

## The Cult of Friendship: Deponizing

Legante's friends stand before him, holding his gear that will dress him up as a real show drone pony. His heart races, the excitement bubbles up within him, his human form, hidden under layers of latex, could not be contained in any other fashion. His entire experience is like those multi-layered Russian dolls. His limbs folded down, made completely helpless, the rubber pony body, giving him any ability to move, leaving him at times to forget he's in a pony suit and not an actual four-legged pony. His mind is swimming in the fog of endless lust, his body somehow able to manage the constant work that Spreading Shine has put him through.

That devilish blue pony with the dazzling pink eyes. He can feel her gaze from the carriage that he knows all too well that he'll be pulling along, tugging it, trotting it down the path, toward the hidden town in the woods, seeing the wonderful world that he's been pulled into, time and time again. The outside world so foreign to him, and his mind goes at a full gallop when he notices the other ponies that he'll be pulling the cart along with him. They are all in the process of being pulled into the same vanta-black rubber suits. They are so dark that it's like staring into a black endless void of nothingness, that makes it just stand out in an eerie yet delightful way. His aching equine cock twitches and dribbles pre-cum, the cool air around his cyan latex dick causing him to shudder and nicker, shifting on his hooves.

*"I'm in full pony mode. And good ponies don't talk,"* he thinks with a soft huff and squeak, the black and cyan unicorn pony, closes his eyes for just a moment, to bring him back under control, the constant need and arousal getting the better of him for a moment, *"This is heaven."*

Spreading Shine chuckles, watching that butt wiggle, looking up at Cavalla the yellow anthropomorphic rubber pony and her lover and partner, Stivile the purple sleek rubber anthropomorphic pony, *"Such a good, lovely pair. I know you two are feeling frustrated,"* she thinks, catching their gaze with hers, *"But I will be rewarding your hard work very soon. I just have a thing for this human. I know a guilty pleasure, but you don't have to know that,"* she thinks with a grin, waving her hand from the carriage for the pair to continue.

Stivile has the vanta-black pony hood while Cavalla has a bunch of gear in her arms. Cavalla runs her hands along Brian's back, "Are you ready? We have a lot of gear to put you in," she says, putting the gear beside her, her smooth rubber fingertips pressing along his spine, helping the shiver and tingle through Brian's body grow.

He lets out a soft nicker, giving a single hard stomp.

Stivile chuckles, "Such an eager pony. You're going to love this, we assure you, don't we?" she asks, looking over to Cavalla.

"Y-yes, it will be great," she huffs with a soft squeak, giving the rubber drone hood a look over, along with vanta-black tubes that are just as eerie and void-like as the pony hood. The tubes are attached to the same colored backpack that had a little bit of heft to it, judging by Cavalla's effort as she moves it into position for later wearing.

Out of the corner of Legante's vision, the other ponies give a glimpse of his future fate. A purely black faceless void of a rubber pony drone. The dichotomy is highly reflective from a polish at certain angles of light yet the body being so dark that it's a black hole, building upon the magical, simplification and drone look of each pony. It's hard to tell if there are any differences between each pony when there's so little reflecting back to you to even *tell* there is a difference to be had. It's like looking at living shadows. Steadily he turns his gaze to get a better view of them, his arousal building up even higher, member twitching in the cool air, his real length hidden by tightly squeezed rubber, body shivering in delight.

"Are you ready to join them?" asks Stivile, running her purple hoof along his chin, drawing it back to her loving big blue-eyed gaze, "Hmm?"

He lets out a soft nicker, wanting to speak out, but his training is too well ingrained in his mind, and he lets out a single stomp.

"Good pony," she says, looking over to her partner, giving a little nod.

"It's cute how much he wants it," she says softly, showing off, "But we need to prep you for your suit. First, let's get your own little pony all penned up. Don't want you ponies comparing sizes now, do we?" asks Cavalla, blushing a bit.

"I knew you liked that," says Stivile, giving her partner a playful body bump.

"Come on..." she nickers, pulling out a black rubber chastity ring cage with a flat, cock compressor and sheath chastity device, "I'll let you put that on him, and I'll get him plugged up."

"You're going to tease him as I cage him, making it more difficult," she nickers.

"I won't, I promise," she grins, grabbing a matching color butt plug.

"Don't worry ladies, I'll help make him get nice and 'relaxed' even if he doesn't want to," says Spreading Shine.

"Thank you, Mistress," the girls say in unison.

"So you can go full on teasing him, he won't get bigger," Spreading Shine says with a playful wink.

With a tense squeeze, Legante feels a warmth over his length, he looks down, seeing a pink magical aura around his twitching bits. The pressure within his length grows greater yet he softens. The pleasure within his loins grows as if he's being 'forced' to focus his arousal and pleasure to one critical point, which is only made all the more unbearable, building him his aching desire to mate yet to go deeper into this trot. Cavalla's yellow hands gently caresses his length, guiding his member back into his sheath, waiting till his bits have sunk back into his heavy black rubber sheath, which is greatly contrasted by the blacker, darker vanta-black chastity cage.

With tender soft smooth hands, Cavalla guides one nut through the chastity ring, fondling, moving, guiding the second in. She giggles as her care moans and squirms, shifting his weight side to side, "Easy there boy. There's much more to do," she says, rolling her fingers over the front of the sheath to pop the rest of his bits through the ring.

It's at this moment Stivile strikes, taking the large butt plug, already lubricated to a glistening shine. Her fingers drenched in the same lubricant, which she uses to paint his rear

with the cool teasing liquid, slipping her digits in, spreading the lubricant deep within him, giving his prostate a soft tender massage before popping her digits out, quickly replacing the tip of the plug against his O ring.

“*Oh fuck... fuck, fuck, fuck,*” he thinks, squeezing hard on the plug as the cone is pushed into him, spreading him wider, “*Mistress, you are such a wonderful tease.*”

A whisper speaks in the back of his mind, “*Mistress is wonderful. Mistress is always right. Mistress is a magical part of friendship.*”

Before he could even ponder the whisper if he even wanted to, to the purple anthropomorphic pony behind him as she twists back and forth, pushing the plug deeper into him, spreading him wider, changing his o ring into an O ring, hitting the point of no return, excess lubricant running on the outside of his body, dripping down between his legs, down his balls, just as the cover of the cock compressor is locked into place with a click, the cool metal pressing against the tip of his length, that is yearning and feeling to get hard, and the moment the cage is locked, the pink magic around his bits dissipate and his cock is once again ‘freed’ to now push against its cage, making him realize that his cock is snug like a bug in a rug, with no wiggle room. His pre-cum coating the front chastity cover and after a little metallic flick by Cavalla, who giggles excitedly, she pulls away.

“Perfect, doesn’t that feel much better Legante?”

He raises his shaking leg, squeezing tightly on the plug, and then lets out one single stomp and huffs loudly, nickering and neighing in delight, swallowing a building lump in his throat as the pressure of his bound-up rod grows to the point that it literally can’t get any tighter, his length denied its natural order, leaving home with a constant reminder of his lustful position.

The female ponies grab the body suit, stretching it out before him. The void of black rubber makes Legante’s belly fill with butterflies, like someone afraid of heights standing at the edge of a balcony. He clenches harder on the plug, swallowing another lump, his mind trying to grasp just how down he’ll sink in, when he steps into the rubber.

“R-ready Legante?” asks Cavalla.

“I think we already know the answer sweetie,” teases Stivile, stretching the latex, making it creak, “Get in, we don’t want Mistress to wait solely on you getting your gear on.”

He takes the first tentative step into the rubber suit, not out of fear, but out of wanting to draw out the anticipation as long as possible. The window where he can imagine what it's going to feel like, the fantasy and delight of what is *going* to happen, to when it actually *happens*, a loving feeling that he’d wish he could make it last a bit longer, denied, and that in itself is glorious.

The first step into the void, twitching when he hits the wall of the rubber, his mind not expecting it, no matter how much he knows the rubber is there, his brain keeps saying otherwise, but now he feels the sleek latex caressing his rubber body, pleasantly surprised how sleek the inside is, allowing him to sink his first forehoof in, then the second, “Ahhh,” he shudders.

Smack, smack! Off by half a second from each other, Stivile and Cavalle spank his rear, with Stivile’s fingers tapping on the plug as a friendly *reminder* of it.

Spreading Shine smirks, “Good catch girls. You’ll be rewarded soon at this rate.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” the two sing, looking up at her with loving eyes.

“*Oh please, don’t let this end. I am so sorry for not being a good pony,*” he thinks, his anxiety spiking but just as quickly melts away with the two ponies gently caressing his back, Cavalla hiking up his hind leg, helping it into the suit.

“Relax, you’re overall a good pony. Everypony has stumbling blocks, even Mistress’ favorite is no exception,” she says, giving the suit a little tug, stretching it around his body, leaning into the tug, while Stivile slips his other leg into the suit, which now is pulled up so hard his hooves are taken off the ground. The caressing rubber runs across his belly, his bound-up length pops into a rubber bulge sheath, slipping into the cavity like a hand in glove.

The suit is tugged and pulled, *stretching* over his body, wrapping around his form, hugging him in a skintight embrace that coils around him with the help of the two pony girls. His black and cyan body hidden further under the deep darkness of this newest layer of latex, drawing him deeper into the pony play, further away from the human. It’s pulled past his shoulders, wrapping around his back, sending shivers down his spine, his sheath straining against the chastity, while feeling the puffed-up cupping of his balls, the latex around there expanding automatically to press his precious bits down, into a tender soft needy bulge.

His rear and tail are completely covered, the latex combining around itself to seal himself away from the neck down, his vision getting a glimpse of that void of a body he now possesses, boggling his mind, weakening it with the help of his endless aching arousal for what is to come, the most wonderful night carriage pull he could ever want.

The pony gals run their hooves across his body, checking for any wrinkles finding none, but still take their time to feel up his sleek body, letting him feel that double sensation of the muffled feeling of his pony body under latex, and his human body under double layers of it.

Stivile takes the backpack, working it onto his back, while Cavalla grabs the mask, turning it towards him, giving a glimpse of what he’ll soon look like.

Legante’s eyes widen in delight. The smooth faceless pony hood, which will soon be wrapped around him, “*I can just imagine how that will feel,*” he thinks, seeing the places where the hoses will connect, perhaps his only source of air once its on him, the thought of which only keeps the pressure in his loins at that constant high, unable to get any stronger despite how much he’d love to feel it so. Despite his arousal not growing harder, his lust is certainly reaching new heights.

That moment of anticipation, his mind rushing to overtake time, to make it slow down to his will so that he may enjoy the new face, that is so well polished that optical illusion of being so dark it doesn’t reflect any light is broken when Cavalla moves the hood around.

“Open wide Legante. Good drone ponies don’t speak,” she says with a giggle, followed by a soft longing sigh, their eyes meeting, where she can see the eagerness and delight of what is about to happen, and Legante can see the longing of being in a similar position herself.

The hood is turned around, the up until now hidden equine dildo is pressed up against his lips, which soon he happily accepts, suckling the tip as more slides in, down into his mouth.

“Easy Legante, no need to be so eager,” she giggles.

“It’s easy for him to be eager,” says Stivile, adjusting the back onto his back, merging it with the suit, before she takes a moment to reach into the mask, guiding a pair of nostrils breathing tubes into his nose, sliding them down as the dick pushes down into the back of his throat, “Mistress loves it when the drone’s masks don’t even inflate and deflate. It really gives the look that the mask *is* their face,” she says, squirming, tail hiking, legs grinding against one another.

The sound of rubber creaking fills Legante’s ears, his head soon completely enveloped by the hood, sealing around his head, mouth filled by the equine dildo, nostrils providing his only air. His mind’s eye compiles how he looks, the faceless smooth pony, not needing a mirror to see what he looks like because there are five other exact duplicates around him. The micro-holes in the hood provide only limited obstruction of his vision. His nostrils whistle, breathing through the air vents, waiting for the tube connection.

The hood and the suit then merge into one another, the sliding of rubber, and gripping of the two till they are made one sent shudders through him. His hips bucked forward, body aching, rump squeezing the plug, wiggling his rear, hiking the tail, “*Hmm, horny rump wiggles, do feel nice. I wonder if that’s why she does it... naw, probably natural for her,*” he thinks as a click draws him to what’s happening by his head.

Stivile and Cavalla work together to hook the breathing tubes into his mask, twisting them to lock them into position, their hands gently caressing his head, massaging him as the gas floods in.

A rush of warm air floods his nostrils, its sweet like honey building a little haze over Legante’s mind, making him grow all the more eager, ready to slip on the next layer of pony gear. His hooves ready to get hoofed, body harness to slip in, and then hitched to the carriage so he can show them all what a good pony he is. Another deep breath, the mask not shifting as the warming gas floods his lungs, the sensation and pleasure of it permeating outwards from the center of his being, expanding his senses outward.

Another deep breath, another rush, another moment of utter bliss. Silent and pleased, his body creaks as he shifts his weight from one hoof to the next, getting a full feel of the suit, glancing over at his ‘void’ of a body, knowing it’s there, but only seeing an outline of his form. He doesn’t notice till it’s ‘too late’ that the girls have brought up the gear he’ll be wearing. Heavy silver metal pony gear that will ensure that he will walk with a proper gait and show off his body.

“I got the codpiece,” says Cavalla with a giggle, showing off the silver metal sheath cover, with vanta black straps, knowing that it will give a floating silver crotch look. The look of which he doesn’t need to imagine, already seeing other ponies dressed in that gear, but it is to him another layer placed over him. The cold metal cools the latex around his crotch, making him quiver in delight. The added pressure around his bulge helps contain his arousal on one hand, but on another only makes all the more mind numbing. Looking at the other ponies with

their silver codpieces in place, gives a cool floating look, really drawing his gaze to them till his heavy pony boots with silver metal lining to match the codpiece are brought out before him.

“Hooves in,” says Stivile, tapping his butt, missing his plug, this time.

He takes in a deep breath of the intoxicating gas. His nostrils flare, sucking up the warming air and pleasant palatable sensation that spreads out to every limb, and pools within his loins, bubbling and boiling, but his lid is kept nice and tight over his release. He slides his first hoof in, the boot clicking into place. Silver metal horseshoe and hoof covers similar to the royal ponies from the show that spawned this wonderful world he’s now completely enthralled with.

The next hoof is put into place. The tight grip of the metal stiffens his steps, the leather painted to match his latex body practically melded into place, hiding it completely from view unless you really took a moment to study it. His hooves ‘pop’ into position, adding a layer of a tight squeeze around his already bound limbs.

“Time for your harness, and then we can get you hooked up, isn’t that nice?” asks Stivile, her hands gently caressing his back, down to his rump, giving that plug a playful push.

“You’ll be a perfect drone pony once you’re set up,” says Cavalla, running her hands along his belly, press the codpiece down, giving that one last final tease, before she and her partner, grab the body harness, with the same vanta-black straps and silver metal that are used in select areas from points to be hitched but also to add a lovely bound pony look.

The straps run around his limbs, along his belly, up his sensitive rubber bound sides, wrapping around his back, locking into position, tightening further and further, grinding against the leather that holds the codpiece in place, making it somehow even *tighter*. The silver collar is slipped on, the harness attached to it, completing his attire into the perfect cart pulling drone pony.

The ladies guide him into his place on the cart. One caught in the middle with a pony to his right, front and behind. Not able to lead, but not able to lazily follow with another pony behind him, keeping an eye on him. The sound of the soft clicks of metal is like flicking a switch in his mind, *“Is this all in my mind? How wonderful and delightful this feels? To be like a drone?”*

He takes a deep breath, a thought whispers into his mind, *“No more questions, just get in line. No more questions... simply obey and get in line.”*

He takes a deep breath of the delicious gas, *“Right no more questions. I am a good pony. A good friend. A good friend doesn’t question. I get in line and follow,”* he thinks, hitched into place, the next pony beside him, and then the ones in front of him.

“He’ll all set up Mistress,” says Stivile.

“I-I hope it is to your liking,” Cavalla adds, looking up nervously, rubbing her hoof hands together with a soft squeak.

Spreading Shine smirks, “It’s wonderful. Come on girls, you’re coming with me. The more they pull the more they have to work to reach their destination. And they are going to be such good friends taking us there.”

“Yes Mistress,” says Stivile, Cavalla following in toe, getting into the carriage with the help of the helper pony that opens the door for them.

Legante didn’t turn his head to look at the girls entering the carriage, but he felt each step through the carriage straps attached to the shaft. The extra weight is felt from the gentle tugs he gives while shifting his weight from one hoof to the next. His tail flicks, a shiver running down his spine, feeling the gentle lift of the reins, the front of the barn opens up, the time quickly approaching. Another deep intoxicating breath.

“Giddy up ponies,” says Spreading Shine, her words singing out to them, making each visibly shudder. Something about her words was more forceful than anything else she’s uttered to him before. With practice only known to the top-tier ponies that each of them has become accustomed to through so many of these walks, they move in near-perfect unison, pulling the cart forward, out into the night, away from the heavenly mansion and out toward the woods.

“*Keep going forward. Keep moving forward, keep breathing in the pleasure,*” Legante thinks, the leather creaking, each high thigh level to the ground step is a bit of effort, but his well-trained muscles and condition makes it feel completely *normal*, nay, necessary to be a good carriage pony.

This part of the carriage pull is completely normal to him, he’s done it so many times before, that it causes flash memories of his progression toward where he is now, a soft whisper speaks into his mind, “*No more thoughts. Focus, keep in line.*”

He takes a deep breath, his mind calming down, soothing, and continues trotting past the fields, into the forest, the only lights are the stars above, the moon shining down upon them. That endless dark vanta-black latex rump draws him into the void, his mind being sucked into the endlessness and then... with a blink his vision changes.

The world softens, becoming colorful again, the night sky looks animated, yet there’s something else, the outline of each person pops, even himself and the other ponies. Slow, steady, trotting pace... Crack! The sound of a whip, a sting on his rear, a tingle of pleasure through him, taking a deep breath.

Cavalla giggles, “Oh... sorry. I hope that wasn’t too hard. That was rather fun...” she blushes.

Stivile, “The riding crop is also a fun delight, you should give it a try, you can really feel the vibration of the hit when you smack them on their cute rears.”

“I wasn’t too hard was I? It is difficult to tell exactly where they are when they are like that.”

Spreading Shine chuckles, leaning in the back of the chair, “Both of you are doing fine. And I’ll be giving you a taste of your reward.”

“Only a taste?” asks Stivile.

“Stivile... Mistress knows what she is doing... I hope,” she whispers.

“It’s quite alright my sweet *friends*. I want to be *sure* the reward I have in store for all of you. What *friend* wouldn’t want to be sure that the gift I present to them is one they’d actually *want*.”

Stivile nods, using the “Yes Mistress, sorry for that.”

Cavalla nuzzles Stivile, “See, she knows best.”

Clip, clip, clip, clop. Those nice smooth rubber butt in front of Legante, he continues to move forward, following forward, a good pony, falling in line, not thinking. A soft pink and blue haze encompass around the edges of his vision. Anytime he ‘looks’ at it, his mind is drawn back to the center, focused forward, relaxing him, another breath, another surge of pleasure, warmth, love, friendship. The sleek smooth rubber drone of a pony.

*“Good pony. Good drone pony. Don’t worry. Relax, listen, obey. Enjoy following in line. Doing what the one in front of you is doing. No need to be concerned about anything. Simply **obey** as any good **friend** would.”*

It’s hard to describe, but it's like being cuddled or spooned by a close friend. Their embrace around your body, holding you close, keeping you safe, letting you know without words that everything will be okay, but on a mental scale. His mind is caressed, held, protected, protected from worrying about anything but what he has to do now. Another deep breath, another warming flow, the haze keeping his vision forward, taking little notices of the world around him, reaching the point where they’d change paths to lead into the hidden pony village instead of going back to the mansion yet...

Something is different, something else. He knows on an instinctual level that the path leading to the pony village is gone. He blinks and for a moment he thinks he can see the path up ahead, but it disappears, becoming nothing but forest, while another path, leading into a different direction is open. A long dark path that they take with a simple tug of the reigns. The decision was made for them. The consequences are none of their concern. Their only duty is to pull the carriage forward and take their passengers where they want to go.

*“Where are we...”*

The powerful yet soft caressing voice whispers into his mind, *“No thoughts. No worries. No more questions, just stay in line.”*

*“No more questions...”* he thinks, not willing or not able to question it, it's hard to tell which it is. All the previous pony carriage pulls have addled his mind from thinking outside of the path he’s been given. To follow it, no deviation, though a small part of him is pleased to know that he isn’t the only one asking the question, but the answer will be lost to him as he sinks in, the voices of the ponies behind him, the ones in charge and *the one* in charge, his *best friend* and Mistress, Spreading Shine. He has nothing to worry about.

“Where are we going? I don’t recall this path and I’ve walked it many times before,” asks Cavalla.

“The estate has many places. There’s the mansion. There’s the Shineville, the pony village for those wanting to sink into that lifestyle and never leave it for an instant. Having so many delightful pony friends like that just warms my heart. But there is another, that is only visible when I allow it,” explains Spreading Shine, her horn glowing a soft pink.

Stivile watches as they enter the path, with little difference from any other save for the direction, she looks over to her Mistress, “What other place?”



“A place where ponies can collectively be together and simply be the ponies they want. Minds turned off to the rest of the world, guided by me, as they’ve always wanted and dreamed. The ultimate form of submission. But...”

“B-but what Mistress?” asks Cavalla with nervous excitement.

“I’ll admit it’s not for everyone, and to some degree it harkens back to my own humble beginnings. Being one of many, part of a greater whole. But in a way, I can long and enjoy it myself as the head pony. This will be a nice visit and a set up for these fine ponies here,” she motions to the ponies pulling the car, “And based on your reactions, your *thoughts* on the matter. You’ll be given what you’ve *really* wanted all this time. Don’t worry. I know what you say, and I know what you feel, and I have a knack of knowing what you feel, but as any good *friend*, I must verify and not just assume... too much.”

The girls nod, “Yes Mistress,” they say together.

Trotting further along, deeper and deeper, the path winds one way and to another, taking a few hours to reach their destination, while giving little sense of where or how to get back, but after coming around a bend they reach the town in question.

Spreading Shine’s big pink eyes light up, “Mares and Stallions, I give you Serenityville. The most calming place in the world,” she says with only a slightly raised voice, the town simple and uniform, black with hints of accenting colors. Everything within the town shines like rubber, and to the ponies in their drone hoods, the world pops up with color, yet still remains uniform, simple.

There’s activity in the town, smooth faceless pony drones much like themselves walk about the town. Some are feral, walking on all fours, while others are far more anthropomorphic. Their bodies are vanta-black, with the silver metal gear accenting their bodies, giving the mind-boggling look of pony shadows with floating metal pieces around them, that help the mind get an idea of what exactly they are looking at. They stand out against the black rubber town they’ve been put in. The only other thing that stands out is their ‘cutie marks’ on their rumps. A white barcode with numbers and letters for a designation. The moonlight reflects the buildings, giving hints of the shine they’ll have during the day.

The rubber streets squeak with each step, pulling the cart toward the center of town. Despite the time of the night, the town is active as if it’s daytime. Through the corner of Legante’s vision he sees the ponies yet... he sees something else. Sure, they are smooth faceless pony drones, but they aren’t vanta-black, but colorful, most of them at least. Some are black, but most are solid single color representing their drone hood. Their designations floating over their heads, giving him an easy knowledge of ‘who’ they are. Though some don’t have the designations pop up, the vanta-black ponies, while some don’t at first but the moment their flank is exposed to him, the designation pops up and stays.

*“Good pony. Listen, follow, obey. No need to worry. No need to be concerned. No anxiety. No stress. No troubles. Simply being a good obedient drone pony. No questions. Follow your purpose. Follow your existence. Good drone.”*

Another huff of the warming gas, continuing forward, toward the center of the town. His body hungry, wanting, eager, another deep breath, his body sinking in the warmth, spreading outward, his mind drifting into his position.

Cavalla gasps and squirms in her seat, making herself squeak loudly, “Mistress? A drone pony village?”

Stivile takes a deep breath, huffing, panting body twitching, “Oh my... I didn’t know there were anthro versions of pony drones.”

Cavalla turns to her, “You knew there were pony drones?”

“I’ve heard rumors, but the fact they could also be anthro is new to me.”

Spreading Shine smirks, admiring her ponies reaction, “I let out the rumor. It helps to know who would be interested and who would not.”

“I didn’t know,” remarks Cavalla, her attention turned to look at them, in the silent, squeaky town.

“Are you bothered by that? Or do you like the surprise?”

She blushes, looking down, unwilling to answer.

“I thought so,” she says, using the reins to guide the pony drones to the very center of town, where the building is different from the rest. A massive factory building, at least four stories tall building with a lane designed for pulling in a carriage pony, “Here we are. A place where the magic really happens,” she says, tugging on the reins stopping the carriage.

Moments later a faceless vanta-black pony drone with silver marked pony gear stomps out of the building, walking with perfect gait, to the door, opening it with amazing ease despite the gear on it.

“What happens here?” asks Cavalla, admiring the approaching pony, unable to pull her eyes off of it till her partner nuzzles her.

“Didn’t you hear? Where the magic happens.”

“I want you to get a taste of it my lovely mares. Come with me and I’ll give you a tour,” she says, stepping out of the carriage first, holding out her hand for them to take.

“With pleasure Mistress,” nickers Stivile.

“O-of course, if that’s what you wish,” stammers Cavalla.

“It is what you want, isn’t it Cavalla?” asks Spreading Shine, taking the yellow pony’s hand, guiding her out.

“Ah... well, uh, umm,” she blushes, squeezing the hand.

“You’ll see. Sometimes seeing the real thing helps bring out what you truly want to the forefront. There are no obligations here, we are all friends after all, and you can trust me your best friend and Mistress.”

“Y-yes Mistress,” she knickers, standing there while Spreading Shine takes Stivile’s hand.

The blue and pink pony looks over to the pony drones all hitched up, “The rest of you wait and relax. Please don’t *mind* yourselves anymore and just enjoy waiting till you are needed. All you have to do is listen and *obey*,” she giggles, guiding the girls into the factory.

*“Listen and obey. Like a good friend, yeah that’s it,”* thinks Legante, a surge of the gas floods into him, warming his body and mind further, arousal growing, pressure in his crotch a near constant max, so much so he’s beginning to feel that’s the norm.

Then a voice speaks into his mind... no, not his mind, his ear, its cold, hard, yet soothing, devoid of emotion, **“Pony Drone protocols activated. Scanning Pony Drone’s status for mental conditioning. Do not think. Simply be as the scan happens.”**

*“Do not think? That’s easy,”* he thinks, staring forward into that smooth void of a pony butt. His own muzzle in his field of view, that dark latex drawing his mind in, while the hypnotic pink and blue haze along the sides of his vision massage his mind, massage his thoughts, smoothing over his brain in delightful instinctual pleasure.

An unknown amount of time later passes, and the synthetic voice speaks once more, **“Scan complete. Current Drone mental level at 1.25% Proceeding to program and install Pony Drone mental conditioning.exe Proceeding to program and install Pony Drone Friendship Protocols.exe.”**

The haze around Legante’s visions grows and moves across his entire field of vision, pulsating, moving back and forth like a flowing ocean, what he can see before him is like trying to see through a fog. It becomes harder and harder till all he sees is the haze of pink and blue, which grows so thick that even his vanta-black muzzle isn’t showing before him.

**“Good Drone.”**

**“No thoughts.”**

**“No will.”**

**“Only obedience.”**

**“Only friendship to the one you serve.”**

**“You serve and obey your best friend and Mistress Spreading Shine.”**

**“Spreading Shine is your everything.”**

**“Don’t think on it, simply accept it.”**

**“You are a pony Drone.”**

**“You do not think.”**

**“You do not worry.”**

**“You do not have anxiety.”**

**“Pony Drones have only pleasure of their willess, mindless, puppeteered existence.”**

**“For Pony Drones are taken care of by their best friend, Spreading Shine.”**

**“Friends trust friends.”**

**“You trust Spreading Shine utterly.”**

**“You do not want to let your friend down. Do not think about it. Simply let it be.”**

**“Listen. Obey. Serve. Mindless. Puppet. Willess. Drone. Friendship. Mistress.”**

The Mantra kicks up, whispering into his mind, his eyes going wide, pulled deeper into the swirls of magic and haze that holds his attention, not wanting to let go, barely able to struggle against it.

**“Current Drone mental level at 1.26%”**

Nostrils flaring, intoxicating fumes flooding his lungs, warming his body, melting his core into the rubber around him, letting his physical form slip further away from that pesky old human that he was and into the smooth rubber drone perfection that he's always wanted to be...

*"Good pony Drone... Wonderful Pony Drone. Aroused Pony Drone,"* he thinks as his body is rocked with pleasures that are like layers of an onion. Layers upon layers of pleasuring delights, ecstasy. A subtle realization that his drive, wants, and needs for self-indulgent pleasure, bondage, to be contained and held so tightly, so completely that choice was no longer an option, that the ultimate level that he could ever have is to be completely mentally locked down and bonded to another. Spreading Shine.

*"Shh, Legante. Do not think. No more questions. Just stay in line. Listen. Obey. Don't let your own thoughts get in the way. Quiet yourself. Quiet your mind. And it will all fall into place. Trust me. Your **best friend**."*

Another breath, another surge of warming pleasure, sinking further into the pit of pleasure. He nods, not thinking about what is happening. Stopping yourself from thinking is far harder than anyone thinks it is. Even in the tightest bondage moments, that is the one thing that is always left free at the very end, your mind. Hypnosis is simply a mental bondage, but now they are merged into one, a realization that his desire to be contained is far more than the physical, but the mental too.

Another deep breath, more time passing. He stands still with his fellow friends, his fellow pony drones. Each of them is probably undergoing the same blissful process that he is. Maybe they've had it done before? Maybe not. It wasn't a question in his mind. In fact, as he takes another breath, taking in that intoxication concoction that is provided to him through his backpack, it washes over his mind like lava. Slow, unstable, burning away everything, and in its wake is a heated black smooth glassed over landscape devoid of anything. No thoughts. No worries. No concerns. No anxiety. The weight of the world, heck the concept of it, stripped away. Leaving only the sensation. The pleasure. The bodily desire to just *enjoy* this moment, with anything outside of his physical person becoming secondary, or even tertiary. His self is reduced to below the level of existing, to only being there, like an object, a thing, no more than a rock that just-so-happens has the ability to move when commanded by something else, someone that he trusts.

More time passes, the conditioning continuing. There's nothing to change the course. His friend isn't back. There's nothing else to do. No thoughts to do anything else. No time to question. No need to question. He sucks in the gas, his human self-fading, sinking, melting away into the void of black and cyan rubber of the pony body, which is then internally melting even deeper and further into the pony drone attire. Other pony drones, anthro and feral that may happen to walk by for whatever reason don't say anything. Don't look at the ponies all lined up in the carriage. They don't question. Those questions are not *meant* to be thought about and asked by them. Those are for their best friend Spreading Shine. The one who leads them, controls them, moves them. Wills them, taking away everything that held them back from this constant bliss that they now experience. And all they have to do is so simple, its mind blowing

obvious, that it's impossible to think of anyone who would not want this. Just do not think and do as you are commanded, like a good friendly pony.

More time passes. Or does it at all? Is there a meaning to time when one doesn't think? If one doesn't experience it, does it happen? Surely it does, but could you recognize it? It's akin to an experience you've had before you were born. The inflammable amount of time that passed before you were there. Not only in the point where you are, but all over the world, the universe.

Such vastness of nothingness that has been around Legante his entire life. Simply working towards completing itself around him, as he becomes a simple mindless pony drone and when the voices he would recognize come, he does so only on an instinctual level. The pleasure and conditioning continuing as he hears a whisper from the hood just before Spreading Shine and company return, **“Current Drone mental level at 5.39%”**

“I am so very glad how positively both of you responded to what you saw and experienced. I feel it was truly a mind opening experience for both of you, wasn't it?” she asks with a giggle. The two pony girls stepping out behind her, eyes wide, mouths a bit open.

Stivile is the first to speak, fumbling with her words, but eventually she manages to say, “Y-yeah. It was wonderful Mistress...”

“How about you Cavalla? You haven't said anything this entire time, though the look on your face and mind says it all, doesn't it?”

Cavalla slowly nods, shuddering as she takes Spreading Shine's hand, pulling them over to the pony drones.

“Now girls. I know you have been through a lot, but I'll need you to focus. I want you to help me paint a designation on each of these drone's flanks. Giving them their dronie marks. Can you do that for me?”

Cavalla nods, finally saying, “Y-yes Mistress.”

“Whatever you say Mistress, we are here to be of service,” says Stivile.

She smiles, running her hands along one drone's back and then the other, going up the line. Did she touch Legante? Maybe. Maybe not. The constant pleasure he feels, the acting delight and pleasure so overwhelming that what is another burst of pleasure? Another bucket of water into the ocean? Meaningless yet still adding to the whole, “How about we start with your favorite drone? Hmm?” she asks, placing her hands on Legante's rump, giving it a firm squeeze, her fingers trailing across his flank, “Think of a good designation for him, you two, for it will be the one he'll be specifically trained to from here on out.”

“Yes Mistress... we will,” says Stivile, her mind coming back together, looking down at that smooth blank rump, the tools to set the designation in her hands. She doesn't remember when the tools were put there, or how long she's been holding it. Heck, she doesn't question it as she leans against Cavalla, “Let's think of one that's good for him, yes sweetie?”

“Y-yes, something good,” she replies.

The girls fiddle with the device, moving through randomized designations in the display on the tool, before they work to make a more customized designation for the future pony drone. The double saddle bag machine, fitted to slip over a pony's behind and rest on their flanks, so a

perfectly level set marking could take place. But before they put the device on him, they show Spreading Shine their combined work, both of which look exhausted from the mental exertion of coming up one fitting for their pony friend.

“How’s this?” asks Stivile.

Looking over the proposed markings, the pony Mistress’s tail flicks, “I think that is a lovely designation for him, girls. After that you can get the other five. They’ll be his drone mates for future walks.”

“Okay,” says Cavalla.

“Do we have to? That was kind of... well... ah...”

“If you want, you can use the randomizer on the others. It won’t make much of a difference in the end, as it’s only to keep all of my lovely ponies unique just enough for me to keep track of. It is a thing for me.”

“Yes Mistress,” the two respond, putting the device onto Legante’s butt, which then hums to life.

The bound-up rubber pony feels a tingle along his flank, a quick heated laser, and white paint filling in the crevices, then smoothed over into a perfect sleek shine, all the while Legante hears, **“Receiving Pony Designation... connecting... connecting... connected. Uploading pony designation data. Data received. Installing pony designation. Pony designation Installed. Updating Pony Droning programing and language protocols.”**

**“Your designation is LT3T5U-249.”**

**“You do not have a name.”**

**“You do not want a name.”**

**“Legante is a placeholder to your real designation, LT3T5U-249.” “  
You are LT3T5U-249.”**

**“You want to be LT3T5U-249.”**

**“You desire to be LT3T5U-249.”**

**“LT3T5U-249 is bliss.”**

**“Legante is a steppingstone to bliss.”**

**“Brian?”**

**“Brian who?”**

**“There is nothing but LT3T5U-249.”**

**“Nothing but LT3T5U-249.”**

**“You are no one.”**

**“Only something.”**

**“A good.”**

**“Pony.”**

**“Drone.”**

The phrases continue to be caressed into Legante’s mind, pushing into his thoughts, making the old, new name of his becoming less relevant than before, all the while the other pony drones beside him get the same treatment. He sees their designations from the subtle head

movements, yet no designation pops over their heads. They are still completely vanta-black, without the popping colors, but that doesn't matter, what does matter is following his next order.

"That will be good. Let's go home."

"Yes Mistress," the girls say, the pony drone by the carriage, opening the door for them, the reins tugged, and the command given.

"Giddy up."

No more questions, no more thoughts, it's just keep in line. They follow the path back to the mansion, and by then it's already morning, the other ponies have already started their day. The faceless pony drones stand out, catching the attention of many who are already out and about.

"We're a little late getting back Mistress, is that alright?" asks Cavalla.

"It's quite alright. It's been a while since I teased pony drones to those here," she says, looking over her herd, smiling all the while, reaching the barn where the gear from her ponies is removed from those barn hands waiting inside, though Cavalla and Stivile will take the time to undo only the first two layers of the bondage onion that Legante has made his forever-home.

The hood pulled off his head, leaving him stripped, naked, mind trying to claw pieces back together, rebooting, the hamster waking up, the wheels being oiled to break off the rust that has built up over the time, taking a good several times of his Mistress and best friend asking to even acknowledge he's being talked to in a way that requires him to *respond*.

"Did you enjoy yourself Legante?"

"*You want to be a good pony drone, don't you LT3T5U-249?*"

"Uh... huh..." he stretches his limbs, the feral pony looking up at Spreading Shine with warm loving eyes, that draws him in, "That was absolutely amazing. Can we do that again?" he asks, shuddering at the question, his cock still locked up, and tightly held in please, dripping copious amounts of pre-cum... and seed from several micro-climaxes that occurred along the way.

She brings both hands to cup his head, gently caressing his muzzle, "Legante," she says, a whisper in his mind says, "*LT3T5U-249*" *Spreading Shine's* sweet words garner his complete attention, "All you have to do is work hard as my secretary and helper pony as I work around the place. And I'll reward you with plenty more trips, with your other two *friends* coming along for the ride, does that sound good?"

Legante lets out a single eager stomp.

She grins, "Good pony... I hope that is agreeable for you two, right?"

Cavalla stammers, rubbing her hands together looking down, "Well... if that is fine with you Mistress."

"Totally good with me," says Stivile with a thumbs up.

"Perfect," she says, brushing her long flowing hair away from her eyes, "Get some rest Legante, I'll be needing you in about six hours, okay?"

“Y-yes Mistress,” he huffs, breathing in that boring cool air, wishing to have that gas flowing back into his lungs, knowing very well that he’ll need to work hard for more trips down droning lane.

Over the course of the next month, he’ll work hard to get each and every trip down the drone path and with the help of Cavalla and Stivile, who grow more eager with each trip themselves, he manages to do so. At first once every three to five days, but the frequency continues to rise as he works harder and harder.

Each time he dons the outfit the better it feels. Each time he slips it on, the more welcoming it becomes. Each time he breathes in the gas, the easier it is to let himself go. Each time the hood goes around his head, the more his identity becomes, that of LT3T5U-249 and less of Legante, or heaven’s forbid, Brian.

The human underneath steadily becomes ever more forgotten. Less of an issue. This new life, new existence, new purpose, new friends, all of it is what he’s been looking for, for so long that it’s a miracle that when he was wearing that Lugia outfit at the casino that he didn’t just let those ponies take him.

Each passing session he sinks in further, with the same gear as before... or was it bigger? The plug in his rear, every time it feels just as tight if not tighter, yet it *feels* as if it slides in easier. The equine dildo shoved into his mouth, that silenced him into the perfect drone pony that he *wants* to be. Was it bigger? Did it always push to the back of his throat, on the cusp of blocking out his airways? Or is it already doing that as he breathes through the dildo and the long nostril tubes that slide in and down his throat. It’s so hard to tell, as he feels deep down in his tightly bound length that has become as natural as the sky is blue and the sun is warm, as this is the way things are.

Soon enough it was an every other day affair. Leaving that wonderful suit was heartbreaking, like saying goodbye to a brand-new lover. His heart flutters when he arrives and sinks when he departs. His body craving it ever more. His pony stall with the show playing on it felt a bit empty without wearing the suit. His mind picturing the ponyville show as nothing but faceless drones that he wants to be. Arousing him at an endless rate, but the cage remained firmly on his bits, and he wouldn’t have it any other way. Nay, at this point he couldn’t dream about it any other way.

Speaking of dreams... My, oh my, they have been wonderful, sinking down into the depths of black rubber. Coated head to tail in the rubber, smoothed away till there was nothing left. Standing in the middle of endless mirrors, that endless showed an *endless* number of his drone self. Standing there, in silence, then waking up leaving him with a pit in his stomach. But it wasn’t fear of going too far, but a sadness that the dream has ended and left wanting more than what he had. To recapture that burning flame, the intoxicating gas, the mindlessness of the moment, and it was then when he felt he couldn’t bear to go another *single goddamn day* outside of that sweet pony suit, the most wonderful thing has happened.



Spreading Shine's hands caressed his head, drawing him into that warm pink gaze that just makes him melt in her hands, "Legante? Would you like to make an extended visit at Serenityville this time around?"

His heart began to flutter, body squirming as he let down a single hard stomp, a squirt of pre-cum from a micro-orgasm comes from his bound-up length.

She chuckles, "Speak to me this time Legante. I want to know if you want to give a more long-term trail of being a drone a try? Say a week to get your hoofing on it?"

He bites his lower lip, his rubber body squeaking, another squirt, another micro-orgasm, perhaps too, "*Was this how it always is? Just being pent up like this? This is... no more questions. Simply go for it, accept it. This is normal,*" he thinks, nodding to her, "I would love to give it a try, Mistress."

"Are you sure? It would be a big step. Do you think you can handle going that deep into being a pony drone?"

He stomps hard, "Yes Mistress, I do!" he exclaims, shuddering in his barn stall, to the point that other ponies give a curious glance over at him, but he pays them no heed, while he has at least three micro-orgasms, each more intense than the last, but each leaving him wanting for the real deal even more, "You don't know just how much this would mean to me. Please Mistress, don't doubt my desire for this."

She chuckles, continuing to caress his head, "I never doubted your desire. Simply your willingness to commit to such a lifestyle."

He stomps again, "Do I need to repeat myself Mistress?"

She runs her hoofed fingertip along the underside of his chin, "No, I suppose I do not. Come, we'll get you trussed up like the good drone pony you are... LT3T5U-249."

He shudders, was that seven micro-orgasms? Or was it simply so many so close together, so hard that he couldn't count, but given it only left him wanting more? It couldn't be the real full-blown thing... or was it? Then again, Legante found himself unsure if he ever wanted a real one again. Why would he? If it meant taking him out of this headspace for even an instant, was it worth the risk?

Stivile and Cavalla put the gear back onto him, but as they do Cavalla mentions, "Mistress says this is a special rubber that she's made for a pony like you, LT3T5U-249. How lucky can you be?" mutters Stivile.

"B-but we'll be able to visit you every night, so don't worry, we won't be long behind you," says Cavalla.

Spreading Shine chuckles, "Mares, I think you misunderstood me. You'll be there during the day, and visiting him as he works at night, while working with him, so in a way it's like visiting."

The girls stiffen up, eyes going wide, Cavalla's mouth a gasp, "M-mistress?" the yellow pony asks, squirming a little.

"One thing at a time, you first have to finish up LT3T5U-249 before we start with you two, hmm?" says Spreading Shine, standing in LT3T5U-249's view. The nearly finished droned

up pony stands there in silence, mind already shifting back into simple drone mode, not thinking of what is happening. No direct input to him, it's practically non-existent. Mind focused, simple mindless thoughts. The rest of his silver bondage gear is put back on, while he breathes away, ready to be hitched to the cart, not noticing that he appears to be in the lead of the carriage, not questioning that the shaft he's attached to is longer than normal.

No more questions, he just stays in line. Follow the lead. Follows. Listens. Obeys. Serves. No thoughts. Simply enjoying the tight squeezing rubber around his body, which is around his rubber body. Held perfectly in place. His human self? Not even a question, he's not a human, he's a pony. But now he's beyond that. Not a pony, but a pony drone.

Another deep breath, a surge of warming pleasure. His best friend and Mistress stand in view, his attention drawn to her, through the soft pink and blue haze, watching as her horn glows pink, and vanta-black anthro-pony drone gear is brought out for the two girls.

"M-mistress... oh my," squirms Cavalla as she starts to strip.

"Oh, Mistress, what a lovely surprise," says Stivile, doing the same.

"I know how much you wanted to go on fours, but deep down I sensed you wanted to be humbled and simplified rather than put on all fours. It was just a means to an end, and I shall see with this if this is the end you two truly want," she explains, sliding the rubber suits around them, sealing them up. Her pink magic holds them in the air, letting each bit slide through, soon followed by the pony hoods. They eagerly take the dildos into their mouths suckling it down as the pony gear is put over their now smooth faceless facades. Their high heeled pony boots of silver and matching vanta-black, with the harness gear perfect for hitching. Their muzzles are attached to reins which Spreading Shine grabs, her magic fading as they are perfectly droned up anthropomorphic ponies like those in town, but in LT3T5U-249's view they don't have their color nor designations, the hood whispers into his ear, "**Incomplete pony drones.**"

He recognizes and accepts the knowledge though does not mentally acknowledge it. He doesn't think, everything is set up and ready. Spreading Shine gets into the carriage, with the two girls in the lead, hitched to the cart. LT3T5U-249 is following his friends now, while his best friend takes charge, guiding them back to the town in the darkness of night, pulling up to his new 'home' where the two pony drones before him will help guide him, and look after him in the place. The smooth rubber domain with black rubber in reality, but in his droned visor mind he sees color and delight, building the world around him in a warming delight. As much as he enjoys it, there are limited thoughts.

**"Current Drone mental level at 55.69%"**

Spreading Shine gives a quick little tour of the place, ending with, "I'll be coming every so often to see how you are all doing. The three of you are the best of *friends* and enjoy yourselves. Delve into it, make sure it's right for you. For the finale of this will start in a week. Goodbye you three, have fun," she says, gently caressing each pony's smooth faceless face. Stivile and Cavalla shift, leaning into the touch, a bit of extra excitement, tail's flicking followed by a quick calming and smooth silent standing in place. Spreading Shine's touch is delightful, heavenly in fact, but LT3T5U-249 remains still, in place, a *good* friendly pony drone.

The following days would be a blur but it's better to state as a soothing constant of delight. Time's meaning comes and goes, more meaning as he moves about. When he's in the pony play bondage store, being used by a dress pony, the other pony drones working there to try and test out new BDSM pony designs, or in the window of the store as a perfect display piece till the store closes and he goes back home where the pony drone girls are waiting.

The girls move happily, simply, keeping the place clean when they work at the drone home. But when it was time to sleep, he and them would step into small tight 'stables' that would face out of the room toward the hallway. The pink and blue haze would grow stronger, the wipers and conditioning of the hood becoming a mantra and pendulum rising and falling, drawing them into the conditioned state and conscious level that is somewhere between awake and sleep. They get their full rest, but their eyes never close. They constantly stare into the haze that further covers their minds. Another deep slow steady breath. Total silence with nothing to distract them till the haze pulls away and their 'sleep' cycle is complete. Their minds feel better, clearer, emptier than ever before. Only to repeat the day all over again.

Along with his mind feeling better, the pace and constant work he does all the more delightful. To sink into step, not having to think of what to do, simply just doing it like a well-programmed drone, with nothing to worry about, no will to bother or deter from his duties... feels great. He doesn't notice that the dildo in his mouth grows less distinct from the rest of his body. The plug in his rear melding and merging into him as if wasn't even there. A constant smoothness, no hole to worry about, just a delightful rump and tail.

The same could be said with the human underneath. There were moments where he could have felt those fingers, the elbows, the way he was bent up like a bitch suit within the suit, but that too melted away. The rubber suit he's wearing underneath the rubber suit became less of a factor. His view of where he began, and the suit ended faded with each delightful breath. Each beat of that pendulum voice that led him down to stop worrying, stop questioning and doing as he's told, like any *good* friend would.

His twitching human length which would be hard even when sheathed so tightly did not truly feel like that bunched up, tightly chastised cock... no, more than that, the smooth aching tight null bulge with the silver metal codpiece over it. Which was removed from time to time to try on other bits of gear for the place he worked.

Everything was steadily melted away, smoothed over, the start of his person becoming the smooth rubber faceless drone pony that patiently stood there, worked where he was needed, did as he was told. A perfect *friend* to all around him. Not thinking about anything. Not doing anything he wasn't told. A utopian zero-conflict, zero-worry, zero-anxiety, zero-concerns, zero-trouble existence. And it all focused on one thing, zero-thoughts and zero-will.

Did the week feel like a month? A year? Or was it all in a blink of an eye. Was it possible to answer the question, all of the above? Trick question, there is no question, for there is no thought, no mind to answer it. When he and the two girls step out of the building, Spreading Shine is there, a shining lovely glow around her. Their Princess, their queen, their Mistress and *best* friend. They approach her as she motions them to her, following her words.

“Come my sweet pony friends, it’s time for me to know for certain if this is what you want, now that you have been given a taste.”

Like giving an update, the synthetic voice whispers into his ear “**“Current Drone mental level at 79.41%”**”

“Such good *friends* you are,” she says to them, guiding them down the street. Spreading Shine walks elegantly down it, hips swaying, holding their reins in her hand. When did that happen? No questions, no thoughts, follow her in line. They go straight for the factory, going inside, she takes them to a little waiting room where it was simple, minimalistic in nature, “LT3T5U-249, please wait here as I check on these two. Okay?” she asks, the reins unhooking from his muzzle.

LT3T5U-249 stands there, waiting, not responding.

“Good pony,” she says, caressing his muzzle, sending waves of pleasure into him that his empty mind can fully process and enjoy, and she leaves him to stand there, for an unknown amount of time, for when nothing happens, nothing changes, no thoughts to think about, to comprehend, it has no meaning to him. It’s only a thing that happens.

When spreading Shine returns, she gently runs her hands along his back, “Good pony. You haven’t moved an inch, and not even a thought in your head has come to the surface. All of it was squashed before it reached your consciousness. And even your subconscious is getting a little slow. Come, come, we have to talk, nonetheless,” she says, motioning him to follow, and like a good automaton he does so, onto a catwalk that overlooks the factory and from here he can see the entire droning process. A conveyor belt system that is ready to merge, mold, and solidify any pony, two legged or four as a perfect drone pony. And set up one after another are his two friends, out of their rubber gear, looking forward, eager, and ready to undergo the process.

“As they begin we shall talk, I want you to see and *know* about this, and for that to happen, I need *you* back Brian,” she says her horn glowing, and like being pulled out of an icy cold water on the brink of nothingness he gasps, the sensation of everything around him muffled, making him realize just how much more *alive* he felt when he wasn’t thinking, making him shift and squirm, “Relax Brian. Just think, and I will hear. We can discuss this in silence. The silence you’ve become so used to.”

*“But I love hearing your voice.”*

She giggles, “Thanks, I worked on making it different from my original. And seeing how much time you’ve also spent with her. I am glad you couldn’t pick up on it.”

*“Your original?”*

She looks over at him, with a smirk, “If you think about it. I think you might be able to figure it out. But if you don’t. Once this is all said and done. I’ll tell you.”

*“Oh...okay,”* he thinks back, looking down the conveyor belt already moving, the ladies’ bodies are cleaned and polished. They moan out in delight while a screen projects right into their vision, calming them, as they are put into a nice deep hypnotic trance.

“They both decided to be wiped and cleaned. Fully droned so they may enjoy the hyper pleasure of being a rubber pony drone. For it is more than just being mindless, which is

necessary to enjoy this..." she says, her horn glowing and Brian feels a surge of pleasure, the cool brush of the air across his body practically makes him climax right then and there.

*"I-I, k-know this. T-then y-you are..."*

She shakes her head, "I am not her. She is her; I am me, but you could perhaps understand my connection now between my drones. My *friends*, but it's not something I'd just force upon. Even the cult as you and others think it is. There's more to it. It only looks like that to those looking on the outside for I vet those who join the inner circle to those who want it. And I know who does and who doesn't," say says, her horn glowing as she gives it a little point, the extreme pleasure fading away, leaving him a little numb, but able to think again.

*"I understand,"* he replies, the girls are now being coated in that vanta-black rubber. Unlike the suits before, this is a spray on, where the rubber slides and moves across them, like it was alive, looking to bond with every inch of their bodies, leaving only their heads uncovered, trapped in the screens.

"The mind is a complicated place, and knowing lesser desires from deeper ones, and the motivations of it takes time. I have a few of me working at other locations... well they are still me, connected. But I can keep myself busy and get things done that way," she says with a grin, "I am different yet not from her, aren't I?"

*"I'd say you are different from what I've seen."*

She gently pets him on the head, "Thanks, but I know you want that whole story, but later. Now is you. I intended to let you go after that month, as an apology for my overzealous mid-level ponies. So, I had no ill intent or really to keep you as long as I have, but you kept on wanting *more* and so I obliged. Watching you give in to what I threw at you, opening yourself up to you? I love doing that. Helping that self-discovery. But the further I pushed you, the deeper you sank. So, I had to know. Get to the bottom of your desires, wants, needs. The kinks that made you tick."

He squirms a bit, moaning under the hood, *"I see Mistress."*

She smirks, "Even now you call me that. How cute. I could take you deeper. To the very end of the journey. Make you not just a pony. A rubber pony. Not just under me, one of the herd. But I could make you truly *mine*. But to be warned. Even though the rubberization is just as permanent and you are on the cusp of me being unable to reverse it. There's something more I can do, and only do with the droning process."

*"W-what is it?"* he asks, squirming, panting, breathing in the delightful gas, but his arousal is at the constant peak, hung on every word. The pony girls are now moving onto the hood process. The rubber hoods are made of three pieces which are put over their heads, locking their vanta-black bodies into completion, leaving nothing of their previous selves visible.

"I can blank your mind. Make you truly shut down your brain from thinking and having a will of its own. Redirecting your mind to only do as you are told and focus on the hyper pleasurable latex body, I give you. Leaving you in a forever-state of bliss and service. To reach the ultimate level of bondage you have been seeking all your life. It will mean you are nothing but a mindless, willless puppet. I'd take every bit of your brain and redirect it. I could in theory

undo it, but it takes a lot of work to remake a person, and then even *I* can't be certain I could do it with perfect certainty. It could end up being a facsimile of you."

"*Why tell me all this?*" he asks, seeing the girls down below get their designations painted onto their flanks.

"Because I have to be sure you not only want this but *understand* what it all means. Believe it or not, I care about my *friends* no matter what I do to them. And even though so many really want the consent of it removed from them when I do it. It's only by asking can I really read your true intentions.

"*So, if I said no but you read yes, you'd do it?*"

Spreading Shine grins, "I'd check a few times, and run it against a yes in the past to be certain, but what do you think?"

He huffs and shudders, "*And you have my previous yeses to know, don't you?*" he asks, a special hood device is placed over the pony drone girl's heads as they are moved forward along, the machines begin to put silver metal gear on them to make their vanta-black bodies really pop.

"Now, tell me Brian. Do you want to be that? The simple human who comes to enjoy being a pony? Legante? The pony? Anthro or feral, that can be switched once fully rubberized anyway, like so," she says, shifting to her feral form, her clothes merging into her body. She trots over to him, staring into his blank face, pink eyes glowing, seemingly staring right through the mask and into his soul, "Or, do you want to be a forever blank, mindless, willless, *puppet* of a pony, forever under my control? My care? Leaving everything up to me, and you with nothing but an endlessly bound pleasure existence working for me and the world I build? Think about it, and let me know."

Another shiver, a shudder, he looks down at the girls, their minds being blanked, bodies processed, their colors starting to shine through, and designations show overhead, "So, any colored pony I saw before was completely mindless? Brain dead in a way?"

"Your brain is alive, but you could argue on a psychological level or philosophical level if you are truly living or not. But this is why I take these steps and I grab your consent and fulfill the desires you want. Not just say what you want. But truly deep-down desire, that you have been living your life to achieve. And once you, have it? Would you do anything else but live it anyway? So, think carefully. Deeply. Soul search. And let me know your answer."

"*If I am already being rubberized, would the process differ in any way?*"

"To a degree. There would be less getting you out of your own body. As I already put the special latex on, but maybe an extra coat for fun. To give you that one last *extra* layer that you like and crave so much. Like an onion as it were, hmm?" she asks, trotting around him as she speaks, her horn a glow, "Think carefully on it."

He squirms, looking down, watching the pony girls get their completion, "*Would it be that fast?*"

"I could make it slow if that is what you'd want."

He nods, watching the girls become complete, fully geared, mindless pony drones, paired together. His thoughts mulling about the weight of the situation, thinking deep, pondering every

bit of it, knowing just how deeply he wants it, and how much he really knows the true answer he'd give. He turns to face her, tensing, "Spreading Shine? Mistress? My best friend in the whole world?"

She smiles, "Yes my sweet friend and pony?"

"Please don't do this to me, it would be too evil to force me into this life."

She chuckles, "Well, if that is how you want to play it, follow me drone," she says, her horn glowing and Brian is pulled back down into that blissful mindless state, "We have a droning to do," she adds, guiding him down to the factory floor.