

My Little Download: Spreading the Friendship

By: Firingwall

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!*

Newsflash At the Top of the Hour

“Live at the top of the hour! This is WKVG, your local news tonight!”

It is 6 PM, and the news is starting. Your local news anchor, an older, balding gentleman, is sitting behind his desk as he always does. The video screen behind him shows a static shot of the largest building in your area from the air. In front of the man are the usual papers he would read from, though he is leaning over them with an arm on the desk instead now.

He had a serious look on his face as he started talking. “We begin tonight's program with the latest epidemic sweeping the nation... no, the entire world right now.”

He takes a deep breath, clearing his throat. “It's not a disease or a virus. It is something far different.” He looks like he is struggling to say the words, almost as if he didn't believe them. “Reports are coming in from all over about a new app that has been appearing on phones without warning.

“No, people aren't downloading them. They're just appearing randomly on phones and when people investigate the app, a new, colorful world is being forced upon-”

There is a low buzzing sound, the anchor stopping. He hesitantly looks down and reaches below the desk. “Err, the situation has reached our community as of recently and many residents are concerned. We turn to our reporter...”

There is another pause. This time, it looks more like the anchor is unsure what to say, his arm still under the desk. His lips try moving but stumble a bit to make words. Eventually, he says, “We turn to Karen Newsdale, who has our report.”

The anchor pulls out his arm from under the desk now, bringing out his phone and placing it on the desk. It appears to be on, a faint light seeming to come from its edges.

However, the scene suddenly cuts away to an outside shot. The location appears to be the downtown area of your community. There are people walking around the background, a car occasionally driving by on the street. There is a strange look on everyone's face as they pass by.

They are looking at the reporter, Karen Newsdale, front and center of the screen. She is a pony woman with sunny yellow fur and a green, bowlsh cut mane, a ponytail tied in the back. She had a smile on her face and a sparkle in her lovely green eyes. She looks absolutely adorable.

She also looks rather sensual. The red blazer she wears has some of its buttons opened, showing her cleavage. There is a *lot* of cleavage too with how large her breasts are. Her waist is narrow, her hips very wide in her tight skirt. It is a questionable amount of curves and flaunting for the local news it feels like to you.

Yet, you forget all about it as soon as she speaks. “Across the world and even here in our little community, a mysterious app called MLP-ified has been popping up on phones.”

She reaches into her blazer and pulls out her phone for an example. “What seems like a harmless, cute little thing has certainly turned out to be a life-changing experience for many people. One resident recounts seeing one of these events occur before her.”

There is another cut, this time to a cafe. An older, human woman is sitting down at a table, a caption appearing below her that read, “Maggie Fields, Witness”. The lady adjusted her glasses as she spoke. “It was the darndest thing! This fella was just on his phone a few seats over, having some coffee, I guess. Then, his phone started a-glowin’, and he started changing!”

There were a few new cuts, showing the cafe with patrons in it or focusing in on an empty table for stock footage. The woman could still be heard talking. “He looked so surprised at first. Started growing yellow fur and a horn. Then, after all the commotion, he just pulled this book out from nowhere and started reading it like ain’t nuthin’ happened. His horn still was glowing, using magic or whatever to levitate things to him!”

Maggie reappears, shaking her head. “I swear, I don’t get these young people and their technology; turning them into these horse things.”

There is now a shot of the cafe from the outside, occasionally switching between the storefront and the sign above. “Maggie is one of many people who have seen MLP-ified in action,” Karen says over the footage, “Those who use the app, whether on purpose or by accident, end up becoming cartoon pony anthros based on the popular show from a few years back, My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic.”

The report returns back to Karen. She motions to her body, waving her hand over it. “As you can see, I am one of those fortunate...” She pauses and clears her throat. “Ahem, one of those who were unfortunately affected by the app.

“Reportedly, the changes have a variety of effects beyond just the physical. There are chances for severe mental shifts with a person. Some remain themselves after the change, only now going by a new name like myself. There are some that do not remain the same and become someone completely different.

“There are even cases where it seems like the person has always been a pony to anyone and everyone, including in official, private records. These folks are far harder to notice or detect given the severity of the reality change at play. However, it is still possible to know that a person is different given all of the pony pop-ups that have been occurring.”

The scene cuts to some new stock footage, showing the local park near you. There are people walking around, one or two being ponies. “The app started appearing on phones a few months ago and the frequency of its appearance has grown significantly,” Karen reports, “People across the world have been trying to figure out and track its origins with little luck.

“As of now, city and government officials are recommending that people avoid clicking on the app at all cost. If possible, delete or move it to a different part of your phone where it cannot be accidentally pressed.”

Another cut occurs, this time to an official-looking office. A brown pony with an elegantly brushed, gray mane is sitting in a chair. A new caption is below her, identifying her as “Mayor Mare” with the subtitle, “Mayor”.

The mayor pony says, “Yes, well, I do recall only ever being Miss Mare, but given the evidence at play, it can only be construed that I, myself, have been a victim of the app.” She smiles. “I am perfectly happy and comfortable as this, but I understand our fair citizens are not as happy and I can sympathize with their plight.

“I do hope that everyone exercises caution with their phones to avoid entering this predicament themselves. Parents, I do advise that you hold onto your fillies and colts...” She clears her voice, blushing. “Ahem, your children's phones for the time being until things are fully resolved. We'll be able to get through this if we all do our part in executing safety.”

One more time does the news report cut back to Karen. “The city council will be holding an open town hall tonight at seven to discuss options and programs to help new ponies and their families deal with their new circumstances. It is certainly expected to be a packed house, and yours truly will be there to cover what happens.

“This has been Karen Newsdale...” The pony smiles brightly, a twinkle in her eyes. “...reporting from downtown. Back to you at the studio!”

The news returns back to the studio, focusing on the desk where the older anchor was before. However, things are different now.

Sitting in place of the anchor is a familiar pony wearing his old suit. It is a tall, beautiful alicorn with a bright, flowing mane. She has a bust that is bigger than Karen's, several buttons popped to display far more cleavage than the reporter pony had. The alicorn has a warm, inviting, motherly smile on her face, her eyes filled with love and affection.

“Thank you, Karen.” The white pony cooes, her voice so inviting and sweet to the ears. “That has been a riveting report. We'll be sure to keep you informed on this developing story as it proceeds. I'm sure we'll be hearing more about our new little ponies soon.”

She smiled, turning her head slightly to look off camera. “And now, let us turn to the 7-Day Forecast with our lovely weather gal, Open Skies. It sounds like it'll be a beautiful week coming up, right Skies?”

At the Pool...

Done for TGTGTF

“Did you see the news last night?”

“No, but I saw the clips on Twitter! That news guy turned into that white pegasus!”

“I think they're actually called alicorns.”

“Alicorn? Oh, you're an expert on these ponies then?”

“Tsk, no. It's just that my neighbor is this alicorn named Cadance so I should know the difference between a pegasus and an alicorn.”

“Cadance, eh? Was your neighbor always an alicorn?”

“Well, I'm pretty sure, but I guess that might not be the case given what's going on. Still, I can't really picture her any other way but a pink pony.”

Will couldn't help but listen to the ladies as he took his spot in the open pool chair near them. How could he not? This pony situation had certainly blown up the world over.

Everywhere he looked, listened, or read, it was nothing but news about the colorful horses with butt tattoos. It dominated every social media feed, site, TV channel, radio station, and beyond. He couldn't turn away from it, especially since it started popping up all around him.

In the past few days, two people he knew had been pony-ified. One of his gym buddies was now some stallion named Braeburn that talked with a southern drawl. He was still a very friendly guy and kept all of his memories. The other person, a co-worker, wasn't so lucky. They were now some lady named Coloratura who often sang to herself at her work station.

It was certainly a time to be living. A very colorful, tiring time to be sure.

Looking around, Will was at least happy and content for once. There were no ponies at all in his favorite place, the pool. The weather had finally gotten warm enough for it to reopen, and he jumped at the chance to visit. He always liked to go for a swim when possible. It helped him clear his mind of things that troubled him.

Just a few dives and laps are what I need. He hummed to himself, starting to pull his shirt off. *Just a nice, long swim on a beautiful day. How can it-*

Bzzzzzt. *Hmm?* His side pocket in his swim trunks vibrated once. *Somebody text or something? Ugh, hope it's not work. I took this day off to relax.*

Pulling out his phone and tapping on it, he didn't see any icons or symbols. It didn't look like there were any notifications. *What? What was that about th-*

Putting in his code, the phone opened to his home screen. His heart felt like it stopped.

Nestled between the Twitter and Chrome apps, there was a certain icon. It was pink with the silhouette of a pony. It was MLP-ified.

How... how did it get there?! Will heard the stories. Some people downloaded the app by accident from an email or link that was spammed. Some entered a website by accident and got it. Some had it sent to them by friends or family.

Nothing like that happened to him. He had been filtering all his email, avoiding going to any website he didn't know, and hadn't been texted any sort of link from family or friends since the whole mess began. Perhaps the news was right, and the app could truly appear at random?

The thought gave him a chill. The sheer randomness of it unnerved him.

Look, let's relax here. Will took a deep breath and released it. *Let's think this over.* He looked at the app again. *Just because I have it now doesn't mean I have to press it. I can just ignore it, right?*

The man nodded and thought. He remembered some of his friends mentioning that they had the app themselves. Nothing changed for them because they never pressed it. The solution was so simple.

I can deal with this. Will nodded again, his heart starting to lift. *I can just ignore this and everything will turn out just fine. Don't need to fret about this or anything.*

Will smiled and started to turn his screen off.

THUMP. "OH! Sorry, mister!" The entire pool chair was jostled, a sharp jolt and shake running through it and rocking him.

It was a kid who was running far ahead of his mom. He wasn't looking where he was going as he hurried along and collided into the chair. His leg slammed against the end of the seat, sending Will's heart racing and phone nearly tumbling out of his grasp.

“Uuughh...” Will groaned, clutching his chest. That didn’t feel great.

“I’m sorry!” The mom hurried up, taking her child by the shoulder. “Kids, they can be-”

“You will do well to watch your child, ma'am.” Will snapped. His words were venomous and sharp, even giving him a bit of a chill. “Children shouldn't be running by the pool. You don't want him to get hurt, do you?”

He shot daggers with his eyes, his brow furrowing harshly. The woman and kid both flinched, feeling cold themselves. They turned and hurried for the exit near the changing rooms. Will smiled, feeling a bit better. *They took off fast. Wonder what their problem was?*

It wasn't their problem. It was his.

Unknown to him, when the kid charged and ran into his pool chair, the bump did more than just shake him. His phone nearly slipped out and when tightening his grip to hold onto it, one of his fingers tapped a certain app on the screen.

A blank, white window had opened up. Several images began flashing across it as an eerie green aura began to pulse off the phone.

Will never noticed a thing, more annoyed and shocked by the kid bumping him. He stared him and his mom down. However, that stare turned more into a vicious, piercing death glare. His eyes turned green, his irises blazing a neon green that seemed to glow.

Once they left, his eyes dimmed to a less fierce shade of green. He shook his head after thinking a bit, deciding whatever their issue was, it wasn't his. Without even looking, he turned the screen off and chunked it into the bag he brought.

He never noticed a thing. He never saw that green glow the phone was emitting. He never saw that glow pass into his hand as he shut the phone off. He never even felt the tingling sensation in his mitt that crawled up his arm and passed through his whole body.

Whatever. Will yawned, closing his eyes. His eyelids were a dark, blackish green, like a natural coating of eyeshadow. *Time to swim!*

He pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the side, showing off his fairly well-built body and defined muscles. As his top went off, it brushed against his ruffled chestnut hair. However, instead of getting messier, it seemed to smooth and straighten out. A lock of it on his forehead grew as well, slithering down between his eyes and to his chin.

He yawned again (*I'm tired as hell. Hope the cold water wakes me up.*) and stretched his arms. His body trembled as he pushed out his chest, his feet rapidly shaking. The green aura radiated from him briefly before vanishing, his nipples a dark aqua green when it was done.

He placed his hands on the armrest, fingers clenching as their nails grew out and turned dark green. *One... two... up!* He pushed himself up and got to his feet. He wobbled a bit, his swim trunks shrinking and looking rather red.

Okay, how to go about this. He looked at the sides of the pool and then the diving boards, one small and the other much higher up. *Hmmm... well, diving from a board would get a lot of eager eyes on me, so...*

Will frowned. *Wait, why would I want that? Everyone... staring at me.*

As he pondered, his muscular frame began drooping. All of his hard work at the gym, the definition and shape he built faded. Sure, his frame was still fit, but he looked more like a runner than the more boxy, built shape he had.

...well, hitting the high dive would be fun to start with. Whatever his weird thoughts were, it didn't matter. He wasn't going to think about them, rather just focus on why he even came to the pool to begin with.

He started walking, goosebumps breaking out as his figure slimmed even further. While he still remained fairly taller, his body looked trimmer. His shoulders were less broad and with how narrow his waist looked, his form had an hourglass-esque look to it.

Hmmm, you know, a simple jump and dive in would be kind of simple. Maybe I should do a little spin or flip when I do. Yeah... that could be fun and... and attention-get-

“HEY! Watch it!” Once again, Will felt his body shake. This time, someone collided directly into him, their broad shoulder smacking against his side. It was a large man, at least a head-height taller than him. The man growled, “You need to be watching where you’re go-”

Suddenly, the man’s voice drifted off. He still stared at Will, but his expression was softening over with confusion.

At this point, Will did not look himself. He looked feminine. From his now traditionally thin, feminine build to even his face having softened, nothing really resembled the old him much anymore. Not that he noticed.

He was more upset about being bumped yet again. He glared, his eyes lighting up once more. *How dare he?! How dare he snap at me after running into me?! Humph, he should be just honored to be in my presence and-* Will shook his head. His thoughts were odd again.

“Look here, you!” Will snapped. “I will not be rudely bumped by an absolute, hapless brute as yourself! I will also not be *accused of doing it either when it was clear that you caused this problem to begin with!* I will not tolerate such bs from anyone!”

The entire time he snapped and snipped at the man, the more his hair grew out. It flowed like a waterfall down his shoulders, his locks looking smoother and glossier. Streaks of aqua blue highlights ran through it, though they did not look dyed. They looked natural.

The man said nothing as he was chewed out. If anything, he looked to be getting more uncomfortable and anxious. His eyes were glued to Will's growing hair, though a foot of his was turning away.

“What... what's going on with your hair? Are you ch-change...” The man mumbled the words so quietly that they were almost impossible to hear.

“*What?*” Will snapped, “*Speak up if you have something to say to me!*” The man's face reddened, and he quickly turned, hurrying away.

Will shook his head, a soft, womanly sigh leaving him. *People are so weird today. It's just so... so...* He felt something strange, a certain tingle running up his spine.

Will saw the guy's face again in his mind. There was something about him just as he turned away. There was that blush on his face, but there was more. In his eyes, a curious feeling was in it. Will couldn't understand why, but he could tell what it was: love.

Will shivered, his heart racing. That love, he could see it and... and feel it too. An exciting shiver coursed through his body.

I'm... I'm being weird. His head throbbed, rubbing it gently. In the top of his forehead, there was a bump. It was small, almost like he had hit it with something, and dark. *Sun's getting to me. I just need to take that dive now.*

Will's pace picked up as he hurried towards the high dive. His steps and movement took on more of a sway. Subtle initially, it only grew more blatant as his hips widened and curved, exaggerating each sway. His thighs thickened with it, a nub popping out above his rear, long, aqua green blue hairs growing from it.

Reaching the high dive, Will looked up and took a moment to consider the actual height of it. *Feels weird it goes up this high for a public pool, but... it does make for a nice attention drawer, I say!*

He shook the odd thought from his mind and took hold of the ladder. "Do you see him?"

"What's happening?"

"Look at that."

"Changes... here."

Will paused. His heart began racing, a warm feeling going through his body. His skin began to darken as he turned his head.

There were many people all around, all looking towards him. They talked quietly amongst themselves, their voices almost a whisper. Yet, he could still hear them. They must be talking about him, focusing all their attention on him.

The warm feeling made him tingle, his skin turning night black now. All of that attention and looking into their eyes, he could see it again. Behind the suspicion and confusion, he could see a certain adoration and affection. They couldn't look away from him. They had to look.

It felt nice, all of that focus and interest in him. It felt... nourishing.

Will quivered and gulped, before turning back. A small smile was creeping on his lips, flashing some sharper-looking teeth. *"Well... well if they want to stare... let them."* He chuckled, *"They can enjoy looking at... me."*

His voice had shifted further. It had a full, womanly, mature vibe to it, a voice that relished in its sensual tone. It seemed so familiar, like he had heard it before on a show.

But after thinking about it, how could he have not heard it before? It was his own voice. Why it sounded different to him a moment ago, he couldn't be sure. He chalked it up to the hot sun again and refocused himself on the task at hand.

He slowly climbed the ladder. His swim trunks, already looking rather small, continued to shrink on him. The material shifted to something thinner and soft, the legs receding fully into the trunks. In seconds, he was wearing a red thong.

Ooooooh. Midway up, Will stopped. He began to pant, his body heating up further. His face leaned into the ladder as he breathed heavily, the crotch of his new swimwear tightening. He couldn't look or turn around, but he could feel it. People were staring, watching him still.

It felt great.

Just as the tightness grew too much, the feeling faded in his thong. The large bulge receded back into him, leaving the area flat until a new shape, camel toe, pushed back in its place. Will let out a soft sigh of relief.

Yet, tightness returned but in a different, more comfortable way. His thong tightened on the sides and in the back. His hips grew wider and curvier, his rear inflating to a fitter, perkier shape. There was a nice curve to his backside, his figure's hourglass even bigger.

Will began to climb again, soaking in the stares from behind. His complexion and color was far away from his rich tan. He was completely black as night, though it appeared to be from hardened fur rather than skin. The only thing not black was from his waist to below the chest. It was neon aqua green and had rigid plates like a dragon or, perhaps, an insect.

Eventually, he reached the top and looked down. The water looked a lot farther away than it felt he climbed. Still, he felt no fear. He could do this.

He looked around. Most of the pool goers were watching, all eyes on him. They continued to whisper amongst themselves as they stared. The sight made him smile and shiver.

Then, he moaned. He could feel there was a lot more to those stares, those looks. He could feel it even if he couldn't see it well from his height. His heart throbbed, his chest feeling heavy. Slowly, soft mounds sprouted and rose like bread. A bikini top, just as red as his thong, appeared over his swelling breasts.

Yes... He moaned to himself again, licking his chops. *Keep watching me. All eyes on me. Radiate your love, attention. I want it... want it all.*

Will couldn't stop it. The thoughts were so strange and so unlike him. They kept coming over and over again, overwhelming to the senses. The thrill and pleasure of the attention he was getting too from everyone... he didn't understand why. Yet, he felt it. It was nice. Those thoughts started to feel right and natural.

His head throbbed and pulsed. His ears twitched and extended out, almost looking like equine ears. The bump on his forehead grew, lengthening and narrowing. A ridge spiraled up to the very pointed tip as it formed a horn.

Though, said horn looked different. Parts of it started to fade away, almost as if someone carved them out with an ice cream scoop. It made his horn look eerie, yet it fit him perfectly.

Well, time to not disappoint. Will took one last look at the gawkers and the water below, seeing if it was clear. They jumped once, then twice on the board, getting some spring in their bounce. On the third hop, they leapt into the air.

Will fell, doing a twirl and spin as they did. Their fingernails lengthened and sharpened, just as green as their hair. Their feet wobbled, expanding and contract, turning into strong hooves.

They struck the water as they spun, almost like they drilled into it. The impact sent vibrations through their hands and into the rest of them. They especially flowed into the diver's chest, rapidly expanding and growing the mounds into breasts that stretched their bikini top.

Ooooh yes! Will thought as they swam beneath the surface. *This feels nice.* They paddled their way in the open water, most swimmers making way for them. *This is what I needed... Swimming feels so good... especially with everyone watching.*

They couldn't and wouldn't deny the thought, louder and more prevalent in their mind. They loved being watched, being stared at and ogled. All of that loving attention... all of that affection, interest... the desire for them felt wonderful. It felt so filling.

Will wanted it badly.

Their mind blurred as they swam, their body moving on autopilot. Rapidly, they shifted even further, fully eradicating their old body and embracing a new them. Their translucent mane and tail finished growing, long and elegant with curious holes in them. Their breasts and rear swelled further, stretching their poor bikini set to its limits.

Yes, giving me all of your attention and love! Even beneath the waves, Will could feel all of the looks. So many people were staring at their elegant, seductive form. *You wanna look, don't you? You know true beauty. You know who to love, don't you?*

The new woman quivered, their body warming despite the cool water. *Yes, yes! Gimme it all! Gimme everything! Give me all your love, desires, and hunger! Your queen demands it! I WANT IT ALL! I DESIRE IT!*

Finally, she surfaced. She threw her head back, long lock swinging and slapping her back. Her breasts swelled one final time, hitting hefty E-cups that her bikini could barely contain. They jiggled as she floated, her areolas visible and poking out of her top.

The new “pony” breathlessly sighed and swam towards the ladder. Their lower half grew one final time as well. Her hips widened further for a sultry curve. Her rear inflated to match, the back of her thong slipping between her butt cheeks.

“Mhm, that was heavenly.” Chrysalis cooed as she grabbed the ladder, “*I needed a nice swim like that.*” She chuckled, her face inching forward and teeth sharpening. She had a muzzle, the last bit of humanity fully erased. “*I feel so alive.*”

She climbed up onto the pool's edge and stretched, pushing out her chest casually. She looked around as she did so. So many eyes were on her now. The concern and confusion were gone from before. All of them were filled to the brim with awe, love, and lust.

The changeling queen could feel it all, soaking into her skin, filling her heart and soul to the brim. *Yes. Love me.* She snickered quietly. *You all love me, don't you? You love a beautiful, gorgeous queen.*

The intensity of it made her quiver, nourishing her deeply. Her loins were warm and a tad wet with excitement. All of it was filling her up so much.

In fact, the sensation made her look down. She grinned. *Their love was just what I needed.* She lifted an arm and examined. *All of my holes have been filled. I'm complete!* Her body never had holes in it before, but now, it felt like it had been.

Chrysalis reached up and stroked her horn. Her grin faded into a frown. *Still damaged. Tsk, you'll never be fully fixed, will you?* She sighed, shaking her head. *At least my body is back to its luscious state. I can still use this.*

She cooed, stroking her chest and feeling her heavy breasts. She lifted and dropped them, letting them jiggle. *Mmmm, good to have all of you back to perfection. So big. So globe-ish.* She snickered. *You girls are splendid. Just fitting for a queen.*

Chrysalis strolled back over to her pool chair, hips swaying with each step. When she returned to it, she found her neon green towel and her bag. In it was her black phone, makeup kit, skimpy top and jean shorts, and more. Everything was as she left it.

She sat down and leaned back, wiggling into her chair and closing her eyes. *I love the pool. I need to come here more often to absorb some love and get a swim in. It's just what I need-*

"Excuse me." Chrysalis opened an eye and looked to the side. There were a few women standing at her side, early to mid-twenties from the looks of them. The lead one, a little anxious looking, murmured, "I... we... we're... well..."

"We're impressed!" another lady behind her said, "You're just so beautiful and incredible! You're, like, the prettiest pony we've ever seen!"

"I'm not really a pony, but thank you so much," cooed Chrysalis. She grinned, fingers clenching as she soaked in their affection. *They're so sweet. It's always nice to have such adoring fans. I wonder if they'd make for some nice servants I could rule over.*

As she chuckled to herself, another girl jumped in. "We gotta know... how do you do it? How do you get to look so amazing?"

"Besides me already being this naturally amazing to begin with?" The queen ran her hands down across her body. Some of the ladies fidgeted or blushed. *"Unfortunately, there are some things that cannot be merely taught or told. Sorry, ladies."*

"Aww, surely there's something?" the first woman spoke up again, "Any advice or tip would be really appreciated!"

An idea popped into Chrysalis' head then, a sly smile crossing her mouth. *"Well, sometimes, it's all a matter of how you dress to attract the attention you desire and crave. Perhaps you could do with a bit of an upgrade."*

Her horn began to glow green, sparks emanating from the dents and areas where parts were missing. Before the women could react, the changeling fired her magic into them all. *Now, let's see how well this spell I was developing works.*

A sharp green aura flowed around all of the women, but only for a moment. In that time, their appearances took on a more alluring form. All of their swimsuits and bikinis went skimpier, showing more skin and breast. Her curves got a boost, widening hips and protruding chests, stretching their new duds greatly.

Once the glow had passed, the women all looked between each other. “Oh no, oh no! Oh crap! What the hell happened to us?”

“Well, didn't you all want to know how to look amazing?” Chrysalis snickered, *“I must say, you all look very appealing. I mean, everyone is just eyeing you up.”*

It was true. The glow of her magic brought pretty much everyone's attention over to them. Everyone at the pool from guests to lifeguards were staring at the women, taking in their new looks and curves. When the ladies noticed, they squirmed in place.

Chrysalis just stifled a moan. Her hands dug into the armrests of her chair, her legs twitching. There was so much love and affection in the air. Even if it wasn't all directly cast on her, she could still feel and absorb it. It was heavenly.

“So, how are you ladies feeling now?”

“Well... ah...” the leader mumbled, fidgeting with her fingers, “It's... not bad.”

“I mean, it is fun to be this big and...” Another added.

“I kind of like it.” A third lady poked her chest.

“Oh? Then you'll like this too!” Chrysalis grinned and zapped them again. The ladies moaned this time, their outfits getting skimpier to the point of being scandalous.

The changeling queen rubbed her thighs together, more and more love and lust filling the air. It was fun messing with the silly humans. They made it so easy to do so, and the rewards were so tasty.

Glancing around, she huffed. *Though, let's be real. I'm the one everyone should be paying attention to. I am a queen, the true prize everyone desires, and the center of these feeble beings' attention.*

She stood, her horn glowing one more time. However, the magic flowed down into her swimsuit. It switched its color from red to the dazzling green of her luscious mane. Then, her bikini and thong shrank a few sizes, digging into her bust and bum. In fact, the thong slipped between her butt cheeks, making it look like she was bottomless from the back.

Once she was set, she stepped in between and pushed the women aside, taking center stage. She pushed out her chest, which wobbled and bounced. With a wink and blow of a kiss to her audience, she nearly came to her knees.

The love, admiration, lust, and hunger of the pool had blown up. It was overwhelming, truly wondrous to a being like her.

Chrysalis needed to come to the pool more often.

On Campus...

Done for Kutenaiabi

“I can already see it.” Max rubbed his face, sighing heavily into his hands. “The professor is going to hate it for sure. God, why didn't I put more work into it?”

Max's last class of the day was over, the young, brown-haired man slumped onto the bench in the middle of campus. Dread was washing over him. The assignment he had turned in was only just finished before he showed up. It was going to be obvious it was a rush job when the professor graded it.

At this rate, he had no hope. He was going to fail Economics.

Sure, there could have been some hope for him. Perhaps if he buckled down, sacrificed most of his free time, and focused on nothing but studying and the extra credit projects that were available, he could just squeak by.

But what was the point? Make himself even more miserable than he already was? It didn't matter if he passed or not, his dad was going to chew him to pieces when he found out how he had been doing up until this point.

He could hear it now. **Failure.** Family full of high class, powerful businessmen, and he didn't represent them. An embarrassment to the family legacy. All of that nonsense.

Well, sorry! Max shook his head. *I never wanted to do any of this. I never... never...*

Honey, it doesn't matter what your dad says. You should do what you want to do. You'll make me proud no matter what. I believe in you.

Sorry, mom. I know you would be so disappointed if you were still around. Max felt lower. I know what you said, and I'm all grown-up now, but... but I can't with dad. He would never allow it, try to ruin it. I want to... but I'll never be-

“Come on everypony, smile, smile, smile!” a sweet, if dorky, voice sang, “Fill my heart up with sunshine, sunshine~.”

Max looked up. A lanky pony with thick-rimmed, purple glasses was walking by. She had a smile on her face as her puffy red mane and tail bounced with each step. She sang quietly to herself, pausing occasionally to lick a peppermint cane she was holding.

Max blushed, watching the equine lady walk by. Sure, the candy cane was out of season and seemed a bit silly to be having in March, but he could hardly care about that. It was just seeing a pony woman in front of him that made him pause all thoughts.

All thoughts except for the big ones regarding a certain app that had been making the rounds. MLP-ified was all over the news, the big topic at the center of almost every news story those days. Only a few days ago did ponies begin appearing on campus.

Though, while they were all new, others felt like they've always been around, attending or teaching classes. The way the app worked and what it did made his head spin.

He watched the pony walk, heading over to a group of students at a picnic table. As she approached, they waved to her excitedly. She hurried over and sat down, sharing some candy canes and chatting with them.

Max watched them silently for a bit longer. *Wonder if she remembers who she is or if she started over? ...starting over.*

He sat there quietly, reflecting on that thought for a bit. A lot of the ponies didn't seem to remember anything about their past, having a modified version of it that always had them see themselves as ponies. It was difficult for their loved ones he had to guess, but the equines never seemed to be upset or bothered.

Starting over. Max pulled his phone from his pocket and checked it. Sure enough, there was the app, having randomly downloaded onto it like with everyone else. He did try his best to ignore it, even carefully moving the icon to a different screen so he wouldn't accidentally tap it.

Staring at it now, things felt different. He glanced up at the pony woman from across afar. She looked like she was happy, so happy with her life and her friends. There he was now though, his heart and mind aching.

Looking down at the app once more, his thoughts silenced. Just memories were playing in his head. What would be lost by tapping this app and things seriously changing for him? His friends... as nonexistent as they were? His family... his family...

Nuts to this. Let's try this. The decision didn't need much thought.

Max tapped the icon, and the screen went white. He held his breath as symbols and colors rapidly flashed before his eyes.

Eventually, it stopped. A sharp azure background with a curious image of a magic wand with a star-shaped end. A wave of sky blue, presumably magic circled the wand.

Then, it was gone. The screen went black.

Is that- Suddenly, a light blue aura began to emanate off the phone. He felt his heart race, goosebumps breaking out across his body. *Here we go.*

The aura flowed from the phone and into his hand, spreading up across his arm and around his body. He felt warm, tingly as whatever power seeped into him. The aura remained for a little bit before vanishing before his eyes.

However, its effects were left. The hand holding his phone began to thin and slimmed down. Fingernails grew out and trimmed down to a professional manicure style. Lastly, the nails turned dark blue, almost like nail polish in looks but real.

Max brushed his head, sweat forming as the heat grew. His whole body was slimming down to a trimmer, fitter, more classic feminine look. Any muscle mass or extra trace of fat melted off of him, leaving him with thin arms and a flat tummy. Even his waistline dropped, giving it a narrower look.

With all of the thinning he was undergoing, there was expansion as well. His rear and hips were rapidly growing. The width and girth stretched his already stretchy pants out, digging into his curves and highlighting their round shape.

He watched without saying a word, his breathing growing heavy. *This... this is wild. I'm so.... soooooooooh!* He quivered, tensing up and clenching his eyes shut. The bulge in his crotch vanished, though his heat only intensified it felt like.

Whoa... that felt different. His eyes weakly opened, bright violet irises looking out now. He blinked a few times, eyelashes growing and fluttering cutely. He rubbed his face, his soft, light cheeks. *So hot... does everyone feel like this when they change?*

Looking himself over, he took in all that was different. Sure, he was still short as before, but his body was far slimmer and dainty. His hips were quite wide and, feeling his bottom, it was so soft and cushy. He took a moment to check his face with his camera app, noting how feminized and cute it was.

Yet, something felt missing. *I wonder when the pony stuff is supposed to kick-*

FLOWMP! Max hopped up to his feet as something bunched up in the back real fierce. A long, elegant pale blue tail had sprouted from his behind. It swished about for a moment, flowing down to right around his calves.

“Oh, there it is!” Max quietly spoke, “I guess... I guess it's happening now.” He reached around and stroked his new addition. It was so smooth and flowing, like it was brushed and washed to utter perfection. “Mmm, so nice. Gotta make sure my tail is perfectly elegant for someone as great as I.”

Max frowned, shaking his head as he carefully sat back down. That was a new thought. *I think... I think my mind is starting to change. I-I think I'm going to be... great and powerful. I mean, I already am a wonderful, impressive individual but I-*

He flinched, his ears bending back. They bent back further and further, stretching to the top of his head and lengthening into pony ears, growing light blue fur over them.

Man, this stuff comes on fast. He rubbed his noggin. *It's kind of scary if you don't want it... but...*

He went silent, looking down blankly at the ground. He let out a sigh before looking at his hands. Both of them had blue fingernails now, but also fur. A fine coat of azure was spreading from around his nails and down his hands, reaching his wrists.

Fur spread further up, his eyes following the growth up until it disappeared beneath his sleeves. He could feel the fuzz itch beneath his t-shirt. However, looking at his top, his mind focused solely on that. Frustration was setting in just looking at that. Had he really put on that plain white tee that morning?

Did I really settle for this? A frown crept across his mouth. *I mean... it fits, but it doesn't fit.* He quivered. *It's not... not showy enough! How are people supposed to look my way?*

Before Max could ponder those thoughts, his vision was slightly obscured. His brown hair began growing, smoothing out and gaining streaks of very pale, ice-blue though it. A lot of it grew down his back, but a long strand of it flowed in front of his face, curling at its tip.

This is... is a lot. Max brushed the locks to the side as the rest of his mane turned a darker pale blue. *It's so hard to think. Think about everything.*

His mind was truly cloudy. He could hardly remember the class he just got out of or most of the classes he was attending. The reason for him being there and all of his bleak thoughts and emotions were falling away. Everything was feeling more natural and normal to him, like he was always meant to be... or was to start with... *this*.

Yet, he could still remember his family. He could remember his dad and his brothers. He could remember that very well, though with some... peculiar differences in how they treated him. Still negative, but still the same.

Despite that, it would all be okay. Everything was changing, shifting into something different for him. He didn't mind. He felt more at ease. Whoever he would be would bring him a better now and better tomorrow.

Max took a deep breath and released it. *Everything... will be okay.*

His eyes glanced back down, and he caught a glance of his hands. They were donned with elegant purple gloves and white-cuffs. The sight of them was a warming, pleasant feeling. They felt right, fitting, appropriate for him... for an entertainer.

He cracked a smile. Entertainer is what he wanted to be more than a stuffy businessman or some wage slave stuck in an office. He wanted to be someone that could make people happy. *Yeah... this is me. I wanna make people smile.*

A pleasant shiver ran up their spine. *I want people to bask in my glory.* It was an odd thought, but they didn't mind it at all.

Max continued to shift and rapidly changed as blue fur completely enveloped them in its warm embrace. Their shoes turned purple and shifted into high heel boots, stretching up their calves. They grew taller with longer, toned legs and soft thighs. Their hips stretched their jeans, their rear plumping up so much that their butt crack was just visible.

Yes, I want to entertain... no! Max softly moaned, eyes closing as blue fur crept over their mug. *No, I am already doing that. I... I want to... dazzle!*

Their shirt pushed forward, bulging in the chest. *Yes, dazzle and entertain. Show the world something special and mystifying!* Their shirt stretched more, round mounds filling their chest with something soft. *Yes, something amazing, something spectacular!*

Her eyes opened, a piercing, striking violet radiating from her irises now. Her smile turned into a pleased grin. *Yes, a magician such as I can, someone so powerful that can leave all folks in awe with a wondrous show!*

Her blue locks parted at the top of her forehead, the area suddenly bulging. The bump shot forward, skin hardening as the shape went cylindrical. It pulled out into a short horn, a soft blue glow coming from it.

Yes, I am truly a wonderful, incredible, stupendous magician! She snickered, ego and pride swelling more than her growing assets. Her butt had already swelled into a big, soft bubble one, pushing her up on the bench with its extra padding.

I've always wanted to be that, a great and powerful showpony! Her breasts jumped up another cup size, reaching an impressive D. *I am a showpony that dazzles audiences far and wide, somepony history will remember!*

Her horn glowed, an aura appearing around her clothes, morphing them into something much more appealing. Her shirt became a dark purple corset, pushing her large breasts up and to the edge of E, settling at double D's. Pants became brown leggings, tight to her firm legs. Socks stretched upwards, becoming fishnet stockings.

This is who I am. The woman smiled, picturing her family. *Who needs them? I follow my own plans. I don't need to be a part of their business. A pony such as I need not be a part of some dull, dry, lifeless work environment!*

Her face twitched and popped, pushing forward as her nose flared. She was a pony... always had been a pony and proud of it! She was the odd one out in her family, but it mattered not to her. It helped make her stand out more and gained her an appreciation for attention.

After growing up with such a suffocating, mean family that denied her what she wanted on the inside, she ran from it all happily. She wanted a life full of razzle and dazzle, something brighter and flashier was for her! Her mom would've wanted that, Celestia rest her soul.

Yes, I... I am... Her face settled with a few more pops, forming an elegant, cute pony muzzle. *"I am the Grrvreat and Powerful TRIXIE!"* There was a soft glow around her thighs, her cutiemark appearing beneath her clothes and completing her.

"And the Grrvreat and Powerful Trixie is ready for a show!" With a grin, the blue pony woman hopped on top of her bench. *"It is time, everypony!"* she declared loudly into the air,

pulling all attention on the campus grounds to her, “*Come and witness the magic of the Grrreat and Powerful Trixie!*”

Her horn glowed so brightly that it nearly blinded people who looked in her direction. From behind her, a stage manifested itself, one perfect and fitting for a showpony like her. She hopped onto it and waved people over, a crowd forming soon after, curious about this.

Magical fireworks shot off from her horn as she let out a boastful laugh. “Now, who among you all is ready for your boring, studious life to be dazzled and awed?” There were several cheers and claps, most excited while others remained hesitantly intrigued. Trixie knew they would soon be on her side.

The unicorn was happy, smiling with such a smug expression on her face. This was the perfect place to have her show. Her father wanted her to go to this college to study economics and business so she could “finally” be one of them.

Nuts to that! She'd go and use the college for her own goals, a stepping stone she'd use to show off her magical skills and build a following. It'd be the start of her new magical life that everyone will love, admire, and worship. After all, Trixie was a truly great and powerful pony!

During the Stream Break...

Done for Lolite

Trophy earned! Power and Responsibility

Valerie sighed, slumping into the back of her chair. However, not too far back so she would be out of the camera's sight. "Th-there we go!" She brushed her forehead. "All done!"

She placed her controller down on her desk and looked at her side monitor. Her chatroom was scrolling fast. The constant praise and supportive messages, while not numerous, still made her head spin. So many people were watching.

Valerie faced the camera and smiled her weak, tiny smile. "Th-thank you, everybody!" Her heart raced. "Th-that was the f-final trophy for Marvel's Spider-Man! Ultimate D-Difficulty has been conquered!"

Her chat filled with emojis and her custom emotes. She let out another sigh again. The final boss fight against Doctor Octopus had been more intense than she had expected. Maybe it would've been easy for some to handle, even at high difficulties, but her nerves were shaking her to the core.

Her hands had gotten jittery at the start of the fight and were shaking all the way to the end. Even though it was over and a few minutes had passed, they were **still** at it. The credits were rolling, and she felt on edge, jumpy, and even light-headed to a degree. She hated when she got like this.

She glanced at the clock on her monitor, adjusting her glasses. Her streams usually went for a few hours before she wrapped up. However, she had beaten the game far faster than she had expected to do. There was still a lot of time left if she wanted to keep going.

Valerie looked at her hands, seeing them twitch and shake a bit. She needed to rest foremost before she did anything else. "H-Hey everyone, ValHunter's goin' to take a quick break after all of that. I'll be back in a bit, and... ma-maybe we can start up something fun."

The chat appeared to be mostly on board for that, wishing her a good break. Valerie smiled and put the stream into "Intermission" Mode, saying her goodbye for the moment.

Muting the mike and standing up, she gave her hands a good shake to get some feeling back into it. *I-I can't imagine how bad they'd be if I tried for any Souls or fighting game trophies.*

Pushing that potentially nightmarish thought from her mind, she took a look at her chat one last time before she left. It had slowed down enough that she could actually read what was coming by in detail and from whom.

One of them was from PrincessOftheSun63, a mod of hers. They'd been around since the very beginning since Valerie started her little streaming career/sidehustle. Though, she could've sworn there was something different about their username.

Hey ValHunter! their message read, check out this link! It's right up your alley!

Valerie took out her phone and quickly typed the link into her memos app before it disappeared in the scrolling. Princess never steered her wrong in the past when she found something neat online. *Wonder what she has now?*

Typing was a bit of a struggle, her fingers still shaking and mistyping several times. Valerie would have to check out the link later. She really needed to rest ASAP!

Gees... how long is this gonna last? Valerie carefully put her drink back down on the table beside her as she leaned farther back into her sofa's cushions. Her hands still shook and trembled even ten minutes later.

Need to calm... down. Valerie took a few more breaths, tensing her shoulders and releasing them. *Need to calm down. Cool it... don't want to disappoint everyone.*

She laid there, staring up at the ceiling. Her body remained shaky despite her efforts, frustrating her further. What was her problem that day?

Valerie pulled out her phone and checked it. It opened to the memo she took earlier, showing her the link. *Oh, Princess wanted me to check this out. Something I-I might like...*

She copied and pasted the link into her browser, opening up a rather odd domain. It was a white background with nothing else for a few seconds. Then, slowly, words faded in and out. *Enter a world of magic. Discover a you full of friendship...*

Click to start a new beginning! A small blue button appeared towards the bottom of the screen. Warning bells were automatically going off in her head seeing all of this, but Valerie trusted her friend. Hesitantly so about this, but still she did.

She tapped on the button, and the screen emptied again. A new phrase appeared slowly, one that gave her pause. *Welcome to MLP-ified*

MLP-ified? That sounds familiar. Valerie scratched her head. She had definitely heard that before somewhere. Was it on one of her many social media feeds? It was quite possible, but she hadn't been looking recently. She had been trying to avoid them as much as she could for her own mental health.

Maybe it was on the news on one of the very few times she watched or read it? Again, it was difficult to say. Everything there blurred together after a while. Though, maybe she needed to connect with reality a bit more than she did.

Wait, what? Her attention came back to her phone, finding it was on her home screen again. *Did something crash or...*

There, she saw something waiting for her. It had the silhouette of a horse for a logo, the phrase beneath it saying, MLP-ified. *Wait, it's an app?* She couldn't help but frown at that. She didn't want to download anything particularly sketchy. Sure, she trusted her mod and was positive it was safe, but still. She could've been a bit more specific about this.

MLP... oh, right! My Little Pony. Valerie definitely had mentioned at one point or another in some stream that she did like the show. Maybe Princess wanted to share with her something that would be up her alley?

Probably should ask them about this before I click on it.

One last shiver and twitch went down her arm and into her fingers. One of them jerked and slapped down onto the app. The screen suddenly went white.

O-o-oh! Valerie's heart raced. *I-I... w-well, guess this is ha-happening now.*

Symbols and images rapidly appeared, flashing by every half-second. So many different shapes and colors zipped by that it almost gave her a headache. Some of them seemed familiar, but again, it was difficult to exactly tell what they were.

Eventually, the flashing ended. One image remained. It looked like a black pool of spilt ink, a few more splotches around it. In the center of it was a bright, white crescent moon. Valerie recognized it instantly from Friendship is Magic. She had seen it plenty of times before!

Though, the pony who it belonged to escaped her grasp. *Uggh, I-I've seen it before! It belongs to somebody important... how am I forgetting it? I feel I should know this-*

It vanished. The cutiemark disappeared, and the screen itself went black. It was almost like her phone turned off.

She was about to press the power button when a cold shiver went down her spine. Something began leaking from the phone. Around the edges of the screen and out the holes, a dark blue aura seemed to ooze out like the smoke from dry ice. The phone itself felt cold, her hand shaking now for a new reason.

Then, the mysterious aura leaked onto her hand. She dropped her phone, but it didn't matter. The glow encircled her mitt before sinking into it like a towel absorbing water.

As the glow faded in, dark blue remained. Her fingernails turned bluish-black, shortening a little. Dark blue hair began sprouting around them and on the back of her hand, spreading out and around it.

N-n-n-n-no w-wa-way! Valerie shivered all over, nervously flipping over to the palm and seeing blue there as well. She carefully brought a finger to it, poking the center of her hand. She wasn't going crazy. It was real fur.

The fuzzy coating went up her arm, disappearing almost immediately out of sight beneath the sleeve of her white hoodie. She could still feel it, brushing and ruffling against the fabric. She fidgeted a little, feeling very itchy.

Thankfully, the itchiness did not last at the very least. Her sleeve suddenly felt tight on her despite just being oversized a moment ago. Her arm throbbed, muscles tensing as the limb inflated. Muscle mass suddenly increased tenfold, making it look like she lifted every day and even more so. Biceps bulged and looked so thick even without her trying to flex.

Holy crap! Valerie's heart was racing. Her sleeve conformed around her beefy arm so much that it almost looked painted on. *This... this can't be real...*

She reached over and placed a hand gently onto her bicep. Her hand tightened on the muscle before sliding down the rest of her arm. *So big... so b-b-big...*

Valerie adjusted herself on the sofa. Her arm was also fairly heavy with how much it had grown and bulked. The weight actually started pulling her down onto her side.

Huffing, she held herself in place as best as she could despite the urge to itch rising fast. Fur was spreading over her more. It had grown over her shoulders and moved its way onto her other arm.

And with that, more growth followed. Her arm swelled rapidly to match her first, muscle pulsating as they ballooned. Her shoulders broadened, tightening the hoodie and making it harder to move her arms. The growth managed to balance her, letting her relax on that front at least.

Though, it was difficult to actually relax. Her heart was beating uncontrollably, her breathing rapid and sweat forming all over her face. *This... this is unreal!* She heard the quiet sound of fabric stretching, strings snapping and a tear or two forming out of sight on her arms. *I... I can't...*

Her teeth chattered, her eyes rapidly going between her bulgy arms. *What's wrong with me?! I'm swelling up and turning all b-b-blue!*

SNAP! The scrunchie holding her raven ponytail broke, flying off into various pieces. Her hair came loose, freely falling down her back. Cascading down, her locks grew wild and luscious, while some loose, wavy ones fell in front of her face.

“My hair...” she moaned, brushing some of the untamed locks out of her eyes and mouth. “Th-th-th-this is c-c-crazy! **EEP!**”

Her voice suddenly dropped, hitting a hearty bass unheard of from her. Her breathing intensified, her shakes only worsening. Her body began widening all over as if being inflated by an invisible bike pump. Her chest, waist, and torso all widened, filling out her baggy sweatshirt.

Though, with that inflation, there was a slight deflation. Her sensible hips lost a bit of their curves, no longer as round and womanly. They were tighter, matching with her waist. Her rear also shrank, tightening up as if she worked on her glutes often.

“**My voice... what's wrong with... with it?**” She began to pant, wiping her brow. As she started growing taller now, she felt heated. Warmth was flooding her. The fur coat beneath her clothes was starting to get to her.

However, the heat from her crotch was the most intense. It felt on fire, a strange need arising from it. Her panting only grew.

What's... what's wrong there? Her underwear was tightening as well, making things even more uncomfortable. She had to know.

Valerie reached down towards her crotch. Her hand only momentarily pressed against her black skirt before she yanked it back. A heavy moan floated from her maw, her vision going weak. *N-n-no way...* Her hand had hit against a soft bump.

N-n-n-no way! Her teeth sank into her bottom lip as her cheeks burned. *That...* Her rear twitched, a nub poking out above her skirt. *That can't be... be...* Blue hairs, brighter than the ones of her fur, sprouted on the nub.

A low stretching noise came from below. Her legs were swelling and now, her poor striped, knee-length socks were paying the price. Holes tore open as the fabric was stretched to its thin limits, blue fur poking through.

Eventually, the stretching turned loud rips and tears, her powerful calves and thighs no longer able to be contained. What remained of her socks that weren't turned by her legs were destroyed by her feet. They were swelling and reshaping themselves into thick, powerful, dark blue hooves that were denser than bricks.

H-h-hooves... Valerie nervously reached over and felt them, hands quivering the entire way. They ran through the scruffy fur at her ankles and onto the hard, smooth surface of the hooves. Yep, still very, VERY real. *Hooves...*

Blue... The wheels started turning in her head. *Blue hooves... this mane.*

Her eyes dilated. “**M1P-ified!**”

It all came flooding back to her. She remembered it clearly. She had heard of this before. It was in some video that was being shared on her feed a week ago. She didn't really pay much attention to it and ended up just scrolling past it. It had to be some parody or satire joke.

“**This is real.**” Her ears stretched to the top of her head, pulling into equine ones before bending back annoyed. “**I’m turning into a pony now!**” She groaned gruffly, rubbing her face. “**I’m turning into a pony, but which one?**”

Her hand bumped against a new bump at the top of her forehead. This one was harder and growing long, a ridge spiraling up to its tip. *Unicorn horn?* The bump grew longer and longer. *Al... Alicorn horn!*

“**Wait a minute... alicorn horn and blue fur.**” Her mind went back to the cutiemark she saw on her phone from before. “**That means I’m... I’m-OOOOOOH!**”

Her hand slid gently down her horn from its tip to its base. Her eyes crossed and pupils dilated as a huge, pleasurable wave of warmth blasted through her. Her underwear felt incredibly tight before something came loose from it, bulging her skirt. It still felt constricting though, digging into some other, softer, swelling equipment.

Valerie fell back against her sofa. “**Oh... Oh... oh my!**” Her eyes twitched, a swab of drool at the corner of her mouth. “**Too... too much! So... so...**”

Her locks fell in front of her face once again, but this time, their color radiated. It was a brilliant sapphire blue, lighter tones of blue flowing through and around it like an outline. With how styled and beautiful her hair was now, she had an absolutely gorgeous mane.

A gorgeous mane that was fit for a princess. **Luna...** It all made sense to her. **Princess Luna. I'm... I'm becoming her?**

Yet, it didn't quite make sense either. Princess Luna certainly was strong, but she was nowhere near this buff or built in the show. Valerie fidgeted, feeling a throb from below her skirt. She also wasn't this manly either.

Her horn began to radiate an aura very similar to that of her phone from before. Magic poured from it into her hoodie. Her clothing ruffled like it was being blown by the wind and started evaporating before her eyes.

Valerie squeaked, watching as it and then even her bra vanished, leaving her topless in seconds. Her breasts jiggled and then flattened into her chest. Only for a moment as the area soon inflated back, but wider, broader, and squarer as blue fur cloaked them.

Valerie gulped. **Pecs.** Her hands went up and felt them as before. She knew they were there, but she still had to feel them. Her heart raced, hand squeezing and caressing the strong muscles. Lighter, long blue hairs grew amongst her fur, almost looking like chest hair.

Luna is definitely not like this. Valerie moaned softly, sliding her hands down from the chest and onto the stomach. Muscles were developing and bulging there too, forming an impressive six-pack set of abs. **Definitely not this... this powerful.**

Valerie moaned, the sound dripping with lust and desire. Light blue hairs sprouted from her chin, forming a handsome goatee for her. **Not this... this handsome...**

Her mind felt hazy, her tongue licking her chops. Things were feeling different now in her mind. Everything felt rather nice.

Valerie slowly sat up and hunched forward. *I'm... I'm Luna but... but...* Her back bulged and throbbed, the skin bulging like something was beneath it. *But better?*

Two large, feathery wings sprouted. They stretched longer than her entire body, powerful and elegant. They flapped gently once, blowing her mane forward. They were perfect for the person she was becoming.

Her horn glowed once more as she brushed her hair back. The magic leaked away, flowing into her skirt now. Her eyes could only widen, shoulders tensing. She knew where this was going. Was she ready to see it?

She braced herself mentally as much as she could, watching her black skirt fade away, followed by her underwear. A relief fell over her as the tense, tight feeling from before went away. However, it was merely fleeting.

Valerie could see a long, thick horsecock and hefty set of dark blue balls hanging from their crotch. Their rod was fully erect, throbbing and dripping seed upon the sight of it. Musk emanated from it, flooding her nose as it swelled.

Ooooooh, fuck me! Valerie fell back into their sofa, eyes rolling back. A deep, beastly moan left their throat, the sound long and echoing. Their face rattled with the moan, pushing forward into a long, thick muzzle.

Valerie huffed and huffed, their heart beating almost uncontrollably. They laid there limply, their mind a swirling tornado of thoughts, a lot of which were Luna and dick.

Eventually though, she managed to settle herself. The new anthro sat up and looked down at themselves. There was no trace of Valerie, except maybe her glasses, now magically adjusted to fit their muzzle. All there was a dark fur, manly, buff body from what they could see.

They looked around and found their phone, snatching it from the ground. It was small in their grip, but they only cared about what they saw. Looking back at them in the camera, there was Princess Luna, or at least, a male version of them.

“This is so weird...” Valerie gulped. *“I’m... I’m not me anymore. I’m glad I’m okay, but... but am I r-really?”*

“Of course you are okay, silly. You’re just fiiinnnee.”

Valerie hopped to their feet... hooves. They weren't alone.

There was a large, white alicorn with flowing, colorful hair and a sharp beard. He was just as buff and masculine like him, wrapped in fine, form-fitting clothing. Valerie could tell who he was.

“P-Princess Celestia?!”

“**Prince Solaris, actually.**” The white alicorn chuckled, brushing his majestic hair behind his shoulders. He approached, his strut poised and elegant. “**I hope you don't mind my arrival. I just had to come as soon as I sensed my new brother.**”

Valerie fidgeted. “Wh-wh-what's g-g-going on?!”

“**Ah yes, introductions are in order.**” He bowed. “**I am Prince Solaris as I said, but I am also more than that. I am Princess of the Sun63.**”

Valerie gasped as their mod continued. “**I discovered MLP-ified on my phone before most people discovered it. Using it, I was reborn, rejuvenated if you will. Everything changed for me in my home life, at work, with friends... and it was fantastic! I'm able to live my best life now as a king!**”

He flexed, giving Valerie a wink. The former girl squirmed a bit, their rod throbbing.

“**After living like this and being your mod for quite some time, I realized something. I needed to share this with you.**” He leaned in. “**My favorite streamer, my friend... I felt you needed a bit more courage, self-confidence, and maybe a little more charismatic.**”

“B-b-but... I-I'm fine!” Valerie felt like they were on fire, their heart racing uncontrollably. “I didn't n-need this or-”

“**Oh, but you did, dear Artemis.**” Solaris reached forward and stroked the dark pony's face. They shivered again, more pre dripping from their rod. “**Why settle for being you when you can be better? Why not be everyone's favorite, handsome, streaming prince?**”

“**Come now, rise.**” “Artemis” automatically did just that without the slightest bit of hesitation. “**My dear “brother”, come with me. Your subjects await.**” The night prince gulped but did as he was told. He couldn't help it. Deep within, he just had to. He wanted to.

As he followed, Artemis managed to squeak out a few words. “**Stream... streaming prince? What do you mean?**”

“It’s exactly what you are,” Solaris chuckled, ***“You are a game streamer but more than that now. You are confident, assured, and a rugged beauty.”*** Artemis twitched. ***“You are a true stallion that allures and raptures an audience. Who wouldn’t want to watch someone like you, a powerful figure that conquers many an imposing challenge before him?”***

“Valerie” nodded. ***Yeah... that... that does sound nice... splendid. It sounds like... like me.*** His heart thumped eagerly. ***That’s... me. I am that? Solaris... must be right.***

The two of them returned to Artemis’ room. It was different than before. It wasn’t as messy, everything put away and organized into drawers and onto shelves. The entire place was blue and spotless, like a professional team of maids had gone through it. It also had a fancier-looking bed, posters of handsome, game heroes on the wall, and more. The room felt nostalgic, like they’ve been there countless times before.

“There, go meet your subjects!” cooed Solaris. He leaned up to Artemis’ ear and held out his hand, pointing it to his gaming desk and stream. ***“Give them what they want: you. Go, vanquish another challenge as their gallant hero of the night!”***

“Y-yes...” Artemis walked over and sat down at his desk. He looked at the monitor. It still showed his “Intermission” screen, though now it had a chibi, pixel art of Princess Luna sleeping in a bed with a nightcap on.

He started to grab his mouse but stopped. His gaze went south. He needed to wear something... and he instinctively knew just what.

Dark blue magic radiated from his horn, swirling around him in a dazzling display. Clothing began to appear on him. First, a pair of boxers with lots of room in the crotch. He needed something fitting down below after all! Then came a tight shirt and pair of pants, perfect to highlight his impressive physique.

Then came something more elegant. A simple, striking chestplate appeared on him, perfectly fitting for royalty as him. In the center, the emblem of Nightmare Moon laid. He wasn’t a bad boy like Nightterror Nebula was, but it still looked good for his audience.

Yeah... my audience loves this, like they love me. Artemis sighed blissfully, comfortably relaxing into his chair. ***I must return to them. The show must go on.*** He looked at his hands. No more shakes or jitters. ***I can do anything, take on any challenge. I am Va... no... I am Artemis.***

Solaris smiled, his horn cast a beam of magic that hit his computer. The Intermission screen ended, and the stream began once more. The camera showed the dark pony fully, catching him by surprise.

However, shock faded as the chatroom lit up. “WB!” “Hail the Trophy Prince!” “<3 Trophy Prince <3 <3” “Time to conquer!”

Artemis grinned. *Yes! This is right! My brother was right. Everything is right. This is who I am, who I should be!*

Artemis cleared his throat and spoke in his booming, royal voice, **“The time of rest has gone! Now, the Trophy Prince of the Night begins his next conquest for his fair, loyal, honorable subjects!”**

He reached to the side, grabbing a gamebox that felt like it wasn't there earlier. **“It is the night of the Hunt, my dear denizens of the evening! Let us take the hardest trophies together in Bloodborne!”**

The chat roared with excitement, rapidly flying by so fast it was almost impossible to read it all. It felt like there were a lot more people than usual watching, but yet also the right amount. Artemis could ponder that, but why should he when there was a game before him that needed playing?

Off in the background, just out of sight of the camera, Solaris leaned against the doorway. He watched with a warm, happy smile. *Things turned out quite splendidly! Artemis will be a fine, favorite streamer to all.*

Solaris sighed. *Valerie, things will be better for you. I hope you enjoy your new fanbase and life. You deserve it all.*

The white alicorn stood up and rolled his shoulders. *Better get back home. Need to get back to mod duty and get ready for my stream.* He smirked. *After all, once night passes, everyone will need their stunning Prince of the Sun to entertain them.*

Heading Home...

Done for Wes13

“Oh, it's done!” Wes’ eyes lit up as he excitedly sat up in his seat. He looked around. There were no passengers around him, and anyone that was close was busy with their own thing.

He brought his phone in and clicked the link. He was greeted by a dazzling, lovely picture of Princess Macareina, the lovely lady alicorn version of Big Macintosh. His heart rose. The artist had done a wonderful job!

The sight brought a warm smile to his face. Seeing such a strong workhorse depicted as a buff, voluptuous farm princess was a delight! The alicorn had it all with her dazzling long hair, the poofiest of ball gowns (designed around the outfit that Equestria Girls’ character wore) befitting royalty, and impressive physique. His vision had come to life in the best of ways.

Worth every penny and tip too! Wes closed out of the link and sighed, leaning back into his seat and resting his hands on his lap. *She's so pretty...* His face reddened, hands clinging tightly to his phone. *I wish she was real.*

That'd be cool. He trembled softly. *Pretty hot too.*

He looked out the window of the bus, the sights slowing down as the vehicle hit a red light. On the corner, he could see two pony women talking amongst themselves. It was Diamond Tiara and Silver Spoon, all grown-up and looking happy.

The sight made his heart leap. His wish was a lot more real these days.

The entire world had been changing since the mysterious appearance of MLP-ified. Colorful anthro ponies have been popping up all over. Several people at his workplace had already pony-ed up, sometimes right in front of him. It was an incredible thing that felt almost unreal until you saw the changes right before your eyes.

There was a lot of fright and confusion from people, sometimes even from the new equine citizens. Wes understood why, but for him, he rather liked it. They were just so colorful, lovely, and delightful. The world felt so distinctly pleasant and happy with them around.

The bus continued on, Tiara and Spoon disappearing from his sight. Well, not before they did their signature “Bump Bump Sugar Lump Rump” move. Wes blushed for a long while. *Must be nice being like that.*

He sat there quietly before looking at his phone again. On the home screen, there was the MLP-ified. Like most people, the app had mysteriously downloaded itself at some point. Seeing it the first time freaked him out.

Now? His heart raced, his body trembled. *It wouldn't be too bad to try this, right? The world is already so much better with ponies around... so colorful and happy.*

I could be like Princess Big Mac for real! Wes weakly smiled. *Well, I'd probably end up more like Cadance, Rarity, or even Octavia. That'd still be cool.*

“Grove Lane!” The bus suddenly slowed, Wes jerking forward in his seat a bit. “We have arrived at Grove Lane!”

That's me. Wes got to his feet, holding his phone tightly as he slipped out of his seat and into the aisle. *I can do this at home.* For something like this, he would prefer to do it in private rather than surprise anyone. He remembered watching one of his coworkers turn into Daring Do before his eyes. It was pretty awkward, especially when their breasts inflated several cup sizes and stretched out their blouse to where two buttons fired off like sniper rounds.

He stepped towards the open door and headed down. *Quick jog home and I'll be-* “OOF!”

“Sorry!” Wes bumped into a guy with orange sunglasses as he got on. “My bad!” The blonde haired man merely nodded and hopped off onto the empty sidewalk.

Wes sighed, brushing his hair. The bus drove off, leaving him alone. *Okay, as I was thinking, head home to try this...*

His hand felt warm. He looked down and realized his phone was still on. A red aura was leaking out of it now, surrounding it and his hand. The glow was even sinking beneath it, skin glowing. *CRAP!*

Wes' teeth chattered. *I... I must've accidentally hit it when I bumped into that guy!* The hairs on his hand thickened, more sprouting up in a fine, soft layering. *Better get home before things get... get...*

The hair, or better to call it fur, was red, red as a crisp apple. *Big Mac?* His heart leapt. *Princess... Princess Big Mac?*

As soon as the thought came to him, he shook it from his mind. *No, I can't be that lucky. Just... just gotta get home before anyone sees me.*

Wes stuffed his phone into his pocket and started hurrying. Red fur was already crawling up his wrist and getting onto his arm. The sleeve of his green shirt was shrinking up his forearm, stopping right around his bicep, its color turning bright, fire engine red.

He hurried around the block, turning a corner before he slowed down. His eyes fell to his arm, slowing him down more. His arm was bulking up, looking like he lifted every day.

He glanced over at his other arm, seeing it changing as well. There, his mind slowed and his pace went even slower. *Red fur... muscles... wait, could this...*

He grimaced and huffed. His shirt felt like it was constricting him like a boa. His shoulders were broadening, neck muscles expanding. The cuff of his shirt dug into him as red fur poked out of the collar, climbing onto his neck.

I'm turning into Big Mac! His heart raced faster than before. Was he about to get what he wanted?

He wasn't sure, his mind clouding over as he felt in pain. His body was bulking all over. Dense arms and legs attached to a bulging, wide form made all his clothes squeeze him. The shirt was at its particular limit, pecs and abs looking like they were painted on.

Eventually, a loud **RIP** sound blared as the shirt split down the front center. However, in mere seconds, everything radically shifted. The split top converted into a red button jacket, cowboy-esque leather patching around its collar. Big Mac's apple cutiemark was embroidered onto the leather patches. Beneath that jacket now was a white t-shirt, far better fitting.

N-neat! Wes grinned, looking at his new duds. *These look pretty good on me! I think I'm gonna like-*

“You see that?” Wes’ ears twitched, a red layer of fur appearing along their lobes. “He’s changing.” “I can’t believe I’m seeing it right now.” “Wonder what we’re dealing with now?”

Wes’ face went red even without the fur. He was no longer alone. He had hurried onto a more populated, bustling street without even realizing it. All of their eyes were on him, some whispering some talking out loud with no concern about being overheard.

Without hesitation, he darted into the nearby alley. *S-so much for doing this at home alone.* He gulped. *Everyone is gonna see me before I even get to my apartment.*

Wes sighed, leaning against a wall once he was far enough down. *M-maybe just hide out here until... whoa...* Looking down briefly, his vision went wobbly as a sense of vertigo struck him. It felt as if the ground had gotten farther away from him.

However, he was merely taller. He was now well over six-feet/nearly two meters, making him feel even larger than before. His blue jeans hugged him tightly now, the bottom of them a tad frayed and messy.

Gathering himself, Wes took a deep breath and released it. *What's done is done. Just relax and enjoy it.* He reached up and felt his face. *Hmm...*

Wes took out his phone and checked himself in it. His hair had gone from a light to golden blond tone, rich and thick as straw. Beneath his eyes, there were white dots, almost like freckles. "This is amazing! I really am **turning into... oh!**"

He was gaining many of the features of the big, red workhorse and now, his voice even resembled him. At the rate things were going, it was only a matter of time before red fur covered his mug and it popped out into a horse muzzle.

But... I guess it's just regular-OOOH! Wes shivered, biting his bottom lip. A tingly, warm, and even itchy feeling came from below the waist.

Taking a look around, he moved behind a dumpster for more coverage. He undid his belt and pulled down his jeans. Red fur had spread downward, covering his hips and going down his legs. Upon his hips, he saw a familiar stallion's cutiemark.

Though he also saw his underwear. His all too familiar equipment was still there, perhaps bigger now with how it stretched his tighty-whities. *Yeah... just plain old Big Mac. Normal, big, strong, manly Big Mac.*

A long, dejected sigh followed. *Guess it would've too good to be true.* Wes did like Big Macintosh. He was definitely a fun, enjoyable character. Being him wouldn't be bad. The extra height and strength was nice, and the character was definitely a mare magnet. He might end up getting close with a Sugar Belle, Cheerilee, or even a Marble Pie if he was lucky.

Not the same though... Wes glumly shook his head, pulling his pants back up and redid his belt. He looked off towards the street entrance. *What's the point? Nothing worth being all private for and... whatever.*

He stepped out from behind the dumpster and began his long trudge back out into the public. “Of course I can’t be Princess Big Mac.” His voice was low, barely even heard by him as well. “Would be nice, but can’t be somebody like that. That would be too... too...”

Something was wrong. “My... my voice?” It was different again. “Why do I sound like...” It was huskier and odder, a strange variant of the red pony’s own. “I sound like Orchard Blossom now.”

“That can’t be... be...” His breathing grew heavy, his face warming up. Something else was wrong now. Something felt tight.

Wes looked back down. His shirt was stretching, pushing his jacket further to the sides. Its collar was dipping down and there, he could see it. His chest was slowly getting puffier, red-furred mounds filling what once was flat with something softer.

His heart positively raced. *Wait... is... is this-*

His eyes dilate, turning bright green. **FWOOOOOMP!** “OOOOOOOOOO!” His chest expanded like an airbag, his collar dipping down further and wider. Two large, protruding globes of breasts stood out far and wide, a vast valley of cleavage now on display. With the way the collar stretched, most of the top of his breasts were visible.

And Wes couldn’t be happier.

With just one look, his heart fluttered with joy. He grasped his sizable mammaries and gave them a good squeeze, pushing them together. “Oh mah, haow delightful!” His voice was airy and breezy now, something majestic in its pitch. “Haow extraordinary!”

Is this it? His butt and hips wiggled. *Am I... am I going to be her?* He wiggled more and more, a nub popping out above his rear. Long, scratchy, golden hair sprouted from the nub, forming a tail fit for a barnyard mare.

The tail swished and swayed about just as happily as his hips. He looked over his shoulders, seeing it move about. *It’s nice...* He reached down and felt his rear. *But... missing something else here.*

As if responding to his worry, his hand was pushed back. His pants felt momentarily tight before the belt loosened and his pants grew. His rear ballooned out into a big, wide, round bottom that was perfectly fit and bubbly, hips quickly widening to make his enhanced posterior.

Wes happily felt up his perky, plump rear. “Ooooooh, sooooo soft, but fit!” He squirmed in his spot. “It’s perfect for her...” His smile grew sillier and messy, his vision turning hazy. “Fit for her... fit for me now.”

A coo and even a few pippy squeaks left him as he quivered more. *Oh, ah feel dandy ‘nd deeelightful! Ah wonder if it was lahk ‘is for othahs too? Usin’ dat ‘ere app... oh! Ah missed out on ‘is for far too long!*

“Is that...” “Yeah... I think it's another horse.” “Isn't that him?”

Wes’ ears grew an inch longer, red fur fully covering them. They twitched as he picked up the whispers. Back at the alley's entrance from where he came, people were watching him. *Oh... oh mah! Ah must've caught ‘ere attention!*

He blushed and hurried further into the alley, his waistline narrowing. “Oh shucks, ain’t th’s awkward!” He couldn't be seen like that, not until he was complete at least. He still felt so shy. Hopefully that would change soon.

He turned a corner into an even smaller alley, hopefully now out of sight from onlookers. He whipped his head back, his hair growing longer and messier. *Don't see anyone.* He snapped his head back, his hair getting even longer and rather stringy, and he relaxed.

Okay, ah'll finish ‘is alone. Wes sighed, blowing some of his dry hair out of his face and even brushing it back. *All alone... no one needs ta watch.*

Watch... Shivers broke out across his red body. *But... ‘ey'll get ta look at me soon.* His ears bent back, stretching further and further. They went up the sides of his head, pulling into equine ears. *Everyone will stare at me.*

Everyone will lahk me. Wes felt warmer, eyes closing as he soaked it in. *Lahk me a lot ‘cause...* His eyelashes grew longer for a more feminine flutter. *‘cause ah'll be strong ‘n helpful ‘n kind as Big Mac!*

‘n ah'll be... be super sexy ‘n hawt too! Wes bit his bottom lip, his nose flaring and widening. *Shucks, ah'll be the perfect country beauty!* The bump in his pants bulged slightly. *A total doll!*

“Ooooo yes’um!” All at once, the bump in their pants deflated while their face shot forward. A cute, horse whinny followed as she developed a charming muzzle. “Woooo, doggie! Ah feel lahk a million bits!”

Wes took one more look at herself on her phone. “n gosh, ah certainly look lahk it too!” There was no trace of the old her left. All that was there was a beautiful workhorse by the name of Big... no, Macareina. That was a far more fitting name for the likes of her.

Pocketing her phone, the new mare stretching her arms, pushing out her chest. She giggled, giving her breasts a squeeze. *Sooo soft!* She felt her firm backside too. *Also quite soft. All of this is just grand.*

Macareina smiled and turned back to where she came. Her shyness felt so distant now, a thing of the past to her. She could return to the street now with confidence, no longer afraid of the stares she would get. Maybe she would even show off a little.

With a smile and a gentle hum, the pony strutted out of the alley. She put a lot of sway into her hips while keeping her chest pushed out. Her breasts jiggled softly with each step. She felt content and satisfied.

Though, something nagged her in the back of the head. *This is great, but... didn't ah want a 'ittle more? Ah wanted ta be a princess too.*

Macareina pouted and flicked her head. *Come on, Macareina! Y'all got ta be 'is 'ere red beauty! Don't be selfish with wantin' more!*

If only... humph, dang thoughts, tryin' ta keep me down! With one final, small sigh, she stepped back out onto the sunny streets. Some of the people from before were still around, immediately noticing her. She smiled, soaking it in as she started back towards her apartment.

Everypony is lookin'. Probably more if I were a princess, but ah'll settle for-

“OOOOOOOOOOOOO **MAMA!**” Her eyes went cross as she suddenly hunched forward. A deep, lustful moan came out. The noise alone would've made heads turn by itself.

However, it was the red aura that began radiating off of her that really did it. Everyone looked, from those already there to those who stepped onto the sidewalk just then to even cars passing by. All had to look at her as this radiating light blared from her.

Her eyes suddenly glowed bright white. Her moans got even louder, body aflame with pleasure and joy that was burning her up inside. Her boots left the ground, hovering about it. *YESYESYES! This feelin', this wonderful, glorious feelin'! Ah loooove it!*

Macareina's hands clenched tightly. Her arms swelled with bigger, more defined muscles. The wave of strength passed throughout her, legs buffing up and torso gaining abs as strong as steel. She was stronger, more powerful than Big Macintosh had ever been in the show.

But with strength also came great beauty and a form fit for a goddess. Her hips, thighs, and butt widen to portions on par with Elastigirl, her pants desperately having to grow to match. Her breasts inflated all the way to up to G-cups, cartoonishly spherical. They jutted out far on her body, never once sagging.

Ah'm... Macareina/Wes panted, sweat dripping down her forehead as holes opened in the back of her jacket. *Ah'm reachin' it! Ah'm gonna finally be an alicorn!* Wings came forth from the new openings, spreading wide and giving off a gentle flap.

Finally gonna be... an alicorn after all 'is time! Something about that thought seemed off. She had only just become a pony and... but, she always wanted to be an alicorn since she was a little filly. She remembered practicing every day of her childhood to be the best, strongest, most helpful, and sweetest pony she could be. She remembered being Wes not that long ago, yet those memories felt so distant.

Macareina/Wes shook her head. Her mane and tail grew even longer, softening and smoothing out as if they had been always brushed and washed with careful dedication. They shimmered in the light, glowing and wavy elegantly as Celestia and Luna's had.

This... this is it. A small bump appeared at the top of her forehead. Her mind was changing like many ponies had. Who she was before was going away. Something else was replacing it now, putting their life and memories in the old place. There was something scary, terrifying even, about such a thing.

Yet, all she could do was smile. She wanted this. She wanted to leave it all behind. She wouldn't miss the old him. This was who she was meant to be.

With that, Macareina closed her eyes and let all wash over her. Her muzzle softened even more, a more royalty feel to it appearing. The bump stretched and stretched, pulling out into a bright red, stunning horn.

An alicorn was born.

The glowing faded, and the new princess slowly came down, her heeled boots clicking on the sidewalk. She let out a breathy sigh and opened her eyes. She looked down, no longer able to see anything past her goddess breasts. She brushed her hair, now puffy and styled as a princess'.

Princess Macareina smiled and then looked at her surroundings. All around her, people were staring, watching her with awe and stunned silence. There were even a few younger folk videotaping her, their cheeks burning red.

The red alicorn smiled, putting her arms behind her head and pushing out her chest. She cooed, her voice even more heavenly than before. *"What's a mattah, huns? Ain't y'all evah seen a pony reach Alicornhood before?"*

She giggled, chest jiggling. She looked down at herself and realized something now. *"Hmm, well, of coursah y'all are surprised! Ah'm not properly fitted for it yet!"*

Her horn began to glow, and her eyes closed again. Magic fired off, striking her clothes. Everything rapidly changed in almost a blink of the eye. Her short jacket sleeves turned puffy while her jeans legs merged together, shrinking upward. Her low neckline shirt stretched and stretched, going under her new jean skirt and past her boots. Then, it all puffed up into a wide ball gown that stretched past her shoulders, the denim jeans now just a layer to her dress.

Lastly, a green bolt of magic came to the top of her head, expanding and forming into something solid. It was an apple-shaped crown, bright green with a golden base. It fit her perfectly.

Her eyes opened, taking in her appearance. She could see her gown now even with her big melons impeding her eyesight. She looked back to the crowd, still gawking at her. *"Mmmm, much bettah, wouldn't y'all say?"*

Everyone remained quiet. *"Oh, speechless still, are ya? Don't ya worry a thang, your newest princess is 'ere ta make y'all feel bettah. Let me tend ta what ails you in mah own, special way."* She winked.

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 partygoers.

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. *Ooooh, 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 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 mare 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 crowd. 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 bulged, looking like she lifted dumbbells every day.

“Keeeeeww!” 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 thickness increased.

Oooooh... 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 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 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 a 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 the 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. Siiiigh. It's hard being a dazzling, good-looking alicorn.*

At the Toony Park...

Done for Danuki

“Awwwww, this is the life!” A purple tanuki with gold paws and muzzle rested his arms behind his head, stretching out to absorb more of the sun's rays. “Beeeeeee-U-T-FUL day!”

In the middle of a certain Toon Town park, the very heavyset toon was laid out on one of its many benches. The weather was shining today, and the cartoon nude raccoon was letting his fur take in as much sun he could get. Birds were whistling classic tunes, a soft breeze that smelled of popcorn occasionally passed by, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

It truly was the kind of life a toon like Dan wanted.

“Did ya hear what's going on with dem humans now?” Dan's ears twitched. He could hear some catty voices approaching.

An eye opened and sure enough, two toon cat gals were taking a walk through the park, no doubt wanting to enjoy the nice weather too. “Oh, that super nifty fad goin’ on?” The leopard answered her bobcat pal. “How could I not? Dem humans are gettin’ their pony on using an app called MLP-ified!”

Pony? Dan thought. That sounded familiar.

“Yeah! So many of those Skittle-colored horsies are showing up all over now! I can't blame them, ya know. Who wouldn't want to be a magical, friendship equine?” The bobcat exclaimed, her eyes sparkling.

“I heard some humans don't though! Can you believe that?” The leopard shook her head. “Humans are so weird, ya know?”

“Yeah! It's gotta be super fun to be a popular cartoon!”

“Hehe, super fun and popular just like us, huh?” The two large cats meowed cute little “nyas” and giggled away like schoolgirls. They walked by Dan, continuing their conversation without ever noticing him.

Turn into ponies. Dan stroked his chin. *Definitely heard that... what was... oh!* The tanuki reached around and pulled his fluffy tail front and center. He reached into the mass of fluff and dug around, pulling out a bright purple phone. It was quite large, fitting for one with puffy toon paws like his.

Was it... was it! Ah-ha! On his phone was MLP-ified. He didn't think much of the app when it first appeared last week. The thing about being a toon and having a smartphone was that toon apps always seemed to be downloading onto it for various, unknown reasons.

He treated the app like every other one, forgetting it existed and letting it take up space.

“So you turn people into ponies, eh?” Dan smirked, leaning in until his snoot almost touched the screen.

The smirk turned to a smile. He loved My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic with all of his goofy heart. It was such a comfort show to him that always put him in a good mood.

Staring at the app, a thought came to him. *Wonder if you work on big tanukis like me.* He stroked his chin, **squeak** sounds coming out. *Toon to toon... sounds like it's time to science this!*

The tanuki grinned, tapping the app without hesitation. A white screen appeared, a glow emitting from the sides of the phone. Several different cutiemarks flashed on the screen, going by so fast he couldn't keep up with them all.

Then, the flashing stopped on one cutiemark, an image of three pink butterflies. The screen turned light yellow, the glow matching it. Dan's eyes lit up. *Fluttershy!* He squealed, wiggling on the bench, *she's soooooo cute! I wonder... do I get to be her now?*

The screen went dark, the glow around the phone turning into a yellow aura that spread from it into his palm. The aura flowed up and all around him, like he was a glow stick, before fading into him. Dan looked around and at his arms. *Dat it?*

Suddenly, he felt constrained. Across his torso, something felt like it was digging into his wide, chunky body and belly.

It was a yellow sundress. In a blink of the eye, a dress had wrapped itself completely around his form. It had an elegant, frilly skirt with spaghetti straps to it. It looked so ill-fitting on the chubby tanuki, not even covering all of his big-bottom pear-shape.

Clothes? Ugh... boring! Dan frowned. He never liked clothes personally. They always felt too constricting, even without considering his size, and clashed with his style. He proudly walked around in the nude all the time, which was fine given he was traditionally toon null.

Pfffffffffffffffffffffffffft. The sound of a deflating balloon echoed loudly from his body, so much so that birds in trees nearby flew off in a fright. Slowly, the tanuki began to slim.

Smaller and smaller he dropped, thinner and thinner he became. Slim limbs is what he gained, a trim form is what he had. No more belly, no more moobs, no more big bottom for him. His body shape matched that of a size Small for someone more human-shaped.

With that shrinking came his dress as well. It shrunk down to keep match with his frame, looking prettier and more elegant by the second. Eventually, it too was a size Small, its gown flowing down to his knees instead being stuck above where approximately his legs began. A small patch opened in the back of it, allowing his tail to stick through.

I guess it fits better? Dan frowned, patting his belly and chest. *Still, I love my jolly frame. I felt so soft and cuddly. No one will wanna give me belly rubs now.*

He sighed and huffed. *If that is the price for shy cuteness, I guess I'll deal!*

His puffy tail suddenly shot straight forward, stiff like it was frozen in a blizzard. It wobbled just a little as its striped purple & gold turned to a bright, light pink. The fur thinned and tail shrunk a smidgen, its hair grow longer and wavier until it was just like Fluttershy's.

Dan looked over his shoulder at his long, elegant tail. "Not as fluffy, but it is cute." He smiled. "I wonder if she does have tail extensions that make it so flowing."

He chuckled to himself, thinking about the thought until his vision was suddenly blocked. The fur on his head suddenly exploded like a volcano, blowing up before falling down all around. Its color rapidly pinkified as well, its style turning into soft, flowing, wavy locks that fell down his back and chest.

He brushed some of its away as its form settled down into Fluttershy's stylish mane. He looked at the dazzling pink cascading down the sides of his face and ran his paws through the elegant locks. *I wonder how long it takes to brush this so it stays this good?*

Psssssssssssst. Dan noticed his puffy paws began to shrink. Pads faded back into his palms and fingers, a new digit separating from another to give him five fingers. His hands thinned and turned delicately soft, much like his petite frame. Wrapping them together was the fur thinning and turning yellow.

The deflation made him frown again. *I'll miss you puffy pals. You always made me feel bigger than I already was.* He wiggled his fingers. *Though, you gals do seem more flexible now. Maybe I can play video games with a human controller now?*

As he pondered whether or not Fluttershy was a gamer and not just an anime fan, the sound of a balloon deflating returned, followed by something inflating coming from below. His pudgy toes sunk back into his feet, which then sunk back into his heel. The stump of his legs swelled and swelled rapidly into thick, cartoony hooves with yellow fur, holding his body up without issue.

*Hmmm. **Clomp. Clomp.** He tapped his feet down on the pavement. *Guess they are hooves. Hard to tell since they don't look much like hooves in the show.**

“Well, this is going good so far, but *I w-wonder if... oh my!*” Dan quivered, a light, airy voice coming from his mouth. It sounded very familiar and very fitting for his form.

His body slimmed and reshaped itself further as he pondered out loud. “*My voice! I sound just like her now. I sound just like... me?*” The “tanuki” scratched his chin. “*Yeah... I sound like me. Oh my, I'm thinking so strangely. Maybe I've been in the sun too long today.*”

Dan smiled, going along with it. It wasn't like he was going to need his memories or much of himself if he was going this direction. He might as well just fully dive into it!

Floomp. He wobbled and lurched forward briefly before throwing himself back up right. His chest started shaking and vibrating until it burst forward at once. Breasts had bloomed, filling his dress quite nicely and giving him a touch of cleavage.

“*Beeewubs...*” Dan chuckled, reaching from below and pushing up on them. “*Got bewbs now!*” There was a small pause as something itched him in the back of his mind. “*Though... I thought... I-I thought they were "bigger" than this.*”

FLOOOOMP! His chest rapidly expanded all at once like an airbag went off. His breasts jumped several cups up before deflating back down to a smaller but still quite large size. E-cup protruded out from him, spherical and without a hint of sagging.

Better... I guess. Dan blushed. In the back of his mind, he could feel new memories flooding in. So many stares, so much ogling. All eyes were on her... him... her. It was flattering to some extent but also quite embarrassing and overwhelming.

Her fur quivered and shook like a harsh breeze went through just then. It all blew back, roots turning sunny yellow and rapidly changing up to the tips. The darker gold and purple were all washed away, leaving her with such a lovely yellow coating.

Oh, no more purple and gold. She frowned, ears bending back and elongating into pony ones. *...wait, why was I that? Th-that's so weird and... right. Ooooh, my brain is really all scrambled now! I'm goin' total Fluttercutie now!*

BUHMP! Dan bounced forward as her rear expanded. Barely visible with her dress, her rear ballooned into a big bubble butt. Her hips and thighs rapidly expanded to match, adding to her curvaceous, flattering form.

Looking over her shoulder, she reached round and patted her bottom. *So big...* Her cheeks reddened deeply. She could remember it clearly. All the toon wolves whistled when she strolled by her. It was so embarrassing! She had to wear a better dress that didn't highlight her impressive posterior as much.

FWOOSH! Dan was almost smacked in the face as two large wings burst from her back. Her dress rapidly opened up in time as the two feathery appendages made their debut. They gave a strong flap, boosting her into the air momentarily before letting her land gracefully.

"My wings..." She gently flapped them, her heart beating fast. *"I really don't use you enough. I feel so dizzy after that... that..."* Dan rubbed her forehead. Everything was getting and hazier. So many memories and ideas were flooding her brain, her old self feeling so distant and far.

It was a bit scary, even with her embracing it all. *No more me soon... all Flutter... all the time.* Her muzzle wobbled, the snoot lightening in tone and growing yellow fur. Her mug softened and widened a tad, nose stretching out at the tip. Soon, it was cartoony equine, and the last trace of her old self was gone.

"No tanuki, just Flutter..." She wandered away from the bench and path, heading onto the grass and deep into the park. *"I'm all about cute animals, taking care of them, and... oh, why do I need to be reminded of that? Errmph, my brain feels so... fluttery today!"*

As she giggled to herself, her hoof hit a wet part of the lawn. It slid forward, her eyes widened. She flapped her arms and then her wings, but she continued sliding forward and forward. It was then, she realized, she was at the top of a hill.

Down she went, the new pegasus tumbled and spun. *"OHDEAROHDEAROHDEAR!"* she squealed, her mind racing and scrambling. Everything was a blur in sight and in her mind.

FLOOMP! She landed with a soft thud at the end of the end, landing in front of a large pond near some reeds. *"Ooooooooooooooooooh..."* her pupils spun as she laid there, *"Oh Celestia... that wasn't fun..."*

Fluttershy shook her head furiously and got to her knees. She glanced back, seeing the large hill. *"Oh my, I must've fallen."* She looked around, seeing the distant building of the city beyond the park. *"Oh... I'm in the park? Why am I--"*

"Hiya, toots!" Fluttershy looked at the pond. Some small ducks were swimming up to her. They looked like regular animals at a glance, but seeing their bright Mallard feathers and very expressive eyes, it was clear they were toons as well. The lead one grinned. "Wasn't expectin' ta see here tahday! Decided ta bring dah goods early?"

"Johnny!" One of the lady ducks with long eyelashes slapped him upside the head with her wing. She made a few "tsk" sounds. "You must be polite to Miss Shy! She's such a kind pony toon, treatin' us birbs so sweetly!"

Something clicked within the pony's mind, and she smiled. *"Of course!"* She reached behind back, wiggling her hands between her wings until she felt something in her grasp. She pulled it out, revealing a large basket full of bread and veggies. *"Here's your treats!"*

All of the ducks cheered, flapping their wings and whistling. Her smile only grew bigger, and her heart rose with joy. She always loved seeing the looks on the cute animal faces. It made things worth it.

She was a good pony toon. Even as wonderful of a place as Toon Town was, the local animals that weren't anthros struggled a little bit. They needed a little extra help and TLC every so often. She would be there for them. After all, it was her calling according to the hip tattoos.

As she tossed the food to the chatty critters, Fluttershy was already thinking of her next task. She needed to get home soon. Her lovely bunny was waiting for her at her apartment, and he was an impatient one. Angel would be so crabby if she was late for tail fluffing.

On the Bus...

Done for Vinkuro

“Didya hear? Janice turned into this really large pony now too!”

“Really? My, it's hitting close to home now. How are her husband and kids doing?”

“Well, they seem to be doing alright. She's... *he's* now going by Shining Armor or something. He has a lot more energy, so he's able to keep up with the kids better. Jerry is making the best of it. Shining is apparently still as sweet and kind as always.”

“That's good for *him*, but I dunno. I don't think having a cartoon horse for a mother is healthy for their children. I think...” The gossiping women went on like this next to Vinny. It was an exhausting, familiar conversation that he had heard time and time again.

Of course, he couldn't blame them or anyone for talking about it. The MLP-ified app had taken over the world in a way. Everyone talked and thought about it and the rise of the ponies across the globe. No matter where one went, the colorful horses would be around.

Even amongst the small group waiting for the bus with him, there was a pony woman. This one was a particularly goth-looking equine with thick eyeshadow and a long, dark mane that swirled at its end.

Pretty much every conversation Vinny heard those days was pony-focused. Everywhere he went, it was all the same. Family or friends changing, effects on children, governments trying to deal with this new species, and even discussions about the future. How would the world change? Would things be good or bad?

After a while, Vinny was tired. As far as he was concerned, ponies were now a part of life. There was no discussion left to be had. He personally didn't mind or see it as a bad thing.

Two of his friends, a couple, had ended up pony-fied recently. They had turned into Trixe and a male version of Fluttershy, keeping their memories and personalities while also leaning into the characters' unique quirks. They were still his buddies and that's what mattered.

Vinny looked up from his phone, seeing the bus slowing down its approach. He closed his news app and was about to pocket his phone when he glanced at the home screen. There was MLP-ified, just sitting there as always.

Like many others, the app had mysteriously made its way onto his phone one day and since, he had been very careful to avoid clicking it. Why would he ever want to as well? Unlike some of the people he knew, he was satisfied. He liked himself, his life, and the way things were.

The bus pulled up and opened its doors. People started leaving and others started getting on, Vinny being the last one on. He yawned as he stepped aboard. *One bus ride, and I'll be home. Just wanna relax and-OOF!*

He suddenly collided with an anxious blond man who was hurrying off. Vinny huffed, adjusting his orange sunglasses. Even though he wasn't at fault, he still said, "Sorry. My bad!"

The guy didn't seem to acknowledge it, hopping off. Vinny rolled his eyes and continued into the bus. Halfway down the center, he realized he was still holding his phone.

He quickly checked and felt a wave of relief wash over him. The home screen was open, but he hadn't accidentally clicked the app when he was bumped. How many times had that happen to others, he could only wonder.

Making sure to turn the screen off, Vinny walked to the back of the bus, completely empty and looking inviting. He passed the goth pony, busy on her phone, and the two older ladies, still chatting about that family from before. He took his seat at the very end and sat down.

"Oh, but I guess they're not having it worse!"

"Really? ...oh! You mean, Darla?"

"Mhm. She's now called Tree Hugger and has been-"

Vinny frowned. The two women were loud and even when the bus started going, he could hear them easily over the sound of the groaning engine as the tires started moving again. *I ain't listening to this the whole way.*

He pulled out a case from his pocket and took out some wireless earbuds, popping them in. *Let's see...* He checked his music player on the phone, slipping through some options, *I'm feeling... rock today.*

Picking out a good playlist of his, Vinny yawned and laid the phone in his lap. He sunk further down into his seat, his eyes closing. *Time to enjoy some tunes...*

The music began playing, and his mind faded into the rocking beats. The bus rolled along, shaking with each bump and hole in the road. Vinny never opened his eyes, his phone shaking gently on his thigh.

Curiously, the screen on it lit up. There was no phone call, no text, or anything of the like that came in. It just opened to the home screen without any alerts.

There, the strangest thing happened. The MLP-ified app wiggled. The screen instantly turned white and several colors flashed by. Faint images appeared in the center with each flash, going by so quickly it was close to impossible to fully see them.

Then, the flashing stopped. It ended on a light gray tone background with two bridged eighth notes in the center. The image vibrated, growing bigger and bigger, almost as if it was going to pop out the phone.

The screen blackened. A bluish purple energy emerged out of the cracks around the phone's screen. It leaked out across his lap, spreading down towards his hands as they laid at the sides. The energy went up to them and seeped into his fingernails before vanishing.

His fingers twitched as a tingly sensation washed over them. Their nails extended away for a full inch and even more. Black and white nail polish emerged over them, the occasional image of a note appearing on them.

Vinny merely nodded along with his song, not noticing a thing. His fingers tapped to the rhythm, whitish fur sprouting around his nails. The coating washed down his digits and onto his hands, which were thinning to more delicate, dainty forms.

The fur rushed over onto his wrists and up his arms in mere seconds, disappearing beneath his black sweatshirt. His upper limbs had the same fate as his hands, growing thinner and dainter. His frame started shrinking as well, shoulders drooping.

The song finished, and another rock song began playing. ...*hmm...* He shifted a bit in seat, his phone sliding between his legs. *Maybe I heard this stuff too much. Mrmph, maybe I need to hear a different beat.*

His heart thumped, his body thinning into a more traditionally dainty, feminine shape. His clothing was growing looser on him. *Yeah... something better.* He shifted in his seat some more. *I keep listening to the same stuff over and over. Maybe I need to diversify my music more?*

“Mrrmph.” He grunted, shifting some more. His pants just felt so tight! No matter how much he moved or adjusted himself in his seat, things felt wrong. Given how wide his hips were becoming and how tenderly plump his thighs had grown, things were only going to get worse.

Eventually, and unconsciously, his hands went down and loosened his belt. A light pop followed as the top button on his jeans broke. A rip followed along in the back, and a new sensation made him want to sit up more.

A dark blue tail with lighting blue stripes had burst out from above his rear. It was spiky and wild, wrapping around his side and flopping onto his thigh.

Maybe... Vinny thought, unaware of his new tail brushing his hand, *Maybe I need something a bit more... pumping.* His wireless earbuds began growing and morphing, popping out of his ears and expanding into silver, shiny headphones. A dark purple musical note appeared on each side of the headphone.

The current song playing shifted away from its heavy guitars and drums. It became something with more bass, something more sharp, and thumping. Something electronic.

The first beat hit him like a shock to the system. A shiver went up his spine, leaving him trembling. He rose further in seat as his bottom inflated, his butt cheeks poking out of his pants. He soon had a full, wide bubble butt fit for shaking and twerking it to any pumping beat.

Mmm, this song is nice. Vinny smiled, his legs slowly growing longer and fitter. *Mmm, that beat is goood. Much better.* His pants gently shook as if a breeze went through them. Denim became soft linen, blue washing out to a sharp white. Musical notes appeared on the end of the pants legs, matching his headphones.

Vinny nodded to the beat of the song, his feet tapping as the tempo picked up. Each tap shifted his tennis shoes into black & neon green heeled boots. *Mmm, yeah!* The electronic beat was getting heavier and more pumping. *This is my kind of jam! When did I add-*

“Oooooo!!!!” A particular thump in the song hit him in a way he never felt before. Hands clenching his new stylish pants, he leaned forward a belt out a hungry moan. His heartbeat rose, breathing quickening. His chest felt on fire.

The front of his sweatshirt suddenly bulged, a bit difficult to tell with how thick and baggy it was. However, another thump and another moan followed, and his top began to shift. It thinned into a form-fitting, button-up black shirt. The hoodie part melted down into a green

popped collar and even a green tie. The sleeves broke from the main shirt, shrinking down into pink armbands around the wrists.

With the tighter shirt, the two buttons on it popped and stretched open. White breasts could be seen, tasteful cleavage on display that fit their developing new vibe.

Such good beats. Vinny's eyes weakly opened, shining a brilliant magenta from them. *Every pump, scratch, and hit...* His orange sunglasses became dark violet. *It's just... just like what I make.*

The rhythm and pace of the music increased. Vinny sunk back, eyes going sideways at the techno music flooded their mind. Their entire body was burning with passion and love. It was just too good! Everything was simply too brilliant!

Yeah... A bump appeared at the top of his forehead, pulsing and stretching with the beat. *Just like the music I make.* Streaks of lighting blue ran through his messy brown locks as they grew more. *Just like...* His sharp, pointed glasses rounded out, the rims blackening.

Mine. Her shoulders tensed, breathing growing rapid. Her chest raised little by little with each breath, filling and stretching out her top. *My music.* Her cleavage deepened, mounds starting to jiggle. *My music!*

Blue filled the rest of Vinny Scratch's mane as a feeling of realization washed over them. *Yeah, it is my music!* They chuckled, white fur rolling over their neck and up their face. *Hell yeah! I keep forgetting how g-g-goooooooooooood my music is!*

The pony-ified man belted out a loud moan, hands digging into their seat's edge. Their face pushed right out into a cute, charming pony muzzle as their ears stretched into equine ones (headphones thankfully shifting to accommodate them). The bump in their pants vanished, a cute squeak coming out at the end of their moan.

Her curves took on one final big boost. Her breasts teetered on the edge of D with another button popping and, showing her black lace bra. Her ass was positively heart-shaped, a lot of it popping out of her pants. A black thong was also visible, completing her feminine overhaul.

Vinyl Scratch panted, rubbing her forehead. The song finally ended, her body still feeling tingly. *Phew! Always get a rush listenin' to my sick beats! Heh, no one does music like-*

Everyone was staring at her. The older women, the goth pony, two business-looking people, and more. She felt as if her soul was leaving, her face burning with embarrassment.

“Ah... ahem.” She cleared her throat and scooted over into the corner of the back, slightly out of sight.

Got carried away there... She flicked on her phone and switched over to something less “intense”. *Should really listen to that at home~.*

The rest of the, thankfully short, ride went smoothly and without any more “moments”. She kept her head down, listening to her tunes and hoping it would be over soon.

Eventually, Vinyl heard a shout from the bus driver as the vehicle slowed to a stop, “10th Street!” *Time to go!* She turned her music off and slid the headphones around her neck. She hurried down the center of the aisle, trying to avoid eye contact with the other riders. It was difficult given everyone was still staring.

“*Excuse me.*” A gray hand stretched out in front of her. It was the goth pony. Her eyes still looked dead and empty, but there was a slight smile on her face. “*DJ Pon-3? I’m a fan. Could you sign something for me before you go?*”

“Oh! Of course, anything for a fan!” The goth handed her what appeared to be her notebook full of dark, scary doodles and art she’s drawn. Vinyl avoided looking at that dreary imagery much as she signed the inside cover and first page.

She handed the notebook back and hurried off the bus before the driver tried closing the door on her. Her anxious walk now had more confidence, self-assurance, and energy in it. Her hips swayed, and her butt jiggled the whole way.

Always nice to meet fans. She hummed as she got off. *Feel a lot better now!*

Vinyl slipped her headphones back on and started her music back up. Her mind was already swarming with thoughts of her roomie, Octavia. Maybe she could finally convince her to give some of her musical ideas a shot, like letting her try her cello for once! She could totally rock it if given the chance!

“I swear...” One of the older ladies from before watched the blue manned mare stroll down the sidewalk as the bus rolled by. “So lewd! What a shameful display!”

Her friend nodded, her cheeks still red. "I'm just surprised. I wasn't expecting to see someone change before my eyes. One minute, boy and next, that... white horse. It's just... just... I don't know what to say!"

"I don't understand it either," the first woman said, looking back at her friend. "Why? Why would someone just throw their old life away by playing with that infernal app? I don't understand the youth at all!"

"Me neither. Frankly, I'm happy with the way I am and would never want to turn into something so... lewd. I'll never click on that vile app. I'm happy and staying this way forever." She took a moment and sighed softly. "Everything will be fine."

"Of course it will!" Her friend comfortingly patted her back. "Everything will turn out fine for us, Lyra. Neither of us are changing anytime soon."

"Yeah, you're so right." The two nuzzled their noses together and pleasantly leaned against one another.

"...wait... what did you say, Sweetie?"

THE END?