

## The Cult of Friendship: Once you go Quad...

Legante... How much does he enjoy the tight layer of bondage around him? The leather caresses his legs, crotch, chest. He stands in his lovely stall enjoying the feed that has been placed around his mouth, laced with caffeine, smells of coffee to help get him up. Before him is a screen that was playing a soothing visual that was drawing his mind into a state of lucid dreaming, an actual slumber but has recently turned more upbeat, colorful, keeping his thoughts clear, unthinking of the night that happened before, even if his body can feel it. Arms in the leather hoofs, reverse prayer behind his back, muscles tensing as they've been there for ages. The long cart pull that he had would have left him unable to stand, or even think of sleep standing up but leather straps are hooked to his bondage gear, supporting support, that takes nearly all the weight off his legs, making standing while sleeping as easy as a newborn.

He slowly chews his feed, looking at the screen, hearing the soft whispers that his mind picks up yet that he can't hear, "Obey the herd. Serve the herd. Obey the queen. Spreading Shine is the true queen. Obey Spreading Shine. Serve Spreading Shine. She is wonderful. She is caring. She is the magic of friendship. Let her set you free. Listen and obey. Serve the herd."

A different set of phrases, changing constantly, sinking into the back of his mind, having been planted over the days, weeks, now growing, budding, not quite ready to be harvested but ready to be fertilized and grow ever stronger, bigger, better, but like any good farmer, they wait to tend to their crops for when it's needed.

His body jingles as he shifts, the metal D rings that are used to keep himself attached to the stall, aloft, standing like any good pony would, sleeping standing up. How wonderful of a feeling it is to be a pony, to be part of the herd... was that a thought of his? He looks into the swirls of colors, hearing the soft squeaks of others like him in the stall. Nostrils flaring enjoying the flavor of latex and leather swirling about, the oats he feeds upon so filling. Each mouth full draws his mind to a higher level of awakesness.

"Hmm..." he mutters, vision clearing with a few quick successive blinks. The colorful screens, the bright popping colors, the hypnotic swirls, "Hmm... that's nice, very nice. It's good to treat every pony with respect, love and friendship. All about friendship. That's all. Friends sharing a combined love... nothing wrong with that," he mutters his mind clicking over to awake, "Huh? Hmm this tastes good," he mutters, chewing away, flexing his muscles, tugging at his arms, "Ahhh... ohhh... That is going to be felt when they come off, but that will be worth it," he remarks, body creaking, hooves pressing to the soft ground lifting himself up, the bondage straps becoming lax.

*"I slept standing up? Hmm, not as bad as I thought, but..."* he processes things, looking at the mask on his muzzle, a simple bag that lets him grab with his tongue and chew the cud, at least that's what his mind put in there. *"What a simple, nice life,"* he thinks, tensing, stretching, hoofs stomping into the ground, getting his body to wake up.

The bondage on his hooves clip the ground, making him tilt his head to look down, only to make him realize his blinders are still on, *“Did I go to bed with most of my bondage on?”* he thinks, mind piecing together the mystery of last night, the haze of his pony ride, *“It was the marathon pull. We even... yes, we did, that was a visit outside of the compound at night. We were on display to advertise our kinkier side to the local clubs. It was quite the tour. So many eyes...”* his tail flicks at the thought, cock twitching within its chastity bondage, *“They were so friendly, yes... hmmm.”*

“I’m so proud of you Legante...” Spreading Shines words are echoing into his mind, *she* is proud of *him*? Such praise, that fills him with a joy that is still lingering even now, its sensation redoubled.

“Fuck... what a night,” he huffed, the feeding bag on his muzzle expanding. He moves a little, the bondage straps becoming taught, *“I’m really stuck here. Not that’s too bad, but...”* he shifts his weight side to side, stretching, simping into place, the food in the bag all consumed. He shakes his head side to side up and down, trying to get the bag off.

With deep heavy huffs, and head shakes, he manages to wiggle it free from his muzzle. He licks his lips, tasting the last of the oats, “Hello? I’m awake now.” he calls out, hearing other ponies mulling about in their stalls. The screen shifts in front of him, drawing his attention, a lovely shade of blue rubber, followed by pink. It’s almost as if Spreading Shine is staring into him.

*“Relax.”*

*“Wait.”*

*“The herd will come when the herd needs you.”*

*“No need to worry.”*

*“No need to think.”*

*“Simply wait and relax. Enjoy yourself in your stall.”*

He takes a deep breath, eyes starting to glaze over. Something about the swirls is soothing, relaxing, he mutters quietly to himself, “Relax... wait. Nothing to worry about. They’ll be here for me soon, yeah soon.”

He takes a deep breath, looking back at the screen, seeing shapes and shadows of ponies, moving about, making him feel light, fluffy, butterflies fluttering in his stomach, almost lulling him back to a state of slumber when a gentle hoofed finger runs across his back, causing his entire body to shutter, tugging at his arms to pull back, his chest puffing out, letting out a soft neigh. The next words spoken echo in his mind, soft, sweet, like honey, warm and embracing like a loving hug.

“Morning Legante, for what’s left of it. How are you doing, doing good?” asks Spreading Shine.

He responds with a solid hoof stomp.

She chuckles sweetly, her fingers caressing the leather straps around his rubber butt, “Come on Legante, you aren’t in your full gear you can speak.”

“I-I’m doing well Mistress Spreading Shine,” he replies, the words slipping out of his mouth almost like instinct, head turning, breaking visual of the screen in a vain attempt to get a look at his queen.

Despite the blinders he can feel her smile, the warmth of her touch, “That’s wonderful to hear. Now let’s get you out of this, we have much to discuss and talk about,” she says, working the bondage on his arms, unlocking them, allowing them to be free.

Pain shoots through his arms, yet it's not so much a bother but a reminder of the bliss of being able to move his limbs again, he rubs his arms with his hoofed bonded hands, “Thank you Mistress,” he replies, feeling the pressure of the straps around his head being pulled away. He flinches, mind being bombarded by the sudden visuals of being able to see so much around him, but the shock of which is softened by the warming smile of Spreading Shine with her large pink eyes, “Gotten used to blinders, haven’t you, Legante?” she asks with a giggle.

“Ah, well a little,” he responds, squirming as each layer of bondage is stripped from him. His body feels naked, exposed. The safety and comfort the gear has brought is taken away, only to be replaced by the caressing touch of Mistress Spreading Shine, the herd leader, “How are you doing?”

“Me? I’ve been busy, but I'm doing well.”

“You remind me of someone else made out of rubber that I know.”

She tilts her head ever so slightly, “Oh? I do? And how do you know I am a rubber being, that is a rather curious assumption after all that you’ve seen.”

“Ah... well, I’ve dealt with fully rubberized peoples before, and there is something with how they move that no matter how good a suit is, that gives it away.”

“There is? Tell me more,” she asks, grabbing his hand hoofs, loosening the straps, wiggle tugging the hoof off.

“Well, I...”

“Don’t be shy about it. I’m just curious. I like to see your reasoning before I tell you if you’re right or wrong,” she says, giving him a teasing wink.

“It’s difficult to explain. It’s more of an instinct, you know? Been around a certain group of people long enough to get to see the differences that are just something you feel you know?”

She takes a moment to ponder his words, her hands gently caressing along his body with a squeak, “I think I know what you mean. Much like there are certain kind of people that fit well within our group. Something that can’t be just described but felt amongst our members when we try to reach out and draw new people in. The delight and fun of those lost to find themselves within the *herd* is such a wonderful feeling.”

With a soft moan he leans against the touch, watching her move down his body, working to loosen his chastity, his cock aching, eager to slip out, to pop free, yet to become so hard in front of *her* like this? A mix of feelings filling his mind, but he pushes past it, “Yeah, something like that I’d suppose. So am I right?”

Spreading Shine chuckles, pulling the chastity free, his cock twitching, the cool air across the rubber feels wonderful, the sensation transmitted to his actual member, making him harden quickly. The pony's fingers caress the member as the other hand removes the last of the other bits of gear from his genitals, "You are. I'm a founding member of our organization, you could say I'm the major public relations representative for the herd, as I am one of the best at reading people," she explains, her finger teasing the cum hole, squeezing out some his built up pre-cum, which she licks off the cock head, suckling her fingers.

Legante stands there in disbelief at the level of treatment he's getting, to see Spreading Shine kneeling before him, makes his arousal grow, "Ah... ah... I can see that. Yup, very much so. You're good at reading me at least," he says, feeling his cheeks warm up.

She wraps her mouth around his fat cock, giving it a long deep suckle, drawing out the built-up essence trapped within the cum tunnel. Her tongue slithers across the hole, pushing in just a little, stretching it, making him feel as if he's actual cock is being sounded just a little, the sensitive flesh teased before she pops her head from the cock with a squeaky pop, "It's a natural talent, but I've worked with my given gifts that I've had from my creation to grow, expand and become my own," she says with a teasing touch, reaching down to gently caress your balls, "And as much as I find great pleasure in teasing you my special guest, we need to get you out of those boots. We have a lot to do today, and I already let you sleep in."

"T-thank you..." he says with a pant, body aching, butt tensing when he was being pleased so, it's not until she mentions there are things to do today that he's drawn back out of his half lucid dreaming state, "Huh? What do you mean?" he asks, watching her loosen the laces around his hooves, the thigh pony boots now being removed.

"Your time with us is coming to a close, but seeing you have a couple of more days left with us..."

He gulps, shuddering a bit with a tingle running down his spine, making him shiver, "I-it's almost over? It felt like only a few days ago I got here."

"Time does fly when having fun and being part of a loving welcoming community. But you are still only a guest here," she says, lifting one foot out of the boot then the other.

"I will say Spreading Shine, that what I've heard and thought about your community was way overblown if not downright wrong. I knew you were a great pony cult, but..."

"Shh, cult? We aren't a cult. Our members are free to come and go as they please. Able to live in our communes, and small pony cities that we have here and there. But we pay our taxes, friends and family are always welcome to visit, stay, and enjoy our hospitality. We are productive members of our pony society and the society our communities have been in. We pay our taxes and..."

"Mistress, I don't mean to interrupt you, but you don't have to sell me on the idea and cover my concerns, you've already done that."

"Oh dear, I was going off on a little monologue, wasn't I? I didn't mean to. I just get so defensive of the wonderful community that we've all helped build together that I can't just feel a bit concerned, you know?"

He chuckles, "It's quite alright Mistress. I understand, I've grown quite attached to the community here, with so many lovely members."

"True, though you've only been enjoying it as a guest not a true member, which I will admit may paint your views a bit differently."

"What do you mean Mistress?"

She stands up, moving around, removing the last pony gear from his body, "I'll explain that back at the mansion in my office. I want you to understand what I want to offer to you and here in the stall seems a bit... off, don't you think?"

"What's wrong about being in the stall?" he asks.

She grins, "If I am to have a formal conversation with my pony, I should be in a formal place with them, don't you agree? Every pony deserves such accommodations when making big decisions with me."

He blushes a bit, "Why, I do suppose you are right, Mistress. Forgive me for getting lost in the moment and being so arrogant to think otherwise and disagree with you."

She grins, hands gently caressing his body, moving close to nuzzle lick him, "It's quite alright Legante. Disagreements are part of what makes a friendship work. If everyone thought the same, did the same, and agreed upon everything like some mindless sheep? No offense to our sheep brethren, it's simply a turn of phrase that feels rather fitting."

He chuckles, "It's alright Mistress, please go on, I do love to listen more to you."

"I know you do, Legante. You're my special guest and we've spent so much time together..." she runs a finger along his chin, eyes locked together, "As I was saying if there is no freedom of thought, we'd become stagnant. We wouldn't be able to grow, expand, and as I was saying before, disagreements and coming back together is all part of what true friends are. To have moments where they turn from one another only to get back together and share that bond that has been built up over time, that though can be damaged, can never truly be broken. As those breaks, cracks and following repairs are what makes those bonds strong and flexible, and not shallow and rigid."

"Mistress, I know you know a lot about flexibility," he says with a chuckle.

"I am rather flexible, I know," she says with a cute chuckle, unlocking the stall, guiding him out of the barn and back into the mansion.

The warm sunlight reflects on his shiny black rubber body, the cyan highlights make him stand out a bit, but he never minded that much. In the distance right before entering the mansion he catches Stivale and Cavalla taking a walk through the open spaces, they catch each other's attention, waving to one another, "I will miss so much of what I have found here. I hope I could visit any time I want?" he asks, turning to Spreading Shine.

She looks over her shoulder, "That is what I wanted to talk about Legante," she says, guiding him to her office on the second floor. It's open and bright but has all the items necessary to run a business of some kind. The round room is unique with a glass ceiling and just very bright, with chairs for anthro or feral ponies to sit, "Please Brian," she says, motioning to the chairs once she closes the door.

“Huh?” Legante asks, shifting his weight on his hooves, “Brian?” he asks, looking at Spreading Shine’s expression with concern.

She sits down at her desk, “That is your actual name, isn’t it Legante? I want to speak to you as the human, the person underneath your guise, not the pony-sona that you’ve constructed here.”

He blushes, “Oh... oh! Right, right. I was just so caught up in everything that I plum forgot that was my name. How embarrassing,” he says with a chuckle, sitting down in an anthro chair, “Y-yes, I am Brian... so strange to say that, to hear that now.”

She giggles, brushing her long flowing hair away from her eyes, the horn with the silver ring at the base, a little bit of a tease, “You have two days left here as our guest, and first, I would love to have you make a review of our establishment. You’ve experienced how overzealous some of our members were at the casino. You’d make an excellent spokesperson to at least describe the misconceptions that happened between you and us. Give a true view to the world of what we are. Could you do that for us? No is a fine answer, we are not here to pressure you.”

He takes a moment to read Spreading Shine. Something about this felt different, and not in a bad way, then it hit him, “*She’s concerned about me. How I feel, what am I going to say. She’s actually a little... vulnerable. Mistress? Vulnerable? She’s like us, isn’t she? That’s so... lovely.*” He raises his hands, “Mistress, Mistress, one moment please.”

“Yes?”

“I would love to do this for you, but you do know, I have to mention that I was given a month-long free treatment at your establishment. That I was given the best you had to offer, and people will call that into question.”

“Not if you make it clear that is what happened. I want a true and honest review of our place. Your concerns, reservations, the issues you had, the good, the bad and the pony. We are here to be honest. Honestly is a core trait of building a positive friendship. Wouldn’t you agree?”

*“Agree with Spreading Shine.”*

*“Agree with the herd.”*

*“Honesty is the best.”*

*“She is so lovely, smart, and correct.”*

With glazed over eyes, he nods along, “Yeah, of course. I am all about being honest. Though I am not too sure about well about...” he points to his dildo horn, “This being shown in the video.”

“No, no, I was not thinking about you using that. We’d get you out of there and get you all dressed up as your human self and make a video about how you feel about your experiences.”

He feels a lump build in his throat, that shiver running through him, “W-wait? M-me? The human? My human self? Video recorded for *people* to, see?” he grips the armrests of the chair, “I don’t know about this.”

“It would mean so much to me if you did. I know it's a big step for you. To be out naked like that. I've heard about you. The great poker champion that wears a rubber lugia suit. People say it's a stunt to hide your tells but I know... it's because you suffer from a mixture of anthrophobia and scopophobia. Which you compensate by wearing a suit to hide yourself.”

“Ah... well...” he takes a big gulp, “It's odd. I like being looked at like this,” he motions to his rubber form, “But for people to see me? Plain old human? That's just...” he starts to breathe heavily.

Spreading Shine gets up from her chair, resting a hand on his shoulder, “Relax. Take a deep breath in, nice and slow... then out... Yes, that's it.”

His anxiety starts to abate slowly with each breath, the warm touch of his Mistress helping him sooth the concern that is pounding in the back of his mind, “How do you know this about me?”

“The incident was big news, you know. And you are well known for your condition.”

“Right... Being a public figure means little is private about me.”

“I know it would be difficult, and this is me asking a lot of you. But it's not just for me, but your friends here at the *herd*. You are doing it for the *herd* and as a loving supportive community we are here for you to get through this. It would be a great step in the right direction.”

“I-I don't know,” he says, taking a deep breath, closing his eyes.

“It's alright, no one is here to force you. You are free to make your own decision. But if you want to give back to *your* community this will be one way to do it.”

“*Help the herd.*”

“*Help Spreading Shine.*”

“*Be one with the herd.*”

“*The herd is one.*”

“*We all help the herd.*”

Legante feels his heart is about to leap out of his chest, “I just... I can't... really, I want to. But the thought of people *seeing* me like that? It's too much. Seeing this human? With the... I just can't even think about it.”

She smiles, gently rubbing his back, “It's alright. I understand that is a lot to unpack, but I had to ask, you know?”

“I know, and I'm sorry, I don't mean to disappoint you, but it's something I want to get over, but it's not something I can do at a snap of a hoof you know? It's how I got so well acquainted with a certain black and cyan sergal toy. It's been trying to help me get over it, and they are the maker of my suits that help me cope.

“We do get a large supply of our pony suits from the company. They are high quality and help our members get into the feel of being a pony.”

“I thought this rubber felt familiar,” he says with a chuckle.

“Small world, isn't it?”

“Not as small as you think... or perhaps...” she sits down, looking him over, with wonderfully big pink eyes, “Never mind.”

“What is it Mistress?”

“Barring your unwillingness to be a spokespony for our organization, if you want to go deeper into who we are, we are still open for it. But you have to know that though we are open and want nothing but love and friendship for all our members, we have to survive in the real world, and that means our ponies have to work or pay fees to be free rein ponies.”

“I could pay, I have plenty of money. I could make some large donations to your organization.”

Spreading Shine holds up her hoof, “Donations are wonderful. Dues for the free rein lifestyle is great, but I think you and I want something different.”

“What do you mean?”

“Call it a gut feeling Brian. But I think you want to express yourself in a way that is befitting your chosen lifestyle.”

“Which is?”

“A bondage pony cart puller. And that cart pulls last night. You’ve done remarkably well for someone who is just new to the scene.”

“Well... I wouldn’t say I am new. I’ve had a lot of experience in pony gear in the past.”

“Being in pony gear and doing the walk is one thing, but to pull a cart while doing it? You’ve moved up the ranks quickly. You have a lot of potential to really shine. So, I would like to hire you as my personal pony assistant.”

There’s a moment of silence, the realization of Spreading Shine’s words taking a while to sink in, but when he does, his eyes widen at the realization, “W-wait, you want me to be your assistant?”

She smiles, nodding, “I’ve been looking for one. To take me from point A to point B, to record some notes, to keep me on track with my busy schedule. It may seem like I have all the time in the world, but there is a reason I only get to enjoy a late-night pony ride around the compound.”

He blushes a bit, “And you are wanting me to be that pony? Are you sure? I’m just a guest here. There are sure to be other ponies with more qualifications and skills.”

Spreading Shine smiles, admiring his reaction, “I’ll be honest with you Brian. There are a few who could fit the role, but they have a job already and they are rather comfortable with their position. Sure, they’d love the honor, but we are here to grow potential and give opportunity to those who would be denied otherwise. You’d be paid accordingly, but the experience will be a major form of payment to you. To unlock the potential and free the true pony that is bound by that human within you.”

“Please, Spreading Shine, don’t make it sound so kinky,” he blushes, crossing his legs, trying to hide his twitching length.

“Please, I’ve sucked you off. Do you think you're sporting a hard on for what I say will phase me?”



“N-no, but you did say you wanted to keep this professional, didn’t you?”

“True, true, I can’t deny that. But you can’t deny you are tempted by the offer, aren’t you Brian?”

“I am, yes. What will I have to do?”

“We’ll first be getting you out of that current body of yours. Give you a thorough cleaning, and then prepare you for a nice quad body. The containment of being a full quad pony will be different than anything else you’ve experienced, I will assure you that. And you will have a few certain restrictions placed upon you, along with some *other* openings for our fellow ponies to enjoy. Your horn will be hmm, moldable for the situation let’s say. Can’t just have you with a dildo horn when I am making a public appearance, but this will be one of our more advanced suits, that will best fit you for the job position.”

He listens, nodding a long, and with each passing moment his excitement grows for the opportunity. Thoughts, concerns, worries about what his could all mean or lead to fade away under the excitement that he could be doing something for the herd, the Mistress... “So where do I sign up?”

“Glad you brought that up,” she says, unlocking a drawer and after fiddling with some papers she pulls out one, turning it over to him, “If you sign this contract here. I can get you started on becoming my pony assistant. Now, I will warn, you will be staying with us longer than your initial time allotted here.”

“That’s fine,” he replies, interrupting her.

She smiles, not bringing attention to it, “You’ll also be heavily constrained in your human form.”

“I don’t see the problem with that.”

“And you’ll have less freedoms than what you’ve experienced thus far.”

“And? That’s a bad thing?”

She chuckles, “And you’ll have to be ready to answer my beck and call, meaning while you are on your primary working hours, you’ll need to be near me or with me.”

“Not a problem, sounds great.”

“And there will be spontaneous moments where I’ll need you. So, you’ll be sort of on call twenty-four seven, three sixty-five while under my employee.”

“Please stop, you are making this almost sound like my dream job,” he says with a soft knicker.

“When did working for me become your dream job?” she asks, with a playful smile.

“The moment you made this dream a possibility by offering it to me,” he replies, squirming in his chair.

“Why, aren’t you the charmer? You don’t have to prove it to me Brian, I am already ready to hire you. All you need to do is sign the paperwork here and we can start your orientation and training.”

“Sounds great to me,” he rushes over, grabbing the nearest pen, signing with his human name, “There we go, so when do we begin?”

Spreading Shine, grabs the paper, reading over it, sliding it away back into her desk drawer, "Right... now," she says, pulling a small lever off to the side. Legante tenses and jumps, looking around but hears a loud laughter, "Got you!"

He huffs, "I did not know you are a prankster, Mistress."

"I can be a little bit. The lever was given to me from a prankster friend. She said to use is to spice things up when I get 'too serious'" she explains, walking up to him, "But in all seriousness, follow me back to the pony suiting room, we'll get you all fixed up there. Did you want the same colors and cutie mark?"

"Mmmhmmmm," he says, looking over himself, eyeing up at the cyan dildo horn, "Yeah, same colors and cutie mark. I want to keep it consistent and it's rather fitting for me, right? Shows my relationships, who I am, get me comfortable expressing a little bit of myself through my pony-self."

She gently runs her hands along his backside, "No need to explain it to me, and you already know it yourself, but good that you are coming to terms with who you are. Come lets get you onto four legs, and I'll even help get you set up," she says, pushing him along.

The excitement builds within him, nodding to everything she has to say, "That sounds great Mistress. I appreciate you taking the time out of your busy schedule to help me adjust to my new role."

"It's what friends do. We help each other out when we need it the most whenever and however, we can. But I will admit, as I am to be honest with you, Legante. You will be helping me out far more than I have done for you. This is just about as selfish as I can get."

"Mistress, you selfish? No."

"It's true, Legante," she says, guiding him down the stairs, "This is my selfish little project. When I heard about what happened and learned about you. I took it upon myself to set things right, and thus far I am not disappointed with the results, but we still have a while to go still, don't we?"

"Yes Mistress, we do. I'll do my best to repay you for the efforts you are putting into this."

She smiles, running her hand along his back, opening the door that leads to the pony fitting room, "I know you will Legante. Your quad suit is being prepared as we speak."

"I can't wait to try it," he says with a neigh of excitement. The room is rather large with a winding closet that's filled with rubber pony suits. There's two, one that says anthro the other feral on the doors. Hanging over the side is a bunch of rubber bondage gear that has a sign over it that reads "Pony Prep Gear"

"Oh good, your PPG is already here, but first," she says, pressing her finger along Legante's back side, a tingle runs through the pony's body, a strange sensation fills him.

"W-what's going on?" he asks, shuddering the suit separating along the back, cool air rushing toward his human skin, which feels like an arctic wind blowing along his back, "C-cold, cold, cold!"

“You’re not used to having your human skin exposed, it's become rather accustomed to the suit. A long-term side-effect of wearing suits for so long. But don't worry. We'll get you cleaned up and ready to go in no time. Back into your safe pony body,” explains Spreading Shine as she reaches behind him, helping pull the human out of the body.

Brain tenses, moaning, the touch of the pony's hands against his skin feels like an angel has come from above to grace him with her touch. A sense of not being worthy comes over him, the rubber squeaking, and schlunking as air rushes into the body cavity. His long brown hair is a total mess, while so much of him is in need of some tender loving grooming care. Despite being in the rubber though he doesn't smell bad but has a soft lavender aroma emanating from his body. He gasps, lungs filling with the cool air, making him further shiver, “Mistress, it's so cold.”

She pulls him up against her, head against her soft supple breasts, her clothing softening the sensation of her angelic touch only to make it feel a little more bearable, but only just. She holds him close up against her, pulling his legs out of the suit, freeing his limbs in the process, “It's okay Brian. You'll be Legante again soon enough. But your body needs to be taken care of, and since you'll be taking such good care of me, it's only fair I show you a bit of the same,” she explains holding him close, her horn glowing a pink magical hue.

He leans up against her, like a baby in their mother's arms, “Thank you Mistress. I appreciate it so much,” he says shuddering, looking at his human limbs for the first time in what feels like forever, wiggling those silly fingers, the weird looking toes, “*So strange to have digits like this...*” he thinks, noticing just how long his fingernails are. He's moved over to a chair, which contours to his human body, his member, twitching, hard, but the more he looks upon his human form, the softer he becomes, “*How boring and ordinary. Legante is so much better than this...*”

With Spreading Shine's magic Brian's hair is cut, fingernails and eyebrows trimmed. Everything about him is groomed to perfection, pampered to perfection. The pink magic caresses his feet, massaging them, moving between his toes.

He gasps, arching his back, toes curling, skin so sensitive that he feels he might have been sent over a pleasure orgasmic edge without an actual orgasm. With deep breaths and soft moans, something about the whole experience feels wonderful yet off at the same time. His soft light human skin... everything about him is just not what he *feels* it should be, and it bothers him in the back of his mind.

“How are you feeling Brian?” she asks with hints of concern laced in her voice, her giant pink eyes drawing his attention to her... drawn into those wonderful big orbs, her sweet voice soothing his ears, quelling his fears, filling him with comfort, making him relax.

“I-I'm fine. It is just it does feel so weird to be this again,” he motions to his human state, “Being in that suit for so long, there is just like... a realization that maybe the reason I didn't like people looking at me. They'd see... this,” he once again motions over himself, grabbing his arms, his belly, giving it a little squeeze, “All these... imperfections.”

She takes a deep breath, gently running her fingers across his body, “Brian, you shouldn’t be harsh about your body like that,” she says, fingers running across his nipples, gently pulling at the hairs, “You shouldn’t dislike your body like that. It houses you, which is a wonderful thing. It brought you here to us, how could it be that bad?”

With a soft grunt, his body shudders, the hairs being pulled remind him of the lack of smooth slick rubber body he’s had, these growing imperfections on his person, and no matter what he’s done before it’s simply... “Just look at it. It’s just... bland, gross, not as lovely as you or what I was,” he says, looking at the pony suit.

She sits beside him, her smooth warm body running across his leg, an aching reminder of her perfection, but his attention is drawn away from that to what she has to say, “Sweet pony. There is nothing wrong with having something you feel was better. It helps motivate you to treat your body well. It’s your vessel that contains you, the only one there is, and that’s a wonderful thing,” she says gently rubbing his belly, giving a little squeeze.

He squirms at the warm smooth rubber hand caressing his belly, squeezing the little bit of belly fat he has, fingers twirling around the hair, “But it just... eyes upon it, and then there’s just me... and it’s...”

She leans in moving closer, eyes locking onto his, “And you are a wonderful person that is made up of parts. Like a community of ponies, we all make the greater whole, and so do you. Don’t hate yourself because there is something you don’t think is right, but taking care of your body that houses you, is equally important. Like cleaning up a house before a party. Relax, accept yourself, and embrace who you are... Legante,” she says, with a soft soothing voice, moving in closer.

“Aah...” he shudders, locked in her gaze, “I suppose. It would be rather good to be... well... you are right... I’m who I am, and I should accept that first and foremost.”

“Good Brian. Be okay with who you are first, then work to make any changes afterwards. Don’t try to search for the mystical pony fix to fill the void you have. It must be taken first,” she says, caressing him, “But that doesn’t mean you can’t have your friends help you. Friendship is a magical thing, where it can help one get through difficult times and transitions. Believe in yourself as they believe in you, like I do.”

“Y-you believe in me?” he asks with a blush.

*“The herd knows best.”*

*“Believe in the herd.”*

*“Trust the herd.”*

*“Trust Spreading Shine.”*

“I do, so believe in the person that I believe that is in you, okay?”

“S-sure Mistress Spreading Shine, I can do that.”

“Come, we have to get you showered and shave some of those hairs off, so you can have an even cleaner fit to the suit. The more contact to the skin we have, the better. Speaking of which, I know I gave you a nice cut, but if you are okay with it, we can shave all your hair off,

allowing for a total and complete feel of the suit around you, but I want your permission first before we go that far.”

“It’s fine. I’m totally okay with going with that. Remove it all, I don’t need it. I trust your decision making on this. I want to do my very best to be the pony that is best suited to serve you, Mistress,” he says, getting out of the chair, taking Spreading Shine’s hand, walking over to a shower in the corner of the room.

“Perfect. Every pony here has a choice, and you are freely going into this agreement. Your consent is important to us here. Grab the pink shampoo and body wash. It will wash away all your hair, and I’ll do my best to help you,” she says, stepping inside, the space is just big enough for the two of them.

His cheeks redden, “Y-you’re going to take a shower with me?” he asks, stepping inside, his member at half-mast while his eyes go over her sleek corset, pony play bondage suited form. Despite the look of the gear, she wears it so elegantly and with one in charge of the situation. Her saddle and stirrups, really stands out on her flank, a perfect cutie mark for her.

“Yes, how else are you going to get your back? And don’t you remember Brian. I am going to be pampering you here because you will be really working hard for me, and I want to be fair. That’s all about our friendly community, sharing the load, using our different skills and talents to the best of our abilities to make the place a little better than how we left it each and every day.”

“You really sell it, but I don’t mind that you do. I’m happy to be a part of it,” he says, grabbing the pink bottle, taking note of the warning on it that it will dissolve away your hair but leave one’s skin perfectly clean. He takes a moment to read the back but doesn’t get far when warm water showers down on him, not noticing Spreading Shine has turned the knobs.

“Come, come, we don’t have all day to get you cleaned, your suit will be ready soon.”

“Sorry Mistress!” he shudders, the warm water caressing his sensitive skin, feeling so much warmer than he’s ever felt it but not uncomfortably so. Certainly not burning but his sensitive body feels like he can feel every waterdrop crash upon his skin, congeal together and slide down his form. The shampoo bubbles in his hands as he works them into his hair, massaging and rubbing his scalp, the hair starting to melt away, to leave smooth clean skin.

Water beads on Spreading Shine’s body, like the water itself is not worthy to remain on her. The pony’s hands caress and rub the shampoo along the human’s backside, helping remove unsightly hair all across his form and under his armpits, butt and the like. The smooth hoof fingers across the human’s natural soft curves make him stiffen in more than one way.

“Spreading Shine... you are treating me so well,” he moans softly, arching his back, looking over at her, as she kneels down, rubbing and cleaning his posterior, “But thank you.”

Her smile is entrancing, “This is what friends do. We are here for each other, and I am here for you. Relax and enjoy yourself, you’ll be working your butt off soon enough,” she warns, giving the tush a little squeeze, causing him to jump.

“H-hey!” he exclaims, with a soft gasp, wanting to turn around but he stops himself, the soft whispers in the back of his mind continue.

*“Trust the herd.”*

*“Trust Spreading Shine.”*

*“She knows best.”*

*“Be of service to the herd.”*

*“Service Spreading Shine.”*

The latex pony chuckles, “Hey is for horses and ponies, and you aren’t a pony... yet” she adds, working to clean him completely, stepping out of the shower once it’s done, using a towel to remove any loose hairs and dry him off, “You came out wonderful.”

“T-thank you Mistress Spreading Shine. I will do my best not to let you down,” he replies, shivering the cool air around him feeling even colder, even after being dried off. He looks over himself, perfectly hairless, one step closer to a level of perfection he’s been aching for, his arousal slowly relaxing as he comes back to term with himself, “Now what Mistress?” he asks, turning to her, noticing the big smile painted on her snout.

“Now, Brian, we get you ready for your suit. Since it's a quadruped attire, your normal way of wearing an outfit just won’t do. We first must get your limbs bound correctly, after that, I’ll help you get suited. Hopefully by then it’ll be here though,” she says, sauntering over to the wall across the room.

Her hooves clip clop across the ground, hips swaying, that large sleek tail teasing him, making the human’s heart flutter. His eyes follow her hips, lost in a trance that lasts a few seconds but feels like minutes, maybe an hour but then she grabs the bondage hanging on the wall. Latex gloves and leggings that have built in rubber straps and belts right into each of them. The moment she grabs him his cock twitches, hardening slightly, and then he catches her grabbing a round rubber chastity device, “That should handle all that.”

“O-oh my,” he mutters, watching her get closer. Each step sets his heart on fire, the thumping in his chest growing stronger, excitement building. She reaches over gently touching his chin, “I’ll let you decide, you want your limbs prepared first or your little willy?”

He stiffens a bit, leaning into the touch like a pet, wanting to enjoy their Master’s touch, “H-hey, it’s not little,” he huffs.

“What did I tell you about hay?”

“You know what I mean.”

She giggles, brushing some of her light blue hair away from her pink eyes, “I can tease you a little bit. So, what have you? Crotch or limbs? Take your pick, both will be prepared but which would you like first?”

“Ah... well I think...” he takes a moment to consider which he’d enjoy more, both are enticing. Two forms of delicious bondage that he craves, both are going to happen but just which one will it be? Which will he enjoy *more* first? That’s like trying to pick your favorite movie, it's a nearly impossible task, but after giving a little more thought he makes up his mind, “Limbs first. Just something about having myself hanging there before that bit of me is bound up is just... a loving tease.”

“Sure, thing Brian,” she says, guiding him over to the chair, laying him back down, “I’ll get this all set up. All you need to do is to relax and enjoy yourself.”

“S-sure. Thank you, Mistress.”

“It’s what we do at the herd, we take care of each other,” she says, sliding down his body, her fingers teasing him along the way, pulling out the first black latex legging sleeve, pulling his feet into it.

*“The herd takes care of you.”*

*“Help the herd.”*

*“Serve the herd.”*

*“No need to worry.”*

*“The herd will worry for you.”*

*“Respect the herd.”*

*“Trust the herd.”*

*“Obey the herd.”*

The lingering thoughts in the back of his mind, voiceless, yet known to him, so truthful, why think against it? He smiles, wiggling his toes into the toeless latex thigh high latex sock. The rubber stretches and glides across his form. Something about it felt so smooth and slick, slicker than anything he’s worn before, and that includes Toys-4-U products which are famous for how easy they can slip onto someone, scale, skin, for or feathers.

The rubber belts attached to the large rubber legging had no bits of metal or anything that could squeeze up against his skin to be uncomfortable. There is something about it that reminds him of... his mind is drawn away but the hard tug, the tightening of the rubber around his limb, like the latex is coming alive to the point that it's being air suckled around his limb, providing a true to life skintight fit.

“Once we get the other legging on, we’ll bind them together, and knowing you, you’ll have trouble containing yourself, but don’t worry. I’ll be here to fix that, don’t be shy like a certain pony we both know,” she says with a playful wink.

“W-which pony?” he asks, grunting, toes curling, seeing the latex barely stretch when he wiggles his toes, giving a sense that his limbs are going to be tightly held together once it’s all put into place. The other latex legging glides across his skin, being pulled and smoothed into position.

“Cavalla. She is a shy one, but that is what makes her so cute. Good thing she has a close friend like Stivile to help her along,” she says, rubbing the latex smooth before it auto seals around Brian’s legs, squeezing his thigh, massaging his skin, showing a perfect outline of his body, like the legging was vac-sealing itself around his body. That perfect uncanny valley of latex covering that you’re more likely to encounter in a video game, but here in reality it's right there in front of him, stiffening his member.

“Oh the girls. They are both very nice, and now you mentioned it, I did notice Cavalla was the less outspoken one.”

“Yeah, but she has a good friend like Stivale to help her break out of her shell. They’re both working well within our commune and are becoming productive members of our society,” she explains, motioning him to move forward, “If you can, kneel, feet on your butt.”

“Sure, sure,” he replies, kneeling. The latex squeaks loudly against each other, stretching along his knee but not shifting out of place as he shudders feeling the tight embracing grip of the rubber against his skin, the black shine that tints blue under Spreading Shine’s reflection. The occasional pink of her eyes caught in the latex makes his spine tingle in delight.

She grabs the latex straps, running across his legs, wrapping them around, pulling them tight, before running her finger across the entire breadth of the latex strap which then tightens and merges into the rubber.

Brian moans softly feeling the tightening grip of the latex, watching it expand and grow into a second layer ‘sleeve’ around his legs, the straps merging and spreading into a solid band of rubber that spans from his knee to his upper thigh, giving little or no wiggling room at all. The process repeats with his other leg, his limbs being taken from him in such a wonderful way can’t help but make his cock jump for joy, pre-cum glistening at the tip.

“Oh my, someone is enjoying their gear, and we aren’t even done yet,” she says, running a finger along the underside of his cock, pulling away just before reaching the tip. Her hands glide across his bare chest, sliding across and behind him. Her corset covered breasts pressing up along his back, “Time to get your arms,” she says, holding out the arm gloves that will go all the way up to his armpit. The hands are nothing more than simple fingerless mittens.

“S-sure,” he says, shuddering, leaning against the warm rubber breasts, “You really remind me of a certain toy that I know.”

“That’s the second time you’ve mentioned that. Am I really that lewd as this toy friend of yours?” she asks, pulling the glove back over his arm, gliding it across his skin, hand popping into the mitten and once it’s tugged nice and taught it seals itself around his hand, holding his fingers close, the outline of his body showing through while rubber straps hang from his arm.

“Would it be insulting if I said yes?” he asks with unsureness in his voice, tensing a little.

“Now, now, why would you say that?” she asks, pulling in closer, pressing her breasts tightly against his back, her warm equine muzzle against his smooth human face, her hoofed fingers, running along his arm, “Am I doing something...” she whispers into his ear, gently biting his earlobe, “Inappropriate?”

Closing his eyes, he focuses on the loving touch of his Mistress, his cock growing harder, twitching, throbbing, aching, wanting to be touched. The warm whisper into his ear echoes out more than her words that sink deep into his mind.

*“Obey Spreading Shine.”*

*“Serve Spreading Shine.”*

*“She is your friend.”*

*“The herd is your friend.”*

*“Serve the herd.”*

*“Obey the herd.”*



*“Obedience to the herd is bliss.”*

*“Spreading Shine is bliss.”*

*“Give in and obey.”*

“Ahh...” he shudders, pressing up against her, “N-no, nothing like that. It’s more that you have similar moves? Teases? Though she has more of a natural lewdness while I know you are doing this on purpose.”

“Is that a bad thing?” she asks, licking his inner ear.

“N-no, not at all. Just noticing the similarities.”

She grins, pulling the glove all the way over his arm, sealing it over his skin, hiding away more of his human features, “Worry not, I’ll be sure to stand out from her. I am not *her* after all, I am part of a greater community, the *herd*, which is a wonderful thing.”

“Yes, that is wonderful, and I am glad you are willing to put so much time into me. I really appreciate it. Don’t let my comments make you think otherwise.”

“No, nothing of the sort, Brian. I was simply curious where you get those ideas of yours. We’re friends, aren’t we?” she asks, taking his arm, binding it back till his hand rested on his shoulder. The latex straps wrapping around his arms, tightening the straps, one by one, pulling his arms tighter together, forearm closer to upper arm. The latex spreads like it did over his legs, making another solid latex cover around his arm, impossible to unfold his arm within mere moments.

He looks at the latex, testing the constraint, the inability to move more than a little bit, the latex already so tight around him that he can't move it more than a few millimeters out, and yet it's not constricting blood flow. His hand weakly and helplessly wiggles by his shoulder, the increased sense of helplessness makes his length a constant raging hard on. He looks down at it, blushing a little, watching as his other arm undergo the same treatment, which makes all his limbs helplessly little stubs.

“Now how does that feel?” she asks, holding him by the belly, pressing herself against him, legs wrapping around his reduced limbs, her latex hoof tips caressing along his chest and belly.

He strains against his constraints, each attempt reminds him of just how *helpless* he is, and how much he has to trust his Mistress. He leans against her, pressing himself against her warm loving embrace, “It all feels great Mistress.”

“Anything too tight?”

“No... I might say it's a bit too loose,” he replies with a sheepish grin.

“Now, now Brian, as a friend you have to know I have to look after your health and well-being, and if it were any tighter, it would cause circulation problems. The latex will massage and keep the flow going to help extend the length of time you can remain suited though,” she says, her fingers running along his hard length, feeling the warmth, the twitch, the beading pre-cum at the tip.

“I-I thank you for looking after me Mistress. I do appreciate it. Sometimes I let my loins go to my head,” he says with a soft chuckle, moaning as Spreading Shine gently squeezes the length, caressing the hard pink pillar of aching flesh.

“I can see that, which is why we’ll be null-bulging you. You will learn that your loins don’t control you, but you control your loins, and in order to get what you want out of them, you’ll have to... well, I think you’ll figure that out soon enough,” she says, rubbing along the human rod, thumb running across the tip, spreading the slick pre-cum all around it.

“Y-yes Mistress,” he moans, arching his back, bucking against each thrust, toes curling, hands clenching into fists as he helplessly squirms against his Mistress’ body, which only reminds him of just how much he *needs* her at this moment, his grinding against her as she goes faster with each pump.

“That’s it Brian. Trust me. Trust your friend. Trust the *herd*,” she whispers into his ear, going faster, squeezing harder, the other hand reaching past his pillar, caressing his sleek hairless cum factories that are begging to be tugged and squeezed.

“Yes Mistress. I trust you. I trust you... I trust the herd,” he groans, closing his eyes, letting his Mistress’ embrace overtake him. The warm pressure in his loins builds higher, and higher, the damn weakening and then it suddenly bursts. He gasps, his host sticky essence gushing out of him, spraying all over her hand. It would have gone all over him, but she gently cupped her palm over the tip, letting the warm spray splash against her palm, oozing back down over his shaft. She uses the cum to keep his cock lubricated, squeezing out the last of his hidden essence within the shaft.

“There we go. Such a good pony. Wanting to serve the herd so much that you unleashed yourself to my touch. I appreciate it, but you should share this with me,” she says, squeezing the last bits of cum out of his member, making him thrust and moan against her. The white human essence, pooled into her hand which she brings up to him.

“Mistress?” he manages to ask, his eyes locked on her cum soaked hand, brought so close to his face.

“Feed and taste the fruits of your service to the *herd* Brian. Understand what it means to be a good friend, to offer yourself to others, to trust them, as they trust you,” she explains, bringing it closer, “Drink.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he moans, tongue sliding out, lapping at the pool of his own essence, accepting it back into himself, tasting the saltiness of it and do his surprise he’s not turned off, but further drives him into a frenzy, another layer of obedience and service put upon him, driving him to lick and suckle her digits.

*“Obey the herd.”*

*“Serve the herd.”*

*“Obey Spreading Shine.”*

He groans happily, able to taste his Mistress on his tongue, her hoofed finger popped into his mouth as he suckles the digit clean, his cock slowly relaxing while his delight of the moment grows, “Mistress...”

“Such a good pony, Brian. I’m proud of you,” she compliments, taking the time to rub and clean his cock of all his cream only to have it brought up to his mouth for his tongue to clean her digits, back and forth this process goes till both are fully cleaned of any excess.

“How is that Mistress?” he asks, licking his lips, the taste of his essence lingering on his tongue but easily overpowered by his Mistress taste. He leans up against her, enjoying her warm body, feeling completely safe in her arms.

“I have only compliments for you Brian, but now we must cage that little bit of unnecessary distraction. That tool of yours will now be sharpened to help improve yourself and mannerisms,” she explains, slipping out from behind him, pulling him back into the chair.

“I’ll do my best Mistress to be of service, but I am not fully sure what you mean, how will chastity help with this?”

“This is not any kind of chastity Brian,” she says, grabbing the black rubber nudge with a cyan colored lock, “It’s not to prevent you from climaxing but more to have you find release when you are doing what you are supposed to be doing,” she says, showing the soft cyan interior, “It will cup, protect and encourage in anyway it can, providing automatic rewards as they are deserved.”

“I understand Mistress, it’s there to encourage me rather than to punish me,” he says, his cock starting to harden again with each passing moment, his heart thrumming with delight as she brings the large bulge toward his member.

“Are you ready? For once it’s on, it’s not coming off till you are done being my assistant. I just want to make sure you know what you are getting yourself into Brian.”

“I do Mistress, and I don’t mind, I am rather eager to be a part of this. To be part of the herd. It’s more than I expected and all I could have ever wanted.”

She smiles, “That’s a good pony, I am glad you are accepting of our ways, I had a feeling that you would be,” she says, cupping his balls with the inside of the bulge, letting them slide into the soft smooth interior that feels like it has a layer of memory foam, contouring to his balls. She grabs his cock with the other hand, pushing it down and into the bulge, before pulling the null bulge over his length, letting it grind and slip against the latex, which squeaks loudly before she pushes it into his crotch.

With a soft whine he arches his back, feeling the smooth latex embrace his member. His cock pushes against the memory foam filled latex, which then squeezes and latches around his entire crotch, sealing itself like it did with the gloves and leggings that were placed upon him. He takes slow deep breaths looking down at the simple null bulge, his member twitches pushing against the rubber, but it shows no changes on the outside, then hidden underneath the latex there is a sensation of countless small tendrils running across his member, “I feel it moving.”

“It’s setting itself up for your conditioning. Don’t mind it, it should be a heavenly sensation, more so once it’s done.”

He nods, “Yes Mistress!” he says calmly but ends in an exclamation when the tendrils slip into his cumslit, down into his cock length, slowly filling it up with rubber, blocking any chance of anything to come out of him. The further the latex goes the hotter and more aroused

he is. Other latex tendrils run across his veins, teasing his entire member. Dozens of them wrap around his cock base, slipping between his balls, spreading them, while others net around his orbs squeezing and massaging them in a rippling fashion. He bucks his hips, shuddering, wiggling his hips, trying to squeeze out a little bit of pleasure, but no matter how tight he closes his legs it does nothing, and then... the filling sensation stops, leaving him with only a soft teasing throb throughout his loins.

“It appears it has adjusted to you, but let's test it out to be sure,” she says, running her hoofed finger across the bulge, “Let me know if you feel anything, anything at all, outside of what you already feel that is,” she says, gripping the bulge, giving a firm hard squeeze.

“W-wait, wait, wait!” he exclaims, tensing, his mind already expecting to feel the surge of rubber teasing pleasure. He flinches, mind a flutter about the teasing he's about to get but then the reality hits him even harder than fantasy and it was far worse, it was... nothing. Spreading Shines runs her digits across the bulge, caressing along the entire sides, squeezing and crushing the bulge, and yet there was almost no extra stimuli granted to his sensitive aching orbs and cock.

“Anything?” she asks, running her palm across the null bulge, pushing down nice and hard, expressing just how much she's trying to get a little rise out of him.

He shakes his head, looking down at the void of extra pleasure that should be happening right now, “I feel the null bulge around my junk, teasing me, making me hard but, nothing else, no rolling pleasure from your palm Mistress.”

She pulls away, “Perfect, that is what I was hoping for. How the null bulge works will become clear in time, for now its idle till you are fully suited and ready to begin the next stage of your training and service to me and the *herd* Brian. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress, I understand completely. Everything you've said has been crystal clear. I feel no sense of you lying or anything to me. I feel like I could trust you completely.”

She smiles, those lovely pink eyes drawing him in, “And I appreciate your trust and I would not do anything to break it. Hopefully your suit should be here any moment now,” she says and as if on cue there is a whirring noise that is coming from across the room where the suits come from, “Ah and here it is.”

Helpless he watches her walk away, going to the spinning carousel, where she pulls out a full formed life-size quadruped pony suit that would put him once full on at chest height. She pulls the suit over; the legs and main body already feel as if they have much to them in terms of how hefty they are.

The solid black rubber pony with cyan highlight hair, horn, eyes, cutie-mark, stand out to him. The arm blinders cutie-mark also a clear indication that he's going to be *his* form soon enough. His member twitches as the sight but that's all he can muster as the soon is brought closer to him.

“Ready to become Legante again Brain?”

“Yes, I am Mistress. I can't wait to slip in and be more one with the herd. All I need is...” he says looking at his useless limbs, wiggling them in the air.

“A little help from your friends?”

He blushes, nodding, “Yes Mistress.”

“What’s the magic words?” she asks, running her hoofed fingers across his chest.

“Please Mistress, can you help me become Legante again and get me into that wonderful suit that you have provided?”

“Why of course Brian. What are friends for? I’d be honored to assist you in your integration with the herd,” she says, her other hand running across the back side of the pony body, which splits apart, showing the cyan rubber inside, the empty spaces for him to slip in his head, the open leg slots for his extremities and the obvious empty hole where his bulge is going to fit snugly into.

“That looks wonderful,” he says, panting, excitement building up within him, the bulge feeling light, squeezing, massaging, he leans over toward the suit, trying to use his useless and bound limbs to pull himself, but through his pointless squirming he falls over. He winces ready to hit the ground but is suddenly stopped.

Spreading Shine’s cool smooth fingers run across his chest, holding him up, “Careful. You’re not meant to move like that out of suit. Let me get you inside. *Trust* me Brain. I know it can be scary to put all your trust into one person so completely like that, but it is a cornerstone of friendship to be able to *trust* someone.”

*“Trust the herd.”*

*“Trust Spreading Shine.”*

*“Don’t question.”*

*“Accept it.”*

The human’s limbs dangle underneath him, moving about like the useless stubs that they are. He looks up at her, up into those loving pink eyes, drawing him in deeper and deeper, his body relaxing, “Yes, I trust you Spreading Shine. I trust you with everything.”

She holds him like a sandwich, lifting him up and over to the suit that’s open to him like a flower, ready to embrace him. Stubby legs first she slides him into the suit. His legs glide into the openings. The ends are soft and cushioned, his legs sinking in deeper, the rubber sliding across his form, squeezing his legs. The latex caressing his ass, toying with his body, pressing along his butt cheeks, the bulge on his crotch hanging just over the opening.

Spreading Shine takes this moment to run her hands along his body, down his sides, practically tickling him, causing him to shudder, “Looks good, a nice fit,” she says, leaning him forward.

The creaks and squeaks of latex surround him, the smell of rubber growing stronger with hints of lavender hanging in the background of every breath. He senses his bulge slipping into the hole, providing a perfect fit for the suit, his body laying across the rubber that helps suspend his body off the ground. Elbows slipping into the next cavity while his head is guided and pushed into the mask with the help of the pony’s guiding fingers.

“You’re doing great Brian, soon you will be brought a step closer to enjoying the full fruits of the *herd*, but no need to rush. Half the fun is the journey, isn’t it?”

“Yes Mistress it is,” he mutters the latex darkening his world, his head moved and guided into place, rubber filling his mouth, as things are somewhat mostly aligned correctly, getting a wide view of the world outside, the change in height and orientation of his body is something that is throwing off his point of view, like he should still be falling or that he’s hanging by a thread, his mind processing the fear of being suddenly dropped as he’s suspended by the rubber stilts of his useless limbs.

What’s more the rubber wraps around him naturally as his body presses into the suit, as if welcoming him, accepting him, wanting to have the human fill the inside of the quadrupedal suit, the latex sliding across his sides, curling around his back, while his chest sinks into the soft cushioned rubber. The weight of the full body is felt with his slight movements, yet the body is not responsive to his movements, and with only a little cool air running along his back, the last bit of exposure of his human self to the outside world.

Spreading Shine squeezes the rubber equine head, feeling how well it fits like a Mother would pressing down on the tips of brand new pair of shoes to make sure it’s fitting the kid just right, “Let’s see, open your mouth as wide as you can and stick out your tongue and go ahhh.”

*“Obey Spreading Shine.”*

Without a second thought he opens his mouth, sliding his tongue out, into a tongue sleeve, saying “Ahhh”

She slips her fingers into the mouth, stretching and adjusting, “The suit will auto calibrate around you once you’re sealed Brian, but a little helping hands for some of the more import parts can’t hurt,” she says, moving his head, having him stare into her eyes, “Don’t you agree?”

With a muffled words and a nod that is forced still, “Yes Mistress, I agree.”

“That’s a good pony,” she says, standing up from her crouched position, hand slipping into the suit one last time, running it along his spine, while pushing his body down deeper into the suit. The latex groans as much as Brian does, fitting better into the full body, the grip of the suit growing stronger, while a quiver of delight moves along his spine, bursting from every spot that she touches.

“Thank you, Mistress, I am eager to feel myself become a better pony.”

“You are already a wonderful pony, we just need to help bring it out,” she says fingers trailing along the latex back, activating it.

The rubber glides across Brian’s human skin, feeling like cool semi-solid jello running across his back, the loving embrace of the latex now complete around his form, and only moments later did the whole suit ‘come to life’ with movement. Like a reverse vac-bed the latex coils and fills out every bit of his body, the rubber caressing his feet, locking them into a soft cushion, a push of latex into his rear, funneling out his behind, making him gasp.

As he lets out the whine of ecstasy his mouth rings up, a perfect fuck whole mouth ready to be used, while his vision adjusts, so the line between what he sees within the suit and outside shifts till all he can see is what his eyes outside of the suit can. Back to seeing the world as if his vision was that of a pony, his field of vision shifting to see a wider range of the world, the depth

perception in front of him shrinking but he feels as if there is no big loss already. To see his lovely black rubber sides is already more lovely than he can stand.

Speaking of standing, the cushions around his limbs grow tighter, with a tingle running through his limbs as if they are asleep. The sensation spreads along his spine, the latex pressing firm against him. He wiggles and squirms the tingle spreading outward, and it takes a few moments to make him realize the sensation is spreading out towards the suit itself, the cool air of the room running along his rubber skin, the sensation of having a limb fall asleep extends down to his pony legs and hooves.

The tingle makes him wiggle and squirm and with each passing moment that movement is transferred to his pony body. His tail flicks, his pucker tenses, his new knees bend where they are supposed to, taking those first little steps and all the while Spreading Shine is there, hands at the ready to catch him.

“You’re doing fine, Legante. The suit is going to help you move. Trust it, accept it, embrace it.”

“Y-yes Mistress,” he moans, he takes those odd steps, mind still trying to connect the dots of where *he* actually is now, the sense of being suspended over the ground fading into the background. But it’s still there like a soft white noise of hypnotic laced music, but it’s only really noticed if he takes the time and effort to focus on it.

The rubber limbs seal in with the suit, and so does the null bulge. His body and mind sinks deeper into the suit, accepting everything it has to offer, its touch and embrace. Pleasure bubbles within him the transition from human and pony becoming ever more real and all that he’s wanting to be, the fantasy that has been blossoming within him, now being watered and fed and grow to a newer height.

The line is crossed, and now he moves around, looking over his body, taking those first full quadrupedal steps. Even with the transition from biped to quadruped assisted by the suit, it’s a strange feeling like he’s about to fall over, the walking on stilts sensation lingers. There’s also more of him. The large pony body is not something he’s experienced before. Sure, he has been a giant Lugia and locked as a pony but now here? As a massive pony and still shorter than Spreading Shine, her bust is perfect head height for him. “Easy, easy Legante. The first few steps take a while to get used to. One leg then the other... just like that. Yes, that’s it,” she says, standing by his side, supporting him.

*“Mistress Spreading Shine is so supportive.”*

*“Mistress Spreading Shine is so helpful.”*

*“Mistress Spreading Shine is a good friend.”*

*“You listen to your friends.”*

*“You obey your friends.”*

*“The herd is your friend.”*

*“Obey the herd.”*

Each step feels like a new experience, the movement of his muscles, the way its partially automated like he’s been doing this forever yet that unsure sense that’s over him, keeping him on

the verge of feeling he could fall at any moment, “This is something outside of my wildest dreams.”

Spreading Shine chuckles, “I’m sure Legante that you have had far more *wild* dreams than just walking like the pony that you are,” she says, running her fingers along his back, squeaking his body, the contrast of black and blue all the more evident. The wondrousness of her touch fills him with joy and his eyes light up when she suggests, “Shall we go take a look in the mirror so you can fully appreciate who you are now Legante?”

With a solid hoof stomp, he nods and neighs.

She chuckles, “I’ll take that as a yes, but not when fully geared or commanded to, you can just say yes, Legante.”

He blushes, tensing his butt, feeling as if he’s slightly stuffed already, his rear gently squeezes the opening behind him, “Sorry Mistress,” he says, about to take a step forward but is stopped, “Before we take a look, we should get your work collar on.”

“Work collar Mistress?”

Spreading Shine, seemingly out of nowhere pulls out a thick blue and pink collar with a leash point at the base, “This my dear Legante.”

Eyes locked on the sleek rubber band, “W-what’s that for Mistress?”

“To show to everyone that you are *my* official pony helper. That’s all. We have to give you some semblance of validity, you know.”

“Right, right, Mistress. Sorry for questioning you.”

“Questioning is fine, it’s all part of better understanding each other. Questions should be welcomed not shunned,” she explains, wrapping the collar around his neck.

It binds with his rubber body, becoming a perfect choker, and while he takes a moment to get the feel of it around his neck, Spreading Shine leashes it to a rein, giving a little tug, causing him to moan.

“How does that feel?”

“I-it feels good Mistress,” he responds, flicking his tail.

“Good, come Legante,” she says, tugging at the rein, pulling him forward toward the mirror, where he can see his pony self in all its glory. The sleek dark black latex body with big cyan eyes that sparkle in the light. They are so warm, friendly, inviting much like Spreading Shine’s eyes, which he catches in the mirror. He stares at them for a moment, before pulling away to admire the rest of his form, the lush cyan mane and tail, with a horn that has a spiral curved to it, like a candy. His cutie mark, the arm binders are in a light blue, while he has blue bands at the base of his hooves like cuffs imprinted right into his skin.

“How do you look Legante?” she asks, hand running through his luscious mane, sending shivers through his body, making his crotch tense.

“I look wonderful, Mistress Spreading Shine. It’s all I could have dreamed for and more,” he responds, gasping when his bulge vibrates, teasing and caressing his length, making him wiggle his butt.

“What is it, Legante?” she asks with a hint of concern in her voice.



“I-it's just that I feel my...” he blushes, trying to reach down with his big hoof to rub at his bulge. He just manages to do so, pressing down on the bulge yet feels no extra pleasure, moreover it feels as if the level of pleasure he's receiving is reduced.

“Legante..” she says leaning in close, whispering into his ear, “You aren't supposed to touch that. Not now, not ever while you are in this suit. Your delight will come from service and thinking of how wonderful it is to be a pony. Here, let me show you,” she says, biting his ear, making him shudder.

“Y-yes Mistress,” he replies, watching her finger trail around his mouth, a ring forming, a nice cyan plump sucking fuck hole, perfect for any cock to slip right in and use his precious mouth for all its worth.

She moves his body, lifting his tail, showing perfect donut anal ring that is just begging to be taken and used by any pony that has the tools to utilize him, “This is full-service mode, though that hole will always be there, you just need to lift your tail to reveal it,” she says, patting his flank, moving his head closer to the mirror. The ring in his mouth feels like a tube flowing all the way down his muzzle and into his throat, “When in full service you'll be able to really present yourself as the helpful pony you are to the *herd*. I can't give you all the privileges now. It just wouldn't be fair. You have to earn your place within the *herd* Legante. Give yourself to the *herd* and the *herd* will take care of you, do you understand?”

He tries to speak, but his mouth refuses to close, tongue a completely useless tool just used to wet and lick his large fuckhole of a mouth, which is ready to be taken and used by any pony that happens to come by, the thought of which excites him.

“When in full-service mode Legante, you can't speak. So, feel free to stomp.”

He lets out a solid excited stomp, huffing in delight.

She runs her fingers across the hole, “That is what I thought. Let's test that mouth of yours. I know there are many stallions that could get good use of it, but we are equal opportunity ponies here, and you must be able to service mares as much as the stallions,” she teases, tugging on his reins, pulling him back over to the chair which she sits down, spreading her legs, “Come here Legante, please me,” she says tugging on the rein like a leash.

“Y-yes Mistress,” he says with a soft neigh, squeaking as he stumbles forward, lowering himself to a kneeling position one leg at a time, which takes a little more effort than he was expecting but after a moment he eventually does, bringing his head close to her black leather covered crotch with a nice single silver zipper down the center.

“That's a good Legante. It's time you start working and providing your side of being a friend to me and the *herd*. For any good relationship friend or otherwise is a balance between give and take, an opening understanding of what is expected of you, keeping communication going, and now,” she pulls on the leather strap harder, “I am communicating to you exactly what I want, and that is to *service* me.”

He gulps, nostrils flaring, the cool air rushing into his lungs, the scent of latex heavy in the air mixed with a thin veil of leather. Pressing his suck hole against the leather his tongue slithers out, licking across it, tasting the metal across his tongue, the tangy leather and a hint of

something else. Its in the air, the aroma of his Mistress' sex hidden behind the thin barrier. He looks up at her, into those lovely big pink eyes, drawing him in.

*"Good ponies serve."*

*"Good ponies obey."*

*"Good ponies are part of the herd."*

His crotch tenses, vibration going through his member, making him strain and ache into the soft rubber bulge. He presses his suck hole harder against the crotch, unable to fully close his mouth but able to provide a nice suction around his ring with occasional bends and squeezes as he 'fights' against the rings natural state.

One hand keeps the rein taunt on his leash, while the other pushes his head down, returning his focus to her nether regions, "That's it Legante. Let your instincts guide you. You can feel it can't you? The encouragement your body is giving by being a wonderful friend with benefits?"

He would respond but his mouth is full of her snatch, his tongue lathering across the leather, wanting to squeeze down and pull down that zipper to get a taste of the prize on the other side. The more he tries to please her, the better his loins feel, encouraging his actions.

She gently pets his hair, massaging his scalp with a soft squeak, his head burring as deep as he can into those lovely blue thighs that take up even more of his expanded vision than ever before. Her horn glows pink, catching his attention. She says nothing as she looks down into his eyes, the zipper's pink glow hidden by the pony's mouth, "You've done well thus far Legante, I won't tease you too much before giving you some of what your mind is wanting."

Legante's tongue caresses the smooth curves of her crotch, feeling the zipper become pulled down by the unseen force, his mind putting two and two together in quick order, doing all he can to help 'tug' at the zipper with his tongue, but anything he does is merely a placebo effect, which is enough to make his crotch vibrate even faster, shaking his aching hard length within that unchanging smooth locked bulge.

Spreading Shine's juices wash over the cracked opening. Her sweet nectar flows onto his tongue, tantalizing his senses, driving him into an eager frenzy. Legante's tail flicks happily side to side, his butt hikes a little while his head is driven down into her crotch. The first tender lick across her sensitive fold, enjoying the fresh flower that has blossomed before him, feeding some of his thrust for her body, to be of service.

Spreading Shine's moan is soft and tender yet lingering with a dominance and control that is respectful for a pony of her station. She is the alpha of the herd, he is drawn into her ever deeper, forming a seal around her sex as its completely exposed to him. His suckles pull out more of her fluids, and with each slurp and lick across the sides of her sex, the pleasure his crotch receives grow, almost mimicking the tease to his male genital, encouraging certain licks over others.

His tongue slinks in deep into her tender folds, curling and drawing her juices, her feminine essence that he's come to hunger for more with each and every slurp. The flow of her essence seeping into his body as it slides down his through. The juices is like candy to him and

with a suction cup like seal around her rubber crotch he is sure not to let *any* of it get away. This is an opportunity that is just too good to let slip by, and it shows as he bobs his head against her sex like a dildo, not penetrating her sex outside of his tongue but certainly changing the strength of his vacuum around it, providing as much shifting pleasure as he can to the wonderful pony that has brought him here.

*"I have to serve my Mistress."*

*"I have to repay her for all she has done for me."*

*"I will do everything I can to obey her every wish."*

*"I will do everything I can for the herd."*

Was this his voice or that spoken silently into his mind that he can now somehow hear? That is difficult to tell at this point, but what is known is that these thoughts build and bubble up the ecstasy that is building up within his loins. A hurricane of pleasure washing over his body, crashing against the iron shores of his chastised cock. The bulge the center of his delight but not from stimulation of touch, but stimulation of the mind.

*"I am a good pony."*

*"I serve the herd."*

*"I obey,"* he thinks, giving a deep slurp of the depths of his Mistress, his null bulge once again rewarding him, confirming the built-in bias of what he's supposed to do to find any kind of *reward* as the pony that he feels he is meant to be.

His thoughts become aligned with the herd, but that's obvious. Why would anyone not want to be one with the herd? To join the herd? To serve the herd? The herd is wonderful. Friendly, friendship with all the benefits one could hope for. And his Mistress has given him so much already it's about time that he's giving something back. How could he not? That would be rude? What kind of friend would he be if he didn't give it his all? If he didn't give himself over to her completely? That's what good friends do. Give themselves to their friends and be there for them when they need them most, and she needs him right now and he aims to fulfill that promise."

"Deeper Legante, deeper," she knickers, tugging on the rein, using the same hand to cup and squeeze her breast, playing at the nipple that was just underneath the clothing, the outline of which is just visible. Her legs holding his sides, wrapping around his forelimbs, pulling him ever closer to her.

He'd stomp if he could, but this wasn't the time even if it was certainly the place, his tongue plays with her vulva, before sliding in deeper into her body, enjoying her clitoris and all the mysteries of her female pony anatomy. He has to try harder, go deeper, her body is designed and made to take stallions of impressive length and girth. He can't simply think of pleasing her based on his *old* human anatomy.

The deeper he goes, the harder he pushes, the deeper he goes, the more he accepts the pleasure of being a pony, to be a servant. His muffled moans of pleasure conceals his humanity, and embraces the pony nature. Bulge, twitch, ache, his body telling him, encouraging him to

keep going, to go deeper down this pony hole, and accept his Mistress for everything that she has to offer, embracing the *herd*.

Spreading Shine keeps him close, hands caressing his head, gently touching his horn, playing with it, squeezing it, massaging the length, which only feeds pleasure directly into Legante's mind, hazing his thoughts further under a fog of lust. The intoxicating spell of friendship she's casting upon him grows ever stronger, "That's it Legante. You're doing a wonderful job. Such a good friend. Just a little more, a little deeper, send me over the edge. It's been so long, and I am ready to give you it, my friend."

Her words are intoxicating mead that further inebriated his ability to judge anything that his body isn't encouraging him to think. His body aches, he bucks forward into the cool air, head driven tighter against her sex, suckling hard to draw out her flesh, suction cupping as much as possible, in order to bring her sex further out so he may go in deeper with his humble tongue.

*"Must serve."*

*"Must obey."*

*"I must help my Mistress reach a climax."*

His loins bubble up with pleasure, almost boiling over but his focus is on the one and only Mistress, Spreading Shine. Her legs rubbing against his side, squeezing him, body jerking as she's brought close to the verge of a climax. It's difficult to not sense how close she is, that finish line so close that it drives him to redouble his effort like a marathon runner sprinting at the very end. He does all he can with that hungry suckling mouth of his, squeezing her sex, providing as much pleasure as he can physically muster and despite as much of her juices he's sucked up into his hungry mouth, not a drop of it has been lost to the outside world. He covertly accepts all that is given, not wanting a bit of it to go to waste, and that is true with the coming climax.

With a loud neigh, Spreading Shine arches her back, her sex quivers, pulling back against the void that Legante's mouth has created, unleashing a torrent of her female juices right into his awaiting oral receptacle. A wave of Mistress essence crashes into his mouth, tidalling over his the pony's tongue, giving him the special gift of friendship that one with benefits could provide.

He shudders, the warm juices flooding his mouth, overtaking his senses, the pleasure and deliciousness of her sex soup is only improved by the fact that he's gotten it through pleasing *her*. A sense of delight and pride fills him; he drinks down every drop of the gift that she is given him. His own aching member on the verge, but not sent over the edge just yet. He manages to look up, seeing his Mistress panting, eyes closed as she enjoys the afterglow of the climactic bliss that he has given her.

He is filled with a sense of pride, continuing to work and slurp down every drop he can get, not knowing the next time such an opportunity will be afforded to him. The culmination of all his efforts have been pulled into this one moment, distilled into the meal given to him. His mind sinking into a wonderful haze while Spreading Shine takes the time to recover.

*"Obey the herd."*

*"You did very well Legante."*

*“Serve the herd.”*

“Legante, I am proud of all the work you’ve done,” she says, petting his head, tensing as she feels him still suckling away at her sex, not breaking the seal around her.

*“Mistress Spreading Shine knows best.”*

“Legante?”

*“Obey Mistress Spreading Shine, your best friend.”*

“Legante? Are you still with me?” she asks, running her fingers through his hair, across his ear which flicks.

*“The herd is your friend; you can trust the herd.”*

“Come on Legante, you can stop now, you’ve proven yourself to me,” she says, tugging at the leash, sliding the seal up her body, which is only broken when half her sex is within his mouth and half without. A rush of air moves into the pony’s mouth while Spreading Shine squirms at the unique sensation.

Legante now snaps out of his afterglow, his want to reach a climax still there, body on edge, ready to blow, but now he’s brought back to focusing on more than what was right in front of his nose, “Mistress?” he asks in a dazed confusion.

“You’ve done well Legante, and I am so very proud of you, and do you understand what it means to be a friend? What you will get when you show that friendship to the other ponies at the commune? When you serve me?” she asks, loosening the slack of the rein so both hands can rub and caress his snout.

He shudders, gasping, bucking against the chair, feeling himself so close yet not there, “Yes Mistress, I understand.”

Her pink eyes draw him back into her gaze, “That’s great Legante. I know you’d understand what we do here at the commune. With our fellow ponies. Every pony deserves the power of friendship and all of its benefits. For that you should be rewarded.”

“A-ah…” he remarks, feeling himself grow closer to the edge, something about Spreading Shine’s compliments encourages his null bulge to tease his aching cock further, “Thank you Mistress.”

“No, thank you Legante for being there for me. For being such a good *friend*,” she says, lifting his head up, his body on autopilot as he stands back tall and proud as she moves in to provide him a deep and tender kiss on the lips.

The word friend bounced within his mind, more and more, caressing his thoughts, caressing his cock, the latex swirling around his aching bits release waves of squeezing pleasure, providing a clear idea of just *why* he’s being rewarded, and he couldn’t be happier.

Then… the kiss happened, his body twitches, his donut squeezed tightly, his hips bucking in quick succession, a climax smashing into his mind, his member twitching, aching, throbbing, the churning of cum in his balls ushered out but blocked by the bondage of his length. The flow of seed out of him stopped at the source, but the afterglow of the release and the pleasure he feels still remains, and as he leans into the kiss, he knows he’s done good, that he’s been a friendly pony, worth of the affection of the Mistress and more importantly the herd at large.

“*Good pony.*”

“*Serve.*”

“*Obey.*”

“*Embrace the herd.*”

The kiss lasts a few tender moments, the ring around his mouth shifting back to a normal muzzle, hiding away the lewd ability that he now has acquired in order to be better service to the herd. He shifts his weight on his four hooves, closing his eyes, leaning against the best kiss he’s ever had in living memory. Or at least any memory he cares to compare this to.

The kiss breaks slowly, saliva beads between their lips before it strands and breaks, “There you go Legante. You understand that the more you serve the community. The better *friend* you are, the more pleasure you’ll receive. Eventually you will think, act, and be the pony you are meant to be as if it’s second nature. And we here are ready to accept you as you explore the pony that was hidden underneath.”

His eyes glazed over he let out a single stomp, “Yes Mistress. I’ll do everything I can to be of service to you and the herd. I promise.”

She gently ruffles his mane, “I know you will be Legante. You are a good friend, and you not only know the magic of friendship but respect it. You are a friend among friends, and anyone would count their lucky stars to know you and be a friend,” she says, take a moment to regain her composure, pulling up her panties, zippering them back up.

“Thank you Mistress Spreading Shine. Your words honor me,” he says, his stiff cock receiving a light boost of pleasure, making him squirm, closing his legs a little till he finds that it is pointless his nether regions will remain exposed for all to see and to notice just how locked up he is.

She slips off the chair, holding onto the rein, leaving them a little slack, “Are you ready Legante to go over your various duties? To show the world just what kind of friend you are to the herd?”

He lets out another hard stomp, excitement building up within him, “Yes Mistress I do. I can’t wait to show off just how much progress I’ve made... and I promise not to let this go to my head.”

She gives a playful tug, “Good, I was about to let you know not to get too ahead of yourself with your current progress. We aren’t here to rub our success with others as we all share said success. Don’t hog it all for yourself but let it be the *herds* success too.”

He nods, “Yes Mistress,” he says, trotting beside her, going to the door that leads to the mansion proper.

Spreading Shien places, a hand on the door, looking over to him, “Are you ready?” she asks, a big smile on her snout.

“Yes Mistress, I am,” he says, flicking his tail, ready to tackle the rest of the day and learn how to be the best pony he can be for the herd.