

## Pony Up: Gearing Up

Brian pressed his rubber hoof against the “pay here” keypad of his driver. The screen flickered “Processing” switching to “Authorized”, the payment going through. The driver smirked, saying, “Have a good day, don’t get yourself stabled now,” he chuckled.

“I’ll try not to,” Brain replied, slipping out of the car, with a little bit of effort, his rubber covered hoofed cover hands made most tasks that required dexterous fingers difficult, but the trouble to get where he is now, is all worth it. Eight years ago, he’d never imagined himself standing in public like this, but now, where he was in a suburb of a grand rubber pony city, no more than an hour drive (with traffic) away? It’s completely normal.

In his early thirties the simple white skinned, brown haired and eyed human, barely looked the part covered under a dazzling display of purple rubber and leather pony themed gear. The skintight “catsuit” covered his body from the neck down in a deep purple rubber, his black leather pony boots creaked with each step, the metal hooves clacked against the pavement. The black leather pony body harness wrapped around his body, a bridle with a bit wrapped around his head, though hangs loosely, having no pony mask to display, but what he did display was something more enticing for the pony BDSM club called “The Stables”.

Throbbing proud and in charge is a nine-inch length of black and purple horse cock, the flat pony cock flaring as a set of purple rubber balls dangle underneath. Though impressive, with it twitching and throbbing in the cool air, is what’s inside. His human cock, tightly held within the pony length, balls within the dangling balls, held in the hidden compartment, the rubber filling out any space providing an impossibly tight yet still comfortable fit. Every twitch, every caress, the cool air running across his pony length is transferred over to his true member, creating the surreal sensation that his cock is the one on display. The first few weeks he tried it out was an odd experience to say the least, but now he’s accumulated to it, that it almost feels like his body is missing something when he’s not wearing it.

*“To think from a simple show to a world dominating phenomenon in only twenty-years,”* Brian thinks, moving in line to get himself checked in. Most of the patrons in line were dressed in some level of pony gear like himself, but one could say that he was closer on the more advanced and fancier side when it comes to how much he’s geared up.

Of course, that is nothing compared to the owners and the employees of “The Stables” they were the real deal, sleek rubber ponies, fully committed to the lifestyle, cutie marks on their rumps and all. The black rubber anthropomorphic pony that stood as the bouncer, had an amusing cutie mark, a red bouncing ball. But he was a beefy pony, and none would want to mess with him in either his anthro or four-legged form.

He held up a handheld device that scanned people’s ID’s as they entered, deducting from their bank accounts the entrance fee automatically the moment they are accepted. When it Brian approaches he holds up his hoof, pressing it against the scanner, reading the electronic ID built into his hoof, active only when he is wearing it. The device beeps, highlighting green, the pony smirks, “Welcome back Brian.”

“Good to see you again Bouncer. Are you going to be inside today?”

Bouncer let out a sigh, “Would be nice but I’m posted out here all night.”

“Shame, next time though?”

Bouncer smirks, “You bet, go, enjoy yourself,” he says, motioning him inside.

Bright, playful music thumped within the doors, drowning out any noise of the outside world. Lights flashed, tall platforms with poles in the center had male and female anthropomorphic ponies providing a dazzling display of their flexibility, the center stage pony, in high heeled pony play boots, and a general pony get-up, complete with saddle and stirrups, draws a large crowd around her performance.

Brain trotted over the bar with plenty of standing room. A purple rubber anthropomorphic pony unicorn works diligently at the bar, her horn glowing a soft hue of purple and blacks, working the job of three by herself, her cutie mark is a martini with a drink shaker.

Brain smiles, “Afternoon Tippy Tara, how’s business been tonight?” he asks.

A drink shaking in the air, her rubber hands sliding a drink down to a waiting hoofed bound patron like himself, she smirks in his direction, “Busy as always Brian. Want your usual?”

“I would like that.”

“One prancing pony coming up,” she says, using her hands to prepare the drink, “I assume you came here for the raffle?”

“You betcha your fancy ass that I did,” he replies with a smirk giving a happy stomp.

“How many tickets did you buy this time?” she asks, her horn glowing a bit brighter, Brian feeling a gentle magical caress along his rubber balls, a soft squeeze, while she happily fondles him.

Brain shivers, letting out a soft moan, “Only a hundred tickets.”

“At ten bucks a ticket? That’s a big gamble there partner,” she says, an invisible hand gently squeezing his faux pony length, a little bit of pre-cum glistening along the tip, which draws the attention of another patron who can’t help but move in closer.

“May I?” he asks looking down at Brain’s length.

“That is what it’s there for,” Brian replies, trying his best to hide the hidden caress Tippy is giving him.

“Thanks,” he says, the human gently trailing his fingers along the flaring cock head, spreading the pre-cum around, making Brian softly moan.

“Remember no cuming on the floor, that’s what the back rooms are for,” Tippy warns.

Brain swallows a lump in his throat, shifting his weight on his rubber hooves, “I know, and to go back to what you are saying,” Brain says, trying to distract himself from the double teasing, “After missing out the last six times, I felt I should go all out.”

“Well if you don’t win, there is always the next drawing in six months.”

“Or I could go to another pony bar and do their raffle there.”

Tippy’s horn glowed a little brighter, Brain’s balls getting a soft squeeze, “Brian are you cheating on me?” she asks with a smirk.

“I-I,” he stutters shivering, tensing his ass, his cock jumping in the other patron’s hands.

Tipsy releases his junk, “I’m just teasing you, your commitment to joining the herd is an inspiration to those around you,” she says, an invisible finger running along the underside of his cock, “Here’s your drink,” she says, sliding it over to him, Brian stopping the drink with his hooves with surprising ease.

He picks up the glass with both hooves taking a sip of the sweet yet very powerful alcoholic beverage, “Oh, that’s the stuff. Working with angry people who haven’t fully embraced the relaxing pony lifestyle can be draining.”

“They say in about ten years they will be the minority,” Tipsy says, leaning against the bar, preparing another drink for a different patron.

“That would happen sooner if it wasn’t so exclusive,” Brain remarked.

“We’re working on expanding, but we know we can’t grow too fast. Otherwise it becomes a simple house of cards, and it will just fall in on itself. We want to build a strong base, let people join us organically, these current restrictions are on the behest of the local governments. If you are keen on that changing, just vote pony in the next year’s election,” she says with a playful wink.

“No need to even tell me once, I already do,” Brain chuckles.

“Like I said, a model candidate to join the herd. It is a shame you haven’t been picked yet. But your luck is bound to change soon. Perhaps even tonight,” she says with a smirk.

“I would like that very much,” Brain replies with a soft moan, the other person still gently teasing him.

“Looks like you made a new friend. I’ll let you two enjoy the magic between you two then,” Tipsy says with a wink, her magic hands leaving Brian’s length and sack, she walking over to the other side of the bar to help those that are in need of her services.

“Want to have some fun out back?” asks Brian’s newfound friend, his hand gently running across the top of his twitching length.

Brian lets out a faux nicker, “That sounds fun, but I have a friend I am here to meet, and I have to be a good friend and take the time to see him. Perhaps later, but I can’t promise, I might be a little tied up with my pre-engagement though,” he explained with a sly smirk.

“Suit yourself, but if you change your mind stud, you know where to find me,” he replies with a wink, giving Brian’s cock a playful tap before walking off, causing him to let out a soft moan.

“I will have to thank Slip n’ Slide for pointing this attachment to me,” he mutters, straightening himself out, finishing his drink before he goes out on the hunt for his friend.

Trotting through the club, his hips swayed to the beat of the music, though missing an iconic tail, he sways his hips, side to side, feet clip clopping, legs raised nice and high, causing his cock to bounce.

Other patrons give him a curious look, he nods and winks at them, moving toward the back of the club, passing a few of the prancing ponies, to a corner where a sleek black rubber

feral pony sits at a table with a long white cloth that hangs down over the sides almost to the floor.

On the table is a sleek black leather pony play hood, along with a delightful martini that the black pony is able to handle with a strange elegant ease that defies logic. His baby blue eyes look at Brian, watching him approach, a smile creeps along his face, "Brian, my friend, how are you doing today? You are looking rather dashing if I might say so myself, which I do," he muses.

Brian trots over to him, "Hey, Slender Hoof, thanks for the compliment. I do have you to thank for this. How have you been?"

"I'm as good as one pony can be, how about you? Nervous?" he asks leaning on the table, resting his head on his hooves with a squeak, his eyes glancing over to the large ticket mixer about fifteen feet away.

"Me? Nervous? Naw, why would I be nervous?" he asks, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, following Slender's gaze to the ticket stand, where a line of fifteen people wait eagerly to buy last minute tickets.

"I'll take a five hundred," says one patron, which draws the attention of those nearby. The woman's large purchase makes a pit form in the bottom of Brian's stomach.

"Relax, stressing yourself out won't do any pony any good. Come, come, I have a little something for you," he says his hoof patting the pony play hood.

Brian tensed, his heart beating a little faster, cock visibly twitching, "That's for me?" he asks curiously, with a soft faux nicker.

"Of course, what are friends for? Now come over and let's get you hooded up. Best to get your mind off of what is coming. What will happen will happen. Right now, you need to live in the moment. Perhaps help me take a load off or two," he says with a smirk.

Brian heard his soft trigger word, his cock stiffening within the bondage, dribbling more pre-cum, his lips growing dry, the sudden sensation he felt thirsty came over him, "A stiff drink sounds nice," he replies, eyes slightly glazing over.

"There's a good pony. Have you been practicing like I asked you too?"

"Yes Sir, I have been," Brian replied happily.

"Kneel," Slender hoof commanded.

Brian felt a rush through him, his lust increasing slightly, "Yes Sir," he replies kneeling, feeling a delightful warmth fill him.

"Good Pony, you make me proud," he says, removing the pony harness around his head, placing it off to the side, grabbing the leather pony hood.

Brian watches happily, fully aware of what is happening, the words Slender Hoof says, simply to irresistible to ignore, they echo out in the depths of his mind, a pleasant smile glued to his face, "Thank you Sir," he replies, lowering his head to make it easy for Slender to slip the leather pony hood over his head.

The sounds of the club deafen slightly, the leather running across his face and ears, mouth forced open, a mouth gag built into the hood, keeping his mouth fully available for any

use, limiting Brian's ability to speak to practiced neighs and nickers, from previous sessions when his mouth was filled.

Slender Hoof adjusts the hood, making sure everything fits nice and proper before returning Brian's head harness, adjusting it to fit the new pony mask, "Now my little pony, you will do as I say, as it is the most lovely thing in the world, isn't that right?"

Brian replies with a soft stomp, and a delighted neigh.

"That's a good pony. The club doesn't allow public lewd displays on the floor but, your friend Slender has it all planned out. Get under the table and we can make a little... under the table dealing," he chuckles.

Brian neighs softly, giving an approving stomp before slipping under the white curtain seeing a BDSM set up built into the floor and table, ready for him to simply be secured into. While lowering himself, Brian gets a good look at Slender's rump, his cutie mark, a hypnotic swirl with an eggplant.

"It's best to get your mind off of what is stressing you my friend, don't you agree? There are so many more important things to focus on in life, to really dive headfirst into," he states with a soft chuckling nicker, moving under the table to secure him in place. The large rubber hooves, seemingly not providing any hindrance to what he needs to do, despite his lack of dexterous fingers.

"Feel good my little pony?" Slender asks, giving one last look over of the constraints, tightening them slightly, forcing Brian into a perfect position to service his friend.

Brian pants heavily, his heart races, the strength of the hypnotic suggestion fading, but Brian's urge and lustful arousal overcomes any doubt he has in mind, giving a little nod, unable to do anything else.

Slender Hoof gently pets Brian on the head, along the sleek leather hood, "Good pony," he says, sliding back into place with a loud squeak, giving Brian a clear view of his heavy black rubber sack, and sheath.

The musky rubber aroma flows over him, the tangy scent, makes Brian grunt and groan, wanting to already taste the cock that is waiting for him. While Slender adjusts himself, moving the tablecloth to hide his nethers from the view of the public, he orders another drink. His hind legs reach down to gently run across Brian's faux horse cock, making him shiver in delight, moaning out in need.

"Good pony," Slender says, his words make Brian tingle in delight. It felt like only yesterday when Brian Might Slender. Slowly over the years, he helped open him up to the delights of taking fat pony cock down his lips. He was hesitant at first, nervous, unsure if it was something he'd prefer, but now, seeing the fat flat rubber cock head push out of Slender's sheath, inching ever closer to him with each beat of Slender's heart, making Brian's own race. He couldn't imagine his life without a good dose of Slender's special kind of "Friendship."

Pre-cum glistened from Slender's cum hole, running across the cushioned seat, toward his face. The cock head flares, pushing past the pony hood, fitting perfectly inside. Slender softly moans, feeling the hood's tight squeeze, "That feels better when you are wearing it," he

remarks. Brian replies with a soft shifting of his constraints, the metal jingling softly, which is drowned out by the thumping of the music.

Slender bucks his hips, pushing the cock head against Brian's mouth, the moment the slick throbbing rubber flesh touches his lips, he feels an euphoria wash over him, "Good Pony," Slender grunts, feeling Brian's tongue run across his flat equine cockhead.

Reacting to the physical trigger placed deep within his mind, Brian felt his cock twitch, a swarm of delights running through his mind, the lines of his sexuality blurring like all those times before. Any shyness or uncertainty if he even enjoys the salty sweet taste of rubber equine cock melts away under a wave of bliss, which makes him moan out in delight.

A warm wave of pleasure washes over his mind, trickling down his cock, soaking up into balls, letting them grow heavy and full of his desire to simply suck on the dick presented before him. His faux equine cock twitches, dribbling pre-cum in ever increasing copious amounts.

"There we go, like we've trained. Slow, steady, paying attention to every detail," Slender groaned, sliding his hips forward, pushing his twitching, throbbing length deeper into his mouth, down to the back of his throat, the cock head flaring, filling his mouth to the fullest, pressing his tongue down into his mouth, the cock head stopping just short of his uvula, a spurt of pre-cum splatters across it, sliding down his throat. Brian feels the warm pleasure juice coat his throat, like a soothing cough drop, making him moan out in wanting need. His lips pucker, tongue runs across the sides of Slender's length.

The rubber pony's medial ring at the center length of his cock within Brian's line of sight, knowing deep down that Slender could go so much deeper down into him, the thought of him making him shudder in delight. He was his cock hungry pony in training, and he loved it. It was all he could think of at this moment, suckling down, taking more of Slender's length, seeing if he could break his previous record. He's been training so hard; he wants to show what a good pony he is. Just how strong of a bond their friendship goes.

Slender keeps a smug grin on his face, hiding the pleasure rushing through his body, soft nickers escaping his lips, he reaches down gently petting Brian on the head, "Good Pony. You are making me proud, but you mustn't be so eager. Just relax, enjoy yourself. Let your mind drift, fall deep into the pool of our friendship. Let it embrace you, take you away from your troubles. Away from your concerns. Aware from your cares, let the herd take care of you," Slender says, his words though barely heard from under the table, still ring out into Brian's mind. His head filling out the words that fail to reach him, like barely being able to hear your favorite song in the distance and still singing to the words you can't hear.

Slowly rhythmically, the beats of the music, Slender bucks himself in and out of Brian's mouth, steadily pounding him, with only the first third of his massive girthy length. A waitress comes up to Slender, her anthropomorphic pony form, purple and pink, horn glittering with sparkles, she smiles at Slender, "Would you care for another drink?"

Slender slides his empty drink over to her, keeping a smile that hides his reaction of Brian's tongue caressing his length, his lips puckering around the entire girth of his length,

suckling and bobbing his head up and down as much as he can take, sending pleasure delights through Slender's body. "Please, another roaring stallion please."

The waitress giggles at the double politeness, "Coming right up."

"Oh, it is," he mutters, watching her leave, seeing those sensual smooth rubber swaying pony hips, causing his cock to twitch to each step, oozing more pre-cum that Brian haplessly suckles up. Slender reaches under the table again, petting Brian on the end, "Good pony."

Brain feels himself become laser focused on his task. Everything else around him fades into a blur, his entire world at this moment is those sleek pony thighs, that throbbing pony length, and the heavy sack underneath. Though unable to be seen by him, Brian knows them all too well to not envision them growing heavier by the second, ready to fill him with a tasty pony treat that he so craves.

"Easy, easy. Not so fast. Savor it. The raffle isn't to be drawn for a bit longer, best to keep you focused and me entertained till then," he says.

Brian grunts in delight, acknowledging Slender's words a hard long suckle, the blow job method of giving a confirmation stomp. Brain feels Slender's words from countless previous sessions ache through his mind, helping him stay in his lustful trance state.

*"You are good pony."*

*"Good ponies love dick."*

*"You love to suck my dick most of all."*

*"You love pony cock."*

*"You want nothing more than to suck my cock. To take it all the way down your throat."*

*"You dream of being a proper pony."*

*"A proper pony who can take all of me."*

Brian pushes himself down onto Slender's length. The equine cock head pushing past his uvula, down his throat, for the first time his lips touching Slender's medial ring. Slender jumps at the sudden eagerness, his hoof reaching down to push Brian back, "Easy boy. I know you are eager, but good things *cum* to those who wait," he chuckles at his play on words.

Brian huffs in need, giving one long firm suckle, acknowledging Slender's words, his previous words from the other sessions echoing into his mind even more.

*"You love Slender."*

*"You want to be best friends with Slender."*

*"Slender is the sexiest pony you've seen."*

*"You want to share the magic of his friendship with yourself and your friends."*

*"Introduce your friends to Slender. Convince them to spend a day alone with him."*

*"Slender is always right."*

*"Slender is your bestest pony friend."*

The words ranged so true in his mind. He helped get many of his friends into the magical friendship of what is the pony lifestyle. Though Brian was well on his way before meeting Slender, he certainly opened up many new doors for him, but right now all that mattered was nursing that delightful sleek rubber cock between his lips, savoring the taste, as his saliva gained

the flavor of Slender's twitching flesh. Another wave of pre-cum spurts into his throat, washing his back teeth and throat with the salty-tangy delight that he has grown to love.

With a heavy gulp he swallows the delightful mixture that has built in between his cheeks, allowing it to simply slowly build up all over again so he can get another tasty pre-filled drink. Brian huffs excitedly, unsure how this could even get any better than this moment, till Slender moved his black rubber hoof along Brian's own faux equine cock.

The sudden stimulation makes Brian squirm and hump, swallowing the buildup of delightful juices between his lips early. Pre-cum spurts from his faux equine cock, right onto Slender's other hoof.

"My, my, aren't you an eager pony. I guess I trained you a little too well, not that you ever minded much after the first few sessions," Slender chuckled rubbing the pre-cum back along Brian's cock, spreading it around, squeaking softly, while Slender squeezes his hoofs together, sandwiching Brian's cock between them.

Brian bucks his hips in delight, bobbing his head up and down Slender's cock a little faster, just as the announcer yells out that ticket sales are closed and that the drawing will begin in fifteen minutes.

Brain feels a shiver of excitement, the announcer's words managing to break through the haze that clouds his mind, but it is quickly washed away by a small firm quick buck from Slender's hips.

"Focus my little pony. What results of the raffle will come? Your focus right now is on something equally as important. Equality, and sharing the joys of friendship are a delight, aren't they my little pony?" Slender asks bucking his hips against Brian's hooded face, sliding his cock deeper into his throat, blocking his air for just a few moments.

Brain responds with deep suckles, pressing his head against the buck, wanting to go deeper than he has ever before with a simple mantra repeating in his mind, "*The deeper I take Slender, the deeper our friendship. The deeper I take Slender, the deeper our friendship. I want to be a good little pony. Deepening my friendship with Slender.*"

The sleek rubber taste of Slender's cock fills Brian's mind, drenches his taste buds, the scent overruns his nostrils. His throat bulges for a few moments before Slender pulls back, Brain gasping for air, tongue reaching out to get another delightful lick on Slender's cock tip. But he misses, a soft disappointment neigh escapes his mouth, before Slender thrusts back filling his mouth once again.

"Good pony. My good little pony. So eager to take all of me, to take our friendship to the next level. I am so proud of you," Slender mutters, petting Brian on the back of the head, going a bit easier on him, his hooves squeezing the faux cock again, milking it of Brian's pre-cum, which just manages to dribble out of the cum hole, his human prostate barely able to produce nearly enough to keep up with the demand that his faux pony cock demands.

Brian eagerly bucks his hips into Slender's sleek rubber hooves, the cock squeaks, the sensation sends shivers into Brian's member, flowing down into his balls, making them grow heavy, aching for more, his butt tenses, feeling his pleasure grow, but still his focus is on his



friend Slender, *“Good friends please their friends. Good friends go deep for their friends. I am a good friend; I want to go deep for Slender. I’m a good little pony,”* Brian thinks, head bobbing up and down the length, the pony hood milking any excess saliva of slender’s cock, squeezing and shooting globs of the delicious pre-cum onto Brian’s wanting tongue.

Slender watches the drawing from nearby, he looks at the pink and purple pony female dressed as a real show pony bondage gear yet given plenty of freedom of movement and use of her hands to draw out the tickets. The feathered display bounces around her head, hiding her horn, *“Only one more to go folks! Best of luck!”* she exclaims looking over the crowd, dozens of eager people wanting their chance to go to the city nearby to really get the full pony experience that they’ve all so longed for. She spins the crate, mixing the tickets around. Her purple eyes seem to sparkle in the light.

Her eyes meet Slender’s, and with a subtle nod, she knows exactly what to do. Her horn gives a soft faint purple glow, the feathers of her pony play outfit hide it from the crowd, as she reaches into the bin, pulling out the ticket, *“And our last winner is ticket AA000-000-001. A Brian! If you are here today, Please come up so we can congratulate you! But if you are too shy or not here, you have three days to claim your prize. Congrats to everyone who won, to everyone else, better luck next time!”* she exclaims, giving loving kisses to the crowd, and a few playful winks.

Someone in the crowd grumbling at their lost remarks, *“The first ticket sold? Didn’t that happen last year? I swore it did,”* she says tossing her handful of tickets into the trash, before clip clopping off to the dance floor.

Slender, grunts, and shivers, *“That’s it, a bit more Brian. Use that tongue, suck hard. Squeeze, you want to be my good little pony, tonight, don’t you? After all I won’t get to see you for a little while,”* she grunts his ass grinds against the seats with a loud squeak.

His hooves squeeze Brian’s cock harder, and harder, sliding and rubbing his hooves against the length, eager and ready to feel the pulsating delight of his friend that he’s spent all this time cultivating.

*“So close, so very close, just a bit more,”* Slender says, encouraging Brian.

Brian moans into the cock, his tongue running across as much of the cock length that his meager tongue can manage. His body aching in delight, ready to just blow, but as high as his pleasure gets, he can’t get over that last hump. His hips buck, pre-cum filling his pony cum hole, beading at the very end like a single drop of water dangling at the end of a straw.

Slender greets his teeth, eyes looking around, seeing if anyone can see him on the verge of unleashing his load into the hidden friend he has under the table. Juggling down his drink, he forces himself from moaning out in bliss, his cock twitching, cock head flaring as surge of hot sticky seed floods into Brian’s mouth, bulging his lips, some squirting past his lips before he manages to swallow the first gush down, a noticeable bulge sliding down his throat as he chokes it down. The delightful taste of Slender’s seed numbs any discomfort he may have had, his pleasure tripling out, eyes glazing over, sucking down cum like a machine, a human cock milker, making sure not another drop escapes his lips than what has already. Slender’s seed trickling

down Brian's lips running down his chin, filling the smell of the Slender's essence staining the inside of Brian's mask, making it all the more delightful to wear.

"As Slender's climax just begins to die down, he reaches under the table, petting Brian on the pony head, "Good Brian. Unleash your magic," commands Slender.

With those words, the floodgates were unleashed for him, his cock spasms, the pleasure washing over him, balls tightening as he releases his load, though compared to Slender, who was a raging rapid river, his was more of a calm soothing stream that flowed a little faster after a mid summer's rain.

Hot gushes of seed spurt onto Slender's hooves as he sighs in relief, the last spurt of his own lustful built up delight, flowing into Brian's mouth and down his throat. "Rise up to the challenge my Pony," states Slender, the words flowing into Brian's mind, pulling him back from his blissful tranceful state. His lips still tight around Slender's cock, he gives a tender suckle, the events still hanging with him like a warm delightful dream that one wakes up from, and you play the events back in your mind as to not forget it before it evaporates like dew on grasses under the break of a new day.

Brian's eyes flutter, his nostrils flare, breathing in deep the aroma that fills his mask. Brian gives a few tender gentle suckles, far from the gusto he had only moments before, pulling his head away from Slender's cock. He licks his lips, swallowing down anything that lingers in his mouth, the pit in his stomach now filled with Slender's seed, "*He certainly knows how to keep my mind off things. I wonder if the raffle has been done already?*" he thinks, panting heavily, with a soft nickering sound, the mask helping him keep to an equine tone, while for the moment denying him the clear ability to speak.

"Feeling better?" Slender asks gently, hoof patting Brian on the head.

Brian gives a gentle nuzzle on the cock silently responding to his approval, before Slender's cock steadily retreats back into his sheath.

Slender neighs in approval, "I thought as much," he says with a chuckle, gently squeezing Brian's spent cock, which remains nice and hard thanks to the faux pony length that surrounds it. Slender's hooves feel delightful against the member, slowly building back his arousal.

Brian grinds himself against Slender's wonderful hooves, while he simply watches the club for a few more minutes, letting the eager crowds who had gathered for the raffle drawing disperse before he goes under the table to relieve Brian of his under the table bondage.

"Sit beside me Brian," Slender suggests patting the empty space beside him.

Brian gives an affirmative mini stomp, the table limiting his movements, while he slides himself up from underneath it.

"As much as I enjoy this look on you, I prefer to have a bit of a conversation, that is if you don't mind," says Slender, giving him a curious glance.

Brian pauses for a moment before giving a single affirmative stomp.

“Good pony,” he replies, the words causing Brian’s cock to twitch from underneath the table. Slender takes a moment to unhook Brian’s bridle, removing the mask before putting the bridle back into place, “How do you feel?” he asks, placing the hood on the other side of him.

Brian takes a moment to adjust his jaw, rubbing his face with his soft rubber hooves, “Much better actually. I feel relaxed, good, and a little horny,” he says with a soft chuckle, blushing from the slight embarrassment of his words with his close friend.

“Well I am irresistible, aren’t I?” Slender chuckled pointing his hoof to himself.

“You sure are slender. I am so glad to have met you and to be given the chance to become your friend.”

“I’m glad you give me the time to allow us to be friends,” he replies with a smirk.

“So, if I happen to win, you’ll come and visit right?” asks Brian, after looking around the club for a moment.

Slender gives a feigned look of shock. “What? What makes you think I wouldn’t come and visit my friend?”

“I... I don’t know to be honest. I just felt this desire to ask you. For confirmation? Perhaps I am just being hopeful that I finally win and get to go to the big city and fully get a chance to embrace what it means to be a pony.”

“The herd is a wonderful thing, and the herd will be better for having you. That is to be sure. But no matter what happens, you are always going to be my friend Brian, remember that. When you first join, you’ll be a little bit limited in what you can do. Necessary precautions don’t want someone who means to undermine the herd to get in, you know. You’ll be put through a whole new set of trails that will strengthen your bond with us ponies. And when it’s all over. You’ll have a genuine chance to join us for real. To be one with the herd. A full time pony.”

Brian smiles, taking a deep breath, slowly releasing it before replying, “That would be absolutely lovely. I couldn’t imagine a better fate.”

“And you can bet that when you join the herd. I’ll be right there with you. Cheering you on.”

“Thanks, Slender. You’ve always been so supportive of me joining the herd.”

“You’re my friend. What are friends for?” Slender replies, his one hoof gently caressing the pony hood, while the other grabs his drink. “Want a sip?”

“No, I think I had my fill of liquids for a little bit,” he says, the two of them giving out a hearty laugh.

“I think that’s a new record for you though.”

“What is?”

“The depth of our friendship,” Slender says with a smirk.

Brian blushes, a tingle of pleasure running down his spine, his cock beginning to ache from how hard it has become, “I-it was?”

Slender grins, taking a long slow sip of his drink, “Yeup,” he finally says.

“Getting there,” Brian says with a bashful smile.

“You are.”

Brain looks out toward the club, “They should be calling out the drawing, soon right? I lost track of time while I was down there.”

“Oh... yeah the drawing was already done,” Slender says, Brian’s heart beginning to beat a mile a minute.

“It was?” he shifts in his chair, “Do you know if I? You know.”

Slender takes a moment to finish his drink, “How about we go to the back? There’s a room reserved for you.”

Brian feels a pit form in his stomach, “I gathered as much,” he says, lowering his head a little, before Slender raises it.

“Come, the night is still young and you have a long road ahead of you,” Slender says with a smirk, helping Brian slide out from the booth, grabbing his reins, giving them a gentle playful tugging, guiding him toward the back of the club.

Brian nodded, “I suppose I do,” he says, letting Slender pull him to the very back of the club, through a set of doors, Brian’s mind wondering, trying not to think about his disappointment with losing the raffle again that he doesn’t take notice he’s being taken to a part of the club that he’s never been to before. When the last door swings open, the heavy scent of leather and latex catches Brian’s attention.

“We’re here,” Slender says, Brian at first thinking he is talking to him, but quickly becomes apparent to him, that he was referring to the half dozen of latex ponies that have just finished putting the final touches onto someone.

Brain’s eyes go wide, seeing the smooth faceless hooded fox, their arms tightly bound behind their backs, hands slipped into sealing pony hooves. Their body strapped into a heavy BDSM leather pony harness that attaches right to their gear, while they are then suspended on a pole like a fresh kill from a hunting party. She squirms and wiggles, moaning into the hood, their legs slipped into pony hooves much like the one Brian has himself. They are also latched and bound to the pole that suspends them off the ground.

“There’s our last winner,” says a pink and purple rubber pony, “I was beginning to wonder if we’d have to stop by his place and retrieve him.”

Slender waves to the ponies, “Sorry about that every pony. I had him a bit preoccupied and he missed being called up.”

“Wait, I won?” Brian asks, his jaw dropping, his heart racing.

Slender smirked, “You did. Sorry for keeping it a little secret from you, but I just couldn’t help but surprise you. Can you forgive me?”

“Forgive you? For what? This is the best day of my life!” he exclaims reaching over to give Slender a big hug from behind, his faux cock grinding against Slender’s butt. Slender’s tail twitches as he presses up against Brian.

“Easy now,” Slender says.

Brian pulls back, “Sorry, sorry, it’s just... I don’t know what to say. I can’t believe that this has happened to me, his says, the words ‘Easy Now’

“You don’t need to say anything. Just get yourself situated over there, so they can prepare you for your trip to the New Ponia,” Slender says.

Brian takes a deep breath, stepping up, the other ponies swarming him, “He has some of the gear already on him,” says one of the ponies, holding a pair of leather and latex pony hooves and leggings.

“I suggested a lot of appropriate gear for this one,” Slender says with a smirk.

The red and white rubber pony kicked the ground in disappointment, his hoof squeaking, “Dang it Slender. Getting the good gear on them is half the fun!”

“You still have to hoof him and get him connected, it’s fine,” Slender responds, moving over to the pony, softly saying, “Besides, the hood is the best part of being a good pony, isn’t it?”

The pony shivers, his arousal steadily springing out, eyes becoming a little glazed over, “Y-yes, it is.”

“Be a good pony, and be happy, more want to join the herd.”

“I want to be a good pony... yes.”

“Good pony, get to work.”

The other pony’s chuckle, “Slender, did you have to do that now?”

“Everyone needs a little encouragement now and again,” he explains, releasing his trance on the pony, who snaps back to reality, grabbing a thick black rubber pony hood, and moving over to Brian who stands there in bemusement of the scenes unfolding, his arousal making his cock twitch in growing desire.

“No matter, we need to get this pony set up and prepared for transport,” says another pony. The pole he is to be attached to is brought beside him, placed on the ground with a heavy thud, revealing just how heavy and sturdy it is.

Slender trots over in front of Brian, his eyes dart to his twitching member then back to him, “Arms behind your back if you be so kind,” he asks.

“S-sure,” Brian replies, doing so, feeling a strong set of binders wrapped around his arms, keeping his hoofed hands in a reverse prayer position. Brian grunts, hiding his moan of delight, feeling the loss of control over his person. He stares at Slender, showing off his excitement, eagerness to go ahead with this.

Thick leather straps are attached to his pony harness. They slip through his metal D rings, which jingle ever so slightly as the straps are tugged through. His body softly squeaks, while the rubber ponies around him, tight the straps and bind him more and more to the pole.

He gently shifts his weight from one hoof to the other, his cock gently swaying in the air, the cool air around him barely helping him from keeping his heated arousal and excitement from overwhelming him. Sweat drips from his brow, while they bind his hooves together, sliding leather straps through them, wrapping around his legs, and ankles, before tying him to the pole.

“Ready?” asks Slender.

Brian squirms within his bonds, barely able to do anything but nod, “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Slender gives a nod, with one swift motion, Brian is hoisted up into the air and hung between two feral ponies that hold him over the ground on their backs, his body bouncing, shifting, squeaking as his center of gravity is shifted.

“As much as I love to see you get hooded up my friend. Your friend Jeff? He’s coming tonight, to test some waters. You know Jeff. He was such a shy one. Though he got a pair of pony hooves only after two sessions with me. I think he has some potential, not as much as you, but you know, one likes to hang around friends like themselves, and soon you will have a lot of friends just like you,” he says giving a wave with his hoof. “See you soon.”

“Be sure to visit!” Brian yells out, wiggling from the pole.

“I’ll be sure to do so,” he says walking off. Brian taking a moment to look at Slender’s black shiny rump before another pony steps into view, the pink and purple one, holding a solid black faceless pony hood in her hooves.

Brian feels his body stiffen up, his cock growing harder, his faux pony member twitching, dribbling a little bit of pre-cum from the tip. The female pony smiles, “You ready for your first step into a new life with the herd?” she asks sweetly.

“You bet I am,” he sways swallowing a lump in his throat, panting heavily, his heart racing, watching her turn the pony hood around, see the thick black rubber void, but within it, he sees a thick black rubber dildo, ready to force his mouth open, and to slide down his throat.

Brian licks his lips in anticipation, the flavor of Slender, still lingering there, when the hood is pushed forward, wrapping around his head. The fat ebony rubber cock head pushes against his lips, past his teeth and down into his mouth, into his throat with unusual ease. The sound of rubber grinding against his cheeks and ears fills his ears. The hot thick scent of rubber overwhelms his nostrils, as he is blinded and deafened from the world around him. The hood fully envelops his head, squeezing his head, as if the hood was in need of something to fill it, and his head is the perfect fit.

Brian feels the movement of his body swaying and bouncing between the two ponies, that move and take him elsewhere. His cock dangles between his legs, as he is helpless to do anything but to let the ponies around him guide him toward his new life.

His breathes are deep and lustful, the thick scent of rubber all around him, soothing his mind, the flavor of the dildo spreading his mouth to the fullest, going all the way down his throat, his breathing coming directly from the cock pushed into him, his mind is lulled into a relaxed state, from all the training sessions that slender has given him. Suddenly he felt a shiver run down his spine, his eyes twitch, glazing over, hearing another trigger implanted into his mind, “The herd is life. The herd is everything.”

The voice was soft, sweet, unfamiliar yet all-embracing into Brian’s mind, like reconnecting to an old friend, there is a connection to it that he simply can’t explain. He knows he’s never heard the voice before, yet he knows it like the back of his hand.

Brian mumbles off a soft reply, “I live for the herd.”

Just as Brian lets out this sweet delightful moan he is slipped into the large truck where the other pony initiates are kept. Each one hangs from their own personal stall, a large milking machine tugging and draining their cocks, breasts and vaginas of all they have to offer.

They slip Brian's milker around his faux equine cock, the straps wrap around the base of his balls like the start of a chastity cage, his hard member squeezed and tugged by the milker, which suckles his cock with unabated strength. His clear dripping fluid is pulled right from his member, his body twitching as the suckles begin, the liquid flowing down the tubes, to fill some container placed in the front of the truck.

Once everything is secured, the doors behind them are closed, placing them in total darkness, not that any of them could tell with the faceless pony hoods placed tightly around their heads. Brian found himself in an euphoric state, the milking machine keeping his mind distracted, the soft white noise whispers, distracting his thoughts further, while the soft pony voice, with a commanding undertones

"Welcome to the herd. You will learn much of what it means to be a good pony not only for yourself but to every pony around you. You will work to be a stunning and *shining* example of what it means to be a good pony. But first let's work on your way of thinking. The change without must first come within. Please repeat after me. You desire to be a good pony."

Brian shivers at her words. He looks into the void of nothingness before him, and he feels he could see alternating swirls, a shape of a pony before his eyes, but it's hard to tell if it's the hood or his own imagination creating this illusion. Every time he focuses the pony outline fades back into the swirls, and once he relaxes no longer trying to see it, there it returns. He mutters out, more of a weak mumble, his mouth too full of cock to truly speak but the meaning remains and is just effective, "I desire to be a good pony."

"Good pony. That's right. You desire to be a good pony. And good ponies are eager to make friends. Make connections, to be part of the tight knit society that is our herd. You want to be *one* with the herd."

Brian's hips jerked in the real world, the milking machine keeping him on edge, but he still knew what he had to say, with a moanfully grunt, cock pressing against his lips, he says, "I want to be one with the herd."

The truck drove off toward the city, the moment barely felt by those inside, their minds and bodies too distracted by their current set up. In the back of Brian's mind, he knew he was being moved, he knew he was being taken to the wonderful city of New Ponia. But right now, he was drawn into the darkness, the imagination swirls and pony shapes that pulled him deeper and deeper into a relaxed state.

"The herd is safety," the voice said.

"The herd is safety," Brian mumbled into his faceless pony hood.

"The herd is security."

"The herd is security."

"In the herd we are all one."

"In the herd we are all one."

“In the herd we are all *equal*.”

Brain moans in delight the words bouncing in his head, “In the herd we are all equal.”

For a better part of an hour he and the others stewed in their arousals, lusts, the sweet voice whispering into their heads. So, lost in their relaxed state that none of them noticed when they reached their destination, or when they were unloaded. Their cocks and female sexes twitching, dripping, the lingering sensation of being milked, prevented them from even noticing that they were detached from the machine. It wasn't till Brian felt himself being placed upright, still attached to the pole, like some kind of virgin being offered to King Kong, that he realized that something was going on, jarring him away from the voice that kept him so entertained up to this point.

His pony hood is suddenly detached, the straps loosened, all at the same time. Brain groans, feeling his limbs become free, his body leaning against the pole for support, muscles aching, as they stretch once more from their tightly bound positions, a hurtful pleasurable ache that Brian has always found to be a delight and testament of just how long he's been bound up.

As the hood slipped from his head he winced, the rush of bright lights around him, blinded him for several moments, a soft sweet tender voice softly spoke up, “Oh, uh, um, I'm sorry. I should have warned you.”

Brian moves his jaw around that had become stiff from having the dildo lodged so deep into it for so long, before he manages to say, “It's alright. Happens to every pony now and again.” As the words “Every Pony” leaves his lips, Brian feels a shiver of delight running through him. It's small, barely noticeable, but it's enough to reinforce what he said as a good thing.

“Thank you for your kind words. Let me know when you are ready, and we can begin. If that's okay with you that is,” she says.

Brain looks in the direction of a soft yellow and pink blur that steadily becomes clearer. Before him is a fully rubber anthropomorphic pony, sleek yellow body with pink hair highlights, her rump has a small metal ladle dripping black latex liquid from the bottom.

“I've been ready my whole life but for what you want to do now? I need to know.”

The rubber pony lowers her head, eyes looking to the ground, her hoof gently squeaking as she twists it, “I'm so sorry. I got ahead of myself. I get too excited sometimes, I forget to start from the beginning,” she says with a soft giggle, looking back up at Brian with her soft blue eyes.

“It's quite alright. Name's Brian.”

“Brian. What a nice name. I'm sure you will like your herd name more once you earn it. My name is Little Dipper,” she says wiggling her sleek rubber butt, showing off the cutie mark.

“That's a nice name. And I can't wait to earn a place in the herd. To become one with the herd,” he replies, another shiver goes through him.

“That is. Nice. Very nice. My job is to get you dipped in our pony patented rubber. It will give you the ability to look like myself, or our four-legged selves, as needed. Though you



won't have the ability to control this just yet. It's left to the need of the herds. I do apologize for the inconvenience. That is okay right? Please don't be too upset."

Brian smirks, "It's quite alright. You just let me know what I need to do, and we can get going. How does that sound?" he asks.

Little Dipper smiles cutely, "That sounds, great." She walks around Brian, her hips swaying, tail flicking with each step, "If you would please. If that is um not too much of a problem that is. Could you, if it's not a huge bother, remove all your gear. I need you completely naked for this first step."

Brian listens intently, despite the fact she spoke softly, like a whisper, he heard each word, and he felt a weight and a compassion filled forcefulness that made it hard for him to ignore if he wanted to, "Sure of course. Not a problem."

"That's just great," she replied, Brian taking a moment to try to remove his hand hooves, the rubber squeaking against each other, his hands helpless to do anything to get them off.

"Ah, sorry I need a little help to get my hooves off. Could you help me?" Brian asks.

"What's the magic word?" Little Dipper asks.

"Please could you help me take off my hooves?"

"That's much better," she replies, her horn glowing a soft yellow. The hoof straps quickly undone, and with an expert level of finesse they are removed within a matter of moments. The cool air rushes in, soothing Brian's hot and sweaty palms. He instinctively rubs his hands together as they quickly dry.

"Thank you, Little Dipper," Brian says with a smile.

"You're welcome," she replies, her soft words soothing, relaxing, while Brian takes several minutes to undo his leather harness. Gently placing it off to the side, before sitting down onto the ground, his butt squeaking against the soft white tiles of the room. As Brian undoes the long laces of his thigh high pony boots, the leather creaks and groans with a loud squeak against Brian's full body catsuit. Brian plops them beside him, the tall leather bending down by the halfway point as the heavy metal horseshoe clinks.

"Those are very nice boots, yes," Little Dipper comments.

Brian smirks, "Thanks, a pony friend by the name of Slender suggested them for me."

She nods, "I will make sure they are well taken care of then. Now if you would be so kind, could you um, if it's not a lot of trouble, but it is necessary in order to continue, but could you uh please get out of your catsuit?"

"Sure, sure, though mind getting the back zipper? It's a little hard to reach," Brian says, turning his back to her, showing the hidden zipper.

"With pleasure," she says, her horn glowing, the same glow surrounds the zipper, pulling it down, the zipper teeth unlocking from each other, a rush of cool air runs down Brian's slick sweaty back. Sweat rolls down his backside, while Brian shivers at the cooling sensation.

"Thanks," he replies, wiggling his arms out from the rubber suit with a loud squeak, the suit rolling into itself as he pulls out, "As much as I love the feel of latex against my skin, there is something to be said of the refreshing feeling of getting out of it," he says with a smile.

“I have heard of such things but have not experienced it myself. But don’t you worry. What I will do with you next will make you feel swell,” she says, watching Brian wiggle more out of the suit which becomes completely inside out in the process.

“I do like the idea of feeling good,” he says, Brian’s cock still hard, the faux equine cock still attached to him, having slipped through the unzipped opening in the front of his catsuit, “The only other downside of having rubber gear, outside of having to take it off is having to take care of it. Letting it air out and all that.”

“Yes, having to take care of one’s latex form is important. Cleanliness helps make everyone *equal* and friends with each and every pony,” Little Dipper says, her words feeling oddly delightful for Brian while he takes a moment to unlock the faux equine cock from his real length, which throbs and aches in need. His body feeling a desire to climax, pre-cum glistening on the cocktip, yet despite this, Brian feels completely content to listen to Little Dipper, and ignore his own desires.

“That’s all my gear, what’s next?” Brian asks.

“Yay, we can continue, please walk this way,” she says motioning Brian to follow her to the other side of the room, which at first glance has nothing there but more white tiles.

“Sure, sure,” Brian gets up, the cool tiles on his feet feel rather soothing, his body quickly cooling and drying off. As he approaches where Little Dipper is, the floor before them slides back revealing a thick viscous looking gel liquid.

“First we will need to clean you and remove all that pesky hair that will get in the way for your second bath.”

“What? My hair?” Brian looks up to his head of hair feeling his thick brown stands between his fingers.

“Y-yes. The equine rubber needs a clean connection to your body. Hair disrupts that connection. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Ah, well, no, it’s not a big thing. What’s a few hairs between me and my dream? I was just a little surprised that’s all.”

“That’s okay. Everyone gets a little surprised by it. But it’s for the best experience possible to allow you to get the full sensation of what it’s like to be a pony. To be one of us. One of the *herd*,” she explains.

Brian feels a tingle run down his spine at the word ‘herd’, it excites him, cock jumping up, while looking at Little Dipper, “I’m ready when you are.”

“Yay, just relax, and I’ll do the rest,” she explains, her horn glowing once more, the soft same glow enveloping Brian, feeling himself being lifted off the ground by a soft warm caressing hoofed hand.

Brian is gently floated over this slick clear pool. Slowly he dipped into it, finding it to be slightly warm to the touch, like bathwater that has been sitting out for a bit too long to lose that steaming sensation but not enough yet to grow room temperature. As Brian is slipped further into the liquid, Brian sees his brown hairs across his body dissolve and float away into the liquid, disappearing into nothingness within only a matter of seconds.

“I would recommend closing your eyes, and mouth, but let the stuff go into your nose, we have to get all those pesky hairs,” Little Dipper explains. Any apprehensions that Brian has melts away like the hairs on his body. Something about her softly spoken words just allows Brian to trust her with implicitency.

As more of the liquid envelops Brian, he feels a tingle along his skin, “What’s that I am feeling?” Brian asks, his pubic hairs gone, leaving him as smooth as a newborn baby down below.

“That’s all your icky dead skin being removed, leaving a fresh layer for contact to be made,” she explains.

“Okay,” Brian replies, now closing his eyes and mouth nice and tight as he is lowered completely into the liquid. It felt so thick, like moving through a gel, it slipped into every crevice, running along every inch of his body. It felt strange to feel the gentle tug of the liquid along the head of his hair, the subtle sensation that has always been with him for as long as he can remember of his hair resting on his head, simply fading away into nothing, leaving only the tingling sensation of the liquid along his bald smooth reflective scalp. What’s more he felt the hairs on his face, up his nose, eyebrows, everywhere simply disappearing leaving him feeling a level of nakedness that he never thought was possible.

Blind and deafened, he is forced to focus his attention on all that he feels, but just as quickly as he was dipped in, he was pulled back out, the liquid sliding off his skin as if it was repelled by it the entire time. Not a single drop lingered on his form, it was as if the liquid itself didn’t want a single drop to be removed from itself.

Brian opens his eyes, the moment the liquid rolled over past his eyelids, the subtle weight of his eyelashes gone, his entire form felt for lack of a better word, a hair lighter than it did before. He gasps for air, nostrils flaring the nasal cavity smoothed and devoid of the hairs that once resided within it.

Brain looks down seeing his bare-naked form, not a single hair left upon his form, not a spec of dirt, not a single drop of sweat, never before has his skin felt so cleaned of everything.

“How do you feel?” she asks softly.

“I feel good. Really good, great even.”

“Yay. All your dead skin, hair, and anything that would get in the way of the connection has been removed. So, you can have the snugest of fits for your second level rubber pony suit.”

“Second level?” Brian asks, Little Dipper putting him back down onto the white cool tiles.

“Yes. What you wrote before was what we ponies like to refer to as level one suits. Like us but not quiet. Level two is where initiates get to wear. Much like us, but at your core, you are still you, and not yet part of the *herd* like myself. Level three is when you are fully made an *equal member* of the *herd*,” she explains.

Brian felt a subtle shiver down his spine, urging him in the back of his mind to work hard to join the herd so deeply, “That makes a lot of sense. Thanks. So where do I get suited up then?”

“I like your enthusiasm. Come follow me, it's right this way,” she says, walking to the other side of the near featureless room, making one wonder how she could even know where she was in relation to where she had to go. Brian looks around curiously, following her, feeling lost of which way is east, west, north, south.

“Thanks. I’ve been very eager for this,” Brian said, his member half flaccid, but when Little Dipper stops him, and a vat of solid black rubber liquid opens before him, his member hardens within seconds to full mast.

“Ready to get dipped into your new skin?” she asks, looking to him, “I mean, not to push you into this. Whenever you are good to go. I am here to help.”

“I was born ready.”

“Now, relax and let me do the work. The rubber knows what to do next.”

“Brian feels the magic envelope him, lifting him into the air when he calls out, “Wait a second, I have a question.”

Little Dipper stops, “Oh, so sorry for going so fast. What is your question?” she asks, Brian hovering a few inches over the black vat of rubber, which is so smooth and dark that it reflects his body like a darkened mirror.

“Am I going to be a black pony or will I have some color?”

“Don’t worry, the rubber color adjusts to your Stable Master’s desires. You can make requests though. I am sure if you ask nicely you will get a color you want. Politeness is a key ingredient to the magic of friendship, wouldn’t you agree?”

“I very much do. Thank you for your help,” Brian replies.

“It’s my pleasure, enjoy your dip, it will only be a little one,” Little Dipper said with a soft tender giggle, her horn glowing, the magic resuming moving Brian over and down into the solid looking black rubber.

At first Brian thought that the rubber below him was solid, though the heat emanating for the rubber gave hints to the true nature. Brian gasped, feeling the warm rubber touch his toes and just like dipping into a hot bath for the first time, it felt exhilarating and relaxing at the same time. Inch by inch he slipped into the rubber, which rolled across his naked form.

Brian feels the latex latch onto his skin, not moving a single inch from the point of contact. Simply more rubber moved up and over to reach the naked skin along the surface of the vat as he was dipped in. Though he was sliding into the heated rubber, the surface remained smooth, pristine, but it did move inwards like bed sheets being pulled inward by someone standing in on the center.

The warmth embraces Brian, feeling as if he was resting in a sauna, a dry heat despite the liquid wrapping around his form, embracing his body, molding the glove that he is to wear. The only experience Brian could come close to this sensation is when he made literal hand-made candles by dipping his hands into the warm liquid wax to make hand shaped candles.

This time, his hands were not coming out, the rubber slipped between every crack and crevice of Brian's body and as his neck slipped under, he feels a warm thick rubbery neck brace collar begin to form around, supporting his head, keeping it in a head forward facing position, "Should I close my eyes?" Brian asks.

"Doesn't matter," she replies, Brian instinctively closing them just as the rubber slips into his mouth and up his nose. Brian feels the flow of rubber move up and into his body slowly, inching its way across like slow moving lava. The heat is intense yet soothing, relaxing every muscle on his body, to the point that he can't keep his eyes closed, he opens to see a sea of darkness, the heat along his face feels like a hot towel placed on his face at one of those beauty salons.

Every inch of his body was now covered in the endless liquid that he found himself in, and within seconds after the last bit of his white skin disappeared into that void of rubber he felt the rubber twitch and shift across his form, squeezing his body as it thickened and grew, becoming ever firmly, like layers upon layers of wax being applied to him, feeling his body sink into the coating deep within the pit.

Brian felt no 'wiggle' room within the rubber, every movement was constricted, controlled, part of the rubber that he found himself surrounded by. He was the simple yolk to the eggshell that embraced him, protected him.

The rubber took greater shape as it expanded outward like a 3D printer creating its masterpiece. A tail sprouted out, following his tail bone, the sensation of the rubber tingling, his sense of self splitting in two. His core, his body, his human self, tightly squeezed held tight, feeling the throbbing warmth of the rubber all around him, filling every pore, every crevice, every hole, sliding into his rear, up his nostrils into his mouth, coating his teeth and tongue in a bland simple rubber, overloading his senses with rubber to such a degree that it quickly becomes a simple norm, one that his mind shuts out as something that is there, not worth noting, moving along.

The second half of his being, is the outer skin of the expanding rubber that is growing all around him. With each layer the rubber becomes less human, more pony. Hoofed fingers, hoofed feet, elongated muzzle, that bushy tail, that lovely plot of a rump that twitches in delight, the aching throbbing equine member, in full glory worthy of what it means to be a pony, along with the notable pair of balls. All of it he can feel, sensing it so fresh and new, yet so natural as if it's always been there, he simply forgot till now.

As quickly as he was dipped into the embracing rubber, he was pulled out, like the gelatin the excess rubber rolled off of him, repelled by his form, not wanting to break from the rest of the liquid. He gasped, a rush of cool air filling his mouth, his nostrils, flowing down into his lungs, it felt delightful, but when he opened his eyes, he felt nauseous for a moment. His field of vision has shifted, changed, become wider than it was before, less predatory and more prey.

His rubber hooves clopped onto the tile; his body having gained a good three inches in height. His tail twitches, flicking, his butt clenches, throbbing cock twitches, dribbling a bit of rubber out of his cumslit, the rubber doing the last bit of its connection by slipping down his

cumslit making Brian neigh out in delight. A natural neigh unlike anything he has ever done before.

“How do you feel? Does it feel good I hope?” Little Dipper asks in a soft sweet voice.

Brian pants, trying to wrap his mind around all the new feelings. He looks over his body, solid featureless black. His form making a black reflection in the tiles, his eyes a big soft baby blue, “I... um...” Brian looks down his backside, the slick rubber, all of it feeling as if it was his own, yet he is still distinctly aware of his trapped human body underneath. He wiggles his but, nickering which breaks into an excited chuckle, “I feel great.”

“Yay,” Little Dipper softly cheered walking around Brian, “That’s really great,” she says, her yellow body reflecting in his fresh new rubber anthropomorphized equine body, “Do you mind taking a few steps? I need to check if everything is in order. If that is okay. If you need a moment, let me know.”

“That’s quite fine Little Dipper. This isn’t the first time I’ve been in hooves,” Brian replied, taking those first few tentative steps, which were slightly different from what he has come to know with his pony gear. Sure the hoof step felt similar but there was a greater range of movement than what he was expecting, almost causing him to lose balance which Little Dipper rushes to ready to catch him, but after several more steps, he quickly finds his stride. Each step softly squeaked, his hips swayed, tail following the movement of his hips, but occasionally breaking rhythm to flick as if to swat some invisible fly.

“All good?” she asks.

“Words can’t describe how wonderful this feels.”

“Yay,” she softly says, “Now that you are set up, it’s time you meet your Stable Master who will train and guide you through your new role and life in the herd,” she says, a door opening in the side of the room, appearing as if it has come from nothing, revealing a soft gray hallway, the unique smell of rubber not his own hits his nostrils, the aroma of other ponies like himself, and other ponies like Little Dipper.

“You ready?” she asks standing by the door.

“Born ready,” Brian replies, stepping out of the room.

“Yay,” Little Dipper replies, leading him down the hallway. He was led to a large set of stalls where other sleek rubber ponies just like himself were waiting. They were standing still, calm, collective, staring ahead of them, tails flicking, not even noticing his arrival. They all seemed to be rather entranced at the nothingness of a wall that they were standing in.

“This is your temporary stall till your stable Master comes to pick you up. Thank you for your patience, and I am sorry for any inconvenience this may have,” says Little Dipper.

“I don’t know why you have to be so apologetic. Everything is just great.”

“That’s just... swell. Please step inside and your Stable Master will come to pick you up at their earliest convenience.”

“Alright,” Brian replies, his hoof steps squeaking, thighs, gently rubbing against the other adding to the squeaks, he moves into the stall which closes behind him. He looks behind him for a moment just as the door closes, “I just wait here then?”

“Yes, just relax and enjoy yourself.”

Brian nods, “Alright, that’s easy enough,” he says looking to the others who stare mindlessly in front of them, mouths slightly open, seeming to mouth words, that Brian in the back of his mind can recognize, “Herd.” “Friendship” “Equality.”

Any concerns that were about to enter Brian's mind are washed away before they could take hold. His vision catches the blank wall in front of him, now that the stall behind him is closed he hears a soft domineering yet gentle voice in his mind, *“One for the herd. Herd for all.”*

Brain gasps, a shiver run downs his spine, his tail flicks, eyes beginning to glaze over, the white wall swirling before his eyes, drawing him in, relaxing him further, he mouths the word, “Herd”

*“We serve the herd. The herd serves us. We obey the herd. The herd is everything. Everything for the herd.”*

Brain thinks in response, *“Everything for the herd.”*

*“The herd is good for every pony.”*

*“The herd is good for every pony.”*

*“The herd is good for you.”*

*“The herd is good for me.”*

*“You want to join the herd.”*

*“I want to join the herd.”*

*“You never realized just how much you were nothing without the herd. You are driven, excited, willing to do anything to join the herd. You never realized how much you wanted it till now.”*

*“I never realized how much I wanted to be in the herd till now.”*

*“Your desires are nothing compared to what you will feel when you see the herd in action. It will drive you to commit further to the herd.”*

*“Be driven to commit further,”* Brian responded, the words seeping deep into the back of his consciousness, using the base already built there by Slender to provide easy access to manipulate and steadily change Brian’s way of thinking towards what is wanted, what is desired. But ever so slowly, one simple trot at a time.”

*“The herd is built up on equality and friendship. You want to be equal and friends with everyone within the herd, don’t you?”*

*“Yes. I want to be everyone’s friends.”*

*“Those joining the herd should be friends with the herd. You’ll do anything to be good friends with us all. With the herd.”*

*“Yes, friends with all within the herd. I want it so much.”*

*“It makes you complete. Makes you hole. The herd completes what you’ve always been missing in your life. Even if you did not realize it. You do now, don’t you?”*

*“Yes. I am complete with the herd. The herd completes me.”*

“*Good pony,*” the voice says, a smile felt through the words, pressing into Brian’s brain, making him shiver and neigh. Knowledge of the herd seeping into his mind, simple basics, greetings, how the place works, just enough where he would not be lost or overwhelmed, and not too much that Brian would question how he knows all these details, the steady hypnotic stream coming to an end when a friendly voice greets behind him, breaking Brian from his trance.

“Greetings Partner. Looks like we will be stable buddies,” says a friendly male voice.

Brian blinked for the first time in not even he knows. He looks around, the other stables are empty, he turns his head to see a sleek grey rubber pony with black hooves on his feet. He shoots Brian a big tooth smile, teeth white, shiny, eyes big and blue with a black mane. He almost has a look of a donkey, two horseshoes one big and the other comparatively small on his flank, “I hope I didn’t startle you. Name is Cetas, I’ll be your stable Master. I’ll make sure you are treated well and get to learn the reins of how we operate here in new Ponia. It will be my job so that you don’t get lost and we test out your skills to see where you fit best within the herd.”

Brian nods, “That sounds great. Though may I ask, where did everyone else go?” “Everyone else?” Cetas looks at the empty stalls, “Don’t know. They were empty when I got here. I was a little late. Traffic amusingly enough,” he replies with a goofy but warm-hearted smile.

“Ah, traffic. Not Much one can do about that.”

“You’re telling me. So, you ready?”

“Boy howdy I am,” Brian replies.

“That’s the spirit. Come, come, let me get a good look at you,” he says, motioning him to come out. Brian feels the cool air around him, his body despite being surrounded in a thick layer of rubber feels as nice as being butt naked. His body softly squeaks with each step, his gait perfect, well trained from his time wearing his gear before. Cetas eagerly waits for him to step completely out of the stall, where he gives a once over.

“Yes, yes, I think you will do nicely. But first let me show you around new Poniya. It would be dreadful if you got lost once you started work,” he says motioning him to follow.

“What kind of work?”

“The best kind, where you will get plenty of fresh air, and see so many sights, but let’s not worry about that just yet. I’m also thinking what kind of colors would be fitting for you. I’m thinking of something grey and blue. Or black and purple like Luna. That would be nice,” he says with a pleasing grin.

“I actually had an idea for colors if I may suggest?” Brian asks nicely, the two moving through a series of hallways, that are seemingly confusing and endless.

“You do? Well let’s hear it! Every ponies voice deserves to be heard in the *herd,*” he replies, the word herd echoing in Brian’s mind, making him feel oddly pleasant, his cock twitches within his heavy equine sheath.

“If I may be so bold, I was thinking like a purple primary body and a cherry red hair to top me off. If I could do that, that would be wonderful. But I understand if that might be too flashy or not right for someone who is just an initiate.”



Cetas took a moment to think over what Brian said. He rubs his chin, gently squeaking, “Well now that you mention it... I do think that is rather a...”

“A bit much?” Brian asks, nervously his tail flicking.

“I was going to say a wonderful idea! We here in the *herd* love to hear everyone’s thoughts. It is what makes us so *equal* to each other. The open exchange of ideas even if they are contradictory to what we might hold close to our hearts. For a closed off heart is good for no one. We all must be *friends* here; don’t you agree Brian?”

Brian softly moans, a nicker escaping his lips, tongue running across his teeth, eyes half open, before being drawn back to reality, “huh? What? I’m sorry what did you say?”

“I was asking if you agree or not,” Ceta says, his grin and happy demeanor never wavering.

“Oh yes, sure most definitely,” he replies.

“Excellent,” he says, whistling out, Brian now realizing he is standing outside, the sun beating down on his slick reflective skin, still black as night.

“When did we get outside?” Brian inquired.

“Just a moment ago. I know the excitement of being in the *herd* can make time just fly. Yet feel so slow. Don’t you worry though. As your stable Master. We are going to become good *friends* and as your *friend* I will look out for you and help you become integrated into our society,” he says, a two person rickshaw pulling up before them, pulled along by a pink and white anthropomorphic rubber pony, in heavy pony play gear. Blinding to their front, body harness with reins attached. Bit in their mouth keeping them making any conversation except a few soft neighs and nickers.

Cetas opens the door, “You first.”

“Thanks,” Brian replied, stepping into the rickshaw with a soft squeak. He looks at the pony all geared up before noticing there are dozens of others like her pulling rickshaws or larger carts through the city in specialized pony drawn lanes. Running alongside them on their own roads are automobiles. Walking up and down the streets are rubber ponies going about their day, all sleek, rubbery some in pony gear, others butt naked like himself, while a few others wear a dazzling display of rubber themed clothes.

Cetas steps in after Brian closing the door behind him, “Please, the tour of the city,” he says. The pony drawing the rickshaw gives a single confirmation stomp before pulling the cart. Their gait even better than Brian’s own. Each step was made with a soft squeak, the metal parts of the harness jingles, while the highly polished black leather adds to the professional and fetish look of what they are doing.

“We like to rely less on the outside world and become a self-sustaining society. Having ponies become part of the transportation was a logical first step toward becoming a better people, a wonderful single *herd*,” Cetas explains.

“I totally agree, though I think more of the world is pony than not at this point, right?”

“Yes, but the meaning behind it remains,” he responds, leaning back in the soft red leather seats with a squeak.

“Relax, enjoy yourself, feel the fresh air that only a pony city can provide. If you have any questions, I’ll be happy to answer them,” he says.

“Thank you,” Brian replies looking out of the rickshaw with excitement. His tail flicks eagerly, watching the magical rubber display of countless ponies before him. His sheath twitches, arousal bubbling within him yet he feels a general calm come over him, unable to become fully aroused, despite seeing a few ponies proudly sporting their erections, and no one around them batting a second look, except those that might be interested in said pony.

“This place is so big.”

“Third biggest pony city in the country,” Cetas replies, “And founded not that long ago compared to other places.”

“Hard to believe this all started with a few small scattered little villages.”

“Yup, amazing isn’t it? And now you get to be a part of it all. *One* with us, *one with the herd*,” Cetas says with a friendly smile. The entire ride took a good two and a half or so hours. Amazingly during that time the pony drawing their cart kept up a brisk pace of thirty to forty miles per hour without tire or signs of exhaustion. Their sleek rubbery butt shone in front of them, a lovely luscious rump with a cutie mark of a horseshoe and carriage.

Eventually they pulled up to a large apartment complex, “Here we are 621 StablesLane, your new home while you are here,” says Cetas, exiting the cart, holding the door for Brian.

Brain steps off with a soft squeak, the pony drawing the cart gives a head bow and a single stomp, before heading out, joining the other pony drawn carts.

“Thank you for your service!” Cetas waves happily to the pony. He turns to Brian, “Come, come, we are on the 15th floor, room 1569. I’m not only your stable Master, but also your stablemate.”

“Stablemate?”

“Ah, that would be the equivalent of a roommate?”

“Oh, yeah, right. Not sure why I didn’t think of it. The world sounded so familiar,” Brian remarks, walking into the apartment together. The doors automatically slide open. Inside was a glistening display of rubber furnished furniture along with smooth rubber floors that compressed slightly as one walked upon them, giving the sensation that one was walking on a soft fluffy rubbery cloud.

Anthro and feral ponies walk along the lobby going about their daily business. Brian watched with awe, seeing the wonderful rubber interior. The walls, the floor, every chair, was rubber of some kind, all of it well-polished to glisten and squeak as the ponies moved through.

Brain’s heart raced, a surge of excitement filled him, his nostrils flared, his hooves sunk into the ground, and higher his arousal became yet his cock remained locked, unwilling to peek out.

“This is more of what I was expecting,” Brian muttered.

Cetas chuckled, “Oh? Let me guess, you were expecting everything to be rubber within the city?”

Brain blushed a little, though it was completely hidden by the black rubber that holds him tight, “Y-yeah..”

“As lovely of an idea that is, To paint the world as a rubber marble, at the present time that is not realistic. But we do what we can. Wait till you see my room!” he says excitedly.

“I’ve been to a pony’s room before, though never in the city. I’m sure it will be a fun experience,” Brian says, walking over to the elevator, taking their way up to the 15th floor and down a set of hallways toward Cetas’ apartment.

They eventually reach the door, simple, yet colorful, solid rubber. Cetas places his hoof to the front of where the doorknob would be. There is a soft squeaky click, the door opens, “Come come!” he exclaims walking inside, holding the door open for him.

Brian steps through, seeing a well-furnished living room, themed in black and purple. A large inflatable couch in the shape of a large oversized feral pony of the Princess Luna is pressed up against the wall. Pictures of Luna in anthro and feral form line the walls, a few of said pictures include Cetas in there, half of them signed by Luna’s signature.

Ceta does a little pose, “Tada!”

Brian whistles, “That is a nice themed set up you have here. You know Luna?”

“I worked with her a few times, I was her official mode of transport for a few years,” he says proudly.

“Really? That is very impressive. I’m honored to be trained under you.”

“Thanks,” Ceta says with a smile, “Let me show you to your stable. And we’ll get you colored up and set up so you can get used to your equipment. You’ll be beginning work first thing in the morning.”

Brain nods, feeling a bit of concern press down upon him, “What will I be doing?” he asks, shifting his weight on one hoof to the other.

Cetas smiled, “You’ll see soon enough, once you are geared up, I think though, it will become very clear.”

“Alright, I trust you,” he replies following Cetas down a hallway that has more pictures of Cetas and other well-known ponies. He opens a simple rubber door which squeaks open, inside is a small stall sized room with a full-bodied mirror across from the door. The light comes in from the window above the mirror, the sounds of the city outside are muffled, making a relatively quiet room.

“This is your stable.”

Brian walks into the relatively small room, there is a nice stall, and a place for one to be hitched too. To his right is a small closet, the door open revealing a thick set of leather and silver studied metal BDSM themed pony gear.

Brian shifted on his hooves with a soft squeak, looking around the room then back to Cetas, “A little small but I think I’d call it cozy.”

“New initiates get simple stalls. To help them get into the mindset of the *herd*. We are just *one equal yet* small part of the *herd*,” he explains entering the room, “That there,” he

motions to the gear, “Is your work uniform which you will be wearing at all times till you complete your on the job training. I know you will do great. I believe in you.”

Brain felt a soft shiver run down his spine, his human heart racing at the sight of the gear, attention torn between that and Cetas, “I won’t let you down.”

“I know you won’t. You have me helping you. Though as a new initiate I don’t think it be right to give your colors yet, but seeing your track record thus far, and how good you’ve been and well receiving of everything, a little reward will be in order,” says Cetas reaching over giving Brian’s butt a soft tap, and with it he feels a shiver run up and down his spine.

Brian softly neighs in delight, his hands and feet tension within his hooves, cock twitching, sheath bulging a little, a wave of delight comes over him as Brian notices in the mirror the black rubber tail hair changing, shifting, becoming a deep cherry red. His heart skipped a beat, “Thank you!” Brian nickered in delight.

Cetas smiles, “My pleasure *friend*.”

Brian softly pants, “The delight is truly all mine. Next, I get geared up?” he asks, eyeing the gear in the closet, just wanting to be worn.

“Yup,” Cetas says scooching past Brian, their bodies rub up against each other with a soft squeak, their butts gently brushing up against the other, sending another delightful shiver down Brian’s spine, the smooth flank gently teasing Brian’s mind, making him think of Cetas’ wonderful butt.

“First we’ll need to get your under gear put into place, which come switch your extendable chastity belt.”

Brian’s mind is tugged back to reality by Cetas’ words, “Extendable chastity?” he inquires.

Unlike some forms of chastity that hold, and constrain your arousal, our extended chastity, will grow and shrink with your arousal, keeping the sensation of being constrained at all states of arousal. The only real point of chastity is to keep you from climaxing no matter how much stimuli you are able to receive. And this chastity will do exactly that. No matter how much, I, you or anyone else teases and enjoys your delightful new found equine nature, you won’t be able to receive that sweet delightful release till after you have finished with your initiation and have become a fully *dedicated pony* for the *herd*.”

Cetas' words sent more shivers through Brian’s mind, his solid black rubber equine nature pushing out of his heavy sheath, his balls feeling so heavy, hanging between his legs, reminding him of his simple little human nature, and how enhanced he now is.

Cetas grins chuckling, seeing the twitching and throbbing member push outwards, “Someone likes the thought of extendable chastity. Which is good, as you will be wearing it for a while, but I know you will love it,” he says, grabbing this heavy black cock and ball harness. The chastity itself, made of a silver rubber, which with a touch of Cetas’ hoofed fingers, turns into a deep cherry red, “We have to have it match now.”

Brain pants, heart pounding, cock twitching, eyes locked on the cherry red rubber that has a metallic sheen to it. He shifts on his hooves, legs gently rubbing against the other with a soft

squeak, member growing to its full foot length, its heavy weight pulling at his crotch, making him think just how big he has become. The cool air across the massive sensitive flesh causes him to softly moan, the member twitching more, pre-cum dribbling from the tip.

“My, my, you are very eager. That will make putting this on all the easier,” he says, kneeling before Brian, his soft rubber hooved hands, caressing Brian’s length. The touch is delightful. His member twitches to the touch, throbbing, veins showing, his human member barely a thought as it is trapped within this monster of a cock that he now has. The flat head, flaring as Cetas pops the front of the chastity onto his cock with a loud pop. “You will feel a little pinch, as I slide the tube in,” Cetas says, funneling the red rubber tube into his cum hole, it slides down into his aching member, making Brian buck his hips toward Cetas.

“Woe, easy now. I barely started,” Cetas says, calming Brian, his words having a force on his mind that Brian can’t explain or fully realizes.

The tube slips all the way down his length teasing his sensitive insides, eventually making connection with his human cock, filling it with as much pressure as he feels the faux equine cock that he currently sports. The rubber moves down into his balls, blocking his ability to cum, while at the same time tripling their output, putting them on par with a proper pony that he intends to become. The only side effect that he doesn’t know about is that will also triple his lustful arousal. Not that Cetas is telling him this as he slides the second ring around the back of Brian’s flared cock head. “There we go.”

Brian takes slow deep breaths, his pleasure rising, watching Cetas slide down the red cherry rings down his length, each ring is connected by a dozen smaller rubber rods that run parallel along his cock, making a tight cage that envelopes his member. Eventually Cetas gets to the very base of Brian’s cock, the last ring going into place, with another last one as part of the cock and ball harness to go around the top of his balls, locking the whole device into place. In all there are thirteen rings in place, holding and constraining Brian’s member. Ceta’s places his heavy balls into the leather harness, tying the straps around his thighs and around his waist, locking it into place right above the base of his tail. A Ring put at the base of his tail helps keep it all from moving a single inch.

The moment Cetas finishes, the rings and bands tighten, squeezing Brian’s member just enough to keep a firm grip along his entire length, “There we go. All fit and snug like a bug in a rug. Why don’t you relax so we can see if it can compress like it should?”

“I don’t know if I can. This feels so good,” Brian responds with a soft pant.

“I’m sure you can. For your *friend* you will do *anything that a friend* like me will ask. As you want to be *one* with the *herd*.” he says with a friendly smile.

Brian shivers, his butt clenches, he takes a deep breath, eyes becoming a little glossed over, “of course. I will try my best,” he says, taking slow deep breaths, his cock shrinking down, becoming flaccid, slipping back into its sheath. As it does, the long bands compress, the red rings grow closer together, till they touch one another, a tight ribbed red band around his entire length, visible just for a moment before popping into his sheath, leaving just the head poking out with the red ring at the very base behind the cock head, forcing just a little bit of Brian’s cock to

peek out of his sheath. A clear reminder to himself and all that can see that he is a bound pony, unable to cum, but able to be admired and teased. His relaxed member now feels like it is in a tube, holding, milking, squeezing out and pre-cum that he may dribble out of his tubed length.

“How does that feel?” Cetas asks, standing up.

Brain drools a little bit, licking it up quickly, snapping back to reality, “Amazing.”

“*Friendship* is amazing isn’t it? That is what we like to call her,” Cetas says with another hearty chuckle, going to grab the first real gear of his new pony attire. A thick pair of upper thigh high pony laced boots. On the base is a thick silver metal horseshoe, and the laces are a cherry red that match his tail.

“How did you get the laces to match?” Brain asks in a moment of clarity.

“I suspected from your profile that was given to me by the *herd*. The *herd* knows all that is needed to know. *Trust the herd.*”

“Trust the herd,” Brian replies, Cetas placing the boots before him. The weight of them makes the ground squeak and compress slightly. Cetas loosens the laces, pulling the massive long tongue of the boot forward, stretching the highly polished leather leg open.

“Ease yourself in.”

Brain feels his cock twitch again, the head peeking out more, “I can’t wait,” he mutters, raising his leg up with a proper pony gait step, slipping it into the boot with a loud squeak. The boot squeezes his ankle and thigh, with a loud squeeze. Brian feels the tight embrace of the boot before it's even tightened. With a slight jerk and a pop, his hoof slips into the hoof compartment built specifically for a pony like himself. His human foot now under two distinct layers of bondage, becoming a bit of a ghost of a memory to him, as the delight of his pony hoof overtakes the reality that his human body feels.

With his leg in place, Cetas takes the slow process of hooking the laces around each silver metal clasp of the pony boot. With each tug the boot grows tighter, embracing Brian’s leg, forcing subtle incorrect posture in his leg to the correct “pony approved” form. His knee becomes stiff, the boot holding him tight, not wanting him to move unless he really tries to will it, the very last clasp and strap put into place, Cetas ties it all over with an elegant bow tie. The very top of the boot stopping a mere inch away from the point where his thigh meets the rest of his body, the boot giving him a clear two and a half inches in height, putting him off balanced till the process is repeated with his other leg.

“Give the boots a try. How about two firm full gait steps.”

“Sure,” Brian replies, moving his leg up, the leather creaking, latex squeaking, rubbing against the inside of the boot that has a mirror-like shine, reflecting his other boot as he raises it up. The leather is tight, constraining his muscles tense, his thigh eventually becoming parallel to the ground with enough effort.

“Good, good, you know the proper gait. That’s going to make your first day that much easier.”

“It’s a lot tougher than my boots,” Brain remarks.

“It’s to build up your muscle, make you able to handle joining the *herd*. *One* must be strong to join the *herd*. For the *herd* is strong. Makes sense?”

Brian feels another delightful shiver run down his spine, his member twitching, feeling the throb, and tight grip of his chastity, “Yes, very much so,” he says completing the second step with a little bit of effort.

“That’s just great. Let’s get your body harness put on then we’ll move onto your hands and head. After that I think a bit of rest is in order. Don’t you think? You’ve had a long day and tomorrow is going to be even longer.”

“I can’t wait,” Brian said with a soft nicker of excitement.

“I love your attitude,” Cetas says, grabbing the leather strap body harness. Black leather with red cherry stripes outline each strap with silver rings connecting the various straps. Cetas dawns it over Brian’s body. Connecting straps to the metal ring already at the base of his tail, interweaving it with the leather straps of his chastity harness, making it even tighter and more difficult to remove if he wanted to. The straps press along his chest, lift around his crotch, and thighs. Holding along his back, straightening out his posture more, limiting some of his movements to give a more equine feel to what he can and can’t do. The posture collar connects to it all, which forces his head in a forward positioning with only a limited thirty degrees of movement in total to the left and right, nearly unable to look up or down.

With the body harness in place, Cetas grabs the hand hooves, which like his pony boots are made of a well-polished shiny leather, with a silver metal horseshoe at the base. His hands slip into it, fitting in perfectly to a hidden compartment within the hooves, which grow and compress around his fingers, making his hands feel like nothing more than a pair of useless hooves. Unable to wiggle a single digit once his hand pops into place. The leather goes all the way up his arm right to under his armpit.

The belt at the base and near the middle gives a tight confirming grip, making his arm movements difficult, yet thanks to the leather straps put into place, weaving through small metal rings built into the hooves, his arms are forced into an a sort of L shape, making his hand hooves parallel to the ground, further binding him to his stable Master Cetas.

“Looking really good Brian, a real show pony.”

Brian with a soft pant, smiles, “Thanks, it feels great,” he says, his cock at half mast, the grip around his length, makes him feel like he’s slipping into a nice tight cock sleeve.

“Why thank you. But in the end, it's all due to the one who makes this gear. She is a real genius when it comes to the designs.”

“Oh? Who is that?”

“Oh, you’ll see in time. Everypony gets to meet her at least once,” Cetas explains grabbing the head harness, a detachable bit is kept off to the side, but the blinders, keep Brian facing forward, unable to see anything but the nice narrowed field of vision in front of him. The leather straps around his head attach to the collar, his head further limited in motions, a lovely feather plum of red puffing out of the back of his head, shown gloriously to Brian through the

mirror. With that, the reins are attached, Cetas guides him toward the front of the stable, straight into the mirror, and the full display of his heavily bound yet glorious pony rubber form.

“How’s that?” Cetas asks with a big goofy smile.

Brian feels his heart skip a beat, his cock hardening in front of him, the chastity keeping to its word of extending with his length, “Marvelous.”

“Glad to hear it,” Cetas says, tying Brian’s reins to the stall, making sure he can’t move from the spot, before grabbing a bag of feed. “This will provide you with all the nourishment that you will need for tomorrow. Eat up. You’ll need it. And with that. I will say, rest well, keep looking at yourself, and relax. Enjoy yourself. And welcome to your first trots in joining the *herd*.” Cetas says pulling the leather bag of feed up and around Brian’s muzzle.

The Smell of rubber, leather and oats fills Brian’s nostrils when the bag goes around his face. His tongue reaches out, tasting rather bland tasting oats. Devoid of any sweeteners, simple, and to the point. Brian watches Cetas leave, bidding him a good day, while he slowly chews his meal. Eyes soon locking onto his own, admiring his lovely glistening rubber pony body, fully prepared for the next day. Already he feels himself beginning to adjust to the tight constraining gear, keeping him in perfect pony posture, waiting patiently for the next day to come.

As he looks at himself, mindlessly eating, he feels himself drawn into the mirror, drawn into himself. Slowly beginning to hear a voice in the back of his mind? His own? No, yet it sounds so familiar. Like he’s heard it before, but any time he focuses on the voice, it disappears. Eventually he gives up, letting it become a background noise, something to let it be there, while his thoughts drift away. Afterall, Brian still has a long way to go till he becomes a good pony. The best pony. And fully joins the herd as an equal.

“*Good pony. One with the herd.*” the voice whispers into the depths of his mind, while he slowly spaces out, staring blankly into the mirror, waiting for the next day to come, letting the voice simply guide him. Fill him with knowledge that will allow him to succeed and become a useful member of the herd.