

Cutie Mark Collar Mishaps: Rarity Edition

or

Why Raniquetz Is Not To Be Trusted

Irbisgreif

Description

Hoo, boy, this one is going to cause some rage, I'm certain. I normally don't abuse copyrighted characters and I especially don't normally do the whole ponyfetish scene thing, but sometimes, one must indulge.

Recently, I had the pleasure of getting a nice commission from Drakky, which can be found here. Quite naughty, but a fun one nonetheless!

I decided to go ahead and write up a quicky story to go with the picture. It's essentially just a storification of the mind-control TGTf depicted in the picture.

Raniquetz appears with permission of Drakky, Rarity-like clone appears without the permission of Hasbro. Irbisgreif is mine and you cannae have him. Dasaki included as a gift to Dasaki.

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WHEN IRBISGREIF FINALLY WOKE, he first noticed that he had a massive, splitting headache. Second, he noticed that someone had moved him from his bed and into a strange, blue-plaid-coloured chamber. It was only after this apparent kidnapping had sunk in that he realized that someone had modified his attire.

Some entity had seen fit to put a tall, metal collar around his neck. The fit was very snug, and perfectly formed and fitted to his shape and size. He did not consider this very good evidence of his abductor having very good intentions.

Slowly, the delphine gryphon rose to his feet and scanned the room. As he expected, his guards were nowhere to be seen. In fact, the room had no inhabitants other than himself. Nor did it, on closer inspection, have an entryway.

That was certainly odd.

His surroundings evaluated, Irbisgreif turned to his wardrobe addition. It was hard to make out, given its situation below his jawline, but from feeling it, he could tell it was metal, smooth. There appeared to be a join in it, but it was well machined and tightly in place. There was a piece of what might be glass in the front, in the shape of a diamond.

"Curiouser and *curiouser*." the bird intones, the words reverberating in the sterile, empty room.

From behind him, an effeminate voice calls out in reply, "Oh! You're awake!"

Irbisgreif tilts his head in confusion, then turns to the quetzal he knew was standing behind him. "Raniquetz? What's going on?"

The quetzal winks and holds up a mirror, "Oh, just some experiments. Like your... um... necklace? That's what it is! Do you like it?"

"How did you get in here?"

"Dimensional gate. Do you like it?"

"And me?"

"Same gate system. So, what do you think?"

Irbisgreif sighs, "You know what I've told you about kidnapping me. Also, it's a collar, not a necklace. And I don't like wearing them."

Raniquetz winks again and reaches out, brushing against the glass jewel in the center. "Even nicely decorated ones?"

Using the mirror, the gryphphin looks over the glass decoration on the collar encircling his neck. It looks very familiar now that he thinks about this. "Rani, is this, is this a cutie mark? For *Rarity* of all ponies?"

"Oh! You noticed! That's cool. I'll have to take a note about that."

This does not make the gryphphin smile. Instead he brushes Raniquetz's hand away and looks over it. "I mean, it's okay and all, but why in the world would I wear a *Rarity* collar anywhere?"

"You're going to wear it to the parties."

Irbisgreif frowns, "What parties?"

The quetzl reaches out again, this time tapping the glass, then twisting it slightly. Irbisgreif is surprised when he hears a couple of clicks, then feels something stabbing into his neck.

As the bird swats at the collar, the quetzl taps the glass of the mirror, "The ones where you're going to make money so I can make more poncollars!"

"Ack, what's goi—" The gryphphin suddenly sees in the mirror that his headfeathers are rapidly shrinking, replaced with rapidly growing blue-purple hair. "No, no-no-no. You are not doing this." He reaches up and jerks the gem on his collar, but finds it won't twist back.

"One way, silly!"

An arm flies out to grab the quetzal, who simply steps back and admires the slightly-shifted gryphon, who notices in their lunge that they are now sporting breasts, a fact that elicits a moan of displeasure.

"I would suggest you just keep turning it bit by bit and keep the nanites going, you wouldn't want to end up a half-bird, half-pony abomination, would you?"

Irbisgreif shakes his head to that, and tugs on the hair growing out of his head, trying to pull it out "Rani, stop this right now."

The quetzal sighs and reaches for the collar "Oh, all right, here."

Tilting his beak up to give the other access, Irbisgreif smiles at Raniquetz's acquiescence. He then yelps when the collar makes a few more clicks. "Rani you as—s..." The gryphphin stops speaking and batting at his neck, and turns his focus to the mirror.

She watches as her clothes flow and change, breasts grow, and thin white fur replaces phinhide and body feathers across her shape. Feet in boots change to openly exposed pony-hooves, and wings and beak retract away as the gryphphin's body reshapes to a new form and purpose.

She looks out over the glittering fabric covering her arm and upper body, and reaches up to the dial, "Well, you are kind of right. I wouldn't want to be stuck halfway." She smiles and slowly twists the gem further, each click changing her body more.

Rarity gains a wry grin as she continues slowly twisting the dial. "And I'll look simply marvellous in this red, shining cocktail dress. I'll bet people simply won't be able to take their eyes off me at all *darling*."

Raniquetz claps her hands together when the gem takes it's final click into place, now in the same position it started in. "So, Irb, what do *you* think of my latest invention?"

The pony chuckles "Oh please dear, call me *Rarity*, no need to use that old, worn-out name. Now you said something about parties? I do hope these will be *classy* engagements. I wouldn't want to be too overdressed."

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TWO MONTHS LATER, RARITY smiled as she handed over the latest party's earnings—a purse full of cash, checks, and gems—to her quetzl friend, "Dear, that should be enough for fifty more collars, I don't think there was a man at that party who wasn't willing to contribute to your projects. Some of the women did too." She closes this statement by rubbing a small cum-stain off of her cheek. "I do wish they would aim more carefully though, I'm going to have to work on this dress for a week to get it wearable again."

The quetzl just smiles and takes Rarity by the hand, leading her towards a nearby limo "Well, we'll get you into something nice quickly then, there's several people with deep pockets waiting to negotiate donations with you tonight still."

Rarity nods, "That nice red dress I was in when you transformed me should do just wonderfully. I've

noticed that all the boys simply *adore* seeing it come off. I'll change quickly if it's in the car. Who is first this evening?"

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"THE BIRD-LIKE CREATURE grinned a bit and smiled, then quickly downed the glass of magnolia wine he'd consumed while waiting for her to freshen up for the evening. "You're Ms. Rarity, yes?"

"I am now, and I think that's what you really care about, isn't it." She winks and motions for him to come closer, "Now please come here, and give me a hand with this dress, would you."

He approached the bed slowly, setting his glass aside, and sat down, gulping and slowly reaching out to the anthropomorphic pony, "I—"

She gives him a sultry look, then leans forward and plants a kiss on his cheek before tugging one of his hands back behind her, setting it on the top button keeping her dress up. "Darling, you are so nervous it is adorable."

He gulps again, "Wait— I thought— kissing was—"

She laughs, covering her face with a hand, and then repeats the kiss. Shifting, she presses back against his hand, letting his uncertainty propel him through removing first one button, then the next. "I do hope you're not about to call a lady like myself something nasty, Dasaki."

Heat flushes up into the nevrean's face as he slips off the pony's dress. As soon as she's out of it, she replies by leaning forward and letting him feel her soft breasts just under her brassiere.

When Dasaki moves to speak again, she places a finger to his lips to hush him, then traces it slowly down his front towards his belt, which she removes with practised grace.

The only reply is a gulp as he slowly comes free, clearly excited for quite a while at the chance of meeting her. She smiles and says, "Oh dear, you must have been absolutely deprived to get to this state. Let me help you."

She lowers her head down, and as the warmth wraps around his shaft, he cannot help but gasp and

smile at the sensation of her skilled tongue going to work. Ten minutes later, the pony is tapping a handkerchief to her face to clean up the mess that Dasaki has left. "Now dear, come here and help a lady out, it is so very rude to think only of yourself."

By the time the bird leaves the next day, there is a new spring in his step.

