

My Little Download: Spreading the Friendship

By: Firingwall

Featuring the characters of My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic

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

On the Bus...

Done for Vinkuro

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The front of his sweatshirt suddenly bulged, a bit difficult to tell with how thick and baggy it was. However, another thump and another moan followed, and his top began to shift. It thinned into a form-fitting, button-up black shirt. The hoodie part melted down into a green popped collar and even a green tie. The sleeves broke from the main shirt, shrinking down into pink armbands around the wrists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone was staring at her. The older women, the goth pony, two business-looking people, and more. She felt as if her soul was leaving, her face burning over with embarrassment. "Ah... ahem." She cleared her throat and scooted over into the corner of the back, slightly out of sight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“...wait... what did you say, Sweetie?”

THE END?