

My Little Download: Spreading the Friendship

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Featuring the characters of My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic

This collection contains: *Male to Female, Female to Male, Muscle Growth, Breast Expansion, Butt Expansion, Mental Change, Reality Shifting, Accent Play, Lots of Horniness, Masturbation, and many colorful ponies with tattoos on their hips. Enjoy!*

Looking for Less Attention...

Done for Marci

“Hey there, what's a pretty girl like you doing all alone?” “My buddies and me thought you could use some company.” “Hey, I saw you looking at me. Wanna dance?” “Want to take this somewhere private, babe?”

“Like, thaaaanks, but...” Molly cracked a polite smile. A very fake polite smile, but one that she did her best to muster. “I got a headache and stuff. So, like, I need some space, ‘kay?”

The latest guy to approach frowned. After quietly staring at her for an uncomfortable amount of time, he eventually muttered, “...sure” and left. With the space clear, Molly scooted away from the drink table and disappeared into the crowd, ducking past different party goers.

Can never just enjoy a party. Molly sighed, leaving the room. *I wanna have fuuuun, not, like, deal with trouble.*

She was a party girl at heart. She loved the excitement, the rush and joy of being at an event with tons of people. All the dancing, drinking, mingling, and more brought her so much happiness. She always had to attend whatever party was being held at the local houses of her college town.

However, there was something that was always frustrating, exhausting her before she could even do that herself. All of the constant flirting and being hit on was overwhelming. Sure, she didn't mind some of it and getting close with somebody. However, it was never just a *little*. It was constant.

Party buzz at an all time low. Molly rubbed her face, leaning against the wall out in the hall. *Ooooo, man. She looked down at herself. If only I wasn't a pretty blonde with big boobs.*

The ditzy girl sighed once more and walked towards the staircase. There was a bathroom upstairs that she could hide in for a while to relax. She hid there the last time a party was held at that frat. The whole situation was annoyingly familiar.

As she took her first few steps up, she looked back at the living room. There were plenty of people partying and dancing away, including a bunch of pony people. They were becoming a familiar sight all over the place.

Two ponies in particular were really the life of the party. One was Bubble Berry, and the other was Grilled Cheese, male Pinkie Pie and lady Cheese Sandwich respectively if she

remembered the show and its fandom well enough. Of course, they would be the biggest party animals there.

The couple were dancing with each other while mingling with everyone. All eyes were on them, everyone cheering the duo on. Looking closely between them, Grilled was getting the most “interest”. It seemed so aggressively smothering, though the party pony didn't seem to care.

Of course everyone loves her. She's adorable and has big boobs! Molly started her ascent again. *She's just like me...*

The second floor was far quieter. There were a few people lingering around, probably also trying to get away from the rush of the party. She ignored them and found the bathroom, thankfully empty.

Another fun party. Molly rubbed her face as she sat down on the toilet. She leaned back against its bowl, closing her eyes. Her thoughts lingered on all of the suffocating guys that flirted with her or just got in her face. It made her heart race until she pried her mind away from it.

Eventually, her thoughts went back to the ponies. *I wish I could enjoy things like them. Probably don't have to...* Her memories went to Grilled Cheese and all of the guys hovering around her. *No... they get hounded like me. Both of them d...*

Bubble Berry was different. The pink pony definitely had attention on him, but he wasn't surrounded or swarmed. He was free to party, dance, drink, mingle, whatever without any of that unwanted, aggressive, in-your-face flirting Grilled received.

Molly sat there, rubbing her head. *Soooo, liiiiiike...* She blinked a few times, trying to get her airheaded brain gears working. *Despite being kewl and colorful like the ladies, male ponies don't get as much attention or flirting?* That train of logic made sense to her. *Must be nice...*

Then, her gears really started moving. She pulled out her phone and looked at it. Sure enough, the MLP-ified app was there. It had recently appeared on her phone a few days ago, like so many others before. She did her best to avoid it, but now?

An idea had formed. *Maybe I could turn into a stallion!* Her eyes lit up. *Oh oh oh! No more unwanted attention and love for me!* A wide smile formed. *I'm sooo smart! This is perfect!*

Plus, the genderflip thing had a certain appeal to her. She had always secretly wondered what it would be like on the other side. How would things change? Would it be easier for her? Would she still be conventionally attractive in the other way?

Even if she did change, would she become a stallion anyway? From what she understood, whatever you became was up to chance. She could just end up as a mare with big tits.

Still, she smiled. Random chance didn't bother her that much. *Time for the best party evah!* She tapped that app, wasting no more time on her thoughts.

The app started up, turning to an empty white screen for a moment. Soon, there were flashing colors with various symbols and images in the center. It zipped on by so quickly that it hurt to look at it for more than a few seconds.

Eventually, the flashing ended. A pink background remained with a curious image in the center, one with a sparkling, blue heart-shaped gem. Fancy gold markings resided on both sides of it, adding a royal air to the gem.

Then, the screen went black. A pink aura began leaking from the screen, radiating from the phone and then her hand. The magic slowly leaked into it, palms warming and fingers tingly. Molly's heart began to race. It had begun.

She placed the phone beside her on the sink counter and looked at her hand. Light pink fur was sprouting over it, stopping just at her wrist. Her one-inch nails shortened as their nail polish evaporated. Beneath the coating revealed dark grayish pink nails.

Awww, I worked hard on those. Molly pouted, looking from those nails to the ones on her other hand, now undergoing a similar change as well.

Both hands pinkified in seconds, and the fur kept rolling up her arms like an ocean wave. They spread beneath her shirt where she could still feel them brush and rub against the fabric as they climbed higher.

Fingers twitched and suddenly clenched. Veins pulsed and muscles bulged as her arms quaked. All at once, her arms bulked up from their thin nature, almost doubling their old size. Well defined musculature was bulged, looking like she lifted dumbbells every day.

“Keeewwl!” Molly's eyes lit up with joy, lifting an arm up and giving it a flex. She liked the look and strength of them already. She greedily felt up her bicep, taking in its density and perfect shape.

The pinkness spread from her shoulders downward across her torso, signs of it poking out of her collar and then the bottom of her shirt. Her shoulders widened first, biceps getting a slight boost to fit them better. Her waistline widened after, her shape no longer hourglass-esque.

Her chest also took a big hit when it broadened. Her large breasts receded as they were stretched out, their shape a touch squarish. Their globish shape pulled back further, their cleavage valley fading away.

Fur crept out her skirt and along her legs, muscle growth following behind. Tender thighs thickened, calves bulging, tightening her thigh-high boots. She reached and felt her limbs through her boots. She can feel the same strength and density in them as her arms.

Not bad, n-not b-bad... Erumph. Snorting and tensing up like an animal, she hunched forward. Her boots dug into the tiling as her feet pressed down as hard as she could. They felt numb, like they had fallen asleep.

Soon after, with all the pressure, the heels on the boots snapped. The toecaps ripped following it, the soles coming off. Thick, heavy, dark pink hooves burst out, cracking the tile.

Awww, I liked those boots. Molly sighed and lifted her legs. *Oh well. Don't really need them if I have hooves.* She tugged and pulled on the remaining pieces of her footwear that desperately clung to her thick calves. It took a few tries before they came off.

It was a bit exhausting, but once she felt her fit, toned legs, she knew it was worth it. She could run miles with these equine limbs.

Hmm, pink fur and muscles... maybe Bubble Berry? She frowned, remembering the pony from downstairs. *No, he was chubbier... unless this is a variant of him? Could be Starlight Glimmer or even-*

Rips and tears blared from behind her back. Her eyes widened, her heart skipping a beat as both her crop top and bra fell into her lap. Her pink, muscle breasts were left uncovered, dark pink nipples erect on the cool air of the room.

However, what mattered most was behind her. All at once, two large, elegant wings coated in dazzling pink feathers had burst out. They smacked against the towel rack and a few body care products on the sink. Freed, they majestically flapped once, sending a big gust of air that knocked even more things down.

Oh crap! Molly blushed, looking at her new mess anxiously. *Well... like, they're fratboys? Maybe they won't even notice?*

Yeah, won't notice the mess. She nodded, psyching herself up. She'd be fine. It was a party anyways, so of course things would look a little trashed, right?

What mattered now was seeing some results. Getting to her hooves and thankfully finding them easy to walk with, she stepped in front of the mirror. Her face still looked the same, but her hair now had streaks of violet running through it.

Pretty and stylin'. Molly reached to touch it but pulled back when she heard a snap. Her ponytail band broke, letting her locks flow down to her waist, slipping through her wings. They bounced and began to shrink back up.

Numbness came from her chest, a quiver going up her spine and shaking her wings. Looking at her breasts, she could see them fall back even more. They were looking less like breasts and more like fat pecs as their density increased.

Ooooh... less boobage. Her heart started racing. *Does... does that mean...*

Warmth filled her face as her eyes crept past her chest to her skirt. She couldn't see anything particularly visible, but something felt off below. Cautiously, her hands slithered down to the hem of her skirt, gripping it tightly.

Little by little, she lifted it. Eventually, it went far enough above her crotch and there, she could see it. Her pink underwear was stretching and stretching, a large bulge growing at the top. Dark, ballish, rubbery gray flesh was spilling out the sides just below it.

Oh fuck... Her hands let go, but the skirt got caught on her bulging equipment. All at once, her body felt aflame with passion. A strong moan bellowed. *I'm goin' all stallion!*

Ooooooh fuuuuuuck! Her ears twitched, pulling up and back, stretching out into pink horse ears. *That feels good.* She wrapped her arms around herself, biting hard into her bottom lip. *Do all guys feel like this with their cocks or do just ponies?*

Quakes were breaking out all over her body, the scent of sweat filling her fur. She grew taller and taller, higher than most of the jocks at the college. Her form broadened more, shoulders now on par with a linebacker. More muscles filled her, an impressive six pack forming on her stomach.

She was getting even hotter. With all of her jittering, her rod vibrated more and more underneath her skirt. *Hawt... so goddamn hawt...* Molly licked her lips. *Need... need it to, like, cut it out and-*

Another snap blared and her cock shot out from under her skirt. Her underwear fell to the floor, large balls hanging free. The rod smacked up against the sink counter before sliding up on top of it. Cum dripped off the tip and into the sink.

“O-o-oh... heh-hello there.” Molly trembled. Her eyes were glued to her lovestick. “Aren't you huge, big boy. So large...”

Her hands slowly moved. “M-might as well... it's mine and all...” They clamped onto her rod, which pulsed. She hunched forward as her hair and fur stood on end. *Phew... here we go.*

She pumped with both hands, trembles rocking her body. *Ooooh yeah!* She pumped again and again. It felt way better than trying to finger herself.

“Ooooooooo, fuuuuuuck.” Molly moaned, her panting rapid. Her breasts shrunk further with each breath until they were completely gone. All that was left were some dense pectorals.

More moans came out, their pitching dropping fast. *Ph-phew... so... so horny.* She licked her lips. *Always... always get so worked up at these parties.* There was a beastly snort. *Y-yeah... all those... hawt honeys and cute mares...*

The back of her skirt bulged and snapped, the clothing hanging off her rod now until she tossed it to the side. A short tail had bloomed, streaks of violet, rose, and gold running through it and curling into puffy spirals at the very end.

Molly kept moaning and groaning, pre dripping and spilling into the sink as they went to town. Their eyes weakly caught glimpse of their head as their hair finished shrinking. It too had the same violet and rose streaks as her tail now, curling and wavy in style. It bounced gently with each shake and pump of their body.

My mane looks amazing... Their eyes dulled, eyebrows thickening. *As... as it always does.* They closed as everything washed over. *Yes, I always look this fucking good.*

“**FUUUUUUUUUCK!**” Their face pulled out into a strong, handsome muzzle as pink fur enveloped it. Their body grew one last time, a bit more muscle and height added into key places and fully masculinizing their whole being.

Their cock erupted, spraying cum everywhere from the sink to the mirror. From his forehead, a long unicorn horn grew, only stopping once he finished ejaculating. A pink magical aura radiated off the horn, spewing out puffs of cartoon hearts all over.

Eventually, he unloaded it all, shoulders drooping and his cock going limp. The room smelled heavily of his musky seed, sex leaking into everything. His arms fell to the side as he huffed like he ran a marathon. ***“Ph-phew! Needed that!”***

Prince Bolero opened his eyes, a stunning purple now, and looked at his sticky, smelly surroundings. He blushed. ***“Damn, I keep making a mess of things. Stupid parties.”***

The pink alicorn just loved these college parties. He loved meeting new people and hanging out with others that he never saw outside of class. He got to dance, drink, and party away, able to behave however he liked. Plus, the love and lust in the air always felt great!

Though, it did usually end up getting him all worked up and feeling tingly. He ended up having to take a few breaks now and then to relieve his urges. Not that he minded much, but it did interrupt his groove and mood occasionally.

And like always, he made such a huge mess. His horn glowed brightly, magic pouring and shooting out of its tip. ***Better do a quick fix up before anyone notices.***

All the splatter evaporated away, and the items were floated back to where they belong. The window opened, letting the room air out. All the ripped off clothing that used to be his were tossed in the trash, not giving them a second thought.

The room was soon sparkling, like nothing ever happened in it. Bolero smiled and nodded, satisfied with his work. ***Now...*** He looked down at his nude self. ***Better get dressed. I’m not drunk enough to go streaking yet. Heh.***

Magic flowed from his horn and swirled around his body. Tight white shorts appeared around his crotch, covering his cutie mark that just appeared and his bulge somewhat. Given how big his junk was, his shorts mostly just highlighted its shape. His torso also gained a backless, pink t-shirt, “Prince of Love” written across it.

Much better! Bolero nodded. He was properly dressed, and everything was fixed. Sure, the room still stunk of musk and cum, but he was sure it would fade with that window open.

Glancing at the mirror, he brushed one of his bouncy, curly locks behind his ear. ***Time to get back to my people.***

He strolled out of the bathroom and got back to the stairs, waving to a few of the people lurking around upstairs. They waved back, blushing and taking him in. He couldn't blame them. He was a pretty handsome stallion that knew how to flaunt.

Back on the first floor, he had a similar experience. He winked and fistbumped with a few others before going on to do his own thing. He just loved the atmosphere of these parties.

Bolero returned to the drink table, humming a familiar song under his breath. He grabbed a cup and started to pour a bottle into it. *Time to really enjoy this par-*

“Excuse me!” The alicorn turned and flinched. All around him were women, most human with one pony exception. She was a white furred unicorn with a blue mane and had a familiar, inviting aura that was comforting.

All of them shared one thing in common though: hunger. “Aren't you Prince Bolero?” “Wow! You're so handsome!” “Do you want to dance with me?” “My friend here, Gleaming Shield, thinks you're cute!” “Oh you! Don't mind her... but you wanna *hang out* with a mare like me?”

Bolero blushed, the last comment from Shield grabbing his attention the most. She was pretty cute and charming. He could definitely “hang out” with her.

However, the mood to do so was dropping fast. It got even worse when he realized that more ladies were approaching like sharks. *Well... this is smothering.*

He was soon surrounded on almost all sides, back against the drink table. *I love these parties, but maaannn, do I get too much love from the ladies.* He smiled weakly at his growing audience but frowned internally. *I bet if I was a human, I wouldn't get this much attention. Siiigh. It's hard being a dazzling, good-looking alicorn.*