

## Ranch Competition

The sun fades over the horizon. Two hikers walk out of a thick forest, a gray skinned white bellied, floppy eared anthropomorphic manta ray, his brown hair is a complete mess, “Told you, I could get us out of there, Raditas. I knew where I was going all along,” he says, with overconfidence.

Following close behind with a pant, a sleek, smooth skinned anthropomorphic shark. His light blue, almost purple like skin, with a thick luscious tail where white runs along the underside and down his front. Golden piercings dot his features, the two biggest is an anchor on his large ears, and a golden nose ring, “Sharks are meant to be in the ocean, not on land,” he huffs, blowing some of his blond hair out of his yellow-green eyes, “Can we just camp here? It’s already getting dark.”

“I’m ocean faring too, my dude. Look there’s a fence right here, we have to be close to someone,” he responds.

“Ray, let’s just camp here. And in the morning, we can find who the owner is”

The stingray looks at the fencing, noting that it appears to split the land in two, “Oh, alright,” he says, setting up his tent on the right side of the split in the fence.

“In the morning we can figure out where we are. But these ranches could be huge, you saw how big they were in that movie,” says Raditas, setting up his tent on the left side of the split.

“Yeah, and movies are a view of the world, you know?” remarks Raymond.

He looks at his friend’s comment, “Did you eat the brownies?”

“I had a nibble.”

“Give me one. I need to relax to get to sleep.”

“Sure thing,” he says, tossing him a wrapped brownie.

“Thanks,” he replies, the two getting some rest, but unknown to them, members of the two ranches they happen to set up camp at have been taken notice, the end results of which would be the cause for the two hikers to awaken to.

“And I say they would be perfect for me. You already get plenty to work with,” says a sleek female voice, sweet and soft, yet an echoing dominance.

“Look they are on my side, they should be mine,” huffed a dominating masculine voice, “And are you admitting my ranch is more popular than yours?” a deep hearty chuckle.

Raymond opens his eyes, stretching, thinking, “*What the heck is that?*”

“Hardly. You keep snatching my clients before they can reach the *better* ranch.”

“Better? Never. Your ponies are weak and fanciful. Not strong stallions, but meek mares.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yup.”

“Then I challenge you to prove it.”

“Prove it? I don’t need to prove it,” he grunts.

Raditas is drawn out of his tent by the commotion, he and his friend popping out of their respective tents at the same time, greeted by a ring of sleek smooth rubber bound faceless ponies. Half of them being female with thick corsets, solid main rubber bodies and other color highlights. The other set - much the same but strong powerful males, with large twitching null bulges, a sight that makes the shark's morning wood a little more awkward.

"Afraid to challenge me? I thought so."

The two hikers note an odd display happening before them, turning to see two ponies talking to each other. The first a large well-kept stallion unicorn of short black fur. His horn is a solid red like the base of his mane and tail, which steadily fades to blonde. He towers over the other pony by over half a foot, a sleek black rubber faceless pony, with a corset on her body, with deep blue highlights. Dressed in heavy bondage pony gear similar to her fellow ponies with the exception that her hands are free. Yet despite having no mouth to speak of she speaks as clearly and fiercely as any other.

The unicorn's demeanor shifts at the other pony's words, "Afraid? I'll show you who is afraid. My way to make powerful stallions will trump anything you can do, or my name isn't Shade."

"As the namesake of Ebony Ranch, I will show you that the strength and elegance of our type of ponies are superior to yours."

"And how are you going to prove it?"

"Simple - you take one and I take one. We meet up every three days to compare progress with challenges that we decide on fifty, fifty, so there is no bias."

"And what happens when I win?"

"When I win, we take all - the other's pony for the competition."

Shade grins fiendishly, "Double breaking a person that's so devilish. I like it."

"No need to break. My service will lead all to perfection."

Raditas leans over to Raymond, "What kind of fucked up place did we find ourselves in?"

He looks at his friend with a look of equal confusion, "I have no fucking idea. But one way to find out," he says clearing his throat, "Excuse me?! Sorry to interrupt, but we happened to be lost and were just trying to find our way back to civilization."

Shade firmly states, "Hush, we are talking."

Ebony waves her finger at him, "Now, now Shade. No need to be harsh, he isn't yours after all, he's on my side of the fence," she says, walking over to Raymond. Each step she takes is calculated, elegant. The female ponies around him move in closer, pushing him toward the fence without touching him.

"Hey, now. We can be reasonable about this," he says, turning to the other ponies, being spun around to keep an eye on all of them, stopping when he's face to face to faceless Ebony.

"We are going to be - come," she states, grabbing him by the collar, pulling him over the wooden fence, with the help of a black rubber pony with a blue corset with a different shade than Ebony's, but with bound wings like a Pegasus.

"Let's talk about this now!" he exclaims.

“We will, just give it some time. Thank you, Spirit, for helping him across, I didn’t want to hurt him now.”

Spirit responds happily with an approving stomp.

Raditas tries to move toward his friend, “Hey, let him go!” he states, showing off his sharp shark teeth. Two solid black male ponies, with their noticeable bulges, heavy gear, and useless hooved hands push him forward, using their bodies to push the shark along, making him feel their throbbing aching needy bulges against his body.

A tingle of delight runs through him, the strength and power the equines put up against him. His morning wood doing him no favors, pulsating against his pants, that even this situation doesn’t hinder the need. His eyes meet Shade’s. The unicorn’s red eyes stare deep into his own, a shudder running across his spine.

Shade lets out a single stomp. The other ponies somehow know the command, pushing the shark over the fence and into his grasp, “Let me look over you,” he states with a deep commanding voice that weighs down onto Raditas’ mind, making him not want to look away, to continue the stare, getting lost in those eyes. He shudders, feeling the hand moving across his form, tugging at his clothes, tearing them with ease, “Yes, this will work well. Bring the other one back, see you in three days Ebony,” he states with a deep chuckle.

“See you, and we will win, isn’t that right...what was your name?” Ebony asks, turning to the stingray, who is struggling against the blank-faced female rubber ponies holding him.

He struggles against them, watching his friend be taken away by the other, masculine ponies, “It’s Ray and let me go!” he huffs, the pony girls holding him tight despite having hooved hands, his eyes widening, seeing his friend pulled farther away from him against his will.

Ebony moves in closer, running her hand across Ray’s face, allowing him to feel the smooth rubber against his skin, the shine of her body vaguely reflecting the stingray’s muzzle in her face, “Relax. I’m not here to hurt you, but to help.”

“Help? How are you here to help!” he exclaims, noticing his shark friend saying nothing as he’s dragged out of sight. The strong, smooth ponies surrounding the stingray and clearly overpowering him, the large feral one especially so.

“Let me explain as we walk,” says Ebony, the ponies pushing him toward Ebony’s ranch estate.

“What is there to explain? You are kidnapping me and my friend!”

Ebony shakes her head, her hand caressing the back of his head, her voice soft, calm, sweet, “No, no, I’m saving you from being kidnapped by *him*.”

“Him?”

“Shade. He takes people and forces them to become his gay rubber pony minions. He breaks them in whatever way he can, conditioning them to be nothing more than cock loving submissive pony sluts bound to his will.”

Ray gulps, “Raditas is already gay so that would not be a stretch for him.”

“Do you want him to become bound and enslaved to Shade forever?”

“No, of course not!”

“Then I will need your help beating him at his own game. I’ll be making you into a rubber pony of my own making, and you’ll defeat your friend in competition in order to save him.”

Ray gives the faceless pony a stern look, walking along with her without the force of the other ponies now, “You can’t fool me. I heard how you wanted to take both of us to be your ponies. You can’t trick me!”

“That was all to try to save both of you from *him*. Don’t you understand? While your friend is being forced, broken and conditioned, I’m asking you to help save him. The competition was the only way to give me a chance to help.”

“And how do you explain...these ponies around me?” he asks, motioning to the faceless ponies.

“My girls? They want to be here, to be like me. We are all the same, if you haven’t noticed. I am part of the herd. A sleek wonderful rubber mare. But Shade? He isn’t part of his herd - he *dominates* it. My girls *want* to be *with* me, see the difference?”

Ray pauses for a moment, pondering the words, letting them sink in before he responds, “I guess I can understand that.”

“And you want to help me, help your friend, don’t you?”

“I don’t want him to be enslaved to be a pony, if that is what you are asking.”

“Then let me help you, help him. Work with me to win the bet so we can *save* your friend,” Ebony explains.

“If you put it that way... I’ll do what I can. But once this is done we are free to go, right?”

“If that is what you want, of course,” she says, guiding him into her barn, ready to start the process of converting him into one of her ponies, but before this continues, Raditas’ trip to his conversion starts a little sooner...

When Shade’s eyes meet Raditas, that tingle running down the shark’s spine, the pulsating bulges making his mind get a mixture of emotions, overloading his thought process, he tries to pull away, “Ray-” his cry for help cutoff by a simple command.

“Muzzle him.”

A horse harness is shoved over his face, the bit pushing into his mouth, gagging him, unable to call out to his friend when he hears him. Shoved and pulled away farther and farther away from his friend, his wrists, pulled behind his back, straining him to the edge.

Shade’s chuckle is deep and dominating, drawing the shark in closer, the horse drones pushing him closer to him. The unicorn grabbing the reins, pulling him close, “I intend to win this bet. That cunt of a mare, thinks that she has better training tactics than *me*? Pah,” he knickers, tugging him forward to the point where Raditas almost trips and falls over.

The shark looks at the ponies next to him, feeling their rubber against him, their warmth. As the Shade Ranch estate was being shown before him, seeing other ponies in bondage, being guided around, with a facade of openness and posing as just a simple ‘kinky ranch’.

*“Come on, don’t get turned on by this guy. Yeah he’s sexy but he’s forcing you against your will! No, I shouldn’t be hard now... stupid kinky brain,”* he thinks, being pulled into a large barn where thick heavy pony gear is hanging on the walls.

“Strip him down and give me a shark rubber suit, black with...” Shade grabs Raditas’ muzzle, looking over him, “-white accents, like the belly. Give a little sign of what used to be there,” he laughs heartily.

Raditas tugs against him, but is completely overpowered, trying to say “The hell I will!” but the words are muffled and gurgled by his own drool. Nostrils flaring, smelling a thick smell of rubber, leather, and the equine before him, all of which are mingling and mixing in his lungs, sinking deep into his body, feeling a strange tingle running down his spine, into his loins, feeding an arousal that just won’t go away, a bulge as a constant reminder of his own repressed desires.

The other ponies say nothing, only huffing, nickering, neighing, squeaking, creaking, all of which adding to the weight of the moment, his entrapment, while his clothes are stripped away, torn from his body. Like hungry piranhas stripping him down to the bone, he twitches and aches as its exposed to the aroma filled air...

Shade reaches down, gripping his length, giving it a firm squeeze. The purple shark grunts, moaning, trying to pull away but is held there by the two black rubber ponies from earlier, “You are hungry, and wanting. That’s what I like. But you need to learn who is your master. Who is your alpha? Who controls this herd - *me.*”

His cock twitches in the equine’s touch, the strength, power exerted about him, feeding into his submissive nature. A fantasy played out in the lewd writings he’s secretly read in his bedroom with a bottle of hand lotion and a sock, “Fuck...” he mumbles.

“You won’t be getting any of that.”

His eyes widened, looking up at the large unicorn, shuddering, his pleasure teased, and brought higher, yet never to a point of climax, the limbo of what is going to happen next simply an opportunity to tease his body, *“Fantasy is different than reality. I’m not that easy to break.”*

“What? You think I don’t understand what you’re trying to mumble through your drooling bit? You shouldn’t underestimate me,” he states, giving a few hard pumps before pulling away, leaving him on the edge of a climax.

He pants heavily, the sleek rubber body suit pulled before him, the cool air of the barn revealed to him as the ponies pull far enough away to let their warmth fade. Shade lets out a single hard stomp, the rubber suit thrown at him.

“Put it on,” he stated.

“Why should I?” he tries to say through the bit.

Shade tugs on the reins, lifting Raditas to his very tippy toes, “You don’t want to try me. Obey me, and this process will be far more *pleasurable* for you,” he lowers him back down, slacking the reins.

“Okay, okay,” he huffs, taking only a moment to feel the sleek black rubber in his hands, *“I love rubber, this can’t be too bad,”* he thinks, unzipping the back. His member twitches, his body aching for more pleasure, to be touched. The sexy male before him, confusing his

thoughts, spreading the rubber suit, letting him slip his feet into the suit, starting to fill it out. He expected a hard resistance against the rubber. A curse for any oceanic being, due to his skin, but to his surprise, it slips in like it's been oiled.

His feet slip through the suit, slipping into the round rubber toed feet that now contain them. His throbbing, aching cock, slipping into a cavity, the bulge showing more than any other equine there, the rubber pressing up against his snatch, running across his rump, the tail cavity dangling between his legs.

“Shove his tail in, he's taking too long as it is,” Shade commands.

Blackie and Knight let out a single stomp, confirming the command, grabbing Raditas, shoving his tail into the tail cavity, pulling the rubber up along his body, hiding it in a sea of black.

“Hey! I can get it myself,” he huffs.

“You're going too slow,” he chuckles.

His arms are shoved into the suit, the sleek latex pressing against his chest, pulled around his shoulders, being forced to pull them back as he hears the familiar sound of metal teeth clenching together, the rubber growing tighter around his body.

He looks over his sleek rubber clad body, the top of the zipper pulled all the way up, so only his head remains free from rubber, but he's kept on that same short rein. Shade takes a moment to unzip the bulge, letting his cock pop free, “A good reaction. Boot and hoof him, then we'll get his gilded cage in place. Let him feel a little bit of freedom before I enjoy the look in his eyes as it's taken away.”

Heart thumping, blood rushing through him, cock aching, pre-cum dribbling from the tip, everything about this felt so wrong yet oh so right. He definitely stares at Shade whose demeanor doesn't change as he lets out a single stomp, the two ponies that helped suit Raditas walk in opposite directions, Blackie bringing out a heavy set of high thigh boots, while Knight brings in the hand hooves.

Shade tugs on the reins, pulling the shark forward, his first foot forced into the pony boot, raising him up onto his toes, the leather creaking. The black leather with white highlights is shinier than the latex he's wearing. Thick white laces contrast the black leather tongue and silver studs of the boot, which are crisscrossed across the tongue, tightening the boot around his entire leg, ending it in a complex, gordian-esque knot.

He wobbled, regaining his balance, feeling the tight grip and unnerving position of his foot as he's placed in the other boot, the process beginning all over again, and in this moment of distraction his firsthand is shoved into an upper arm length hoof.

The latex squeaks, his hand pops into the open hoof, having freedom of movement completely neutered, an empty space that gives a false hope that he can do anything, but all he can do is run his fingers across the smooth hoof wall. The leather is tightened and then locked into place with a white metal lock. The key is shown in front of his eyes, while the other hoof is shoved over his other hand, completing his helplessness, but not the oncoming layers of bondage yet to be adorned.

Uncharacteristically strong small white metal chains are connected to his upper and lower arm, forcing him to either bring his hands up to his shoulder or leave them hanging in an L, hoofs out, with all the helplessness to do anything about it.

“Put the harness on first before we harness his arousal for my own need,” Shade commands.

The two ponies stomp in acknowledgement, going to grab a white leather pony body harness. Unable to do anything, he stands there, looking over at Shade and the other ponies that remain there in silence, ready to be used at a moment’s notice, always keeping him outnumbered and helpless.

His member twitches, aching, the cool air around him not doing him any favors, nor are all those smooth rubber bulges of the other ponies around him. Try as he might, the thought of all those bound cocks behind those bulges made him ache all the more.

The harness is pulled around his body, making him ache and want this all the more. The weight of it, tightening around him, the white contrast to his solid black rubber clad body. Watching the golden locks put into place, with each its own unique key, all of which are given to Shade, adding to an ever-growing keychain.

“Do you feel your freedom being stripped away? Look around you. I’ve done this many times before. You will be no different. You’ll be an obedient pony before even the first competition, three days from now,” he says with another deep chuckle.

Raditas huffs, knowing it’s true, feeling his arousal grow, but not wanting to admit it, averting his gaze from the unicorn’s only to be forced to look back into those blood red eyes.

“I’ll take that as a yes, Master, I do feel it and I *love* it,” he says mockingly, looking at Knight, “Bring the cage.”

The bound pony stomps, heading off, while Shade’s hands gently caress and tease the shark’s aching, twitching length, “Such power, need, want, lust. It’s all mine.”

“I won’t break so easily,” he huffs and mumbles through the bit.

“They all say that. But that is all they are, words. Hot air. No meaning, no conviction. You are bound and *helpless*. What do you think you can do? I know your pressure points, and I know how to get you set up to be my lustfully bound stallion.”

Raditas says nothing, but his attention is drawn to the white metal chastity cage, intricate and heavy, with layers of rods, and locks, rings, all designed to contain and hold any length in place, “*How are they going to get something that size on me?*” he thinks.

Shade holds out his hand, the cage being placed into his grasp, the key dangling from it. He wraps Raditas’ reins around Blackie’s hoof, before unlocking the cage. He crouches down, placing the white metal ring behind his balls, placing the cage onto his throbbing cock, letting the cool metal steadily warm to his length, and to see the sheer size difference of what his fully erect cock can sport and what soon it’ll be confined to. The thought of which, and sight of, makes his heart pound faster, cock ache harder, making his arousal grow, but then there’s a pressure point pressed at the base of his cock. With each thump his cock shrinks, becoming flaccid, despite

what his body really wants. “When you know how to block the blood flow anything is possible,” states Shade looking up at him, “You have no power here, you are all mine.”

Centimeter by centimeter his member retracts into his sheath, cock softening as the cage grows closer to the ring, ready to slip the rod through and lock his member in. His eyes widening, “*No, get hard. Think of all these studs around you! How it will feel to take them or be taken by them! Come on! Stay aroused! Don’t get soft, don’t get soft!*” he thinks, mind swimming with possible homosexual delights, but it’s all for naught. The metal cage slips into position, the rods slotted in, the key turned - locking the cage into place. Another ring is placed between his balls, adding another connection point of bondage around his member, before the pressure point is released and his member attempts to grow hard once again, the cage growing stiff, straining against the cage.

*“Relax... relax. You can get soft, right? It’s fine... it’s fine. Think of girls! Yeah, girls that will help,”* Raditas tries to imagine women, but it quickly shifts back to men, *“Damn sexy men!”*

“There we go,” he remarks, zipping the bulge up. The moment it does the bulge fills with rubber, adding another seal to his aching member, making him look more like those other ponies around him. He pants, body aching, looking down at the bulge, feeling the tight double layer of bondage around his most aching member, leaving him wanting.

He looks up at him, smirking villainously “I bet you think you can handle that huh? Just give it some time and you’ll get out, hmm? How about we really drive this home. Knight, get the mold ready.”

He stomps, walking off, while Shade grabs the crotch zipper, tugging on it and to the shark’s amazement the zipper is peeled away, removing it leaving nothing but smooth rubber, “H-how?” he mutters.

“That stammer, how delicious your lustful fear is. I can just feed on it. But that’s not the only zipper on you, is it?” he says, smirking, moving behind him, pulling on the zipper behind him.

He grunts, arching his back, feeling the warm metal tugged away, the rubber snapping back with the metal gone, removed, it's done slowly, methodically, until nothing is left but solid smooth rubber, locking him into his position. Shade walks in front of him dangling the long zipper, “There we go. Is it sinking in yet? No? It will soon,” he states, the pony carting in a heavy metal mold with a crucible.

Shade dumps the metal into the crucible, Raditas helplessly seeing him turn some knobs, gas flowing underneath which is soon ignited, the crucible becoming heated. He’s pulled closer, feeling some of the heat where he stands, watching the metal melt down into a white metallic stew. Once nothing is left but liquid metal, it’s poured into a nearby mold and then cooled, and within minutes a new metal collar, with solid D-rings melded into the front and the back of it, is crafted from the very objects that could have freed him. Like a magic trick the solid metal collar is split apart, placed around his neck the collar melding into a solid piece around him.



Raditas pants, body aching, arousal growing, aching becoming hotter, his helplessness growing, eyes beginning to tear knowing just how deep he is now, “Ah, that’s the sign I am looking for. The sign of a broken stallion, ready to be built up and crafted into a perfect member of the herd, *my* herd. With yet another layer of bondage on him, the weight of which he feels constantly.”

“You’re ready for your mask, and I know just the type. Give me the oral breaker, aromatic variety,” he states letting out a stomp, grabbing the reins from Blackie, allowing him to grab a large black rubber pony mask from a nearby wall. Shade takes the time to remove the bit, allowing Raditas to speak once more, “What do you have to say for yourself, **Buck?**”

The shark licks his lips, feeling his sharp teeth, wanting to say something but when he looks into Shade’s eyes, he feels a nothing, but submission come over him, a new name thrust upon him, the words unable to bubble forth and get past his lips.

Shade grips Raditas head, bringing him closer to his muzzle, “Come on **Buck**. Say something. It might be the last time you get to utter a word. Perhaps resistance to your new name? Some kind of obscenity? Perhaps some cry that you won’t be broken?” He pulls his head closer, ear twitching, “No? Wanting me to reward you for your obedience? Ha, like I’ll do that either. Come on... say something. Anything. No? I thought so. Not that I can’t blame you. It was the correct thing to do.”

The black rubber pony hood with light blue lenses is brought over, the back opened up. Inside there is a massive black equine cock which presses up against Raditas’ lips and with only a soft whimper, it slips into his mouth. His tongue runs across it, expecting it to taste like rubber, but the salty-sweet flavor is very reminiscent of an equine’s cock. His body twitches, pressure building in his loins, shifting on his feet while the pony mask is placed around his head. The rubber spreads and fills around his head, hiding his features, moving down his neck, connecting to the suit. Raditas’ nose ring merges and bleeds through the muzzle, slowly surfacing out of the rubber, having the ring shine, seemingly cleaned by the rubber.

“There we go, Buck. Now to get the container and nozzle hooked up so I can aroma fuck your brains out and leave you nothing but an obedient stag for me to command and train,” states Shade, pulling out an air tank, with two air tubes that dangle from it. He straps it to Buck’s back, taking the hoses, connecting them to his mask. He grabs the nose ring and tugs on it, “You will **love** this, I can guarantee it,” he chuckles.

Raditas... no Buck squirms, panting heavily, his lips full of cock which he hungrily suckles down. The member in his mouth feels so wonderful, delicious. Saliva builds up within his lips, gaining the flavor of the salty cock between his lips before he swallows it down, only to repeat the process over and over again. The mask expands and contracts with each breath, making equine noises, his entire oceanic shark self-taken away from him. The hoses are then locked in, flooding his mask with the aroma of Shade’s musk, adding scent to the flavor that fills his mouth.

A shark's sense of smell is unparalleled. Able to sense a few drops of blood in the water miles away, and now his senses are being overcome with sexual lust and desire, all focused onto the equine before him, feeling so good.

*"This isn't so bad. Perhaps I should listen to him and obey. I mean... I could get used to this..."* he thinks, taking a deep breath, the reins put back around his head, his body pulled over to a treadmill with a full body mirror placed in front of him.

"You will practice your gait walk, Buck. Look at how Blackie and Knight walk," he states, as the two ponies walk with a full gait, legs brought parallel to the ground with each step, "You will emulate them. One stomp for yes, two for no. Do you understand?"

Buck lets out a single hard stomp, getting into the treadmill, looking ahead, seeing his ponified self, adding to his arousal.

Shade smirks, "Good, see you tonight. I expect great things from you," he says, letting out a hearty laugh, leaving Buck to practice, with a filling and rising urge to please his master...

Ray looks into the barn, seeing the sleek rubber outfits, rubber vats hanging from the ceiling, with stalls with hanging electronic screens from the top - showing pony shows, how to prance, how to do pony play. The faceless female ponies stare up at them, seemingly unaware of their presence, while the large feral bound Pegasus remains nearby, "So, what do I need to do?"

"First, I need to make you one of my girls, then train you up to beat them in the three contests we'll be doing over a period of ten days. The first is three days from now, then six and the last on day ten."

Ray nods in understanding, "Well what do you need me to... wait did you just say one of your *girls*!?"

"Yes, this is a lesbian pony play ranch. What else did you expect?"

"Well, one teeny, tiny problem. I am not a girl!"

She giggles, reaching up to gently pat Ray on the side of his muzzle, "I can fix that."

"I don't want you to *fix* that. I like keeping my bits in one piece. Thank you very much."

"Relax, relax. I am simply making you look like one of my girls. It doesn't mean I am going to make you be one. Sheesh. Have confidence in yourself. Or are you concerned that you might like it?" she asks, the faceless horse somehow giving a feeling of a sly smirk.

"What? N-no. Nothing like that. I am very secure in my masculinity," he says, clearing his throat, making his voice sound deeper, "Super secure."

"Then you'll have no problem playing one of my girls, then, right?"

"No, none at all. I love girls in fact. Can't get enough of them... though the occasional guy can certainly spice things up," the stingray says with a chuckle, flicking one of his gray ear flaps to the side.

"I think you'll enjoy being a girl."

"What makes you say that?"

"Call it a feeling Ray. Speaking of your name, we'll need a new name for you."

"A new name?"

“Yes, something that resonates with you. I find it helps one sink into everything better. What would you like to be called as one of my mares?”

“Given the choice, uhh, what about Zephyr?”

“Zephyr? Hmm, I like it. Come Zephyr, let's get your new body set up. A nice set of breasts for me to squeeze will be so much fun,” Ebony says with a knicker.

“Calling me Zephyr already?” he asks.

“Of course, I have to get you used to it, don't I?” grabbing him by the hand, guiding him to one of the stalls, a black rubber suit hanging on the wall before him, “Grab it and put it on. I'm sure you will find it a little slimming.”

He looks over the suit, checking his long manta-ray 'wings' “Not to question this, but what about these?” he points to them.

“Wrap those around you. It'll be fine.”

“It might feel a little uncomfortable... I hope I am not going to wear this for ten days... or am I?”

“You'll be fine, I've done this work many times before. I know exactly how to do it. Slip the rubber suit on and I'll provide you with all the supplementing that is needed,” she says, her hands gently caressing his sandpaper skin.

“About that... as much as I love the idea of rubber it will take a lot of lubricant. Stingray skin, you know?”

“Our suits are more advanced than anything else you've dealt with. Something of my own making,” she explains, letting Raymond grab the rubber, run it across his skin, enjoying the smoothness of the rubber, and the surprised sensation of it gliding across his skin like it was as smooth as Ebony's face.

His eyes light up, a tingle running down his spine, his pink humanoid member pressing through his white slit, his balls churning away seed, despite all that has happened, regardless the stakes, needing to save his friend, he can't help but to have a horny guy moment. His wings that wrap around him do nothing to hide his growing arousal. He blushes, noticing Ebony taking note of his growing arousal, “Ah, let me get this on.”

“Please do. The sooner the better. I fear your friend may have already been broken by Shade, and in order for us to have any hope of winning, I need you to commit to this.”

Ray stiffens himself, “Right,” he replies, slipping his feet into the solid black rubber suit. It runs against his sandpaper skin with no detriment. He shudders, in delight, the simplicity of being able to pull the rubber against him, to have it run across his body without a liter of lubricant.

His face grows ever hotter, the thumping of blood through his veins is felt through his aching member, in his chest. A sense of delight and consolidation that the latex now presses up against his crotch, holding and caressing his balls and member against the rubber like a vac bed before the air is sucked out of it.

“Spirit, please help Zephyr with *her* tail,” states Ebony.

With a single stomp of confirmation, the feral pony gets onto her haunches, using her hoofed hands with a trained talent that is beyond anything that Raymond has seen, his tail slipped into the back of the rubber suit, the rest pulled over his form with his own strength. The latex squeaks and crinkles as he rolls his hips, sliding the material across his form with surprising ease, spending moments tugging and pulling at it, until it becomes almost as smooth as glass.

The latex runs across his chest, his member a clear bulge between his legs, while there is a clear and empty void at his chest, clearly a pair of breasts were meant to fill the suit, but the rest feels perfect across his form. The rubber behind him is pulled close together, merging with itself with the help of Ebony running her finger across it.

“There we go, let's get you filled up before we get your gear on,” says the faceless pony, her voice seeming to ring in Raymond's ears, slithering into the back of his mind, it's soft for now, unsure if it's something he's hearing or simply thinking.

*“Listen to Ebony.”*

*“Ebony is wonderful for helping you.”*

*“Obey Ebony.”*

The suit sealing him completely from the neck down, the embrace of it feeling wonderful, his body tingling in delight, arousal, the concerns about his friend falling a little to the wayside to the current experience, *“I have three days to get this right. No need not to **enjoy it** while I can. I will just **listen to Ebony**, and she'll make things **better**.”*

Ebony grabs tubes that go straight to the rubber vats. She connects them to the front of Raymond's suit, attaching to the rubber flaps in the front, *“First we'll just get you filled out and then the real fun will begin.”*

*“Sure thing Ebony.”*

*“Ebony is great.”*

*“Ebony is wonderful.”*

*“She is so helpful.”*

Ebony looks at him, the rubber filling the tubes, sliding into the suit, the warm slick liquid steadily ballooning the chest, forming a pair of nice supple breasts, but as the vat empties, Raymond feels the slick rubber slide down within the suit, warming his body in a sea of delight, making him shudder, feeling ever more aroused, *“Let's get rid of this thing. It's not something you'll need as one of **my girls**,”* Ebony says, her voice now seemingly completely within Raymond's mind, or is she?

*“Listen to Ebony.”*

*“Ebony is always right.”*

*“You are a good girl.”*

*“Good girls obey Ebony.”*

He relaxes, watching Ebony's black rubber hoofed finger hands run across his bulge, sliding his length against his body, along the rubber, moving it back and forth. Her hands caressing the entire length up and down, the warm rubber that is still filling out his suit adds to the pleasure making him buck up against her, *“Relax Zephyr. No need to fight, simply accept. We need to help your friend right? You want to help your friend.”*

*“Ebony will help you.”*

*“Listen to Ebony.”*

*“Obey Ebony.”*

*“Good girl.”*

“Y-yes, I want to help my friend,” he pants, his pleasure building up, body aching, feeling himself quickly brought to edge and then suddenly he shudders, hot sticky seed juts out of his length, mixing with the rubber that swirls around his form. Ebony continues to rub and tease his length, letting the afterglow last as long as she can make it, his member growing soft after unleashing its payload, slipping back into his length where some of that delightful rubber sinks in, helping smooth that bulge away, leaving only a small nub of a bulge from his balls that are held tightly against him in the rubber’s warmth.

*“Good girl. All you need to do is to practice hard and obey. We’ll win this contest and help your friend. It’s all to help your friend. Giving yourself to me, is to help your friend.”*

“Yes, I want to help my friend. I’ll be a good girl to help my friend,” he says, looking down at the pair of lovely breasts, the tubes then being removed.

*“Let’s get your corset done first. That way you’ll have a nice girlish figure. You’d want that don’t you?”*

*“Zephyr wants to be a girl.”*

*“Zephyr is a good girl.”*

*“Good girls like girls.”*

Zephyr shudders, nodding, “Yes,” he says, giving another stomp.

Ebony gives the sense of a smirk, getting a thick tight corset of black leather with green highlights that are reminiscent of the stingray’s eye color, *“Raise your arms Zephyr.”*

“Yes Mistress,” he replies, doing so, the corset pulled around *her* body, the front moved around his waist, pushing up against his rubber breasts, the laces slowly being woven into the back, the anticipation for the first layer to be placed upon him grows.

*“Ebony is a good Mistress.”*

*“Ebony will take care of you.”*

*“Ebony is so kind to help you.”*

*“Zephyr will do anything to repair Ebony’s kindness.”*

Zephyr breathes in deeply just as the corset is tightened, straightening out his back, pulling the strings nice and taught, the breath partially squeezed out of the becoming pony, curving his figure, hips looking wider, breasts pushed up more, making them appear more pronounced. The mantaray wings pulled ever tighter against his body, while the masculine part of himself is locked away in the rubber. The words are constantly bouncing in his mind, echoing, slowly growing quiet till Ebony speaks again, making the phrases return with a renewed hypnotic strength.

*“How does that feel Zephyr?”* she asks with a sweet dominance, tugging on the corset, making sure it’s nice and tight.

“Wonderful Mistress Ebony,” he replies, shuddering in delight. Ebony snaps her fingers, signaling to Spirit to bring forth the next set of gear to be placed around *her*, a set of thigh pony boots, with silver hooks for the laces, which are green like the outline of the corset. The mixture

of black and green is a perfect addition to the assumable, with a thick heavy high heel stance with metal horseshoes at the base.

*"I am glad to hear it, Zephyr. We'll be working you hard to compete with your friend. You must defeat them in order to save them from that male of a unicorn,"* she states, the boots placed before him. Ebony grabs Zephyr's hand, guiding him to step into each boot first, his height increasing by a good three inches, feet forced onto toes, while the rubber squeaks, the leather creaks as his feet sink into the shoes.

*"Women are the best."*

*"You want to be a good girl."*

*"Good girl's obey."*

*"Who needs men when you have Ebony."*

The hypnotic trance is so alluring to him that it's impossible to ignore. Watching as the shiny leather tongue is lined up before the laces are tucked and tightened into place. The leather creaks more, his weight shifting along with his center of gravity, *"How does that feel? If it's too tight, do two stomps, one if you feel they are good."*

Ebony's kind words flow into Zephyr's mind, bouncing around with nowhere to go except ever deeper into his mind. He lifts his foot, raising it a little bit before stomping only once. The pony takes a moment, giving the new recruit time to decide before responding, *"Good. But when you respond and walk you need to raise your leg up till your thigh is parallel to the ground, like this,"* she explains, proceeding to be the example.

*"Ebony is so kind to show you how to be a good pony."*

*"Good ponies obey."*

*"You are a good pony girl."*

*"You want to repay Ebony's kindness."*

*"Ebony's help."*

*"With unfaltering loyalty and obedience."*

Zephyr watches, repeating the process, letting out a single stomp.

*"Good, very good."*

"Thank you Mistress," he responds, feeling an euphoria coming over him, the blissful delight of pleasing Ebony was something that he has not fully felt before, and as the little burst of pleasure and high that comes with it fades, it only leaves *her* wanting more.

*"Ready for the last set of hooves you'll ever need?"* asks Ebony with a sweetness that would make honey taste sour. The black leather hand hooves with green laces, that will go up to her upper arms, ready to be slipped on and locked into place.

"Yes Mistress!" he responds, giving a single hoof stomp.

*"Good, good. No need to think, just do as you are told. Stomp one for yes, two for no. Nice and simple, right?"* Ebony asks, the words sinking into Zephyr's mind.

*"Good ponies don't think."*

*"Good girls don't think."*

*"You don't think."*

*"Zephyr only obeys."*

*"Zephyr is a good girl."*

Thoughts are already becoming harder to pull together, the haze growing a little thicker, but not completely overcoming all of his thoughts. He simply stomps in response. *“That is simple...easy,”* she thinks with some effort. Ebony gives no response as she busily slips the first glove onto his hand. He helps pushing himself into the glove, hand popping into the cavity within which feels soft and squishy, like the rubber that surrounds him, and the more he moves his hand within the hoof the firmer it becomes till his fingers can no longer move, the hoof seemingly merging with his hands.

Ebony tightens the laces, locking it all into place with a simple lovely bow-tie knot, *“Be a good girl Zephyr and hold your arms like this,”* she says, giving an example of how to display Zephyr’s newly hoofed hand, out, helpless, much like Buck is undergoing without the extra layer of physical chains.

*“Obey Ebony.”*

*“Show what a good girl you are.”*

Zephyr obeys, showing off his ability to hold his one arm there while the other hoof is slipped into the other arm. It fills out, melding into the hand, becoming part of the hoof, laces locked, and then arms taking the position without a second thought to the contrary.

Ebony checks over the bondage, before slipping on a bridle head harness with a bit. **Good ponies don’t speak**, after all, and only the tight grip of the leather head harness with a set of reins hooked to it adorns the ray. The green colored leather is a nice contrast to the black enveloping him... Once locked on and put in, Ebony tugs Zephyr forward, *“Come, time to start your training. We have to beat Shade, don’t we?”*

*“Must beat Shade.”*

*“Must train.”*

*“Obey and serve Mistress Ebony.”*

*“Zephyr will work hard to be a good pony girl.”*

Zephyr simply responds with a hoof stomp, the encouragement of the hypnotic programming, slowly whittling away at any resistance that might be there. The bliss of helping Ebony, the reward and love he feels from the other women is a delight to behold, something that all of Ebony’s girls feel, which keep them nice and complacent in their obedience to her. He is moved over to a treadmill, one that he’s hitched to, a large hypnotic screen is displayed before him, it curves around the front of *her* body, giving a three-dimensional view of a faux world of which *she*’ll be walking in.

*“You’ll be monitored Zephyr as I want you to walk perfectly like any good pony should. We’ll be working on this for a few hours, give you a break then evaluate your progress. How does that sound?”*

Zephyr simply responds with a simple stomp.

*“That is what I thought. Good luck Zephyr, make me proud.”*

He responds with another stomp before the treadmill begins, showing an idyllic farm estate that is a perfect replica of the surrounding area. *She* moves and walks, hearing the soft whispers of his Mistress in *her* mind, the visuals adding soft swirls that are hidden behind anything he focuses on, helping draw in his complacency deeper. Zephyr is working hard and

when the first contest comes around, he will be ready to make his Mistress proud... and save his friend.

When the two friends meet three days later, they have both been given heavy training and further conditioning. Raditas... Buck is heavily bound, the rubber suit helping give a solid black rubber pony look with the white highlights with the heavy gear. He walks over with a good gait to the starting line of the contest, an obstacle course where he will be leashed to reins to one of Shade's minion ponies, Blackie, this time. His rubber squeaks softly, tail hiked, showing off his cute exposed little hole. Buck moves into the pony show lane. He thinks within his mind huffing the lovely musk of his Master, *"Good pony obeys. Good pony serves. I will succeed. I must please my Master."*

The blinders force him to turn his head, watching his competitor, Raymond, not knowing his name is now Zephyr. The sleek black rubber pony with green outlines on the corset and head harness. The stingray's head is still visible and free but with a set of blinders on his head, forcing him to face forward as he's moved forward, the reins held by Ebony herself. He huffs not hearing Ebony speak into Raymond's mind while he thinks, *"I'll win. Ray will be better with Master. Not with her."*

Zephyr huffs, taking deep breaths, smelling the wonderful latex, Mistress' polish, his own polish. He takes his position, shifting on his hooves, looking over to Ebony as she says into his mind, *"Don't worry. We trained. You can do this. Believe in yourself as I believe in you."*

Zephyr lets out a single hard stomp, "Yes Mistress!" he says with a huff, feeling a soft tug on the reins.

*"Focus, listen, obey."*

He nods and stomps.

Shade laughs, "Having problems controlling your ponies Ebony? Your loving touch fails to make real studs like Buck here. He's already well trained and ready to go, right out of the gate."

"You think that, but quality takes time and effort. One can't rush it." Ebony does a rare vocal speech that Zephyr hasn't heard in a while.

Zephyr takes the moment to look over and see his friend. His tightly bound member twitches. The sleek handsome black rubber pony, *"Oh my, isn't he a stud?"* he thinks, moving closer, smiling at him, "Hey... how are you? Doing good?"

Raditas lets out a single stomp in response, *"You will join me Raymond. Save you from those ponies,"* he thinks, moving a little closer, *"But I still miss you my friend..."* he looks into Raymond's eyes, drawing him ever closer.

Zephyr feels a tingle run down his spine. He huffs, smelling the wonderful scent of latex with a hint of something else he can't put his finger on, but it lingers in the air, arousing him a little more. He moves closer to him, their eyes meeting, drawn into the other, his face pressing up against the rubber horse muzzle that wraps around Raditas' head, "I'll save you buddy. Just..."



“Hey! No fraternizing with the enemy!” huffed Shade, letting out a loud heavy stomp, Blackie tugging on the reins pulling Buck away.

Raymond stares at his friend wanting to move with him, but a gentle yet firm tug from Ebony keeps him in place. He stomps, turning over to face Ebony, who gives a warming sensation over him, “*Relax Zephyr. You can do it. But you need to **focus**, to win.*”

*“Obey Ebony.”*

*“Serve Ebony.”*

*“Focus on what Ebony says.”*

*“Ebony knows best.”*

The words echo through his mind, his attention shifting to the obstacle course before him. He knows his body will be pushed to its limits, he shifts on his hooves, Ebony speaks once more her words flowing into *her* mind, adding to the focus, “*Are you ready Zephyr?*”

He lets out a single firm stomp.

Shade walks into Buck’s view, he states firmly, “You better win, or you will be punished. Do *not* disappoint me Buck.”

Buck stiffens, his body so aroused, each breath full of lustful musk that just keeps him tightly bound on his chastity age, tightly held within his bulge. He stomps in response, having nothing else to say, nothing to be said, “*Must win. Must please Master.*”

Shade looks over to Ebony, who stares facelessly at him, “Ready?” he states.

Ebony nods, “Ready.”

Shade lets out another firm stomp, the starter gun held by Knight goes off. The ponies are off. Their bodies squeak, the leather creaks, their legs are lifted up nice and high, parallel to the ground. Knight follows the ponies, judging Zephyr, while Spirit follows on Ebony’s side, keeping track of Buck. A little bit of balance to keep as fair of a judgment of the situation as possible.

Zephyr follows Ebony, while Buck follows Blackie. Their legs kept high, parallel, their gait between them is nearly identical as they walk forward, keeping poise and presentation. Speed itself in this contest is not the issue, but ability is.

Trotting along they approach a hedgerow, and they must jump over it, landing with appropriate gait, keeping back straight, arms set forward, and parallel to the ground. Buck has his chained making it super easy while Zephyr has to keep track of it *herself*, but it helps him keep balance, making the first leap, landing with a clip, clop, metal against rubber ground.

Buck focuses, working hard, wanting to do well, “*Must do well. Must do well. Must succeed, please Master,*” he thinks, his desire to do well, becoming overly focused, the second leap, his hoof catches the hedge row and he makes a minor mistake, stumbling a few steps, quickly regaining his composure and continuing forward.

Zephyr meanwhile thinks, “*Mistress is with me. I can do this. I can do this. Mistress is supporting me.*” He makes the leap, landing with near perfect marks. The weight of the landing, breasts bouncing, the weight of them feeling wonderful. ***How good it feels to be a girl.*** He huffs, his endurance higher than ever before. Buck is having no issue, but this race isn’t a true timed race, only making the steps, the leaps, jumps. Keeping composure, proper gait.

Both ponies' reins are kept just long enough to make the jumps while their caretakers are far enough away that they don't have to make the jumps, only to keep them going. Another leap, moving past a small puddle, splash!

Buck feels a little bit of water hit under his tail; he just tapped the puddle. He looks over, seeing Shade who appears to be seething, "*Oh no... not pleasing Master, must please Master. Must serve Master,*" he thinks, growing ever more nervous, going forward, heart pounding, body aching, the race continuing for a solid ten minutes and at the end of it, it was clear who won - Zephyr.

Shade huffs, neighing, pacing back and forth, "How could you fail like that. This is the *easiest* of all the competitions," he grumps.

Buck lowers his head, not looking up at his Master, wincing when the reins are taken by him.

Meanwhile Ebony gently runs her smooth rubber fingers across Zephyr's muzzle, "You did good Zephyr. I knew you could do it. So proud of you. One down, two more to go. Of course, if you win the next one, we win by default," she says, nuzzling him.

Zephyr shudders, feeling delight, the smooth rubber, the warmth and delight that Ebony is giving him, voices whispering in the back of his mind

*"Ebony is so kind."*

*"Ebony is so wonderful."*

*"You want to do anything for Ebony."*

*"Must do anything to repay Ebony's kindness."*

"Thank you, Ebony. I will do what I can to help you," he says, his words gurgled by the bit in his mouth.

*"Shh my sweet Zephyr. Relax. We have more training to do, come with me,"* she says tugging on the reins, pulling him off. She gently rubs his muzzle, petting him, caressing her head, helping him relax and feel the delight of Ebony's touch. She moves him back to the barn, "*Next will be an actual race without me helping you. We need to get your endurance up. Are you ready my sweet, Zephyr?"*

*"Want to help Ebony."*

*"Obey Ebony."*

*"Serve Ebony."*

Zephyr lets out a loving stomp.

*"That's my girl,"* she says, pulling him onto the treadmill, back to the hypnotic screens that will draw him into a lull. The pleasure of obedience building up within him. The hidden swirls, the white noise caused by the audio from the screen. He feels such pleasure, walking with a proper gait, straining and training his body to be a good pony for Ebony, after all it's only a few days till the race...

Shade tugs hard on Raditas' reins, pulling him over to his barn, "After all what I have done for you. You decide to fail me. This means I have not been training you hard enough. Perhaps you need a constant reminder to focus, don't you think Buck?" he states.

Buck would let out a stomp if it wasn't for the constant pulling him forward. His mind is in a constant state of lust. His body aching so hard, heart thumping, a cold chill running down

his spine, while a pit forms in the depths of his stomach, *“So terribly sorry. I should work harder. Should have done harder. How could I have failed Master?”*

“You need to be keeping your focus. You were distracted. You should have been better Buck, don’t you agree?” states Shade, tugging hard on the reins as they are once again in the barn, the unicorn tugging the leather straps up to force him to stare into his eyes.

He lets out a single stomp, his gaze locked, trapped in the unicorn’s red eyes, unable to pull away or perhaps afraid to do so.

He smirks, letting out a deep chuckle, “Good Buck. And I think we need to put a little bit of force into your focus. Train you to ignore distractions that are needed to be ignored when you are doing what you are **supposed** to be doing. Don’t you agree, Buck?”

He lets out another solid stomp. The helpless pony, unable to do anything but agree with the Master, even if his mind is capable of resisting, it would be a pointless gesture to do so. So much easier to simply obey.

Shade grins fiendishly, pulling the reins harder. The leather creaks. He stomps, Blackie as on cue grabs and lifts Buck’s tail up, exposing his cute rear and tight hole and with another stomp from the unicorn Knight approaches with a large black butt plug with a red gem at the base, “Full blast,” he states.

Buck wants to look, wants to see what is about to happen, but those eyes, it draws him in like staring into the abyss. He can’t do anything but submit to him and his gaze. His submissiveness increasing, his body aching for more. He hears a soft hum behind him, not knowing what’s about to happen till he feels the tip of the plug pressing against his rear. His ass tenses, squeezing the tip, feeling the vibrations sent into his body, making him shudder, *“Master is so good to train me. To give me a second chance. I know Raymond will enjoy this as much as me. I must serve Master, obey and win.”*

The plug is twisted, turned, pushing into Buck’s rump, spreading his hole wider and wider, the latex squeaking as it stretches along with him, spreading his O ring. The vibrations further being sent into his body, closer to his prostate, adding to the pleasure, milking his aching needy body, reminding him just how tight his cage is. Buck, bucks against the plug, his ass squeezing harder. The plug goes even deeper, more of it disappearing into the becoming rubber equine’s body. The aching need of his body wanting as much stimuli as possible, tormenting Buck’s mind, making him find ever greater delight as he’s tormented by his captor.

Eventually the plug hits the point of no return. His ass welcomes the massive item, feeling the cool toy steadily warm as it slips all the way in, leaving only the red gem sticking from the back end. The vibrations running against his prostate, making his cock twitch and ache, drooling within the null bulge his member is lost within. Buck shudders, squeezing tightly then relaxing, constantly milking the toy that is driving him further insane and into the controlling arms of his Master. He’s pulled toward the treadmill as he tries to regain his composure.

“Do you understand what is at stake, Buck? You must train twice as hard. Focus. I’ll be giving you a double concentration of my hypnotic musk, to make you completely obedient to

me. More so than you already are,” he says with a chuckle as he ties the reins to the treadmill while Knight takes the old canister, and as Blackie puts in the new canister.

The intense aroma floods his mask. He takes a deep breath, eyes glazing over, body tensing, bucking forward, feeling his arousal growing several times over. The need to buck, to fuck, to serve, to obey growing. The mask keeps it all swirling around his head, forcing its way into his lungs. The rubber grows tighter around his body. His form shifts a little bit more, becoming more pony like, his shark self-starting the first stages of fading into the bliss of being a good pony.

He starts walking, the hood clicking into some white noise, drawing his mind to slowly blank, slowly slip deeper into being a good gay pony for his Master. He walks on the treadmill, body tensing, squeaking, creaking, making his gait as good as he can, not noticing that the treadmill is increasing in speed and incline, making it ever more difficult.

Shade chuckles, enjoying Buck’s struggle, his deep breaths as he is forced to take in more of the intoxicating musk, knowing it will drive him deeper under his control. The rubber activates further to mold him into an even better pony than ever before, “Just three days, and I’ll show you Ebony what my method can really do...”

Zephyr and Buck move into their starting locations, a massive racetrack that is over a mile in circumference. Ponies from both ranches have come to gather, wanting to watch how these particular events unfold. They wait eagerly for the starter gun fire. Zephyr taking a moment to look over his friend Raditas, “*He looks different. More muscular... handsome.*”

*“Girls are better.”*

*“Love girls.”*

*“Good girl.”*

*“Focus.”*

*“Obey.”*

Zephyr shakes *her* head, “I’ll be saving you Raditas. I just need to win this, and you’ll be free,” he mutters over to him.

Buck didn’t even look in his direction, the plug still tight in his rump, going strong with a battery that feeds off his body warmth, extending its life near indefinitely. He stares forward, mind a near blank. Only repeating simple mantras to keep him going, “*Good studs obey. Good studs serve. Good studs love cock. I am a good stud. I serve Master Shade.*”

Ebony looks proudly at her pony, looking over to Shade, and one could feel her demeanor shift as she catches that domineering fiendish grin of his, “*Ready to be whipped and have me win handedly?*” she mentally says to him.

*“Don’t think your mind tricks will work on me.”*

*“Like I’d want to.”*

“You may have won the last one, but your prancy dainty pony is no match for the sheer strength of Buck. My training is flawless.”

*“If it’s so flawless, why did you lose the last competition?”* she asks, crossing her arms.

“A simple fluke. And that was your choice in competition. Something so girly. It's no wonder you had the advantage. But here? The raw power of masculine strength and prowess? His endurance is unbeatable when compared to your simple wimpy girl.”

Zephyr lets out a huff and a stomp.

*“Relax Zephyr. Don't let him get to you. Focus, do your best. You'll win. I'm sure of it.”*

He lets out another stomp.

*“That's my girl.”*

*“You are a good pony girl.”*

*“You love to be a pony girl.”*

*“Pony girls obey Mistress Ebony.”*

“On your mark. Get set... Go!” exclaims Shade.

*“On your mark. Get set... Go!”* Ebony says into Zephyr's mind, the starter gun going off. The race began, and unlike any normal race any human would do by far. Their steps are in full gait, with their thighs going parallel to the ground. A ten-mile run as who has not only speed but endurance.

For the first mile they were neck and neck, passing each other here and there, while the other ponies that came to watch remained silent. Eager to see who would win, but also so well trained to be silent spectators in the ordeal. Only stomps, knickers, neighs could be heard from the male ponies while Ebony's girls would stomp in excitement whenever Zephyr would pull into the lead, however brief it may be.

But by the fifth mile it started to become clear who is going to win this one. With each step Buck pulls further into the lead and with it the smug grin on Shade's face, “I told you he'd pull ahead.”

Ebony says nothing to him, keeping her attention on Zephyr, *“You can do it! Just focus and listen. Listen and obey. Be a good pony girl. Push, push. You want to save your friend, don't you? You need to win this race!”*

*“Obey Ebony.”*

*“Help your friend.”*

*“Win the race.”*

*“Serve Mistress Ebony.”*

*“Thank her for her help.”*

*“Go faster.”*

The hypnotic mantra gives him a little boost. He takes a deep breath through the bit, nostrils flaring, the manta ray wings running across his form, but the latex feels so good against him that even in the warmth of the day it doesn't hinder. He pushes harder, keeping his gait. It's been so drilled into his brain that the thought of *not* walking this way seemed like an impossibility, like a penguin thinking it could fly.

He moves faster, faster, the gap between him and his friend steadily closing. His heart thumps, his body aches, the rubber form shining in the sun, as he pushes past Buck, a sense of joy overcoming *her* as he continues to push.

Buck though feels the pit in his stomach, *"Must not lose. Must win,"* he thinks, not looking at his Master, not relying on anyone but himself. His determination to please his Master. Redoubling his efforts around the turn once again as Buck pulls up ahead, the gap growing but slower than it had before, that is until mile nine when Zephyr began to run out of steam, and all the motivation in the world wasn't going to save him. His sides are aching with a stabbing pain. His skin sore from the constant rubbing of his wings against his form, yet he still didn't falter on his gait. But in the end, it was a win for Shade and a loss for Ebony.

Shade smirks, "Told you, your previous time was a fluke. You set me up to fail, but now that a true measure of a stallion is put forth. You can't hope to win."

*"We'll see about that,"* states Ebony, walking over to Zephyr, who can barely keep standing under the strain of the race. She smiles, looking over him, seeing the disappointment in his eyes, stroking his cheeks, *"It's okay. You tried your best. All this means we'll have to train harder and make you closer to my girls if you want to win. Understand?"*

He stomps, eventually replying between gasps of air, "Yes... Mistress... Ebony."

Ebony hooks a set of reins to him, *"Good girl. Let's head back to the barn and get you going. We can't dawdle now."*

He responds with a stomp, "Yes Mistress Ebony."

"Hey Ebony! Aren't you going to stay for the party? You're invited, as you get to see what we do with winner studs here. We fuck em hard!"

*"Ignore him Zephyr, don't give him the satisfaction of looking back."*

"Y-yes Mistress," he replies, fighting the urge, and only succeeding thanks to Ebony's subtle programming...

Raditas huffs at his Master's words. Suckling down on the thick equine dildo cock that has been in his maw the entire time, nostrils flaring taking in Master's scent. He presents himself in the middle of the track. The female ponies all leaving while the males stay to watch, some rubbing their bulges. His own aching, his rump squeezing the plug when Shade's massive thick black cock pops out of his pants. The monster of a length is nothing like he's ever seen with globs of pre-cum already on the tip, the flat equine horse cock flaring, showing just how ready his Master is.

"Hold him down Blackie, Knight, and get that plug out of the way."

The helper ponies rush to do as they are commanded, yanking out the plug as it still vibrates. Raditas moans shuddering and almost stumbling over, his muscles feeling like wet noodles after such a long run. His ass aches while feeling an ache of wanting something shoved back into it. If it wasn't for the other ponies holding him though, he would surely have fallen over.

Shade moves behind Buck, grabbing his tail, lifting his ass up higher, "Such a sweet ass. I'll enjoy breaking it, and you'll love me doing so," he states as he presses the cock head against the tight rear, globs of hot pre-cum shooting onto the hole, making it wet and slick.

Master's hot juices sliding across his rear almost felt like nirvana to him. The cock head pressing harder against him as another shot of pre-cum shoots right up into his rear, making his

hole even slicker. He clenches down on the Master juices, letting it sink into his body, reaffirming that he's Master's good pony slut. And that hot lube is going to be needed as the massive girthy length is pushed into his rear.

He shudders, biting down onto the thick equine dildo in his mouth, the size of which pales in comparison to that of Master's length. Even the girthiest part of the butt plug is nothing compared to him. His rump is pierced by him, spreading him wide, providing pleasure like nothing he's experienced before. He bucks and grunts, stomping on the ground, unable to do anything but take him as he goes inch by inch deeper, pushing further into his ultra tight rear that is pushed to its breaking point and beyond.

He's unsure what magic is being done to allow him to take all of this but he certainly knows one thing - that he *loves* it. He squeezes Master's cock as the head pops in, each inch driven into his body is another inch of a hot length of bliss pushed into him. His bound length screaming for attention, but he's so far from being able to do so that he's blocked the need from his mind, so he can better focus and serve on giving Master a fraction of the pleasure that he has given him.

Harder, faster, deeper, Shade gives Buck's ass no quarter as he drives himself into it. He stomps in delight, digging in as he shoves himself deeper into the tight hole, "It's been such a long time since I've had an ass I haven't broken. I almost forgot how good it feels," he states. The ponies holding Buck down stomp in agreement.

"Relax Buck, after a few sessions of me, you won't be able to have anyone *but* me, as it will feel like throwing a pencil down a hallway," he chuckles, thrusting hard, hilding into Raditas' body, his belly bulging against the rubber and the harness which only serves to better squeeze and pleasure's Master's cock.

*"Oh Master, how good you are to me. To take me, to fill me, I am your servant, I am yours,"* Buck thinks, squeezing harder, arching his back, feeling the strain of his body harness, his body almost toppled over by Master's strong thrusts, showing his place amongst his herd as if it wasn't for the other two ponies holding him up, he'd be unable to fully enjoy the wonders of this moment.

The heavy orbs smack against his ass, thick, heavy, strong. Everything he could have ever wanted as he's taken, marked by the Master, shown in front of his herd, that he now belongs to. A lovely reward that he could only wish to have again and again. All those eyes upon him as he squeezes and milks the cock with his ass. His own bound member screaming for attention that will never come while he hungrily suckles the equine cock in his maw, imagining another pony taking him by the head as he's taken so roughly. It is heaven.

With a loud neigh and a heavy slam that almost topples him over. The hot streams of seed gushing into his body, his belly bulging more as he can sense Master's essence just flowing into him, marking him as one of his chosen. Those lucky enough to be taken by him, and as the seed floods into his rear, a single thought repeats in his mind, *"Raymond must feel this too."*

Back in Ebony's barn though, she is working to make Zephyr prepared for the next and final competition. She has him in the stall, having regained some strength and composure. An

aroma of bliss filling the air, increasing the stingray's arousal, mind growing a little hazy as he stares up at a spiral screen that helps calm him further.

*"Good girl. To talk all you'll need to do is think. But only when I ask. For now you'll need to practice not thinking. Obeying what I say."* asks Ebony, enjoying how his conditioning to her hypnosis grows ever stronger with each passing day.

Raymond lost himself in a moment, squeezing, fondling his own breasts that are pressing against his wings that are wrapping tightly around his hidden form, "Huh? What was that? Sorry," he says with a soft blush.

*"Listen to Ebony."*

*"Think how Ebony wants you to think."*

*"Say what Ebony wants you to say."*

*"Obey Ebony."*

*"Good girl."*

Ebony lets out a mental chuckle, her hand running across Raymond's face, *"I was saying Zephyr that you will be doing everything I say. No thinking, just stomps for yes and no. Do you understand?"*

He leans into the rubber hand, feeling it against his cheek. Without a second thought he lets out a stomp, "Yes!"

*"Good girl,"* she says, the words tingling throughout his body, his attention then drawn to the smooth faceless pony hood.

*"I-I will be wearing that?"*

*"Yes, you will Zephyr. And you will love it, won't you?"*

*"Love what Ebony loves."*

*"Do what Ebony tells you."*

*"Become a good girl."*

"Y-yeah..." he says with a blush, "But how will I be able to communicate?"

*"You'll know, and you know you'll need this to do even better. For now, do what I say and be a good girl"* she says, taking the hood, sliding it over Raymond's head. The dark interior glistens and smoothly slides across his head, pressing his ears against his noggin, tightly constraining around his form. He huffs, breathing into the mask that inflates and deflates with each breath. The soft whispers in his mind grow louder, sinking deeper into him, while he's blind and deaf to the outside world.

*"You want to be a good girl."*

*"You will serve Ebony."*

*"Good girls love other girls."*

*"You obey Ebony."*

*"Ebony is so nice and helpful."*

*"The only way to repay Ebony is in service to her."*

The words feel so right, wonderful, he doesn't know the rubber vat tubes are attached to the hood, and within moments the hood is flooded with rubber. Raymond twitches at first, squirming, "Wait what is..." his words are muffled, the warm latex flooding into his mouth,



filling his lungs, nostrils, filling every nook and cranny within the hood till he and the hood are merged into one solid piece of rubber.

*"Time to help your sex. It's a bit too lumpy don't you think,"* says Ebony, grabbing something that is akin to a female chastity device. It's a silver metal with green lines that mimic Zephyr's outfit. Green and black leather straps are attached to it. She moves the device over his crotch, which feels nice, warming, vibrating a bit, a pressure pressing against his balls and male slit. Ebony takes this time to attach the straps to the corset, locking it into place, *"There much better, don't you agree?"*

Zephyr lets out a soft stomp, his lungs burn, strain, while feeling pleased and lightheaded. Something about this feels so wrong yet oh so right. The rubber quickly cools, the warmth spreads through his body and then he finds himself breathing normally, calmly, the panic that was coming after him subsides. His mouth full, the taste of sweet rubber pussy now locked on his lips, adding to a lust that is locked between his legs.

His vision steadily clears, returning to him as if waking from a long nap. The smooth rubber pony muzzle now in his field of view. He looks over himself, seeing a solid smooth black latex pony, much like Ebony. He looks at her, feeling a delightful tingle run over him, trying to speak but finding his mouth is unable to move, *"How will I talk?"*

*"Through stomps, but I can understand you. This is what you get for not listening to your Mistress, Zephyr."*

***"Obey Mistress Ebony."***

***"Serve Ebony."***

***"She is so sweet."***

***"Lovely."***

***"Sexy."***

***"Good girls love girls."***

***"Love Mistress Ebony."***

Raymond... Zephyr shivers in delight, listening to Ebony's words, feeling a twinge of guilt come over her. The stingray's sexual identity shifting subtle over, as natural as breathing, not questioning how he... she thinks of herself, *"I'm sorry Mistress. I shouldn't have done that. I was just thinking of my friend Raditas. I want to help him so badly."*

Ebony rubs his pony muzzle, the sensation of which feels wonderful, *"I know you do Zephyr. We will work hard to beat that unicorn, Shade. We just need to work together. Don't you agree?"*

***"Zephyr agrees with Ebony."***

***"Ebony is always right."***

***"It's good to serve Ebony."***

***"The best ponies are female ponies."***

"Y-yes," Zephyr responds, his internal voice still masculine and very much his own, while he gives a single hard stomp in his changing rubber covered feet.

The rubber that has been squeezing *her* body growing ever tighter, merging with his form ever more, the bulge that was noticeable on the first days of her adventure here now cut down to less than half the size it was before. And now with the full rubber mask on the process will only speed up.

Ebony runs her fingers across the smooth rubber muzzle, feeling how solid it has become, *“Perfect Zephyr. Now just relax. Enjoy yourself. Listen, obey. Watch the pretty swirls on the screen. Let them caress your mind, guide you. You’ve had a long day. But remember. After today, the real trial will begin.”*

Without a word, she lets out a single hard stomp, smacking it with a conviction. She wants to be a good girl after all, and she’ll do all she can to ensure it will happen...

In four days’ time the last contest is set to begin. Zephyr is held up in her stall, standing there, looking at the hypnotic screen, her eyes would be as blank as her face if one could see them. That is... if her hood wasn’t her face now. It all feels so natural. Ebony comes up from behind, running her fingers across Zephyr’s smooth rump, *“Ready for the big day Zephyr?”*

*“I’m ready Mistress!”* she thinks, feeling a range of delight run through her, her body aching with need, touch of her Mistress, mind feminized completely to the point her inner dialogue is now female.

*“That’s a good girl, but no need to think that, isn’t that true?”*

Zephyr nods, letting out a single hard stomp.

Ebony runs her hands across Zephyr’s body, gently squeaking, unhooking the female chastity cage around her crotch, *“I don’t think you’ll be needing that anymore. You’ve been such a good girl my sweet Zephyr.”*

She responds with a hard eager stomp, leaning against her Mistress’ touch.

*“Good girl. Come, let’s get going, we have the last trail to win,”* she says, gently caressing Zephyr’s head, hooking up some reins to tug her out of the stall.

Buck shudders and neighs. Master’s hard cock pushing deep into him. The pony’s body is tightly bound and held within his stall. A full body mirror showing himself being fucked like the good submissive herd pony that he is. He grunts and neighs, the thick cock pulsating in and out of his body, unable to do anything but accept the bliss of Master’s member pushing into him, ready to blow its load into his body.

Shade neighs loudly giving no quarter to Buck’s ass, within moments he floods the pony’s ass filling it with his hot essence, making him feel such a delight as he squeezes and milks his Master’s wonderful cock.

*“I serve Master. I obey Master. I am Master’s toy. I am part of Master’s herd,”* he thinks, mind and body broken to one of his ponies.

After several thrusts he slowly pulls out. The hot sticky stud cum is about to leak out but Blackie as per an earlier command shoves a massive butt plug into his rear, locking all the cum inside. Shade steps back, Knight rushing to clean and service his cock till it’s clean, before it slips back into his body, *“Good sluts,”* he states, moving over to Buck while the other ponies unhook him from his stall bondage, *“Come, we have a race to win,”* he states, his thick finger

wrapping around Buck's nose ring, giving it a nice hard tug, leading him toward their destination, where they have a contest to win...

The two ponies are hitched to the same two-person carriage. The harnesses are in place, the reins are connected to their bits. They stare forward eagerly, obediently. Buck is a perfect example of a pony. Any vestiges of his shark self are long gone. There is nothing but the sleek black and white pony, perfectly trained to ignore the need between his legs. An aching bulge that means nothing when compared to the service of his master, "*Master is wonderful. Master is my purpose to exist. I am part of Master's herd. I love cocks. I love Master's cock most of all. I have no purpose without Master. Master is so handsome, so sexy. I couldn't be with anyone but Master. I am no longer the weak Raditas, but the strong and powerful Buck,*" he thinks, the phrases, thoughts coming and going like the flow of the tides on a beach.

Zephyr on the other hand, a smooth sleek curvy pony. The bulge between her legs is gone, leaving nothing but a smooth tight slit to be utilized whenever Mistress could desire. She stood there staring forward. Obedient, waiting for commands, thinking not of the random *male* pony beside her. She is to do well for Mistress only because that is what she wants to do, "*Serve Mistress. Obey Mistress. Be a good pony girl.*"

Ebony and Shade got into the carriage, looking at each other with annoyance, but after a short bit they tug on the reins, getting the ponies to pull the cart forward with a soft jerk, "*This is the tie breaker,*" she says to him.

"It won't be much of a tie breaker. I'm going to win easily," he states looking at Buck, while Ebony looks at Zephyr, the two pony doms noting the perfect unison pull of the carriage as they intend to take them around a full round of both of their ranches.

"*So you say, but both of our ponies have been doing well so far. Not a flaw between them.*"

"I'm an excellent motivator and trainer. Your pony will break eventually and I'll be declared the winner."

"*I've smoothed out any problems. She's through and through a perfect pony of mine now.*"

Shade huffs, "Taking away all the fun bits."

"*They are only fun for you.*"

"Which makes me right."

While the two pony owners argue, the two ponies are only able to hear half the conversation, but they pay attention to none of it. It doesn't involve either of them, there is no need to listen. Their attention is pulling the cart smoothly, following down the path laid before them. Ignoring the rest of the world and each other. They work together only insofar as they help pull the carriage that has their better held within.

The two friends are not even thinking of each other as anything but fellow ponies on the opposite side of the fence. Zephyr has lost all thought of trying to save her friend. Only the bliss of servicing her Mistress is what matters now.

For Buck, bringing the other pony to know Master's control and cock is a wonderful thought, but seeing that the pony is a simple mare, why would he even try? There's nothing there for Master to really enjoy. Hours will pass as they continue their task without issue, and by the time they are done pulling the sun is about to set.

*"It appears we are at an impasse,"* says Ebony, as they approach that last final stretch.

"What do you mean? Buck clearly won."

*"And I say Zephyr did, but you already knew that, don't you."*

"You're not going to trick me with your pretty mental words."

*"All I'm saying is we aren't going to agree who won this one, will we?"*

"Not unless you agree that I won," he states with a hearty equine chuckle.

*"Exactly, so I thought, perhaps we just call it a tie."*

"A tie? What for? What do we get for something as weak as that?"

Ebony looks over at him. Shade gets the sensation that a coy smile is coming from that faceless pony, *"Simple, you get to keep yours and I get to keep mine. And in the future, we can try this again. Best two out of three, what do you say?"*

The unicorn rubs his chin, thinking for a moment before he finally says, "I suppose I can accept that. But how will we get more volunteers? We get our respective signs up and neither of us will want to submit one of our own to the trails."

*"I have an idea. It's rather simple to have hikers get lost and turn up at our ranches after all. With a little bit of motivation and faulty maps."*

Shade smirks, "You know, I could almost like you... almost," he states with another hearty laugh, the ponies slowing the cart to a stop, the fates now sealed to their respective owners, and they couldn't be happier for it.