she says, unhitching him from the cart, removing the blinders only to slip a muzzle over his mouth, a phallic equine length shoved into it, muffling him.

He suckles instinctively, and with it, he tastes the delightful Apple Cider drink from before, quenching his thirsts, taking the edge off his tiredness, increasing his receptiveness to her words, guidance.

She hooks a leash to his harness, “I know you aren’t a puppy, but you are certainly *my little pony*,” she says, tugging on the leash, leading him away from the cart.

With a stomp of approval, he suckles the length in his mouth, feeding him a delightful trickle of the drink, soothing him as he happily follows beside Spreading Shine. The horse bouncer gives one look at her and smiles.

“Good to see you again Miss Spreading Shine.”

“Pleasure to visit the local once again. Did my guest arrive?”

“They did, but I’m not sure where they are in the club, but I don’t think it will be hard to find.”

“I’m sure, thank you, come Legante,” she says, pulling him forward. The doors open, the exciting music flooding out, the familiar scent of latex and leather hang in the air, welcoming him to this bastion of civility and friendship.

His clip clops forward, eyeing Spreading Shine who waves happily and greets those that approach her, many surprised and taken back that she’s here now. Taking away from the spectacle of dance poles with bipedal ponies like he was, showing off just how good their plot is, giving it a wonderful shake, and a hike tail tease while dressed in full leather-bound harness.

Legante blushes, seeing the sexy ponies, moving to the music, enjoying the soft caressing fur of his body harness, glad at this moment he’s nothing but a twitching bulge, “*Stay calm Legante. We’re here for work. I am working for Mistress. Simply follow Mistress.*”

“Oh, it’s over there,” says a human employee pointing across the club to a corner booth, where a small crowd of people have gathered.

“Thank you,” says Spreading Shine.

They head over there; the smell of latex grows stronger with a hint of... blueberries?

“Don’t mind looking at this one, it loves to be viewed like the good toy that it is,” says K-2003. A sleek black and cyan female sergal toy with a delightful shine. It has cuffs on its ankles, upper thighs, wrists, upper arms with matching coloring with glowing elegant cursive writing that reads “Fuck toy”. It also has a belt and collar; the collar has a silver tag that has its name printed on the front.

“T-this one is not a good toy,” huffs R-7139 remarks with a huff and a loud squeak, cross its arms across its black and red renamon toy body. Its form shines in the lights, with little pouches attached to its hip handles with a matching type of set of cuffs and collar as its fellow toy but in its own colors.

K-2003 leans forward running its claw along the toy’s chin, “But you are, a good secretary toy, doing what this one needs of you,” it says, reaching over gripping the toy’s handles, giving them a long elegant squeeze, causing it to moan.

“B-but...”

“Oh, toy can show off your butt,” it says, lifting the toy up and placing it on the table, the one drink there shaking as the rena-toy just misses it, its butt being showed off.

“Toy Mistress!” the toy whines.

“Oh hush, we have guests. Hello! This one is pleased to see you again Spreading Shine,” K-2003 says, placing its elbows on R-toy’s back, pinning it to the table, keeping it pinned, “Come sit.”

Spreading Shine chuckles, “Don’t mind if I do. And don’t mind my own helper, he’ll be observing our discussion,” she says, motioning to Legante.

The bound human tenses, huffing into his bag, suckling the dildo to compensate the surge in anxiety, “*K-2003? It’s here? Oh my gosh. Okay... calm down, calm down. It can’t tell that I’m in here. Impossible for it to tell, though that toy is surprising in so many ways,*” he thinks.

K-2003 hikes its butt, wiggling it, squeaking it against the booth’s back seat, “Oh, a pony after this one’s colors? How cute. Are you trying to lubricate this one up, Spreading Shine?”

“I think the term you are thinking of is butter you up, K-2003.”

“Well butter could work but would be a rather expensive and sticky way to do it,” it says with an affirmative nod.

The pony waves the toy’s comments off, sitting down, “How have you been doing?”

“Well, though things have been hectic.”

“Oh?”

“Getting its degree, rushed to do so much. At times this one is not sure if this is the real life.”

“Or just fantasy?”

“Caught in a landslide.”

“Well, there is no escape from reality.”

“Toy opens its eyes to see, and wonder which sky it sees.”

“Such a poor toy, but your confusion of your current state of existence won’t elicit any sympathies from me.”

“Well toy is easy come and easy go, a little high,” raises it butt, “A little low,” it sits down, keeping its arms on the rena-toy.

“Anyway, the wind blows, it really doesn’t matter to me.”

“Well toy’s existential crisis if its running through multiple realities and figuring or knowing the cross over between them and if they are happening, and how it could possibly know AND have a connection between them is something, but better get down to business,” it says with an affirmative nod, “R-7139 be ready to take notes of our conversation now.”

The toy huffs, squeaks, blushing, its butt showed off to the crowd, but it doesn’t stop it from reaching down to one of the attached pouches, pulling out an electronic notepad, “Ready Mistress.”

K-2003 spans the toy’s butt, “Good. Now, Spreading Shine, it does wish it could visit your compound for these discussions so it can see how its products are being used and better be of service to you and your community.”

“Maybe we can discuss a possible nearby Pony themed mini-store, but given the nature of my community, it would be a shame if rumors about you are spread.”

“This one doesn’t care about rumors, it is what it is, and no amount of hearsay will change that.”

“Your confidence in yourself is wonderful, but with our community it's best to have some degree of separation, but I am glad you are happy to cooperate with us to achieve our pony dreams.”

“This one helping people reach their dreams in ways it can in a safe, friendly and delightful manner that doesn’t harm others is what Toys-4-U is all about.”

“And here I thought it was ‘High quality toys at a high-quality price’ was it not?”

“We can have more than one motto.”

Brian shifts in his gear, looking about at nearby eyes on him and the Renamon, whose butt is half a foot from his head, the shiny smooth delight, reminding him a bit of his previous life, still full of latex and lustrous delights but not as focused and wonderful as it is now, the conversation at hand drawing him in, but he can’t help but admire the sergal toy and how oblivious it is to so many things.

“This one can get you the first iterations of our rubber suiting designs in short order for your community’s needs,” K-2003 explains.

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” it says with a rump wiggle, leaning on the rena more, making it moan, the toy’s claws running along its spine with a soft squeak, “The technology has been in full use and swing for over a year now. It didn’t even graduate before we had businesses set up based around our drone hoods.”

“Right, right. This will certainly help us expand the community's options to express and enjoy themselves.”

“Wonderful, wonderful. It will let you know now that to be mindful of the customization options. We have safety features built into them to ensure that things remain safe and legal.”

“Fear not, I won’t do anything that will cause an issue with the law or bring a problem to you and your company. You’re a friend. Sure, in business but a friend none-the-less and that’s a bond I like to foster.”

“This one is a fan of bondage, and it couldn’t agree more with you,” it says with a rump wiggle.

“Mistress, it doesn’t think that is the right word.”

Spank, “Take notes, no talkie.”

“Yes Mistress,” it moans softly.

Legante squirms, admiring his two friends talking business, a feeling he’s been in such a spot before, but he can’t put his hoof where. His gaze catches Spreading Shine’s for a moment, his mind drifting away, “*Good pony waits. Good pony is eager. Good pony shows what a good friend he is by being a good silent pony, waiting to be played with.*”

His mind drifts into the thoughts, unsure where they are coming from but embracing it, the latex body around him growing that much tighter, and he's only snapped back to reality when Spreading Shine says, "And with that I think our time here is done."

"Wonderful, this one had a delightful time, and it appreciates that we get to see your club at least."

"It is a nice club; our community owns a few sprinkles about the country. It helps us foster and find those who would fit our community."

"A little gate keeping, hmm?" K-2003 inquires tilting its head, slipping out of the booth, grabbing R-toy by the handles, lifting it off the table.

"I think you do the same? Some level of quality of friends is needed. Don't want to invite bad apples to ruin the bunch."

"This one does understand the need for quality, it's difficult to balance."

"Always a work in progress."

"That is life," it says, turning to Legante, "This one might be biased but it loves your colors," it says, petting the pony on the head.

He shudders at the toy's strong delicate touch, leaning into it, something familiar about it, drawing him into the touch before Spreading Shine's leash tug pulls him away.

"Come, Legante, we have to head back to the commune. It's getting late and you've had a long day and in need of some much-needed rest."

He stomps in compliance.

"Good pony."

"Have a safe trip back Spreading Shine, Legante. What a nice name Legante, it matches your cutie mark, doesn't it?"

Spreading Shine chuckles, "Did you catch just how closely the name *translates* to their cutie mark?"

"Yup!" it exclaims with a rump wiggle, "But it must be off, stay safe!" it says, scampering off with R-toy following right behind.

"What a sweet toy, but you'll have a sweeter sleep, won't you Legante? But first you have to take us back," she says, tugging on the leash, giving waves goodbye to those around us, so many adoring her that it's almost *hypnotic* to see.

"*Spreading Shine is so wonderful and a good friend. I will do anything I can to please her and be a good friend back,*" he thinks, feeling wonderful when he's re-hitched to the cart, pleased to pull her back toward the commune, back to their refuge from this world and into one that is so much better.

When they do get back, crossing the gated threshold, there's a wave of relief that washes over Legante, like he's just finished running a marathon and technically with the distanced travel he has, his body is not so much what is drained thanks to the suit but more of a mental relief, the sense that he's out of that world and back into the one where he feels that he *belongs*.

"Move past the mansion Legante and head to the barn, the quad barn. You know where that is, don't you?" asks Spreading Shine.

He feels a flash in his mind, a brief visual of exactly where he needs to go, the knowledge of how to get there.

“Legante?”

He’s snapped back to what’s going on, he stomps.

Spreading Shine smiles, “Good Pony, please take us there.”

He stomps, with a loud squeak, cock twitching, aching throbbing, the want of release constantly pressing against the back of his mind with the same strength of his length against his rubber chastity. The quad pony barn has bright popping colors, with lights illuminating it in the late night. Another carriage barn is nearby, empty, unsure if it's waiting for the ponies to return or something else and if it wasn't for the blinders, his gaze would linger on it, but his body knows what he saw, fueling his arousal.

The barn doors he’s heading to open automatically, revealing an advanced pony stall for rubber quad ponies like himself. It’s a strange mix between hay and ‘natural’ barn feel, but its air conditioned, sweet smell of rubber and leather lingering in the air, a mix between ponies mindlessly watching their individual screens in the stall, with ponies in different levels of bondage if any. He pulls into the center of the barn, feeling a sense of pride, “*Made it. I helped my Mistress.*”

“Lovely pony,” says Spreading Shine, her words sliding into Legante’s mind, making him shudder in delight. She uses her magic to unhitch him from the cart, removing all the gear, leaving him as his ‘naked’ chastised bulge pony, “You’ve done well and adjusted to your new body so well.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I really am trying, to make it up to you as you’ve been one of my best friends through this,” he says following her toward a stall in the corner of the barn.

“Don’t feel obligated to repay me. Just do your best and that is all I ever ask for, though I sense you are quiet eager for a bit of a relief, aren’t you Legante?” she asks, stopping at the stall, she and the door blocking his gaze from what’s inside, her warm welcoming smile drawing him in but her question making him blush hard.

“I-I can’t hide that Mistress. I’ve been so enthralled and eager and just well...” he shifts on his hooves, “I can’t get my mind off of you, this commune, all that you’ve said to me. I am really falling for...” he says, feeling the heat in his cheeks grow, the pressure in his loins build.

“Falling for?” she asks, gently caressing his head.

“You... and everything that your community represents.”

She knickers, “Despite the harsh introduction some of my fellow ponies gave you. I sensed within you as did they, the love and friendly nature that you possess that makes you a perfect fit for our community.”

“Well Mistress, you could certainly say I will give a very glowing review of this place and clear up a lot of misconceptions about this place.”

“I know you will, but for now, how about I reward you for such a good work,” she says, opening the door revealing a small, padded stall with a mounting horse, ready and eager to take in his length and simply let him breed.

“Oh my...”

“I knew this place is perfect for you, but there is more, but first, let's get you on to this bad girl, it could fit so many cocks,” she says, smacking the rump of the mounting horse.

He nickers a little, moving up, his rubber body squeaks against the form, hooves getting into position, which are then quickly locked into place by Spreading Shine's magic, “Ah... Mistress?” he asks, squirming, feeling the throb in his loins grow stronger.

“Yes, my sweet little lovely pony?” she asks, caressing his head.

He huffs, squirming and tugging at the tight constraints that hold him there, giving him enough wiggle room to be able to ‘hump’ the faux horse and that's it, “I'm a bit locked up to really enjoy this opportunity.”

She giggles, “Fear not, I'm about to fix that,” she says, crouching down, her finger pressing the center of the bulge, a wave of warm comes crashing over Legante, followed by cool as the null bulge melts away, letting his hard aching equine cock free, which grinds along the underside of the mating horse, the cool air embracing the rest of his wanting member.

“There we go, now you can hump to your heart's content, but there's more to come, as you cum.”

“T-there is Mistress?” he asks, panting, “And thank you for letting me have a bit of freedom.”

“I'm only helping my friend in need with his needs, that is all,” she says, as a faux male mating horse comes down, the rubber fake horse's dildo length moving under and pressing under his tail, pushing into his eager hole, spreading it nice and slow, making the bound pony squirm and moan, his cock hardening further, pre-cum oozing out of the tip, “Oh, you are eager aren't you?”

“Y-yes Mistress,” he says with a soft moan, neighing in need, grinding his length against the faux female's sex, ready to drive himself in.

“That one will mate as you mate, it will give as much as you give her, though it might give you a few... humps of encouragement when you take a break.”

“Yes Mistress, but how am I going to rest with a set up like this?”

“That will come, but I need to set you up for your night in this stall,” she says, grabbing a pony head harness with a set of blinders, wrapping it around his head, letting the dildo bit slide into his muzzle, down his throat, which he instinctively suckles down, trying to draw out anything from it, like the sweet apple cider from before. Within moments there's a savory flavor that flows onto his tongue. One suckle, cock jumps, two suckles, cock grinds against the mating horse, three suckles, pulling back, squeezing the cock in his rear, member pushing into the lovely fuck hole, four suckles, drawn to the screen before his eyes, the show... ah yes the show.

“Enjoy your rest and enjoy Legante. It'll only help you accept your true you, and soon enough you'll get another reward for your hard work,” says Spreading Shine, walking off, leaving him to it.

Legante groans, bucking into the matting horse, pulling at his chains as the equine behind him pushes in nice and deep, hitting his prostate hot button, the latex rubber body growing ever

tighter, pushing any sense that it's a bound human but a bound pony more into the forefront of his mind. But right now, as he's lost in this sensual, humping, his eyes are glued to the show. Something about it is so alluring that he can't look away. All those lovely ponies, the message, their... *plots*.

His mind builds a connection of kink and fetish, becoming aroused at the show, further fascinated by it, drawn by the messaging, the characters, his cock twitching, leaking constantly, "*Friendship is magic. Friends with benefits. We are friends with benefits. We are **friends**.*"

Legante moans, muttering, "We are friends. Good friends. Lovely friends. I am Spreading Shine's friend with benefits. I *obey* my friends." He shudders, a gentle climax rocking his body. It should have been harder with how pent up he is... but strangely it's not, unsure why but not thinking about it. His human dick tries to cum hard but given its current bondage it only does a reduced speed gush, dripping through his equine length, which he feels is what is *real*. His need remains strong, viewing the show, sinking deeper, accepting the growing pony mindset, and who he is meant to be. He knickers softly, grunting and squeaking within his bondage, continuing to hump as he's humped, becoming the conditioned pony that Spreading Shine wants him to be.

"I love being a good friend to all."

"Being a friend is wonderful."

"I am the best friend with benefits."

"I'm a good pony."

"Good ponies are friendly ponies."

"Good ponies are friends."

"Good ponies serve the commune."

"Good ponies help the commune."

"Good ponies protect the commune."

"Good ponies obey Spreading Shine."

"I obey Spreading Shine."

"I am Spreading Shine's friend."

Another micro-orgasm, rewarding his mind with the correct thoughts. Making the show all the more of a delight to watch, attuning himself to all that is important, all that makes the show so lustfully wonderful to watch, to accept it, and embrace it. With each passing day that becomes more the reality, mind shifting, changing to accept what the commune embraces, the meaning of the commune and the magic it holds, letting it cast a spell over his very being, and through his hard work he finds himself to be rewarded, waiting in a stall in the quad pony barn, his heart races, "*So close, so very close now. I am sure I'm next. I finally get to pull the carriage!*" he thinks, tail flicking in excitement, his gaze glued on the screen in front of him which drifts his mind in and out of thought, unsure if he dozed off or simply lost himself in the gentle spirals that are preparing his mind for the next stages of his in-depth conditioning.

"I feel so naked as I am. I need to be contained, I need to be held," he thinks, his cock twitching, hanging free, a bead of pre-cum dribbling from the tip, a wet spot marking the hay

below. He takes slow deep calming breaths, the scent of latex and leather heavy in the air. *"How long have I been working for this moment? Days? A few weeks? I'm not sure. Mistress has been pushing me so hard and it's wonderful. We go out for several carriage rides, visiting nearby towns. It's tough but it's always missing the charm of these walks."*

His heart races, the anticipation of this is almost as wonderful as the rides themselves... almost. He blinks, did more time pass? He isn't sure, but the stall squeaks behind him as it is opened, his body stiffens, cock pulsating and jumping a little, a small gush of pre-cum rushes up his cock length and slowly oozes out.

A beautiful voice rings out in his ears, echoing deep into his mind, "Come Legante. It's time to get you prepped and hitched to your ride. It's going to be a big group as there's a lot to pull."

"I am up to the challenge, Mistress," he says with an eager stomp.

She knickers, "I know you are, but no talking now. You're in full pony play mode now, understand?" she says, backing him out of the stall.

He responds with a stomp, and a cock twitch.

"Good pony."

He finally sees what he'll be pulling, a royal carriage, big enough to pull a four in luxury and a driver, with the golden embroidery and white paint, it really gives a fantasy land dream to it.

There are seven other ponies being prepared for the trip, all of which he recognizes as the close group of friends he recently made thanks to Cetas and his introductions, *"They are lovely friends of mine, joining me on this trot,"* he thinks, noticing Cavalla the yellow rubber pony, and Stivile the purple one, both bright, sleek rubbery, still very much bipedal but with glowing if not devious smiles painted across their snouts.

Stivile holds in her hooves a strange object, an optical illusion of sorts. A smooth faceless pony hood, or at least that is what it appears to be. The vanta-black hood is so dark that it's like there's a pony hood shaped endless hole in her hooves, but the way it moves, he knows it has physicality and mass, but just watching it is rather trippy, so much it takes him a moment to catch what Cavalla is holding.

"I-if I didn't wear so much, I'd wonder how anyone could move in so much stuff... oh my gosh I can't believe I just said that," she says with a little blush, pulling the heavy pony bondage gear up to her face, including leather pony play hoof covers with thick silver metal horseshoes at the base.

Stivile chuckles, "We're amongst friends, no one here will judge you," she says, leaning in close, giving a squeaky nuzzle lick kiss to her friend, "You get the more fun job."

"Well, you get to hitch him up to the cart."

"But it's more fun to slip the gear on him, isn't it?"

She blushes a little, "But you get the new toy."

Spreading Shine speaks up, "Mares, it's not a competition. Enjoy your time together with your friends."

“Yes Mistress,” They respond in unison.

“Good girls. I’ll be in the carriage, come in once you’re done,” says Spreading Shine, stepping into the carriage, another bipedal pony dressed in a fancy butler’s outfit holding the door open, closing it behind her.

“We will do our best Mistress Spreading Shine,” says Stivile, holding the hood void of darkness moving closer to him.

Legante’s heart thumps harder, harder, his member twitching, aching, nostrils flaring, the aroma of the latex wafting heavy over him. He stares into that darkness, mouth agape, licking his lips, ready to taste the rubber, that will wrap around his body, forgetting in these moments that is already happening with his human body, ready to enjoy his treat in another layer of heavy bondage, and as this happens.

Spreading Shine sits in the carriage, her pink eyes glowing, thinking, *“You’re sinking in so deep Legante. And when the time comes to fully commit to us, you’ll be my lovely dancy pony, and you’ll love it.”*