

# My Little Download: Apple Calling

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Commission done for [DanScott7 of DeviantArt](#)

“Damn it, f\*\*kin’ hell, f\*\*kin’ why?!” Shelby Harrison muttered repeatedly over and over and over. Her arm was high in the air, waving her hand and phone about. She had made several circles around her car, even standing on top of it.

Nope. No signal. No signal at all.

*Whywhywhywhywhywhy?! She huffed, waving her hand some more as she finished what was likely her fifth lap around her car. Why me?!*

Her eyes darted over to the hood, popped up and with steam occasionally rising. It was just her damn luck. On the way back from a convention, her car gave out in the middle of nowhere. Nowhere in the sense of endless farmlands and not an actual farm in sight.

She brought her phone in for another pointless look and let out more curses. No way she was calling AAA for roadside assistance anytime soon at this rate.

*Great, just f\*\*king great.* She rubbed her face, shaking her head and flopping about her long, black hair. Things were going nowhere fast where she was.

It was time to weigh her options as she slumped against the side of her car. Try her luck and wait for a random passerby to lend a hand? Or, maybe try hoofing it until she finds civilization somewhere? It couldn’t be too far... right?

The thought only exhausted her even more. She went to rub her forehead, accidentally using her phone without thinking. It smacked against her head, skin hitting the screen and touching something.

Then there was a vibration from her phone and a light ding was heard. *What was that?*

She quickly looked at the phone, wondering what she had done now. The screen was now a bright orange, nothing else visible at first. Then a simple phrase appeared: “MLP-ified” and a smaller tagline beneath it: “Powered by Friendship is You”.

The words vanished and a loading circle appeared in the center of the screen, spinning and spinning. Shelby only huffed. *Is this an app or something? ...why would I have this? MLP stands for My Little Pony, but I don’t even like that series!*

Then another thought crossed her mind. *Wait, what the hell could this thing be even loading? There's no damn signal out here!*

This was a surefire battery waster. She moved to close the app and go back to her current, pressing situation.

But then, it loaded.

Upon the screen, new words appeared: "Distress Mode Activated. Accessing Location..."

Shelby's head tilted. "Loading... Loading... Location Found! Loading Match..."

*What the hell is this non-*

**FWOSH!** The screen exploded into light, almost blinding her on the spot. It was almost like being hit by a flash grenade. It was a miracle she didn't drop her cell. She jolted her head away and clenched her eyes shut. At the moment she did, she missed it.

An orange aura radiated off her phone. Initially faint, it grew stronger. Her hand began to warm as well, the aura flowing onto it and encircling it.

Eventually, the light from the screen dimmed. Shelby weakly looked back at her phone, muttering more swears under her breath. She took a look at the screen, seeing nothing on it. Then she noticed the aura floating off it.

Then she noticed her fingertips. There was this light orange fuzz. Mostly at the very tips, but it spread down. There were her fingernails as well too. She had just got them manicured, yet they were much shorter and rougher. Plus, there was a dirty orange tint to them.

Orange fur eventually pooled into her hand, coating it completely. It spread further down, passing her wrist and to her bicep. It came to an eventual stop at her shoulder, leaving her with an even warmer feeling upon her limb.

*Warm... so warm.* Shelby managed to think, her mind frozen over by the sight.

*Big.* Her next thought to follow as her arm trembled. Her muscles began to bulge ever so gently within her sleeve. Growth sped up a second later, stretching out her sleeve as her bicep grew more and more. Her forearm bulked up, her hand as well. Her arm had quickly doubled its original size!

Shelby trembled, especially when her shirt sleeve simply vanished. It just faded out and left her orange, finely fuzzy arm exposed. It was unbelievable, just unbelievable.

She had to check. Her still normal hand reached over and poked her bicep. A lot thicker before, that was for sure! She then groped it, feeling its texture and firmness. So much more bulk... but also very, very delightful~.

Shelby flinched, eyes growing wide. *What? Nice? This isn't nice! This is crazy! ThisOH!*

The orange had jumped to her other hand now. Gone went her manicured fingernails, gone went her dainty hand, gone went her slim limb. In came her rather thick, orange fingernails, in came her big hand, and in came her muscly arm.

Her head darted between her buff, dense arms. So much muscle and girth packed into them now. This she did not like; not one bit.

*Why is this... what is... think, Shelby, think!* The girl took a deep breath and released it. *Okay. Hand changed after touching arm. Arm changed because fingers changed. Fingers turned orange because...*

She looked at her phone, still being clutched tightly. Certainly was a lot smaller now in her grasp, but that didn't matter. That app loaded, blinded her, and glowed orange. This had to be its fault somehow.

*Gotta get rid of it...* She opened her fingers, letting her phone drop.

...she opened her fingers, letting the phone drop.

She scowled. She opened her fingers and let the damn phone hit the dirt.

Yet, no such luck. Her hand refused to obey, gripping that cell without a care in the world. *What the hell is the matter with my hand?! Why won't it work?*

Her shirt felt tight on her towards the top. Her shoulders had suddenly broadened, no longer dipping down but staying up and firm. Muscles and girth expanded there, matching better with her beefy arms. The chest area stretched as well, her breasts looking a bit smaller, pulled out, and a bit more squarish.

Her top felt itchy soon after. She felt the orange hairs spread onto her shoulders and pass over her chest. She could see the occasional strand poke through the fabric of her tee.

Then she could see it all. Much like her sleeves, the shoulders, collar, and area around her chest faded. String by string, the tee's top portion grew more transparent until it was no more. Even her bra pulled a vanishing act. Her broad, masculine shoulders were on full display, all with her wider chest.

*Crapcrapcrap!* This was horrifying. Something was happening to her, and nothing she tried worked or would listen to her. She was getting buffer, furrer, and probably something else too. After all of this, her mind swirling, the only thing she could think to do was... was...

*Flex. I should flex.*

That wasn't right, right? Why should she flex?

*Well, after all dat darn hard work buildin' 'em up, I reckon I should enjoy them. All that hard labor and stuff has born some mighty fine muscles. Why not enjoy them?*

Shelby's mouth twisted. Where was this coming from? She worked in an office or from home. What kind of hard work did she do that she thought she did?

*Although... Her cheeks reddened at the thought. Maybe... maybe I should flex and enjoy them? It wouldn't hurt... right?*

She was thinking weird again, yet, she could not help herself in this case. She brought an arm up high and clenched her free fist. She bent it back and soon, her bicep bulged in all of its firm, dense pleasure.

She quivered, blushing and breathing harder. That felt good. Her chest rose and fell swiftly with those breaths, each time her chest not rising as far as it did the last. Her breasts continued to deflate and lose form, widening and stretching out. Eventually, her chest was flat and firm.

Shelby brushed her forehead again. A weight had been lifted from her back, but that wasn't really a great thing to her. "Dammit, this is just nuts. Wha' in **tarnation is gonna happun next?**"

Her voice was going to happen... along with another surge of warmth through her form. She panted again as sweat formed. With each breath and huff, her chest shifted once more. It started to grow, but not like before. Her chest rose into more squarish forms, broad and durable, fur completely covering them. Her nipples widened too, tone shifting to brownish orange.

Shelby had pecs, strong, firm pecs. More and more, her femininity faded away and fast.

The remainder of her shirt faded out as orange fur began rolling down. It passed down her waist, stomach, and straight into her crotch beneath her jeans, stopping again. Her waist pushed out a few seconds later, losing the thin waistline that she worked so hard to achieve. Her toned tummy bulged as washboard abs rose like bread upon it.

“Wha’s goin’ on ‘**round ‘ese here parts?!’**” She placed her free hand on her stomach. “Why **am ah getting’** so... so...” Her hand gently stroked and felt her muscles, taking in their shape, feel, and density.

She wanted to fight it. A feeling was coming on. She really wanted to snuff it out or ignore it. She couldn’t. She felt great and liked this buffening~.

*Ain’t ah beefier ‘an ‘is?* No, she wasn’t. Shelby was sure.

Yet, it gave her doubt, and whatever magic was cooking acted upon it. Her belt faded out, buckle first then the rest. Her pants followed suit, leaving her exposed legs out in the open. Though, there was a feeling of freedom in it that she couldn’t describe.

The last of her womanly figure began to fade. Her hips lost their curve and roundness, pushing in and growing more sturdy. Her rear’s round shape flattened to a degree. Her buttcheeks became firm and toned, resulting in a tight, fit ass.

Shelby’s face could only get redder and redder the longer this went on. The feelings of her body beefing up, widening, growing, and strengthening were almost too much to believe. It was incredible on an increasing level.

And it only built as a big particular sensation struck her in the groin. Shelby looked down at it, finding her underwear filling. Sure, it was surprising she still had some bit of clothing on at this point (though she was pretty sure they weren’t tighty-whities), but that mattered not.

The crotch bulged slowly, like a balloon being inflated. The shape turned more distinctly cylindrical at the front, while the expansion was more bulbous beneath it. The area grew and grew, eventually stopping at a point where it felt like the underwear should’ve burst off.

Still, the underwear remained, along with Shelby’s new, manly package. Such an odd, weird sight to him. Yet, oddly pleasant and calming. Almost a happy feeling.

Such a feeling made something stir. Above his tone, firm rear, a nub popped out. It extended an inch or two before sunny straw-colored hairs sprouted from it. It then grew longer and gently wagged or two, the hairs lengthening too.

Shelby shook his head, even smacking it. What were they thinking or even feeling?! *Too much... gotta get help... need help... ta get back ta mah family. Mah brother 'nd sis need all th' help they can git!*

Shelby smacked their head again. Their thoughts were... were different. They weren't right, but yet were? It strained the mind to think. Their black hair began to turn a bright straw blond, much like their tail. Its texture was rougher and coarse like it hadn't been properly cared for as much as it should've been.

*Just... just gotta leave...* At this point, they just had to move. Where? Didn't matter. They just had to leave now for... for reasons?

With a fuzzy, hazy mind, Shelby trudged away from their car. They went down the side of the road in one direction, not changing or moving from it. Each step of the way, their legs finally got their boost. They grew more dense and sturdy, muscley thighs and toned calves growing a layer of orange fur.

Eventually, even Shelby's shoes faded, leaving them barefoot. Sort of, as the shoes faded out, their feet rapidly shifted. They scrunched in and hardened, toenails merging and rapidly around their stumps of feet. They grew thicker, heavier until they were dark, dirty orange hooves.

The equine-looking man rubbed his head. It still felt like he was in a haze. *Gotta go... this way. This is where I need to go... right? It should be right this way, I think.*

*No, it's this darn way.* His tail grew longer and longer until it was down to his calves. The tail fur was in full, thick bloom. Messy and coarse, but perfectly fine for him... he'd presume.

Eventually, he finally hit an intersection. He took a look around. The area was... a bit brighter than where he walked from and more colorful. The roads also seemed less paved than before, one of the ways mostly smoothened over dirt.

*Which way... which way is home?* He scratched his chin and thought, his mind feeling a touch clearer now.

His ears twitched. *Apl-j-ck... Ap-ej-k! W-re -e o?* His ears pulled upwards towards the top sides of his head, pulling into curved points. The insides smooth out as orange hairs grew over them, giving them distinctive equine ears.

*Applejack! Where are y'all?*

***That way!*** They turned towards the dirt road and started rushing that way. They hurried as fast as they could. The area around them seemed to change as they did. Rows of corn and other tall crops gave way to clearer meadows and orchards. The grass looked greener, wooden fencing appeared along the sides as ditches faded away. Even the clouds vanished to reveal super bright blue skies.

*This is it. This is the way! Ah'm almost 'ere!* His face pulled into a smile and began to stretch as orange fur fully covered his mug. Nostrils flared as his nose lifted, coming forward with his jaws. The shape of his mug turned pony-like, along with the rest of his noggin. Everything remotely resembling the old them was long gone.

The pony man ran and ran until he came to a stop at a farm. A very familiar farm that made his heart rise. *Sweet Apple Acres!*

His eyes turned bright blue as a familiar, welcoming warmth filled him. Beneath his eyes, light freckles appeared. Upon his hips, a soft glow appeared. A picture of an apple, followed by one more and then another, appeared as if magically tattooed to him.

*This place... I know this place. This... it's... it's...*

“Dere y’all are, Applejack! Been wonderin’ whayer ya gone off to!”

Applejack turned to his right and smiled. Nothing like the familiar faces to greet you when you get home. His little brother, Applebuck, and big sister, Macareina, were right there with concerned looks... among other things.

“**Hey, y’all!**” Applejack chimed, “**Holdin’ down thuh fort while ah’ve been gone?**”

“Eeeyp.” Macareina looked off to the side, not even trying to look her younger brother in the eye.

Applebuck, on the other hand, was blushing considerably. “Big brother! Put sum pants on! Why y’all walkin’ ‘round lahk thet?!”

Applejack looked down. Oh right... underwear. The stallion chuckled. “**Ya know, sumtimes, it’s feels good tuh take a walk on a nice day an feel thuh sun an wind on your fur~.**”

“Well, be shore tuh put sum pants on soon or granddaddy is gonna give y’all an earful!” Buck huffed. With that, the two walked away, shaking their heads.

Applejack chuckled. He'll be sure to do that in a second. Right now, he's got to-

That's when something clicked. In one of his hands was a cell phone.

He blinked. *Right!* His phone. He didn't have any pockets so he just held it as he walked. How badly did he zone out today?

Checking it out, it seemed like he didn't miss any messages or calls at least. Though, when looking at the call log, something did seem off. There were a lot of names he didn't recognize one bit. This was his phone, right?

He blinked once. He blinked twice. He blinked again and did a double-take. The names were different but recognizable now. *Dusk Shine, Bubble Berry, Elusive... huh... well, ain't that just peculiar.*

What a strange glitch. Maybe he should get his phone checked out?

*Later.* Applejack yawned and stretched his arms, rolling his shoulders too. He had some work to get done. Time to get dressed and hit the fields. These trees weren't going to buck themselves after all~.

*THE END*