

My Little Download: Spreading the Friendship

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Featuring the characters of My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic

This collection contains: *Male to Female, Female to Male, Muscle Growth, Breast Expansion, Butt Expansion, Mental Change, Reality Shifting, Accent Play, Lots of Horniness, Masturbation, and many colorful ponies with tattoos on their hips. Enjoy!*

Heading Home...

Done for Wes13

“Oh, it's done!” Wes' eyes lit up as he excitedly sat up in his seat. He looked around. There were no passengers around him, and anyone that was close was busy with their own thing.

He brought his phone in and clicked the link. He was greeted by a dazzling, lovely picture of Princess Macareina, the lovely lady alicorn version of Big Macintosh. His heart rose. The artist had done a wonderful job!

The sight brought a warm smile to his face. Seeing such a strong workhorse depicted as a buff, voluptuous farm princess was a delight! The alicorn had it all with her dazzling long hair, the pooffiest of ball gowns (designed around the outfit that Equestria Girls' character wore) befitting royalty, and impressive physique. His vision had come to life in the best of ways.

Worth every penny and tip too! Wes closed out of the link and sighed, leaning back into his seat and resting his hands on his lap. *She's so pretty...* His face reddened, hands clinging tightly to his phone. *I wish she was real.*

That'd be cool. He trembled softly. *Pretty hot too.*

He looked out the window of the bus, the sights slowing down as the vehicle hit a red light. On the corner, he could see two pony women talking amongst themselves. It was Diamond Tiara and Silver Spoon, all grown-up and looking happy.

The sight made his heart leap. His wish was a lot more real these days.

The entire world had been changing since the mysterious appearance of MLP-ified. Colorful anthro ponies have been popping up all over. Several people at his workplace had already pony-ed up, sometimes right in front of him. It was an incredible thing that almost felt unreal, but seeing it happen in front of you changes so much.

There was a lot of fright and confusion from people, sometimes even from the new equine citizens. Wes understood why, but for him, he rather liked it. They were just so colorful, lovely, and delightful. The world felt so distinctly pleasant and happy with them around.

The bus continued on, Tiara and Spoon disappearing from his sight. Well, not before they did their signature “Bump Bump Sugar Lump Rump” move. Wes blushed for a long while. *Must be nice being like that.*

He sat there quietly before looking at his phone again. On the home screen, there was the MLP-ified. Much like most people, the app had mysteriously downloaded itself at some point. Seeing it the first time freaked him out.

Now? His heart raced, his body trembled. *It wouldn't be too bad to try this, right? The world is already so much better with ponies around... so colorful and happy.*

I could be like Princess Big Mac for real! Wes weakly smiled. *Well, I'd probably end up more like Cadance, Rarity, or even Octavia. That'd still be cool.*

“Grove Lane!” The bus suddenly slowed, Wes jerking forward in his seat a bit. “We have arrived at Grove Lane!”

That's me. Wes got to his feet, holding his phone tightly as he slipped out of his seat and into the aisle. *I can do this at home.* For something like this, he would prefer to do it in private rather than surprise anyone. He remembered watching one of his coworkers turn into Daring Do before his eyes. It was pretty awkward, especially when their breasts inflated several cup sizes and stretched out their blouse to where two buttons fired off like sniper rounds.

He stepped towards the open door and headed down. *Quick jog home and I'll be-* “OOF!”

“Sorry!” Wes bumped into a guy with orange sunglasses as he got on. “My bad!” The blonde haired man merely nodded and hopped off onto the empty sidewalk.

Wes sighed, brushing his hair. The bus drove off, leaving him alone. *Okay, as I was thinking, head home to try this...*

His hand felt warm. He looked down and realized his phone was still on. A red aura was leaking out of it now, surrounding it and his hand. The glow was even sinking beneath it, skin glowing. *CRAP!*

Wes' teeth chattered. *I... I must've accidentally hit it when I bumped into that guy!* The hairs on his hand thickened, more sprouting up in a fine, soft layering. *Better get home before things get... get...*

The hair, or better to call it fur, was red, red as a crisp apple. *Big Mac?* His heart leapt. *Princess... Princess Big Mac?*

As soon as the thought came to him, he shook it from his mind. *No, I can't be that lucky. Just... just gotta get home before anyone sees me.*

Wes stuffed his phone into his pocket and started hurrying. Red fur was already crawling up his wrist and getting onto his arm. The sleeve of his green shirt was shrinking up his forearm, stopping right around his bicep, its color turning bright, fire engine red.

He hurried around the block, turning a corner before he slowed down. His eyes fell to his arm, slowing him down more. His arm was bulking up, looking like he lifted every day.

He glanced over at his other arm, seeing it changing as well. There, his mind slowed and his pace went even slower. *Red fur... muscles... wait, could this...*

He grimaced and huffed. His shirt felt like it was constricting him like a boa. His shoulders were broadening, neck muscles expanding. The cuff of his shirt dug into him as red fur poked out of the collar, climbing onto his neck.

I'm turning into Big Mac! His heart raced faster than before. Was he about to get what he wanted?

He wasn't sure, his mind clouding over as he felt in pain. His body was bulking all over. Dense arms and legs attached to a bulging, wide form made all his clothes squeeze him. The shirt was at its particular limit, pecs and abs looking like they were painted on.

Eventually, a loud **RIP** sound blared as the shirt split down the front center. However, in mere seconds, everything radically shifted. The split top converted into a red button jacket, cowboy-esque leather patching around its collar. Big Mac's apple cutiemark was embroidered onto the leather patches. Beneath that jacket now was a white t-shirt, far better fitting.

N-neat! Wes grinned, looking at his new duds. *These look pretty good on me! I think I'm gonna like-*

“You see that?” Wes’ ears twitched, a red layer of fur appearing along their lobes. “He’s changing.” “I can’t believe I’m seeing it right now.” “Wonder what we’re dealing with now?”

Wes’ face went red even without the fur. He was no longer alone. He had hurried onto a more populated, bustling street without even realizing it. All of their eyes were on him, some whispering some talking out loud with no concern about being overheard.

Without hesitation, he darted into the nearby alley. *S-so much for doing this at home alone.* He gulped. *Everyone is gonna see me before I even get to my apartment.*

Wes sighed, leaning against a wall once he was far enough down. *M-maybe just hide out here until... whoa...* Looking down briefly, his vision went wobbly as a sense of vertigo struck him. It felt as if the ground had gotten farther away from him.

However, he was merely taller. He was now well over six-feet/nearly two meters, making him feel even larger than before. His blue jeans hugged him tightly now, the bottom of them a bit frayed and messy.

Gathering himself, Wes took a deep breath and released it. *What's done is done. Just relax and enjoy it.* He reached up and felt his face. *Hmm...*

Wes took out his phone and checked himself in it. His hair had gone from a light to golden blond tone, rich and thick as straw. Beneath his eyes, there were white dots, almost like freckles. "This is amazing! I really am **turning into... oh!**"

He was gaining many of the features of the big, red workhorse and now, his voice even resembled him. At the rate things were going, it was only a matter of time before red fur covered his mug and it popped out into a horse muzzle.

But... I guess it's just regular-OOOH! Wes shivered, biting his bottom lip. A tingly, warm, and even itchy feeling came from below the waist.

Taking a look around, he moved behind a dumpster for more coverage. He undid his belt and pulled down his jeans. Red fur had spread downward, covering his hips and going down his legs. Upon his hips, he saw a familiar stallion's cutiemark.

Though he also saw his underwear. His all too familiar equipment was still there, perhaps a tad bigger now with how it stretched his tighty-whities. *Yeah... just plain old Big Mac. Normal, big, strong, manly Big Mac.*

A long, dejected sigh followed. *Guess it would've too good to be true.* Wes did like Big Macintosh. He was definitely a fun, enjoyable character. Being him wouldn't be bad. The extra height and strength was nice, and the character was definitely a mare magnet. He might end up getting close with a Sugar Belle, Cheerilee, or even a Marble Pie if he was lucky.

Not the same though... Wes glumly shook his head, pulling his pants back up and redid his belt. He looked off towards the street entrance. *What's the point? Nothing worth being all private for and... whatever.*

He stepped out from behind the dumpster and began his long trudge back out into the public. “Of course I can't be Princess Big Mac.” His voice was low, barely even heard by him as well. “Would be nice, but can't be somebody like that. That would be too... too...”

Something was wrong. “My... my voice?” It was different again. “Why do I sound like...” It was huskier and odder, a strange variant of the red pony's own. “I sound like Orchard Blossom now.”

“That can't be... be...” His breathing grew heavy, his face warming up. Something else was wrong now. Something felt tight.

Wes looked back down. His shirt was stretching, pushing his jacket further to the sides. Its collar was dipping down and there, he could see it. His chest was slowly getting puffier, red-furred mounds filling what once was flat with something softer.

His heart positively raced. *Wait... is... is this-*

His eyes dilate, turning bright green. **FWOOOOOMP!** “OOOOOOOOOO!” His chest expanded like an airbag, his collar dipping down further and wider. Two large, protruding globes of breasts stood out far and wide, a vast valley of cleavage now on display. With the way the collar stretched, most of the top of his breasts were visible.

And Wes couldn't be happier.

With just one look, his heart fluttered with joy. He grasped his sizable mammaries and gave them a good squeeze, pushing them together. “Oh mah, haow delightful!” His voice was airy and breezy now, something majestic in its pitch. “Haow extraordinary!”

Is this it? His butt and hips wiggled. *Am I... am I going to be her?* He wiggled more and more, a nub popping out above his rear. Long, scratchy, golden hair sprouted from the nub, forming a tail fit for a barnyard mare.

The tail swished and swayed about just as happily as his hips. He looked over his shoulders, seeing it move about. *It's nice...* He reached down and felt his rear. *But... missing something else here.*

As if responding to his worry, his hand was pushed back. His pants felt momentarily tight before the belt loosened and his pants grew. His rear ballooned out into a big, wide, round bottom that was perfectly fit and bubbly, hips quickly widening to make his enhanced posterior.

Wes happily felt up his perky, plump rear. “Ooooooh, soooo soft, but fit!” He squirmed in his spot. “It’s perfect for her...” His smile grew sillier and messier, his vision turning hazy. “Fit for her... fit for me now.”

A coo and even a few pippy squeaks left him as he quivered more. *Oh, ah feel dandy ‘nd deelightful! Ah wonder if it was lahk ‘is for othahs too? Usin’ dat ‘ere app... oh! Ah missed out on ‘is for far too long!*

“Is that...” “Yeah... I think it’s another horse.” “Isn’t that him...”

Wes’ ears grew an inch longer, red fur fully covering them. They twitched as he picked up the whispers. Back at the alley’s entrance from where he came, people were watching him. *Oh... oh mah! Ah must’ve caught ‘ere attention!*

He blushed and hurried further into the alley, his waistline narrowing. “Oh shucks, ain’t th’s awkward!” He couldn’t be seen like that, not until he was complete at least. He still felt so shy. Hopefully that would change soon.

He turned a corner into an even smaller alley, hopefully now out of sight from onlookers. He whipped his head back, his hair growing longer and messier. *Don’t see anyone.* He snapped his head back, his hair getting even longer and rather stringy, and he relaxed.

Okay, ah’ll finish ‘is alone. Wes sighed, blowing some of his dry hair out of his face and even brushing it back. *All alone... no one needs ta watch.*

Watch... Shivers broke out across his red body. *But... ‘ey’ll get ta look at me soon.* His ears bent back, stretching further and further. They went up the sides of his head, pulling into equine ears. *Everyone will stare at me.*

Everyone will lahk me. Wes felt warmer, eyes closing as he soaked it in. *Lahk me a lot ‘cause... His eyelashes grew longer for a more feminine flutter. ‘cause ah’ll be strong ‘n helpful ‘n kind as Big Mac!*

‘n ah’ll be... be super sexy ‘n hawt too! Wes bit his bottom lip, his nose flaring and widening. *Shucks, ah’ll be the perfect country beauty!* The bump in his pants bulged slightly. *A total doll!*

“Oooooo yes’um!” All at once, the bump in their pants deflated while their face shot forward. A cute, horse whinny followed as she developed a charming muzzle. “Wooooo, doggie! Ah feel lahk a million bits!”

Wes took one more look at herself on her phone. “n gosh, ah certainly look lahk it too!” There was no trace of the old her left. All that was there was a beautiful workhorse by the name of Big... no, Macareina. That was a far more fitting name for the likes of her.

Pocketing her phone, the new mare stretching her arms, pushing out her chest. She giggled, giving her breasts a squeeze. *Sooo soft!* She felt her firm backside too. *Also quite soft. All of this is just grand.*

Macareina smiled and turned back to where she came. Her shyness felt so distant now, a thing of the past to her. She could return to the street now with confidence, no longer afraid of the stares she would get. Maybe she would even show off a little.

With a smile and a gentle hum, the pony strutted out of the alley. She put a lot of sway into her hips while keeping her chest pushed out. Her breasts jiggled softly with each step. She felt content and satisfied.

Though, something nagged her in the back of the head. *This is great, but... didn't ah want a 'ittle more? Ah wanted ta be a princess too.*

Macareina pouted and flicked her head. *Come on Macareina! Ya'll got ta be 'is here red beauty! Don't be selfish with wantin' more!*

If only... humph, dang thoughts, tryin' ta keep me down! With one final, small sigh, she stepped back out onto the sunny streets. Some of the people from before were still around, immediately noticing her. She smiled, soaking it in as she started back towards her apartment.

Everypony is lookin'. Probably more if I were a princess, but ah'll settle for-

“OOOOOOOOOOOOO **MAMA!**” Her eyes went cross as she suddenly hunched forward. A deep, lustful moan came out. The noise alone would've made heads turn by itself.

However, it was the red aura that began radiating off of her that really did it. Everyone looked, from those already there to those who stepped onto the sidewalk just then to even cars passing by. All had to look at her as this radiating light blared from her.

Her eyes suddenly glowed bright white. Her moans got even louder, body aflame with pleasure and joy that was burning her up inside. Her boots left the ground, hovering about it. *YESYESYES! This feelin', this wonderful, glorious feelin'! Ah loooove it!*

Macareina's hands clenched tightly. Her arms swelled with bigger, more defined muscles. The wave of strength passed throughout her, legs buffing up and torso gaining abs as strong as steel. She was stronger, more powerful than Big Macintosh had ever been in the show.

But with strength also came great beauty and a form fit for a goddess. Her hips, thighs, and butt widen to portions on par with Elastigirl, her pants desperately having to grow to match. Her breasts inflated all the way to up to G-cups, cartoonishly spherical. They jutted out far on her body, never once sagging.

Ah'm... Macareina/Wes panted, sweat dripping down her forehead as holes opened in the back of her jacket. *Ah'm reachin' it! Ah'm gonna finally be an alicorn!* Wings came forth from the new openings, spreading wide and giving off a gentle flap.

Finally gonna be... an alicorn after all 'is time! Something about that thought seemed off. She only just became a pony and... but, she always wanted to be an alicorn since she was a little filly. She remembered practicing every day of her childhood to be the best, strongest, most helpful, and sweetest pony she could be. She could also remember being Wes not that long ago, yet the memories of that felt so distant.

Macareina/Wes shook her head. Her mane and tail grew even longer, softening and smoothing out as if they had been always brushed and washed with careful dedication. They shimmered in the light, glowing and wavy elegantly as Celestia and Luna's had.

This... this is it. A small bump appeared at the top of her forehead. Her mind was changing like many ponies had. Who she was before was going away. Something else was replacing it now, putting their life and memories in the old place. There was something scary, terrifying even, about such a thing.

Yet, all she could do was smile. She wanted this. She wanted to leave it all behind. She wouldn't miss the old him. This was who she was meant to be.

With that, Macareina closed her eyes and let all wash over her. Her muzzle softened even more, a more royalty feel to it appearing. The bump stretched and stretched, pulling out into a bright red, stunning horn.

An alicorn was born.

The glowing faded, and the new princess slowly came down, her heeled boots clicking on the sidewalk. She let out a breathy sigh and opened her eyes. She looked down, no longer able to see anything past her goddess breasts. She brushed her hair, now puffy and styled as a princess'.

Princess Macareina smiled and then looked at her surroundings. All around her, people were staring, watching her with awe and stunned silence. There were even a few younger folk videotaping her, their cheeks burning red.

The red alicorn smiled, putting her arms behind her head and pushing out her chest. She cooed, her voice even more heavenly than before. *"What's a mattah, huns? Ain't y'all evah seen a pony reach Alicornhood before?"*

She giggled, chest jiggling. She looked down at herself and realized something now. *"Hmm, well, of coursah y'all are surprised! Ah'im not properly fitted for it yet!"*

Her horn began to glow, and her eyes closed again. Magic fired off, striking her clothes. Everything rapidly changed in almost a blink of the eye. Her short jacket sleeves turned puffy while her jeans legs merged together, shrinking upward. Her low neckline shirt stretched and stretched, going under her new jean skirt and past her boots. Then, it all puffed up into a wide ball gown that stretched past her shoulders, the denim jeans now just a layer to her dress.

Lastly, a green bolt of magic came to the top of her head, expanding and forming into something solid. It was an apple-shaped crown, bright green with a golden base. It fit her perfectly.

Her eyes opened, taking in her appearance. She could see her gown now even with her big melons impeding her eyesight. She looked back to the crowd, still gawking at her. *"Mmmm, much bettah, wouldn't y'all say?"*

Everyone remained quiet. *"Oh, speechless still, are ya? Don't ya worry a thang, your newest princess is 'ere ta make y'all feel bettah. Let me tend ta what ails you in mah own, special way."* She winked.