

# Part 1: Twilight

Anna woke, from a slumber she couldn't remember entering. Her head groggy, and her body sore, it took her a while to awaken.

"Ugh... What—" It didn't take her long to realise that she was strapped to a metal table. Her wrists, feet, and even her neck were surrounded by glowing white bracers, that in turn were bolted to the cold slab beneath. "Oh, well, that makes a little more sense, I guess."

She took a look around, but couldn't see much. Directly above her a powerful light shone down at her, making it impossible to see past the surrounding darkness. Her being awake didn't go unnoticed, however, as she saw a figure approaching from the shadows.

"Good, you're up! I wanted you to see what I had in plan..."

It wasn't hard to recognise the figure once they stepped into the light. "Apollo? Seriously? Huh, I didn't peg you as someone who'd attempt something like this. Last I remembered, you were a pair of panties! Comfy ones, too."

"S-Shush! That was a long time ago! Now, I get my revenge!"

Anna gave an experimental tug at the braces strapping her down, but didn't feel any budge to them. That wasn't concerning, though, as all she had to do was... Uh oh. She couldn't melt herself, or even liquefy in the slightest.

Apollo grinned, "Oh, noticed that special feature already?"

She wasn't pleased by the development, "Huh, I'm impressed. Where'd you get your hands on rubbermancy-suppressing stuff?"

"A friend gave them to me! They told me how to deal with you for good, in case they ended up as one of your toys. They, uh, they did, but now the tables are turned!" Apollo laughed in a way that was obviously not like him. Anna could tell the bird was still obviously a sub. Maybe the mystery friend also sent him a confidence potion along with the cuffs.

"Well, congratulations. You've successfully eliminated my avenues of escape, so, what's next? Are you just going to leave me here?"

"Of course not! I have something a lot more fun for you!" As he spoke, Apollo brought the ball he had been holding into Anna's vision.

She recognised it immediately. It shimmered and warped in Apollo's hand, dripping intermittently, but almost acting hydrophobic to its owners touch. It was a Rubberball, and judging from its lavender, blue, and purple colouration,

she had a pretty good guess as to what results it would give.

"You recognise this, I'm sure! You've probably created plenty yourself, and thrown them at loads of your victims!" Apollo threw the Rubberball hand-to-hand, his grin growing as he watched a hint of fear creep over Anna's face.

Things were a little more serious now than they were a second ago. Anna knew exactly what the ball would do to her in her powerless state, and she saw no way out of it. She struggled a little harder against her enchanted binds, but still they didn't budge. She looked around, at least as much as she could with her neck locked in place, but didn't see anything that could help. All she had left, was the hope that the ball wasn't going to do as much as she feared it might.

"Wow, it's going to be so fun watching you turn into my obedient little Twilight pet! I'm going to enjoy bragging about how the little slutty creature I'm holding the leash of used to be someone as powerful as you! I almost can't wait!" Apollo was a lot more into all this than he was a second ago, which only made Anna more afraid, "Oh yeah, I don't need to wait!"

Apollo threw the Rubberball directly onto Anna's chest, splattering the ball of liquid latex over it. It immediately went into action, the splatter-mark spreading over Anna's chest on both front and back. She yelped out in shock, the coldness of the material enveloping her giving her shivers. She struggled as hard as she possibly could, but after a few seconds she realised that there was no escape from the Rubberball's transformation. She could now only watch as the lilac latex enveloped her torso, flowing onward to her arms and legs. Almost teasingly, the stuff paused at her neck, and accelerated everywhere else. A wave of latex rushed down her limbs, and as they reached their ends, her hands and feet were instead replaced by entirely smooth hooves. Anna tried to move her fingers and toes beneath the goo, but they had already been erased, absorbed into the surrounding latex.

Anna yelped as her very balance suddenly shifted: Her legs and arms snapped into new configurations, ones that made walking on two legs almost impossible, and walking on all fours entirely natural. She looked down at her body, and it's new lavender colouration. On her thighs, no, her flank, she could see a mark forming itself in the latex and solidifying onto her body. She already knew what the Rubberball was turning her into, but only now, looking down at her pony body, did she fully realise it. Her chest was flat, her crotch was flat, and in a nutshell, she was almost cartoonish.

The table was suddenly rotated forwards, dropping Anna to the floor. The braces that had once kept her trapped were useless against her hooved legs, but it didn't matter, they had done their job.

"Heheh, I just wanted to see up close as your transformation finished! There's no going back now!"

Anna had no way of effectively controlling her body. Her very configuration was alien to her, so she was forced to stay flopped on the floor as the material resumed its spread up her neck.

The coldness of the latex came in a wave, as there was only the shortest window between her skin being coated, and everything beneath being converted. This wave was now well on its way up her head, and within moments, it had slipped into her ears, nose, and mouth.

Her thoughts immediately became sluggish as a blanket of latex fell over her mind. Just as easily as the latex took over her body, it was now taking over her very consciousness. She could feel it begin to consume her memories and identity, as it worked on integrating her new body with her mind. She tried her hardest to fight, putting up every defence for her memory she could, but it wasn't enough. The latex absorbed her former identity, even her very name. She tried her hardest to pull it back from the brink, rescue some small part of herself, and... It was working! Her name returned to her, so she kept it memorised with all the willpower she could muster. Her name was Twilight Sparkle, and the Rubberball could never take that from her! She used to be a pony, a unicorn, but she was now being turned into a pet. The latex stole her connection to her horn, so she couldn't— Wait! She could feel her horn, her magic, everything! It was all returning to her!

Twilight, still trapped inside her mind, focused as hard as she could, and soon, she achieved her goal. She managed to freeze the latex in place, halting its progress entirely. "Yes!" It didn't take long before she was able to pull back the Rubberball's tendrils from her mind, and bring back her control over her body. She could feel that all around her body, the Rubberball had done its work. Her hooves, her tail, her very fur, had all been turned into latex! She was still prone, but after a little wobbling, she got to her hooves, and saw the bird looking down at her from above. She knew him! He was Apollo, the evil creature that had tried to turn Twilight into an obedient latex pet! He was even grinning down at her!

"Ooh! Done already? You must've had less willpower than I thought!" He flopped out its cock into Twilight's vision, "Suck, pet!"

It was Twilight's turn to grin. In an instant, Apollo flashed out of existence where he was standing, and reappeared, strapped and bound on the metal table.

He yelped, "W-what?! B-but— no! How..."

"Shut it, you evil bird! You really thought you could turn me, Twilight Sparkle, into your pet? Do you have any idea how powerful I am?!"

"You— you think you're... Oh god, the horn, it actually works?! Oh, god!"

Twilight didn't know what the bird was talking about, and she didn't care, either. She had to focus, hard, to take control over the Rubberball. Her horn glowed alongside the last bits of the Rubberball that had yet to solidify, and bit by bit, Twilight managed to rewrite its instructions. "Nngh... There!"

She gasped, finishing with her concentration, and watching in the reflective surface of the metal table as the Rubberball proceeded in reverse. Her rubbery mane returned to being made out of hair as the goop crawled off of it, and her face returned to its usual level of gloss, namely none. The goop was

now doing the job of converting her latexed-up form back into her usual pony body, and all over her body, the latex surface returned to being velvet lavender fur. The Rubberball, now finishing the job of reversing its former instructions, returned to its origin. It all pooled up onto a single spot on her belly, formed into a ball, and dropped to the floor harmlessly.

Twilight telekinetically lifted the Rubberball into the air, once again rewriting its instructions, and even its colouration and shape. She pushed the metal table back into its level position, and hopped onto it, trotting up to the bird that started this whole mess.

“Now, what to do with you, I wonder?”

## Part 2: Applejack

“W-wait, Anna, don’t do this! P-please!”

Twilight stomped her hoof in frustration, “Ugh! You’re making absolutely no sense! We both know you tried to turn me into a pet! Are you being intentionally confusing, or was ‘Anna’ just the name you wanted to give me?” She hovered the Rubberball above Apollo’s head, having now given it an orange colouration and an apple-like shape, “You’re just trying to stall, aren’t you? Well, too bad, it’s time for you to have a taste of your own medicine!”

“N-no! Don’t—” The bird’s protests were instantly muffled by the hovering Rubberball being forced directly into his yammering beak. His eyes went wide as he tried to spit it out, but was left entirely unable to by Twilight’s magic holding his beak shut. His muffled yelling turned to gurgling as the latex within spread in the only direction it could: Down.

Twilight smirked, watching as the bird’s throat bulged with all the mass of the Rubberball forcing its way down his gullet. She knew that the latex would be just fine with converting him from the inside out, after all, she rewrote it to do exactly that. Her choice of pony to turn him into came naturally, but she didn’t entirely understand why. It just made logical sense to her, and that’s all she needed for now.

“So, if I remember right, you wanted me to suck your cock?” Twilight strolled besides Apollo’s squirming body, giggling at the sight of his still-hard shaft, and getting a fine idea. She straddled herself over the bird’s torso, and lowered her mouth down onto his cock-tip. Apollo squirmed even more in response, and Twilight only responded by letting his cock slide into her maw, and beginning to suck on it. She needed something to occupy the time while the bird was converted from the inside out, after all.

But that wasn’t enough for Twilight, and looking over her shoulder at Apollo’s clamped-shut beak, she had another idea. The neck strap that held his head down glowed with purple magic as its bolts to the table were unscrewed. A moment later, it was flung off into the distance. The bird’s neck wasn’t free for long, however, as now Twilight’s magic was the one holding it in place. An evil smile grew across her face as she lowered her body onto Apollo, her crotch pointed directly at his beak. She waited a moment, letting the bird realise what was about to happen, before suddenly plunging his beak into her dripping pony-cunt. She moaned out in pleasure, neglecting the pre-sprouting cock in front of her as she experienced her slit being stuffed by bird beak.

It was just the thing she needed. She pushed the bird's face deeper into her cunt, her magic forcing his head into place, and giving him only the ability to squirm. His movements only accentuated the pleasure of the beak-stuffing, and it wasn't long before Twilight had what she couldn't know was her first time cumming as a pony. She sighed happily, her heat subsiding as her pussy-juices gushed onto the bird's face below.

"Well, that was fun! Oh, and I think it's been long enough for the Rubberball to have done its job!"

She slid herself off of Apollo's squirming body, and realised that the squirming wasn't just from his attempts to escape. Beneath his skin, waves of liquid rubber were sloshing about, just waiting to be released. Soon, it would.

"Mhm, just on time! And now, 3... 2... 1...!"

As Twilight's countdown finished, orange latex suddenly spurted out of every hole Apollo had. His mouth, his ass, his ears, even cumming out of his cock, a constant stream of latex emerged and spread out over his body. It took merely seconds for all the recently-converted mass to rush out over his entire form. His talons, all the blue feathers on his body, and finally, his face, were all coated in shiny orange latex.

Their body reformed, but it was barely obvious. They were coated in so much goop that they themselves appeared to be made out of liquid, an observation that wasn't entirely incorrect at this point. Out of the humanoid-shaped blob of orange mass, formed something in an entirely different configuration. Their hands and legs, or, well, fore-legs and hind-legs, were no longer confined to any straps, but this was no longer a worry. Bit by bit, the amorphous blob of mass gained more and more clarity. Their body shape was feminine and pony-like, with a large yellow mane and tail, but as more details formed, it was obvious that they were no natural pony. For one thing, their stance wasn't one of walking, or even struggling. They were lying on their back, with their front and back legs both spread wide, a position that was much better suited for a very different activity. More details made this obvious, such as the fact that they weren't getting a regular pony snout. Instead, a rubbery ring-shaped hole was forming in its place, one that was designed to be fucked. Similar implements formed for their crotch, two holes; one above the other, both puffy and fuckable.

The Applejack toy was almost finished. Across most of its body, the shiny latex sheen of its surface had solidified, and its face was the last to be completed. Its eyes weren't real eyes, and it was obvious. They were instead painted on, permanently fixed in a sultry, lustful expression, and their wide-open snout-hole corroborated its desires: It was designed to be fucked.

Twilight smiled as she looked over her brand new rubber-doll, poking its artificially constructed body in various places. She slid her hoof over its plastic cunt-hole, and grinned as it automatically spurted a bit of goopy transparent lube, "Gosh, I'm going to get so much use out of you..." She leaned down and gave the toy a kiss on its rubbery doughnut-shaped lips.

“But, I can’t just enjoy you all to myself! First, I’m going to have to make some friends...” She giggled to herself at her own pun. Just like before, Twilight knew exactly who to turn into what, and again, had no need to question where or how she got the information.

She focused hard, her horn glowing as she conjured up some items to help her out. A pair of cardboard boxes came into existence before her, their shipping labels already filled out for their designated targets. There were going to be two more victims besides them, but those didn’t need packages.

In the first package, an exquisite-looking necklace was created. Intricate silver chain-links formed the string of the piece, and three beautiful blue diamonds formed the centrepiece of the jewellery. The diamonds were glowing, not just from how they reflected the light, but also from the touch of magic Twilight needed to imbue them with.

Hovering above the second package, a large Wonderbolts outfit came into being. Unlike the genuine articles, it had a polished latex sheen to it, and more significantly, a powerful enchantment lying in wait. Twilight lowered it down into the box below, folding it neatly in the process.

The third thing that Twilight created was sentient all by itself. A small yellow bird popped into existence, already tweeting and chirping happily. Twilight whispered to it, “You know where to go~”

For her fourth victim, she didn’t even need an object. In fact, she didn’t need to do anything. She was certain that the whole thing would sort itself out, as they always did with that particular pony.

The various items Twilight created were teleported out of the dark room, and were on their way to wherever they needed to be. She hopped back onto the table and magically carried the Applejack doll with her, before teleporting herself away too.

## Part 3: Rarity

After a long and difficult day, all John wanted to do was collapse. He resisted the temptation, at least for as long as it took for him to get home, but he wasn't going to be resisting it for much longer.

John fumbled with his keys as he tried to open his front door. He was exhausted enough that it took him a while, and that alone just made him feel more tired. But still, he got the door open, and stumbled into his apartment.

"Sup, bro." His roommate was lounging on the couch, hand in a bag of snacks. He didn't even take his eyes off the TV as he said hi. John wasn't all that interested in dealing with him right now, as sleep sounded a lot more enjoyable. At least it didn't before his roommate remembered what he had to say, "Oh, hey, you got a package earlier."

John was just intrigued enough to choose investigating further over sleeping, especially considering the fact that he hadn't ordered any package. He walked over and picked it up, and sure enough, it was labelled for him. Besides the address, it was a plain cardboard box, with no other details.

"Huh." He opened up the box, tearing open the taped down flaps, and looked inside. "*Huh.*"

Within the bland cardboard box was quite possibly the most beautiful thing John had ever seen. A piece of stunning jewellery, a necklace, fashioned with three shining blue gems. John carefully lifted it out of the box, holding it from its chain, and gazed at it. The gems glimmered almost unnaturally, as if they were emitting light all by themselves, and the various intricate designs made it obvious that, whatever this was, it was priceless. John's heart sank as he realised that this definitely wasn't supposed to be in his hands. He was probably going to be in a lot of trouble if he didn't return this to its rightful owner soon.

So, John did the sensible thing. Carefully, he lowered it back down into the box, and lifted it straight back up and affixed it around his neck. Wait, what? That's not what he did! He looked down at the priceless gems hanging from his neck, and they were glowing. Not just as some trick of the eye, either, actually *glowing*. Whatever he had just done, it was entirely incorrect, so he immediately put his hands back around his neck, and left the necklace untouched. Wait, no, he was trying to remove it! Why did he leave it on?

John tried to ask his roommate for help, or to even just say something was wrong, but what came out of his mouth were alien words in a voice that was

not his own, "Oh my, this looks simply splendid!"

His eyes went wide as he realised things were a lot worse than he thought. The voice he had just used came from his mouth, but the speech he used was far more feminine and graceful than anything he'd say himself. They were not his words.

~~"Oh fuck, something's wrong! Oh my, something seems terribly off!"~~

To his surprise, the words he managed to speak were close to the ones he attempted to. He wondered if his luck would continue, and pressed further:

~~"Something took over my voice! I can't control myself! My body looks all wrong! Please, be a dear, and help me figure this out."~~

He looked pleadingly at his roommate, begging for him to realise what was happening, but it was as if he didn't notice at all. He was uncaring, but not *that* uncaring. "Uhh, jeez, yeah, you're right. Where did your horn go?"

As if on cue, his forehead began to burn, as a keratinous structure spontaneously grew from its very centre. He realised that the gems on his necklace were now glowing far brighter than before, and that as the more his horn grew, the dimmer they got. Soon, the magic pulsing through them had grown the horn to the point where he could see it just by looking up. Now drained of magic, the gems went dim.

~~"A horn?! Why do I have a horn now?? Oh my, I think I know who sent me this lovely little gift! Twilight must have known that I somehow lost my magic! What?? What is happening to me?! Well, I now have all I need to return myself to normal, at the very least!"~~

The horn began to glow with an all too familiar light, and soon he could feel the effects of his own unwitting magic. All over his body, his skin began to tingle, and looking down at his arms, he saw what was happening. A short coat of velvety white fur spread over his body, and along with it, more unwanted changes. He mentally yelped as his own uncontrollable magic rushed over his crotch, his entire package flattening out and receding into a blank patch of nothing. Even after the magic stole that, there was more it was going to take from him. His hair began to change once the fur's growth reached it. A wave of purple rushed down the length of his short hair, and it only continued once it reached its original limits. Within seconds, he had thick purple hair, all of it perfectly styled, long, and curvy.

~~"W-what the hell is happening to me?! What is controlling me?? Hmm, I just can't shake the feeling that something's still off! Dear, please be honest, what looks wrong with this picture?"~~

"You know I always think you look perfect, Rarity", his roommate said.

~~"R-Rarity?! My name isn't Rarity, it's Rarity! W-wait, no it's... Oh, you charmer! But please, I know something's wrong, I just need help finding it!"~~

"Well... It's pretty strange that you're standing on two legs, that's not how I usually remember you being."

~~"W-what are you talking about?? Why can't you remember who I am? Why can't I remember who I am?! Oh my, you're right! I have no clue how I didn't~~

notice this before! Silly me, walking around like a human!”

His horn grew bright once more, glowing with a magical energy that was soon enveloping his entire body. For a moment, he could only feel tingling, but suddenly he felt and heard a series of cracks and snaps all over his body. His arms, legs, spine, even his head, all had their bones painlessly broken and perfectly reformed, into an entirely different shape. He fell forward, instinctively bringing up his hands to brace himself, quickly realising as he fell that they had been replaced by round featureless hooves. Instead of the pain of falling on his face, everything felt entirely normal, and he landed as if he had always walked on all fours.

His roommate grinned, a bulge in his pants becoming very obvious, “God, now there’s the slut I remember...”

Fear rushed across Rarity’s mind as she realised another level of horror to her situation. Wait, *her*? Wasn’t she... Agh, she tried her hardest, but try as she might, Rarity couldn’t stop herself from imagining herself as anything but a ‘*her*’. Again, being a woman was suddenly all she could consider as normal.

~~“W-wait, what did you just say? I-I’m not a slut!~~ Mmh, gosh, I have missed your wonderful taste, dear~” Her sultry tone even made the mind within think she was hot. All this felt right, and her resistance was fading.

Another wave of changes rushed over Rarity’s mind, bringing her ever closer to the voice that had possessed her. She turned her head to look back at her feminine pony self, and saw the mark on her flank that looked just so similar to her necklace. As she saw it, something clicked inside of her. Her will to resist the changes upon her mind vanished as she realised that all of this just felt so *right*. Old memories, memories of being a human male, of her old boring life, all vanished from her mind. Rarity moaned as memories of fucking and being fucked replaced them, memories of how to serve to the best of her abilities, and just how fun it was to be the fuckable pony-slut she was.

The voice that had been controlling her was gone, and she was, once again, entirely free to act however she wanted. She smiled at her roommate as he flopped his cock out in front of her, slowly running her tongue around her lips in preparation for getting to work. Rarity gasped as he suddenly tugged on her mane, her horniness overpowering her annoyance at her precious hair being messed with. She let her lips part as the tip of his cock pushed them apart, her tongue caressing it as it slid into her maw. Memories of having done this hundreds of times before filled her mind, and all that experience let her know exactly how best to pleasure him. She curled her tongue around his length as she sucked ever so masterfully, her head lowering down further and forcing his cock to push against the back of her mouth. Rarity moaned as the cock-tip pushed into her throat, eagerly sucking and squeezing over his delicious length. The taste of his pre only amplified her pleasure, and soon enough, her eagerness had brought him to the precipice of cumming.

“Nnngh, fuck, I’m gonna miss your slutty cock-sucking mouth, Rarity.” He yanked back on her mane, forcing her head off of his cock as he came, spurting strings of pearly cum onto her face, and over her hair.

Rarity gasped, momentarily stunned by the experience, and was left panting. Steamy breath exited from her hanging-open mouth, along with a mix of drool and pre that dribbled down her chin. She let herself enjoy the wondrous afterglow of being used for a few more moments, before snapping herself back to focus. A magically-summoned hairbrush took care of her frazzled mane, but her roommate interrupted her before she had a chance to finish her cleaning spell.

“Wait... I think I’d like it if you kept wearing that facial for a little longer...”

Rarity giggled, “Of course, my dear! A lovely parting gift, if I might add~ I’m definitely going to miss you, but I’m sure whatever Twilight has in store is going to be just as fun!”

## Part 4: Rainbow Dash

“Uh, hello? Is anyone there?”

Ian looked around, standing in his front doorway. Someone had knocked, but by the time he got there, nobody was around. Before he went back inside, he noticed a package at his feet: A cardboard box, with no markings besides his address. He shrugged, and brought it inside.

He grabbed a pair of scissors, before collapsing back onto his couch with the package in hand. It was pretty big, but not all that heavy. He could hear something rattling around inside, and once he cut open the tape, he saw that it was filled with packing peanuts. Nothing besides the sea of foam blobs was immediately visible, so he fished around inside, and eventually found what the box contained.

He pulled out a large latex garment, a single piece suit so tall he had to stand up in order to see the entire thing. It had a glossy sheen to it, looking very recently polished, and its design was blue, with yellow lightning bolts placed around it. He turned it around, and was surprised to see that it looked like it might fit him. Hell, there was even a hole in its rear where his dragon tail could squeeze through.

The zipper that went down the back of the suit was already open, so he thought to himself, why not? It didn't take him long to remove what little he was wearing, and with that, he was ready to put it on. He sat back down, holding the back of the suit up, and slid his legs in. The first leg was a little precarious to get in, as he wasn't entirely sure whether it would fit, or if his claws would tear it, but it went smoothly. The other leg followed, and after that, things were easier. He held the suit up with one arm as he snaked his other into the arm of the suit, then doing the same on the other side.

Everything below his neck was now in the suit, and the headpiece was left dangling in front of his face. Before putting that on, he decided to zip up the back of the suit, and take a look at himself in the mirror. He found himself a little underwhelmed at the sight, as the suit was too loose to give a proper skin-tight appearance. It must have been a size too big, he thought, and whoever had bought it for him must have overestimated.

Regardless of this, he saw no reason to stop there. He grabbed the hood of the suit, and pulled it up over his face. To his surprise, there was no mouth opening. Instead, the suit had a small plastic plug.

“O-oh, so it's that kind of suit... Well, I guess it's not a deal-breaker.”

Ian pulled the head of the suit over his own, letting the plug between his lips, and zipping up the neck of the suit. He looked over at his body in the mirror, again seeing that it was just too loose and baggy to look good on him. He let out a muffled sigh into the suit's plug, and decided to return it.

His hand was reaching up to the suit's zipper, before he suddenly froze. In the mirror, he could see something standing behind him. It was purple, standing on all fours, and its horn was glowing.

"Mmmh?!" He collapsed forwards from a force that came out of nowhere, pushing him to his hands and knees. He tried to resist, but he couldn't budge at all whilst trapped within its magical confines. The pony, now just a little taller than him, walked directly behind Ian, and grinned.

"Now, time to have some fun!" The pony's horn glowed brighter, as another part of its body did the same. Between its legs, Ian could see a part of its body remoulding, growing, and forming into a thick, black equine shaft.

He squirmed harder against the magic the pony had trapped him in, but found no give. His resistance did nothing as the pony mounted him, climbing on top of his frozen position, and rubbing its horsecock against his back.

"Now, I'd love to use this lovely thing on something that needed it. You are not something that needs this, but oh, would you look at that!" Twilight gestured to a small plastic button on the back of the suit's neck, one that Ian could just about see if he turned his head right. "Do you know what this does? Well, let's find out together!" Knowing full well she could just use magic, the pony lifted her hoof and pushed it.

In the instant the button was pressed, the suit came to life. The entire thing instantly tightened down onto his body, almost painfully squeezing him, but now looking as skin-tight as he had first wanted. Some parts tightened harder, and others somehow loosened and expanded. Ian watched in the mirror, as the parts of his body that felt tight, squeezed down beyond what they should even be able to. He could only watch as his long draconic muzzle retreated into a cute little snout, with an equally drastic change occurring within. The plug filling his mouth liquefied, spreading thick artificial-tasting goop down his throat, and deep inside. His guts squirmed as he felt sensations he couldn't imagine, but the changes on the outside were becoming even more important.

He looked down at his hooves. Wait, hooves? The hands of his suit had expanded out into digit-less round pads, giving him the appearance of having hooves, but he knew that his fingers were... Wait... He attempted to wiggle his fingers, or even just any part of his hand, but realised that he simply couldn't feel anything familiar beneath. Even his legs were now topped with hooves, and even somehow shortened to the correct length.

All this time, Twilight was relaxing on his back, smiling at her work as her victim underwent their transformation, "Enjoying yourself?" She got up for a moment as the suit made changes directly on his back. The latex of the suit liquefied along the path of the two zippers, and as they re-solidified, the zippers themselves simply detached off of Ian's body, and dropped to the floor.

Another more drastic change began to take place, as two spots on either side of his back began to liquefy too. From them, a pair of shiny latex wings grew, spreading out wide before squeakily flattening onto his back.

For Ian, everything had went black. The latex of the suit melted over his eyes, and as with everything else it had taken, he couldn't even feel them any more. The sensation of eyeless-ness lasted only a second, and his vision quickly returned. As he blinked his new eyes, he noticed they had clarity he had never seen before, and were far larger, too. Looking in the mirror, he sat there in shock, as he realised that his face and the face of the creature above him were almost identical. His was shiny, and had different colouring, but it was unmistakable: He was becoming a pony.

"Oh, finally realised where this is going? You might even recognise yourself at some point~"

Twilight was right. Wait, how did he know her name was Twilight? He looked in the mirror, and as a shiny lump of latex designed to emulate a rainbow-coloured mane grew from his head, he realised who he was turning into. "No, no, I can't be her! I can't be!"

"Why is that, then? Simply look at yourself, you look just like her!" Twilight giggled as the suit's latex spread over his once-dragon-like tail, absorbing it and converting it into a glossy latex rainbow, "Tell me, is there any part of you that isn't Rainbow Dash?"

"I-I..." Ian could feel his mind being bombarded with new thoughts and identity, all designed to replace who he was and fully turn him into a female pony. "N-no! Stop! I won't let you!" Ian fought in thought for what felt like minutes, before the assault finished. His mental self made it through, intact.

"Oh my, impressive! Nobody else could resist their new identities! Y'know, for that, I think you deserve a reward..."

"Nngh, j-just let me go!" As much as he enjoyed being able to talk again, albeit with the mouth and voice of Rainbow Dash, he was still being held tight by Twilight's magic. He even tried to flap his wings, but it was obvious that they were more decorations than anything else at this point.

"Mmm, I still have need of you, dear! So, I'm simply going to resort to more interesting measures..." Twilight unmounted him, and moved back to her position at his rear. Ian's hind legs were suddenly pulled apart, leaving his blank crotch open to her.

"W-wait, what are you doing?!"

Twilight ignored the annoyingly-resistant pony, and got ready to do something a little more fun than wait. She licked her lips as her tongue began to glow, along with the latex that made up Ian's blank rubbery crotch. Her tongue slowly and carefully worked its way over the empty patch, the magical enchantment placed upon it deforming the latex surface below. She repeated the process, carving an ever deeper valley between the pony's hind legs as her tongue ran over it again and again.

For Ian, it simply felt odd at first, but the further into his body Twilight

carved, the more pleasure the experience gave him. Soon enough, she had formed a rudimentary slit, and Ian was gasping with each sensitive lick.

The response Ian was giving made it obvious that she was getting somewhere, so Twilight simply continued. Her tongue lengthened as needed, whilst deepening the valley further and further. Once it reached a certain point, Ian's latex body continued the rest of the process all by itself. A deep cavern automatically formed in his body, one that wasn't designed to be realistic. All it had to be was fuckable.

Ian moaned as the fuck-hole formed within his body. He could feel each and every aspect of it, down to its deepest points. Its ridged surface served the double purpose of pleasuring both him and those who used it, along with secreting an artificial lube from his body. It wasn't done, however, and as it formed as deep as possible into his body, he realised it had connected to the same tunnel as his mouth. Running through him, was one long pleasurable tube, connected to the two fuck-holes on either side of his body.

Twilight took a break to watch Ian squirm and moan from the sensations, but her work wasn't done. She lowered her head back down, and began to work on details that the pony's toy body didn't strictly need. She continued to carve away at Ian's cunt, her tongue deforming it as if it were clay. She formed details that turned it from a simple hole, into an almost beautiful horse-like vagina. It glistened from the self-lubrication it was already performing, and the more she looked at her finished work, the more she realised that she just couldn't resist.

Ian panted in the afterglow of the pleasure his body had given him. Just the sensitivity of his nether regions alone made Twilight's licks feel like an endless burning orgasm. If his body wasn't being held in place by her magic, he would've collapsed. Unfortunately, he realised that something worse was just on the horizon, as Twilight once again mounted his body. Her thick stallion shaft was rock-hard, and she was pointing it directly at his fresh and dripping toy-cunt.

She couldn't wait to plunge herself into her work, but there was one thing she had to do first. Her horn glowed imperceptibly brighter as Twilight began another mental reconfiguration, one a lot more powerful than before. Not that she'd need it, from how much her horsecock was about to break him.

The two of them screamed in pleasure as she plunged her horsecock into his hypersensitive cunt. Twilight panted, ramming her oversized length deep into the hole designed to take it, before pulling back out and ramming it again. The self-lubrication along with the pleasurable texture of the pony toy's latex cunt made the fuck so good that it was mere moments before she was spurting pre. The toy was just screaming in pleasure the whole time, completely overloaded, and losing all resistance it once had. It didn't even notice that she stopped magically holding it in place. After what felt like a lifetime of Twilight slamming her stallion length into the toy's horse-cunt, she came. A wave of hot cum spurted straight through the pony toy's body, so much so that a thick globule dribbled out of its gaping maw. The two of them panted in their

afterglow, the toy drooling a mix of cum and lube, and Twilight simply drooling drool.

“Hah... Heh... So, how are you feeling after all that, Toy?”

Twilight watched for a moment as a flash of resistance passed over the latex pony’s eyes. She prepared to resort to fully wiping it, before it faded away as quickly as it appeared. The happy and horny expression on its face made it obvious that her work was complete.

“Mmh... Toy feels amazing! Toy thanks its owner for using it!”

“Good Dashie-Toy. Now, let’s go have some fun with some other ponies~”

## Part 5: Pinkie Pie

Garu looked down at the piece of paper in their hand, and came to a stop. On it, was the name of a location, and a detailed map of the park it led to. Scribbly pink writing said to stand at this exact spot, at exactly noon. Looking down at their watch, they saw that they were just a few seconds early, and looking up, they saw just what they were early for.

A large pink ball was falling from the sky, and the kobold barely had a chance to react before it landed directly on them. Unlike what they expected, they weren't crushed. Instead, they got trapped inside the bubble, and were now stuck floating in the gel within. The ball was barely a metre across, just big enough to fit Garu inside, hinting that it was definitely meant for them. They tried to squirm, but it was like trying to wade through a vat of gel.

In the distance, through the rose-tinted surface of the bubble, they spotted some four-legged creature hopping towards them. Instead of stopping, it headbutted the entire bubble forwards, and caused the whole thing to bounce across the landscape. Garu was trapped inside, spinning wildly every time the bubble got pushed. They were getting dizzy fast, but they could tell it wasn't entirely because of the spinning. They'd been on wilder amusement rides than this, so they could tell something else was happening, too.

Garu's suspicions were confirmed as they saw the world around them grow dimmer, and soon the park they were in disappeared entirely. They groaned, their head still spinning even as the bubble stopped. They watched as the pony grabbed a pin, using its hooves in a way they couldn't understand, and poked the bubble with it.

The entire thing popped around them in an instant. The consistency of the goop became water-like, and it felt as if they had just been thrown out of a tub. The kobold was soaking wet, but quickly managed to get to their feet.

"Eeee, you look adorable! Come on, you little dragon thing you, let's get you ready!" The pink pony lead Garu forwards into the large poorly-lit room, stopping them between a pair of two metal walls.

"W-wait! Who are you? What is this place? Why'd you hit me with a bubble?!" Garu's questions were answered only with giggles as the pony bounced into the shadows. They looked around them, but they couldn't see anything in the distance. Even with their heightened vision, the shadows were simply too thick to see through. They instead decided to examine the two metal walls on either side of them, and Garu realised that they weren't just

walls. Instead, they had a pair of indentations on either side, ones that looked like they'd form the shape of the pony that brought them here. It was a mould.

Before the kobold had a chance to react to this realisation, the pony's voice echoed through the air: "JUMP!" They wasted no time on pondering the command before jumping, and as the two halves of the mould slammed together, they were very glad they didn't. Out of sheer luck, none of their body was crushed. What's more, their limbs had conveniently been positioned in each of the four limbs of the mould. Garu could tell that this was no mere coincidence. They saw that directly above them was a cylindrical hole, running all the way up to the outside of the mould. At the top, the pink pony was staring down into it.

"Hey! Let me out of here!"

The response wasn't them being let out, or even the pony saying anything. Instead, they received a stream of warm pink goop drooping onto their face. Garu coughed and spurted to keep the stuff out of their mouth, but it didn't help. It seemed to stick to every part of their body it touched, and right now that was a lot of it. It flowed down from their head, and down over their body, ending up by pooling at the bottom of the mould's holes for their limbs. The experience wasn't entirely uncomfortable, though. The thick pink goop was warm enough that it felt like a slow massage running down their body, but there was still reason to panic. The flow of goop was so heavy that it had already filled the mould to their thighs, and it was only rising upwards. Soon, their waist was submerged, which was quickly followed by their torso disappearing beneath the goop too. The stuff was nearing their neck, and they started to panic. What would they do once it covered their face?

Garu breathed in deeply, but not in the way they wanted. They sputtered as they accidentally inhaled some of the goop, but quickly realised that they weren't actually choking from it. As the goop began to flow up their neck, they took a chance, and inhaled more of it. It filled their lungs in a way that only burned for a second, but once it was in place, they could breathe just fine. Weirdly enough, it didn't even feel like they *needed* to breathe any more.

Their panic subsided as the most imminent of threats became neutralised. It was only a few moments longer before the mould was completely filled, and they were left encased firmly within the goop. To the kobold's annoyance, now that it had finished coating them, it was quickly cooling down. Another thing they realised, was that as it cooled, it got significantly harder, until soon enough they couldn't move an inch.

The mould split open, and dropped the pony-shaped blob of plastic it had just formed to the floor below. The more-animate pony looked happy at first, but she soon realised that something was off. She trotted over to the hard lump lying on the floor, and gave it a poke. "Aww, does my special ponification recipe not work on cute dragon things? That's a shame!" She tugged the incomplete pony out of the path of the mould, and closed it back up before dragging Garu up to its roof. A large concave bowl shape made up the top of the mould, with the cylindrical pouring hole positioned directly at its bottom.

The entire thing was like a funnel. Suspended above it was an empty barrel, marked with 'Pinkie's Ponification Paste!', that was still dripping globs of pink goo. The pony dragged the failed inanimate moulding into the centre of the bowl, and retreated back to the sidelines. On a cartoonish control panel, she pressed a few buttons, and a bunch of heavy-looking lights lowered from the ceiling. She giggled, and pressed one more button.

All the lights activated at once, shining down onto the plastic pony. Garu, still somehow inside, in a way that they couldn't even understand themselves, felt the heat of all the powerful lights all over their body. The lights brought them to temperatures that they were certain they couldn't withstand, even to the point of boiling. They could feel their unmovable body start to soften, its form drooping downwards to fit the curvature of the bowl they were in. Soon, at temperatures that they definitely couldn't survive, their shell was beginning to melt. They wondered what would happen once the plastic melted away enough to reveal their own body, but something very different to what they expected was occurring. They could sense as their limbs melted away, and realised that there wasn't anything of a different composition left inside the plastic shell. They were entirely the same material, all the way through, and they could *feel* it. They could feel the parts of their body melting down back into the mould below, feel as they twisted and flowed with the surrounding plastic. Their own body was becoming unidentifiable, indistinguishable from the goop that wasn't once a part of their body. Everything was flowing together, and any boundaries that used to exist between them were gone.

The experience of melting down into the mould below gave them a kind of pleasure they didn't understand. The uninterrupted flow of extremely hot molten goop flowing down into the chamber below, and instantly solidifying upon contact with its cold metal walls, was almost orgasmic. They could feel that as their liquid body was being moulded, so too was their mind. In the same way that they couldn't identify the pony goop from their own goo, they couldn't distinguish between the thoughts being moulded into their mind, and their original self. Everything swirled and drooped within their mind, thoughts becoming heavy as they melted away, and quickly returning as they solidified into their new forms. They could... They... She could remember events that she knew she didn't have before, and yet, they felt perfectly natural in her mind. A new set of truths replaced her old ones, new memories, new personality, new everything. She giggled to herself at the thought of how easy it was to replace her old identity, laughing even as she knew that whoever she used to be was melting away. Pinkie couldn't even believe that she didn't recognise herself from earlier! She somehow knew it was her, exactly her, and the final realisation of what had happened simply made her laugh!

The mould once again split open, but this time the results were very different. Instead of a cold plastic lump, out bounced an energetic and giggly pink pony, a sight that made the other pink pony just as giggly!

"Hi, me!" "Hi, me!" The two of them laughed in unison.

The first Pinkie gave the brand new pinkie two different items, and she

accepted them without question. One of them was the exact same note that Garu had received in the first place, down to every last detail, and the other was a weird little thing with gears and pistons that was obviously a time machine.

“So, you know what to do, right?”

“Mhm! I’ll go catch that silly old me in no time!”

“I know! I just did!”

The two Pinkies laughed with each other. Out of all the ponies that could’ve brought themselves into existence with a stable time loop, it had to be Pinkie.

“Well, have fun at the party, me!”

“Pssh, of course I will! Now hop to it, and go convert yourself into us! I’m off to have a whole bunch of fun with Twilight!”

## Part 6: Fluttershy

Brooke stared off into the distance. Her head was resting on her arms, which were in turn resting on her bedroom's windowsill, giving her a perfect vantage point for looking outside. She didn't have any particular reason for feeling so wistful, but today just felt like one of those days. But soon, something was going to break up the monotony.

A small yellow bird landed right next to the horse girl's head. It didn't seem afraid of Brooke at all, and just chirped to itself while tilting its head at her. She sat still whilst the bird hopped around next to her, and a few moments later, it flew off. The strange experience inspired Brooke to take a walk outside, at the very least it would clear her head.

Already dressed, she simply went downstairs, and trotted out the front door. To her surprise, the bird followed her, its distinctive tweeting heard directly overhead. It landed on a nearby pole, again looking at her, before flying off to a more distant pole. It was already moving in the direction Brooke was going to walk anyway, so she followed it.

Every time she got close, the bird hopped further away, leaving the horse girl to follow it at a leisurely pace. She followed it down a few streets, none of which went far off her usual path, before the bird lead her somewhere new. Before her, a path led into a forest she hadn't seen before. Brooke hesitated for a moment, and the bird sat on a tree branch, waiting for her. She shrugged, and decided to follow it into the woods, possibly against her better judgement.

At this point, the bird's pace quickened. It no longer stopped to wait for her, instead flapping just ahead of where Brooke walked. The horse girl could still follow it, but it was now more of a brisk walk, and soon after, a jog.

Her questions as to why she was even following the bird in the first place were pushed to the back of her mind, just from the excitement of running after the bird through the ever-thickening woodlands. She began to laugh as she chased down the bird, it tweeting even louder as the two of them rushed through the woods.

Brooke didn't even notice as subtle changes began to pass over her body, as she was far too occupied by the chase to even care. Her thin orange fur shifted in hue as a wave of light yellow rushing over her body, replacing her previous colouration. The pink highlights of her hair spread upwards, as what used to be a dye soon became her natural hair colour. Even her tail followed in

the same fashion, growing longer, pinker, and curlier.

Her sprinting was abruptly cut short as she tripped over a protruding tree root, landing face-first into the dirt. Her head rang from the impact, and for a moment, she couldn't even remember where she was, or even *who* she was. She stumbled forwards on all four of her hooves, almost for a second realising something was off, before everything snapped back into focus. She ran through some things mentally to make sure her head was fine. Her name was Fluttershy, she was running through the woods after a bird she was taking care of, she was a Pegasus... Mhm, it seemed as if everything was fine!

She realised that the little bird was still flying off in the distance, and shouted "Wait!" as loud as her timid voice could manage. As she expected, it didn't hear her, so she continued galloping after it. She flattered her wings to gain a little more speed, but it was soon obvious that she didn't even need to.

The forest was clearing, and Fluttershy recognised exactly where they had ended up. "Oh, you silly thing! Why lead me on a run through the forest when you're going to bring me right back to my cottage?"

Fluttershy stumbled, still out of breath and exhausted from the impromptu run, towards her doorstep. To her surprise, she had received a package! A large cardboard box on her front door, one that revealed itself to be surprisingly light as she pushed it inside.

"Oh? What's this?" She looked over the box for some labelling, and found that it had come from Twilight, "Oh!"

Fluttershy wasted no time in tearing open her friend's package, but was disappointed to find that it was almost entirely empty. Inside, was only a note, and a little plastic valve.

*"Hi Fluttershy! Now, I know you've been anxious about being invited to my party, so I decided that I would make the whole thing easy for you! I won't spoil the fun, so all I'll say is, attach this nozzle somewhere convenient, and watch as my magic does the rest!"*

She picked up the clear plastic nozzle, and wondered for a second where to put it. She turned to look at her body, and decided that the middle of her cutie mark would be perfect for it.

The moment it made contact with her body, it seemingly glued itself tight, even though it had no glue on it a moment ago. She turned around to get a closer look, and realised that a wave of something was spreading from the spot it made contact. What's more, she heard a faint whooshing sound that grew louder the further it propagated. As the material spread over her cutie mark, she realised what it was, and just where she had seen it before. It looked just like the vinyl surface of a pool-toy! She gave the spreading plastic that now made up her flank a poke, and to her surprise, the entire thing felt inflated, as if it were a balloon. She realised that the whooshing sound was the sound of her body filling with air!

"O-oh dear! Is this meant to happen? Well, I suppose if Twilight wanted it, it must be a good idea..."

Fluttershy watched as squeaky vinyl replaced her skin, and air replaced her insides. As it spread down her hind legs, she realised something odd. She could no longer move them, but she could still feel their every touch! The whole thing should've alarmed her, but it all felt surprisingly nice. The way her skin tingled before turning into something inflated and artificial felt wonderful, and the pool-toy parts of her body looked plush from their inflation in a way she loved. She giggled quietly as she rubbed her inflated vinyl torso, and admired the wavy plastic seams running down her pool-toy body.

It was only a few moments later before the vinyl had taken every part of her body below the neck, and she was left entirely unable to move. She was wobbling, off balance from her relatively heavy head, but she saw behind her, and smiled. She looked just like someone had based a pool-toy off of herself, except it *was* her! The quiet squeaks as bits of her rubbery body squeezed together felt wonderful, well, *everything* about her new body felt wonderful. As the vinyl transformation spread up her face, her happy expression froze into place, before vanishing and reappearing as a painted-on inanimate decal, printed onto the pool-toy's face. Her mind turned fuzzy as her brain turned to air, none of herself disappearing entirely, her thoughts just becoming cloudy.

Once her mane had finished turning into an inflated vinyl version of itself, the process was complete. Standing where Fluttershy once was, a shiny inflated pool-toy now stood. Its thoughts were slow, but the feeling of obvious lightheadedness brought along with it a simple kind of pleasure. A thought settled upon her mind that felt just as natural as her name being Fluttershy, a thought that permeated through her very being. She was a toy! A cute, inflatable, squeaky, toy!

The yellow bird landed on her flank, even its tiny weight enough to make the light pool-toy wobble. It grabbed the Fluttershy pool-toy's plastic nozzle with its tiny claws, pulled on it with all its might, and tugged it open.

Her body began to fall limp as air rushed out of her. Fluttershy's head deflated like an empty plastic bag, and her torso and limbs quickly followed. A minute or so of whooshing later, and Fluttershy was left a wrinkled pile of vinyl on the floor. The box's enchantment came to life as it detected the deflated pool-toy next to it, and in a single movement, the deflated toy was neatly folded and tucked into its box. The box shut itself, a fresh wrapping of tape keeping it closed, and the box's label getting rewritten.

Once the delivery pony arrived, Fluttershy would soon be on her way to Twilight's party, and in a convenient form that negated any need for free will!

## Part 7: The Party

“Hellooooo? Oh, I’m early!” Pinkie looked around at the empty library, and saw no one. She really wasn’t expecting to be that early to Twilight’s party. Wondering if she should wait outside, she turned around and went back the way she came.

Well, she managed to turn around, at least. Out of nowhere, something was on top of her, something heavy enough to force her to the floor. Pinkie yelped, and looked behind her to see Twilight, pinning her down.

“Hello, Pinkie! So glad you could make it!” Twilight’s eyes and horn glowed as she lowered herself onto her. Something was pressing against Pinkie’s rear, and it felt like... No, Twilight couldn’t have one of those, surely? All doubt about Twilight having a stallion’s shaft disappeared as the unicorn plunged it into Pinkie’s cunt, making her squeal in pleasure.

“T-Twilight! W-what are you—?” Pinkie found it hard to speak as an unknown sensation set itself over her mind. Her thoughts slowed as something squirmed its way into her consciousness, something that was telling her that all this was right, and that it was supposed to be happening. Twilight’s voice filled her head, but she wasn’t *hearing* it. Instead, it simply seeped directly into her subconscious, and everything it said felt right.

*“You love this, Pinkie, don’t you?”*

Pinkie’s own eyes were glowing as her pupils dilated. Her usual playful self fell to the sidelines as a thick and powerful lust began replacing it.

*“Good girl! Moan for me~”*

Pinkie obeyed, moaning as Twilight thrust her horsecock deep within the pony’s dripping folds. She was now leaning into the penetration, almost presenting herself for Twilight as she stuffed her horse-pussy tight.

*“We’ll have more guests, soon! I think I’d like you to greet them for me!”*

Something began to glow bright behind her, powerful magic filling the room with light. Pinkie could feel a sensation she couldn’t quite understand as the divide between her body and Twilight’s began to blur. Twilight pressed further onto her, somehow managing to continue pushing forwards even though the two ponies were already as close as they could be. At least, as close as Pinkie thought.

Outside of Pinkie’s vision, Twilight began to merge into her body, and glowing light surrounded them as she did so. Her head merged into Pinkie’s with her torso following suit, and the two of them were rapidly becoming one.

Twilight's horsecock flopped out of Pinkie's cunt as their two crotches merged together, and with that, the merging was complete. Pinkie's body looked almost identical to before, except for the hefty flared-up equine shaft dangling between her legs. Cum still dripped from her cunt from the fucking moments before, but it was now dripping from Pinkie's own shaft as well. One last thing, almost impossible to notice, was a tiny animated sigil jumping around on the pony's back; A stylised representation of Twilight, and the only sign that she was hiding within Pinkie's body.

Pinkie's eyes went blank for a few moments as her mind was adjusted to what had just happened. She was still herself, definitely, but the voice had somehow become a far more powerful presence than before. She couldn't even understand the words it was saying any more, she could only feel the alien urges that came with them. The rock-hard horsecock between her legs left her in a heat stronger than she had ever felt before, one that wouldn't be satiated until she found somewhere to put it. She panted with need, desperate to have something to fuck, and as if on cue, her prayers were answered.

With a flash of purple light, another pony popped into existence. With a latex sheen over its entire body, and the built-in Wonderbolts outfit it possessed, the Rainbow Dash toy was teleported into the room. Its body squeaked as it stumbled around, off balance after the teleportation, but it quickly got its bearings. The toy looked around the room, its holes already dripping artificial pre, and the first thing it saw was Pinkie, staring almost ravenously at her.

"Um, c-can Toy help you in any way?"

Pinkie stared at the latex toy, her length twitching at the sight of the toy's perfectly formed fuck-hole of a mouth. Her rock-hard horsecock dripping pre with every step, she slowly walked over to the toy. Pinkie licked her lips as she saw how nervous the toy looked, and she knew she just couldn't stop herself. The moment she was close enough, she yanked the toy's head down between her legs, and mounted its face. The flared tip of her shaft rammed against the toy's rubbery lips, stretching them wide, but still not entirely able to force its way inside. As Pinkie fucked its face, the toy obediently served its Mistress in any way it could. It licked up and down Pinkie's tip, swallowing down her pre, at least to the extent it was able to swallow. The toy's obedience programming made the experience a lot less stressful once Pinkie finally started using it, and it was now just happily serving the lust-filled pony.

Pinkie was so needy in her heated state that this wasn't enough for her. She forced the toy backwards, pushing it with the thrusts of her horsecock, until she backed it up against a wall. Books went tumbling around them as, with one final powerful thrust, she forced her flared cock-tip into the Dashie-Toy's maw. Once it was in, the well-lubricated walls of the toy's fuck-holes let the rest of Pinkie's shaft slide all the way into its body. The toy's stretchy latex throat bulged as it took her length, and finally having the pleasure they both desperately needed, they were now in paradise.

Twilight smirked from her passenger seat upon Pinkie's shoulder. With her

ability to cum removed, her stamina made unlimited, and her lust never-ending, she was sure the Dashie-Toy would be getting plenty of use from her new hard-coded owner. The horn of the animated Twilight decal glowed, and with one small flash, the unicorn was back to her original shape and size. Looking back at the two ponies trapped in their orgasmic spiral of pleasure, she smirked, and went off to prepare for her next guests.

"Hello? Twilight?" Rarity made her way into the library, levitating a cardboard box by her side "I think you have a delivery, dear!"

Rarity gasped as Twilight suddenly appeared next to her, "Ooh, excellent! Two ponies at once!" She wasted no time in taking the package from her, and opening it up.

As Twilight unwrapped whatever she had received, Rarity realised that on the other side of the library were two of her friends in a state unlike anything she's seen them in before. With one pony made entirely out of latex, and the other desperately stuffing its maw with her horsecock, the sight left Rarity blushing. By the time she took her eyes off the display and turned herself back to Twilight, she had finished unpacking the contents of the box. On the floor in front of her was what looked like a deflated pool-toy, and it was bright yellow.

"Oh, would you like me to help find a pump, darling?" Rarity asked. She was still blushing from the display in the distance.

"No need! I'm sure you'll enjoy the results in just a few seconds!" Twilight's body began to lose its solid appearance as she spoke. She wasn't melting, instead she was sublimating directly into a gas, right in front of Rarity. Within moments, where a pony once stood, was now a cloud of lavender gas. Before Rarity had a chance to react, it shot by her, and began to funnel itself directly into the nozzle of the pool-toy.

The wrinkly deflated toy on the ground quickly began to grow in volume, and gain a noticeable purple tint to it, too. It wasn't long before Rarity realised that the pool-toy looked just like Fluttershy! She wondered why Twilight would order a pool-toy in the shape of her friend, and as she did so, the disembodied voice of Twilight responded to her thoughts.

"Silly you, it's not a Fluttershy pool-toy, it *is* Fluttershy! I knew she'd be too scared to visit my lovely party if I didn't make the decision easy for her!" As she spoke, the rest of the cloud vanished into the pool-toy's nozzle, and it clasped itself shut. The pool-toy now looked just like a rounded and squeakier version of Fluttershy, standing on four legs, and with a printed-on expression of blank happiness.

"Er, by saying the pool-toy is Fluttershy herself, you mean—"

"That she can still see and feel everything around her? Of course! It wouldn't be any fun otherwise, would it? Now, Fluttershy can't move herself, as she's an air-filled bag of vinyl, but I can certainly move her around just fine!" The pool-toy began to reposition itself, almost coming to life as it walked on all fours. It sat itself in front of something comfortable, leaning itself back onto it as it spread its hind legs. Between them wasn't a horsecock, or a slit,

but a simple inflated lump, "It fits a pool-toy, don't you think? It's still as sensitive as the part of her body it once was, except now its in a far more convenient shape for her inflatable body!"

Rarity looked down at the Fluttershy pool-toy's bulge, and wondered what Twilight was even talking about. What did she want her to do?

"Well, I think it would be nice of you to give our lovely little pool-toy some pleasure, don't you? I can still hear her thoughts, and she's ever so embarrassed, and even more needy..."

"W-well, um, I-I'm not entirely sure I should— I should... I..." Rarity began to stare deeply at the pool-toy's null bulge. It looked exactly the same as before, but something about it was different. She felt a familiar feeling she couldn't quite place, something that made the nullness of the pool-toy look far more enticing than it did a second ago. She... She wanted it. She *needed* it.

Rarity couldn't stop herself as she reached forwards to the propped-up pool-toy, immediately reaching her face down and burying it in the null bulge. Something about interacting with it filled her mind with a bizarre kind of pleasure, one that only made her want to continue. She had a faint idea of why she needed it so much, an idea that worried her, but the pleasure she was feeling overpowered the resistance she had. She lapped at and smothered the pool-toy's bulge, drooling heavily as she partook in the unnatural bliss it was filling her mind with. She took as much of it into her mouth as she could, before letting it flop out, and repeating the process. Her tongue bathed the squeaky bulge in saliva, and her teeth ever so gently bit into its vinyl, compressing and squeezing it in her mouth. Her obsession with the Fluttershy's pool-toy null bulge was uncontrollable, so much so that she couldn't even fathom not wanting to pleasure and serve it.

Twilight had already teleported herself out of the pool-toy minutes ago, and was just grinning as Rarity didn't even try to resist the spell she had put on Fluttershy's cartoonish genitalia. What's more, she could hear everything the pool-toy was thinking from within her inanimate body, and just how much pleasure was washing over her entrapped mind. If Fluttershy still had a moveable body of her own, she'd be a quivering horny mess on the floor by now. Speaking of, Twilight realised that with the previous pair of horny love-ponies, and now this one, she only had one last pony to deal with.

She walked over to the inanimate Applejack-shaped toy standing in the middle of the library. A subtle spell made sure nobody noticed it as it was forced to watch everything that happened around it.

"So, Apollo, how are you enjoying the consequences of what you've done? I mean, this is practically all you ever wanted! You wanted to turn me into your obedient little pony pet, and look, there's one or two of those here right now!" Twilight circled the toy, not even having to tap into its entrapped consciousness to know how much Apollo within was squirming. "You wanted to turn me into your brainless cock-sucking pleasure pet, and I wonder, how do you think that's gone? You silly little thing, choosing a pony as powerful as me as your victim, and thinking it wouldn't backfire!"

“See, I was tempted to have a little Quid Pro Quo, and make you my own mindless fuck-pet...” Twilight grinned into the sex doll’s eyes, feeling the fear radiating off of it, “But simply erasing your identity didn’t feel like quite as strong a punishment as you deserved... So, instead, I’m letting you go on with your mind intact, and the knowledge of how all these sluts around you became my victims because of what you tried to do!”

“And, as one last gift, I’ll just invert the effects of the spell that’s keeping you unnoticeable! I’ll be making it just strong enough that the next stallion to visit the library once its open simply won’t be able to resist taking the free sex-doll on display, and using it plenty~”

“You can’t die in this form, as you aren’t really alive any more. Your artificial body won’t degrade, and it’ll stay fresh and perfect for centuries to come. I’m not entirely sure what’s going to happen to your mind in the process, but I’m sure you’ll break into a needy slut within a year of daily fucking!”

Twilight leaned in close to Applejack’s rubbery ears, “You really chose the wrong victim, Apollo. But please, enjoy the rest of your sex-doll existence!”

The end.