

The Cult of Friendship: Introduction

Brian a lithe human with brown hair sat in his large estate home. Earned from the countless poker games he's won over the years. His large shadow lugia rubber suit hangs on display in the living room. The shy human who rarely shows his true face in public leans back with a beer in his hand when his smartphone rings. He looks over to see the number is untraceable, "Another car warranty?" he huffs about to hang up on it when he notices the caller ID shows an icon of a sleek blue rubber unicorn pony with dashing pink eyes, "What? Unlisted and block numbers don't show an icon... it shouldn't also because it's not on my contacts list..." he mutters, going against his better judgment he answers it.

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Greetings Mr. Schwartz. I'm Spreading Shine and I'm here on behalf of FIM Inc. to give my sincerest apologies for what happened at the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino."

"At the casino?" he remarks, eyes lighting up, "You're part of that rubber pony cult!"

"Mr. Schwartz, I wouldn't call us a cult. Just pony enthusiasts with an adult twist. I know some of our members can be very energetic when they meet people with like interests."

"You tried to lure my friends and I into your pony occult with sexy rubber suits..." Brain tenses, at the realization of what he just said.

The pony gives a soft chuckle, "We have some driven members, and they get over excited at times. But those involved have been reprimanded and I want to extend an olive branch to you. As a way to express my apologies on the behalf of MIF Inc and give you a tour of one of our private facilities to show that what happened is more of an isolated incident rather than the norm."

"So after you and your friends tried to sneak us away into your rubber pony group, you want me to come to one of your private facilities? Are you nuts?"

"Hardly, Mr. Schwartz. I am simply extending you the invitation. I know you are curious about us. The love of latex, ponies and bondage is hard to ignore. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been so interested in you in the first place."

"I don't know, you better offer something good."

"Anthro Unicorn level privileges and delights at our private facility for a full month. And I will be there to take full responsibility for everything that happens and goes on there. Making sure you get a real and genuine experience of us at FIM inc."

"So you're going to give me a catered experience that will paint your people in the best possible light, is that it?"

"I know you are a smart man Mr. Schwartz. Do we have a deal?"

"And when would this be?"

"Whenever you want. No rush. The offer will be open to you for a full year."

"I won't need a full year. Give me a week."

"Excellent. We'll send someone to pick you up in a week's time Mr. Schwartz."

"One more thing before you go."

“Yes?” she asks in a sweet soft tender voice.

“How did you get my number?”

“Why you gave it to us at the casino Mr. Schwartz.”

“When I was in not my full state of mind? That feels a little shady.”

“Your personal information is safe with us. We don’t sell it to any third party. See you in a week Mr. Schwartz and if you can, come as you are. You won’t need your Lugia for this.”

He tenses, “I’ll try.”

When the day arrives, he grips the handle of the door, dressed in simple clothes, “You can do this. This will be a private area where I’ll be wearing something else soon...” he mutters, heart racing, hands shaking, “Here goes nothing.” He opens the door, revealing his large estate, the massive U-driveway. A large stretched black limo waits for him. He winches at the sunlight, taking slow walk down the steps, feeling his growing anxiety, the door to the limo opens up by itself, and a sweet voice within says, “Please Mr. Schwartz, step inside.”

Like an animal rushing to safety, he quickly whisks himself inside the limo, the door automatically closing. Inside the long stretch limo is a sleek blue anthro rubber pony, with lighter blue latex hair, and pink eyes. Dressed in revealing clothing, showing off her flank of a pair of stirrups. Her horn has a silver ring at the base. The leather covering her body creaks as much as her latex squeaks. She smiles at him, with a warmth and friendliness that feels too good to be genuine but in so many ways it does.

“Call me Brian, okay?”

“Sure Brian, may I offer you a drink? It’s a bit of a drive from here to our closest estate.”

“I’m good right now, but how long of a drive?”

“Two hours.”

“I didn’t think I was that close to one of your private communes.”

“We have a few here and there. I don’t think it’s a surprise to you just how many are interested in the close-knit community we make with our fellow ponies.”

“I see most of you in a feral form, not often I see anthropomorphized.”

“Amusingly anthro is the most common as only the most dedicated shift to the full feral. I’m a representative for FIM Inc, so I must be able to shift between my various duties. When it comes to a public outing such as this, I am on two legs. But when I want to relax and enjoy myself? Four legged is where it's at.”

“You aren’t going to push me into a four-legged sex thing?”

She smiles, letting out a soft giggle, “Only if you want to. But the four legged is only for our most committed members. You’ll be given the two-legged treatment. Which I assure you is just as enjoyable as the four-legged variety.”

“I’m sure you’d say that” he says, leaning back, the two chatting a bit during the long drive. Nothing substantial, more of Spreading Shine trying to placate any concerns that he might have about this month-long excursion at one of their private play houses. They eventually pass through a gate on their way to the estate. And that was five minutes ago. The place surrounded

by trees making it all the more isolated, but as they approach the mansion, it is a palace in of itself.

Brian whistles, “You must be pulling in a lot of money to have all this land and a place like that.”

“We manage our finances well. And many pay a premium to enjoy their delights and wonders of friendship. Many of which I think you’ll find quite magical.”

“We’ll see about that, but I think you might be right,” Brian replies, feeling a mixture of anxiety and desire filling him, just as the limo pulls into the front. From his seat he sees latex ponies in various forms and stages. Some feral, others two legged, some more helpless than others with different forms of bondage on their person, all of them latex.

“Like what you see so far?” she asks, the car door opening.

Brian’s anxiety grows, swallowing a lump in his throat, “So uh... how long till we get me suited up?”

“That eager, are we? I was going to give you a tour of the place before getting you suited up. We have a wide selection for you to choose from.”

“Ah... well...” he rubs his arm, “I don’t feel very comfortable just going out and seeing the place so bare.”

“Ah, right. I understand. We can get you suited up first and then take the tour. If that is what you want.”

“Putting on one of your suits again after what happened may not be exactly what I want but given everything. I’ll prefer that over anything else right now, yes.”

“Understood,” she says, slipping out of the limo, her hand extended, “We’ll make it quick, and get you suited up, just the way you like it.”

Hesitantly he takes her hand, feeling the warmth and smooth latex fingers, caresses and holds his hand. He steps out into the sunlight, wincing at the sunlight, feeling eyes upon him, even though none are looking at him, “I’d like that.”

“Right this way then,” leading him up the steps, the doors automatically opening, revealing a rubber interior house that is something out of Brian’s wet dream. The floor, ceiling, everything that can be is turned into a latex variant of itself. All of it well polished and cleaned, with feral and anthro ponies in maid uniforms doing their best to keep everything sleek, shiny and spotless.

“Impressed?” she asks, feeling his emotions.

“Very. I wasn’t expecting it to be so...”

“Shiny? We live in a latex world, where friendship is magic. And the magic of latex just spices it all up,” she replies with a soft giggle, tugging him forward.

“I can’t argue with the part about latex,” he remarks, following her deeper into the mansion, past the elegant stair ways that led to the upper floors of the estate, to a pair of large doors that has a sign “Employees Only.”

“Employees?” Brian asks, looking up at the sign, trying to distract himself from the feeling of being ‘naked’ in front of others.

“We have employees at our estate to help those to enjoy their time here. Of course, they too spend time enjoying themselves when off duty. Come, let’s get you into something that will, suit you better,” she knickers, the doors opening automatically. They walk in to see a mobile rotary display system that has three pony types on display, earth, unicorn and Pegasus. There’s a computer control console that moves them along, and though he notices there is a switch to make it go from anthro to feral.

“If the doors open automatically, how do you keep those not allowed out?”

“They sense who has authority and open as needed. Those without permissions, the doors remain closed. Due to the nature of being a pony, few can handle objects normally, leaving it a lot to automation. Your permissions will be set into your suit. Now please, tell me which kind would you like? Traditional, unicorn or Pegasus?”

“Unicorn please.”

Spreading Shine smiles, ‘That was quick. Have you put a lot of thought into this already?’

“I wouldn’t say a lot, but enough.”

“Excellent. I’ll cycle through the suits on hand if any catch your fancy you let me know. After that we’ll get you nice and suited up, prepared for your month-long top tier level of fun. But I should ask, would you prefer to go male, female? Both? The natural smooth?”

“I didn’t think about it that much, but let’s go with male? Nice and simple. I don’t think I’ll be transitioning that much while here.”

“Easy enough. Rubber is my specialty, you know. And I’ll make sure that you are snug like a bug in a rug with the latex fitting I’m going to give you. All you need to do is pick one that suits you best,” she says with a giggle.

“Always energetic,” says Brian, going through the rubber unicorn suits, the system automatically weeding out all but the male designs. He goes through several before he stops at one black rubber one with cyan hair, and markings, *“That reminds me of... I hope she doesn’t mind me taking her colors as anything but a compliment.”*

“Oh, the BC special. Excellent choice.”

“BC?”

“Black and Cyan.”

“How very creative.”

“It sounds creative if you don’t ask what it means,” she says with a playful pat on the butt, unlocking the case, pulling out the sleek anthropomorphic rubber pony outfit, “It’s a single piece, with an open crotch but we’ll give a nice little extra something for your not so little something,” she winks at him.

Brian sighs, “Funny, but I don’t think I’ll mind,” he says, looking to see if the door behind them is closed.

“Don’t worry the doors are locked during fitting. We like to keep who is which pony hidden from every pony,” she explains.

“A small relief,” he replies, stripping down to his birthday suit.

“I hope you don’t mind if I help you get suited up? It is my thing, to help spread the shine.”

“I suppose it’ll be okay.”

“Wonderful,” she replies, opening up the suit, showing the sleek black interior, “We use a self-sealing technology in our rubber.”

“I’m very knowledgeable about such technologies. Did you get this from Toys-4-U?”

“We have our own special variant. Not exactly like the toy company.”

“And what’s so different about this rubber?”

“That’s a secret,” she replies with a playful wink, helping him step inside the warm inviting sight. His human skin running across the soft sleek interior, feeling the tug of it against his body. The rubber feels thicker, filling around him, running across the skin, the gentle tug of it, not as slick as Toys-4-U rubber, but it had slight self-lubricated feel that is hard to ignore.

The gentle smell of vanilla and rubber fills the air, enticing the human further. The pony tugging the rubber up, which presses along his thighs, running across his behind, the suit slightly muffling his human physique to make it a little more rounded and equine. His feet filling the large flat hooves, similar to the ponies that they try to emulate.

“I wonder Spreading Shine, why do you have such dainty hooves and mine are so big?” he asks curiously grunting when Shine pulls the rubber up, pressing his crotch through a small open cut region, letting his bits hang free, member hardening from the unbridled pleasure he’s getting out of it.

“I’m a handler. I have to be able to handle the other ponies here, and the extra mobility is key. Also, anthros tend to be daintier, but you and I both know you are curious of the four legged delights. This is a mid-way between what I am and what you desire. Nothing forced, but a little helplessness while keeping some freedom while encased as a wonderful pony is in order, don’t you think?”

“Are you trying to push me to join you? I thought this was more of a simple way to show what you are all really about.”

“We’d never make that decision for you. You are free to venture deeper at any time, well almost any time. Your month here is locked at this tier, so there is no commitment to go further. But once your month is up, if you wish to stay longer? No one is going to stop you, but everyone has been informed beforehand not to encourage it either. Given what happened, we don’t want you to get the wrong idea about us,” she explains, her hands caressing his sides, running the suit along his body, the rubber soft and cushioned, yet pushing against his body, feeling almost like a soft memory foam plush has been put in between the rubber that is padding his form.

“I know, you are giving me special treatment to give me the best view of your group as possible.”

“Wouldn’t you want it any other way? Who wants to go out before someone and say ‘We want to show you the worse we have to offer!’ That would just make one a silly philly,”

she holds out the front of the suit, with the large pony arms, the hands hoofed, and flat, giving the thought that he'd be quiet helpless once he's puts his arms inside.

Looking into the pony's large pink eyes, drawing him in, "I can't fault you with that kind of logic." He slips his arms into the warm welcoming rubber, hands slipping into the large space, palm running across the flat surface. He squeezes with his hand, the rubber bending, "Looks like I will have a difficult time manipulating things with these," he says, bouncing the hooves together.

"You'll get used to it. That's part of the fun, charm and feel of being a pony. To really sink into the role."

"Is that why you have so many automated door systems, is that it?"

"We have a few things automated to make the delights of being a pony does not get in the way with the reality that having hooves from hands is difficult to manipulate things. But that brings a whole new meaning to being skillful with your mouth, don't you think?"

"What is it that you are getting at Shine, or is it Spreading?"

"Spreading Shine is my name, but you may call me Shine if it makes things easier for you." She moves around, pulling the rubber up around his back, "Slip in your head and we'll get to the next stage of things, and did you have a marking in mind for your flank? Your Cutie Mark is important as a pony, it expresses who you are to the world."

"How about arm binders?" he suggests, feeling his length twitch, the cool air around it, making him feel all the more vulnerable, eyes locked on the cyan pony mane that will be his to tame and express while locked up as a pony.

"Arm binders? Are you going to be skilled at making arm binders now?"

"At least testing them." He winks.

She smiles, "Oh how sassy, but I think I can work that, now in you go." She says, holding the hood open.

Brain sees the sleek black rubber, the cyan tinted lenses for the eyes, then looks at the horn, noticing it's a bit more rounded and ribbed than he'd expect a unicorn to have, "What's with my horn?"

"What about it?"

"It's a bit more phallic, don't you think?"

"And?"

"And what? Is it meant to be like that?"

"This is the kinky naughty fun. Your junk is exposed, and you are worried about the somewhat dick shaped unicorn horn?"

"Now that you put it that way..." he shoves his head into the pony hood, rubber face squished by the rubber, mouth filling with the pony mouthpiece, spreading his lips, teeth slipping into indentations designed for his teeth. The rubber around him, encasing him, feeling a tingle around his named form, the suit filling him up.

He peers through the eye pieces, moving his mouth feeling the suit move, "Well that does feel something different, not like what Toys-4-U has."

“I told you, we are different,” she replies, hands touching the rubber, which ripples across Brian’s form, the suit sealing, squeezing pressing, feeling a tingle across his loins. He looks down, turning his head to get past his muzzle, watching the rubber grow as if it were alive, spreading across his junk, incasing it in a thin layer of cyan rubber, changing it into a human shaped equine length, as hard as ever.

“W-what the heck?”

“I live up to my name Brian. But that won’t be your name here. Animosity is needed, and you should live up to your pony dreams. What shall you be called sweety?”

“Oh? I... you know, I never thought about it. What do you think would be good?”

“Brain... are you giving me the honors of naming your pony? Giving yourself over to me so soon, are we?” she asks with a sweet giggle.

“I wouldn’t go that far, it’s just...” he stops when she puts a finger on his lips.

“I’m just playing with you, you silly Philly. But I think I have a nice name for you. How does Legante sound?”

“Legante? Sounds foreign.”

“It’s Italian.”

“Legante... hmm, Legante...”

“You like it?”

“I think I could get used to it, yeah, much like this pony outfit,” he says, looking over his body noticing the armbinder cutie mark is already there, “How did you get that... you’re able to manipulate latex?”

“I told you, I live up to my name. But how do you feel?”

“Very pony like, and not bad, it’s good to be within rubber and latex again. There’s a liberation being contained in wonderful rubber, that I can’t really explain but care not to. It’s nice to be as I am like this.”

“Very sweet words Legante.”

“Leg... right, that’s my name here, I almost that forgot already.”

“You’ll get used to it, Legante. Now, it’s time for the tour, yes?”

“After you Miss Shine.”

“Why thank you,” she grabs him by the hand, guiding him out of the door, moving through the mansion, showing out the open and friendly nature of the place. There’s a duality though. Places designed for the four-legged ponies, and those easier for anthros with many areas to have both share in the fun of their bodies and enjoy the other’s company. Some places were more benign like the recreational room. Exercise room, the pool area in the back, where there were some fancy and admittedly sexy lifeguards on duty.

Everyone greeted him with friendly smiles, a few teases, and offering of food with the full-service cafeteria that can give you breakfast, lunch and dinner. Every kind of basic need, and many considered luxuries were here. Nothing to worry about, leaving want of nothing.

The place is so big that it takes an hour to go through the whole thing, the tour starting off with the the more benign areas, and steadily growing to kinkier, “And here last but not least is

our main bondage play rooms, and kink based play themes. Where we have many games, you can play in other areas but have a fun little twist about them,” explain Spreading Shine, turning to him, “Any questions?”

“Those outside stables were something, and the vac beds?”

“Some are in here too,” she motions to one female pony squirming within a vacbed hanging from the wall as their caretaker teases them with their fingers, tracing along their body while they have a magic wand in the other hand, ready to flick it on at a moment’s notice.

Legante feels a warmth in his cheek, hidden by the rubber, “Ah yes, I can see that.”

“But those were a statement not a question you silly filly.”

“Ah, we were shown the ground floor and some fun that happens in the upper floor, but what about the basement? I saw a few people go down there.”

“That’s for high level pony members. Ferals and caretakers only.”

“And here I thought you weren’t going to keep secrets from me to give me a good impression of you people.”

“We are, I told you what it was, didn’t I? And for the time being you aren’t permitted down there. But given all that you’ve seen. I don’t think you’ll be left wanting for anything, during your month here.”

“We’ll see about that.”

“Now Legante, what would you like to do?”

He looks over to the bondage rack and the squirming pony, his member twitching at the sight, “Well how about…” his vision catches three ponies sitting at a table shuffling some cards about to begin a card game, “What’s that?”

“That? Let’s, what they’re up to,” she says, waving over to them, “Hey now, what are you three up to?” she asks, speaking to two male and a female anthro ponies, with one anthro handler pony between them. They use their hooves and a card holding stand to manipulate the cards to get ready to play a game.

“Bondage poker.”

Legante speaks up, “Poker you say? I’m rather fond of poker.”

Spreading Shine whispers to him, “Says one of the world poker champions.”

“Shh,” he looks to them, “But I am not familiar with this style of poker. You said something about bondage? What are we held in bondage to the table while being sex teased under the table as we play? And those held below are under heavy bondage?”

The three ponies look at them and then laugh, “Oh no. What kind of crazy game would that be?” remarks the blue and purple latex ponygirl.

“It sounds interesting but that would be a nutty to do. Who in their right mind would play poker like that?” asks the black and white zebra styled pony.

“Yeah, I wonder who would be crazy like that,” he remarks, thinking, “*I know a certain toy that is.*”

The third pony, yellow and red in color answers, “It’s a simple game. We play hands of poker, and those who win put a piece of bondage gear onto the person who lost and has the least

amount of bondage on them. Best out of twenty hands wins. Of course if you have too much gear on you to move, you're also out. Slick game eh?"

"That sounds like a game right up my alley. Mind if I join?"

"Sure, it's a free commune. All are welcomed."

Spreading Shine pulls up a chair and sits down, the other three ponies look at her, "You're joining too Spreading Shine?"

"They know you, Shine?" Legante asks, taking his seat.

"She runs this place, we all know her," says the female pony.

"I'm here to give Legante here, a tour and show what a loving and happy place we are. Where we can explore our own versions of friendship."

The zebra pony responds, "I have no problems with you joining us Miss Spreading Shine."

"Good. This will be fun; I haven't played any kind of card game in such a long time. I hope I am not too rusty."

Legante remarks, "You'll do fine," as he then thinks, "*Never before have I felt an urge to want to lose. Perhaps I can fail a few hands just for fun,*" he thinks.

"You'll do just fine, Miss Spreading Shine," says the female pony.

Spreading Shine keeps that alluring smile, "Who's first to deal?"

"How about we give you the honors Miss Shine."

"Why thank you," she replies, shuffling the cards like a casino magician master.

Legante looks at her curiously, "I thought you haven't played a card game in a long while."

"I haven't. I just enjoy shuffling in my spare time, keeps the fingers nimble," she responds with a playful wink.

"*I wonder if I might not to have to fake a lost hand,*" he thinks, the card game underway. The game was more intense than Legante was expecting, having lost the first hand before he even knew it. His first piece of bondage gear are shackle brace pony hooves that go around his suit, which allow his ankles to be latched together at a later time.

"*As much as I love the feel,*" he thinks, his body betraying him as he hardens under the table once he sits back down, the winner of the hand, being Spreading Shine. Her delicate fingers make sure the gear is on nice and tight.

"The winner gets to choose who of the least amount of gear gets geared up and in what. Consider this a warmup hand," she says with a tease, sitting back down, the game continuing with the other ponies expressing a surprising amount of skill to shuffle their cards with their hooves.

"You're going to have to teach me that."

The yellow pony looks up at him, "Sure. New to the hooves?"

"Sort of."

"Say no more. We'll get you used to the hoof life in no time," he replies, dealing the cards. The stands helping keep the cards facing their player, making the game more manageable

within the latex suits. Of course Spreading Shine the only pony here with dexterous fingers manages just fine without them and by the end of the twenty-hands, the results were in. Spreading Shine came out to a definitive lead with only three bits of bondage on her person. A pony bit, a shiny black saddle on her back, and thigh high shiny leather pony boots that creak with every step.

Brian came out the second best, with shackles on his ankles, wrists, saddle, pony bit, blinders, cock ring reverse chastity that forced his length out hard and showing to all, and it went downhill from there for all the others.

“That was a fun game,” says Spreading Shine smacking her hands together with a loud squeaky clap, “How are you feeling Legante?”

“Good but a bit tired. The food and drinks brought to us were nice, but twenty hands takes a long time.”

“And the breaks to pick and gear up a lovely pony does take a bit. Come let me show you where you’re going to be stabling.”

“Stabling?”

“That’s what we call your room. It’s not an actual stable. We didn’t sign you up for the earth pony experience,” she explains with a playful wink, taking him by the hand, the blinders making him focus on only her.

“Now Miss Spreading Shine as everyone likes to call you here.”

“As I said you may call me Shine.”

“You said this was going to be an honest experience.”

“Yes, it is, what’s got you?” she asks, her hand reaching down to touch his equine shaped length the rubber transmitting some of the pleasure to his member, teasing him, making him shudder and stomp a little, before he shakes out of it.

“But you’ve left out one important bit of information and told a fib.”

“Those are some wild accusations Legante, but let’s here it,” she says, grabbing him by the reins, guiding him out of the room.

“You didn’t tell me you ran this commune.”

“I am, and I wanted to give you the best. This is our best, and given what happened to you, I felt it was my duty being in charge that *I* take personal responsibility for your time here and what happened. With that, you said I told a fib? What could you mean by that?”

“You said you weren’t good at card games, yet you trounced me several times.”

“No, no, Legante. I said I hope I wasn’t rusty as I haven’t played in a while. I said nothing about my skill. Mr. I don’t tell the others I am a world class poker champion.”

“Says the one who beat me handedly.”

“I have a home front advantage. That’s all, and you were a little distracted with *not* wanting to win.”

Legante blushes a bit, moving upstairs with her, down the elegant hallways till he eventually reaches his room that opens automatically, “So, how does this work with the automatic opening doors?”

“The doors will only open for a handler like myself, the staff, maids, and yourself.”

“That’s a lot of people.”

“It’s the same as any hotel, but we respect your privacy,” she explains, entering the room, revealing a first classroom with a large bed, with bed posts that are more than just the elegant design of buff stallions and luxurious mares. There’s plenty of space for fun activities, shower and mini living room with a TV.

“I will inform you now that we have a catered showing of shows on our internal television network.”

“Nothing from the outside world?”

“We find that it’s best we don’t remind our guests of things they want to get away from.”

“Fair enough.”

“Is there anything else I can do for you Legante before we part for the day?” she asks.

Her sweet soothing voice sends a tingle down his spine, his member twitches, thoughts bubbling up into the forefront of his mind and before he could even second guess himself, “Could you tie me to the bed, leaving me nice and snug and helpless? Face down so that I may grind myself to sleep?” he asks, stopping himself a bit too late.

Spreading shine tugs on the reins, her lovely pink eyes drawing him in, “Legante. How much of a lovely idea, and I am so glad you were open and free enough to ask it. There’s nothing to be ashamed here. We are all free ponies here to explore our wants and desires, yes?”

“Yeah, free ponies, right,” he says, being tugged over to the bed, the shackles on his ankles and wrists, perfect to latch on metal chains that jingle with each movement he makes, adding to the sounds of the moment. The bed sheets are bright, colorful, rainbow and made of sweet-smelling latex.

“Bondage will set your mind free, isn’t that the saying?” she asks, pushing him onto the bed.

He moans softly, watching his wrists get shackled and spread, face deep into a light blue rubber pillow, “Yeah, it is.”

“And we’re going to be setting you free Legante. Let your worries, cares, and thoughts of anything but enjoying yourself here as a pony fade away. Don’t let those concerns get to you,” she says, sitting on his butt, spreading his legs, getting his ankles tied to the bed, exposing himself.

He squirms and shudders, member pressing up against his belly and the bed, making him thrust with the extra weight upon him, feeling the twitching aching cock, wanting more.

“Such a needy pony, but that’s fine. We all have needs here. Speaking of which,” she spins around her butt still on his, her hoof feet on either side of his face, but the blinders block most of it from view, “Is there anything else I can get you?” she asks.

That sweet domineering voice bounces in his mind, body tensing, cock twitching, he gasps, moaning out, “Fill my mouth with a big fat cock muzzle.”

“Oh Mr. Legante, such a hungry stallion you are. Sure, I can get you that,” she says, getting off his butt, giving it a playful smack.

He moans, rump hiking, tugging at the constraints that give an inch or two of movement, allowing them to jingle and rattle like he was some kind of medieval prisoner in a dungeon. He turns his head so he may see Spreading Shine, her light blue rubber tail swaying, her head in the closet, pulling out a big black rubber pony mask with golden eyes, dangling from inside is a thick black dildo and breathing tubes, “Ah, this will do the trick, and it's designed to fit around your blinders, so we don't even have to take them off.” She walks back to him, “Open wide and say neigh.”

“Neigh...” he moans out, Spreading Shine, lifting his head, pushing the dildo against his lips, sliding them in. A soft pink and blue glow wraps around the nostril tubes, which slip down into his. The thick dildo pushes into his mouth, past his tongue, filling his mouth and throat while the breathing tubes slide deep down allowing to keep his air passageways open, making him as full as he's even been.

With each deep breath, and release, he hears pony-like noises coming from the hood that is tightly wrapped around his head. The golden view of the mask, blinded partially by the blinders, soothing him. He moans and suckles the giant equine dick, unable to be louder than whimper. Only his equine sounded breathing can be really heard with his ears. He suckles hungrily his member aching, throbbing, wanting. Spreading Shine's fingers run across his back, petting the back of his head with the other, fingers running through the rubber mane.

“Such a sweet pony. Enjoy your night rest. I'll be here to see you in the morning. One day down, twenty-nine more to go,” she says with a soft nicker, giving his butt a little love tap, dimming the lights for him, leaving Legante bound and helpless in his room.

The soft squeaks, the sweet smells, the noise of his aching desires, pony whines, throbbing of his cock, which drools in wanton need and lust. He bucks and thrusts against the bed, getting small teases of pleasure that seem to grow with each thrust, “*Wonderful, so wonderful,*” he thinks, grinding away, harder and harder, “Everything is wonderful. It feels good to be a pony here,” he mutters, which comes out completely nonsensical.

He pushes harder, grinds harder, tugging on the chains, wanting to reach down and rub himself, to grip his length. The helplessness of which drives him to even higher state of euphoria, encouraging him to hump harder like a feral beast, like any pony that can never reach their own length naturally, having to use other methods to do so. Squeak, grind, thrust, pushing himself to the edge. The rubber equine cover, transmitting the pleasure yet muting it, making him work all the harder. The pre-cum dribbling out of his tip makes the bed sheets glisten and making the grinding all the sweeter.

Heavy equine pants echo through the room, sound proofed, where no one else could hear him, allowing him to liberate himself by giving into his suppressed feral pony urges. The bondage contained within the equine nature and then driven to the depths of his own wants and desires. He loves this, wants this, and was almost given into last time at the casino if it wasn't for some very possessive and domineering salazze... but she isn't here now. It's just him and his desires. And with a loud neigh and whimper, he climaxes, unleashing his hot sticky essence, giving into his lusts and wants over any kind of common sense. Now trapped and tied to the bed,

left to soak in his own lust, his body finally relaxing, coming down from the high. Letting the post nut clarity come over him, *“Fuck... that was good. Though I over did it... now I’m stuck like this for the night... could be worse, this is rather nice still,”* he thinks, panting heavily, catching his breath, enjoying himself there, his member twitching, slowly softening but only so much thanks in part to the cock ring and as the first day of his time at the commune comes to a close. Spreading Shine has more in store for him, to have him show the true magic of *her* friendship.