

Inside her shop, Rarity shivered. Her magic worked over the needles and thread of a blue business suit that was due to be picked up in mere minutes. The magic that held the instruments aloft wavered and shook as she attempted to stay warm. There was a fireplace upstairs, normally she would have closed up shop during the winter months and spent her nights curled up under some blankets in her true form, not down here in the cold store proper, but with her working on Sapphire Shore's newest tour lineup, she needed the extra money to order the opulent fabric she needed. The starlet's downpayment had been quite a lot at first, but until she got the final half of the money, due upon completion, she was on her own.

The cold made her movements slow and imprecise. It was times like this she hated being cold blooded. Her eyes darted to the window to see Caramel coming down the street towards her abode. Something in her stirred....since moving to Ponyville she'd refrained from showing anyone her true abilities...Even her best friends. She had resisted the temptation of taking anyone into her thrall for her own purposes...but it was so cold...it'd be so much easier to work with a nice warm body against her cool scales...

The spell that made her back legs what they were wavered, something large and heavy rustled under the work table. Rarity bit her lip and hid herself behind it...Maybe...maybe just this once...it was very cold after all.

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Outside, Caramel finally reached his destination. The tailor's building was as beautiful as ever, the scant icicles accentuating the light colors and giving it a crisp, wintery look. The stallion had to wonder if the architecture had the seasons in mind. A bell jingled when Caramel opened the door and stepped inside. He immediately noticed how warm the air inside was compared to the outside chill. It was like there was a bonfire going. It was a little nice, Caramel had to admit.

"Hello? I'm here to pick up a suit. I'm sorry I'm late; I can still pick it up today, right?" he called out. The tailormare was nowhere to be seen, so Caramel figured that she had to be somewhere in the back.

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As that bell jingled there was an even louder rustling sound from inside the shop. It was dark inside, the warmth raising the temperature a bit, to a cozy temperature, but still slightly chilly.

"Back here dear! Your suit's almost done, why don't you come back and see if you like the alterations?" Rarity's lilting voice drifted from the back of the store. There was a continued rustling sound that was hard to place...it sounded a bit like a large roll of silk fabric being dragged over a stone floor a...very...very large roll of silk fabric. Towards the back of the store, out of the corner of his eye, something slender quickly slipped around the doorframe. Rarity did have a cat, the obvious assumption was that it was probably sulking around.

"Come, come! Don't be shy." Rarity invited, hiding all of herself behind the large worktable in the back before the caramel colored pony reached her.

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Caramel followed Rarity's voice down one of the hallways and into what he assumed to be the main work area. He didn't find anything suspicious about it; he figured that she would have stopped waiting for him and worked on something else because of how late he was. He'd just be wary of the cat...its reputation of being a stinkpot was widespread enough for even

Caramel to have heard about it. It was sulking around, hiding behind doorframes...Caramel thought to himself to be extra careful as he made his way deep into the building.

Despite being in the work area, the hallways and rooms were well furnished and decorated. Though Caramel worked on maintaining the town's roads, he knew it was not uncommon for Ponyville businesses to also act as residences for their entrepreneurs. Turning a corner, he saw the fashionista herself bent over a workbench, with all sorts of fabric, needles, and thread strewn about. Caramel had to admire her; she was among ponyville's most successful mares, a hero and a self-made mare to boot. Caramel had tried to start his own cleaning business, but he...lacked success. He knew he'd probably have more luck in a big city like Manehattan or San Flankcisco, but Ponyville was a slice of paradise. Sure, it had its troubles sometimes, but the ponies were wonderful, the air clean, beautiful surroundings, and his job wasn't too rough while allowing him to give back to the community and live more than comfortably. Not to mention, he thought while taking a glance at Rarity, some ponies were real lookers.

"Hello," Caramel greeted her, "Sorry to trouble you, but I need it for tomorrow. I have the receipt and order number right here," he said, reaching into his saddlebags and taking out a piece of paper with his teeth.

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There was a continued rustling sound beneath that fabric as Caramel came closer to her. That cat was nowhere to be seen. "Hello." She smiled a friendly, business-pony smile. "It's no trouble at all, I should be apologizing to you for not having it finished yet." She gestured down to the suit, which still had a few buttons to be sewn in along with some trim that had yet to be applied. Rarity's magic encircled the receipt and she said it aside. As she did, she leaned across the the table, bringing her nose only a few inches away from his own, her large, deeply purple eyes looking into his as she fluttered her eyelids slightly.

"While we wait...Would you mind if I asked you a favor darling?" Something touched his leg lightly. It was cool, it might have just been the silk tablecloth that drifted down over the table...but it felt weightier...thicker...It began to stroke slowly up and down along his forehoof. Before he could look down she spoke again. "It's just a teeny tiny little thing..." She put a hoof under his chin, keeping eye contact. "Would you do it for me?" Whatever was touching him wound slowly around his hoof in a smooth spiral, the tip stroking back and forth against his coat.

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The light-brown stallion was getting a little scared. Rarity was acting really strange, and whatever was playing with his hoof didn't feel like a cat. It was...a bit pleasant though. Maybe magic? It was cool and smooth, and fascinatingly dextrous. "Uuuh, it's not finished? But I need it by tomorrow," Caramel said nervously, gulping with anxiety. "A-and what kind of favor?" he asked. Caramel was a bit scared, but he was morbidly curious as to what this unicorn was planning.

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Rarity shook her head, her hoof keeping his chin level with hers...though she suddenly seemed a bit taller than she had before, like he suddenly had to look up to look into her eyes. "No...It's not finished, once again I apologize, darling." That thing under the table wrapped further around his hoof, getting thicker as it went, now about as thick around as a small paperback. "And

you needn't worry about what kind of favor..." For a moment Rarity's eyes seemed to change, a slight spiral of color emanating from her irises in a plethora of colors before it was gone. "You trust me don't you?" She giggled for some reason. "Sorry, I tend to develop a bit of a lissp when it gets cool." On that S he probably could have sworn her tongue flicked out....did it look..forked?

"Just stay here awhile, while I finish my work...It won't take long, and you can even do me that favor while you wait..." She leaned across the table...quite a bit farther than she should have been able to, to press her nose right against his, her hoof still rubbing tenderly under his chin. Her eyes seemed to lock his into her gaze, something wasn't quite right about the way she was moving, or the thing making its way around his leg...the tip of something cool and smooth began to stroke intimately along his barrel...but he'd find he couldn't quite look away to see what it was for some reason. Rarity gave a slow shudder, and the thing holding his leg rippled. "You're sso warm..." She sighed, her warm breath, smelling sweetly of flowers washing over his face.

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Caramel thought he should go, but suddenly he was momentarily distracted by a strange flash of color in Rarity's eyes. It was just for a moment, then it was gone as quickly as it had appeared. It seemed to just flash by, even trying to remember what he had just seen was tough for some reason. It was like his brain had a tiny little lapse in function.

And yet...his anxiety seemed to...fade away. Caramel felt himself begin to relax in Rarity's presence, despite her strange actions. She was a good pony at heart, no matter how strange she might be acting. And pretty too, especially her eyes. They were like clear-cut sapphires, beautiful and perfect. Caramel blushed as Rarity touched her nose against his; her snout was soft and supple, and her breath fragrant. The thing rubbing his leg didn't help, either. It slightly tickled, and the weight of it just made him disincentivized to actually move at all.

Caramel's baser instincts showed through ever so slightly then. He couldn't help but give Rarity a quick peck on the lips, before letting his head rest back on the hoof under his chin.

"Thanks," he said taking the compliment about his warmth. "Whatever favor you need, I'll help in any way I can."

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Rarity continued to smile down at him, very nearly purring with a slow, soothing coo of sound that washed that fragrant breath over his features as her gaze burned into his own. Her smile got a bit brighter as she noticed him blushing. That thing around his foreleg tightened slightly.

As he pecked her lips, it was her turn to blush, her pale white coat coloring with surprise. Her hold on his mind, light right now, wavered only for a moment before she regained her mental balance, holding his head aloft on her gently rubbing hoof. "Oh my...you are a brave one, aren't you Mr.Caramel?" She battered her eyelashes at him with a giggle. "I am glad you have agreed to help me..." The thing wrapped around his leg slowly, and seemingly reluctantly, spiraled away, dragging its cool length along his leg, drawing out the touch as long as possible before whatever it had been went back under the table.

Suddenly Rarity's eyes were once again spiraling with color. Those deep purple orbs replaced by a rainbow of intoxicating beauty. "You did agree under your own will of course...and

now I shall take my favor..." The spirals increased as she gave him a singular order. "Sit down." Her hoof left his chin. "I am going to show you something..."

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Caramel felt a little naked as the cool material left his leg; the soft, cool material was absolutely heavenly...

The stallion's train of thought was broken when Rarity's eyes suddenly erupted with color. Caramel was taken aback, but the same calming feeling as before once again washed over him.

"A new spell? D-do you want want me...to...test.....it...or someth...some..." Caramel's voice trailed off. The more he stared, the harder it became to think. He sat down on his rump at Rarity's command, unable to think of a reason why he shouldn't. As Rarity's hoof left his chin, Caramel's jaw began to hung open. He was too focused on Rarity's beautiful eyes to even notice he'd begun to drool a little.

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Rarity smirked a bit as she looked at her slack-jawed 'Customer' she didn't indulge in this often, but she couldn't deny the shiver it sent through her body to have such power over another pony.

"You're drooling, darling." She chuckled. "But no...it's not a spell per-say, but it's something very...sssspecial..." As she stretched out that first S she slithered over the work table. Literally. Her lower half was that of a snake, pristine white scales shining in the slight light above them, the color more lavishly clean than the most expensive porcelain. The scales rippled as the strong muscles underneath moved her forward. Her upper pony-body closed the distance between them, her slowly spiraling eyes pouring into his own. She giggled she spun around him once, throwing a thick loop of thickly scaled flesh around his form. It was wide enough to cover the entirety of his upper body, pinning his hooves down, the scales cool and smooth against him. She watched his neck strain to keep eye contact as she spun, chuckling lightly the whole way.

"Do you like what you see?...Do you like my scales?" She came back around to his face, whispering into his ear as she went. "I'm very proud of them." She put on an overdramatic pout. "But they get so cold in the winter." The coil cinched around him. "Your warmth...it's..." She took a deep breath, letting it out with a shudder. "Intoxicating..." Those soft, cool coils rippled around his body, almost a massage like motion against his own muscles. "I would like to...hold you for a while. Just to warm myself..."

Suddenly her large single coil, gently holding him, loosened and fell away, growing into a wide circle around the pair of them, her full length revealed, massive in its form. He couldn't begin to fathom just how much of her there was coiled around the shop. The tip of her tail came around to caress his cheek. "But being a lady...I can't very well do that without your permission..." The spirals sped up as that pout made another appearance, though there was a hint of a smirk behind it. Her coils rippled enticingly in front of him. "Would you like me to do that? To hold you in my coils?" She pressed forwards until her eyes took up almost the whole of his vision.

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Caramel struggled to think clearly. He could not tear away from Rarity's mesmerizing spirals. They had a magical quality about them, something that just turned off all higher thinking and replaced it with a calm euphoria. Through the corners of his eyes, he could see what the

tailor had become. For a mere instant, Caramel felt scared and wondered what purpose she had for him. Yet, it had faded as quickly as it had appeared; whatever she had planned for him, it would be good. The spirals said so.

Although the rest of the world was muddled, it was like Caramel's sense of touch was amplified ten times over. The instant Rarity's snakeskin touched him, he could feel every twitch, every contour, every scale. It slid around him, gripping him, trapping....But, being trapped felt good; Rarity was beautiful and perfect, and the ripples she sent out relaxed Caramel further, deeper into trance.

The pleasant feeling went away as her scales left, but Rarity, in her perfection, graced Caramel with a stroke on the cheek. This delicate, nimble touch was amazing, and Caramel, clumsily, amorously leaned into it, like a dog asking for attention from its master. As the spiral's sped up, Caramel could feel himself falling deeper under the tailor's spell. The colors crashed over his mind, completely dominating his thoughts. All he could think of was how incredible staring felt and how enticing Rarity's coils were.

"Y-yes," Caramel said, the will to speak coalescing despite falling deeper into trance. "Anything y-you say..."

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Rarity's smooth smile grew slightly as her 'Client' gave his permission. He looked so cute under her power, but this was only the beginning, she would have to deepen the trance, make sure she could keep him for warmth for a nice long time in her scales. He would enjoy every minute, she would ensure that. She gave a little coo, her soft breath washing over him as she did. "Good, I'm so glad, darling." She pressed her snout right up against his, pouring those spirals into his mind. Her eyes swirled and to him they were like ripples in a warm calming pool, a pool he wanted nothing more than to sink into, to fall into its warm embrace.

"You do enjoy thissss after all..." her tongue tickled the tip of his nose ever so slightly, he could see plainly now that it was forked, it left a slight moisture on his nose. "You enjoy it when I hold you in my embrace..."

Her coils slithered against him once again, he felt the tip of her pristine white tail tickle along the side of his flank, circling around his lower body. "You can feel it, every scale, let the tide of my body wash over you. Let my form bind you, embrace you...." Her tail created a slowly thickening coil around his hind legs, the tip stroking along his fur in a gentle caress as those swirls of color filled his vision, pushing all thoughts but those of her from his mind.

"Sssquueeezze you." She gave the lightest of chuckles at that last bit, her tail forming a second coil quickly giving a little squeeze around his flank. "Every moment of this drives you deeper, deeper into your want of me, your want of my embrace."

It was her who kissed him this time, just a little lady like peck on the lips. "Stand on your hind legs, dear. Hooves up, come come~"

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It was getting terribly hard for Caramel to think now. The magical colors...his body and mind awash with relaxation and happiness. It was like he was sinking into a warm bubble bath, his cares melting right before his eyes. Most senses dulled, touch sharpened, now hypersensitive to Rarity's cool, serpentine skin. It tickled as it slid around his flanks, but the tickling soon gave way to a pleasant liquid sensation as the silky scales glided effortlessly over

his light-brown fur. When Rarity finished a loop and gave a little squeeze, Caramel, even in his entranced state, could feel the sheer power that lie beneath those beautiful scales. She could crush him in an instant, and Caramel knew it. Yet, he was compelled to give himself to the coils. He had never felt so good in his entire life, and the eyes told him he would feel even better if he kept staring. Rarity was a goddess, and he her lowly plaything. He wanted to be held by her, be in contact with her, covered with her as much as possible. He needed it, desiring it more and more as her tail continued its ascent.

He stood on his hind legs, letting his forelegs droop in front of him over his chest. It was just so natural to obey; the magical color snuffed out any thought of resistance.

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Rarity's coils continued to climb his body, another smooth, cool loop of serpentine flesh rising just below his raised forehooves. Her eyes continued to pour those pleasant spirals into his mind, they seemed to wrap around it the same way her coils did, in a secure soothing embrace. She gave the occasional soothing hum of sound, soft and sweet, that seemed to vibrate through his entire body as though he were a violin string slowly playing to the tune of her body.

Her scales slid along his body like silk, another loop completing with a little squeeze, the thicker portions of her body were starting to reach him, his hind legs were almost entirely covered by a single large coil now, the thinner tip guiding the charge as her scales claimed him. The strength in them was obvious. The muscles under those scales could be seen, and most of all felt, moving and rippling as she wrapped herself around him. Her tail reached his forelegs, securing them against his chest in a single turn of her coils.

"There we are dear, almost done," She sighed. "Oh you're so wonderfully warm..." Her coils cinched around his body, tighter than before in her pleasure, wringing a bit of breath from his lungs with the strength of them. Her soft lips brushed up against his as she spoke, their faces still very close together. "You're enjoying this. I can tell..." Her coils shifted and tightened again, even such a small act as wiggling would have been impossible. "My coils make you feel so nice, you've never felt better than you have right now..." Her spirals sped up ever so slightly, the colors pouring into his mind all the more. "You love my coils more than anything in this world, and you long to be held in them, isn't that right?" She smirked, the tip of her tail teasing at the side of his neck as almost all of him was submerged in scaled bliss.

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Caramel felt his lungs forcibly pressed. It was a shocking realization. For a brief instant, Caramel felt like he should call out, scream out, try to get away, though he wouldn't have had the breath...

But...all those feelings melted away almost instantaneously as her beautiful eyes kneaded his mind into a pliable, unquestioning mound of clay. The discomfort caused by constriction was interpreted by Caramel's mesmerized mind as joy; it felt good that his goddess desired him, to press her cool, perfect scales into him. As she touched her face to his, Caramel could see nothing except for those iridescent pools begging him, imploring him, commanding him to give in. Their beauty and might were imposing, the muscles around him were tensing into what felt like solid rock, molding around him in a perfect embrace. He felt trapped, but it was a good kind of trapped. His goddess would care for him, protect him from the world. He loved the

feeling of being held in her coils, so much that he wanted to stay like his forever. His family, his friends, his entire life, all paled in comparison to this moment.

"Yes...love your coils...long to be held in them..." Caramel repeated mindlessly as his goddess tickled his neck with her divine tail, almost as if preparing him for an even greater embrace.

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Rarity's smirk turned just a touch predatory as she watched his momentary discomfort melt away into the bliss of her spiraling eyes, any thoughts of crying out or trying to get away totally swept down the river of consciousness by the tide of her mind and the caress of her coils. She felt his mind become pliant and unquestioning to her as her tail caressed his neck. She had him almost totally coiled now, his neck and head poking out above slowly shifting cinching coils of her smoothly scaled body. They moved more smoothly across his form than the finest fabric in her store, the motions effortless as she enveloped him in her touch.

She gave a pleased little hum, as he repeated her words, her coils expanding and contracting with her breath as she enjoyed his pleasant warmth. Being cold blooded made his warmly coiled form extremely pleasant to hold. "Good, good. You want to stay in my coils for a long time." Her tail slowly caressed a smooth circle around his neck, taking it's time. "You want to give me your warmth and feel your body immersed in this bliss for as long as possible." Her coils tightened around him possessively. "Nothing else matters for now, only me, only the swirling of my eyes and the caress of my coils." Her scaly bonds were almost totally around his neck now. "You want to be *mine*. " Her tail looped around his neck fully, giving a little tug, the entire cocoon of serpentine flesh tightening further as her tail secured her hold on him fully, her eyes going faster than ever now. "My perfect little Caramel."

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Her little Caramel...

By now Caramel was so deep in trance that he could hardly even think anymore. His mind no longer tried to rationalize Rarity's commands, only mindlessly obey them. Between her mesmerizing eyes and her soft yet crushing embrace, he barely felt like a pony anymore. His goddess desired him, and he desired her too. He would let her squeeze him as much as she wanted, do what she wanted, be what she wanted, as long as he could keep staring into those wondrous, amazing eyes. As she tightened around him, now fully coiled, it was as if she was squeezing the last of Caramel's conscious away. His mind was now consumed by pleasure, unable to even understand where it was coming from. The goddess would take care of him, and his addled mind felt like that was good enough.

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Rarity watched his mind sink completely into her hold, his mind now completely like his form, coiled and at her whims by the power of her eyes. She watched the last of his resistance and conscious thought be squeezed away. Her tail, now coiled fully around his neck, snaked it's way up to caress his cheek softly, those scales smooth as silk as the rest of her form constricted around his body, alternating between a loving hold and a forceful squeeze. She playfully draped the tip over his muzzle.

"That's right, you needn't worry about a thing, Darling. Not for a long, time to come. Your only thoughts are the ones I allow, because that is how you want it to be. I am your goddess after

all, it is only fitting." Her smirk grew a little more as she began constricting and loosening in waves, like a massage around his body, literally putty in her coils. "You're going to stay with me until the weather warms...and possibly a bit after..." She chuckled. "You look ever so cute in my coils, I don't think I could bear to let you out of them. It's not as though you mind of course." She leaned in and kissed him on the lips, her forked tongue tickling at them for a moment before she backed away, her eyes never wavering. "Your only purpose is me, and to service my body as it coils around your own. Feel it bind you, feel it hold you, feel it's smooth, loving touch." Her eyes darkened just a bit, that predatory nature showing ever so slightly once more. "And do get comfortable. As I said, the amount of time you'll be staying is quite...." Her coils all squeezed at once again, enough to feel his bones bend ever so slightly and force out any breath he might have had, her eyes spinning faster to compensate, he loved her coils, how she squeezed him, why would he think otherwise. "Indefinite."

The tip of her tail left his muzzle, her smile slithered further up her features as it just continued wrapping, her body spiralling and spiraling, the slow hiss of scaled flesh over helpless form deafening to him as her coils claimed even his head. She left just a crack of space open for his eyes, spiraling now the same way hers did. Soon even the tip of his ears were claimed in her living bonds. Anyone looking from outside, would only see a pile of porcelain coils, and hear the occasional moaning hiss of breath being squeezed out of some hapless pony...