

The Cult of Friendship: Becoming Stabled

The extreme bondage of the cart pulling session has an exacting toll on Brian, currently known as Legante. The hours of pulling the cart have left his legs feeling weak, needing a pony to hold and caress him while being heading back toward the mansion. The black and cyan collared male unicorn feels the dark blue and light blue female unicorn pony gently rub his back, “You’ve done so well for your first time in the advanced cart pull. And right after doing the novice one? I’m so impressed with you. You’re such a *good pony*,” she says in a sweet alluring voice that is like honey for the ears. Her words lingering bouncing in his mind.

“Good pony.”

“Lovely pony.”

“It’s great when she’s pleased.”

“Feels wonderful to serve the herd.”

Was that her words, echoing into his mind or his own? The pleasing gas, the aroma of the mask and canisters that were attached to his back for so many hours continue to linger in his lungs, the taste of rubber and the dildo lasting on his tongue, each breath of the clean cool air around him, reminds him of just how much he misses the mask that was around his head.

He’s only been here for a few days, but everything has been so kind, good, loving, friendly. This place has a magic allure to it that he wasn’t fully expecting and loving all the more. Another step towards the mansion, helped and guided by the pony Mistress that runs this chapter. His arms ache from the bondage that kept them tied behind his back, yet the constriction was homely. His desire for bondage is a great weakness of his, yet it freed him to focus, to follow through with the commands, the sting of the whips along his rubber clad backside fading away into a warm fuzzy memory and into the land of nostalgia.

The hardships that he has taken upon himself to be a beast of burden. To tug along the carts and see the countryside was phenomenal. When he blinks, he swears he can see the cartoony wonderland from the show, with that hint of adult eroticism that he’s too far gone to even question and wonder if it’s normal to do so, in fact it’s become quite the opposite.

“You pulled a near all-nighter with pulling the midnight cart run. You need to get your rest. As much as I love seeing you in the morning for all the fun activities we have. You need *some* sleep. But don’t worry, we’ll give you a rotating schedule where you can enjoy your cart pulling and all the other activities we have here. How does that sound?”

With glazed over eyes, he nods to every word she says. “That sounds great Mistress Spreading Shine.”

“Mistress is good for you.”

“Mistress is good for the herd.”

“Obey Mistress.”

“Obey the herd.”

Such a sweet thought. His embarrassment for having a raging boner not even drawing on him. It’s hard to know if it’s because he’s too tired to take notice of it. Or he really doesn’t care

that he has one and that other ponies can admire his prowess. Perhaps the only reason why he's even awake is due to the sheer level of arousal that is coursing through him. A throbbing aching cock is hard to go to sleep with. His mind is somewhat willing, and the body is pushing the mind yet there's still that drag, that wish that he could slip into that lovely bed and get the much-needed rest.

"We're almost there Legante," says Spreading Shine, a finger running across his wanting length. She feels it twitch to the touch, almost gushing out the moment it's touched. If it wasn't for a quick press of a finger against the cum hole, he might have. Now he has to deal with the sensation of the buildup of pre-cum within his thick aching length. If it wasn't for the hidden fact that he's human underneath the suit, and that his species ability to produce such sexual fluids was rather limited by comparison, he'd might be in trouble.

The thought that he gets the sensation that his cock is the rubber equine length instead of his trapped human one does not dawn on him. It's all sensation, nothing has truly transformed. Spreading Shine is a pony of her word, and nothing of that sort has happened to him. Yet.

"I know how much you love being contained, even if you find it hard to contain yourself right now," she says with a gentle tease, caressing his length, "I'll be sure to make sure you rest snug as a bug in a rug in just a moment." True to the pony's words, he's laid into his bed, which has been altered from the last time he was in it. Breathing tubes are attached to his nostrils to the top of an advanced vac bed. His limbs are attached to rubber bondage bands within the bed.

The sweet smell of latex surrounds him, his cock aches, throbs, pressing against the sheets feeling better, "Rest well darling. Be a good pony and get your much needed sleep. Once you're done, I'll come to get you, and show you some of the other parts of our wonderful establishment. You can't just have one meal and call it quits. You have to taste *everything* that we have to offer for your stage of pony," she says, laying him deep within the bed, which has a soft rubber pillow to place his head.

"Yes Mistress... thank you," he replies, feeling the latex run across his suited body. His already bound rubber suited body, feeling the faint sensation of latex pressing down around their body, a double layer of bondage across their form. The sheet vibrates as he's slipped and fully locked into place.

"Rest well," Spreading shine says, making sure everything is in place before pulling the rest of the rubber vac bed over him. It takes moments to seal the bed, before turning in an air hose spigot that comes out of a hidden within a small slot in the wall. It provides the air suction required for the vac bed yet none of the noise, allowing a soothing calm vac bed experience. She attaches the hose, twisting the spigot, sucking all the air out of the bed.

The invisible weight of the atmosphere now presses down upon him. His body outlining the sleek black rubber as it becomes harder and harder to move within the bed. Only a tight squirm and wiggle is all he can do is thrust his hips in small jerking motions, which gently teases his aching, wanting member. Even this level of constraint feels like he's slipping into a tight inviting hold by comparison. The slight movements are full on thrusts when next to the total bondage he was in on the advanced cart. Not even allowed to be milked. It's all so built up, the

world delved into darkness. His vision seeing the visage of the pony toy in the darkness, the silent that follows after a gentle hand caresses his outline before he's left in complete stillness.

"Pony serves the herd."

"Pony obeys the herd."

"Your herd Mistress is Spreading Shine."

"Obey Spreading Shine."

"You are a good pony."

The whispers grow quieter, but his arousal grows higher, and before the last vestiges of the trance fades away, he manages to thrust and squirm his way into one inch climax, gushing out his essence, which is held tightly by the vac bed, barely showing a bulge if his gushing cum till the vac bed naturally smooths it away. Stewing in his own juices doesn't bother him. His legs are weak, mind like spaghetti, oops there goes any gravity when one is snug as a bug in a latex vac bed rug. His mind drifting off toward that welcoming embrace of slumber, left to recharge his batteries and let his mind adjust to the after effects of all the 'encouragement' he's received about how wonderful it is to be a pony.

Legante's dreams are full of the past several hours. The two dream lands of being tightly bound and pulling the pony carts, but the more extreme bondage and deeper hypnotic events easily tidal wave over the other. A climax or two is sure to come over his hours of sleep, subtly reinforcing the desire, lust, and addiction to go at it all over again.

He awakes unknown amount of time later, completely in the dark, body feeling so goody, refreshed, relaxed, yet unable to move. His nostrils flare, taking in the sweet rubber scent of the vac bed. He feels sleek and calmed down from his escapades. The post nut clarity sinking in, *"Damn that was a wild night. I wonder what time it is... Or if there is a way to get out of here?"* he thinks wiggling and tugging against the vac bed, finding all he can do is slide between the rubber, but only just. His limbs are still tied in such a way he has some movement to squirm and wiggle, but that's it.

"At least my head is on a soft pillow," he thinks, calling out for aid, his muffled and moaning words reaching out into the room. Impossible to know at this moment if there is anyone who could hear him. Right now, he's lost in his world of darkness, complete silence, and darkness. Forced to focus on his other senses. The cool air filling his lungs is soothing, muffled squeaks fill his ears, more vibrations through the rubber than the air, felt throughout his entire body.

Speaking of his body, the human underneath another layer of latex, getting a moment to truly enjoy just how stupendous it feels to be this held up, bound, contained, hidden away. His anxiety over his human form, non-existent at this point. The protection provided to him is what he's always wanted, a literal body armor that allows him to free his inner self.

Despite how kinky this moment is, it's just relaxing. Happily taking the moment to let his mind drift into the black rubber abyss, thoughts thinking about just how amazing everything is, the concern that noone is there to save him is an afterthought at best, forgotten completely at worse. Slow, deep steady breathes, like a metronome, you could set your watch to it.

Time last its purpose as nothing changed, that is until something did, a muffled creak of a door, stirring him to be active once more, humping into the rubber, tugging against his bondage, groaning, wanting to be known. Like a survivor trapped on a desert island, trying to say, "I'm here!" to a plane that he can't see, but hear up within the clouds.

"I think he's awake sister," says the familiar voice of Stivile.

"I think so too. About time. He's such a sleepy head that he missed all the morning activities," replies Cavalla.

The hose is disconnected, the bed loosening around him, the sheets pulled away as the sting light hits his face making him groan, "Ahhh."

"Oh, sorry. We should have gone slower," says Cavalla in an apologetic tone of voice.

"It's fine. He's more than happy to be able to get out and move about again, aren't you Legante?" asks Stivile.

"Yeah... yeah, I want to get out and about. Take a shower and tackle what day is left before the horse drawn carts are done again," he says, feeling the rush of cool air across his body while the two ponies take the time to remove the internal bondage.

Legante's vision clears, allowing him to see the two helpful ponies. The yellow and purple, and purple and yellow contrasting pony sisters, a lovely sight, Cavalla being the yellow, Stivile the purple. He can barely imagine them being away from each other for long, as if the two fine mares were meant for each other or something.

"We'll help you with that," says Stivile.

"T-that is if you are okay with it."

"He's fine with it. He has yet to realize how tired out he is from all that cart pulling. He was lucky to get to do two cart pullings, that is until he realizes his legs are jelly for at least the next day or so," she explains.

"T-that's true."

"I appreciate your help ladies, but I do think I can at least take a shower myself. As much as I appreciate and do admit like the idea of taking one with you two," he says, attempting to take his first tentative steps out of bed, only to tumble forward, saved by the quick movements of the two pony gals.

"I told you," Stivile remarks triumphantly.

"Are you okay?" asks Cavalla with concern.

He looks at just how close he was from face planting the floor, "I'm fine... yeah, perhaps I think it would be good if you help me take a shower. Sooner rather than later? I was um..." he looks over himself, "Rather pent-up last night, and Spreading Shine forgot to cover my junk to make sure I didn't make a mess."

Stivile gasps, "Are you saying Spreading Shine made a mistake?"

A faint whisper in the back of his mind says, "*Spreading Shine doesn't make mistakes.*"

He shakes his head, "What? No, I don't think so. It was late and tired, probably forgot. But if you ladies don't mind. Could you provide me the aid of a shower?"

“Sure, sure,” says Cavalla, picking him up with the help of her fellow pony, taking him to the shower, where soon enough he’s propped against the wall, the flow of warm water across his rubber skin, pitter pattering across his skin. The grime of the previous day, the dirt of the walk, the release of his essence, washing away under the loving tender and caressing hands of the two pony girls.

Their naked bodies pressing up against him with a squeak, arousal quickly returning to him, as the vision of two lovely girls, pressing their breasts up against one another as they wash across his body is just too much for any one man... pony to ignore.

“Oh my, are we doing that good of a job?” asks Stivile with a playful wink, taking a cloth, gently rubbing and caressing the aching equine cock, the warm soapy water making his rubber body shine and squeak louder.

“I hope that’s okay we help clean you thoroughly,” says Cavalla, kneeling down before him, helping prop up his body with her hands, spreading his legs, while she nuzzles and licks at the balls, gently taking one into her mouth to suckle.

“Ladies please...” he says, the two stopping what they are doing looking up at him, saying in unison.

“Yes?”

“D-don’t stop,” he grunts.

Stivile grins, while Cavalla looks relieved, resuming to give his other gonad some loving tender care, while the other pony caresses his length with the cloth, licking across the flat cock head.

“Ohhh shit balls, this feels so good,” he grunts, bucking up against the two ladies, “Despite only the suit getting cleaned, I don’t feel dirty at all.”

“Of course, everypony just needs a shower to be cleaned, no matter how dirty or down in the earth they were,” Stivile explains, working his length harder, pressing her breasts around his member, forgoing the cloth completely.

“That’s not what I... ohhh fuck, fuck,” he grunts, knickering, thrusting up against the ladies, working harder against them till he can no longer contain himself, unleashing another sticky human load, the post nut clarity coming over him a few moments later along with the seed being washed away in the soapy water. “Oh my... I wasn’t expecting this. Sorry I was just...”

Stivile puts a finger on his lips, “Relax, that we are here for, but you did get me all dirty... just means you’ll have to help clean me off while my sister finishes you. Don’t you think?” she asks, giving him a playful wink and nudging down to her sex.

“R-right. But I’m more than happy to return the favor to both of you lovely ponies,” he replies, body pinned up against the wall, lowered as the dominant pony moves herself into position pressing her sex against his face, while she takes the shower head, unhooking it from the wall to focus the warm flow of water across her chest.

“Oh... I’m fine, I’m happy to be of service here for now,” says Cavalla while Legante gets to work licking and servicing the other pony’s hot warm rubber folds.

Each lick tasted sweet like honey, not what he was expecting but the smell of rubber was just the same. Drawn into the wet purple folds of sweet delight. He suckles and licks across the folds, wanting to give her the same pleasure that he was given not that long ago. His mind is willing, despite his body barely able to keep himself up without the aid of the two fine ladies.

He works hard, going nice and deep, rubbing the girl's legs, his hands and arms at least one part of him that is working. He reaches around, squeezing the girl's butt with one hand, while gently petting and caressing Cavalla's head with the other.

Cavalla lets out a soft neigh of surprise, but returns the favor with a nuzzle and suckle of his fingertips.

It's not long till the war water is mixed with the gushing hot juices of Stivile's climax. It washes over his face, down his throat like the water across his body. Stivile pants and aches in delight, keeping herself close against his face, making sure that he can enjoy himself and keep his head buried between his thighs. A lovely, connected moment between the three, and he knows there is more to come, but he also knows there's a lot more to see at this establishment, and despite his growing desire to go pull the cart again. There is only so much special treatment he can get, and he'll have to sign up for each and everyone he can. For now, though... this isn't half bad, in fact he might even think he could get used to this.

A few days later he sits with the two fine ladies and a third stud. Each has a few layers of bondage upon their person. Leather body harness, a muzzle, a ball gag on Stivile, but none were as geared up for fun as Legante. He has the body harness, leather pony boots with a hobble chain between them, a head harness with a ball gag with black blinders, which have the words, "obey" on one blinder "herd" on the other, written on the inside.

Legante looks over his cards, his member twitches within a tight equine chastity cage, pressing up against the walls, his body aching in a level of arousal, which is made all the worse by the low-level vibration of the butt plug shoved into his rear with a nice blue jewel at the end. The card holders assist in presenting him with his cards, his flat hoofed hands have gotten a little better at manipulating the world around him, much to his surprise, but at the moment there is just one thing in mind, *"Come on. So close, so very close."*

He looks over to his competition which are at other stages of lesser bondage than he is. He gently grinds against the plug, he licks his lips, eyeing the rainbow elixir that sits in the middle of the table. He'd say something but all he can do is chew on the ball gag in his mouth, letting his tongue run across the back end, drool building up behind it, before he swallows it down. Despite the suit holding his human body within, all the sensations and flavors, edging and encouraging him further. His moments of post nut clarity are few and far between, and he's loving it.

Stivile chuckles, she is being in the second most amount of bondage, the only difference between him and her is the ball gag, "I don't think you're going to beat my full house Legante. Three nines and two kings," she states triumphantly, spreading her cards across the table by flipping the stand over, "I'm not going to lose this," she winks.

Cavalla, “Oh... I’m sorry, but I have two aces and three tens,” she explains, showing off her set, “I think I may have won this one. I hope that is okay.”

She looks over the cards, letting out a playful huff, “It’s fine. As long as *he* doesn’t win, I think we’ll be fine,” she states, motioning toward Legante.

He’d grin if he could, moving to show his cards, two, twos and three queens, a far better full house than either of them.”

Stivile looks at him in disbelief, “Really? Well, that’s not fair. You must have had a card up your sleeve or something.”

He raises his arms, showing the bondage cuffs, but no sleeves or any possible way to have hidden anything, especially with those hooves. He shakes them, the metal D rings rattling for emphasis.

The other male pony remarks, having already folded his cards, “He won fair and square, meaning he gets the reward. I know you were eager, but fair is fair.”

“I know, but every pony can get frustrated now and again, right?”

He chuckles, “That’s fair, but he gets the vial and all the fun that comes with winning,” he says, grabbing the swirling rainbow liquid.

Legante smirks the best he can given the circumstances, but the moment the glass vial has been picked up, a burning need happens within him, “*Yes, yes, I’ve won. I get to have all the fun and delight. This is going to be so magical,*” he thinks, thoughts swirling with possibility, tongue licking across the back of the red ball gag, just ready to burst. The gag is unhooked, he gasps, cool air rushing into his lungs, tongue out, ready to to get a taste.

“Are you ready Legante?” asks the male pony, removing the glass stopper from the vial.

“Yes.”

“Just a drop of friendship,” he says, gingerly tipping the vial, the swirling rainbow liquid is like oil in water.

His eyes are locked on it, vision tunneling further thanks to the blinders, and then the drop hits his tongue a burst of energy, love, delight, lust, a wave of pleasure surging through him, his cock twitching, aching hard against the chastity cage, while his heart flutters like seeing the one he loves after being apart for far too long. Eyes glaze over as he nearly climaxes in the moment, the world softening, colors beginning to pop while his body grows all the more sensually sensitive, driving him wild.

The ball gag is slipped back into his mouth, muffing his moans. His deep breaths make all the aromas swirling around him. He swears he can ‘see’ the colors of the rainbow. Barely fully aware that he’s been leashed and tugged by the posture collar. Each step on his pony hoofed feet is tight, creaking of leather and squeaking of latex yet feeling as light as walking on the clouds.

Stivile remarks, “Lucky pony.”

Cavalla consoles, “It’s alright. Next time. It’s his first time winning, and second time enjoying the pure essence of the magic of friendship.”

“I know but it could have been me,” she sighs, turning to her fellow pony, “But we could get some ponies to help make his time all the more fun,” she says with a playful wink.

“That’s the spirit.”

The words felt like singing in Legante’s mind. The stud guiding him through the mansion felt like an angel taking him to the land of pure bliss and nirvana. The other ponies are bright, colorful, rather cheerful, more so than they normally are, if that is even somehow possible. Each short hobbling step is taken with care, while worries and cares are whisked away, lost in the euphoria.

Everyone feels a several folds friendlier, nicer, more delightful. Their words like singing birds, sweet honey to his ears, and the necessity of the blinders felt all the more now more than ever. He’s led straight to the bondage theme room, where ponies of bipedal and quad stature are touselled up for fun of all sorts. He though, is being pulled into the very center of the room where for vac cubs are set up. Two designed to fit the quad ponies, and two for the bipedal and the only one currently free is a bipedal one he’s being led to.

Like the vac bed in his room, the pump that sucks the air out is elsewhere with a tube in the floor that is activated with a spigot that can turn on and off the suction. He stands lazily in the behind area of the cubs, where he can see the special holes that are designed to expose yet also keep the air from sneaking in, providing a lovely aching experience.

“First we have to get you set up, Legante,” explains the pony, “That’s alright, yes?” he asks.

“It’s alright.”

“Everything is alright.”

“No need to worry.”

“You are with friends.”

“Friends will take care of you.”

“Friendship is magic.”

Such thoughts weave in and out of his mind, encouraging to listen, relax, trust and *obey* his friend. He knows what to do, he knows what he’s talking about. He’ll lead him to a good time. Such a simplistic, realistic, and truthful way of thinking. The hobble chains are removed, the cage is unlocked, his member slipping free from its confines, stretching out to a full erect throbbing member, aching to be touched.

All of it is ignored though. Anything that could possibly cut through the rubber is removed. Then his rear is lubricated, the plug is tugged out, popping out of his aching hole, which makes him moan in delight. The cool air teasing his rear as he clenches, already wishing to have the plug back inside of him, “Don’t worry, I am just preparing you for the time in the cube.”

Legante bites onto the ball gag, suckling on it, he nods, relaxing his muscles, trusting him as his rear is pushed into by the pony’s fat fingers. One of the few ‘fingered’ ponies at the place. A copious amount of cool lubricant slides into his behind.

“Good pony. Now slip into the cube. Put your limbs to opposite corners, head into the hole, and lift your butt up so I can get your position nice and prepared.”

He lets out a single stomp.

“I see some pony has learned from their time in the carriage,” he says, teasing Legante’s butt, giving one last playful smack before the pony steps inside.

The rubber creaks and stretches as the frame bends to the motions of him slipping inside, going through a small rubber tunnel that leads into the cube. The black rubber interior is lit by the hole for his head to stick into. He slips his head inside, feeling it run across his head, gently hugging around his neck while he places his feet into the back corners of the cube, hands to the front, holding himself there across the cube. The hole he came from is zippered close, the rubber rolled up nice and tight, and held tight into place, helping make that airtight seal that is required.

“Butt up pony.”

He huffs, lifting his rear up, feeling the rubber wall gripped against his rear, as there is a pressure a few moments later pushing into his rear, “Good pony,” he says, using the butt plug to guide and push in the rubber fuck hole that now slides into his rear, giving a nice exposed hole for others to access. The blue gem at the base makes it stand out in the sea of rubber. But with that in him, the spigot is turned, and the air is sucked out around him.

The change is not as fast as he is expecting. It’s a slow and gradual change, for a few moments it’s as if nothing is changing. Rather the rubber around his true form expands and relaxes as the pressure around him drops, but then the rubber walls start to move. He moves and wiggles in his position, thrusting forward, as the rubber clasps around his hooves, crawling across his arms, down his back, across the chest, steadily outlining his form.

He huffs, breathing deep, suckling the ball gag in his mouth, he’s facing outwards away from the other cubes, unable to see the other pony’s faces, but that doesn’t matter. Those watching him, admiring how he’s being set up. Their friendly cute smiles, their colorful rubber bodies. Their conversations singing to him, drawing him into a lul of protection and safety that his body longs for, unleashing him from the constraints of his mind.

The rubber presses in from all sides, further outlining his form, movements growing harder as he pushes and tugs against the rubber. The strength growing while his will to resist wanes. Cornered on all sides, the march of the rubber meets his body in the middle, held there as he finds he no longer needs to prop himself up within the cube. Suspending in the rubber, his head able to relax and rest there while he looks ahead at any pony that approaches, petting his rubber clad head, the harness around his muzzle, being playfully tugged on as he knows full well that he’s now an interactive display for any pony to come and approach him.

The first to come is a quad unicorn, of different colors of blacks and blues. His body shining more than any bipedal pony he’s seen thus far, perhaps more than Mistress Spreading Shine. His cock bounces with each step as it hangs underneath him, “I have yet to try this new pony. It’s been a long time I had a virgin mouth,” he muses, reaching out to run his hoof against the bound and trapped cock that is pressed snugly against Legante’s body. It’s been a while he’s felt this naked while having so many layers of latex all around him

Legante bucks against the touch, moaning, breathing deeply, nostrils flaring. His right leg twitches like an animal that is enjoying a good pet, unable to stop the primal instincts that are flowing through him.

The quad pony presses harder, rubbing faster, harder, managing to move his member a few millimeters in either direction. The loud squeaks echo out through the room, drawing a few passing glances, but it's just another day here, nothing new to see here. So exposed, so public, yet it's nothing, it's normal, it's the community that welcomes such lewd behavior with open hooves. Kinks and fetishes normalize to such a degree that it's considered nothing more than a couple holding hands...

"Let's see how you are. I've been rather pent up and..." he says trailing off, looking deep into Legante's eyes, "You are on the magic. Ohh how wonderful," he says with a giddiness in his voice, "Now I just cannot not use you," he expresses, his member visibly twitching.

"He's so handsome. So, friendly. I'd lovely service such a powerful full pony like him. Please use me," he thinks, licking the back of the ball gag, which is soon removed from his mouth. The pony's hooves expertly doing so even though it appears to be an impossible task.

"I hope you're ready. Suckle hard six times if you need a breather," he says, the pony climbing up against the cube, his thick black rubber equine cock now pressing up against the bound pony's lips.

His eyes locked on the length, tongue licking across the flat head, tasting the salty sweet rubber member, which drives him further into an euphoric stage. His hips thrust against the rubber, cock visibly twitching as he takes the cock into his mouth with wanting lips.

"Good pony. Accept my offer of friendship. Please me," he says with a soft nicker, pushing up against the open hungry maw, sliding in. He moans, enjoying the warm mouth across his cock. The tongue slithers across his sensitive rubber flesh, edging him to go deeper.

With each inch of the member pushed into him, the harder it becomes to do anything but focus on that wonderful cock. The heavy balls growing closer to his nostrils. He swallows down the first waves of pre-cum and the cock flavored salvia that is building up within his mouth. It's a beautiful moment to be of service and help the herd in another pony's primal needs. He bobs his head against the length, sliding up and down an inch at best across it, providing more pleasure is he takes more in, pushing it through his long muzzle, into the back of his throat.

The heavy equine orbs come closer to him. Their scent drives him into a mating frenzy. His cock would jump if it wasn't already so tightly bound up against the underside of his form. His ass clenches on the toy only to find a surprising tug against it. A new pony has arrived that is in need of his body. The plug is twisted and pulled; the anal ring spread wide while the focus of his visual attention draws near.

The quad pony before him bucks, hilt, the balls kiss the underside of Legante's chin just as the plug is yanked out of his behind. The sensation of cool air against his exposed rear is muffled by the layer of rubber that is pushed into him. But even that sensation doesn't end for long as another flat headed equine member is pressed against his rear. The member guided by

the latex like a rubber vortex leading straight to his hole, much like the rubber walls guide a pony's hips straight toward his mouth.

The new contender presses himself against his rear, expanding his anal ring. The member presses into his insides, exciting his nerve endings, crushing his prostate, adding to the moment. His ass tightly squeezes and milks the length, body rubber band bouncing against the cock, swinging back and forth against the cock as it delves deeper inside of his aching wanting body.

His member shifts within the tightly held cube, feeling like he's held in place by loving embracing rubber hooves that tease every inch of his body. He suckles harder, tongue slithering across the cock of pure pleasure.

Hooves run across his backside. The cube allows him to be touched from any side, by anyone, and it's at this moment it's becoming ever clearer as something nuzzles and licks across his rubber bound cock.

"How many wonderful ponies are there showing their friendship to me?" he wonders for only a moment before a buck from behind brings his focus to his ass. He squeezes down, wanting to be a good 'friend' and provide the pleasure the one behind him needs, but like a swinging pendulum his attention is drawn back to his hungry muzzle, slurping and tasting the spurt so of pre-cum that splashes along the back of his throat, sliding down his throat, getting the faintest flavor of the sweet delicious essence he's taken from the purer pony, the better pony, the pony that part of him is wanting to experience but not yet... he's not yet worthy.

Each thrust is a burst of pleasure that ripples through his body, the two opposing forces waves crash within his belly, causing his butterflies to spring to life and fly throughout his form, spreading to the very limbs, the fibers of his essence. The magic flooding his mind, body, soul, incomprehensible to those that have not experienced it. How he even got to this moment, the card game, a forgotten instant in his past as his current present is everything to him.

The pony on display, ready to serve and service those wanting to have him. To be the friendliest darn pony any pony could ever be. He suckles harder, squeezes rhythmically, letting the throbbing shafts push into his body with ease and delight. He would not call their hard thrusts punishing but a blessing to behold.

He's to be taken, used, 'abused' in the name and feeling of friendship that he's sharing with these ponies and those who are to come. And come they shall, deep within his mouth, down his throat, up into his rear, where he hungrily accepts it. The lust juice only adds to the depths of how much he wants more pummeled into his body. He hangs on rubber threads, letting his muscles and body relax, not having to worry about anything except bounce and squirm within the embracing latex, keeping him aloft, gravity having no meaning to him as he can lazily take the thrusts, the juices, but he's an interactive display and he thrusts, squirms, moans, slurps, suckles, squeezes, all the motions he could possibly do.

His member twitches, aches, wanting to be pleased, and even the touches he receives is beyond what he could hope for at this moment, and it's the difference between here and to the moon of reaching a climax, but that didn't matter. He's the center piece, center of attention.

And what's even better? He's servicing a quad at this very moment. With a thick throbbing cock, strong thrusts, such perfection, strength, yet a loving friendly care. The balls kiss his chin again, the balls growing tenser, bringing him closer to the moment of release. Legante can sense it.

Slap, the balls of the pony behind him hit hard on the rubber, vibrating the latex that covers the back side of his body, getting an echo location sense of their heft, weight. His imagination going wild of what studs are taking him, getting the first dibs of his body, and in these lost moments he barely registers that the two ponies are reaching their limits, flooding his throat and rear with hot sticky friendship spunk.

The pony pleasures flow into him smoothly, and Legante hungrily takes it all in. He squirms and wiggles within his bondage bucking against the pony that has been mercilessly teasing his cock, a small bit of icing on top of this cum cake that he's taking in the spit roast of friendship, and he knows this is just the beginning of his time here. He bobs his head, drinking all he can, feeling the twitching balls against his chin as they pump the sweet fluid right into him.

He's all too happy to help drain them of their pent-up need to express themselves. To get off on this magical moment is the reward that Legante could ever hope for, want, need. His mind too far lost in the swirls of the euphoric drink that he was given to question any of this. No, it's more than that. It did not need to be questioned. A self-evident delight and wonder and when these ponies are done, he'll be eager and ready to enjoy another round, another friend that could use his services. Like any good pony, he'll give himself for the herd, help the herd, *obey* the herd.

It's paradoxical. How could time seem not to flow for him, each moment lasting an eternity and a day yet transpire in a blink of an eye. The magic spell that was placed upon him through the elixir eventually fades away into a throbbing delightful afterglow. He's so very drained from the time in the cube.

He stares ahead, the blinders helping keep his focus in front of him. The popping colors returning to normal, then a lovely rubber blue steps before his gaze, the well-dressed teasing BDSM pony, Spreading Shine crouches down before him, her pink eyes drawing him in, "I heard you had an exciting bet going on with the game of cards. Looks like your poker skills are as sharp as ever."

He tries to respond but the gag that has been placed in his mouth countless times between uses stops him. He suckles weakly upon it, slurping up the taste of the previous few ponies he helped brighten their day with his growingly experienced tongue.

Spreading Shine chuckles, unlatching the gag, "Sorry, what was that?"

"Y-yeah..." he replies with a weak smile.

"I know you love your sugar cubes, like any pony, you can't have too much of a good thing and you have to share. And you need to get a nice late dinner... if you are still hungry."

"I feel quite full..."

She chuckles, "Is that so? Perhaps a light salad before bed then."

"Is today another cart pull?"

“Hold your horses there, partner. I know you are eager, but your health is also important. And unfortunately for you, your next trip is two days, and I’ll make sure you are nice and ready for it. Come, lets get you out there and something good to eat.”

“Yes Mistress Spreading Shine,” he responds, nuzzling into the pony’s soft fingertips as they caress around his muzzle.

“Good pony,” she responds, moving behind to the back of the cube, pulling out the plug with a nice slow tug.

He softly moans, arching his back, his butt tensing and relaxing, but knowing why he allows her to pull the gem plug out from him with a soft squeaky pop. The ache of his hole reminds him of just how much he has been used, and how much friendly essence has been shoved into him, his body working to keep it all within him, “Once out... mind putting that back in?” he asks softly.

“Sure thing,” she responds, gently caressing his butt through the cube’s rubber before unrolling the rubber tunnel, reaching in for the zipper that is already hissing some air in. The following woosh that followed is less impressive than he’d thought, but the cool air running across his rubber clad body, makes him completely forget that he’s still trapped within a rubber pony suit.

The rubber peels from his body, causing a bit of strength to thank himself out from the corners, his cock slowly sliding down free from his form, hanging there nice and free, pulling his head back with a soft neigh, “That was wonderful.” His butt pulling away from the other strategic hole, his cheeks clenched, feeling a little remiss that the time has come to an end.

“I know it is, but before you go. Remember to clean up after yourself in there,” says Spreading Shine, slipping in some cleaning supplies, “Make sure you give a nice clean of everything before exiting,” she explains, then handing him his missing plug.

“I got it... and thanks,” he says, taking the plug, placing it back into him, spreading his well-lubricated and used cheeks with it, passing that point of no return with relative ease and once the plug was lodged back inside, he felt relaxed and secured that he won’t accidentally make any more of a mess while he’s inside.

Spreading Shine takes the moment to admire him from the outside, seeing the outline of his hooves and the cloth being used as it presses up against the walls, cleaning, polishing and making sure it's ready for the next pony to take his place, whoever that may be. When all was said and done, she offers her hand to help him out.

“Thank you, Mistress Spreading Shine, I’ve really been enjoying my time here. I can’t believe it's only been uh...” he takes a moment to try to calculate just how long it’s been since he walked into the mansion, but his train of thought is caught short by his fellow pony’s soft caressing fingers.

“If you are wondering how much time you have left till this comes to an end. Don’t worry about that, I’m keeping track of it. Your job is to evaluate all of her services and understand just what kind of ponies we are. That our bond of friendship, love and joy of each other may look odd to some but is no different once you boil it down to the basics.”

He lets out a single stomp, blushing when he realizes what he just did, “I can talk... yeah. I got it.”

“It’s quite alright. Let’s get you a nice salad, and tomorrow we can watch a movie at the theater.”

“We’re going out into public?”

“No. We finished a private production within our community. Made by ponies, for ponies and pony lovers. With the help of... well you’ll see. Why ruin the surprise. But I am sure this full interactive experience will be something that you’re just going to love. And best of all, I’m even in it.”

“You are?”

“I know, I should be a little more humble about it, but I haven’t starred in a movie before. It’s quite exciting. We’re going to be premiering it at many pony towns across the globe.”

“That sounds like a rather big thing.”

“It’s something.”

“Is there going to be a premiere party or something?”

“The private premier already happened, but fear not. I’ll be making sure you get the full enjoyable experience tomorrow.”

“Awe, thank you Mistress Spreading Shine.”

“You are welcomed, now, come, come. We have to get you some food.”

He leans against her, nodding, “*Something about her words that are always so nice, soothing. I could listen to her for hours... I don’t know why... it’s because she’s so nice and friendly,*” he thinks, as he’s taken to get a nice meal.

The following day filled Legante with a level of eagerness, “*What could this movie be about? I’m sure it’s going to be delightful. What role did Mistress Spreading Shine play?*” the thoughts dancing through his head while he is led to the bipedal pony theater on the opposite side of the mansion. He knows the other end is the quadrupedal theater. Though there is a lot of mixing between the two there are sections within the mansion and the community that are clearly designated for those that are best fit for the full pony lifestyle.

“I’m excited to know about this movie. Has Mistress Spreading Shine told either of you what it’s about?” Legante asks with growing curiosity.

Cavalla thinks for a moment, “No, not at all.”

Stivile adds though, “I do know that this is a special virtual reality type of movie. Something special tested for ponies like ourselves.”

“And how would you know something about that?”

“I sometimes get the Mistress’ ear and we have some fun conversations,” she teases.

“Since when? I’m almost always with you.”

“The key word is *almost* always,” she says with a teasing wink.

She huffs and lets out a single foot stomp, “No fair!”

Legante shivers, hearing that one firm stomp. It echoes within his mind, but he quickly shakes the sensation off, “Ladies. Let’s not fight, okay? We are all friends here right? Let’s

enjoy the magic of this wonderful moment. Which is made all the better by being with *friends* right?" he asks, wiggling his rump a little, flicking his ponytail.

The girls look at each other then back at him, "I couldn't agree more," says Stivile.

Cavalla blushes and nods, "You're right. This is going to be a fun time together. And I'm going to enjoy this movie," she giggles.

"As will I. You're going to love the seats Legante."

He tilts his head, "I am? Are they comfortable?"

"Very comfortable, even if a bit constricting," she says, giving another playful wink.

Cavalla huffs, "You're going to spoil the surprise!"

"It'll be fine."

"I hope so," she says, tugging Legante along till they reach the 'home movie' theater. The mini-amphitheater that's large enough to fit twenty-five ponies, five to a row, but what really gets him is there is seating of black rubber, it's part of a rubber vac-chair, with a particular design to be from the neck down once pulled up and over, "Oh, that is unexpected but welcomed," he says, his heart pumping in delight, body aching to slip back in. Every night he's been in the tight rubber bed, his body responding positively, arousing, beginning to build.

"I thought so. We better hurry and take a seat before it's too late."

Without thinking much further on it, he takes a center chair in the middle of the theater, sliding into the smooth black rubber chair that slightly contours to his body, tail slipping into a black rubber bag in the tail slot. His body squeaks while he relaxes, feet resting on the back half of the chair, right before the tube that indicates the start of the front half of this back bed. He rests his head on a headrest that is slightly molded to the back of his head, inclined to tilt his head back a little. Half of a thick rubber ring rests along the back of his neck, marking the very top of the vac bed.

Stivile asks, "Enjoying yourself?"

"Very much so," he responds, taking a deep breath, trying to calm his excitement till a soft whisper in his mind says, "*We are all friends here in the herd. No need to be shy.*" Subtle commands, conditioning activating in the back of his mind, encouraging him to forget about his growing arousal, "This is going to be a fun movie, I can just feel it."

"I know. I think every pony will."

"I'm curious what the movie is about, this is exciting," says Cavalla, relaxing in her chair, wiggling her butt, causing the chair to squeak loudly, making her freeze, "Sorry, sorry. I shouldn't be so loud," she blushes a little bit.

Legante chuckles, "I'm sure it's fine. We all hear plenty of squeaking here," he assures her, gently pressing his hoof against hers.

"T-thanks," she replies, relaxing as a pony attendant, one for each row, starts to bring the front half of the vac chair up and over each pony's body.

The latex relaxes across his form, ample space around him as the sides and top are locked into place, sealing his limbs underneath the latex, but like an amusement ride, the top is simply sealed and locked into place before the next pony.

“Do you know why we are placed in these vac chairs? Not that I mind, but I’ve not seen something like this before for a movie.”

“Besides being fun, they use a special headset to play the movie. Best to relax and enjoy the movie, right?” responds Stivile.

“I suppose so,” he responds, getting nice and relaxed, the last of the vac-chairs getting into place, the vacuum spigots being flipped, the air sucked right out of the areas. The rubber presses up against their bodies, some of their ponies moaning out in delight, Legante being one of them. He looks down at his lovely, outlined cock, squirming and bucking against the tender contouring touch of rubber along his form, limbs bound to the chair as he’s held completely helpless against the rubber chair.

The pony attendants come along, placing visors with built in earmuffs onto his head, locking it into place, he hears a soft muffled voice, “How does that feel? Is it too tight?”

“No, it's perfect,” he says, looking in the direction of the voice.

She softly giggles, “Perfect. Enjoy the movie.

A soft white noise plays within the earmuffs, the visor black as night, unable to see anything he relaxes against the rubber that holds him in place. His mind relaxing, growing eager to see what the movie is, when there’s a pulsating light, drawing his attention to it, focusing as there is a whisper within the noise, but the more he tries to focus on it, the harder it is to become to understand it.

“Obey the herd.”

“Serve the herd.”

“It’s wonderful to be a pony.”

“Friendship is magic.”

He takes a deep breath, feeling a warm welcoming feeling come over him, his attention focused, unable to look away even if he wanted to and then the movie begins. It starts with the opening credits with warm inviting friendly music, he catches the statement, “In association with Toys-4-U Movie Productions.”

“*K-2003 is doing more than just Cynder Drone movies isn’t it?*” he amuses himself, squirming a little, the title of the movie named, “Droning is Magic, a pony story.” The movie starts in a rubber real life setting of rubber ponies, with only slightly exaggerated cartoon hinting of a setting. Showing the land that ponies always wish they had in real life, though in a more anthropomorphic state. Spreading Shine is introduced early in the movie as a sales’ pony, offering BDSM items. What makes this movie interesting though is the visual of the movie shifts from one pony to the next.

A level of kink and fetish is throughout the movie, and about a quarter of the way through the beginning once all of the main characters are introduced, Spreading Shine takes them on a little incursion to explore a cave, as she’s a spelunker on the side. While there they inadvertently release a smooth sleek black faceless rubber pony drone that it touches one of the main characters, smoothing out their features, turning them into a quad faceless pony that mimics their old colors, and they too become an infectious rubber drone pony. The sensation of rubber spreading across the pony’s body, the smoothing out their form felt in Legante’s mind.

“Obey the herd.”

“Serve the herd.”

“Love being part of the herd.”

“Good obedient pony.”

Whispers of the pony programming sinking into the pony drone before the point of view jumps again, leaving a strange wanting to go back, to be that pony drone.

The movie progresses with the remaining heroes doing all that they can to try to warn and stop the spread of these rubber pony drones but their job grows ever more difficult by people not believing them or by the time they do it's too late and too many are infected at the first few towns to really contain the spread and more of the main characters are taken and transformed. Another transformation point of view one after another.

Soon the movie is down to warning the royalty, to get the aid that is needed to stop the spread. It's down to one hero and Spreading Shine, as they do manage to succeed, warning of the spread and containing it. Everyone seems to be cheering and happy, the world has been saved.

A big thank you banquet with the Princesses is to be had, the joy of saving the world, and wrapping up the movie when a twist ending. Spreading Shine was the queen of the drones all along. She quickly infects the two princesses who have always been far too protected for her to every reach on her own. But she created the crisis using her drones to 'save' the world in order to achieve her real goal of infecting them.

As the watcher from the last hero's point of view steps back in surprise, Spreading Shine touches them, holding them there, “And you, my lovely pawn. I have you to thank. If I was the only survivor there'd be more suspicion. I needed someone I did not know to build my credibility. And for that you'll be my pawn... right... next... to... me.”

The spreading of rubber across them, smoothing out their form, the sense of becoming a quadruped pony building up within the viewer as they fall onto all fours, the whispers of becoming a good pony grows.

“Obey the herd.”

“Server the herd.”

“We are all *friends* here.”

“All for the herd.”

As the hero falls into their lustful obedience of Spreading Shine who stands there triumphantly, her face smoothing out to join the other ponies as they spread and infect the pony world, the movie ends on a feeling happy note, with the true hero of the movie becoming victorious as the herd takes over the land.

The credits roll, the music plays, drawing all the ponies that are watching into a soothing hypnotic state. Growing the urge to be a good friend of the herd, obey the herd. To do all they can for the herd. Their bodies are trapped in the seats, enthralled by everything, the movie including even a bonus scene where Spreading Shine in her smooth drone form activates an

advanced technology computer screen, and a smooth faced rubber Cynder Drone is on the other end.

The Cynder Drone states in a monotone voice, “How as your equal subjugation of your world progressed 000000000001.”

“Well. All major resistance has been equalized.”

“Excellent. We look forward to your next update once the planet is equalized.”

“Affirmative,” Spreading Shine says the video cutting out, Spreading Shine forming back into her ‘pony self’ “Yes... equal. All equal under me, my herd,” she chuckles as you approach her.

“Mistress Spreading Shine, what is your will?”

“Convert the planet. We must hurry. We have to prepare to butt heads with some less than friendly allies.”

“Yes Mistress.”

The scene ends with the last bit of text saying, “No ponies were harmed or droned in the making of this movie. All characters or likenesses wherein are completely fictional.”

The visors remain on, relaxing, soothing, drumming in simple thoughts of the herd, but after several minutes the visors turn off, the pony attendants remove them, the lights around them slowly illuminating as each pony is removed from their vac chairs.

Legante shivers, feeling so aroused, delighted, aching for more, “Oh... that felt wonderful. That was one of the best movies I have ever seen,” he remarks.

Stivile knickers, “I can agree. Mistress Spreading Shine was marvelous in the movie.”

Cavalla shivers, “I was lost in the characters... I could feel myself being part of it. In one way I was hoping the other ponies would win, but seeing Mistress Spreading Shine overcome all the challenges? And thinking back on the foreshadowing of that twist? It was all there. Best movie I’ve seen in a long while,” she says with a soft blush, pulling herself out of the chair, hearing the rubber peel from her backside.

The pull of rubber along Legante’s back is equally as delightful, his cock twitches, throbbing, the movie leaving him with a wanting sensation, mind lingering at just how ‘good’ it felt in his mind to be that quadrupedal pony. A flutter of envy building in his stomach before his two escorts draw him out of that carriage of thought.

“Now that’s done, what are you in the mood for Legante?” asks Stivile.

“What time is it?” he asks, looking around for a clock, “I’ve lost track of how long that movie is.”

“It’ll be sundown in just an hour.”

“That movie was three and a half hours long?”

“Amazing how fast time flies when you are having fun.”

“I think, an early dinner and a nap.”

Stivile looks subtly disappointed at the suggestion, “How come?”

He grins, puffing out his chest, “Today is my carriage pull.”

“Today? I didn’t notice you on the list.”

“The advanced pull.”

She looks impressed, “Another advanced pull? How lucky. Someone has the Mistress’ eye to get selected for such a prestigious pull.”

“Good ponies are humble.”

“Good ponies encourage friendships and cooperation, not conflict.”

He shakes his head, “No, I’m just a little lucky. Nothing more than that. If anything, its so I can get a proper test of everything. I’m here for only a month after all.”

Cavalla speaks up, “That’s true, Stivile.”

She huffs, “I suppose. Can’t fault a mare for getting a little jealous that you get to be so locked up and strut your stuff. Right?”

Legante gives her a little nuzzle, “You and Cavalla are some of the best ponies I could have ever hoped for. And I’d be no pony if it weren’t for you two helping me. I’m only this successful because of you two. Please don’t take any offense.”

“None taken. But you might owe us a little carriage pull sometime.”

He smirks, “I’ll see what I can do.”

“Good,” she nuzzle licks his face.

Legante’s heart flutters in delight, *“I’d love to pull these two lovelies almost as much pulling Mistress herself. The rubber, the tight bondage, the wonder of being a pony here at this commune? It’s so difficult to describe. How will I put this into words? Do I even need to?”* he thinks, eager to be put back into his full bondage harness and cage, knowing the sooner he naps, the sooner it will happen.

When Legante is back in the saddle, being prepared to pull the carriage, his body is aching in full delight. The chastity cage slipped across his length, locking behind his balls, the flat cylindrical cage holding his equine bits nice and tight, transferring the bondage to his human parts, which he often forgets he has, if at this point, he’s even remembering that its’ there. The sounding rod slipped into his cum hole, blocking all from leaking out, adding another layer of feeling ‘full’ like the pumped plug between his cheeks that is currently massaging and crushing his prostate with a constant medium level vibration. The sounding rod locked into the cage itself, making sure there is no way that it can slip out of him.

A special hobble chain is tied between his thick thigh high pony boots with heavy five pound horseshoes attached to the bottom. This makes each step to be felt, but the chain itself is what is most interesting. The chain has a special craftsmanship to it that limits his steps to only half a pony step, but worse still each step has to be at a full gait, and if any of his steps are outside of line of what he should be doing, the chain grows taught, and interlocks with itself, preventing further movements in the incorrect direction. The chain itself instantly doubling the amount of effort it will take to go the same distance, but he did not care. Another layer of bondage, another level of control.

*“This feels wonderful. Each time I get to go on these I feel **closer** to the **herd**. And the more I spend time with **Mistress Spreading Shine** the more I wish to stay. She’s taking such good care of me. She’s so good for the **herd**. So good for me...”*

Spreading Shine runs her fingers across his body, checking the tight corset around Legante's belly and chest, which further straightens out his back, ensuring proper breathing, even if it's a little constricted. The full rubber pony hood is wrapped around his head, with blinders forcing him to focus on the pony before him. Posture collar limiting his head movements even further. Each breath is filled with the sweet intoxicating aroma of the pony's special aphrodisiac and caffeine that excites the mind and arouses the body.

A wondrous sensation flooding his lungs, soothing any aches or pains he'll be getting from the up-and-coming long cart pull. The lenses within the mask are already flickering, drawing his eyes into the trance, painting the world in that magical cartoonish visage, making the pony Mistress look all the more glowing. Her voice sings into his mind with every word she speaks, "Looking very good Legante, but we must make sure you are nice and secure before we start this run," she says, tugging on the reins that are connected and woven through his body harness. His limbs bound in a reverse upside-down prayer that goes over his head and behind his back. The ropes that bind and pull his hooves back and to his back are also used to keep the heavy container that contains the gas in place, which adds to the weight and pull of his bound and helpless arms.

Every bit of gear is heavier and studier than the previous set. The layers of bondage squeezing, pressing, confining the human underneath, leaving nothing left that isn't a calculated limited movement, "Does Legante feel good about his ultra-heavy bondage?" Spreading Shine asks in a sweet voice, tugging on his reins.

He lets out a single stomp, suckling on the gag in his mouth, breathing through his nostrils, which add to the heavy latex and leather aroma that floods his lungs with every breath. Already the haze of delight, pleasure, needs budding up within him. His exposed body is nothing, and when the other ponies are hitched up to his position, he couldn't help but fall in love with the knowledge that he's sinking into the sea of bliss, guided by his fellow ponies, feeling like he's one of the **herd**.

"Everything looks to be in order. Perfection. Such a precious friendly pony you are. I told you. You were one of us," she says with a playful giggle, gently rubbing his smooth rubber clad chest, slinking behind him, climbing onto the carriage, where she grabs the reins and a whip, "Giddy up my ponies!" she commands, cracking the whip, having it kiss Legante's ass, making his ass hike. The layers of latex providing some protection against the hit, yet still leaving an ache that slowly fades.

He lifts his legs, the chains rattling as each pony moves in unison, taking that small half step, with a full proper gait. He's going to be taken for a ride, and he's going to love it. The heavy hooves clip clop against the ground, music to his ears, while he swears he can hear that white noise that he heard at the movie theater, yet any time Spreading Shine spoke the noise softens and her words came through, she is the storm that overpowers all other noises, thoughts, distractions.

"I am a good pony."

"I love this."

“So tight. Constrictive, caring. I just follow, I go along with the herd. I am so lucky to be able to do this,” he thinks, trotting down the path with his fellow ponies, *“It will be even better to share this with Cavalla and Stivile. They’ll love to join me and be part of the herd. Hmm yes, obey the herd. Follow the herd. Listen to Mistress Spreading Shine. Wait... what was I thi...”*

Legante’s line of thought is cut away when another whip hits his butt. He moans deeply, suckling the gag in his mouth. His entire stability is based on the reins that help hold him up, his fellow ponies and also his sheer determination to do his best. The carriage ride is a privilege, not a right. He has to show himself worthy of his position to tug Mistress Spreading Shine.

They move through the open night fields, which are lit by the half full moon. The forest is a bright delight thanks to the mask and hypnotic suggestions and the pony village they trot through, is full of life even at this time of night with people having parties and going to the midnight clubs. All the quadrupedal ponies are able to really express themselves in their pony world.

His body strains with each step, but the reward for having to make it thus far, under such body duress adds to the endorphins that rush through his system, making him feel oh so good, while being oh so aroused. The strain of his cock is nothing but a familiar feeling, an embracing grip around his length, feeling more pent up with each passing moment. The rod in his urethra locking in every drop of his essence, making his balls feel heavier, to be that as a full-fledged stallion.

The virality and strength of his pony mind, the collective herd mentality, his ass squeezing on the plug that has filled him so much that there’s nothing but bliss. The friendship that Spreading Shine has shown him is fantastic. Even when standing idle with the other five ponies, he feels like a show pony rather than a workhorse.

A sense of pride fills him even if his body screams to be filled by any pony, and to be milked to the next dawn, which is how long he has to wait till that even happens. Once Spreading Shine has completed her tasks at the village, going to a club, perhaps some shopping, she has him and the others take her back to the mansion, going through the magical forest.

The strain and exertion placed upon him makes it difficult to think of anything but the next command to follow. Unable to think, or perhaps better stated, too tired to think for himself, simply going through the motions and feeling the endorphin rush of completing each task. When he reaches the barn, his heart is ready to leap out of his chest. The mask inflates and deflates with such vigor that it is torn between the sensation that it's going to get stuck against his rubber face or inflate to the point of popping.

Eagerly yet still with a trained patience he stands there waiting for it to be time for him to be unhitched. One pony, then the next, then the pony beside him. Spreading Shine waiting as the other attendants take their time to take their ponies away to be readied to return to their ‘normal’ state. She then approaches, letting Legante simmer just a few moments longer, the warmth of the early day sun not even reaching them as the mansion blocks the light, but the warm glow in the sky was noticed just before entering the barn.

“Legante. Have you enjoyed yourself thus far?” Spreading Shine asks in the most nonchalant tone, taking her time to slowly unhitch him from the carriage.

He lets out the best of a stomp he can give that the hobble chain between his legs would allow.

She smiles, pulling him over slowly toward one of the stables, hitching him into it, before kneeling down to gently give his rubber clad balls a soft tender rub, “Poor Legante, so needy, and eager. I bet you really want to find release right now, don’t you?”

He huffs, letting out a single stomp, the chains rattling.

“Legante, I know you are such a whore for bondage. I’m quite touched at your dedication, want and need for it. As a proprietor of bondage gear, I have an eye for such sweet fetishes, and the level of desire one could have. Yours is fascinating to watch and to explore and to exploit... I’m sure you don’t mind, do you Legante?”

“Listen to Mistress Spreading Shine.”

“Obey the herd.”

“Serve the herd.”

“Serve Mistress Spreading Shine.”

He lets out a single hard stomp, the leather creaking, body squeaking, hissing pants between his mask, looking straight ahead, unable to even lower his head to see her. The Mistress, the lovely pony is in the area that is unable to be seen, it's as good as being blind folded but what's worse... he can see, just not what she's doing.

“Do you know what a ruined orgasm is Legante?”

A shiver runs down his spine, deep down he knows where she is going with this, but like a moth to the flame he can't stop himself from going along with it. She is the Alpha of the herd, he must obey, he must serve. She is the mistress, and he lets out a stomp. He can't see the smile but something tells him that she is, and it's a sweet loving yet devious smile with a confidence that screams, “I know what I am doing and you can do nothing about it.”

“Have you ever experienced one Legante?”

The pounding in his chest grows faster even if he's regained his breath. His body numb from such a long carriage pull yet the parts of him that have been screaming for attention are more sensitive as if the nerves in his body retreated to his erogenous zones, increasing their sensitivity several fold, *“I could lie... but why lie to a friend? That is not how you build trust in your friends. I could never lie to her. My Mistress,”* he thinks, letting out one stomp... there is a pause for a second before the second stomp follows.

Another shiver runs through his spine, his balls tense and pull up as Spreading Shine takes them into her hand. His entire body, his every sensation was left up to her whim, desires, manipulations. Those hooved fingers, the few that could be felt by any pony knew exactly what to do to remind him just how heavy his pent-up balls have become.

“I thought so. How about we try to edge one out of you then we can talk about something I think you might be rather open to it, but first your reward...” she says trailing off,

her fingers dancing around the heavy rubber orbs, pulling at the ring that is held right above them that keeps the chastity in its position.

Legante takes a deep breath, the arousing gas flooding his lungs, a moan muffled by the dildo in his maw which he hungrily suckles down, a little bit of drool running down his chin, but contained within the mask.

Spreading Shine brings her muzzle to those black shiny balls that shine with such a brightness that she could see a faint reflection of her blue latex self in them. She licks across them like a salt lick, sliding across the orbs, curling into a U and cupping one of them. The tongue's multiple muscles are expressed in this one long lick across just one of Legante's gonads, able to give the sense that she can do more than any human tongue could hope to do.

She rolls and dances the ball with each lick, drawing one of them into her mouth which she firmly suckles, her teeth running across it, with just enough force to let him know that they are there, but nothing more than that, letting him know just how much she was in control, not that he needed that help anyway...

With a loud audible pop she pulls her headway from the first ball, her hand having snuck between his spread legs, touching the gem against his pucker, twisting it, knocking the vibration up a notch while going in to take the other ball in for a warm mouth embrace.

"Mistress is good for the herd."

"Mistress is good for you."

"Part of the herd."

"Serving the herd."

"Obeying the herd."

*"It's great to be a pony... It's great to be **her**(d) pony."* The hypnosis white noise whispers into his ears, his body tenses yet again, ass clenching down onto the plug in his rear as the vibration increases going to its highest setting.

The other ball is given the same tender care as the other. Spreading Shine rolls it within her mouth, savoring it like a sugar cube. Her tongue moves across it in ways that only a muscular horse tongue could ever pull off, performing tantalizing pleasure pressure pulls of the sensitive hyper productive orbs that it seems that only she knows how to perform, giving way to the thought that she should copyright that maneuver...

Spreading Shine pulls away slowly, tugging at the ball within her mouth, letting the pressure within vacuum tug against the pull of Legante's body, causing the bound pony to knicker and take in a deep breath, shifting his weight on his hooves, the chain rattling.

It pops out of her mouth with an audible pop, the metal clanking as the locks put in place around his chastity bounce, the sounding rod in his member keeping it all pent up, all in and with a holding grace, she moves in to take the rod within her lips, pulling at it with the gentlest of touch.

The movement of the rod within him was felt throughout his bound and aching length. The pressure of pre-cum that has been held back by the untold hours of trotting and constant

physical and mental stimuli struggles to try to overcome the friction caused by the rest of the rod still lodged within him.

Without saying another word, she takes the tip of the chastity into her mouth, her tongue slipping into the ring at the very end of the sounding rod and uses that to tug and pull at it. She wiggles it up and down, side to side, using the 'weakest' of pulls as the small ring only allows the minimal amount of her tongue to exert itself on the rod, making the pulling of it erratic and mind blowing slow.

But steadily the pace of the rod sliding out of his body grows faster. Her suckles assisting on one end while the pressure built within him like a volcano ready to blow its top, but unlike an actual climax this is all just the juices that wanted to come out naturally. The salty taste of his pre-cum steadily flavoring her mouth, and with a swallow the rod finally rushes out of his length, getting free, only the use of her tongue to hold the rod at the rough of her mouth prevents any unwanted accidents.

She drinks down the initial flood of pre-cum, pulling her head away to spit the rod off to the side as it clunks to the floor. The release of pressure makes Legante ache a sense of possible relief making every sensation to pop more than it did before. He feels his entire cock aching like his rear would if the plug was recently removed. Part of him almost longs to have that rod within him and a small pit in his stomach forms when he hears the rod hit the floor, but it's quickly washed away in the flutter of pleasure as his rubber cock tip is licked across the small slit opening in the equine chastity cage.

It matters not to Legante that his human length has been trapped in rubber this whole time. If you asked him if he had a human dick at this moment, he'd think you were crazy. He's a pony, of course he has an equine cock, what kind of foolish question is that?

The female pony's tongue licks across that tip, sliding into that cum hole that was made wider by the rod. She wiggles it, running across the tip, teasing only the very minimal amount of his aching member that longs to be free. The rest locked behind a constant aching throb that is not finding any kind of release, but what makes it all worse is her hands are not idle. One is placed firmly on his sensitive spheres, squeezing and tugging at them, fingers running across them with a long squeaky tugging pull. The other hand is reaching further between his legs, running across the gem, pushing at it, pulling it, making the pressure around his prostate to shift and move, gently massaging the prostate, while occasionally shifting the intensity of the vibrations.

Spreading Shine pulls her mouth away from the cage only to say, "Come on Legante. Let yourself go. Let your arousal remain but allow the pleasure of your ruined orgasm to take root. It's an intense mind-blowing sensation that leaves you satisfied yet wanting so much more, not getting all that you desire from a full release. Do this and I'll reward you with a proposal," she says with a teasing smile that Legante can't see but can somehow feel.

"Oh fuck... fuck, fuck. Mistress knows how to treat me. This is just... I have to try, I have to let it happen," he thinks, feeling a pressure build up within his balls. The weight of his orbs continues to grow, while the ache within his trapped cock becomes ever more delightful.

The mask once again starts to inflate and deflate with an ever-growing intensity, letting more of the arousing gas to flood inside, making his body feel warm and tingly throughout.

The loss of control weighing in the back of his mind, heart pumping harder, cock twitching and pressing against the cage, the rubber flesh pushing against the cage, through the cum slit, which Spreading Shine teasingly licks across. Her tongue licking the equine cum hole, teasing that internal flesh that is still left aching by the sounding rod.

The buildup within his loins grows, the sense of that climax is approaching, that rising tide that will lead to the torrent overflow that he and his body has longed for, yet the teasing touches given by the blue rubber pony is just not *enough* to reach the very top of the peek, but it certainly allows the weight of the desired climax to grow. Like a pinched firehose, the pressure behind the block grows ever higher. The oozing pre-cumming cock only adds to the flavor that is savored by the devious female pony as her heavily bound plaything simply squirms in his extreme bondage, not even able to allow a moan to escape to anything past a muffled whimper.

The sensation is like a liquid fist within his loins, wanting to break free and unleash the pressure. The rising pleasure of the near climax, growing ever closer, to that edge, yet no matter how close he's getting it could be as far as the moon in terms of reaching that tipping point. The plug within his rear is constantly shifting, edging him internally to let his built-up liquid essence to simply leak out of him. His chest rises and falls, struggling against the corset, almost forgetting it's even there as he's become so accustomed to its grip around his super pony play bandaged body.

It's difficult to tell which will give first, his mind, body, or him reaching the climax, and for a betting man, he would not put the money on him reaching that climax. Never getting a moment to relax as everything is left up to his Mistress. He bites hard on the cock gag in his mouth, the blinders making him focus on the wall before him, which in a way is comforting. The simplicity that there's nothing to distract him from the pleasure pressure down below. His mind trying all it can to just will himself to reach that climax, yet... it does not come.

What does happen is the sudden release of pleasure, the tugging tease of his Mistress' tongue, squeezing of his balls, and pushing of the plug, all in the effort to make him tip his honey pot without reaching the gushing burst required to climax.

The warm flow of his essence out of his body drips out with a long sticky viscous fluid, devoid of seed as a true sign that the climax has not been released. The euphoric height of the ruined climax hitting him, a high burst of pleasure not quite unlike a climax, yet not true to form. The uncanny valley of an actual release. The "I cannot believe I did not climax" of climaxes. The juices slowly drip out of his body, which Spreading Shine drinks down, making sure that even this draining of his prostate is under her direct control, "Good Legante. My sweet pony. You've grown so far as one of the herd. And as stated I shall reward you with a proposal," she says with a grin giving his bound cock a playful kiss, releasing his sensitive bits from her toying touch.

She stands up, coming into view, like an angel coming out of the void. She runs her fingers across his muzzle, unhooking the tank from the mask, letting only clean cool fresh air to

flow into the mask, “I should ask you Legante, are you interested in possibly going deeper into our wonderful group? You still have time to explore all that we have to offer here. Would you like to go just a wee little bit deeper? Strip away a few of those privileges I’ve been giving you all this time? Don’t worry my *friend*, I know you’ll enjoy the trade off, all you need to do is to trust me.”

He lets out a single hard stomp thinking, “*Yes, why not. I should get to know the herd better. Let Mistress Spreading Shine guide me. She’s such a good friend. I trust her.*”

She gently pets his rubber head, fingers running along the back, pulling down the zipper, “Such a good pony. I knew you would be open to the idea, Legante,” she says with a soft knicker, drawing him in closer, steadily rolling the hood back with a squeak, letting the cool air touch his rubber ‘skin’. Slowly the long equine dildo is pulled out of his mouth, soaked in his salvia.

He gasps, feeling the rush of cool air in his mouth, into his lungs, only slowed by the pressure of the corset around his body, his arms pull and tug against the bondage that keeps them back, the weight of the corruptive tank hanging there, “Thank you Mistress... What is this offer?” he asks, squirming, feeling the ache of his body in such tight bondage starting to creep up on him.

“So, eager to know my offer sweet Legante?”

“Y-yes,” he asks with a soft tug on his wrist constraints.

She smiles, kissing him on the lips, tongue slithering out to lick the salvia streak that was on his chin, “Alright,” she says after a teasing pause. She grabs the tank, removing it from his back, placing it off to the side with an audible thud, “You enjoy your time pulling the carriage, don’t you?”

“It’s one of my favorite activities, Mistress. I know I like all the other activities you offer, but when I am pulling your carriage... I don’t know. It brings me peace,” he says with a soft groan, his cock twitching, the reminder that though he’s been drained, his climax has been denied and his body is still eager to reach that release.

“I know it is, and I want to give you priorities on it, but in order to do that, especially for the pulls you really want, you’ll have to show a greater commitment to being a pony.”

“H-how can I do that Mistress?” he asks, shifting weight on his hooves, hearing the chains rattle underneath him.

“We’ll have to begin to stable you in the bipedal barn.”

“The bipedal barn?” he asks with curiosity, recalling that he’s seen ponies of both two and four legged varieties relaxing in barns.

“You’ll get your own room, and you get to relax, and rest on a nice bed of hay. It’s top quality while giving that natural outdoorsy feel.”

“So, I give up my nice comfy vac-bed for a pile of hay?”

“In exchange you get front line privileges to one advanced carriage ride per three days, and one normal carriage ride per two days, and once a week you get to enjoy the ultra-restrictive pony ride that you did today. If you need time to think on this, I under--”

“Done.”

Spreading Shine smiles, tilting her head, playing coy, “Done? Whatever do you mean Legante?”

“I accept your offer.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to think on it?”

“I’ve had plenty of time to think about it. I’m happy to go deeper into this Mistress Spreading Shine.”

She works the ropes and bondage that hold Legante’s arms behind his back, undoing the reverse upside-down prayer bondage, allowing his arms to pull free from over his head, yet still remain tightly hooped in tight metal shackle bondage. “That’s good to hear. We’ll keep some of your bondage on for your first night. Well... day. I’ll be sure you get plenty of rest, and after a day in this bondage, the place we’ll be all the more comfortable for you by comparison.”

He smiles, “That sounds just fine Mistress.”

“I thought so,” she says, reaching down, giving his butt a firm playful smack, turning down the vibrations, to the lowest setting, a subtle relief for the aching pony while she unhooks the hobble chains, loosening the corset by a half an inch.

Even this small bit of extra literal breathing room felt like an ocean’s worth of extra space. Legante takes that deep breath, enjoying the loosening of some of those constrictions, “Thank you Mistress,” he says with a pant, clenching on the plug still deep within him.

“Welcome my pony. You’re such a good *friend* that it’s the least I can do for you,” she explains, hooking reins to his body, tugging him along out of the carriage barn, guiding him over to the expansive bipedal barn. Inside the enclosed structure there are several ponies who are able to stand up as they ‘sleep’ staring at a screen that seems to catch Legante’s attention.

That soft white noise he’s heard before seems to fill the room, drowning out the noise of the outside world, “It sounds so quiet in here,” he remarks.

“That’s because it is. The noise cancellation is great, and it lets those who had a long day come here to rest and recuperate. And don’t worry just because this is your new room, doesn’t mean you don’t have access to the rest of the mansion. This will be your room is all,” she explains pulling him into an empty stall, noticing that in the stall beside him there’s Cavalla and Stivile standing facing at a flat screen television, staring blankly at the images there. Their mouths open, eyes glazed over, with a soft equine snore coming from Cavalla.

Legante smirks, “I didn’t know she snored,” he replies, the reins tying into the stall, the hypnosis already laid into his mind making everything feel completely normal, removing that little voice in the back of your mind that would tell you that this is a ‘bad’ idea.

The layer of hay on the ground looks enticing to him and with Spreading Shine’s guiding hands he lays down, curling in on himself, “Here, let me help you get relaxed,” she says, grabbing the hypnotic screen, moving it down as its attached to a bendable metal tube, aligning it so it hangs just off to the side, in easy view.

“Thank you, Mistress Spreading Shine.”

“Of course, Legante, what are *friends* for but to help each other. To *serve* each other. To be there for one another when they are *needed*. Isn’t that, right?”

He smiles, nodding along, his eyes catching the screen, “Yes. I couldn’t agree more. Our friendship is just so magical, that I can’t believe I’ve gone so far already without knowing just the depth of what it could be for us.”

She gently pets his head, “Legante. That’s so sweet of you to say. Now just rest, relax. And if you need any help sleeping, just look at the screen. Let your worries, concerns, cares fade away into the screen. Let your mind blank like the screen. And let the *herd* help you, protect you, embrace you, make you safe.”

He nods, getting more comfortable, “Yes, of course. I’ll do that Mistress Spreading Shine. I need to get some rest. So if you don’t mind...”

She stands up, “Right, right. I’ll be back once you get some much needed shut eye. Rest well Legante.”

“I will Mistress. And thank you.”

“No, need to thank me. You’re making such progress Legante that I feel like a kid in a candy store.”

“Awe thank you Mistress,” he says with a drawn-out yawn, his eyes drawn to the screen, watching the seemingly blank screen, but the more he focuses on it the clearer the hidden images become, encouraging his descent into the cult of friendship. Spreading Shine walks away, knowing that before this month is up, he’ll be begging to become a full-time member. He is definitely not going to get away this time...