

## The Cult of Friendship: Statues of Limitation

Brian... the simple human who was given a chance to visit a place where friendship is magic. His previous experience with the pony organization, often considered a "Cult" did leave him with a bad taste in his mouth, but that is when he was given the offer from the head of the entire organization, a sleek two-toned blue latex pony by the name of Spreading Shine. An apt name, given the fact that the ponies are latex based, be it anthro or quad.

Now he's known as Legante, done being a simple anthropomorphic pony, he's gone full quad. Deep under layers of latex the human is there. Highly bound, filled, his bits matching with the pony sheath and balls. Yet despite how there's a rubber molded body around him, a perfectly skintight bondage body suit that lets him move while constantly feeling like he's held up in his bitch-suit style bondage. The only major thing he had to get used to shifting from the *boring* human Brian to the *tantalizing* quadruped pony of sleek black rubber body, cyan hair, cutie mark of pony stirrups. His unicorn matches his cyan hair, a lovely spiral that just screams... go ahead... touch it, *I dare you*.

Hanging out in one of the massive mansion's quadruped wings he takes in the massive immersion the compound gives. His tail flicks, surprised at just how adept other quad ponies have managed to grab and manipulate tools with ease. Part of him wants to be so good at it, while a larger part desires the sheer helplessness, he's thrown into by being unable to do so with his simple hooves.

"Are you enjoying yourself Legante?" asks Spreading Shine, her voice echoes out through the room, catching the attention of every pony in the room. All those eyes on her, with Legante in the way. Her hand gently touches the base of her pony's tail, fingers caressing his spine, moving up slowly as she walks. Her voice seems to sink into his mind, whispering, "*Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey, good pony.*"

He shudders, closing his eyes, imagining her in her smooth silky rubber skin glory, her tail brushes up against his flank, hitting him like a soft tap of a hair whip, "Ah... Yes," he says with a tense and a soft knicker, "How are you?" he asks, looking at her, his world stopping for a moment, taking in the mostly naked Spreading Shine. A black shiny leather body harness with silver metal rings that bind the leather straps across her form. Only shiny black leather thigh high pony boots, a leather thong that just covers her sex, nipples perked through the silver rings, that draws his attention to them. When her fingers run across his chin, lifting his head, drawing his attention to her big pink eyes, "I'm surprised I caught you without Stivale and Cavalla. Are you playing a fun game of hide and seek?" she asks with a chuckle.

His face warms, thankful for his black rubber to hide his blush, his member twitching between his legs. Each twitch adds to the tension, the weight of the eyes around him. Slow deep breaths in the hopes that he'll contain his budding excitement, not wanting it to bloom just *yet*, "Well, ah, um, I wanted to look around, and I didn't want to drag them around as I explored."

"Ah, I see, what a good friend you are, thinking about them, and not wanting to just take, I like that," she says, her fingers moving through his mane, gently massaging his scalp, causing a

tingle to rush through his body, “Would you like to be a good friend for me and perhaps help me with a project I’ve been working on?”

The soft glow of her pink eyes draws him in deeper. Soothing pools of serenity, that tell him that everything will be just fine and that she cares about him. Understands him. That he’ll do *anything* to help her, “Sure. What is it?” he asks with trepidation, leaning his head against her wonderful touches, the creaking of latex, the warmth of her touch, her sleek shiny glow.

“Follow me Legante, and I’ll show you,” she says, her fingers running along his jawline, “Unless you wanted to look around a bit more. You are our guest, and the option is yours.”

“No, no. I want to see what you have to show me.”

She lowers herself, kissing him on the forehead just in front of his horn, “Such a sweet pony. Always eager to help. I think you’d be perfect for this, follow me,” she says, motioning him forward, her tail teasingly yet gently smacking him on the muzzle, making it move with her swaying hips as she clops away.

His head sways side to side, following the majestic sway of the hips and tail. The metal ring attached at the base of Spreading Shine’s tail keeps the tail puffed, smooth, with every third or fifth sway it hikes just a little to give a glimpse of her leather undergarment, and he can’t help but feel a little *envious* of that piece of leather.

They head to a locked door that requires either a keypad or hoof print to unlock, “I’m so pleased I get to show you this, I think you’ll be tickled pink to see it.”

“*Listen, follow, obey. Spreading Shine knows what’s best for you,*” whispers a tender, loving voice that caresses every nook and cranny within the wrinkles of Brian’s mind, coaxing an obedient euphoric minded Legante further to the forefront of his mind.

“I can’t wait Mistress.”

“That’s the spirit,” she says, flicking her tail, heading down the steps, the lights flickering on as she gets into range of them.

“This is one of the heavier BDSM rooms for the quad ponies, isn’t it?”

She grins, looking over her shoulder, “It was. We have a couple of those rooms, but I wanted to try something a bit more... iconic and yet interactive,” she says with a soft knicker.

“And you want me to test it out?” he asks, catching displays of quadruped ponies on display. Their bodies are put into heavy bondage, feet locked onto heavy stone stands with steps leading up to the front and back of the exposed ponies. An engraved metal plate has the pony’s name and theme, pride, lust, so on and so forth. As they walk past each stand a new light flicker on, while the ones they’ve passed dim into a low light, leaving just a shadow outline.

A tingle runs through his body, taking a deep breath, catching the aroma of leather, latex, metal and arousal. His own excitement builds, the heft of his bits become ever more a focus on his mind, muzzle growing warm as he walks, bringing his legs closer together to try to hide the rush. He looks down, noticing the rubber floors surrounding each stand, noting the walls and ceiling are also padded in sound absorbing rubber that draws every sound of the room, preventing even his squeaking steps from echoing.

She stops in front of one display that has no pony with a metal plate that has the theme desire written upon it with a space for the name, “More than that. I want you to take part in the rainbow display of the magic of friendship. She walks onto the display, turning toward him, “What do you say? Would you like to become part of my new diorama of friendship? If it becomes a success, I’ll be having more of these across other compounds.”

He steps forward, climbing up the display, running his muzzle against Spreading Shine’s hand, “I would love nothing more than to help you Mistress.”

“What a *good* pony. I knew I could count on you,” she says, pulling him forward, giving a firm hard stomp on the display. Four silver metal hoof shoes with golden trimming and cyan gems on the front of each one, “Place your hooves in and we can begin. I’m sure you won’t mind a bit of heavy bondage.”

His member twitches, “Heavy bondage? Me? We’re like water and oil, we don’t mix,” he says with heavy sarcasm and a nervous chuckle, “All I’ll need to do is place my hooves in these shoes?”

She nods, her horn glowing a gentle pink, her magic reaching out to give his throbbing length a gentle caress, her magic finger running from the tip, past the medial rings toward his balls, giving them a massaging encompassing squeeze, tugging him forward, “That’s all you need to do, the rest will be on me.”

*“Listen to Spreading Shine. You can trust her. She’ll never lead you astray, she is your friend.”*

He shudders, moving up to the shoes, “Sure thing Mistress, I trust you,” he says with a soft knicker his feet locking into the hoofs. The cool metal warms against his hooves, tightening around his feet.

Spreading Shine smirks, running her fingers across his spine, watching him tug on the hooves, letting him discover just how *tightly* he’s held into place, “We’ll be locking you in layers, turning you into one of my lovely pleasure statues,” she explains as his hooves grow warmer.

Like a cat, curiosity is getting to him, pulling as hard as he can against the hooves. At any moment he’s expecting his hoof to simply pop out of the shoe, yet his body gives out long before he could even get a wiggle, but his bouncing member only acts as a clear reminder of his current state, which isn’t helped by the gentle tease of Spreading Shine’s magic.

“Relax, and lift that tail, open that mouth, I want my precious statue really showing off his desire to be used,” she giggles, taking a step back, “First, a nice solid coating that gives that will make adding all the fun toys all the juicier.”

A tingle runs across Legante’s legs. He pants, looking down, noticing black rubber crawling across his body. Flowing across his legs like water spilled across a glass. It squeezes his limbs, adding a hard rubber layer that feels hard and stiff, like being placed in a chitinous shell. He feels the grip roll across his body, straightening out his legs. The rubber seemingly knows the position and shape he should be in. Rolling up his sides, forcing to shallow his

breaths while his lovely cyan tail is forced up and to the side, exposing his rear while being contained in solid black rubber.

With a low groan, the liquid flows into his rear, spreading it open, while rolling down and under his balls and length, forcing it to gain a perfectly sculpted version of fully aroused equine hood. Any bit of arousal that was still “lacking” to bring him to full erect glory is now thrust upon him as the liquid goes deeper into his rear. His rear donutting, puffing out into a lovely inviting hole that forms a textured inside that easily paints the picture within the human’s mind of just what it looks like. The bumps, ridges, shifting, squeezing invitingly, expressing just how little room he has to move his sensitive hole. The latex compressing, pushing against his innards, the human barely recognizing his own human body over the rubber pony prison he’s been enthralled in that has grown all the tighter, more constricting, toes, fingers, hands, seemingly melting into the rubber, becoming solid, further enhancing his *helplessness*.

The black rubber, darker than Legante’s own black rubber body, crawls up his sides like a pair of hands running across his sides, interlocking and solidifying into the darker uniform body. He watches the transformation overtake his body from the neck down. But when it moves up along his neck, it forces his head straight, stiffening into a thick posture collar. The latex thickens out, completely locking his head forward, the rubber snaking its way around his head, encasing his ears.

“I hope you don’t mind me .....” says Spreading Shine, her words growing quieter till there’s not a single sound he can hear except through the vibrations through the latex. The sleek blue pony looks into Legante’s eyes, seeing how they are *begging* her for more. The rubber sliding across his muzzle, forcing it open, quieting his groans to muffled moans as a donut pucker begins to develop. The domineering female pony runs her finger across the opening, feeling how quickly it becomes lubricated.

Legante’s nostrils flare the aroma of latex growing stronger, filling his nostrils with rubber tubes, flowing down through his pony body, right into his human form, while his mouth hardens and stiffens, ridges and bumps forming in his mouth, especially over his tongue which keeps its prehensile nature. Rubber flows over what remains of his face, smoothing it out completely, the dim lights over him, hinder what he can see to a moving shadow before him.

“*How does it feel?*” whispers Spreading Shine’s voice into Legante’s mind, bouncing around, each echo, whispers soothing voice, amorphous, sweet, his own thoughts? Her’s? Something in between? It’s hard to tell.

“*Listen. Follow. Obey. Friendship is magic.*”

Legante shudders, his length twitching between his legs, human and equine in equal levels. He tugs against the constraints, testing the strength of his bondage, “*It feels like I am trapped inside a rubber tire... I love it.*”

Spreading Shine caresses Legante’s head, bringing her head down to kiss him on the forehead, saying, “That’s a good pony. Such a good helpful *friend*, volunteering yourself for my displays. Let me get you all geared up. I’m sure you’ll love it,” she knickers, her words reaching him through the vibrating rubber, “Let’s start with your aching rod down below.

Shaping it to something you're a bit more familiar with. It'll be quite exotic to the other ponies, how ironic," she says, pulling away, running her hands along his spine, her tail brushing against his side. Despite the thick rubber bondage her touch feels like she's touching his naked body, allowing him to feel the pressure of her fingertips running across his smoothed-out body.

She's barely visibly on the edges of his equine field of view. She kneels beside him, fingers running along his flank, hearing the squeak through the rubber, while all her other movements are just muffled steps on the stand. Like placing your ear at one end of the table and hearing the tapping at the other end. She plays him like a fiddle, running her fingers across the thick length, squeezing and massaging the flat pony cock. Her lips move, but Legante can't hear what she's saying, but his instincts overtake him.

Thrust, thrust, thrust, yet he barely wobbles, if anything at all. The only thing he can do is make his member twitch, throb, rise up when he tenses, trying to squeeze the massive donut in his rear. His aching pleasure pillar shifts, changes, remolding to her caressing touch, becoming ever more sensitive. He feels it throb, ache, twitch, engorging itself, becoming a cut human penis, with all the fixings. The head flares, Spreading Shine's horn glows pink, as a leather cock and ball leash floats from the darkness and into her hands. Gently she latches it around his hard rubber cock, the cold metal latches warming against his rubber as his dick gently dribbles out his needy essence.

A gentle moan escapes his throat, lost into the darkness as he breathes ever faster. His body tenses, hands and fists are nothing but solid chunks of rubber, unable to squeeze and tense, his body too tightly bound to do anything but take his objectification by the loving pony. The leash around his junk is tightened, making his member grow even thicker, veiny. He feels each heartbeat, his mind losing track of his true human essence, trading it for the exposed, and needy bits that hang between his pony legs with a heft that men would only dream about in their most forbidden lustful fantasies, heaven.

The leash is tugged and locked into place with the following tug for good measure. A leather bondage strap is floated to her hands and placed between the male pony's legs. Legante can't help but imagine the view, the clip, pulled down, toward the stand, locked into place into a taut tug downward. Spreading Shine smiles, saying something lost to his ears, her fingers dancing across his cum slit, when he feels something slide up into it. Slow, steady penetrating that makes his body melt, but held up by his stiff form, the vibration felt of Spreading Shine's tapping along something that hangs from his member, draining his liquid delights down below.

She grips his lengths, giving it a firm squeeze, pushing against the force of the rubber shell, milking his juices down the tube that drinks down his essence like a horny slut eager to blow him again and again, the tube shoved so deep into his length that he can feel every *inch* of insides, till it fades away into nothingness.

With a gentle tug, Spreading Shine plucks the rubber string, feeling the vibration run through his member, his body twitched and ached. His balls churn, growing heavy with each passing moment. Spreading Shine stands up, her horn keeping its lovely glow. Her massive pink eyes look over at him as if to say, "You'll love what I am going to do next."

A thick hot pink and black latex corset with silver bondage D rings built into the sides. She wraps it around his body, tightening the straps, locking each one in place, adding an impossible squeeze around his chest, further hindering his breathing, but at the same time the rubber tubes in his nostrils seem to draw air into his lungs and suck it back out, increasing his breathing efficiency without increasing his lung capacity.

The pony Mistress gives a few testing tugs, placing her hand on Legante's back. She says something, but the words are too muffled, only able to feel the syllables of each word uttered, "*One, one, one, one, one, two, one. I wonder what she is saying,*" he thinks as glowing leather straps are pulled from the either, latching onto the four D-rings, pulling them down and away from his body, attaching to thick metal rings that are normally flush to the stone stand. He feels the force and pull of the straps, his knees becoming locked into place like a tent tethered to the ground, he's ever more securely locked into place than ever before.

Smaller straps slide around his legs, attaching to the corset, while a ring is placed at the base of his tail and is locked in place, with the help of other straps that lead from the ring to the corset. On the other end, straps that are more for show than actual restriction from the posture collar to the corset. A thick metal ring is attached to the collar, and with a loving tug, Spreading Shine walks over to the strap, grabbing the leather leash, pulling it even harder.

She says something. Her glowing eyes provide the light necessary to see more of Legante's Mistress and *best* friend. Her tight tug on the leash grows ever strong as his eyes watch the best he can but his muzzle gets in the way. He feels the vibration tug of the leash as it clipped to the floor, locking him ever tighter to the stand.

Spreading Shine stands up, "My lovely friend. I know you can't hear me..." she says, running her fingers against his puckered lips, her horn glowing, "But you seeing me talk but unable to hear my words except perhaps a muffled vibration felt through your body? Oh, how delightful. It's not only good to be put into the bondage you crave so much, but to be constantly reminded how tightly round up around my finger and held in sight tantalizing tight restrictions," she says with a knicker as a large thick equine sized dildo is pulled into view. The massive length slips down into her pony's mouth, twisting and sliding down the wet passage.

The sudden dildo is a surprise, but a welcomed one for him. He suckles down on it, feeling it press against the new maw and throat. His nostrils flare, the aroma of latex growing heavier in the room, a sweet tangy scent mixing in that he just can't quite put his hoof on but is vaguely familiar. The dildo locks into place as a head harness is slipped into place. It's latched onto the posture collar, with blinders that have the words "Friends" on one and "Benefits" on the other. The word "With" forming at the very tip of his nose, written on the strap that goes across it. While he suckles, the dildo is locked into place, strapped to the front, as he feels a thick butt plug placed against his puckering rear.

*"I know you'll like this my friend,"* says Spreading Shine, directly into his mind.

He shudders, "*Friendship is magic. Listen, follow, obey Mistress Spreading Shine.*" The whispers in his head excite him further. He tries to buck his hips against the plug as its magically pushed into him, spreading him ever wider, fighting against his rear's natural squeeze.

The squeak vibrates through his body to the point he can feel it vibrating through his length, adding an unexpected desire and delight to be taken by something just as big, so he can get that extra bit of pleasure, while his prostate is being massaged by the toy. Suddenly the plug hits the point of no return, and his rear hungrily takes in the toy, while a part of him feels sad that the ride of its journey into him is over... for now at least.

He eyes Spreading Shine who kneels before him, saying something. What could she be wanting him to know? She takes a deep breath, blowing across his face with a soft pink cloud. He takes in the warm sweet scent, his body reacting like he was dipped into a hot bath after a long hard day of work, while watching his most favorite porn video after being denied any sort of pleasures for over a month, "*This feels and smells so familiar yet is different. Where did I get this feeling before?*" he wonders, up until spreading Shine pulls on the dildo in his mouth. The straps that hold it in place extend and tug, stretching like thick black rubber bands against his head harness. His body holds form while the massive dildo is pulled out to the point that only the very end of it is still in his mouth. She lets go, the dildo slams hard into his mouth and if that was the real him, it would smack something fierce, but he only feels the bliss and pleasure of what feels like a real stallion giving a hard teasing thrust. The base of the dildo has a soft pair of nuts that hit his chin, softening the blow somewhat, but adding to the delight delusion that he's enthralled in.

Spreading Shine caresses his head, rubbing her breasts against his muzzle. Another blow of warm air across his form, another shudder. The pony Mistress feels his delight twitch down below, "I still got it. I should thank my dearest friend for having so much practice with it," she giggles, wiggling her rump, standing straight and tall, "But now it's time to test you out before I let a test group in for our interactive displays," she mutters, caressing her friend's head as her pink magic, tugs and reveals her hot puffy sex.

The rubber pony Mistress, she touches the rubber covering Legante's eyes, the darkened world brightens, getting a clearer view of her lovely smooth body, he tries to read her lips to the best of his abilities but it's all for naughty as she says...

"I have a lot of tricks in my barn, let's show you one I think you'll find *hard* to believe," she giggles, running her fingers across her leather panties, tracing her fingers across her sex, showing the faintest of it being outlined through the leather, "I bet you want this don't you?"

Legante feels a bit taken back by his sudden increase in sight, but the blinders make sure what he can see is focused on what is important, that camel toy. His body shudders within the tight bondage, his external form barely showing any signs of movement, save for that ever-throbbing twitching length between his legs. His mouth watered, ready to taste the Mistress' sweet nectar.

He watches his Mistress fingers trace along the leather panties, slipping underneath, tugging at them, slowly pulling them down with a loud squeak... or at least that is what his mind's ear builds. Everything is muted, but that makes his two active senses, sight and smell, all the tastier... speaking of that, his tongue runs across the roof of his mouth.

His pony Mistress moves in closer, giving him a good whiff of her sweet nectar. Her pink sex, matching the color of her eyes, those sweet delightful caring eyes, pulls Legante's attention toward that heavenly slit. He feels a soft soothing draw of it, her blue fingers, running across the opening, slipping a digit in, showing off her pink translucent fluid, which she rubs along his lips, letting him get another taste of that ambrosia.

Her breasts jiggle with a chuckle. Legante *knew* it was, her body language spoke loudly, and having watched her for so long, served her, *listened* and *obeyed*, she spoke loud and clear. He wonders, "*What is Mistress planning?*"

Fingers caress the sleek rubber folds, spreading them open, giving one last view of their tantalizing insides, when the domineering pony Mistress grips her clitoris, rubbing it between her hoof finger tips. With each rub, the pony's clit engorges itself, steadily growing bigger.

Like rolling a piece of playdoh, it steadily grew larger, "*What is she doing...*" he thinks, his cock twitching, body recognizing what is happening before his mind could. The hot pink rubber flesh extending out, thickening, soon no longer able to be rubbed just between her fingertips but long her digits. She gently strokes and rubs it, her sex twitching, tensing, growing ever tighter, all within the bound pony's point of view.

She grinds her shrinking sex against Legante's nose, letting her aroma flood into him. She hears his heavy panting, "Good my dear friend. I knew you'd like this aspect of me," she says with a giggle, her breasts jiggling while her new equine length grows ever longer, thicker, sex tighter, disappearing while a new pair of balls steadily grows, squeaking, stretching out.

To Legante, it was truly magic before his eyes. He always admired her tight vent, her smooth touch, everything about his *friend* Spreading Shine, but to watch this gift grow, the ballooning of her balls, the weight of them pressing against his muzzle, the length extending outward, sliding up along his muzzle, between his eyes, giving the perfect idea of just how big she's becoming.

He huffs, the orbs of delight, run across his mouth, his tongue wanting to reach out... get a taste, yet the thick dildo lodged deep down his throat makes it impossible. If anything, it's simply a yard stick to compare the pleasure rod that his Mistress is now sporting. He looks up, seeing her wonderful second set of orbs, her breasts jiggle against her leather gear. She says something again, reaching down, creasing his head, teasing his ears, how wonderful it is to be taken care of by someone that is so loving. It is simply a magical moment that the flat equine cock head presses up between his eyes, sliding along his head, squeaking along his muzzle, the weight of her penetrating pillar grows with its size, one could easily call her a size queen.

She pulls away, the length bouncing in the air, and yet despite the new weight, she moves with it as she's always been packing. Her hips sway, the cock follows the motion, tapping along the side of his bound statue held body. Each step he clenches on the toys pushed within him, growing in the unbridled anticipation that she's not going to just show her prowess but give that ever most important demonstration. He was always a hoofs on kind of learner, and he's ready for his hard long lesson now. He's studied her movements, her body for so long that he's sure to ace the exam.



Pat, pat, pat. Spreading Shine's fingers drum against the butt plug's base. Each tap sends vitalizing vibrations of virality into his pony prostate pleasure hot button. His human form feels not even like an afterthought. His encased human form is nothing, like feeling your own lungs, stomach, brain. You know it's there, but how often do you really feel it? Almost never, and it's quickly forgotten.

What's on the forefront of his mind is the hand that is placed on his hard rubber flank. Squeezing his ass, his thick rubber body barely giving into his Mistress' grip. Her length runs between his legs, up against his balls, along the underside of his twitching bound length, her member pushed off center, due to the leash that keeps him tightly held.

*"Please, please, please,"* he thinks, feeling the grip grow tighter, the fingertips, pressing along his flank, the base of the plug gripped, shifting, moving, tugging at his tight hole as he tries his best to relax, but finds it nigh impossible to fight his instincts to grip against the toy. Feeling the squeaks run through his body as the toy is pulled is just too much for him *not* to want.

*"Yes..."* he thinks, feeling Spreading Shine's length, twitching underneath his, growing even harder as his stiff body is too tightly bound to show anything but the most subtle shudders of delight. His length is the only thing showing any movement more than just a few millimeters. His hot essence is constantly being drained out of his length.

Creaking latex, gripping ass, rubber teasing, what little control he has, is his hold on the plug, but like everything else, his sense of control is fleeting. He's truly a helpless object, unable to do anything except to react to what she is doing. There is no agency, no initiative, simply reactionary, and even that is limited to nothing. POP, pulled past the point of no return, the tight grip now helping it slip out of him. The rubber straps tied to the plug, extend, tugging the toy back into the hole, but the point of neutrality where he could subtly 'hump' himself with the toy is not found as Spreading Shine pulls the plug completely out, and let's hang against the area between his rear hole and balls. The rubber straps keep the lubricated toy snug against his body.

He squeezes against the rubber filled hole, only to make it become tighter, but never fully closing it. The cool air rushing in, which oddly warms his loins, making him throb impossibly more. Her heft presses along his body, the cock head flaring against his hole, already knowing that she is notably bigger than his entrance.

Her fingers dance across his flank, tracing along the straps that hold the plug against his body. Her words travel through her body, but it's lost in translation by the time it moves through his body and reaches his ears. But knowing she's saying something, giving a tease, a warning, perhaps words of love and care. His mind filling in the possibilities of whatever it is, making it far better than the reality could be, or perhaps not, not knowing is the icing on the cake of this slice of life.

Mistress' cock twitches, the cock head flaring, pre-cum spurting onto his hole. Her warm juices run across his entrance. She rubs her member across his hole, spreading her delightful essence. The pressure up against his rear grows as his Mistress' tight grip grows ever tighter, her thumbs run along the inside of his flank, pulling his cheeks apart, as she slowly pushes past his anal ring.

He clenches hard on the throbbing length, feeling every inch sink into his aching rear. A loud squeak is *felt* through Legante's body, sending pleasure shock waves through his form. His cock throbs harder as he feels every throb, twitch, sliding into the void of his ass, passing her medial ring while his prostate is massaged and pressured to unleash more of his oozing pleasure goo.

The first thrust is slow, deep, spreading parts of him he didn't even realize he had, or perhaps it is new, thanks to the rubber that is so tightly binding him to this position of pleasure. She hilt deep into him, her hefty balls, pressing against his snatch, pushing down on his balls, showing off her dominance. She says something. He never hears it but he can feel it. Her breathing, her strength. Slowly pulling out, leaving just her head in him when she comes slamming it back down into his aching pleasure port. Her breasts press against his back, hands caressing and holding his body in a big loving hug. Her hot breath blow along the nape of his neck.

He wishes he could turn his head, yet the fact he can't only add to the pleasure of the moment. Each thrust, his body barely shifting against her force. He is just a tool for herself indulgent pleasure, "*This is absolutely fantastic. Please Mistress, take me harder. Use me, abuse me. Show me what a good object I...*" he thinks, words suddenly lost on him when he feels her tongue runs across the nape of his neck, followed by another chilling blow. Her body squeaking loudly against him, her balls smacking hard against his rear and balls., expressing her complete dominance over him.

Harder, faster, rubber bodies creaking, while he barely budged, only clamping down hard as he can against her massive girth, enjoying every inch of her length, but is completely powerless to do anything but that. His sense of agency stripped from his aching form. All he has to do is take it. Focus on each thrust. Each moan. Each gush of her pre-cum into his rear, making his hole all the sleeker. Getting a prime example of his new purpose. The pressure in her loins continues to build as he's ready to accept her essence into him. Every fiber, of his being is begging to be filled by her. He's just a helpless tool, a toy, a thing, ready to fulfill his purpose and it's all relying on her to allow it to happen. Her breasts grind along his back as her hot breath smells so sweet, filling the room with a lustful aroma that he just can't help but driven in deeper into the ground of sinful desires. He's driven as deep as she is driving into him. She hammers away at him till she decides to consummate their friendship and then it happens.

A surge of Spreading Shine's blue and pink essence floods into him. Her lubricating rubber juices flowing into his body, load after load after load. Legante feels her balls tighten up, while his own, is brought to the brink of finding release yet it does not come. The stimulation is just shy of what is needed to push him over the edge. Not that he minded. Riding the razor thin edge of endless bliss and reaching that peak climax, knowing that there is only one way forward from that high is down, is what he exists for.

His pony Mistress gives a few more solid thrusts, slowly standing straight, her fingers running along his spine before gripping his flanks, and teasingly pulling herself out of his needy, wanting hole. Just as she pops herself out of him, her heavy cock pressing against his balls, she

takes the plug and shoves it back into him with such force that it stops the world for him. The sudden pressure, spreading of his anal ring, and then locking up all of her juices as they simmer within his hot and bothered body. Heavenly.

Her juice covered cock, smears across his heavy masculine pony orbs her tantalizing essence, his body feeling the warmth of her cock which leaves a trail of cooling pony-cum. She runs her length across his body, pulling up to stand before him, so he may admire her ponyhood in all its glory. She says something again, leaving him only imagining what it could be, perhaps, "Now I'll leave you here." or "I hope you enjoyed that, goodbye."

But whatever it was, he was wrong. She grabbed the dildo in his mouth, pulling it out, tugging against the rubber straps, till she manages to pull it completely from his mouth, letting it spring back underneath his chin, where the heavy dildo may dangle there, as her even larger than life sized dick can take its place.

The sweet cotton candy flavored pony juices are cloaked through the rubber treat. He hungrily suckles on it as it slips down his mouth, his throat, perhaps even hitting his true mouth, wherever that may be, if at this point it exists at all. His human form is so disinteresting at this point that he'd be better off forgetting it even existed. Leaning into the fantasy that this statue of a pony is who he is, nothing more, an impossible to be anything less.

His tongue caresses the cylinder tube of tantalizing torment of his massive pleasure pillar. The medial ring runs across his lips, further locking anything she leaks down into his throat, toward his belly. Anything that manages not to be squeezed out earlier is now filling his mouth, allowing him to savor her taste for all its worth.

*"Mistress Spreading Shine is such a good friend."*

*"I'd do anything for Mistress Spreading Shine."*

*"Listen, follow, obey, a good friend."*

Her balls smack against his chin. The sheer force and power behind her. She's so strong, beautiful. Her breasts jiggle with each slam while his throat bulges out again and again. There's little he can do, even his tongue, one of the few bits that has any kind of movement is limited by just how full his mouth is that even that bit of freedom is meaningless.

Her hands caress his head. He looks up at her, through those wonderful moans, her chest heaving, her pants, and expression of pleasure burning into his mind, "*She's so happy. I'm such a good friend helping her find release. She does work so hard. She needs this and I deserve my place right here for her,*" he thinks, ready to accept another flood of pony seed right into his wanting maw.

And it doesn't take long till he is rewarded with a stream of her hot juices flooding into his mouth. Sweet like candy, burning like a hot tamale. Tasting so good and spicy that he can't help but want more and more as she happily gives it to him with every hard throat splitting thrust. His head vibrates from the loud squeaks that are produced, felt through his body, reaching his ears with a deep rumble. His mind soothed and relaxed, no distractions to pull him away from this moment. Loving her fills him so completely, and when she pulls her massive

length out, she quickly replaces his needy hole with the dildo, making sure that all she has given him does not go wasted, locked deep within his hungry body.

Spreading Shine crouches down, rubbing his chin, her big pink alluring eyes. Her smile is so dazzling, warm and welcoming. He feels that his entire world is right before him, and that nothing could be better than being her best friend in service to her. She says something, he tries to read her lips but it is all in vain. Then there's a deep passionate kiss, her tongue presses up against the base of the dildo, which only serves to torment him more in all the right ways. Then she leaves, giving one last rub along his head, his vision darkening as the rubber around his eyes thicken, leaving him only in shadows. Breathing in the intoxicating air, as he's left to wait and simmer in his bound statue form.

Another moment where time loses its meaning. When nothing changes, time is meaningless. His life put on pause, only a constant desire to fuck, be fucked, the warm juices within him, trapped, his body aching for more, the tight constraint becoming so constant and uniform that he begins to forget what it is like not to live in this constant state of bound arousal.

Suddenly, the lights become brighter. There's movement. And it doesn't take him long to recognize the two ponies coming up to his stand. On yellow, Cavalla, the other purple, Stivale. They come up to him, holding hands, with the same looking enhancements that Spreading Shine had when she left.

Stivale tugs Cavalla closer, rubbing her length against Legante's side, and in an instant, he realizes that it's a strap on, but a big hefty one at that. Stivale nibbles his ear, saying close to him so he can hear through the thick rubber, "So this is where Mistress has been hiding you. It took a lot of convincing to get Cavalla to come down. You better show her a good time with that mouth of yours."

Thump, thump, thump. Legante would shudder if he could, but in his current state all he can do is throb, his cock twitching, feeding the tube that is keeping him constantly drained, but from where the girls stood, they could see nothing but a solid rubber pony bound in heavy gear.

Cavalla nervously rubbed Legante's head. She constantly looked around, but Stivale gave her a firm swat on the rump, making her jump. The bound male pony feels the vibration of the jump and landing. The two ponies bicker for a moment before The purple pony guides the yellow to his mouth, helping her grab and *pull* the toy slowly out of his hungry needy mouth, which is still covered in Spreading Shine's juices.

*"She is so shy it's cute. I'm glad we can be good friends and help her break out of her shell,"* he thinks, unable to say or do anything, leaving the pace of his torment, and *help* to the ponies before him. But he must wait, be patient. He knows all too well he's in no position to do anything. The cool air flowing down his hungry mouth, tasting the sweetness that lingers in the air, the flavor of his Mistress. His arousal burning as he can catch the faint aroma of the girl's arousal. The longer he watches them the more so they become. Their bodies become eager, sex twitching on the other side of the strap ons, which are also lodged into their eager rubbery folds, adding some extra support and pleasure teasing for their hungry bodies.

Stivale, guides Cavalla's strap-on into his mouth, filling that void that he's been wanting to be taken up by something, anything for what felt like forever but in reality was only a minute at best. He watches as the yellow pony moans, her body aching, drawing her into a lustful stupor. Her friend holds her hand, as she gets behind him, pulling, twisting and in the end yanking out the plug that has done its job well keeping him full and locking in the reward he was given by his Mistress.

Stivale guides Cavalla's hands up and down along Legante's back, teasing him, playing with the straps, while she slips into his rear, thrusting her tool deep within his body. Though she was not nearly as big as the Mistress, he could tell that in this case it's not the size of the boat, but the motion of the ocean. And she was his butt pirate captain, ready to pillage his rear for all his booty and with those thrusts, she's digging down deep.

*"Yes, yes, yes, this is what I really, really, want,"* thinks Legante, his eyes rolling into the back of his head, the faux balls of both equines smacking against his mouth and rear. The two girls lean in close, breasts bouncing with each thrust. Cavalla's shiness fading away as her lust takes root deep within her mind and loins. Harder, faster they thrust, pleasing themselves with the aftershocks of each squeaky pounding. Their hot vents grow hotter, adding to the aroma of sex and latex.

Pleasure swirls between the trio. The moment felt in each thrust, the vibrations and squeaks sent through the poor statue pony, left to take the blissful beating between two powerful women. Their bodies crash against him time and time again. He feels their climax quickly approaching, seeing Cavalla's yellow sex quiver and drip when she gets just the right angle for him to see. Her body becomes more erratic, instinctual while Stivale keeps a greater control, egging her friend on, saying things that are lost to the pony down below, but he can feel them speak to one another, as they gasp and moan, bringing the edge of oblivion.

They cry out in pure unbridled pleasure. Their hot juices gushing out of their tight vents, causing them to drip down between their legs is met with a climax of his own, but not one from his loins. His aching needy pleasure rod is left to hang there, constantly dripping down the tube that is sucking it away for some unknown purpose. What does happen is more akin to a reverse climax. Spreading Shine's essence bursts forth his rear and mouth, surging out to cover the two girls who are caught in surprise. Before they could react they are covered in a mixture of blue and pink latex, which encases them into two perfectly bound, smooth, rubber pony statues much like himself. The two girls caught in their moment of pure bliss and pleasure, their expressions would have been immortalized if it wasn't for the smoothing away of their facial features. Or at least that is what Legante can assume when he can see that Cavalla's face is smooth and featureless like his own, with only a pair of breathing nostrils which he can barely see. The two pony's hands are locked together, holding tightly onto one another, as the binding rubber smooths away the details that they are wearing strap-ons and looking like a true pair of shemale lovers, enjoying their friend between them.

Their faint struggles could barely be felt through Legante's body. He moans in delight, knowing that they are sharing in this moment with him. To be so tightly bound, feeling the

limits of how constricted they are, discovering that with every attempt they grow weaker while the bondage remains unchanging, which results in a net increase of just how tightly held they are. The steady realization that they are not going to get free by their own power. And that slow steady realization of acceptance, giving into the reality that has been set in.

For Cavalla the transition happens over the pace of an hour. Her struggle weakening to nothing, accepting her place as a statue, while Stivale tries with greater force, might. Unsure if she's fighting because of a desire to become free or that she likes the struggle. Either way it's a bit of movement behind him that only adds icing to this bondage cake.

Eventually though, she too accepts the flat, leaving Legante filled by his two friends like a pair of dildos and plugs that remain dangling against his rear and under his snout. The short time of change has ended and a new norm sets in for hours? A day or two? Or was it longer? It didn't matter. They are left in their dimly lit room, to strew in their new position and come to accept that this is their life now.

When something does happen, it's because Spreading Shine steps back into view, her voice speaks out into their minds, but the only conversation that Legante can hear is his own with her, *"My lovely friends. It's so good to see you do things together. And you'll all make fine additions to the exhibit. Thanks to your hard work, it'll be open to the public. And if you play your cards right, we can make this a rather permanent change. Doesn't that sound lovely?"*

If Legante could move anything he would be shuddering, but only his aching cock twitches, agreeing to his words, *"Oh yes Mistress. That sounds great. I'm so happy to be of service to you."*

She knickers, but Legante can only put the audio of it in his mind, *"What a good obedient pony you are. Such a loyal and dedicated friend,"* she whispers into his mind, *"But I know you want to be an interactive display. So your two friends will be put on their own stand across from you. I don't want you all to be too far apart."* A pink glow surrounds the two women, as Stivale is pushed hard against Legante's rear as Cavalla is pulled and lifted out of his mouth. An erotic three dimensional puzzle of how to get them out of his body without separating the pair. The back and forth wiggling, humping and in the end sheer forcing the two out of him, was enough to put him on edge. That glorious edge that tears his body apart between wanting to be pushed over so that he may feel the endless bliss of release and being kept here so his mind can swim in his own lustful desires and needs. Selfishly holding onto this state of nirvana for no other reason other than it just feels too good to leave.

Spreading Shine gives Legante the ability to see clearer only so he can get a full view of his two friends leaning forward, gaze locked on one another, hands interlocked. One raised to lean against the other, the other trapped in that combined petting of where he was. It's then he sees just how close the two girls are... down below. Only a foot separates their two throbbing members, locked in a state of permanent arousal with a nice pair of heavy balls hanging between their legs. Their asses hiked, tails raised, as they are showing a tender, blissful, and yet explosively aroused moment. The latex darkened to a solid black so they match the current theme of all the other ponies. They are floated over to the stand across the way, put on display

for all who will come to visit and then the darkening of the rubber over his eyes return, hiding them down to a mere shadow in the background, but at least now he knows that he is not alone and who is there to experience this bliss with him.

What came next could only be described as a flurry of objectification and endless use. Anthropomorphic and quadruped ponies alike came rushing into the exhibit, eager to test the statues. And he was no exception. The lights would brighten over them when a pony would come to use him. Stuffing themselves. Sometimes women, mostly men due to just how open and ease to use his holds. His twitching member is occasionally teased by those who even realize he has one to tease. The draining tube, keeping the mares from using him to the fullest. That is what his friends across the way often took, though they got women and men in equal numbers. There are times where his plugs are put back after use, swishing and moving the heavy loads the eager ponies were more than happy to give him. Other times his holes were left dripping and open for all to see. Sloppy seconds were never a problem for people here. They are all friends with benefits after all.

Sometimes they'd rub their spent lengths across his body, coating his form with their seed. Some would just approach, and jerk off unleashing a couple of loads all over his form. He felt the war jizz slowly cool as it dripped along his form, leaving long streaks of deliciousness all over him. He had no say, no way to clean himself. He's just a helpless object, a tool for others and he loves every second of it. All he has to do is just accept it. He is a master of his own pleasure. The master of doing nothing but getting all the benefits. There are no worries. No cares. To have such an easy literal do nothing job, and yet it gives such pleasure to everyone else. There's a bit of serenity in it. It mattered not that no one talked to him. Referred to him by name. Heck he could barely see them, rarely heard anything outside of muffled moans, squeaks, and creaks.

The pony in charge of his clean up would occasionally say something, but he could never hear the words clear enough to know if he or she were talking to themselves, or trying to talk to him or merely at him. Like, "Wow they really messed you up today." or "Looks like someone had a good time." or perhaps envy, "Lucky."

And Legante on occasion would respond to this comment, *"Yeah I am lucky. Lucky to have such good friends who enable me to live out a perfect life of bliss and happiness. I am lucky they let me be so selfish. I wish I could do more for Mistress Spreading Shine. Perhaps taking her up on her offer of being like this forever to show my gratitude. Or would that be too forward? Too Selfish? I want to be fair to her. She is so good to me, I want to be good to her."*

Spreading Shine's voice whispers into his mind, *"I'm like a genie in a bottle. You have to rub me the right way. And your eagerness to stay like this my dear **friend** really rubs me the right way."*

He mentally shudders, feeling his Mistress presence, but it won't be till the twenty-four hour display is shut down for 'remodeling' that he will get to see her that day. Not that he can really know all this is happening. It is all according to Spreading Shine's plan. She steps into

view, running her hands across his recently polished side, giving the straps that hold him down a firm tug, and plucking, letting it vibrate through him.

*“Do you really want to stay this way? I could make you a perfect smooth metal statue. Holes open forever. No escape. No need to interact with the outside world. Simply be a statue part of my garden of lust collection. A group of friends bound together, in perfection.”*

His heart races, the idea sending shivers down his spine, making his dock throb so hard, *“Yes Mistress, I do.”*

*“I’m so glad you think so. Your friends will be undergoing the process, perhaps you’d like to watch before making your final decision?”*

*“I’d like to watch, but I don’t think it would affect my decision Mistress,”* he thinks, his vision clearing so he can easily see the black rubber ponies across from him. Their bodies polished to a glistening sheen. Mistress Spreading Shine chuckles, or at least he believes she is. The pony bck in her pure female form, her breasts bouncing yet supported by her revealing leather attire.

He watches as long rubber tubes are pushed into their nostrils, glowing with Spreading Shine’s magic, as her horn glows a bright pink, *“We have to make sure our statues don’t need to breath now,”* she explains, the thought of which makes Legante’s cock twitch, *“Everything must be made air tight,”* she adds, the tubes wiggling down their nostrils. The girls show no sign of movement. They are so still, so perfect, that you can’t even know they are in there. So bound, separated from him. He wonders for a moment if they even know he’s even watching them or is their entire world each other as that is all they have as their constant. Two friends tightly held and bound together.

Once the tubes are in place, the nostrils he saw before are gone, leaving nothing but a perfectly smooth face with no visible holes or entry. Then came a smooth silver liquid that rolled across their form like liquid mercury rolling across glass. But it leaves streaks of silver in its wake. Within minutes the black rubber is completely coated in a silver metal, giving a metal statue look that has been cleaned and shined in a highly reflective chrome that reflects the other pony in the other.

Spreading Shine smiles, saying into his mind, *“I call that one, mirrored friendship.”*

Legante mentally moans, *“Sounds lovely. What about me Mistress?”*

She turns to him, sauntering back over and rubbing his muzzle, looking straight into his eyes, *“You’ll be named Everlasting Desire of Friendship. Nice name don’t you think?”*

*“It sounds heavenly Mistress,”* he thinks, taking a deep breath, body quivering.

*“The last of your ability to move will be removed, and you’ll be locked away under a layer of metal that once solidified against your latex. Will require the crushing force of a thousand tons per square inch to dent. You’ll see nothing. Hear nothing. Feel almost nothing. You’ll become a perfect object. A complete statue, never needing anything else as you will simply exist. Are you ready for such a fate my friend?”*

Without hesitation he pleads out to her, *“Not a doubt in my mind Mistress!”*

*“Do you not want to be a draw horse? Perhaps a good drone?”*



*“I’ve tasted the ambrosia of arousal. There is nothing more I would want than this. Everything else can’t compare to the bliss you have given me. I can only return the favor by forever being part of your exhibit, your personal collection of friendship and the magic it brings.”*

She grins, saying out loud “If that is what you wish.”

Legante does not hear the words, but he imagines he does. The gear around his body glows, stripped from his body. The corset, posture collar, the bridle. He feels a subtle level of relief that the constant tugging pressure and squeeze around his form abates, yet he still finds he can’t move a single inch. The tightly bound gear around him was not what was holding him in place, it was merely for show. A thought that made his member twitch with delight. The only thing remaining on his smooth rubber body is his fancy shoes.

With a soft pink glow, Spreading Shine brings down the tubes, sliding them deep into his nostrils, saying just before she starts to slide them in, *“Take a deep breath, it’ll be the last bit of fresh air you’ll ever get.”*

He does so, not knowing that Spreading Shine is blowing an arousing pheromone in with the breath, a concentrated concoction so he’ll be left with it forever filling his lungs. His body strains as he fights against the latex to fill them as much as possible and then, Spreading Shine forces the tubes down his nostrils. They slide in deep, suddenly reminded of his human form as it goes all the way down there, locking and filling the only hole that gave access to the outside world, and they slide all the way down to his very lungs. He sees his nostril holes smoothed over, the seal complete. The bound pony human holds his breath as long as possible but the moment he releases, the tubes get to work. Cycling the air in and out of his lungs, forcing that to become his new breathing. The air flows in and out thanks to them removing his need to even expand and contract his diaphragm. In essence, he no longer had to actively breath for him to breath.

With that tube sealed, the other, slips deeper into his member, all the way up, adding another seal, as his urethra is closed off. The front of his dick closed, with only a small indent of a cum slit to give the idea that there is a whole there, but it’s all for show. The base of his body is complete, the time for pouring commences. The liquid touches his rubber clad form, feeling so warm, soothing, but as it slides across, it acts like icy hot. First it’s warm and then it is chilly. It rolls over his face, streaking his limited vision, covering his eyes more and more, the last vestiges of Spreading Shine’s warm glowing pink eyes are the last thing he sees before darkness.

In Legante’s mind he feels he could still see her glowing eyes, painted on the background of complete darkness but in time that fades as every inch of his body is covered. His member smoothed to a dildo shape. Any features of his body smoothed out, only the ribbing on the inside of his two holes so he can still be used remain. And when that is done. He doesn’t feel much of anything. His blind, deaf mute to the world. If he was told that the inside of his rear and maw are going to be lined up with a thin rubber gel so that there is a bit of a compression to add to the pony’s pleasure when they use him, he’d be shocked. He is now separated from the world he knew. His life is this, a statue. Nothing but a statue.

*“A good statue.”*

*“An obedient statue.”*

*“A statue of friendship.”*

Once the drip is complete, his body is smoothed, polished, ready. There is nothing left of him. He's just a statue. Nothing more, practically impossible to be anything less. And as he stands there, ready to accept the visitors that will come to admire and use him. Only the occasional jostling will give him any indication that anything is happening in the outside world. And even then it could be anything. Someone fucking him,. Someone pumping into him, trying to tip him over like one would do a cow, or being transported to a new place to be shown off to countless people. He doesn't know and honestly, he doesn't care.

With so limited external stimuli, Legante's thoughts become weaker and weaker. Like a muscle from not being used. His mind atrophies, only the sense of pleasure and bliss remains. His thinking, realization that he is anything but a statue, let alone a human bound in rubber, bound in a shell of hardened latex, bound in a layer of metal that space shuttles could only dream of being made out of. In time the inside, his mind, will match the outside. He'll be nothing but an unchanging, unthinking object of pure pleasure. And he wouldn't want it any other way. His last thoughts will be, *“Thank you Mistress Spreading Shine my dearest friend.”*